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Paris Fashions for September.



PROMENADE COSTUMES.—See page 282.

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: SEPTEMBER, 1852.—No. 3.

## THE CITIES OF CANADA.

### HAMILTON.

If in the progress and prosperity of those cities of which we have already attempted the delineation, we were able to discover some peculiar local features, striking in themselves and sufficiently indicative of the influence they exercised on the destiny of those places, we shall have less difficulty in recognizing them in this youngest member of the family. Few places can be found, we would rather say no place can be found, to illustrate so completely the mode of growth of this colony as the city of Hamilton. It has sprung up within a very brief space of time, and has, from fortuitous local advantages, become as substantial in appearance, as either of its compeers on the lake. The abundance of excellent stone in its neighborhood, of a colour and composition more nearly approaching those with which the eye is familiar in the old world affords the material and gives the appearance of a British Town to it. There is also in the extent and arrangement of the large wholesale mercantile establishments, an air of solid wealth and enterprize, for which we are utterly unprepared, when told that we are about to visit a place literally little more than twenty years old. If we seek for the reasons of this rapid increase in this place, we shall find them in its geographical

position, and the nature of the surrounding country.

It is placed at the western extremity of Ontario, and is the natural termination of the lake navigation, although its advantage in this respect is confined to the summer period entirely, and even this has only been effectively secured by the completion of the Burlington Bay canal. During the winter season the Bay is usually frozen over, which precludes the access of vessels to the port of the city; this is an obstacle, which, however, may be in a great measure obviated by an extension of the railroad to an accessible point on the coast in the immediate neighborhood. The immense extent of territory lying to the westward and southward of the city, and to which it forms the culminating point of traffic, is now only being completely opened up, and a considerable portion of it is in the process of settling. The establishment of the plank and macadamized roads and more recently of the Great Western Railroad, has given a direction to the intercourse and will finally secure a trade which nothing else could have accomplished. The value of the imports of the city may be stated in round numbers to be £450,000. We have not at hand any means of stating what the value of the exports really are, but a proximate idea may be formed from the fact that 1,260,000 bushels of grain and 7,000,000

fect of lumber passed through the canal during the last year. The population in the year 1840 was 3342, in 1850, 10,248, and the last census taken this year gives nearly 15,000. The annual value of assessed property is about £70,000! Such are the wonderful results of a system of colonization unexampled in the history of the world.

The site of Hamilton is very good, but it has the disadvantage of lying at the foot of that mountain range which borders the lake from Queenston. On these heights and beyond them are some of the most fertile lands in the Province, with a surface of a pleasing character. The view which we give of the city is taken from the mountain immediately to the westward, and affords a very pleasing prospect of the surrounding country, the waters of Bay and Lake and the opposite coast in the distance. The absence of prominent buildings on which the eye may rest, is a remarkable feature in the picture; there being only one spire visible and that not possessing any very striking architectural feature. The only other spire to be seen in the city is immediately under the point from whence the sketch has been taken and does not therefore come into view. On the left is seen Dundurn castle, the residence of Sir Allan Napier MacNab. The streets are well and regularly laid out, the principal one leading to the shipping place, forming one of the most striking objects in the picture. The society of Hamilton is purely a mercantile one, and a considerable portion of its wealthiest members are from the "land c' cakes." The descendants of the loyalists who came over to Canada in large numbers, at the declaration of independence by the United States, compose a large proportion of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, but in the city itself recent immigrants preponderate. There is always a violent demonstration of loyalty upon every admissible occasion, and this neighbourhood has always been considered as the stronghold of this feeling. Long may they continue steadfast in it.

Few persons visiting this city for the first time can realize the fact that he is walking through the streets of a town built within so brief a period. The appearance of wealth and luxury displayed in the shops and private buildings, the bustle and activity of the people, the whole business air of the place, seems to

tell of a more matured condition of things.—The business going on, however, and the evident improvement in the character of the structures in progress, or recently completed, stamp at once the transition state of the place, and the mind becomes lost in speculation as to the limit of this increase and the ultimate extent and importance which may be anticipated. There certainly seems to be no circumstance likely to arrest its prosperity, and despite the rivalry which appears to be growing up between Hamilton and Toronto, it is not probable that their interests will ever be antagonistic. As the stream of population spreads out more widely over the face of the land, so will the element of their mutual growth multiply and become more distinct. They are far enough apart, to be each the centre of a district more extensive than the largest county in England, and which will, in the course of a very few years, at the same rate of influx, become quite as, if not far more, populous. It were well that this spirit, therefore, should animate them in a laudable manner. There is sufficient room for improvement in many departments of social life, and in the several appliances so essential to the improvement and well-being of communities. To the establishment of Public Institutions designed to foster and promote the intelligence and mental superiority of the growing generation by the encouragement of literary and scientific pursuits, the acquisition of a taste for the fine arts, music, and the other sources of intellectual and wholesome recreation. These are channels in which their energy may be exerted, their laudable ambition gratified, to the good of their inhabitants and their own honor. It is not alone the worth of property, the largest trading fleet, the wealthiest merchants, the fastest boats, or the greatest number of railroads, which combine to elevate the character of a city. The traveller looks for something more; the historian desires to record the evidence of a more lasting, a more enviable civilized condition, not that we would be construed to imply, that there are no signs of this higher state of things in these cities or particularly in Hamilton—but we only reiterate our opinion expressed with reference to the other cities already described, that these form too inconsiderable a portion of their constitution. We look in vain for almost the germ of a Public



Library, a museum, even a theatre. We may be told that they will be formed in time, that the places are too young yet! The reply to this is simple and evident. In places less wealthy they exist, surely nothing else is wanting for their establishment.

### EMIGRATION TO NORTH AMERICA,

CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

As we promised in our last number, we have now to speak of Emigration to Canada. The subject is one of no small importance, and any assistance that can be rendered in placing its merits in a true light, must be of service, as well to our Canadian as our European readers. A dry topic, some deep readers of the "Miss Matilda School" may consider this much belaboured question, of the settlement of our adopted land; but in all sincerity, we can assure them, that they might be much less profitably employed, than in studying the rise, progress, and prospects of a country, which, under the bounty of Providence, has afforded the means of procuring food and raiment to so many of us, who, but for such a land, might have been most uncomfortably put to it, to procure either of these very necessary blessings.

We shall not, in this paper at all events, bore the reader with columns of figures or tables of statistics—those most useful, but somewhat sleepy aids to Knowledge: but the fact's we adduce, are based upon no short experience, and our conclusions will, we venture to say, be found to be only consistent with what may be seen without reference to books—consistent with the state of our Province as it is, and the wondrous strides which it daily makes, in the march of improvement.

Notwithstanding the "learning of the age," and with all our love for the deeper lore of the olden time, we are not insensible to the intellectual advancement manifested in this year of grace—there can be no manner of doubt, in the mind of any sane man, who has spent twenty, or even ten, years in Canada, that the subject of Emigration to this quarter of the Queen's dominions, is most grievously misunderstood. Nay, we may even go further,—as they say in the law Courts after a case has been amply discussed, and as the spectator would suppose, completely disposed of—and aver, that in most parts of Great Britain, as well as on the Continent, there exists the most astonishing degree of ignorance, as to the state and capabilities of these Colonies; and that in the Colonies themselves even, the clearest possible views are not always manifested, respecting the

class of people whom it is most judicious to advise to immigrate, or the steps which it would be most prudent for the bewildered importations to take, when they arrive here.

Many people at home, notwithstanding the enormous advances which have been made, still read and speak of Canada, as Goldsmith did, when he described the contest between England and France, for the pre-eminence in North America, as a quarrel about a few furs. Others again, look upon British America as remarkable only for the Fisheries on the Coasts; while those who really talk of the "interior," perhaps ponder wisely, on the propriety of remitting a few young relations, to honor with their presence, the backwoods of Kingston, Toronto or Hamilton! And we could cite instances within our own knowledge, where great surprise and no small delight has been evinced, on the part of intelligent British farmers and manufacturers, at hearing a person who had spent a dozen years in Canada, speak English through the mouth, (not through the nose) just like one of themselves.

It is perfectly true, that this lack of information—we like mild terms—respecting the most valuable of our Colonies, is not so universal as it was some years ago, but it still exists in all its darkness, in by far the greater number of the European towns, and in most of the rural Districts. Among reading and commercial men in some of the sea-port Towns, tolerably correct information is by degrees being disseminated, and in some parts of the interior the letters from friends in America are of some little service, in modifying the prevalent erroneous impressions. But withal, a knowledge of *facts* is far from general, even in the best informed circles, and in nearly all the descriptions of Canada which it has been our fortune to look into, too little pains have been taken, to distinguish between the various descriptions of Emigrants, for which the different parts of the country are suited.

The fact is, there is scarcely any one description of *industrious* persons, desirous of seeking new homes, to whom Canada does not offer abundant inducements for Emigration. And yet, it is equally true, that any emigrant, whatever his calling, or whichever description of capital—money or labour—he may desire to invest in the country, may be effectually ruined, within an unpleasantly short period of his arrival, simply in consequence of his having chosen a locality or an employment, for which he has been manifestly unfit.

The popular European blunder, on Colonial questions, consists in confounding together all parts of any country, known by one general name,

and applying the same views and opinions to the whole. Thus, in speaking of Canada, English people refer only to backwoods, farms and forests, forgetting, apparently, that within the Province, there are to be found, just as at home, numerous descriptions of country, various conditions of society, and all kinds of employment; and that at the same time, the adventurer, before he makes up his mind to pitch his tent, may, if he thinks proper to take the trouble, see the land of promise in all its aspects, from "the boundless continuity of shade" which he may enjoy (mosquitoes permitting) in the back townships, to the well filled farms in the older counties, some of which vie with the boasted acres of the Genesee valley.

This mistake, of neglecting to look upon a Province as comprising sections of country, varying, not so much in their natural advantages, as in their various stages of improvement, is common enough, and even general, among those who profess to understand us thoroughly. The old-fashioned ignorance is still prevalent among the majority, and still displays itself in the same kind of blunders which amused us twenty years since. We then saw farmers bringing broad wheeled waggons to America, paying handsomely for the freight of such unstowable lumber, and finding no use for them when they arrived, being in some degree consoled however, on discovering, that for much less money than the old article cost at home, and probably for less than the price of the carriage of it, a much better and more useful and more sensible farmer's waggon could be purchased in the new settlements of Canada. Similar blunders are still made: among the outfits of gentlemen adventurers in search of wealth in the Colonies, harrow teeth, useless hatchets, carpenters' tools and logging chains, probably still find a place.—And it may yet be news to some old country farmers, who occasionally think of immediate Emigration, in preference to further loss of time in waiting for impossible legislative assistance, that the agricultural implements most useful and economical for a Canadian farmer, are those which he will get manufactured by the mechanics of the "settlement" where he may happen to "locate."—And there is still often as much difficulty as ever in persuading affectionate mammas, whose daughters are on the eve of removing with their youthful and enterprising husbands to take charge of a bush farm and benefit a new country by practically disregarding all the predictions of Malthus, that it is utterly unnecessary to pack a three year's supply of dimities, delaines, "stuffs," and stays, pins, needles and linens, for all sorts and sizes of the *genus homo*, into the already overgrown outfit.

The sweet souls will hardly believe that all such things can be had abroad at trifling advances, merely for the money, (a commodity which may be very usefully imported to any amount); and that we have our "ruinous sacrifices," as some of our purchasing readers know to their cost, even in Canada. They may possibly have heard of the pleasures and dangers of that Canadian amusement, sleighing—we could tell them,—but the *Anglo* abhors scandal as it does politics,—of the perils of Provincial shopping.

It is no answer to this view, as to the necessity for further information, respecting the Provinces, that the ignorance is to a great extent mutual. We have known an "intelligent American,"—that it seems is the term they now prefer—deny our own British origin, for, quoth Jonathan, "I swan yeow must be an American, cause you speak English, right straight along, just as I do, and Britishers can't do that, they call a jug a joog, and one gentleman when he seed me streaking off from him, says, he says says he, 'Wher't be gwain?' Now that ain't English." And very recently we have heard of a learned American lady, who, in speaking of England, stated as a very remarkable fact, that the Royal family were prayed for in the churches, and most learnedly did the deeply Western blue remark, upon the number of times Her Majesty's name was mentioned in the course of the service. The authoress had forgotten, it must be supposed, that in the States, the President of the Republic is loyalty remembered in the devotions of the congregations, precisely as our Gracious Majesty is in all parts of the Empire.

Steam navigation and increased intercourse between the two Continents, with all their advantages, have not, *as yet*, sufficiently taught the people on each side of the Atlantic what those on the other side are doing. On the one hand, the Yankee appears desirous to show, that you cannot be an Englishman if you are as "intelligent" as himself; and again, the Englishman finds it hard to understand, as he endeavours to recall the long forgotten geography of his school days, that Canada is *not* one of the United States, and if you press him too hard on the subject, ten to one but he will stoutly deny, that the line 45 divides people who live under different flags, and refuses to believe the indubitable fact, that a more chivalrous loyalty to the Crown of Britain is not owned by any people in the Empire than by the people of Canada. Impossible! you may say, but we have plenty of examples, and would tell them, but having satisfied you that information is necessary, we must now try to give it, without further preface—digression, call it, if you like—

but there it is, and it cannot be rubbed out, without injuring the effect of the plain hints which we have to offer.

The popular idea of Canada is connected, almost exclusively, with the unreclaimed portion of it—the new lands of the far west. These, which are yearly becoming more and more filled with adventurous settlers, first claim attention.

On no subject, connected with Emigration, is there such a diversity of opinion in the older countries, as this, of the comparative advantages of settlement in the woods, or unimproved country. Many families in Europe, have received, not only very flattering accounts of the progress of their friends, who have adventured to the backwoods of Canada, but also many more substantial and equally welcome souvenirs in the shape of remittances, from the prosperous exiles; while others tell you, that they have had several relations who emigrated to Canada, hoping to prosper, as land was so cheap, but sad to say, the country turned out to be a shocking place, an awful man-trap, and the poor fellows have all gone down hill, some having been ruined in purse, others in health, and all in their habits. The country alone is to blame, of course!

