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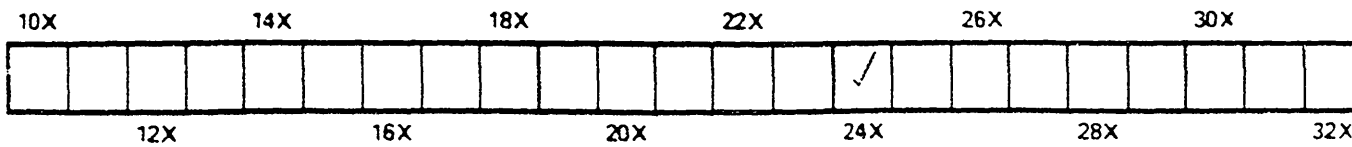


THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.—TORONTO, MAY, 1855.—NO. V.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES.

No. IV.

PAUL KANE.

In presenting our readers with some notices of one of the few artists, worthy of the name, which Western Canada has yet produced, we would observe, that as yet he hardly ranks under the category of a "celebrity," so far at least as the popular acceptation of the term is concerned. To the appreciators of the fine arts, indeed, in this quarter of British North America, the name of Paul Kane has long been familiar, as associated with the higher walks of painture, but the million have still to be indoctrinated with a knowledge of his characteristic excellencies. Happy are we to say that before long, this knowledge will be widely diffused by the publication of a series of engravings of some of our artist's leading delineations of Indian life and scenery, a work which unless we be the more mistaken will command attention, not merely on this continent but in Europe.

We shall confine ourselves mainly to biographical details in the present article, reserving a critical review and description of the painter's works, till furnished with texts by the above mentioned publication.

Paul Kane is a native of the city of Toronto, and at an early age entered into the employment of an ornamental painter. In this very subordinate walk of art, he soon came to manifest great aptitude and ability, and his natural love of design induced him to devote many of those hours which boys expend in pastime, to the cultivation of drawing. Lacking at once instruction and proper models from which to study, the difficulties with which he had to struggle were necessarily great, but by indefatigable perseverance, he managed to make head-way against them. Having acquired a respectable knowledge of perspective, he felt emboldened to wait upon Mr. Drury, the then drawing master of Upper Canada College, with some of his attempts at delineation. This gentleman at once recognized the marks of original genius, and the germs of future excellence in these essays, and promptly enrolled the young artist in the number of his pupils.

Under Mr. Drury's tuition Kane remained for about a year, and, as might have been anticipated, made a diligent use of his time. At the expiry of that period, he turned his attention to portrait painting, calculating that it would bring him in an immediate pecuniary return, and thus enable him to cultivate the higher branches of the art.

Accordingly in 1836, he removed to Detroit, and having there executed some "counterfeit presentments,"—as Hamlet hath it—travelled over the principal cities of the United States, in the exercise of his profession. Sailing down the Mississippi, he landed at New Orleans in the fall of 1838, literally without one shilling in his exchequer, having been robbed on board the steam-boat of every thing he possessed, except his garmenture. In order to pay for his passage, he was constrained to transfer the gruff features of the skipper to canvas.

By painting a few portraits in New Orleans, Kane was enabled to accumulate sufficient means to carry him to Mobile, where he became a favourite, and met with considerable success. At the expiration of two years, he had by prudence and unflagging industry, realized funds sufficient to carry him to Italy, a consummation which had long been the cherished dream of his existence.

Accordingly in 1840, he sailed for the old world, and landing safely in Marseilles, proceeded at once to Genoa, where for the first time, he beheld one of the great European galleries of art.

After remaining here about a fortnight, he shaped his pilgrimage to the "eternal city." Procuring an apartment at a moderate rate, he commenced living in a style of the most rigid economy, so that he might be enabled to make his sojourn the more protracted.

Without squandering a single day in the gratification of mere curiosity, Kane commenced his studies in some of the leading academies which Rome presented.

After fourteen months of unremitting labour, during which period he copied some of the principal pictures of the great masters, our artist found that the exertion was too great for his strength to sustain, and that a modicum of relaxation was absolutely necessary. Accordingly he set out on a pedestrian tour to Naples, his entire kit consisting of a small knapsack mainly occupied by his sketching materials.

Having reached Naples much recruited in health and spirits, he made it his head quarters for three months, during which period he visited all the most famous collections of works of art in the city, besides the remains of Pompeii, Herculaneum, &c. At the expiry of the above mentioned period, the subject of our sketch returned to Rome, as he had left it, on foot, but by a different route, shaping his course by the Pontine marshes.

Working assiduously for another year in the city of Romulus, Kane shifted his quarters to Florence, where he attended the academies, and copied several pictures in the Pitti and other Palaces, principally for the purpose of improving himself in colouring.

Not to dwell upon our artist's continental wanderings, we may briefly state that he successively visited Venice, Bologna, the Lake of Como, and the great St. Bernard, which he ascended. Reaching Paris, he remained there four months, studying in the Louvre, and then proceeded to London, where he spent the winter, his health again requiring repose.

Having resolved to return to this continent, Kane repaired to Liverpool, but found when he got there, that he lacked funds sufficient to pay his passage over the Atlantic. He was fortunate enough, however, to fall in with the master of a United States vessel, who consented to give him a berth on credit. Arriving safely at Mobile, in the spring of 1845, after, however, nearly suffering shipwreck, he was enabled to procure a loan from an old acquaintance, and discharged his debt to the honest skipper.

Remaining in Mobile only long enough to accumulate sufficient funds to repay his friend, and furnish the means of locomotion, he returned to Toronto after an absence of nearly nine years.

Our artist had now to decide as to what particular course should be adopted, in order to turn his acquirements to some practical account. After mature deliberation, he resolved to devote himself to the delineation of the habits, customs, and physical peculiarities of the aborigines of his native land, and of the wild scenery of the far North.

Having formed the patriotic determination, he lost no time in carrying it into effect. Accordingly he left Toronto, on the 17th of June, 1845, for Penetanguishine, and from thence proceeded to Saugeen, to witness a council of Indians. At this place he commenced that series of Indian sketches, which we doubt not are destined to connect his name imperishably with the artistic annals of Canada.

At Saugeen Kane met with a young French Canadian who was travelling with some "red men," and became his fellow pilgrim. Repairing to Owen Sound they purchased a canoe, and a few necessaries, such as ammunition, &c., knowing that they would have mainly to depend upon hunting for subsistence.

Returning to Penetanguishine, the party coasted round to the Manitoulin Island, where they witnessed the annual dole of presents to the congregated Indians. From this they repaired to the Sault St. Mary, at which place they met a gentleman in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, who warned them against the dangers of their contemplated expedition. He stated that it would be most perilous for them to attempt to penetrate into the interior, except under the special auspices of the Company. In conclusion he strongly counselled them to retrace their steps, and offered to furnish them with a letter to Sir George Simpson the Governor of the Company, who he was convinced would afford our artist every facility for the accomplishment of his view.

Acting upon this advice, Kane and his companion went in their canoe a short distance up Lake Superior, and returning visited Mackinaw, where they were present when 2600 Indians were convened to receive the price of some lands sold by them to the government of the United States. From thence our artist voyaged up Fox River in the Manomanee country, where he camped for twenty-two days with 3000 Indians, assembled on a business similar to that immediately above-mentioned.

After taking numerous sketches, Kane retraced his course to Winnebago, where the party left their canoe, and proceeded on foot to Sheboygan, a journey of sixty miles. At this point they took the steamer for Buffalo, and finally reached Toronto late in the fall, having during the trip, paddled upwards of sixteen hundred miles.

In the ensuing March the enthusiastic painter repaired to Lachine, to seek an interview with Sir George Simpson. Having met with that gentlemen, he exhibited to him the sketches which he had made, and explained the nature of the object which he had in view. Sir George entered cordially into his plans, and in order to facilitate them, kindly offered to give him a passage in the spring brigade of canoes.

Accordingly on the 9th of May, 1846, Kane left Toronto in company with Governor Simpson for the Sault St. Mary, in order to embark in the brigade of canoes, which had left Lachine some time previously, taking the route of the Ottawa and Lake Huron.

Reaching Mackinaw in the evening, they were informed by the master of the steam boat, that she would not leave until 9 o'clock next morning. Trusting to this assurance, our artist went on shore for the night; but on coming down to the wharf on the following day at the appointed time, found that the vessel had departed about twenty minutes previously. This was indeed a damper of no ordinary magnitude, as should he fail in seeing Sir George before he left the Sault, he would not be able to accompany the canoe caravan. He was aware, likewise, that the Governor would not remain longer than a few hours, but how to overtake him was the difficulty, as no boat would leave for four days.

Determined, however, not to be disappointed in his proposed expedition, if it was within the reach of human possibility to remedy matters, he used every exertion to procure a mode of conveyance. Walking along the beach he saw a small skiff lying, and having found the owner enquired if he could hire it, and whether there was any chance of procuring a crew. The man strongly advised him not to attempt such a perilous voyage as it was blowing hard, and that it was not in mortal power to reach the Sault by day light next morning. Our artist was determined however to make the attempt, and at length succeeded in chartering the skiff, and engaging a crew consisting of three boys, the oldest being under nineteen years of age. It must be added that they were all well acquainted with boating. The striplings held out no hopes of being able to accomplish the undertaking within the given time, and were only induced to make the attempt by the offer of a high reward.

Thus in a tiny skiff with a blanket for a sail, and a single loaf of bread along with a little tea and sugar for stores, the party launched out in the vexed lake to make a traverse of forty miles.

The wind being favourable the boatling (as the Germans would say) shot a head with tremendous rapidity, but the danger was emminent and continuous from the moment

they left the shore until they reached the mouth of the river St. Mary, which they did at sunset.

Here they remained about twenty minutes, and discussed their tea and bread, with appetites sharpened to intensity. But now commenced another difficulty, which would have daunted most men, viz: the navigation of forty-five miles of a river with which the parties were totally unacquainted, in a dark night, against the current, and through a channel dotted with numerous islands. All this was to be accomplished by daylight, or the toil and anxiety would be of no avail.

The adventurous party, however, set forth unflinchingly, and after a night of the most violent exertion, after running into all sort of wrong places and backing out again, after giving up half a dozen times in despair and as often renewing the struggle, their exertions were crowned with success. When morning dawned, there lay the eagerly looked for steamer not two miles from them!

On getting up in the morning, Sir George Simpson was utterly astonished at beholding the indomitable artist, and his amazement was not lessened when he learned the mode of his conveyance. The voyage on no former occasion had been performed in so short a time under corresponding circumstances, and to this day the undertaking is still talked of most notable adventure.
in Mackinaw and the Sault as a unique and

After all his perils and toils, Kane was destined to undergo a fresh disappointment. The brigade of canoes had, contrary to expectation, passed up two days previously, and so heavily laden were those of Sir George, that they could by no possibility afford accommodation to the luckless painter!

One chance only remained, that of "catching up" with the brigade, and this, it must be confessed was a very slender one. The only available vessel was the Company's small schooner "White Fish," which was lying, indeed, above the portage, but required to be discharged of her cargo before she could undertake the trip. Kane, however, stimulated the energies of all hands, and at the expiry of four days she was enabled to start for Fort William, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles.

On the morning of the fourth day they reached Fort William, after encountering a pestilent storm, but only in time to be too late, the brigade having departed the previous day.

Paul's motto being "*never say die!*" he procured forthwith a light canoe and three men, and after paddling thirty-five miles with all their strength, they at length came up with the much longed for brigade, which Kane lost no time in joining. Three days subsequently Sir George being better manned passed the canoe which carried our painter and his fortunes, and paid Kane a high compliment for the energy he had manifested in overcoming such formidable obstacles, under which many a stout heart would have succumbed.

Having once fairly launched him with the brigade, we cannot venture in a sketch like the present to narrate the many stirring incidents which chanced to Kane in his wanderings for two years and seven months amongst the wild tribes of the North. We shall content ourselves with giving the simple outline of his route, so that the curious may trace the artist's path across the continent and back, a distance estimated at about 11,000 or 12,000 miles.

He proceeded with the brigade over the mountain portage to Dog Lake—Lake of the Woods—Lake of the 1000 Islands to Fort Francis on Rainy Lake—down the Winnipeg River, and up Red River.

Having reached the settlement on 13th June 1846, the canoes left for their various destinations, leaving our hero to prosecute his pilgrimage as he best could. Abandoned to his own plans and resources, Kane made an excursion with the Half Breeds into the Plains to witness their annual Buffalo hunt. Here he remained about a month and returned to Red River, after seeing thousands of Buffalos killed to furnish food for the coming year.

After this, he crossed Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, near Playgreen Lake, which he left in company with Mr. Rowan, chief factor, to proceed up the Suskatchawan river to Edmonton. At this place they arrived on 27th September, passing Cumberland House, Fort Carlton, and Fort Pitt on their route.

Here he stopped ten days to recruit, and then set out on horseback across the country to the Athabasca river, a distance of about one hundred miles. Up this stream they sailed in canoes for twenty-five days, till they reached Jasper Lake, at the base of the Rocky mountains.

A few days' detention took place at this stage of the journey, in order to manufacture snow shoes, these pedal appliances being rendered necessary from the depth of snow on the mountains, averaging from twenty to thirty feet.

The party consisted of sixteen persons, who had to carry their provisions, blankets, and other requisites on their backs. Difficult and fatiguing in no ordinary degree was the passage across the mountains, and the travellers met with a host of accidents and mishaps. At length, however, they safely arrived at Boat Encampment (Champment des Barge), being the head of canoe navigation on the Columbia river.

Embarking in small boats, they proceeded eleven or twelve hundred miles down the river to Fort Vancouver, which they reached on 8th December, tired and hungry, having had nothing but lean horse flesh to eat for some time previous.

Having rested for a short period at the Fort, Kane went up the Wallamatte river as far as the Umqua mountains in the Oregon territory, visiting the principal towns, settlements, missions, &c., and returning to Vancouver by Fort George, formerly Astoria.

He next sailed down the Columbia to the Cowlitz river, which he ascended about eighty miles, and, crossing to Puget's Sound by land, embarked in a canoe for Fort Victoria, Vancouver's Island. At this place he remained about three months, making sundry excursions into the interior of the island and the surrounding country.

Returning to Fort Vancouver, he remained three or four weeks, waiting for the return brigade, this being the main depot of the Hudson's Bay Company on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. Joining the brigade he proceeded to Walla Walla, where he left them, and with one man and a couple of horses, crossed the Nezperces river into a wild and sandy desert, never previously explored by a white person.

After ten days of extreme privation and suffering from want of water, our artist arrived at Fort Colville, from whence he made an excursion to the south as far as the Cullecspelms, visiting the various tribes of Indians inhabiting that section of country.

At the Kettle Falls, Kane embarked with ten men in two canoes for the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a voyage which, owing to the rapids, strength of the adverse current, and other obstructions to the navigation, it took nearly a month to accomplish.

Having arrived at Boat Encampment, the canoes returned to Fort Colville, leaving two Indians to accompany the adventurous limner across the Rocky Mountains. This journey was the most difficult part of his whole wanderings. The winter, always severe in these hyperborean regions, being that year peculiarly rigorous, the whole distance had to be performed on snow shoes. Encumbered with their blankets, guns, and ammunition, the party were unable to carry anything in the shape of provisions along with them, but had to trust for subsistence to their hunting—a resource which frequently failed them. Their sufferings from the intense cold were greatly aggravated by being compelled to wade across several streams in the mountains, whilst nearly starved and overworked without the possibility of rest. On the expiry of thirty-five days, the worn-out pilgrims reached Edmonton, having, during all that time, maintained a stern and unintermitting struggle between life and death.

From Edmonton Kane directed his course to Rocky Mountain House, a journey of eleven days, near to the head water of the Saskatchawan, where he fell in with large bands of Black Feet, Blood, and other Indians, who had congregated for the purpose of trade.

Retracing his steps to Edmonton, he found the Saskatchawan brigade of boats preparing to start on their Spring expedition to York Factory, with the furs collected in that region during the last year. Kane joined the caravan, which consisted of twenty-eight boats and one hundred and thirty men. After passing Fort Pitt, the brigade encountered

an unusually large war party of Black Feet Indians, fifteen hundred strong, by whom they were detained for a night and a day, but without suffering any farther inconvenience or trouble.

Reaching Norway House, sound in wind and limb, our traveller, accompanied by one of the chief traders, returned through Lake Winnipeg to the Sault Ste. Marie, and finally arrived at Toronto on the 9th December, 1848. He brought with him one of the largest collections of aboriginal curiosities ever made on the Continent, together with nearly four hundred sketches illustrative of the manners, customs, and physical peculiarities of about sixty different tribes of Indians.

Once more at home, Kane lost no time in commencing to paint a series of pictures from the sketches which he had accumulated. The confinement of a room, however, together with the habits of civilized life, proved overly irksome to him, and the following spring he was induced to take a trip to the head waters of the Mississippi, from whence he passed over land and re-visited the Red River settlement.

This closed his wanderings. Returning to Toronto in the fall of 1849, he applied himself heart and soul to the labours of his *studio*, and worked assiduously at his pictures, which have now reached a respectable number.

It is with pleasure we state that the artist has it in contemplation to exhibit publicly at an early period, his completed paintings, and the various items of Indian curiosities which he picked up during his wide-spread wanderings. Such a collection must be replete with interest of the highest order, and cannot fail to be warmly appreciated by all who desire information touching the native tribes, and more remote scenery of Northern America.

During his peregrinations, Kane made copious notes of every day's proceedings and adventures, descriptions of the regions through which he passed, and memoranda of the manners, customs, traditions, and superstitions of the Indians with whom he came in contact.

We close this sketch by quoting the words of a correspondent, who has had mature opportunity of forming an estimate of the subject thereof:—

"His energy, cool courage, and great powers of endurance, coupled with a cheerful and most social disposition, rendered him a general favorite, not only amongst the gentlemen and voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company but likewise amongst the Indians. These circumstances, coupled with the facility with which he acquired a knowledge of the languages spoken in the interior, greatly facilitated his communications with the native tribes. Thus he was enabled to accumulate a mass of matter, which, when published, will be, perhaps, one of the most interesting narratives that we have, both on account of its historical value and amusing detail.

"I am well assured that the most implicit reliance may be placed upon the truthfulness both of his pictures and his narrative. I have seen him in company with gentlemen belonging to the Hudson's Bay establishment, who highly praised his paintings as accurate delineations of scenes with which they were familiar. The warmth with which North-westers greet him when passing through Toronto, and the friendly letters now and then received by him from the interior, sufficiently demonstrate the high estimation in which he must have been held by these bold and hardy traders. An estimation, it may be added, which could only have been gained by a rare combination of those qualities referred to above."

A BUNCH OF MAY BLOSSOMS FROM THE POETS.

———Day's harbinger
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May; who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
MILTON.

'Tis nature's revel! all her works rejoice;
Gay laughs the landscape, all that lives is gay.
Light bound the flocks; the birds exalt their voice,
And all things shout and bless delightful May:
FAWCETT.

The gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild bird's song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower. SCOTT.

Of all the fair months that round the sun
In light-linked dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me! MOORE.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD:
A TALE OF NEW ZEALAND LIFE.

BY FRIEDRICH GERSTACKER.

CHAPTER I.

Day was breaking on the horizon—the warm breeze wafted the sweet aromatic fragrance of tropical vegetation across the sea, and athwart the pale blue sky, on which a few faintly-twinkling stars were still visible; and the milk white fleecy clouds blushed a rosy red, when they perceived the advent of the long-expected glistening god of day, and felt his morning caress upon their cheeks. Below, a few albatrosses were soaring over the mist-enveloped sea, and fluttering their powerful wings at regular intervals. Fancy might regard them as the spectral spirits of night, who feared, yet sought to shun, the dazzling splendour of the rising sun.

The ocean lay like a slumbering colossus, and the waves rose and sank, as if marking the gentle, regular pulsations of the sleeper. Here and there a sportive dolphin disturbed the silence, or the shill cry of an aquatic bird startled the sleeping pelican, which, brooding passively on the water after the completion of its noctural labours, angrily shook its outstretched head at the disturbance, and then thrust it deeper beneath its wing.

Light gradually diffused itself in the East. A few glistening beams pierced to the very heart of the timidly-retreating darkness; and then, suddenly and hurriedly, as in the tropics the youthful day-god tears himself from the arms of night, the huge golden mass rose above the lustrous and sparkling sea. The morning breeze rustled over the surface of the waves, which rippled merrily, and raised their tiny crests, as if rejoicing in the advent of their lord.

Quickly rose the sun in the heavens, and its beams filled all the wide expanse with their glory, and lighted up a single snow-white sail, which slept upon the waters like a tired sea-bird. The vessel kept its bow directed southward towards the land, which momentarily became more distant. It was a schooner, rigged after the fashion of the American clippers, but with a somewhat broader and bluffer bow, and masts, which did not rake so boldly—a so-called Sidney schooner, like those which sail along the Australian coast, at times visit the adjacent islands, or even venture across to New Zealand, in defiance of storm and sea.

The "Casuar"—such was the name of the little vessel—had just made a rapid voyage from Port Jackson, and was now only a few miles distant from its destination, the north-eastern coast of Ika-na-mair, the island which forms the northern portion of New Zealand. The wind, however, which had till now filled the sails, had entirely fallen, or at least had found an opponent in the land breeze, against which it could or would not contend. But at this moment every breath of air had died away, and the sails hung loosely and idly against the masts, and only flapped lazily when the rising waves disturbed the tranquil repose the vessel was enjoying.

The crew of the little schooner, however, displayed a considerable amount of activity. Of the four sailors who were visible, three were busily engaged in sluicing the decks with buckets of water; and at the stern of the vessel, with his arms resting firmly on the starboard bulwarks, sat a short and rather corpulent man. His cheeks were ruddied by exposure to air; and the copper tinge of his complexion seemed to be reflected, as it were, in his very prominent nose. With a long telescope he carefully and closely examined the land that lay stretched out before him; and suffering the glass to fall now and then, wiped his eye with the corner of a red silk pocket-handkerchief, and then recommenced his examination.

The only apparent idler on board was the sailor at the wheel, who seemed, as he stood there, to be merely holding the spokes, in order to support his own carelessly lounging person. Now and then he looked up, with a sleepy expression, to the idly flapping sails and the vane upon the mainmast, and then fell back into his old position, as if he had perfectly fulfilled every duty that could be required from him.

At this moment another head emerged from the hatch-way, and directly afterwards two persons mounted on deck, one of whom could be easily recognized as the master of the little vessel; the other, however, was a strange-looking object, whose appearance

seemed in strange discordance with that of the crew and its master. He was a man of not more than two or three and thirty years, with jet-black piercing eyes. His person did not display any extreme development of strength, but was nevertheless muscular and active. His features, which, once seen, would not be easily forgotten, were less remarkable, however, than his dress, which was a mixture of European and Indian costumes. The man himself was evidently a European; for although his skin was so sunburnt and tanned that in its deep tints it was little inferior to that of the natives of New Zealand, still his light, curly hair, ruddy cheeks, and the whole contour of his countenance, revealed not only the white man, but the Englishman as well; while the wide New Zealand Taboo cloak, and the mocassin-like shoes, made of untanned hide, as well as the noosers, fastened Indian-fashion beneath the knees, would rather lead to the supposition that he was a half-breed savage.

His companion, the master of the little "Casuar," who, like all these coasting gentleman, much preferred to hear himself called "captain," seemed also to be highly amused at the extraordinary costume of his passenger; and his broad mouth expanded into a grin, as he regarded the "savage" from head to foot when they reached the deck. At length the latter turned angrily to him, and said,

"Well, sir, as soon as you've done looking at me perhaps you'll let me know. Did you never see a Taboo cloak before that you stare at it, as if we were in the middle of London, instead of close to the coast of New Zealand?"

"No offence," replied the seaman, laughingly. "I was only thinking what a face the Governor of Sidney would make if you were to cross his bows in that rig. You look to me like a man-of-war with woman's clothes aboard, and a petticoat hoisted at your forepeak. You're going to cruise under false colours."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed the stout little man, who now turned, for the first time, to the speaker, "Mr. Dumfry is a New Zealander!"

"Gentlemen," replied the person thus addressed, without taking the slightest notice of the last remark, "I should like to speak to you seriously; for there are matters which must be discussed in that way before we land there," and his eye was fixed thoughtfully on the blue extent of country, whose prominent features became momentarily more distinct and marked as the sun rose.

"Hem!" said the captain, as he thrust both his hands into the pockets of his short blue jacket, "secrets, perhaps? It so, we had better go below." His glance, which was at the same time directed towards the sailor at the wheel, clearly revealed that his fear was lest the latter might overhear their conversation, as the limits of the quarterdeck were confined.

"We have nothing to fear from the people on board," replied Dumfry, "if, as you told me, none of them will be allowed to land."

"Of course—of course," the captain said. "That fellow standing there is a convict who hasn't got his ticket of leave yet. I took him on board, in fact, contrary to the law; but he has behaved decently up to the present, and I was in want of hands, and he was useful to me, for he is an excellent seaman. Besides, the schooner will lie at anchor quite at the end of the bay. We shall take the gig ourselves, and our good friends the sharks will take care that none of them will swim ashore."

"Well, then, we can remain quietly here" said the disguised man, as he leaned over the starboard bulwark, and awaited, with his face turned toward the land, the approach of his two friends, who soon took their places on either side of him to hear his communication. But before we listen to the conversation of these worthies, whom we shall accompany in our story, it may be perhaps necessary to give the reader a cursory account of the state of things in New Zealand, as far as we are here concerned with them, that he may understand the objects the schooner's passengers had in view.

As was the case in all uncivilized countries of the world, missionaries were the pioneers in New Zealand, and their object was a laudable one. In their track, however, followed other persons, whose object was to make as much as they possibly could at the

expense of the natives, and enrich themselves by the purchase of land. The result was that Heki,* a brave New Zealand chieftain—according to some English papers, an Irishman who had run from his vessel when a lad—suddenly opposed the Europeans, more especially where they were surveying the country; for he had learned, by bitter experience, that such proceedings were always carried out with the object of stripping the natives of their territory. The hatred felt for the foreigners waxed daily greater, until a circumstance brought the long-suppressed fury of the New Zealander's to a culminating point. The daughter of a chieftian was shot, as the English asserted, by mistake, and the wild blood of the New Zealand warriors boiled. They called to mind the oppression they had already endured; and the long-forgotten war-cry of the tribes re-echoed once more through the island.

The object, then, which had brought the "Casuar" to the coast of New Zealand, was closely connected with the circumstances to which we have referred. A short time previously a man had made his appearance in Sidney, who stated that he was a New Zealand squatter, possessing very large districts of uncultivated land on the north-eastern coast of the island, and a title signed by the chieftian Heki himself, a concession which was very rarely made. Circumstances, however, which he had hitherto kept concealed, compelled him, as he stated, immediately to return to Europe, and he consequently offered this document for sale to a large mecantile house in Sidney—Bornholm, Briggs, and Co.—for a very moderate sum. The only condition he insisted upon was, that he should have a schooner and two companions given him to return once more to New Zealand, when he would point out to them the limits of his estate and its position, in order that, whenever the claim to the land could be enforced, they could appear as witnesses of the regular and legal sale.

The document was, there could be no doubt about it, genuine, and the price asked for the land bore no proportion to its eventual value; such a purchase could, consequently, be regarded as a famous bargain—for in Sidney it was perfectly well known that the English Government, as soon as it had overthrown the power of the rebellious chieftains, would energetically support every claim raised by its subjects. For the present, however, there were insurmountable obstacles in the way of surveying such lands. The savages offered the most strenuous opposition to any measurement of their land, and fearfully punished any person they caught in the act; and in some instances the old pagan, and not entirely extirpated, cannibalism was practised. Travellers, however, more especially those who visited the coast, need entertain no apprehension as to their safety; for Heki had most strictly warned his followers not to excite strangers unnecessarily, and to avoid all bloodshed; but, on the other hand, to attack and employ their utmost energies in annihilating those who dared in any way to infringe upon their liberties or privileges.

The proposal, consequently, to send a schooner across, and, under pretext of a hunting party, to view the land, seemed to the Sidney mercantile house the simplest and most suitable, although they could not understand what plan Dumfry could have in view, when he made it one of the conditions of the sale. They, therefore, offered no obstacles, as far as they were concerned, to the departure of the expedition; and three days later the "Casuar" was floating out of the bay with every sail set, and soon left the coast of New Holland far, far behind.

Dumfry had not hitherto appeared, either in Sidney or on board, in any other than European costume; and the astonishment of his companions may be, therefore, easily explained, when they saw him assume the character of an Indian, as soon as they drew near to the coast of New Zealand. He could not have done it, though, in jest or for amusement, for his whole demeanour appeared to them even gloomier than they had ever yet

* Heki is an historical personage. He defeated the British under Colonel Despard on the 30th of June, 1845, at the stockade of Waimato. He died in 1850 of consumption, at the age of forty. A good account of his doings will be found in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, in an article entitled "Christianity in Milanesia and New Zealand." Colonel Mundy also gives a description of him in his very amusing work, "Our Antipodes."

seen it, and his eye was often turned, thoughtfully and silently, on the narrow strip of land that lay stretched out before them.

Captain Thompson seemed to await very patiently the commencement of the promised communication, for he also looked, without betraying the least curiosity, towards the shore; and at last produced his tobacco-pouch, and bit off a large plug, which he commenced masticating. Van Boon, however, the honest chief clerk of the firm of Bornhold, Briggs, and Co. first coughed once or twice, then blew his nose, and did everything in his power to remind the strangeman of his proximity. Every exertion, however, remained fruitless. Dumfrey had fallen into a gloomy reverie, and heard or saw nothing, till at length the last thread of Van Boon's patience gave way, and he nudged his neighbour in the ribs with a warning "Sir!" Dumfry started, when thus restored to consciousness, with a look of alarm, but soon collected himself, and said, though still keeping his eye fixed immoveably on the former object—

"Gentlemen, it must appear to you extraordinary that I now assume the national dress of New Zealand, when I have neared the coast."

"Oh! when you're among the wolves, you must howl with them," remarked Thompson, drily.

"There is another reason," Dumfry continued, turning partly at the same time towards the sailor who was lounging at the wheel, as if to convince himself that they were not overheard by him. The latter, however, leaned against the wheel, with his back turned towards them, and only raised his head lazily, as if almost indisposed to undergo this slight exertion to look upwards at the sail, seeming to pay no attention to those near him. Dumfry was, therefore, fain to be satisfied. But the sailor was by no means sleepy as he looked; on the contrary, his features wore an expression of the utmost attention, and he purposely remained passive, lest he might miss one of the whispered words. Had Dumfry noticed his fixed, watchful glance for a moment, he would not have remained in such close proximity to him; but, as it was, he leaned once more over the bulwarks, and continued—

"You both know that I formerly lived in New Zealand, and even had an estate there, the undisturbed enjoyment of which was secured me by a document under the chieftain's own hand. Even the wars with the Europeans seemed to possess no danger for me, for the natives regarded me as one of themselves, while my countrymen could only expect advantage to accrue to them from my presence. But although Heki was kindly disposed towards me, and repeatedly promised me his most active protection, I must have been a thorn in the side of some of the subordinate chieftains, for the disputes with them were incessant. I soon found too, that they were striving to induce me to do some hasty and unreflecting act, so as to find reason to attack me. For a long while I withstood all their intrigues, and fortunately escaped the snares they laid for me; but in a miserable, unhappy hour, when all the sufferings I had undergone—all the disgrace I had endured—rose in fantastic visions before me, I was no longer master of my passion, and—struck one of my enemies to the ground.

"Blood, according to the laws of these tribes, demands blood, and Heki himself would have been unable from that moment to save my life. I knew too well what menaced me, and fled. It would be impossible, however, to desrcibe the fury with which these revengeful children of a burning sun followed my trail. Even the missionaries refused at that time to grant me a refuge; they threatened to deliver me up unless I quitted the mission-house without delay: they did not with to turn the fury of the savages upon their own hitherto unassailed houses. A Dutch schooner at last received me, and thus saved me from a fearful death."

"And now you want to return there in *our* company?" said Van Boon, who had listened to this story with gradually increasing horror. "Man, you must be mad. Do you think they won't be able to recognize you? And the wretched man doesn't say a word about this until we are close to the shore. There's nothing for us to do, then, but to turn back again.

"The danger is not nearly so great as you

fancy it," Dumfry whispered, "else I should not have ventured to return here. In order to be undiscovered, I put on the New Zealand dress: for under the protection of the Taboo* I could wander for months through the island without being recognized by a single enemy. As soon as we reach the mainland this mat will cover my head, and not a hand will dare to raise a veil which their most sacred law takes under its special protection."

"That's a very queer story," muttered the little Dutchman, shaking his head as if not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs; "a remarkably unpleasant matter, which, if we are unsuccessful in, we may have to pay for with our carcases, valued at so much per stone, butcher's weight."

"Hem!" Thompson at last remarked, "that's very true. The nations of Polynesia have a respect for the Taboo which will probably secure us from discovery; but," and he turned sharply towards the pretended New Zealander, "what on earth brings you back to New Zealand, sir, when you ought only be too glad to have a decent amount of salt water between you and your enemies?"

"Yes; I should like to know the reason," said Van Boon, agreeing with the seaman.

"Will you," Dumfry now asked, without immediately giving the explanation demanded, "will you stand by me in what I want to do on my own account? Will you promise me your help, with the certain prospect of making a very considerable gain?"

"Fire away, sir," the old sailor here cried, growing impatient. "Why all this confounded tacking and filling? Hoist your right flag, and show your guns. What do you want of us, and how are we to help you?"

"Well, then," replied Dumfry boldly, after some little reflection, as he turned towards Thompson, "I will reveal all to you, and hope then that I may reckon on your help. You know, gentlemen, that when I delivered up my title-deeds to the firm, I bargained for a passage to New Zealand, in company with two men. The one reason, which alone concerned the firm, was to show the situation and extent of my property; but the other only concerned myself. We shall land opposite the spot where I formerly built my hut. What has become of it I cannot say; but near it there is a spot under the Taboo, where, on my flight, I buried all I had saved, not only during my stay in New Zealand, but also during a ten years' residence in the Australian colonies."

"What! a treasure!" both asked in surprise.

"Silence!" the New Zealander said, looking round quickly to the man at the wheel. Startled by the unexpected movement, the latter seemed confused, and turned his head away. This sign of surprise was sufficient to arouse Dumfry's suspicions, and in a whisper he called the two men down into the cabin to continue their conversation.

The man at the wheel looked after them fiercely as they went below, and at last muttered, "That's it, is it? There's money ashore to be picked up, and we must lie here a couple of miles out at sea, and let the gentlemen afterwards carry us back to our slavery, while here I should have a capital chance of getting rid of my cursed yellow jacket.* Hang it all! I shan't soon have such another chance of getting so far away from Sidney. I must see that I get into the boat to pull an oar, and then good-by to slavery!" and as he ceased speaking, he seized the spokes of the wheel quickly and firmly, to keep the bows of the vessel towards the shore.

In the meanwhile, a change had taken

* The Taboo, originally a religious custom, has become among the New Zealanders that which among other nations is called the law, but through its holy and awful origin it is much more respected and adhered to than are the laws of civilized nations. Tabooing means, properly, regarding any object for a shorter or longer space of time. This is effected by the Tohungas, or wise men. Burial places, the consecrated property of the dead, objects left in any uninhabited spot, maize and cumera (sweet potatoes), plantains, and other productions, are under the Taboo. This is frequently the case with an entire Pah, or fortified place, as well as houses, roads, and canoes. Any one who is ill is taboo for a certain time. The head, even the whole body, of a chieftain is considered so, as well as every bride. This custom is assuredly very beneficial for a nation which has no written laws, and most advantageous in protecting property, or even individuals.

* The yellow jacket is the distinguishing mark of the convicts in the colonies.

place both in the sky and the sea. The sea breeze had commenced blowing, and the hitherto placid surface of the ocean was ruffled into miniature waves, which dashed with a noisy ripple against the shore. The "Casuar" profited by the breeze; her sails bellied out, and the white foam was rapidly thrown up on either side by her bows as she clove her way through the masses of marine plants which had hitherto drifted slowly around her; and the land rose more clearly ahead, so that from the deck a few tall clumps of trees, and the darker shadowing of the forest, could be distinguished.

The convict was still standing by the wheel, when the clear stroke of the bell sounded, and one of his messmates, with both thumbs in the narrow leathren belt which kept up his canvas trousers, and held the long wooden-handled sailor's knife, with its brown case, came slowly forward from the forecastle to relieve the Sidney-bird, as these fellows are generally called. He seemed to advance with the utmost indifference; and the other was just walking forward to get his breakfast, when the anxious glance with which the newcomer surveyed the deck attracted his attention.

"Hulloh, Bill, what's up?" said Ned, the convict; "what wind's blowing now?—you're making such a queer face."

"Quiet!" the sailor hurriedly whispered. "Ned, are you a man?"

"A queer question, that," Ned growled. "Why do I wear this jacket? Only *men* do that."

"Well, then, if you're inclined"—he turned his head anxiously again, and then whispered, when he saw no one near—"we'll bolt!"

"H'm!" said Ned, looking sharply and searchingly at the man. The expression of his face, however, left no doubt of his sincerity and good faith; who had so unexpectedly found a confederate—for he, as a notorious convict, would have never dared to make such a proposal to any one of his comrades—now bent down and whispered—

"Bolt!—why, yes, if it must be so; but I don't see any occasion for that. Some of our people will at any rate have to leave the vessel to pull the boat ashore; if we could only get another on our side, nothing could prevent us from carrying out a well-contrived plan. But, if that won't do, if we are left to ourselves, I do not see why we two shall not be able to prove that we—we are *men*."

The Irishman, who did not immediately perceive what the other meant by his horrible proposition, regarded him for a few seconds in surprise and bewilderment. Till then he had, through his disgust of the monotony of a life on board the schooner, only thought of escaping from such servitude, while the convict, on the other hand, would not have recoiled from any scheme which ensured him his liberty. But when he began to see the other's meaning, he shook his head, and said shudderingly—

"No, Ned, that would be a crime, which my mother's son wouldn't like to have on his conscience his whole life long. But we'll bolt; in that I'll stand by you, and afterwards——"

"Hush!" the convict hurriedly whispered. "I hear them coming up from below. I'll go and eat my breakfast afterwards we'll talk it over."

With these words he slipped away, and soon disappeared down the forecastle.

CHAPTER II.

The schooner, favored by the breeze, was now approaching the bay, which, as is frequently the case in the South-sea islands, was begirt by a widely-extending coral reef: against this the waves were breaking and foaming, and leaving only a narrow channel of deep water through which vessels might approach the land. Through this difficult and rock-girt channel the water rushed tumultuously, rendering any divergence from the course a matter of extreme risk. Thompson, who now determined to steer the vessel himself, ordered the Irishman forward to stand by the sails. For the moment, the danger of being driven on one of the reefs so entirely absorbed the attention of the crew as to prevent them from looking towards the land, which now, as it were, held them clasped in its arms. The schooner was gliding with the speed of lightning through the channel, when suddenly the voice of her

master was heard above the roar of the waves —"Stand by the sails!"

The startled crew obeyed in silence, and in another minute the order to let go the anchor was given. The heavy mass of iron rushed down into the sea; the schooner was suddenly checked in her course; and soon afterwards rode calmly in the mirror-like surface of the bay, at a distance of about two miles from the shore.

The schooner only carried a boat usually called a gig, which hung at the vessel's stern; though, in addition, there was a New Zealand canoe, which Thompson had bought for his own use. As soon as the vessel was brought to, the gig was lowered into the water, and Dumfry, Van Boon and Thompson stood alongside, in readiness to enter. The provisions they would require were already stowed away in the bows of the boat. In addition to his New Zealand costume, Dumfry now carried the weapons in use among the natives. On his shoulder he bore a long, single-barrelled rifle; on his wrist hung the miri, or war-club of the New Zealand tribes, a formidable-looking weapon, about a foot and a-half long, cut out of the bone of a whale; and in his belt was fastened an Indian tomahawk. Thompson, on the other hand, had armed himself more after the sailor-fashion: in his broad belt were a couple of pistols and his sailor's knife, while a cutlass was suspended on his left side; but his long pilot jacket entirely concealed the fire-arms, and only the broadsword peeped out threateningly below.

Van Boon presented a very different appearance, for he seemed rather to have laden himself with what would keep body and soul together, than the weapons for separating them. From the right and left pockets of his long-tailed coat, at least two bottle-necks made their appearance, and under his arm he carried an object which more resembled a haversack than any article of attack and defence. Dumfry looked at him in surprise, and at length remarked, half angry, half laughing—

"But what on earth are you going to drag about with you? You don't really think that we——"

"A smoked sausage, half a cheese, some bread, and a bottle of real Schiedam," said Van Boon, calmly interrupting him, as he opened the bag very cautiously, and held the orifice to the speaker.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Thompson laughed. "Mr. Van Boon will be prepared, in case we have to stand a siege."

"I beg your pardon," said the Dutchman, as he again pushed the bag under his arm, "I never thought of such a thing as a siege; for, had that been the case, I should have remained quietly on board the 'Casuar.' Although I respect and esteem the firm of Bornholm, Briggs, and Co., most highly in every other respect, I am by no means disposed to have my limbs stuffed with bullets, or cut and stabbed at with pointed instruments."

