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THE

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HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XI.

Before entering on the subject of the expedition against Sackett's Harbor, we would premise that we have hitherto endeavoured to do full justice to Sir George Prevost, wherever it appeared that blame had been unjustly imputed to him, and to point out the real quarter to which discredit should attach, whether the causes of his failure might be attributable to the orders from the Home Government, by which he was in a great degree fettered, or arose from the insufficient force under his command, and the extended frontier which he was called upon to defend. We can scarcely, then, be accused of blindly or capriciously joining in a crusade against this officer's memory in the present instance, the more especially as we have diligently sought to discover, in the American accounts of the descent on Sackett's Harbor, some extenuating causes for the failure of a movement, on which the ultimate success of the war seemed so mainly to depend, to which the attention of the entire Province was directed, which, in consequence of the presence and co-operation of the two commanders-in-chief, the inhabitants had flattered themselves would have a very different result, and

the failure of which inflicted a blow on the military character of Sir George Prevost from which it never recovered.

Prone to exaggeration as we have in most cases found American historians, it is a singular feature in the present instance, that they seem to have laid aside their natural characteristic, and to have modestly set forth, with but little coloring of misrepresentation, the facts as they really occurred. This moderation bears the harder on Sir George Prevost, as it would almost seem as if his discomfiture appeared in their eyes something scarcely worth boasting of, ready as they always were to lay hold of every circumstance, however trivial, (and of this we have already adduced several striking proofs,) that they could in any manner distort, or magnify into a victory.

Without farther preamble, then, we would remind the reader, that Commodore (Sir James) Yeo's arrival from England, with a party of officers and seamen, had given an impetus to the naval preparations at Kingston, and that the vessels there had been manned and equipped in a manner sufficient to warrant the expectation, that the fleet, under so able a commander, might once more boldly appear on the lake. Great, therefore, was the delight of all, when it was ascertained that Sir George Prevost's consent had been obtained for employing, this acquisition of naval strength, in a combined attack, on the important post of Sackett's Harbor, now considerably weakened in its defences, by the absence of Commodore Chauncey's fleet, and of the numerous army which had recently been stationed there.

All preparations having been made, the fleet, having on board the troops for the expedition, under the command (most unfortunately says Veritas) of Sir George Prevost, set sail. The force embarked, consisted of the grenadier company of the 100th regiment, a section of the Royal Scots, two companies of the 8th, four companies of the 164th, one company of the Glengarry's, two companies of the Canadian volunteers, a small detachment of the Newfoundland regiment, and two six-pounders with the gunners, making in all a body of something less than seven hundred rank and file. The weather was extremely fine, and the fleet arrived off Sackett's Harbor at about noon of the same day (the 27th) it sailed. As a short description of Sackett's Harbor will not be irrelevant, we will here introduce James' account of it. "Sackett's Harbor bears from Kingston, on Lake Ontario, south by east; distant in a straight course, twenty-five, but, by a ship's course, thirty-five miles. It stands on the south-east side of an expansion of the Black River, near to where it flows into Hungry Bay. The harbor is small, but well sheltered. From the north-west runs out a low point of land, upon which is the dock-yard, with large stone houses, and all the buildings requisite for such an establishment. Upon this point there is a strong work called Fort Tomkins; having within a block-house, two stories high: on the land side it is covered by a strong picketing, in which there are embrasures. At the bottom of the harbor is the village, consisting of sixty or seventy houses: to the southward of it is a barrack, capable of containing two thousand men, and generally used for the marines belonging to the fleet. On a point eastward of the harbor, stands Fort Pike, surrounded by a ditch, in advance of which there is a strong line of picketing. About one hundred yards from the village, and a little to the westward of Fort Tomkins, is Smith's cantonment, or barracks, capable of containing two thousand five hundred strong; it is strongly built of logs, forming a square, with a block-house at each corner, and is loop-holed on every side." This was the state of Sackett's Harbor at the date of the attack, at which time also many of the guns belonging to the works had been conveyed to the other end of the lake. The wind was now light and favorable, enabling

the vessels either to stand in for the shore or from it; the squadron, therefore, with the *Wolfe* as the leading vessel, having on board Sir George himself, stood in towards the shore, to within about two miles, to reconnoitre the enemys' position. This having been effected, the ships were hove to, the troops were embarked in the boats, and every one anxiously awaited the signal to land. There is here some difference in the British accounts of the affair. After mentioning the embarkation of the troops in the boats, James says, "They waited in this state of suspense for about half an hour, when orders were given for the troops to return on board the fleet. This done, the fleet wore, and with a light wind stood out on its return to Kingston.

"About forty Indians, in their canoes, had accompanied the expedition. Dissatisfied at being called back without effecting anything, particularly as their unsophisticated minds could devise no reason for abandoning the enterprise, they steered round Stony Point, and discovering a party of troops on the American shore, fearlessly paddled in to attack them. These consisted of about seventy dismounted dragoons, who had just been landed from twelve boats, which, along with seven others that had pulled past the point and escaped, were on their way to Sackett's Harbor. As soon as the American troops saw the Indians advancing, they hoisted a white flag, as a signal to the British vessels for protection. The latter immediately hove to, and Lieutenant Dobbs, first of the *Wolfe*, stood in with the ship's boats, and brought off the American dragoons, along with their twelve batteaux. *This fortuitous capture was deemed an auspicious omen; and Sir George Prevost determined to stand back to Sackett's Harbor.*"

It is clear from this account that James desires it to be understood that, in all probability, no attack would have been made, had it not been for what he terms the fortuitous capture, and on another point—the delay—he is equally explicit. This is of importance, as Christie also mentions it, only accounting for it in a different manner, and making it a shade less discreditable to the commander. In speaking of the events of the first day, Christie writes, "the weather was propitious, and the troops were transferred to the batteaux, to

make their landing, under an escort of two gun-boats, commanded by Captain Mulcaster, the whole under the immediate direction of the land and naval commanders-in-chief. They had proceeded but a short distance, when a convoy of American boats, loaded with troops were descried doubling Stony Point, on their way from Oswego, to Sackett's Harbour. The Indians who had previously landed upon an island fired upon them as they passed, and threw them into confusion, when the boats and bateaux bore down and captured twelve of them, with, about one hundred and fifty men: the remainder escaped into Sackett's Harbour. *The landing was then deferred until the next morning*, while the Americans raised the alarm and withdrew a detachment of their troops posted upon Horse Island, at the mouth of the harbour, and assumed a position on the Main, opposite a ford, leading from the island to the mainland, where they were reinforced by a body of militia, under General Brown, and prepared for a vigorous defence." This is additional testimony as to the delay, and we must further remark that, all the American accounts concur in stating that the British appeared off the port on two successive days. One, indeed, writes, "the delay and indecision on the part of the British brought in from the neighbouring counties a considerable number of militia, who, naturally thinking the enemy were afraid, betrayed great eagerness to join the contest." All these proofs are necessary, as none of the statements we have given are contained in Col. Bayne's letter,* from which it can only be

gathered that the attack failed in consequence of the ships not being able to near the shore. Nor is a syllable to be found relative to waste of time through which the opportunity, afforded by the previous fair wind, had been lost, but only an allusion to *the continuation of the light and adverse winds*, and the insufficiency of the gun-boats to accomplish what the larger vessels, "*still far off*" might have done. It is not often that we have occasion to complain of a "muddled dispatch," but assuredly the one in question seems written for the express purpose of making the best out of what was a very discreditible affair to Sir George Prevost. A shade of excuse for the loss of time is to be found in Christie as he represents the attack as begun on the first day, and only interrupted by the capture of prisoners, to secure whom it was perhaps necessary to return to the ship, rendering it thus too late for further operation on that day; but even this is a poor excuse, and the trifling delay, had an energetic officer been in command, would have been soon repaired, the fair wind profited by, and the attack of the troops covered by the fire from the large vessels of the squadron.

To return, however, to the attack which was finally made early on the morning of the 29th. It began by a mistake, and the troops were landed on Horse Island, "where," (according to James,) "the grenadier company of the 100th, which formed the advance, meeting with some slight opposition from a six-pounder mounted *en barbette*, as well as from three or four hundred militia, stationed

*From Adjutant-General Baynes to Sir George Prevost.

Kingston, May 30th, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honour to report to your Excellency, that in conformity to an arranged plan of operations with Commodore Sir James Yeo, the fleet of boats assembled a-stern of his ship, at 10 o'clock on the night of the 28th instant, with the troops placed under my command, and, led by a gun-boat, under Captain Mulcaster, royal navy, proceeded towards Sackett's Harbour, in the order prescribed to the troops, in case the detachment was obliged to march in column, viz:—the grenadier company, 100th, with one section of the royal Scots, two companies of the 8th, (or King's,) four of the 104th, two of the Canadian voltigeurs, two six pounders, with their gunners, and a company of Glengarry light infantry, were embarked on board a light schooner, which was proposed to be towed, under the

directions of officers of the navy, so as to insure the guns being landed in time to support the advance of the troops. Although the night was dark, with rain, the boats assembled in the vicinity of Sackett's Harbour, by one o'clock, in compact and regular order; and in this position it was intended to remain until the day broke, in the hope of effecting a landing before the enemy could be prepared to line the woods with troops, which surrounded the coast; but, unfortunately, a strong current drifted the boats considerably, while the darkness of the night, and ignorance of the coast, prevented them from recovering their proper station until the day dawned, when the whole pulled for the point of debarkation.

It was my intention to have landed in the cove formed by Horse Island, but, on approaching it, we discovered that the enemy were fully prepared, by a very heavy fire of musketry from the surrounding woods, which were filled with

at that point, carried the six-pounder before a second discharge could be fired from it, and drove the American militia with precipitation into the woods." Christie's account of this is different, he says, "they" (the British) "first attempted to land on the Main, in a cove formed by Horse Island, but on approaching it, they found the enemy prepared for them, by a heavy fire of musketry, from the surrounding woods, supported by a field-piece. *They then pulled round and landed on the outside of the island.*"

After the troops were fairly landed it does not appear that they had any very obstinate resistance to encounter, and it is plain from both Christie's and James' account, that there was nothing to have prevented Sir George Prevost from accomplishing all that he desired. Thompson† is particularly severe on his countrymen, and his account by no means bears out Col. Bayne's assertion of the great resistance offered. "Though," says he, "they were well protected by the breast-work they rose from behind it, and abandoning the honorable promises of noble daring, which they had made but a little while before, fled with equal precipitation and disorder. A strange and unaccountable panic seized the whole line; and with the exception of a very few, terror and dismay were depicted on every countenance." Any remarks on Sir

infantry supported by a field-piece. I directed the boats to pull round to the other side of the island, where a landing was effected in good order and with little loss, although executed in the face of a corps, formed with a field-piece in the wood, and under the enfilade of a heavy gun from the enemy's principal battery. The advance was led by the grenadiers of the 100th regiment, with undaunted gallantry, which no obstacle could arrest. A narrow causeway, in many places under water, not more than four feet wide, and about four hundred paces in length, which connected the island with the mainland, was occupied by the enemy, in great force, with a six-pounder. It was forced, and carried in the most spirited manner, and the gun taken before a second discharge could be made from it; a tumbril, with a few rounds of ammunition, was found; but, unfortunately, the artillerymen were still behind, the schooner not having been able to get up in time, and the troops were exposed to so heavy and galling a fire from a numerous, but almost invisible foe, as to render it impossible to halt for the artillery to come up. At this spot two paths led in opposite directions round the hill; I directed Colonel Young, of the King's

† Sketches of the War, page 143.

George from Veritas must be taken with due allowance for the animus which marks everything he wrote respecting that commander. His version runs thus: "The troops were disembarked, but without artillery, and advanced with their usual spirit, when the enemy in dismay fled, whilst our men coming to a block-house, which made some resistance, were checked. During this advance so hopeless did the enemy consider their situation, that they burnt a barrack or store, spiked the guns of a battery, and began their retreat through the villages, setting fire to their new frigate, the *Pyke*, then on the stocks, and General Brown, who commanded, had actually written a letter of capitulation, which he had appointed a flag of truce to carry to the commander, whilst a few men were kept in the block-house, to give an appearance of resistance, so as to obtain better terms. At this period, in an evil hour, Sir George Prevost, mistaking the enemy in running away, with the dust thereby thrown up, for a column of reinforcements arriving, immediately gave orders for a re-embarkation, and then was exhibited the extraordinary military spectacle of a retreat, I will not say a flight back to back." This picture is highly colored, but there is still much truth in it, and when Colonel Bayne's letter is stripped of its apologetic character, it will not be found to differ materi-

regiment, with half of the detachment, to penetrate by the left; and Major Drummond, of the 104th, to force the path by the right, which proved to be more open, and was less occupied by the enemy. On the left the wood was very thick, and was most obstinately maintained by the enemy.

The gun-boats which had covered our landing, afforded material aid, by firing into the woods; but the American soldier, behind a tree, was only to be dislodged by the bayonet. The spirited advance of a section produced the flight of hundreds. From this observation all firing was directed to cease, and the detachment being formed in as regular order as the nature of the ground would admit, pushed forward through the wood upon the enemy, who, although greatly superior in numbers, and supported by field-pieces, and a heavy fire from their fort, fled with precipitation to their block-house, and fort, abandoning one of their guns. The division under Colonel Young was joined in the charge, by that under Major Drummond, which was executed with such spirit and promptness, that many of the enemy fell in their enclosed barracks, which were set on fire by our troops;—at this point the further energies of the troops became

ally in substance. James adds his testimony on this point, and after describing the British advance, goes on: "so hopeless did the Americans consider their case, that Lieutenant Chauncey set fire to the Navy barracks, the prize schooner *Duke of Gloucester*, the ship *General Pyke*, and completely destroyed the naval stores and provisions, which had been captured at York." The whole affair of "Sackett's Harbour may be thus summed up. Sir George Prevost, with an adequate force, made his appearance before it, with the intention of striking a blow at the seat of American naval operations on Lake Ontario, and of establishing British supremacy in that quarter. Indecision, we will not call it timidity, prevented his striking the blow, while the weather was yet favorable, and the enemy unprepared. When he did attempt to carry his plans into execution, a change of wind prevented the co-operation of the fleet, on board of which

unavailing. Their block-house and stockaded battery could not be carried by assault, nor reduced by field-pieces, had we been provided with them; the fire of the gun-boats proved insufficient to attain that end: light and adverse winds continued, and our larger vessels were still far off. The enemy turned the heavy ordnance of the battery to the interior defence of his post. He had set fire to the store-houses in the vicinity of the fort.

Seeing no object within our reach to attain, that could compensate for the loss we were momentarily sustaining from the heavy fire of the enemy's cannon, I directed the troops to take up their position on the crest of the hill we had charged from. From this position we were ordered to re-embark, which was performed at our leisure, and in perfect order, the enemy not presuming to show a single soldier without the limits of his fortress. Your Excellency having been a witness of the zeal and ardent courage of every soldier in the field, it is unnecessary for me to assure your Excellency, that but one sentiment animated every breast, that of discharging to the utmost of their power their duty to their king and country. But one sentiment of regret and mortification prevailed, on being obliged to quit a beaten enemy, whom a small band of British soldiers had driven before them for three hours through a country abounding in strong positions of defence, but not offering a single spot of cleared ground favourable for the operations of disciplined troops, without having fully accomplished the duty we were ordered to perform.

The two divisions of the detachment were ably commanded by Colonel Young, of the King's, and Major Drummond, of the 104th. The detachment of the King's under Major Evans, nobly sustained the high and established character of that distinguished corps; and Captain Burke

was also the artillery; and this circumstance, joined to the show of resistance, which the enemy, through the time afforded, were enabled to offer, would appear to have completely overthrown what little energy or decision of character he might have possessed. The result, as shown in Colonel Bayne's dispatch, was a retreat which blasted forever his reputation as a military commander. An aggravation of the mistake committed, is also to be found in the want of necessity for the retreat. The testimony of James, Christie, and of American writers also, proves that it was perfectly practicable for Sir George to have made good his position until the ships could have come to his assistance, and even one passage of Col. Bayne's letter would go to establish the same fact. "But one sentiment of regret and mortification prevailed, on being obliged to quit a beaten enemy, whom a small band had driven before them for three hours."

availed himself of the ample field afforded him in leading the advance, to display the intrepidity of British grenadiers.

The detachment of the 104th regiment, under Major Moodie, Captain M'Pherson's company of Glengarry light infantry, and two companies of Canadian voltigeurs, commanded by Major Hammet, all of them levies in the British Province of North America, evinced most striking proofs of their loyalty, steadiness and courage. The detachment of the royal Newfoundland regiment behaved with great gallantry. Your Excellency will lament the loss of that active and intelligent officer, Captain Gray, acting as deputy quartermaster-general, who fell close to the enemy's work, while reconnoitring it, in the hope to discover some opening to favour an assault. Commodore Sir James Yeo conducted the fleet of boats in the attack, and, accompanying the advance of the troops, directed the co-operation of the gun-boats. I feel most grateful for your Excellency's kind consideration, in allowing your aide-de-camps, Majors Coote and Fulton, to accompany me in the field, and to these officers for the able assistance they afforded me.

I have the honor to be, &c.

EDWARD BAYNES,

Col. Glengarry Light Infantry commanding.

To His Excellency Lieut.-Gen.

Sir George Prevost, Bart., &c.

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in an attack on Sackett's Harbour, on the 29th of May, 1813.

1 general staff, 3 sergeants, 44 rank and file, killed; 3 majors, 3 captains, 5 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 7 sergeants, 2 drummers, 172 rank and file, 2 gunners, wounded; 2 captains, 1 ensign, 13 rank and file, wounded and missing.

Had Sir George Prevost not proved his bravery in more than one field, his excess of prudence on this occasion, would almost warrant our giving a harsher appellation to his conduct, when we consider the insufficient causes which led to the precipitate abandonment of an enterprise which had cost so much preparation and loss of life. Besides, what were the causes for a retreat? Sir George assigned as his reason, the want of co-operation between the fleet and army. The Americans ascribe it to fear of being surrounded by General Brown, who, they allege, adopted the following stratagem to deceive the British General. Silently passing through the wood which led towards the point of landing, he evinced an intention to gain the rear of the British force, to take possession of the boats, and effectually to cut off his retreat. This convinced Sir George Prevost of the vast superiority of the American force, and induced him to give the order to retreat. There is some probability in this, although Sir George does not assign it as one of his motives, for if with the enemy in flight before him, he thought the absence of the ships a sufficient reason for his retreating in an opposite direction, the fear of being surrounded would have naturally added to his perplexity. Sir George's whole conduct in this affair, resembles that of a school-boy who has committed an inroad on an orchard, and half-frightened at his temerity, and scared at the sound of his own footsteps, runs away without securing the fruit which he had gathered. Sir James Yeo was quite opposed to the abandonment of the enterprise, and Sir George's conduct on the occasion gave rise to the animosity which afterwards existed between those officers.

What say American historians on this subject? "He relinquished the further prosecution of an expedition, having for its primary object the capture and destruction of a post, the permanent possession of which only could give to the Americans any hope of a superiority on Lake Ontario; after having succeeded in his enterprise, in a degree which scarcely admits of being termed partial, and, through the predominance of his apprehension over his bravery and foresight, retired from the assault." The consequence which would have

resulted had Sir George been bolder are thus set forth: "Its effects would have been long and deplorably felt by the American Government. Immense quantities of naval and military stores, which had been from time to time collected at that depôt, the frames and timbers which had been prepared for the construction of vessels of war, and the rigging and armaments which had been forwarded hither for their final equipment, as well as all the army clothing, camp equipage, provisions, ammunition, and implements of war, which had been previously captured from the enemy, would have fallen into his hands. The destruction of the batteries, the ships then on the stocks, the extensive cantonments, and the public arsenal, would have retarded the building of another naval force; and that which was already in the Lake in separate detachments, could have been intercepted in its attempt to return, and might have been captured in detail. The prize vessel which was then lying in harbor, and which had been taken by the Americans, and the two United States schooners, would have been certainly taken, and the whole energies of the American Government, added to their most vigorous and unwearied struggles, might never again have attained any prospect of an ascendancy on the Lake."

After reading this, and reflecting on what was lost, an inquiry into the number of killed and wounded only places matters in, if possible, a worse position. "The loss," says James, "on this unfortunate expedition was fifty men killed and two hundred and eleven wounded." The Americans acknowledge to have had a loss of one hundred and fifty-seven.

Great was the mortification of the people of Kingston, when, on the morning of the 30th, they saw the return of the fleet, with, instead of the whole garrison of Sackett's Harbor and an immense amount of military and naval stores, about one hundred prisoners. Loud were the animadversions and most bitter the strictures. It must not, however, be lost sight of that not the slightest attempt was made, during the investigation of the disgraceful failure, to throw the faintest imputation on the behaviour of the troops concerned in it. We will conclude this part of our subject by an extract from James, which, though perhaps

* Sketches of the war.

rather fanciful, is yet worthy of consideration. "What should we have gained by even a temporary possession of Sackett's Harbor. The American fleet, having no port to which it could retire, would have been compelled to fight, and Sir James Yeo, having the *Pyke* to add to his squadron, or even without her assistance, would have conquered with ease. The British Ontario fleet no longer wanted; its officers, seamen, and stores would have passed over to Lake Erie, and averted the calamities there; that done, they would have re-passed to Champlain, and prevented the Saranac, that flows into it, from becoming so famous. The least benefit of all would have been the saving to the nation of the incalculable sums expended in the building of ships, and the transportation of ordnance stores. Some will feel that the national pride would have been no loser, and able politicians could, perhaps, expatiate upon fifty other advantages that would have accrued had we retained possession, even for a few days, of Sackett's Harbor."

Speculations of this kind are generally of very little use; still, when we look at the complaints that were then being loudly made, throughout the United States, of the enormous drain on the country's resources, and the squandering of the thews and sinews of the population, it adds to the regret that a general's timid and wavering conduct should have omitted to inflict a blow, which must have considerably increased the financial embarrassments so complained of. Ingersol, on this subject writes—"The British repulse at Sackett's Harbor was the last American success in 1813 on Lake Ontario or the St. Lawrence, where the enemy's good fortune never afterwards failed, except in Chauncey's partial success on the Lake." After this admission, he proceeds: "Border warfare, the worst of all, the most wasteful of men, money, and character, was our resort during two, for the most part disastrous, years. Nowhere in the world were such costly and fruitless hostilities as those carried on, over many hundreds of miles, from the swamps and wildernesses of Michigan to the mountain gorges of Canada. We recruited armies to be wasted on the borders of the Lakes, built and equipped fleets upon them, at monstrous expense, to wage small border wars. The sum expended on building vessels for Lake Ontario was nearly

two millions of dollars, that expended on Lakes Erie and Champlain four hundred thousand more. The waste of money was enormous; it was estimated that it cost a thousand dollars for every cannon conveyed to Sackett's Harbor! The flour for Harrison's army cost one hundred dollars per barrel. The multiplied incidental but inevitable charges of travel over wild regions without roads required, amongst other things, thousands of pack horses, each of which could only carry half a barrel of provisions, and required to be attended by trains of other horses, with forage for those laden with provisions. The distances were hundreds of miles over trackless deserts. Few horses survived more than one trip; many sunk under one. Of four thousand post-horses to supply Harrison's small army, but eight hundred were alive after the winter of 1812-13. Large quantities of flour were buried in mud and snow, from inability to carry it any further; large quantities damaged when arrived at the place of destination.

"Two-thirds of that deposited at Fort Meigs was spoiled and unfit for use. Fluctuations and increases of price were so great that many contractors were ruined, and it became necessary to purchase of other persons, when disappointed of regular supplies by the contractors. The waste of life in the American armies was also great from want of competent surgeons, instruments and medicines, and from the diseases caused by privations in insalubrious regions."

When we remember how prone our neighbors were to look at the *£ s. d.* view of matters, and how ill a young country could afford to support an expensive war, we find fresh cause for regret in Sir George Prevost's failure. Nothing would more surely have brought about a peace than the state of affairs recorded by Ingersol, a check had even been given to the national vanity by the capture of the *Chesapeake*, and the salutary lesson taught that they were not yet masters of the sea, and had vigorous measures been taken in the present instance, the movements on the frontiers of Canada, would in all probability, have dwindled down to mere petty skirmishes, until the Americans, wearied of hostilities resulting in nothing but loss of time and money, would have gladly made overtures for peace, even at the risk of com-

promising their new-fledged importance. We are the more inclined to hazard this assertion, from what appears to have been the state of the American army at that time. Stagnation in camps and garrisons on frontiers, bred disease; discontent and desertions, thinned the numbers and soured the tempers, and demoralized both men and officers. In one place we find as many as six soldiers shot for desertion, and such difficulties existed in procuring recruits, that "inveigling dissatisfied, worthless or intoxicated men to enlist, and then disciplining them by cruel and degrading corporal punishment, lashing them into good behaviour, was the only method of marshalling and replenishing our continually wasting armies."* Were our observations merely gleaned from the writings of one party, and that party opposed to the war, they would be as little worthy of attention as the mendacious columns put forth by the Government organ (*Nile's Weekly Register*), but they are not taken from the mere ebullitions of party feeling, but are the result of examination into Armstrong, the Secretary at War; Ingersol, who does not condemn the war, but only the mode in which it was carried on; and many others. The discussions in some of the State legislatures furnish additional proof that the American nation was beginning by this time to get heartily sick of the war. In short the more closely we examine the position of affairs, the deeper cause of regret do we find that General Brock's valuable life had not been spared, or that at least his mantle had not fallen on the shoulders of either Sir George Prevost or Sir Roger Sheaffe, to whose irresolution it may be ascribed, that a war begun with such vigour by General Brock should not have been checked more speedily. When it was possible to act vigorously without departing from the spirit of the instructions emanating from the Home Government.

We left General Dearborn, in our last chapter, just as he had dispatched Generals Chandler and Winder, with two brigades of infantry, a considerable body of cavalry, and a strong detachment of artillery in pursuit of General Vincent, who

Proceedings at west end of Lake Ontario: surprise at Stony Creek.

* Ingersol.

had by that time received his reinforcements, and was now encamped on Burlington Heights. Determined as was the attitude assumed by General Vincent, his situation was, in reality, extremely critical. York on one side and Fort George on the other had fallen, and with a powerful hostile fleet on the lake, he was left without resources should the enemy approach with such a superior force as not to warrant his risking a battle. Again, did even a favorable opportunity for risking a contest present itself, he had but ninety rounds of ammunition per man, a quantity too small to admit of any very steady or prolonged course of action.

On the evening of the 5th June, the American army had reached Stony Creek, a point but a few miles from the position held by General Vincent, and as it was sunset, the Generals found it necessary to halt, and they proceeded to make the necessary disposition of the troops, so as to pass the night in safety. The proper arrangements were accordingly made, and the camp secured. Vincent, whose critical situation we have just noticed, now saw that to retain his present position, on which all his hopes of eventual success depended, he must, even with his small quantity of ammunition, risk another battle. While still uncertain as to the best course to be adopted, he received intimation of his advanced pickets having been driven in, and he dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Harvey* to reconnoitre and take an accurate view of the enemy's position. Harvey soon ascertained that the enemy's camp guards were few and negligent, that his line of encampment was long and broken; that his artillery was feebly supported, and several of the corps placed too far in the rear to aid in repelling a blow, rapidly and vigorously struck at their front, and reported the result of his observations to General Vincent, accompanied with a proposal to hazard a night attack. This General Vincent consented to, hoping to effect by surprise, what the small number of his force and want of ammunition forbade him to accomplish in the open field. In pursuance of his, or rather, Col. Harvey's plan, he commenced his march about midnight of the 5th June, with a force of seven hundred and four

* Afterwards Sir John Harvey, and Governor of New Brunswick,

rank and file. We will now enquire into the strength of the force that lay encamped at Stony Creek, under Generals Chandler and Winder.

When General Dearborn first determined on the pursuit of General Vincent, he had dispatched General Winder with a single brigade. This officer, in the progress of his march, was not long in discovering that the enemy's force would require greater odds to overcome, and he accordingly decided on awaiting, at Forty-mile Creek, the arrival of such reinforcements as, on a representation of the circumstances of the case, the general might think proper to send to his aid. On the 3rd June, Brigadier General Chandler brought up a second brigade, thus accounting for the two brigades we have already mentioned. We will now pause to examine into the numerical strength of these two bodies.

They consisted, according to James (who, however, confesses that the only assistance he could procure from the American accounts was the name of the regiments and corps), of the 5th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 22d, and 23d regiments of infantry, divided into two brigades. The strength of these brigades, if we take the lowest returns in an American work, was fourteen hundred and fifty each. Admitting that only half the artillery force from Fort George was despatched, that would give four hundred more, (and this calculation is not unlikely, when we remember that General Winder had sent for reinforcements, on the plea of his weakness.) Col. Burns' cavalry force was ascertained to be two hundred and fifty. We have now two brigades of fourteen hundred and fifty each, with artillery and the cavalry, making in all, thirty-four hundred and fifty. Armstrong, in noticing Winder's pursuit, speaks of, first, one brigade eight hundred strong, and then mentions the second, but without condescending to numbers, or taking notice of the artillery or cavalry; even this, allowing the strength of the second brigade to have equalled the first, would give, including the cavalry and artillery, twenty-two hundred men. Ingersol states the force at thirteen hundred, but in such a confused manner as to render it difficult to determine whether the thirteen hundred men mentioned formed the whole body, or only the whole of Chandler's reinforcement. Be it as it may, there is every

ground for assuming, even from these statements, imperfect as they are, that the American force encamped at Stony Creek, on the night of the 5th June, was not less than twenty-two hundred to twenty-five hundred strong.

To return, however, to the attack which was led by Colonel Harvey in person. The first thing accomplished was the surprise and capture of every man of the American pickets, without giving the slightest alarm to the main body. This effected, the centre of the encampment was attacked. We prefer, however, giving General Vincent's official account, as it is modestly written, although differing somewhat from Ingersol's account, which unblushingly states—"The encampment was confounded by a surprise, which, nevertheless, the officers beat off, all behaving well, and many of the young officers displaying an ardor which only wanted occasion and good commanders." Armstrong, on this subject, writes: "But little more mismanagement was now wanting, to make the campaign of 1813, as much a subject of ridicule at home, and contempt abroad, as that of the preceding year, on the 6th of June, *the day on which Burns was flying when none pursued*, an order was received from the commander-in-chief, recalling, without loss of time, the whole army to Fort George, and virtually abandoning all the objects of the campaign; nor was even this ill-judged movement executed, without a disorder which entailed upon it the loss of twelve boats, principally laden with the baggage of the army." The Burns here mentioned is the officer on whom devolved the command of the American army after the capture of the two Generals, Winder and Chandler.

Is it probable that the Secretary at War would have expressed himself in such strong terms of condemnation had the "surprise" at Stony Creek been as trifling as Ingersol represents? To return, however, to Gen. Vincent's official account:—

Burlington-heights, head of Lake Ontario,
June 6th, 1813.

SIR,—Having yesterday received information of the enemy having advanced from the Forty-mile Creek, with a force consisting of 3500, eight or nine field-pieces, and 250 cavalry, for the avowed purpose of attacking the division under my command in this position,

and having soon afterwards received a report that he had passed the swamp, and driven in my advanced posts from Stony Creek and Brady's, lieutenant-col. Harvey, deputy-adjutant-general, immediately went forward with the light companies of the king's, and 49th regiments; and having advanced close to, and accurately ascertained, the enemy's position, sent back to propose to me a night attack on the camp.

The enemy's camp was distant about seven miles. About half-past eleven I moved forward with five companies of the 8th (or King's), and the 49th regiments, amounting together to seven hundred and four firelocks; lieutenant-colonel Harvey who conducted it with great regularity and judgement, gallantly led on the attack. The enemy was completely surprised, and driven from his camp, after having repeatedly formed into different bodies, and been as often charged by our brave troops, whose conduct, throughout this brilliant enterprise, was above all praise. The action terminated before day light, when three guns and one brass howitzer, with three tumbrils; two brigadier-generals, Chandler and Winder, first and second in command, and upwards of 100 officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, remained in our hands.

Not conceiving it prudent to expose our small force to the view of the enemy, who, though routed, and dispersed, was still formidable as to numbers and position, he having fled to the surrounding heights, and having still four or five guns, the troops were put in motion at day-break and marched back to their cantonments. After we had retired and it became broad day, the enemy ventured to re-occupy his camp, only, however, for the purpose of destroying his incumbrances, such as blankets, carriages, provisions, spare arms, ammunition, &c; after which, he commenced a precipitate retreat towards the Forty-mile Creek, where he effected a junction with a body of 2000 men, who were on their march from Niagara to reinforce him.

I cannot conclude this despatch without calling your excellency's attention to the following officers:—

To lieutenant-col. Harvey, the deputy-adjutant general, my obligations are particularly

due. From the first moment the enemy's approach was known, he watched his movements, and afforded me the earliest information. To him, indeed, I am indebted for the suggestion and plan of operation; nothing could be more clear than his arrangements, nor more completely successful in the result. The conduct of major Plenderleath, who commanded the 49th regiment was very conspicuous. By his decision and prompt efforts, the surprize of the enemy's camp was completed, and all his efforts to make a stand were rendered ineffectual by the bayonet, which overthrew all opposition. A party of the 49th, with major Plenderleath at their head, gallantly charged some of the enemy's field-pieces, and brought off two six-pounders.

Major Ogilvie led on, in the most gallant manner, the five companies of the King's regiment; and whilst one-half of that highly disciplined and distinguished corps supported the 49th regiment, the other part moved to the right, and attacked the enemy's left flank, which decided our midnight contest.

I have also received the greatest assistance from major Glegg, brigade-major to the forces, and beg leave to mention the names of captains M'Dowal and Milnes, your excellency's aides-de-camp, who accompanied me to the attack, and upon all occasions have volunteered their services. I have likewise to acknowledge the assistance of captain Chambers, of the 41st regiment, who had arrived some days before from Amherstburgh; and Mr. Brook, pay-master of the 49th, who assisted me as acting aide-de-camp.

To Mr. Hackett, acting-staff-surgeon to this army, I feel particularly indebted, for his judicious arrangements, by which the wounded have received every attention, and are most of them likely to be restored to the service.

It would be an act of injustice, were I to admit assuring your excellency, that gallantry and discipline were never more conspicuous than during our late short service; and I feel the greatest satisfaction in assuring you, that every officer and individual seemed anxious to rival each other in his efforts to support the honor of His Majesty's arms, and to maintain the high character of British troops.

I beg leave to refer your excellency to the

inclosed reports for particulars respecting our loss, which, I regret, has been very severe.

I have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN VINCENT,
Brigadier-gen'l.

General return of killed, wounded, and missing, in action with the enemy near the head of Lake Ontario, June 6th, 1813.

Total; 1 lieutenant, 3 serjeants, 19 rank and file, killed; 2 majors, 5 captains, 2 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 1 adjutant, 1 fort-major, 9 serjeants, 2 drummers, 113 rank and file, wounded; 3 serjeants, 52 rank and file missing.

General Dearborn's official letter is even more absurd than Ingersol's remarks; and it is impossible to reconcile the policy he adopted immediately afterwards with the contents of his despatch. It will be seen by this document, which follows, that he almost claims a victory:

"I have received an express from the head of the Lake this evening, with intelligence that our troops, commanded by Brigadier-General Chandler, were attacked at two o'clock this morning by the whole of the British and Indian force; and by some strange fatality, though our loss was but small (not exceeding thirty), and the enemy completely routed and driven from the field, both Brigadiers Chandler and Winder were taken prisoners. They had advanced to ascertain the position of a company of artillery, when the attack commenced. General Vincent is reported to be amongst the killed of the enemy. Col. Clarke was mortally wounded, and fell into our hands, with fifty prisoners of the 49th British regiment. The whole loss of the enemy is two hundred and fifty. They sent in a flag, with a request to bury their dead. General Lewis, accompanied by Brigadier-General Boyd, goes on to take command of the advanced troops."

An analysis of this letter will be interesting, and really so curious a document deserves the trouble, as it is but seldom that an official paper, written with such an utter disregard of truth, can be found. "The whole of the British and Indian force." The Secretary at War, at least, was not deceived by General Dearborn's letter, for, in his remarks, he speaks of the British force as "seven hundred combatants."

In the next place, as to the Indians, there

were not altogether more than thirty, and these were at Burlington Heights, where they remained. General Dearborn's allusion to them was, however, a sufficient foundation on which Mr. O'Connor, in his history, has constructed a very imposing passage. "The army, on this occasion, has proved its firmness and bravery, by keeping its position in a night attack, in which the yells of the Indians mingled with the roaring of the cannon and musketry, were calculated to intimidate." To resume our analysis, General Dearborn pronounces "the enemy completely routed and driven from the field," and yet practically contradicts his own statements by immediately after retiring from before a "routed enemy" again—so far from the British sending in a flag of truce "to bury the dead" the Americans retired,* and *left their own dead to be buried by the British*. Lastly, although General Vincent was killed by Dearborn over night, he had sufficiently recovered from the shock which he must have experienced at hearing of his own death, to entertain the two American generals, at dinner, next day, and to inform them of the capture of four of their guns and one hundred and twenty men, a point on which General Dearborn and others

* One of the American accounts of the Stony Creek business contains the following statement: "Captain Manners, of that regiment, (the 49th) was taken in his bed by lieutenant Riddle; who, from a principle of humanity, put him on his parole, on condition of his not serving the enemy, until he should be exchanged. An engagement which that officer violated, by appearing in arms against the American troops, immediately after the recovery of his health." This is a serious charge against a brave officer, now living. Thus it is answered. Close to captain Manners, on the field, lay a captain Mills, of the American army, still more severely wounded. The two officers agreed, and mutually pledged their honors, that, no matter by which party captured, they should be considered as exchanged and at liberty to serve again. Lieutenant Riddle soon afterwards came up; and, although he could not stay to bring away even his friend, exacted a parole from captain Manners. When the American army subsequently fled, the two officers were found by the British. The instant captain Mills recovered from his wounds, he was sent by a flag to the American lines; and captain Manners became of course, exonerated from his parole. That an American editor should give insertion to any story, reflecting upon a British officer, is not at all strange. But it is so, that an American officer should have allowed three editions of Mr. Thompson's book to pass, every one containing so scandalous a paragraph.

have thought it proper to observe a judicious silence.

Armstrong, in his strictures on this affair, declares that the position of the American army, on the morning of the 6th, was not such as to render a retreat, either necessary or expedient, and blames General Dearborn very severely for withdrawing the troops to Fort George. Could any credit be attached to the American accounts of the events that transpired between the 5th and 10th of June? this condemnation could not be wondered at, but there is such a discrepancy between their narrations and the British versions, as almost to induce the belief of his having been in some measure misled by the garbled accounts transmitted to him, and that, in consequence, he condemned the American general for retiring without sufficient cause.

Now, when we consult Christie and James, it will be seen that, to a man of General Dearborn's habits, there was really one, though an insufficient cause for his prudence. It was the appearance of the British fleet, off the coast, that induced Dearborn, under the apprehension that a serious attack was meditated on Fort George, to direct the immediate return of his troops to that point. James says, "On the 3rd of June, Sir James Yeo, with his squadron, on board of which he had some clothing and provisions, and about two hundred and eighty of the 5th regiment, for Major-General Vincent, sailed from Kingston to co-operate with that officer, as well as, by intercepting the enemy's supplies, and otherwise annoying him, to provoke Commodore Chauncey to reappear on the lake." At daylight, on the morning of the 5th, Sir James found himself close to General Lewis' camp, at the Forty-mile Creek. It being calm, the larger vessels could not get in, but the *Beresford* and *Sliney Smith* schooners, and one or two gun-boats, succeeded in approaching within range of the American batteries. Four pieces of artillery were brought down to the beach; and in less than half an hour a temporary furnace for heating shot was in operation.* Whatever effect the American guns, with their heated shot might have had on the

British fleet, it did not prevent General Lewis from breaking up his camp and retreating to Fort George, despatching his camp, equipage and baggage in batteaux to the fort. The fate of these batteaux was soon decided; twelve of them, with their contents, were captured by the *Beresford*, and the remaining five were driven on shore, where they were abandoned by their crews. Sir James Yeo, in order to carry out the instructions he had, by this time, received from General Vincent, landed the detachment of the 8th, under Major Evans, and this corps, joined by the flank companies of the 49th and one battalion company of the 41st, which had arrived from the Heights, now mustering four hundred and fifty rank and file, entered the deserted American camp, where they found five hundred tents, one hundred stand of arms, one hundred and forty barrels of flour, and about seventy wounded, whom they made prisoners. Not one syllable of all this appears in any of the American accounts. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that General Armstrong was at a loss to account for Dearborn's precipitate withdrawal of his troops.

If the hopes and expectations of the cabinet at Washington had been raised, to any very high pitch by anticipatory sketches of what was to be effected, by the combined attacks of the army and fleet, the actual results fell very far short of the promises held out by the general and the naval commander. The western peninsula, it was confidently anticipated, was to have been occupied, leaving the troops time and opportunity to attack in detail Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec. Instead of this state of affairs, what was the actual position of the American troops and fleet at this time?

Two demonstrations had been made, one at York, the other at Fort George: in the first instance, some munitions of war had been captured, but then, this had just been destroyed at Sackett's Harbour—so nothing had been gained there; in the second instance an untenable fort had been taken possession of. These exploits had cost, besides, much time and men, and money, but had not, in reality, advanced the plan of the campaign one iota. Chauncey had accomplished nothing, and was now at Sackett's Harbour, and Dearborn

*Sketches of the War. Notices of the War in which it is stated—"But a few discharges of hot shot soon convinced the British commanders, that the experiment was not likely to turn out advantageously."

himself was, through the tactics of Colonel Bisshopp and Gen. Vincent, confined to the precincts of Fort George, which, from a fortress, had been now virtually reduced to a prison, with limits, little, if at all exceeding the range of its cannon. To account for a state of things so unexpected, and, considering the slender means of defence possessed by the British, so unhelped for, we must look for other causes than the mere valour of the British regulars or Canadian militia, as however gallant their conduct might have been in the field, however patient their behaviour during the hardships and privations of the campaign, still the odds brought against them had been so overwhelming as properly directed to have swept away all opposition. We do not, by any means, desire to deprive the British or Canadian soldier of one particle of honor and praise to which he is so justly entitled; we only desire to observe that it was a most fortunate train of events that gave to the Americans a succession of leaders whose incapacity neutralized, in a great measure, their numerical superiority. Whatever Gen. Dearborn might have been, it is very evident that he was at this time quite unfit for the harrassing duties which had devolved upon him. A few extracts will shew this. In a letter of the 4th June, he says, "I am still very feeble, and gain strength very slowly." June 8th. "My ill-state of health rendes it extremely painful to attend to current duties, and unless it improves soon, I fear I shall be compelled to retire to some place where my mind may be more at ease." This state of health will account satisfactorily for the desponding tone of his despatch of 20th June, a short time before his recall from the command of the district. "From resignations, sickness, and other causes, the number of regimental officers present and fit for duty is far below what the service requires. A considerable portion of the army being new recruits, and the weather being unfavourable to health, the sick have become so numerous, in addition to the wounded, as to reduce the effective force far below what could have been contemplated. The enemy have been reinforced with about five hundred men of the 104th regiment, whence I conclude that he will endeavour to keep up such a plan, at, and near the head of the lake, as will prevent any part of our force

in this quarter from joining, or *proceeding to Sackett's Harbour to attack Kingston*; and such is the state of the roads in this flat country, in consequence of continual rain, as to render any operations against the enemy extremely difficult, without the aid of a fleet for the transportation of provisions, ammunition and other necessary supplies. The enemy would probably retreat on our approach, and keep out of our reach, being covered by one or more armed vessels. The whole of these embarrassments have resulted from a temporary loss of the command of the lake." The poor old general was plainly very willing to find some cause on which to saddle the effect produced by his infirmities, and after reading the account of the two fresh disasters which now befell him, the reader will not be surprised to find that an order was issued on the 6th July, recalling him from the command of the district; and enjoining on his successor "not to prosecute any offensive operation, until our ascendancy on the lake was re-established."* Before closing this subject it may be as well to remind the reader that, at the very time General Dearborn was enumerating the addition of five hundred men to General Vincent's force as a reason for abandoning his plans, he had under his command, at Fort George alone, double the number of regular troops in all Western Canada. Had we not, in our enumeration of his force already shown this, we have a proof of it in Ingersoll's admission. Alluding to Dearborn's recall, he says, "Before Wilkinson took the command, our forces in Canada, about *four thousand* strong, were shut up in Fort George." At this very time Proctor and Vincent's forces united would not have made up an effective body of two thousand men. And, if we turn to the other end of the lake, we will find the garrisons and other posts equally deficient in point of numbers. What says Armstrong on this head? "1st. Prevost, on his arrival at Prescott, borrowed from that part an escort of soldiers to prevent his being captured on his way to Kingston—a fact utterly inconsistent with the report of his having brought with him large detachments from Quebec and Montreal. 2nd. That Proctor, Barclay, Vin-

* This Act of executive authority originated with that portion of the House of Representatives most active and influential in supporting the war.

cent and Sheaffe, so far from being in a condition to yield any aid to the attack on Sackett's Harbour, were themselves in great want of reinforcements—Procter postponing on that account, an attack which he had been ordered to make on Perry's fleet, then fitting out. 3rd. That, when late in the month of May, the British commander-in-chief (induced by the continued absence of the American fleet and army at the head of the lake) made an attack on Sackett's Harbour, he was unable to bring against that post more than seven hundred combatants, conduct utterly unaccountable in an old soldier, having at his disposition a force of either* six or eight thousand men. 4th. That the maximum of the British force at Kingston, in 1813, was one thousand men.† And lastly, that Sheaffe's papers, taken at York, and examined by Col. Connor, aide-de-camp to General Dearborn, 'showed satisfactorily that the garrison at Kingston, during the winter and spring of 1813, was weak, and much below the force necessary for its defence.'

These remarks of Armstrong will serve as a proof of our assertion, that had the Americans been well officered, or had the war been so popular as to have admitted of the choice of generals, from other parties besides the one with whom "war measures" had been the ruling policy, their numbers were on all occasions so overwhelmingly superior as to have precluded the hope of any successful opposition, however gallant might have been the behaviour of the regulars, however determined might have been the militia to die in defence of their hearths and homes, or had even every soldier, regular or militia, possessed individually the energy or spirit of the lamented Brock.

As soon as General Vincent had, by his re-
 Affair at the Beaver Dam. inforcements, and the successful issue of the night attack at Stony Creek, been relieved from the embarrassing situation in which he had been placed, he actively recommenced offensive measures, placing the right division of his little force under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Bishopp, who pushed forward detachments, and took up two positions,

* As stated by Dearborn.

† A fact ascertained by General Brown during the war, and, subsequently, on a visit to that place

commanding the cross roads at the Ten-mile Creek and the Beaver Dam. It was so arranged by preconcerted signals, that their stations could readily support each other. Dearborn finding that these manœuvres had very materially circumscribed the range of his troops, who were now compelled to live on their own resources, determined to check farther encroachments on his ease, and despatched Lieutenant Colonel Boerstler, with a detachment of nearly seven hundred men, from Fort George, to attack and disperse that portion of Col. Bishopp's command which had taken up their position in a stone house near the Beaver Dam. This detachment consisted of thirty men of the one-hundred-and-fourth, and were in communication with a party of Indians, who, under the command of Captain Kerr, and about two hundred strong, occupied the woods. Col. Boerstler in his march came unexpectedly on this body of Indians, who, lining the woods, their numbers partially concealed by the cover, immediately attacked him. The thirty men of the 104th soon came to the assistance of Captain Kerr, and a warm skirmish ensued, which had lasted for about two hours, when Col. Boerstler dreading an ambuscade, commenced a retreat towards Lundy's Lane, but was immediately attacked from the wood by a small body of about twenty militia, under Col. Thomas Clark, who, accidentally passing, had been attracted by the firing. Col. Boerstler now began to think that matters looked serious, but instead of retreating as fast as he could, he sent for reinforcements to Fort George, sixteen miles distant.

While waiting for the arrival of these, and making good his position, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, of the 49th, arrived on the field (if we may apply that expression to a beechwood), and after reconnoitring; and hearing that reinforcements had been sent for, this officer determined on the bold step of summoning the Americans to surrender.* This proposal, doubtless very

* The circumstances connected with the affair at the Beaver Dam, where Col. Fitzgibbon (then Lieut. Fitzgibbon) gained so much praise for the victory achieved by him over the Americans, was owing to information which Mrs. Secord, the widow of James Secord, Esq., deceased, formerly of Queenston, who was wounded at the battle of that place (13th October, 1812), obtained from private sources of the inten-

much to Lieut. Fitzgibbon's surprise, Col. Boerstler, seeing no prospect of escaping or saving his wounded, who were by this time pretty numerous, consented to, and terms of capitulation were forthwith agreed on.