A Canadian soon arrives at the true secret of these various accounts, none of which he finds have been intentionally overcoloured. The fault is not in the country, but in the choice made by parties, of employments, in which they are utterly useless.

The people who must form the great majority of settlers in the newer parts of the country, are those brought up and thoroughly inured to hard work, whether with or without money. The larger number who have succeeded, have had barely money enough to carry them to their destination. For a man of this kind, the newly settled parts of Canada offer immense advantages. His progress may be sketched thus,—and we have in our mind, multitudes to whom the description would apply. He arrives in a comparatively old settled township, about the time of hay harvest, and at once obtains work at high wages, say from 5s. to 7. 6d. a day, and this lasts perhaps until the harvest is ended and the wheat sown. This supposes of course, that the emigrant is both industrious and quick at his work, and possessed of sufficient spirit and enterprise to learn readily the labour of the country. The slow coaches, who are afraid to handle a cradle scythe because they were not "brought up to it," must expect to remain in the back ground. There is no such difference between the mode of work in the two countries, but that an active man can master one as well as the

other. As autumn draws on, work appears to be less plentiful, but there is something "to the fore," and the adventurer can afford to see another part of the country, and to look out for a job of chopping, not being in too great a hurry, but taking time to examine the land as he passes along, and to ask the prices. After the winter's work, at which he has earned from two to three pounds a month, the intending settler has perhaps made up his mind where to purchase, and he selects a lot of land, and makes a small payment on account of it. The 100 acres of heavy timber has a stubborn look, and it requires a stretch of the imagination to fancy it a farm, or likely to become one. But hope and energy have already sprung up within the hardy man, far beyond what he would have believed, before he left his fatherland. New ideas and new prospects have opened to him. He cannot now content himself to look forward to a life continued and ended as it was began,—to remain the workman, the paid machine of others, and to leave the world without having done more than exist during his allotted time. He will own the soil he labours on, the cattle he drives, the flocks he tends, and bequeath an independence to the children, who might, in the land of their forefathers, have inherited but a doubtful claim on the poor rates. So an assault is made upon the beautiful forest growth of centuries, as remorselessly and fearlessly too, as a hedger would use his bill hook. A small "patch" is prepared for potatoes and perhaps for spring grain, and a "bec" is called. Something is done towards the erection of a dwelling. Perhaps, being only a shanty, it is finished; and then he goes to "work out" again, and gets back to his little clearing in time to make the hut warm for winter, and sets to work to do the winter's chopping. Several acres are ready for the fire in spring, and part is cleared for spring crop. In the autumn the whole is under cultivation, and the labourer has become a small farmer. In the course of time he is able to spend more labour on his farm and less in the employment of others, until his land is so nearly paid for, that he can spare enough from the proceeds of the annual crops, to make the annual payments. The "remittances" to friends at home, come from such men as these, and not many years after the first "settlement," he must be a person of no small command of means who could "buy out" this thriving backwoods farmer. It is perhaps fifteen years since he left home, and you have now no trouble in finding him, in his township. He may be heard of as purchasing a mill property for one of his sons, and bargaining for a farm on which to settle another, and he has

become a director of a road company, and, as a member of the County Council, is "agitating" the construction of a branch railroad, to connect with the "Great Trunk Line." It need hardly be added, that our friend's name is perfectly familiar to the member for the county, who takes the best possible care to "keep in with" the pauper immigrant of a few years back.

Reader, if you think we are drawing on our imagination for our pictures, we beg to disabuse your mind of any such impression. Our imagination is too dull, and our purpose too sincere, to warrant any such idea. But father Time has dealt gently with our memory, and on that we draw, to illustrate our arguments.

You say perchance, that we adduce isolated cases in proof of the prosperity of Canadian settlers, and seek to draw too favourable conclusions from a few instances. No such thing. The career we have sketched, is that of hundreds of men within our own knowledge. The failures, and they have been numerous, have ensued from causes such as would have produced misfortune anywhere. These have been idleness, dissipation, or inaptitude for the employment. The lazy would starve anywhere, the dissipated need not come to Canada to be ruined, and the man who could not stand a day's mowing in an English hayfield, must not expect to master the labour which falls to the lot of a backwoodsman.

We have spoken of the man with no means save a strong arm and enterprising spirit. Those who, in addition to these, can command some money, have, of course, additional advantages.—But it is seldom prudent or safe for them to invest their money *immediately*, in the purchase of land. Most of this class of emigrants know something about farming—many of them have been tenant farmers, or have been brought up upon farms. They will find it to their advantage, to see something of the Province before purchasing, so as to gain an idea of the business of the country, and the capabilities of the various kinds of soil which it contains. In all parts of the country, and particularly in the newer townships, there are always farms to be had at a reasonable rent, because many men, Americans chiefly, who have shewn themselves to be good woodsmen, have not turned out to be the best of farmers, and they often let their farms to old country people who, after paying a fair rent, make far more out of the land than the proprietor had been able to realize. It is a mistake to suppose, that because this is a country of trees and stumps, a knowledge of farming—that through understanding of the business which is so much in request in Britain—is useless here,—

There is no country where good farming *tells* more than in Canada. An emigrant, intending to farm, and having some means at his command, will find it advisable to rent a "clearing" for some time before purchasing.

After farming as a tenant for a few years, and doing well by it, as you always can, if you mind your business and use your wits, and practice economy, you learn what the country is fit for, and what part of it would best suit your taste, and you purchase accordingly, a piece of bush land if that is all you can afford, or a lot with some clearing on it, if you can manage it. The latter is the best, for you can then make use at once of your practical knowledge of farming, and you will find the labour of the field easier and more to your mind, than that of chopping and burning the timber. The former is decidedly the least trying of the two, to European constitutions, and any one who is not equal to a good month's work in harvest or seed time, such as he would be expected to perform at the current wages, may make up his mind that he cannot stand chopping and logging. We throw out this hint, which may be relied upon as perfectly sound, for the benefit of any romantic young gentlemen, who though they would be shocked at the idea of being supposed to be strong enough to undergo a day's "navvying," or, what is much harder, a day's gold digging in California, still flatter themselves that they can do wonders with a chopping axe. Let them remember, that hard work is no man's play in any part of the world, and that to stick to it, requires both bodily strength and no small amount of moral courage. The latter is, the quality in which a deficiency is much more often observable than in the former.

We know there are strong prejudices against emigration to the back woods. People hear of the dreadful climate of Canada, which is said to be severe in summer, so they go to the more Southern lands of the States. They are told that the winter is severe—and so they resort to the prairies, where no friendly expanse of forest will shelter them from the full sweep of the famine borne wind, and no useful timber trees afford them their winter's firing. Canada is sickly and aguish, they are told,—and forthwith a passage is taken to the far, far inland swamps and prairies of Iowa, Illinois, or Wisconsin, whence we have seen men, once able-bodied, return to their deserted Canadian homes, thoroughly broken down in constitution and reduced in circumstances, after an absence of but few years. We have a word or two to say about this climate of Canada, and for the present shall

refer chiefly to the back settlements of which we are speaking.

The summer does occasionally show us the mercury at 90, or so, but never for any number of days in succession, and we have known it as high within the limits of Cockaigne. So Canada is not so very remarkable for that circumstance, at all events. The heat is much more oppressive on the southern side of the line 45, and we are, therefore, at a loss to understand why emigrants should prefer the United States to Canada, with a view to the mildness of climate.

The prevailing epidemics of the summer season, which first appear on board the emigrant ships, and spread over the Continent, often reach as far north as the southern shores of these lakes, and sometimes appear, but in a mitigated form, in our frontier cities,—the sanitary regulations of which have not kept pace with their material prosperity,—but have scarcely ever been known to reach the new settlements. The greatest safety has always been found in the greater distance to the north and west, and from the American frontier. Medical men can manage to live in Canadian cities, but only a limited number of them find adequate employment in the settlements and back townships. We have watched the progress of more than one thriving township in Western Canada, from its primeval state of unbroken forest, to its present broad landscape of wide, well-tilled fields, undisfigured by stumps. And the growth of these settlements has been remarkable for some facts, worth observing in reference to the Canadian health and mortality tables, if such things should ever be published. In the first place, we remember distinctly, that for years a doctor was never seen, and very seldom needed, within the circuit of many miles, although nearly every hundred acres of land held a family. The population increased with a rapidity equal in proportion to what has been known in any part of Britain, Ireland not excepted; and this increase, in by far the great majority of cases, was without the interference of any disciple of Galen; for if perchance a journey of twenty miles or so,—that was generally about the distance,—was undertaken, for the purpose of procuring such aid, the worthy doctor nearly always arrived just in time to take a tumbler with the happy father, pocket a moderate fee, and return home. The mortality among children was comparatively very small, and among adults, much less than in the cities of either Canada or the States. Ague, in the part of the country we have now in our mind, was a few years ago, scarcely known. It has since appeared, not from any natural cause, but having

been invoked by the contrivances of the settlers themselves. The erection of water mills, causing large mill ponds to overflow the flats of the rivers and reduce huge quantities of timber to a state of rottenness, has produced as much malaria as is quite sufficient to account for all the fevers and agues in the neighbourhood. Steam will cure all this. But it is scarcely fair to ruin the health of a country by such abominations, and then damn it, as grievously insalubrious. Much of the Canadian ague we hear talked about, may be accounted for in this manner.

As for the summer heat;—we have heard of cases of *coup de soleil*,—one we have just read of. It took place in *England*. Such things have happened, too, near the Lake shores here, but very rarely. We never knew an instance in the woods, and it is not an uncommon practice—though a very imprudent one—for boys to work in the open air without either hat or shoes. For our part, we preferred the trouble of carrying both, although often quite sufficiently ventilated; but the heat, although sufficient to render a pretty long rest in the middle of the day, desirable enough, is never found so severe as to prevent labour. It is true that the change of climate from Europe, especially from the sea-coasts to the inland parts of America, is such, that proper precautions are necessary to be taken by old country people; such, for instance, as wearing flannel at all seasons; never working without having the head covered, abstaining from cold water when overheated, and not taking rest with wet clothes on, however harmless it may be found to remain wet while the body is kept in a state of active exertion. But, pray are there no other countries where similar precautions are needed? Are they not requisite, or most of them at all events, in Europe? And we are not contending that people who can “live at home at ease,” and provide for their families in their own country, ought necessarily to come and cast their lot in Canada, as a matter of mere choice. We address those who, at all events, think of moving some whither, and we protest against the propriety of their choice, if they prefer the precarious chances of Australian gold, or the tolerably certain disappointment that awaits them if they turn towards the United States, to the tangible advantages which our country offers to the intending emigrant.

Yet, with all the advantages which Canada offers to the labouring man, those who suppose that labourers are the only useful and fortunate settlers in the woods, are very much mistaken. We have said that the work of clearing land is hard, and some of the “white handed classes”

have suffered grievous disappointment on awakening to a practical knowledge of the fact. But so far from it following, as a consequence, that gentlemen cannot be either prosperous or desirable settlers, quite the contrary is the case.

Those who have read the very clever and entertaining work of Mrs. Moodie, and do not possess any other knowledge of Canada but what has been gleaned from its pages, may possibly be of opinion, that the only way to escape the misfortunes of the Moodie family, is to avoid the country where such an accumulation of disasters was suffered. Such impressions should be guarded against, for they will not be found to be supported even by the book itself, when the story and the intention of it are properly considered, and they are utterly inconsistent with the real state of the country, and with those numerous circumstances, connected with it which may have escaped the notice of the talented, but very unfortunate authoress, and which, at all events, her two volumes could not be expected to contain. We have heard doubts thrown upon the statements of the work. In not one single doubt upon the subject do we join. Our reasons for this are pretty good. We feel convinced that the authoress would not condescend to misrepresent, and as for the anecdotes being improbable, we could vouch for the perfect truth, of as many equally striking parallel incidents, within our own experience. No, the fault of the book, if it have any, is not inaccuracy. But, as its narrative is one of almost unvaried misfortune, whoever takes it as a sole guide to a knowledge of Canada, is not unlikely to close it with erroneous impressions, respecting the country, and the advisability of emigrating to it. A Canadian or an old settler, has gained sufficient experience, to enable him to read the book, and enjoy it—as who can fail to do—without having his judgment misled by it. He who has his knowledge of Canada, to acquire, and is honestly desirous of gaining unprejudiced views on the subject, while he need not deprive himself of the pleasures of Mrs. Moodie's entertaining society, should take the trouble to look into Smith's Canada, and the valuable statistical pamphlets circulated by the Canada Company, and Dunlop's Backwoodsman, and "Sketches of Canadian Life," will do him no harm. The Anglo-American he will consult, as a matter of course.

It is perfectly true that many gentlemen have been very unfortunate in Canada, but the causes of their trouble have been such as would have produced similar effects elsewhere. A delicate youth with barely any means, attempts to make a living by the labour of his hands, and after

"roughing it" for a few months, finds it necessary to do what he should have done in the first instance,—that is, he betakes himself, in some other part of the Province, to the employment for which he has been fitted by education,—supposing of course that he is fitted for anything. If he is not, it matters little whether he encumber his friends here or at home. He will be useless lumber anywhere.

A gentleman perhaps with a small capital, without taking any time to make himself acquainted with the country, purchases a farm which he either has not seen or of which he has not ascertained the intrinsic value. He finds that he has been bitten by a land jobber. With a similar lack of common prudence, he would have been victimised quite as scientifically in the purchase of a "pretty place" or an "eligible rural retreat," which George Robins had advertized, in any county in England.