Dumfry bit his lip and turned away; but another idea then occurred to him, for he looked once again at the little man, and then hurriedly said—

"You must not on any account land on this coast unarmed, for even if, as I am firmly convinced, we need not anticipate any danger there, still, it would be extremely foolish to go among the natives without weapons. You can at least carry a gun on your shoulder, even if you make no use of it."

"A loaded gun?" the trader said; "I can't think of such a thing. Deuce take them —suppose it were to go off? I never had a loaded gun in my hand in my whole life; but I have heard of all sorts of accidents with those horrid instruments."

"Well, then, take an unloaded one," Dumfry exclaimed, growing impatient. "Surely, sir, you won't be afraid of an empty piece of iron?"

"Afraid?" the other said. "Who told you I was afraid? I am afraid of nothing; but I don't like to have to do with guns, as I don't know how to handle them. Is it really unloaded?"

"There's nothing, not even a plug in it," Dumfry growled. "Here, take it, and let's make haste to be off; the best part of the day is already gone, and it would be better for us to be on board again before dark."

"Take it!" the little man said angrily," "what with, then? Don't you see I've both

hands full? But if it must be so, sling the confounded thing round my neck. If there's any accident with it, you may be sure I'll make you answer for it at Sidney." And he lowered his head at Dumfry, as if he were going to butt at him. The latter, without any further remark, suspended the heavy musket by its sling round the Dutchman's broad back, and then leaped lightly and actively into the boat, in which two of the sailors—Bill, the Irishman, and Ned, the convict,—had already taken their places, and sat with the oars in their hands, as if waiting to row the party ashore. The captain had hardly noticed them before he cried angrily—

"Out with you, you blackguards! who sent you here? want to go ashore, eh? and then bolt and wear the New Zealand uniform, eh? Very nicely arranged. Aboard with you, you scamps—lay down the oars!"

"But, Master Thompson," urged Bill, "isn't it me and Ned here that can pull an oar?"

"Will the red-haired beast go back!" Thompson shouted in a furious passion "All hands on deck there!" and the cry penetrated to the most distant part of the little vessel: "Now I'd like to see who refuses to obey!"

Bill O'Leary was too clever to hesitate a moment, as he knew only too well the consequences of disobedience in such a case; he therefore quickly clambered back to the deck. Ned, too, only held the oar convulsively in his hands for a moment, then drew it in, as his comrade had done, and followed him aboard, where he was greeted by his commanding officer with curses and threats. He seemed, however, to take but little notice of them, but only thrust his hands into his jacket pockets, and walked doggedly behind the other sailors, who had collected round the skipper, in obedience to his last orders. They were—with the cook and steward, and a runaway nigger from the United States—ten powerful fellows.

"Now then, you sea-dogs," the master cried, after casting a furious glance at the crew, who, however, knew very well that he meant no harm, and only wished to display the necessary authority on such an occasion, "you'll stay quietly at anchor here till we come back again, which I hope will be before nightfall. After dusk let no boat come near you without my signal. Fire at any others that try to get up to you secretly. You understand? And you, Ned—forwards, when I'm speaking to you, fellow!—you'll keep quite quiet, and not stir, or else I'll remember you when we get back to Sidney. But if you feel any inclination to swim ashore, I give you full leave to do so; but I should like to remind you beforehand, that you'll have the choice, either of been eaten underway by the sharks—see there's a pair swimming close to us—or by the New Zealanders ashore; the whole difference will be that the one party will eat you with, the other without, salt. At any rate"—he suddenly turned to the carpenter, who usually took the command in Thompson's absence—"you'll put a bullet into any fellow that tries to leave the vessel. We are here on an enemy's coast, and the articles of war are in force; you understand?"

Bob grunted a species of assent, and Dumfry shouted impatiently from the boat, "Come along! the best time's slipping away, and evening will be upon us before we know where we are."

"Ay, ay!" the sailor shouted in reply; "no time's lost. So, lads, behave yourselves, and you'll have a chance of a spree as soon as we cast anchor again at Sidney Cove!"

Meanwhile Dumfry and Van Boon had taken their places in the narrow, sharply-built boat, the former at the bow-oar, while Thompson seized the other, and Van Boon settled himself very comfortably in the stern sheets. They pushed off from the vessel, and soon the light boat shot with lightning speed over the rippling waves.

Their passage to the shore was quickly accomplished. After about half an hour's pull the sharp bow of the gig glided into the opening of a little stream, thickly shaded by broad-leaved and strangely-formed bushes, under cover of which they soon landed cozily and secretly beneath the steep bank of the mountain torrent, up which they were forced to clamber.

With great difficulty and labour they at

length reached the upper part of the bank. To be sure, Thompson and Dumfry were obliged to assist their stout companion, loaded as he was with provisions and the empty gun, which would persist in sticking in the weeds; but nevertheless they accomplished their landing in safety.

The spot on which they stood, although only a few hundred yards distant from the sea, was as thickly overgrown with wildly interlaced vegetation as if it lay in the very heart of the wood; and passing through these green and fragrant labyrinths was, therefore, a matter of no small difficulty.

Van Boon, although usually unaffected by the beauties of nature, when they did not immediately affect his material self, stopped in amazement when he had slightly recovered from his previous exertions, and looked with admiration on the wonders of the giant vegetation around and before him. Dumfry, however, left him no length of time for inspection. He had sprung back into the boat, and after fetching some of the provisions they had brought with them, most convenient for carriage, ordered his two companions, without further delay, to follow him as quickly and noiselessly as possible. Although he repeatedly assured them that no danger threatened them, even if they met with any of the natives, still it would be certainly safer, he argued, to avoid any collision with them.

The spot, in truth, seemed utterly deserted; and, to judge from the surrounding scenery, had never yet been trodden by human foot. Unless, then, they met with the savages at first starting, it might with great probability be conjectured that, even if their visit were afterwards discovered, they would be able to execute their design, and return to their boat before any one could conjecture what their design was. Dumfry, besides, had veiled his face on first stepping upon shore, and now told them in a few words the plan he should endeavour to carry out. At the same time he drew their attention to the fact that the stream into which they had pulled, and which was designated in the plan of the estate under the title of the Tapo-kai, formed the northern frontier of his settlement. Up this they would have to direct their steps, as the western line was the most difficult to indicate. Dumfry had, therefore, as he said, brought his tomahawk with him, in order to mark a few trees, so that the future owner might be able to find the spot again, and draw the exact line of demarcation.

Without any further delay, he advanced into the gloomy, silent recesses of the forest, his two companions following. Their path led through a thickly overgrown valley, where they gaily-painted paroquet, and other varieties of song-birds, made the air re-echo with their merry carolling. At length they reached some higher land, where the vegetation did not appear to be so luxuriant; or, rather, they now and then came to open glades, which enabled them to progress with greater rapidity. When they arrived at the edge of a small prairie, Dumfry suddenly stopped, and said that they must now quit the brook, and follow the crest of the hill they had first surmounted. From this spot the western frontier of the purchased land commenced, and several young trees that surrounded a low, widely-stretching palm, were hastly marked with the tomahawk, to serve as a mark of recognition in later years.

This crest, however, which they were now obliged to follow, was densely overgrown with fern, which in some places grew so high and thick that they could barely penetrate it; and they repeatedly came to places where they had to make a considerable *detour*. At last they met with a narrow Indian path, which appeared to run in exactly the direction they intended to go. Dumfry must have been aware of its existence, for he had, in reality, been seeking it for some time, without saying anything to his companions. The land here rose considerably; and although they could not perceive any actual mountain—for the forests became more dense in front of them—still they continually reached steeper and more precipitous slopes, from which the sparkling torrents bounded downwards towards the sea They silently followed their course along the narrow path, and had just reached a wide patch of fern, which seemed to form the summit of a hill, enclosed by valleys, when Thompson uttered a loud cry; and as Dum-

fry stopped in alarm, Van Boon ran violently against him.

Dumfry, who, from not fearing any observer, had thrown back the mat from his face, started, hurriedly covered his head, and raised his gun, as if, in spite of all his assertions to the contrary, danger was not quite so far away as he wished. In vain, however, did he look searchingly in every direction: nothing could be seen. Thompson was standing, holding his pistols out before him, and looked attentively into the fern.

"What's the matter, sir?" said Dumfry, impetuously; "did you see or hear anything suspicious?"

"Something crossed the path just under my bows," replied the sailor, without taking his eye from the spot where the unknown thing appeared to have escaped.

"Was it a man?" Dumfry asked hurriedly.

"May I be keel-hauled if I can tell!" he growled; "it went precious quick, I know, and it was black in the bargain—at least in the stern, for I saw no other part of it."

"It might have been one of the wild hogs," said Dumfry, calmly; "they abound in this island. You needn't be alarmed."

"There it is again!" Van Boon cried, and pointed in terror to the thick fern. While all were silent, and listened attentively, they distinctly heard the bushes parted at no great distance from them, and some heavy body forcing its way through them. Dumfry drew himself to his full height, but the fern was here taller than himself; he could see nothing, nor was there any higher object in the neighborhood upon which he could climb. There was not even a tree within several hundred yards' distance.

"Van Boon—Mr. Van Boon!" the pretended New Zealander suddenly whispered, as the unknown thing was stirring again, as if intending to cross their track once more. At the moment Dumfry raised his gun, and pointed it in the direction whence the sound came—"Mr. Van Boon, just try if you can't see from Mr. Thompson's back what's crawling about so near us. Get up, and I'll guard the open path."

"Ahem!" the little Dutchman growled, and turned to the seaman, who, if somewhat surprised at the proposal, good-humouredly placed his hand on his left thigh, though without losing hold of the pistol, and thus showed his willingness to be employed as an observatory—"Ahem! *I'll* try; *I* shall be able to get up I think!"

"Quick, quick!" said Dumfry impatiently; "confound your dawdling, do you fancy *he* will wait for you?"

"He?—who?" asked Van Boon, in surprise, turning quickly towards the speaker. Thompson also looked round. Dumfry angrily stamped his foot; and Van Boon, who did not appear to have made up his mind whether to play an active part in their adventure, or let things take their course, at length walked up to the seaman, with a most dubious shake of the head, raised his his left knee, and threw himself upon the sailor, with such violence that he sent him flying into the fern, and followed directly after him, headforemost.

"Ship ahoy!" Thompson shouted, and stretched out both hands to save himself from falling. But he did not think of the loaded pistol; and while disappearing in the thick fern, his finger touched the trigger, and the bullet whistled through the air, close to the little Dutchman.

Dumfry turned round involuntarily on the discharge of the shot. At the same moment the dark object again glided over the path, this time right in front of them; and while Dumfry, having his attention diverted by the awkward incident just related, had no time to raise his gun to his shoulder before the mysterious object, whatever it was, had disappeared among the bushes. But though only a hurried glance was allowed him, it must have been sufficient for him to make up his mind, for, without a moments hesitation, he threw away his gun, which could only have been an obstacle in such a mass of thickly-entwined plants, tore the tomahawk from his belt, and sprung into the thicket, where the bent back branches betrayed the track of the fugitive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BIOGRAPHICAL PARALLELS.

No. I.

PYTHAGORAS, ANAXAGORAS, AND EMPEDOCLES.

The history of the earlier philosophers of Greece offers to our curiosity some of the most interesting problems in connexion with mental and moral progress which can occupy the attention. Dimly seen through the mist of centuries, we observe them struggling continuously to find some clue to the overwhelming mysteries with which they found themselves surrounded. No external aid supported or encouraged them. Thrown back entirely upon the resources of their unassisted reason, they toiled and labored often-times to no better purpose than to pile up some ingenious system of elaborate error, to show the futility of speculation as soon as man leaves behind him his contracted territory of sense and experience.

But little remains of their several systems to enable us to judge of them as wholes, although sufficient fragments survived, whereby we may gather a general knowledge of the most important of them. And a strange sight it is to see men of great natural powers, which they had cultivated with assiduous perseverence, striving in vain to arrive at those primary truths which now form the first lesson we teach to our children. It would seem as if Providence had designed that once at least in the history of the world the human mind, in its highest state of cultivation, should be left to itself, that it might struggle on as best it could, and learn thereby the secret of its inherent weakness. The lesson was needed that our pride might be told how little we can know unless rightly prompted by external assistance.

It was the peculiarity of the Greek people that they had not among themselves, like most other nations of antiquity, a priestly class, who jealously guarded the avenues to the abstruser departments of knowledge. Their mythology was fashioned by the poets; and though some of the stories which they adorned with such incomparable grace might have been originally intended to symbolise different processes of nature, this hidden meaning was soon neglected or forgotten. Thus there was a wide field for speculation open. Great thinkers arose, and Philosophy tried to explore the author and end of all things.

The first and the most important question to such men would be, how did this universe come into being? That ascertained, it would be easier to answer the next—*viz.*, why things are as they are? To the former of these questions, those speculators could at first devise no other answer than that some one of the four grosser elements was the original principle from which all things would return. One gave ingenious reasons why this original principle should be water another affirmed it to be air. Such a solution the difficulty would not be likely long to satisfy inquiring minds. Accordingly, other men soon arose who attempted a bolder flight

Of these, the most celebrated, and in fact one of the most remarkable men that ever lived; was Pythagoras, a native of the island of Samos, lying off the coast of Asia Minor. He was born, as well as we can determine, in the seventh century before the commencement of the Christian era. After travelling into many countries in the pursuit of wisdom, he finally settled at Crotona, a town in the south of Italy, became there the head of a philosophical brotherhood, and finally died there.

Everything connected with the life of this man is so blended with romance, that it is impossible, except in a very few instances, to separate the truth from the falsehood, and to say what were the real circumstances of his life. He was one of thos erare characters who acquire an extraordinary personal influence; and the enthusiasm of his followers so exaggerated the peculiarities of his life and conduct, that at length the correct outline of either became irretrievably lost.

Rejecting the material causes, which had satisfied the curiosity of his predecessors, this philosopher attempted something more refined and abstruse, and taught that numbers were the original principles and causes of all things. Trained as we have been, it is very difficult to understand what can be meant when we hear it announced, as the opinion

of a great man, that arithmetical proportions produced this material world. We are inclined to think that these numbers must be spoken of as expressive of some qualities in the things they represent, as symbolical rather than living agents. But the meaning is, that they in some incomprehensible way produced and fashioned matter, and maintained it in existence. These numbers were divided into two kinds, the even and the odd. These two being blended, a third species arose, even and odd in unity, which was the essence of number; and this, a mystical trinity in unity, was termed God. In carrying out this theory, the contradictions appear so great, that it is astonishing how it could ever have been accepted by a reasonable being; but such scanty notices of the whole have survived, that these contradictions may appear to us much more glaring than they did to those who understood the complete scheme.

It was this philosopher who originated the idea of the music of the spheres, which has been such a favorite with more recent poets. At least they have adopted the manner of expression without perhaps concerning themselves much about the idea it was in the first place intended to represent. All things, said the philosopher, have their origin in numbers, of which harmony is an essential property. Thus all things that exist are in harmony with each other, and this harmony is expressed by motion. The planets, as they revolve round the central fire, the sun, bear certain relations of distance to each other. These distances are like the intervals in musical chords. Each planet, as it revolves in its orbit, produces by its velocity a certain sound; these sounds, from the position of the planets, are like the ascending notes of a musical scale; and thus, all blending in concert, occasion a heavenly harmony. If this was the case, why, it was asked, do we not hear it? The reason alleged for our deafness was fanciful enough. This music we do not hear because we have been accustomed to it from the beginning; and so, having had no opportunity of contrasting it with silence, we know not what it is, and thus mistake what we hear for stillness; or, it was further observed, the sound might be so mighty as to transcend our puny capacities of hearing. If our faculties were opened to the reception of such sounds, our nature would sink overpowered by the too great excitement.

Not content with explaining the principles of things merely, Pythagoras aspired to influence his species in a religious and political sense. In him were united the threefold characters of philosopher, priest, and politician; and his comprehensive genius acquired for him extraordinary veneration in each capacity. He became the founder of a brotherhood, the only thing of the kind in ancient times which bears any analogy to the religious fraternities of the middle ages. And by his followers, who consisted of young men belonging to the wealthiest and most powerful families of Crotona, all enthusiastically devoted to him, he obtained immense influence.

We have no very precise information how this association was constituted, or what were the chief ends, with a view to which it was established. The members were divided into different ranks, rising in superiority one above another, and the aspirant was raised from one grade to another, according to his proficiency and ability. The initiatory course was one of rigid discipline and trial. The candidate for the high honour of living in personal converse with Pythagoras had to denude himself of earthly weakness and all mundane affections. He had to spend years in severe self-denial, labouring to subdue the body, and to hold the lower part of his nature in complete subjection to the higher. Fortitude and self-restraint were the virtues they were especially required to cultivate, and they were taught to maintain an imperturbable evenness of temper under all provocations. When this self-conquest was achieved, then the renovated man was fitted to contemplate the eternal principles of truth, as manifested in all things, and to grow, like the Divinity, holy and pure. Their doctrine of the transmigration of souls was but an enlargement of their system applied to all mankind. They looked upon it as a process of purification. If a human being gives himself up to his passion in this life, his soul, they said

would after death be punished by passing into the body of an animal; and if that did not check its depraved desires, would eventually be consigned to the infernal regions. Whereas, the souls of those who had obeyed the better part of their nature would ascend into a higher and more glorious state of existence approaching with each transition nearer to the first perfection of all things.

Whenever we hear of any of these men acting a part in public affairs, we find them, as we might expect, men of great integrity and self command, and the friendship they felt for each other became proverbial. How far and in what way they interfered in the political question of the times, we have no evidence to show; but it is certain, that as a political organization, they became extremely unpopular, and the majority of them were at last sacrificed, and the association broken up amid the tumults of a popular commotion. The course of life they adopted must have tended to deaden their sympathies with popular feelings, as well as to excite the jealousy of the uninitiated. According to some accounts, the philosopher himself fell with several his disciples a victim to their hatred, and all accounts concur in asserting the unfortunate nature of his end. But long after his death, zealous disciples still studied his doctrines, and handed down traditional precepts respecting the moral and religious observances he had enjoined. Admiration increased with time; and a latter generation of his scholars wrote and spoke of their first great master as one elevated above the ordinary level of humanity.

Coming down to the commencement of the fifth century before our era, we find that philosophy had made a step further towards a true solution of the mystery of creation. Anaxagoras, a native of Asia Minor, taught that this world owed its origin neither to a natural principle of action like air or water, nor to a metaphysical one like numbers, but to an intellectual one. Intelligence, thought, as existing independent of matter, he asserted to have been the principle which first gave fashion and form to the rude chaos, and thus brought this universe to its present perfection of beauty. But even this man did not say that this intelligence created the choas. It was received as an axiom at that time, that nothing could be produced out of nothing, and this axiom no one ever thought of disputing. Therefore they could not conceive it possible that matter ever could have had a beginning, for, if so, something must at some time or other have been produced out of nothing, and this to them appeared an absurdity and contradiction. What ages of toil and thought it thus required for those men to arrive at the simple truth, that God made the world! This intelligence, according to Anaxagoras, first discerned that in the chaotic mass which had existed from everlasting, there were an infinite number of elementary particles which partook of the same nature, as well as a number of others which differed and these were all mixed together in confusion. The intelligence separated the agreeing from the discordant particles, united the former, and thus framed the universe. This intelligence being distinct from matter, is the principle of all thought. It alone can discern the essence of things, and see perfect truth. Our senses cannot see truth, but are perpetually misleading us into error; and therefore our business is to strive to assimilate our own intellectual principle as much as possible to this independent intelligence, that we may approach the nearer to its capacity of distinguishing truth from error.

Anaxagoras taught at Athens, and was the bosom friend of Pericles, the chief statesman there during the most palmy period of its existence; but the politician incurred the hatred of an influential party, whose policy he opposed, and his friends were involved with him in the general odium The teaching of Anaxagoras tended to sap the popular belief in plurality of Gods. This afforded a ready pretext whereon his enemies might ground an accusation of impiety. Anaxagoras was brought to trial upon this vague charge; and it was only through the eloquence of Pericles that he escaped with his life. He was fined, and ordered to quit the state. He retreated to Lampsacus, a town now called Lamsaki, a short distance to the north of Abydos; and while there he was informed that a second sentence, that of death, had been passed

upon him. He smiled when he heard of this distant outbreak of ineffectual malice, and remained in his new home to the close of his life, an object in general reverence and regard.

Born somewhat later in the same century, and, and according to some accounts, an acquaintance of Anaxagoras, flourished Empedocles, a native of Agrigentum, in Sicily. Of an enthusiastic temperament, he devoted himself to poetry and philosophy; and the results of his severer study he embodied in verse, and adorned by his imaginative skill. In his theory of the universe he can scarcely be said to have been in advance of his predecessor. He held the eternity of matter and some presiding intelligence; but to the primary substances he appended the mechanical principles of attraction and repulsion, which, however, he supposed to have at first existed for an indefinite period in a state of quiesence. The well-known division of all matter into the four elements, which held its ground for so many centuries, was made by him; and he rather completed or expanded the ideas of his predecessor than originated any himself.

But the great superiority of his mind was shown in the method he adopted of studying the phenomena of nature. In him we trace the first glimmerings of the conviction of how great a mastery man may obtain over the power of nature by a proper direction of his skill, which modern perseverance is hastening to substantiate. He studied the science of medicine; and by investigating the physical causes of sickness and death, was enabled to bring health and comfort not only to individuals, but to the whole districts. The exercise of so grateful a power won for him the respect due only to supernatural agencies; while he himself fostered the delusion by singing in rapturous hyperbole of his renown, and of his more than human influence.

Those times have passed away for ever, and the wider diffusion of information now forbids men to confound the skill which can avail itself of the laws of nature, with the power that can change and control them. As long as the origin and cause of all things remained unascertained, a pardonable enthusiasm might delight to contemplate man as capable of raising himself to a level with those mysterious powers whose agency daily manifest itself in every object of creation. The knowledge that enlarges the mind, at the same time sobers it. By becoming acquainted with our weakness, we learn the secret of our strength and how to exert it; and the lofty pretension of the philsopher are forgotten amid the silent triumphs of the man of science.

STANZAS TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

Fair Lady, as though friendship's chain seem broken
It holds, with wonted force, this faithful heart,
If e'en reserves, delusive veil would part,
And learn if haply yet some lingering *token*
Of old regard and tenderness suppress't
Remaineth lurking in thy gentle breast.

Fate with no heavier blow nor keener sting,
May crush or goad us, when the genial power
Of friendship fails, and trifles of an hour
Rend each dear link that from our early spring,
Held us in pleasant thrall. The cup of life
Bears not so bitter as the drops of strife!

Alas! I may not meet thee in the crowd
Unmoved—for in thy sweet familiar face,
The hallowed past hath left a startling trace:—
At once with sudden impulse, fond and proud,
My bosom heaves—unconsciously my feet
Approach thee—and my lips thy name repeat!

But oh! the deadly pang, the freezing chill,
When by the calm gaze of that altered eye,
The spell is broken! Lady, if the sigh
That meets thine ear could say what *feelings* thrill
This troubled breast, or what my sad looks meant,
Methinks e'en thy cold sternness might relent.

I cannot think that all our mutual dreams
Were false as twilight shadows, nor believe
Thine heart could change, or words like thine deceive;
And still as travellers for the sun's bright beams
Up-gaze in hope, though clouds may lower awhile,
I wait and watch for thy returning smile!

THE LIFE OF DREAMS.

I once during a residence in Germany fell in with a singular enthusiast, who had taught himself what he termed "A system of dreaming." When he first spoke to me upon it, I asked him to explain what he

meant, which he did somewhat in the following words:—

"I was born," said he, "with many of the sentiments of the poet, but without the language to express them; my feelings were constantly chilled by the intercourse of the actual world—my family, mere Germans, dull and impassioned—had nothing in common with me; nor did I out of my family find those with whom I could better sympathize. I was revolted by friendships—for they were susceptible to every change; I was disappointed in love—for the truth never approached to my ideal. Nursed early in the lap of romance, enamoured of the wild and the adventurous, the commonplaces of life were to me inexpressibly tame and joyless. And yet indolence, which belongs to the political character, was more inviting than that eager and uncontemplative action which can alone wring enterprise, from life. Meditation was my natural element. I loved to spend the noon reclined by some shady stream, and in half sleep, to shape images from the glancing sunbeams—a dim and unreal order of philosophy, that belongs to our nation—was my favorite intellectual pursuit. And I sought among the obscure and the recondite the variety and emotion I could find not in the familiar. Thus constantly watching the operations of the inner mind, it occurred to me at last, that sleep having its own world, but as yet a rude and fragmentary one, it might be possible to shape from its chaos all those combinations of beauty, of power, of glory, and of love which were denied to me in the world in which my frame walked and had its being. So soon as this idea came upon me, I nursed, and cherished, and mused over it, till I found that the imagination began to effect the miracle I desired. By brooding ardently, intensely, before I retired to rest, over any especial train of thought, over any ideal creations; by keeping the body utterly still and quiescent during the whole day; by shutting out all living adventure, the memory of which might perplex and interfere with the stream of events that I desired to pour forth into the wilds of sleep, I discovered at last that I could lead in dreams a life solely their own, and utterly distinct from the life of day. Towers and palaces, all my heritage and seigneury, rose before me from the depths of night; I quaffed from jewelled cups the Falernian of imperial vaults; music from harps of celestial tone filled up the crevices of air; and the smiles of immortal beauty flushed like sunlight over all. Thus the adventure and the glory that I could not for my waking life obtain was obtained for me in sleep. I wandered with the gryphon and the gnome; I sounded the horn at enchanted portals; I conquered in the knightly list; I planted my standard over battlements huge as the painter's birth of Babylon itself.

"But I was afraid to call forth one shape on whose loveliness to pour all the hidden passion of my soul. I trembled lest my sleep should present me some image which it could never restore, and waking from which, even the new world I had created might be left desolate for ever. I shuddered lest I should adore a vision which the first ray of morning could smite to the grave.

"In this train of mind I began to ponder whether it might not be possible to connect dreams together; to supply the thread that was wanting; to make one night continue the history of the other, so as to bring together the same shape and the same scenes, and thus lead a connected and harmonious life, not only in the one half of existence, but in the other, the richer and more glorious half. No sooner did this idea present itself to me than I burned to accomplish it. I before taught myself that faith in the great creator; that to believe fervently is to make belief true. So I would not suffer my mind to doubt the practicability of its scheme. I shut myself up then entirely by day, refused books, and hated the very sun, and compelled all my thoughts (and sleep is the mirror of thought) to glide in one direction, the direction of my dreams, so that from night to night the imagination might keep up the thread of action, and I might thus lie down full of the past dream and confident of the sequel. Not for one day only, or for one month, did I pursue this system, but I continued it zealously and sternly till at length it began to succeed. Who shall

tell," cried the enthusiast,—I see him now with his deep, bright, sunken eyes, and his wild hair thrown backward from his brow—"the rapture I experienced, when first, faintly and half distinct, I perceived the harmony I had invoked down upon my dreams? At first there was only a partial and desultory connexion between them; my eye recognised certain shapes, my ear certain tones common to each; by degrees these augmented in number, and were more defined in outline. At length one fair face broke forth from among the ruder forms, and night after night appeared mixing with them for a moment and then vanishing, just as the mariner watches, in a clouded sky, the moon shining through the drifting rack, and quickly gone. My curiosity was now vividly excited; the face, with its lustrous eyes and seraph features, roused all the emotions that no living shape had called forth. I became enamoured of a dream, and as the statue to the Cyprian was my creation to me; so from this intent and unceasing passion, I at length worked out my reward. My dream became more palpable; I spoke with it; I knelt to it: my lips were pressed with its own; we exchanged the vows of love, and morning only separated us with the certainty that at night we should meet again. Thus then," continued my visionary, "I commenced a history utterly separate from the history of the world, and it went on alternately with my harsh and chilling history of the day, equally regular and equally continuous. And what, you ask, was that history? Methought I was a prince in some southern island that had no features in common with the colder north of my native home. By day I looked upon the dull walls of a German town, and saw homely or squalid forms passing before me; the sky was dim and the sun cheerless. Night came on with her thousand stars, and and brought me the dews of sleep. Then suddenly there was a new world; the richest fruits hung from the trees in clusters of gold and purple. Palaces of the quaint fashion of the sunnier climes, with spiral minarets and glittering cupolas, were mirrored upon vast lakes sheltered by the palm tree and banana. The sun seemed of a different orb, so mellow and and gorgeous were his beams: birds and winged things of all hues fluttered in the shining air; the faces and garments of men were not of the northern regions of the world, and their voices spoke a tongue which, strange at first, by degrees I interpreted. Sometimes I made war upon neighboring kings: sometimes I chased the spotted pard through the vast gloom of oriental forests; my life was at once a life of enterprise and pomp. But above all there was the history of my love! I thought there were a thousand difficulties in the way of attaining its possession. Many were the rocks I had to scale, and the battles to wage, and the fortresses to storm, in order to win her as my bride. But at last," continued the enthusiast, "she *is* won, she is my own! Time in this wild world, which I visit nightly, passes not so slowly as in this, and yet an hour may be the same as a year. This continuity of existence, this successive series of dreams, so different from the broken incoherence of other men's sleep, at times bewilders me with strange and suspicious thoughts. What if this glorious sleep be a real life, and this dull waking the true repose? Why not? What is there more faithful in the one than the other? And there have I garnered and collected all of pleasure that I am capable of feeling. I seek no joy in this world—I form no ties, I feast not, nor love, nor make merry—I am only impatient till the hour when I may re-enter my royal realms and pour my renewed delight into the bosom of my bright ideal. There then have I found all that the world denied me; there have I realized the yearning and the aspiration within me; there have I coined the untold poetry into the felt—the scene!"

I found, that this tale was corroborated by inquiry into visionary's habit. He shunned society; avoided all unnecessary movement or excitement. He fared with rigid abstemiousness, and only appeared to feel pleasure as the day departed, and the hour of return to his imaginary kingdom approached. He always retired to rest punctully at a certain hour, and would sleep so soundly, that a canon fired under his window would not arouse him. He never,

which may seem singular, spoke or moved much in his sleep, but was peculiarly calm, almost to the appearance of lifelessness; but, discovering once that he had been watched in sleep, he was wont afterward carefully to secure the chamber from intrusion. His victory over the natural incoherence of sleep had, when I first knew him, lasted for some years; possibly what imagination first produced was afterward continued by habit.

I saw him again a few months subsequent to this confession, and he seemed to me much changed. His health was broken, and his abstraction had deepened into gloom.

I questioned him of the cause of the alteration, and he answered me with great reluctance—

"She is dead," said he; "my realms are desolate! A serpent stung her, and she died in these very arms. Vainly, when I started from my sleep in horror and despair, vainly did I say to myself,—This is but a dream. I shall see her again. A vision cannot die! Hath it flesh that decays? is not a spirit—bodiless—indissoluble? With what terrible anxiety I awaited the night. Again I slept, and the DREAM lay again before me—dead and withered. Even the ideal can vanish. I assisted in the burial; I laid her in the earth; I heaped the monumental mockery over her form. And never since hath she, or aught like her, revisited my dreams. I see her only when I awake; thus to wake is indeed to dream! But," continued the visionary in a solemn voice, "I feel myself departing from this world, and with a fearful joy; for I think there may be a land beyond even the land of sleep, where I shall see her again,—a land in which a vision itself may be restored."

And in truth, the dreamer, died shortly afterward, suddenly, and in his sleep. One of those strange dreams that ever and anon perplex with dark bewilderment the history of men; and which did actually with him what fate hath metaphorically with so many, made his existence, his love, his power, and his death, the results of a delusion, and the produce of a dream!

THE NEW GAUGER;
OR, JACK TRAINER'S STORY.

BY JAMES McCARROL.

CHAPTER IX.

When the song was over, Terry, as you may well suppose, was applauded to the very skies; even Kelly, himself, who appeared to have a faint idea of what was goin' on, endeavoured to raise his head, and made a sorry attimpt at bringin' both his hands together, by way of joinin' in the hearty round. It was growin' late howsomever, and bein' anxious to get through with the affair afore dawn, as the Gauger would have to be taken into town, I remarked, that I thought it was full time to pass sentence on the prisoner; as from the nature of his crimes, he was already permitted to remain without punishment too long.—Upon that, my dear, Larry, who is now sittin' there appossit me, was called upon to act as judge, And, not that he is to the fore, but often and often has he set a whole wake in a roar with the humour of his sentences and his wondherful knowledge of the ancient laws of Ireland—and I know it well.

"I have no objection in life" says Larry, "for nothin' would give me greater satisfaction in the world, then to do the clane thing for that good gintleman over there, who is takin' refreshment in that coil of rope; for, in doin' so, I considher myself called upon by the voice of the Commons, as they say on the other side of the wather; and, besides, I have not even the slightest hesitation in sittin' on this case, as I happen to be well read on the ould psalther of Tara, where many incidents are recorded regardin' the punishments inflicted upon wolves like my joker there;—and what's more, I have, on the very tip of my tongue, every syllable of the law relatin' to such thieves, and sanctioned by Queen Meyr, a few hours afore she was kilt while swimmin', by a son of Connor King of Ulsther and lader of the Red Branch Knights, just eighty years afore christianity commenced;—so, you see, I'm the very boy that will give him what he cant object to, if he has any dacency in him at all—which I'm sure he has, indeed."

The moment he had utthered the last word, he saits himself on the keg that Paddy just left—bein' unable, if I have to tell the thruth, to sit on it much longer—and afther clearin' his throat with a taste, and takin' the oath of office administhered on a sod of turf, by Terry, who let on to be King's counsel, and volunteered to open the case, he saw that twelve of us were tould off for a Jury, while Jimmy was appointed Clark of the Coort, and one of the Finnegans, crier, to bawl silence, whenever you could hear a pin fall, like the rest of them over at Carrick.

The first case on the docket, as you may well suppose, was found to be that of the Informer who was led, or rather carried, up afore the Judge, by two or three of the boys; and Terry, steppin' one side, slipped the Gauger's cloak about him, by way of a gown, and walked, immadiately afther the thief, up to the bar, to be sure, and addhressed his lordship and the Jury, as well as I can remember, in the following manner:—

"My lord and gintlemen of the Jury, the case that I'm about to lay before you, is one which is worthy, indeed, of bein' thried in a darker coort, no offince to your lordship—and Castlereagh—for clark—It is one at which Ireland ginerally, Connaught, decidedly, and Toomen in particular revolts with tin-fold horror. From the days of our mighty ancesthers—when Erin was the eye of the dark Cyclops of the world, and St. Pether gave St. Paul the lie in regard to its not bein' the garden of Eden—up to the present moment, we have been a larned, a privileged, and a peaceable people,—although, indeed, in respect to the latther, we'll say nothin' much, as perhaps, now and then, of coorse,—well—no matther. In the ancient times, anyway, our island was the refuge of larnin' and religion. The soger, the scholar, the statesman and the divine, have had an existence with us, from the most remote pariod. Go ask the round towers that are scatthered from Cork to Belfast, and see what their silence will tell you; and altho' the hand of oppression is upon us, and that partly through our own folly, yet, I thrust that we still cherish feelins not unworthy the greatness of our past histhory—feelins which will, I hope, dignify the dark pages now openin' upon us through the perfidiousness of the thraiter, already minshund, who robbed us of our birthright and left us in ruins like the ould walls about me. To meet the foe in the gap, as we did at Athlone and Aughrim, has always been the choice and pride of a thrue Irishman, as it has ever been his aim to punish threachery and the stealthy steps of the midnight assassin who stales in upon your hopes, be they what they may, and, without showin' his face in fair play, dales one cowardly blow that might lay them low for ever. Such an assassin and murtherer, my lord and gintlemen of the Jury, is now before you, in the person of that hang gallows lookin' thief that's there eyin' me so affectionately. He is guilty of a crime that is never forgiven in Ireland. The man who openly sthrikes a death sthroke, may do it in hot blood, and resave our commiseration, while he totthers to the grave in sack cloth and ashes, for the act, however he may have escaped Justice; but the cool calculatin' Informer, whose pulse is as regular as the tick of a death watch, has no apology to offer for his guilt. He plots and plans in the dark, and carries out his worse then murther, when there is no hand to oppose him, and no eye to recognise his threacherous face: Ireland I say, my lord and gintlemen of the Jury, never forgives an Informer.—He is both in private and public, avoided like the small-pox—he is the inmate of no dacent man's house—he has no thrue love waitin' for him in the soft blue gauze of a summer's evenin' beside the scinted hedge, with tremblin' lips, and cheeks as glowin' and eyes as bright as if the sun had some how or other, forgotten to gather up his partin' bames from her beautiful face. No, no,—he has an infection about his sowl, which makes itself known to even the greatest ommadhawn that ever brathed; therefore he moves about like Cain of ould, but, I may pledge my word, not precisely, in the same state of security in this part of the world at laste—This joker, of whom I'm spakin', has, I am informed, been caught in the act of attemptin' to ruin a young man who never laid a sthraw in the way of any man livin', or attained any end that he sought, except by open and law-

ful manes—barrin' in the way of potticen, which, we all know, cannot be helped. The thraitor's name we know not, for his faytures are so disguised, that we cant make him out; howsomever we have a sthrong suspicion that he is the intimate friend of a worthy gintleman who has lately come amongst us with a determination to do great things, as I undherstand. Be this as it may, we have now got an Informer in our fingers; and sure I am, my lord and gintlemen of the Jury, that you will impress upon him, or rather upon others of the same kidney, that there is no quarther for them, whenever or wherever they are nabbed by the boys. I may, here, remark, too, that his guilt is doubly dyed; for, in addition to his efforts to lade that worthy ould lad snorin' there, to the very nose of the Still, this blessed night, he thried to blast the caracther of a dacent boy among us, by signin' his name to a paper, and puttin' it undher the Gauger's doore; makin out, that it was poor Barney Higgins that made the attempt upon the fine young feilow who was to be plundhered; and, in this very manner, screenin' himself, if anything should happen to lake out aftherwards.—At fair or Patthern, a Thracy was never known to turn his back to an ememy; but how is a cutthroat to be met who stales in upon you in the dead hour of the night, and, while you are burried in death, as it were, plunges a knife into your heart?—What marcy should be shown to such a sarpent?—None!—As I have already stated, then, such a devil is now brathin' afore you, my lord and gintlemen of the Jury, and it is for you gintlemen to detarmine whether he shall continue to infest the earth or not. Look well to it, gintlemen of the Jury, and let it not be said, in afther ages, that there was, once, a Jury of Irishmen who found a redemin' circumstance connected with the case of an Informer, and consequently, let him slip through their hands, without takin' the thrapple out of him. Wouldn't that be dhreadful?—I may well say so, indeed;—But, to dwell farther on the matter would be useless, and take up too much of your time, my lord and gintlemen of the Jury, so I lave him in your clutches, fully satisfied that you will give him a handsome birth of it, and that you all persave, as clearly as I do, that the ill-lookin' dog hasn't even a kippin' to lane on."

Faith, I thought the matter would become sarious, afther Terry sat down; for not a word was spoken by one present. The speech made an impression too deep for my fancy; and I could see that the spaker, as he went on, became downright in airnest, and was up to all the Coort thricks, he havin' been always over at Carrick when, there was anythin' goin' on, where he used to pay great attinshun to the lawyers. So, with the hope of turnin' any dangerous ill-feelin' aside, I proposed to Larry that he should adjourn the business till we took a small dhrop, which he did; myself givin' him a hint, in an undher tone, as I handed him a sup, that he must not pass any sintence on the prisoner that would lade to his desthruction,—for well I knew, that whatever sentence was passed, half joke and all as the affair appeared to be, would be carried out to the letther.

"Never fear Jack," says he, I'm in no humour to do any great damage to-night; but I will just assemble the Coort once more, and charge the Jury as it will be soon time for us to be movin' out of this, if we are to believe Harry's watch."