Just as these were being drawn up, Major de Haren, who had been sent for by Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, arrived, bringing with him about two hundred and twenty men. This body came up in time to secure the prisoners, but not sufficiently so to save Col. Boerstler the disgrace of having surrendered to a body, which, with the two hundred Indians, did not half equal that under his command.

Particulars of the capitulation made between Captain M'Dowell, on the part of Lieut.-Col Boerstler, of the United States' army, and Major De Haren, of His Britannic Majesty's Canadian regiment, on the part of Lieutenant Colonel Bishopp, commanding the advance of the British, respecting the force under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Boerstler.

Article I. That Lieut.-Col. Boerstler, and the force under his command, shall surrender prisoners of war.

tion of the American troops to surround and take Fitzgibbon and party, which consisted at that time of a detachment of the 49th regiment, some few militia, and a small body of Indians, to oppose some 500 of the American infantry and a detachment of some 50 of mounted American dragoons. The difficulty of reaching Lieut Fitzgibbon's post is thus related in Mrs. Secord's own words:—"I shall commence at the battle of Queenston, where I was at the time the cannon balls were flying around me in every direction. I left the place during the engagement. After the battle I returned to Queenston, and then found that my husband had been wounded; my house plundered and property destroyed. It was while the Americans had possession of the frontier, that I learned the plans of the American commander, and determined to put the British troops under Fitzgibbon in possession of them, and, if possible, to save the British troops from capture, or, perhaps, total destruction. In doing so, I found I should have great difficulty in getting through the American guards, which were out ten miles in the country. Determined to persevere, however, I left early in the morning, walked nineteen miles in the month of June, over a rough and difficult part of the country, when I came to a field belonging to a Mr. Decamp, in the neighborhood of the Beaver Dam. By this time daylight had left me. Here I found all the Indians encamped; by moonlight, the scene was terrifying, and to those accustomed to such scenes, might be considered grand. Upon advancing to the Indians they all rose, and, with some yells, said "Woman," which made me

Article II. That the officers shall retain their arms, horses, and baggage.

Article III. That the non-commissioned officers and soldiers shall lay down their arms at the head of the British column, and shall become prisoners of war.

Article IV. That the militia and volunteers, with Lieutenant Colonel Boerstler, shall be permitted to return to the United States on parole.

ANDREW M'DOWELL,
Capt. of the U. S. Light Artillery.
Acceded to and signed, P. G. BOERSTLER,
Lieut.-Col. commanding detachment
United States' Army.
P. V. DEHAREN,
Major, Canadian regiment.

tremble. I cannot express the awful feeling it gave me; but I did not lose my presence of mind. I was determined to persevere. I went up to one of the chiefs, made him understand that I had great news for Capt. Fitzgibbon, and that he must let me pass to his camp, or that he and his party would be all taken. The chief at first objected to let me pass, but finally consented, after some hesitation, to go with me and accompany me to Fitzgibbon's station, which was at the Beaver Dam, where I had an interview with him. I then told him what I had come for, and what I had heard—that the Americans intended to make an attack upon the troops under his command, and would, from their superior numbers, capture them all. Benefitting by this information, Capt. Fitzgibbon formed his plans accordingly, and captured about five hundred American infantry, about fifty mounted dragoons, and a field-piece or two was taken from the enemy. I returned home next day, exhausted and fatigued. I am now advanced in years, and when I look back I wonder how I could have gone through so much fatigue, with the fortitude to accomplish it.

(Certificate.)

I do hereby certify that Mrs. Secord, the wife of James Secord, of Chippewa, Esq., did, in the month of June, 1813, walk from her house in the village of St. Davids to Decamp's house in Thorold, by a circuitous route of about twenty miles, partly through the woods, to acquaint me that the enemy intended to attempt by surprise to capture a detachment of the 49th regiment, then under my command, she having obtained such knowledge from good authority, as the event proved. Mrs. Secord was a person of slight and delicate frame, and made the effort in weather excessively warm, and I dreaded at the time that she must suffer in health in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, she having been exposed to danger from the enemy, through whose line of communication she had to pass. The attempt was made on my detachment, by the enemy and his detachment, consisting of upwards of 500 men, with a field-piece, and fifty dragoons were captured in consequence. I write this certificate in a moment of much hurry and from memory, and it is therefore thus brief.

(Signed) JAMES FITZGIBBON,
Formerly Lieutenant in the 49th Regt.

As soon as General Dearborn heard of reinforcements arrive at Queenston, but return to Fort George. Boerstler's critical situation, he dispatched Col. Christie with a reinforcement of three hundred men. The detachment marched as far as Queenston, where, hearing of Boerstler's surrender, Col. Christie returned to the camp.

Congress had been in session about a month when the intelligence of this affair reached Washington, and it served as a sort of climax to the continual tidings of mismanagement and misfortune. Ingersol says, "after a short communion of regret and impatience in the House of Representatives with the Speaker and General Ringold, I was deputed to wait on the President, and request General Dearborn's removal from a command which so far had been thus unfortunate." This remonstrance had the desired effect, and, as we have already seen, Dearborn was recalled, and, according to Ingersol, "the northern army was relieved of a veteran leader, whose age and ill-health, (whatever previous military reputation he might have acquired by distinguished service, bravery, and activity in the war of the Revolution) disqualified him for active and enterprising services, but in his successor, Gen. Wilkinson, did not get a younger, healthier, or more competent commander.

From the date of Boerstler's surrender to the end of June, no movements of any importance took place in the Niagara district, the British forces gradually closing round Fort George, and watching carefully the American army, who still occupied that position. A negative good was, however, thus effected, as the services of fully four thousand men were lost to the country, while the expense and labour of supplying so large a body were daily becoming more felt, and increased the feelings of dissatisfaction entertained by the more sensible and reflecting portion of the Union. Two expeditions were undertaken early in July, the result of which proved the benefit derived from keeping the American army cooped up at Fort George.

Col. Clark's expedition against Fort Schlosser. The first expedition was undertaken by Lieut. Col. Thos. Clark, of the Canadian Militia, on the night of the 4th July—Col. Clark's party crossed over, from Chipewewa to Fort Schlosser, and succeeded in capturing the guard stationed there, bringing with them, as the fruits of their enterprise, a large quantity of provisions, one brass gun (a six-pounder), besides several stand of arms, with much ammunition! This affair was but trifling, still it serves to show the zeal of the militia, while the loss of the provisions was a serious blow to the enemy. The success which attended Col. Clark's exploit determined Col. Bisshopp to put in execution the plans he had formed against the important post at Black Rock. On the 11th July, therefore,

he crossed over at day break with a party of two hundred and forty men, consisting of militia, and drafts from the 8th, 41st and 49th regiments. The surprise of the enemy was complete, and the block-houses, stores, barracks, dock-yard and one vessel were destroyed, or secured within the Canadian lines. Ingersol, in noticing this, is not very complimentary to his countrymen, "There was a militia force more than sufficient to repel this daring invasion; but they ran away without resisting it!"* Unfortunately in his anxiety to secure as much as possible of the captured stores, Col. Bisshopp delayed his return longer than prudence warranted, and afforded time for the Americans to recover from their surprise and consternation. When retiring to their boats the British were attacked by a strong body of American regulars, militia, and some Indians, whom General Porter had collected, and the consequence was, that a heavy loss was experienced before the retreat could be effected—amongst the number of those who died from their wounds, was the gallant commander himself, a most promising young officer, of but twenty-seven years old.

* An effect of the Eastern doctrine (on the causes and character of the war), industriously circulated in the Northern and Western frontiers of New York.—*Armstrong's Notes.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX.

THE tourist, who may have only seen the coast-line of Nova Scotia, or at most, perhaps, the interior of its rugged harbours, is forcibly reminded of the shores of Sweden and Finland, or the rocks and inlets of the western coasts of Norway, and the conception formed must be that of a region as wild and rugged as any inhabited country can be. It is thus that, by far the greater number of those who have hitherto returned from this part of North America, both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, have been unjustly depressed in European estimation.

The interior parts of these provinces are not, however, represented by these barren borders—"though, says Professor Johnson, they do contain large tracts of poor and difficult land, yet rich districts recur which rival in natural fertility the most productive counties of Great Britain." The colonists, therefore, complain, and not without reason, that the evil impression conveyed by the rocky surface, the scanty herbage, and the endless pine forests, has diverted the tide of British settlers, British capital, and British enterprise, to more southern regions, in reality not more favoured by nature than they are themselves.

We have dwelt, however, in former papers at such lengths on the capabilities of these districts, that it were unnecessary to pursue the subject farther, the more especially as Johnson in his "Notes" has done much lately to disabuse Europeans of the prejudices which they may have too hastily conceived. We will, therefore, at once introduce the reader to that part of our subject more immediately under notice—Halifax.

The harbour of that city is justly reckoned to be one of the safest and most commodious known, and in it the united navies of the world could securely float. Nature has here been the great workman, and art has only improved one of the natural basins which the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, from Cape Canseau to the Bay of Fundy, everywhere presents. The city is built near the centre of a peninsula formed by two inlets, that to the east forming properly Halifax harbour. These inlets extend a considerable distance inland, the entrance being sheltered

by N'Nab's Island. The town stretches along the shore for nearly (including the suburbs) three miles, and boasts spacious, regular streets, crossing each other at right angles, with the usual mixture of wooden and handsome cut-stone houses. The churches of the various denominations are numerous, one of the largest of which is the Roman Catholic cathedral. Many of the public buildings are well-built, ornate, and substantial structures, the principal of which is the Province building, containing the chief Government offices, the public library, &c.; this is built of freestone, and is a remarkably handsome building. Amongst the others may be enumerated Dalhousie college, the military hospital, prison, workhouse, exchange, assembly-room, theatre, and several good public schools. The dock-yard is one of the finest in the Colonies, and covers about fourteen acres of ground. The harbour directly in front of the town, where ships usually anchor, is not more than a mile broad, but a little farther up it expands into a wide reach called Bedford basin, comprising an area of ten square miles. Along the water's edge, in front of the town, are the numerous wharves, alongside of which the largest vessels can lie, to take in or discharge their cargoes; and immediately above are the principal warehouses. The harbour, which is the principal naval station for North America, is defended by several very strong forts and batteries. The tonnage belonging to Halifax is very considerable, and is every day rapidly on the increase, amounting already to about one hundred and thirty square-rigged vessels, a couple of hundred schooners and brigantines, with a host of smaller craft for the coasting trade. In the city are found the usual manufactories, breweries and distilleries; and amongst the exports are lumber, coals, corn, flour, cattle, butter, cheese, whale and seal oil, furs and fish. The fishing, indeed, is so considerable, as to demand a more particular notice, and this we extract from Johnson's notes:

"There are four circumstances which seem to concur in promising a great future extension to this maritime portion of Nova Scotian industry. In the first place, the sea and bays, and inlets along the whole Atlantic border, swarm with fish of many kinds, which are the natural inheritance of the Nova Scotian

fishermen. Second, this coast is everywhere indented with creeks and harbours, from which the native boats can at all times issue, and to which they can flee for shelter. Thirdly, there exists in the native forests—and over three millions of acres in this province probably always will exist—an inexhaustible supply of excellent timber for the shipbuilder. And, lastly, from the influence of the Gulf stream most probably, the harbours of Nova Scotia are, in ordinary seasons, open and unfrozen during the entire winter; while, north of Cape Canseau, the harbours and rivers of Prince Edward's Island and of the Canadas are closed up by ice. This latter circumstance if a railway should be made from Halifax to the St. Lawrence, ought to place the West India trade of a large portion of the Canadas and of New Brunswick in the hands of the Nova Scotia merchants—while all the circumstances taken together will doubtless, in the end, make them the chief purveyors of fish both to Europe and America. At present, they complain of the bounties given by their several Governments to the French and United States fishermen. But bounties are in all countries only a temporary expedient; one part of a people gets tired at last, of paying another part to do what is not otherwise profitable; bounties are therefore abolished, and employment in consequence languishes. The fisheries of Nova Scotia are the surer to last that they are permitted or encouraged to spring up naturally, without artificial stimulus, and in the face of an ardent competition.

Of the coast fisheries, the most important to the trade of Halifax is that of mackerel. This fish abounds along the whole shores, but the best *takes* are usually made in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the shores of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, and especially at Canseau, where the quantity of fish has been "so great at times as actually to obstruct navigation." The excitement caused by the arrival of a shoal of mackerel, is thus described by Judge Haliburton, in *The Old Judge* :—

"Well, when our friends the mackerel strike in towards the shore, and travel round the province to the northward, the whole coasting population is on the stir too. Perhaps there never was seen, under the blessed light of the sun, anything like the everlasting number of mackerel in one shoal on our sea-coast.

Millions is too little a word for it; acres of them is too small a term to give a right notion; miles of them, perhaps, is more like the thing; and, when they rise to the surface, it's a solid body of fish you sail through. It's a beautiful sight to see them come tumbling into a harbor head over tail, and tail over head, jumping and thumping, sputtering and fluttering, lashing and thrashing, with a gurgling kind of sound, as much as to say, "Here we are, my hearties! How are you off for salt? Are your barrels all ready?—because we are. So bear a hand and out with your nets, as we are off to the next harbor to-morrow, and don't wait for such lazy fellows as you be."

A ready market for this fish is found in the United States; and the absolute as well as comparative value of the trade to Nova Scotia, may be judged of from the following return of the quantities of pickled fish of the most plentiful kinds, exported from Halifax in 1847 :—

	Brls.
Alwives,	7000
Salmon,	6000
Herrings,	22,000
Mackerel,	190,000

From Cape Breton and Newfoundland the largest export consists of cod-fish."

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XVII.

SETTING FORTH CERTAIN DIABOLICAL DOINGS WHICH WERE TRANSACTED IN THE CASTLE OF BODDAM.

By the time that the excellent Doctor Patrick Pittendrum had concluded the narration, which I have set forth in the immediately preceding chapter of these incomparable Chronicles, we found ourselves standing in front of the ancient castle of Boddam. And here, if smitten with the disease of book making, I might spend a quire of paper in describing all the outs and ins of this venerable fastness. With Walter Scott I could dwell and dilate upon

"The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,"

but I have scanty appetite for such auld wark whig-maleeries! A sentimental miss fresh from the boarding-school, and strongly addicted to novels and fancy worsted work, might perchance lisp out her thanks to me if I filled my pages with havers of this description. Our lines, however, have fallen in utilitarian and common sense days,

and the great bulk of mankind would rather be indoctrinated how to build a kirk or cotton factory, after an improved and economical fashion, than be bothered with plans and specifications of the ruined howfs of their mouldy ancestors.

For these reasons I will not detain the reader standing on the threshold of Boddam castle, but at once invite him to accompany the Doctor and myself into the principal chamber or great hall thereof. It had long ceased to be inhabited, save and except by owls, founarts, toads, and such like gipsy tribes of the inferior orders of animated creation, and weeds and wild flowers waved upon walls which in Auld Lang Syne had been covered with armour and tapestry. Altogether the place had a grim and ghostly odour; and if the weather had not been warm and genial, the winds which moaned and whistled through its countless cracks and crevices would have pestilently vexed any one who had a tendency to sore throat or the rheumatics.

Having seated ourselves upon a stone bench, the worthy minister directed my attention to the main, or eastern window, which presented a more shattered and dilapidated appearance than any of its light-transmitting neighbours. It looked as if it had been subjected to the action of lightning or gunpowder, or perchance to the convulsive spasms of a mighty earthquake.

"That fractured window," said Doctor Pittendrum—"is a stern memento of certain supernatural passages, which some centuries ago took place in this very hall. If you have any predilection for the *outré* and wonderful, I shall have much pleasure in relating to you a legend, which hundreds of my parishioners credit as religiously—perchance more so—than they do the doctrines which weekly I expound in their hearing. The story, I premonish you, is none of the briefest, but as Nancy Nairn will not have our sheep's head broth ready for three hours to come, it may serve to occupy the time pleasantly if not profitably."

You may be certain that I eagerly jumped at the proposition thus made to me, and having craved and obtained license to light my pipe, I prepared to enact the part of an attentive and appetized auditor.

I may mention by way of prologue, that my reverend friend read from a manuscript the story which will be found below. He had written it out as an episodical part of the statistical account of his parish, which in compliance with the request of that erudite agriculturist, Sir John Sinclair, he had compiled. The baronet, however, having but small ideality in his noddle, objected to the tradition as being somewhat plethorically

tainted with frivolity and superstition, and thus it remained a nest-egg in the portfolio of the worthy divine. On my importunate petition he suffered me to take a copy of the affair, which I now submit to the perusers of these juicy and nutritious records.

HOW THE BARON OF BODDAM, SPURRED ON BY CUPID, STROVE TO DISCOVER THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Kentigern Keith, tenth Baron of Boddam, was born towards the latter end of the reign of James V. Being left an orphan at an early age he came under the guardianship of Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, to whose care he had been commended by his father, the Cardinal being a full cousin of Lady Keith's. Though much occupied with the public affairs of that stormy and feverish period, the prelate faithfully discharged the duty which had been devolved upon him, and when his ward had attained sufficient maturity, he sent him to the University of Salamanca, in order that he might be instructed in philosophy and the classics.

Now every one at all conversant with history, is cognizant of the fact, that in the above mentioned seat of learning, magic, and the occult sciences had from the earliest periods been diligently cultivated. The church, it is true, professedly discountenanced such pursuits, but as hosts of ecclesiastics, from the highest down to the meanest begging friar, were constantly dabbling in the "black art" serious obstacles seldom intervened to their prosecution. Sometimes, at long intervals, a lettered follower of Faust was burned at the stake, in order to keep up appearances, but in general old women who had outlived their wits and pristine bloom, served to satisfy the behests of the statute book.

The youthful baron, being of a dreamy and speculative turn, was not long in becoming inculcated with the favourite study of Salamanca. He diligently sought the acquaintance of all who could put him in the way of plumbing the mysteries of the world of spirits, and no slender percentage of his annual allowance was invested in the purchase of the writings of the "Satanic Fathers," as the orthodox, and sorcery-hating Dr. Henry More hath it. His shelves could boast of the sinister folios of Baptista Porta, Virgilius, and Fortunius Licetus;—and ere long, so great was his zeal and enthusiasm in studying such authorities, he acquired the reputation of being a conjuror of the first mark and water.

Multiform were the stories told of the wonders which the "Warlock of Boddam," as he soon

came to be called by his Scottish compatriots, was in the habit of working. To use the words of that rare old allegorical poem the "Houlat,"

"He could wirk windaris, gubat may that he wald,
Mak' agray gus a gold garland.
A lang spero of a bittile, for a berne bald,
Nobilis of nutschelles, and silver of sand."

To the present hour traditions are current in Aberdeenshire of the feats of *glamourie*, perpetrated by the hero of our tale. A brace of these may be cited as samples of the whole.

On one occasion the Baron being on a visit to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, who had been one of his fellow students at Salamanca, was requested by his mitred host to give him a specimen of his art. Expressing his willingness, Keith led the way to a terrace in front of the abbey, which commanded an extensive view of the windings of the river Forth. It was a balmy and gracious mid-summer's evening, and the glorious landscape bounded magnificently on the west by the rocky towers of Stirling castle, was bathed in the lustre of a cloudless setting sun. Poets and painters may prate as they please, but we will back that panorama against the choicest bit of corresponding scenery which Italy can exhibit.

As the Abbot and the Baron were standing enjoying the rare beauty of the picture, a small skiff managed by a solitary boatman, who plied a pair of oars, became developed to the spectators. It was evidently destined for Stirling, and was freighted with a cargo of earthenware, which without any covering occupied all the available space afforded by the tiny vessel. Keith, telling his companion to mark what should ensue, fixed his eye intently upon the navigator, muttering at the same time some cabalistic words, and making a series of manipulations in the air. All of a sudden the rower suspended his labors, and starting to his feet glared upon the fragile mugs and pannikens with an air of absorbing horror and dread. Not long did he remain, however, in this position, for grasping one of the oars he commenced striking with demented energy at the perishable articles of which he was the conveyancer and custodian. In the course of a few seconds the work of destruction was completed, and the boat presented a dismal mass of fractured fragments. Not a single cup was left in its original integrity. The "Warlock" after a short interval, once more uttered a spell, and instantaneously the incomprehensible destructionist appeared to come to his sober senses, and realize the mischief which he had perpetrated. With a yell of despair he cast himself upon the remains of his cargo, and tearing out his matted hair by

handfulls, exclaimed that he was ruined for ever! Being invited by the Abbot to come on shore, and explain the cause of his inexplicable proceeding, the poor fellow obeyed. With many a bitter sigh he detailed, that sailing along without care or apprehension of danger, he all at once beheld a hideous serpent hissing, and erecting its savage crest in the fore part of the boat. At the sight of this ghastly phenomenon, every consideration, of course, gave place before the instinct of self-preservation, and he did the deed which reduced him all at once to the ranks of beggary. It is hardly necessary to add that the victim of the *ars magica* was dismissed with a donation which more than compensated for his mischance; and he went on his way with a lightsome heart, and invoking each saint in the calendar to be propitious to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth.

On another occasion Baron Keith was entertaining a large company of guests at his castle during the festal days of the Christmas season. One day after dinner, and when the wine had pretty freely circulated, some of the revellers required as a specimen of his skill, that he should produce for their solacement a supply of grapes, a fruit which at that time could not be met with in Scotland. Kentigern acceded to the request, and before each of the company there appeared full grown vines, laden profusely with bunches of ripe, luscious grapes, tempting enough to provoke St. Anthony himself, to break a vow of abstinence. The sharp-set *bon vivants* anxious to cool their wine-parched throats with these delectable dainties, hastily unsheathed their table knives, and prepared to appropriate the clusters which dangled in their view. In a peremptory tone, however, the landlord prohibited them from proceeding farther till he had given permission, warning them that untoward consequences would assuredly result should his monition be disregarded. In this tantalizing position he kept them for a number of minutes, which to the eager expectants appeared as many hours, and urgent requests ascended from all sides, that the requisite license should be conceded. At length one pursy, peppery guest—the Prior of Licktheladle—could wrestle with his appetite no longer, and with an exclamation which sounded most unwholesomely like a profane oath, he made a cut at the fruit contiguous to him. This act of disobedience was instantaneously followed by a roar, analogous to one which would be enunciated by the recipient of an embrace from the rack. And small wonder! Instead of a handful of the vinaceous treasures, the miserable Prior grasped

his own pimpled proboscis, which he had shorn off almost to the face. The extempore grapery vanished as speedily as it had appeared, and the balance of the company discovered that if they followed the example of the head of Lickbeladle Priory, they would have experienced a similar catastrophe to that which had overtaken the hapless ecclesiastic.

[It is fitting here to state that the preceding narrations are still currently recited, and obtain no small credit in the north of Scotland. Query—have the *enlightened* disciples of mesmerism and spiritual wrappings any right to discredit the truth of legends, which are not one jot more difficult to swallow than the marvellous manifestations every day occurring? Surely the old withered infidel Robert Owen, would not have the assurance to sneer at the serpent of the Forth, or the grapes of Boddam, when he would have us to believe that he periodically holds gossiping converse with the spirits of Tom Paine, and troops of kindred vagabonds?—Ed. A. A. M.]

Having completed his curriculum at Salamanca, Kentigern Keith returned to Scotland, and commenced house-keeping in his paternal castle. His tendencies inclining neither towards the court or the camp, he passed most of his time at Boddam, and in the pursuit of those studies for which he had obtained an appetite and a craving beyond the seas. In particular, with many a dreaming scholar of that era, the Baron sedulously applied himself to the investigation of the secrets of alchymy; and toilsome days and sleepless nights were spent by him in endeavouring to expiscate the process by which lead and such like ignoble metals might be transmuted into aristocratic gold.

Now it so chanced that in the near vicinity of Boddam Castle there dwelt a cross-grained and miserably old knight, answering to the designation of Sir Humphry Montealto—the same name as I may mention in passing, which has degenerated in these degenerate days, into the singularly perverted appellation of Mowat. Sir Humphry's whole soul was devoted to the service of Mammon, and as the homely adage hath it, he would have skinned the most ignoble flea for the profit which its hide would yield him.

This titled churl boasted of a treasure more precious than all his stores of pelf, viz:—a fair and most winning daughter. Margery Montealto was indeed a peerless maiden, and many a song was composed in laudation of her charms, and numberless hearts pined for a smile from her coral lips.

Amongst others, the young Baron of Boddam

confessed the surpassing attractions of the gracious lady, and his passion was reciprocated by the debonair damsel. At St. Ninian's well, a cherished resort of lovers at that time in those parts, they met by moonlight, and pledged their troth either to other, and in token of the compact broke a piece of gold in twain, each hanging a moiety of the same in close proximity to the heart.

Our hero in due form waited upon the fair one's sire, and craved the privilege of becoming his son-in-law, but his suit did not meet with special favour. Sir Humphry certiorated him in the most peremptory manner that the fish which he longed for could only be caught by a golden hook. No one, he swore by the bones of St. Andrew, would ever lead Margery to the altar who could not, prior to that proceeding, pay down ten thousand Jacobus's by way of marriage portion.

This intimation fell like a chill cloud, upon the bright and genial hopes of poor Kentigern. After making an inventory and valuation of his means and estate, he could not see his way to the realization of half the amount of the requisite dower.

With bootless earnestness did he try to obtain more reasonable terms. In vain did he represent that where hearts were united a few-pieces more or less of gold could be of little importance. The inexorable Sir Humphry listened with all the stolidity of a deaf man at a concert of music, and asked, with a sardonic grin puckering his ungainly visage, whether the baron had not been able to discover anything in his cabalistic researches.

What rendered matters a thousand times more gloomy was a piece of intelligence which the knight volunteered to give to the desponding Keith. It was to the effect that he had received proposals for Margy's hand, from a gentleman, who very nearly could command the sum fixed for the price thereof. The balance, it was expected, would be made good, in the course of a twelvemonth, in which event the nuptials would inevitably proceed, even although the Pope himself should take it upon him to forbid the banns. Montealto would not condescend to disclose the name of the personage in question either to his daughter or her lover, declaring that girls had no occasion to know anything touching their husbands till their fingers had been decked with the mystic symbol of matrimony. By way of concession, however, to the tears and entreaties of his sore tried daughter, the mercenary father declared that should Kentigern be able on or before the ensuing Christmas to pro-

duce the requisite amount he should have the preference over the unknown suitor.

Finding it in vain to hope for better terms, Keith set about churning his brains, in order to devise some ways and means by which his fortune could be doubled. After turning every other scheme inside-out, and heads over heels, he was constrained to come to the conclusion that upon the **PHILOSOPHER'S STONE**, alone, could he anchor his hopes; and accordingly the operations of the laboratory were prosecuted with greater diligence than ever. The furnace at Boddam Castle was never suffered to become cold, but crackled and burned Sundays as well as Saturdays; and frequently the peasant returning home after dark muttered a fear-extorted *Pater* or *Ave* as he beheld flames of a strange and unorthodox complexion ascending from the suspicious *lum* of the Baron's mysterious study!

Though Kentigern was possessed of the best and most philosophical treatises on the subject which absorbed his time and attention—and though he studied these with a zeal and perseverance not to be surpassed, he made but slender progress towards the attainment of the **GRAND SECRET**. In vain did he procure the choicest qualities of the drugs and simples prescribed as requisite by the most famous adepts. In vain did he compound and mix the ingredients with a care as great as if his existence depended upon the rectitude of the measures and scales which he employed. In vain did he scorch himself into the hue of parchment in hanging over seething crucibles, and hanging alembics. He might as well have been occupied in spinning ropes out of sand! The value of much gold did he consume in his experiments, but not one particle of the longed for metal ever blessed his sight, amidst the residua which his pots and pans presented.

Of course there could be only one upshot to such a state of matters. Instead of his patrimony becoming more plethorical, the poor Baron found it dwindling away, like a tailor in a galloping consumption. His thousands degenerated to hundreds, and his hundreds evaporated to tens, till at length one fine morning, when he wished to despatch his servitor to Aberdeen for a fresh supply of quick-silver, he made the crushing discovery that the treasury of Boddam Castle could not furnish a plurality of groats!

What was to be done in this dismal predicament?

There was but one device to which he could have recourse, and that was to borrow a supply of lucre upon the security of his fair domains. His repeated disappointments, so far from extinguishing his hopes, had only served to make them burn

with a warmer glow;—and he cherished an unfaltering expectation that he was just on the eve of accomplishing the undertaking which thousands upon thousands had vainly striven to compass.

Accordingly Kentigern without hesitation or scruple set about to procure a loan, convinced that in a few months he would be in a condition to repay it, with any amount of interest which usury could demand.

The person to whom he made application for the desiderated accomodation, was a neighboring medico, denominated Doctor Fergus Foxglove. This worthy in addition to regulating the bowels of the community, likewise professed to attend to the requirements of their exchequers, and in more senses than one prescribed for diseases in the *chest*!

So far as externals were concerned Doctor Foxglove boasted few of the attributes of Adonia. Short in stature and rotund in belly, he suggested the idea of an animated ton supported by a brace of crooked spigots. When we add that one of his visual organs had fallen a victim to the small pox—that the survivor, perchance out of sorrow for the bereavement, had abandoned itself to the dissipation of squinting—and that his feet presented the unpicturesque phenomenon usually described as club—it will readily be conceded that Fergus would have furnished a fitter model for Apollyon than Apollo!

The soul of this learned pharmacologist did not present many features at variance with his physical characteristics. Lust, avarice, hypocrisy, and malice claimed a common share of his inner man, and alternately manifested themselves in his every day walk and conversation. When he had an object to gain, the Doctor's tongue was soft and sweet, as the voice of a scheming mermaid;—but when his end was reached, he became inexorable and vindictive as the aforesaid aquatic myth, when plunging to her ocean den with the victim her strains had seduced to ruin!

To this person the necessitous Baron had recourse, because in the first place the Doctor chanced to be his kinsman, and secondly because from the slender intercourse which he had held with society, he knew of no other dealer in money to whom he might apply.

When Foxglove heard the request of the youth stated, a strange expression lighted up his solitary and sinister optic. It denoted intense satisfaction and the hope of some future triumph—and with a chuckling grin he at once acceded to the proposition, advancing a larger sum upon the security of the Boddam estate than Kentigern had permitted himself to anticipate or hope for.

Thus re-possessed of the sinews of war, our hero resumed his mystical labours with redoubled vim, but alas! with as slender success as ever. The broad pieces obtained from the usurious leech melted, like snow, under the action of the furnace, without producing one grain of the longed for metallic fruit. Only two hundred pounds remained of the sum for which he had mortgaged the broad acres of his forefathers, and when these were expended he would be a penniless pauper without house or home.

It will be kept in mind that the fate of the lovers was to be fixed and determined on Christmas day.

Christmas eve cast its shadows over the frost-bound, and snow-mantled earth.

Dreary and dismal was the night. The blustering east wind rushed with inexorable bitterness through the forest, and up-hill and down-dale, like a bum-bailiff in search of a debtor who had escaped from his custody.

Solitary and shivering the Baron of Boddam sat in his comfortless laboratory. Having abandoned his experiments in sullen despair, the fire he had suffered to die away, and the flickering light afforded by an iron lamp which hung suspended from the arched ceiling only sufficed to make darkness visible. Sick and sore at heart was the hapless alchemist, and bitter exceedingly were the musings which fevered his brain. The world appeared to his apprehension, a dark and howling wilderness, presenting not a single green spot on which the dove of hope might rest her worn-out foot. Little sorrow was caused by the reflection that the ancient domains of his ancestors, were inevitably doomed to pass from his possession, but the thought that to-morrow's sun would witness Margery another's bride, wrung his soul to madness, and constrained him to curse the hour of his nativity.

Whilst he was thus chewing the cud of bitter fancy, the storm increased in violence a hundred fold. Showers of sleet rattled against the vibrating walls of the castle. Though most un-wonted in the winter season, thunder uttered its hoarse summons from the frowning heavens, and angry flashes of lightning fitfully revealed the convulsions with which the tortured clouds were torn. A tall ash tree which sprung from the court yard, waved its sear arms before the grated window of Kentigern's apartment, as if bidding the self-disinherited one farewell; and the deep voice of the ocean pealed forth a valedictory dirge which was chorused by the rocks surrounding the towers of Boddam.

All of a sudden Kentigern thought that he

heard the sound produced by a hard ridden steed, in the intervals of the wild hurly burly. Listening attentively he discovered that his ears had not played him false, and ere many seconds had elapsed a strong but not unmusical voice was uplifted in front of the main entrance craving shelter from the storm. Amidst all his troubles the Baron had not forgotten the duties of hospitality, and hastily ordering a fire to be kindled in the great hall, he directed the seneschal to admit the postulant.

[Here Dr. Pittendrum was seized with a severe fit of coughing, provoked, as I much fear, by the fumes of my tobacco pipe, and in consequence had to intermit his narration for a season.]

A NIGHT AT NIAGARA.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

At length, at length, the storm-tried pilgrim stands,
Thou grand Niagara, on thy foamy brink!
The dream of his young Manhood now, at length,
Is realized to his sad and hoary age!
God the Creator! If upon thy vast,
And beautiful, and grand, though wrong-fraught Earth,
(Wrong-fraught, alas! through Man's perverseness
solely)!

God the Creator! if upon thine Earth
The full effulgence of thy Deity
Flashes upon the aching sight, and thrills,
Stirs, startles, well nigh maddens the quick soul,
God the Creator! *here* thy power is seen and felt!
Foaming and thundering, down the torrent cometh,
In majesty resistless; the dark Pines
Bend to the breeze, and owe a brighter hue,
To the still upward springing spray; and when
The lightning-eye-flash of the Deity!
Gleams fitfully on the deeply flowing river,
There seems a mine of pure and molten gold,
Into a stream of molten silver falling.
God the Creator! here thy proudest creature
Must learn humility, *must* feel how poor,
How paltry, his achievements to *THY* works,
Father, and Lord, and Architect of all!
Niagara! thou eternal wonder! when,
Chasing his game or tracking his fleet foe,
The swart, red Indian first beheld thy rush,
Did he not kneel to thee, and deem he knelt
To the great Spirit of all—his worshipp'd Manitou?
And he, the better taught, yet erring, Christian,
Who, fleeing from vile tyranny, that made
The native hearth and the ancestral grave
Hateful, first wandered hither, thou dread torrent!
Did he not more than ever marvel how,
Man, the poor worm, can dare to trample down
His brother worm and fellow weakling, Man?
Thou gloriously majestic scene! How poor,
How powerless the Poet's art to tell
The Poet's thought, the Poet's thrilling thought,
Niagara! As he gazes here on thee!
Father of Mercies! holy ones are singing
Their love and laud to thee in many a hymn;
To "our Father" children dear are praying

As, kneeling at the gentle mother's knee.
 With clasped hands and reverent aspect, they
 Half wondering, all adoring, lisp their thanks
 For life and glorious youthful glow preserved.
 Father of Mercies! I, the wanderer kneel;
 To thee, dread Lord of all! I kneel, I kneel,
 And while both eye and ear are filled with gladness,
 My soul is filled with prayerful ecstasy,
 And earthly cares and sorrows pass
 Away, before the magic of this scene,
 This wondrous scene!

'Tis now the solemn hour
 Of peace and prayer; the rudest hearts confess
 The soothing influence of the dying day;
 And, listening to the Torrent's mighty roar
 The Wanderer's heart forgets its sadness here,
 And communes with high heaven in voiceless thought.
 Hark! high, and wildly clear above the roar
 Of the grand torrent rises a wild cry.
 Is it some night-bird with exulting scream,
 Swooping in fatal fierceness on its prey?
 It must be so; pass, pass the goblet round,
 Who talks of agony or peril here!
 The wine is ruddy, and each gay saloon,
 Is bright with lamps and brighter maiden's eyes;
 Let dance, and song, and jocund laugh resound,
 Till the small hours, and weariness disperse
 The silly and the selfish to renew
 In morning's dreams the follies of the night.
 Again that shriek, again! But fainter, now,
 As though from greater distance, and in vain
 The musing Wanderer peers into the gloom,
 Half fearing to behold some wretch engulfed
 Within the mighty torrent's dread abyss.
 No sight, save rushing waters, meets his eye.
 No sound, save rush of waters, strikes his ear,
 And pensive, yet not sad, he quits the scene,
 Nor dreams how sad a heart still beateth there.
 Alas! Those cries were human, were the cries
 Of mortal dread, and mortal agony!
 He who could for an instant pierce the pall
 Of awful darkness might, that night have seen
 Two hapless wretches borne adown the stream,
 Powerless and senseless, and, still sadder sight!
 A third, with strong convulsive effort grasping,
 Poor wretch! a stranded log and wildly striving
 Against the furious stream, that seemed a thing
 Instinct with life and fell malignity.
 That live-long night, amid the "Hell of Waters,"
 That hapless man convulsively maintained
 His hold; now Hope now Fear possess'd his soul;
 Ah! well I ween, unto that hapless man,
 That night seemed a long life-time of distress.
 Again the East gave out a golden gleam;
 From out the groves the small birds gleefully
 Hailed the new day, and hymned their Maker's
 praise;
 Each note was torture to the suffering man,
 Who envied the small birds their facile wings;
 Oh! if but for one moment he could fly!
 How slowly the day dawns! Will men ne'er rise?
 Surely, oh surely, some one comes? Oh, no,
 'Twas but some prowling animal—oh God!
 When, when will it be day, and man be here,
 To snatch me from this terrible abyss,
 From this most pitiless and mighty torrent?
 Thus raved the hapless wretch that long night
 through.

Hark! Man's astir at last; the cows are lowing,
 The cock proclaims that morn is nigh, and sounds
 That pierce the heavy air, proclaim that man's afoot,
 And, oh! what Hope now stirs that lonely soul,
 How sure he feels that rescue now is near!
 Vain hope! False confidence! The day wears on;
 The night's chill breeze was ill to bear; but now
 The poor bare head is madden'd by the glow
 Of the down-gleaming sun-rays, and the sheen
 Of fiercely-flashing waters; the glazed eye
 Grows gradually dim; and, muttering horrid thoughts,
 A thousand demon voices seem to sound
 Upon the vex'd ears; each quivering nerve
 Throbs with a separate torture; every sense,
 O'erstrained and rack'd, becomes a fierce tormentor.
 Hour follows hour, from morn' to a fiercer eve;
 A thousand vainly-sympathising men
 Crowd to that awful scene of dire distress,
 And stalwart arms the life-boat launch, or heave—
 But still in vain; the hawser and the line,
 Men's voices, and fair women's bid him hope,
 And still, doomed wretch, he hopes and suffers there.
 And generous was the competition now,
 And keen anxiety, to snatch, from out
 That dread abyss of waters, their poor brother.
 Could wealth have purchased his poor life, I trow
 He had been quickly saved, for weighty sums,
 In their most generous eagerness, the rich
 Proffered to stalwart poor men as the guerdon
 Of their successful daring; never yet
 Did wealth so strive 'gainst wealth for the possession
 Of some much coveted gem, or masterpiece
 Of painter's or of sculptor's glorious art,
 As now those generous rich men vied in bidding,
 Fortunes, yea, fortunes, as the ready price
 Of safety for that poor, sad, perilled man—
 That laggard, squalid man—but, ah! their brother
 still!
 But vain their noble generosity;
 Stern teacher proved that mighty torrent then,
 Teaching how vain man's treasured riches be
 When Life, and Death, and Safety are the prizes
 That man desires, and Nature's might denies
 To his most piteous pleadings, and strong efforts.
 Though vain that generosity, 'twas good
 For saddened hearts to witness its display;
 'Twas good to know that all unselfishly
 Man can thus nobly feel for his poor brother;
 Thus passionately burn to spare another
 The pain, the peril, woe, and wild dismay
 From which himself is happily secure.

This "generous competition" is no mere poetical fiction, but a literal and very creditable fact. Rich men—would we but knew their names!—were actually bidding against each other for the safety of poor Avery. One noble heart offered two thousand dollars to whomsoever would save the poor fellow—and another instantly offered double that sum! Such men are an honour to our common nature; and it is to be lamented that while the names of the smallest possible specimens of the nuisances called conquerors, are blazoned by the press, we must live and die in ignorance of these "generous competitors." I tried hard, while on the spot, to obtain their names—but in vain; had I wanted the name of "the winner" in a swindling horse-race, or ruffianly prize-fight, no doubt I should have been more successful.

Powerless, alas! for good that wealth proved now
Which all too oft for evil is so potent;
And strong men wept like infants as they saw
Their generous strife in vain, that poor doomed wretch
to save!

The chill of the long night, the day's fierce heat,
The famine, and the torturing thought of both,
Have done their dreadful work; the stalwart frame
Shudders; the drooping head and filmy eye,
And the less certain grasp of the large hand,
Tell that not long the sufferer can endure
The myriad tortures of his awful state.

Hark! hark! Glad cheers rise from the crowded shore!
Another and a stauncher Life-boat comes,
And once again Hope makes that sad heart bound!
The Life-boat nears him, strikes his narrow raft;
He rises, wildly throws his arms t'wards Heaven,
And, uttering one wild cry, is swept from sight,
Along the foaming waves, and down the horrid steep!
God the Creator! How inscrutable

To thy vain creature, Man, are thy dark ways!
How marvellous thy rule upon thine Earth!
To man's weak, finite gaze, it seems that he,
Poor Avery, long suffering, doomed at last,
Midst suffering thus prolonged, should envy those
Who, with but one brief moment's agony,
And scarcely conscious of their awful doom,
Were spared his long and awful agonies,
And Hope so oft aroused, to prove but vain at last!

Yes! in our finite and misjudging pity
We well nigh murmur—"hard his fate to theirs!"
But pause! oh, pause! presumptuous man, nor dare
To doubt th' Eternal's Wisdom or His Mercy!
Not all who suffer most are blessed least;
And it may be that Earthly sufferance,
Tremendous and prolonged, is oft the means,
The blessed means, of urging to repentance
Our else, obdurate souls, and saving us
From pangs Eternal, for Eternal bliss.
For, not in act alone consists man's guilt;
In thought, perchance, we oft times sin more grossly
More mortally, than when our overt acts
Draw down the censure of our fellow sinners;
And oft, perchance, the seeming sinlessness
Of those whose tortures seem most undeserved,
Hides hideous thoughts, from which, were they not
hidden,

The worst in act would shrink as from the contact
Of venomous serpent, or blood-hungry tiger.
Pause, then, presumptuous Man! 'Tis well to aid
Our brother in his need, and well to grieve
The woes and agonies ourselves are spared;
Yet 'tis our wisdom, and our duty, too,
While aiding or while grieving, still to say,
WISDOM IS THINE, OH, LORD! AND BE THY WILL
DONE!

It is a peculiar felicity to be praised by a person
who is himself eminently a subject of praise.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent,
signifies much more than man's.

Every one is at least in one thing, against his
will, *original*;—in his manner of sneezing.

There is much novelty that is without hope,
much antiquity without sacredness.

Romance is the truth of imagination and boy-
hood.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

EVERY author, and, still more painfully, every
publisher, is but too firmly convinced that, at the
least as far as the *sale* of verse is concerned, we
have "fallen upon evil days"; it would not be
difficult to compile a goodly octavo, closely printed
of more or less eloquent denunciations and lamenta-
tions of the terribly prosaic character of "the
age we live in." As regards form, I very cheer-
fully give my adhesion to the general opinion,
prose, no doubt, is at a premium and verse at a
fearful discount, and yet, if we but take the trouble
to look a little below the surface, if, turning our
attention from mere form to substance, we look
closely into modern Literature, alike in the old
world and in the new, we shall find, in what the
few write and the many read as REALITY, a very
astounding amount of ROMANCE, as bold as any that
ever was perpetrated by Ferdinand Mendez Puito,
or the renowned Baron Munchausen. Truly
astounding, in truth, it is to observe how, not
merely small coteries, but whole nations, gravely
affirm or right passionately propagate and main-
tain, as Realities, divers and sundry political,
literary, and moral nonentities. In the course of
above half a century of life, it has often perplexed
and still more often annoyed me, to observe the
vast powers of self-deception which are, every
now and then, manifested by nations otherwise so
admirable; and in nothing have I ever witnessed
more complete triumph of this self-deluding power
than in what that strange compound of eloquence
and jargon, truth and error, high moral aspiration
and mystic pantheism, Thomas Carlyle, would
term Hero worship. Let a people once set up a
Hero to their taste, and there are absolutely no
bounds to the absurdities which, gravely, earnestly,
and in *seeming* good faith, they will perpetrate
in his laudation. I have *italicized* the word *seem-
ing*, because I shall bye and bye have to point
out certain discrepancies between national word
and national deed, which, after all, cause me some
painful doubt as to the entire sincerity of that
loud laudation in which nations are every now
and then wont to indulge, as to the qualities of
their Hero of the hour.

I am old enough to remember the popularity,
in France, in England, and in America, of
a host of Heroes, Naval, Military, Political, and
Literary; and I declare upon my conscience that
I am unable to mention more than one or two,
who, after a strict examination of their achieve-
ments, seem to me to deserve even a tithe of the
praise that has been bestowed upon them. Let

us first take a rapid but impartial glance at a few of the most renowned Heroes of my own native England. Ask any superficial reader and hasty thinker, from the school-boy to the grey-headed man, what he thinks of the character of Nelson, and forthwith we shall have quite a torrent of the most hyperbolic and indiscriminate praise. Courage, that quality which men are so prone to over-value, Nelson undoubtedly possessed, and his skill as a commander was fully equal to his courage. High praise that, no doubt; but fully merited. There, however, did we really value truth as highly as we profess to do, I fear we should stop. It is quite painful to read Nelson's letters, so frequently do we come across expressions of a burning ferocity, worthy of a savage, rather than of a Christian commander. Instead of looking upon war as a dreadful necessity he very obviously deems it at once the noblest of pursuits, and the most delightful of pastimes. His horrible expressions of hatred to "the French," have never met my eyes, since I was capable of reasoning, without causing me to shudder. I am well aware that his biographers of various degrees of literary merit are quite unanimous in attributing these expressions to PATRIOTISM; to me they appear not to have the slightest connection with that truly noble virtue, but to spring partly from an intense desire for personal distinction, but mainly from a ferocious idiosyncrasy, and how a Christian people can so long have bestowed an indiscriminating laudation upon such a man, is to me a subject of equal astonishment and regret. That he was useful at the particular crisis at which he lived, it would be absurd to deny, the Shark, too is useful, but we do not therefore erect statues to the Shark. After all due allowance is made for the usefulness of Nelson, for his skill and daring, how much, how very much, there is to detest in the moral nature of the man! Look at his infamous connection with the vile Lady Hamilton—and his savage butchery of the venerable Carracioli! And yet this man, who sacrificed the old Neapolitan's grey hairs to the hatred of a lewd woman, is praised alike by men who would not even in thought injure their bitterest foe, and women who are as virtuous as the "great Nelson's" paramour was notoriously and abominably the contrary. Only a very few years ago, there was quite a paper crusade in favour of endowing the natural daughter of this man, either at the expense of the public Treasury, or by subscription, and this, in spite of the fact that in gifts alone, and independent of his pay as an admiral, Nelson received a very large fortune. Moreover, the illegitimate daughter whom it was thus shame-

fully proposed to endow, was married to a clergyman, by no means poor; and, even had she not been thus provided for, should surely have looked not to the public, but to the living Lord Nelson—always supposing that which the character of Lady Hamilton renders, at the least, doubtful, namely that "the heroic Nelson" really was the father of his putative daughter. A late near and dear relative of mine, who served under Nelson in some of his most famous actions, and who, admiring his courage and skill, spoke with actual horror of his cruelty as an officer, used to say that from circumstances which he had an opportunity of observing, he believed that Lady Hamilton was not a jot more faithful to Nelson, than she was to her husband. And yet humane men and virtuous women praise this cruel man as something of super-human goodness, and move for endowing the daughter of his shameless paramour. Does such conduct become an eminently Christian people?