He sells or lets his farm on very disadvantageous terms, and buys wild land. After making a few improvements, he finds that all his money has been spent, and that it is extremely difficult to drag a living out of his small stumpy field. The consequence is, that he finds himself, no better off, than if he had rented an English farm, and, having expended all his capital during the first season, and having been unfortunate with his crops, he remained without means to carry on the business. He experiences the nipping ills of poverty, and those ills, he soon discovers, are very much the same in all places, though the tyrant bites less keenly in new than in old countries. All Mrs. Moodie's readers must sympathise with the vivid picture which she draws of poverty in the bush, but one cannot reflect upon the story, without congratulating the authoress, that she was not a stranger in New York, Liverpool, London, or any other great city, when food was wanted, and there was no money to buy it with. A woman is greatly to be felt for under such circumstances, but a man,—one with sufficient courage and enterprise to deserve the name in its full sense, and possessed of health—has no excuse for remaining long without the necessaries of life in this country, however white may be his hands or however gentlemanly his feelings.

Any one with but moderate means—such as would be quite insufficient to enable him to maintain and educate his family, in the old country—may with much advantage and comfort, settle in Canada.

He brings with him no very large sum of money, perhaps, but enough to purchase a small farm. This he does not do, however, until he has thoroughly satisfied himself, by personal

observation, and by making every possible enquiry, what part of the country would suit him best. He selects a situation not so far advanced but that the price of land is moderate, but he pays particular attention to the reputation which that part of the country has for health, and also to the probability of the land rising in value as the country improves. No man of sense settles in a remote place which is always likely to remain remote. There are few such spots in Canada, but some people have a morbid idea that they would like to live away from mankind. The fancy is merely absurd, and invariably vanishes after a trial.

Our gentleman settler has a small annual income, on which, in England, he would have to pinch his appetite to keep his coat from being too shabby. The pittance answers well on his small farm. He may wear what coat he likes, or none when he pleases, and although not brought up to hard work, he is not above attempting it. So he goes out with his men (for he manages to keep one or more in harvest times, though he can do without one and manage the "chores" himself, with the assistance of his boys, for a good part of the year,) and learns from them how to be useful, while his presence prevents their being idle. He is a man of the world, suiting his manner and his words to the moment, and consequently his men, as well as his neighbours, learn to value and respect him. There is a class of men, supercilious by nature, and, as it would appear, from some ingrained constitutional defect, who could do nothing of this kind—who could shrink from contact with a plough or a ploughman. What it may be well to do with these unfortunates, we do not pretend to say, but they need not come to Canada.

By dint of careful management out of doors, and economy within, it is found, not only that the small income goes a long way, but that a portion of it can be occasionally laid out in new purchases, when it is pretty clear that land will rise in value. It will always be well, not to lay out all the capital in the first instance, even though it be but small, but to keep some of it laying by for other purposes, for good investments often present themselves when least expected.

In the meantime, it has been necessary to educate the children, and it has been found that good schools are not far distant, where the course of education is sound, and where the charges are much lower than in similar establishments at home. Society is not wanting, and in spite of a few prejudices which were at first apparent, against the "gentleman," he has become deci-

dedly popular with all classes, and is asked, and does not refuse, as a sulky man would, to join in their amusements and take part in their local public affairs. His property increases in value, his boys obtain situations, where, at an early age, they support themselves, he finds ample employment in occasional labour, occasional hours of shooting and fishing, and not unfrequent attendances at township, school and other "meetings," where his information and assistance are rather eagerly sought after. If all this is not preferable to dragging out a life of genteel poverty in a more fashionable part of the world, we are much at fault. If the settler, instead of a very moderate income, such as we have supposed, should possess independent means, he may enjoy himself in a manner to be envied. He has a good farm, builds a comfortable but not an extravagant house, enjoys but does not squander his property, works in the field often, knows every foot of his land and what is being done with it, but finds plenty of time to follow his dogs and to enjoy himself with his neighbours. Such a man pities the plodding merchants and other dwellers in cities, in a manner which is truly edifying. He would not change his farm and his peace of mind for the "position" or wealth of the richest merchant in Glasgow or Montreal.

There are other classes of well-born and educated men whom we know to be able to aid in conquering the old forests of the West, ay, and to whom the employment would be found wondrously advantageous, too. But the old settler has, perhaps, been garrulous enough for one month, and his pen must rest awhile,—many a long rest it has had, too, since he pitched his tent in the wilds of Canada. Wilds they were then, indeed. The scene is before me now. The corporeal vision has felt the finger of time, but the mind's eye seems to look more and more clearly on the scenes of old. How is this? Yes, yes, there is the answer. Things of the present but flit before us, transient as glimpses of sunshine on a showery day,—the present moment is the fleeting life of man,—but the past is fixed, irrevocable, and the scenes of other times, the feelings which then came and went, but the existence of which can never be totally forgotten,—those are seen in the clear undeviating light of truth. So comes back to the mind's eye that boundless forest—the feeling of awe and wonder with which its giant trees and boundless, untrodden, silent—oh! how deeply, eloquently silent—shades, inspired the mind, as we wandered on, dreaming—for, on a Sabbath, even the bushman may find time to wander and to *think*—dreaming of when those huge

trees were first planted, and wondering how long it might be since the ocean or the lake left those shells, now turned to stone, that we found in the roots of the great tree which the last storm had laid low,—wondering, too, how long it would be before all this interminable silent grove, would give place to the dwellings of living men, and the decent temples of God,—and feeling that this itself, this mighty forest, fit only with the “still small voice” of its rustling leaves, was yet the grandest temple for the silent heart’s devotion—a temple not made with the hands of men. And that forest, too, I have seen it, when the winds of heaven bent its stoutest monarchs, as if they were but saplings, and men fled to their dwellings, and the very wild birds sought shelter with them. And it is all gone now. The reign of the sylvan giants is past. Ripe grain waves in their place, and hardy men receive thankfully the blessings which heaven has permitted them to win with wholesome toil. There was a moral in those pathless woods, but a more hopeful one may be read in the fertile field, and in yon healthy group surrounding the farm-house door, and in those well-laden orchard trees.

Yes, I hear what you say, sir:—“If the auld body had nae mair to say the noo, what’s he yammerin’ on about?” Well, well, I’ll moralise no more. I know the practise is not a popular one, and takes too much time and space, your readers may think, in these railroad days; but let me tell you, if ever you grow so old, or so world-wrought, that you can remember the home of your youth and manhood, without a chastened thought, then have a care, sir,—there will be a hard place growing on your heart, which your doctor cannot cure. Enough: in a month’s time, I may be fit to fill some more space in your little book, and if so, dry stubborn facts ye shall have, plain and strong as this old staff of mine.

R.

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## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. 3.

### THE UPSHOT OF BEAU BALDERSTON’S ADVENTURE.

Has it ever been your lot, oh most gentle of readers, to witness a stripling reduced to the buff, on a *snellish* May morning, in the act of committing his person to the embraces of a stream? We shall suppose, for the sake of illustration, that it is the classic Molindina which meandereth through the Royal Burgh of Dleepdaily. If you have ever been cognizant of such a phenomenon you must needs have noted the coy hesitation of the raiment-

denuded stripling to quit the bosom of mother earth. Gingerly doth he touch the surface of the water with his big toe, as if apprehensive that a shark or a krakan lay in ambush to drag him to the bottom, and the chances are great that he will resume his divorced garments without having performed the meditated ablution, were it not that he dreads a castigation from the hands of his maiden aunt, Grizzel. At her stern command, he hath sought the Rubicon; and, from behind a whin-stone dyke, where she hath modestly intrenched herself, she shrilly threateneth birchen pains and penalties in the event of the tyro’s running counter to her fiat!

Now, I, Peter Powhead, find myself at this epoch of time, much in the predicament of the mythical youngster above referred to! The impatient public imperatively demandeth that I should forthwith dive into the pool of Beau Balderston’s unheard of catastrophe, but timorous nature urgeth me to postpone the undertaking. Nor is it any marvel that this should be the case. There is something so super-humanly astounding in the circumstances which I have become bound to record, that a more valorous hand, than I can lay claim to, might well become palsied when assuming the historiographer’s grey goose quill!

But what must be, must be, as Miss Peggy McSpinster said when she consented to become the better half of Captain Bottlenose, the one-legged Greenock skipper;—and so, having screwed my courage up to the writing point, I proceed to plunge into the middle of my theme!

At the breaking off of our last communing, good patrons, I left Monsheer Nong-tong-paw in the act of commencing his cantrips. Fain would I enumerate in detail the wonders that he wrought; but I have got a character—such as it is—to lose, and I doubt not that if I were to rehearse a tythe of what I witnessed on that preposterously-memorable night, this sceptical generation would book me forthwith as a legitimate son of the primitive deceiver! It is necessary, however, that I lay before you a sample of the Pythagorean’s doings; and, accordingly, I select some of the least incredible of the lot.

*Inter alia*, (to use the heathenish jargon of the law tribe,) he produced a pack of his master Mahoun’s books, inviting the company



to think upon one of them. Before you could say Jack Robinson, he held up the identical selected card, more by token that it was the knave of clubs!

Next the warlock borrowed the huge silver watch of David Driddles, which, being an ancient and time-honoured family-piece, the owner was sorely unwilling to let out of his custodiership. You may conceive the consternation of poor Davie, when Monsheer pitched the precious article into Dr. Scougall's mortar, (loaned by the medico for the night,) and pounded the same to atoms. Not long, however, did the anguish of the owner continue. The magician chattered some of his spells over the fragments, and, behold, the horologe was entire and complete, as if it had just come out of the maker's hands!

*Tertio*, Deacon Dredgie, the undertaker, was prevailed upon to part, for a brief season, with his yellow wig,—covering his head in the interval with a silk handkerchief. Monsheer placed the commodity under a hat, for two seconds, or it might be three,—when, the covering being removed, the wig was found to contain the savoury ingredients of a ready-cooked haggis, the unctious odour whereof spread through the hall, causing many a hungry mouth to water! Swatches of the contents were handed through the company by the Sambo; and Bailie Brisket, who ventured to taste the same, declared that a better seasoned haggis never boiled in pot, or smoked on ashet! When the last spoonful had been scraped out, the Magi rammed the scratch into a blunderbuss, which he presented and fired at the Deacon! When the smoke cleared away, instead of seeing honest Dredgie a mangled corpse, there was he sitting as sober as a judge, with the wig on his head as usual, and neither of them a prin the waur of the adventure!

But all these feats are as nothing to what next eventuated, as the ignorant Yankees say.

The Pythagorean enticed a wee Highland body, named Donald Sheerie, up to the platform, with the bribe of an ounce of snuff, a temptation which no Celt, since the flood, could ever resist, even if offered by the Foul Thief himself. When the unsuspecting Donald was sitting on an arm chair, the magician came behind him, and having (as many spon- sible witness averred), muttered the Creed

backwards, he cut the miserable creature's head clean off with a cleaver!

You never saw the marrow of the hillbaloo that ensued on this barbarous and heathenish act! A howl of mingled terror and indignation burst from every beholder. The Sheriff, who was present, called upon Hamish McTurk the constable, to do his duty, by capturing the blood-thirsty, heartless miscreant,—and all who sported razors, gully-knives, or other warlike weapons, drew forth the same to protect their precious lives and liberties!

I chanced to be sitting right opposite to the expatriated head, and such a growsome sight I never saw before or after. The eyes, unlike the wonted sobriety of death, rolled and glinted about as if in an ecstasy of bewilderment. The red bristly hair stood up like the jags of a hedgehog,—and the mouth twisted, and gloomed, and *girmed*, just as if it had been uttering curses upon its murderer!

In the middle of the collieshangie, the reprobate and case-hardened Frenchman, stood bowing, and smiling, and chattering, as if he had only nicked the head of a thistle or dandelion, instead of a Christian-man's—so far, indeed, as a native of Lochaber can be styled a Christian, a proposition which many sober men doubt!

Just when Hamish laid his paw upon the murderer's shoulder, to apprehend him in the name of the king, he gave his rod a whirl, and lo, and behold! the martyred Donald Sheerie was as sound and life-like as ever!

Here was a miracle greater than any which had yet been performed in the Dreeddaily Temple of Science! To kill a man, as everybody knew, was no very difficult matter; but to restore him to life and limb again, and that without the aid of a doctor, was past all comprehension! It clean beat cock-fighting,—and a *sough* of wondering amazement ran through the assemblage, like the wind of an autumn night rustling among withered beech leaves!

The only individual upon whom these passages seemed to produce little or no impression was our friend Beau Balderston. In order to account for his apathy, it is incumbent upon me here to set down that he had ever borne a *quisquious* and questionable character among the sober and religious portion of the Dreeddaily community. He was seldom seen

in the kirk except on an extra occasion, with Lady Sourocks, as I have before hinted; and even when he did make his appearance there, his demeanour was far from being decent or edifying. Indeed, the general rumour was, that he was but few doors removed from being an infidel; and it was even whispered that he had christened his cat, and buried his defunct greyhound in the kirk-yard! Doubtless his sceptical wickedness was the foundation of the unconcern with which he witnessed the prodigies I have above enumerated, proving to a dismal demonstration that the dogged unbelief of such Sadducees was not to be shaken even by a miracle wrought before their very noses!

As I hinted before, the Beau sat as unmoved and unconcerned as if nothing beyond ordinary had been going on. He merely tapped his shell snuff-box at each successive camtrip of the wallock, muttering some such contemptuous words as—"well enough, considering!" "pretty well for Dleepdaily!" as if the feats performed were not real and genuine facts and truths!

Monsheer Nong-tong-paw, who had borne with complacency the execrations of the company, as if glorying in his shame, appeared to be sorely nettled at the sneering observes of the sceptic, seeming to regard him as a scoffing interloper. He bore with him for a considerable season, till at length, his patience being clean exhausted, he stepped to the front of the stage, and, addressing him with a bow and a slrug of the shoulders, requested the honour of his assistance at the next feat of glamourie!

Many, considering the peril to which Donald Sheerie had been exposed by a similar act of compliance, would have dissuaded Mr. Balderston from risking his precious soul and body; but as the old proverb says—"he must needs go when Clotie drives!" The Beau jumped at the proposal like a cock at a gooseberry (or *grack*, as I would say, if I wrote in less fastidious times!)—and whispering to his neighbour that he would show up the old quack in grand style, he ascended the diabolical platform!