Now, it is admitted, to this day, that, throughout the lenth and breadth of Connaught, there never, at wake or any other kind of divarshun, sat such a judge as that very same Larry that's now shakin' his head there afore me. I even harde that attorney O'Brien went in disguise to hear him one night when Billy Matthis died; and that the same dacent gintleman, said that he never listened to a more able addhress in the four Coorts, or met a betther natural spaker in his life. As for myself I know it to be thrue, as you will too, when you hear what he said on the subject of the Informer, when he got up on the keg once again: which he did the moment he was done whisperin' to me—and sorry I am that somebody is now callin' him out on the watch, as I'd be glad that he listen'd to his own words which Terry had off by heart, to the very letther, when he was done, and

which he repated to the boys over and over again hundherds of times.—Well, although, he is off now, I may as well say that when he got fairly settled on the dhrop, he soon had the Jury about him once more; and the whole of us knowin' that somethin' great was about to take place, we took up our position as best we could; and, durin' a silence as still as death, he began as follows, on findin' that there was no counsel for the defense:—

"Gintlemen of the Jury, the case now before you, and so ably opened by the larned council who has just sat down, is, as he has justly observed, one that may be considered without a parallel, and which I believe to embrace the seven deadly sins. Its hayniusness is such as to make itself apparent at once; for, as you persave, out of the glittherin' array of the profession by which I am at this moment surrounded, there is not one talented gintleman who can so far forget his duty to society, and his counthry, as to come forward in defense of the doubly accused thraitor who now stands in your presence;—and this, gintleman of the Jury, takin' its moral charactheristics into account, is no thrifle in proof of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar. There are many crimes, in themselves most diabolical, which are not punishable at common law—the raison I say common law gintlemen of the Jury is, because these crimes are not considhered within the rache of criminal law—yet they are crimes nevertheless, and that which an Informer commits, heads the list, in as large and as black a letther as murther; whether it be of son against father, or daughter against mother. In the eye of heaven it is exactly the same; for the man who is an Informer, has the materials within for the most damnin' act that can be recorded against him in the Great Book; and is ever ready to produce them when opportunity sarves. He is always on the look out for a heart to mangle; and whether he effects his purpose by the knife or by a tongue stab in the dark, it amounts to the same thing morally. You will, then, gintlemen of the Jury, undherstand why it is that I observed, in the first instance, that the sowl of an Informer is the hot bed of the most dhreadful passions, designs and resolutions that ever wrought a dark work upon earth—in short, that it is blacken'd and lost as effectually as if it had just left the body swooln and distorted with the seven deadly sins.

"It is a fact, gintlemen of the Jury, well worth rememberin', that, by the articles of war, a spy is invariably disposed of in the same manner that a murtherer is, whose crime is aggravated to the last pitch, by what is called the criminal code administhered by Judges of the present day—that is to say, he is sthrung up like a flitch of bacon, or, in legal phrasyology, hung up by the nick till his body is dead. Now, by the articles of war, you must shoot a desarther and hang a spy; while undher the criminal code, already minshund, you'll do naither one nor the other—that is, you'll naither shoot a soger nor hang a spy—there's for you!—Such executions are legal, nevertheless; although, undher one code, a man is shot for keepin' away from a military camp, and another man hung for not keepin' away from it, while undher the other, both individuals are considhered as innocent as lambs, and those who sacrificed them held totally guiltless of blood, and invariably employed in enforcin' the provisions of the law, that houlds them so. Now, gintlemen of the Jury, although these illustherations of common Justice, may at first sight, appear rather jubious and perplexed, yet, let me inform you, that they are of great advantage to us in the present case; as I considher that we are sittin' here in a two fould capacity, most of you havin', like myself, sarved at Vinegar Hill—thereby insurin' to this thribunal both a civil and military characther which enables us to dispose of that innocent gintleman in the dock, who is, I know, a desarther in addition to his bein' a spy, by givin' him, when found guilty, a pound of snipe shot, or less, about the small clothes, as a soger; and, then, finishin' him as a spy—which is nothin' more or less then a milder name for an Informer. You will, now, persave, gintlemen of the Jury, that there need not be the slightest hesitation, in pronouncin' upon this case, on your part; as whatever you may do in your military capacity, through the exercise of your civil functions you can ex-

onerate yourselves instantly, and stand as clear afore the whole world as if you never broke both his thighs, afore you made him dance upon, nothin', with the nose and ears off him,—the craytshure.

"Gintlemen of the Jury, the world—with the exception of a very small spot—may be said not to have washed its face for nearly six thousand years.—During all that pariod, its thrue faytures have been hidden behind the accumulatin' dirt of civilization. Man, it is sartin, did not stand erect for a single lunation—as we used to say at Maynooth.—The fact is, he appears to have comminced his career as a rebel, a liar, and a murtherer; and that he has, for so many ages presarved those intherestin' charactheristics with great consistency, the journals of St. Stephens and the Newgate calendar may detarmine accurately. Yet, afther all this, man, ginnerally spakin', is not a scoundhral naturally. If he was, gintlemen of the Jury, remorse would hang about any good act he might unconsciously perform, and pleasure about any bad one, we know that, in this respect, it is almost invariably the reverse with him—consequintly, man ginerally spakin', is not a scoundhral, naturally, but a bear that is bein' continually licked into a thousand different shapes by circumstances. Nor is he naturally a hypocrite—hypocracy began with society—with the first, frail, lyin', convintional fig lafe that fastened the charge of undecency on the respectable woman that was proof against all the rale timptations by which she was then surrounded, however, she behaved herself aftherwards.—From that hour, down to the present, with its jewelled robe, we have, with but few exceptions, bein' makin' rapid sthrides in this admirable charactheristic of our race. Still, it is not an essential of our moral constitution. It is a sort of consequince upon the position we assume, or in which we are placed, inevitably; when we permit our appetites to out-grow nature, and are consthrained to dhraw upon ourselves for the balance. But gintlemen, of the Jury, although the cases are rare ones, there are some beins,' shaped as we are, who are naturally scoundhrals, murtherers, hypocrites, and liars. These intherlopers are supposed, on the best authority, to be sent into the world to punish mankind for their sins, or rather to lade them asthray, as some persons who believe that fallen' angels appear among us, positively state. Be this as it may, one of those infernal monsthers is now afore you, and it is for you to say whether he shall longer remain to infest society, without some mark, like that which made Cain notorious, bein' set upon him, so as to point him out like a gazzebo, to all who may come across his thrack. He shall not die. Death would be no punishment to him bodily. He shall live to feel how hell can be realized on this earth, and aftherwards resave the glorious reward that's in store for him. He shall live to be spit upon, and hooted by min, women, and children—to bear the name of coward, the next worst to that now belongin' to him—the blistherin' dews that are distilled from the deadly night shade of his heart, and in which he would steep all human hopes, will, when he finds himself baffled at every turn, ate into frightful cancers his own hopeless sowl, till his festherin' carcass is at last found lifeless in some ould dith with the green grass poisoned into mouldy litther about it. The facts of the case, as laid before you, are conclusive, gintlemen of the Jury. He is an Informer; and it only remains for you to give a legal expression to this opinion by your verdict."

On the verdict bein' unanimous; and, as you may suppose as unfavourable, to the prisoner, as posible, Larry made a three cocked hat of his felt that lay at his feet; and placin' it solemnly on his head, wiped his eyes that were full of tears, muryah, and proceeded to pass sintence on my joker, in the followin' words:

"Purgatory, is, I believe young man, ginnerally supposed to be beyond the confines of this globe; but, I think, I'll be able to convince you afore you're much oulder, that I can give you as nice an exemplification of it in the County Leithrim, as can well be expected undher the present circumstances of our mortial existence. The larned counsel has thruly obsarved, that you are guilty of a crime that carries with it a load of infamy as big as the hill of Howth—a crime doubly

died with the sin of cowardice; and consequintly, tin-fold more abhorrent to a thrue son of the sod. What your motives were, in endeavourin' to creep in upon the prospects of an unoffendin' fellow craytshure, and blast them whin he most needed a helpin' hand, I am unable to say. That you have done this, is beyant a shadow of doubt. You were caught in the act. Of your name, your callin' or your counthry, we know nothin'; but it is to be hoped that you are a furrainer. This much we know, however, and that is, that you are an Informer, and consequintly, a common enemy, a coward and a skulkin' thief. Takin' all this into considheration, and in the hope of makin' your case an example in the land, the sentence of the Coort, is, that you be taken from this place, instantly, and tied securely to the thrunk of the ould sycamore at the crass roads below, with the word "Informer," in large letthers over your head; and then, afther resavin' a full volly of a couple of dozin' eggs, that a hin has been, to my knowledge, sittin' on for a fortnight, and can be found on your way down, you shall lose both your ears; and, aftherwards, get your face washed so as that you may be recognised, if you were ever in Tomen afore, by the whole townland as they move off to mass in the mornin'. In addition to this, any of your escort that choses to give you an inch or so of a corker pin, betune this and the place of execution, is quite at liberty to do so, by way of keepin' you awake, as it is rather late; although, if a darnin' needle was handy, I would recommend it, as bein' more tradesmanlike, it bein' somethin' smoother and longer, and, consequintly, a little more sarchin'. This is the sentence of the Coort; and glad I am, by that frindly grin of yours, to undherstand that it meets your warmest wishes and expectations."

CHAPTER X.

Whin the sentence was duly delivered, a murmer of applause ran throughout the whole party: and it bein' propos'd that we should proceed to the crass roads, as it was gettin' late, we were all on our legs once more; and, afther takin' another jorum a piece, barrin' the Gager who was bewildhered complately, we were prepared to quit the ould castle where the fire was low enough to be gone clane out afore daybrake. Kelly and the Informer were placed on the black charger as before, and the Log dale bein' relighted, while the but-ends of such as were too short were thrown on the expirin' flames to make a grand partin' blaze, we formed into a line as regular as any sogers in the world.

On this bein' accomplished, we were soon on our way down to the crass; Harry and myself allowin' the party to go a head a little, so as to have a few words together, free from the hubbub that surrounded us. It was then—on the cavalcade turnin' a corner and lavin' us alone in total darkness that my attenshun was arrested, on lookin' over my shouldher, by the sthrikin' appearance of the ould ruins. The sthrange light of the fire, sendin' forth its last broad flashes far in the depths of the hall, and the red glare comin' out of the cavern like archway, and the countless loopholes along the front of the gigantic ould pile, gave it the appearance of some nameless monsther with a thousand flamin' eyes, and a burnin' gorge about to pour out a flood of firey desthruction along the whole face of the land. Harry, himself, was rivited to the spot—by the exthraordinary spectacle; and could not help remarkin' that, if the sight was discovered by any sthranger unacquainted with the circumstances which called it forth, it would go the rounds of many a fireside, of a dark winther's night, till the greechough was cowld, and send many a gossoon and collieen home together, thrimblin' undher the same cloak.

"Harry" says I, as we started off at an aisy pace to keep within sight of the party, "I don't like this car business; and as we have spilt no blood so far, let us finish the affair, if possible, without lavin' a mark that cannot be haled."

"I agree with you Jack," says he, and the sorrow a dhrop shall be spilt aither, if I can help it; for it will answer us as well to give him a luggin' that'll make him believe both are gone for you know he'll be tied so tight to the ould sycamore that he will be unable to put up a finger, till he is released, to see

whether they are off or not, whenever that grace may be shown to him."

"That'll do," says I laughin', "for I would like to give him a fright that would make him remember the boys of the ould castle, which I'm thinkin' he's not likely to forget, for so far, at any rate."

"Finnegan always carries a knife like a swoord with him and I saw that he had it with him in there, for he was cuttin' tobacco with it, whin Larry was passin' sintince," says he.

"A couple of skites of the back of that'll do," says I, "for if you get a tight hoult of him by the lugs and work away at thim for a minute or so he'll be sure that they are off, especially if you let a thrifle of whiskey thrickle down his nick and make him believe that its blood that's wettin' him."

"That can be aisly done, says he, "for a couple of them can hould his head so as that he can naither turn it to the right or left durin' the operation."

In a moment or two, we joined the lads and met Phil with the eggs, for he started off on Doolan's Bess the moment we all turned out, and took thim from undher the hin, for which same he got Tharney from Biddy a day or two aftherwards; and when we came up with the sycamore the Informer was handed nately down from his baste, and in the twinklin' of an eye, was tied, tight and fast to the ould thrunk, the rope passin' round him so often that it fairly made a bobbin' of him, while both his hands were crassed, hangin' ways, behind his back. At this point of the proceedin's Terry was seen with his bog dale blazin', runnin' acrass the fields from Finnigans, and whin he came up to us he calls me aside and hands me a large sheet of white paper and a big ink horn and quill, tellin' me, at the same time, to write the word "Informer" in as bould a hand as if I was doin' it with a burnt kippieen on the wall.

Although it was no aisy matther to do it on the back of Slasher who was gettin' rather out of humour: yet, not that I say it myself, but a betther formed letther and a claner, barrin' the hair sthroke—for there never was a pin knife laid on the quill—I have seldom made since, and handin' the sheet over to Terry I tould him not to put it up 'till they got through with the eggs—for I saw that he was moovin' over to the three with four bangups and a stone in his hand.

"Be goughins you're right," says he, "they'd desthroy it and I never thought as much, although I see the party are dhrawn up to fire."

'Twas just as Terry said. The eggs, to the amount of twenty or so, were disthributed among the boys by long Jimmey, who mounted Doolan's Bess, once more, whin Phil came back, and was now formin' a line and givin' ordhers as to how they were disthr buted upon the Informer whose right eye was handed over to Phil, although there was a thriflin' dispute as to who should sale it up, as a single shot at a time was considhered more sportsmanlike than to give him a whole volly at once.

"Now boys," says Jemmy, whin he had all ready and was about to give the word of command, "for the honour of Toomen and your early edication at "ducks down," dont let one of yees waste a bullet, but deliver every one of them safe, althongh they may not be very sound, on the thraitor oppossite. The boy that misses his shot I'm detarmined to force into the Militia and recommind him to the particular attinshun of Colonel Payton, whose son Jonny, barrin' the Mucknamarras, is one of the best thriggers in the kingdom. Dont miss him. If you can at all, fasten the nib of a hin bird in his button hole, so as that he may look the soger intirely, and that the ordher which he wears, and to which he is so well entitled, may be clearly made out by the gossoons in the mornin'.

A roar of laughter followed these funny remarks, and on the word bein' given which it was, aquel to the Duke, the eggs were thrown with a precision thruly miraculous. Not a single one of them missed, although the party was placed four paces farther off than the ould Phœnix distance, which wasn't an inch over a good runnin' lep, and I might say that eight of them at laste were planted fair betune his eyes. A howl of rage, such as a tiger might give with a bullet in his shouldher, that disabled him totally, burst

from his lips at aich successive shot while Jimmy considherin' that it would be more like the thing, to give him the last six at once, gave the word and left him spluttherin' like a duck in the gutther when she thinks she's in wather.

Before he had time to recover himself, there was one of us at aich ear pullin' and haulin' at it at a dhreadful rate, and passin' the back of the knife round it furiously, although it was not over clane handlin', while Harry stood so as he could not be seen by him, and let a little whiskey thrickle down his neck, on the wrong side you may depind, so as that my joker believin' that both the lugs were off him, when the two lads purtended to throw them away, gave a screech such as I have seldom harde, at the thoughts, no doubt, of bein' sent out in the world, in a manner not over likely to recommind him to the pisanthry of Ireland.

"There," says Finnegan who was one of the purtinded executioners, and flourishin' the knife within an inch of the villian's nose at the same time, "there," says he, "now, there's nothin' to intherfare with the sthrings of your nightcap you murtherin' thief you; and whin your friend Mr. Doyle or any other intherloper of the kind wants you again to countherfeit one dacent boy's name and desthroy the prospects of another, he'll know you among ten thousand, and will be glad no doubt to hear of your complate success when he raches Dhrumsna by the coach tomorrow on his way home; for let me tell you, that the news of his thricks will be there afore him, for no other man in Toomen would or could bring himself to set this job afoot but his own four bones."

By this time, somethin' like the gray light of dawn was beginnin' to stale in upon us, and our stock of bog dale bein' exhausted we had to wash my joker's face in the dark, with a piece of yalla soap and an ould cloth that Terry at the request of Larry brought back when he wint for the paper; however it was made clane enough I'll be bound to you for it was our special object to lave his faytures so as they should be recognized when daylight came in, if any person in the townland knew him.

On this bein' accomplished, and the paper put up as best we could, afther givin' the poor divil a mouthful of whiskey to keep the breath in him, we all departed for home, Terry taking charge of the Gauger whom he brought to Mick's and put to bed safe and sound, not forgettin' to rub down the black charger well, and give him a mouthful into the bargain as well as a comfortable wisp to lie on; while he himself took the barest taste in life out of the favourite little cruiskeen in the corner of the cupboard, and instantly passed in through Mick's bed room to his own little hole in the wall, where he soon fell asleep, but not before whisperin' into splaw foot's ear, who jumped up in the bed when he harde his step—"Harry's safe and the Gauger is snorrin' in the next room."

CHAPTER XI.

Now, it may be aisly undherstood, that ould Corny, who lived a thrifle farther up atords the Ochle-trees, was as ignorant as the dead in the grave, of what had taken place regardin' poor Harry. Not but there was one in the house, wide enough awake in the middle of the night, and who harde the shoutin' plain enough; but not knowin' the cause, and filled with her own griefs, she was thinkin' of the harde path chalked out for her by her father, and turnin' the bowlsther, undher her cheek, every few minutes whenever it got wet. Corny loved her from the bottom of his heart, to be sure, and thought he was doin' all for the best, in detarminin' that she should marry Doyle, on his return, who by some manes or other managed to blacken the characther of Harry, and pursuade the ould lad, that Harry was no match at all for Mary, and, that although she might be a little averse to the proposed marriage at the present moment, it would all blow over, and she would before a month passed away, settle down' into a lovin' and affectionate wife. However he did it, he got the blind side of Corney, anyway, and by makin' a display of talk regardin' a few pounds, he made it appear that he was purty well off; although nobody knew how he came by them, or to what part of the counthry he belonged afore he made his appearance in Toomen. Notwithstandin' all this, Mary never falthered in her faith to

Harry, for a single moment. She was but nineteen at the time, still with all the blood warm in her veins, she detarmined firmly to bury her heart in the darkest depths of Wren Lough, sooner than give it up to her persecutor, and in this way, at laste, prove how dearly she loved Harry Thracy.

Doyle, as I harde from the naibours, was not over five and thirty or there away; and was a nate clane lookin' chap; although regardin' the phiz, he was as yalla as a kite's claw, and with a slight touch of the small-pox, appeared as if he was undher sintence at Carrick. Some whispered that he was a desarther, others that he was a long time abroad, where he made oceans of goold, and more, again, said that his father and mother were furrainers, and that he kilt somebody or other in England, where he was brought when he was very young, and that he escaped to Ireland undher an assumed name. —Be this as it may, we all knew he wasn't Irish anyway, although he purtended to Corny to be such; for, in the Psalther of Cashel, first chapther and ninth varse, you will find it written, that no thrue Irishman can be an informer, barrin' he has a dhrop of furrain blood in him, or abuses a Leperachaun. From mornin' till night he was stuck over in Corney's makin' himself agreeable to the ould man, and occasionally shuperintendin' the fixin' of the haggert, and tellin' outlandish stories at night about his advintures acrass the say; while, whenever he got an opportunity he always said a plazin' word to Mary, as he thought, which he ginnerally followed up with a cowardly stab at her thrue hearted lover, till the poor girl, dhrowned with tears would have to lave the room and take to her own nate little chamber where she used to fall upon her knees afore the blessed vargin, and offer up a prayer for herself and Harry Thracy, beseechin' her to have pity upon them both and brake hard fortune afore them.

It was not until a few days afore our advinture with the party, that the whole affair regardin' the marriage was settled betune Corney and his intinded son-in-law. It was then agreed that afore the knot was tied, Doyle should count down one hundred goold guineas into the lap of poor Mary, by way of satisfyin' all parties that he was a man of manes, and aquel to the support of a wife. With this proposition he closed in a jiffy, well knowin' that he could command the money, wherever he got it, and feelin', that as Corney had no child but her, the thirty acres would fall to her, when the ould chap was put to bed with a shovel and he himself would be comfortable for life,—never dhramin' that Corney, had only a lase of it during his own time.

"Look!"—Says ould Corney to his daughter, the day afore the weddin' was to take place. "Look," says he—here's a man for you with wealth galiore to lave you and yours aisy durin' your days, while that good for nothin' fellow that you have unfortunately settled your mind upon, hasn't a rap, or a single haporth beyant his good looks to bless himself with; and what's worse" says he, "he's ever and always mixed up with such stills, and throubles, and vexations, that the sorrow an hour's good luck he'll ever have; and if you were to take him to-morrow, you'd soon get tired of your bargain, for I can't believe that anyone so regardless of his life and money, whenever he has a shillin' could make a good husband or father of a family, not all as one as the dacent and well edicated man who is now ready to lave all he's worth at your feet.

"Father," says Mary, with her eyes sthramin' and her face as pale as a sheet, "you have always been a kind father to me; but I conjure you by the memory of her who is now in glory, to reflect afore you consign me to the fearful death that this marriage is sure to end in: for I call the blessed vargin to witness, that if you persist in the dhreadful business, Doyle the heartless backbiter shall have a corpse for his bride. Oh! wirrasthrue, oh! wirrasthrue, but it is the sore thing to be the owner of a heart," says she, "and then have nothin' to say to it, all as one as if a body was the daughter of a great lady or gintleman. Sure love is not like turf or yarn that it can be bought and sowld for goold, Oh! no,—thrue love should be like two spontaneous sthrames gushin' freely from kindhred hearts and minglin' in one common channel, deepenin' and widenin'

it as their united wathers flow on forever and ever.

"Mary," says the ould man who was gettin' rather unaisy, "there's no use in talkin', or gettin' on in that foolish way. It is my duty to look afther your welfare, and see that you are comfortably provided for through life. The aversion you now bear to your intended, will soon ware away when you come to know him as well as I do; for, I have no hesitation in sayin', that he is not only a ginerous, honourable and well doin' man, but one who will make you the best and kindest of husbands. Dhry your tears then, in the name of fortune and be obedient, and your ould father, who loves the very ground you walk on, will go down to the grave, with a smile on his face and light upon his gray hairs."

"God grant it" says the poor girl who was touched with the sincerity of her father, for well she knew that he thought he was doin' the best for her, "but," says she, "what I have said can never be althered; if you attimpt to sacrifice my very sowl in this way. I would like to ask you father"—she went on, "supposin', for the sake of satisfyin' you, I submitted to this marriage, in what way would I, your only daughther go down to the grave? Answer me that. —Would you like to look into my heart whenever I harde the well known footsteps of Harry Thracy? Would you like to get a glimpse of my cheek, if my eye ever chanced to meet his? Would you like to hear my prayers at night, father, when I knelt down to reccommind both you and myself to the care of heaven? Father, I would pray for Harry Thracy. His name would be mingled with yours and mine. I would love him still, with all the love that I feel for him now, and then, the pureness of my mother's heart which is within me, should send me to the cowld grave, so as that I might sleep away the years that kept us assundher, and wakenin' clasp him to my breast, as we both, as pure as angels, went to judgment together, on the mornin' of the resurrection: so now, you see how it's with me,and what have you to expect if you would tie me for life to a man that I loathe—to a man I can never love, and whose very thracks seem to blacken the thrashold whenever he crasses it."

"It's of no use—it's of no use Mary," says my uncle," for it must never be said that Corney Thrainer sat quietly by, and let his only child throw herself away, or that he went back of his word when he gave it to a dacent and well doin' man; so, there is little good in wasting your breath about it: my mind is made up, and you ought to know me by this time of day."

"Mary, when she saw her father so fixed in his detarmination, undherwent a change of agony, that was almost kindly, it left her so stupid. Her face that was white enough afore, now bate the very snow out, and every fayture became so rigid, that, if it wasn't for the breast, a body might think it was all over with her. Corny saw the change, and turned away in rale grief, but otherwise unmoved, while Biddy the girl, led the poor crayture to her room once more, to come to herself when the blood got warm again, and throw herself on her knees and offer up a prayer that somethin' might occur to save her, durin' the short pariod which seemed to stand betune her and her fate. Oh! boys dear, it was a harde thing. I knew myself that she was wrapt up in Harry.—Many a time, when we were all friends together, afore my uncle met Doyle; I used to watch her cheek whenever he was expected, and when she harde his voice at the doore. The blood came to it, like sunrise, and her white throat sthruggled in eloquent silence when she thried to be calm and bid him the time of day. And often, and often, have I caught her lookin' afther him, as he went down acrass the meadows to his own place; and when I found she was asthray from herself, and walkin' beside him although alone at the windy, I used to lay my hand on her white shouldher and bring her back with a start; when, with the cambric that lay on her bussum, almost in a blaze, she'd bury her face among her beautiful fingers, and, with the bright tears glistenin' in her eyes, cry,—"ah! Jack dear, don't laugh at me," —That was Mary Thrainer then; but, when Harry was seperated from her, you may aisily guess the state of a heart that could feel so much, and where the blood was

Alexander II, Czar of all the Russias.

Maclear & Cº Lith. Toronto

coorsin', even in her dhrames, like a racer on the Curragh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PLEIADS.

Herschell having come to the conclusion that our sun, and of course we, are moving towards one of those stars in the cluster called Pleiads, has given Lieut. Maury occasion to quote Job as proving that the Bible must be inspired since the extreme result of astronomy has only discovered what the author of the Book of Job seems to have been well aware of by inspiration.

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiads, or lose the bands of Orion?"—*Job* xxxviii. 31.

In the waste and trackless desert
Where wild Arab tribes now dwell,
Sages scan'd the Book of nature,
Read its secret pages well,
Heard the harmony seraphic
Of the hymning morning stars,
Sung before the race of Japhet
Had engaged in Trojan wars.

In the silence of the desert,
Thro' the watches of the night,
Gaz'd the thoughtful sage intently
On the heavenly host so bright,
Mark'd the seasons ever changing
As new constellations rise,
And by force of earnest thinking
Solv'd the problems of the skies.

Knew the influence of the Pleiads
On our distant rolling sphere,
Trac'd the course we were pursuing
With the sun from year to year,
Pierc'd the depth of space with vision
Keener than the cherub's gaze,
And the planets' light distinguish'd
From the fix'd stars' purer rays.

Sure the early mind, gigantic
Must have been in measure then,
As we read of more than human
Strength and stature in the men;
For it rang'd the arch of heaven
With a glance so keen and true,
That it saw the secrets hidden
From our telescopic view.

Hamilton, 28th March, 1855. R. N.

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The new Sovereign of Russia, Alexander Nicolaiewitch, is the eldest son of the late Emperor, and was born 29th (17th) of April, 1818, and has, therefore, very nearly completed his 37th year. Previous to his accession he held the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Corps de la Garde, and of the Grenadiers; presided over the Military School, and was Curator-in-Chief of the Military Hospital of Tchesmé; and holds the command of the Lancers, the Carabiniers of Erivan, &c. The Emperor married, in 1841, Marie-Alexandrowna, daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse.

M. de Custine, in his popular work on Russia, has given the following sketch of the then Grand Duke Alexander, as he appeared in 1839. The author writes from Ems:—

The Hereditary Grand Duke has arrived at Ems, preceded by ten or twelve carriages, and followed by a numerous court.

I found myself at the side of the Grand Duke, among the curious crowd, as he alighted from his carriage. Before entering the house, he stood for a long time at the door of the baths in conversation with a Russian lady, so that I had time to examine him. He looks his exact age, which is twenty. His person is tall, but a little too stout for so young a man. His features would be fine, were it not for a puffiness that impairs his physiognomy. His face is round, but rather German than Russian, and suggests what the Emperor Alexander must have been at the same age, without, however, in any way recalling the Kalmuck type.

The look has many phases to pass through ere it will assume its definite character. The habitual humour it now denotes is mild and benevolent. Between the ready smile of the eyes and the constant contraction of the mouth there is, however, a discrepancy that bespeaks very moderate frankness, and perhaps some internal grief. The chagrin of youth, the age when happiness is man's natural due, is a secret always the better kept, that it is a mystery inexplicable even to the sufferer. The Prince's expression is one of kindness: his step is light and gracefully noble—truly that of a Prince. His air is modest, without timidity, which is a great point for all about him, since the embarrassment of the great is really an annoyance to the rest of the world. If they fancy themselves demigods, they are incommoded by the opinion they have of themselves, and which they despair of making others partake.

This silly disquietude never afflicts the Grand Duke. His whole bearing wears the impress of perfect good-breeding. If he should ever reign, he will make himself obeyed, not by terror, but by the attraction of his inherent grace; unless the necessaties that cling to a Russian Emperor's destiny should alter his character as well as his position.

* * * * *

I have again seen the Hereditary Grand Duke, and have had a long and close examination of him. He was not dressed in uniform, which gives him a stiff and swollen look. The ordinary costume suits him much better. His manner is agreeable, his gait noble, and without the stiffness of the soldier; and the peculiar grace that distinguishes him recalls the singular charm belonging to the Slave race. There is not the vivacious passion of warm countries, nor the imperturbable coldness of the North; but a mixture of Southern simplicity and adaptability with Scandinavian melancholy. The Slaves are white Arabs. The Grand Duke is more than half German; but there are German Slaves in Mecklenburg, as well as in some parts of Holstein and Prussia.

Notwithstanding his youth, the Prince's face is not so agreeable as his figure. His Complexion has lost its freshness: it is visible that he is a sufferer. The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pleasing mouth is not without sweetness, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique or the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but beneath that air of kindness, almost always conferred by beauty, youth, and German blood it is impossible not to recognise a force of dissimulation that terrifies one in so young a man. This trait is, doubtless, the seal of destiny, and makes me believe that the prince is fated to ascend the throne. His voice has a melodious tone, a thing rare in his family, and a gift he has received from his mother.

He stands out among the younger men of his suit without anything to stamp the distance observable between them, unless it be the perfect grace of his whole person. Grace always denotes an amiable turn of mind; so much of the soul enters into the gait, the expression of the physiognomy, and the attitudes of the man. The one under examination is at once imposing and agreeable. Russian travellers had spoken to me of his beauty as a phenomenon; and it would have struck me more but for this exaggeration. Such as he is, the Grand Duke of Russia still seemed to me one of the finest models of a Prince that I had ever met.

The new Sovereign of Russia is stated to have been initiated at an early age into the affairs of the empire by the Emperor his father; he was present at all the councils; he was invested with situations which gave him frequent opportunities of rendering himself useful to the army and pleasing to the youth of the schools. Whenever the Emperor Nicholas quitted the capital, he left the supreme direction of the Government to his son; in short, he had taken the utmost pains to prepare him to become his successor. The new Emperor is stated to be very popular in Russia—he is beloved and esteemed by the people. He will not exercise the great authority of his father, for he does not inherit either his hauteur or his inflexibility. He will rather please, as the Emperor Alexander I. did, by his mildness and his affability, and between the uncle and the nephew there is a very great similarity of character in numerous ways. The new Empress is also highly spoken of and her elevated judgment and her conciliating manners are much extolled. It is thought that she will exercise a salutary influence over the Emperor.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF IMITATION OIL PAINTING.

This curious process we have ventured to designate as an art, though it is by no means artistic, being more of a trick than anything else. Yet, despise it not on that account, fair readers, nor you of the sterner sex; for by its means very effective pictures may be produced in a wonderfully short space of time, and with a very small amount of skill.

We will not go so far as to say that persons having no knowledge whatever of colouring, can practice this style of painting with success, because colours cannot be mixed effectively, or blended harmoniously, without some amount of skill and taste. But certain it is, that not the slightest knowledge of drawing is requisite; and any one possessed of an average quantum of taste, and gifted with an eye for effect, may, with astonishingly little practice, succeed, under this system, in producing a picture which will puzzle even connoisseurs, when framed and hung in a good position.

The paints we use are those oil colours sold in tubes; the selection of a few for practice will depend upon the class of subjects which is to be painted—whether flowers, figures, landscapes, or portraits.

A set which is generally useful, will be

indigo, Antwerp blue, and ultramarine; lake, scarlet-lake, and carmine; chrome yellow, one and two, Naples yellow; vermillion; Emerald green; Vandyke brown; lampblack; and flake white. These will do for flower or figure pieces, and for landscapes or portraits by making greens from combinations of the chromes and blues, and violets by mixing the blues and lakes, &c. The flake white is a most valuable adjunct in softening down any colour to the palest possible shade; the lamp-black is also very useful in deepening colors.

Sable-hair brushes are those we employ. The numbers 0, 1, 2, 4, and 6, will be found generally useful.

A palette and palette knife, a two ounce bottle of spirits of turpentine, a small glass or crock, and an old silk hankerchief, or piece of linen rag, are the other requisites.

The fundamental part of our would-be oil painting, is a mezzo-tinto engraving, which may be obtained at any print or bookseller's. We should advise those who wish to experimentalize in this art, to choose as inexpensive a subject as possible to begin with; a portrait about six or eight inches square will do nicely.

The mezzo-tinto should be clear and well-defined, and on paper not too thick to prevent us from seeing through it with ease.—Those which are mounted, or on very thick paper will not serve.

Having selected the engraving, the next thing is to have a common deal frame made which will just take it. This frame should be as light as possible, not more than one-eigth of an inch thick, half an inch wide, and perfectly smooth and flat. Lay the engraving smoothly on a table and slightly damp it; paste the frame all round, and then stretch the engraving over it. This is a nice operation, for the least violence will fracture the paper, and no wrinkle or looseness must be left upon it. The frame should be of such a size as will exactly take the engraving within it, while the white margin is pasted on to the wood. This must be placed under firm and equal pressure to dry.

We now require a bottle of the purest mastic varnish, besides a No. 6 sable-hair paint brush, and the back or wrong side of the mezzo-tinto is to be thoroughly varnished with this. When dry, the operation should be repeated, and the second coating having dried. the painting may be commenced.

A light frame-work desk should be set upon a table in a good strong light, and the picture we intend to paint placed upon it with its back towards us, for it is not on the face of the engraving, but on the varnished back we work; and if the paper is not too thick, and the mastic has been good, we shall find the mezzo-tinto sufficiently transparent to enable us to trace all the details through without difficulty.

In all figure pieces we commence with the features. These must be put in with brush No. 1. Suppose the eyes are to be blue; ultramarine slightly softened with white will serve, and with this the pupil must be carefully painted. A steady hand is highly necessary; for if the outlines are jagged, or the colours trench on parts where they ought not to be, it will ruin the appearance of the picture when we proceed to bring the colouring out on the right side. The blue may be softened to a grey for other eyes. The white of the eye must be put in with flake white, but not until the pupils are dry.

Some spirits of turpentine must be kept standing by in the crock, and in this the brush must be washed directly any one colour is done with, and then carefully wiped in old linen rag. This must be thoroughly done; for if any paint remains in the brush, it will spoil the next colour; and if a brush be suffered to dry with paint in it, it will become hard and useless.

For the mouth, carmine must be used; for the hair and eyebrows black or Vandyke brown, the latter by itself, or softened with white, in order to suit the complexion which is to be given. The cheeks must be tinted with a delicate mixture of carmine and white; a stronger hue will be required for a man, or else a more sallow tint, which may be obtained by the slightest possible admixture of Naples yellow.

For all these purposes, a very small quantity of paint only need be put on to the palette. Where two or three colours are to be combined, they must be rubbed together with the palette knife until thoroughly amalgamated. No paint must be suffered to dry

on the palette or knife, but should always be wiped off with a rag kept for the purpose, and the spot cleansed with turpentine.

A tint for the skin may now be prepared. For females this should be scarlet lake softened to the lightest of shades with white.—This has to be laid over all of the face, neck, hands and arms, which is to be seen. For men, darker tints will be required, as vermillion softened down with white, or, the same with the least possible tinge of yellow. This skin tint must not be added until all the features are perfectly dry. Indeed, we may as well lay down the rule at once, that all minutiæ and ornamentation must be done first, and the back ground not added until that in front o. the picture, and which lies on it, be thoroughly dry. Thus, if there be a table with pieces of money on it, they should be painted first, and then the table; tassels, cord, fringe, &c., before curtains; flowers, ribbon, and jewellery, before the dress itself; the buttons, or other male decorations, before the garments, &c.

The colours must always be laid on fully and evenly, and as much as possible in one direction, and, as we have before said, with great attention to the outline. It is well invariably to avoid trenching on the outline of a portion which is not quite dry, lest one colour should run into another.

Of course, our painting viewed from the side on which it is done looks a strange collection of patches of colour, for there is no shading needed, the mezzo-tinto producing that when the colours are brought out on the right side. Let us suppose it done—for ordinary taste will always suggest the proper colours for drapery, curtains, walls, &c.—it must be suffered to dry *thoroughly:* then with a clean full brush, about No. 5 or 6, the *face* of the picture has to be smoothly but thoroughly varnished over with mastic varnish; and as this dries, the print will gradually be seen to assume all the appearance of an old oil painting. Should one coat of varnish not prove quite sufficient to draw the colours out, another may be added when that is dry; but time should be given, some six or eight hours, for the effects to develop themselves.

Now, when all is dry, if there be any little bits of ornamentation, as jewellery or embroidery, or gold or the eyes, or such like bits which can be improved by their tint being heightened, or their being worked up, we take a fine brush, No. 1, and touch with McGuelp—a preparation also sold in tubes—all those parts which do not seem quite successful. When this preparation has dried on the parts to which we have applied it, with a clean brush we give to money, gold buttons, &c., a metallic appearance, by overlaying them with gold or silver shells. Jewellery can be beautifully wrought thus, by using gold for the setting, and colours to similate the gems. Fringes, embroidery, damask, the ornaments on furniture or tapestry, the minutiæ of flowers, all may be delicately wrought up by touching such parts with McGuelp on the face of the picture, and then adding the requisite finish. This done, the picture will be complete; and when framed and well-placed, will prove very effective, and puzzle, if it does not deceive, most persons who look upon it.

In flower pieces the same rules must be followed; that is to say, the veining and fine work must be done before the body colours are used. Similar instructions apply to every class of engraving. When looked at from the face of the picture, all that is thrown up by a back-ground must be put in first, or it is lost in the mass of colour, and can only be taken out by using the McGuelp, which should ever be sparingly applied, or a patchy appearance will be given to the picture, somewhat resembling an old painting *furnished* up with bits of fresh colouring here and there.

HOW A WORLD WAS WON;

OR,

A GAME OF CHESS IN 1492.

Por Castilla y por Leon
Nuevo mundo hallo Colon.

It may be said of the immortal work of Cervantes, and with much truth, that it is a complete compendium. Yes, reader, in Don Quixote you will find matter both grave and light, philosophic dissertations, and occasionally even a pun.

In Part I. Chap. XXII., which treats "of the manner in which the great Hidalgo set at liberty several unfortunate persons who,

much against their will, were being conveyed where they did not wish to go," known also as the "adventure of the galley slaves," we have the following passage:—

Señor Caballero si tiene algo que darnos, dénoslo ya, y vaya con Dios, que ya enfada con tanto querer saber vidas agenas; y si la mia quiere saber, sepa que yo soy Ginés de Pasamonte, cuya vida está escrita por estos pulgares."

"Signor cavalier, if you have any thing to give us," said one of the galley slaves, "let us have it now, and God be with you, for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men's lives. If you would know mine, I am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these *thumbs* (*por estos pulgares*)." There is here a play upon words that does not admit of translation, *pulgar* signifying the finger that directs the pen, and *Pulgar* being also the name of the celebrated historian, surnamed by his countrymen "the Spanish Plutarch."

The author, in his Chronicle of Ferdinand and Isabella, informs us that the conqueror of Granada and the extirpator of the Moslem faith from the Spanish realm, was passionately fond of Chess. "*Era el rey Fernando muy afecto al deleitable juego del axedrez.*" He moreover tells us, that between this noble game and the excitement of the chase, Ferdinand divided the few leisure moments he could snatch from the cares of government or the sterner duties of war. But Fernando del Pulgar limits himself to this simple indication, and upon this subject we should know nothing more, were the Chronicle the only work left by him. This fortunately, is not the case. There exists in print a collection of his letters, all highly curious; and independently of the published letters, there is preserved in the archives of Cordova a manuscript collection, to which it has been our good fortune to have had access. We have consulted the latter with great interest, authentic or not; for we are bound to say there is much disagreement among writers concerning the circumstances of this author's life. Some even confound him with another Hernando del Pulgar, who was Alcaid of Salar, and who distinguished himself by certain valorous feats in the vega of Granada. This Hernando, it would appear, having made a vow to enter the city and take possession of a mosque, actually made good his way into the capital of Boabdil, and sealed the daring deed by leaving, nailed with his dagger on the very door of the Moslem temple, a parchment upon which was transcribed a copy of the "Ave Maria." In order to distinguish the chronicler from the warrior, the latter is generally known by the cognomen of "*El de las hazañas*," or, the Pulgar of high deeds. Thus the question arises, to whom are we to attribute these unpublished letters?—to Hernando the historian, or to Hernando the soldier? Or, may they not be the production of some other contemporary writer, such as Anglerius Martyr or Bernaldez? This remains a mystery; but, as far as we can judge by the paper upon which they are written and the style of the hand, we should certainly deem them traceable to the commencement of the sixteenth century.

Having once fairly commenced diving into the ancient manuscripts, we were greatly interested, as we have already said. We must candidly confess, however, that we were not a little deterred at first by their illegible appearance, and the idea of their dubious authenticity; but the, for us, talismanic word "*axedrez*"* having caught our eye, a new incentive was added to our somewhat lagging curiosity, and recollecting a maxim of this very Pulgar, "*Malo es no saber, peor el no querer saber*," we shook off all laziness, set diligently to work, and were well rewarded in the translation of some of these curious manuscripts.

In the following epistles, Hernando addresses familiarly a friend, apparently some learned doctor. The letter is dated from the celebrated camp before Granada.

Santa Fé, February 2d, 1492.