If we turn from warlike Heroes to Statesmen, we shall find our Hero Worship as preposterous as ever. Of such a man as Wilkes it would, perhaps, be absurd to speak as being entitled to rank among statesmen; but his admirers thought otherwise, and the mere joke which represents one of his most earnest partizans, as declaring that Wilkes "squinted no more than a wit and a gentleman ought to squint," is fully equalled by the sober fact that the great declaimer against ministerial corruption and extravagance sought and obtained the Chamberlainship of the City of London, the richest and most complete sinecure in the United Kingdom. Your civil hero, like your warlike hero, seems to be in the public estimation, absolutely incapable in fact, as the sovereign is in theory, of doing wrong. Is he eloquent? He shall most shamelessly grasp at the very sinecures which he formerly denounced, and uphold the very measures which he won his fame by opposing; and yet it shall be pretty nearly as much as your life is worth to hint that talent alone, irrespective of the use made of it, does not and cannot constitute a really great man. Look at Canning, and at still more highly gifted Brougham! Behold the latter diminishing the income of the Chancellorship, which he well knew that he was not likely long to hold, and increasing by one thousand per annum the pension which is life-long! a sadder proof of insincerity and greed I rarely remember, and yet, Brougham is still a hero, and tens of thousands of sensible and just men are his worshippers!

Nor is insincerity alone, or want of moral prin-

ciple, pardoned to the hero, when once the popular voice has proclaimed him such; he may thunder in the grossest imaginable manner, but he is a hero still. When Cobden and his friends were agitating for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, they were not contented with making full use of all the good as well as not a few of the passably absurd arguments which Colonel Thompson had published years before any of them appeared on the public stage, but they stated that the effect of the repeal would be an immense increase of exportation of manufactures in exchange for bread stuffs. It was in vain that I and other writers pointed out that whatever might be the other merits of their cause, these gentlemen were deceiving themselves, or their auditors, or probably both, at least upon this point; seeing that English enterprise had already got for English manufactures every customer they could possibly have in any corn growing country in the world, and that any considerable increase of English imports of bread stuffs would take out of England not manufactures, but hard cash. Cobden and company *pooh-poohed*, and promised more loudly than ever; and in 1846-7, the potato famine winter, England was thrown into a monetary panic, producing an unparalleled extent of bankruptcy, by the export of *hard cash for bread stuffs*, though the shelves of the Manchester folks were groaning beneath their unsold and unsaleable cottons! Again, Mr. Cobden quite laughed at the idea of war; trade and commerce, he argued, were now in a position to supersede nearly all the necessity for armies and armed navies. The words were scarcely uttered, when all Europe was in a blaze! England herself barely escaping the general outbreak. But if any man were to go to England, and especially to Manchester, and point out these blunders, or, if not blunders, still worse; he would be hooted if not pelted for his pains. Mr. Cobden is still a hero!

In literature, as in war and in politics, to be a hero is in some sort to ensure impunity. The Christmas books of Mr. Charles Dickens abound in book-making of the most flagrant kind; whole pages are made up of descriptions which would actually be more forcible if condensed into half a dozen lines, but if an honest critic were to say as much in England, he would be laughed at as a dunce, for "Boz" too, is a hero.*

* We cannot agree with Mr. Haley in his remarks on Mr. Charles Dickens. "Boz" is a writer of fiction, and all fictitious works are to a certain extent samples of book-making, but as long as the author succeeds in interesting his readers, no matter how long drawn his descriptions may be, he cannot be accused of book-making of the most flagrant kind.—ED. A. A. MAGAZINE.

Let it not be thought that I take a morbid pleasure in thus speaking of some of the foremost of the men whom modern England has delighted to honor. No man can more discriminatingly admire great men more than I do; but while I admire the eloquence of a Shiel, and delight in the poetry of a Moore, I do not feel bound to refrain from denouncing the sinecures of the former and the pension of the latter. The Mastership of the Mint, the Commissionership of Greenwich Hospital, and, finally, a sinecure Embassy, seem to me to say but little for the sincerity of Shiel, and Moore's pension obtained and received while he was yet in the prime of life, and the full enjoyment of his powers, and while he was rich enough from other sources to be able to enjoy the unenviable distinction of being, with others, indicted for frequenting a common gaming house, says quite as little for the truth of that patriotism to which he gives such beautiful utterance in his Melodies.

What chiefly annoys one's moral sense in the absurd perversity of Hero Worshipers, is that excuses are made for the faults of heroes precisely on the very grounds which should be considered as aggravating their faults or their blunders. Great station, marvellous powers, almost unbounded opportunity; these, forsooth! are to render great crime, and great blunders, excusable; and if to station, powers, and opportunities, a hero (Marlborough for instance) add great wealth, rely upon it that *that* will induce your Hero Worshipers to pardon him for great avarice. Sad, oh very sad perversity! But merely to point out perversity would be useless, or worse, did we merely point it out, without searching for its cause, it would be to rail as fools rail, and not gravely to rebuke; and for railing even in my youth I had neither tact nor talent. It is chiefly because I imagine that I can point out the cause of this public perversity, and thus, by inference, point to the remedy, too, that I have adventured upon the perilous and anything rather than pleasant task of plainly opposing public opinion as to some of our greatest wonders. It seems to me that, from our very earliest reading years, we have *power*, quite irrespective of the use made of it, held up far too prominently to admiration, till, at length, we learn unconsciously to confound great power with greatness. We are taught, if not directly, by the tone in which Biography is but too generally written, to look rather to the result, the conquest, warlike or intellectual, rather than to the cause in which the war originated, or the tendency and consequences of the intellectual achievement. He fought

valiantly, we exclaim, and we never pause to enquire whether he also fought justly, or used victory humanely; he writes rapidly and skilfully, we exclaim, and but too frequently we neglect to examine whether he also writes usefully or even decently—and even in the commercial sense of the term—honestly. I could point out plagiarisms so gross in some celebrated modern authors that they would astound their admirers, and I am well acquainted with two cases of men who have a high fame, on both sides of the Atlantic, as very voluminous and very useful writers, though, to my positive knowledge, one of those men was too ignorant, and the other too idle, to write one, even of the least voluminous, of all the immense number of volumes which have their names upon the title pages.

To such an extent is the admiration of mere power carried, that the most atrocious moral guilt is sometimes deemed to be palliated, if not actually justified, by the possession of those very powers which should prevent their guilt.

* * * though his productions amount scarcely to as much as an industrious man, with his powers, would have written in twelve months, has quite a sect, if I may use that term, of admirers, so staunch that you cannot say one word, in the way of hostile criticism of either his literary or moral character, without giving personal offence to them. Yet, the greater part of his writings are cloudy, obscure beyond the obscurity of even German mysticism, and, of his so-called religious disquisition, it can only be said that it is pretty equally compounded of ancient Paganism and modern Infidelity. During a very long-life time, though entirely, and in considerable luxury, supported by an admiring disciple, and enjoying no inconsiderable pension from government, he was ever complaining of want, often importuning friends, and, worst of all, he assailed the most liberal of all those friends with the harshest language, when even *that* princely hand wearied with constant and seemingly useless giving. Can this be called a great man? Yet I know of few literary offences, which a large class of both English and American readers would more fiercely resent than they would my censure of this man, if I were to mention his name. *That* I will not do; peace to his ashes say I; but for all that he shall be no hero of mine. Say that this man was idle, mean in getting, extravagant in spending, and frightfully ungrateful, and you are met by loud encomiums of his great and varied knowledge. To what purpose, I pray, is that knowledge which cannot save its owner from the crime of ingratitude,

and from the contemptible vices of idleness, extravagance, and meanness?

One of the most caustic of modern satirists, who inveighs in a weekly English paper upon the extravagance, the corruption, and the bribery which he regularly imputes to every successive ministry, spends in the most pernicious and extravagant follies so large a portion of the really princely income which his splendid talents very properly secure him, that he has been constantly in debt and disgrace from his very earliest manhood, that is to say, for very considerably beyond a quarter of a century past. To my own knowledge, he has not only been arrested for debt at least a score of times, but has thrice been outlawed, as the English law terms it, yet he is just as eloquent in denouncing national extravagance and proposing impracticable reforms. Surely, oh! surely, this is to strain at a gnat while swallowing several camels! And this man, too, has his thousands of enthusiastic admirers, who would be furious did you hint that, to make him an even passable hero, common sense as to his own best interests, and common honesty as to the rights of others, are very palpably needed!

But a more frightful case of false admiration of mere power exists—and in this case I am sorry to say that the false worship is paid not to a hero but to a heroine. I have so frequently seen public homage paid to stage heroines in spite of the most notorious and shameful want of morality, and even of common decency, that I begin to fancy that that particular form of popular perversity is epidemic and incurable. But that moral as well as literary excellence should be attributed to a murderess—a matricide! Ah! that is, indeed, horrible! The tale is a strange one, but, strange as is its truth, can unhappily be vouched for by a whole host of the wretched, though highly accomplished, writers' friends. Though renowned as the authoress of moral works for the especial use of youth, the lady in question has from her childhood been remarkable for a violence of temper amounting, on the slightest provocation, to absolute ferocity. While still quite a young woman, she in one of these fits of frantic passion stabbed her own mother to the heart. Closely related to the most powerful writer of a powerful, political, and literary clique, the wretched woman was saved, from the consequences of her foul crime, on the plea of insanity—a plea which, I hesitate not to say, is, in nine cases out of every ten, most improperly allowed. Has it never occurred to my readers that those who come forward to prove the alleged—long existent insanity of those, whom

they desire to save on this plea, do, in reality, prove that they ought, themselves, to be punished, and very severely, too? We are not permitted to let a mad dog or a mad bull loose upon our fellow subjects; is it more excusable to let loose upon them a mad man or woman? I trow not. The unhappy lady, to whom I have alluded, was never for an instant mad, save us all furious people may be said to be so; and I think it a truly disgraceful thing that, not contented with having by a falsa plea saved her from the punishment due to a matricide, her friends have brought her forward and sedulously puffed her up as, forsooth—a *moral writer for youth!*

The brother of this lady is a modern hero, too! To read the trash that is every day put forth in the papers of the coterie, to which, during his lifetime, he belonged, and of which, indeed, up to the very day of his death he was the Coryphæus, one might suppose that he was the gentlest, most whole-souled, and kindly creature that ever breathed. He was this—on paper! But in private life, I doubt if a more degraded sot, a faithless friend, or a worse brother, ever existed. Blessed with an ample income, and with an excellent education, his attire was the *ne plus ultra* of squalid shabbiness, and his language the *ne plus ultra* of blackguardism. Even his premature death—and it was premature, though he was no longer what is called a young man—was caused by his vile habit of drinking. After one of his almost weekly debauches, he returned to his suburban cottage in a completely helpless state, was thrown down by his *matricide sister* upon a heap of ground in their front garden; and though his injuries were so slight, that a healthy man would not have been confined by them for a single day, was seized with erysipelas in the head, and in six and thirty hours was a corpse! And yet, in spite of a full and minute acquaintance with these frightful facts, this deceased sot, and his living sister are held up, and that, too, by really able and influential men, as pet-writers—a hero, forsooth, and a heroine, for an enlightened and Christian people to set up on a pedestal and pay homage to! Talk of pagan superstition, and of the worship of stocks and stones, if we dare, after that!

Another and very eminent modern hero, in the literary department of this most sad exhibition, is especially set up as a fine specimen of the "gentle," the "tender," and all that sort of thing, alike in prose and in verse. He too, has now lived more than the ordinary term of man's life, and though not quite as idle as * * * * he has in those long years done scarcely the

twentieth part of what a man of common industry with such talents as his would have accomplished. A patriot, by profession, yet a shameless sycophant, in fact; this man has, for nearly half a century, derived a third of his income from the booksellers, and two-thirds from his wealthy friends: but in spite of his really large income, he has never known the luxury of being out of debt, has had the beds sold from beneath his wife and children a score of times, has been publicly subscribed for two or three times, and now accepts a pension from the state whose institutions and officials he has libelled and vituperated from his very boyhood. This singularly mean old man is, among certain of the literary cliques of England, quite a pattern hero. A few years before I left England, he wrote a singularly mean letter to a public paper, and enclosed a sovereign towards the "benefit" of a low comedian, (who had spent a vast fortune in filthy extravagance,) our amiable poet and essayist having at that very time a son, and that son's wife and children starving, to his own positive knowledge, in a squalid lodging not two miles from his own luxurious cottage: that son, during the very week, owing his escape from actual death by famine to the aid of my late accomplished friend, Laman Blanchard, Esq., of the Court Journal, and myself, though the father, the "gentle poet," the "humanitarian," *par excellence* was at that time in the receipt of at least £20 sterling per week. This man, too, is a hero, The hero being this, what, oh what, are we to think of the hero worshippers!

At the commencement of this article, I said that in many cases the hero worshippers *seem* to be sincere in their absurd perversity. But, as I there intimated, there are sometimes discrepancies between the words and the deeds of our seemingly enthusiastic hero-worshippers, which lead me strongly to suspect that not a little of the hero worship is merely simulated.

Who among us can be ignorant of the enthusiastic homage which our neighbors of the States professed to pay to Clay and Webster? Yet, both these really great geniuses were denied the Presidency! When Webster died I was in New York, and I solemnly declare that though in my own native England I had seen some pretty strong specimens of what we more forcibly than politely term *Humbug*, I could not think how any intellectual New Yorkers, but more especially how any two New York writers could look at each other—as Cicero said of the Roman Augurs of his time—"without laughing in each others faces." In the streets all was, not as usually, but

even *more* than usually, *rowdyish* and riotous, in almost any house into which you entered you heard the most detestably ill-natured speeches made about the great statesman and orator; and all this time the papers were filled with the most fulsome descriptions of that great statesman's death, and of the intense, the overwhelming, the universal, and tearful grief of that rowdyish and riotous population. Truth to say, that specimen of political cant gave a great shock to my belief in the actual sincerity of the seemingly enthusiastic hero worship on the part of other populations besides that of New York. Since that time I have been but very moderately impressed by the eloquent praises heaped by this or that clique upon this or that hero or heroine, military, naval, political, or literary. What people say and what they think, about this or that celebrity of the hour, seem to me, I am sorry to say, to bear small resemblance to each other. But does that mend the matter? Is our *spoken* tolerance of evil, and praise of perverted talent, any the less evil and detestable, because it is insincere? Do we, any the less, mislead the rising generation, because we do not believe a word of the false praise, which they hear us utter upon the subject of our modern celebrities? Do we any the less confound the true and the false, because, while we give to perverted talents the praise due only to the talents which are at once strenuously and to right purposes exerted, we praise insincerely?

Few things, I think, are more extensively fatal to the foundation of a sound public opinion, than this indiscriminate *praise*, whether sincerely, or insincerely, bestowed upon the intellectually or morally undeserving. I have illustrated my meaning by reference only to people who, notwithstanding great blundering or great moral defects, still really do possess, to a very great degree, some of the most important elements of true greatness. But it must be borne in mind, that it is by no means exclusively to the, even partially, deserving that our false Hero worship is paid. On the contrary it may be doubted whether some of the most entirely contemptible, alike as to powers and virtues, have not, at various times and in various nations, been selected as the objects of popular laud, and of popular confidence. In England and in France, there have, within my own memory, been several popular Idols of whom it would be difficult to say, whether they the more lacked morality or ability; and I can vouch for it that, in the former country, the success of the popular heroes of the last thirty-five years has been great, precisely in proportion to their *non-deserving*. I might convincingly illustrate this

assertion and establish its truth, did I choose to mention names. But my object, now as ever, is to benefit men and not to pain or censure man the individual, and therefore, I will merely add, to what I have already written, that public morals will never be perfectly healthy, or public opinion perfectly sound, until writers, and more especially the writers of History and Biography, shall make it an invariable law of their writing carefully, and rigorously to distinguish between Romance and Reality.

—◆◆◆—
"IERNE;"*

Or, One Thousand Facts of the Ancient and Renowned Kingdom of Hibernia—its Monarchy and Empire.

BY O'DOODY.

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature blest, Hibernia is her name."

NOTE 1.—Abbé McGeoghegan says, "The nation, whose history I am about to write, is, without doubt, one of the most ancient in Europe."

2.—Independent of her own annals, the best authenticated of any people who could boast of an uninterrupted relation of events, from the Noahchidae to the present date, we are borne out in its truth by the historians of ancient and modern times, domestic and foreign.

3.—Among the latter, we may place the few Englishmen who were prejudiced or rewarded for their injustice—such as Cambrensis, Spencer, &c.

4.—And a few of Scotland; because the Milesian Scots of Lough-Earne record, with Buchanan, Sir Walter Scott, and one hundred others, that the kingdom of Dal-Riada, or Scotia-Minor, was founded by the Hibernians of Scotia-Major.

5.—Under Fergus Mor, first king of the Albyn Scots, descended from Angus III., monarch of all Ireland—then called Scotia—from which king, through Fergus, is descended the Royal Family of England.

6.—O'Halloran injures his history by romance. Josephus, by relations of physical impossibilities. Hibernian history is clear of both, in McGeoghegan, Moore, &c. &c.

7.—Still these writers are often forced to concede involuntary testimony to the innate virtues of the Hibernian Celt.

8.—The object of these hireling writers was, to palliate seven hundred years of cruelty, oppression, piracy, and usurpation—

* Extracted from a small work now preparing for the press.—ED. A. A. MAC.

presenting such a tissue of barefaced plunder, confiscation, bigotry, and injustice, as in the whole range of history, from the Helotes of Messene to that of the modern Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, could never find a parallel!

9.—The English nation (as a people) have never injured Ireland. When their armies did so, they were composed, one-half of "Erin's faithless sons."

10.—For, as the Irish-Englishman is the curse, so was, and is, the English-Irishman an honor and glory to his adopted country. "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.*"

NAMES OF IRELAND.

FACT OR NOTE 51.—The Phœnicians, who are admitted by all writers to have had a very ancient and intimate intercourse with the Hibernians, called it Hierne-quasi, "Hiar-innis," or Western Island. The Danains, "Innis-Fail," or Island of Destiny. The Greeks, Ferne. Cæsar, Tacitus, Juvenal, P. Mela, &c., Hiberna, Juverna,—Romanized Hibernia.

52.—The Milesian Scuits or Scots, called it Scotia-quasi, Scuthia—and strangers, "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum," i. e., "Island of Saints, and the Learned," from having been the school, not only of Britain, but of all Europe.

53.—Also, "Innis-Fodha," or Woody Island, till the Danes and Norman-English barbarians cut and burned down their old forests.

54.—Aristotle mentions two large islands, Jerne and Albion.

55.—Schymnus, of Chios, says, "Juverna has sixteen nations, eleven famous cities, five remarkable promontories, six noted islands, and fifteen principal towns.

IRELAND, NEVER A BRITISH ISLAND.

56.—But gave her name to Albion, under the appellation of "Hiernoï Nesoi," or "Herneides,"—that is, Hibernian Islands.

57.—Thus the attempts to include this most ancient kingdom in maps or otherwise, as a British Isle is unfair, arrogant, and ridiculous.

58.—Tacitus says, "the harbours of Ierne are better known to the Phœnician traders than those of Britain.

59.—Ireland always had a separate nationality, and ever will retain it. The Scotie, or "Hiberno-British" Empire, embraced Scotia-Major and Minor, with Northumberland, Cumberland, Anglesea, Mann, and the Scillies.

60.—And stranger still, forms one of the three kingdoms of the present "Hiberno-British Empire."

O'Mooney says:

65.—"According to the annals of Ireland, she enjoyed an uninterrupted state of independence and a brilliant fame for eighteen hundred years, under her ancient monarchs of the Danain and Milesian princes."

66.—Until A. D. seven hundred and fifty-eight, when her monarchy, under O'Connor, fell by the treachery of Dermot McMurrough, king of Leinster, who introduced the Norman-English and Welsh pirates.

67.—George the Third's title was, "of Great Britain, France, and Ireland"—king, &c. It now runs, "Great Britain and Ireland." The word Britain, in Celtic, signifies a "Land of Metals," and was applied generically to the whole cluster of the "Tin Islands"—Albion, Mann, and Scilly—but never to Ireland; tin being scarce, especially on her coasts, to this day.—(Moore.)

68.—In a word, a foreign nation has appropriated, besides her nationality, letters, arts, and sciences—her soldiers, statesmen, generals, poets, music, &c. &c. &c.; and even her saints have been all be-Britished by the arrogance of "Cockney" ignorance!

69.—Besides, Ireland and her Celtic people were denounced in the English Commons a few years since as "Foreign in language, in religion, and in race." Very true.

ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL.

245.—A certain saint, who never existed, and who killed an imaginary dragon, has usurped the nether part of this sea. It was anciently called the "Mare Hibernicum."

PORTS AND HARBOURS.

Sir Jonah Barrington says:

209.—Ireland has one hundred and thirty-six ports and harbours; England and Wales but one hundred and twelve, no twenty of which can be compared to forty of the Irish—and these forty rank with the first in the world.

A FEW PROMISCUOUS NOTES OF ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

"THE BOOK OF ARD-MAGH."

"This book, quarto size, three inches high, six wide, three in thickness, with 432 pages, the production of the seventh century, written on vellum, on both sides, in pure Irish characters, covered with black leather, with varnished ornaments, and devices of animals, with antique lock and hasp, &c., &c., &c., was purchased by an unknown Virtuoso, for three hundred pounds, and carried to England."

369.—Camden quoted the Psalter of "Narann," half Latin and half Irish, written by Cormac McCullinan, Bishop of Cashel and King of Munster, still in high esteem.

370.—Ware also adds, that "Cormac wrote in Irish characters some centuries before St. Patrick was born."

376.—Here we should insert Moore's clever exposure of McPherson's piracies, proving that all his Ossianic Poetry was really stolen from Irish Celtic Legends.

390.—Sir James McIntosh says, "The chronology of Ireland, written in the Hibernian

tongue, from the second century to the landing of Henry II, has been recently published with the fullest evidence of their genuine exactness."

391.—A "million of facts" says "The Irish tongue is spoken in Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland," and "is the same as that spoken by Hannibal and the Carthaginians."

395.—Moore (Morra) says, "The Irish people possess genuine History several centuries more ancient, than any other nation. in its present spoken language."

396.—The Irish is one of the six mother tongues of Europe, and proved by a number of Willis's late work, now published, in MSS., to be pure Punic, or Carthaginian.

397.—Sir James McIntosh again says, "we cannot deny, that the Irish were a lettered people, when the Saxons were immersed in ignorance and barbarism."

397.—Amergin, the arch-Druid or Magian (son of Milesius) commenced Irish records four hundred years only after the death of Moses.

398.—The annals of Cluan, McNuis, and Tighernach, were all written in the Irish Cadmean letter, as were also the "annals of Innis Fail," all of the thirteenth century.

A FEW NOTICES OF THE HIBERNIANS.

608.—Many have imagined that the old Irish were all Milesians. This was not the case. For these Hibernians, which term embraced all their colonies, and was, as a general name, their only legitimate appellation, were all of Scythian extraction, and cognate in blood, as well as identical in tongue, religion, laws, manners and customs.

609.—And most probably as Moore thinks, have emigrated from the same direction of the Euxine into Ireland. But the Milesians became the dominant section, from having brought over sea all the arts, sciences and learning of the Ægypto-Phœnicians.

610.—Ptolemy called them Nations. The Danains claimed descent from the third son, and the Milesians from Phenius, eldest son of Magog, son of Japhet and grandson of Noah.

611.—Niul was son of Phœnius. It was a matter of time only to cause the complete fusion of all these tribes into one mass, and such they are at the present day all over Ireland and North America.

612.—There are about five millions of Hibernian Celts in Ireland, seven and a half in the United States, and one and a half in the North American Colonies, that is about nine millions, or total of fourteen millions.

613.—And they have continued for ages so little altered, that at this day their features, habits, disposition and tongue remain unchanged.

614.—Whereas in Britain there is some difficulty in discovering the various races of which

they are composed, as the great mass of the English, are chiefly Norman, French, Deutchen, and other Scandinavians.

615.—In Wales, Cornwall, and Scotland, they have about three millions of pure Celtic blood, and amongst these and in Ireland, there are many who cannot speak English.

We go back to some promiscuous remains of her antiquity.

340.—McGeoghegan says, "A. M. nineteen hundred and sixty-nine, and three hundred years after the Flood, Partholan brought a colony into Erin, next came the Nemedians and Fomorians, then Fírbolgs and Danains. But as my business is with the Hiberni in general, I can only touch upon the well authenticated part, and I think we are on firm ground when we land the Milesian Scythic colony from Galicia."

345.—In Hamilcar's voyage, Moore says, "while characteristics of the Sacred Isle" are dwelt upon with minuteness, a single line remarks that "the Islands of the Albiones extend in her heighbourhood."

346.—O'Moore. Eirin, or Innis Fail, was much more intimately known to the Phœnicians and Greeks than Albion (or Britain).

"In the ancient 'Argonautic' poems supposed of the time of Pisistratus, and from Phœnician sources, Ierne alone is mentioned without any allusion to Albion."

THE IRISH TONGUE.

350.—As I before remarked, the present living Celtic, is now proved, and allowed to be identical with the Punic. Willis of Dublin, has lately given numerous extracts from the Roman Poet Plautus, wherein the conversation of Hanno, a Carthaginian, appears to be literally Irish, the classic of our day.

351.—We must here consider also, that some of our Irish MSS. were written not long after the destruction of Carthage. Another coincidence among thousands may be here quoted, Bishop Nichols tells us that "the ancient Irish knew the composition of the old Phœnician Dye, which was extracted from a small shell-fish found on the Irish coast."

352.—Red, purple, and crimson, are represented as the colors worn by their Heroes, another proof of Tyrian intercourse.

408.—Sir John Stephenson, the great musical composer, member of the Belfast Literary Association, says, "the art of dying purple and scarlet, the Spindle and the Loom were introduced into Erin from Bethsan or Scythopolis, in Syria, fourteen hundred years before Christ."

420.—At a time when the Carthaginians knew so little of Albion, besides the name, the renown of Ierne as a seat of Holiness had already become ancient, and assuredly the primitive seat of the Western Druids. (This word is from the Hiberno-Celtic word *Druid*, a wise man or Magian," (Moore.)

FREDERICK AND FLEURY;
OR, THE ILLUMINEES.

HOWEVER strange the following narrative may appear at the present day, it may, nevertheless, not be devoid of interest to those who still bear in remembrance the principal occurrences of the year 1792, and more especially the strong sensation occasioned by a very important and unexpected event to which it has reference. The story rests upon the statement of the Caron de Beaumarchais, a man whose character did not stand sufficiently high in the estimation of his contemporaries to ensure its being received as an unquestionable fact, upon his bare assertion, unsupported by more respectable evidence; they were more likely to have considered it a flight of that lively and prolific imagination which had produced the *Marriage de Figaro*, and other works (displaying very superior genius, but abounding in immorality, as well as wit,) if a variety of circumstances had not combined to render it so highly probable, that it readily obtained credit by all those to whom it was communicated.

Beaumarchais came to England towards the close of 1792, and soon after his arrival, told his story to the Abbé Sabathier de Cabre,* who, struck with the light it appeared to throw upon a circumstance involved in great mystery, and which had annihilated the hopes of the French Royalists, hastened with all possible speed to impart it to several of his emigrant friends, who concurred in giving it implicit belief.

The town of Verdun, had in the month of August, 1792, been summoned to surrender by the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, commander of the combined armies of Austria and Prussia, assembled on the frontiers of France, for the avowed purpose of liberating the king and royal family, from the captivity in which they were then held. An ineffectual attempt to defend the place had been made by Monsieur de Beaumepierre, the governor, until finding himself opposed by the inhabitants, and unable to make further resistance, he took the desperate resolution of blowing out his brains, which he actually put into execution in full council. The garrison immediately capitulated, and having obtained leave to retire into the interior of France, the gates of Verdun were thrown open, and the King of

Prussia entered at the head of his army, the 2d of September, 1792.

The occupation of Verdun, by the King of Prussia, was hailed by the Royalists with the utmost of joy; their dearest hopes seemed about to be fulfilled, and only a few days they expected would elapse, ere the King of Prussia would overcome every obstacle, enter Paris, set free the imprisoned monarch, reinstate him upon the throne of his ancestors, overthrow the power usurped by the Revolutionists, and restore to that unhappy country, deluged as it had been by blood, that peace and order which had long been banished from it.

It was at this juncture, and whilst the King of Prussia was still at Verdun, that Beaumarchais called at the house of an actor, named Fleury, who had acquired prodigious applause in his performance at one of the theatres in Paris of the character of Frederick II., King of Prussia. Fleury had got an old coat worn by Frederick, his waistcoat, his hat, his boots, and he had contrived to make even his face bear a strong resemblance to the deceased monarch. Upon Beaumarchais knocking at Fleury's door, it was opened by a little girl of ten or twelve years old, the niece of Fleury, who, in answer to the inquiry, whether her uncle was at home, said that he was in the country.

"Will he be at home to-morrow?" asked Beaumarchais, who wished very much to see him.

"Oh, no," replied the girl, "my uncle will not be at home for eight or ten days; he is gone to Verdun.

Beaumarchais turned from the door. Gone to Verdun, thought he; what can possibly have called Fleury to Verdun? certainly not the exercise of his profession—they have other things to occupy their attention just now—more serious work in hand than to be thinking of acting plays. Thus reasoned Beaumarchais; and as soon as the time fixed for Fleury's return was expired, he made another visit to his house, with better success, and was admitted, as they were upon terms of great intimacy.

Beaumarchais naturally asked Fleury what had occasioned his going from Paris so unexpectedly, and what business could have called him to Verdun. To his astonishment, he found his friend (contrary to his usual communicative manner) very shy of speaking upon the subject of his late journey, evading to answer any direct questions, and seemingly desirous to envelop the whole in an impenetrable veil of mystery. But the more Fleury laboured at concealment, the more Beaumarchais became convinced that this journey was connected with matters of importance; and he strove, by every means he could devise, to obtain the secret. Nothing, however, could he elicit from the cautious Fleury, and the mind of Beaumarchais was still deeply engaged in forming conjectures, when a report was spread, that the King of Prussia, instead of marching to Paris for the relief of the king and the royal family, as set forth in the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, had determined upon relinquishing any further attempt, and had actually withdrawn his army. Before the astonishment, which this very unexpected news occasioned, had subsided, an au-

*It was from the Abbé Sabathier de Cabre, that I heard the story of Fleury's journey to Verdun; and who, at one period of his life, had been a person of some celebrity in France. He was a CONSEILLER A LA GRANDE CHAMBRE DU PARLEMENT DE PARIS, and had rendered himself very conspicuous during the disputes between the King and Parliament, by his strenuous and undaunted opposition to the enregistering of several of the King's edicts, in particular those of the SWANSE ROYAL, of the 19th of November, 1787. His popularity was prodigiously increased by the persecutions which he and another Councillor, Monsieur d'Épremeuil, underwent, in consequence of their exertions in supporting the rights of the Parliament. They were both arrested by Lettres de Cachet, and Sabathier was conveyed to the Fortress of Mont St. Michel, in the Bay of Constance, and d'Épremeuil to some other. The Duc d'Orléans, who had played a prominent part upon the latter occasion, being at the same time exiled to his own country-seat of Villers Coterets. This Sabathier was afterwards employed by Bonaparte as Ambassador, or Envoy to Sweden.

thentic account arrived confirming the disastrous intelligence, and of the Prussians being in full retreat. A change so sudden, and at a moment when the hopes of the Royalists had been raised to the highest pitch, came upon them like a clap of thunder; they were plunged into the deepest despair, and above all, the gallant band of emigrants, assembled under the banners of the king's two brothers Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois, and commanded by the Prince de Condé; whilst men of noble families, and possessing large estates in France, who were serving in the ranks as common soldiers, submitted to the hardships and privations, which would have been severely felt by persons born in the lower classes of life, but which these gentlemen, sustained as they were by the hope of being the instruments destined by Providence to rescue their king, their country, and their families, from the galling yoke of the Revolutionists, bore, with a patience and devotedness, truly heroic. Every possible endeavour was tried to induce the King of Prussia to revoke this cruel resolve, but in vain; and no alternative was left to them but the heart-rending sacrifice of their long-cherished hopes, and the painful necessity of disbanding their little army.

Conjecture was of course busy in assigning reasons for the King of Prussia's abandonment of a cause, which he had espoused with an ardour that promised the happiest result. One report, which was propagated by the Revolutionists, stated that the measure had originated from a letter written by Louis XVI. to the King of Prussia; but nothing could less bear the semblance of truth, than that the unhappy monarch would himself have assisted to rivet his own fetters, and stop the progress of an army rapidly advancing to Paris for his deliverance; or, in fact, such a letter had been written by him, was it not obvious that it must have been done under the controul of his jailers, dictated by them, and not expressive of his own sentiments; and ought it not to have been treated as such by the King of Prussia? Another, and by far a more prevalent rumour, affirmed that the King of Prussia had seen the spirit of his uncle, Frederick II., who, in menacing terms, forbade his further advance into the French territory, and commanded him, upon pain of vengeance, to retrace his steps to his own dominions.

This last rumour obtained very general belief, strengthened as it was, by its being well known that his Prussian Majesty was intimately acquainted with several of the Illuminees, disciples of Swedenborg, who affirmed that the favoured few, who were initiated into their unhallowed rites, possessed the power of invoking the dead, of recalling the disembodied spirit back to the earth, compelling it by their incantations, to submit to interrogation, and to answer whatever questions they might think fit to propose. No sooner did this last rumour reach Beaumarchais, than the light seemed to flash upon his mind, and he was convinced that he had got a clue to all Fleury's proceedings. With indefatigable research he ascertained, that Fleury's journey to Verdun tallied exactly with the time that the spirit of Frederick II. was said to have appeared; but his strictest inquiries could not obtain the slightest information respecting Fleury's sojourn

at Verdun,—no one had seen him, no one had heard of him, his name had never been mentioned. By comparing all that he had heard, Beaumarchais was confirmed in his opinion, that the talents of Fleury had been brought into action for a great political purpose, that of imposing upon the King of Prussia, whose mind being in some degree predisposed in favour of the power of the Illuminees, was wrought upon to believe that he had actually seen his deceased uncle, of whom, whilst living, he had stood exceedingly in awe; and received from him the order, which struck the death-blow to the unfortunate Louis, his Queen, his Sister, and his Son.

A mind of much less acuteness than that of Beaumarchais, would naturally have drawn the same inference that he did, from the coincidence of the above-mentioned circumstances. If the story of the illusion practised upon the King of Prussia had any foundation in truth, no doubt could be entertained of its having been effected by means of some deep-laid scheme—no common artifice, no stale juggling tricks, had been resorted to; and what stratagem so likely to have been devised, as having recourse to Fleury's resemblance, in person, voice, and manner, to the celebrated Frederick II., the Solomon of the North?

How any person impressed with a just sense of the Divine wisdom and goodness, could for one moment harbor the belief that the Supreme Being ever had delegated, or even would delegate so large a portion of his power to a sinful creature of mere earthly mould, is a question which is quite incomprehensible. Yet, certain it is, that all nations, civilized as well as barbarous, and in all ages, from James and Jambres, who withstood Moses, to the present time, there have been impostors, who, by various artifices, have contrived to deceive mankind with pretended miracles, and supernatural appearances. None more effectually than the Illuminees, who, towards the end of the last century, were so much talked of in every country of Europe, particularly in Germany, which was the principal theatre of their operations. What rendered their success most surprising, was, that the proselytes were not generally credulous, weak-minded persons, easily led astray by such charlatans as Cagliostro, Mesmer, &c., but very many of them were men of strong minds, and highly-cultivated understandings.

I had opportunities of hearing much upon this subject, from both English and Foreigners, who had been personally acquainted with the Comte de St. Germain, Cagliostro, Mesmer, and Le Roi. But I shall, for the present, take my leave of them, with an extraordinary story which I heard told, at an early period of the French Revolution, at the Comtesse de Boufflers's.*

The narrator was the Comtesse de Babi, at that time the acknowledged favorite of Monsieur, † brother of Louis XVI; the fascination of whose conversation, although unaided by the charms of beauty, fully justified the influence she was said

* The Comtesse de Boufflers, the friend of Walpole, Gibbon, and Hume, was celebrated for her beauty, had been the *CHÈRE AMIE* of the Prince de Condé, and had even, at one time, aspired to the honor of becoming his wife, as Madame de Montesson had been of the Duc d'Orléans, father of Egalité.

† Since Louis XVIII.

to hold over her royal friend. She had very lately arrived from Paris, where the Rosicrucians and Illuminees were much spoken of; and, when mentioned at Madame de Boufflers's, Madame de Balbi said she could give a very remarkable instance of the lamentable effects of becoming an Illuminee, produced upon the Comte de Caylus,* not only to the subversion of his understanding, but, as she firmly believed, to the forfeiture of his life.

The Comte de Caylus was known to most of the company, as highly distinguished for his literature, and as having acquired deserved celebrity by his antiquarian researches, and the engravings published from his beautiful drawings; yet this man, endowed, as he undoubtedly was, with a superior and enlightened understanding, was completely deluded into a conviction of himself possessing the power of invoking the spirits of his dead.

Madame de Balbi said, that the story had been told to her by Madame de Bonneuil, with whom she was well acquainted, and whose husband was *premier valet-de-chambre* to *Monsieur*.† The Comte de Caylus lived in great intimacy with Monsieur and Madame Bonneuil, and to the latter he frequently spoke, with most profound reverence, of the wonders, which his command over certain spirits enabled him to perform; and of the extraordinary discoveries he had made, by his intercourse with several illustrious persons, who had ceased to be inhabitants of earth; expatiating, at the same time, upon the vast superiority enjoyed by the Illuminees, over all other human beings. These communications often repeated, and by one so gifted as the Comte de Caylus, could not fail making, in time, some impression upon the mind of Madame de Bonneuil. She listened until she began to consider the improbability of the Comte's having any motive for attempting to deceive her; and from thence she was led to hope, that if in reality he had acquired the ascendancy of which he boasted over certain evil spirits, she might, through his agency be indulged with the gratification which she ardently desired, of seeing and conversing with a friend whose memory she cherished. In one of her interviews with the Comte, she made known her wishes, and very earnestly entreated him to invoke the spirits in her behalf. After much solicitation on her part, and some reluctance on his, the Comte consented to her request; but only upon condition that she would solemnly promise to follow implicitly his direction, not to move from the place which he should assign to

her; to observe the most profound silence, and not to utter the slightest sound during the performance of the ceremony. To these terms, Madame de Bonneuil gave her ready assent, and waited with great anxiety for the summons which she expected from her friend, appointing a meeting. After a short interval, a day was fixed by the Comte, and Madame de Bonneuil was punctual in her attendance. Arrived at the house of the Comte, he received her at the door of his apartment, dressed in black, and with a more than usual solemnity of countenance and demeanor, he accosted her in a low tone of voice, scarce above a whisper, and reminded her of the pledge she had given, neither to move nor speak: assuring her, at the same time that it was of the utmost consequence, both to her own life and to his, that she should strictly observe the profound silence he had enjoined. Madame de Bonneuil repeated the promise, and again assured the Comte, that he might rely upon her taciturnity, and her conforming rigidly in every respect to his instructions. The Comte then led her through two or three rooms, all hung with black, receiving light from only a few lamps, so sparingly distributed, that they served rather to increase than to dispel the sepulchral gloom. The last room which she entered was darker, and much more *lugubre* than the others, it seemed fitted up for the express purpose of inspiring horror; for, by the very feeble light which a single lamp afforded, she could perceive the sad emblems of mortality, skulls and crossbones affixed to the walls, Madame de Bonneuil shuddered, and was somewhat dismayed; but the presence of the Comte gave her confidence, and after a few minutes consideration, she fancied herself capable of awaiting the result, if not with courage, at least without betraying fear, as the Comte had not imposed upon her any act that could in any way be repugnant to her feelings—all she had to do, was to be passive, silent, and immovable.

The Comte having conducted her to the seat which she was to occupy, began the ceremony by drawing a circle around himself with a wand, he then proceeded to throw the ingredients, which composed the spell, into a vessel prepared for the purpose, from whence issued a dense smoke, muttering at the same time incantations in a low voice, until he worked himself up to the loudest and most vehement tone of command, accompanied with the wild gestures and horrid contortions of a demoniac. The courage of Madame de Bonneuil began to give way; and at the moment when screams and yells the most dreadful and terrific, assailed her ear, she became so completely appalled, that she lost all self-possession; and, to utter one answering and involuntary scream and to rush from the room before the Comte could stop her, was the work of an instant. Almost breathless, she traversed the apartments, flung herself into her carriage which was waiting at the door, and by the time she reached her own house, was seriously ill from the effects of the terror she had undergone. During her illness, which lasted several days, she neither saw nor heard of the Comte de Caylus; at last, after some considerable time had elapsed, he came, but so changed in appearance, that she was greatly struck with it; his countenance was woe-begone, and his con-

* "The celebrated Comte de Caylus, had such an antipathy to a Capuchin friar, that he was scarcely able to keep himself from fainting at the sight of one. The origin of this antipathy is referred to an incident said to have happened to him, while playing at the game of *Trie-trac*, with one of his friends. He suddenly fancied that he perceived on the dice a clot of blood, and lifting up his eyes, he saw the appearance of a Capuchin friar in the apartment. Struck with the extraordinary sight, he cried, "Heavens, what an omen! My brother who is in the army, has assuredly been killed in battle!" A few days afterwards, a monk of this order, brought him the afflicting news as he had presaged. The hour and even the minute of his brother's death, corresponded exactly with that at which he had discovered the bloody intimation."—LIT. PANORAMA, 1811.

† Louis XVIII.

versation most melancholy. He reproached her with having so strenuously urged him to put forth his power of calling up the dead, and deceiving him by the promise of implicitly following his directions. His reliance upon her had induced him, he said, to make use of the most powerful spells, and summon to his aid malignant deamons, which could only be kept in awe by severity—their scream had broken the charm—the demons had obtained the mastery over him, and nothing but his life would expiate his offence. Poor Madame de Bonneuil, excessively distressed at hearing the Comte talk in this strain, endeavored to reason with him, but without the slightest effect; and he parted from her as one who "bids the world good night," assuring her that they should never meet again on this side of the grave, for that he had but a short time to live, ere the fiends whom she had insulted would demand him as their victim.

Whether the Comte de Caylus was at the same time suffering from any malady likely to put a speedy period to his existence or whether the mental delusion under which he labored, produced a fatal effect upon his body, certain it is, that very soon, within a few weeks after this interview, Madame de Bonneuil learnt that the Comte de Caylus was dead!!!

THE PATH ACROSS THE HILLS.

I.

In Life's delightful morn,
When love and trust were born,
To thy dwelling in the wooded hills I came;
Thy smile of welcome made
A sunbeam in that shade,
And spring and winter bloomed for me the same.
Tho' the snow hung in the cloud,
And the stormy winds blew loud,
I recked not—all my sunshine was to come:
My heart was blithe and gay,
I went singing all the way,
In the path across the hills to thy home!

II.

The spring, with gentle rain,
Hath woke the flowers,
And summer clothes the leafy woods once more,
But Love's sweet smile is fled,
And Hope's bright flowers are dead,
And thy dear smile no sunshine can restore!
To some less loved abode—
By some more dreary road—
Fate yet may lead my steps in days to come;
But never blithe and gay,
To sing along the way,
As in the path that led me to thy home!

It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

THE songs of the Tyne, and the old ballad of Tynemout Priory, threw us back on our recollections, and sent us once again in search of Barbara Allen, Queen Eleanor, the Fair Maid of Clifton, Jew's Daughter, and others, the ladies of immortal song, whom

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt—

and the best informed of our readers may not object to have his memory refreshed on this subject. We, who have little leisure for discursive reading, must of course, be indebted to the published collections of old Pattenham, and Percy, and querulous John Ritson and other such worthy treasure-seekers: but, assuredly, many an excellent old ballad is still chanted in "Merrie Engolande," which has never yet found its way into print, but has descended orally through generations which yet continue to people the secluded valleys where their single-minded forefathers dwelt—many a "pretty tale," as Michael Drayton said, nearly three hundred years ago, "when a boy, his toothless grandmother often told to him." In the wide and wild counties of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, where the little villages lie far apart from the towns, and where modern improvements and modern taste have not yet extended, there must exist many a lay and legend that are purely local.

Right pleasant are many of these "stories of old time," as we shall offer proof; and although some of them may have lost a portion of their rich colouring as they have been handed down to us through long centuries, yet they have retained their feeling and simplicity, and it is owing to this that they have so long continued popular. The old minstrels almost always expressed their thoughts in the most homely language; they shaped their ideas to suit the capacities of their audience, and as they sang them themselves, they were at once competent to judge of the style which they must adhere to, to become popular. Thus it scarcely requires any effort of mind to comprehend their true meaning; like a beautiful figure clothed in plain but becoming attire, instead of being buried under a multiplicity of gay garments, you are at once struck by its fair proportions. Their images, too, are but seldom misplaced; they are simple, expressive, and appropriate, and you marvel at the effects produced by such natural ornaments. Whether they tell a tale of love or wild adventure, of heart-aching sorrow or death, or only describe some rural scene, or pourtray some high-born beauty, all is done in

the simplest manner. You meet with no confusion of thoughts, no display of senseless and high-sounding words; but everything is in its true keeping, and at once both understood and felt. We speak, not of those productions which have no other value than that of being merely ancient, but such as have stood the criticisms of ages, and are yet, and will ever be, read with pleasure. Setting aside the disputes which have arisen respecting the antiquity of the various ballads which pass under the denomination of "ancient," we shall point out the simple beauties of some which are acknowledged by all to have been popular for at least two or three centuries. Disregarding also the order of their dates, which it is almost impossible to ascertain correctly, we shall confine our extracts and remarks to such pieces as come home to our common feelings, and are connected with every day circumstances.

Every reader of Shakspeare remembers that portion of the old ballad which is sung by Desdemona on the eve of her death, with its plaintive burthen of "O willow, willow." The exquisite manner in which the great Bard has himself introduced it, may be looked upon as the master-key to all that is simple and pathetic in this kind of composition, Desdemona says—

My mother had a maid called Barbara,
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of "Willow."
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much ado,
But to go hang my head all one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.

How exquisitely simple is the whole of this passage! who can read it without feeling a deep sympathy for poor Barbara! We have no mention here of her pale face, her lack-lustre eyes, her low melancholy voice, "sadly sweet;" we are only told that the old song expressed her fortune; we only know that she "hung her head all to one side," and went about her household work singing it; but who can read the passage without seeing "poor Barbara,"

All love lorn and care-begone!

Take now the opening of the plaintive ballad which Barbara sung, and which was an "old thing" in Shakspeare's time—what a picture would the opening lines make:

A poor soul sat sighing under a sycamore tree,
O willow, willow, willow;
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
O willow, willow, willow,
Sing O the green willow shall be my garland.

*Shakspeare has adapted it to suit his female character. In a black letter copy in the "Pepys collection," it is entitled "A Lover's Complainte being forsaken of his Love."—Percy.

He sighed in his singing, and after each groan,
Came willow, &c
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone,
Sing O the green willow, &c.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his moans,
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
Sing O the green willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scorn I do prove:
O willow &c.
She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love,
Sing O the green willow, &c.

Come all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that complains of his false love, mine's false than he
Sing O the green willow, &c.

This beautiful old ballad is in two parts: we have only quoted a few extracts from the first. That the willow, from its drooping over rivers, and growing in damp, shady, and melancholy places, should naturally suggest itself as an emblem of sorrow, may be readily conceived; and our earliest records describe the daughters of Zion as hanging their harps upon the willows of Babylon, and weeping on the river banks. Green, too, is still called a "forsaken colour," and many a rural maiden in the present day would not wear a green ribbon through this simple cause, while on the other hand, blue is the emblem of true love; "true blue" is a common phrase.

Again, in an old pastoral dialogue which occurs in a small black-letter collection of ancient poetry, entitled "The Golden Garland of Princely Delight," we find the following on "Willow."

Willy. How now, sheperde, what meanest that?
Why that willow in thy hat?
Why thy scarifes of red and yellowe
Turned to branches of green willowe?

Cuddy. They are changed and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
Philis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

After a brief dialogue, in which Willy argues the folly of repining for love, Cuddy comes to the following resolution:—

Herdsman I'll be ruled by thee,
There lies grief and willow tree;
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new-love every day.

In the old Ballad called "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," which still continues popular in our rural and manufacturing districts, we have a clever specimen of that simple style of composition which appeals at once to the feelings. Barbara Allen was so fair, that her beauty made every youth cry well-a-day." In the "merry month of

May," when "the green buds were swelling," Jemmy Grove lay on his death-bed, "for love of Barbara Allen." The dying lover sends his man to the town where Barbara dwells, and he thus delivers his master's message:

You must come to my master deare
If your name is Barbara Allen.
For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing;
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

Barbara, before she goes, says he'll be but little better for her visit. She comes to him slowly—the very lines move sluggishly—and when she does come, poor Jemmy Grove finds but cold comfort.

And all she said, when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

He turns his face to her "with deadly sorrow," and implores her to pity him—

"I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lye,
What needs the tale your'e telling?
I cannot keep you from your death:
Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in;
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the bell a knelling;
And every stroke did seem to say,
O cruel Barbara Allen.