I trow he was a wiser and a soberer man, before he was done with the *quack*, as he was pleased to style him! Like the Christmas goose his time was come—and I'll be sworn that he

never made mouths at miracles again, till the day of his decease! But I must not bring in the toddy till the dinner be over.

Accommodating the Beau with a seat, the Magician—for so, I presume, all orthodox readers will agree with me in designating Monsheer,—proceeded to put certain drugs and medicaments into a thing like a white bowl, with a long strop proceeding out of the side thereof, after the manner of a tea pot. He called it a *Retort* or a *Report*, I really forget which,—but I can testify that it made a loud enough report in the Burgh for many a day thereafter!

Having mixed the ingredients, which I trow were never weighed in Christian scales, the Pythagorean turned the end of the strop to Mr. Balderston instructing him to hold his nose firm, and draw in the vapour from the bowl with his breath. Our friend at first seemed to hesitate and boggle a little at this injunction. Being certified that it would do no injury to his health, and being ashamed moreover to draw back, after having put his hand to the plough, he followed the directions given him, even as a mouse rushes into the cheese-baited ambushade—and commenced sucking and blowing like a three weeks old calf at its matin or vesper refection!

At this verse of the ballad, I heard my name called from the door, and on turning round I beheld Betty Bachelles, the ancient maid of all work of Lady Sourocks, wagging and coughing upon me to come away. I started up in a perfect fever of consternation, having utterly forgotten, the absconding of time, and my practice to be with her ladyship betimes for her gala! You may well believe it was with a sore and unwilling heart that I took my Exodus, often looking back upon Beau Balderston who, as long as he was visible I could note drawing away at his black draught, and holding his nose as if he had been stooping over a badgers's kennel!

When I reached the *mansion*, as her ladyship was pleased to dignify her two story tenement, I found her in a perfect stew of vexation. Half a dozen of her guests had arrived, and she could not venture to face them with her head gear out of order. Of course I had to do penance for the forgetfulness of which I had been guilty, and verily hard words were not spared upon me! There is not a

tinkler wife between Kilmarnock and Buckhaven who could have surpassed Lady Sour-ocks in *flyting!* "*Little ill-faured, ne'er do weel!*" and "*Shilpit de'il's buckie!*" were the mildest phrases with which I was greeted, and I looked upon myself as fortunate that I was not besprinkled from that mysterious and never-to-be-named vessel with which the ill-conditioned spouse of Socrates occasionally moistened her patient and philosophical spouse!

[*Nota Bene.*—This sentence has been inserted by Mr. Paumy. If not in harmony with the refinement of this extra-superfine nineteenth century, the sin lies upon the scone of Paumy, aforesaid; I wash my hands of it!] ]

Being conscious of error, I took my modicum of scolding with all due humility, and by working with extra diligence with the curling tongs and dredge box, I had her Ladyship *buskit* and beautified in less than no time!—So satisfied, indeed, was she with my zeal and dispatch, that being a kindly body "*when the snarl was aff her!*" as the town fool remarked, she would needs have me into the withdrawing room to drink her health, and the healths of her company (who by this epoch were nearly all assembled), in a glass of cordial waters brewed by her own fair hands!

Though I trust that I have a befitting sense of my own merits and importance, truth constrains me to confess that I was a little *blate* and confused when I was ushered into the presence of so many gentles. So great was my agitation that I was little the better of my visit, so far at least as the aforesaid cordial was concerned having spilled the larger balance of the same, in nodding and scraping my respects, as in duty bound, to the magnates to whom I was introduced!

Verily and truly they were a worshipful Synod, rivalling in grandeur the Court of King Solomon himself!

There was the Laird of Lick-the-Ladle, and his long bearded daughter "*black mou'd Kate.*" There was Mr McShuttle, the great power loom weaver from Glasgow; Dr. Scougall, dressed in his new black cloth coat and silk stockings, and a real genuine army ensign, rigged out in complete regimentals like a peony rose—the first of the breed that had ever been seen in Dleepdaily!

A well-favoured, smooth faced stripling he

was, that seemed better calculated for bringing down a maukin, or black cock, than doing battle with the savage American rebels, who, it is universally allowed devour the flesh of their vanquished captives!

The ensign was a nephew to her ladyship, and it struck me that he looked strangely downcast and out of spirits. Much more appropriate was his manner for a burial than a merry making. Every now and then he gave a sigh as if his heart was breaking, and his manne reminded me strongly of Duncan Dow, the hen-pecked tailor, on the eve of receiving a quilting from his randy masculine wife.

Betty Bachles afterwards gave me a sufficient reason for the misanthropical demeanour of the young man.

She had been listening at the door of the chamber where the ensign and his aunt had been closetted in the previous part of the evening, and heard her break to him the tidings of her intended nuptials with Beau Balderston. Previous to that time he had always been led to consider himself as her heir-apparent, and being a younger son, with nothing but his consumptive pay to depend upon, it was not in nature that he should be overly elated at the intelligence then and there communicated to him!

His cause for dolour, moreover, was the greater in as much as he had recently cross-examined her ladyship's banker touching her means and estate, and ascertained that the same amounted to a sum not to be sneezed at!

But the sun generally rises brightest after a murky setting, and the snowdrops of spring receive an additional garnishment from the churlish gloom of winter. This however by the way—as Master Whiggie observes, when he makes a digression from the text under consideration!

I had hardly disposed of my bit dribble of drink and set down the glass upon the silver plated salver, when I heard a noise at the front door, as if all the bulls of Bashan were thundering and storming thereat!

The company, as well as myself, were dumfounded at the sound, and each one looked at his neighbour to divine, if possible, the nature of the mysterious racket. All, however, were equally in the dark, and there was a common shaking of bewildered and fear-confused heads!

Each moment did the hurly-burly increase! Every instant a perfect whirlwind and tornado of blows were inflicted upon the crazy door, which at last took the hint by flying open,—and presently the hurrying of steps was heard coming madly up the wooden stairs, making them quake and groan, as if a regiment of heavy dragoons were exercising thereon!

What could it be?

The ensign drew his glittering sabre; I, following his example, flourished a pair of silver-steel razors; and Mr. McShuttle (who, to do a weaver justice, showed no lack of valour and manhood) darted into a little closet which was convenient to the withdrawing-room, and re-issued with the Andrea Ferrara, which her ladyship's father wore in the Forty-Five. With this he threatened to cleave the intruder, be he man or fiend, to the brisket, without benefit of clergy. As for the women-kind, they convened in a heap at the far end of the chamber, where they stood as cowed-like as a convocation of domestic fowls, when a pirate hawk is making an inspection of the hen-house!

By this time the stranger, whoever he was, had gained the door of the apartment where we were congregated, which said door had been bolted and barricaded at the first *sough* of the disturbance.

Not long were we kept in suspense! In one instant the frail pine barrier was driven in with a noise like thunder, and in rushed—Guess who, for a groat?

Nobody else but the sober, douce, punctilious, velvet-shod Benjamin Balderston, Bachelor, and Beau of Dreepdaily!

Had I not seen him with my own een, I never could have credited that such a change as he presented, could have been wrought in a human being. Even at this distance of time, it looks like a dream, or night-mare.

His eyes stood in his head like two red-hot saucers, and glared and glanced after the manner of sheet-lightning! As to his muzzle, it was in a perfect mass of angry foam, reminding one of the frontispiece of a demented colley dog! Touching his wig, it was turned backside foremost, the tail of it hanging over his brow, like an elephant's trunk seen through an inverted telescope; and his brave red coat, which had cost a mint of money,

dangled about him, torn into a thousand shreds and stripes!

To complete the picture, one of his huge buckled shoes had taken French-leave of its companion. At first sight, indeed, the loss was not very obvious, as the white silken stocking on the widowed foot had been dyed black as an Ethiopian, with the mud and filth of the street!

But the metamorphose in his outward tabernacle was as nothing, compared to the change which seemed to have come over the poor Beau's manner and demeanour.

He danced and squealed, cursed and blasphemed like a Bess of Bedlam, who had slipped her chain. No sooner had he entered the room, than he jumped upon the French polished pembroke table, amongst the China-cups and sweetmeats, where he capered and danced without intermission, whistling the devil's hornpipe with a diabolical energy. Having reduced the crockery and *vivers* to atoms, he leaped off the table, and snapping his fingers after a most desperate fashion, commenced, without so much as saying "by your leave," to denude himself of his silk, or swallow-tail, as Yankee milk-sops call them! This feat being accomplished, he flung the commodities right in the face of Miss Priscilla Pernickety, who, overcome, partly by fear, and partly by genteel disgust, fell down in a deplorable fit of the *crises*!

During the transaction of these astounding events, Lady Sourocks had remained, as it were, in a state of stupified amazement. After a season, however, she seemed to come to herself, and rushing up to her intended, she threw her arms around his neck, and adjured him, in the name of decency, to remember what he was doing, and where he was? She might as well have whistled to the winds! The Beau, in the twinkling of an eye, clutched up the helpless over-grown lap-dog by the tail, and made it play bang on the side of her head (which utterly demolished the fruits of my labour) cursing her between hands for an old withered runt! Nor was this the *omega* of his misdeeds! He seized in his arms Mr. McShuttle's daughter—a buxom lass, not out of her teens—and kissed her till he had not left a puff of breath in either of their bodies!

This was the signal for the on-lookers to interfere in right earnest. Having procured a

blanket, they rushed upon the madman in a body, and throwing it over him, they swaddled him up like a new-born baby, and carried him home shoulder high, where he was put into a strait waistcoat, and bled, blistered, and drenched *secundem artem*! \* \* \*

Few words will suffice to put the cope-stone upon this veritable narration.

Lady Sourocks never could be convinced but that outrageous drunkenness was the cause of the Beau's extraordinary invasion of her domicile! In vain did he make affidavit before a quorum of the Justices, that he had been the victim of what was called *Laughing Gas*! Her Ladyship promptly discarded the delinquent, both as a visitor and a suitor,—a catastrophe at which, you may be sure, the worthy ensign did not break his heart.

As for the vile magician, who had been the cause of Mr. Balderston's enchantment, he beat a retreat that very night, leaving the rent of the Hall to be settled by his posterity!

A statement of the whole transaction was prepared by Mr. Caption, the Procurator Fiscal, and sent off to his eminence the Lord Advocate, for his concurrence to search for and apprehend the offender, as a practiser of unlawful arts. His Lordship, however, turned a deaf ear to the representation, writing back that the statutes authorising such a procedure had long been laid on the shelf. What a lamentable tale to tell in a Christian country!

But the justice of Providence overtook the son of Belial before long. Tidings shortly reached Drecpdaily that the Pythagorean had got his head smitten off at the commencement of the French Revolution. And many sensible folk, amongst whom I may number the worthy Master Whiggie, opined, that that single act of retribution was enough to sweeten and sanctify the otherwise questionable proceedings of those troublous times!

**LOTTERY OF LIFE.**—Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was an Englishman. He ordered eight of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest symptoms of horror when it came to his turn, to put his hand into the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was at once accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called a fool for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, "I think I acted very prudently. As I daily hazard my life for sixpence, I made a precious good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns!"

## SONGS AND BALLADS

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

No. II.

## LAY OF THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

Away, away beyond the sea  
Lies the land that is dear to me;  
The land of green strath, and mountain fell;  
Of the hart, the hind, and heather bell;  
Where the purple ling and rowan red;  
Wave wildly o'er the hunter's head;  
The land of the bonnet, the land of the plaid,  
Of the thistle green, and sweeping blade;  
Of castled cliffs, and turret's gloom  
And glens perfumed with yellow broom;  
Of minstrel song, and maiden glee,  
And that's the land that is dear to me.

Other lands may be lovely and fair,  
In plumage bright, and blossoms rare;  
And boast of suns and seasons mild,  
Where the lotus and the vine grow wild:  
But have they the fragrance of the thorn,  
Or the song of the lark saluting the morn,  
Or a flower that ever can compare  
With the primrose and the gowan there.  
And have their skies as soft a hue,  
And is the breeze to health as true;  
And are their spice clad steeps as free,  
As the hills of the land that is dear to me.

No, though it may oft be cold and chill,  
On the summer lake there and heath clad hill;  
And the sea girt generous soil of the brave,  
Refuse to nourish the fruits of the slave;  
Yet pure is the gale on its summits bleak,  
And fresh the bloom on the maiden cheek;  
And kind the heart, and strong the hand  
Of the manly youths of that mountain land;  
Where nor tainted steel nor ruffian's knife,  
Is raised against the strangers life;  
Nor monster lurking treacherously,  
Deforms the land that is dear to me.

How oft when far away in the west,  
The weary day has gone to rest;  
Beneath the forest oak reclined,  
I fondly seek again to find,  
The smiling cot, with raptured ken,  
Deep hidden in yon mountain glen;  
Where all the charms that gathered round,  
Youth's ardent brow with roses bound;  
Still fondly loved profusely lie,  
A wreck of bliss in memory's eye,

Like the leaves in autumn when stript from the tree,  
By the breeze of the land that is dear to me.

No wonder then that I love to stand,  
To gaze on yon star, and think on that land;  
For often there at the hour of even,  
When the wild flowers were wet with the dew of heaven;

When the lay of the linnet and mavis was still,  
And all save the tod was asleep on the hill,—  
I have wandered away, from all the rest;  
To the wizard spring on the mountains breast;  
Where the wanton fairies love to lave,  
Their tiny forms in the chrystal wave;  
Or dearer still, low down in the dean,  
With Margaret midst the copse wood green—  
So oft I have thought it bliss to be,  
With her, in the land so dear to me.

And O! my heart would be light and fain,  
Were I but wandering there again—  
Beneath the gay green summer bowers,  
Where passed life's blythest happiest hours;  
Now fondly building some fairy dream,  
Now watching the trout, in the clear blue stream.  
Or with feeling of bliss at twilight dim,  
A listening to the moorland's hymn,  
Sung by the plover and grey curlew,  
Away afar on the uplands blue,  
That rose and fell so pensively,  
In the wilds of the land that is dear to me.