FRIEND AND WELL-BELOVED:—If I mistake not, you must have seen, during your last visit at court, a certain Cristoval Colon, a Genoese; if not, you have of course heard of him, for his name has become of late as familiar as the sayings of Martin Revulgo. Some look upon him as a downright madman, and very few grant him any genius at

* The Spanish for "Chess."

all. He pretends the earth is round, and that necessarily there must exist, beyond the ocean, a world to act as a counterpoise to the world we inhabit; that, at all events, if there do not exist beyond the ocean, countries entirely distinct from our continent, he still asserts that by steering west a vessel must sail completely round the world, and reach the eastern shores of Asia and the golden-roofed city of Cipango, described by Marco Polo. He came here whilst we were campaigning it against the Moors in Granada, submitted his project to the sovereigns, but met with no encouragement. Their answer was, that the expenses of the war had drained the public treasury. After the taking of Granada this Colon renewed his petition, and was referred to a council of learned doctors and theologians, who assembled lately at Salamanca for the purpose of considering his extraordinary proposals. Before these he defended his opinions; but the doctors have decided that the earth is not round, and that a belief in antipodes is an act of heresy. Our good Queen Isabella, however, who has no great pretensions to physical, or geometrical lore, seems to care very little for the decision of her grave counsellors. Her opinion is, that the conquest of the golden Cipango will afford riches enough to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the power of the infidels, and that at any rate, the attempt is worth making. Indeed, she has been expressly heard to say that it was her desire the Genoese should prosecute what he had projected; that if funds were wanting, she would undertake the enterprise for her own crown of Castile, and pledge her private jewels to raise the necessary sum. She has not, however, been under the necessity of having recourse to this extreme measure. Luis de San Angel, receiver of the ecclésiastical revenue in Aragon, has advanced the funds, and the Queen has gladly accepted his offer. But another difficulty has arisen. The Genoese will not take charge of the expedition unless he be created admiral and viceroy over the countries he may discover. This title has been refused him; and to-morrow, it is said, he takes his departure on his return to Palos de Moguer. it is thought his intention is to offer his services to some other sovereign.

Santa Fé, February 4th, 1492.

FRIEND AND WELL-BELOVED:—I have never forgotten what Antonio de Lebrixa said to us in one of his last lessons: "Take heed how you despise incidental circumstances, *though trifling in appearance*, for they often lead to most important results." At court, more especially, should this maxim be ever borne in mind, as there opportunities for its application are constantly occurring. In this letter I will give you a striking instance of the truth of good Antonio's maxim; and, if I mistake not, the world may ere long behold a most wonderful exemplification of it.

The King's fondness for the game of chess, as you know, is very great, and, like al earnest players, he attaches the greatest importance to the winning of a game, never forgiving himself for losing one. His artifice and cunning devices over the chequered field are wily in the extreme, and were I not speaking of his "*Alteza*,"* I should say they almost amount to perfidy. He will often leave a piece unprotected and apparently within the grasp of his adversary; but ere his hand extend to seize it, let him be very sure the prey is certain, for never is the King better pleased than when his deep laid plots are crowned with success.

Yesterday during the noontide heat, instead of indulging in his usual siesta, bidding us follow him to the Queen's apartments, he challenged Fonseca, one of his daily victims, to a Game of Chess, we of course assisting as judges of the tournament. The Count de Tendilla, Ponce de Leon, and Gonsalva or Cordova, were present. The Queen's maids of hon -, seated around a frame, were at work upon a magnificent piece of embroidery intended as an offering to our lady "del Pilar."

The aged lady Beatrix Galindez, so deeply versed in ancient lore that she has been surnamed "Latina," was seated near the Queen, with whom she was conversing in Latin in a subdued tone; whilst the King, entirely absorbed in the game, was entangling poor Fonseca in one of his deeply laid schemes.

* "*Alteza*," Highness. Charles V. was the first Spanish monarch who assumed the title of Majesty.

Suddenly the hangings were raised, and a page announced his excellency the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, Grand Cardinal of Spain. After the holy prelate had made his obeisance to the King, he approached the Queen, and respectfully inquired what it had been her pleasure to decide finally with regard to the Genoese, Cristoval Colon. At the same time he announced that the latter, sad and disappointed had taken leave of his friends, and was on his way to the Convent of La Rabida, at Palos de Moguer. In my opinion, said Beatrix Galindez, after the Archbishop had proffered his request, were the demand simply a sum of money, I should advocate its being granted; for, as Dionysius Cato has it in one of his distichs,

"*Ne dubites cum magna petas, impendere parvo.*"

But this is not a question of money. A title is demanded; and dignities and titles are not to be lavished thus on all comers. Indeed, my opinion of the absurdity of his doctrine has of late been strengthened, and I uphold it is most extravagant to maintain that there can exist countries in a straight line under our very feet, where men walk with their heads downwards, as we see flies upon the fretted roof. As she spoke, in her excitement, Latina's tone had gradually become more elevated. She had forgotten that Chess-players must not be disturbed. her voice had struck their ear.

The Game was decidedly in the King's favor, and Fonseca, with some eagerness, seized the opportunity of interrupting the silence in which the King had hitherto played, in the hope, perhaps, of diverting the attention of his unrelenting antagonist.

"For my part," said he, "I incline to the theory of Cosmas Indicopleustes:—the world is square, and like this Chess-board, it is terminable. It is moreover flat, surrounded with water on all sides, and beyond the water is an abyss. Thus it is that Arabian geographers represent on their maps and charts, at the extremity of the great ocean, a black and skinny hand, emblematic of the Demon's claw, ready to drag into the gulf below, the rash mortals daring to approach its limits.

"Strange doctrine this, Signor Fonseca," replied the Archbishop, "strange doctrine to oppose to the truly scientific deductions of the worthy Colon. Indeed, I am almost tempted to repeat to you what Alphonso the Learned was formerly wont to say on similar occasions, 'If the world be thus moulded, without impiety, I can say that, poor mortal as I am, I could have imagined a better form.'"

In the meantime our good Queen had drawn near the King. "My Lord," said she, "shall we not accord this intrepid man the title he demands? . . there can be no risk, I think, in granting it him for the countries he promises to discover. Let him point the way to a new world, and any dignity we may confer will be more than merited. . . Should his project prove a dream . . What then? His title, having no basis to rest upon, will become an empty name."

"We will think of it," said Ferdinand pressing his brow, and in spite of himself his attention was much diverted from the game.

Fonseca, adroitly taking advantage of the Kings abstraction, had rapidly retrieved his game and even gained a preponderance of force. . . . "Your Highness's Queen has followed the example of the rash navigators . . the black hand is upon her. . . . Your Highness's Queen is forced."

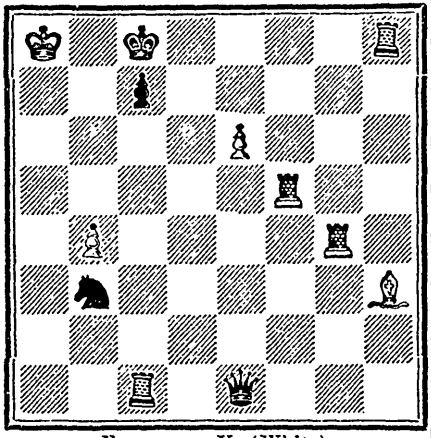
"Speak to me no more of this Genoese," rejoined the King, "I shall lose a splendid game" . . . And with a frown he proceeded—"Admiral! know you not the word signifies '*Emir-al-ma*' or prince of the wave? Too noble a title this to be bestowed on an adventurer. Your Genoese shall not be an Admiral."

The King played a few moves more, but at every move his position became more critical and his brow more overcast. Meanwhile the game seemed fast reaching a crisis.

"The battle will soon be decided now," said Fonseca, rubbing his hands. "Your Highness will double the Rooks to avoid checkmate . . I shall then check at your Highness's Q. R. sq.; I may afterwards win the Bishop, and if I mistake not, this game at least is mine."

I send you the situation.

FONSECA (Black).



FERDINAND V. (White).

Ferdinand bit his lip, and unaccustomed to discomfiture, he sat moody, under what seemed to all inevitable defeat.

At this moment I examined the position more attentively, and suddenly it flashed upon me that Ferdinand's game was not as desperate as it appeared to the bystanders and even to himself. In a suppressed tone I whispered to Queen Isabella: "If his Highness play correctly, he wins, and Fonseca cannot outlive four moves."

Isabella drew nearer the King, and leaning on his shoulder she withheld his arm when after long meditation he was about to raise his hand to play his Rook to Q. R. 5th sq.

— "Do you not win, my Lord?" said she.

— "Win?" . . repeated Ferdinand, and the uplifted hand returning to its former position, the King resumed his meditations . . but the threatened mate seemed still to veil the position to his reasoning faculties. At this juncture his eye caught mine, and most probably rightly reading my expression, he again began to calculate . . . then suddenly a smile played over his lips.

— "Fonseca, my friend, '*Estas malo.*'"*

— "Think you, my Lord," interrupted the Queen, "there can be wrong in granting this title to the Genoese?"

"What think you of the matter Latina?" said Ferdinand, half ironically, "do you still persist in your opinion?"

"None can boast of infallibility," rejoined Beatrix Galindez, and Pliny has said, '*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapet.*'"

— "After all," added his Highness, "little harm can come from appointing him Admiral of the new seas to be navigated."

Hardly had the royal sanction escaped the King's lips, when the Queen beckoning a page—"Isidro," said she, "to horse instantly —Cristoval Colon is on the road to Palos de Moguer, he cannot have journeyed much farther than the bridge of Pinos . . make all speed, overtake him, and tell him we create him Admiral of the Ocean-sea."

And now, dear Doctor, may we not repeat what Antonio de Lebrixa has so often said to us, "The most trifling causes very frequently exercise a wonderful influence over the greatest events."

If Cristoval Colon discover a new world, as indeed I trust he may, will it not come from the pushing of a pawn at the proper time?

* Anglicè—"Thou art sick."

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Thou charming little angel—sleep!
And I'll sit by thee while I'm able;
Enjoy refreshing slumber deep—
There in thy warm commodious cradle.

Thou slumb'rest sweetly! what a charm
Is seen in ev'ry limb and feature;
What beauty in that tiny arm—
Thou bright, bewitching, blissful creature!

Thy rosy cheek and cherub face
Tempt me almost to steal a kiss;
Thou loveliest of thy lovely race,
That—does confer surpassing bliss.

Ah! dost thou smile? If but awake,
And at the years of womanhood;
A lover's kiss I deem would make
Thee blush, as it is said you should.

Again! Hast thou some pleasing dream,
Some glimses of prospective joy?
Some foretastes of a life that seem
Free from a sinful world's alloy?

Ah! There may be in store for thee
Ills which thy fancy ne'er foreboded;
Griefs which perchance could it foresee
To madness would the mind be goaded.

Woes thou may have yet to endure,
And trials which no pen can paint;
Deep anguish which thy spirit pure
Though struggling must beneath it faint.

God grant it may not be! May thine
Be life of clear unmingled pleasure;
Heav'n freely ever down on thee
Its blessings shower beyond all measure.

Thy life be like the stream that flows
In gentle movement onward ever;
Be happiness the breeze that blows
And undulates the gliding river.

Ne'er may bereavements sadd'ning blow
Make inroad in thy home or hearth;
Nor ne'er may secret want or woe
At all afflict thee while on earth.

Thou type of artless innocence
God's blessing on thee be!
Would—would to Heaven that all mankind
Were innocent as thee!

Toronto, April 4, 1855. ROB ROY.

SPIRITUALISM IN OHIO.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 351.)

THIRD NIGHT.

By invitation, we spent the afternoon, Sunday, January 28th. 1855, with the Koons. On our arrival at their house, we found Nahum, the principal medium, quite unwell, so much so that I was afraid he would not be able to sit as the medium. At night, after tea, Mr. K. informed us that he would throw Mrs. K. into the clairvoyant state, for the purpose of visiting a sick friend of ours in Toronto. This having been accomplished, my hand was placed in Mrs. K.'s, whom I mentally asked to visit the place where my sick friend lay. I was perfectly surprised at the accuracy with which this old lady described the place, rooms, furniture, &c., with which I knew it was impossible for her to be acquainted. She informed me of my friend's illness—how long she had been unwell—what her prospects of recovery were, and gave a prescription. The general details, indeed, of my friend's malady were as truthfully described as if I had spoken them myself. After this examination, Mr. Koons took his wife out of the clairvoyant state by reversing the motions with which he produced it. I then turned my attention to Nahum, who was very unwell, having a cold, and complaining of a severe pain in his head. I requested him to let me put my hand in his. He complied; and in a few moments I psecyologised him, and had him perfectly under my control. I held him thus for half an hour; and proved him to be one of the best psecyological subjects that I ever met with. I asked him if he felt any pain; he replied no. I then took off the influence, after which he complained no more of cold chills, pains in the bones or head.

At half-past six I noticed that Mr. K. and Nahum slipped out of the house, unobserved by any one but myself. I followed them in time to see the old man go into the spirit room. Here my curiosity prompted me to do that which I had never done before, viz., to eavesdrop. I placed my ear to the key-hole of the door, and heard the following conversation, between King (the presiding spirit of this band or circle of spirits,) and the Koons:—

"Nahum, you are quite unwell to-night, so much so that I am afraid that we will not be able to demonstrate through you, notwithstanding Wilson has helped you, and removed your pain, yet you are very feeble. We wish to do much to-night for our friends from Toronto, and if you prove too unwell we will try to make a point of Mr. Wilson, and demonstrate through him." The spirit then spake to the elder Koons, and said—"Koons, Wilson is at the door listening, you had better let him in." I was fairly caught, and acknowledged my fault. My idle curiosity was fully satisfied; and I had no more doubts of the reality of spiritual communications at Koons'. I craved the spirit's pardon, which was readily granted; and then we were told to come into the room in half an hour for further demonstrations.

At twenty minutes past seven we entered the spirit room. There were twenty-two altogether, and we were so seated that it was utterly impossible for any human being to move or stir out of his or her chair without detection.

After we were seated and quiet obtained, the candle was put out.* And then commenced one of the grandest spiritual performances that it was ever my lot to witness.

* Previous to this I searched every nook and corner of the room, as well as the drawers of the tables, and removed every particle of paper and pencils that were in the room, save that which I had furnished myself. I placed a mark on my paper, as well as the pencils. My paper was also marked by Mr. J. G. Brice of N. O.

First came King, the presiding spirit, and took his place on the table, which stood between the Koons, and in the centre of the floor. He was dressed as described in last evening's interview, with the exception of a bright star worn in the centre of the forehead. This star was very brilliant, and seemed to illuminate the whole room. Around him were circled seven other spirits, clothed like their King, wearing stars on their foreheads, but not as brilliant as their chief's. I saw them distinctly. Of what they were composed I cannot say; but this I know they possessed a form and looked like human beings. The smallest of these spirits (as I saw them) appeared to be about eighteen inches in height, and well proportioned, the others ranged from eighteen inches to three feet high. The faces of all this band were black, or nearly so. The hair straight and long. The hands well formed. Their features regular. Their eyes bright, mild, and expressive of much intelligence. At a signal of their king or chief, one of the spirit band advanced to the electrical machine and commenced charging it with what I shall term *electricity*. He then took his place in the spirit circle; after which one of the band took up a position by the bass drum, and another by the tenor drum; the others arranged themselves in a row between the machine and the end of the building, leaving their King alone on the table. Koons was then requested to play a tune, which was complied with. There were several tunes played, all of them accompanied by the spirits, with their voices, and on one or more of the following instruments:—bass and tenor drums, triangle, tambourine, harmonica, accordion, and horn. The music in perfect harmony. After thus performing, King asked the elder Koon if he had a better harmonica than the one in use. He answered in the affirmative. King then said "you had better go and bring it." He went as requested, and while gone, King busied himself by asking and answering questions with those present. After a few minutes King observed that Koons was a good while gone, and said, "I think that I had better call him." Whereupon he placed the trumpet to his mouth, and called loudly "Koons! Koons!! Koons!!!" Throwing his voice full seventy feet, through three or four partitions of logs, into the furthest room of Koon's habitation, Koons answering at the loudest pitch of his voice. King then observed "I think I had best blow the trumpet." At this he blew a blast, so loud and shrill that all sprang to their feet as though they had been electrified. On Koons return to the room, King observed that he had been gone a good while, and asked for the harmonica. He then directed one of his band to take the accordion, another the horn, and the remainder of his band to accompany with their voices. Then turning to the audience said, "friends, we will try to entertain you with a spiritual song and spiritual music, our song is one of praise and love." The spirit with the accordion complained that it was out of tune, but would try to remedy the difficulty. King then sang or chanted thus—"Oh! Dear, Oh! Dear, Oh! Dear Koons, what an harmonica and accordion with which to entertain our friends with music and song; yet we will try to harmonise to night these instruments with the voices of spirits bright."

And then was played one of the most difficult of Beethoven's pieces, and played on a common accordion, harmonica, and tin horn, accompanied by four spirit voices. This chant or song seemed to be one of praise, dedicated to God. This concert lasted about ten minutes, after which the spirit King said—"Friend Wilson, your friends are coming, and we now give way to them; my band now bid you good night. I shall stay and assist your friends when they require it."

King's band having now left, in a few moments my father and mother entered hand in hand, followed by my wife and her two children; also Mrs. Wilson's father, mother, sister, brother, and a niece of Mrs. W.'s

My father then said—"My son, I wish you to live a pure and holy life while in the form, in order that you may join us in our spirit home. Throw aside all self; pay that attention to our teachings which we require, and your path will be pleasant to travel in your journey of life. Remember the lessons of truth that you this night receive from us. Look up to the source from whence flows

every blessing. Remember that you have a mansion to prepare for the habitation of your spirit after it leaves the clay form. Let it be built of gems gathered from a multitude of charitable acts, and your spirit shall rejoice in the spirit world with those that love you dearly."

My mother then said—"Yes, my son, remember the council of thy father, and listen to the words of thy mother. Oh! my son, be pure in heart, and love thy neighbour as thyself. Remember thou art preparing thyself for another sphere of action, from which you will look down with pleasure upon this night's lesson. Study well the laws of nature; learn to know thyself. We wish you to advocate the great principle of spiritual truth, viz., the advancement of the whole human family to a higher and holier plan of action, without reference to religious principles, caste or colour. God is love, and through his love we work. And now receive your mother's blessing. GOOD NIGHT."

Then spake my wife.* Words too precious to be recorded here. They were like oil and balm to my weary and wounded soul, and are treasured up in my heart as pearls from the fount of God's everlasting love. She took me by the hand and then pointed up to Heaven, and sweetly smiled as she said—"Prepare, my dear husband, you and your earth companion, prepare for that spirit home that awaits thee and thine up yonder 'mid the spheres where many, many dear spirit-friends await thee. Good night, good night."

Then each of my little ones came forward, took me by the hand, smiled sweetly upon me, and left for their spirit home in Heaven.

Mrs. Wilson's father then gave us through King as follows:—"My children I wish you to learn more of the spirits, pay strict attention to what they tell you. Be on your guard against evil, let your light shine in the world, love each other, love your neighbours, condemn none for their opinions, be truthful in all things, feed the poor, care for the sick, love God with all your heart, be faithful and you shall have joy on earth, and in Heaven you will rejoice that thou didst receive the truth." He then gave us a charge to convey to his widow and other members of his family. We were then told that our spirit friend, in connection with King's band, would write some letters of advice and instruction for us.

LETTER, No. I.

Well friends we will give you a test to read: ——(Here followed half a sheet of characters that we were utterly unable to make out, and have been sent to New York for translation).

No. II.*

☞TO THE PUBLIC.

We have no objections in giving occasional tests to those who use them,—by writing on Books and marked paper. But it must not be expected that we will indulg in it. *To those who seek tests out of a self gratifying motive.*

Let those who are so credulous as to believe all the Bible records. *Also believe the living testimony*, of those who testify to these facts whose daily walk knows no guile. Say to investigators that very frequently, Mediums have to bear the blame for the nonperformance of the demands made upon the Spirits, which would either be improper to perform, or cannot be performed for want of the *Propper means and conditions.*

L. a. de. Quanimo,
de la fonte, Se requiem or *i. e.*
[Honour be to him to whom honour is due.]

No. III.

TO FRIEND WILSON AND LADY.

Rejoice and be exceedingly glad in, and for what you have heard and witnessed. Say to those who wish to visit our Room, not to press too hard upon the Spirits to perform many things. For spirits labor by means which depend upon conditions. More than Will. When you get home; sit: remember tho not to sit in promiscuous circles: and through the instrumentality of yourself and family the Spirits will show you many scenes and visions which will be instructive. Showing you emblematically many things that are yet buried in the future. Sit when you have an impression so to do, in circles of friends, your regular circle, bear with the weakness and imperfections of the members. Recollect that man is not strictly accountable for his own nature.

Given by the presiding Band of Spirits at J. Koons Spirit Room, near Milfield in Dover Athens Co., Ohio, at the request of their Spirit Friends.

* I am living with my second wife.

* This letter was written at the same time that No. I. was,

No. IV.*

BY A SISTER.

To Mrs. Wilson by a Spirit friend who will make himself known at another circle if propper and desired

- Wisdom is envious and delightful,
- Virtue is desirable, upprightful,
- Honour is the crown of both,
- It feeds the hungry, and the naked are clothed.

- Truth is charming,
- Error is alarming,
  - Conscience exercises justice and union,
  - Between *truth* and *error* communion.

The following persons are referred to who will testify to the truth of these statements made by me:—Messrs. Seth Fuller and John Powlson, Chaney, Athens Co., Ohio; Mr. J, Smith and Lady of Warren, Warren Co., Illinois; Mr. Henry Mills and J. Childs, Athens, Ohio; Mr. J. G. Brin of New Orleans; Mr. White of Wheeling, Virginia; Mr. Tipper and family, Millfield, Ohio; with many others. They are, I may add, persons of undoubted respectability, and whose testimony would not be refused in any court of justice in the world.

I remain your's, &c.,

E. V. WILSON.

Toronto, March, 1855.

[We have now given to our readers Mr. Wilson's letter, and trust that those who have read it may have done so patiently. We have on more than one occasion stated that as yet we have never seen anything approaching the supernatural in our sederunts with spiritual mediums; indeed, they have rather shunned us than otherwise, for on an invitation the other evening to witness some physical demonstrations whereby we were to be convinced of and converted to Spiritualism, we were politely informed that the spirits had intimated to the mediums during the course of that day that they would not demonstrate in our presence! Of course we left. We have received an article entitled "Spirit Rapping Unveiled," which shall have insertion, after which we must let this subject drop.]

* NOTE.—Of these letters Nos. 2, 3, and 4 were set up from the original spiritual manuscripts, and are faithful copies. the different type representing the matter written by each spirit.

THE HAZARDS OF AN INVENTOR'S FIRST EXPERIMENT.

The good ship *Boyne*, I believe, went down in the reign of Bluff King Hal, midway between South Sea Castle and Spithead, where, as is well known, the wreck of the *Royal George* gives safe housing to multitudinous conger eels in every part not appropriated by mud and mollusks. Both these famous vessels, overgrown and held together as they are by shells and every description of sea growth, would probably remain submerged in their calm and many-fathomed harbour, throughout all time, but for an occasional freak of their former commander—man, by which scattered portions of them are sent violently up to revisit the day, together with the countless numbers of the unfortunate conger-eels, who may happen at the time to be prowling about their quarters, or within perpendicular range of the powder.

It chanced that on the last performance of this operation upon the body of the good ship *Boyne*, I was residing in the Isle Wight, and took advantage of the invitation of a friend to make one of a party on board his yacht, to witness it. A more auspicious time for an excursion above or below water could not have been. It was a fine June day, with a light southern zephyr stealing and crisping along, just enough to flutter the canvass and give us a sense of motion, and a low glossy swell, every way fitting for the business in hand. After creeping on for something better than a couple of hours in the direction of the aforesaid castle, the buoy of the *Boyne* hove in sight, and presently the Government yacht bearing towards it, followed at a distance by a vast quantity of small craft sailing and pulling their hardest, and full of holiday people anxious to be at the appointed spot in time to observe all the details of the process preparatory to the final "blow up." There was also a sprinkling of yachts, making the whole scene between the blue sky and yet bluer water, lively and lovely in the extreme. About twelve o'clock we had all assembled round the Government yacht, which lay at anchor some two yards from the buoy, and formed a rather numerous fleet, closely

wedged together, though at a respectable distance from the circle marked as the explosion range. It was not long before the diver appeared on deck, to the immense satisfaction of every eye, fully armed and accoutred with the portentous helmet and its thick glass windows, and the slouching waterproof dress we have most of us been made familiar with by the diver of the Polytechnic. I was young then, and watched all his proceedings with intense excitement. When everything was in readiness, and the whole of the apparatus attached and prepared to communicate with him in the perilous fathoms underneath us, and claim him still as a denizen of upper air, he began with the utmost coolness his terrific descent, as I then regarded it: but time and further deeds of science had latterly much eclipsed the undertaking in my imagination. Slowly, and with a cumbrous lurch in every movement, he walked forward, rolling from side to side like a ship in a swell; and presently, swinging his right leg over the taffrail, got on the first step of the ladder, by which he was to steady himself going down, and gave us a full view of his entire equipment. Could Ariosta, or Spenser, or any of the "old creative poets" have seen him, they would have conceived a new monster in their immortal pages. Step by step into the smooth quiescent brine he descended; and I fancy there were few landsmen among us who did not feel—

> Of the old sea some reverential fear,

as on the last glimpse of his immersing helmet the sun shot down a keen parting sparkle, setting the small edying pool that whirled momentarily at the point where he disappeared, in an almost insufferable blaze. I remained gazing dubiously at this for some minutes, marking the agitation of the ropes and pipes that were busily occupied in communicating this world to him. We all agreed that it was very possible to tempt Father Neptune too much, and became doubly in love with our own element as we speculated the chances against him. Terrible stories of divers began to circulate, and some degree of actual apprehension was becoming evident among the most nervous of us, when a lady of the party volunteered to beguile the time during *his absence* with the following narrative relating to the invention of the present much improved diving apparatus, the truth of which she vouched for, and was, indeed, herself one of the principal actors in it.

You know (she began) the clumsy contrivance for exploring under water, they had before this dress you have just been scrutinizing, was invented. You could not travel over a sunken vessel as you now can; and altogether there were so many obvious inconveniences attending it, that it is no wonder many minds were busy about its improvement. How many lay claim to the invention of the present dress I cannot say. Multitudes, probably, in all parts of the globe conceived the idea, and all at the same moment. Any one seeing an elephant floundering about at the bottom of a river, with his trunk protruding from the surface to supply him with air, would have had it suggested to him that with some such contrivance he also would be equally at ease below. But I am not going to make any dispute on that point. My story relates to a gentleman, who, if not the inventor, was certainly an inventor. Born and educated in one of the North American colonies, he had little opportunity of acting upon an idea not his own: and, perhaps, that was to his advantage, for to originate it all, in these days, it seems to me that one must be thrown very much upon one's own resources by a prevising fortune.

From his boyhood his imagination had been fired with tales of wonderful wealth glutted by the deeps. Spanish galleons groaning with treasure, foundered in his dreams, while spreading sail for old Spain, upon some rock on the American coast. Priceless riches were revealed to his sleeping eye at the mouths of mighty rivers; until at last, what with British guineas and Castilian doubloons, and all the vast and various hoards that were constantly flowing before him he began to regard the ocean and its possessions as a peculiar inheritance of his own, waiting only for him to make good his claim. How to do this now became the grand object of his existence. He made his first experiment upon one of his

native rivers. He was then quite a youth, entirely ignorant of his subject, and without any assistance. Having procured some sail-cloth, he carefully tarred it over, and attached it to an old tub; and in this, with a long pipe attached, he let himself down by a rope, and escaped being drowned by miracle. However, nothing daunted, he continued to dive and improve his dress with so much assiduity, that at the expiration of a couple of years, he thought himself justified in announcing to his family his determination to set sail for England with his invention. He succeeded, after an eloquent description of his inflated prospects, in obtaining their consent, and immediately took his passage in a ship bound for London. On his voyage he was no less successful than at home in his magniloquent and glowing pictures of the astounding fortune in store for him now that he was master of the sea, as he termed himself, and set everybody crazy about him. Arriving in England, his first care was to get the ear of the Government, and he lost much time in this fruitless endeavour, as many others have done, and will do. It was during the period when he was thus squandering his time, and what was more precious to him, his hope, that I first made his acquaintance at the house of a friend. I confess I thought him mad. He spoke much, and somewhat incoherently; preluding every sentence with "Let but the Government second me!" "Madam if I am assisted by the Government!" in a lugubriously solemn fashion, peculiar to nonomaniacs. But it was not long before I shared in the general infection, and as seriously concurred in my friend's question as to whether he thought he could gather pearls on a great scale from oyster-beds, as did the others, who had long been under the influence of his wild and fascinating descriptions.

Now, whether he perceived in me greater energy than in the rest, or that I entered into his scemes with more immediate zeal, I do not know; for certain, he condescended to explain the system of his apparatus most elaborately, and with such patience, that before I was aware of it I found myself a pupil. After a month's practice I understood the whole management of it, and satisfactorily superintended his descent in the presence of us all at Herne Bay. The day was clear and the water smooth, as propitious as at present. Everything thing went well, and my incredulous papa, together with other worthy and wary elders of his acquaintance who had treated our diver as a lunatic, and us as I don't know what, were overwhelmingly convinced by seeing him walking about, ten feet below the surface of the water, with as much ease as upon dry land, and remaining there for the space of twenty minutes or more. I myself on that occasion assisted at the working of the pumps, and gained some credit, perhaps; but all other considerations were lost in the magnitude of the invention and the enormous speculations to which it gave rise. "As well think of flying in the air," said my dear papa to me on the previous night. Flying in the air seemed not at all an improbable matter now to any one. But the great thing required was capital, since it appeared that from "Government" nothing could be expected. It was agreed, therefore, that a "capitalist," as you call it, must be hunted out and secured without delay.

At last a gentleman answering to this description was lighted on, who listened with attention and some amount of interest to the marvellous results to be obtained by this wonderful discovery. Finally, which was the principal matter, who consented to witness its efficacy, and promised, if satisfied therewith to furnish wherewithal to carry out the splendid projects of our diving friend. Accordingly, a day was fixed, and every preparation made as before, only this time we did not go to the sea-side, but hired a lighter moored alongside a breakwater in the Thames, opposite Arundel Stairs, for the day.

I now come to the exciting part of my story, for what you have heard is a mere preliminary to this chapter.

About eleven o'clock in the morning we were all on board. My good papa—who had always a latent dread that I should be one day wanting to make a descent myself, and therefore never allowed me to go without him,—the "capitalist," a well-bred but

rather apprehensive gentleman; our diver—for as his name need not be known to you, that is his best appellation; a man conversant with the working, everything connected with the undertaking, and instructed for all possible emergencies; and myself. We had chosen again the finest weather, and were screened from observation on both shores as effectually as we wished by outlying barges and river craft. Having attired himself as usual to our satisfaction, and the especial astonishment of him for whom the exhibition was chiefly intended, our diver stood prepared. I need not make any minute description of the dress to you, as you have just had ample opportunity of inspecting it, and whatever trifling improvements have since been made in it, its general aspect is the same. The only alteration he had thought proper to devise was the removal of what is called the escape-pipe from the neck to the right side of the waist, in order to obviate the difficulty he had previously found in stooping when at the bottom. There is, besides, as you may have observed, a pipe from the helmet for the supply of air, a strong rope passing round his waist and under his arms for the purpose of letting him down, and a signal-line. The depth of the water was now taken and found to be about twenty feet. To this measure the letting-down rope was lengthened and adjusted. He then stationed the man to pay off this rope; and the gentleman under my superintendence, he placed at the air-pump. But I should also have informed you, that at the suggestion of another person engaged in the invention, and, indeed, one of those who lay the highest claim to the bringing it to perfection, he had, instead of weighting his feet with lead, as he had been accustomed to do in order to steady his footing, put the weights upon his shoulders. This was to give stability to the whole body, and was, I doubt not, a well-conceived idea, but it turned out very disastrously in the result. I believe it is customary now to put a certain weight both upon the shoulders and the feet. He was either overruled, or willing to adopt any experiment likely to improve his invention. Indeed, with that object constantly in view, I know nothing that he would not have hazarded. He would have gone down in chain-armour without hesitation, I am sure. However, of this change in his dress he told us nothing at the time, and we probably were in too great excitement to remark it. Everything in his appearance seemed the same, and we were far from encouraging any evil anticipation. On the contrary, we were in excellent spirits and full of confidence.

When he had inspected the pump and tested the strength and soundness of the rope, he announced by a motion that he was in condition to go over the side of the vessel. One thing had been forgotten, we here found. The short ladder which you see hanging yonder (pointing to the government yacht), and which, extending about two feet below the surface, serves to assist the descent by preserving the body from swinging about at the first offset, we had unfortunately left behind us; but he would not permit the lack of this to be an obstacle. Getting astride the—what do you call it?—taffrail; well, sitting on this he let himself slowly over, and motioning us to our posts and the man to be on the alert to pay off the rope, hung a moment or so to the side of the vessel, which was not high out of the water, and quietly disappeared.

Meanwhile we all worked vigorously. The man paid off the rope, and Mr. C—— (our capitalist) returned from his perusal of the water (into which I observed him peer with much earnestness and visible trepidation), and took his place beside my papa. I think he was beginning to imagine himself engaged in some horrible crime, he set to work with such anxious energy. I was several times compelled to check his desperate pumping. We had a watch before us, and I studied the seconds, I may say. Presently, three minutes, that seemed three hours, had elapsed.

"Anything at the signal-line?" said my papa to me. I asked the man.

"Nothing yet, miss."

All's well, then.

I walked to the spot where he was last seen. The water was unruffled, and gave no intelligence of a breathing human being beneath it. There was nothing to be alarmed at in that, but still I would rather have beheld a turbulent and unquiet surface. At least, I expected to see a few ripples; but as

it was so much deeper than at Herne Bay, I had not the means of judging whether this was of evil augury or the reverse.

"Anything at the signal-line?" asked the gentleman rather nervously, as they saw me come back with a grave face.

"Nothing yet, miss," cried the man in reply to my passing of the question.

All's well still.

Five minutes had now passed. He told us he intended to explore the bed of the river, and should be down five minutes or a little more. A little more? How long was a little more? I looked at the water again. It was, as before, perfectly smooth and calm. There was the air-pipe—there the signal-line;—were they as much agitated as they ought to be? I asked myself. I was then beginning to get frightened; but knowing how much depended on my firmness, and that I might exercise this fully, he would allow no other lady to come and accompany me; knowing this, and that a betrayal of apprehension would have endangered the presence of mind of all the party, I made an effort and remained silent.

It was now six minutes by the watch that he had been down. "Anything at the signal-line?" inquired my papa, for the third time. I was about to give another disconsolate negative, when the man suddenly sung out,—

"Signal for more air, miss!"

How eagerly they relieved their minds with furious pumping! I longed to be able to do the same. I walked from the signal-line to the air pump in a terrible state of nervous restlessness. I had much ado to keep myself from calling out. Six minutes and a half—nearly seven minutes it was now!

Again the man cried,—

"Signal for more air, miss!"

More air? My father and Mr. C. were pumping as hard as men could. More air could not be given. The man repeated the order.

I went up to the air-pump, and by a happy impulse—I cannot call it an idea—put my hand upon the air-pipe. I was astonished to feel a strange vibration in it, that I could not account for, and a kind of pulling and tugging. I asked the gentlemen to feel it, and they corroborated this. Seriously terrified now, I ran up to the man and told him. He did not hesitate an instant, but exclaiming, "By George! he's drowning!" roared for the others to lend a hand and haul him up at once.

The awful words had not been unheard by them. The pump was abandoned, and all three began hauling with might and main. I leaned over in order to signal his coming up. What a dreadful time it seemed! I verily believed he was lost. Half in the fear of seeing him when he appeared, and half dreading that I was looking to no purpose. I put my hands across my eyes, and strained down the lids till they shot fire. A soughing, plunging noise awakened me from this trance. I dashed aside my hands, and saw the well-known helmet just emerging. No sooner had I caught sight of it than I turned round to tell them, and was on the point of ejaculating "He's safe!" when all the horror I subsequently beheld, greeted me like a reflection in the faces of the three men.

Mr. C——, with his hands thrown up and his eyes dilated, stood as if frozen with fright. My poor papa's face I shall never forget. He strove to speak, but his tongue refused. Large drops rolled down his forhead. He did nothing but point to the water with a spasmodic movement of his shoulder, and looked as though deprived of all physical or mental power. The only capable being at that moment among us was the man. He came up to me stealthily, and with a countenance pale as death, said huskily—

"Look at that, miss!"

Not till my dying day shall I obiterate the picture that presented itself to me as I mechanically followed his direction.

Stretched in a cross,—arms and legs inflated and distorted to their utmost possible span, floated a monstrous bladder, of which the only part we could recognise as belonging to our poor friend was the helmet. This hung partially down, but we could see it literally crusted with mud. The windows of it, too, were covered over and quite blind. But you can better conceive my situation than I can describe what I saw. I did not look for more than a minute. That was enough,

you may well say. The dreadful sight reeled before me, and I was falling with an overwhelming feeling of sickness, when Mr. C—— caught me in his arms, saying,—"For heaven's sake! don't now, that's an excellent girl! What *shall* we do without you?"

Whether it is that I am not given to fainting, or that the intense ludicrousness of this exhortation struck irresistibly on the high-strung excitement I was in, I am not prepared to say, but my fit passed off, and I began to laugh violently. You must not be shocked or astonished at this. All who have been in similiar positions will bear witness to the truth of the anomaly, and to the little irreverence and real laughter in it.

However, this recovered me.

The great question now was, how to get him on board. There was no time to be lost in debating this; so, armed with poles and hitchers, the three men endeavoured to get a hold on him. Alas! so buoyant was the dress that every touch only served to set it dancing on the water, and in every effort that was made we were mocked in this manner. At last they contrived to get him close alongside the vessel; and while the man held it with his pole, Mr. C—— and my papa reached over, and with both hands tried to seize it. This also was impracticable, the dress being swollen out so tight as to preclude all grasp from being taken of it. Times and times they tried without avail, until quite worn out they turned and stared on one another in a sort of helpless despair.

All this while, though I could do nothing, the man had not been idle. Seeing a boat sweeping down the stream on the other side of us, some ten yards distant, he hailed it, and presently they came round us. Not having seen such an exhibition before, I suppose they were astonished, but they soon set to helping us in earnest, on our telling them that the life of a human being was in danger. Two men were in the boat. One, a tall and active youth, after making a few fruitless gripes at the dress, told his mate to hold on to us and stand by; when jumping into the water with one hand on the side of the boat, he managed to get his shoulder underneath our poor friend, and pressing against us, finally pushed him with an oar so far up that our party were enabled to lay hold of him and hoist him on board.

What a spectacle it was! even more horrifying than at its first appearance on the surface of the water. The inflation had not at all subsided, and very little of the mud had fallen away from the helmet. The boatman held him upright on a seat, while we attempted to get the helmet off,—but somehow in had become so fixed that our united strength was unequal to the task. We then wiped away the mud from the window or eye-glasses, and began to unscrew them. While doing this, all of us were conscious, I am sure, that there was a gloomy question passing from breast to breast, but no word was uttered. With considerable difficulty we got off the glasses, and then all crowded together and looked in.

"If there's life in his body, its just as much as there is," said the man.

The face was blue and lifeless, like what I have heard of the appearance of drowned men, dreadful to look upon. We cut away the helmet from the neck, and released him from this load immediately. The other portion of the dress then collapsed, and from these, too, he was quickly freed. We then set to work chafing his hands and using every method within our knowledge to revive him.

After an agony of suspense which lasted I cannot say how long, we had the inexpresible joy to hear a deep sigh escape from his chest. This first symptom of resuscitation was followed by a tremulous motion of the eyelids, and then the eyes opened quite wide, and a more natural hue took possession of the cheeks. You may guess what a solemn relief this was to us. Soon, also, the hands we were chafing became less rigid, and the eyes assumed an inquiring look, like that of a waking child. It was, however, a long while ere he could speak and give us an account of the disaster, for we were totally ignorant as to how it happened.

His first exclamation when speech returned was to ask where was Mr. C——.

Mr. C—— stepped forward, and was congratulating himself and our friend on the happy recovery manifest in his appearance, when the latter sent him three paces back,

by desiring him to go with my papa to the pump while he rehabilitated himself in his dress and prepared to go down again.

"Go—down—a-gain!" stammered Mr. C——; "do you mean what you are saying?"

"Certainly!" replied he. "You have not seen the proper working of the thing yet. The accident occurred in the most natural manner in the world. I have only to move the weights from my shoulders, regulate your pumping, and the letting-down line, and all will go right."

"Well!" said Mr. C——, "you are master of your own actions. Do as you please. All I can say is, *I'll* never witness any such folly twice."

He then made arrangements with the boatmen to take him away forthwith, fearful, I suppose, of being made an involuntary accomplice in another descent. That was the last he saw of his "capitalist," Mr. C——.

I have now given you a faithful account of all that passed above water; but my story will not be complete without adding our diver's version of his adventure under water. It is necessary that I should premise again, in order to heighten your attention, that all I tell you is strictly true, and that my share in the transaction is no fiction? However, I can do no more than pledge you my word, and proceed.