"She turned her body round about and spied the corpse a coming." She looked down upon it with a scornful eye, while all her friends cried out, "Unworthy Barbara Allen." When he was dead and laid in his grave, "her heart was struck with sorrow," and she called on her mother to make her bed, "for I shall die to-morrow." She repents, dies, and is buried beside Jemmy Grove, sorry enough, "that she ever did deny him." Simple as this old ditty is, we have heard it sung with great effect by a plain country girl, while the tears trickle down the cheeks of her companions, as they joined in the chorus. There are many versions of this ballad; a Scotch one, with Sir John Gixeme for hero, may be found in Ramsay and in Cunningham.

There are several master-strokes in the ballad of "Sir Andrew Barton." The simple complaint of Henrye Hunt is very graphic, where he describes himself as having been a prisoner to the Scotch rover, who bound him down in the hatches. But the gem of the ballad is a description of the Rover's death, and is as follows:—

"Fight on my men," Sir Andrew says,
"A little I'm hurt, but not yet slain,
"I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
"And then I'll rise and fight again,
Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
"And never flinch before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
Until you hear my whistle blow."
They never heard his whistle blow.

The simple effect of the last repetition is excellent; we scarcely know an instance where greater effect is produced by six plain words. The pause between the stanzas is one of life and death. Had the poet described the Rover dying, and entered into every particular of his looks, and his last agony, it would have fallen far short of this brief and expressive announcement. The ballad would occupy more space than we can afford, were we to attempt an analysis of all its beauties, for they are many.

"The Fair Maid of Clifton," or "Bateman's Tragedy," although a local ballad, must be known to thousands, through Henry Kirk White having founded his "Clifton Grove," upon the same story. The full title of this ancient ditty is curious, and cannot fail of reminding our readers of the ballads which Autolyeus offers for sale at the sheep-shearing feast, in the "Winter's Tale"; it runs thus, "A Godly Warning to all Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgment, showed on Jerman's Wife of Clifton, in the County of Nottingham, who, lying in child-bed, was borne away, and never heard of after." Although, unlike Autolyeus's ballads, it lacks the "midwife's name to it, and five or six honest wives who were present," yet is it still believed in the neighborhood where the scene is placed. A tragedy entitled the "Vow Breaker," 1636, and in which several of the stanzas are quoted, is founded upon this story; and the whole may be found in Ritson's "Collection." The scene is well worth visiting by those who may chance to wander near "merry Sherwood." The path is still pointed out along which the fiend is supposed to have borne his fair burthen and the tree against which he struck is, we believe, still shown. It is, of course, blessed, and no green thing was ever remembered to have grown on the footpath which the Prince of Darkness traversed. The grove itself is a strange mixture of the pleasing, wild, and melancholy, in scenery. It stands on the brow and side of a steep hill, which in many places is so precipitous, as to be inaccessible, save by clinging to the trees and underwood which shoot out from the sides of the slaggy eminence. Below rolls the river Trent, running dark and deep under the shadows of the over-hanging branches, and offering a fearful rest-

ing-place to the adventurer whose foot slips from the acclivity. Beyond the river opens a goodly prospect, such as is perhaps only to be found embosomed amid the green hills of England. Within the "nodding horror" of the grove, few of the timorous dare to ramble alone when the twilight begins to deepen over it. As to the "Fiend's pathway," rugged, bare, and deep it will ever remain, while the rain-torrent tears down the steep hill-side into the river; for we believe it was at first worn away by such a water-fiend. We have heard that an attempt has been made to stop up this ancient walk; it will be a great pity if this should happen, when after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, it still retains all its poetical associations; and, no doubt, presents the same features as it did when "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" stole through its chequered and haunted shades, and heard, in the roaring of the branches, the shrieks of the "Fair Maid of Clifton." The opening of the ballad has a genuine smack of the olden time about it, and thus it runs:—

You dainty dames, so finely framed
In beauty's chiefest mould
And you that trip it up and down,
Like lambs in Cupid's fold,
Here is a lesson to be learned;

To such as prove false in love, &c.

We have then a description of this "comely dame," ending with

The fairest face, the falsest heart,
And soonest will deceive.

The fair maiden has many suitors, who make her offers of marriage, but she rejects them all for young Bateman, "a proper handsome youth." The troth is plighted between them; they vow that nothing but death shall sever their love, they break a piece of gold asunder (an old custom of ratifying a love-vow), and the maiden wishes that nothing may thrive with her if she breaks her oath. So pass two months, and they are still unmarried. (One of the copies sends Bateman to sea.) However, she marries one Jermain, a wealthy old widower, "and better in degree," than her poorer lover. She denies her vow to Bateman, defies him, and cares nothing for his threats, although he swears that she shall never enjoy another quiet hour, and that he will have her, either alive or dead, when he is laid in his grave. Then the ballad proceeds as follows:—

But mark how Bateman died for love,
And finished his life,
The very day she married was,
And made old Jermain's wife;
For with a stragling-cool, God wot,
Great wean was made therefore,

He hanged himself in a desperate sort,
Before the bride's own door.

Whereat such sorrow pierced her heart,
And troubled sore her mind,
That she could never after that,
One day of comfort find;
And wheresoever she did go,
Her fancy did surmise,
Young Bateman's pale and ghastly ghost,
Appeared before her eyes.

When she in bed at night did lie,
Betwixt her husband's arms,
In hope thereby to sleep at rest,
In safety from all harms;
Great cries, and grievous groans she heard,
A voice that sometimes cried,
"Oh thou art she that I must have,
And will not be denied."

The unborn babe, "as God appointed so," preserves her body from the fiend; but no sooner is the infant born, than he again torments her. She entreats her friends to stay with her, telling them that the "spirit of her lover" has come with "with pale and ghastly face," and will not depart without her; and that while they keep awake, he has no power to remove her body. They promise to obey her, but in vain, for in the middle of the night a "sad slumber" falls upon them all—

So being all full fast asleep,
To them unknown which way,
The child-bed-woman, that woeful night,
From thence was born away;
But to what place no creature knew,
Nor to this day can tell.

The ballad then concludes, by advising all maidens never to forsake him to whom they vow their love, for—

God that hears all secret oaths,
Will dreadful vengeance take,
On such that of a wilful woe
Do slender reckoning make.

There appears to have been some truth for the groundwork of this wild ballad, so far as the lover hanging himself, and the maiden marrying the wealthy old widower. As for the rest, there is the blasted tree and the narrow ravine, down which the rain has coursed for centuries. No trace of the building where the fair maiden dwelt has stood within the memory of man.

"The Nut-Browne Mayd" is a ballad of great antiquity, and upon it Prior modelled his "Henry and Emma." It was printed amongst Arnold's historical collections about 1521; and as he, in his "Chronicle," only professed to gather what was rare and ancient, we may suppose that it was considered an old poem above three hundred years ago. It contains thirty stanzas, each consisting of twelve lines, and is therefore too lengthy for our columns. We will, however, give a brief analysis of it, and extract a few of its beauties.

The poem opens with accusing man of complaining of woman's want of constancy; that to love a woman is labor in vain, for they never will return that love, no matter what a man may do to obtain their favor; for if a new lover presents himself, the old one is immediately a "banished man." That men complain, nay, "that it is both writ and said" that woman's faith is all "utterly decayed." This the poet undertakes to prove false, by recording the love of the Nut-brown Maid, who, when her lover came to prove her, would not let him depart, "for in her heart she loved but him alone." The knight comes secretly, and in the dark, to tell the maiden that he is a banished man, and must escape, for he is doomed to suffer a painful death, and he must bid her adieu, and seek a shelter in the green wood. She exclaims, "O Lord, what is this world's bliss!" that changes like the moon; complains that her "summer's day in lusty May, is dark before the noon." She has heard him say "farewell," and replies, "we part not so soon," inquires whither he will go, what he has done, and tells him that, if he leaves her, all her happiness will change to sorrow and care, for she "loves but him alone." He replies that he can well believe his absence will grieve her for a day or two, but after then she will find comfort; that it will be useless to mourn for him, and he prays her heartily not to do it, for he is a banished man, and must be gone. She says, that since he has told her the secret of his mind she must be as plain with him, and that if he will go, she will not be left behind; bids him make ready to depart, for it shall "never be said the Nut-Brown Mayd was to her love unkind." He then asks what men will think if she goes to the green-wood with him; the young and old will call her wanton; and that rather than suffer her to be called an "ill-woman," he will go alone. She replies, that the charge will stand by those who blame her; that true love is devoid of shame; that no true lover would part with him in such "distress and heaviness; nor will she, for "she loves but him alone." He warns her that it is no maiden's pastime to go to the wood with an outlaw: that she will be compelled to carry a bow and arrows constantly in her hands, and like a thief ever live in awe and dread. She replies that she is well aware that it is no maiden's employment; but that, for his sake, she will learn to run a-foot, to hunt, and shoot, and kill deer; that she asks nothing more than his company for a reward; for her heart would soon be cold as a stone were she to part from him. He tells her that if he is caught, he will be hung without pity, and "waver in the wind," asks her

what succour she could afford him, and doubts whether both her and her bow would not be far behind in the hour of danger. She replies that a woman is but feeble in the fight; but that if his enemies did assail him, she would withstand them, bow in hand, and do her best to save him from death. The next verses have such a smack of the old forests about them, that we give them entire.

HE.

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede,
That ye could not sustain
The thornie ways, the deep vallyes,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat—for, dry or wete,
We must lodge on the plain;
And us above, none other rofe,
But a brake bush or twayne;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And you would gladly then,
That I had to the green-wood gone
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Since I have here been partyner,
With you of joy and blisse;
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasure;
And shortly it is this:
That where ye be, it seemeth me,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech,
That we were soon agone;
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye gothither, ye must consider,
When ye have list to dine,
There shall no mete, for you to gete,
No drink, beere, ale, or wine;
No sheetes cleue, to lie betwene,
That's made of thread and twine!
None other house, but leaves and bowes,
To cover your head and mine.
Oh mine heart swete, this evil diete
Would make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Among the wild deer, such an archere,
As men say that ye be,
We may not fail of good victayle,
Where is so great plente;
And water cleere of the ryvere
Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele [health] I shall right wole
Endure, as ye shall see;
And ere I go, a bed or two
I can provide anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before ye must do more,
If ye will go with me,

As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night before daylight,
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it as shortly as ye can,
Else will I to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I shall, as now, do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of nede.
O my sweet mother! before all other
For you I have most drede.
But now adieu, I must pursue,
Where fortune doth me lede,
All this make ye—now let us flee,
The day coms fast upon;
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

After all this, he accuses her of being too ready to follow him; quotes the old proverb of "soonest hot soonest cold," and applies it to woman. She tells him that she is a baron's daughter, and that although he is but a "squire of low degree," and thus taunts her, she cannot but love him. He would almost provoke a saint, for he tells her that, after all, he has another woman in the forest, whom he loves better than her. She begs to be allowed to wait upon them both, for all that she desires is to be with him. At last he confesses that he is neither an outlaw nor a banished man, but the son of an earl, and that he will take her to Westmoreland, where his possessions lie; and so terminates the "Nut-Brown Maid"—a ballad teeming with beauty, simplicity, and true poetry.

These ballads, we are aware, are well known to many of our readers; but to some, and to the young especially, they may not be; and to all they will call up pleasant recollections.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your error.

Too much assertion gives ground of suspicion; truth and honesty have no need of loud protestations.

A man who has any good reason to believe in himself, never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him.

If you have any excellency, do not vainly endeavour to display it; let it be called into action accidentally, it will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

The common miseries of life give us less pain at their birth than during their formation, and the real day of sorrow is ever twenty-four hours sooner than others.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. XIII.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

A PRELIMINARY CHAPTER—THE PURCHASE.

THE long winter of 1836 was over, the tardy spring had at last unloosed her treasures of fragrance and beauty; the buds of the tacomahæ were swelling; the cedars, spruce, hemlock and pine were opening that rich dark gum so refreshing to the eye, weary with the eternal brightness and dazzle of the snow; the tender leaves of many a lowly forest bush and sapling were bursting from their winter cradles; sunbeams were glancing upon the pools of deep blue water, that lay within the ice bound bosom of the still frozen lake—thousands of wild fowl, ducks of all kinds, wild geese, swans, and loons were sporting on the cold bosom of the ice locked pools. The fish-hawk was there sailing in lofty circles above the careless grouse, the solitary heron winged its flight to some leafless branch that overhung the shore, there to wait and watch for its finny prey. There were sounds of life and joy that told of coming spring. The hollow drumming of the partridge, the tapping of the wood-pecker in the forest, and the soft oft repeated whispering note of the chickadee, were blended not inharmoniously with the breezy wind murmuring through the tufted boughs of the tall pine, making sweet melody and mingling its wailing cadences with

"The still sweet fall of waters far away."

But hark! there are other sounds wakening the lorn echoes of the woods, a sound of busy stirring life. The air is ringing with the dull sound of the axe, and soon the thundering fall of a forest tree meets the ear, and sends the wild fowl in screaming clouds from the surface of the water, but the echoes are once more silent, and again they re-assemble and drop with noisy splash into the pools scattering a cloud of spray from their widening wings.

The deep angry baying of a hound startles the herd of deer which had come down to drink of the gushing streamlet that tumultuously hurries over its stony bed from beneath the trailing branches of cedar and silvery birch, to pour its slender tribute of pure cold water to the lake.

All day the sounds went on; and shout, and song, and laughter, were heard. The blue thin

smoke curling through the opening trees, the broad flickering light of the log-fires seen from the open door of the log-huts, shows that the work of clearing has begun.

On the end of a week, a large opening had been made in the dense mass of forest trees fronting the lake, and many a noble pine, tough hemlock, and tall oak, had bowed its head and measured its length upon the ground, and divested of its boughs had been reduced to a pile of naked branchless logs, ready for the devouring flames, which were soon to be kindled in the heaps of brushwood that lay piled among them. In the midst of this desolation stood the choppers shanty, or shed of primitive form, an open space in front served for entrance; windows there were none; a few rough stones cemented with clay and lime raised against the logs formed a security against the fire that piled on the earthen floor, blazed on the rude hearth, and the smoke found ready outlet at the hole cut in the roof, a table of split cedar slabs, a bedstead of the same material covered with boughs and green moss; a rough deal shelf, containing a teapot, three or four tin cups and plates, formed the scanty furniture; while a pit dug in the centre of the floor and loosely covered slabs, was the store house, pantry, and cellar, which contained the homely viands on which these foresters fed.

A rapid stream wound its way among tall bushy hemlocks, and tangled cedars whose whitened bark and bleached roots reminded one of some patriarch silvered and furrowed with age, surrounded by youth and freshness. The gurgling of the ever flowing stream was pleasant to the ear, and the tufts of green cress-like emerald cushions adorning its bed, were refreshing to the eye at this early season, when the earth could boast of so little verdure, all its beauty lay wrapped up in gummy buds or buried beneath a carpet of decaying leaves, above which occasional patches of snow still might be noted, in deep hollows and shaded nooks. Beyond the new chopping a wide gap in the forest shows a clearing of older date, at the edge of which a decent log house may be seen. This lot has lately been purchased, and the new clearing made by the directions of the proprietor, to ensure the advantage of a lake view, a thing of small importance in the eyes of the original breaker of the bush, but of vast consequence to the present possessor, a newly arrived Englishman, who thinks much of his water privileges, and would care little for the land if deprived of the water. Already has his speculative mind, though as yet he has not seen his purchase, cleared that vast mass of forest

trees to the waters edge, and laid out the plan of village, with a church, tavern, mills, and stores. Street after street is rising and a population thronging them, and he walks exultingly, with proud step, regarded as the public benefactor of his adopted country, but we must pause ere we follow our newly arrived emigrant, for many long years are before him. As yet he has not even seen his purchase, it is to him indeed a chateau d'Espagne, it has all been arranged for him by a friend who knows the country and the advantages of the locality, and has inspired our sanguine friend with very exalted notions of a life in the woods. Our emigrant is sure that great things are to be done with very little means, he has read so, and heard so, and he is a man of a liberal way of thinking, an officer and a gentleman, yet prudent withal, and not extravagant, at least so he thinks, full of energy and hope, two excellent ingredients in the character of a Canadian settler, but he wants experience, and this can only be bought, too often very dearly. He is prepared to find things very different to what he has been accustomed to in the way of comforts and conveniences: he does not look for luxuries, he has resolved to be quite stoical as to the delicacies and refinements of life. Our emigrant will become a first-rate settler. He is married too, and brings with him a lovely little wife, as full of hope as himself. They are to lay the foundation of a perfect Arcadia, and to see a little world of their own framing rising up around them, the husband to be the patron and father of his people, the wife the lady Bountiful of the village. She will have an infant school, a Sunday school, and the Indians are to be made happy, domestic, civilized beings under her benign care. These were among the happy day-dreams with which the young bride comforted herself during the wearisome monotony of a voyage across the Atlantic.

The log-house and a block of wild land had been purchased by the lawyer who had acted as Capt. Hardy's agent. The situation was most eligible, on the banks of a wild and beautiful river, finely timbered. An inexhaustible quantity of pines, water-power for saw mills, lime-stone for building, and plenty of game to be had for the trouble of walking after it gun in hand. With fine hardwood land for farming purposes in the rear of the river lots, and all these advantages for *five dollars* an acre. The whole thing would be worth thousands in England, Scotland or Ireland—nothing could be more eligible.

The log house was represented as new and very good for a log house in the backwoods. The very novelty of the thing would give a charm to its

rudeness and primitive simplicity; beside they must not be over nice in a new colony. So argued Capt. Hardy and his young wife, with a look of unutterable affection, responded in the words of some nameless poet,

"Where e'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be."

She had left all for him to share in his hopes, and the fortune that he fondly thought to make in the new world out of the wreck of what remained to him from a small patrimony, which, overloaded with debts and heavy legacies, had to be sold to enable him to quit his native land a free and honorable man. A few hundreds in cash, his half pay, some elegant articles of home furniture, with a young, portionless, and highly educated wife, were all that Capt. Hardy had brought to his Lodge in the Wilderness.

CHAPTER II.

THE INCOMING—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The month of May was already far advanced, the snowy buds of the Trillium* were unfolding in the warm shelter of the woods, spring beauty† was almost gone, the pendant flowers of the elegant dog-tooth violet‡ had lost their freshness, the starry snow-flower§ lingered only in shady hollows, fairy fern¶ had begun to unravel her delicate pale green fronds, while the young leaves of bass, beech, and elm, with the tremulous aspen were "dancing in breezy mirth" in the warm and genial sunshine. The little creek goes singing merrily over its gravelly bed, and gurgling among the mossy roots of the old cedars that lean all askant across its light wavelets. There, where those silver bubbles rise, whirl round a minute, then hurry off with the swift current, rises a spring—a cold spring of pure delightful water—it swells out from below that hollow in the bank, and the projecting knots in the bleached roots of the birch that twines with the cedars, hides its source, but John Sullivan, the ragged honest looking Irish boy that comes whistling from the bark covered porch of the log house on the clearing, knows where to dip the old battered spoutless tin tea-pot that he carries in his hand for a drink, and long and deep is the draught that he imbibes of that deliciously cool water. John, it is better than all the fiery whiskey that ever was distilled, there is no folly nor crime in that pure Heaven-

given fluid. The boy still lingers for a few minutes to watch the blue beetles that are dancing in mazy whirls upon the eddy—to listen to the soft oft repeated note of the little bird that busily runs up and down the rifted bark of the cedar, and still calls its plaintive cry, chicadee, chicadee-dee, which John translates as he lies to his oxen, "Catch a baby, catch a baby," and wonders at the cunning bird, and still thinks of his baby brother that is sleeping so snugly in the wooden cradle at home. But why does John start and spring upon that big pine log beside him, and look towards the forest road, and hark, crashing over stones, and roots, and dry sticks, with heavy jolts, comes on a lumber waggon, and not far behind, another follows, slowly they emerge from the dense leafy screen of ever-greens, and John Sullivan shouts with excited voice aloud to Biddy Brennan who stands within the posts of the porch, looking with all her eyes and listening with all her ears, "that the master is coming at last." The master and the mistress so long looked for are at hand, and Biddy hurries within doors to sweep the hearth, rouse up the fire, warm though the day be, and hang on the kettle, while John saunters forward to meet the teams, and soon ascertains that the first instalments consist of the household furniture, and that the master and mistress are somewhere on the road.

Soon all was hurry and bustle within doors and without. The teamsters unyoking their weary cattle, and supplying them with hay and oats, while Johnie brings water from the creek, and Biddy all smiles and graces, welcomes the stranger.

"Sure thin, Mister Daly, Sir, and it's welcome ye are to the woods this blessed day." she began addressing the elder of the two men—but Mister Daly seemed by no means in a white satin humour, and passed into the house to the fire, when having duly lighted his short black pipe, he called for whiskey, drank the full of a tin mug, cast the last drops into the fire, as a libation to the fire-water spirit, and seating himself on a corner of the deal table, grumbled out, "Ten miles every inch of it, have we come since nine o'clock this morning, through roads that are not fit for christians to travel, and neither bite nor sup have we, or the beasts had, and 'tis now not far from four o'clock, I guess by the shadows.

"Come Mistress, stir yourself, and let's have some dinner."

"And sure didn't I put on the pratics, and hang on the kittle, when I hee'd the first rowl of the wheels," was Biddy's ready reply, "And where is the master and mistress, the craythurs? Haven't the boys and myself been wearyin'

* Trillium.

† Claytonia or spring beauty.

‡ Erythronium dog-tooth violet.

§ Hepatica, snow-flower.

¶ Adiantum, fairy fern.

ourselves with lookin' out for them day after day, till I got a regular heart-scald of it, lookin' at them black stumps, and fancyin' it was them coming all the time."

"Them black stumps is very desaving, Mistress Biddy," replied Tim O'Donahue the younger of the two teamsters, taking a cup of whiskey from the woman's hand with a good-humoured air; "Here's health and long life to you, Mistress Brennan, an easy death and a handsome buryin' to the old gintleman, yer husband."

"It's not yerself, thin, Tim Donahue, that would supply his place," retorted Biddy, giving her head a toss, "And so the mistress is coming; and what may she be like?"

"Indeed she's not like any of the folk that you seen lately, I warrant you," replied Tim. "She doesn't look fit for a life in the backwoods, that I can tell you. I am sure she knows nothing of work. Why her hands are as small and as white as a baby's, and she's dressed all in silks and velvets and feathers."

"You don't say so," ejaculated Biddy, "The craythur!"

"Her husband seems mighty tender over her!"

"Too tender by half," joined in the elder teamster. "For my part I was out of all patience with her whims, I only know what I would have done if she had been a wife of mine—"

"Sure, Mister Daly, and what would you have done?" asked Biddy, suspending the operation of pouring out the tea, and gazing upon the surly visaged speaker.

"I would have lifted her down, and set her on one of the big pine logs, by the road-side, in the bush, and there have left her to find her way home as best she might. Small loss he'd have had of her. She a settler's wife, indeed!" and he grinned savagely.

"Och, but the likes of ye are hard of heart, and she so delicate like, and dressed so fine, too, the craythur. It's a dissolute place for the likes of myself," whined Biddy, "these backwoods; where one doesn't see the face of a christian soul once in a month, I haven't been to a wake or a wedding this year and a half."

"Come, come, good mistress," interrupted Daly impatiently, "pour the water off them praties, and let me have my supper. We have the waggons to unload, and must back again to-night, I am as hungry as a half-starved wolf."

While the men were discussing their homely meal of fried pork, potatoes, and tea, John Sullivan with Biddy's son, Mike Brennan were engaged in unloading the waggons, and much they marvelled where stowage room was to be found in

the log-house for the furniture when it was unpacked.

"And what can this three cornered article be, all matted up so carefully," said Mike.

"Oh, that. Why that is the young woman's harp. She was in a great takin' for fear it should be hurt in any way. Set it aside carefully, Missus."

"And what can there be in this tin case, it feels monstrous heavy for its bulk," said John looking towards him.

"That is the chimbley glass," responded Tim, set it by carefully, for its worth pounds upon pounds. I am afeard there is never a room in the house that will fit it."

"Sure thin, can't it stand up foreninst the fire in the kitchen, Mister Tim, and won't it do nicely for Mike to shave by, and for the boys to look at thinselves in, when they come from the work at noon-time."

John Sullivan and Mike Brennan grinned at one another.

"And this box with the bright bands to it that shines as if it were gould," said Biddy, who had poked her fingers between the matting that enveloped the small mahogany brass bound chest.

"It's very heavy for its weight," said Tim, trying to lift it aside. The two boys tested its weight with looks of admiration.

"That's the plate chist," growled out old Daly.

"The best chaney, I suppose," said Biddy.

"Well, and if the old log-house won't be grandly fixed. The master will have to get the carpenter up to make shelves to set it all out on, or there won't be room in the cupboard for it to be seen to advantage."

"Nonsense woman, it's the gould and silver."

Biddy's eyes expanded to double their size, as she repeated "the silver and gould! Why Master Daly, you don't say the Master's fortin is in that box."

"Well, it's a fine thing to be rich, it's a thousand pities my man didn't ax twice the money for the land."

"Come, Missus, lend a hand with the piany," and Daly and Biddy, with an air of deep reverence, gave their assistance to lift the large case down from the waggon. "And is it the master or the mistress that plays the music?" she asked.

"The mistress, to be sure; sure he never plays on them things," said Tim. "I guess she won't have much time for the piany, when she has been a few years in the backwoods."

"Don't be picking at them parcels, missus," growled out Daly. "You had better be getting something ready for the master and mistress, for

they will be here in a little while. We left them a mile or two back in the swamp. The young woman didn't like the bad roads and the jolting of the waggon, and chose to walk; in course they'll be tired and hungry when they get here; you had better have a cup of tea ready."

Thus admonished, Biddy reluctantly left her post of inspector-general to clear up the hearth and get tea ready. The boys threw fresh logs on the fire—for though it was almost summer, the evenings were still chilly; and Biddy thought, and thought wisely, that nothing served to give a cheerful look to a room so well as the ruddy blaze of a log fire. Little was known in the remote settlements at that time of elegant parlor stoves, which have, even in the backwoods, now superseded the cheerful aspect and more invigorating warmth of the wood fire and spacious hearth. In those days consumptions and coughs were almost unknown, or of rare occurrence; but now you hear of them daily, but the colonists look for the cause to overheated, stove-heated sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, and return back to the open fire-place and healthy log-fire.

The evening sun threw the lengthened shadows of tall pines and caks athwart the clearing, brightening the tender tint of green on the newly sprung spring wheat that carpeted the virgin soil. The jangling of the cattle bell, as, freed from the yoke, they slowly took their path in single file towards the deep shade of the forest; the bleating of the calf and answering low of the cow, basting towards the little open pen in which it was kept—showed that the day was hastening to its close—the long Canadian spring day.

After Biddy had baked hot cakes, set the little round table out to the best advantage, burnished the tin teapot till it shone like *real* silver, placed the rocking-chair in the chimney corner for the lady of the house to occupy, and provided an old furred cushion for the ease and comfort of the master, nothing more remained to be done but to wonder what could keep the travellers so long on the road.

At length a shout from her boy Mike, who had taken his post like a sentinel crow on the top of a pine stump, proclaimed the welcome tidings that the master and mistress were at hand.

Heavily leaning on her husband's arm, evidently much fatigued, the future mistress of the log-house drew nigh; and greatly Biddy Brennan marvelled at the rich dress of purple satin and costly velvet mantilla and bonnet, the long veil and the delicate tinted gloves of the strange lady; and she came forward with her face radiant with

smiles—real genuine Irish smiles—to greet the strangers.

"Yer heartily welcome to the new place, my lady, and sure it's the good fire and the cup of strong tea, with the bit of cake and fresh butter, that has been waiting you this three hours past."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brennan. You are very kind to think of our comfort," graciously responded the weary traveller, looking as if she longed to be at rest in her new home.

"Many years may you live to enjoy your new clearance, yer honor," said the Irish woman, turning to Capt. Hardy, and holding out her hard work-worn hand, which an instinctive reverence for the delicate, pearl-tinted kid glove that covered the small fingers of her new mistress had restrained her from offering in token of cordial good-will to the lady. Capt. Hardy smiled good-humouredly, shook the brown hand heartily, and felt he had made a good beginning of a backwoodsman's life by not disdaining this transatlantic approach to equality and freedom in one so far beneath him.

Mrs. Hardy looked up curiously at the humble structure before her, choked down a rising tear as she crossed the threshold, and entered the apartment, which, in the present state of affairs, served alike for parlor and kitchen: two small bedrooms, partitioned off by half-seasoned rough boards, and a loft above—being the extent of the accommodations afforded in this Lodge of the Wilderness.

A single glance round the log-house, with its unplanned, uncarpeted floor, the rough-squared log walls and naked rafters, was sufficient to dispel all the preconceived notions of rustic felicity that she had fondly nursed, and, unable to bear up under the woful sense of the rude reality, Mrs. Hardy leaned her head on her hands and burst into tears.

"Sure then your Honor, my lady is tired with the long journey through them rough roads," said the compassionate Biddy, addressing Capt. Hardy.

"The heat of this great fire has overcome your mistress," he replied, as, advancing tenderly towards his young wife, Capt. Hardy loosened the strings of her bonnet and unclasped the collar of her mantilla, handing the bonnet and cloak to Biddy, who stood, with an air of astonishment, gazing on the fragile figure and delicate white hands, through the slender fingers of which the fast tears were dropping.

"And what shall I do wid thim, yer honor?" she said, holding out the velvet bonnet on her fist—"and where shall these go?"

"Anywhere, in the parlour for the present."

"The which?" Bidly knew nothing of parlors and drawing rooms.

"The parlour, my good woman," almost impatiently, retorted Captain Hardy.

"Bidly looked bewildered—"sure an is not the bedroom ye mean—but that is filled up with all them boxes and things that came in the waggon."

"Well, hang them in any of the closets, out of the dust anywhere."

"Sure then, here is a peg forment the pantry door, where Mick hangs his blanket coat, they'll hang over it and look grand."

A sickly smile of utter hopelessness passed over the tearful face of Mrs. Hardy, as she said, "P, ease hang them where you like, it matters not now. I will take a cup of tea, Mrs. Brennan."

The cup was filled, it was of course common delf, of ill-flavoured tea, that had been simmering on the hot coals till all the coarser particles had been extracted, and the decoction looked marvellously like tobacco water—this was sweetened with maple sugar; this uninviting, unrelishing beverage was swallowed with an effort, and the hot salaratus cake which Bidly, quite unconscious of the disgust of the fastidious female, to whom she offered it, without either plate or tray, was quietly laid aside untasted, a fresh burst of tears being her only answer to the officious hospitality of her hostess.

"Ellen, this is a poor beginning for a backwoodsman's wife" whispered her husband, bending over her and taking her small hand in his. "This is not a home fit for you—not such as you ought to have—but be of good cheer, for my sake, dry your tears. You shall have better shelter than this soon—and the building of the house shall be under our own superintendence. I have been much to blame in trusting to any one's report in this matter, I ought to have preceded you, and had a more comfortable dwelling got ready. I fear we shall be dreadfully crowded," and he then opened the doors of the two small adjoining rooms, and shook his head mournfully. "It is a miserable hut," he exclaimed, when he had completed the survey. "This is but a poor place, Mrs. Brennan," he said, addressing his hostess, whose smiles had vanished and given place to a sullen dogged look, as she began to comprehend the disparaging remarks upon the log house which, in her eyes, was a very commodious and highly respectable tenement, good enough for any gentleman, and almost too genteel for the likes of her husband and herself—who had but a few years before huddled together in a turf

cabin, shared equally with the pigs and the fowls. Bidly could hardly repress her indignation and astonishment, that any one could find fault with a log-house of three rooms, forbye the loft, and a porch in front, which served, as she expressed it, for a *back-kitchen*.

"Such pride," thought the indignant Bidly, as she removed the hardly tasted meal—and "thim quality to give themselves such airs,"—as she proceeded under Capt. Hardy's directions, and with his assistance to unpack a bed and some bedding—with sundry articles of furniture, for the bed chamber. The small room was soon crowded, and many things were obliged to be left unpacked. As to the furnishing of the parlour, Capt. Hardy with no small degree of chagrin, perceived that the room had yet to be built, and that when added to the present building, the rosewood, and mahogany, damask curtains, and Brussel's carpet, piano and harp, would be most decidedly out of place, and quite unsuitable to the sort of apartment it must necessarily be, and still more to the locality. Moreover, it had cost in carriage, duties and injury, nearly as large a sum as more suitable articles would have done, at prime cost, at the nearest Provincial town.

At length the bed having been put up—the weeping, weary, heart-sick child of refinement, laid down her aching head, and sobbed herself to sleep, and passed the first night in their Forest Home.

(To be continued.)

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

THE HORNED HORSE.

In Scotland, the male-servant of a country clergyman, known by the name of "the Minister's Man," used to be a person of some importance. One of these having rather an economical mistress, who grudged particularly the expense of candle light, John contrived at least to make his master sensible of the inconvenience of darkness. It happened one night that the minister, being sent for in a hurry by one of his parishioners, who was taken ill, John thought proper to saddle the cow instead of the horse. After proceeding a little way, the minister turned back, and called out rather angrily, that the horse had got horns. "If there has been a mistake made," answered John, "the mistress must be responsible, as she chooses to send me to the stable always in the dark."

There are few doors through which, liberality and good-humour will not find their way.

The heart is the mint of all who have no other wealth.

WHAT MUSHROOMS COST.

IN spite of never-ending talk about "perfidious Albion," the French cannot justly be reproached with being either a suspicious or a timid people. On the contrary, they often suffer, individually, from placing too much confidence in those who really deserve it not; and nationally, from having no sort of fear or forethought: but rashly rushing forwards into all sorts of messes and disasters, which are as visible as the course of the highway under your feet to every living creature except themselves.

In one point, however, they carry distrust and wariness far beyond a heroic, or even a reasonable point of caution. They are not particularly afraid of facing their enemies; but they are ridiculously fearful of touching a fungus. They will often give credit to a plausible stranger; but they will have nothing to do with any member of the cryptogamic class, of whose antecedents they are not fully cognizant, and for whose future proper behaviour they have not the most trustworthy guarantees. A pair of lovers would as soon shut themselves up in an air-tight chamber, with a dish of burning charcoal for their entertainment, as sit down to sup off a mess of mushrooms which their most trusty friend had gathered in a meadow. The fool-hardiness of those insular experimentalists in *Deccentrique Angleterre*, who feast themselves on inky toad-stools, cotton-woolly puff-balls, and leathery morels, is to them sufficient proof that, droll as we are, we are by no means deficient in courage. "Ketchup" is a British sauce, which many a Frenchman would label Poison; and it must be honestly confessed that we are not over-nice about the ingredients which enter it. Unless mushrooms can be warranted as garden produce, it is in vain to set them before a Gallic epicure. The mouth may water and the palate may smack—for it is in human nature to suffer temptation; but the head will shake a firm negative, and the lips will utter a decided "*Mercia!*" A wild agaric grilled ever so deliciously, bathed in butter and powdered with blended pepper and salt, would have less chance of being swallowed in a *restaurant* than the very strange things which we are told, are not strained at in such places at all. But if only educated in an authorised seminary, mushrooms, served as a side-dish, are forked up and devoured by ardent admirers before you have time to look at them twice.

We grow mushrooms in England, but on a much smaller scale. Any dark outhouse or convenient cellar, of tolerably equable temperature, will furnish a liberal supply; and they may be cultivated in the midst of the purest country air. Hollow spaces, something like shallow wine-bins, of any size that may be judged convenient, from a yard or two square

to larger dimensions, are made with boards upon the floor; or they may be disposed, one above the other, after the fashion of shelves, only leaving between them a space sufficient for the gardener to introduce his head and shoulders. These bins are then filled with animal manure, beaten down firmly with a mallet, and covered an inch or two thick with a layer of garden mould. The object of having a multitude of bins or beds, is to insure a successional supply of mushrooms. The bed is suffered to ferment for a while, without anything more being done to it; but when the heat is reduced to the warmth of milk from the cow (which may be known by thrusting a stick into the bed, and leaving it there for a few minutes before withdrawing it), morsels of what is known to nurserymen as mushroom spawn, about the size of a hen's egg, are stuck here and there in the coating of earth, which is again beaten down firmly and covered with straw. This spawn soon spreads itself through the mass of the bed, in the form of irregular filmy threads, much in the same way as a mouldy Sifton cheese increases in ripeness from day to day. The progress, however, of the spawn is very uncertain; sometimes it will lie dormant for weeks. Too much watering destroys the bed, while a certain degree of humidity is absolutely necessary. Symptoms at last become apparent that the capricious crop is about to burst forth into full bloom. The whole surface of the bed break out with a violent eruption of innumerable little white pimples, at first not bigger than pins' heads. It is actually seized with the mushroom-pox, which has been communicated to it by inoculation, or to coin a more correct word, by the act of *mycelation*. The pimples grow daily bigger and bigger. As you watch them, you see they are coming to a head; but instead of odious boils and blains, the result is what you find in Covent Garden Market, neatly packed in tempting punnets. A mushroom bed continues productive for a month or six weeks, or thereabouts, after which, you must make another. So far about mushrooms in England; let us now return to those across the water.

Amongst the celebrities of the town of Lille is a restaurateur who entertains *Au Rocher de Cancale*, at the favourite sign of "The Rock of Cancale." The real rock is a hump-backed lump jutting above the surface of the sea, not far from St. Malo, and just visible from the summit of the famous Mont St. Michel. Why a granite rock should be thus selected as the symbol of good living, is explained by the very general belief that the choicest oysters of the Channel hold their rendezvous, or general session, there. Accordingly the mere words, Rock of Cancale, are enough to make a gourmand's heart leap. But as a good deal more genuine Champagne wine is drunk than ever was grown in that historic province; so, if all

the oyster shells were gathered together, which have been opened as true and native *Cancules*, they would go a good way towards filling up the Gulf of St. Malo, if they were suddenly restored to their warranted home. There are hundreds of Cancule Rocks in France, all overhanging the same benevolent establishment, but I doubt whether there be one whose master has undergone more than him of Lille, in furtherance of his recreative heart. He merits, therefore, to be known by name; and I have little fear of giving offence, by recommending all whom it may concern to taste the good things of M. Puy, of the *Vieux Marché aux Poules*, or Old Chicken Market—which sometimes may have also served as a market for old chickens.

Everybody is aware that the *carte* of a *restaurant* contains a number of delicacies which are not to be had. They are not merely inserted to complete the number—like stuffed or painted supernumeraries on a provincial stage, or leather-backed blocks of wood in a choice but still deficient library. No! They are paraded with a refinement of art, to lash the appetite into a state of irrepresible keenness, so that what does come to hand at last, is devoured with as much esurient relish as if the eater had stood a seven months' siege, or had just returned from a voyage round the world. The knowing reader is also cognizant that there is something which a *restaurant* always has ready; which is often the very best thing you can get, the foundation-stone of the reputation of the house, and of which if you do not speak in terms of respect, you must not be surprised to be shown the door. You have seen a professor of legerdemain fool a grass-green spectator into the idea that he had chosen a card from the offered pack, when it was a Hobson's choice impudently forced upon him. In like manner, the *restaurant* waiter contrives, that while you fancy you are ordering a dinner—you being still in crassest ignorance—the very things for which the place is noted should be the prominent points of your impromptu feast. This is well, and I do not grumble at it, provided that the delicacy be not tripe. To avoid swallowing the dose, whatever it may happen to be, is quite a culinary impossibility. If the dish goes against the grain, the guest had better rush out of the house at once. One of the best cooks in France that I know, compels you to eat chitterlings (*andouillets*) and roasted lobster, if any are to be had within twenty miles round. That, however, is a species of martyrdom which will be quietly submitted to with a little practice.

At Puy's, somehow, you find before you fillet-of-beef steak, with mushroom sauce. Other things, to be sure, are there, all exceedingly good of their kind; but what between the merits of the *plat* and the insinuating influence which pervades the place, it would

not be easy to dine there often and refrain from the steak and its mushroom garnish. You sin, too, in the midst of a crowd. The gentleman on your left hand, nearest your table, acts like a spoiled child with a lump of plum-cake. He picks out the plums, or "buttons," one by one, and gobbles them up to the very last, leaving the vulgarer material, the every-day viand, to shift for itself, and be consumed or not, as appetite may allow. It is necessary now to make the statement that this interminable mushroom feast is entirely the result of skilful culture, under circumstances which may be designated as "very peculiar."

M. Puy is a man of energy. At Lezennes, a village a little to the south-east of Lille, he has a garden which produces an abundance of dainties. Tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, and all sorts of forced vegetables start from the earth as if they were escaping for their life. They find a refuge under glass, when the open air gives them too cold a reception. But it is useless to look for mushrooms there. And yet they are nearer than you might imagine.

Besides his garden and his fields above-ground, M. Puy is lord of a subterranean realm. Other potentates have found their dominions so vast and straggling, as to become in the end unwieldy and dangerous. Exactly such is the fact with M. Puy. Suppose, to bring the case home to yourself, that any kind benefactor were to bequeath to you as an inheritance, the Catacombs of Paris. Pray what would you do with them, sir? M. Puy has the catacombs, or *carrieres* of Lezennes, and he applies them to mushroom growing on a large scale. Permission granted, they are curious to see; but—and I now write in serious warning—if you do go to see, Beware! Do not dare to visit them after a champagne luncheon, nor in company with people who like to play the fool, and who mistake bravado for wit and spirit.

You are conducted to a village inn, to which inn belongs a cellar. In the side of the cellar is a little door, through which you descend by wooden steps to the caverns below. The depth is nothing, and varies scarcely at all; you are only six and thirty feet beneath the surface. You are furnished with a little hand-lamp, and a guide of course accompanies you. There can be no harm or cowardice in requesting one or two others to join the party; and the man who should resolve never to enter these underground quarries without a store of lucifers and wax-lights in one pocket and of biscuits in the other, ought not to be set down as either a fool or a poltroon. I am ashamed to confess to having thrust myself into what might easily prove a fatal dungeon, without the least precaution of the kind.

The spot to which you first descend is the centre of a series of irregular ramifications,

extending hither and thither beneath the earth, running off to the right and left, interlacing and starting away afresh for four or five leagues, no one knows whither, and is not a bit too anxious to ascertain. They are three or four yards wide on the average, and about as many high, cut through the soft limestone rock (which now and then falls in, in places), but are really quite of irregular dimensions, sometimes so low and so narrow as only to allow the passage of a single person. There are cross-ways, branching roads, and blind alleys leading to nothing. As far as the mushroom culture is carried on, a very considerable extent of cavern, there are now and then (rarely) gratings to the upper air, through which the necessary manure is let down, and also serving as ventilators, without which the workmen could not continue their labors. Beyond the mushrooms not a ray of light enters; but even amongst them, and with a light, I should be sorry to be strayed and left to find my way back again in the course of four-and-twenty hours.

Instead of any bins, or shelves, the mushrooms here are grown on ridges about a couple of feet high, and of the same breadth at foot, containing manure and covered with earth flattened close by the back of the spade, like miniature ridges for the preservation of beet-root. No straw is used to cover them, nor is needful in such an invariable condition of moisture, atmosphere, and darkness. They follow the windings, and run along the course of the caverns, which are made to contain one, two, or three ridges, according to their breadth of floor, leaving a convenient pathway between each ridge, for the laborers to walk and gather the produce. At the time of my visit, the growth was slack; I had been told beforehand there were no mushrooms; but I found ridges in all the intermediate states between the first pimply symptoms of the mushroom-pox, to full-sized buttons as big as crown-pieces. Other ridges, again, were exhausted; and were soon to be removed, to be replaced by fresh material for the generation of fungi. Only a small proportion of the crop is consumed in the *restaurant*, although the demand there must be to no trifling amount; the bulk is sent off to distant towns, and is even purchased by "the stranger."

Seven or eight men are constantly employed in mushroom growing in the *carrieres*. They receive higher wages than their friends above ground, and they well deserve every *sou* they earn. "But," said a daylight-er who walked by my side, "I like sunshine, monsieur; so I stick to the garden, though I don't get quite so much pay as they do." The ruddy bronzed complexion of the speaker contrasted strangely with the waxy pallid face of our guide; and delicate ladies ought to know how good it is for the health to be well tanned in the sun-beams at least once or twice a year. The men

work twelve hours a day; consequently, in winter they never see sunlight, except on Sundays and fete-days, which they have to themselves. They are more subject to illness than field-labourers are, not only in consequence of losing the stimulus which light affords to the constitution, but also from chills, and the imperfect ventilation of the place and the gases emitted by the fermenting dung intermingled with those from the sprouting mushrooms.

On the 10th of January, 1847, M. Puy entered his caverns, to plan the arrangement of his future crop. He went on and on, thinking of business, without discovering that he had lost his way. On attempting to return, he found that he was traversing paths hitherto unknown to him. Sometimes he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees, to proceed in what he believed the right direction, but still he could not hit upon any beaten and recognizable portion of the interminable grotto. At last his light went out, and further progress, any way, if not impossible, was perfectly useless. He sat down, determined to wait, knowing that he should be missed, and that search would be made for him. It was the wisest, in fact the only thing he could do.

There he remained in the dark all night, seated on the floor of the cavern, he knew not where. Next morning, Madame Puy, his mother—for M. Puy is still a single man—finding that he did not return home to Lille to sleep as usual, felt sure that he had wandered too far in the *carrieres*. Madame Puy is still living, and in health, but she well remembers that day, and those which followed it. She immediately called upon her friends and neighbors to assist the workpeople in making a search. They readily answered to the appeal, incurring to themselves no slight danger. The man who guided me through the mushroom beds, in his zeal to find his missing master lost himself for thirteen hours, although well provided with lights.

Another day elapsed, and no M. Puy. The whole population of Lille was filled with anxiety. The authorities were called upon to lend their aid. The troops were ordered down into the caverns. Drums were beaten, and guns were fired; but it is singular, that, in those horrid recesses, the most powerful sounds make but little way. *Douaniers*, or customs-men, were sent for from the frontier, bringing with them their powerful, keen-scented, and well-trained dogs. But instead of the dogs finding M. Puy, they themselves narrowly escaped being lost. One magnificent brute got so completely strayed, that he must have perished had he not been at last discovered. Parties tied one end of various balls of string to frequented portions of the cavern, and then went forward in opposite directions, unrolling them as they proceeded, in the hope that the lost man

might stumble upon the clue. Others penetrated as far as they dared, bearing with them bundles of straw, a single one of which they laid on the ground, at short intervals, with the head or ear pointing the way to go in order to escape from this den of horrors. No fear there that the wind, or an animal, or a human passenger, should disturb so slight and frail an index! Everything, in short, was done that courage and friendship could suggest; but for three days the benevolent hunt was fruitless.

After M. Puy had disappeared for three whole days, he was found at last by a bold young man, in the place where he had determined to remain till sought for. The spot is just under a mill in the neighbouring village, and is a long way from the point of starting. His first inquiry was, how long he had been there? for he had no means of measuring the lapse of time. He was astonished to learn that three days had been passed in that lone concealment, without either food or drink. It was well for him, perhaps, that he was obliged to remain in that state of ignorance. As the hour of his deliverance became more and more delayed, he might otherwise have fallen into a fatal despair. As it was, in spite of every care, six months elapsed before he recovered from the consequent illness; and it was probably at least a twelvemonth before he was exactly himself again.

This, then, is the cost of Mushrooms in France in consequence of people refusing to eat wild ones, even if gathered by persons competent to distinguish the wholesome from the poisonous kinds; namely, the constant deterioration of health, and the occasional risk of life, on the part of those whose profession it is to cultivate them.

THE MAGNITUDE OF LONDON.