Linger, fair vision, and let me beguile,  
The weary hour with thy sun-lit smile;  
Linger, O! linger that I may gaze,  
A little longer on those young days—  
When the heart was happy, and hopes were bright,  
And pleasure got up, with the morning light,  
In all their loveliness unfurled,  
Just like the dream of another world;  
But it may not be, it cannot last,  
The vision alas, is gone and past,  
And lonely beneath the forest tree,  
I'm far from the land that is dear to me.

HOW TO BE KIND.—A man is kind, in not what he gives, but in what he suggests. He who works *for* me trains me to imbecility: he who shows me my own resources trains me to self-reliance, and enables me to work for myself.

## THE VOICE OF NATURE; OR, EARLY CLOSING.

BY A VICTIM OF LATE HOURS.

THE same voice which called to Adam in the cool of the day, "Where art thou?" may not unfrequently be heard to admonish us his descendants to beware how we endeavour unlawfully to evade its keen all-searching enquiries.

Judging from the passing events of every-day life, even the best among us occasionally seem to forget the mortality that enshrines us, and we plan, contrive and labour, as though this were our rest. We toil and spin as if the garniture of the outer temple was the great thing necessary, and our bodies the enduring building of our eternal occupancy!

Yet how very different is the experience of each one of us! How very little research suffices to assure us that the more widely we depart from those eternal laws which the Author of Eternity has laid down, the more surely do we involve ourselves in inextricable confusion, and, in all probability, bring down on ourselves just retribution:—

"That there is a link in the plan of him who made them,  
A link which lost, would break the chain,  
And leave behind a gap which nature's self would rue,"

is a truism which none would dispute, and yet how constantly do we detect a foolish tendency in men to rise superior to their true position in the scale of creation, and to separate themselves on an independent eminence, apart, as it were, from those objects which surround them, and which are yet really identified with them.

Errors like this have invariably been engendered by some of the false systems of philosophy which have at different epochs arisen in the world, influencing more or less, and entering in a greater or less degree, into the plainest occurrences of life.

We think it was Sir Charles Bell who first shewed the folly of drawing general inferences by the study of separate and isolated portions of nature, and who we think also proved how much more in accordance it was with nature to study each part as under subserviency to laws governing "a great whole." Thus in his *Bridgewater Treatise* he remarks:—"Instead of saying that light is created for the eye, and to give us the sense of vision, is it not more conformable to a just manner of considering these things, that our wonder and our admiration should fix on the fact, that this small organ, the eye, is formed with relation to a creation of such vast extent and grandeur; and more especially that the ideas arising in the

mind, through the influence of that matter and this organ, are constituted a part of this vast whole."

The German philosopher, Schlegel, has enunciated the same doctrine, rendering it applicable, not only to an individual organ of the body, but to the whole man.

"We are," he remarks, "perhaps only too much disposed to imagine that the ancient race before the Flood resembled in every particular a later and even the present generation. Our conceptions of it, as regards both its virtues and its vices, are in nowise great and wonderful enough. In the first place, it is highly probable that the atmosphere of the globe was, at that period, totally different from what it is in the present day, and that consequently both the food and manner of living in those days were also dissimilar from our own. If any reliance is to be placed on the best and oldest historical testimonies on these points, we can scarcely doubt that the primeval race—at least the generations immediately preceding the Deluge—were men of gigantic stature, and that their mental powers and faculties were on a correspondent magnitude."

Although we may not be prepared to assign, with Schlegel, to atmospheric changes alone the marked deterioration of the human race, yet we fully recognize with him the intimate dependence of that race on those exterior circumstances which so unquestionably connect man with the world; and we believe that it is because he so constantly endeavours to separate himself from the world of which he is a part, that his gradual deterioration is to be ascribed. The condition of our sojourn upon earth, of our harmonious synchronism with the rest of nature was that we should "earn our bread by the sweat of our brow." Now, if we enter into a deep and serious meditation on this prime law of our nature, we shall find a wider and more extensive signification than at first sight appears. The careless and indifferent may be inclined to set it aside as totally inapplicable to our present state, and not a few may congratulate themselves that they have no need "to haste to rise up early and eat the bread of carefulness."

But the thoughtful Christian philosopher will see in this wonderful command of his heavenly Father, a depth of love and parental care, a far-seeing perception of his wants and desires, which none but a just and merciful Being could have devised. He sees in this fixed decree, although pronounced in righteous anger, the most tender regard: he discovers that his Maker is truly a God of unity and harmony, and that while He has given us gifts and powers, he will not allow us to pervert them:

He will not permit our physical endowments to be sacrificed at the shrine of Intellectual Pride. While we sojourn here on earth, we must act in conformity with the laws of the earth, or else make up our minds to submit to the penalty due to their infringement.

Trace the history of our race, as it passed adown the path of Roman and Grecian history, and mark how as those nations lapsed into luxury and ease, and at the expense of the Athletic, cultivated the Intellectual: note how soon corrupt and lascivious habits and effeminate pursuits, bowed down a noble and generous people. And even in this our day, do we not recognize, in the external condition of nations, corresponding degrees of noble or ignoble developments, irrespective of the conditions of climate or of soil.

In the indomitable energy of the mind and body of the Anglo-Saxon race, we have a happy, and gratifying illustration of the fact—full of busy energy of mind, and with a corresponding love of physical activity, we find him hastily passing to the remotest regions of the earth, facing the burning sun of Africa, or the ice bound regions of the North, in each preserving that native superiority, which has rendered him dictator to his brethren.

Enough perhaps has been said to shew that a connexion exists between man and those objects which are around him, and that he is controlled in a degree proportionate to the obedience which he lends to those influences from which he cannot escape.

Let us then briefly review the operation of a few of those agencies on man. In his primitive history, we find him in the enjoyment of the highest state of general perfection, when as yet his pursuits were principally directed to the tilling of the soil; in short, we find him vigorous and strong in proportion to his immediate connexion with agriculture, as, however, his seed multiplied and one family became many, so did the evils of dissension and contention, engender new wants and desires. Man ceased to look on his fellow as a brother, and a struggle for the pre-eminence of riches, was but too early fostered. Enticed by the syren voice of wealth, how early did he learn to say within himself—"Soul, thou hast goods in store, lay to, now, and take thine ease." The unpleasant but regenerative exercise of the field was abandoned for the luxurious ease of the couch; and the uncontaminating and vice-subduing avocations of sylvan pastimes, for the enervating indulgencies of cities. It would not be irrelevant, however impracticable we may find it in a single article, to show how an abandonment of the cultivation of our physical pow-

ers, induces, to a very considerable extent, habits of vice, which, by individual multiplication, sometimes become peculiar to a whole people. We shall, however, not enter at large on this branch of the subject just now, but rather endeavour to show some of the evils which result to man's double nature, from this tendency to escape from his Maker's decrees. Before, however, we venture to offer any observations on this most important head, it may be right, in some degree, to satisfy a very natural curiosity, not peculiar to any class of readers, and especially to gratify the nervous inquisitiveness of those unfortunate brethren, whose dark existences we shall endeavour to lighten.

In the first place, then, we beg to assure our friends that we are not one of that class of miserable unfortunates who are doomed to sit eighteen hours a day at the intellectual employment of shirt-making; nor do we belong to the fraternity who deal in patching s-o-u-l-s or s-o-l-e-s,—therefore cannot claim kin or alliance with the naughty ghost in the red stockings and shovel-hat, which so greatly alarmed our kind friend of Hamilton. Lastly, we assure you, gentlemen, of the Trade that we are not of the saw-bones class. No! we belong to none of these. On the contrary, the emaciated, hollow-cheeked being who leaves this legacy to his employers is the "victim of late hours," the victim of horrible avarice and inordinate love of gain. Many have gone before me, and have been hustled along the road to perdition, elbowed down the busy, buzzing, distracting course of time, and pushed into the shoreless ocean of eternity, without one thought bestowed on the ultimate consequences, or even seeming to care what the end may be,—heedless, perhaps of the warnings which ever and anon have risen up before them.

In an age now happily passing away, when learning was confined to the narrow cell, or locked up in musty folios, some excuses might have been made for the criminal pursuit of gold, now so frightfully entered on. But since the appliances of art, and the wonderful progress of science have tended to throw open an almost royal road to learning, men cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for their follies. At comparative little cost and trifling exertion, our knowledge may be vastly increased, and especially that which relates to our moral and physical improvement.

The time has come for us seriously to consider the interests of our fellow-creatures, groaning under unjust exactions, bound in a slavery not a whit less cruel than that which fetters the limbs of the Republican slaves. Much is written, and

much more declared from the noisy platform, of the horrors of American Slavery; perhaps scarcely less has been fulminated against the cruelties of the Turf; but we believe few serious or thinking men will deny, that the chains of the American Negro are less galling than the fine and delicate threads which pass over the fingers of the shirt-maker; and the lash of John Scott's racing-whip less cutting and injurious than the Shylock demands of the business man. How often has my heart sunk within me,—how frequently has my rebellious spirit well-nigh risen into angry murmuring, as my jealous eye turned on the description of the selfish and devoted care so freely lavished on the mere brute. And can we refrain from harsh conclusions when such things are witnessed in a Christian land? Is it much to be wondered at, if the soul-crushed merchant's clerk returns not the kindly recognition which the senseless brute evinces to his owner.

Can any one be surprised if free-born gratitude is more unknown than the willing affection of the enslaved African. But enough of repining; we would rather raise the power of hope.

The ox knoweth his stall, and the ass his master's crib, because care and tenderness are shown to them.

If the lover of the chase, the gambler, or the slave-owner, find it to their interests to look narrowly after the welfare of those agents by and through which they hope to attain wealth, does it not afford a *prima facie* argument to those who have to employ kindred agents, although not perhaps holding a fee simple in their bodies, that their interests would be best conserved by bestowing like care and attention on them. Experience proves that a large majority of even the interested, think not. Let one, then, who has trodden the hard and rugged road, urge on such narrow and contracted hearts the benefits it would be to themselves to relent and try a wiser course. Learn how much your interests would be subserved by ruling your actions more in accordance with the spirit of those laws which you profess yourselves to be influenced by.

If these imperfect and wandering lines should chance to fall under the eye of those philanthropic men, who have lent their genius to enliven and cheer the drooping spirit of the humble artisan, it may be a gratification to them: to know, that a few kind words dropped at the Mechanics' Institute, first roused a sinking spirit to make this his last appeal on behalf of brethren left in bonds behind. It was there the lucid exposition of "the reciprocal agencies of Mind and Matter," first taught me,—alas! too late,—that I was the



victim of a cruel system; that I had blindly violated nature's laws, and arrayed myself against her plainest precepts. It was there I learned the danger of a presumptuous course, and discovered the folly of endeavouring to alienate the mental from the corporeal state, and was tutored to know how readily, death, disease, and wretchedness, may all ensue from mental disturbance: and again, how the mind may be involved in darkness, or rage in the flame of fierce delirium,—or be consumed by its own fading force—by the decadence of its own material fabric.

It is always better, in illustration of a subject, to take two opposite views, and if it can be shewn that life may be affected by the derangement of our bodily or mental constitution, and that it can only be preserved in its integrity, when both act in unison, then we occupy impregnable ground, from which the very incarnation of Mammon cannot dislodge us. Dr. Badely observes:—

“If the mind possesses, through a medium of the brain and nerves, such an immense and powerful influence on the subordinate corporeal organization as to enable man, under the excitement of mental emotion, to perform the astounding feats, and accomplish the Herculean labors which we continually witness or read, it can easily be understood that it can also impair or totally subvert the frail and delicate elements of which our corporeal frame is composed. Thus it happens that by its stimulus to the circulating system, the action of the heart and arteries is impelled at times beyond their powers of endurance; and a vessel bursting on the brain, a fatal apoplexy suddenly ensues, or a lingering paralysis is entailed for probably a melancholy series of years. The body succumbs to the sovereign influence of the mind; and the hero, whose very name struck terror to the foe,” is at once reduced to a state of helpless impotence. In others, where, through misfortune, or through grief, the spirits once so buoyant, are utterly dejected and depressed, the canker worm, care, with slow and insidious progress, eats into some less vital organ, and, altering its structure and vitiating its faculties, gradually undermines the fabric of the constitution, and establishes a painful an incurable, and ultimately, a fatal disease.

During the few years in which I formerly practised in London, whilst engaged one morning in conversation with the late Sir Astley Cooper in his study, a patient was announced who had come from Norfolk for that celebrated surgeon's opinion and advice. His keen and practised eye at once discerned the malady; and before he put a question to the elderly and melancholy object that had entered the room, Sir Astley asked me if I could name the disease? I admitted my inability beyond that of a constitution thoroughly impaired; on which Sir Astley said that he was much mistaken if the poor man was not suffering from cancer, and probably his mind was ill at ease. On-examining the patient the accuracy of his di-

agnosis was most fully confirmed. He then observed how frequently that disease ensued on mental distress.”

“I should have observed,” says Sir Astley Cooper in his lectures, when speaking of the causes of this disease, “that one of the most frequent is grief or anxiety of mind. It arrests the progress of secretion, produces irritative fever, and becomes the forerunner of schirrous tubercles.—How often have I found” (he continues) “when a mother has been watching, night after night, with anxious solicitude, the pangs and sufferings of her child, and has had the comfort and gratification of seeing its recovery, that in a short time after this, she has come to me with an uneasiness of the breast, which on examination I have discovered to be schirrous tubercles. Full three-fourths of these cases arise from grief and anxiety of mind. It is the state of mind and body which predisposes to this disease. The mind acts on the body, the secretions are arrested, and the result is the formation of schirrus. Look, then, in this complaint, not only at altering the state of the constitution, but *relieve the mind*, and remove if possible, the anxiety under which the patient labours.”