The changing of the weights from the feet to the shoulders, I have previously alluded to, and that it was the cause of the unsuccessful issue of the descent. Nevertheless, it would have been perfectly harmless, but for another unforeseen circumstance. This was, that the man at the rope, instead of paying it off quietly and gradually, and as he felt the demand for it, as it were, no sooner saw the helmet disappear, than, either loosing his head or forgetting his instructions, he began to let the rope slip through his hands as fast as he could—with a run, you would say. We none of us noticed it at the time, being too excited and absorbed with our own duties, or we should not have allowed him to remain down so long. But the consequence of this foolish piece of business was, that instead of his going down by easy stages and in a natural manner, he, on a sudden, owing to his unhappy top-heaviness; turned entirely over, and plunging precipitately head-foremost to the bottom of the river, became fixed the depth of his helmet in the mud and slime congregated there. In this, as I think of it now that the terror has worn away, ludicrous position, we continued to pump air into him, inflating him as hard as we could, little conscious that his feet were pointing towards us, and that our efforts were nearly consummating the disaster. Can you conceive any situation more dreadful than his at that moment? I was anxious to ascertain his state of mind on becoming aware of the catastrophe which had happened to him, and the extent of the danger by which he was menaced, and asked him whether he was collected enough to devise any project of escape. He informed me he was quite cool and able to calculate every possible chance in his favour. His first thought was—what will they think of this when they see me hauled up? His second—there is an end of the long-dreamed-of "capitalist." He then imagined what we should be doing. He very soon knew from the fact of no alteration being made in his position, that the accident had escaped our observation, and that his only hope was in being able to hold out until we became apprehensive, or thought he had been down long enough. He then distinctly called to mind the "five minutes or a 'little more,'" which he had stated would be the time of his stopping under, and which so perplexed me as I revolved it, in doubt whether to clench it at once, or leave all to his judgment. He guessed rightly that I should, for fear of giving alarm, do nothing without a signal from him. His principal care, therefore, was to get possession of the signal line, and communicate his misfortune to us in the shape of three regular pulls—the number concerted to intimate his readiness to return. But to his dismay, found his arms quite powerless in this extremity, and he became momentarily more puffed and swollen with air. He was not able even to feel whether the escape-pipe was all right. Admonished thus that no earthly effort of his own could any longer avail him, he was preparing to await the result with what confidence he could summon, when a new and extraordinary sensation surprised him, and almost banished the last vestige of hope from his breast. This was caused by

an undefined chill underneath the left ear, as if some strange cold finger were touching him there. An irresistible thrill of horror prevented him from immediately considering what this might be. Presently he felt it again. It was ice-cold, and curdled his blood. Again the finger touched him. He was beginning to loose his self-command, when with a shudder no less awful than his first emotion he felt the finger creep from the hollow behind his ear, across his cheek, across his closed eyelid, and slide over his forehead. At the same moment, a ghastly consciousness came upon him that this was nothing other than—a drop of water!

To a man of so much firmness and so many expedients, it was far better to know the worst at once, than long to suffer a tormenting horror without ascertaining its cause. Accordingly, forlorn and lost as his condition now seemed to him, it was yet a relief for him to understand to what to attribute it. The water, it appears, came through a scarcely perceptible, I cannot call it, hole, just beneath the neck, which may have existed previously, but was most probably made by the jerk, and strain of the precipitate descent. He perceived this instantly, and as, drop by drop, the water stole in and trickled down—forming gradually a small but constantly-increasing pool among his hair at the top of the helmet—he still had the resolution and presence of mind to count calmly and accurately the length of time it would take before the water would rise above his forehead and finally above his mouth. From this—which I regard as an act of unparalleled fortitude—he derived some consolation; for he calculated that at least ten minutes would elapse before it could rise sufficiently to drown him, and he felt thoroughly sure that we should not let him remain down so long.

He calculated from the intervals between the falling of every drop, to which he was vividly alive, that there would be on an average sixty drops in a minute; counting each drop as a second of time, he had as faithful a watch to consult as I possessed. But how solemn and terrible a one! Death-drops they must have seemed. I confess that since he related the whole dreadful adventure to me I have frequently awoke in the night and shuddered to think of it. You will say I must have considerable nerve to have been able and willing to assist in such an undertaking at all. I have; but I think that from that time I have been a little more reserved and timid; more inclined to agree with those prescient gentlemen who think that the proper sphere of woman is inside the four walls of the Englishman's castle.

The water had now risen above his forehead, and was imperceptibly getting on a level with his eyes, which he had to keep tightly shut, when another and even more ominous sensation drove him to despair. The pressure of his reversed position forcing his entire body against the helmet, aided also, I suppose, by the rushing of blood to the head, began to threaten him with strangulation. In the contemplation of this new calamity, and the loss of all hope consequent upon it, he forgot everything else. Moreover, the actual pain he was suffering became very acute. He thus forgot his reckoning of the water-drops, and having no other means of distinguishing the time, surrendered his mental powers without further resistance. His last idea, he told me, before becoming oblivious of his horrible situation, was, that he was from a distance painlessly contemplating himself as a dead man, without any alteration of the circumstances which brought him to that pass. He was conscious, too, of the water still rising, and that it had covered his eyes and part of his nose. But hope had gone, and life was fast following her.

It was in this juncture that I happened to put my hand upon the air-pump, and felt the extraordinary pulling and vibration of which I have spoken, and the reason for which I cannot explain. You know the rest. That saved his life. But if ever a superior Providence inspired human being, I think I may lay claim to its assistance and benign whisper on that occasion, and am not ungrateful.

I have now done. I could adduce many things that would satisfy the most sceptical (for with all your gallantry it is possible there may be some such among you) of the truth of my story; but I cannot do so without trespassing upon private history. It will be enough for me to say that he made many successful descents afterwards. Perhaps, for

my own sake, I should add that I never took part again in any one. As for his being at all daunted by the mishap with which I have entertained you, his first question to Mr. C—— on recovering, will convince you of the contrary. He was never daunted by any difficulty or any danger.

"And see," she continued, pointing to the Government yacht, "I have measured my time well."

We looked, and with much additional interest observed the helmet of the diver just emerging, and soon again the whole amphibious dress came into view. We were very glad to see it return to the day.

A signal was now given for us all to sheer off; and immediately the water was ploughed with a hundred oars, and every sail spread out to what wind could be coaxed. The boats formed a wide circle, outside of which were the yatchts and sailing craft. We had not to wait long in suspense, for we were not in position five minutes before the explosion took place. First with a tremendous roar like that of many thousand angry bulls, burst up an enormous body of water. How high it ascended I am not prepared to say, but the spray of it drenched one or two of the nearest boats at least fifty yards distant: then followed a glaring sheet of fire, reminding me of the copper mountain seen by the light of the meridian by the third calendar (a king's son), in the *Arabian Nights*. Again, but with a more muffled noise and not so high, there rose a second tower of brine, and another pant of flame, as if some vast dragon of the deeps were venting forth in uttermost rage and exhaustive fury the torment of his all-consuming death-throes. Then came the roll and swell of the agitated water towards us, and all was over. Then dashed in the most daring of the boatmen, to ride at ease like victors upon the still turbulent surface, whence issued the mouth of flame. Then wherries raced one another, and crashed together in the scramble for relics of the good ship *Boyne*, whose going down caused such grief to the nation in old time;—tears, sighs, sobs to mother, maid, and widow; consternation and dismay to throned heads and loyal hearts. There was one boat overset in this same scramble, and but for prompt help, an elderly gentleman would have descended as a peace-offering (without apparatus) to the injured remains of the good ship *Boyne*. Then did fairest dames and damsels of note utter little screams, and affecting a lovely dread of still slumbering volcanoes underneath them, gaze over the side of the boats at their own Vesuvian faces. Then did frolicsome youths make long frantic grasps at the scorched bodies of unfortunate conger-eels floating lifeless around them, wherewith to pelt all and sundry whose evil luck should bring them within range. Then did boatmen vociferate that this fish and that fish fell from the air into their boats. Finally, then did we among the rest wend homeward to the darling little island, what time the June sun was visibly sloping westward between slips of dazzlingly-glorious golden cloud; and all in the sheen of the sleeping sea the scattered fleet of holiday folk, with a pleasure which may Heaven make eternal in their memories as they have made it vividly live in mine, laughed, sang, rowed away, till the denizens of Portsmouth, and those of the little island, were but as a gleam of light to each other in the wide-striking splendour of the sunset.

SPRING.

Haste—O haste thee smiling Spring,
And with thee all thy beauties bring;
Come quick, thou bright eye'd beauteous Maid,
In all thy various charms array'd.
Arouse,—awake the sleeping Earth,
And let thy deeds proclaim their worth;
In blushing verdure cloth the plains,
Where now alone rude Winter reigns.
In foliage gay the trees adorn,
That long have stood sad and forlorn;
With naked heads and arms all bear,
The chilly wind and freezing air;
While running streams and purling brooks
Shall gather gladness from thy looks;
And as they roll and rush along,
Break forth into a grateful song.
O'er each mead attired I ween,
In robe of rarest fairy green,
Shall be sprinkled gaudy flowers,
That neath thy smiles and genial showers,
Their fragile forms with caution rear,
And thrive beneath their fostering care.
With grateful scent, and colours gay,
They shall to thee their homage pay;
From budding copse, and wooded dell,
The early song of birds shall swell.

A. Hetherton.

THE APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER I.

One of those sad scenes which so often fall to the lot of poverty occurred about the middle of January, 18—, in one of the most wretched houses of the faubourg of Bâle, at Mulhouse, on the Rhine. In the midst of a garret, the broken windows of which admitted the sharp winter winds, and upon a miserable wooden frame, serving as a bed, a woman, apparently about forty years of age, was extended in a state of great suffering. The deadly palor of her countenance announced that life was drawing to a close.

The widow Kesmall had struggled for several years against the most severe privations; and in order to obtain sustenance for her family, she had undertaken an excess of labour which had at length brought her to the door of death. On the decease of her husband, two children had remained to her charge, the eldest being scarcely four years old; and it was to support them that her energies had been tasked night and day, until exhausted nature could assist her no more. One day, on entering the room, more overcome than usual with fatigue, she cast a despairing look at the empty cupboard, and turning to the younger son, Frederick, she said, with tearful eyes—

"My boy, God will have pity upon us, but from to-day do not rely upon me for support, for my strength is failing. You can work well; the overseer of the factory in which you are employed likes you; and when he knows that you and your brother are destitute, he will not refuse to assist you;" then turning to François, the elder boy, the dying mother said, "remain near Frederick—he is your best companion, and will advise you always. Do not feel hurt that, although younger than yourself he is more intelligent than you are. He knows that God has given him everything, and he will not wound your feelings." Taking the hand of François she added, "swear to me that you will not separate from your brother, and that you will not seek a home elsewhere, except with him."

François obeyed, weeping bitterly, and the countenance of the poor mother as she gazed tenderly, and for the last time, upon her children was illumined with a sudden gleam of pleasure; extending her hands upon the heads of her kneeling children, she implored, in a broken voice, the blessing of Providence upon them, and breathed her last sigh.

The next day the two orphans followed the corpse to its last home. A parish funeral had been provided; and excepting the sorrowful countenances of Frederick and his brother, nothing could have shown the relationship between them and the dead, for they had no money to purchase the habiliments of mourning.

Left now to themselves, the brothers pursued different occupations, François, who had felt unsettled and uneasy by the death of his mother—for the departure of those who have loved us cannot but touch even the most frivolous-minded—found no other means of escaping from bitter thoughts than by idle amusements. The day following the funeral of his mother, he sought the company of a few dissolute youths of his own age, and speedily forgot his cares.

Frederick pursued a very different course. When his grief had subsided, he thought the best way of showing obedience to the dying wishes of his parent was to work with zeal; and he accordingly returned to the manufactory in which he was engaged, his eyes red with weeping, his countenance pale and sorrowful, but with a resolute determination in his heart to labour and improve himself.

The proprieter, Mr. Kartmann, on passing near the lad, stopped and said to him, with some severity—

"You have been absent several days; I hope you are not going wrong. You used to be punctual in your attendance here."

"I have been taking care of my sick mother, sir," replied Frederick.

"She is then better, I hope?"

"She is dead, sir," and the tears which flowed down the boy's cheeks testified the depth of his sorrow.

Mr. Kartmann was surprised and touched.

"Poor child," he said, regarding Frederick with compassion. "When did this occur?"

"Two days ago."

"Then," replied the manufacturer, "go home, my boy, and rest yourself. You can return to your work at the end of the week, and you shall receive your salary the same as if you had been here."

"Thank you, sir, for this kindness; but I would rather stay and work. From her home in heaven, I am sure, my mother would be happier to see me thus occupied."

Mr. Kartmann, who was a generous-hearted man, appeared much struck with the observations of his young apprentice; and placing a hand tenderly upon his head, he said to him—

"You shall take your place in the first class of my apprentices, Frederick, and receive an increased salary."

The perseverance and industry of the orphan were not merely confined to the work upon which he was engaged. Mr. Kartmann had announced to his work-people that he should establish a school for them, in which they could learn, gratuitously, the elementary branches of education, when the labours of the day were over. Frederick was overjoyed at this news. It was the only means by which he could acquire knowledge; and when the day arrived that the school was to be opened, he left the workshop full of ardour and resolution, determined to profit by what he should hear, and thus improve his condition. In a very short time he had overcome the first difficulties of a learner: and by incessant application during the brief intervals of leisure, he speedily acquired an amount of information which surprised those who superintended the school exercises, and won their esteem. Not so François, whose idle habits seemed deeply rooted, and who showed a thorough contempt for learning. Frederick had offered to give him a few lessons in reading and writing, but this was scornfully refused. "What use is reading to me, when I can never be anything else than a weaver?" he would observe; and his brother found it useless to continue his endeavours to lead François in the right path.

Two years passed thus, and during this time Frederick had received a further increase of salary. On Mr. Kartmann's birthday, when all the workmen had assembled to wish him happiness, the manufacturer beckoned the young apprentice to approach, and giving him a piece of gold, he said—

"Receive this, my young friend, as the reward I give to the most attentive and studious of my work people. You most surely deserve it."

A piece of gold! this was a good fortune which Frederick had never dared to expect. It was the realization of his brighest dreams. Two hours afterwards he was in his simple lodging, eagerly turning the pages of some books he had bought with the money. These were chiefly treatises on geometry and arithmetic, for which pursuits he had taken a great liking.

Frederick and his brother had lodged together in the house of a good woman named Ridler. The dissipated habits in which François indulged kept him often from home, and at this time he had been absent a fortnight. The younger brother felt bitterly the degradation to which François was reduced by his vices, and did all in his power to reclaim him, but ineffectually. One evening, when he had completed his studies, Frederick, rendered uneasy at the prolonged absence of his brother, was walking the garden, buried in his sad reflections, when he suddenly heard a voice, which he recognized as that of François. Turning round he saw his brother, whose soiled clothes and haggard features showed plainly how he had been engaged.

Frederick was so overcome with shame and sadness at the appearance of François that he could not speak; but the latter, whose careless disposition relieved him from such feelings, soon broke the silence.

"You find me somewhat changed, do you not?" he observed in a tone of levity; "but since I saw you last, I have not been in clover, and I have often slept with a hungry stomach."

"Why have you kept away so long from home?" inquired Frederick.

"For the best of all reasons because I was tired of work. The overseer of the manufactory in which I was engaged perceived that I was not in love with my occupation, and I was dismissed about fifteen days since."

"This is unfortunate, because we have nothing but what our hands can get for us; but this could be no reason for dissipation."

"I was afraid that Mrs. Ridler, seeing me without work, would not receive me."

"Perhaps, at my request, she would have consented; besides, you knew that so long as I have a morsel of bread and a bed, you might always have your share."

"Yes; but I expected a few sermons with it, and I don't like them. Besides, I wanted to see the country. I have taken a trip to Switzerland, for every one says it is so beautiful, and one can live there for nothing. This was tempting, considering my circumstances; but these mountaineers are brutes, for when I begged for something to eat, they replied that I was old enough to gain my living."

"I quite understand this," observed Frederick, quietly, "for there is no country without workers, and this cannot be considered a misfortune, but what really may be termed one, is the willingness to be idle."

"This is all very good for you who pride yourself upon your wisdom and morality; as for me, I was born to be rich, and I ought to have been brought up as such."

"Listen," said Frederick; "you may rail as you like, but no complaints of your lot will change it. You must therefore be content to accept it such as it is. Children of workpeople, as we are, it is not for us to desire ease. Our great effort should be to live without wanting the charity of the rich, and for this we have no other resources than our hands. The weak alone have a right to complain; but when one has strength and health, work is easy."

"Have I not told you," replied François, in a tone of ill humour, "that I had been driven from the Factory? What, therefore is the use of liking work, when one cannot get it!"

"But there are other factories at Mulhouse than that in which you were employed, and with good inclinations you could soon find something."

"Yes, go from door to door, asking if I am wanted? This is a pleasant occupation?"

"Do you think it is less humiliating than to ask for charity? But since this plan is distasteful, I will spare you the pain. To-morrow I will speak to Mr. Kartmann, and perhaps he will receive you in his workshop. Should you like this?"

"I have no other resource."

Frederick did not wish to prolong an interview that distressed him; besides, his brother seemed greatly fatigued; he therefore led him to his chamber.

Mrs. Ridler would not, at first, receive Francois, for whom she had a great aversion, in her house; but at the earnest entreaty of his brother, she at length consented. The night which succeeded the return of the vagrant was passed very differently by the two brothers. The elder slept soundly, and did not bestow a though upon the morrow—but the repose of Frederick was broken by a thousand troublesome reflections. He was chiefly afraid that Mr. Kartmann would not receive François.

On the following morning the brothers proceeded to the residence of the manufacturer, and Frederick explained, with a faltering tongue, the object of his visit. He would have liked to pass in silence the bad conduct of his brother; but when Mr. Kartmann inquired the reason of his leaving the factory in which he had been engaged, Frederick concealed nothing, for he would not tell an untruth.

"These are sad antecedents," observed the manufacturer, shaking his head; "however," he added, addressing François, "I will take you into my service; but remember, that I do this in consideration of your younger brother, whose example I would advise you to imitate."

With a respectful salutation the brothers quitted the presence of Mr. Kartman, Frederick with a grateful heart, but François with a feeling of resentment and wounded pride at the humiliation he had received, which augured badly for the future.

"It seems you are somebody here," he said to his brother, as they descended the staircase; "you have only to ask and you obtain your wish. In future I shall know to whom I ought to address myself when I want anything."

"I do my duty, and my employer knows

it," replied Frederick. "This is the only reason why I have any influence."

Several months passed away without any change occurring in the situation of the two brothers. The eldest, as we have said, was admitted into the factory of Mr. Kartmann; and although he displayed little zeal, he had not yet incurred censure. As to Frederick, the good qualities which had attracted the notice of his employer, became more strongly developed. His intelligence, attained by self-culture and perseverance, placed him far above the other apprentices; and the scrupulous attention he paid to the work given to him, rendered him of great use.

From the nature of his employment in the immense manufactories of Mr. Kartmann, which comprised the preparation of cotton from the weaving to the printing of the material, he had often admired the patterns from which the cottons received its elegant designs, and this contemplation had awakened in him a strong desire to imitate them. To be admitted into the work-room in which these were prepared, and to learn how these were done was the height of his ambition; but he dared not openly express a wish to this effect. He thought at first of asking Mr. Kartmann's permission, but he was afraid of a refusal. However, experience had shown him what could be accomplished by his own efforts, and he determined to pass his dinner-hour, while the workmen were absent, in teaching himself the art. A young apprentice in the workshop was taken into confidence, who informed him how the objects required in the art were used. In a short time Frederick was able to trace a design of some merit. He continued thus for several months, without any one knowing how his leisure was employed; and it is probable that he would have become an expert self taught artist, but for an event which occurred in the winter of 18—.

One day, when, according to custom, he was in the designers' room, he heard a step approaching, which caused him some fear, lest he should be found in the apartment without being able to produce some authority for his presence. He stepped hastily towards a cupboard, which had served him as a refuge on several similar occasions. From his place of concealment he could not see what passed in the room, but from the noise that was made he fancied several persons had entered. He had only thought at first of concealment; but, after some minutes, the precautions that were taken, and the subdued voices of those around him, caused him to listen attentively.

"Have you quite closed the door?" inquired some one.

"Look about and see if there is any one," observed another voice.

"Why this fear of a surprise?" said Frederick to himself. A strange feeling of terror possessed the youth, and he scarcely dared to breathe. Something told him that there was a conspiracy going on, and that Providence had designed him to be the discoverer of some villany. He had never passed a more anxious moment.

When the intruders had considered themselves free from any surprise, one of them spoke; and in a low but determined voice, which showed what importance he attached to his words, he explained the project he had conceived. This was nothing less than forcing, in the middle of the night, the windows of the room in which Mr. Kartmann kept his chest of money. Frederick gathered from explanations which were given, that those who had set this plot in motion were some workpeople of the factory: and as this conviction arose, he could scarcely repress his horror; but feeling how important it was that he should hear all the details of the affair, he remained silent and attentive.

To every one some task was assigned.

"One of us," observed the speaker who had introduced the plot, "must enter first by the broken window. Let us see who is the thinnest. François must be the one."

At the mention of his brother's name, Frederick felt a cold perspiration damp his brow, and his limbs trembled violently; but when he heard François assent to the instructions given to him, he had no longer command over his grief, and a cry of agony broke from him.

A dead silence reigned for an instant

among the workmen. At length one of them said—

"Whence came that sound?"

"From some one in this chamber."

A search was soon made, and Frederick was dragged from his concealment, and confronted with the conspirators. He was interrogated about the matter on which they had been speaking, in order that they might find out how much he knew of their plans.

"You have heard everything that has been said, have you not?"

"Yes," replied Frederick, firmly.

Dark and menacing looks were upon him, but the boy did not lose courage. A debate ensued among the men upon what should be done respecting him. Several opinions were given, and some even went so far as to declare that the surest way of obtaining his silence would be to kill him; but this proposition was intended more to frighten the boy than the perpetration of a crime so heinous. At length it was agreed that he should be shut up until the next day, as the robbery was to be effected that evening. The difficulty was to find a suitable place. One of the workmen proposed a garret which he occupied in the building. It was, he urged, in a part of the house which was never required in the business, and it had only one window, overlooking a small court, in which no one entered.

This proposition was accepted, and Frederick was conducted by an old delapidated staircase to a chamber, into which he was thrust, and the door was bolted and locked upon him. Nothing could exceed the distress of the young prisoner when, after making a strict inspection of his apartment, he found himself deprived of all communication with the building. He sat down, and remained some time in a state of despair which a knowledge of what was shortly to take place rendered agonizing. He would have given anything to be able to communicate to his employer what had happened. He thought of his benefactor and his brother on the verge of ruin, without an opportunity being afforded him of warning them. Several hours passed in this terrible uncertainty, he became feverish and excited; and notwithstanding that the cold was excessive, feeling his head burning with anxiety and fear, he opened the window, thinking that the air would revive him. He remained some time in this position, gazing vacantly upon objects around him, when suddenly his eye rested upon the pipe of a chimney belonging to a wing of the house; and from the position of which, he knew it must belong to the bureau of Mr. Kartmann. An idea occurred to him, and he hastily retired from the window to put it in execution. From his fondness for drawing he had the habit of always carrying about with him paper and pencil; both were now put in requisition, and he wrote a hurried note to Mr. Kartmann, in which he warned him of the impending danger, and told him where he was confined.

This done, he again approached the window. The factory, like most buildings devoted to the same object, was very lofty. Frederick, for an instant, regarded the height from the window to the roof; but the difficulty was not so formidable as to deter him from a most pressing duty. Often in his childish games he had climbed trees, and traversed the roofs of small houses, and he still possessed his agility and a firm step. He mounted upon the window-ledge, and found that he could reach, with a spring, the top of the house; and then proceeding by the side of the roof, along a narrow gutter placed there to carry off the water, he arrived near the chimney, which was the object of his dangerous adventure. Here an obstacle presented itself, for he had to climb over a roof which was very slippery and inclined; but, by dint of great precaution, he passed over, and was enabled to touch the top of the chimney. Wishing, at first, to attract the attention of the persons who worked in the bureau of Mr. Kartman, he threw down the pipe, some pieces of hard lime he saw lying about; and then, when he thought that the moment had arrived, he let fall the note, placed between two tiles, which he took from the roof, in order that the paper might be preserved from the flames. This accomplished, he made his way back to his chamber.

Frederick expected an immediate deliverance; but some hours passed without any

one appearing. Already five o'clock had sounded from all the clocks in the city. He was constantly at the door, listening eagerly for some footstep on the stairs, but all was silent. What was the reason of this? Perhaps his note had not reached Mr. Kartmann? All the agony of uncertainty in so fearful a crisis smote upon the mind of the youth. At length, as night had settled over everything, he fancied that a step sounded cautiously and lightly without. He was correct in his supposition; a key was turned gently in the lock of the door, and the boy heard the voice of his employer calling to him in a subdued tone—

"Come," he said, taking his hand; "silence above everything. They must not know of your freedom."

Then conducting him down stairs, he took Frederick into his room, and embracing him tenderly, bade him remain there without being afraid.

Mr. Kartmann having left to assure himself that every precaution had been duly taken, Frederick remained alone in the office. He ardently wished to see his brother; but after the instruction he had received from his employer, he did not like to leave. One moment, he thought of avowing the share his brother had in the conspiracy, and begging the manufacturer to pardon François; but perhaps, he thought, his brother had repented, and, in this case, an avowal would dishonour him, without being of service. The youth determined to await the event, and place his trust in the goodness of God.

Mr. Kartmann at length entered. Everything had been arranged to receive the robbers. The overseers of the workmen belonging to the factory were concealed in different parts of the court which surrounded the bureau, and they were sufficiently numerous to overcome the robbers. Mr. Kartmann then conducted Frederick to the desk, and sat down beside him. The young apprentice took his place without speaking, hoping that chance would give him an opportunity of being useful to Francois in case he came with the workmen. An hour passed away without anything occurring. Silence and darkness reigned in the office, making Frederick feel more intensely the gravity of the offence which a few criminal men were about to commit. He was nearly overcome with fatigue and the excitement of the day, and his eyes were heavy with sleep, when the clock of a neighbouring church sounded the hour of midnight, and the slight noise of a file against the iron bars of the shutters indicated that the housebreakers were endeavouring to gain an entrance by the window. Frederick raised himself by a sudden movement, and then fell back into the chair with terror and suspense. The robbers, fearful of being heard, were endeavouring to accomplish their object slowly; and it was only after considerable effort that a portion of the shutter was removed. At this moment the crash of broken glass was heard, and the pieces fell into the room.

The housebreakers had succeeded thus far in their attempt, when a low whistle sounded. The tumult that followed showed the signal had been obeyed, and the watchmen had engaged with the robbers. Loud cries arose, and guns were fired. Mr. Kartmann left the bureau hastily to assist his men, while Frederick, whom terror had deprived of the power to follow him, remained, half-stupefied, in his chair. The voice of some one endeavouring to pass through the window aroused him, and he was horrified to see François, his clothes torn, and his hands bloody from contact with the broken glass, stand before him.

"Save me!" he exclaimed, with frantic gestures; "save me, or I am lost!"

"But how can I do so?" replied Frederick, distractedly. Suddenly a thought struck him. He remembered that there was an entrance into the garden from the bureau by a small door; and, groping about in the dark, he at length found it. To remove the chains and unbar the door was the work of a moment; and, taking François by the hand, he led him hastily towards a part of the wall enclosing the garden, which, being lower than the rest, it was less difficult to scale. François, aided by Frederick, had soon mounted the wall and was rapidly descending on the other side.

"Leave this neighbourhood instantly," exclaimed Frederick, his heart beating with

joy at his brother's escape: your accomplices are arrested, and will, most assuredly, denounce you."

A low sound of some one dropping lightly to the ground, and then hastily retreating, convinced him that François was so far in safety.

CHAPTER II.

The morning following the events narrated in the preceding chapter, all the housebreakers, with the exception of François, were imprisoned, and Frederick was summoned before Mr. Kartmann. The manufacturer received the youth with open arms; and after thanking him warmly for his admirable conduct, desired him to ask frankly for any recompense which he would like. Frederick hesitated for some moments; but being again urged to express his wishes, he replied—

"I shall esteem myself more than rewarded, sir, if you will allow me to share the lessons which are given to your children."

"This request is easily granted," returned the manufacturer. "From to-morrow you shall be as one of my own family. I have remarked for some time what pains you have taken to instruct yourself; and I am persuaded that you will, by such endeavours, obtain a good position in the world. I know that you wish to become a designer; but I hope you will rise higher than this."

"Higher than this!" repeated the youth to himself. "What words of joy for a poor boy like me!"

His heart was so full of gratitude the he could scarcely articulate the thanks he had on his lips; but his clapsed hands and tearful eyes showed the thoughts that were passing in his mind.

"You are an excellent youth, Frederick," exclaimed Mr. Kartmann, shaking hands with him; "and I am sure that any kindness shown to you will be more than repaid."

The morning following this interview, Mr. Kartmann presented Frederick to his two sons and to their tutors. The services he had rendered to the family, and the disinterestedness he had shown, secured for him a cordial reception, and every one encouraged and assisted the young apprentice in his studies. The habit which he had of concentrating his thoughts, and reasoning upon all he saw around him, prepared him especially for the class of mathematics into which he was admitted, and he made rapid progress in this valuable branch of education. History, geography, and drawing were not neglected; in the latter pursuit he greatly distinguished himself, and was very soon able to copy the most complicated machinery.

In the course of three years Frederick had gained in knowledge considerably above his fellow pupils. He was a clever arithmetician, and took delight in solving the most abstruse calculations. He was also so modest and gentle in the exercise of his superior attainments, that instead of exciting envy in those around him he was beloved and respected.

In his nineteenth year, Frederick was appointed an overseer by Mr. Kartmann; and in this new capacity he was enabled by his ability, and frank, honest behaviour, to set an example to the men, which was not lost upon them. Never had the factory been in such a state of peace and apparent prosperity than it was under his judicious management.

On a lovely summer evening, so frequent at Mulhouse, after the workmen of the factory had quitted their labours, Frederick was seated at the door of the cottage in which he was lodging, with a drawing before him, upon which he appeared intently engaged. It was a copy of one of the most complicated machines used in the manufactory of Mr. Kartmann. The heavy breathing of some one who was looking over his shoulder caused him to turn round, and he perceived a stranger, who was looking at the drawing with fixed attention.

"In what factory is the machine that you have represented so cleverly in this drawing!" inquired the intruder, whose dress and manner indicated a certain respectability.

"In that of Mr. Kartmann," replied Frederick."

"And how could you procure such a copy?"

"My employer allows me to share the studies of his children."

"You have, then, I dare say, in your portfolio, copies of all the machines in use at the factory?"

"Almost all, sir."

"I should be very glad to see them, if you can spare me a few moments."

Frederick obligingly opened his portfolio, and showed the designs to the stranger, who, after he had examined them with evident curiosity, observed—

"I do not see, among these drawings, one of the large machines which Mr. Kartmann received from England about two months past."

"We are to copy it to-morrow, sir."

"Now tell me, my friend," observed the stranger, with increasing interest, "can you procure me a copy of these drawings?"

"I have very little time," returned Frederick, "but if it will please you, I will try and copy them."

"Above everything, I am desirous of seeing the new machine about which I spoke to you; and considering your time and labour, I wish to recompense you. Here," continued the stranger, "take these three pieces of gold, and when you have finished your work, I will give you more."

The sight of the money, and the earnest manner of the stranger, awakened the suspicions of Frederick. Surely, he thought no one would pay so much for drawings unless they were of value to him. These copies were no doubt intended for the construction of similar machines to those used by his employer, and perhaps they were for a rival who might thus bring about the ruin of Mr. Kartmann.

The youth shuddered as these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, and the irretrievable injury he had perhaps done by an imprudent display of the drawings. Replacing them hastily in his portfolio, Frederick rose as if to leave the spot.

The stranger watched him with astonishment, and again presented the three pieces of gold.

"Thank you, sir," said Frederick, "but I cannot accept your offers. I should sell a property which does not belong to me. Make your application to Mr. Kartmann. He will know better than myself whether such a proceeding will be injurious to his interest or not."

The tempter felt that Frederick had divined his intentions.

"I understand," he said, "the motive of your refusal. You know that manufacturers conceal their machines from the eyes of those engaged in similar pursuits, and you are afraid that your employer, on learning that you have given me drawings of them, will dismiss you; but I can render your dismissal the best thing that could happen to you. I will give you in my factory a salary double that which you receive at present, and I will, besides, pay you, the day on which I have the particular drawing I require, any sum of money you may ask."

Frederick would listen no longer. Hastily taking up his portfolio, and regarding the stranger with a look of shame and indignation, he said—

"I will neither betray others, nor will I sell myself;" and with these words he entered the cottage.

Some few days after this scene, Mr. Kartmann called Frederick into his cabinet.

"Where are the drawings that you have made with my children?" he asked, as the youth entered.

"In my portfolio, sir."

"Bring them to me,"

Frederick soon returned, and with a trembling hand placed them before his employer, for there was something short and decided in the tone in which Mr. Kartmann had addressed him, which awakened his suspicions.

The manufacturer turned over the designs, and the sight of each drew from him an expression of surprise and regret.

"What fatal imprudence I have committed!" he murmurmed; "here is enough to ruin me!"

When all had been examined, he turned towards Frederick, saying—

"Some one has proposed to purchase these drawings from you. I know it."

"Yes, sir."

"And why have you not told me?"

"Because I did not think it worth while to trouble you with."

"What recompense did he offer you?"

"Whatever I asked."

"And you refused?"

"Yes, sir."

"Without hesitation?"

"To do so would have been unworthy of me."

"Give me your hand, Frederick," exclaimed Mr. Kartmann, warmly extending his own to the young apprentice. "You have indeed a noble heart. I am aware, even to the slightest detail, of what occurred at your late interview. I have acted imprudently, my friend, for any person less honest than yourself could have ruined me; but I owe to your probity my safety. From to-day you shall be one of my own family. You shall live in my own house, and share my table and my purse. Virtue like yours is too rare in the world not to appreciate it in the noble examples you have given."

The next day Frederick was duly installed in his new quarters, and was treated in the light of an esteemed friend by Mr. Kartmann and his family.

Several years passed by, and Frederick felt all the benefit of his new position. His constant application to the studies more immediately bearing upon the arts in which he was engaged, had perfected his intelligence on those subjects; and the youth who, twelve years before, scarcely knew his alphabet, was now considered the best educated of the young men in the country. Every day Mr. Kartmann felicitated himself on having secured so valuable an assistant in his business, and so true a friend to his family. The events which we are about to relate served to increase, if possible, this confidence and affection, by proving to what degree they were deserved.

For several months the manufacturer had appeared sad and uneasy, which Frederick, to whom the accounts of the house were entrusted, soon perceived arose from commercial embarrassments, resulting from a monetary crisis, which, at this period, shook the most solid houses of business at Mulhouse. The moment soon arrived when Mr. Kartmann opened the subject. The manufacturer had entered his house, more than usually depressed; and beckoning his son and Frederick to follow him, he went into his office, and thus addressed them—

"Before two months have elapsed, this establishment will no longer belong to me. After it is sold, there will be sufficient to satisfy all my creditors. If I delay the sale, my debts would increase, and I could never pay them. The new machines constructed by Mr. Zingberger have completely ruined me. His productions, more beautiful and less costly than mine, have thrown me out of the market. For some time I have endeavoured to sustain a rivalry, always hoping that I could make such alterations in my machines as would enable me to compete successfully with him; but these expectations are vain, and it is useless to struggle against such competition. As soon, therefore, as my books are properly arranged, I shall announce the sale of this manufactory. It is indeed terrible, after so many years of labour, to see destitution before myself and my family; but amidst so much distress, I feel less saddened when I think that this blow will only fall on those allied to me by blood. As for you Frederick," added Mr. Kartmann, extending a hand to his young *protégé*, "you will not, I know, cease to be our friend, but you must see that your lot is separated from ours. Your future is certain, for with such talents and probity as you possess, employment will never be wanting. This separation is indeed heavy for me, as I have always looked upon you as a son."

"I will only quit you, sir," exclaimed Frederick, in a voice sad, but firm, "when I am convinced that I cannot be of any use to you; but I hope that day will never arrive. Perhaps, after all, the evil you mention is not so great as it seems. I am inexperienced in many matters, but I beg you will not make any hasty resolution. Defer the sale of the manufactory as long as you can. Those who reflect well often find a remedy for every evil."

"I fear there is none for me," replied Mr. Kartmann, mournfully; "but you will be

able to judge better the state of my affairs when you have examined my private ledger. This alone can inform you how I am situated."

And thus saying, he laid before the young men the book in which all his affairs were registered.

Frederick examined the accounts carefully, but could see no error in the calculations. On entering his apartment, after taking leave of the manufacturer, he threw himself into a chair, and endeavoured to suggest a means for getting out of this formidable difficulty. "In fifteen days," he repeated to himself, "the establishment is to be sold. How, in so short a time, can I invent such changes as would render the machines of the factory less costly to be worked, and the productions more perfect and beautiful? I will try, however; and God, who knows how much I am indebted to Mr. Kartmann, will bless my efforts."

As much from taste as the nature of his employment, Frederick had pursued the study of machanics with ardour; but the task he now imposed upon himself demanded higher acquirements than he had hitherto attained. Nowise daunted, however, the courageous youth set to work immediately; and procuring the best work on the subject that had been written, for ten days he devoted himself with intense perseverance to the object he had in view. At the expiration of this time, exhausted by fatigue, but still buoyed up with the hope of success, he was enabled to draw a plan which, after constant correction, appeared to comprise the requisite changes. Doubtful as to the success of his design, and fearful lest it should prove a failure, he hesitated; at last he hastened to the apartment of Mr. Kartmann, with the paper in his hand.

"God in mercy grant that this may serve you, and that it may not be only a dream," he exclaimed, as he displayed the plan to the astonished manufacturer; and then, overcome with his emotion, he sunk on a chair, and awaited the result with great anxiety.

The more carefully that Mr. Kartmann examined the drawing, the more intense appeared his feelings. His countenance became paler; and as he finished his inspection, a ray of hope, such as could lighten only on the brow of one who had awoke from deep suffering to sudden happiness, shone on his features. Turning towards Frederick, with streaming eyes, he said,—

"No, it is not a dream; it is a production of genius, which, Heaven be thanked, will save my family and myself from misery. Frederick, my dear son—for such indeed you are to me—you have given a great lesson to mankind generally, for you have shown what may be done by perseverance and sympathy;" then bowing his head, blanched with sorrow and age, the manufacturer added,—

"God has indeed ennobled you, child of poverty as you were, His blessing rest upon you for ever!"

The extensive house of Kartman & Co. is at the present time one of the most flourishing in the department of the Upper Rhine. All its prosperity is due to the ingenious discovery of Frederick, and his active superintendence of the business. Mr. Kartmann, who is now his father-in-law, possesses in him a steady, clever partner, whose judgment inspires confidence, and ensures success. A single shadow has rested on the happiness of Frederick. Since the departure of his brother, he had endeavoured, through every channel, to obtain some information respecting him, but all his efforts had been in vain, until about the period of his marriage, when a paragraph in the newspaper gave him the first and last intelligence of the late career and the death of François. It was stated that the mail coach between Frankfort and Paris had been attacked by a band of robbers, who had been courageously kept at bay by the passengers, and in the conflict several of the villains had been killed. Amongs the names given was that of François Kesmall.

On reading this terrible information Frederick could not resist weeping bitterly, as he thought of such a fate for one who had shared the same cradle with himself, the like tenderness of a mother, and who had experienced, by his wickedness and folly, a destiny so different to his own.

HOME.

BY ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

The voice of the stranger is heard in our home,
On the spot where we flourish'd our name is unknown;
And ither bairns gambol around our hearthstane;
And there we'll assemble, no never again!

I'd like but to see the auld beggin ance mair,
Tho' they're a' gane, wha ance wad hae welcom'd me there;
To look on the spot where my Auld Mither span,
While wee thochtless bairnies around her a' ran.

O sad are the changes time bears on its wing,
So sad that I whyles think them a' but a dream;
And O then for ae blessed moment again,
I'm back to that circle beside our hearthstane.

I see my Auld Mither, and I hear her speak,
I feel her embrace, and her tears on my cheek;
And my sisters are rinnin' to welcome me hame,
When I startle to find they are a' dead and gane!

They're a' in the Kirk-yard, where aften I play'd,
Perchance on the very green spot where they're laid,
Where I gather'd the gowans my bosom to deck;
Or hung them in strings roun' our wee titty's neck.

And there grew a yew tree, where often we played;
I'd like but to ken if they sleep 'neath its shade,
I still hear its soughing,—its branches I see,
And are they a' gathered beneath it. Ah me!