Magnitude is the distinguishing characteristic of London, as grandeur of natural position and scenery that of Naples—beauty, that of Florence—moral interest, that of Rome—shops, plate-glass, splendor, that of Paris. But in no other city does the peculiar characteristic of a place so force itself upon one's notice as in London. There you are reminded of magnitude whichever way you turn. You become presently insensible to the beauty of Florence, to the shops of Paris, to the moral glory of Rome, but you never forget for one single moment how big London is, how multitudinous its population. When you find, after spending your first week, or more than that, in doing nothing else than scouring the capital from end to end, in order to catch some general notion of the place, that you are as much a stranger as when you began your travels—that though you have gone so far you have made no progress—though you have seen so much, you know and can remember

nothing—that the city is still as new and unsoiled as ever—you receive a very lively, and even painful impression of its enormous size. Everything else is subordinate to size. Churches are nothing. You pass St. Paul's, and give it only a careless look. Columns and statues, Nelson's and the Duke of York's pillar, even Punch's Duke, you overlook. Magnitude alone interests. This not only interests, it astonishes, absorbs, appals you; annihilates every other feeling. Queens, Lords, and Commons, are nothing by the side of this immeasurable vastness. As a stranger, this is the first topic of conversation, and its interest never flags. Yet it is not you, after all, who are so much interested by this size, as the Londoner himself, who is proud of it, and forces the subject upon you. His topics are not of art, pictures, and statues, books, literature—they are not so much to his taste; but of London, its streets, squares, and parks; its extent, the masses always abroad, the crowds in the streets—the number of miles around it, its growth, even at present, like that of New Orleans or San Francisco; the countless omnibuses, the packing and tangling of carriages and other vehicles, fifty times in a day, where Farringdon Street crosses over to Blackfriars' Bridge, and the admirable police for keeping all these masses in order. In the presence of London, it is just as it would be should you meet a man fifty feet high, and of a weight proportionable. You would be in a state of perpetual astonishment. You feel, moreover, as if your individuality were swallowed up, lost, in the enormous mass; as, in the system of the Pantheist, souls are in the divine substance.

WIN AND WEAR.

There's no royal road to greatness,
Men must ever *climb to fame*;
All the wealth in misers' coffers
Wouldn't buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements dare
Brother, then, be up and doing,—
Brother, you must "Win and Wear."

Toil and labour,—never stopping
Till you make the prize your own;
For you know, 'tis "constant dropping
Wears away the hardest stone."
Never slack sublime endeavor,
Nor 'midst cheerless toil despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
Brother! you must "Win and Wear."

'Tis the lesson Nature teaches
All throughout her wide domain;
And the text from which she preaches,
Is "that labour leads to gain."
Moral worth, and honest merit,—
Brighter crowns than monarchs bear,—
These you never can inherit,—
Brother! these you "Win to Wear."

A BATTLE FOR LIFE AND DEATH.*

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

III.—THE RUN FOR LIFE.

THE cottage of the poacher stood on the outskirts of the little village at which our story opened. A common lay behind it, out of which the old poacher had cut a temporary garden, but he was liable to be dislodged from the place any day by the lord of the manor, who was a non-resident. The hut itself was of the rudest description—its walls were of mud and turf, mixed with furze gathered from the common. The roof was thatched with bulrushes and sedges drawn from a neighbouring slimy pool. Through the walls, and through the roof, the wind blew in gusts when the weather was stormy, and in wet days and nights the rain trickled down through the roof and gathered into little pools on the clay floor. The place was scarcely big enough: to swing a cat in. In the driest bit, raised on stones, over which some old boards were laid, a kind of rude couch had been erected, where lay a straw bed covered with what might once have been blankets, but now looked very like old rags. Two logs of wood served as seats—table there was none; an old kettle, and a few bits of dishes completed the furniture. Some wood burned in the rude fireplace, the smoke of which half filled the hut, the remainder struggling up the mud chimney, or through the numerous crevices in the roof. Such was the wretched house to which the poacher returned on his liberation from gaol. No wonder the old man should hold so loosely to a society which had brought him to a home like this. The homeless are rarely good subjects—generally they belong to the “dangerous classes,” but it is too often society’s own fault that they are so.

This wretched dwelling had another occupant besides the poacher himself—a woman! She was his wife—had shared his early prosperity, and now shared the wretchedness of his old age. Kingsley has painted that poor woman’s life in these graphic lines in his “*Yeast* :”—

I am long past wailing and whining—
I have wept too much in my life;
I’ve had twenty years of pining—
An English labourer’s wife.

A labourer in Christian England.
Where they cant of a Saviour’s name,
And yet waste men’s lives like the vermin’s
For a few more brace of game.

There’s blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
There’s blood on your pointers’ feet;
There’s blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there’s blood on the game you eat!

You have sold the labouring man, squire,
Body and soul to shame;
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

How she had lived through it all, heaven knows! Her two daughters had gone into service somewhere in London, but she had heard from them rarely. What could they do for her? They had little to spare for her wants, and their own hardships were almost enough for them. Her

one son—ah! what a dark history attached to him, and how his mother’s heart had been wrung by his fate! Her son had been sent beyond the seas—a convict—in the company of convicts. He, like his father, had been a poacher. A strong, athletic youth, he formed one of a band of poachers associated for mutual defence. In one of their midnight maraudings, they were assailed by a body of game-keepers; a fight took place, in which young Crouch was a prominent actor. The keepers were beaten off, and one of their number was left on the field for dead. Young Crouch was apprehended after a severe contest with the police; he was tried, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. But Crouch, always bold and daring, had not remained long at Sydney. Somehow or other, he managed to escape into the bush, and afterwards got on board an American ship off the coast of Gippsland, in which he worked his passage before the mast to the United States. He had written home to his old and solitary parents, and they had just read his letter when we venture in upon him.

“It might ha’ been worse,” said old Joe. “The lad will do well yet. He’s got the right stuff in him, has Bill.”

“God bless him,” said the woman! “How I pine to see him again before I die. He was aye a good and dutiful boy, though a venturesome one. But what was the poor lad to do, but seek for a bit of bread in the way his neighbours did?”

“Ay, it’s a hard life we have led, Kitty, and thou hast suffered more than either he or I ha’ done. It’s but a black, raw hole, this I’ve put you in,” casting his eyes about the hut; “but it’s all that was left, and even from this we are bound to go. The squire’s just come home, and I bin told the old place is to be torn down over our old heads unless we decamp. Where to go next? Into the workhouse?”

“Nay, Heaven forbid,” said the woman, “we’ve lived together all through; and it isn’t the overseer that’ll part us now.”

“So be it,” said Joe; “but we’re gettin’ old. My blood is growing thin, and my back stiff. Even poaching won’t keep us alive now. What say you to Bill’s offer—to pay our passage out. Would you go?”

“Ay, indeed! To look on him again I’d go on my knees, if strength were left me, over half the earth. I’ll go, indeed I will. What is there to keep us here? Do you know how I lived, Joe, while you were in *the place*? Why, I clemmed, I scarcely lived—I starved! What is there to keep either you or me here, Joe?”

“For me,” answered old Joe, “I’m an old wreck—battered to a hulk,—but I’ll go! And it’ll be the happiest day I have seen for a long time, the day that sees me out of this cursed land, where honest men have no chance against lords, and where we’re badgered and baited by them police and keepers, bailiffs, overseers, and attorneys, on whichever hand we turn. Hear again what Bill says in this letter of his:—

“A man has a fair chance here. Even the poor man may be rich if he will work. There is room for all—wide plains and rich valleys, but they are yet solitudes for want of men. It needs not wealth to secure a footing here, but willing hands and a stout back. There are no huge

* Continued from page 331, vol. 3—concluded.

landlords, half-a-dozen of them owning a country and keeping the labourers serfs, as at home; but the tillers of the soil are its owners too, and the land is open to tens of thousands more, would they but come. The earth seems to call out, 'Till me, put the seed into me, and the harvest will be great.' There are no poor, no starving, no poachers, no gamekeepers; the wild animals are free to all men, and man himself is free. It is a glorious land, fresh as it came from the hand of God, yet uncursed by man's selfish laws; still young, hopeful, vigorous, and thriving. Come here, then, and under your son's roof spend your old age in peace, and in such comfort as I can provide for you."

"Well, now, Kitty, it's a settled point—who could stand that? He knew we must go—that we couldn't stay here and he wishing us to join him. But we'll be of little use in that great new land of his. Our hair is gray, and our hands grown feeble. Yet our failing years may be made smooth and easy, compared with the miserable times we have seen."

"He was eye a good-hearted lad, was Bill. And this bit of brass he has sent will keep the wolf from the door for a bit, till he comes for us as he speaks of."

"I'd rather he didn't come," said Joe; he's in danger here, and might be nabbed. I wonder he didn't think of that."

"What do you mean?" asked the wife, with a face of anxiety.

"He's an escaped convict, and if the police laid hold on him, he'd be sent to Norfolk Island; and his home in America would never see him more. I'd rather we set out now, and run all risks, winter though it be."

But it was not to be so. The funds which had been sent to the old couple would not suffice to pay their passage to America, so they were under the necessity of awaiting their son's promised visit with what patience they could.

Months passed; and long they seemed to those who waited. Long days and long nights. The weary hours were weighted with misery, through which hope but faintly gleamed. The very minutes had each one of them their separate sorrow and privation—privation of clothing, privation of warmth, privation of food. That pallid, wrinkled, worn-out couple, why should they live, if only to endure? Indeed they desired not life; only the hope of seeing their son buoyed them up. "When will he come," they asked of each other, until they became weary of devising an answer. "Oh! would that he were here," said the mother, "Would that I saw his face again—my own son!"

The poor couple managed, however to live. Though the old man had lost his gun, which had been seized and carried off in his last midnight struggle, he could still spring a bird or hare as deftly as any poacher about the village. Nor were friendly neighbours wanting, though these were of the very poorest—most of them of old Joe's own outlawed class, as familiar with the inside of a county gaol as with that of their own wretched huts. But the poor have a sympathy with each other which the rich know little of; they help each other across many gaps, are always ready with a handful of meal, or a hunch

of bread, or a spare blanket, when all other means fail. So old Joe and his wife managed to live, though they avoided exposing their privations to their equally poor neighbours. Knowing what these other poor people suffered, the old pair would rather suffer on patiently than increase the privations of others less able to bear them.

One evening towards the end of winter, or rather at the beginning of spring,—for the buds were already bursting into green leaves—a third person was seated in the hut, on the edge of the miserable bed in the corner—the choice place in the chamber.

"God help you," said Bill, for it was he,— "what you must have suffered through these long years! And that you should have come to this! Oh mother! it's a sad coming home!"

"Ah lad!" said she, "the worst's over; for you are with us, and we go with you now to that great new land of yours, where we shall henceforth live together, till we lay down our heads in peace—your poor old father and me."

"I'm good for naught," said Joe; "but I'd like to do an honest stroke of work on your own farm, Bill' before I die."

"And that you shall, father!" said Bill, dashing a tear off his cheek; "you shall have the best, and if my log-house is not a palace, it is at least an honest man's home. You shall be a farmer once more, and your own master—with no screwing landlord, nor tyrannical agent to oppress you, and eat up your crops with the vermin which they make poor farmers keep here for their pleasure and sport."

"And it is really all as you said in that letter of yours, about the new land? Are there no landlords, nor game-keepers, nor rural police there?"

"None," said Bill, his eye brightening. "What I said was all true, every word of it. The land there is the people's who till it. The working men of America are the owners of its soil. They reap its fruits, and enjoy them too. As for game, pshaw! there's better means of living than that—no need for poaching for a livelihood, I assure you. But you shall see! You shall share my home and my land. Not another day shall you stay here—to-morrow morning we all set out together for the Free Land!"

A rush at the frail door of the hut here startled the party, and Bill sprang from the bed on which he was seated. He remembered on the instant that in England he was not free.

Two men burst into the hut—they were police.

"You are my prisoner," said one of them, advancing towards the young man. "Yield yourself up peaceably, and go with me."

"Hold off!" said Bill; stand back! I am no prisoner of yours; nor shall I be, while life's in me."

The policeman drew from his pocket a pistol, which he cocked, and advanced presenting it at the prisoner. The mother, feeble though she might be, was quick to perceive this movement, and sprang upon the policeman with a suddenness that took him off his guard; she dashed the pistol up, and it harmlessly exploded, sending the bullet through the shingle roof. The youth at the same instant rushed at him, and dashed him prostrate to the earth.

Meanwhile the old man, who felt all the fierce vigour of his youth renewed at this sudden invasion of his household, had seized a cudgel and rushed upon the second policeman, who vainly endeavoured to ward off with his baton the blows aimed at him by the old poacher. He thus defended himself, retreating, but an inequality on the floor caught his heel, and pushed vigorously at the same time by Joe; he lost his balance, on which the old man's hand was in an instant at his throat.

"Hold him fast," cried Bill, "but don't hurt him; they are our prisoners, and must be so for the night. You must submit, men, to a little overhauling now; but no resistance, no noise,—else—"

Proceeding to explore the men's pockets, Bill took from each a pair of stout handcuffs, intended for his own and his father's wrists, in the event of the latter making resistance, and in a trice had the policeman securely fastened, so far as their hands were concerned.

Now for ropes," said Bill. "Out with them, mother."

"There's no such thing about the house, lad: nothing of the sort."

"There's the old nets," said Joe, "I'll warrant they'll do; and I guess we have no use for them now."

"The very thing!" said Bill; "let's harness them with the old poacher's nets, by all means; they may wear them for trophies, and carry them back to the enemy's camp, as warriors do the colours they have taken!"

The old nets were at once brought from underneath the truss of straw on the rude bed, were twisted into the form of ropes, and bound tightly round the prisoners' legs. They were then lashed back to back; a bit of the rag which formed the bed-coverlet was wrapped round each of their mouths, and the job was finished—the prisoners were secure.

"Now," said Bill, "you're safe for the night. You thought to take me, did you? But no! I'm free still, and will be so—though not in this cursed land. No! In another! with a wide sea between; God be thanked! Farewell, men; I bear no ill-will to you. You but tried to do the work you are paid for doing; though the work's dirty—faugh! But we'll take care you're seen to; you'll be sought up in time to-morrow; You'll have only one night of the fare which this old couple have had for years. Now, father and mother, let's be off!"

The old beggared pair had nothing to carry with them—no money, no clothes, save what they wore, no furniture—not even any of those kindly memories which usually cling even about a poor man's home. They carried with them nothing but the memory of hardship and sorrow!

So they went, not venturing one single look back. They turned their faces across the bleak moor, towards a star which shone bright in the west, the herald, it might be, of a brighter day. The world was again before this old pair, but hope strode by their side, and better days, aged and bankrupt though they were, might yet dawn upon them.

As they crossed the covert, to reach the lane, which skirted its further side, the partridge flew

from his nest and the hare skipped from his seat; but the old poacher turned not his head to notice them. He had done with all that. His face was towards the wind, which blew from the west.

"An hour will bring us to Tipton," said the old man, "where I know a friend, who, like me, has seen better days, and he will give us a lift on with his cart to the nearest station."

So they plodded on through the dark night—dark, but brighter far than the nights of many past years had been to them.

We return for a moment to the two men left pinned together on the floor of the hut. By dint of wriggling, they succeeded in working their mouths above the cloths which had been bound, not very tightly, about their faces; but all attempts to free their hands and feet proved unavailing. The poacher and his son had so effectually wrapped and tied them about with the nets, that they lay fixed there as in a vice. They could only moan and long eagerly for the return of the daylight. The grey dawn at length struggled through the window-hole and under the door of the hut, revealing to them its bare clay walls, through whose crannies the light also here and there peeped. The fire had now burnt down to the embers, and cold gusts of wind blew the ashes about the floor.

"A horrid dog-hole this," said one of the men, speaking in a muffled tone. "A horrid dog-hole to spend a night in."

"Ay, it is," said the other, "but those beggars who have left it, have lived here for years!"

"Served 'em right, they deserved no better. That old scoundrel was the most desperate poacher in the county. I wish we had taken that son of his—it would have been a feather in our cap."

"Better as it is perhaps!"

"What do you say?"

"Why, I mean it's better he's gone, and taken that old poacher with him. Depend upon't, the country will see no more of the lot. They're clean off!"

"But we'll raise the hue and cry agen 'em; they've not escaped as yet, by—"

"For my part, I don't see the good of keeping such a lot amongst us. They only breed poachers and paupers amongst us. Besides, what can they turn to but poaching?"

"We've naught to do wi' that. They must be taken, and punished—"

"If they can be caught that's to say. Hallo!"

A step was heard passing the hut. The men shouted again; and a labourer, with a mattock on his shoulder, approached the door, pushed it open, and looked in.

"What, Joe, what's wrong? What's the matter?"

"Joe, indeed! There's no Joe here. Come and undo these abominable nets."

"What! Is this thee, Muffles? Police! Why, what art thou doing in the poacher's nets? Has old Joe sprung thee? A clever fellow is old Joe!"

"Off with them! Quick! No parleying!—there! now. I feel a little more easy, but my arms and legs are like lead, and as cold as ice! This confounded poacher's dog-hole!"

The men were now on their feet, but could scarcely stand through the numbness of their

limbs. They rubbed and stretched themselves, the labourer looking on them open-mouthed, with pretended obtuse gravity, and asking questions to which the policemen however deigned no reply. They moved to the door.

"What! no thanks?" said the man. Not sulky, I hope? I done my best, ye know, to let you out of limbo."

"Well, thank you then, if that's what you want. But I'm mistaken if you don't know as well about this business as we do; it's nothing but a conspiracy—you are all alike in league against law and justice; and see if you haven't to answer yet before the justices for your share in this night's work."

"Humph!" said the labourer, turning away, "I almost wish I had left them to dinner and supper in the hut. They richly deserved another twenty-four hours in the poacher's dog-hole."

IV.—THE VOYAGE AND THE LANDING.

The emigrants got safe on board, and a fair wind carried them out of the Mersey and away to sea.

It was evening: and the decks were full of passengers, gazing towards the land, which was still in sight. To many it was the last glimpse of Old England which they were destined to enjoy. Their looks lingered about the dear old land,—the home of their childhood, the country of their birth, the land of their fathers. There were few on board who did not feel a thrill through their frame, as they thought of that glorious old-mother-country cruel step-mother though she had been to many of them. They were flying from the shores that they loved, towards the unreclaimed wilds of the Far West, across a wide ocean, to find that bountiful subsistence which their own land had denied them. This was but one of a thousand ships steering across that stormy ocean, freighted with the life-blood of the old country; for it is not lords and princes which make a land rich and powerful, but hard-working, industrious men; and it was with this class that these emigrant ships were chiefly laden.

They continued to gaze towards the land, which was now fast receding from their sight. The sun still shone upon the Welsh hills, and tipped them with his golden radiance. The ship's bulwarks were crowded on the side next the shore, and men and women looked their last at the old country. Families stood in groups, whispering to each other,—some sobbing and weeping, others gazing in sad and sorrowful silence. One group contained a manly youth and his mother, whose widow's weeds told of her recent bereavement, and the children who stood round her showed that their appeal for life in a land of plenty, now that their bread-winner had been taken from them, had not been in vain. There were many young couples there, obviously not long married; some with an infant at the breast as their only charge, others with a small group of little children about them. In the case of others, the union had been still more recent; they had married and embarked. Emigration was their first step in life, and a voyage across the Atlantic their venturous wedding-trip. There were many young men there,—mechanics, ploughmen, labourers, blacksmiths,

all bronzed with the hue of labour; these men were of the kind that forms the true stamina of a nation,—hard-working men, thoughtful and foreseeing, who did not shrink from braving perils, storms, and hardships, for the sake of ultimate good and eventual well-being. Among them stood old Joe the poacher, his aged wife, and their son, who led them on the way towards the land of his adoption.

"You take it sore to heart," said Joe, in a sympathizing tone of voice, addressing the widow, "cheer up, better times are coming for you and all of us!"

"Ah sad, indeed! And isn't it a sad thing to leave the land that has bred and nursed us?"

"Not so very sad if the nursing has been starvation," said Joe.

"Ah!" said she, "you speak bitterly; perhaps you have cause. For myself it is like tearing my very life from me to leave England; for I was born there, was kindly nursed there, bore my children there, listened to Sabbath bells there, and alas! I have left the dear partner of my married life under the green sod there?"

"But you have joys in store still," said Bill; "in the country whither you are going, the future of these fine fellows about you will be a bright one."

"It is the hope of that alone which has led me thus far; I thought of them, and consented to go. It was a sad struggle; but I must not look back now."

"Right!" said Bill. Look forward, and with hope. America is wide enough for all the dispossessed of Britain and Europe. Her lands are rich enough to feed the starved of all nations. See! there is a group who seem to owe little love to the land they are leaving behind them!"

It was a group of Irish emigrants,—the lines of hunger traced deep in their cheeks. They were miserably clad,—a few of them wore the tattered great-coat, which seems almost to form the national uniform of the country, and their shapeless hats were many of them shorn of the rim, or patched, so that the original form had entirely disappeared.

"Yet those wretched-looking fellows make our best and most industrious emigrants," continued he. "In a few years, these men will have exchanged the look of the slave for that of the free man. They will have saved money and bought land, besides paying the passage of ever so many of their relations, old and young, from Ireland to America, who thrive and get on like the rest, but never give up their burning hatred of the oppression and cruelty which has driven them from their own country."

"Why, for that matter," said Joe, "there are thousands now going from England, who carry out no other freight than hatred to the old country, which has hunted them forth from it. What do I owe to the men who ruined me, who drove me to poaching, made my wife a beggar, and my son a —"

"Hold, father!" said Bill, "let bygones be bygones. Settling in a new country is like a new leaf turned over in a man's life,—let's say no more of the previous ones. But the land is now out of sight, and it grows dark and cold. Let's below!"

The ship sailed on; the little specks of light upon the rocks and headlands along the English coast, came out in the dark one by one, but these too, disappeared, and there was nothing but the crowded emigrant-ship and the wide waste of waters on every side.

Morning came, and now might be seen the Irish emigrants peering into the northwest, whereabouts dear Old Ireland lay. They hailed it by the most loving names; all day the shore was seen on the lee-bow, like a low-lying cloud,—the outlines of the land but faintly visible. Still it was Ireland,—dear old Ireland,—the Green Island—the land that had starved and begged those men and women who had loved it so, and whose hearts clung about it still! The country that had scourged them, dishoused them, driven them forth as outcasts, and which yet they loved! The old women sat rocking themselves to and fro, with their faces towards the land; the girls uttered loud laments; the men wept. One Irish girl there was, of about fourteen, who was alone on board,—she seemed the most indifferent of the party. Her relations are all in America,—she was the last of the family that had been sent for; and now, her passage paid by her brother, who had sent home the funds, she looked forward with joy to the new land. Ireland was nothing to her. She had no kindly memories clinging about it. Ireland had been only sorrow, disaster, and privation of friends to her. All her hopes and joys lay across the wide ocean.

"But Ireland, too, faded from the sight, and now the emigrant-ship was "alone, all alone on the boundless sea."

Dull and wearisome, indeed, passed those long six weeks upon the ocean. Adverse winds, then calms, then a storm, then a favourable breeze, then a calm again. The crowded uncomfortable steerage; the wet decks; the sickening roll of the ship; the unsavoury, ill-cooked victuals; the same round of faces, some complaining, many melancholy, a few merry and sad by turns, but all at length tiresome. Bilge-water, hard biscuit, musty flour, bad coffee, hard hammocks, nausea, foul air, dead timber, tarred ropes, wind, and wet—the emigrant must brave all these horrors, and suffer them, before he can reach his far-off home across the deep.

But there are dangers greater even than these to be encountered by our emigrants,—the perils of the storm raging off a rock-bound shore! One day, about noon, the wind began to freshen, it gradually increased to a gale, and the night closed in black and stormy. The wind howled as it blew through the rigging; the vessel heaved and pitched in the trough of the sea, and then went careering over the summits of the uplifted billows. Occasionally a wave would break against the ship, and make it shiver through all its timbers. But the labouring vessel gallantly recovered herself, and on she went, plunging through the fierce waters.

The morning dawned; the weather was still dark and rough, and no solar observation could be taken. The captain believed himself to be somewhere off the main-land of America, nearing the coast of Nova Scotia; but he had lost reckoning, and all that he could do was to keep the ship before the wind, under double reefed top-sails.

While he was pacing the deck in great anxiety, the look-out man on the mast-head cried out, "Breakers a-head!" "Where away?" "On the lee-bow!" Those who still dared to brave the storm on deck, among whom was our old friend the poacher and his son, could see through the gloom the line of white breakers-a-head, stretching away right and left. There was but little time to tack, and, indeed, it was scarcely possible in such a storm. In a few seconds the vessel struck with a grinding crash upon a rock. She then swung round broadside on the rock with all her weight, and fell over to windward.

The passengers had by this time rushed on deck, in a frightful state of terror. The water was already rushing in below. Now was heard the voice of prayer from those who had never prayed before. Some shrieked, some moaned, and some cursed. "Clear away the boats!" shouted the captain; and one by one the boats were lowered into the water on the lee-side of the ship, where the water was the smoothest, though the long waves dashed angrily over the doomed vessel. There was a rush to the boats, but old Joe stood forward, and called out,—Not a man stir from on board, until the women and children are safe!" The captain insisted on this order being observed, and the women and children were lowered into the boats. The sea was terrible, yet the boats, tossed as they were on the boiling surf like so many pieces of cork, managed to live. The boats neared the land,—they were safe!

"Now," said the captain, "we must manage to save ourselves as we can, the ship is going to pieces!" Almost while he spoke a wave broke heavily on the stern part of the vessel, and she parted amid-ships. Some clung to pieces of the wreck, and were carried away on the advancing waves. Joe and his son found themselves clinging to a part of the ship's bulwarks and netting, struggling to keep themselves above water, for neither could swim. Suddenly Joe called out,— "We are safe! I feel the bottom!" They had been washed inside the reef of rocks, and were but a score fathoms from the land. The women and children who had been saved, piteously wailed along the shore, some crying for brothers, others for husbands, whom they dreaded among the lost. They cried and shrieked amidst the shreds of the wreck, which by this time lay strewn along the shore,—timbers, planks, boats, beds, barrels, emigrants' chests and baggage. The ill-fated vessel had now entirely disappeared. Joe and his son reached the strand, and clambered upon dry land. Old Kitty was the first to welcome them. She clung round her old husband, and wept sweet tears for his safety.

"It's a rough landing in the new land," said Joe to his son; "but I hope the worst is over. Now, let us see if we can help the others."

They walked along the strand, upon which the surf was still dashing its spray, washing ashore bits of the wreck, emigrants' trunks, bedding, bulk-heads, and furniture. Little was saved, except the lives of the passengers and crew, and it now seemed almost miraculous that so many should have escaped. But about twenty emigrants and seamen were missing, and occasionally a body was thrown ashore, round which a group would gather hastily, to see whether in its features

they could discern some missing friend or relative. Among one of these groups was seen the poor widow, mourning over her second son, whom a spent wave had just washed upon the beach. Her grief was not loud, but deep. It was another heavy stroke of Providence; before which she bowed her head and wept. But she was not childless. Her other sons were preserved to her, and as she looked upon those who had so mercifully been saved, her mourning was mingled with thankfulness and praise.

The wreck was nearly a total one. A few things were saved,—a few boxes, and a little money which the emigrants carried about their persons; but for the most part they had been made destitute by the calamity which had befallen them. The part of the shore on which they had been cast was on the main-land of Nova Scotia, near the town of Shelbourne, not far from Cape Sable. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood soon obtained intelligence of the disaster, and the people of Halifax, and the other towns along the same coast, extended their aid to the wrecked emigrants with praiseworthy alacrity; and not many weeks had elapsed before the greater part of them were enabled by this kindly help to proceed on their way to their various destinations in Canada and the States.

A year and more passed, and the old poacher is seen sitting under the porch of a timber-built cottage on the verge of one of the great prairies in Illinois. He is mending one of the implements of the farm, of which, with his son, he is the owner. Before him spreads a well-cropped farm, beyond which lies the rolling prairie, with here and there a cottage roof peeping up,—pastures, cornfields, little independent holdings, as far as the eye can reach. Behind extends the deep shelter of the primal forest, from which the sound of a woodman's axe proceeds,—for his son had gone forth in the evening to cut a fresh store of wood. Old Kitty, the wife, stands by the door-check looking out on the smiling landscape.

"Well, Joe," she said, "it's worth coming all this weary way, to rest here in peace and plenty!"

"Rest, wife?" said Joe, looking up. "There's no pleasure in rest; no, no,—work, work! I never felt more willing and able to work in my life. Bringing down a bird on the wing's nothing to farming one's own estate. Think of old Joe the poacher, a landed proprietor in the great Republic! Isn't it enough to turn a poor man's head?"

"Ah! it was a bright day that brought us here, Joe, and we never can be too thankful. But here's Bill coming laden with chips; and I must e'en go in and have the supper ready."

And so we leave the poacher's family to peace, plenty and rough comfort, earned by honest industry, in their far-off home in the West.

The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

There are years in the life of both sexes when *everybody* includes the one sex,—nobody, the other.

"QUICKSILVER."

HALF the world knows that the quicksilver mine of Almaden, sixteen miles north of Seville, is the finest that exists. Its annual produce is twice as great as that of all the mines of the same kind in Carniola, Hungary, the Palatine and Peru put together. Almaden therefore is worth visiting. The place has its own traffic, and no other. There is no high road in its neighbourhood, and the quicksilver raised is carried by muleteers to the Government stores of Seville, where only it may be distributed; not being delivered at the mine to any purchaser. The muleteers take to Almaden wood, gunpowder, provisions and all necessaries; and thus the town lives and supports its eight thousand inhabitants. It is built chiefly in the form of one very long street, on the ridge of a hill, over the mine, which in every sense forms the foundation upon which it stands. It used to be under the care of a sleepy old *hidalgo* of a governor, but is now controlled by a scientific officer, entitled the superintendent, and there is a good deal of vigour and practical sense displayed in the arrangements of the place.—There is a town-hall in Almaden, a well-endowed school, and a hospital for the diseases of the miners.

The diseased forms of the men working as excavators belong only too prominently to a picture of Almaden. You meet men in the street with wasted faces, fetid breaths, and trembling hands; blind, paralytic. The heat in the lower workings of the mine is very considerable, the ventilation is imperfect, vapour of quicksilver floats upon the air, and condenses on the walls, down which it trickles in little runlets of pure liquid metal. Even visitors are sensibly affected by it, and retain for some time the metallic flavour in their mouths. The miners—who number more than four thousand—are divided into three gangs, or watches, working six hours each, and leaving the fourth six hours of the twenty-four—from ten at night until four in the morning—as an interval of perfect rest. On account of the heat, and the deleterious nature of the vapour, summer is made the idle time, winter the great period of activity among the population. As the winter closes, the appearance of the miners begins very emphatically to tell its own tale, and great numbers hasten to their native plains and mountains to recruit.

Their homes are chiefly scattered about Estremadura, Andalusia and Portugal. Crowds of Portuguese, after harvest, flock to obtain employment at Almaden, selling not their labour only but their health. The most robust cannot work in the mine longer than for about fourteen days in succession, generally eight or nine days make as long a period of such labour as can be endured without rest.

Those who exceed that time are obliged eventually to give up work and breathe unadulterated air for perhaps two months together.—If they work without due precaution, and almost inevitably if they indulge in wine, miners at Almaden aged between twenty-five and thirty waste away, lose their hair and teeth, acquire an insufferable breath, or become sometimes afflicted with tremblings that render them unable to supply their own wants; they have to be fed like infants. If the disease be not checked vigorously, cramps and nervous attacks of the most agonising kind follow upon these symptoms and lead on to death. They who work within due bounds and live moderately, using a good deal of milk, if they take care always to cleanse their persons thoroughly after each six hours of work—the full day's labour—live not seldom to old age. These diseases afflict the miners only. The men engaged upon the ore and quicksilver outside the mines, in smelting and in other operations, do not suffer.

Storehouses, magazines, and workshops, are the leading features of the little town. Everything manufactured that is used—even to the ropes—is made upon the spot; and the workshops, like the whole engineering details of the mine itself, are planned in an unusually massive way, and carved out of the solid rock. The quicksilver mine belongs to the Crown (under which it is let out in four year leases to contractors rich enough to pay a very large deposit), and its details are all somewhat of a legal character. There used to be disasters frequently occasioned by the sinking of the works, and by fires. The last fire raged for upwards of two years and a half. The employment of wood, except for temporary purposes, has therefore, been abandoned, and magnificent arched galleries of stone are built through every one of the new cuttings. The deposits are almost vertical; and great pains are taken to supply the void left by the removed ore, with a sufficiently strong body of masonry. Half the ore is, however, everywhere left standing as a reserve in case of any future accidents; and the whole yearly supply drawn from the mine is limited to twenty thousand quintals. This supply is drawn by mule power from the bowels of the hill through a grand shaft constructed on the usual impressive scale. There is not much trouble given by water in the mine. What water there is has to be pumped up by means of an engine built for the place by Watt himself, which would be a valuable curiosity in a museum.

The ore lies, as I have said, in a lode, almost perpendicular. There are three veins of it, called respectively St. Nicholas, St. Francisco, and St. Diego, which traverse the length of the hill and intersect it vertically; at the point where they converge, galleries connect them all together. The thickness of the lode

varies between fourteen and sixteen feet; it is much thicker where the veins intersect, and seems to be practically inexhaustible; for as the shaft deepens, the ore grows richer both in quality and quantity. The yield consists of a compact, grey quartz, impregnated with cinnabar and red lead. Associated with it, is a conglomerate called by the miners Fraylesca, because in colour it resembles the blue grey of a familiar cassock worn by frayles (friars) of the Franciscan order.

The chief entrance to the mine is out of the town, on the hill side, facing the south, the town itself being on the hill-top. The main adit leads by a gallery to the first ladder, and by galleries and very steep ladders the descent afterwards continues to be made.—Though the mine is one of the very oldest in the world—the oldest I believe of any kind that still continues to be worked—the workings have not up to this time penetrated deeper than a thousand feet.

The quicksilver is procured out of the ore by sublimation over brick furnaces about five feet in height, and as the furnaces are fed with the wood of cistus and other aromatic shrubs, this part of the process is extremely grateful to the senses. There are thirteen double furnaces and two quadruple ones, partly erected at Almaden, partly at Almadenejos—Little Almaden—in the neighbourhood. The minerals having been sorted, are placed in the chambers over the furnaces according to their quality in different proportions and positions, the best at the bottom.—The whole mass, piled upon open arches in the form of a dome, is then roofed over with soft bricks made of kneaded clay and fine particles of sulphuret of mercury, a free space of about eighteen inches being left between the ore and roof, in which the vapour can collect and circulate. The mercurial vapour finally conducted along stoneware tubes luted together, condensing as it goes, is deposited in gutters, which conduct it across the masonry of a terrace into cisterns prepared to receive it. The quicksilver there carefully collected is then put into jars of wrought iron, weighing about sixteen pounds a-piece, and each holding about twenty-five pounds English of the finished produce of the mines.

As for the antiquity of the mine at Almaden, that is immense. Pliny says, that the Greeks had vermilion from it seven hundred years B. C., and that the Romans in his day were obtaining from it ten thousand pounds of cinnabar yearly, for use in their paintings. The working of the mine fell of course into abeyance in the Dark Ages, but was resumed at some time in the fifteenth century. After the expulsion of the Moors the mine was given as a present to the religious knights of Calatrava, and it reverted finally to the Crown more than three centuries ago.

The present workings are not quite on the

old spot. Fugger Brothers, of Augsburg, farmed it in those past days: and having drawn a fortune out of it, by which they became a byword for wealth ("rich as a Fucar," say the Spanish miners still), they gave up their lease as worthless. Government could make nothing of the mine, and therefore caused the ground to be attentively explored. The extraordinary deposit upon which the miners now are operating was in that way discovered.—*Household Words.*

G O D I V A .

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER OF EDINBURGH.

By Leigh Hunt.

John Hunter, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse, and lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in saintliest beauty.

Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds it turn'd aside:

His lady, to remove the toll that makes the land forlorn,

Will surely ride through Coventry, naked as she was born;

She said—The people will be kind; they love a gentle deed;

They piously will turn from me, nor shame a friend in need.

Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in loving care,

Hath bade the people all keep close, in penitence and prayer;

The windows are fast boarded up; nor hath a sound been heard

Since yester-eve, save household dog, or latest summer bird;

Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obedience know.

The mass is said; the priest hath blessed the lady's pious will;

Then down the stairs she comes undress'd, but in a mantle still;

Her ladies are about her close, like mist about a star;

She speaks some little cheerful words, but knows not what they are;

The door is pass'd! the saddle press'd; her body feels the air;

Then down they let, from out its net, her locks of piteous hair.

Oh, then, how every list'ner feels, the palfrey's foot that hears!

The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and brave in tears;

The poorest that were most in need of what the lady did,

Deem her a blessed creature born, to rescue men forbid;

He that had said they could have died for her beloved sake,

Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death frights not old Heart-ache.

Sweet saint! No shameless brow was hers, who could not bear to see,

For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of poverty;

No unaccustomed deed she did, in scorn of custom's self;

She that but wish'd the daily bread upon the poor man's shelf;

Naked she went, to clothe the naked. New she was, and bold,

Only because she held the laws which Mercy preach'd of old.

They say she blush'd to be beheld e'en of her ladies' eyes,

Then took her way with downward look, and brief, bewilder'd sighs.

A downward look, a beating heart, a sense of the new, vast,

Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every door she pass'd;

A pray'r, a tear, a constant mind, a listening ear that glow'd,

These we may dare to fancy there, on that religious road.

But who shall blind this heart with more? Who dare with lavish guess

Refuse the grace she hoped of us, in her divine distress?

In fancy still she holds her way, for ever pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the shame unbreathed upon:

The step that upon Duty's ear is growing more and more,

Though yet, alas! it hath to pass by many a scorner's door.

—♦♦♦—

A heart that is full of love can forgive all severity towards itself, but not towards another; to pardon the first is a duty, but to pardon injustice towards another is to partake of its guilt.

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessities for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than of him who begs his daily bread.

PRETTY MARY.*

BY JOHN MERWYL.

THAT they found such provided for them in a moment of so much agitation as permitted their judgment no play, and left them abandoned to the mere mechanical impulse of instinct, proved how wisely the stranger had calculated his plan of defence. A bedstead raised up against the wall on either side the door formed the outworks behind which the friends crept, and from whence, in comparative security, they could catch a clear view of the extraordinary scene that was going on; and happy was it for them that astonishment and the excess of terror kept them mute.

The room was, as we have said, of pitchy darkness, except a small focus of light, which grew every moment more radiant, and seemed to proceed from the opposite wall, although there was nothing there, nor in any part of the room, to give a solution to its mysterious appearance. Some dark object it at first dimly revealed, writhing on the ground, but gradually lighted it better, until, with sickening eyes, the Germans perceived it to be the figure of a man, deadly pale, with face, hair, and garments, clotted with blood, who, apparently with great effort, rose to a sitting posture, glared wildly round, and putting out the right hand, from which a finger seemed but just severed, motioned as though he would repulse the savage beings, who, with Mary at their head, had rushed over the threshold, but now stood, rooted with amazement, gazing on in silent stupefaction.

"Approach not, murderers," said a deep, hollow voice, proceeding from the ghastly object before them: "you have already wrought your worst upon me, and mortal fear I may no longer know;—but I come to warn—to punish.—Kneel and repent, for the hour of your destruction is at hand.—The avenger of blood is behind you.—Again, I say, though you murdered me, I would fain save your souls.—Repent! repent!"

The sounds expired in a sort of death-rattle within the throat of the bleeding figure, which having crawled to the wall, seemed to vanish through it.

"Repent; for the angel of Mary calls you. Mary, you once implored him," spoke a voice as clear as a silver bell. A strain of music of surpassing sweetness seemed now wafted from above, and floated through the apartment in solemn, thrilling chords, whose strange, harrowing melancholy was almost too painful for pleasure. Sure never had mortal ears drank in such sounds as those. No human touch was that. Mary—who had not been able to restrain her screams on first seeing the accusing phantom, and whose terror had gradually augmented to such a degree,

that her husband, in spite of his own consternation, had in pity put his arm around her—now dropped from his hold to the floor, where she lay prostrate, giving no other sign of life but the sobs that ever and anon convulsed her frame. Her companions were themselves now so powerfully agitated, that they no longer noticed her. Indeed, they formed a frightful group to behold; their stalwart, half-clad frames, swarthy visages, with eyes starting out of their heads with fear and wonder; their wild countenances, rendered wilder with terror; their relaxed muscles suffering the instruments of meditated crime to fall harmless, and for once unstained by blood, from their nerveless hands. So absorbed were they that the repeated ejaculations of the two friends fell unnoticed on their ears.

But the mysterious strain had passed away. The light on the opposite wall grew fainter and fainter, until it nearly disappeared; when suddenly playing with renewed brilliancy much higher up, almost reaching, or rather seeming to burst from, the ceiling, it gradually formed a still more dazzling focus, although less extensive than before, from which a man's hand, armed with a dagger, became distinctly visible; whilst a deep, full, brassy voice exclaimed in loud angry tones—

"The time allotted for repentance is rapidly passing away, and you shall all be mine! mine! I am the Angel of Revenge—and you—Hark! your hour is past!"

The large house clock struck one with a harsh sound that grated on every ear, and caused each heart to palpitate; "Now, I am coming—and you are lost,"—said the voice with increased vehemence. A triumphant laugh followed, then a loud voice, seemingly starting from the midst of the terrified group, repeated in exulting accents, "Lost—lost—for I am come!"

With one loud yell, the ruffians now fled; even the half-distracted Mary, uttering scream upon scream, rose from the floor, and with the blind haste of the hunted doe, followed the others through the dark room beyond; and the mingled noise of the hurried tramp of men's feet and the shrieks of Mary, after sounding loud in the gallery, died away in a confused noise, and finally subsided altogether into complete silence. Some time elapsed, during which the bewildered steward and bookseller durst not so much as move a muscle, and scarcely draw their breath. A slow, stealthy step was now heard, as if proceeding from an adjacent apartment—a door was cautiously pushed back—the step came nearer, and the old man was on the point of roaring lustily for help, when a hand, wandering in uncertainty along the wall, encountered his arm, and grasped it firmly. "It is you," whispered the Italian, "is it not?"

"Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the steward, in scarce audible accents, "are you still alive?"

*Continued from page 400, volume 3, concluded.

Well, I scarcely know if I am so.—*Es spuckt.*"

"If you and your friend do not quickly collect your senses," said the stranger, "you will not be alive long—that's all—rouse yourselves, and to horse while we may."

The bookseller had by this time crept out of his own hiding place, and joined the cautious whisperers. He could scarcely be said to be possessed of life, if life should mean aught else but the power of motion. The steward mastered his emotions better. The Italian took the portmanteau from the trembling hand of the young German, who was staggering under its weight, and urging his companions forward with rapid, though noiseless steps, passed with them through the outer chamber. When they emerged into the silent gallery, the gusts of wind were just driving a thick cloud from the face of the moon, that shone for a moment in her pale splendour, showing distinctly the deserted court-yard and the door of the stables which seemed unwatched. The storm was at its height; the wind howled through the distant trees of the surrounding forest, like angry and chafed spirits of the air; the thunder rolled occasionally in loud, prolonged peals, reverberating awfully through the silence; and more sad still was the sound of the many unfastened doors on the gallery, as they swung heavily on their hinges, the lightning casting, ever and anon, a lurid glare into the deserted chambers, of which each might be supposed to have been the scene of what the imagination dared not dwell upon.

A slight shudder passed over the frame of the travellers. Even the Italian was not free from it; but with him such sensations were but momentary. They had at a glance encompassed and felt what it takes us longer to describe.

"Had I not better try if we can reach the stables in safety?" asked the stranger in low accents.

"Wherever you go, I follow," said the steward, clinging to him; whilst the bookseller, instead of speaking his intention, grasped his other arm tighter. But their fears were groundless. Staircase, passage, and yard, were alike deserted, and the fugitives reached the stables unhindered and unobserved.

The horses were soon found, saddled, and mounted:—there were no others along with them, which greatly comforted the travellers. The only, and apparently insurmountable, difficulty yet remaining was, the notice the clatter of the horses' hoofs must naturally attract to their movements. But the risk was not to be avoided. The Italian bade them suffer him to take the lead, and follow as slowly, and cautiously, as they could. Luckily, the yard was not paved, and the sod was softened by the torrents of rain which had fallen in the course of that night. The Italian's keen

eye soon discovered the road from the stables into the open country: and the moment they cleared the outer buildings, they made for the next forest at full gallop. For one instant, a fresh terror froze the blood of the Germans in their veins: the Italian, who had taken the start of them, suddenly turned his horse's head, and rode back to within a few feet of the front of the house which was now in full view. Although prudence should have urged them on, yet, paralysed by fear, they stood still, gazing after him, until they beheld him hurrying back in great haste.

"On, on!" he said, as soon as he was near enough to be heard by them without making too loud a call. "Put forth your utmost speed. I think we are saved."

For a good half hour they galloped on at the utmost speed of their horses, and cleared a considerable space of the forest; but the jaded animals could no longer proceed at such a rate, and flagged every moment more and more. The unusual exertion of the previous day, which had been a very fatiguing one, together with their imperfect rest, had not sufficiently recruited their strength for such a night expedition. Though the storm had abated in its violence, and the thunder had ceased, the rain poured down in torrents; the night was black as ink; and the forest spread on all sides with its waving, dark masses, like an endless ocean of firs. None of the party knew whither they were riding; it was scarcely possible, in the increasing darkness, to distinguish the undulations of the road; and the risk of being dashed against a tree was every moment more imminent. Each recommended himself aloud, and in his own language, to his patron Saint. Still they rode on; but every now and then they fancied they heard the tramp of pursuing horses and shouting voices behind them, as the wind howled through the long avenues of the elder trees, and the more fragile ones moaned almost with the sound of human complaint to the sweeping blast. The rain, too, and its deceptive pattering, added to the terrors of that night. They rode on as in a dream, unconscious of the difficulties they overcame—of what their path led to—their hearts beating audibly, and all their senses concentrated in that of hearing.

It were useless to say how often they stood still, and listened to the sounds of the abating storm, conceiving the murderers at hand—mistaking the rage of the elements for that of man; but, in what words express the nameless joy that thrilled through every breast, when the first grey dawn showed them the waving outlines of the forest more distinctly, and when they first conceived the hope, from the fair open road they found themselves upon, of being on their way to some large village; nor were they mistaken. Soon after the light on the horizon grew clear-

or, the distant baying of house-dogs sounded gladly in their ears, like a welcome again to life. The high trees gradually gave way to low furze; and, above this, they soon saw rising, not the miserable huts of a poor village, but the neat, white-washed houses of a comfortable little market town.

The dogs were the only beings awake or stirring; in the place, and the travellers' pale, haggard countenances, and dripping clothes, met no prying eyes. They all three paused, moved by the same impulse, before the pretty little church, whose gilded cross had just caught the first ray of the rising sun; and, dismounting, knelt in pious humility on the wet stone steps, leading to the principal door, of course yet closed at that early hour. In long, though silent, thanksgivings, did each pour out his gratitude to the Almighty, for the extraordinary mercies of that night.

So absorbed were they in their effusions, that they felt neither the cold of the damp stones, nor the small searching rain, that now, as if to complete, on their devoted persons, the effects of the night's drunching, seemed willing to pierce their very bones. It was the unclosing of a few shutters that first roused them, when remounting, but evidently mechanically, the Germans turned to the Italian, as if to inquire what was next to be done.—Until then they had merely exchanged occasionally some broken sentences, but had scarcely dared to listen to the sounds of their own voices.

"First of all," said the Italian, "we must to the Amtmann (Mayor of the place), and make our depositions. Perhaps the robbers may not yet have escaped."

His two companions suffered him to lead them like children, and after some difficulty, for which the early hour accounted, they at last found, and what was still more fortunate, succeeded in waking the Amtmann. He immediately recognised the Italian, who cut short his kind greetings by the recital of the last night's adventure; but he was interrupted in his turn by the loud and united clamour of his companions, who, seemingly as anxious to take the lead on this occasion as they formerly had been to keep in the back ground, strove each to cry down the other by dint of the strength of lungs, and rapidity of enunciation, with which it had pleased nature to gift them. Here, however, the steward had decidedly the advantage; he clearly beat the bookseller off the field, and eagerly, not to say somewhat incoherently, did he detail to the magistrate all the horrors they had gone through; the bookseller contenting himself, now and then, with confirming the steward's words by some ejaculation or exclamation of assent, with all the emphasis which which a Greek chorus bears out the hero in his tale of tragic wonder; whilst the Italian, with folded arms, quietly waited the moment when

their breath should fairly fail them. And thus did the Amtmann become duly informed of the visible interposition of the saints in behalf of the travellers, in very extraordinary dangers—nay of a palpable miracle having been, at their devout intercession, granted them in their hour of need. Something more the mayor managed to collect from their disjointed and confused account, about an inn, a forest, and a few ghosts, but nothing that he could either comprehend or make sense of.—His patience totally exhausted, he now turned to the stranger, who evidently was none-such for him, and said—"Dear Signor, in the name of Heaven, what is all this about? You must have turned these poor people's heads by some of your singular performance, to which, after all, you *alone* can give a satisfactory clue; for my explanations would only be second hand at least."