Where the amount of study exceeds the capability of enduring it, especially in young subjects, fearful consequences may be expected. The susceptibility of the immature brain is stimulated at the expense of bodily power; the forced plant is watered with the blood of life, and nature's laws are violated irreparably. Thus, in alluding to the budding genius of “unhappy White,” Byron exclaims—

“Oh! what a noble heart was here undone  
When Science self-destroyed her favourite son!  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit;  
She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low!”

Dr. Andrew Combe observes, “I have lately seen several instances of mental incapacity, and also of total incapacity for future useful exertion, brought on by long protracted and severe study, in subjects whose talents, under a better system of cultivation, would have raised them to eminence.—Pope was a remarkable example of this. By excessive application he fell into that state of exhaustion which Smollett also once experienced—a “coma vigil”—a sort of torpid indistinct existence—an affection of the brain when the principle of life is so reduced, that all external objects appear as if passing in a dream; and it was only by giving up study and riding on horseback that he regained comparative health. Sir Humphrey Davy brought on a severe fit of illness by over-ex-

citement of the brain in his chemical researches ; and in his interesting life of him, Dr. Paris has stated that " he was reduced to the extreme of weakness, and his mind participated in the debility of his body,"

It is the same with the brain as it is with the muscles ; exercise strengthens and refreshes, but labour weakens and exhausts their power ; and, as in the lamentable instance of Sir Walter Scott, where, in the decline of life, his embarrassed mind and circumstances compelled him to force the brain beyond what it was willing to supply, it sunk under the exertion.

If, then, such results are proved beyond all doubt, to be consequent on undue and irregular exertion, or want of exertion : if the engagement in occupations or pursuits, tend to disturb the harmony of function which is so necessary to us, let an effort be made to stay so fearful a state of things, and enable our society to be freed from a degeneracy of morals, which has already brought on fearful evils.

The question has been repeatedly asked—but by those who have, or fancy they have a pecuniary interest involved—what good effect would accrue to young men themselves, if allowed more leisure. It seems almost an insult to the understanding, to condescend to answer so heartless an inquiry ; but perchance, the answer may even be useful to those, whose emancipation we desire.

Evils, more especially those which become general, are for the most part slowly propagated. At first their bad consequences are but imperfectly seen, and but too often their real cause is rather forgotten or remains undiscerned.

To how many fatal ends, may it not the commission of one *little* sin lead !—so it is with the custom now prevailing, of enforcing late hours.

Trace to its source, that moral and religious turpitude, which is so glaringly seen in the conduct, and lives of many of our youths, and it will be apparent, that a large amount of the mischief is due to that re-action which is consequent on the depression to which they have been submitted through long and monotonous hours. Watch the movements of the commonest brute, when first escaping from his fastenings, and see his wild exulting bounds, as he lashes the air, and deeply snuffs the free and balmy breeze,—and are not many of what are called youthful follies akin to this mere animal delight, from which man is not exempt.

We have however, in man, a reasoning rational soul, destined for higher joys, and nobler aims than any that can be enjoyed on earth.

We have seen how closely, his double nature

is bound and knit together, and how they reciprocally act on one another—we are then no longer at a loss what remedies ought to be applied to heal the social disease, of which we complain.

To induce the Merchant to sacrifice a couple of hours, in the day, and curtail the money-making period, without holding out some prospective benefits, would be a difficult task. Fortunately the most sordid and avaricious, may, we fancy, be brought to admit that while no injury might result, to their own interests, certain advantages must accrue to their employed.

Among that class of the community who act in accordance with the religious obligations, under which they feel themselves bound, we find that they do not hesitate to close their stores of merchandize, and voluntarily and carefully obey the law, nay, more, we also see them continually like dutiful citizens, even conforming to those civil restrictions which are diametrically opposed to their religious belief.

We heard once a silver haired man ask a Jew, if he did not lose a great deal, by closing his store on Saturday. Well, said the honest, and faithful Hebrew, as I can't tell what I would make on the Sabbath which my God ordered me to reverence, I know not, what I lose ! I do know, that my God, has blessed my exertions, and that is enough for me.

This answer was worthy of one, who was enjoying greater privileges than the Jew, and it may be well if Christian Merchants turned their eyes to the customs of those whose time was blessed by a bountiful return of goods, so long as they forgot not their inheritance.

The public does not refuse to receive conviction, and if for a short time, some of the most inferior and petty traders persisted in their evil courses, the voice of public opinion, would soon reach their ears and wring from them compliance. The custom of keeping shops open at late hours, is at this season of the year, a concession to those who least stand in need of it. Few of us are inclined to make even the most trifling self sacrifice : and therefore, the young lady who now gratifies her taste, in an evening's shopping, would certainly remain at home at noon, rather than, that the sultry wind " should visit her face too rudely," and your kid gloved and scented Pop, would unquestionably rather luxuriate in sherry cobbler at home, at 2 o'clock, and meet the fashion at seven, at Messrs. Betley, or Patersons, than bronze his face, by sauntering down King Street.

Now we venture to declare that there is no case in the history of either sex, which can be produced to shew that the Polka was given up be-

cause Miss Florence would not go out in the heat to purchase a pair of satin slippers, or procure the requisite lace trimmings for her dress. Or what exquisite of the gander gender, would ever allow a deluge of rain to deter his posting off at five P. M. to obtain the requisite amount of curling and scenting, to enable him to appear in the presence of the modest and coy coquette, at half-past Ten. Custom will prevail Master Traders! and do you establish the Christian custom of doing, by your neighbour, as you would, they would do by you, and depend upon it, no losses would overtake you.

Are you sure that great gain would not result? Besides the blessing that you might expect to attend a righteous act, is it not more than probable that the release from one continued round of duty would tend by its wholesome relaxation to invigorate and restore the mind, enliven the disposition, cheer the spirits, elevate the whole character—but more than this, you would have the consolation of feeling that you in no way hindered the youths in your employ, from attending to their religious evening duties or from seeking the society of those whose conversation and advice might prove highly beneficial.

That the concessions of longer evening hours would be a decided boon to young men, we presume will be admitted. But all parties are interested in the solution of the question,—How are those hours to be employed? The question has been in a great measure answered. In Toronto at all events there exist societies based on no contemptible foundation, and two of them, the Mechanics' Institute and Canadian Institute, are supported by men of the highest attainments. It is true that both these societies need support and require enlarged means to elevate them to the most perfect state, but let the young men of the city have free opportunity to attend the meetings of these respective bodies, and in a short time there will be no want either of members or means.

Again we have the foundation of a Public Library laid, which needs only to be placed within reach of readers to ensure it a liberal and sufficient support; to this the citizens of Toronto would no doubt gladly contribute, and many would be induced to contribute works to an Institution which they saw was productive of real benefit.

Last but not least the sanctity of the domestic circle would not be violated. A father would not be so imperiously called to sacrifice all his time at the shrine of avarice, having scarce an eighth of the day to social intercommunion with his family. What a life does the hard worked clerk but too often lead? taken from his home at early

morn to prepare for the labours of the day, he swallows his hasty meal, and hastens away from home scarce having time to say a dozen words of tenderness to his little ones; away all day, and busy in the single occupation of monied calculations, he almost becomes a mere machine, having in his mind one eternal never changing train of thought, and that sole thought—money!! Closing by the paper's light his columns of pounds, shillings and pence, he goes tired to his neglected home, not, to see the merry little dancing eager lambs frolic about his welcomed path: not to hear the joyous laugh of infant voices: no; he is too late for such delights as this; he can but steal softly to the little cot, and gently stooping down, touch lightly the dear babe's cheek, and breathe a quiet "God bless thee" over his child. You mothers and fathers who are privileged to nestle your young ones often in your arms, you little know the cruel privation which evil customs bring on your less fortunate brethren. And if the father suffers this, what will you say of sons who thus absorbed in busy worldly care, are banished the paternal roof and cut loose from the care and tenderness of home—does no temptation beset their path? think you that their occupation is one fraught with no incentive to sin in its most insidious and dangerous forms, yes! truly fearful and hard temptations beset the path of such youths—with nothing to enliven or strengthen the mind with nought to enlarge and bring out the nobler qualities of the soul, the boy who left his mother's side a teachable docile child, has become a wayward flippant upstart, and hasaped the worst follies of the man about town, if he has not yet partaken of his crimes.

I am myself the son of a widow, and I am also a father; I have trodden the weary and hard road of life, and have honestly and faithfully fulfilled my task. I have received from my masters words of kindness, and, as they knew how, acts of attention. But how can this scanty pity recompense me for days of weakness, and nights of restless painful tossings, of bitter reproaches and sad misgivings; how can it give back lost opportunities. The wasting flesh, the flushed cheek and the brightening lustre of the eye told those whose I was, that a consuming fire was smouldering within. For long I heeded not their forebodings, and turned a deaf ear to their lamentations. But now conviction is awakened, and the ashes of consumption, daily eliminated from the great furnace of life, tell me that my work is done. There is a blessing in the stroke. How many are snatched away in the pride of life, without one pause on the awful brink, to afford a cry for mer-

cy—one moment to scan the terrible abyss into which they plunge!

Yet even a coming death, half-looked for, yet not expected,—daily, hourly, momentarily, drawing nearer, yet seeming ever afar of,—may deceive and mislead the victim. For, by some unexplained, extraordinary power, as the force of life holds less tenaciously on its earthly tenement, the star of Hope shines more brightly. It were well if this star were true, and no meteor of the mind.

With the fatigues and labour of life, I have finished; my course is nearly run. But why should I, while yet enough of strength remains, refuse to witness against that heartless course which has sent me thus early from the world, made a happy home desolate, blighted a fair young heart, and left a helpless orphan on the world's cold charity? If my husky voice can move the hearts of those who can control, in some degree, the lives of others, let that voice warn them to deal more humanely with their brethren—let it persuade them not only to give more time for relaxation from business, but let them enter warmly into the plans, and aid in developing those organizations which are destined, more or less, to draw men from vice, and lead them to a better way.

#### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Sleep!—behold thy couch is spread  
 Early dweller with the dead!  
 Rest thou softly— toil and care;  
 Sorrow's tempest, evil's snare;  
 Anguish, inly pining still;  
 Sin, which stains the holiest will;  
 And the dark'ning thoughts which wait  
 Shade like, on our brightest state:—  
 Mighty as their force may be,  
 Can no longer trouble thee.  
 We had hoped, when years should darken,  
 To thy voice of love to hearken,  
 As to sounds of promise given,  
 Telling of that wished for Heaven;  
 But a wiser voice hath spoken,  
 And the spell of hope is broken:—  
 We had thought to mark thee long,  
 With thy liquid notes of song,  
 And those eyes with tears unwet,  
 Sporting by our threshold yet.  
 But a blight is on thy brow,  
 And what boots the vision now?—  
 Fount—thy little source has failed thee!  
 Tree—the wild wind has assailed thee!  
 Flower—thy leaves with dust are blonDED!  
 Star—thy course of light is ended!

H. M.

#### THE SECRET.

JEAN BAPTISTE VÉRON, a native, it was understood, of the south of France, established himself as a merchant at Havre-de-Grâce in 1788, being then a widower with one child, a young boy. The new-comer's place of business was on the south quay, about a hundred yards west of the custom house. He had brought letters of high recommendation from several eminent Paris firms; his capital was ascertained to be large; and soon, moreover, approving himself to be a man of keen mercantile discernment, and measured, peremptory, unswerving business habits, it is not surprising that his commercial transactions speedily took a wide range, or that, at the end of about fifteen years, M. Véron was pronounced by general consent to be the wealthiest of the commercial capital of northern France. He was never, albeit, much of a favourite with any class of society: his manner was too *brusqu*, decided, unbending—his speech too curt, frequently too bitter, for that; but he managed to steer his course in very difficult times quite as safely as those who put themselves to great pains and charges to obtain popularity. He never expressed—publicly at least—any preference for Royalism, Republicanism, or Imperialism; for fleur-de-lis, bonnet-rouge, or tricolore; in short, Jean Baptiste Véron was a stern, taciturn, self-absorbed man of business; and as nothing else was universally concluded, till the installation of a *quasi* legitimacy by Napoleon Bonaparte, when a circumstance, slight in itself, gave a clearer significance to the cold, laugthy, repellent expression, which played habitually about the merchant's gray, deep-set eyes, and thin, firmly-compressed lips. His newly engraved private card read thus:—'J. B. de Véron, *Mon Séjour*, Ingonville.' *Mon Séjour* was a charming suburban domicile, situate upon the Côte, as it is usually termed—a sloping eminence on the north of Havre, which it commands, and now dotted with similar residences, but at the period we are writing of, very sparsely built upon. Not long after this assumption of the aristocratic prefix to his name, it was discovered that he had insinuated himself into the very narrow and exclusive circle of the De Mérodes, who were an unquestionable fragment of the old noblesse, damaged, it is true, almost irretrievably in purse, as their modest establishment on the Côte too plainly testified; but in pedigree as untainted and resplendent as in the palmiest days of the Capets. As the Chevalier de Mérode and his daughter Mademoiselle Henriette-Delphine-Hortense-Marie-Chasse-Loup de Mérode—described as a tall, fair, and extremely meagre damsel, of about thirty years of age,—were known to be rigidly uncompromising in all matters having reference to ancestry, it was concluded that Jean Baptiste de Véron had been able to satisfy his noble friends, that although *de facto* a merchant from the sad necessities of the evil time, he was *de jure* entitled to take rank and precedences with the illustrious though decayed nobility of France. It might be, too, as envious gossips whispered, that any slight flaw or break in the chain of De Véron's patrician descent, had been concealed or overlooked in the glitter of his wealth, more especially if it was true, as rumour presently began to circulate, that the immense

sum—in French eyes and ears—of 300,000 francs (£12,000) was to be settled upon Mademoiselle de Mérode and her heir on the day which should see her united in holy wedlock with Eugène de Véron, by this time a fine-looking young man, of one or two-and-twenty, and, like ninety-nine in every hundred of the youth of France, strongly prejudiced against the pretensions of mere birth and hereditary distinction.