OUR SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

No people of the present time, and none with whose social condition we are made acquainted in history, can present more unmistakeable proofs of real prosperity, and rapid and substantial advancement in wealth, civilization, intelligence, and national importance, than ourselves. For ages nature has been husbanding her resources, till now, by the accumulated wisdom and experience of centuries, they can be turned to the very best account. The land that we inhabit is possessed of extreme fertility, and to the virgin richness of the soil we can add all the generating powers which science and experience have placed within our reach. Even in the very forests, which impede the operations of the agriculturist, we have an almost inexhaustible store of wealth; and our mineral treasures, as yet almost entirely undeveloped, are of incalculable value. Our natural means of communication are unrivalled; and where they are incomplete, our own energies are daily supplying the deficiency.

Our climate, though severe, is healthy, and well suited to the nature of our soil and to the development of our physical and mental capacities. Provisions are abundant, and the demand for labour exceeds the supply. Taxation is only felt where it is voluntarily imposed for the support of schools, or the promotion of local improvements. What is of more importance than all, we have the blessing of a free representative government, under which the fullest liberty, compatible with the maintenance of order and justice, is enjoyed by all without distinction of color, race, or creed. The levying and expenditure of a large portion of the revenue, the control of the common schools, the management of roads, and the conducting of all local affairs, are entirely in the hands of the municipal authorities, chosen by those for the furtherance of whose interests they are established; and the power delegated to these bodies, though accurately defined by law, is as great as is compatible with the unity and well-governing of the State.

We form a portion of the most powerful and glorious empire the world ever saw, and under her fostering wing we have been allowed free scope for the development of our resources, undisturbed for nearly half a century by the turmoils of war or foreign invasion. We have a very complete and elaborate system of education, universities, grammar schools, a normal school, and common schools throughout every section of the country. And in addition to, and entirely independent of all these, there are various collegiate and parochial establishments, founded by the principal religious bodies, and conducted under their especial supervision. We have a thoroughly organized and uniform system of agricultural societies, which are conferring vast benefits upon the agricultural population. Mechanics' Institutes are to be found in every town; and literary institutions of a higher order are not wanting.

To those who are unacquainted with this country, the picture which we have drawn may appear fictitious; but no one who is really conversant with our resources and position, social and political, will say that it is exaggerated. Many do, and it may be with reason, object to particular features in some of our institutions, but that the statement we have given of them is in the main correct, no one will deny. It is further borne out, by the fact that no poor are to be found among us, but those who have been reduced by misfortune,

which they had no power to avert, or who have not had sufficient energy to grasp the means of livelihood, if not of affluence, placed within their reach. It is shown by statistics that, in material prosperity, we are surpassing even our neighbours of the United States; while, as a moral, order-loving, law-abiding people we look upon ourselves with no ordinary complacency. The description given by the inspired writer of a prosperous people seems almost to be literally fulfilled in our case:—"Our garners are full, and plenteous with all manner of store. . . There is no decay, no leading into captivity, no complaining in our streets." Dare we add the closing sentence of this sublime passage, so noble in its simplicity? This, however, is a question which the mere utilitarian, who views men only as machines for the production of riches, or the physical comforts which they can purchase; the political economist, who looks only to the beneficial effects of free institutions or unfettered trade; the philanthropist, so called, of that school which looks no deeper into the condition of man than that tiny portion which is exhibited in the outward signs of his material prosperity, or of such intellectual advancement as is caused by the diffusion of the rudiments of learning among the masses—will not care to answer, or even think worthy of consideration. In the eyes of such as these nothing will be wanting to complete the picture. It will appear to them a perfect triumph of human wisdom and industry; but is their judgment one that should satisfy the people of this country? Does not the maxim of the ancient sage, which is the foundation of all philosophy, apply as well to men in their national and social condition and connections as to individuals? Are we not called upon as a nation to *know ourselves?* Should we not endeavour to search beneath this bright surface, and find out how far the internal conditions and tendencies of our social state are in keeping with this gorgeous exterior. Let us enquire how the wealth and prosperity, of which we have been boasting, affect our bearing to each other in the various positions in which we are placed. Whether the manner in which we spend our superfluous means is one that will tend to our own and our country's advantage. Above all, let us see whether our intellectual advancement is of a nature that will be of a real and lasting benefit to us—one that will, in due season, bring forth the fruit of cultivated minds, refined tastes, and a healthy tone of sentiment and morality.

The enjoyment of such a degree of pecuniary independence, not to say wealth, as is to be found among almost all classes in this country, tends very powerfully to prevent the existence of that bond of kindly interest between the higher orders of society and the labouring classes, which has always been such a beautiful feature in the social system of the mother country, more especially as, while the latter are too well off to require or even to look for assistance, the former are not so much more wealthy, comparatively, as to be able to render it in the same munificent degree that is seen in our fatherland. The responsibilities which, in all countries, are imposed by the possession of wealth and station, are not felt in any great degree, when those who enjoy the latter, as that all around them are, for the position that they are qualified to fill, as well if not better off than themselves. The great difference, too, in the tenure of landed property, combines to place the two classes more apart, for when the yeoman or farmer does not possess a freehold right, the Government is his landlord. Land is so easily obtained by the settler, that he invariably looks forward to possessing his own, and if he does take a farm on lease, it is but a temporary arrangement, and the term is too short to give him a permanent interest in the land, or to induce him to form an intimate connection with his landlord. Thus the relationship of landlord and tenant, which is one of the main features of rural society in other countries, is entirely wanting here. From these causes, it will be seen that the tie of mutual sympathy and dependence, which is the only one that can exist between classes which have but few tastes and habits of life or of thought in common, is to a great extent wanting. Without this, independence is apt to degenerate into pride, which looks upon all advances as tokens of assumption or superiority, and repels them accordingly. This is met with an entire withdrawal of sympathy and interest, and in this manner jealousy and opposition are engendered, and all kindly feeling destroyed. The labourer and the mechanic scorn to look to their employers, and the yeoman to the country gentleman, as the persons who are their natural advisers in trouble, protection in distress, or friends in affliction, and, as a natural result, these latter classes soon learn to forget the obvious and important duties and responsibilities of their several stations, and estrangement thus caused is not easily done away with. But do not let it

be understood that we should for an instant regret that, in this country, there is no one class in the least degree dependent upon another for support, or even comfort; for in addition to the pleasing thought, we can, with ordinary industry, be, so far as this world is concerned, happy and comfortable—we know that independence of thought and action generally accompanies independence of means of subsistence, and that, when all have the means of obtaining for themselves and their children a fair amount of education, to independence of thought will be added the power of exercising it with reason and judgment. These are all great blessings, for which we cannot feel too grateful, and which we cannot too earnestly strive permanently to secure; but they should not blind us to the conviction that the evils which we have endeavored to point out as accompanying them are of vast magnitude, and the more dangerous, as in our present circumstances likely to escape general observation.

It seems to be too often forgotten in the present day that men, both collectively and individually, are possessed of hearts, and that something more than abundance of good and clothing, or even education, is necessary to their happiness. These alone can never ensure that harmony, sympathy, and mutual interest, which is the best proof of a well organized social system, but, as we have endeavoured to show, tend rather to prevent their existence. That there are many among us in whose hearts these kindly feelings are cherished and maintained, by the interchange of mutual concessions and friendly offices between different classes of society, is undeniably true: but the fact of these feelings being found chiefly among those who have felt their beneficial interest from their earliest days in the mother country, goes to prove that the tendencies of our own social state apart from these associations are in the contrary direction.

Reason and experience both teach us that the sudden acquisition of wealth confers but little happiness upon its first possessors; for the art of spending money to advantage is much less easily learned than that of acquiring it. And this is evident upon the following considerations—Riches being only valuable from the power which they confer upon us of obtaining enjoyments otherwise beyond our reach, either for the gratification of the tastes and habits engendered by education and refinement, or for the far higher one of promoting the glory of our Maker by ministering to His service, or affording relief to the distressed, it follows that, unless previous cultivation of taste and refinement of mind have enabled us to appreciate the pleasures which works of beauty and art confer upon all who are capable of enjoying them, or to make use of the leisure which the possession of wealth confers, for our own instruction or the enlightenment or amusement of others; or unless we are capable of deriving our chief delight from the power of turning the misery of the destitute into gladness, or sufficiently generous to devote our substance to the furtherance of some great object, by which any large portion of humanity may be benefited, our wealth, so far from being a blessing, will be but a source of pride, the lowest that can be felt is merely a temptation to vice, and will thus, from being of itself a negative good, become a positive evil. In applying these remarks to ourselves, we do not pretend to say that there are not many persons among us, who, by a judicious disposal of their means, show that they well understand their uses, but as a natural consequence of our peculiar position, and the comparative facilities for the acquirement of wealth, there are numbers who possess it, who are totally unfitted, by previous habits of life, from deriving any real pleasure from it. We see them gain admission into what is called good society, but finding those habits, manners, tastes, and modes of thought, totally at variance with what they have been previously accustomed to, their conduct is liable to constant criticism from those who are perhaps in no degree either morally or intellectually their superiors. They fill their houses with costly pictures and the most expensive and luxurious furniture, but they cannot enjoy the one and care not to use the other, so that from the possession of neither do they derive any advantage, and only subject themselves to the charge of a love of useless display and vain ostentation. Having no mental resources, they must either devote their leisure time to idleness or the prosecution of vice, or plunge again into the further pursuit of riches, even though they find no pleasure in the possession of what they have already acquired. Unquestionably this state of things exists more or less in every commercial country, but more especially in one like ours, where the acquirement of a greater or less amount of wealth is so rapid and so easy, and when the population is composed to a great degree of illiterate and uninformed

persons, and where, though all are comparatively independent in their circumstances, there are few who have the means, and still fewer who have the inclination to devote their time and money to the pursuit or encouragement of literature or the fine arts.

We have already alluded to the very complete system of education that has been established in this country, as one of the many existing tokens of our social advancement. Into the question of the merits or demerits of its organization, it is not now our province to enter. How far our Legislature have done wisely in separating so completely as they have done religious from secular education, is a question, into the consideration of which, from its being one of the most, if not the most exciting political topic of the day, the principle on which this Magazine is conducted forbids us to enter, although it is perfectly relevant to our subject, and, in fact, absolutely necessary to the due investigation of this portion of it. Education, as the term is commonly applied in the present day, is the mere instilling of a certain amount of knowledge into the mind; but, like riches, this can only be really beneficial according to the effect it may produce in ameliorating the heart or improving the intellect, and in tending to the great end of our existence in this world. No cultivation of the understanding, however great the excellence in science, learning, or art that may be attained, can of itself alone, tend in the most remote degree, to the accomplishment of this greatest of all objects; and heavy will be the responsibility of those who build up a scheme of national education which, to all intents and purposes, compels all to make use of it, if experience shows that they have thrown any obstacles in the way of our attaining what is of more value than all the wisdom of their schools combined can teach. In giving us this system, its promulgators have told us that it is from home instruction that children are to derive their religious knowledge, and this alone is of sufficient importance to cause all right-minded persons, fathers, mothers, and heads of families, to look carefully into the management of their households; for into the principles then instilled into the minds of their children, their future characters must depend. Sad will it be for those children whose parents are not only unqualified to teach by precept, but also by example; and it is much to be feared that such is the case in thousands of homes throughout this land. The want of regular ministrations of the Gospel in many parts of the country, has led to a laxity of feeling and carelessness of deportment, especially to be lamented on behalf of the rising generation; but as the remedy for this great evil, the most momentous that can befall us, lies entirely in our own hands, let us be unceasing in our endeavours to prevent its continuance or recurrence. We have never been wanting in energy for the accomplishment of other objects of mere worldly interest, and let us not permit lukewarmness in this, of all others, to be a reproach on our national character.

One of the features in our social position that most forcibly attracts the attention of strangers from the mother country, is the extreme precocity and want of respect to their parents and elders observable among all classes of our youth. Precocity, not in learning or intelligence, but in actual vice, and in that description of knowledge of the world gained by familiarity with the dregs of the various orders of society. These may appear to some to be harsh and exaggerated terms; but any one who has seen much of any of our public schools will testify to its truth. This great and notorious evil has its origin, doubtless, in the want of proper care and discipline at home; but it is encouraged by the tendency of those feelings of independence incidental to our position to degenerate into a determination of evincing on all possible occasions a total disregard to our own proper position, and to the feelings and wishes of those whom we are bound to respect. This, which may be looked upon as the worst feature in our social position, is not confined to any age or to any class. Originating, as we have shown, in the prosperity of our circumstances and freedom of our political institutions, it too often becomes fostered in some instances by the pernicious example of the neighbouring republicanism—a noxious weed spreading its baneful influence alike in the public intercourse of social life, and in the privacy of the domestic circle. No class is exempt from its pernicious effects, and it is equally revolting in all and to all. The man of education and refinement shrinks in equal repugnance with the honest, well-conducted artizan from its personification, in whatever station or position it is to be found. Whether they meet it, clad in the low, vulgar finery, and swaggering in the affected ease, nonchalence, and ineffable insolence of demeanour characteristic of a certain class of vagabonds, who may constantly be seen lounging about tavern doors, reeking with spi-

rituous odours, hourly and minutely profaning his lips, and polluting his already depraved heart with the vilest blasphemy and most obscene expressions; or whether its evil effects are displayed in the less outwardly disgusting though not less really depraved frequenter of moral fashionable haunts of dissipation. The most alarming feature is the early age at which these developments are seen. Instead of the mere mischief-loving propensities of the schoolboy, we have the downright vice of the man. Beginning by spurning all parental authority, they soon learn to grow callous to the restraints of social life, and having lost, in their approach to manhood, the good opinion of their relatives and friends, they no sooner arrive at it and take their place among men, than they sink in the estimation of the community at large, and finally their own self-respect is gone, and they descend to a position from which they can seldom be reclaimed.

Another practice, with regard to the training of the youth of this country, and which has been attended with no great benefit to themselves or the country, is that of parents in the industrial and lower grades of the mercantile classes bringing up so many of their sons to the learned professions, even where no distinguishing talent is displayed. A false pride is thus engendered, very mischievous in its results. The lad learns to despise the more humble calling, no matter how respectable, in which his father occupied an honorable and independent position, suitable to his habits and education; but in so doing, he is taking the worst way to qualify himself for a higher. He acquires habits and ideas which render his home distasteful; but it by no means follows that he fits himself for another. Thus the learned professions are crowded to excess by men who will never make even a respectable figure in them, but who, in many other stations, would have been creditable members of society. There is room for men of talent in all the professions, no matter from what class they come; but all trades and callings suffer when, from mere vanity, men well qualified to fill an inferior position, are indiscriminately thrust forward into one beyond the reach of their capacities. Thus scattered through every town and village, we have an endless multitude of young men, claiming to be members of the professions of law and medicine, and assuming to the respectable and honorable rank in society, which is the true position of the educated professional man. How many of them are qualified to fill this position with credit to themselves and benefit to the community? How many of them, from utter ignorance and incapacity, are unable creditably to perform the meanest functions of their professional duties, while in their social demeanour many of the vices and habits acquired in the pursuit of professional learning are notorious, but little of the mental cultivation, or polite behaviour, or respectable deportment which a due attention to the prescribed course of study, and the intercourse with men of taste and education, are calculated to confer upon minds and persons naturally the rudest and most uncultivated? It is, of course, to be expected that in a country like this, of all others, many will be found among professional men totally unfit for the rank and station they occupy, are, as such, called upon to assume; but we maintain that the proportion is much greater than we have any right to calculate upon; and one of the main causes is, that of so many young men being placed, by the fond partiality or shallow vanity of their parents, in positions which they are not qualified by natural ability or previous habits to occupy. No one finds this out sooner than themselves. They feel that they have no claim upon the society of the really excellent among their associates, that is, those who, no matter how humble their origin, are qualified by their natural endowments to shine in any position, or those who, having the advantages of previous cultivation and refined tastes, sedulously strive to improve them. They are thus, without any fault of their own, compelled to stand altogether aloof, or to fall back upon the companionship of those in precisely the same position with themselves, who, of course, cannot improve them, or that of the habitually idle and vicious, who, for their own purposes, or by the mere force of their example, will drag them down to the same level with themselves. Thus, in the end, taken away from modes of life and pursuits in which they could have taken interest, and acted with credit to themselves and pleasure to their friends, and to which they will be too proud or even, perhaps, unfit to return; they are like vessels without helm or anchor, having no natural resources within themselves, and having failed in acquiring any, they are driven to vice as their only amusement, or drag out a miserable existence, useless to themselves and to others. It may be the case, on the other hand, that, stimulated by necessity or avarice, they make cunning and presumption supply the place of ability or

learning, and, though with considerable advantage to themselves, they practise their professions in such a manner as to give just cause to the odium which many, who have been injured by the knavery of licensed legal or medical quacks, attach indiscriminately to these noble and useful professions.

Generous patronage of native talent in any department of literature is hardly to be expected in a country where few who have the means of rewarding have the power of appreciating what is really valuable. The man absorbed in the acquirement of wealth will bestow but little thought on any other pursuit, and, in too many cases, if he does it will only be to despise them. The demand for labour and the necessity for exertion in every department leaves leisure to very few to bestow upon the cultivation of their minds, and be the cause what it may, no inducement in a pecuniary point of view is held out even to the most talented to engage in literary pursuits. The immense flood of literature of every kind that the wealth, high standard of education, and vast mental resources of older counties, especially of our own mother country, enable them to pour forth at a cost attainable by the very poorest is, doubtless, one cause. Another is to be found in the fact, that great as our resources are, and rapid our advance in wealth, there is little as yet sufficiently realised to make it available for any purpose but what is absolutely required for its own developement, nor is it in a shape to relieve its possessors from the necessity of further exertion to ensure their future affluence. And till this is the case, but little substantial encouragement is to be hoped for by the scholar.

In this brief sketch of those features of society in this country, which appear most immediately to tend to evil results. An attempt has been made by discovering the sources from which the evils spring, to point out the remedies, and then, if the premises are truly stated, and the conclusions correctly drawn, can only be applied by the people themselves, who must steadfastly set themselves, in their various stations, to look carefully into their duties to each other as members of a great Christian community, and of one body politic, in which each individual as well as each class of society has his or its own peculiar responsibilities, and without the due observance of which, they can neither be really prosperous or truly happy. Those evil tendencies, which are caused by neglect or misconception of any of those duties, they must themselves strive to do away with, and if the effect is truly made, success is certain. Of those difficulties which are more or less the results of the peculiar circumstances in which this country is placed, Providence will and does point out a solution which must be patiently hoped for and earnestly promoted as far as it lies in our power.

In conclusion, it is fondly hoped, that these suggestions, however imperfect, will be met in the spirit in which they are offered. A spirit which would fain plead for the faults of its expression, in its earnest desire for the success of all endeavours, from whatever source, to perpetuate among us those solid virtues and noble institutions which are the great boast of our common ancestry, and in the rich and virgin freshness of the soil of this land to produce from them such flourishing fruit of goodness and honor, as shall make the dwellers in this portion of our empire not the least renowned among her sons for those high qualities of integrity, virtue and patriotism, which alone form the true wealth of a nation, and compared to which all our boasted wealth and resources are but as the dust of the earth.

THE SMUGGLERS' ISLE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

By the Author of "Tales and Confessions."

The sea-port town of Mowbray, everybody knows, rose, flourished, and fell with the last war. A faithful chronicle of its fortunes would, no doubt, be interesting to the curious reader; but the unthinking many would, I fear, prefer the stories of Tyre and Carthage. There is one incident, however in the annals of its zenith, which I cannot help imagining deserves a place in history, and it is therefore, hereinunder set forth, with the brevity and simplicity which should characterise the historic style. No sooner had Mowbray begun to emerge from the insignificance of a fishing village, and to assume a place among the number of maritime towns, than it split, according to what seems to be a law "made and provided" in such cases, into a variety of petty factions. Every man's hand was against his neighbour, and every woman's tongue against hers. The jarring atoms of society at length separated, as they usually do, into two vast masses; and the moral and political government of the town was

vested in the two chiefs, whose purse or principles possessed this chemical power of attraction.

The Montague and Capulet of Mowbray were two elderly men, whose waxing fortunes increased inversely with their waning vigour. They could remember when their native place was little better than a rendezvous for fishing craft, and when the condescension of a Mediterranean bark in accepting the protection of its bay from a gale of wind, was matter of triumph for a month. The fortunes of the place were now mightily changed. The fishing village had become a busy, bustling port, with rich argosies, not only from the continental towns, but from the West Indies, lying secure within her two quays, which clapsed them like a pair of greedy arms. To the free trade, however, as it is called in contradistinction to the fair trade, Mowbray was beholden for a considerable portion of its wealth and importance; the coast being singularly well adapted for the *running* business, while as yet no port-blockade had been established. To the lawless habits introduced, and rendered familiar in such cases, it was owing that a certain wildness was exhibited in the character of the people, and that even in their most common transactions there was manifested a portion of the reckless and adventurous spirit which, on a great scale furnishes materials for history, and on a small scale, suggests hints for romance.

The Montague of this place was a Mr. Mortimer, and its Capulet Mr. Grove; the resemblance between the real and fictitious personages being further kept up by the circumstances of Mr. Mortimer having a son, and Mr. Grove a daughter. A bitter hostility had existed between the two families from time immemorial, which—in the chronology of a mushroom-town like Mowbray—means somewhere about twenty years, and had continued unabated up to the moment when the son and daughter of the rival houses had attained that period of life when boys and girls begin to think of love, and their fathers and mothers of matrimony. When old Mortimer cast his eyes around among his neighbours, in search of a fitting match for his son, his view was always intercepted by a great glaring white house, towering aloft among its brethren of the town, with an air of wealth and an assertion of supremacy, which made him sigh, as he reflected that it was the abode of Mr. Grove.

When old Grove, for a similar purpose, threw a keen and discriminating glance among the smoky mass of bricks and mortar around him, his wandering looks returned unconsciously to fix themselves upon a huge red house, looking grim and lowering upon its neighbours, and by its very absence of neatness exhibiting the careless superiority of acknowledged opulence. The old man groaned at the sight for it was the dwelling of Mr. Mortimer.

When Frank Mortimer, posting himself near the church door after the service, as was the custom of the young men of Mowbray, surveyed with a critical eye the blooming lasses of the town, as they tripped demurely over the stones, a quick bouncing of his heart and a flushing of his cheek proclaimed, almost before her appearance, the approach of Miss Grove; and Frank sighed as he reflected that so beautiful a creature was the daughter of his father's enemy.

When Ellen Grove on such occasions, turned the angle of the church door, her proud step and swan-like motion were broken, and her tottering walk, rising colour, and conscious look, proclaimed that she was about to pass under the eyes of the boldest and handsomest youth in the country side; and Ellen sighed that he was the son of the hated Mortimer.

The consequence of all this sighing may be conceived. The two fathers, far from being inconsistent in their conduct, only yielded, as usual, to the attraction of interest. Under this powerful spell their enmity was forgotten;—they shook hands, exchanged visits, and finally signed and sealed an agreement, by which Grove engaged on that day two years to give his daughter in marriage to Mortimer's son, with a portion of five thousand pounds; and Mortimer consented to add another thousand to the stock of the love-firm, in token of his goodwill and further intentions. As for the young people, unlike the heroes and heroines of romance, they entered at once, with the most filial devotion, into the plans of their parents; and this with so much zeal and spirit, that, on the very day of the introduction, Mr. Grove, on hastily entering the room to break the ice of a first *tete-a-tete*, was at once surprised and rejoiced to find Frank Mortimer at his daughter's feet.

Two years, all but one month, clapsed. Twenty-three of those true honeymoons which light up the paradise of love rolled away.

Frank Mortimer past his nights in dreaming of bliss, and his days in enjoying it. The marriage-day was fixed; the promised-land of his heart was distinctly visible in the distance, its heights glittering in the morning sun, and its bowers and breathing groves sparkling with eternal green. One morning, at this epoch, a report arose in the town, no one knew whence or how. It was whispered by one to another, with pale lips and faltering speech; it made the round of the counting-houses like some watch-word of terror and dismay, awakening an echo of alarm wherever it fell. A pause then succeeded—still—heavy—terrible; and in the evening of the same day this was followed by the expected crash—"all that the heart believed not—yet foretold!"

"With heaviest sound a giant statue fell."—

the firm of Mortimer and Co. stopped payment!

The ruin of the house occasioned, by the misconduct of their agents abroad, was sudden and complete; old Mortimer, who was in declining health at the time, died almost immediately of the shock, and Frank became, in the same moment, an orphan and a beggar. When his stunned and bewildered mind had somewhat recovered from the blow, he hastened to the counting-house to open the letters of the firm, among which he found the following, addressed to himself:—

"Dear Sir,

"Beg to condole with you on the melancholy occasion,—but death is a debt that must be paid by us all. Refer you to inclosed copy of agreement between the late Mr. Francis Mortimer, sen., and self, by which you will observe, that your marriage with my daughter depends upon the clause being fulfilled, which provides for one thousand pounds being paid into the joint stock by you or the said Mr. F. M., senior. Have no objection to sign your certificate; but, as there appears to be some doubt of the said one thousand pounds being forthcoming on the twenty-third, previous the marriage-day, as per agreement, would rather decline till then, and till such time after as I may take to come to terms with a suitable partner for my daughter, the favour of your further visits.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"John Grove."

This third blow would have stunned beyond recovery a feeble or timid spirit; but it had the effect of rousing into action the fainting energies of Frank Mortimer. The letter of the prudent old merchant was followed by such steps as a man more accustomed to action than to theory would be likely to adopt. He guarded his daughter from the very looks of her lover; and as for a billet reaching her hand or a whisper her ear, the thing was impossible. Notwithstanding his precautions, however, a flash of joy might have been observed sometimes to illumine her face, as a seeming stranger would pass suddenly across her path in her morning walk; in the evening too, when sauntering along the beach which was the mall of Mowbray, a great, awkward, lounging figure of a sailor, with his hands stuck in his pockets, was regularly seen raising his little straw hat to wipe his brow with the back of a hard tawny hand as she neared him; and in water excursions, to which the inhabitants of the place were passionately addicted, a small boat, rowed by a single man, never failed to cross the bows of her pleasure-yacht, while the eyes of the young lady eagerly followed its course, till the object was lost in the distance.

In the meantime, the waxing moon, which every evening threw more light on these dumb and momentary interviews, proclaimed that that twenty-third day was at hand, on which the mind's eye of both had been fixed for two years. Mortimer, at first restless and unhappy, became now almost wild. His last hopes of a residue being left after payment of the debts were now overturned; the agreement which he had been accustomed to think of as if it had been the marriage contract, was about to expire; and worse than all, a new suitor—unexceptionable in age, person, fortune, and character—made his appearance, ready to pounce upon the prize as soon as the strict mercantile honour of old Grove should permit him to give the signal. The very constancy of Ellen, who relinquished both her walking and sailing excursions after the overtures of the rival deprived him of every opportunity of catching a single beam of hope from her beautiful eyes; concealing from his view those worshipped stars of love, the only lights which of late had been visible above the misty horizon of his fate.

One day, however, feeling probably the impolicy of her seclusion, the young lady consented to accompany her future lover on a short sail in the bay, and escorted by him, she repaired to the pier at an early hour in the

morning, and glanced around with a flushing cheek and restless eye. No answering look met hers. A sailor, in her father's employment was the only boatmen, Mr. Wingate (the aspirant) being himself skilkful in such matters; and the only spectator was an old foreign looking seaman, one of those fellows who, with short bowed legs, drooping shoulders, contracted eye-lids, and hands dug in their pockets, may be seen at all hours of the day and night *hulking* about the quays of a shipping town. This man eyed their preparations with that contemptuous curiosity which is often vouchsafed by such personages, to the small affair of getting a pleasure-boat under way; but sometimes with a greater appearance of interest, he turned his face to the weather quarter which presented, as might have been conjectured from his manner, indications not strikingly auspicious. Mr. Wingate was probably not altogether free from suspicion; for ever and anon he turned behind a restless and somewhat anxious look, which was then suddenly transferred to the blackened waters of the sea, rising in slow and sullen surges before him, as if moved rather by some internal impulse than by the slight gusts which blew from the land. The opportunity, however, was tempting to one who had so long sought for it in vain; and beside, it was more than probable that any backwardness on the part of the gallant might materially injure his character in the estimation of a lady, brought up, as the song says, with "one foot on sea, and one on shore."

At the moment of embarkation, he recollected that the bundle or shawls had been forgotten, which forms so indispensable a part of the appliances on such occasions, and begged the marine idler on the quay to go up to the house and fetch it; but the latter, affronted possibly at the offer of money which accompanied the request, replied, with characteristic brevity, "Nein: dat is, no! Donner! go yourself;" and jerking up his canvass trowsers, turned away upon his heel. The boatmen being engaged in clearing the tackle, Mr. Wingate was thus compelled to set out upon the errand himself, which he did at full speed.

The foreigner, having probably more sympathy with one of his own class and calling, now returned to the edge of the pier, and looked earnestly at the boatman; when the latter, as if struck with a sudden thought, started instantly up and exclaimed, "Shiver me, if I ha'nt forgot; hollon, mounseer! give an eye for a moment, will ye?" And immediately scrambling upon the quay, he scudded off in the wake of his master. At that instant, a heavy gust rattled among the half-bent sails, and Miss Grove, with a momentary feeling of alarm, called out to the seaman to see that the mooring line was fast.

"Good God!" she cried he does not understand me! Wretch! leave it alone!" But the old tar had already, with perfect composure, "hove off" the folds of the rope from the post.

"Ya, my tear, ya!" he replied in a complacent growl, to her exclamation, as he threw the coil upon the deck. The liberated vessel plunged like a mettled steed when the bridle is thrown over his head, and then dipped on the leeward side, till the water rushed over the gunwale. The reaction, which naturally took place,—there being as yet no way upon her,—brought the mast within a couple of yards of the quay; and the sailor, springing upon the shrouds, was upon the deck in an instant. No sooner had his hands emerged from the accustomed pockets, than the stoop disappeared from his shoulders, the bow from his legs, and the contraction from his eyes. One minute sufficed to shake out the main-sail, in the next the foresail and jib rattled up the rigging; and the third found Mortimer seated in the stern, one arm embracing the helm, and the other the waist of his fair mistress.

The little vessel was cutter-rigged, and three quarter decked, with a gangway all round, for the purpose of working the ship without incommoding the passengers. She was as tight and trim a concern of the kind as could well be imagined; and in ordinary weather, with two men on board, would have lived in any sea that runs upon the English coast. She was now destined, however, to form a closer acquaintanceship with wind and water than usually falls to the lot of a pleasure-boat. The lovers lost all recollection of their situation, in the enjoyment of their good fortune. Mortimer steered mechanically; and when a more than ordinary lurch took place, the warning was lost in the closer embrace it authorised. At length, startled into remembrance by a heavy shower-bath of spray, Ellen insisted upon returning.

"We may land," said she, "on the Point, where there is no creature visible, and you will easily escape undetected. The affair will pass for a sailor's frolic, and will leave little for

remembrance behind, excepting the satisfaction we shall both feel in the certainty of each other's fidelity.

"We *shall* land on the Point," said Mortimer firmly, directing her attention to a promonotory nearly twelve miles distant; "you shall reside under the protection of my aunt till arrangements are made with your father; he will never dream of opposition after matters have gone so far. The worst that can happen will be the loss of your portion; but even for that I have provided. I can enter the merchant service whenever I please, as first mate, and it will be hard if in a couple of voyages you do not find yourself a captain's lady!"

Ellen sat stupefied for a moment by the abruptness and audacity of the proposal; but recovering immediately, she with crimsoned cheek and flashing eye bitterly upbraided him for what she termed his treachery.

"You speculate," said she, "on my reputation, as you would upon an article of traffic. My father, you argue, must either consent to your wishes, or his daughter will remain disgraced in the eyes of the world! Is this the conduct of a lover? Great Heaven! is it the conduct of a man?" And she gave way to a passionate burst of tears. Mortimer could have stood the thunder of a woman's tongue: but in the rain which followed from her eyes, his sturdiest resolution melted away. With a heavy sigh, expressing at once anger, shame, and sorrow, he gave his project to the winds, and prepared for putting the vessel about.

In the meantime, the portentous blackness in the windward horizon, which had attracted his attention on the quay, was greatly increased in size, and the gusts swept longer and heavier every moment over the bosom of the deep. The smooth and confused surges which had risen sullenly around the cutter, were now rolling in huge yet low masses to lee-ward, proclaiming, by the volume of their base, the size of the superstructure they were prepared to sustain. Already the ridges of some were broken into boiling foam; and a hoarse yet not unmusical voice, from the whole body of the waters, fell, with a solemn and foreboding sound, upon the ear. Everything proclaimed the coming of a storm. The screaming sea-birds, as they winged their flight towards the land, hung low down over the surface, as if the tempest already rode in upper air; the cautious seamen, near the shore might be observed securing their craft, both large and small, from some expected danger; and in the offing, every stick and stitch on the sea was stretching eagerly to the nearest port.

The little cutter went gallantly about; but before recovering her way, a sudden squall nearly threw her on her beam-ends. It was no time to trifle. The squall was succeeded by others in quickened succession, till the whole, blending as it were into one, became entitled to the formidable name of a storm. Ellen, undaunted for a time, grasped the helm with both hands, while Mortimer, jumping fore and aft, as the circumstances required, took in every inch of canvass that could be spared. It was an exciting moment. The tight little vessel, holding on by the water, as if actuated by some living and reasoning impulse—now toiling up the steep of some enormous wave, whose ridges of boiling foam hung high and howling above her—and now sweeping gallantly into an abyss, formed, it might seem, by the flight of the billows before a conquering foe—presented a proud and magnificent spectacle to those who were identified with the struggle, and whose fate was involved in the event.

Ellen, with uncovered head, and long dark hair floating wildly upon the storm, stood straining at the helm with convulsive energy to her bosom, one foot fixed firmly at mid-ships, and the other ankle-deep in the water which now rushed over the gunwale. Her eyes, turned to the weather bow, looked proudly and boldly upon the tempest, while a bright glow, called into her cheek as much by the enthusiasm of the moment as by the agency of that unseen Spirit, whose chariot is the cold wind and whose dwelling is on the deep, gave an appearance of almost unearthly beauty to her face. Mortimer, as he hung upon the mast, casting a quick and wary eye around him, could not help losing some moments in gazing on this apparition of the sea; but the helm soon became too unruly for her hands, and laying her down upon the planks, protected in some measure by the gangway and deck, he resumed his place at the stern.

A moment of inaction was sufficient to chase the colour from her cheek; and she turned a look of pale and terrified inquiry upon her lover.

"There is no help for it, Ellen," said he, after a pause. "The wind has veered round to the north-west, and now sits steady midway between the intended point of my landing and

the quays of Mowbray. You will see neither my aunt nor you father to-night. We must run for it!" "Where?" inquired Ellen faintly.

"To the Smugglers' Isle."

Ellen shuddered at this announcement; for she knew that doubt must have bordered upon despair before Mortimer would have proposed so almost hopeless a step. The Smugglers' Isle was a baren rock, some distance out at sea, on which a lighthouse had fomerly stood, but which was now removed to the mainland. Beside the risk of going down in the dangerous sea between, if the entrance to one of the winding creeks with which the island is indented, was not hit with the nicest precision, a much stronger vessel than theirs would go to pieces upon the sharp rocks at the first blow. There was no help for it, however, as he had said; and to the "What say you, Ellen?" which Mortimer whispered in breathless anxiety, she answered faintly, "Run!" The next moment the vessel, with about a handkerchief of canvass, was plunging, remote and alone, before the storm, leaving far behind the hospitable shore, and diving madly, as a landsman would have thought, into the unknown wilds of the desert sea.

That night the Smugglers' Isle presented a scene resembling a country inn, in which travellers of every opposite character and pursuit are shuffled into tempory contact or collision. The crew of a smuggling sloop, which had sought refuge among the rocks, were thrown into consternation by a luminous appearance in the ruined lighthouse, from which the lamp had been banished for many years; and the captain and his four satellites crept silently and cautiously to the spot. Climbing to the broken window, the leader could not restrain an exclamation of surprise as he beheld a young lady, of extraordinary beauty, standing beside the fireplace, which blazed with wood apparently just torn from the walls. The female darted into an inner chamber at the noise of his approach; and as the outlaw jumped upon the floor, his men made their appearance by the more legitimate avenue of the door; and the party stood confronting, for an instant, a young man in a sailor's dress who seemed ostensibly the sole inhabitant of the mysterious domain.

The next moment the stranger was in the clutches of the ruffians, and Captain Brock making his way eagerly to the inner appartment; when, by a sudden effort, the prisoner burst from his jailers, and darting upon their captain, seized him by the collar, and said in a low, stern whisper, "Brock, are you mad?—you are about to ruin both your own fortune and mine; look at me—I am Frank Mortimer."

The smuggler stared at the announcement, but was speedily able to identify the stranger with the only remaining representative of the once great firm of Mortimer and Co. He motioned his men to withdraw; and leading Frank to the fire by the button, with the familiarity produced by an anticipated fellowship in crime, inquired—

"But what do you want with me, Master Frank—and what do you mean to do with the girl?"

"Can you ask," answered Mortimer, "what is the intention of a ruined and desperate man in seeking the friendship of a bold smuggler? As for the girl, that was a chance affair; but one that will enable me to begin my new career in brilliant style. She is the daughter of old Grove. On a sailing excursion this morning, with Mr. Wingate, her intended husband, we were driven by the storm to take shelter here: the boat struck upon the rocks, and went down—every soul perishing but Miss Grove and myself. My proposal is this. Let us carry her off to Holland, where I know you are bound, and then go share and share in the ransom."

The smuggler's eyes sparkled at the bright suggestion, and his satisfaction evinced itself in a volley of oaths.

"Hush!" whispered Mortimer; "we are now upon honour with each other. The affair you understand, is to be managed by you alone—I have nothing to do with it. As soon as day breaks, I will throw the things I have saved from the wreck into that old trunk, and carry it on board of you. I expect to find you by that time at the mouth of the creek, and ready for sea. Having thus made a prisoner of me—prisoner, you understand—I cannot prevent you, if you have a mind, from coming over to the lighthouse and carrying off the lady, too."

"It will do!—I see it!—I take it!" ejaculated the smuggler, as Mortimer pushed him towards the door. "Good night."

"Good night," said the latter. "Captain! honour?"

"Oh, honour! honour!"

The next morning the wind had fallen con-

siderably when the faint light of the dawn first streamed upon the black bosom of the sea. The waves, although still rising in wreaths of foam upon the rocks of the Smuggler's Isle, rolled elsewhere along in almost unbroken masses, seeming to owe their remaining agitation more to unquiet recollections of the preceding day, than to the actual agency of the morning breeze. The ocean was no longer a desert; for some far and filmy masts might already be descried in the offing; and along the crowded coast, among the still lingering shadows of night, the symptoms were discernable of renewed activity. The smuggling sloop was already at the mouth of the creek, moored to both sides by strong tackle; the decks were cleared, and everything in proper order for getting under way at a moment's notice. The crew were anxiously looking out for Mortimer's appearance, and as the increasing light disclosed every minute more and more of the distant coast, a darker shade was observed to lower upon the brow of Captain Brock.

The expected passenger was at length seen toiling along the ridges of the rocks, with a trunk upon his shoulders, the size and apparent weight of which very easily accounted for his delay. On his arrival, the captain and he shook hands in silence, and a significant glance from Mortimer directed the eyes and thoughts of his new friend to the lighthouse.

"Shall we stow your chest away in the hold?" asked the captain.

"There is no need," said Mortimer, "we shall have plenty of time by-and-by; and the object now"—pointing to the far coast, where the crafts by this time were seen stirring like bees—"is to get clear out to sea without the loss of a moment."

Captain Brock and two of his satellites hereupon sprang upon the rocks, and armed with nothing more than a piece of canvas, contrived to serve the purpose of a palanquin in case of need, took their way to the ruined lighthouse.

While they were still in sight, Mortimer stood gazing upon the party with an uneasy look; but when they had disappeared among the rocks, he turned with a sudden and decided motion to the remaining man. His air expressed perhaps more of hostility than he intended to exhibit; for, as an idea of treachery seemed to enter the smuggler's mind, a shout of warning or for help, which perhaps no personal danger could have exhorted, rung over the deep. The next moment a heavy plunge in the water told what were his thanks for his gratuitous communication, and on the ridge of a broken wave he was conveyed to the land, and discharged most emphatically upon a ledge of the cliff.

The shout, however, had sufficed to alarm the smuggling captain and his two men, and they were now seen rushing furiously back to the vessel. The catastrophe had been brought on prematurely, and Mortimer perceived no means at hand of severing the cables more efficacious or expeditious than the clasp-knife he had in his pocket. To work, therefore, he went with this frail instrument, and cut, and sawed, and hacked for very life. Every moment the hulloa of the smugglers came louder upon his ear; and the indistinct glance he was enabled to take of his enemies, without raising his eyes from the rope, told him that they had already surmounted the highest ridge of the cliff. This singular property of vision which the eyes possess, of seeing without looking, appeared at the time to be more a quality of the mind exercising its mysterious functions without the agency of the bodily organs: he felt their approach without seeing it; their feet trod upon his heart, when as yet the sound of their steps was unheard.