"Nay, the affair is more serious than you take it to be, my good master Amtmann;" and he begged the magistrate to allow him a private interview. When they came out of the adjoining room to which they had retired, the Amtmann, with a grave countenance, put to the Germans several questions, bearing reference to the less poetical part of their narrative; and having listened attentively to their replies, he begged them and the Italian to remain in the town until he should be able to collect their further depositions; so long, in short, as might be necessary to the ends of justice. He then explained, in a few brief but emphatic words, how much the travellers were indebted to their companion for their escape from the perils of the night. He had long known, he said, Signor Thomassini, and often admired his wondrous display of talents, in his occasional visits to the neighbouring great towns; but never could have anticipated that, what he considered to be the triumph of jugglery, should prove available for such noble purposes as the Signor had shown they could be turned to.

"Why," answered the Italian, "chance, or rather the mercy of God," piously crossing himself, "permitted circumstances to be altogether in my favour. Besides the advantage of all my paraphernalia about me, such as my far-famed harmonica, my mirrors of reflexion, and sundry other conveniences for my phantasmagorical delusions, which I meant to display in every small town on my road—having taken nothing with me but what I could make use of without the aid of my partner—the rooms were well adapted for the execution of the doings I immediately formed on perceiving our danger. Over each door there was a small opening, or easement, probably provided by the robbers for their own purposes. Indeed, of holes and crevices, in the walls there was no lack. Everything marvellously seconded the plan I had in view to play on the credulity of ignorance, and the superstitious

terrors of guilt; for I have often had occasion to observe how powerfully my art acts upon gross and untaught minds. I did not, as the result has proved, over-estimate my means."

"And the heavenly music?" said the steward, lost in amazement.

"Was my harmonica," replied the Signor, smiling.

"But still the many different voices, from as many different parts of the room?" exclaimed the bookseller, still dubiously.

"Signor Thomassini," answered the magistrate, "is a renowned ventriloquist."

"And the murdered man?" again asked the inquisitive bookseller.

"Was one of my favourite ghosts; all of which, should I be fortunate enough to recover them, I intend to exhibit in this good town before I depart from it," answered Thomassini.

Although these few words of explanation at once made the mysteries of the previous night clear to the Amtmann, not so with Signor Thomassini's new friends. To account satisfactorily for an obtuseness of comprehension, which to the modern reader may seem to border on the crudest ignorance, we must remind him that, in the days we speak of, when Robertson and Olivier had not yet exhibited the wonder of phantasmagoria and the deceptions of optics, these branches of art and science were, if not altogether unknown, at least not spread among the people; and the unheard of success Cagliostro's tricks obtained, in circles the most distinguished in intelligence as well as rank, form no ample apology for the simple astonishment and awe with which the first attempts of the kind were everywhere received, even among the educated. We find, also, that they who first made the public familiar with those arts and deceptions—the secret of which, in past ages, had been confined to the privileged few, and accordingly made an abuse—met with favour and respect, and were encouraged in every possible manner by the great, with whom it was their luck to come in contact. The harmonica itself, now a toy in almost every boy's hand, was then but a recent discovery, whose effects, together with other complicated and well-adapted means, were likely to impress with the idea of the supernatural, not only the uncultured minds of boors, but even those of men, who, like the steward and bookseller, without being scientific, were by no means uncultivated. It took very long, and required no small patience, to make them comprehend the real nature of the mystery by which they had so largely benefited, and the extent of their obligations to the Italian.

The surprise of the Germans was boundless; and when they at last comprehended the whole, they were clamorous in their gratitude. The magistrate now begged them to

adjourn to the neighbouring inn, that he might busy himself in collecting what people he could, if possible, to surprise the robbers in their den; "though I doubt," said he, as his visitors took their leave, "they will already have taken wing."

The friends removed, accordingly, to the Golden Dragon, leaving the Amtmann to take his own measures. Nearly the whole of the morning was taken up with relating over and over again all that had occurred; for not only had they to satisfy the curiosity of the host and hostess, but also that of a very numerous assemblage of townspeople, collected together expressly to see and speak with them, the rumour of their tale having flown through the place like wildfire, and excited in every breast a feverish curiosity.

The streets were filled with groups of idle talkers, gesticulating and resenting in every possible key, and with every possible variation, the tale of horror. Now, indeed, could they account for the frequency, and the extraordinary nature, of the crimes which had of late years happened in their neighbourhood; and whose perpetrators had, by successfully baffling the efforts of Government for their discovery and apprehension, excited a mysterious awe in all the country round. Now, the solution seemed plain enough; and the wonder was, how it could have escaped their minds for such a length of time.—The Stickers were so very bad; all their farm-boys were the most complete scamps in the district;—for what reason should they have kept so many men to work ground which could yield no crops?—Why, it was as clear as the nose on the face—a child might have hit it:—how could Mary have afforded her silk dresses and Sunday finery, and Sticher and his men the money they squandered in liquor and the *Kegeln*? Government must have been blind indeed!

The popular agitation continued increasing as time wore on, and the party of soldiers gathered from the neighbouring barracks, and the country people armed with pitchforks, whom the authorities had collected in all haste to march against the devoted inn, returned not. Hour passed after hour, and no tidings of their success were heard; at last, when the sun was on the wane, the more curious of the gazers perceived in the distance a compact, dark mass, moving slowly forward on the high road. Their hopes were soon confirmed—it was their friends returning.

When warned of this circumstance, and that most of the brigands were taken, Peter Sticher among the rest, by a feeling they could scarcely account for, the heroes of the night's adventure, mounted to a private chamber, with the intention of profiting by the window that overlooked the main street, through which the prisoners must pass. It might be, that an innate feeling of terror in-

duced them to avoid meeting face to face those objects which, the evening before, had struck them with so much awe, or, perhaps, a disinclination to triumph over the wretches whom they had been the means of bringing to justice.

Carefully peeping through the close-drawn curtains, they saw the returning party pass slowly through the street, leading the prisoners, strongly bound and guarded, so that escape was impossible. They were generally of a most repulsive aspect, and answered the shouts and triumphant clamours of the populace, who for the most part called upon them by name, with looks of impotent rage. Peter Sticher alone seemed an altered man; the sulky savage expression his features usually bore had given way to one of utter despair; he seemed not to hear, see, or be in any manner conscious of surrounding objects. His eyes were immovably fixed on a shutter borne by four peasants, on which lay stretched a ghastly female corpse—it was Mary.

“Good Heaven!” exclaimed the Italian, clasping his hands together, his cheek growing very pale, “I thought she had merely fainted.”

“What do you mean?” inquired with a subdued accent the trembling bookseller, whose heart sickened at the sight.

“Why last night,” continued the Italian, in a hurried manner, “when I rode back within view of the public room to see if there were any danger of immediate pursuit, in order to take my measures accordingly, I saw this woman lying on the table, her husband wildly gesticulating over her, and the other men looking on so absorbed and immovable that I imagined we should yet have time to gain a start. But this I had not anticipated. Indeed, I had meant to save, but not to punish.”

Tears glistened in the eyes of the old steward. “Poor pretty Mary!” he exclaimed; “giddiness paved thy way to sin and crime, and these have met their reward.”

“What a warning should this be to girls of that class,” said the bookseller, as he slowly turned away from the caement, for there was nothing more to be seen.

The criminals were shortly after conducted to a town of more importance, whither the friends were compelled to follow them, although most unwillingly, to enact the painful part of witnesses on their trial. But when the multifarious crimes, of which all, especially Peter Sticher and his wife, had been guilty, were brought clearly home to them, and confirmed by the villains' own confessions, they considered themselves as chosen instruments of justice, and fortunate in having been the means of putting an end to such iniquities. Even the old steward himself, who had once taken so fatherly an interest in Mary, and the Italian, who regretted having literally killed her, could not but rejoice in her having met

with her deserts, when they learned how upon leaving the post-house where the steward had first known her, Peter Sticher having taken to the woods and his knife for a livelihood, the young girl, availing herself of her charms to decoy unwary travellers into the latter's bloody hands, had occasioned the disappearance of so many foolish youths, whom her situation enabled her to rob at her leisure, once had she made sure of their never returning to claim their own. With the funds this traffic had enabled them to collect, the treacherous pair had set up the solitary inn, where so many more unfortunate travellers had seen their earthly pilgrimage brought to an untimely close. Peter Sticher, according to the prevailing custom of that time, ended his days on the wheel, the fate always allotted to the leader of a gang; the others were executed by the headsman.

To his no small satisfaction, the Italian recovered all his goods which he had well nigh given up for lost; but, for some hidden reason, he did not feel in the humour to make his accustomed use of them. He received, however, not only the warmest expressions of thanks and gratitude, on the part of his travelling companions, but likewise as generous proofs of their sense of obligation as their limited finances permitted. Moreover, the most flattering marks of approbation from the authorities were accorded him for his spirited conduct, which, together with many private donations from unknown hands, enabled him to leave the town a much richer man than he had entered it. Here the young bookseller separated from his companions, promising to write to Signor Thomassini of his safe arrival, the very day the event should take place; and the steward and juggler continued their road together, to the little capital, to which they had originally both been journeying. They were sadder and graver than when they first met, and were heartily glad when they reached their place of destination. Most anxiously had they been expected. The Count of Ratzan, alarmed by confused and exaggerated rumours, had given up his money and his faithful servant for lost; and the countryman and partner of Signor Thomassini was probably even more distressed for the sake of his friend than the Count for both his losses, however serious they might have proved in their consequences. Great was the joy with which the travellers were greeted by those they sought; and the Count presented the Italian with a most munificent remuneration, which as it was perfectly unexpected, and most graciously proffered, gave heartfelt pleasure to the receiver. He took the foreigners under his own immediate patronage, and need we say how brilliantly their exhibitions were attended? The story was soon spread over the capital; the Prince himself, and many others of high rank, showed the utmost fa-

your to Signor Thomassini, who afterwards declared he never in his life had made such a golden harvest. But what he most prided himself upon were the letters he received from the sharers in his perils and their families.—Their thanks, which he declared he did not feel he deserved, were in his eyes the greatest triumph his favourite art ever obtained.

Time has rolled on, and wrought, as it still does, even in its most minute fractions, never-ceasing changes. The little market town has risen to the dignity of a manufacturing city of much importance; the oceans of wood and forest have gradually given way to the fast-increasing development of agriculture in Germany, and there remains of them but what is indispensable to the variety and beauty of the scenery. The lonely inn is still an inn; but as neat, as comfortable a one, as may be met with in any of the minor villages. It now, under the appellation of the Golden Stork, (how it got this name I never could discover) is one of the most important houses of a rich thriving village, and affords, as I have myself experienced, very tolerable accommodation. Start not, gentle reader,—sweet lady, grow not pale,—when I hint at the great probability of your having, at some time or other, when on your continental tour, slept in that very house; nay, as it stands on a most frequented route, you may do so again—be welcomed on that very threshold by a pale, sickly-looking creature, whose wan face will inspire pity but no terror—cross the gallery, and sleep in one of those very rooms, in the very corner, perhaps, where, years ago, a misereable victim groaned in his last agony—carelessly neglect to bolt those doors, whose revolving creak once jarred in the ear of the helpless traveller like a death knell. Then, if what the philosophers of old did say be in any way founded on truth—that the air, and places desecrated by crime be haunted with visions of terror—we will take leave of you, hoping that your dreams, when resting, unconscious of the forgotten past, at the Golden Stork, may not be disturbed by any reminiscence of “Pretty Mary.”

Embellished truths are the illuminated alphabet of larger children.

Only trust thyself, and another shall not betray thee.

Few men have a life-plan, although many a week, year, youth, or business plan.

The chambers of the brain are full of seed, for which the feelings and passions are the flower, soil, and the forcing-glasses.

We should have a glorious conflagration, if all who cannot put fire into their books would consent to put their books into the fire.

Childhood knows only the innocent white roses of love; later they become red, and blush with shame.

A PEEP AT KILLARNEY.

HALF the world, it seems, must go this year to Dublin to see its very pretty Exhibition. Not to be out of the fashion, we felt that we must go there too: from whence or when, no matter. We are a party of easily pleased people, travelling to amuse ourselves, full of spirits on the fine days, and content to bear patiently a few rainy ones, particularly since the idea of notes-making occurred to some of us—an idea to which you, courteous reader, have your obligations, since to it you are indebted for the following memoranda—not of the Dublin Exhibition—that must be seen; description would quite fail there; but of scenes still further off. For when foot-weary and eyesore after a week spent within its wooden walls, we thought we would try whether fresh air, sun, shade, waters and mountains, nature's own rare-show, in fact, would revive powers a little fatigued by these wonders of art—admired, too, in an atmosphere admirably ventilated certainly, but still, with its bewildering turmoil, the reverse of either healthful or agreeable in the summer season. So we agreed to set off for Killarney, by the train, the first time of its running through the whole way from the fine terminus at the King's Bridge in the City of Dublin, to the handsome one we found in the town within a mile of the far-famed lakes of the County Kerry. It was a thoroughly wet day; the rain was unceasing: it spoiled the view of the rich plains near the capital, and the very beautiful scenery round Mallow, and made the dreary parts of our long seven hours' journey look still more desolate. We went through a very deep cutting of loose clay, two extensive cuts through rocky soil, and then over bog, bog for ever, in some parts very shaky still, not nearly settled yet since the road was made upon it, obliging us to slacken speed while oscillating on its tremulous surface. The rest of the way we went at a great rate. An omnibus with four horses, and a number of those merry-looking open cars, were in waiting to carry on the visitors from the town of Killarney to the hotels near the lakes. We squeezed ourselves into the crowded omnibus, and soon reached our destination—a handsome country-house, in the midst of neatly kept pleasure-grounds, with a beautiful prospect of the lakes from the front. It was quite full. We were wise to have written to secure our apartments, for the sixty bed-rooms were all occupied, many of them doubly, and the parlours all engaged, as it had been, and as it would be, they told us, during the season, which lasts from May to the end of October. Dinner, though not super-excellent, was very acceptable, the waiters civil but talkative, speaking, as everybody else did, with such a strange drawl as was like nothing ever heard anywhere in the

world beside, except in Wales, where the prevailing tone is almost similar.

On Sunday, between ten and eleven o' clock, we started for church in the friendly omnibus, along with several other properly disposed persons, and reached a small, rather shabby church, very much crowded by strangers, and requiring no particular mention as to the performance of the service. We took a drive afterwards on a very small hard-seated car: no matter—tourists bent on scene-hunting can't afford to be too precise about conveyances. The roads were capital, the views splendid, the trees magnificent, the weather perfect, not too sunny. Besides the lovely views, we looked now and then at lovely women, dark-eyed, clear-skinned, fine-featured Spanish figures, arrayed in the blue cloak and short red petticoat so dear to painters. We went down a new line of road, passing Mucross Abbey, and leading to the railway tunnel, on the top of which some of us climbed, to see a prospect well worth the trouble. The whole road, indeed, presented an endless succession of natural beauty—now skirting the lake by the shore, then lost in the forest, then coming out before the mountains, and turning to the lake again. The carman was a famous guide, in full tongue all the way, introducing every favourite point to us: this was the Eagle's Nest, that the Tom Cascade, there the Toomy Mountains, here an oak! a beech! a Spanish chesnut!—and truly they were trees to boast of, the girth of the stems so great, the branches so vigorous, the heads so luxuriant. The holly here is a tree, and the arbutus—shrubs elsewhere, they and the laurel,—tower here among the forest tribe, one of the many wonders of the scene. We proceeded to Mucross, quite ready to admire this miniature of an old abbey, its little picturesque ruins of a cloister, Gothic windows, kitchen, refectory, library, cellars, all in small size, but beautifully and carefully preserved. An immense yew-tree, supposed to have been planted by the monks—Franciscans—still flourishes in the tiny square yard of the cloisters, and fully fills it—its boughs really serving for a roof. It is an annoyance here not being allowed to gaze or ramble and reflect at will. The ruins, too, are paled in, the gate of the paling locked. The lodge-keeper would accompany us with his key, and act over officiously as cicerone. We must go here, there; look this way, that way; see best from this arch, that door; turn here, move there, and loiter never. So, rather cross, we left him soon, and proceeded through Lord Kenmare's fine domain to Prospect Hill, which we ascended, and refreshed our rather wearied spirits with a view surpassing most views.

The succeeding very wet day made us defer our intended exhibition to the mountain pass, the Gap of Dunloe, and content ourselves, when the weather cleared, with another

drive. Theodore Hook is not altogether wrong: it does rain every second day at Killarney. Again we got a hard seated uneasy machine, suited with a horse which had a will of his own, on which we jolted along to the poor, miserably poor, town of Killarney, to visit the turner's shops, and see and purchase specimens of a thousand inutilities, made from the wood of the *Arbutus tree*, which beautiful evergreen grows in great luxuriance on the islands, so thickly dotted over the lakes. We entered four or five of these shops, and were cruelly tormented, both in shops and street, by vendors of all kinds of goods. One old woman followed us everywhere with some cherries for sale, sticking by us doggedly the whole length of the street. Young women from the rival shops brought their wares after us, even into the abodes of their antagonists, or tried to seduce us from the right way, to step aside along with them. A tribe of barefooted children assailed us with long chains, very neatly made, of horse-hair, and hearts and crosses carved from deers' horns. In short, the press and clamour were extraordinary. We were really glad to be once more upon the road, albeit a bad one, which in little time conducted us to the ruins of Aghadoe Church, as it stands in its old burial-ground. In this old burial-ground was once laid the body of Pat Burke; and as the evening continued to be wet, and our sight-seeing for the day was over, we cannot do better at this very place than relate certain adventures which once befell there.

Pat Burke was an old hedge-schoolmaster, who was very fond of nuts. In the nut-season, he generally went with his scholars to the island of Innisfallen, to fill a large bag for his winter's store; and in this way he died, and was buried in the grave-yard of the old church at Aghadoe with his nuts; for, going with his bag, nearly full, too nigh to the edge of a precipice, he missed his footing, fell, and broke his leg—keeping the nuts all the time, lingered a few weeks, and then slipped away, desiring, as his last request that the bag of nuts should be buried with him. This was accordingly done, for it was said it was his intention to eat them after his death during the winter; and so the story went the round, and so of course the people did not care to interfere with his occupation, nor to pass the old church-yard after dark. One that had to do it for his sins, or in his business, solemnly declared that he had heard Pat Burke at work cracking away at his nuts with a stone. Well, there was another death and a burial, and a wake not far from the church; and during the feasting and the wailing, the friends of the departed got uproarious in doing honour to his memory. A guest more timid than the rest bade them hush, and not forget Pat Burke was within hearing, and not to disturb him, and he at his nuts. A brave-

guest then said he disbelieved such tales; he had never heard this cracking; and added that, for a wager, he'd go and fetch the bag. The wager was made, the money collected, and off our brave wight went, not over-pleased, may be, that his valour was put to the proof, and thinking, perhaps, how he could slip out of the business without loss, when on the road, in full moonlight, and near to the burial-ground, he met a friend.

"Arrah, Jem, and what are you doing here at this time of night too?"

"Why, Tim," was the response, "I might ask then what are you about? I am going to take Pat Burke's bag of nuts away from him, and I'm not rightly certain how to set about it."

"And I," said Tim, "I am going to look a little after some sheep off one's ground on to another's. Take heart, honest man: see who'll have settled matters first."

"Well," said Jem, "I don't mind it in any way; you go your way, I go mine. Who has finished business first, shall wait on t'other at Pat Burke's grave, and we'll share winnings."

Jem finished first, and seizing the bag of nuts, sat him down on the grave to await Tim's coming. Losing patience, and just to make the time pass pleasant, he took some nuts out of the bag, and began to break them with a stone upon a neighbouring grave. Bang! bang! Heated with the work, he stripped off his jacket, and sat in his shirt-sleeves. A neighbour, Jerry, heard the bang! bang! a little more clear than it had ever been heard before, so needs must take a peep to see what disturbed Pat Burke. He crept along all-fours, and from behind another grave saw the white shirt-sleeves and the bang! bang! by the light of the moon; and being very sure it was a ghost, he took to his heels, and never drew breath till he came within sight of his own cabin, and then called out: "Arrah, Judy, child, put out the light."—There is a popular saying, if you see a light soon after seeing a ghost, you had better tell your beads speedily.—Judy was in great distress on hearing her husband's story. His old mother, who was sick, and happened to be a some sort of relation of Pat Burke's, said to her son: "Jerry, I have twenty-five pounds I always thought of leaving you in my will. Now, if you expect I'll do it, just take me up and carry me on your back to the church-yard, for see Pat Burke this night I will, and ask the poor soul what he is in trouble for, and what I can do to help him. Now, Jerry, as you value my blessing and my money, be off with me at once."

There was no resisting this appeal; so Jerry took his mother on his back, and carried her to the church-yard, where Jem was still sitting waiting on Tim, and bang! bang! at work on his nuts. Jerry, and his mother on

his back, heard all that was doing. "Arn't you satisfied?" said he to the mother. "Go a little nearer, Jerry dear, for I must see and speak to him."

Jerry advanced, making a little noise, which aroused Jem, who, thinking it was Tim arrived after gathering his sheep, called out; "So there you are! Are they fat or lean?—meaning the sheep."

Jerry, seeing the ghost, as he thought it was, move and speak, was so terrified, he pitched his old mother off his back over his head, and she broke her old neck, and died on the spot. Jem made off with the rest of the bag of nuts without waiting longer for his friend Tim. When they all came the next day, the priest at their head, to inquire into facts, they found nothing but Jerry's poor old mother dead, and neither ghost nor nuts were ever heard of again. Jerry took possession of the twenty-five pounds. But people don't much care, even now, to pass the old church-yard after dark.

A tolerably fine day enabled us to start for the Gap of Dunloe, with the addition to our party of a young Irish friend. On our way, we were assailed by lots of little ragged boys and girls with pieces of rock crystal for sale, which they call Kerry diamonds—horse-hair chains, bunches of heath, and cups of goats' milk, dirty cups or broken jugs, with a bottle whence a drop of the "creature is added to the milk, producing the compound recognised in that part of the world as mountain-dew. The gentlemen partook of course. With a touch of refinement, they offered no spirits to the ladies. These little Hebes bear the name of mountain-dew girls. Our driver was amusing enough trying to rescue us from this mob of urchins. First he told them, that if they teased his ladies, he would beat them; then he assured them we had no more money—that there was another car full of quality coming, that would give them all they wanted. At last, to a lad with an old red coat on his back he said, that if he kept on botherin', he would have him took up for a deserter. The road to the Gap is wild, with some splendid views; it is more hilly than mountainous, some single-arch bridges being our most difficult ascent; and although, from being told it was customary and necessary to leave the car and mount on ponies, we had ordered them, there was no reason why the car could not have done the whole business of both up and down, until we came to the narrow iron gate with no thoroughfare, placed there by a late proprietor to prevent intrusion. The actual proprietor has thrown open his grounds for the convenience of tourists, only requiring that each person he so obliges should write his or her name in a book he has provided and placed on a bracket with pen and ink beside it. From these grounds we first took boat, and had a charming row down the

lakes. The guide, in general, acts as steersman and bugle-man, names all the rocks and islands, and relates the legends belonging to the scene, with tales of giants and fairies, and the kings of old; he wakes the echoes, too, with shouts and shots, and sound of horn. Moving thus dreamily over the water was so delightful, we spent every morning, during the rest of our stay here, in the boats. In our last trip—a simple five hours' rowing or paddling about in and out of creeks,—our chief boatman, who had accompanied us all the time, made us stop at a pretty little island, which hitherto he pretended had not been named.

We had been laughing at him, and with him, highly amused by his droll stories, and still droller manner of telling them. He had discovered there were single ladies among us; so addressing the prettiest, he begged her, whenever she married, to bring her husband to the lakes, and have him for their boatman. This being promised, he continued, lying upon his oars, to say that he should take possession of this pretty island in her name; and resuming his labour, he turned the head of the boat towards the rocks, where, having fastened it, he bowed us all out on to a level bit of ground; and the crew then jumping ashore after him, they all clambered quickly up the heights, to gather large boughs of the arbutus, off which they broke as many twigs as were needed to decorate our caps and bonnets, their own hats, and our end of the boat. They then proceeded to the christening of the isle, produced a bottle, supposed to contain whiskey, and dashing it against the rocks, pronounced the fair young lady's name. Then came forth a second bottle, really containing the true potheen, with which they brewed a bowl of punch. Each boatman standing up erect in line, his long oar in hand straight upon end, tossed off his glass to the heiress and her heritage, giving three huzzas at the last that resounded far and wide. Nonsense as it was, it was quite inspiring, the good-humour thus created reaching all. As we rowed away, they began in turns to entertain us with their many legends, all told with the gravity of perfect faith. Whether they do believe in these fairy tales—or whether, from oft repeating them, they have grown to think them true—or whether they are merely recited to impose on or amuse the strangers, who can say? One point very certain is, that they tell them well, so as quite to arrest the attention of the hearers.

The O'Donoghue is the hero of most of these romances. He was a giant and a prince of old; his power is even still felt here in his ancient dominions. If the wind blow, he is angry; if the sun shine, he is pleased. There is a rock called his prison, where, as he was good-hearted he allowed his prisoners bread—they found themselves in water. A pretty

bay, filled with the water-lily, most of the flowers white, but a few yellow amongst them,—a lovely spot, with its surrounding wooded banks—is O'Donoghue's garden, where strangers may dip for a specimen, but if too greedy in their quest, they are reminded of the chief's displeasure. A group of islands, one large, surrounded by less, is his hen and chickens—and so on of all the rest. In truth, the scenery is so remarkable, it could not fail to be particularised by the poetical fancies of its peasantry. Some of the rocks bear very fantastic shapes. One is a fac-simile of an eagle; another has its sides jagged into a correct likeness of the great Duke of Wellington: so perfect is it, that we all exclaimed at once, as to the fact, to the great delight of our boatmen. The waters of the lakes are in general dark coloured, and not very transparent; but there are clearer spaces; and while passing over one of these, we discerned, far below, some rocks of various size, and broken stony ground, which we were assured was a submerged city. O'Donoghue and the fairies quarrelled, and the people of the town having taken part with O'Donoghue, these little angry beings drowned the city. There was no end to such anecdotes; and there was fun, or what was meant for fun, apparent in many of them. The pretty *Countess*, our green and white painted boat, was checked for a moment before turning round a sort of point, while our friend Connell, our chief boat-man, gravely apologised for carrying us into a little bay, the best bathing-place in all the lakes, and where, not to shock us, we should be sure to find some gentlemen bathing. Down they all bent to their oars, and in a moment swung us round into a little bay, in the middle of which there stood one of these curious rocks exactly resembling a naked figure, that is the back and shoulders, with the head bent down, the lower limbs under water. This rock was, it seems, formerly much more perfect; it had had an upper part resembling the head erect, and two protuberances resembling arms. Unfortunately, some militia officers had been quartered at Killarney during some former disturbances; these officers, to beguile the time, thought it good sport to make this picturesque bit of rock a target, and so shot away the head and arms before any steps could be taken to prevent the mischief. The Lord Kenmare of the day was furiously angry, but the deed was done.

In our pony or car exhibitions on the solid earth, we had always been committed to the care of the elder Spilane, a veteran guide most peculiarly fitted for his vocation. On the water we resigned ourselves to Connell, who, talking all the while, steered us here and there, and through the crowd of islands, to catch a view of every point of interest. These islands, by-the-by, are in themselves most beautiful. One is quite wild—a sheep-

walk left to nature and Lord Kenmare's flocks; a second is smartly trimmed with gravel-walks and beds of flowers, from out of which shrubby screen just peeps the roof of an ornamented cottage; a third is half wild and half decorated; and all are verdant, waving their evergreen clothing over the waters, whose depths conceal the Hall of O'Donoghue. And here comes another tale, as well accredited as our former ones.

We had been expressing our surprise at the very bearable music of the bagpipes as played by the blind piper Gandsey, who had been sent for to our hotel to amuse some of the company. He was accompanied on the violin by his son; and really, we all agreed, it was very pretty music. Sure it was no wonder, for Gandsey's pipes were once O'Donoghue's, and silver-mounted; and they came to him in this wise. In the old times, there was a blind piper that lived in a village over beyond the bridge there on the Laune—the river. He came frequently into the town of Killarney to play to the people on his pipes. As he had no guide, he always chose a time when the wind was in a certain quarter, "for," he said, "it will blow on my face as I go, and on my back as I return." He played so well, he drank so hard, he never thought of the wind, which changed while he was in the town. So when he set out on his return, he took the contrary road, and walked, and walked, and walked until he was tired walking, saying to himself: "I don't hear the river gurgling; I ought to be over the strame. I believe I've had a drop too much: I'll lay me down and sleep it off." He lay down hindside of the road and fell asleep. He was awakened by a company of horsemen. It was General O'Donoghue and his troop. They knew him to be O'Sullivan, the blind piper. "Ah, Sullivan, I want you. I've a wedding-party at my castle: I want a piper. Get up behind me."

O'Sullivan said he was blind, and could not see to get up. The general bade one of his men dismount, and place the blind piper behind him, behind the general's self. They rode on, and on, and on, and then dashed into the lake. The piper felt the waters rising round, and then that he was slipping off; so he caught a hold of the tail of the horse; and when the water closed over his head, he knew it was a water-spirit or a mermaid that supported him. He knew nothing more until he found himself in a warm hall, and lots of people talking about him, and women's voices. Then General O'Donoghue approached him, and bade him play on his pipes, which he found safe and dry on his knees. He played as he was ordered, and all admired his music. A lady with a sweet voice came to him and asked him if he liked the hall—if it was not very beautiful. O'Sullivan answered, he dared say he should think it

very beautiful if he could see, but he was blind. The lady passed her hand over his eyes, and then he saw such lovely ladies, such a fine company, such grand eating and drinking, laughing and dancing. He was bid to play. He played. All praised him, and would dance only to his pipes, till they went to supper. O'Sullivan was alone in the hall when the harper came up to him and abused him for an old rogne to play so well, and took his pipes and broke them, giving him all the abuse in the world. O'Sullivan seized him by his long beard, and kicked him and cuffed him; so he was obliged to call for help, when the general and all his company appeared. O'Sullivan told how the harper had broken his pipes, and he had no others, and so must starve all the rest of his life, for he could do nothing else for his bread. The general took him to a room where he saw many pipes with gold and silver mountings, and bade him choose and keep his choice instead of what the harper broke. He took a set, and played, as no one ever played before. When all were tired, O'Sullivan was left alone and fell asleep. Days passed and no one heard tell of O'Sullivan. All his friends thought he had fallen into the lake and was drowned. At length he was found fast asleep at the end of the lake, with a bran new set of pipes with silver-mountings under his head. He could not tell how he got there, and was still blind. People did not just believe all his story, only there were the pipes, never accounted for in any other way. O'Sullivan died shortly after, leaving, by will, his silver-mounted pipes to the next blind piper; and so they have come down all the way to Gandsey, with little wonder that he plays so well, seeing that they are enchanted pipes, and were once O'Donoghue's.

We were just nearing Innisfail as our tale concluded—the wild island pastured with the Kerry sheep, a small animal like any other mountain mutton—the same sweet juicy tender flesh the *gourmets* all extol. We found here the ruins of a monastery, which are very extensive, and some marvellously large trees—one holly fourteen feet in girth, splendid ash, immense yews, and arbutuses dipping their branches in the water. There is a famous tree at hand, by name the needle-forked, the two stems dividing near the ground, and rising so close together, that only a slight youthful figure can slip through between. Of course, this has been taken advantage of in a place where every chance is turned to profit. We elders were to proceed along the path to a point not far off, from whence we were promised a view of our favourite mountains, the Toomies; and there we were to sit, and rest, and admire, while our young heiress—she who had promised to return with a husband to her inheritance—had to try her luck in looking for one. She

must thread the needle, or live in maiden liberty another year. Loud shouts and merry laughter proclaimed the young lady's success. We were half afraid of another punch-making; but fine speeches and good wishes, and wet feet, were sufficient, and sent us merrily back to our boat to proceed on our voyage. We really lived on the lakes during the last day of our pleasant visit to Killarney.

And now, before closing these hasty notes, before taking you back, courteous reader, to Dublin, dear Dublin, that beautiful city of happy people, beautiful sprite of some negligence, happy notwithstanding many rags, gay over much misery, with the ready answer ever at hand, and a queer jaunty sort of politeness never wanting, preferable, some think, to the sober, surly manner met elsewhere—one word on some of the little matters that might be mended in a country improving every day. First, we would have the streets of Dublin cleaner. Then there should be less delay on the railway journey. Next, we would recommend a more moderate scale of charges at the hotel at Killarney, and a little more attention from the landlord. It would not be amiss were he to make it a rule to receive *all* arriving. He might even enter with the first dish at dinner, and take the orders for the wines. Under his eyes, probably, we should have been spared the annoyance of being served one day by a very *confused* waiter, whose unsteady movements endangered our dresses, our shoulders, and the loss to the dishes of their gravy—even a dish itself was in jeopardy—a fine leg of mutton rocked very wildly on its china plate. Also, had the kitchen been more carefully supervised, we should hardly have been presented, on four consecutive days, with four consecutive legs of mutton, although we had urgently called for Kerry beef. The fowls were thin and badly trussed, the pastry heavy, no dressed dishes good, and yet at the head of the kitchen was a *chef* of reputation, with other paper-caps under his sway. Why this high flight should have been attempted was the mistake. What more was wanted than the dainty fare the hills, the streams, the farm, the dairy could supply? These plainly but well cooked are fitter viands for the tourists' healthy appetite than ill-arranged *entrées*. Lastly the appearance of the landlord to take leave of those by whose visitings he lives, and to speed them on their further journey, would, with his thanks and good wishes, be a pleasanter last recollection of Killarney, than the formidable array of servants watching for further extras which blocks up the passage to the carriage door. But these are minor grievances. In essentials there was no room for fault-finding: the house was clean, the beds excellent, the servants attentive, and every arrangement was made to facilitate the grand object of the visit—a thorough enjoyment of the scenery.

The week we passed there was a happy one, pleasant at the time, and pleasant to think over, a bright spot in memory. Adieu, then, dear Killarney! some day, some of us may hope to wander by those shores again, and take another view of scenes very well worth the very slight trouble of the journey.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Let the scholar and divine
Tell us how to pray aright;
Let the truths of Gospel shine
With their precious hallowed light;
But the prayer a mother taught
Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit-faught
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood
Still those words at evening hour,
Imply some Being great and good,
Of mercy, majesty and power,
Bending low on infant knee,
And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb his home must be,
To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have searched the sacred page,
I have heard the godly speech,
But the lore of saint or sage
Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
But my soul the triumph won,
When the anguish that I bore
Only breathed,—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,
Have nerved my heart in every task,
And howsoever my breast may bleed,
No other balm of prayer I ask,
When my whitened lips declare
Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear
Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."

If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and to benefit your fellow-creatures, and if, after all, the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble you have taken, do not be angry and make a loud talking about the world's ingratitude, for if you do, it will seem that you cared more about the thanks you were to receive than about the blessings which you professed to bestow.

Biography is useless which is not true. The weaknesses of character must be preserved, however insignificant or humbling; they are the crata of genius, and clear up the text.

If we examine the subject, it is not pride that makes us angry, but the want of foundation for pride; and for this reason humility often displeases us as much.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of saved, not of the slain.

A RAILWAY TRIP & ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THERE is much between the cup and the lip, says the old proverb, and universal experience attests the truth of it,—for, is there one of our race, whatever his age, or lot, or condition, who has not to his sorrow realized the fact? I know there is not. Has not the youth who was running full tilt after some coveted indulgence, seen the ripe cherry drop past his lips when his mouth was most woefully open to receive it?

Has not the coy damsel who was innocently plotting to accomplish some end, on which she, in her simple wisdom thought her happiness depended, found the whole scheme most unexpectedly thwarted?

Has she not, when with all a maiden's inventive ingenuity, she was quietly and steadily manœvering to attain her object, found her mother step in, and versed in all the tactics of girls in their teens, from personal practice in bygone days, frustrate the darling scheme, just when it seemed gliding on to a blissful conclusion?

Has not the merchant laid his plans, wisely and well, in order to realize a darling speculation, and these have gone on for a time as his heart could wish, so that a prosperous issue seemed certain, but just at the eleventh hour, when he was fondly calculating his probable gains, an unforeseen hitch has suddenly upset them, and his high hopes have been utterly overthrown?

Has not the lawyer been consulted by a heavy pursed country squire, on some question of grievance, which a dogged determination to stand up for his right, had invested with an importance which nothing but law can vindicate and uphold? And has he not chuckled in his inmost soul, as he listened to the goose who seemed so anxious to be plucked,—a long list of pleas, answers, demurrers, replies and duplicates, with their inseparable concomitants of fees for advising, charges for extending, and retainers for pleading, dancing before his mind's eye in all the glory of what is known in Scotland as "a thriving plea," i. e. a Law Suit, with a strong principle of vitality in it. But the atmosphere of a lawyer's office, the ominous bundles of papers, the long ranges of books in professional binding, and above all, the legal jargon of the proceeding, alarmed the simple squire, so that after a sleepless night, he determined to drop the business—pocket the wrong, and keep out of the grasp of a lawyer's clutches, and the legal spider disappointed of his prey, has had to shake his web again and see that its threads were in better trim to secure the next fly that blundered into them.

In short, where is the child of man, who has not by some unforeseen occurrence, been bamboozled out of what he had counted on as a foregone conclusion?

This is a long preamble, but it is pertinent to my purpose, for I am yet aching from the effects of a disappointment on which I did not reckon, when I started the other day, on what I designed to be, a pleasant expedition.

Let me premise, too, that I have been a traveller by sea and land, for somewhat more than thirty years, and never was one minute behind time for ship or steamer, stage-coach or rail-car, on the contrary, I have had always some half hour to spend in superintending the preparations for starting, and watching the arrival of puffing and bustling passengers.

Thus confirmed as I vainly thought in habits of punctuality, I repaired to the railway station of the finest city in the neighboring States, New Haven, to wit, and took my place in one of the cars, to visit another city some thirty miles distant. Exactly at the stipulated hour the train started, and was soon whirling along a coast which must have cost the sturdy Puritan Fathers many a headache, ere they wrung out of it the needful aliment for the life that now is.

Our company was as usual in a railway car, a miscellaneous one, it comprehended age and infancy, married folks and single, rich and poor, there were grand-mammams with pet grandchildren, and mothers with their little ones out for a jaunt. Gents trying to read newspapers, and youths poring over some cheap novel,—delicate ladies who dreaded the draft from open windows, and nervous ones who could not breathe while they were shut,—sweet smiling damsels, with moustached and scented dandy acquaintances, to see them safely in and out of the car,—farmers and mechanics,—one young couple with their squalling first born, and an innocent pair, who had very recently plighted their troth to each other, and were as yet under the potent influence of the Honey Moon, for open and unwearyed was the billing and cooing in which they indulged, notwithstanding the many eyes of wondering misses which intently watched them.

Such we were a motley assemblage it is true, but all satisfied, and on we rattled, from station to station, now leaving, and no new comers adding to, our numbers.

Like all travellers whose misfortune it is to journey alone, I prefer a seat on which I have no companion, and as in every car there are several of these, I generally choose that next the door, which faces the company, because I can vary the

monotony by a furtive glance at the varied countenances before me, as well as by a sidling look at the landscape which is careering past the window.

I had *Le Diable Boiteux* in my pocket, but reading was out of the question in that road, nor did I regret it. I had a group before me which Lavater would have delighted to gaze upon, and outside I caught a glimpse of the alternate patches of cultivated land, bare rock, and salt marshes, by which we bolted. Then we would soon be at our journey's end,—I would look on my fellow passengers as they parted, never to meet again under one roof in this world, and I would see the city of whaling vessels.

But alas! in these foreshadowings of coming entertainment, I reckoned without mine host, these little enjoyments were not to fall to my lot, a very different termination of my jaunt awaited me. I was not to see my fellow travellers emerge from their places, and severally wend their ways to their desired havens. I was not to ascertain whether the happy billing couple would be as loving in the street as they had shown themselves in the car, nor was I to watch how the frail grandmamma would pilot her boisterous, wilful pet through the bustle and business of the terminus.

The cup was in my hands it is true, but it was not destined to reach my lips.

All however went smoothly with me, till we reached and were ferried over the Connecticut River, where other cars awaited us; the change was soon made, the swarm of human beings who streamed out of the set of cars, soon found their way into another, and in a few seconds all were humming in their chosen places. I, too, got my customary corner, but there was some delay in starting. The authorities were apparently holding a council; all was hushed and still while they were confabbing, here then was an opportunity for me to catch a look up the river, whose beauties I had heard greatly extolled. I had only to step on to the platform, and round the station-house, and all would be before me. In an evil hour, I forsook my place, and sought the stolen pleasure, and sweet it was, for the instant I enjoyed it, the broad waters were sleeping in sunshine, and their beautiful banks were a fitting fringe to them, "this is indeed a lovely river," said I to one who had followed me out of the car and now stood beside me, but his answer put my poetical feelings to flight,—"the train's off," he shouted and ran, I following but altogether incredulous of the fact, for no bell had rung, nor had the usual cry, "all aboard," been uttered, but verily he was

right, the train had started, he ran and shouted, and the brakeman saw and heard us; for the last car was not ten yards from the platform on which we were running, but the rascal whose unmistakable Milesian phiz was dilated at the fun, flamed at our frantic efforts to overtake the train.

These were verily made in vain, for what could two poor mortals do, though their strength had not only been combined, but quadrupled, in contending with the condensed speed of a troop of horses? We nevertheless still ran, yet the distance widened between us, and though we hallooed as if the well-being of the State had been at issue, it booted us not, the steam beat us hollow. Yet we clung in hope to the cars, and strove to comfort one another, as we still trotted on—that the engine would be reversed immediately—we were sure of that—they would never leave two passengers who had paid their fare, to the tender mercies of a scorching sun on an exposed track, they could not but know that scores upon scores had been destroyed lately by *coups de soleil*, and they never would abandon us to the risk of such a casualty,—so we reasoned to our own entire satisfaction,—the thing was inconceivable,—they never could and they never would, but our convictions could not stop the train, for it still sped on till it disappeared in the far distance, and we became at length thoroughly alive to the fact, that we were left behind, with ten miles between us and our goal.

Like wise men and good philosophers, we began now to compare notes, as to our relative misfortune, for there might be a drop of comfort to the one, if the other had more to grieve for, and certainly that comfort was mine, for my brother in tribulation had more abundant cause for lamentations than I, for he had that morning started from New York to see his family after an absence of eleven months, they lived in a village six miles beyond the city we were bound to, and he had to be back to his vessel in New York on the following day; moreover he had already missed a train in the morning, and walked six miles, and now the probability was, that though he should walk steadily on, he would be too late for the steamboat which sailed in the evening for his village, and he would, therefore, have to walk the six miles farther, so that he would merely have an hour or two with his wife and children, ere he had to leave them again. He had, therefore, ample cause for complaining, whereas, my only ground of complaint was, that I was well stricken in years, and though a tolerable pedestrian on a good path or a plank road, I trembled at the

thought of struggling for 16 miles along a track which was made up of loose sand or looser gravel; moreover, from the detestable station house which had hidden the moving off of the train from us, far onward as the eye could reach, not a single dwelling was visible, so that the journey had every appearance of being a tiresomely lonely one.

So circumstanced, we paused for a little to consider whether we should wait six hours for the next train or push on, trusting that we might ere long come upon some farmers lot where a conveyance might be hired. My companion decided for the latter alternative, and I drawn by sympathy resolved to accompany him.

We began, then, our dreary pilgrimage, and dreary it was, indeed, seeing that in eight miles we saw not a house, nor met a human being, the footing too, was execrable—and to me, at least, intolerably fatiguing, the sand yielding at every step; while to crown my misery we had several bridges to pass along, mere car breadths of sleepers, supported on piles, on which the rails were laid, and stretching across little bays of salt water, some forty or fifty yards, and one at least three times that length.

Now, gentle reader, imagine an old man an amateur traveller, picking his steps along the villainous viaducts, over sleepers nearly three feet apart, with the green, green sea gurgling and billowing in all its tantalizing wantonness under his feet, without one friendly board to hide its restless motion from his aching eyes; and you can judge of the grim exercise I had to go through, and the measure of enjoyment I had in performing it. It was far otherwise with my nautical chum, who, had his feet been garnished with claws, could not have clung to them more securely than he did, his head never swam, his heart never fluttered, his knees never shook, but on, on, on, plank after plank he footed over as deft'y as if he had been on dry land.

It was not so with me, my eyes reeled, my head was dizzy, my heart thumped until I gasped from its throbbing, and Belshazzars knees were not more loose in their joints than mine, they literally smote each other, for there was a smart breeze setting in from the sea, and more than once I had to stand still to regain my balance and rally my scattered wits—I felt that there was but a step between me and death—a lustier puff of wind or an extra smiting of my joints might have sent me the way of all the earth, and closed for ever my peregrinations. Oh! how fervently did I give God thanks when I had fairly got over the first of these rascally footways, little knowing that

more and mightier were they which I had yet to encounter,—one reflection of my bluff associate cast a gleam of comfort into my troubled spirit. I candidly confess the fact. "What if there's been a blow up in the train? I guess if there has we're better as we are," and I really thought as he did—the thing was possible, and if it did happen, then our being left behind would be a providential escape,—but the comfort did not last, nothing of the kind occurred, no wreck of either car or carcass did we meet with on our solitary way, only the bare weary rails in their misty longitude stretched away indefinitely before us.

I hate a straight road, I have utterly loathed one, ever since when leaving Paris for Boulogne, I passed along the *Chaussée Royale*, through the forest of Chantilly many years ago, the lumbering diligence entered on it long before noon, and at night-fall was still trundling along it, the *Chaussee* before and behind it, straight and pointed as a needle, and nothing on either side but tall trees, where sombre shade made the solitude more dreary—nay, so irksome did it become, that there was really something enlivening in the crack of the postillions whip; his very "*sacréés*" were rousing, and the tinkling of the miserable ill-assorted bells which were tied here and there upon the sorry harness of the horses was a sort of relief.

Yet grievous as the monotony of the road was—I was perched up in the *coupée* and stretched at my ease, my annoyances were merely mental, and I managed at times to forget these in a comfortable snooze.

But it was not so now, on this railroad excursion here; there was a miserable monotony to jade the mind, grievous fatigue to exhaust the body, and fear and trembling on the detestable viaducts to give pungency to both—moreover, with a broiling August sun flaming over our heads—thirst—burning thirst filled up the measure of my woes. I fancied that I realized in all its intensity, the misery of pilgrims in the desert,—for we were in a wilderness of salt meadows—not a rill of fresh water was there,—water there was in abundance, but it was that of the sea, and there was no well, for man had with one consent abandoned the coast, as too bleak for his abode and too bare for his culture. During twelve weary miles not a human being did we see, save three laborers on a portion of the road, but these told us there was a house a little further on,—this oasis we at length reached, and moistened our parched throats with copious draughts of sparkling cold water, and here I learned to my unspeakable satisfaction, that the station-house was

a mile distant, and that there the public road could be taken which was as direct to the city as the rail track.

Disgusted as ever exhausted traveller was with the execrable road he had to trudge over, the thought of escaping from its sand and gravel, was a merciful relief, and with a stout heart I set out to master the remaining mile, but alas, I had not as yet emptied my cup of suffering, for we shortly came upon one of the longest viaducts which had yet been met with, and as if to increase my tribulations the sleepers were wider apart than usual. One solatium I had however in this, the extremity of my trial—there was a good deal of undersparring in the framework of the bridge, which hid the motion of the water, and greatly lessened my perplexity—with this as the capping of my calamity, my trouble ended, for we shortly after got upon the main road, and a waggon coming up its hearty owner invited us to come into it, and though his business lay only half a mile further on, yet he kindly drove into the city and up to the railway terminus.

Now, courteous reader, is not the proverb right? Is there not much between the cup and the lip? and in parting let me counsel you never to leave a car—where no profession is made of stopping—but keep your seat, and so you will escape the misery which I endured.

DIODEGENES.

WHAT HAPPENED AT CHERRY-TREE TOPPING.

It is strange—nor is this observation a new one—how certain localities become subject, as it were, to certain analogous events; just as in some families a disease may appear to be hereditary, or a predisposition to peculiar eccentricities continue to shew itself for several centuries. I remember an elm-tree near the good town of Taunton, in passing near which so many of our acquaintances had somehow chanced to sprain an ankle, that we gave it the name of the Twistfoot-tree. In like manner I have to relate a series of somewhat romantic facts which took place at the old farmhouse of Cherry-tree Topping, in Somerset, where I was born, where I afterwards became a wife, and where I have since lived many years a widow, with my good kind children and grandchildren around me.