Rumour in this instance was correctly informed. 'Eugène,' said M. de Véron, addressing his son in his usual cold positive manner, and at the same time locking his private *écritoire*, the hand of the clock being just on the stroke of five, the hour for closing—'I have a matter of importance to inform you of. All differences between me and the Chevalier de Mérode relative to your marriage with his daughter, Mademoiselle de Mérode, are——'

'Hein?' ejaculated Eugène, suddenly whirling round upon his stool, and confronting his father. 'Hein!'

'All differences, I say,' resumed M. de Véron with unruffled calm and decision, 'between myself and the chevalier are arranged à l'amiable; and the contract of marriage will be ready, for your and Mademoiselle de Mérode's signature, on Monday next at two precisely.'

'Mine and Mademoiselle de Mérode's!' repeated the astounded son, who seemed half doubtful whether he saw or heard aright.

'Yes. No wonder you are surprised. So distinguished a connection could hardly, under the circumstances, have been hoped for; and it would have been cruel to have given you any intimation on the subject whilst there was a chance of the negotiation issuing unfavourably. Your wife and you will, for the present, at all events, take up your abode at *Mon Séjour*; and I must consequently look out at once for a smaller, a more bachelor-suiting residence.'

'My wife and me?' echoed Véron, junior, with the same air of stupid amazement as before—'My wife and me!' Recovering a little, he added: 'Confound it, there must be some mistake here. Do you know, *mon père*, that Mademoiselle de Mérode is not at all to my taste? I would as soon marry:——'

'No folly, Eugène, if you please,' interrupted M. de Véron. 'The affair, as I have told you, is decided. You will marry Mademoiselle de Mérode; or if not, he added with iron inflexibility of tone and manner—'Eugène de Véron is likely to benefit very little by his father's wealth, which the said Eugène will do well to remember is of a kind not very difficult of transference beyond the range of the law of inheritance which prevails in France. The leprosy of the Revolution,' continued M. de Véron as he rose and put on his hat, 'may indeed be said to have polluted our very hearths, when we find children setting up their opinions, and likings and dislikings, forsooth! against their fathers' decision, in a matter so entirely, within the parental jurisdiction as that of a son or daughter's marriage.'

Eugène did not reply; and after assisting his father—who limped a little in consequence of having severely sprained his ankle some eight or ten days previously—to a light one-horse carriage in waiting outside, he returned to the office and

resumed his seat, still in a maze of confusion, doubt, and dismay. 'How could,' he incoherently muttered—'how could my father—how could anybody suppose that—— How could he especially be so blind as not to have long ago perceived—— What a contrast?' added Eugène de Véron jumping up, breaking into passionate speech, and his eyes sparkling, as if he was actually in presence of the dark eyed divinity whose image filled his brain and loosed his tongue—'what a contrast! Adeline, young rosette, beautiful as Spring, lustrous as Juno, graceful as Hebe! Oh, *par exemple*, Mademoiselle de Mérode, you, with your high blood and skinny bones must excuse me. And poor, too, poor as Adeline! Decidedly, the old gentleman must be crazed, and—and let me see—— Ay, to be sure, I must confer with Edouard at once.'

Eugène de Véron had only one flight of stairs to ascend in order to obtain this conference, Edouard le Blanc, the brother of Adeline, being a principal clerk in the establishment. Edouard le Blanc readily and sincerely condoled with his friend upon the sudden obscuration of his and Adeline's hopes, adding that he had always felt a strong misgiving upon the subject; and after a lugubrious dialogue, during which the clerk hinted nervously at a circumstance which, looking at the unpleasant turn matters were taking, might prove of terrible import—a nervousness but very partially relieved by Eugène's assurance, that, come what may, he would take the responsibility in that particular entirely upon himself, as, indeed, he was bound to do—the friends left the office, and wended their way to Madame le Blanc's *Ingouville*. There the lover forgot, in Adeline's gay exhilarating presence and conversation, the recent ominous and exasperating communication from his father; while Edouard proceeded to take immediate counsel with his mother upon the altered aspect of affairs, not only as regarded Adeline and Eugène de Véron, but more particularly himself, Edouard le Blanc.

Ten minutes had hardly passed by ordinary reckoning—barely one by Eugène de Véron's—when his interview with the charming Adeline was rudely broken in upon by Madame le Blanc, a shrewd, prudent woman of the world, albeit that in this affair she had somewhat lost her balance, tempted by the glittering prize offered for her daughter's acceptance, and for a time apparently within her reach. The mother's tone and manner were stern and peremptory. "Have the kindness, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, to bid Adeline adieu at once. I have a serious matter to talk over with you alone. Come!"

Adeline was extremely startled at hearing her rich lover thus addressed, and the carnation of her glowing cheeks faded at once to lily paleness, whilst Eugène's features flushed as quickly to deepest crimson. He stammered out his willingness to attend madame immediately, and, hastily kissing Adeline's hand, followed the unwelcome intruder to another room.

"So, Monsieur Eugène," began Madame le Blanc, "this ridiculous wooing—of which, as you know, I never heartily approved—is at an end. You are, I hear, to marry Mademoiselle de Mérode in the early part of next week."

"Madame le Blanc," exclaimed the young man,

"what 's it you are saying? I marry Mademoiselle de Mérode next or any other week! I swear to you, by all that is true and sacred, that I will be torn in pieces by wild horses before I break faith with"—

"Chut! chut!" interrupted Madame le Blanc; "you may spare your oaths. The sentimental bavardage of boys in love will be lost upon me. You will, as you ought, espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, who is, I am told, a very superior and amiable person; and as to Adéline, she will console herself. A girl with her advantages will always be able to marry sufficiently well, though not into the family of a millionaire. But my present business with you, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, relates to a different and much more important matter. Edouard has just confided to me a very painful circumstance. You have induced him to commit not only a weak but a highly criminal act; he has let you have, without Monsieur de Véron's consent or knowledge, two thousand francs, upon the assurance that you would either reimburse that sum before his accounts were balanced, or arrange the matter satisfactorily with your father."

"But, Madame le Blanc"—

"Neither of which alternatives," persisted that lady, "I very plainly perceive, you will be able to fulfil, unless you comply with Monsieur de Véron's wishes; and if you have any real regard for Adéline, you will signify that acquiescence without delay, for her brother's ruin would in a moral sense be hers also. Part of the money has, I understand, been squandered on the presents you made her: they shall be returned"—

"Madame le Blanc," exclaimed the excited young man, "you will drive me mad! I cannot, will not give up Adéline; and as for the paltry sum of money you speak of—*my* money as it may fairly be considered—that will be returned to-morrow morning."

Madame le Blanc did not speak for a few seconds, and then said: "Very well, mind you keep your promise. To-morrow is, you are aware, the Fête Dieu; we have promised Madame Carson of the Grande Rue to pass the afternoon and evening at her house, where we shall have a good view of the procession. Do you and Edouard call on us there, as soon as the affair is arranged. I will not detain you longer at present. Adieu! Stay, stay—by this door, if you please. I cannot permit you to see Adéline again, at all events till this money transaction is definitively settled."

"As you have now slept upon the proposal I communicated to you yesterday afternoon," said M. de Véron, addressing his son on the following morning at the conclusion of a silent breakfast—"you may perhaps be prepared with a more fitting answer than you were then?"

Eugène warmly protested his anxiety to obey all his father's commands; but in this case compliance was simply impossible, for as much as he, Eugène, had already irrevocably pledged his word, his heart, his honour, in another quarter, and could not, therefore, nay, would not, consent to poison his future existence by uniting himself with Mademoiselle de Mérode, for whom, indeed, he felt the profoundest esteem, but not the slightest emotion of affection or regard.

"Your word, your honour, your heart—you should have added your fortune," replied M. de Véron with frigid, slowly-distilled, sarcastic bitterness—"are irrevocably engaged, are they, to Adéline le Blanc, sister of my collecting clerk—daughter of a deceased sous-lieutenant of the line."

"Of the Imperial Guard," interposed Eugène. "Who aids her mother to eke out a scanty pension by embroidery."

"Very superior, artistic embroidery," again interjected the son.

"Be it so. I have not been quite so unobservant, Eugène, of certain incidents, as you and your friends appear to have supposed. But time proves all things, and the De Mérodes and I can wait."

Nothing further passed till M. de Véron rose to leave the room, when his son, with heightened colour and trembling speech, although especially aiming at a careless indifference of tone and manner, said: "Sir—sir—one word, if you please. I have a slight favour to ask. There are a few debts, to the amount of about two thousand francs, which I wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact."

"Debts to the amount of about two thousand francs, which you wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact," slowly repeated de Véron, fixing on his son a triumphant mocking glance, admirably seconded by the curve of his thin white lips. "Well, let the bills be sent to me. If correct and fair, they shall be paid."

"But—but, father, one, the chief item, is a debt of honour!"

"Indeed! Then your honour is pledged to others besides Mademoiselle *la brodeuse*? I have only to say, that in that case I will not assist you." Having said this, M. de Véron, quite regardless of his son's angry expostulations, limped out of the apartment, and shortly after, the sound of carriage-wheels announced his departure to Havre. Eugène, about an hour afterwards followed, vainly striving to calm his apprehensions by the hope, that before the day for balancing Edouard's accounts arrived, he should find his father in a more Christian-like and generous mood, or at anyrate, hit upon some means of raising the money.

The day, like the gorgeous procession that swept through the crowded streets, passed slowly and uninterruptedly away in M. de Véron's place of business, till about half-past four, when that gentleman directed a porter, who was leaving the private office, to inform M. le Blanc, that he, M. de Véron, wished to speak with him immediately. On hearing this order, Eugène looked quickly up from the desk at which he was engaged; to his father's face; but he discerned nothing on that impassive tablet either to dissipate or confirm his fear.

"Edouard le Blanc," said M. de Véron with mild sauvity of voice, the instant the summoned clerk presented himself, "it so chances that I have no further occasion for your services."

"Sir!—sir!" gasped the terrified young man.

"You are," continued M. de Véron, "entitled to a month's salary, in lieu of that period of notice—one hundred francs, with which you may credit yourself in the cash account you will please

to balance and bring me as quickly as possible."

"Sir!—sir!" again bewilderedly iterated the panic-stricken clerk, as he turned distractedly from father to son—"Sir!"

"My words are plain enough, I think, observed M. de Véron, coolly tapping and opening his snuff-box from which he helped himself to a hearty pinch. "You are discharged with one hundred francs, a month's salary in lieu of warning, in your pocket. You have now only to bring your accounts; they are correct, of course; I, finding them so, sign your *livret*, and there is an end of the matter."

Edouard Le Blanc made a step or two towards the door, and then, as if overwhelmed with a sense of the hopelessness of further concealment, turned round, threw himself with a cry of terror and despair at M. de Véron's feet, and poured forth a wild, sobbing, scarcely intelligible confession of the fault or crime of which he had been guilty, through the solicitations of M. Eugène, who had, he averred, received every farthing of the amount in which he, Edouard le Blanc, acknowledged himself to be a defaulter.

"Yes!—yes!" exclaimed the son; "Edouard gave the money into my hands, and if there is any blame, it is mine alone."

M. de Véron listened with a stolid, stony apathy to all this, save for a slight glimmer of triumph that, spite of himself, shone out at the corners of his half closed eyes. When the young man had ceased sobbing and exclaiming, he said: "You admit, Edouard le Blanc, that you have robbed me of nearly two thousand francs, at, you say, the solicitation of my son—an excuse, you must be aware, of not the slightest legal weight; no more than if your pretty sister, Mademoiselle Adéline, who, I must be permitted to observe, is not altogether, I suspect, a stranger to this affair.—Hear me out, Messieurs, if you please; I say your excuse has no more legal validity, than if your sister had counselled you to commit this felony. Now, mark me, young man; it is just upon five o'clock. At half-past seven precisely, I shall go before a magistrate, and cause a warrant to be issued for your apprehension. To-morrow morning, consequently, the brother of Mademoiselle le Blanc will either be an incarcerated felon, or, which will suit me just as well, a proclaimed fugitive from justice."

"One moment—one word, for the love of Heaven, before you go!" exclaimed Eugène. "Is there any mode, any means whereby Edouard may be rescued from this frightful, this unmerited calamity—this irremediable ruin?"

"Yes," rejoined M. de Véron, pausing for an instant on the outer threshold, "there is one mode, Eugène, and only one. What it is, you do not require to be told. I shall dine in town to-day; at seven, I shall look in at the church of Notre Dame, and remain there precisely twenty minutes. After that, repentance will be too late."

Eugène was in despair, for it was quite clear that Adéline must be given up—Adéline whose myriad charms and graces rose upon his indignation in tenfold greater lustre than before, now that he was about to lose her for ever! But there was plainly no help for it: and after a brief, agitated consultation, the young men left the office to join Madame and Mademoiselle le

Blanc at the Widow Carson's, in the Grand Rue, or Rue de Paris, as the only decent street in Havre-de-Grâce was at that time indifferently named, both for the purpose of communicating the untoward state of affairs, and that Eugène might take a lingering, last farewell of Adéline.

Before accompanying them thither, it is necessary to say a few words of this Madame Carson, who is about to play a very singular part in this little drama. She was a gay, well-looking, symmetrically-shaped young widow, who kept a confectioner's shop in the said Grand Rue, and officiated as her own *dame du comptoir*. Her good-looks, coquettishly-gracious smiles, and unvarying good temper, rendered her establishment much more attractive—it was by no means a brilliant affair in itself—than it would otherwise have been. Madame Carson was, in a tacit, quiet kind of way, engaged to Edouard le Blanc—that is to say, she intended marrying him as soon as their mutual savings should justify such a step; and provided, also, that no more eligible offer wooed her acceptance in the meantime. M. de Véron himself was frequently in the habit of calling, on his way to or from Mon Séjour, for a pâté and a little lively badinage with the comely widow; and so frequently, at one time, that Edouard le Blanc was half-inclined—to Madame Carson's infinite amusement—to be jealous of the rich, though elderly merchant's formal and elaborate courtesies. It was on leaving her shop that he had slipped and sprained his ankle. M. de Véron fainted with the extreme pain, was carried in that state into the little parlour behind the shop, and had not yet recovered consciousness when the apothecary, whom Madame Carson had despatched her little waiting-maid-of-all work in quest of, entered to tender his assistance. This is all, I think, that need be said, in a preliminary way, of Madame Carson.