To have been able to fling upon the work in which he was engaged his utmost strength—to tear with hands and teeth—to struggle till his sinews cracked and his heart was ready to burst—would have been comparative enjoyment. But the weak blade required the nicest and gentlest management; and while his whole frame trembled with terror and impatience, his hand was obliged to move like that of a lady, when armed with a pair of scissors for the destruction of silk or gauze. The shout of the smugglers became louder as they approached, and their step now grated harshly upon the rocks. A cold sweat broke over Mortimer's forehead, as all the horrors of Ellen's situation rushed upon his mind. Well he knew the desperado into whose power she must shortly fall; well he knew, that even the suggestions of avarice would have been unattended to, had not a plan been formed at the moment in his lawless mind, for the gratification of a fiercer passion. He could hear the boards of her prison cracking with her struggles for freedom—he could even hear the convulsive catching of the breath; and amply did he appreciate the loftiness of spirit which repressed every cry of womanish terror; which refrained from interrupting, by the very sound of her voice, the

labours of him who she knew was labouring for her deliverance.

The smugglers were now at hand—they gained the edge of the cliff—they threw themselves into their boat, and with cries of mingled rage, blasphemy, and exultation, pushed furiously towards the vessel. At this moment, by a heavy roll of the sea, a sudden strain was given to the nearly severed rope, which broke with a loud report, and the sloop drifted a few yards, and swung by the remaining cable. Mortimer's eyes were lighted up with a momentary gleam of hope; but when he saw that the weight and pitching of the vessel had no effect upon the single rope by which she was now held, and when he knew that a few strokes of their oars were sufficient to bring the smugglers alongside, it gave way to absolute despair.

The lurch, however, had had the effect of splitting the chest in which Ellen was confined, against a bulk. The next instant she stood before Mortimer; and as the boat of the assailants rattled against the ship's side, and a wild huzza burst from the crew, she snatched the knife from his hand and replaced it with a handspike.

Mortimer was now in his element. Brock first appeared upon the gunwale, and was received with a tremendous blow, which laid him sprawling in the bottom of the boat. His comrades met successively with the same salutation; and as Ellen worked at the rope with more skill and ingenuity than her lover, it might have seemed that the fate of the action was at least doubtful. The smugglers, however, used to hard knocks, were no sooner down than up again; Mortimer's arm grew weaker at every blow; and, at length, quite spent with fatigue, he lost his balance, and nearly fell overboard.

A hoarse roar of exhultation rose from the boat's crew as they extended their hands to drag him into the boat; and although their triumph was deferred by a lofty wave rising between, when it subsided, the two vessels came together with a crash, which threatened to prove fatal to the weaker.

A shrill scream from Ellen startled the combatants on both sides. It was a scream of joy; for, at that moment, the rope burst with a noise like the report of a musket, and the sloop drifted to leeward. The smugglers' boat had received so much injury in the collision, that instead of being able to pursue, they had much difficulty in reaching the rocks before she filled and went down.

It is a matter of dispute among historians, whether old Grove would, in any case, have refused to sanction the union of the lovers, after the foregoing adventure. His magnanimity, however, was not put to the trial; for Mortimer obtained an advance on the same evening (the 23rd) of one thousand pounds, on his share of the revenue prize. The bond was thus completed; and Mortimer and Ellen entered forthwith into partnership as husband and wife, and became one of the first houses in Mowbray in the great business of matrimony.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

There came a youth upon the earth
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

He made a lyre, and drew therefrom
Music so strange and rich,
That all men loved to hear,—and some
Muttered of faggots for a witch.

But King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

And so well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, long hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the lovliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

THE DEPOSIT.

Not far from the French town of Alençon lies the little village of St. Paterne, situated on the borders of a wood. Close by are the extensive out-offices belonging to a comfortable farm-home, inhabited by the proprietor of a large and highly cultivated tract of country. Many years since, this proprietor was a M. Loisel, a rich and intelligent man, but one singularly feared and disliked in the neighborhood. Engaged at the age of fifteen in the first Vendéan insurrection, he had survived the disasters of his party, and having taken up his abode at St. Paterne, found means in the course of time to accumulate a considerable property.

Although sixty years old at the time our story commences, the owners of the *Viviers* (that was the name of his farm) had lost nothing of his anxiety to save and gain. An implacable avenger of the slightest injury offered to his rights, in everything he proclaimed himself an advocate for the most rigorous justice; the consequence was, that by his poorer neighbours he was fully as much hated as feared.

Day had just begun to break over the turreted roofs of the farm-house; everything was still—even the watch-dog slumbered in his lair, and the vine-trellised walls of the garden showed their dark outline against the sky. In the long alley that ran immediately outside the garden wall, two women were walking slowly, accompanied by a young man, whose head was bent down, as if beneath the pressure of profound grief. The elder female held the hand of the younger one, who seemed in no less grief than their companion, and tried to console her with tender words.

"Courage! Rose," she said. "This separation will not, I trust, be for long. Michael, please God, will return to us again."

The young girl shook her head.

"You know what my uncle said," she murmured, in a faltering tone.

"Yes," said Michael, bitterly. "So long as M. Loisel believed me to be the son of the farmer who, after the destruction of my family, adopted and brought me up, I had no reason to complain of him. He treated me, as he did you, with severe equity; but from the day when, in compliance with your advice, I revealed to him my real name, he has appeared to hate me. Ever ready to find fault, he seemed watching for an opportunity to send me away; and the discovery of our mutual attachment has served him as a pretext."

"Say as a cause, Michael," replied Rose's mother. "My brother, like too many rich men, despises and dislikes those who are poor; but what signifies that, now that you are no longer under his control? Life is opening before you—why not make your way, as others have done? God has given you health and talent, and you have an end to achieve. Prove the constancy of your love by persevering efforts, and my daughter shall be yours."

"You promise me that Madame Darcy?" exclaimed Michael, stopping short.

"I promise it," repeated the old lady solemnly. "Reasons which you understand prevent me from allowing the marriage to take place immediately. I am indebted to my brother for the means of educating Rose, and for all the comforts which we have enjoyed during the last ten years; this makes it a matter of duty on our part to submit in great measure to the will of M. Loisel. Prudence, besides, would oppose the immediate accomplishment of this union. Rose has no fortune; you are not as yet in a position to earn your living; and will have to work hard in order to ins e a competence. Go to Alençon, my dear Michael; try to deserve the confidence of the excellent man to whom you are going; and ere long I hope you will have realised sufficient to enable me to entrust you with my only child."

With tearful eyes, Michael murmured a few broken words, embraced the mother and daughter, and then, as if distrusting his own resolution, walked quickly away.

Madame Darcy and Rose watched with wistful eyes until he was out of sight, and then returned to their own apartment.

The separation was, indeed, almost as painful to the elder lady as to her daughter. During the three years that the young man had acted as clerk and agent to M. Loisel, she had learned fully to appreciate his excellent qualities, and to feel that her daughter's happiness could not be entrusted to safer hands. So she saw with pleasure the growth of their mutual affection, and flattered herself that her brother would not oppose their union. Very different, however, was the result. Far from showing more kindness to Michael, on learning that he belonged to one of the noble families whom the disasters of La Vendée had formerly brought to ruin and to death, he appeared from that moment to regard him with dislike; and on learn-

ing the youth's pretensions to his niece's hand, he ordered him abruptly to leave his service. The expostulations of Madame Darcy, and the still the more eloquent tears of Rose, were without effect. The master of the *Viviers* declared that, with his consent, his niece should never marry a man without fortune; that he meant her to make an alliance which should increase his own importance, and that the ladies must choose between him and Michael.

Madame Darcy acted prudently. Without renouncing the union which she approved of, she thought it well to defer it; and on her recommendation Michael obtained an excellent situation in a rich commercial house at Alençon, whither he was now about to go.

While passing along the garden wall, a slight noise of crackling branches was audible: but Michael, absorbed in his own reflections, did not regard it.

A grey head, however, suddenly rose amongst the vines that covered the top of the wall, but a thick clump of shrubs interposed between it and Michael. Re-assured by the surrounding silence, the head rose higher, and soon appeared the entire bust of a man meanly dressed, and from whose shoulder hung an old game-bag, patched with rusty cloth. Age and misery had left their mournful impress on his whole person. After having looked down at the fissures on the outer side of the wall, which had already aided his assent, he put his leg across the coping, and his foot was seeking the first resting-place, when the sudden apparition of Michael caused him to start so violently, that he slipped and fell, from a considerable height, amongst the brambles and nettles that garnished externally the foot of the wall.

Michael hastened towards him, and when he saw the pain-contorted face, exclaimed—"*Rouleur!*"*

"Ah, save me, Mr. Michael!" cried the man with the game-bag, writhing painfully among the brambles. "I am nearly killed."

"Come," replied the young man, who was ignorant of the severity of the fall, "I suppose you have been drinking too much at the "Red Cross."

"No, no," replied the *Rouleur*, "don't think that, good Mr. Michael; assure as possible 'tis all over with me. Look how my blood flows!"

"Blood! then what is the matter with you? What has happened?"

In spite of his sufferings, the *Rouleur* had sufficient presence of mind not to answer this last question. He redoubled his complaints, mingling them with a very confused sort of history which it was impossible to follow, and which confirmed his auditor in the belief that his fall had been the result of intoxication. He made a fruitless attempt to rise; and Michael, seeing that he was quite unable to walk, ran for the horse which he himself had been accustomed to ride, and proposed to lead him to the farm, which was the nearest habitation. But the *Rouleur* positively refused, and demanded eagerly to be taken to his own cabin, which was close to the village. Arrived there, his conductor raised him in his arms, and placed him on the bundle of straw which served him for a bed. He was then going to leave him, in order to look for a surgeon; but the wounded man cried, with a broken voice—

"Don't leave me! Have pity on me! If you leave me alone I am lost!"

"But a surgeon ought to see you," said Michael.

"No, I don't want one! What I want is something to drink. For mercy's sake, dear Mr. Michael, don't go away without giving me something to drink!"

The young man searched about the miserable cabin, and found a pitcher of water, and a half-emptied brandy-bottle. The *Rouleur* asked eagerly for the brandy, saying there was nothing better for a fall, and arguing that surgeons order bruises to be rubbed with it; but he could not convince Michael, who, giving him the pitcher of water, prepared, in spite of his opposition, to go and look for assistance, when M. Loisel made his appearance at the cabin-door.

When the wounded man perceived him he made a gesture of terror, and tried to sit upright; but his strength failed, and he fell back heavily. M. Loisel inquired what had happened, and Michael told him how he had found François, better known as the *Rouleur*, lying beneath the garden wall.

"And what were you doing there?" asked the master of the *Viviers*, fixing his eyes on François.

The latter made an effort to raise his hand to his cap, and replied, in a plaintive tone, "Excuse me, Mr. Mayor, I was there very much against my inclination; and the proof is, that I was not able to walk, or even to stand."

"But how came you to fall there?"

* A word which conveys the idea of a good-for-nothing person, one "living by his ways and means"

"Alas, sir! as people always fall, either by accident, or by awkwardness."

"Near what part of the wall did you find him?" asked M. Loisel, turning towards Michael.

"Near the breach in the top that you were going to have repaired."

M. Loisel struck his stick against the ground,

"As sure as possible, the fellow slipped in scaling the wall!"

"I did not!" exclaimed the *Rouleur*, with a vehemence that confirmed the Mayor's suspicions.

"You were either getting into my garden, or getting out of it?"

"Not at all," stammered François. "Why should I go into Monsieur's garden? What have I to do with his apricots?"

"How do you know there are any?"

"Ah, please, don't talk to me any more, said François, unable to parry this home question. "I'm very ill, and it hurts me so to speak!"

M. Loisel's quick eye at that moment caught sight of the game-bag, which the *Rouleur* had pushed as well as he could beneath the straw. He seized the strap by which it was slung, but François sought to retain it with both his hands.

"Don't touch it! you have no right. No one can look into my game-bag without my permission."

"We'll try that," said M. Loisel; and forcibly taking the bag, he turned out its contents, consisting of a quantity of fruit.

The proof was irresistible; and the *Rouleur* changing his tone, began to implore the Mayor's mercy.

Nothing, however, could equal the rage of the latter; his first impulse was to raise his stick and threaten to strike the wounded man; but Michael interposed.

"Let me pass!" cried M. Loisel. "I'll kill the robber! If I had only been there with my gun, I'd have shot him like a dog!"

"Have mercy on me, good Mr. Mayor!" cried the *Rouleur*. "I am already severely punished. Would you take the life of a Christian for a few miserable fruits?"

"Miserable fruits! My finest apricots, my wall peaches, worth two francs a dozen at Alençon! You shall finish your life at the galleys, wretch!"

The *Rouleur* could not reply. He was suddenly seized with a sort of convulsion, and threw up a quantity of blood. Michael pointed out to M. Loisel the necessity of summoning a surgeon.

"A surgeon!" cried the rich man, furiously; "you mean a justice of the peace. The police—send for them immediately."

And running to the door, he called one of his labourers who happened to be passing, desired him to take the horse which Michael had left outside (and seeing which had, indeed, first led M. Loisel to enter the cabin), and bring back, without delay, the justice of peace for the district.

Michael tried to intercede; but M. Loisel interrupted him.

"No mercy!" he exclaimed; "it is impunity which encourages vice. Like all those who have nothing of their own, you do not care about the rights of property; but for my part, I wish that every one should have his just deserts, and keep only what is lawfully his own. And as surely as I hold this stick in *my hand*, your *protege* shall only rise from his bed to go to the galleys."

The young man saw that further remonstrance would be useless; he approached François, whose sufferings seemed to increase. Michael felt greatly embarrassed. He longed to relieve the unfortunate man; the nearest physician lived at the distance of more than three miles, and M. Loisel's messenger had taken his horse. François, moreover, supplicated him to remain. The old man threw the blame of the theft on his poverty and destitution, and tried to soften the Mayor of St. Paterne by mutual early recollections. Both were born in La Vendée, and had known each other there; but in vain did he seek to awaken any feeling of sympathy in the breast of his stern accuser.

Shortly afterwards M. Lefébre, the justice of peace for the district, came in. He was a kind and venerable man, beloved and respected by even those whom his duty compelled him to punish. When he entered, the *Rouleur* set up a lamentable cry, caused partly by physical pain, and partly by mental suffering.

"Oh, 'tis all over with me!" he exclaimed.

"Calm yourself, poor man," said the new visitor, perceiving at a glance how ill he was; "we don't wish to increase your pain."

"Ah, 'tis not for myself, M. Lefébre, for I know I have not many days to live; but for my daughter, my poor Catherine—if I am sent to prison, it will kill her."

The magistrate turned towards M. Loisel.

"Certainly, Catherine is a worthy young creature," he said, in a low voice.

"That is to say that a robber is not to be punished because his daughter does not happen to resemble him?" replied the Mayor, sharply.

"I did not say so, sir," said M. Lefébre, gently. "I merely made a remark, thinking it might cause you to reflect."

"I have reflected! I have been robbed—there's the robber; let him suffer for what he has done."

"Excuse me for reminding you that the Gospel tells us to return good for evil."

"*My* Gospel, sir, is the penal code," said the master of the *Viviers*, drily. "This man has pillaged my garden—I require his arrest. I may add, that it is *your duty* to comply."

"I know that, M. Loisel; but I know, also, that he who constantly and rigorously exacts his rights, often runs a risk of being cruel. However, I shall question this unhappy man, provided that his wound be no obstacle."

"It was no obstacle just now to his imploring my mercy," remarked the Mayor.

M. Lefébre, signing to his clerk to take down the depositions, began to question the *Rouleur*.

He made a full confession; gave a history of his past life, and mingled it with prayers and regrets. Like many others, François had received nothing from his parents but the miserable existence, hitherto prolonged with so much difficulty. Left without moral or religious training, was it any marvel that he had become what he was?

The confession finished, M. Loisel, hard and unrelenting as before, added his signature with hurried joy; then Michael, as a witness, was called on to do the same. M. Loisel handed him the pen, saying, scornfully—"Let us see that you sign your real name. Write legibly, 'Michael de Villiers.'"

The *Rouleur*, who was writhing on his bed, suddenly turned round.

"De Villers!" repeated he. I thought your name was Lourmand?

"That was the name of the good man who adopted me and brought me up; and people were so much in the habit of giving it to me, that I came to look on it almost as my own; but my father's name was De Villers."

"Henri de Villers?"

"Precisely."

"Of Louroux Béconnais?"

"Who could have told you?"

"He served in La Vendée?"

"Under M. de Lescure."

"It is he!" cried François, in his excitement actually sitting upright, "you are his son and heir?"

"Certainly."

The old mendicant fumbled uneasily beneath his straw bed, and at length drew out a small flat parcel, wrapped in a bit of cloth. M. Loisel advanced eagerly.

"Many years have elapsed since this was confided to me," said the wounded man; "it was after the passage of the Loire by the royalist——"

"Well, what then?" interrupted the impatient Mayor.

"Well! I fled towards Bretagne, like every one else; and I was waiting for an opportunity of crossing unperceived, the water when another brigand* arrived at the farm where I had hid myself. He had met a party of dragoons, and had received three sabre cuts on his body, so that he was, as I am now, half dead."

"And it was he who gave you what you have there?" asked M. Loisel, wishing to cut short all these details.

"Just so; he had known one of my uncles who lived at Condé. When he found himself near death, he called all the people of the farm about him, and gave me this in their presence, making me swear that I would deliver it safely to M. Henri de Villers."

"And why did you not do so?" asked M. Lefébre.

"Because I never was able to discover any one of the name."

"My father, indeed, perished the same day as M. de Lescure," said Michael.

The Mayor now began to look very anxious.

"Do you know the name," he asked, "of the man who gave you this commission?"

"Yes," replied François; "he was a son of the man who kept the 'Lion' inn at Angers, and his name was Guillaume."

M. Loisel started, and changed colour visibly.

"This rascal is making game of us," he said, forcing a smile; "he invents a romance to interest us in order to gain time."

"I invent nothing!" cried the *Rouleur*, "As surely as the sun is shining, I am telling the exact truth."

* The name of "Brigands" was given to the insurgent Vendeans, and, in some sort, accepted by themselves, without conveying any disparaging idea.

"That may easily be ascertained," said M. Lefébre, who had not failed to remark the emotion of the Mayor. "Let us first see what this bit of cloth contains."

"No great things after all," said François, contemptuously.

"So you have already looked at it?" said the Justice of Peace.

"One likes, of course, to know what one is keeping; but I solemnly assure you, Monsieur Lefébre, there was nothing whatever in the rag, but this morsel of a pewter plate, with a scrawl, on it which I could not make out."

"Give it here," interrupted the master of the *Viviers*, eagerly extending his hand to seize it.

But M. Lefébre interposed.

"Such precautions," he said, "are only taken about a deposit of some value—there may be a secret here."

"You mean some silly mystification," replied M. Loisel; "what can be the value of this fragment of pewter?"

"That is what we shall soon know," said the Justice, approaching the window, "for here are some lines engraved on the metal."

The Mayor grew very pale, and M. Lefébre read as follows:—

"'I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from M. Guillaume, of the 'Lion,' at Angers, three hundred and twenty louis in gold, a watch set with diamonds, and two hoop rings; the whole composing a deposit confided to me by M. Henri de Villers, and which I promise faithfully to restore to him or to his heirs.

"This duplicate was made at Varades, the 3rd January, 1794."

"And the Signature?" asked Michael; for the Justice had stopped abruptly.

"It is one tolerably familiar to you, he replied, turning round. "It is that of M. George Loisel."

The young man started back with an exclamation of astonishment, and the master of the *Viviers* closed his eyes, as if about to faint.

But the *Rouleur*, who had been watching attentively all that passed, suddenly raised himself up, his eyes sparkling with vindictive joy.

"George Loisel!" he repeated. Can it be our Mayor? Why did he not restore the money?"

"That receipt is a lie—a forgery!" stammered Loisel.

"Then why does it make you tremble?" said François, whose tone had suddenly changed from supplication to insolence. "If I have told a lie, it will be easy to detect it, for the the farmer, who was the witness of the deposit, is, I am certain, still alive."

The Mayor made an uneasy gesture.

"And in case his word does not suffice, there is another proof to be had in the church of Varades. Beneath the seventh flag, reckoning from the door, the duplicate of that piece of pewter lies buried. Guillaume told me so*"

M. Loisel trembled, his limbs seemed to give away, and he leant against the wall for support.

A silence ensued. At length M. Lefébre spoke.

"It is difficult to doubt any longer in the face of so many proofs; and M. Loisel will act prudently in not making any further denial."

"We shall see about that afterwards," said the Mayor; "but, at all events, that is not the question at present."

"Pardon me, monsieur," replied the Justice, "I have come——"

"You have come," interrupted Loisel, whose confusion began to change into anger—"*you* have come to arrest a robber."

"*Two* robbers!" cried François. "There are *two*, Mr. Mayor: the small one, who takes fruit, in order to save himself from dying of hunger; and the great one, who takes louis d'ors, in order to become a landed proprietor."

M. Loisel made a violent movement.

"Ah! I don't fear you any more!" continued the *Rouleur*, whom the pleasure of revenge had caused to forget his wounds. "I ask nothing better than to go to prison, provided we go there in company. Ah! he has no pity for poor sinners, and he does worse than they do; he approves of the penal code for others, how will he like it for himself? He says that every one should have his right; well, M. Michael will have his. The *Viviers* were purchased with his father's money; everything there belongs to him; our excellent Mayor will be ruined, and sent to gaol. Ha! ha! ha! Write, M.

* We refer any of our readers who may regard as a mere romantic invention this receipt scratched on pewter, to Madame De Larochejaquelin's account of the wars in La Vendee. They will see there that not only receipts, but registers of the birth of the exiles' children were frequently engraved on pewter with a nail, wrapped up, and buried, in order to serve afterwards as family titles.

Lefebre, write! 'No mercy for robbers; an example must be made!'"

Not a word from M. Loisel. He had sunk upon a chair, and sat with his arms hanging down, and his head bent on his chest. M. Lefebre had drawn Michael aside, and they were conversing together eagerly in a low voice. At length they advanced together.

"M. Loisel sees now that I was right," said the former, in a tone of mingled sadness and severity. "Every one has need of indulgence, and, above all, we should remember the words of our Lord, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.' If M. Michael took 'the penal code for *his* gospel' he might now assert his rights with relentless vigour."

"Ah! don't fear *that*," interrupted the young man, addressing M. Loisel. "I would not on any account do anything to distress Madame Darcy or Mademoiselle Rose."

"Which proves," remarked the Justice pointedly, "that *some* pardon the guilty, in order to prevent the innocent from suffering."

"I hope, also," said Michael, "that this affair may be amicably arranged."

"Provided that Mr. Mayor be disposed to accommodate," remarked the Justice.

M. Loisel raised his head, and cast an eager, scrutinizing glance on the speakers.

"What do you mean?" he asked hastily.

"You are aware of the attachment between M. de Villiers and your niece. Their marriage would so unite the interests of the two families as to render all retrospect useless."

M. Loisel seemed to hesitate.

"Recollect," continued M. Lefèbre, "that your fortune and your character are both concerned. The proofs furnished by François would suffice to convict you in any court of justice, should M. de Villiers proceed against you. Prevent this by giving your consent to a union which will secure the happiness of your sister and your niece. A good action is often also a politic one."

Whether from shame or from emotion, M. Loisel did not speak; but with his hand he gave a sign of consent, and rushed out of the cabin.

The *Rouleur* was not prosecuted. At the end of a month Michael de Villiers married Mademoiselle Darcy, who brought him as her dowry a considerable portion of the revenues of the *Viviers*.

The public praised M. Loisel's generosity, and Michael allowed him to enjoy the credit without contradiction, preserving a strict silence on the subject of the deposit. But he never forgot the service which François had rendered him, and he took care that the poor old man should be preserved for the remainder of his life from the sharp temptations of misery.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

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Sederunt XXXV.

[*Major, Laird, Purser, Doctor.*]

Doctor.—Well Bonnie Braes, what did you think of Squire Lucy Stone? Dame Rumour asserts that you assisted at one of the nondescript's prelections.

Laird.—Then for ance in her life, the aforesaid Dame spoke the shirtless truth. I *did* kirl my bawbees, at the door o' St. Lawrence Ha', in order that I might hae it in my power to say that I had seen a creature o' the neuter gender, as Dominie O'Squeel, the learned president o' the Streetsville debating society, profoundly observed. Oh but he's a great man the Dominie, especially when he gets a metapheesical sow by the lug! It would puzzle the muckle horned Diel himsel', to mak' head or tail of what he says!

Doctor.—Very likely, but touching the hermaphroditic personage rejoicing in the mineral name?

Laird.—Heech man, but that's a round about way o' saying Stane! Strongly does it remind me o' lang Peter Patullo, that kept a grocery shop in Kelso. Peter, puir man, had gone through the College wi' a view to the ministry, but unfortunately the door o' the pulpit was hermetically closed against him, in consequence o' some anti-nuptial transactions which he had wi' red hair'd Rebecca Randy.

Doctor.—Heaven keep us! now that you have mounted your confounded episodical horse!

LAIRD.—In these circumstances Mr. Patullo betook him to the vendition o' sugar, mousetraps, and cognate confectionaries, and if his measures were sometimes a trifle short, he made up for the deficiency by the length o' his words. For instance, if an old wife asked for a tobacca pipe, Peter would affect ignorance o' her meaning. "Pipe! pipe! my venerable friend"- he would say—"what species of mercantile commodity can that be? Oh! I have it! Perchance you purpose to excambionate a small modicum of coined copper, for a tube fabricated of baked tenacious earth, and designed for resolving the narcotic herb of the Tropics into vapour?"

MAJOR.—Returning, however, to Miss Stone, what is your candid opinion of the strong minded spinster of Massachusetts?

LAIRD.—Sae far as a gift o' the gab is concerned, the woman—if I may so term her without offence—can lay claim to nae sma' distinction. When once her tongue is set in motion she can carry on by the hour, or by the day, for that matter, like a house on fire. Indeed, I verily opine and believe, that neither an earthquake, nor a Sheriff's execution for debt, could cause her to lose the thread o' her discourse! She would continue to preach unmoved amidst the crashing o' rocks, and the sequestration o' kail pats and frying pans! Like a perennial clock, she could carry on without stint or devaul, till death paralyzed her prelecting pendulum!

PURSER.—And what kind of grist was produced by this incarnate mill-stone?

LAIRD.—Oo, there was baith guid and bad aboot her sermoneezing; the latter, however, unwholesomely predominating.

MAJOR.—Tip us a sample of her orthodoxy.

LAIRD.—My judgment endorsed what the lass said, anent the limited industrial sphere to which her sex was confined. She thoroughly convinced me that many occupations which are now performed by he humans, ought to be discharged by the beard lacking section o' Adam's thriving family.

MAJOR.—As for instance?

LAIRD.—Among other examples she cited the assistants o' linen drapers and silk mercers. Strong as over proof usquebaugh were her arguments to demonstrate, that women were best fitted to serve women wi' ribbons and lace, and sic like purse-draining unsubstantialities.

DOCTOR.—You speak with a twang of bitterness.

LAIRD.—And sae would ye, if ye had been cursed wi' the vision o' the mesbegotten "little bill," which was rendered to me, nae langer ago than last week, for useless vanities furnished to Girzy, by Wheedle and Whigmaleer. A dreary hole, I can tell you, it made in the lucre I got for my bit handfu' o' wheat! The dollars melted like snaw in sunshine, leaving little else than dolours behind!

MAJOR.—Did the loquacious Lucy confine her requisitions to dry goods' establishments?

LAIRD.—Na. She claimed liberty for the sisterhood to officiate in a variety o' other spheres o' usefulness, including the bookselling buzziness.

PURSER.—What would our friends Maclear & Co., say to that proposition?

LAIRD.—I dinna' ken, but this I will maintain, that they might profitably adopt it, at least to a certain extent.

DOCTOR.—Shade of Jacob Tonson, listen to the bucolic innovator!

LAIRD.—Innovator here, or innovator there, I stand to what I say. Just listen to reason, if you can, for a wee blink. Who sae weel fitted to crack up the beauties o' poetry and romance, as a bonnie young hizzie wi' sparkling hazel een, and lang curling hair, black and glossy as a craw's wing newly washed in a simmer shower?

MAJOR.—Have we got an Anacreon, a Burns, or a Tom Moore amongst us?

LAIRD.—A lad, we shall suppose, comes into the shop, wi' nae ither intent than to pass a vacant half hour. Miss Octavio Octodecimo tackles the listless lounger, and directs his attention to an appeteezin' edition o' Shakspere. Wi' her tapering and pink nail tipped finger, she points to an engraving o' Juliet hanging confidingly on the neck o' Romeo, and drinking in his impassioned words wi' a tumultuous thirst that has nae counterpart on this cauld, churlish earth. The lad mechanically grasps his purse. Seeing her advantage Octavio proceeds to read, in silvery tones, a few lines descriptive o' the picture, and presto! my gentleman, tables doon the price o' the book, without stipulating for a single rap o' discount! Catch ony male bibliopole working oot sic a result for the customer, besides being o' a somewhat thrifty nature, has got a copy o' Shakespere at hame, bound in extra calf, and refulgent wi' gilt edges!

MAJOR.—Bonnie Braes, you plead your cause after an artistic fashion!

PURSER.—So much for Lucy Stone's sunny side, now for the *per contra*.

LAIRD.—The slut ran clean awa wi' the harrows, in the brazen boundlessness o' her demands. She hectored and ranted aboot the perfect equality which woman was entitled to claim. If her notions were carried oot we would hae the petticoat elevated to the bench—wriggling in the pulpit—dragglin.g through the gory slush o' the dissecting room—and in fact wrestling and striving wi' breeks in every conceivable place and situation! I never was sae disgusted in a' my born days! It was wi' difficulty I could keep frae dragging the limmer frae her perch, laying her across my knee, and letting her experience the indignant weight o' a Christian farmer's loof! My certy, if sic a catastrophe had eventuated, she would hae been glad to hae eaten her meals in a perpendicular position for the next sax weeks thereafter?

DOCTOR.—In the event of such an onslaught, Lucy would have cause to regret that she was not literally stone!

LAIRD.—Hech sirs, what a waesome calamity it would be, if the stony-minded mania universally prevailed among the weaker veshels! There would be an end, ance and for ever, to the lovely and humanizing *institution* of womanhood! We would hae gangs o' she doctors, and droves o' hen preachers in swallow-tailed coats, and drab continuations, but sorrow a sweet heart or a wife! Wha would think o' putting his arm round the waist o' an M.D. or D.D., and wandering wi' the revolting anomoly through hawthorn-scented lanes on a gracious autumn gloamin'? For my part I would as soon think o' popping the question to the Hon. John Rolph, or the Rev. Robert Burns, as to a disciple o' the Stane or Cridge school! I would a thousand times rather marry a hunch-backed negro *woman*, than a strong-minded nondescript, though comely as Cleopawtra, or Mary Queen o' Scots! Rax me the grey-b ard o' yill, Sangrado, that I may wash awa' the taste o' the clatty sluts!

MAJOR.—Whilst our agricultural associate is doing loyal homage to the venerable grey-beard, I shall read you a brace of translations from Catullus. They have been "done into English" expressly for the *Anglo-American*, by a Canadian, a graduate of the University of Toronto:—

CARMEN V.

Let us live for sweet love,
And in happiness prove,
That we don't care a pin for old saws
Which philosophers gray
When desires pass'd away,
Would impose on the young for the laws.

Though the stars set to-night,
They will shine just as bright
For long ages to come in the sky;
But when mortals' brief day
Has for once fled away,
In a sleep without waking they lie.

So give kisses five score,
And a hundred or more,
I'll return to your lips for the loan;
When that hundred is done,
Then the score's just begun,
And a thousand will count but as one.

Then when millions are o'er,
We'll blot out the score,
And forget the sum total of bliss,
Lest with envy some wight
Should glow pale at the sight,
When he know that so often we kiss.

DOCTOR.—That metal rings true. The graduate is evidently indoctrinated with the science of osculation.

LAIRD.—Oscu—osculation—that's a lang nebbit word! What may its meaning be, when interpreted?

DOCTOR.—You had better ask the question at some bonnie lassie,

"*When the kye come hame*!"

MAJOR.—Here is another on the same unctious text.

CARMEN VII.—TO LESBIA.

Do you ask me when I
Of your cherish'd supply
Of sweet kisses will say, "Now no more?"
My dear!

You must number the sand
As it lies on the strand,
Far away on the Lybian shore,
My dear!

You must number the bright
Starry hosts when the night
Is all silent and lovers awake,
My dear!

For no mortal can count
The vast endless amount
Of your kisses a surfeit would make,
My dear!

LAIRD.—Oh, there's spunk in the birky that wrote that! I'll wager a plach to a bawbee that osculation has something to do with kissing! Am I right Crabtree? Ah! you wicked auld sinner, I see you laughing wi' the tail o' your ee! I wonder you are no' ashamed to carry on in that way wi' a ruling elder!—It is an even down mercy, that the Kirk Session has nae jurisdiction over the Shanty!

PURSER.—What kind of thing is *North and South*, the story which Harper & Brothers have just reprinted from *Household Words*?

DOCTOR—It is a fiction of wonderful freshness and power, superior to any thing of the kind that has appeared during the currency of the last twelve months.

LAIRD.—Thats' nae great brag after a'. The novel market has long been wersh, as soda-water decanted for an hour.

MAJOR.—Is it a love affair?

DOCTOR.—Why there is a certain admixture of the tender passion, but the bulk of the production is occupied with sterner stuff than mere billing and cooing. Much space is devoted to the manufacturing operations of England, and the dismal memorabilia of a *strike* are narrated with dramatic effect, and a minuteness of detail indicative that the authoress, Mrs. Gaskill, sketched from life.

LAIRD.—I think I'll tak' oot the book for the benefit o' my thrawn, bull-headed hired men, Bauldie Stott. The creature has been muttering and glunching for the better o' sax weeks that the wages are too low, though he gets three pounds currency every blessed month, and board that would serve an Alderman. The greedy, gutsy, ne'er-do-weel, that he is!

MAJOR.—Have patience, most excellent husbandman! When wheat falls, so will wages.

LAIRD.—Humph! If ye hae nae better comfort than that, ye may keep it to yoursel! The remedy is as bad as the disease.

DOCTOR.—I say, Crabtree, can you recommend to me some concise and moderately priced manual on the war? As I do not file any newspaper, I am frequently at a loss, when desirous to refer to the earlier incidents of the "difficulty," as Jonathan would say.

MAJOR.—Here is the very article you desiderate. It is "captioned" *The War; or, Voices from the Ranks:* and is one of Routledge's cheap publications. As the title of the brochure intimates, it is mainly composed of epistles written by the actors in the bloody drama, the compiler merely furnishing a frame work for their display.

PURSER.—There is something felicitous in the idea.

MAJOR.—And it is as felicitously carried out. This compact shilling volume will furnish invaluable materials for the future historian of the Crimean campaign, and indeed gives us a more vivid idea of the struggle than any tarry-at-home Alison, however eloquent, could convey.

DOCTOR.—I like the motto of the book taken from the *Weekly Despatch*: "The mere letters, not only of the spectators, but of the actors in this war, will one day form the noblest department of epistolary literature that ever graced the annals of rhetorical composition." What a great thought that our common soldiers become the historians of the bloody field in which the unnamed demi-gods gather their laurels, and and that in ten days after a victory greater than Agincourt, our newspapers teem with prose epics from sergeants, corporals, and privates, eloquent of such feeling and heart-truth as to—

Catch a grace beyond the reach of art.

PURSER.—If not too bold I would introduce to the notice of the Dons of the Shanty a very pleasant work recently published in New York, viz.: *Travels in Europe and the East.*

LAIRD.—Who is the author?

PURSER.—Samuel Irenæus Prime.

DOCTOR.—How ludicrously characteristic of Dollardom is the gent's *nomen!* Who but a thorough-bred Yankee would think of coupling *Irenæus* richly redolent as that name is of the most venerable antiquity, with the smug, pert, vulgar, cheese-monger like atrocity of *Prime!* It reminds one of that peripatetic cutler, the Toronto bell-man, grinding knives and razors in his flowing scarlet toga, and wearing a well-reeked tobacco pipe by way of plume, in his glittering civic helmet!

LAIRD.—What trade does neighbour Irenæus follow, when he's at hame?

PURSER.—He is a preacher, but gives no inkling as to which of the thousand and one denominations he patronizes.

LAIRD.—Why does na' he call himsel' *Reverend*, like an honest man?

MAJOR.—Have you yet to learn, Bonnie Braes, that the modern clericos of the model republic strive as much as possible to sink "the shop?" It is quite a common thing for the non-Episcopal Mess Johns of New York, to hold forth in their Sunday rostrums, not only without gowns, but rigged out in black stocks, and natty surtouts!

LAIRD.—Though I testify wi' tooth and nail against the *white sark*, and the *kist fu' o' whistles*, and a' sic Papistical and Puseyite abominations, I would be blate to see matters carried to sic an extent in oor bit kirk!

DOCTOR.—Pray, Mr. Purser, give us a taste of the *prime* article, which you commend to our devoirs.

PURSER.—Here is an account of the author's visit to the Post Office, and Bank of England:—

My lodgings were at Charing Cross, the most central spot in all London. From it you can get an omnibus for any part of the city, while you are in the immediate vicinity of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and a score of things that a stranger wishes to see.

One morning not long after my arrival in London, as I stepped into the omnibus to go to the General Post office, a gentleman said to me, in answer to my enquiry as to the value of a coin in my hand, "It will be altogether better when we have decimal currency."

"As we have in America," I replied.

"Then you are from America?" he continued. "Ah, you have much there from which we might improve, if we only would."

"And I am ready to say the same of your country," I replied again. "I meet with something new every day, that reminds me of the fact that the daughter may yet be taught some lessons by her mother."

"What are some of those things?" he asked me, at once; and I had been asked the same question several times at dinner-tables and in private.

"To mention but one point," I said, "your system of police is far more efficient and reliable than ours. It works silently, but so powerfully, that it seems to be a preventive rather than a cure."

"Thank you," said the gentleman, "for your good opinion; but we begin to think our system is too much like that of the Continent—it is too prying and inquisitorial; we will not submit to espionage."

"I despise the spy as much as you do," I answered, but honest men have far less to fear from espionage than from a system so loose that the officer of justice is as much to be dreaded as the thief, and not unfrequently is one. In our country the policeman has no distinctive dress, and acts as if he were ashamed to be known as an agent of the government. Breaches of the peace are less frequent than they are with us, while life and property are more secure." Such is the fact, as all my future observation confirmed. "Then," I added, "you seem to have no fires here in London. Not a day passes in New York without an alarm of fire; but I hear of none in this city. Why is this?"

He assured me that the energy and vigilance of the police were directed to this matter; and I think it likely that the buildings are put up with much greater precaution against fires than they are in New York.

I stopped at the General Post-office, a large and elegant building, with a hall eighty by sixty feet in the middle of it, around which all the departments are so arranged and designated that a stranger finds what he is after with little or no trouble at all.

The building is of the Ionic order of architecture, four hundred feet long, and eighty feet deep; the largest postal establishment in the world. The number of letters passing through the British Post-office, as we learn from the returns to Parliament, is nearly four hundred millions of dollars.

I had questions to ask in reference to the transmission of letters; and the readiness with which information was given, the patience with which my enquiries were listened to, and the courtesy of those I addressed, made an agreeable impression. Such politeness is not experienced always in post-offices much nearer home than this.

The penny (two cents) postage has succeeded beyond all calculation. The extent of the country is so limited, that the whole system of mail transportation and the delivery of letters are made to move with the precision of clock-work. The promptness with which letters are delivered in the city of London, even in its remotest suburbs, three or four times in a day is wonderful. But the office is not open on Sundays. Here, in the commercial centre of the world, where, if in any part of the earth, the plea of necessity might be successfully urged, there is no opening of mails, and no delivery of letters on the Sabbath day. It is well to make a note of this.

The *Bank of England* must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, your must have an order from the Govenor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of *eight acres* of ground; an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window toward the street, being lighted altogether from the roof or the inclosed areas. The ordinary business apartments differ from those in our banks only in their extent, a thousand clerks being constantly on duty, and driven with business at that. But to form any adequate idea of what the Bank is, we must penetrate its recesses, its vaults, and offices, where we shall see such operations as are not known in Wall Street. I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after the delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the Bank received yesterday were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. *The Bank of England never issues the note a second time.* It receives in the ordinary course of business about £800,000, or $4,000,000 daily in notes: these are put up in parcels according to their denomination, boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years: at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which I saw running, and made again into paper. If in the course of those ten years any dispute in business, or law-suit should arise concerning the payment of any note, the Bank can produce the identical bill. To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the Bank has its own paper-makers, its own printers, its own en-

gravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing-office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers can not manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the Bank. On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time!

In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple, for detecting *light* gold coins. A row of them dropped one by one upon a spring scale: if the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon one side into a box: if less than the standard, it rose a little higher, and the coin slid off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer!

The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited, which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me, "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling (five millions of dollars), which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again, as it would be hardly safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the floor was a Director and the Cashier counting the bags of gold which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This money of the world seemed to realize the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one Institution to the commerce of the world.