I had no part in the first event of which I have chosen to be the narrator. It occurred before I was born, but was frequently the subject of conversation at our fireside, where my excellent father took great delight in placing it before my mental view in the shape of a warning against what he was inclined to

consider as one of the greatest faults in the female character—that nervous timidity which, from the most frivolous causes, induces young women to faint, and shriek, and give way to ridiculous paroxysms of fear, that are sometimes the result of constitutional weakness, but oftener conventional and affected, and then assuredly calling for no sympathy.

It seems that before my father leased the farm of Cherry-tree Topping, a burglary, attended by fatal circumstances, had been committed in the house. The then resident, a Mr. Roby, was an elderly man, accounted wealthy, but of no generous or charitable disposition, though overpartial to the indulgences of the table, and ostentatious in the display of furniture and household luxuries that were justly deemed unsuitable to his condition. His wife was dead, and two daughters composed his family. Educated in that faulty and foolish manner which, by the substitution of superficial and imperfectly acquired accomplishments for substantially useful qualifications, unfits the respectable yeoman's daughter for the station she was born to dignify and ornament, those poor girls had passed a few years at a third-rate boarding-school, where they were taught to smatter imperfect French, to play the pianoforte, for which they had no taste, and to manufacture such ornamental work as neither practically nor æsthetically served to enlarge their capacities for utility, or expand their intellects. The consequences were obvious. Returned to their father's house, they were unfit to manage it, and the conduct of the establishment devolved upon a clever but dishonest upper-servant; whilst their time was swallowed up in a hundred frivolous details, which added neither to their charms as women, nor to their respectability amongst their neighbours. Mr. Roby grumbled at their extravagance, but his vulgar pride reconciled him to a display of his wealth; nor was it until the elopement of his youngest daughter with a reckless young dancing-master at Taunton, who reckoned on receiving a pardon and a portion from the parent of his bride, that he began to question the merits of his own management. The change in his disposition from indifference to querulous tyranny did not mend matters; and when, after a short season of hardship and poverty, his till then unforgiven child was restored to him a widow, she found a household that had been altered, but had not been reformed in her absence.

It was at this time the burglary took place. On a Sabbath night, when the servants had retired, and when Mr. Roby, after an ample supper, sat half stupified over a third tumbler of strong punch, while his daughters were individually devouring the pages of a novel, a loud noise was heard in the room beneath the drawing-room, in which they were seated.—This room, miscalled the study, contained not

only the plate, but the escritoire in which old Roby's cash was treasured. The girls, terrified out of all self-possession by the scarcely mistakable sounds below, started up, screaming loudly for that assistance they had not judgment to look for in themselves; and wakening the old man from his inebriated stupor, vainly called upon him for defence. Men in white frocks, with their faces blackened, burst in upon them, with many oaths, demanding the keys of chest and coffer. Mr. Roby, rising in terrified wrath, was struck down by one of the burglars; while his eldest daughter ran shrieking about the room in the imbecile hysteria of terror; and the other selfishly regardless of aught but her own personal safety, managed to escape from the scene, and lay hid in the coal-cellar, until she was found some hours after the housebreakers had retreated with their booty.

On Miss Roby's recovery from her fit of terror; she found her father lifeless on the floor; but not staying to render him assistance, she rushed from the house, and finding her way to the offices, succeeded at last in rousing some of the men-servants. Mr. Roby was quite dead; there was no mark of violence on his person; and it was just as probable that a fit, occasioned by fright when so suddenly roused from inebriated slumbers, had extinguished the spark of life, as that he had been killed by the blow of the robber, which his married daughter declared she had witnessed. The burglars were never discovered; but it is a fact that the woman, who had so completely ruled the domestic economy of the family, disappeared soon after, having thrown up her situation when it became no longer desirable to retain it.

Now, my father was accustomed to ascribe all the misfortunes that befell the Roby's to pride and self-indulgence in the parent, and want of mental culture in the children.—'These women,' he would say, 'might have saved life and property, had they been properly educated into that self-reliance which teaches us not only to defend ourselves, but to help others.—Now, Nelly'—turning to me—'had I been asleep in that chair, with you beside me, and such a crew breaking into the house, what would you have done?'

'But, father,' I would reply, 'you do not get tipsy; and if such a thing were to happen, I fear I should be very much frightened; but, at the same time'—

'Well?'

'At the same time, I should certainly not leave you to their tender mercies, or hide myself in the coal-hole; and I am very sure that I could control myself sufficiently to prevent all noisy evidence of my alarm. I never fainted in my life; and you and my mother have taught me better things than to scream at the sight of a mouse or a black beetle. I did not

even start yesterday, when I almost put my hand upon a toad in the garden.'

'But would you stand quietly by, and permit the sideboard to be rifled without a struggle?'

'Nay, father, I should ring the bell if possible, or up poker and at them,' said I smiling: 'besides, there is a pistol in the study, if I could get at it.'

'Yes—a pistol without a lock, and in want of cleaning. But it shall be looked to girl; and, what is more, you shall be taught how to use it. I do not wish to make either a racing sportsman or a hare hunting sharp-shooter of my daughter, but I see no reason why she should not learn how to prime a pistol—ay, and fire it, too, if need were.'

My mother never interfered in such matters as the above, for she knew that my father had a good reason for most of his resolves; and though I shrunk a little at first from the lesson, I did not try to avert it. I little thought, some weeks afterwards, when he complimented me on my prowess, that I should ever level a pistol at anything less brittle than a black bottle, or more lively than a log of wood?

* * * * *

I have not yet told you, that within half a mile of us rose the old, gray, substantial walls of the manor-house of the Lesters. The family, an ancient one, though no longer rich, had long been patrons of ours. My mother was the foster-sister of Lady Lester, and foster-mother to her second son, Frank. But of this second son I had, up to this time, heard little. My eldest brother, whose place at my mother's breast he had taken, had long been dead, and Frank might now have been nearly thirty years of age. I afterwards came to learn, that for misconduct of more than common baseness he had been discarded by his family, his father having settled a certain annuity on him, provided he lived abroad. At home, his reckless extravagance and dishonourable habits had exhausted the pity or affection of all save his mother: she, with many vain attempts to alter a course of life which seemed prompted by an innate love of vice, at length was obliged to content herself with lavishing upon him all the little cash she could spare; and when, on his father's death, his brother succeeded to the family estates, she made an unavailing attempt to bring about a reconciliation between her sons. Indeed, her partiality for the unworthy Frank amounted to infatuation. She submitted to his exactions, that were not even harbingered by any display of filial tenderness, until Sir George found himself called upon peremptorily to interfere; and the result was, a serious quarrel with his mother, which the friends of the family found it impossible to adjust. The dispute ended in Lady Lester's leaving the manor-house for Cherry-tree Topping, where she

prevailed upon my parents to allot a suit of rooms for her use until such time as her health enabled her to remove elsewhere.

This took place nearly two years after I had acquired the accomplishment of shooting at a mark. To make room for Lady Lester's attendant, I was sent on a visit to an aunt who resided in London. I was the god-daughter of this excellent relative, who had long wished me to reside with her, and I submitted the more cheerfully to the wishes of my parents because of my knowledge of her wise and amiable character. I spent two years with her, proving a useful companion to one who had no other in the world nearer of kindred than my father; and it appeared that, owing to declining health and a disinclination for any change, Lady Lester still continued to reside at the farm. A reconciliation had been effected between herself and the baronet, but she declined living at the manor-house, where, in truth, it is not likely that her presence was desired. Unfortunately her weak, not to say sinful indulgence of her younger son—her compliance, as far as it could go, with his constant demands upon her purse, suffered no diminution; and the respectful interference of my parents had no other effect than irritating her into displeasure, which ended in accessions of severe indisposition. More than once, returning for a time to England, Frank Lester had dared to intrude upon his mother, whom he never left until by menaces of self-destruction he had succeeded in extorting money from her. On one occasion, when in fact she was unable to comply with his requisitions, and when my mother remonstrated with her foster-son on his cruel and unfilial conduct, he insulted them both so grossly, that my father, happening to come in at the time, thrust him out of the house, declaring he should never enter it again.

About this time my good old aunt expired, leaving me mistress of all her humble savings, and I was summoned home. I found no alterations there, saving in the presence of Lady Lester and the absence of my eldest sister, who had recently married. The fragile appearance and gentle disposition of Lady Lester interested me deeply. Her almost child-like dependence on all who surrounded her; aroused my natural desire to make myself useful to the sick or sad; and I became by degrees her constant companion—reading to her, working beside her, administering to her ailments, and listening to the recitals of her happier days, which it was an indulgence to her to repeat to so eager an auditor.

In her details there was one reservation, which, knowing the state of affairs, I sought not to remove: she never mentioned Frank but as the beautiful and clever boy whom my mother had nursed. One day his arrival was announced, after an absence of many months, during which time, however, it appears that

more than once small sums of money had been transmitted to him by his mother. My father was absent, or he might have refused admittance to one who, it seems, had often insulted him for a straightforward condemnation of his conduct; but in the breast of his foster-mother still lingered an advocate, and he was ushered into the apartments of Lady Lester. I did not see him, for I was engaged in some domestic matter, from which, however, I was ere long summoned by loud cries and the ringing of a bell. I found Lady Lester in violent hysterics, and my mother so much alarmed as to be incapable of rendering her any assistance. I succeeded, however, in restoring the agitated dowager to some degree of tranquillity, when she confessed that Frank had forced from her all the ready money she possessed at the time; nay, more, had threatened to destroy himself if she did not promise to provide him with £300 in a few days. 'He knows,' she said, 'that in that time I shall receive a sum equal to that amount; but his words were so cruel, his menaces so inhuman, that I have at length taken your husband's advice: I refused to give it. I have sworn to give him no more for a year, nor will I see him till then. I believe he would have struck me, had you not come in.'

On my father's return, we told him all that had occurred; but he seemed to think that, having failed in his object, there was no danger to be apprehended from a repetition of Frank's visits for some time, or until he had soothed his indulgent parent by apologies and sessions. Nor, indeed, did we hear of him for several weeks.

How well do I remember the bright glory of that genial day, whose close was to be darkened by my first sight of Frank Lester. I had seen my father mount his horse and ride away to B—, whence he warned us not to look for his return before a late hour; and as I sauntered back from the gate where I had shaken hands with him, my eyes drank in with rare delight the soft quiet beauty of the scene before me. The farmhouse, which was closely imbosomed in a grove of the exuberant cherry trees from which it derived its name, had no near prospect of agricultural processes or labour, and there was a look of substantial yet graceful antiquity about it, that consorted well with the serenity of the weather. Round every casement and lattice, and winding about and over an ample bowler-like porch, ran roses, jessamines, and honeysuckles, profusely covered with flowers in every stage of bloom, amidst which the bees and butterflies hummed and sported. On the green lawn, smoothly shorn, before the windows of the parlour and the drawing-room above it, which was devoted to our inmate, sported a favourite cat and kitten; whilst every cherry tree, richly-clothed in green leaf and white blossom, wafted fragrance around,

that might well be termed incense waved forth from censers of emerald by snowy hands.

We had passed the day pleasantly, and twilight found me in Lady Lester's bedroom, which was on the same floor as the drawing-room, though separated from it by a passage. It was a richly-furnished apartment of considerable size, for she had had some favourite pieces of furniture removed to it from the manor. Near the bed, with its back to the window, stood a richly-carved antique chair, my usual seat as I read to her when she lay down. Opposite, and to the left of the door, before which stood a handsome screen, was a costly cabinet and esecritoire, in which she kept her papers and valuables; a picture or two on the wall, through which opened a small dressing-room, the entrance closed by a pall of ancient arras. The house was wonderfully silent, for the kitchen department was quite at the back, and shut out from us by a long corridor. As the dusk deepened, and I lit the candles, I almost fancied the house uninhabited, save by ourselves, for my mother was busy in the laundry, and the only sound that found its way through the open doors, was the twittering of the small birds among the trees. I had read to Lady Lester until she had passed off into a slight slumber, when I lay back in the chair to continue my lecture to myself. Presently I was disturbed by hearing on the staircase footsteps, which anon seemed to stop and again to retire. In the belief that it was my mother, I got up, and stealing softly to the door, addressed her in a low voice. There was no answer; and then all at once I remembered that she had desired me to bring her a bunch of lavender which lay on a table in the drawing-room. I ran across the passage for it, found it readily without any other light than that which poured in dimly and quaintly from the fine clear night-sky, and hastened to the laundry with it. As I passed the outer door, which I recollected having left open, it struck me that some person must have passed by, for it was now ajar, and there was no wind that could have forced it into this position. I shut it, without drawing bolt or bar; but as I left the laundry, having accomplished my task, I asked my mother if she had been near the staircase, or sent anybody thither, for I had fancied that I had heard footsteps. She replied in the negative. 'Silly child,' she added laughing, 'it was your friend Puss, who has been teaching her kitten all manner of voisy tricks.' I left her, and had reached the end of the passage that led to the staircase, when I heard loud voices. Lady Lester was speaking angrily, yet the tremor of her voice evinced fear. In a moment, I conjectured what was really the case—that her unworthy son had found his way to her in my absence; it was he who had stolen into the house in the dusk; it was he who had partly closed the door,

and whose footsteps I had heard on the stairs.

My heart beat fast as I listened. What course ought I to pursue? Should I run to my mother? Perhaps it would have been better if had I done so. I heard him say that he must have money—every shilling she had about her; if she refused, he would make her repent it. I heard such cruel words, such harsh accents, as no man should accost a woman with, still less a son address to his mother. I began to tremble, for I heard him demand her keys; and then I heard 'hem rattle, and a gasping cry—and then all was still. In another moment I was at the bedroom door, still open; I stole within it, crouching behind the screen, from which I had a distinct view of what was going on. A man, his back towards the door, was trying to open the esecritoire; but his hand trembled with terror or remorse; and he swore fiercely as he forced the unwilling lock. Lady Lester lay back on her pillow in a swoon or dead.—Upon the chair I had occupied, on the very volume I had been reading, lay a pistol. I know not how I came to do it; but I did it. Before he had quite wrenched asunder the lock of the esecritoire, I had seized the pistol, unseen, unheard; I retreated with it to the screen, and then I gave utterance to my indignation in a loud cry. Whether the words I uttered were an appeal for help, or a shout of uncontrollable condemnation, I cannot tell; but I never shall forget the horrible expression of the face that turned towards me in startled wonder as well as rage.

'Dare not, for your life, touch what is there!' I said.

A hideous smile crossed his features as he sprang towards the chair. I do not think that until then he became cognizant of my having gained possession of his weapon. He uttered a fearful oath. 'Idiot!' he cried, 'give up that pistol instantly.'

'If you advance a step, I fire,' was my answer, as I cocked the pistol.

There was a noise from the bed—the gasp of returning animation; there was a noise from the stairs behind me; but as he sprang upon me, I discharged the weapon. The room was then to me a scene of mystery and confusion. There were cries which I did not utter; there was a body extended at my feet; there were a woman's arms about its neck; and I lost all sense and sight, all consciousness except that of being carried away by hands that were unknown to me.

A very brief explanation will suffice to clear away the clouds that may chance to linger about the scene which has just been described. My father's return was some hours earlier than had been anticipated, and yet he did not arrive one moment too soon. About six miles from —, he had come up with a young medical practitioner of his acquaint-

ance, who had been summoned to attend a neighbour of ours, suddenly seized with apoplexy. My father rode with him to the house of Mr. B—, where they were met by a physician from Taunton, who told them all was over. Death had relieved the sufferer, and they who came to administer such relief as life can bestow were no longer needed. My father invited his young friend, Dr. Reveley, to step home with him to supper, and they had opened the outer door at the very moment when the report of firearms alarmed the whole household. If I had boasted of an incapacity to faint some years before, I could no longer lay claim to such an exemption from the weaknesses of my sex, for my father entered the room just in time to receive me senseless in his arms. But exigencies more serious than mine called for assistance, and the presence of Dr. Reveley was no unprized advantage.

Frank Lester, wounded as he was, struggled desperately to release himself from the enfolding arms of his mother, and had dashed her roughly from him, when the entrance, one after another, of every member of the family then at home, prevented him from effecting his escape. Too surely the pistol had been loaded, and with ball—for what object none ever asked, so far as I know. Too surely had my aim done justice to my early practice; for the first and second fingers of his right hand had been so nearly shot away, that Mr. Reveley found it necessary to amputate the mangled remnants,

Lady Lester, in a state of agitation that amounted to frenzy, was at length pacified by the doctor's assurances that her son's life was in nowise endangered; and that son conveyed to a remote apartment, where he submitted without a word to the requisite operation, was left to ruminate on his conduct, until the pity of my mother drew her from other cares to sit by his bedside.

I was not chidden by my father for what had happened, but my own feelings were not so tranquil. Not even the avowed admiration of my conduct testified by the doctor, when he came to know all, sufficed to satisfy me as to what had resulted from my rashness.—Time has, however, convinced me that I was a humble instrument in the hand of Providence. It is impossible to tell by what chinks and crannies the light may first enter upon the darkened soul; but it is very certain the occurrences of that night had a most salutary effect on the mind of Frank Lester. When, after a few days, he was admitted to the chamber of his suffering parent to receive her forgiveness, my mother described his remorse and anguish as painful yet sweet to be witnessed; and when afterwards my father placed before him a vivid picture, not only of what he had done of evil, but of what he had intended to do, and the probable re-

sults of such actions had they been permitted, he betrayed feelings that, latent too long, promised an amended future.

Letters were addressed by his mother to her elder son, and details entered into which happily terminated in Frank Lester's being sent abroad in a capacity where opportunities were available for entering upon a different sort of existence from that which had stained his early manhood. But the chastening hand fell upon him before he left us. His mother's constitution, never strong, was so shaken by that night's fearful occurrence, that she did not live more than a week after learning that she had succeeded in obtaining a permanent situation for him. I had not seen him since the accident; but when at last I was summoned to his dying mother's side, and looked upon the pale, haggard face of that man as he knelt by her bed, and at her request told me that he not only forgave but blessed me for the act I had committed, I turned away shuddering, and in tears that I did not attempt to conceal.

Many years passed: my father, my mother, were taken from me in turn, but not before they had given me away in marriage to Dr. Reveley. We were prosperous for many years; but at length the tide of fortune turned, and with four children to provide for we found ourselves fast sinking into abject poverty. When things were at their worst, a letter reached me from a celebrated lawyer at B—, informing me that, by the recent decease of Frank Lester, Esq., &c., at—, I became entitled to an annuity of £400, which was bequeathed "to Helen Marriott, the wife of Robert Reveley, &c., by one whom she had been the means, through Divine Providence, of having prevented from committing a great crime." From public rumor, we learned that Frank Lester, who died an elderly man, had lived a life of practical usefulness in the station which he honorably held abroad, and from whence he had never returned to England.

In everything that is repeated daily there must be three periods: in the first it is new, then old and wearisome; the third is neither, it is habit.

A disposition to calumny is too bad a thing to be the only bad thing in us; a vice of that distinction cannot be without a larger retinue.

Decency and external conscience often produce a fairer outside than is warranted by the stains within.

Flattery is like a flail, which if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

Reality plants a thorny hedge around our dreaming, while the sporting-ground of the possible is ever free and open.

Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pin and musquito thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART II. HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

THE first was a long, lank, shaky, shirtless individual, with a scraggy bare neck, a stubby beard, washy mouth, watery eyes, and a big reddish-blue nose, with a nasty whitish scarry streak across its ridge. He appeared to walk within and beneath a slight framework of wood and calico, which, though rather puzzling at a distance, on a nearer view appeared plainly to be one of those portable opera-houses whereon Punch, that incomparable artist, electrifies the public by his brilliant and highly appreciated *execution*.

Behind this interesting specimen stumped along a short, squab, but heavy muscular fellow—an ugly customer in every sense of the term—some-what less dirty, however in aspect than his comrade. This second exquisite carried a box, not unlike our own, on the top of which was fixed a short, coarse drum, daubed with red and yellow paint, with a couple of drumsticks sticking through the cords. From the bosom of his waistcoat projected a soiled red cloth apparatus for securing a set of pandean-pipes, which themselves showed their noses from a side-pocket.

They came up—the first, with a hasty, knock-kneed, shambling shuffle,—the second, with a sturdy, independent trudge; whilst, a few paces behind them, a little, ancient looking cur trotted along upon three legs, the off-hind one being carried in the air like a lance in rest—not so much from any necessity apparently, as from some eccentric whim of the creature's own. It had a phisiog of no small sagacity, with an expression of habitual pensiveness, and appeared to be scrutinizing our appearance with as much attention as its master.

We accosted them by a question with regard to the whereabouts of Drittenbrooks. They inquired in a strong southern accent, the way of Soandso. We informed them of the path we had come by—they us of their own wanderings.

It appeared, they had just been told by a cowboy, that they must go back to an open space marked by a couple of dwarf trees cut into the shape of a bottle and glass, where the way to Soandso branched off southwards, and that to our destination in a north-west direction. Now we also had passed this identical spot, so that we found we should have to retrograde in company with our new friends for several minutes' walk.

*Continued from page 417, vol. 3.

Without more ado, away we padded together. As we went—

"Comrade," said Bob, addressing the lanky fellow, "you, I presume, are the chap that works behind the screen, and originates the queer phenomena that excite so much of our admiration and delight (prithce, friend, let me walk to windward and have this bunch of meadow-green between you and me)—while our pleasant companion here with the pipes and drum, supplies the orchestral department."

"Yes," replied Lanky, "I comes the moves, and Bill there does t'other things, as you says."

"Well," said Bob, "I have a mighty curiosity to know the theory of these same moves: I am an enthusiast in mechanical science, and have indulged in many speculations with regard to the machinery of Punch; and now that there is an opportunity of practically investigating the facts, it would be unpardonable to let it slip: moreover, as I know from experience that knowledge is not to be had for nothing, I don't object to fork out a small sum for an insight into the working of this microcosm of yours."

"Why, then, as you looks to be gemmen, and not likely to be taking the scran out of a fellow's mouth, in the way of hopposition, I don't care if I do put you up to the wires; and as our concern is slap up, with more than a dozen figures, I hope you won't scruple to come down with summat respectable—a bob, or at least a tizzy."

"Agreed. A tizzy, I consider by no means an overfee to such a distinguished professor, and for so much information; so pray halt your establishment at this green space—here, you see, are the trees the cowboy alluded to—and let me have an autopsy of the anatomy of Punch and Judy. Here's the sixpence for you."

The dirty-devil proprietor of Punch no sooner touched the coppers than he slipped them into a rent in his clothes, which likely led to a pocket, or some other receptacle; then halting, he looked with a hesitating, significant glance at his comrade. The latter, however, thundering an oath that made us stagger, and frighted a brace of sparrows out of a hedge, like the report of a gun, shouted

"Come along! What the —— do you stand humbugging there for, with a pair of fools? When shall we be in to Soandso, think you?"

"You hear that 'ere, gents—I fear I can't oblige you—Bill, you see, won't allow it."

"Oh, you can't, can't you? Perhaps, then, you can refund the blunt?"

"By no means wotsumever. No money returned is a standard theatrical rule."

"Then by the soul of Hengist, I'll have it out of you."

With this, flourishing his jacobin club about his head, he brought it down on the fragile theatre of Punch, and laid it a shattered wreck on the earth, with its luckless manager groaning beneath it. As the blow struck it, Punch himself was dashed from its recesses, and appeared to spring upon the grass.

When Bob saw this, he started back in alarm, remembering, with well-founded apprehension, the doughty blows he had seen dealt by that redoubted champion upon the sooty nob of even Old Nick himself. But, alas! the irresistible hero was prevented, had he been ever so eager, from rushing to the rescue, for the dog, Toby, that had erewhile been making ferocious demonstrations at Bob's shins, the moment he saw the puppet fly from the framework, caught it by the nose, and stood shaking it thereby with a face expressive of a conscientious discharge of duty.

Not so the stalwart and formidable Bill! Throwing his box, drum and pandean pipes upon the ground, he came valorously up, calling upon my friend to stand out if he were a man, and he would speedily make him believe himself in paradise. To this beatific invitation Bob made response by hurriedly divesting himself of his encumbrances, and putting them, along with the club, under my charge, when, falling gracefully into warlike attitude, he stood on the defensive.

The showman, rushing on with bull-dog fury, planted a blow for the stomach of his adversary, which would, no doubt, have turned that organ. But Bob was wide awake, and anticipated it by a fearful left-handed counter-hit, sent with his whole strength from his shoulder, straight and swift as an arrow, into the mazzard of the other, extracting with the precision of dental surgery (in which he was a distinguished practitioner) two of his front teeth, which, staggering back, the fellow forthwith spat into his palm to look at.

The reception sent him somewhat abroad. Undaunted, however, he returned to the engagement, and, dashing forward, made rattle upon the ribs of the student a couple of blows that palpably evinced his perfection at least in the drumming part of his profession. But the latter stepping backwards, and crying, "Here's a sight for a father!" jobbed him with his left, and finally, watching his opportunity as he came butting on, tipped him the "*upper cut*," with a force and dexterity that laid him nearly senseless on his back, alongside of his comrade, who was now sitting up among the ruins of his theatre, a semi-bewildered spectator of the combat.

He lay motionless for a while, till Bob, calling him and entreating him to come to the scratch, he got up, and, giving his dog a kick that sent it flying into the air as if a bull tossed it, walked to a little drain by the way-side, and, stooping bathed his face, which now had certainly, an altered look. As he did so, he addressed his companion with a voice of woful intonation:—

"Gather up, Joe, and let's be jogging; it ain't no use—give the gemman his tizzy—I've got a skinful, and no mistake. Devil a tooth have I in my mouth now more than a suck—all along of you too—it's always the way!"

"Nay," cried Bob, "keep the tizzy, it may help to set your concern a-going again. Never mind me, I have had a full sixpennyworth of diversion. And now, Grim, after that I think a pull at the Farintosh would not be repugnant to the feelings."

And he suited the action to the word; but, observing the overthrown manager eyeing wistfully his proceedings, his generous nature prevailed, and, looking with compassion on the fallen foe,—

"Alas! poor devil," said he; "would you like a drop of comfort, to set you on your legs once more?"

Slowly the fellow extricated himself from the ruins of his establishment, and getting upon his feet made a grab at the bottle.

"Hillo! my man, this will never do; you must get something to take the liquor in."

"Never mind that—my mouth just holds a glass."

"And do you think I would let your mouth touch my bottle?"

"Is not my mouth as good as yours?"

"There is more of it at all events."

Here the discomfited Bill interrupted him with

"Hold your jaw, and let the gemman have his own way. If you have nothing else to hold the drink, take the crown of your castor."

But the manager's tile was a ventilator—pervious to liquids as well as aciriform bodies; so without more ado he whipped off one of his shoes, and held out the heel of it. Into this original drinking-cup, Bob poured a modicum of the contents of the bottle.

Then, shouldering our burdens, and wishing them the top of the morning, we went on our way rejoicing, but, looking back as we went, we saw the two Punchites, with their noses in the villanous receptacle swilling away at the wondrous fluid.

Soon we emerged from the narrow wood upon the moorland—an hour's swift walk over which

would bring us to our destination. It was high, open, breezy, and covered with grass, which the sun of summer had half converted into odorous hay. The higher parts were stony, and heath-covered, and ever and anon you would come to a deep chink in the rocky hillside, through which would be gushing a joyous rivulet, impregnated with iron or other ore—for it was a district abounding in mineral riches. And then the cool wind came so caressingly about your face, while the deep blue sky, and scanty white cloudlets, and every object around us, betokened ardent heat. The march of four miles over the moor was surely one of the most exhilarating portions of that happy excursion!

There were cottages, too, in sheltered nooks, and here and there the mouths of mines, with their engine-houses turreted and ornamented like feudal towers of old, or haply with an object of, to my mind, even more picturesque effect—the atmospheric engine working in the open air, its heavy beams and angular rods, bending and twisting in the sluggish, interrupted motion, peculiar to the machine.

As we walked on, many were the fragments of stones, or of soil that Bob picked up, and, as he chipped them with his hammer, we discussed their nature, the order of formation to which they belonged, the metals whose ores they contained, or the chemical or other properties by which they were distinguished. Some of them he considered of such value as to merit a place in our box; others, when we had done talking of them, he shied at crows or peewees as they winged their way over the moorland. Plants, too, and diminutive wild flowers he was continually plucking, identifying them with the descriptions in the "Flora" we carried, and stowing away some of them in our book for preservation.

There was not a butterfly, a moth, or a dragonfly fluttered across our path, but we pursued it; and when, after a long and mirthful chase, we had run it down, with a needle dipped in nitric acid he would transfix the insect, at once destroying its life and preserving its painted splendor from decay.

At length we came upon a beaten track, then into a rough road, which led us to the little town of Drittenbrook, with its stone cross, its broad main street, and pretty Gothic church. Through it we passed, and made our way along a narrow road, covered with trees, for nearly a mile, to the romantic glen of the little river Dritten.

The glen was an exceedingly deep and precipitous chasm, bearing a forcible resemblance to a cut made by a mighty hatchet in the abrupt wall-like ridge of hills, and allowing the water that fell

upon them and the numerous mossy hollows behind them to find its way to the plain in front, where, winding away round the moor we had crossed, it wandered deviously till it met the great river on which stands the town of Soandso, mingled with whose waters it was borne onwards to the sea.

Shortly before entering the dell, a compact little inn offered itself in our way, nicely white-washed and very tidy—and well it might be, for the place, by its beauty, attracted visitors from all parts of the country, nay, even from other lands.

Here we rested, lunched, and replenished our bottle; then emerging, we walked up the banks of the stream, through an avenue completely embowered with noble trees, whose green, cool fragrant shade, combined with the joyous music of the gushing stream beside us, the thrilling notes of the birds among the foliage, and the plashing of a mill-wheel a little in advance, raised in our minds those feelings of delight which the enthusiast of nature alone knows in their intensity.

As we advanced, the mill appeared so exquisitely rural and picturesque, that we stayed a minute to sketch it. It was a little white-washed bleaching house of one story fantastically shaped, a branch of an extensive factory down at the village, and had been built here to have the water in its most crystal purity, being used for the finest cambrics and light cotton goods. Its machinery had a wet humming, splashing sound, most musical and refreshing to the ear: and about the door, and all over the open green field hard by, were a number of young girls, busy about their work, singing, talking, and laughing together. The reservoir of water, peopled by tiny fleets of snow-white ducks, added greatly to its beauty, while a thin wavering volume of blue smoke rose among the foliage above it from its slender chimney, itself to appearance scarcely more substantial.

Leaving this place after a mirthful interchange of greetings with the operatives, we ascended the stream and entered the dell.

As we did so, our ears were filled with the sound of numerous cascades, and, looking before us, we seemed to be entering a vast arch of rock and foliage, with snowy sheets of falling water visible here and there amid the leaves. The sides of the ravine (for it was not extensive enough to merit the name of glen) were very rugged, but nearly perpendicular. Yet so many were the chinks and crannies, the angles and platforms of rock, from which trees took root, that it seemed almost as if it had been filled up by bundles of branches thrown in from above.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XVII.

[The Laird, Major, and Doctor.]

LAIRD.—Weel, but the sight o' ye twa is gude for sair een. Hoo lang is't sin ye've been back, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Two days only, and a press of business has prevented me from seeing you before my oild friend.

LAIRD.—And hoo did ye get on? did ye accomplish a' that you wanted?—and ye too, Major, hoo did the feelings that must have come thick and warm o'er ye when ye trod the field whaur Brock fell, agree with those engendered in that peaceful field where now the mission of man is fulfilled—I mean the thirty-acre field at Hamilton?

MAJOR.—One thing at a time, my dear Laird—let the Doctor have the priority of speech, besides, it is not so easy to answer your question. In one case I was attracted by the desire of marking whither the spirit and aspirations of the present age tend—to respond to the call. “Come hither and see how the most successful workers accomplish their ends, learn to rival or excel them if you can, and at least admire the convention of the chaplains of industry; on the other hand, I went to see grey veterans leaning on their rusty swords, stirring each other's recollections of Queenston and many a well-fought field, shaking hands once more ere paying the last debt, and blessing God, that while fulfilling a duty to the memory of a hero who died in the sacred cause of his country's freedom, they had yet been spared to see the dove of peace hovering over those waters erst the scene of bloodshed and strife. Aye, Laird, you little know the feelings that stirred this old bosom, the deep sense of thankfulness with which I remembered that now me meet to test the rival products of our looms, the draft of our ploughs, and that instead of vindicating our rights to freedom by the mailed hail, we are now in a new era of industry and concord; however a truce to all this, come, Doctor, begin—what success had you in your trip?

DOCTOR.—I saw a beautiful country teeming everywhere with the most cherishing evidences of prosperity. I landed first at Whitby, and after inspecting the very commodious harbour which had been made there, I walked on to Oshawa, and really, Major, I would have wished for you as a companion had I not remembered your gout.

MAJOR.—Why did you wish for me more particularly there? I know the country well enough.

DOCTOR.—Because I thought it one of the most delightful walks I ever took; the country between Whitby and Oshawa is really beautiful, and the farm steadings are so close to each other along the four miles of road as to give quite a village appearance to it. At Oshawa I made no very long stay, remaining only a sufficient time to see the adjacent country, and to note it down as apparently in a very thriving condition. The steamboat took me on to Bowmanville.

LAIRD.—An' what did ye see there?

DOCTOR.—Another thriving town of which I endeavoured, though unsuccessfully to procure a good sketch—what surprised me in these places was the distance at which they are placed from the lake; I should fancy that the conflicting interests between the various ports of these towns and the towns themselves must be injurious to both.

LAIRD.—Hoo does education progress in these parts, Doctor? Hae they ony gude schules?

DOCTOR.—I took advantage of the kindness of the Principal of the Grammar School to visit his establishment, and I assure you I was very much pleased to see the order and method that prevailed. Mr. Boate seems to have an admirable method, which at the same time that it wins the love must command the respect of his pupils—schools in my young days were very different things, Major. I must not omit to mention that I put up at a very pleasant and comfortable house in Bowmanville—the Eastern Hotel. I saw another very good house there, the Waverly, and both of them offered a striking contrast to the accomodation I found at Port Hope. I shall never forget the twenty-four hours I was compelled to pass there while waiting for the steamer.

MAJOR.—Where did you put up?

DOCTOR.—I really do not know, except that it was the principal hotel in the place, as I was told. Grease, dirt, and common soap, however, not being to my taste, I got out of Port Hope as fast as I could, inwardly vowing never to return till the new hotel now in progress shall have been completed.

LAIRD.—And hoo did ye fare at your next place o' destination?

DOCTOR.—Like a prince, Laird. I have marked Cobourg in my note book as having one of the best houses I have seen in this country. Capital

house is the Globe, I assure you, and Duigenan is particularly attentive and obliging. Whenever you go, Major, or you, Laird, to Cobourg, take my advice and go to the Globe.

LAIRD.—Eh Doctor, but ye'er surely fond o' your ease and comfort.

DOCTOR.—I care not a straw about ease, but all I require is cleanliness, however, I'll not bore you with any further praises or strictures on hotels; but will rather ask if either of you can tell why the Court-house at Cobourg has been placed so very inconveniently for the good citizens. The trudging backwards and forwards from the town to court, must be a never-ending source of vexation to the people who may unfortunately be compelled to be in attendance, and to those who do not walk, the only alternative is to pay.

LAIRD.—I dinna mind the distance, hoo far is't?

DOCTOR.—I should fancy nearly two miles. I wonder how the Cobourgers stand it, it would make a first rate site for an Hospital, and by adding a wide gallery on the North side so as to screen it somewhat, a very decent Hospital might be had. I would add the gallery as the building occupies rather a high and exposed situation, and the air might be too keen for pulmonary cases.

MAJOR.—I daresay you may be very right, but the Cobourgers, I have no doubt, are better judges of what is convenient than either you or I, so we had better leave them to settle their own business.

DOCTOR.—But, I tell you that I heard the whole thing denounced as having been done merely to serve the selfish ends of a few individuals.

MAJOR.—Never mind the Hospital, enlighten us as to your notions on leaving Cobourg!

DOCTOR.—While still hesitating as to the course I should pursue, and balancing between the claims Peterboro and Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Traill's arrival settled the matter in favor of the Rice Lake and Peterboro, and I determined: an evil hour to go with —

MAJOR.—Why do you say? in an evil hour?

DOCTOR.—Because I was not travelling for mere amusement; had that alone been my object, I should have been amply repaid by the beautiful scenery between Cobourg and Gore's landing, and round the Lake itself, besides, I watched with interest the progress of the Railway bridge, and last not least I eat (excuse me Laird) for the first time the Mascalonge in perfection—that is, fresh!

LAIRD.—Ye're just a second Apicius, aye talking and thinking o' eating.

DOCTOR.—I tully agree, Laird, with Dr. Johnson that the Almighty never designed all the good things of this world for fools, however, "an eating

offend you masters, we'll none of it!" Mrs. Traill described so graphically, in her last number of Forest Gleanings, Rice Lake and the bridge, that I will not weary you with a recapitulation. I will, however, read you an extract or two from her note-book relative to Peterboro and will then give my own ideas on the subject.

"When I first saw the village, now twenty years ago, it was a lovely spot. The centre of the present town and along the banks of the river was a plain of emerald turf, like a velvet lawn, so short and fine, with a few clumps of noble feathery pine, and grand old oaks, with here and there a light waving birch, and silver poplar. The rushing river flowed between precipitous banks clothed with weeping elms that hung their slender branches down to the water, in frost, they looked like diamonded feathers of gigantic size.

"The church was then held in a simple log-house, that served at other times as a government school-house. It was in that rude shed I returned thanks to Almighty God for my safety from the perils of a sea-voyage, and recovery from cholera, it stood on what were then called the Plains—a natural park of Nature's own planting, among these oaks and pine and shrubbery of wild-roses and ever-greens. I used to walk and think of my far off native land, or climb the hills, and at the foot of some noble old tree, watch the fast-flowing river with its rapids and islands beneath my feet. The hills surrounding the town at that time were densely covered with forest trees. The bridge that crossed the river and connected the townships of Monaghan and Otonabee was of logs, which the force of the water one spring swept away, as also it did a second. The wreck of the last was caused by the immense mass of timbers, which floating down with the freshets early in spring, jammed upon each other, caused such a strain upon the timbers, as to be irresistible; it flew up one Good Friday morning. The scene was a striking one, and not easily forgotten by those who witnessed it. Since that time a new bridge has been constructed on a different plan and bids fair to withstand the power of rapids and pine logs united.

There were stumps in the streets of Peterboro' in those days. Now how changed. Man's works have usurped the place of God's, and brick and wooden houses have been built where the fathers of the forest once grew. A fine brick town-hall stands on that fair, green, open space, and streets diverging in every direction are seen on those shrubby plains. The church and court-house occupy the hill that I used to climb, to look over the village, and many of the lovely groups of

trees have been cut down. The squatter-ground now displays a Roman Catholic church, a Scotch Kirk, and many houses inhabited by respectable families. Instead of the two mills that I saw twenty years since, there are many both flour and saw mills, besides carding mills. The old settlement dirty houses are fast disappearing, and in their stead, handsome brick and good stone or wooden ones are yearly rising. The creek that flows through the town to the westward, forms an attractive feature, besides affording a great water power. A wide-extended and well-settled back country produces an abundance of wheat, wool, and dairy produce. From its central position, Peterboro' must necessarily one day become a place of great importance. It is now awaiting the railroad being constructed to give it a fresh impetus. The time may come when this town might be aptly termed the "City of the Plains."

I will now proceed with the narrative of my journey to Montreal, and give a description of the exhibition held in that city.

MAJOR.—Leave the account of your trip down the St. Lawrence for another occasion. We have many things of more importance to chat about at present.

Docron.—Then I'll read a few notes made since my return. [*Doctor reads.*]

The site of the Exhibition in Montreal, is that which is popularly known as the "McTavish property," and for beauty and prominence none could have been more happily selected for the purpose. The view of the city, and scenery beyond, with the magnificent St. Lawrence flowing in front of the former, enhances very much the pleasure afforded by the show itself. The area of the ground, a diagram of which is here before you, contains many acres, and is covered with tents and sheds for the exhibition of the various articles, and animals offered for competition. In the rear, marked O. in the diagram, stands the famous old "Haunted House," and never, I believe, since the days of its original possessors, who died before it was completed, did it entertain such a vast assemblage of curious and interested spectators. A temporary verandah being erected in front of it, afforded shelter to a confectioner for dealing out refreshments, and a sign indicating its purpose is conspicuously placed by the wall of this building in giant characters. From this point let us commence our tour of inspection. Proceeding down a beautiful slope, a large tent containing shrubs and flowers of every clime, is reached, and entering here, we find a botanical museum, which requires no dry glossary to interpret its beauties. The arrange-

ment of the flowers is made in a manner best adapted to secure a fair and comprehensive view at a single glance. I spent much of my time here admiring and contrasting the relative merits of each specimen before me; some were remarkable in the exquisite harmony and richness of their tints, others, from something unusual or grotesque in their figure or size. In dahlias, upwards of one hundred different varieties were exhibited, yet none of them, for I looked particularly, exhibited a blue colour, a colour that horticulturists have never succeeded in giving to that flower.

The next department meriting attention is situated immediately below the one I have just described, and is devoted to the rural implements, apparatuses, and manufactures of the day. Few Canadians, howsoever great might be their patriotic predilections were prepared to meet with so many satisfactory evidences of the great and increasing importance of their country, as were here exhibited; both the fertility of the soil and ingenuity of mechanics, which form the chief elements or basis of national greatness were in this highly interesting department displayed to attest the truth of what strangers say of our country,—though to our humble appreciations of its value, we may sometimes doubt the sincerity of their eulogy.

Attached to this building and forming a wing thereof, is a department devoted to the fine arts and musical instruments as well as fancy-work of every description. Among the paintings and drawings could be distinctly traced the well-known hand of Duncan, Kreighoff and Lock; there was also a painting of large size representing a young sportsman engaged in pigeon shooting, by a M. Plamoudane, whose name I am not familiar with, but whose work I thought reflected great credit upon him as a painter. In a recess of this room, occupied by ladies' work, are some very beautiful specimens of art in wax, by a lady of Montreal, representing human figures, fruit and flowers with all the delicacy and truth of nature. Here, also, are pianos, specimens of carving in wood, framing in leather, &c. &c., all reflecting the greatest credit on their producers.

I would give a description of the grains and vegetables were I any judge of these productions in their raw state, it is sufficient for me to say, they looked fine, and I have no doubt that were they to grace our table under Mrs. Grundy's superintendance, we would find them excellent. The cattle, Durham, Devon, and Ayrshire were hardly as fine as I expected. The poultry was good, but the varieties were not so extensive as I

supposed they would have been. The barn-yard fowl were fine, and the Cochin China and Shanghai splendid. There were many strange ducks and geese, comprising the white top-knot and muscovy of the former, and Chinese, wild, and large white, of the latter. Among the pigeons were carriers, pouters, fan-tail, frill-necked and turtle-doves, &c.

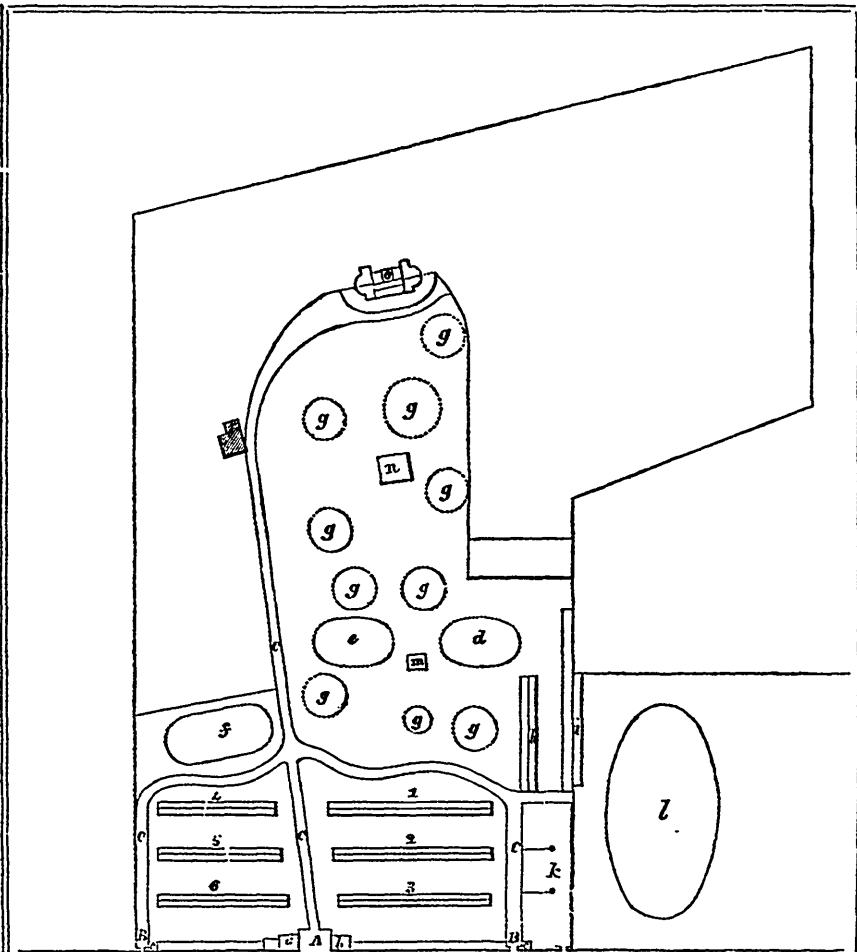
I must add, before concluding this very imperfect notice, that the weather at the commencement of the fair was more than disagreeable, the rain in fact descended in torrents during the whole of the second day, deterring thousands from visiting the grounds, however, as if to make amends for this disappointment the third day opened fine, and as many as seventeen or eighteen thousand persons attended the exhibition in fact the concluding days were eminently successful. Montreal during this week was full, and as gay as full, firemen's procession by torch-light, fancy balls, lectures, Indian games, races, and a ploughing match served to amuse the multitude, and I only hope, Major, that the week you spent in Hamilton was as pleasantly passed as mine in Montreal.

MAJOR.—Indeed, Doctor, I can assure you that I far from regret the few days I was engaged in attending the Hamilton Exhibition, of which I will give you a short account. I was not as successful as you in procuring a diagram of the grounds; it appears that none was published, however, I will endeavor to be as intelligible as possible without one. The show-grounds were beautifully situated to the west of the city and of a gently undulating character, and the show itself equalled anything of its kind that I have yet seen in Upper Canada. The display of horned cattle was the finest I had ever seen. The horses scarcely came up to those exhibited here last year. The sheep, Leicesters and Southdowns, were beyond all praise. I was disappointed in the display of agricultural implements; they were neither numerous, nor did they appear to exhibit any improvement on those shown here in 1852. The exhibition of vegetables, both in quantity and quality, was worthy of commendation. The potatoes, tomatoes, and all the varieties of the pumpkin and melon tribe, as well as onions, carrots, turnips, cabbages, mangel-wurzel, cauliflowers, colrabi, egg plants, celery, were shewn in the greatest profusion and highest state of excellence. However, to be more methodical in my description, I shall commence with the Floral Hall, the largest yet erected, and which proved to be far too small to admit the crowds on Thursday, the day that the public were first ad-

mitted. I was puzzled with the immense quantity of ladies' work in the shape of cloaks, shawls, dresses, quilts, both patched and plain, crotchet work, wax work, worsted work, embroidery, &c., and should puzzle you both, Oh Laird and Doctor, were I to attempt any description. In future, I propose that Mrs. Grundy shall attend all exhibitions where the handiwork of gentle woman occupies such a prominent position. Amongst other things in this hall, I noticed a case of edge tools, deserving much praise for their appearance and finish; they were manufactured at Galt. There was also some good carving in wood, and a handsome eight-day clock of Hamilton manufacture. The section of the Fine Arts department devoted to painting was exceedingly well filled and arranged, though I must say that I thought there were far too many portraits exhibited. Mr. P. Kane contributed several of his celebrated Indian sketches, which were much admired. The specimens of crayon and monochromatic drawing were not, as a collection, as fine as I expected they would have been. There were both Canadian steel and wood engravings, and a case of beautiful and artistically executed seals exhibited by artists from this city. The display in the fruit and the vegetable line I have previously said was very extensive, and it would be useless at this late date to particularize. However, before leaving the Floral Hall, I must not omit to mention a botanical collection of flowers and plants indigenous to this country, prepared by Messrs Craigie and Simson of Hamilton. This collection deserves great praise, as it shows a desire on the part of Canadians of not only becoming acquainted with the vegetable productions of this colony, but of also imparting to the public the result of their labours. The Mechanics' Hall was a tent in which the visitor found a fine assortment of harness, saddles, trunks, boots and shoes in leather. In iron, appeared several varieties of stoves for parlor and kitchen, some marbleized mantel-pieces from the United States, a couple of locomotive lamps, and several specimens of shovels, spades, &c., from Gananoque. In agricultural productions this show was decidedly the best I have ever witnessed. For the Canada Company's prize of £25 there were eleven competitors, all exhibiting first-rate samples of wheat;* for the other prizes in wheat there were nineteen or twenty competitors. In barley, rye, oats, and pease there were no less than fifty specimens in all, exhibited. There were

* It has been stated that this twenty-five bushel sample of wheat was the product of one hundred bushels sifted down to twenty-five!—P. D

PLAN OF PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.