Stepping out of the Bank of England I went into the Royal Exchange, and up to Lloyd's Rooms; were merchants, shippers, etc., congregate, and where the latest intelligence respecting every ship that floats is reported, and instantly posted. Lists are printed every few minutes, announcing all that mails and telegraphs have brought from foreign and domestic ports, and these furnish to those interested the earliest and most reliable intelligence. Here, too, are newspapers in every language in which they are printed, and every stranger may read in his own tongue what is going on at home. A curious weather-gauge is in this room: an index, turned by the vane on the roof, is constantly showing in the room below the direction of the wind, while a pencil is attached to a chart and moved by the same power, so as to mark the precise course in which the wind has been blowing for days: making a record as distinct as the penciled course of a ship on the master's chart at sea, Studying this map of the winds, an insurer may make some calculation upon the progress of a vessel, and shape his business accordingly.

It will take a day, but a day well spent, to look through these buildings—the three that I have mentioned. They will give a stranger the largest means of forming an opinion of the commercial importance of London. Here he is in its focus. The Post-office, the Bank, and the Exchange are the representatives of the wealth and business relations of England, and no one can view them in connection without feeling that he is at the fountain-head of influence, in all the channels of business in the world.

LAIRD.—After this lang daud o' prose, what do ye ye think o' a mouthfu' o' verse? If the Honourable House has nae objections I'll read some touching stanzas frae the *Cannda Evangelist*, a Hamilton periodial. The author is named J. Miller, and his tent is pitched in Montreal:—

THE WEE DEAD WEAN.

The wee dead wean
Wi' its wee white face,
Has early sought its mansion in
Man's last, lang sleeping place;
And yet its rest appears sae saft,
Sae calm—though awfu' deep,
That as we gaze the wee thing seems
A-waukening frae its sleep!

But the wee dead wean
Will never wauken mair;
Nor fret because its mither's pride
Would brush its bonny hair;
It's gone frae us, just like a glint
O' sunshine i' the dale,
Or like the snaw-drap lowly laid
In February's gale.

O wee, wee wean,
Your fate a blest ane seems,
Your wee sun set ere sin or shame,
Like mists, could dim its beams,
Nought learned ye o' our puir lost race,
Our warld's crooked art;
Nor kenned the dark spots o' the earth,
Nor o' the human heart.

Wee, wee dead wean!
Your mither needna greet,
Although she canna wauken you,
Nor warm your death-cauld feet;
For on your brow there is a smile,
Nae cloud o' black despair,
Nor whirlwind passion ever cam'
To heave a furrow there.

The wee dead wean
Has gane frae earth to heaven—
'Least, sae we think, though some stern men
To prove us wrong hae striven;
But oh, awa, stiff zealot—gang
And learn your creed again,
There's sma', sma' hope for grey-beard saints
If that wee lamb's in pain!

MAJOR.—Poetically pretty, and theologically correct. I hope Mr. Miller will not neglect the lyre, which he can strike after such a pleasing fashion.

DOCTOR.—Are you a bird fancier, Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—What makes ye ask?

DOCTOR.—Caution, thy name is Scot! My sole object in propounding the interrogatory, was to introduce to your notice a very appetizing little volume from the pen of H. G. Adams, and published by Routledge & Co., called *Cage and Singing Birds*.

LAIRD.—I am kept sae thrang driving birds frae my craps, that I hae sma' time to devote to the cherishment o' the feathered tribes. Girzy, however, is unco fond o' canaries, and seldom wants a choir o' them. She has nae less than three pairs at present, and I like brawly to hear the wee creatures tuning their pipes, when I am reaping my chin on a sunny morning.

DOCTOR.—Pray accept the treatise to which I made reference. In addition to being very readable, it is replete with useful practical instructions touching the up-bringing and sustentation of the gentle emigrants from the Canary Islands.

LAIRD.—Mony thanks, Sangrado. It is, indeed, a bonnie bit book, and it surprises me hoo it can be sold for sic a small sum as aughteen pence currency, which I see is the price exegible therefor. Why the engravings alone would be a guid bargain for the money.

MAJOR.—Speaking of Canaries, are they indeed natives of the islands so named?

DOCTOR.—Such was the opinion of Linnæus, who is generally esteemed a catholic authority in questions of that description. Mr. Adams gives us an account of their first introduction to Europe. A ship bound for Leghorn, having on board a number of the gentle minstrels, foundered near Elba. The captives being set at liberty by the accident, found a refuge on the island, and the climate was so congenial to their nature that they remained and bred. Their beauty and melody, however, attracted the attention of bird-catchers, who hunted them so assiduously that in process of time not a single specimen was left in the island.

LAIRD.—And what became their head-quarters?

DOCTOR.—Our author says: "From Italy the birds soon found their way into France and Germany, from the latter of which countries, and the Tyrol, we now derive our principal supply. Canary breeding and teaching is there conducted on a very large scale, and in accordance with well-established rules and principles; and persons from those countries annually visit England with trained songsters, which fetch from five shillings to a guinea or more each."

MAJOR.—A somewhat amusing incident illustrative of the literary pirating trade which now so rifely prevails, has just come under my ken.

LAIRD.—Hand me the jug o' het water before you begin. Noo hurry on as fast's you like.

MAJOR.—Sometime ago there appeared in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, a novelet by Mrs. Southwarth, called *The Lost Heiress*. This production being possessed of some merit, was re-published by the *London Journal* as an original contribution, the title thereof being changed to that of *The True and False Heiress*.

LAIRD.—I see nothing strange in a' that.

MAJOR.—Hold hard for a moment. Scarcely had this London rehash reached the shores of Dollardom, when it was pounced upon by a brace of New York bibliopoles, hungry as hawks for professional pabulum. One of these worthy gents announced it in his journal under its *foreign* name, whilst the other conferred upon the story the new and *ore rotunda* designation of *Duty and Revenge; or, the Minister's Daughter*.

LAIRD.—And what was the up-shot?

MAJOR.—Why, just as the pirates were licking their lips in anticipation of the *metallic* feast which was before them, in steps the Philadelphian owner of the copy-right, and dislocates their noses, by informing them how the land lay!

LAIRD.—Ha, ha, ha! Its a refreshing thing to see sharks hooked in that way!

DOCTOR.—One of the most curious inventions of this inventive age was promulgated the other month by Professor Brierordt of Frankfort.

PURSER.—Which of the Frankforts? They abound both in Canada and the United States.

LAIRD.—Confound the idiotic mania that leads to the importation o' European names!

DOCTOR.—I speak of the aboriginal clachan. The genuine Lemon Pure Frankfort of Germany, famed for Hebrew usurers, and pork sausages.

MAJOR.—And the invention?

DOCTOR.—Is a machine the mission thereof is to register on paper the beatings o' the pulse.

LAIRD.—Wonders never will cease! Young

lads like huz may live to see the day when sermons will be preached by steam, and members o' Parliament be fabricated o' pine, and vote by clock work!

PURSER.—In these piping times of responsible Government, I do not see any thing peculiarly preposterous or Utopian in that last idea. A modern legislator is supposed to be the mere unreasoning mouth-piece of the majority who translate him from the plough tail, the counter, or the tripod stool of law, to the Senate. Why, then, should not cunningly constructed automata do all the business that is required? By winding up properly their M.P.P. at the commencement of a session, a constituency could calculate to a certainty upon *its* squeaking *yea* or *nay* at the right seasons; and all chance of corruption would be avoided, except, of course, the opposite party contrived to steal the key!

LAIRD.—Vera true. And as a large percentage o' our law tinkers are already possessed o' timber heads, they only require the addition o' machinery, sae the necessary outlay would na' be very deadly.

PURSER.—The entire cost would be saved in one month, in the shape of wages.

LAIRD.—But what would become o' the puir reporters?

PURSER.—Oh, they might earn their board, lodging, washing, and horns, by oiling the "Honourable Gentlemen," and shifting them from one position to another, at divisions.

MAJOR.—Returning, however, to the pulse recorder, after what fashion doth it operate?

DOCTOR.—The arm of the patient is placed in a longitudinal cradle, and screwed down sufficiently *taut* to keep it steady. A small erection on each side holds a sort of lever worked on a hinge, having at the extremity thereof a pencil, the point of which has been dipped in Indian ink. This goes into a cylinder upon which paper has been stretched. The aforesaid lever rests upon the pulse, and at every moment marks the action upon the paper. If the pulse is steady a regular zig-zag is drawn on the sheet, but in cases where the pulse is rapid and jerking, the line goes up and down, making long and uneven marks.

MAJOR.—The affair, doubtless, is ingenious enough, but the question comes to be *cui bono?* Except a medico has been contravening the canons of Father Mathew, he can learn all that the machine could teach him, by simple manipulation.

LAIRD.—Thats' precceesely my notion. The Frankfort Professor puts me in mind o' daft Amos Armstrong o' Lwinnie. As I was riding by his door, ae day, on my road to Berwick Fair, I saw Amos, wi' his sister Meg, wha' was as crazy as himsel', trying to lift the cow to the tap o' the house. "*Guid preserve us, Amos*"—quo' I—"*whats a' this you'r aboot?*" "*Deed Jamie lad*"—says he—"*there's a braw bunch o' grass growing on the rigging, yonder, and as grazing is unco scarce, we want to get hawkie up, in order that she may eat it!*" "*I may be wrang, neighbour Armstrong*"—says I—"*but it strikes me forcibly that it would be an easier job, if ye were to gang and cut doon the provender, and gie it to the cow whaur she is standing!*" "*See what it is to be a man o' genius!*" creed Amos, in a perfect bewilderment o' admiration,—"*Never would I hae hit upon that plan if I had pondered and cogitated till the day o' judgment!*"

PURSER.—Do you opine, Major, that the demise of Nicholas, is likely to be followed by peace?

LAIRD.—The Lord forbid!

DOCTOR.—Why what a blood-thirsty old ogre you are, and no mistake!

LAIRD.—I'm nae mair an ogre than yoursel', ye ill-tongued vagabond!

DOCTOR.—Whence, then, the sanguinary emphasis of your somewhat un-elder-like interjection?

LAIRD.—If ye had as mony acres sawn wi' wheat as I hae, ye would aiblins be tempted to swear, as weel as your betters! Every ane for himsel', is the ruling motto o' this sinfu' world! I dinna pretend to perfection, but still there is a wide difference between a saint and an ogre! Say that word again, ye clatty loon, and I'll be hanged if I dinna gie you a *skinfu'* o' sair banes!

MAJOR.—Much as it would rejoice me to behold the gates of the Temple of Janus closed, I suspect that Bonnie Braes has no cause to dread a speedy declension in the price of breadstuffs. There is something very significant in the following portion of the new Czar's Manifesto, announcing the death of his sire, and the leading principles of his own Government:—

"As the deceased devoted himself incessantly to the welfare of his subjects, so do we, also, on ascending the thrones of Russia, and of Poland and Finland, *inseparable from each other,* take a solemn oath before God to regard the welfare of our Empire as our only object. May Providence, which has selected *us for so high* a calling, be our guide and protector, that we

may maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, *and in our person accomplish the incessant wishes and views of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander, and of our father!*"

DOCTOR.—These last words are, indeed, significant. They demonstrate that Russia is playing a game which was commenced long years ago—a game having in view much more important results than the settlement of the childish bickerings of a parcel of lazy, unwashed Greek and Latin monks. If the Allied Powers be not blind as superannuated moles, they will consent to no peace of a mere temporary character. They must mark out a broad and defined line and say to the hyperborean empire:—*Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, here shall thy proud waves be stayed!*

LAIRD.—Hear, hear, hear! Od the creature has some grace in him after a'!

DOCTOR.—[*Aside.*] How exquisitely orthodox, a few wretched bushels of grain can make some people!

PURSER.—I was somewhat tickled by a sample of the *non sequiter* which I met with in a recent Yankee newspaper. Colonel Philips of Mobile was on his way from Weldon to Charlestown, S. C., when the cars stopped at a station house, and he went out into the air to smoke a cigar. While thus engaged, another train ran into the one in which he was a passenger, and the seat which he had occupied a few minutes before was completely demolished, and his cloak, which was lying upon it, perforated with a bar of iron, and carried out through the top of the car. With delicious simplicity, and a refreshing innocence of all logic, the journalists who tells the story, thus winds up his narration—"*This escape is the more curious, considering that Colonel Philips was a member of the late Congress!*"

LAIRD.—I wonder whether the sapient editor in question is ony relation to my neighbour Jamie Glendinning?

MAJOR.—Why?

LAIRD.—Last spring was a year, Jamie sent up his hopefu' son Mark to Bonnie Braes, wi' a message, that as he had just killed *a pig*, he would be glad to sell me a quarter *o' lamb!*

DOCTOR.—By the way I hope our fair friend Mrs. Grundy, will not forget to provide a copious allowance of curds and cream for the first of May. It would grieve me to usher in that anniversary with any other description of sustenation.

LAIRD.—And Crabtree, be sure to hae the May Pole erected in front o' the Shanty. Weather and rheumatics permitting, we'll hae a Morris-dance around it, after the manner o' the auldeu time.

MAJOR.—The curds and pole shall be duly forthcoming, but how shall we manage for music?

LAIRD.—Leave that to me. I'll bring Bauldie Stott and his pipes, and if ye only keep his whistle moistened wi' something stronger than water, he'll no' stint ye o' melody.

DOCTOR.—Melody! The melody of a pig in a gate!

LAIRD.—You a classic, and run doon the pipes! Did you never read o' Pan?

DOCTOR.—One blast from Stott's Celtic bag of horrors, would drive the sylvan divinity, into the bedlam of Olympus!

MAJOR.—Here is a pleasant passage from good old Stowe's *Survey of London*, touching the ancient mode of welcoming "*bounteous May.*" Stowe wrote in 1603. "On May Day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walke into the sweete meadowes and greene woods, there to rejoyce in their spirites with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers, and with the harmony of birds praying God in their kind, I find also, that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning togither, held their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shewes, with good archers, morice-dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-playes, and bonefiers in the streets. Of these Mayings we reade, in the raigne of Henry the Sixt, that the Aldermen and Sheriffes of London being, on May Day, at the Bishop of London's wood, in the parish of Stebunheath, and having there a worshipfull dinner for themselves and other commers, Lydgate the poet, that was a monke of Berry, sent to them by a pursivant a joyful commendation of that season, containing sixteen staves in meter royall, beginning thus:—

Mightie Flora, goddesse of fresh flowers,
Which clothed hath the soyle in lustie green,
Made buds spring with her sweete showers,
By influence of the sunne-shine;
To doe pleasure of intent full cleane,
Unto the States which now sit here.
Hath vere down sent her owne daughter deare."

LAIRD.—I see that even in the auld times, the big bellied Aldermen o' London, kept a gleg

ee on the sunkets. They could na' mak' an excursion to the country, without being provided wi' *a worshipful denner!*

MAJOR.—In the *Literary Gazette* for May 1847. I find the following interesting memoranda. The writer, a Mr. L. Jewitt, is speaking of modern May-day observances:—"In Oxford the signing at Magdalen College still takes place, on the top of the magnificent tower. The choristers assemble there in their white gowns, at a little before five o' clock in the morning, and as soon as the clock has struck, commence singing their matins. The beautiful bridge and all around the college are covered with spectators; indeed, it is quite a little fair; the inhabitants of the city, as well as of the neighbouring villages, collecting together, some on foot and some in carriages, to hear the choir, and to welcome in the happy day. Hosts of boys are there too, with tin trumpets, and stalls are fitted up for the sale of them and sweatmeats, and as soon as the singers cease, the bells peal forth their merry sound in welcome of the new month; and the boys who have been impatiently awaiting for the conclusion of the anthem, now blow their trumpets lustily, and, performing such a chorus as few can imagine, and none forget, start off in all directions, and scour the nelds and lanes, and make the woods re-echo to their sounds, in search of flowers."

LAIRD.—Few flowers thay would get here, puir laddies at this season!

MAJOR——Mr. Jewitt continues:—"The effect of the singing is sweet, solemn, and almost supernatural, and during its celebration the most profound stillness reigns over the assembled numbers; all seem impressed with the angelic softness of the floating sounds, as they are gently wafted down by each breath of air. All is hushed, and calm, and quiet—even breathing is almost forgotten, and all seem lost even to themselves, until, with the first peal of the bells, the spell is broken, and noise and confusion usurp the place of silence and quiet. But even this custom, beautiful as it is, is not so pleasing and simple as the one observed at Headington, two miles from Oxford, where the children carry garlands from house to house. They are all alert some days before hand, gathering evergreens, and levying contributions of flowers on all who possess gardens, to decorate their sweet May offerings. Each garland is formed of a hoop for a rim, with two half hoops attached to it, and crossed above, much in the shape of a crown; each member is beautifully adorned with flowers, and the top surmounted by a fine crown imperial, or other showy bunch of flowers. Each garland is attended by four children, two girls dressed in all their best, with white frocks, long sashes, and plenty of ribonds, and each wearing a cap, tastefully ornamented with flowers &c., who carry the garland supported betwixt them, by a stick passed through it, between the arches."

LAIRD.—Bless the bonnie, sonsie dawties! Blythly would I gie them a bawbie to buy snaps or bulls ees!

DOCTOR.—Too, too generous, agriculturist!

MAJOR.—Suffer me to read on. "These are followed by the *lord* and *lady*, a boy and girl, linked together by a white hankerchief, which they held at either end, and who are dressed as gaily as may be in ribands, sashes, rosettes and flowers—the *lady* wearing a smart tasty cap, and carrying a large purse. They then go from house to house, and sing this simple verse to a very primitive tune:—

Gentlemen and ladies,
We wish you happy May;
We come to show you a garland,
Because it is May-day.

One of the bearers then asks, 'Please to handsel the lord and lady's purse!' and on some money being given, the *lord* doffs his cap, and taking one of the *lady's* hands in his right, and passing his left arm round her waist, kisses her; the money is then put in the purse, and they depart to repeat the same ceremony at the next house. In the village are upwards of a dozen of these garlands, with their lords and ladies, which give the place the most gay and animated appearance.

LAIRD.—I wish to goodness that we could import a cargo or twa o' thae same lords and leddies! Sic simple recreations as Maister Jewit describes, are sairly wanted in Canada. We need them to soften and humanize the dour, hard-fisted, money-making spirit which too rifely prevails amang us, questionless owing to oor contiguity to Dollardom!

MAJOR.—By the way, Bonnie Braes, with a view of carrying out your patriotic aspirations, you must really lend a hand to procure subscribers for the Art Union of Glasgow.

LAIRD.—But hoo could I consequently promote the mollification o' oor hard cases?

MAJOR.—Look at this print.

LAIRD.—Let me clear my specs. What may it be?

MAJOR.—It is Hall's engraving of T. A. Frith's picture *Coming of Age in the Olden Time*, a copy of which is to be presented to every subscriber to the Union.

LAIRD.—Doon wi' my name! Eh, man, but that's a magnificent production! Redolent it is o' the concentrated essence of the poetry o' ancient English life. Everything is in glorious keeping, frae the young lord o' the Manor listening to the address mumbled oot by the doited body o' a Toon Clerk, doon to the drouthy bumpkin filling his can oot o' the tun o' strong yill! Dinna forget, I charge you, to put doon my name. That picture is worth a score o' essays against the unnatural and crying sin o' annexation!

FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.

POMOLOGICAL EFFORT IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the heart of pure and gentle woman, the cultivation of the plant and the flower has immemorially yielded exquisite pleasure. It is eviuently a pursuit very genial to her disposition. Hence we argue the elevating and beneficial effect thereof upon all minds engaged therein. That cannot be otherwise than innocent and good which womankind ardently love, and hence we find, the Prince de Ligne finely observing "that it seems impossible that a wicked man should possess a taste for Horticulture."

The same writer affirms, that the love of gardens is the only passion which augments with age. A fact upon which old Ebony thus discoursed a year or two since:—"The older we grow, the fonder we become of our garden. We feel indeed that our affections are gradually concentrating themselves on our garden: and we have satisfied ourselves on the high grounds of philosophy, that it is wise that they should do so. Cicero gives it as his opinion, that the superintendence of a garden is an employment appropriate to mature years: and although the Tusculan sage has left his theory undeveloped, it is not difficult to see how the pursuits and pleasures of horticulture should be in unison with a disciplined understanding and a calm breast. Perfect wisdom placed the perfect man in a garden to dress and keep it. The place and the duty must have been divinely congenial with the exercises of an unclouded reason and an undepraved heart. The love of man's primeval calling seems yet to linger fondly in the bosom of the exiled race.

Our own clear conviction is that horticulture is the handmaid of virtue, the sphere of healthful recreation, and the source of innocent refined and exquisite pleasure. In our view the moral aspects of the garden are far the most precious, and the horticulturist who undervalues them is not alive to the true nobility of his calling. It ought to be his just aim and chiefest ambition to cherish and extend a taste for the occupations, and productions of the garden throughout the various classes of society.

The pursuits of horticulture tend to the enlargement of the heart, to the creating an interest in those who are not within our own immediate circle, to the lessening the tightness of that bond which embraces as friends or as brother only the members of a family or the people of one's own land. They commend themselves to the denizens of every clime and country, and by rising superior to the claims of nationality, they serve to enforce the declaration of inspired writ that our Great Maker, "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

In proportion to our delight in horticulture, on these accounts is our indignation at any attempt to pervert its influence, or to introduce into its peaceful domain any of the politica' or national strifes which so much afflict mankind. The ANGLO would be failing in its duty, if it did not hold up any such effort to public reprobation.

A few years since, a Mr. Wm. Lobb, a well known British Collector, *discovered*, *named*, and *introduced* into England a gigantic Californian Evergreen tree, before (according to the statement of the *Rochester Horticulturist*) a *word* of it had reached the United States.

The following is Mr. Lobb's account of it:—This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. From 80 to 90 trees exist all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from 250 to 320 feet in height, and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. A tree recently fell, measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter including bark, 29 feet 2 inches, at five feet from the ground; at 18 feet from the ground it was 14 feet six inches through; and at 200 feet 5 feet 5 inches.

"What a tree is this!—is the natural excla-

mation of a writer in the *London Gardener's Chronicle* of what portentous aspect and almost fabulous antiquity!"

Having been discovered and brought to notice by the British, to them belonged the undoubted right to name it. They called it, therefore "The Wellingtonia Gigantea." And we perfectly accord with them in feeling, that the name of the greatest of modern heroes, was most appropriately given to this most gigantic tree; and that Wellington stands as high above his contemporaries as the Californian tree above all the surrounding foresters.

We are not surprised that our friends across the Lakes, should be somewhat chagrined at having been behindhand in this discovery: nor at their blaming their government for not having sent competent collectors to the vast forests of California and Oregon to bring their treasures to the light of day, so that this towering evergreen might have been known under an American instead of a British name. Be it observed, however, in passing, that this discovery was not made by *employees* of the English *Government*: but by the private enterprise of the people whom the Americans so absurdly talk of as deficient in enterprise. Well, this noble tree having been just discovered introduced and named by British explorers, it was right and proper, that it should be known and received everywhere, by the name thus just given to it; and however the Americans might regret not having been foremost in the race, they should have quietly resigned themselves to the misfortune. But not so. They are now introducing strife into that region where all should be peace: and are endeavoring to rob the British Horticulturists of their well earned laurel. Recently a writer in Hovey's Magazine of horticulture will have it called "The Washingtonia Gigantea"; and we cannot help feeling both indignant and disgusted at the meanness and dishonesty of the proposal. For let it be known that whatever be the meed of admiration the Americans would bestow upon *Washington*, we would crown with a richer the brow of *Wellington*, for whatever may be said in praise of the former, the man will never breathe on this earth, who can say, that the name of the latter is stained with the crime of rebellion This tree having been just called after him, it *must* and *shall* for ever remain "The Wellingtonia Gigantea."

We turn with pleasure from this miserable specimen of (what shall we call it, for we wish to be mild?) Yankee jealousy to a review of "The proceedings of the Third Session of the American Pomological Society, held in the city of Boston in September last." The Report is nicely got up, and will be deemed to be of great value to every anxious fruit grower on this continent. The Session was attended by Delegates from 13 States of the Union; and their discussions are fraught with valuable instruction. The Hon. M. P. Wilder, the President opened the session by an able address, and we are pleased to have the opportunity of enforcing a certain horticultural doctrine in previous numbers laid down by testimony from such a quarter. The readers of the ANGLO will remember, the importance we have ascribed to the raising of new fruits from the seed to be adapted to our Canadian climate. Upon this point the President remarked:—"The immense loss to American cultivators, from the importation of foreign varieties, in many instances not well adapted to the country from which they come, and often still less adapted to our soil and climate, suggests the importance of raising from seed, *native sorts* which in most instances possess *peculiar advantages*. It is now generally conceded that the trees and plants of a given country, like its aboriginal inhabitants, will flourish better at home than in most foreign localities." After instancing the success which has crowned several efforts in this line, he proceeds:—"These are sure indications of the success which will reward future efforts to obtain valuable and native varieties of fruit, and they point to the fulfilment of the prediction of the celebrated Van Mons: that the time will come when our best fruits will be derived from seedlings." He gives the following sage counsel to his correspondents to whom he had sent trees:—"Sow your seed and persevere without interruption and you will obtain even better fruit than mine."

It must naturally be supposed that such a society, embracing the most experienced fruit culturists, would be productive of immense benefit. But then in order to this, the utmost caution must be used in placing any variety upon their list for *general* cultivation; and we are glad to see great stress laid upon this point. "Here, however, I cannot refrain from alluding to the great importance of publishing, under the sanction of this Society, none but the *most reliable* results, and of recommending for general

culture only such varieties of fruit as are approved by *long, uniform* and general experience, —since your imprint will involve the integrity and honor of the society both at home and abroad. One error may produce incalculable mischief. Recommendations from you may induce the cultivation of an unworthy variety; and when the mistake is once made, its correction will prove like the attempt to recall words cast upon the wings of the wind."

With that love of fair play and just dealing characteristic of the British people in general, and the ANGLO in particular, we unhesitatingly admit that the American Pomologists have attained great eminence in their proper pursuits, and are deserving of high praise. And they have been cheered on in their efforts by the ready sympathy and support their people give to every scheme designed to promote the general good. We wish that such was the case to a greater extent than it is with British Canadians—if it at all approached it, the cultivation of the ANGLO would be ten times greater than it is. We have been told repeatedly by gentlemen of literary taste, and professed British feeling, in answer to some remarks. 'I do not take the ANGLO.' Why not? You surely desire and feel bound to imbue the Canadian heart and mind with loyal principles and sentiments, yet you take and freely pay for such productions as "Harpers Magazine," which infect the people with notions the most unsound and dangerous. Alas! for your loyalty and patriotism! Change your tactics man, and let not the unswerving advocacy of *truth* and steady attachment of the ANGLO, to British interests be its blame.

But to our subject. If there be one subject of weightier importance than another in horticulture, it is the one which has been in these pages earnestly urged, *deep* and *thorough* cultivation. For the sake of those who occupy their leisure hours in the garden, and will deem themselves sufficiently remunerated in the satisfaction afforded by success, we must lay the greatest stress upon this point. And that they may fully appreciate the "why" and the "wherefore," we present them with the following extract from the Transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society: "Deep cultivation turns the drought itself to good account. During a dry time, and in trenched ground roots strike deeper in search of food and moisture, and become more extensively ramified. The leaching process, as it is called, is reversed, and takes place upwards more than at any other time, or in more scientific phrase, capillary attraction is increased.

The wet season is also a blessing to the deep cultivator. The more rain, the more heat, ammonia, carbonic acid, and other organic elements are left in the soil as it descends. As each drop filters through, it is succeeded by another, or by air, both essential to vegetation; and to dissolve, act on, or combine with the inorganic elements of the soil. As the water drains off, air is sure to follow, and this is the proper mode of its circulation. Each is also generally at a higher temperature than the undrained land, and the warmth of the under soil is therefore relatively increased. The farmer often objects to this waste of water, and would fain retain it for a dry time! The benched and porous soil holds water like a sponge, notwithstanding the drainage. It retains or can command enough for the wants of vegetation.

President Wilder is very explicit and urgent upon this point also. The *absolute* necessity of proper preparation, and deep and thorough cultivation of the soil, especially for certain fruits, must be admitted, though regard must always be had to the natural activity in the sap of the species, and to the degree of fertility of the soil. It would be unwise to apply the same cultivation to the peach and the cherry as to the apple and pear, or to heat any of these in new and fertile grounds as in old and exhausted lands.

It may, however, be remarked, that in a cold, wet, and undrained soil, disease commences in the root; and as a natural consequence, the juices of the tree are imperfectly elaborated, and unable to supply the exigencies of the fruit. We must be content with a notice of the address so far, our limits forbidding us to dwell upon other topics of equal interest, but of less importance. The reports from the different States afford valuable instruction. Of these, those from four of the New England States, from the great similarity of their climatic influences to our own, more particularly interest *us*. It is gratifying to notice the gradual extension of the cultivation of the finer fruits northward. A circumstance very observable also in Canada. And we believe eventually the probability is great of there being grown at Kingston as fine peaches as are now in the proper season to be seen at Hamilton. Whether it be owing to the production accidental or otherwise of hardier seedlings, or to a gradual amelioration of our

atmospheric features, or to both these causes combined, certain it is that the peach is yearly edging towards the north. It is so also with maize, commonly called Indian corn. A few years since this grain was grown to a very limited extent in the county where we write, bordering on the Bay of Quinte; but it is now extensively cultivated. We have watched its progress for the last four years with much interest. It is, therefore, more than probable, that we are far from being aware of the real productive advantages of our country, as a fruit growing region. But it will not be many years longer. There is a spirit among us which will not suffer us to rest, until we are no longer dependent for our supplies of fruit, of the fine sorts more especially, though of these the specimens imported are generally of a very fascinating description, upon our neighbours. The occupation of fruit growing has generally been viewed as an unprofitable one; and if our agriculturists have planted trees, it has been almost exclusively with the view of supplying their own families. But this is a great mistake. The production of fruit richly repays the expense and labour of its culture, otherwise we should not find that the Americans had large orchards, one of which contains 20,000 apple trees, to supply the English market alone. Some persons seem to apprehend the over-stocking of both the home and foreign demand; but there is no good reason for the fear. The more plentiful the supply the greater the desire to possess fruit surely results. If it were not so, the many casualties of flood and field, the insects, the drought, the carelessness and ignorance of planters, would prove such an apprehension groundless.

We have incidentally mentioned the peach, and would in conclusion observe respecting it, that a very mistaken notion prevails as to its hardiness. We have one planted on the northern side of our dwelling which has stood uncovered, this winter (now passed), the severe cold of '38, and is to the very tip of its slender branches alive. The mistake about it has arisen from other causes. The tree has been commonly planted in the warmest situations, as on the *warm* side of buildings, or other sheltered site, facing the hot sun. If the fruit buds remain unswollen, they will endure almost any degree of cold to which our climate is liable. But it often happens that we have a few warm days during winter. This is sufficient to swell them slightly or to throw moisture enough into them to render them tender; and if the thermometer should then sink to zero, or several degrees below it, there is scarcely a chance for them to escape. Hence a northern or more exposed aspect is far preferable. If trained on a building the Eastern side should also be avoided, as a hot morning sun upon frosted buds would be nearly certain destruction.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

FIG. 1 is a dress of lavender silk; side trimmings of purple velvet, set on in three rows, and secured every three inches by buttons with a gold rim and purple centre run up each side of the skirt, which is ornamented up the front with a close row of the same buttons. The corsage is close, and buttoned to the throat; two rows of the velvet side trimmings run up each side from the waist across the shoulders. The sleeves are almost close to the elbow, where they are slashed in two points, and the points are ornamented with buttons. In all our dresses this season a profusion of fancy buttons is used.

FIG. 2 is a ball dress of pink-watered silk, covered with three deep lace flounces. The corsage is plain, and finished with a silk berthé, edged with lace, which descends to the bodice in a point; two rows of lace surround this berthé behind, terminating a little below the shoulder in front. The sleeves are short, and edged with double rows of lace.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The variety allowed to fashion is becoming more and more unlimited. It is almost impossible, without a great effort, to design a garment of any kind that will not be in the fashion. We have already seen full a hundred different styles of summer mantillas; and as for bonnets, so long as a certain outline of form is maintained, the *artiste* may allow her taste full range.

Many new opera cloaks, *sortics-de-bal*, and jackets, for wearing in-doors, have made their appearance. The newest style of opera cloak is that called the *Manton Mousquetair*. It has loose hanging sleeves, and is slightly confined at the back of the waist. The trimmings of opera cloaks are of the most rich and fanciful description, consisting of embroidery in gold and silver, intermingled with colored silk. A vast variety of gold and silver, and other fancy

PARIS FASHION FOR MAY.

Maclear & Cº Lith. Toronto

ribbons, have been introduced for trimming opera cloaks. Many little jackets, or, as they are sometimes called, *coins-de-feu*, have just been completed. One of the newest has received the name of *Czarina*. It may be made in blue, green, black, or ruby colored velvet, and is trimmed with guipure and jet. Another jacket remarkable for some degree of novelty, may also be mentioned. The basque is cut out along its entire length in pointed vandykes, and edged with fancy silk braid of a peculiar texture, having the lustrous effect of satin. In the basque, at each side of the waist, there is a small pocket. The two fronts of the corsage are likewise cut out in pointed vandykes, and the points are fastened together by fancy silk buttons.

The skirts of dresses still continue to be very generally ornamented with side or front trimmings. These trimmings frequently consist of broad bands of velvet of the form called by the French milliners, *quilles*, or shuttles; that is to say, each band of velvet is cut straight at one end, and pointed in an obtuse angle at the other. These bands are set on in various ways, and are usually edged round with narrow black lace, in easy fulness. This style of trimming has become very effectively employed on a robe of maroon-colored moire. The *quilles* were of velvet of the color of the silk, and were edged round with a narrow niche of black lace. This dress was made with a high corsage and a basque; the latter edged with a trimming of black lace and velvet.

Ball dresses are ornamented with a profusion of trimmings of various descriptions: buillonnes of tulle and ribbon are the trimmings most generally employed. Some have side trimmings. Some have flowered skirts, others double or triple jupes, and a few are made in the tunic style. Some are composed of transparent, and others of opaque materials. A ball dress, just completed, has been made of white glacé, with jupes, each edged with a band of white tulle, over which there is an *application* of foliage and flowers in gold, green crape and blue cerise and white velvet. This foliage and flowers are semi-detached from the band of crape, and disposed in wreaths, thus producing a most beautiful and novel effect.

We understand that high dresses are again becoming fashionable. The most rich and costly silks are now made into dresses with high corsages, intended to be worn at dinner parties, and at the opera or theatres. A high dress for half morning, and intended for dinner costume, has just been completed. The robe is of silvery grey *moire antique*, with three rows of ivy leaves made of black velvet, disposed in the *tablier* style up each side of the front of the skirt. Between the rows of leaves there are rows of black guipure insertion, figured with black bugles. The rows of velvet foliage are carried up the corsage at each side as far as the shoulders, producing the effect of *bretelles*, now so much a fashion. The corsage is without a basque, and the sleeves are slashed; the openings been filled up with black tulle, and confined by bows of black velvet foliage and guipure. Round the throat is to be worn a vandyked collar of Venetian point.

Feathers are much worn in evening head-dresses. Marabouts are most in favour. Among the newest ball head-dresses, we may mention a wreath composed of bunches of grapes, partly formed of white pearls, and partly of pearls of a pale green hue. These bunches of grapes are tastefully interwoven with flowers of oceania clematis. This species of clematis, instead of being white, is of a delicate rose tint.

TO CLEAN AND STARCH POINT LACE.

Fix the lace in a prepared tent, draw it straight, make a warm lather of castile soap, and, with a fine brush dipped in, rub over the point gently; and when it is clean on one side, do the same to the other; then throw some clean water on it, in which a little alum has been dissolved, to take off the suds, and having some thin starch, go over with the same on the wrong side, and iron it on the same side when dry, then open it with a bodkin and set it in order. To clean point lace, if not very dirty, without washing:—fix it in a tent as in the former case, and go over with fine bread, the crust being pared off, and when it is done, dust out the crumbs, &c.

TO TAKE MILLDEW OUT OF LINEN.

Take soap and rub it well; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also in the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet it a little and it will come out.

TO PRESERVE FURS.

When laying up muffs and tippets for the summer, if a tallow candle be placed on or near them, all danger from moths or other insects will be obviated.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

A SUBSCRIBER.—Our tale, the "FATAL MATE," which appeared in the last No., is not original. Your solutions to the Problems are correct. Try the one published in the tale "How a World was won;" it is not difficult.

F. W. S., and others.—We give the celebrated Indian Problem in the present No. In our next, if possible, we shall give a position by a German player, which is considered by many fully equal, if not superior, to the Indian Problem.

C. J. H., Hamilton.—Your problem is defective, as mate may be given in three moves. Try again.

Solutions to Problems in FATAL MATE by a Subscriber, J. B., Amy, and J. H. R., are correct.

Solutions to Problem No. 17 by J. B., J. H. R., and Ohio, are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Evans, Amy, J. H. R., and G. D., are correct.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS IN FATAL MATE.

No. I. Page 318.

White.	*Black.*
1. Q to K 5th (ch).	P takes Q.
2. B to K R 2d.	B takes P at K Kt 5th.
3. P takes B.	Anything.
4. K Kt P mates.	

No. II. Page 321.

White.	*Black.*
1. Q to Q R 4th (ch).	K to Q B sq.
2. Q to K Kt 4th (ch).	Q interposes.
3. Q to K Kt 8th(ch).	Q interposes.
4. Q P checks.	K takes P.
5. Q mates.	

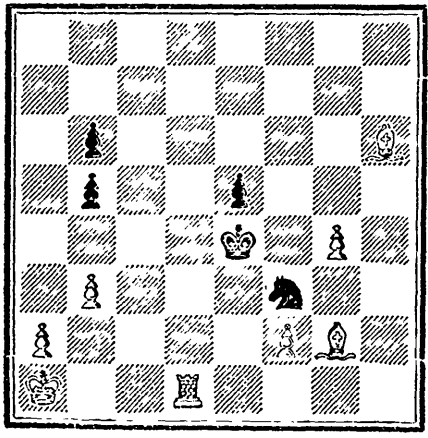
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XVII.

White.	*Black.*
1. B to Q B 5th.	K to his 4th (best).
2. K to K Kt 5th.	P moves.
3. R to Q B 7th.	Anything.
4. R mates.	

PROBLEM No. XVIII.

The Indian Problem.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMA.

No. 51. By M. D'Orville.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt sq; R at Q R 7th; B at Q B 4th; Kts at K Kt 8th, and K 6th.

BLACK.—K at his sq; Q at her 7th; R at Q R 7th; Kts at Q 4th, and Q B 2d; P at K B 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

A game in which Mr. Staunton gives his Q's Kt to Mr. C. Kenny, an amateur of the London Chess Club:—

(Remove Black's Q's Kt from the board.)

Black.	*White.*
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3. K B to Q B 4th.	K B to Q B 4th.
4. P to Q Kt 4th.	B takes Kt P.
5. P to Q B 3d.	B to Q R 4th.
6. Castles.	B to Q Kt 3d.
7. P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
8. P takes P.	P to Q 3d.
9. Q to her Kt 3d.	Q to K 2d.
10. P to K 5th.	Kt to Q R 4th.
11. Q to R 4th (ch).	B to Q 2d.
12. Q to her B 2d.	Kt takes B.
13. Q takes Kt.	P takes P.
14. Kt takes P.	Q to K 3d.
15. Q to her 3d.	P to Q R 3d (*a*).
16. K R to K sq.	Castles.
17. Q B to Kt 2d.	K Kt to B 3d.
18. Kt to Q B 4th.	Q to her 4th.
19. Q R to Q B sq (*b*).	B to Q R 2d.
20. K R to K 5th.	Q to her B 3d.
21. P to Q 5th.	Q to her R 5th.
22. Kt to Q 6th (ch).	K to Kt sq.
23. Kt takes K B P.	B takes K B P (ch).
24. K takes B.	Kt to his 5th (ch).
25. K to Kt sq.	Kt takes R.
26. B takes Kt.	B to Q Kt 4th.
27. Q to K 3d.	R takes Q P.
28. B takes P (ch).	K to R sq.
29. Kt takes K R.	R to Q 8th (ch).
30. R takes R.	Q takes R (ch).
31. K to B 2d.	Q to K B 8th (ch).
32. K to Kt 3d.	Q to K B sq.
33. P to Q R 4th.	B takes P (*c*).
34. Q to K B 4th (*d*).	

Saving the piece and winning the game.

Notes.

(*a*) With the view to play the bishop to Kt 4th, and gain the "exchange."

(*b*) Threatening to win both Q and B.

(*c*) Black threw forward this pawn, foreseeing that if his opponent took it he would be enabled to save the threatened Kt, or gain an equivalent, and that, if White refused the pawn, it would, when pushed one square more, have served to support the bishop at Q Kt 6th.

(*d*) Had White changed Queens and played B to Q Kt 6th, to prevent the escape of the Kt, the following series of moves would probably have occurred:—

	35. Q takes Q.
36. K takes Q.	B to Q Kt 6th.
37. B to Q Kt 6th.	K to Kt sq.
38. K to his 5th.	K to B sq.
39. K to Q 6th, winning easily.	