REFERENCES.

- A.* Entrance.
- B, B.* Exits.
- C, C, C.* Carriage Way.
- a.* Committee Room.
- b.* Ticket Office.
- c, c.* Offices.
- d.* Agricultural Implements.
- e.* Industrial Machinery.
- f.* Horticultural and Floricultural.

- g, g, g.* Tents.
- h.* Sheep Pens.
- i.* Stallion Stables.
- k.* Receiving Yard.
- l.* Horse Round.
- m.* Water.
- n.* Refreshments.
- o.* St.ion.
- 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.* Stalls, &c.

also several bales of fine hops, and several creditable specimens of flax seed. There were also a great variety of field seeds and some gigantic stalks of Indian corn. The display of dairy productions was most creditable to the exhibitors. I shall not detain you any longer with my description, a general outline of the Fair being all that is wanted as a record in our Shanty. I will conclude by saying that the weather generally was fine, and the exhibition as a whole eminently successful. During the fair week the Hamiltonians were deluged with amusements. Concerts, theatres, regattas, balls, and bazaars kept all in one whirl of intense excitement. The city itself was crowded to excess, and numberless were the complaints of visitors for want of accommodation; many hundreds nightly slept in chairs or three in a bed; even the steamers lying in port were boarded by a bedless throng, who were happy in finding a resting-place for a few hours on the tables and chairs of the saloons.

LARD.—Ma conscience! an' did ye Major suffer frae ony o' these inconveniences?

MAJOR.—No, I was fortunate in having a friend who kindly rendered me more than comfortable while in Hamilton. To him I owe my most sincere thanks.

DOCTOR.—And now Major, for your description of the Brock monument celebration which took place the other day at Queenston.

MAJOR.—(*Reads.*) We left on Thursday morning, (October 13th) in that fine new steamer, the *Peerless*, at half-past seven, with a goodly company of the old veterans of 1812, many of them in their uniforms. The band of the Royal Canadian Rifles were also in attendance. I was disappointed in seeing so few from Toronto taking an interest in this celebration, and cannot help thinking that, much of the warlike feeling which induced the loyal inhabitants of Canada in 1812 to defend their country and their homes, is dying out, and I question much were any necessity for a war, save invasion, to again arise between us and our republican neighbors, the *necessity* would be done away with without an appeal to arms. After a fair and pleasant run we made the Niagara river, and at Niagara we took on board a detachment of Canadian Rifles and a company of enrolled pensioners, besides a great many visitors both Canadian and American. We landed at Queenston at eleven A.M., and found the village thronged with thousands who had arrived before us. The flags of the American steamers lying at Lewiston were hoisted half-mast high in honor of the occasion. The funeral procession left Queenston at two o'clock, and minute guns were fired from the

heights during its progress to the foundation of the new monument.

The remains of General Brock and aide-de-camp, Colonel MacDonnell, were taken up from the vault in Col. Hamilton's garden and placed on the top of rather an ornamental funeral car, decorated with muskets, swords, &c., and drawn by six black horses in funereal trappings. The pall bearers were Colonels E. W. Thomson, W. Thomson, Duggan, Kerby, Zimmerman, Caron, Stanton, Clarke, Servos, Crooks, Thorn, Whitehead and Miller.

The order of procession was as follows, according to the programme I obtained on the grounds:—

	Canadian Rifles, Band.	
	Enrolled Pensioners.	
Colonels and other officers, six in number, as Pall Bearers.	FUNERAL CAR, with the remains of the lamented MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, and his aide-de-camp, LIEUT. COL. McDONNELL.	Colonels and other officers, six in number, as Pall Bearers.
Colonel Donald McDonnell, Deputy Adjutant General of Militia for Canada West.		
Lieut. Col. De Salaberry, Deputy Adjutant General for Canada East.		
Col. Tache, late Deputy Adjutant General.		
Lieut. Col. Irving, Provincial Aide-de-camp to the Governor General,		
And the survivors of 1812, and Indian Chiefs as Chief Mourners.		
Military and Militia Officers in uniform.		
The Building Committee.		
The Architect.		
Builder and Clerk of Work.		
The Clergy.		
The Bar.		
Magistrates.		
The Indian Band.		
The Canadian Society.		
The National and other societies, and other persons, subject to the rule of the Marshals.		

On the arrival of the funeral procession at the base of the proposed monument, the Canadian Rifles formed around it, and amid three volleys the remains of the lamented hero and his aide-de-camp were consigned to the vaults prepared for their reception, and it is to be hoped that this last interment will be their last, and that they may be suffered to repose in peace on the scene of their last earthly struggle, until such times shall be, when time shall be no more.

After the interment the foundation stone was laid by Col. MacDonnell, brother of the late *aide* to General Brock. In the cavity under the stone was deposited a roll of parchment, containing a descriptive sketch of the departed General, the date of his death, and reasons for re-interment. Over the cavity was placed a brass plate with the following superscription: "This foundation stone of the Brock Monument was laid 13th October, 1853," and the trowel wherewith the stone was laid, which was of silver and of beautiful workmanship, bore the following inscription: "Presented to Lieut. Colonel Donald MacDonnell, Deputy Adjutant General of Militia for Canada West, by the Building Committee, on the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Brock Monument on Queenston Heights, October 13th, 1853." On the corner stone being laid, several interesting speeches were made, which occupied the time until a quarter to four, when the steamer left again for Toronto, at which place I arrived at seven P.M., much pleased with the proceedings of the day.

LAIRD.—May a pair body crave an awmous o' advice at your hands, this evening Crabtree?

MAJOR.—Unless the boon be preposterously impracticable, such as translating a sow's organ of hearing into a silken receptacle for maumon, or denuding a celt of that article of raiment which excites the irregular ambition of insubordinate wives, it is already granted? To use your own mother tongue—what's your wull?

LAIRD.—Ou ye see that I got twa or three pounds in Hamilton, at the Provincial Fair, by way o' premium, for a bit Ayrshire *bill* that I exhibited then and there—and—

DOCTOR.—Hold hard neighbour! Would you leave us to believe that Scottish promissory notes are at such a premium in Canada West, that people will disburse hard cash merely for a sight of them?

LAIRD.—Hech sangrado, but it's a thousand pecties that the Fates hadna' made you a dominie! You would just be in your element snarling and bow-wowing at luckless weans wha' chanced to mak' mistakes in their pronunciation? It was a *bul!* I meant to say, ye auld vinegar cruet—and that ye kened fu' weel, and be hanged to you! Folk wad need to hae a copy o' Walker's dictionary at their elbow when conversing wi sic a philological snap-dragon! I can rap oot a Johnsonian word, when I like, as weel's the best body snatcher in Toronto?

MAJOR.—Order! order! These little peppery episodes are getting a fraction too common at our sederunts. Be pleased thou bucolical petitioner

to lay your wants and wishes at the foot of the throne!

LAIRD.—As I was saying when auld sauts and castor oil interrupted me, I hae got a wheen extra dollars to ware, and as I predestined them for investment in literature I wud like if you could recommend to me something new and appetceezing in that line. I dinna want ony thing dry, like sermons or cookery books, but *sappy reading* for the winter nights noo fast coming on.

MAJOR.—There are one or two works, recently published, which I may with a safe conscience commend to your devdors.

LAIRD.—Beg your pardon, Major, but I never devour books! I'm no' like a certain medico wha' shall be nameless, that swallows a quarto at a gulp as if it were ane o' Parr's pills. I like to disjeest what I read?

DOCTOR.—[Aside.]—The interminable old chucklehead!

MAJOR.—I think I understand the measure of your literary foot. Here is one of the most sparkling, and at the same time modestly written little duodecimos which I have met with for some time.

LAIRD.—What may be its name?

MAJOR.—"The story of Mont Blanc."

LAIRD.—I dinna like the sound o' that title! I would opine that its the auld thread-bare theme that we have heard repeated till we are as sick o't as a travelling preacher is at the discourse he has repeated for the five hundredth time! By a kind o' instinct I can tell what its a' about!

MAJOR.—Pray then let us hear the results of your second sight!

LAIRD.—Nae doubt the concern opens wi an account o' a young German painter—a perfect enthusiast in his art, but pair as a kirk mouse, wha determines to win a name by delineating the features o' what the poet denominates

"The monarch o' mountains."

Am I richt or wrang?

MAJOR.—Go on!

LAIRD.—Weel, the lad, wha has lang hair, and boasts o' linen no ower clean, reaches the hill in company wi his sweet-heart, wha' determines to share his fortunes be they bad or guid. Leaving the lassie seated on a green patch at the bottom o' a precipice o' ice he begins to ascend, wi his portfolio strapped on his back like a gaberlunzie's wallet. Nima, for sic doubtless is the designation o' the maiden, occupies hersell in darning the stockings o' her swain, and thinking upon the blythsome days they will spend together in Munich, when Albert or Heinrich—whatever his name may be—has painted his way to fame and fortune.—

A' o' a sudden she hears something rattling and slithering aboon her head, and before she can mak' the sign o' the cross bang comes the birzed corpse o' her intended at her feet, wi' ane o' the een knocked out, and the nose crushed as flat as a flounder! In duty bound Ninagets mad as a March hare, and utters a string o' idiotical "ha! ha! ha's!" which occupy the three concluding lines o' the buik! Noo Crabtree, confess that I hae struck the richt nail on the head for ance?

MAJOR.—Indeed Laird, ingenious though your conjectures unquestionably are, you never were more off your eggs in the whole of your mundane curriculum! "The story of Mont Blanc" is neither more nor less than a collection of odds and ends relating to the snow-crowned mountain, —a large, and by far the most interesting portion of the work being occupied by the author's own adventures in reaching its climax.

LAIRD.—For my part I canna' understand what interest there can be in reading about a man speelin' a hill? I made the ascent o' Ben Lomond twice, and never thought o' writing a volume about my undertaking!

MAJOR.—Believe me, honest priest of Ceres, that the difference between your feat, and that accomplished by Mr. Smith, is as great as impaling an insect on a needle falls short, in epic importance, to the slaying of a mail-clad giant!

LAIRD.—I canna' see hoo that can be! Its nae joke reaching the tap o' auld Ben in the dog days I can tell you!

MAJOR.—Read the "Story" and you will confess that the annals of enterprise and danger contain few parallel cases to the one under consideration. The brain positively reels at times, when following the pilgrim through his frightful course. Fiction is rapid and tame when weighed against the stern realities of an ascent of Mont Blanc.—In justification of my dictum I will read you the account of the last upward stage made by our author.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wondering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon "pluck," I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Cote is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely,

there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below in the horrible depths of the glacier.—Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier *a moraine*, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed in a highly rarified atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Côte calls for more than ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraiz were in front of me, with the forepart of the rope, and François Favret I think, behind. I scarcely knew what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that clinging to the hand-holds made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in the blue haze.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte*, as it is called—the "cap" of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so "blown," in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead, even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraiz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was tumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my "team," because they did not go quicker; and I was exceedingly indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last, one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and

I saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc."

LAIRD.—Oh sake, but that kind o' wark mak's a body's flesh grew! I'll dream o' that wilderness o' ice for a month to com! Mark doon that volume for aue. It will suit Girzy to a hair, as she is unco fond, like a' her sex o' whatever is daring and exciting. But what next will you recommend to me?

MAJOR.—With all due deference to your better judgment, the volume which I hold in my hand would form a fitter offering to the fair and virtuous Grizelda, than the records of Albert Smith's peregrinations, excellent though unquestionably they are!

LAIRD.—Name the candidate for my honest sister's affections?

MAJOR.—It is styled "*The New Household Receipt Book*," and emanates from the pen of a clever female writer, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale to wit.

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your receipt books! I hae bought a score o' them in my day, and nane o' them were worth for ony thing but lighting the candle. Last year I consulted aue o' them touching and anent the best method o' taking a stain o' grease oot o' my Sunday coat, and the upshot was that the remedy proved to be ten times waur than the disease! The garment was hopelessly ruined for ever and a day, and I was glad to mak' a donation o' it to blin' Jamie the sawyer o' cord wood!

MAJOR.—I can certiorate you that Mrs. Hale's production is an exception to what I agree with you, is a too general rule. She has a literary reputation to lose, having published a clever fiction entitled "*Northwood*," and accordingly has taken care to present the public with something vastly superior to the rubbish which you have been denouncing. In her preface she tells us that all her "rules and recipes have been the result of study, observation, experiment, and experience; and so far as I have examined the volume, the assertion appears to be well founded.

LAIRD.—If that be the case the buik must be a perfect treasure to back wood bodies like huz, and ye may as weel put it doon on the list. What green coated gentleman is that below your elbow?

MAJOR.—One of the most contemptible ebullitions of Yankee bitterness against the old country which the press of Dollardom, prolific as it is in that department of letters, has ever spawned.

DOCTOR.—Indeed! that is enunciating a big word! Pray who is John Bull's present censor, and what is the title of his outpouring?

MAJOR.—The fellow calls himself "Matt. T. Ward," and he has named his outbreak of venom, "*English Items: or microscopic views of England and Englishmen*,"

DOCTOR.—And is Matt. indeed so very bilious in his excretions as you represent him to be?

MAJOR.—You can judge for yourself from the following sample:

"A genuine Englishman delights in rendering himself conspicuous by the multitude of his wants. If on board a steamer, where the number of servants is necessarily limited, he will send one waiter for roast beef, another for a bottle of porter—will order a third, as he approaches the gentleman sitting next to him, who has had nothing to eat, to hand him the radishes, and then complains to the head steward that he can get nobody to wait on him. In the meanwhile, he helps himself successively to every thing he can reach, by sticking his elbows into other people's faces, and pronounces all he tastes unbearable. His beef arrives, which he eyes scornfully, and with upturned nose pushes off from him. He once more bawls for the head steward, and sarcastically asks to be informed what he calls that on his plate. "Roast beef, I think, sir." "Roast beef, is it? Well, I should say that, whatever it may be, it is not fit to be put into a gentleman's mouth." He then continues confidentially to announce to the whole table—whilst professedly addressing the steward—that the cook does not understand his business, that the carvers do not know how to carve, and that he has found nothing since he has been on board that he could eat; although he has been daily in the habit of employing two-thirds of all the servants within call, and devouring every thing he could lay his hands on. The eager haste, amounting almost to a scramble, with which an Englishman seeks to have himself helped before everybody else, appears to me strangely unbecoming in a gentleman,—especially in situations where the wants of all are certain to be attended to, with the exercise of a slight degree of patience. But he seems to imagine there is distinction in being first served, even when he is compelled to resort to unseemly haste to secure the doubtful honor. He considers selfishness knowing, and a total disregard of the comfort of other people as eminently indicative of an aristocratic turn of mind. He is nervously apprehensive of showing the slightest attention even to a lady at table, such, for instance, as passing her the salt, or filling her wine-glass. He is haunted by the spectral fear that somebody might construe such an encroachment upon the duties of the waiter into evidence of his having emerged from some obscure position. Such scrupulous attention to the preservation of his rank would naturally imply the consciousness of being in a new position, of which he was not altogether secure. What man among us, really entitled to the consideration of a gentleman, would be agitated by such absurd apprehensions. A man, really certain of his position in society, would scarcely fear a sacrifice of it by so simple an act of politeness. An Englishman is always excessively anxious to have his seat near the head even of a public table, as in

England the rank of the guests is determined by the arrangement of their seats. But it seems to me that true nobility would confer honor on that place—not borrow honor from it. Whatever its position at table might be, there it appears to me, would the seat of distinction always be. And when a vulgarian does succeed in rudely elbowing his way to the head of the table, the mere fact of his being there could scarcely impose him even on Englishmen as a gentleman."

DOCTOR.—Cock-a-doodle-doo! The old mess of ignorance and mendacity re-hashed, and served up on a new dish! Why it is self-evident that citizen Ward has never had the good fortune to meet with a genuine specimen of an English gentleman. Beyond all controversy his social experiences have been limited to the lowest grade of commercial travellers, or gentry of a similar kidney! I will be bound to say that if ever admitted to an aristocratic house, his progress was bounded by the hall, where he was accommodated with a chair by the civil though suspicious porter till his begging petition could be examined by the master of the mansion! Take the carrion out of my sight, it smells pestilently foul!

LAIRD.—I say Doctor, what Yankee-looking newspaper is that sticking out o' your coat pouch?

DOCTOR.—Your question is *à propos*, reminding me, as it does, of a sweet copy of verses which I intended reading to *yeez*—as the Squireen would say. The journal in question is the *Boston Transcript*, and it contains the lyric to which I refer.

MAJOR.—Let us have it by all means, if only for the novelty's sake. As a general rule your broad sheet poetasters are, excessively small-beeish and spooney.

DOCTOR.—The truth of your rule I subscribe to, but the present instance furnishes a marked exception thereto.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, let us judge for ourselves, as the hungry tailor o' Tarbolten said to his laudleddy, when she was cracking up her black puddens.

DOCTOR.—Here goes then:

WILLIE—DEAD.

"MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS."

To the gentle Angel Death,
Yielding up his quiet breath,
Softly now his eyelids close,
In a peaceful, calm repose,
Pain and sorrow all are o'er,
He will wake on earth no more.

Very still our darling lies,
All the light gone from his eyes,
With hands together prest,
Folded on his snowy breast,
And the cheeks so cold and white,
All the roses faded quite.

Mother's love cannot beguile
From his little mouth a smile,
Though upon his lips she press
All a mother's tenderness;
Ne'er again his prattling voice
Shall her loving heart rejoice.

Bring the Lily, snowy pale,
Fragrant Lily of the Vale;
Wave amid his golden hair
Pallid rosebuds, frail as fair:
For at Life's fresh dawn of day,
Like a flower he passed away.

Bear him to his quiet rest
On the green Earth's ample breast;
Circled by her loving arm,
Nothing rude our babe can harm,
Very sweet his sleep shall be
'Neath her gentle ministry.

There her loving hands shall bring
All the flagrant flowers of spring,
Flocks of May-bloom, thickly set,
Buttercup and violet,
Violet like Willie's eyes,
Azure-tinted with the skies.

There the golden sunlight falls,
Birds shall sing sweet madrigals,
Singing soft and ever low
To the sleeper far below;
Low as ring dove's brooding cry,
Soft as mother's lullaby.

There our steps shall often stray
Through the balmy summer day,
While we speak with gentle tone
Of the sweet babe who is gone,
Grateful that his soft feet stand
Safely in the spirit-land.

And his memory we will keep
In our fond hearts, treasured deep,
Patient waiting for the day
When we too shall pass away,
And upon the heavenly shore
See our dear child's face once more.

LAIRD.—Rax us your hand, auld fricn', for the treat ye hae conferred on us. Od man that metal rings true, and nae mistake. If the author be spared, his name will yet become "familiar as a household word" among the lovers o' the beautiful and touching.

MAJOR.—I entirely agree with the verdict pronounced by the Laird, upon this anonymous gem. My heart has not been so "strangely stirred" by any composition of a kindred description, since I first perused David Macbeth Moir's *Casa Wanny*. Let us hope that the lyre which can discourse such excellent music, will not be permitted to lie dormant.

LAIRD.—Amen, say I! But Crabtree is your catalogue o' new buiks clean exhausted? If I dinna' get spending my premium it will be burning a hole in my breeks' pouch!

MAJOR.—I think you may profitably invest three shillings and ninepence in procuring from our mutual friend Maclear, a copy of James Grant's new historical romance, "*Jane Seaton, or the King's Advocate.*"

LAIRD.—Just the vera' wark I was gainin to precognosce ye anent, but my memory is turning as leaky as a water-stoup wi a hole in its bottom. Is it indeed the grand production that the newspaper tribe describe it to be? If we may believe thae gentry it's little, if anything, inferior to the *Waverly Novels.*

MAJOR.—No, no, my worthy producer of bread stuffs, that is carrying the joke a fraction overly far! There is a long and dreary distance between the bantling of Mr. Grant, and the very poorest production of the immortal Wizzard of the North. John Galt, and at least half a score of others fell to occupy the middle ground which I have pointed out.

LAIRD.—Deil's in the man! I wonder that ye should be sae ready in advising me to birl my bawbees upon an affair, for which sae little can be said. Just when I supposed I was about to become the owner o' a swan, lo, and behold it dwindled doon and degenerates into a common, every day goose! I may address the "*King's Advocate*" in the words of the auld sang:—

"I thoct ye were some gentleman,
At least the Laird o' Brodie,
But foul fa' your meal pocks
Your'e but a pair bodie!"

MAJOR.—Laird! Laird! will you never give over jumping rashly at conclusions? Though by no means a first chop romance, "*Jane Seaton*" is respectably removed above twaddle. The author has evidently read up to his subject with care; and if his production be lacking—as it unquestionably is, in the higher attributes of fiction, it merits a perusal, from the mass of antiquarian chit-chat which it entertains. Take the book home with you to Bonniebraes, and I will insure you much pleasing, and even instructive sustentation for the "lang nights o' winter."

DOCTOR.—At what epoch is the scene laid?

MAJOR.—During the reign of James V,—and the stage of the romance is abundantly replenished with the leading personages who flourished in that stormy period of Scottish history.

DOCTOR.—Does Mr. Grant sport a good style?

MAJOR.—Pretty fair, but his dialogue is somewhat stiff. It lacks that attribute called by Thespians *touch and go*, which is so essential for creating the impression of reality. The incidents, too, frequently border on the melo-dramatic;—and the concluding flare-up would take pro-

digiously with the shilling-gallery audience of Astley's. Still the production can claim a large dividend of praise, and will probably secure a plethoric circulation. The Laird, I doubt not, will read it with appetite.

LAIRD.—Oo ay! Anything is gude eneuch for the Laird.

MAJOR.—Will you do me the favour, Laird, to present this volume, with my best respects, to your excellent sister, Miss Girzy?

LAIRD.—Wi' a' my heart—and mony thanks for your considerateness. It is, indeed, a bonnie looking buikie.

MAJOR.—Yes, and better than it's bonnie. The press of Republican America has seldom, if ever issued a more gracefully written volume than "*The Shady Side; or, Life in a Country Parsonage.*"

DOCTOR.—I quite agree with you, Crabtree. The writer, who is evidently a woman, and uncursed with a "strong mind," handles her pen after a singularly engaging feminine fashion. To my mind there is something very pleasing in the following description of a visit paid by a newly-wedded pastor and his young wife,—

"When they crossed the dashing rivulet, and drew up before a low, brown cottage, Mary shrunk from another call. Her frequent alternations of feeling, for the last six hours, had wearied her; and the single remark of Edward, in reference to the dwelling before them, that "it contained the poorest family in his flock," made her anticipate a scene to which she felt inadequate.

Yet, Mr. Vernon did not look as if he were performing an unpleasant duty. Two or three bars were let down, and, stepping over, they were at the door. To Mary's surprise, he led her into a room so clean and cheerful, that she scarce noticed, immediately, how scantily it was furnished. A stinted fire was burning on the broken hearth; a bed in one corner, with a clean, but oft-patched counterpane, a single chair and stool, and an old chest, formed the only furniture, except the much-worn rocking-chair, in which was the venerable woman of nearly fourscore, totally blind; she, with her widowed daughter and grandchild, forming the family. On a rough shelf, under the south window, stood a monthly rose and geranium, carefully nurtured, tokens of the tastes and habits of more prosperous days.

The aged matron was alone when her visitors arrived. She knew her minister's step, and spoke his name before he crossed the threshold; she knew, also, that one was with him of lighter step than himself, and was prepared to welcome his young wife; so preternaturally quickened, upon the loss of one, are the remaining faculties.

Mary sat by her side, and held the wrinkled, wasted hand in hers, and listened with a full heart as this handmaid of the Lord spoke of his great goodness,—of his comforts which delighted her soul, and of that better land where is no darkness, no light. Neither did she omit to mention

the kindness of her pastor in days gone by, and his consideration of her, in bringing his "dear young wife to this humble cottage." In all that she said, there was that peculiar refinement and delicacy of feeling which long years of intimate communion with heaven never fail to produce, be the outward allotment what it may.

She asked Mary several questions; and, being once reminded by her daughter that she had made that inquiry before, replied, with great simplicity, "perhaps I have; but she will excuse me. I do so love to hear her voice; it reminds me of sunshine and the flowers; and it helps me to form an idea of her face—a sweet face, I am sure."

LAIRD.—I am glad that the Yankees are beginning to cultivate the quiet and the natural in their stories. The lassie that wrote the above must hae been an admirer o' Charles Lamb. Ye could anaist think that the Doctor has been giving us an extract frae *Rosamond Grey*. Girzy will be muckle the better o' "*The Shady Side*." Her taste had got vitiated wi' that conglomeration of nonsense and rant, *Beatrice*; and she stood sair in need o' a tonic like the present, to restore her moral disjestion to a healthier state.

MAJOR.—(Looking at his watch.) Bless me! I had no idea it was so late. Where is Mrs. Grundy—supper should be ready by this time, if we expect to do much afterwards.

DOCTOR.—There is an old saying, Major, "No song no supper," and although I will not keep you strictly to the letter of that law, still as I have no song for the evening, suppose we finish our sederunt before refreshing the inner man.

LAIRD.—What's come o' the sang, Doctor? Hae ye hung your harp on a willow tree?

DOCTOR.—Not exactly, but press of other business and want of space, have prevented the introduction of a song in this number.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel! Let us cry ben, Mrs. Grundy, (rings.) I hae a' whien facts, (enter Mrs. Grundy.) How do ye do, Mem? and I hope ye winna' scump me as you always do.

MRS. GRUNDY.—I will not take much room, Laird, as just at this season there is not much novelty in dress, and it is too early for Winter fashions to come out.

LAIRD.—So much the better, and to make sure o' a hearin', I'll begin at ance wi' something to tell us how to get what we wanted bad enough this fall—water:

HOW TO HAVE PLENTY OF WATER.

Pure, clear water, forming as it does, at the same moment, both the emblem and embodiment of refreshment and comfort, is looked upon as a vital element of satisfactory existence, by all who hate dirt, parched lips, dusty lungs, stra-

tified deposits on the skin, and parti-colored linen. It also forms a most agreeable class of pictures for the eye, in the form of placid sheets, bubbling brooks, springing jets, and flashing fountains: and through the ear, it gives us the music of cascades, the thunder of cataracts, and the grave roar of ocean surges.

It is no wonder that all are ready to labor for and welcome so agreeable a companion. The large cities have brought it many miles in hewn masonry, at a cost of millions, that they may spring their streets, feed their baths, and keep a ready antidote for incipient conflagration. The country resident longs for the termination of the parching drouth, when drenching rains shall fill his cisterns, replenish his failing well, and set the brooks in motion. Many are looking with envy at some rare and "lucky" neighbor, who happens to have an unfailing spring; and others, as we have often witnessed, placing the water hogshhead on the ox-sled, proceed to drag their needful supply from a distance of one to three miles, as the case may be, and as they can get it from the pond, creek, or some better supplied resident. We have positively seen a wealthy farmer drawing rain water a mile, after having allowed five times the amount he ever would have needed to run to waste immediately before his eyes; and we venture to assert that not one farmer in a hundred who has suffered from a want of water during the present year's severe drouth, has not committed a similar waste, though perhaps sometimes less in degree.

The great mass of country residents seem to have no more conception of the enormous floods of clear, pure rain water, that annually pour off the roofs of their dwellings, wood-houses, barns, sheds, and other out-buildings, than if they had never heard of such a huge watering-pot as the clouds in the sky. If all the rain which falls in both the Canadas within a year, should remain upon the surface of the earth without shrinking into it or running off, it would form an average depth of water of about three feet. In the southern states, it would be more; within the American tropics, it would amount to about ten feet; and near Bombay in Asia, to twenty-five feet.

Every inch of rain that falls on a roof, yields two barrels for each space ten feet square; and seventy-two barrels are yielded by the annual rain in this climate, on a similar surface. A barn thirty by forty feet, yields annually 864 barrels—that is, enough for more than two barrels a day, for every day in the year. Many of our medium landholders have, however, at least five times that amount of roofing on their farmeries and dwellings, yielding annually more than four thousand barrels of rain water, or about *twelve barrels or one hundred and fifty ordinary pailfuls, daily*. A very small portion of this great quantity is caught in the puny and contemptible cisterns and tubs placed to catch it; but full-sized, capacious reservoirs, fit to hold this downward deluge, we know not where to find, even in a single instance!

It is true, that where a constant draught is not on a cistern, it need not hold the full year's supply—even one-sixth part, will, in general, answer, as the variations in the wet and dry seasons

do not often amount to more than the rain of two months. But allowing all this, where shall we find a cistern for a thirty-by-forty-foot barn that holds this sixth, or 170 barrels? Or one proportionately large, for a broader roof?

Now what would a large supply of water from sufficient cisterns enable the farmer to do? or rather, what might he *not* do with it?

1. In the first place, all the cattle on a farm well furnished with buildings, might obtain all the water needed for their daily use.

2. Or, if instead, the usual proportion were supplied by streams and wells, a large upper cistern would furnish all the conveniences of showering, washing, and sweeping off feculent matter, which are devised in cities from pipes and hydrants.

3. Or if large cisterns were placed in the upper part of the farm-buildings (where the space they occupy would be of little comparative value,) they would supply a fountain one-fourth of an inch in diameter, spouting fifteen feet high, for two hours every summer afternoon—the cisterns being occupied in winter.

4. In addition to supplying the fountain, they would keep up the water in a pond at the foot of the fountain, thirty feet in diameter, (or with equal surface,) and allow eight barrels to flow off daily for watering cattle or for other purposes, during the hottest evaporating days of summer.

THE PRESERVATION OF EGGS FOR WINTER USE.

I think I can describe a new mode of preserving eggs, that is at once both cheap and roomy. It should be borne in mind, that eggs are mainly composed of albumen, mixed with a minute quantity of the salts of sulphur, phosphorus, lime and magnesia. The shell consists mostly of lime. Of the whole weight, the shell constitutes about one-tenth, the white six-tenths, and the yolk three-tenths. Few animal substances are so putrescent as eggs, unless preserved with care. The shell, composed as it is mostly of lime, glued together with a trifle of animal matter, is its most natural and safe depository. Yet even the shell yields gradually to the action of the atmosphere, so that a part of the watery fluid of the egg escapes, and air occupies its place, thus injuring the quality of it.

The great secret then of preserving eggs, is to keep the interior in an unaltered state. This is best done by lime-water, in which a little common salt is infused. This constitutes a fluid perfectly indestructible by air, and one that is so allied to the nature of the shell as not to be absorbed by it, or through it into the interior of the egg. On the other hand, salt or lime, in a dry state, will act on the moisture of the egg, as will strong ashes. This plan, also, will save more eggs in a given space than any other. It will also admit of keeping them in cellars ever so damp, and, I almost said ever so foul, since nothing will be likely to act on lime-water. As eggs are very nearly of the specific gravity of water, and so near with it, I have little doubt that eggs barreled up tightly, in lime-water, could be transported as safely as pork.

Lime-water may be made in the most careless manner. Seven hundred pounds of water will dissolve one pound of lime. A pint of lime,

therefore, thrown into a barrel of water, is enough, while ten times as much can do no hurt, and all will not alter the strength of it. The salt, which I do not deem very important, should be put in a very small quantity, say a quart to a barrel. All are aware, that a very large quantity of salt may be dissolved in water. Brine, strong enough for pork, would undoubtedly hurt eggs.

Having made your lime-water, in barrels, if you are a merchant, and in stone-pots if you are a small house-holder, drop your eggs on the top of the water, when they will settle down safely. It is probably important that no bad egg go in, as it is supposed by some that they would injure others. To test your eggs put them in clean water, rejecting all that rise. A better remedy is to look at them through a tube—say a roll of paper, by daylight, or hold them between your eyes and a good candle by night. If the eggs are fresh, they will in either case, look transparent. If they are a little injured, they will look darkish. If much injured, they will look entirely dark.

Eggs, well put up and kept in this manner, will keep, I cannot tell how long, but until they are much more plenty and cheap than at present, quite long enough.

Leached ashes well dried, and even grain, have kept eggs very well, in my experience, but no method is so cheap and obvious as the lime-water. As lime absorbs carbonic acid slowly, and thus becomes insoluble, so almost any lime though slackened for months, will answer the purpose. Lime-water, permitted to stand still, will immediately be covered with transparent film. This is the lime of the water uniting with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and returning to the state of lime-stone, and does not hurt the eggs.

I send you this long account of a small thing, not because it is new, but because many people forget old and familiar things. C. E. GOODRICH.

SALE OF EARL DUCIE'S SHORT HORNS.

The stock of the late Earl Ducie of Gloucestershire, England, has recently been sold at auction, at prices unprecedented in the record of cattle sales, excepting the recent Kentucky sale. The animals sold comprise some of the purest blood in the kingdom, and a considerable number were purchased by American gentlemen.

The Short-Horn herd, consisting of sixty-two lots, realized close upon ten thousand pounds, making an average of upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds each animal. The direct Duchess animals stood highest in the sale, which, it will be recollected are descended from the herd of the late Thomas Bates. A red four year old cow, (Duchess 64) was sold for six hundred guineas to Mr. Thorne of Duchess Co.; a roan heifer, three years old (Duchess 66) was bought by Col. Morris for seven hundred guineas. A heifer calf of the latter, some six or seven weeks old, brought three hundred and ten guineas—a heifer and her calf selling for more than a thousand guineas. The following animals were purchased by American breeders:

BULLS.—*Duke of Gloucester*, red: calved Sept. 14, 1850; got by Grand Duke; dam Duchess 59, for 650 guineas to Mr. Tanqueray, Col. Morris and Mr. Becar of New York.

Fourth Duke of York, roan, calved Dec. 22, 1846; got by 2d Duke of Oxford; dam Duchess 51, for 500 guineas to Mr. Bell for Gen. Cadwalader of Philadelphia. Thirteen bulls and bull calves brought £2,494 16s. being an average of £191 18s. each—\$926.

COWS AND HEIFERS.—*Duchess 66*, rich roan, calved Oct. 25, 1850, got by 4th Duke of York, for 700 guineas to Col. Morris, President N. Y. S. Ag. Society. *Duchess 59*, roan, calved Nov. 21, 1847, got by 2d Duke of Oxford, for 350 guineas to Jonathan Thorne of Dutchess county. *Duchess 64*, red, calved Aug. 10, 1849, got by 2d Duke of Oxford, for 600 guineas to Mr. Thorne. *Duchess 68*, red, calved Sept. 13, 1852, got by Duke of Gloucester, for 300 guineas to Mr. Thorne.

There were 49 cows and calves sold, which brought £6,867, making an average of £140 2s. 10d. each, upwards of \$680.

On the following day the sale of sheep took place. Eighteen pure Southdown rams and ram lambs brought £326 10s.; 79 lots of ewes, wethers and wether lambs, £2,176 5s.—together, £2,502 15s.

The Cochlin Chinas followed. The 64 lots realized £340 4s. "Sir Robert," the celebrated prize bird, fetching 27 guineas; Lord Ducie gave 40 guineas for him in February last.

HIGHER PRICE STILL.

The Mark Lane Express of Sept. 5, states that Mr. THORNE of Dutchess Co., has purchased the celebrated bull "Grand Duke," of Mr. Bolden, near Lancaster, for the large sum of \$5,000. This bull was purchased by Mr. B. at the great Kirk-leavington sale of Mr. Bates' Short Horns. He was the sire of the "Duke of Gloucester" and "Dutchess 66," alluded to above as having been purchased by Col. Morris and others.

A FEW HINTS ON BUDDING, OR INOCULATION.

Budding or *inoculation*, is one of the most general, and, in this country, by far the most important method of summer propagation. This operation consists in removing a bud from the variety to be propagated, and inserting it on another which is called the stock. Its success depends upon the following conditions—In the first place, there must be a certain degree of affinity between the stock and the parent plant from which we propose to propagate. Thus, among fruit trees, the apple crab, pear, quince, mespilus, and mountain ash, all belong to the same natural family, and work upon each other. The plum, apricot, nectarine, peach, and almond, form another natural division, and work upon each other. The cherry must be worked upon some kind of cherry, and currants and gooseberries go together. In general practice the apple is worked either upon apple seedlings, which are called free stocks, or upon the doucain or paradise, which are dwarf growing species, and are used for the purpose of making small trees. The pear is worked either upon pear seedlings, which are called free stocks, or upon the quince, to make dwarfs; occasionally it is worked upon the mountain ash and thorn. But it must be borne in mind that while all varieties succeed on the pear seedling, a certain number fail entirely on the other stocks we have named. Lists of such as succeed particularly

well on the quince will be found in any practical work on the subject. The cherry is worked either upon seedlings of what is known as the mazzard, a small, black, sweet cherry, that forms a very large robust tree; or, for dwarfs, on the Mahaleb, or perfumed cherry, which is a small tree with bitter fruit, about as large as a common pea.

In the second place, the buds must be in a proper state. The shoot, or scion budded from, must be the present season's growth, and it should be mature—that is, it should have completed its growth, which is indicated by the formation of a bud on the point, called the *terminal bud*, and the buds inserted should all be wood buds. On a shoot of this kind there are a number of buds unsuitable for working; those, at the base, being but partially developed, are liable to become *dormant*, and those on the point, where the wood is pithy, perish. The ripening, or maturing of the buds, must regulate the period of budding, so that the time at which any given tree, or class of trees should be worked, depends upon the season, the soil, and other circumstances which control the ripening of wood. In our climate, plums usually complete their growth earlier than other fruit trees, and are, therefore, budded first; we usually have ripe buds by the middle of July. In some cases, when the stocks are likely to stop growing early, it becomes necessary to take the buds before the entire shoots have completed their growth, and then the ripe buds from the middle and lower parts are chosen. Cherries come next, and are generally worked about the first of August. The buds *must* be mature, or a failure will be certain.

In the third place, the stock must be in the right condition—that is, the bark must lift freely and cleanly from the wood, and there must be a sufficient quantity of sap between the bark and wood to sustain the inserted bud and form a union with it. Stocks, such as the common sorts of plum, pear, and cherry, that finish their growth early, must be worked early; while such as the peach, quince, wild or native plum, mahaleb cherry, &c., that grow late, must be worked late. If these stocks that grow freely till late in the autumn be budded early, the buds will be either covered—*drowned*, as it is technically called—by the rapid formation of new woody substance, or they will be forced out into a premature growth.

A very great degree of sappiness, in either the stock or bud, makes up in part for the dryness of the other. Thus, in the fall, when plum buds are quite dry, we can work them successfully on stocks that are growing rapidly. This is a very fortunate circumstance, too. Young stocks with a smooth, clean bark, are more easily and successfully worked than older ones, and when it happens that the latter have to be used, young parts of them should be chosen to insert the bud on.

In localities where buds are liable to injury from freezing and thawing in the winter, the buds are safer on the north side of the stock, and when exposed to danger from wind, they should be inserted on the side facing that the most dangerous wind blows from. Attention to this point may

obviate the necessity of tying up, which, in large practice, is an item of some moment.

In the fourth place, the manual operation must be performed with neatness and despatch. If a bud be taken off with ragged edges, or if it be ever so slightly bruised, or if the bark of the stock be not lifted clean without bruising the wood under it, the case will certainly be a failure. The budding-knife must be thin and sharp. A rough edged razor is no more certain to make a painful shave, than a rough-edged budding knife is to make an unsuccessful bud. It takes a good knife, a steady hand, and considerable practice to cut off buds handsomely, well, and quick. As to taking out the particle of wood attached to the bud, it matters little, if the cut be good, and not too deep. In taking out the wood, great care is necessary to saving the root of the entire bud with it. Then, when the bud is in its place, it must be well tied up. Nice, smooth, soft strips of bark, like narrow ribbons, are the best and most convenient in common use.

Mrs. Grundy.—I'll not detain you very long, but before I begin, I would like to introduce to your notice, gentlemen, a new book which has just come out in New York, and is, I think, worthy of your notice—for although I particularly dislike the style in which Yankee ladies dress, still the manner in which the book has been got up deserves praise. The book, I mean, is the "Monitor of Fashion," published in New York, at 130 Broadway, by Scott. The illustrations are by Count Calix and Jules David, and are, I think, superior to the "World of Fashion," however, I'll not detain you. (*Reads.*)

OBSERVATIONS ON PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Our various *Artistes de Modes* are now engaged on the invention of novelties for the approaching Winter Season; our plate for the next month will be for the commencement of the Winter.

For dresses, silk and satins are taking the place of lighter materials; silk for the promenade have three, four, and even five flounces, generally à disposition: *basquine* and jacket bodies are still in favour, they are much worn with *revers*, forming a collar at the back, and narrowing to a point at waist in front.

Scarfs and *mantelletes* in embroidered muslin, *tuffetas* and satin are still worn.

For young ladies and children, silk and poplin skirts, worn with either full muslin bodies, or embroidered jacket bodies, are still in favour. Sleeves are worn very wide below the elbow, and rather short; some are rounded to the bend of the arm in front, others left open at the back; with these sleeves, the large *bouillon* under-sleeve with deep ruffles falling over the hand is the most in favour for the promenade.

Bonnets continue to be worn far back on the head, but are closer at the sides.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

One of the most distinguished of our fashionable milliners has just received from Paris several elegant bonnets.

Among these bonnets there is one composed entirely of pink satin ribbon, separated by puffs of white blonde. On each side of the bon-

net there is a tuft of white marabouts spotted with pink. Small feathers of the same description form the under-trimming at each side of the face; these have a most becoming effect. A bonnet in the same style has been made of blue silk; the ruches separated by black lace, and the feathers blue spotted with black. The under-trimming of this last-mentioned bonnet consists of black feather foliage, intermingled with loops of blue ribbons, and a few small white flowers.

Another bonnet, forming part of the same assortment, is of a very distinguished character, and is destined for a showy and beautiful *brunette*. It is of jonquille colour, tulle and satin in alternate *bouillonnés*. On one side a bouquet of flowers, which may be either white hyacinths or roses of jonquille colour, with leaves of white blonde. This sort of foliage imparts charming lightness and elegance to the bouquet. In the under-trimming, the blonde leaves, without flowers, are intermingled with *bouchettes*, or long curled ends of narrow jonquille coloured gauze ribbon.

We must not omit to notice two bonnets, entirely white, and composed of silk, satin, and blonde; the materials being mingled together with exquisite taste. On one side, bows formed of a combination of the same materials, form an ornament more simple and not less elegant than either flowers or feathers. A bonnet of pansy-coloured satin is ornamented with bouquets of heart's-ease made of velvet and encircled by black lace. A *demi-voilette* is sewed to the edge of the front of the bonnet; an old fashion, which has lately been partially revived.

We have had an opportunity of inspecting a variety of charming novelties in head-dresses. Some are made of gold ribbon and velvet; others of gauze ribbon, embroidered with gold, silver, and silk, of variegated colours. These are, of course, intended for full evening dress. Others, of a more simple character, but not less pretty, consists of points of blonde or black lace, with lappets, and ornamented with various kinds of ribbon. Plaided ribbons are much employed for trimming caps of this description, and they have a very pretty and showy effect. *Fanchons*, or half-handkerchief caps of lace, are almost always edged with pointed vandykes. In front, the points hang downward on the upper part of the head; and at the back, the intervals between the points are filled up by small coques of ribbon.

For children's dresses, chequered patterns enjoy the highest share of fashionable favour. These patterns are in various colours—as pink and white, blue and white, &c. For a little girl, of five or six years of age, a very neat dress may consist of a skirt of chequered foulard, with narrow flounces, ascending nearly to the height of the waist. The flounces may be scalloped and edged with braid of the colour of the chequers. A *casaque*, or loose jacket of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; or in lieu of the *casaque* a *canzou*, fitting closely to the waist at the back and in front, and trimmed with needlework or Valenciennes. Pagoda sleeves, gathered up by bows of pink or blue ribbon. A round garden hat, of Leghorn or broad straw, trimmed with ribbon, completes this costume.

Doctor.—And now for chess, and then to supper, with what appetites ye may.

CHESS.

CHAPTER II.—THE HISTORY OF THE GAME.

Several writers, distinguished in literature and criticism, have given to the world many erroneous and fabulous accounts of the invention of this game, and to support their favorite theory have written many learned disquisitions as to its origin, &c. Certain, however, it is, that a game somewhat similar to our "Royal game of Chess" was practiced in ancient times. It is clear that chess was not known to the Greeks or Romans: indeed, it is commonly supposed not to have been introduced into Europe till the time of the Crusades; but this supposition is incorrect.

The first western authors who have spoken of this noble game, are the old writers of romance; these represent the Saracens to be very expert at this mimic warfare. Sir William Jones and Dr. Hyde favor the claim of the Brahmins of India, and adduce the testimony of certain ancient writers on chess in the Sanscrit. The elephant, which holds a place in the game (the Rook now occupying its place) is also a proof of its Indian origin. The Chinese call chess the game of the Elephant, and say that they had it from the Indians.

It is said that a philosopher, who lived during the reign of a very able but despotic and cruel sovereign, invented this game in order to show him that if a people were disabled by the loss of their king, a sovereign is equally unable to do so without his subjects. The reasoning had its desired effect, and from that time the monarch became as gentle as he was just, and as magnanimous as he was powerful.

It is supposed to have been first brought into Persia from the west of India, during the sixth century; and its progress from Persia into Arabia plainly appears from the number of Persian words only used by the Arabs in this game. With the Arabians it came into Spain, and, in the eleventh century it was brought into England by the French.

It appears to have been immemorially known in Hindostan under the name of *Chaturanga*, that is, the four *angas*, or members of an army. Through a variety of corruptions, this significant term was changed in the Brahminical dialect into *axedraz*, *sacchi*, *echecs*, *chess*; and by a strange concurrence of circumstances, has given rise to the English word *check*, and even a name to the *Exchequer* of Great Britain; the chequers of a chess-board being called in the phraseology of the scientific, the *Exchequer* or *Field of Battle*.

However, as our diminutive chapters are not intended for those antiquarians who delight in

conjecture and find amusement in dry detail, we will now leave the question of its invention to those authors who have more pages to spare, and greater abilities for following out the inquiry.

Our next chapter we will devote to a short account of the principal chess authors, ancient and modern.

ENIGMAS.

No. 10. *By Mr. Grimshaw.*

WHITE—K at Q Kt sq.; B at K B sq.; Kts at K B 4th and Q 4th.

BLACK—K at Q 8th; Ps at Q 6th and 7th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 11. *By R. B. W.*

WHITE—K at Q R 6th; Q at her sq.; R at K R 7th; B at Q R 2d; Kt at K 8th; Ps at Q 5th and Q B 3d.

BLACK—K at Q B 4th; Q at K B 7th; B at K B sq.; Ps at K B 5th, K 2d, Q 3d, and Q Kt 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 12. *By Mr. J. Walker.*

WHITE—K at K R 5th; B at Q Kt 6th; Kts at K Kt 5th and Q 4th; Ps at K 3d and 5th, and Q Kt 3d.

BLACK—K at Q 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 13. *By C. M. J.*

WHITE—K at Q Kt 2d; R at Q sq.; B at Q R 4th; Ps at K 2d and Q R 3d.

BLACK—K at Q B 5th; Ps at K 4th, Q B 4th, and Q R 2d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 14. *By Judy.*

WHITE—K at K 4th; R at K 3d; B at K 8th; Kt at K B 5th; P at K R 4th.

BLACK—K at K 3d; Ps at K R 3d, K 2d, and Q 3d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

The following game was published a few years since as being the briefest on record, and occurred in actual play at the Café de la Regence in Paris between M. M. X. and Y.:—

WHITE (M. X.)

1. K P two.

2. Q to K R 5th.

BLACK (M. Y.)

K P two.

K B P one. (*This being what is called an "impossible move," because it exposes his K to the Ch. of his adverse Q, he is obliged to play his K.*)

K to his 2nd.

3. Q tks K P mate!

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, from mendicancy its salutary shame.

Wholesome sentiment is like rain, which makes the daily fields of life fresh and odorous.