Of course, the tidings brought by Eugène and Edouard vory painfully affected Mademoiselle le Blanc; but being a very sensible, as well as remarkably handsome young person, she soon rallied, and insisted, quite as warmly as her mother did, that the sacrifice necessary to relieve Edouard from the peril which environed him—painful, heartbreaking as that sacrifice might be—must be submitted to without reserve or delay. In other words, that M. de Véron, junior, must consent to espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, and forthwith inform his father that he was ready to sign the nuptial-contract that moment, if necessary. Poor Eugène, who was really over head and ears in love, and more so just then than ever, piteously lamented his own cruel fate, and passionately denounced the tiger-heartedness of his barbarian father; but as tears and reproaches could avail nothing in such a strait, he finally submitted to the general award, and agreed to announce his submission to M. de Véron at the church of Notre Dame, not a moment later, both ladies insisted, than five minutes past seven.

Madame Carson was not at home all this while. She had gone to church, and after devotions, called on her way back on one or two friends, for a little gossip, so that it wanted only about a quarter to seven when she re-appeared. Of course the lamentable story had to be told over again, with all its dismal accompaniments of tears,

sighs, and plaintive ejaculations; and it was curious to observe, as the narrative proceeded, how the widow's charming eyes flashed and sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with indignation, till she looked, to use Edouard LeBlanc's expression, "ferociously" handsome. "Le monstre!" she exclaimed, as Eugène terminated the sad history, gathering up as she spoke the shawl and gloves she had just put off; "but I shall see him at once: I have influence with this Monsieur de Véron."

"Nonsense, Emilie," said Madame le Blanc. "You possess influence over Monsieur de Véron!"

"Certainly I do. And is that such a miracle?" replied Madame Carson, with a demure glance at Edouard le Blanc. Edouard looked somewhat scared, but managed to say: "Not at all, certainly not; but this man's heart is iron—steel."

"We shall see," said the fair widow, as she finished drawing on her gloves. "*La grande passion* is sometimes stronger than iron or steel: is it not, Monsieur Eugène? At all events I shall try. He is in the church, you say. Very well, if I fail—but I am sure I shall not fail—I return in ten minutes, and that will leave Mademoiselle Adeline's despairing lover plenty of time to make his submission, if better may not be; and so *au revoir*, Mesdames et Messieurs."

"What can she mean?" said Madame le Blanc, as the door closed. "I have noticed, once or twice during the last fortnight, that she has made use of strange half-hints relative to Monsieur de Véron."

"I don't know what she can mean," said Edouard le Blanc, seizing his hat and hurrying off, "but I shall follow, and strive to ascertain."

He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Madame Carson's skirts, as they whirled round the corner of the Rue St. Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from the Rue St. Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from that street. Notre Dame was crowded; but Edouard le Blanc had no difficulty in singling out M. de Véron, who was sitting in his accustomed chair, somewhat removed from the mass of worshippers on the left of the high altar: and presently he discerned Madame Carson gently and adroitly making her way through the crowd towards him. The instant she was near enough, she tapped him slightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly, and stared with a haughty, questioning glance at the smiling confectioner. There was no *grande passion* in that look, Edouard felt quite satisfied, and Madame Carson's conduct seemed more than ever unintelligible. She appeared to say something, which was replied to by an impatient gesture of refusal, and M. de Véron turned again towards the altar. Madame Carson next approached close to his chair, and bending down, whispered in his ear, for perhaps a minute. As she did so, M. de Véron's body rose slowly up, involuntarily as it were, and stiffened into rigidity, as if under the influence of some frightful spell. Forcing himself at last, it seemed, to confront the whisperer, he no sooner caught her eye than he reeled, like one struck by a heavy blow, against the pedestal of a saint, whose stony features looked less white and bloodless than his own. Madame Carson contemplated the effect she had produced with a kind of

pride, for a few moments, and then, with a slight but peremptory wave of her hand, motioned him to follow her out of the sacred edifice. M. de Véron hastily, though with staggering steps, obeyed; Edouard le Blanc crossing the church and reaching the street just soon enough to see them both driven off in M. de Véron's carriage.

Edouard hurried back to the Grand Rue to report what he had witnessed; and what could be the interpretation of the inexplicable scene, engrossed the inventive faculties of all there, till they were thoroughly tired of their wild and aimless guesses. Eight o'clock chimed—nine—ten—and they were all, Edouard especially, working themselves into a complete panic of undefinable apprehension, when to their great relief, M. de Véron's carriage drew up before the door. The first person to alight was M. Bourdon, a notary of eminence; next M. de Véron, who handed out Madame Carson; and all three walked through the shop into the back apartment. The notary wore his usual business aspect, and had in his hands two rolls of thickly-written parchment, which he placed upon the table, and at once began to spread out. M. de Véron had the air of a man walking in a dream, and subdued, mastered by some overpowering, nameless terror; while Madame Carson, though pale with excitement, was evidently highly elated, and to use a French phrase, completely "mistress of the situation." She was the first to break silence.

"Monsieur de Véron has been kind enough, Edouard, to explain, in the presence of Monsieur Bourdon, the mistake in the accounts he was disposed to charge you with to-day. He quite remembers, now, having received two thousand francs from you, for which, in his hurry at the time, he gave you no voucher. Is not that so, Monsieur de Véron?" she added, again fixing on the merchant the same menacing look that Le Blanc had noticed in the church.

"Yes, yes," was the quick reply of M. de Véron, who vainly attempted to look the astounded clerk in the face. "The mistake was mine. Your accounts are quite correct, Monsieur le Blanc; and—and I shall be glad, of course, to see you at the office as usual."

"That is well," said Madame Carson; "and now, Monsieur Bourdon, to business, if you please. Those documents will not take so long to read as they did to write."

The notary smiled, and immediately began reading a marriage-contract between Eugène de Véron and Adeline le Blanc, by which it appeared that the union of those young persons was joyfully acceded to by Jean Baptiste de Véron and Marie le Blanc, their parents—the said Jean Baptiste de Véron binding himself formally to endow the bride and bridegroom jointly, on the day of marriage, with the sum of 300,000 francs, and, moreover, to admit his son as a partner in the business, thenceforth to be carried on under the name of De Véron & Son.

This contract was written in duplicate, and as soon as the notary had finished reading, Madame Carson handed a pen to M. de Véron, saying in the same light, coquettish, but peremptory tone as before: "Now, Monsieur, quick, if you please; yours is the most important signature." The merchant signed and sealed both parchments, and



the other interested parties did the same, in silent, dumb bewilderment, broken only by the scratching of the pens and the legal words repeated after the notary. "We need not detain you longer, Messieurs, I believe," said Madame Carson. "*Bon soir, Monsieur de Véron,*" she added, extending an ungloved hand to that gentleman, who faintly touched it with his lips; "you will hear from me to-morrow."

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Eugène de Véron, the instant his father and the notary disappeared. "I positively feel as if standing upon my head!" A chorus of like interrogatories from the Le Blancs assailed Madame Carson, whose ringing bursts of mirth mocked for a time their impatience.

"Meaning, *parbleu!*" she at last replied, after pausing to catch breath. "That is plain enough, surely. Did you not all see with *empressement* the poor man kissed my hand? There, don't look so wretched, Edouard," she added with a renewed outburst; "perhaps I may have the caprice to prefer you after all to an elderly millionaire—who knows? But come, let us try to be a little calm and sensible. What I have done, good folks, I can as easily undo; and that being the case, Monsieur Eugène must sign me a bond to-morrow morning for fifty thousand francs, payable three days after his marriage. Is it agreed? Very well; then I keep these two parchments till the said bond is executed; and now, my friends, good-night, for I, as you may believe, am completely tired after all this benevolent fairy-work."

The wedding took place on the next day but one, to the great astonishment of every one acquainted with the two families. It was positively rumoured that M. de Véron had proposed marriage to Madame Carson, and been refused! Be it true or not, it was soon apparent that, from some cause or other, M. de Véron's health and spirits were irretrievably broken down, and after lingering out a mopish, secluded life of scarcely a twelvemonth's duration, that gentleman died suddenly at Mon Séjour. A clause in his will bequeathed 20,000 francs to Madame Carson, with an intimated hope, that it would be accepted as a pledge by that lady to respect, as she hitherto had done, the honor of an ancient family.

This pledge to secrecy would no doubt have been kept, but that rumours of poisoning and suicide, in connection with De Véron's death, having got abroad, the Procureur Général ordered an investigation to take place. The suspicion proved groundless; but the *procès-verbal* set forth, that on examining the body of the deceased, there were discovered the letters 'I. de B.,' 'T. F.,' branded on the front of the left shoulder; the two last, initials of "*Travaux Forcés*" (forced labor), being large and very distinct. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the proud M. de Véron was an escaped *forçat*; and subsequent investigation, which was not, however, very strongly pressed, sufficiently proved that Jean Baptiste de Véron, the younger son of a high family, had, in very early youth been addicted to wild courses, that he had gone to the colonies under a feigned name to escape debts at home; and whilst at the Isle de Bourbon, had been convicted of premeditated homicide at a gaming-house, and sentenced

to perpetual imprisonment with hard labour.—Contriving to escape, he had returned to France, and by the aid of a considerable legacy, commenced a prosperous mercantile career; how terminated we have just seen. It was by pure accident, or what passes for such in the world, that Madame Carson had arrived at a knowledge of the terrible secret. When M. de Véron, after spraining his ankle, was carried in a state of insensibility into the room behind her shop, she had immediately busied herself in removing his neck-cloth, unfastening his shirt, then a flannel one which fitted tightly round the neck, and thus obtained a glimpse of the branded letters 'T. F.' With her customary quickness of wit, she instantly replaced the shirts, neckcloth, &c., and carefully concealed the fatal knowledge she had acquired, till an opportunity of using it advantageously should present itself.

The foregoing are, I believe, all the reliable particulars known of a story of which there used to be half-a-hundred different versions flying about Havre. Edouard le Blanc married Madame Carson, and subsequently became a partner of Eugène de Véron. It was not long, however before the business was removed to another and distant French sea port, where, for aught I know to the contrary, the firm of 'De Véron & Le Blanc' flourishes to this day.

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### THE WEEK'S HOLIDAY.

"Good morning, Miss Ellen. May I ask what important business brings you out so early this morning?—a quarter to seven exactly."

"I shall answer your question, Mr. Parsons, by asking the reason of *your* early rising. You are decidedly the last person in Brandon I expected to see this morning."

"Well, I see you are going to the station as well as I; so, let me offer you an arm, and then I will enlighten you. I am going to meet my cousin James Wharton, and a young foreigner whom he has persuaded to join him in a week's holiday. I shall introduce them in due form; and if I had not a particular regard for a certain young townsman of my own, I should begin to speculate on the possibility of calling you *cousin*; eh, Ellen?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Parsons. You are a great deal too speculative as it is, or I should try to help you out in this matter. Hush! is that the Elton train? I am expecting Lizzie and Mary by it. You shall introduce *them* to your London friends."

The train stopped; and Ellen Westwood soon discovered the two girls whom she affectionately greeted as her cousins Lizzie and Mary Beaumont.

"It is not likely that we can wait for the London train, Mr. Parsons," exclaimed Ellen, in answer to a proposal to that effect which her old friend had ventured to make. "If you are inclined to join us in a walk to the Abbey, we shall start directly after dinner: and now, good morning."

Leaving the three girls to pursue their walk into town, and the gentleman to promenade the platform in expectation of the next arrival, it will be necessary to explain a little.

Ellen Westwood was the only daughter of a solicitor in Brandon, whose highest wish was to see his child grow up a sensible, unaffected woman; and this wish promised to be fully realized.

Ellen, besides being accomplished, was distinguished for plain sense and amiable simplicity. Though not strictly handsome, she possessed a quiet, intellectual beauty, which gained many admirers. One of these alone seemed to have made any impression upon the young girl. John Richards was a handsome, dashing young tradesman, who had known Ellen from childhood; and the love, which had begun in his school-days, gradually ripened into the fulness of a first affection, and John and Ellen were, in the eyes of their friends, engaged lovers. Ellen Westwood's cousins—Lizzie and Mary Beaumont—were the daughters of a country gentleman who had lately settled near Brandon, and it had been for some time a pleasant anticipation to the young people that they should, for a few days, escape the quiet of their secluded home, to join in the comparatively gay society which Brandon afforded. They were both remarkably amiable girls, with the usual amount of female accomplishments, and an equal amount of good looks. Lizzie—the elder by four years—had just completed her twenty-second birth-day; the gayest, merriest creature imaginable. Among her foes (for what pretty girl is entirely without foes?) Lizzie Beaumont was esteemed an arrant flirt, and even those who loved her best could not wholly disguise from themselves the fact that she was a little too fond of winning admiration, and a little too capricious in her rejection of it. Polly was a striking contrast to her gay little sister; with a naturally warm and affectionate disposition, she seemed more anxious to win love than to gain admiration; and few who saw and knew sweet Mary Beaumont could refuse her either. The only serious fault to be found with either of the girls was a certain degree of haughtiness, which rendered them almost unapproachable by the class of visitors they were sure to meet at their uncle's house. Brought up with very common, but wrong notions of true gentility, they supposed that to mix with trades people was irretrievably to sink their own dignity; and many were the exclamations of astonishment when they found that most of their clever cousin Ellen's were of that calibre. Still more amazed were they when report whispered that she was actually engaged to a druggist in Brandon. However, they wisely determined to enjoy their first visit to their cousin, keeping as much as possible aloof from her friends; and a merrier *trio* never met in Brandon, than the three girls who walked down High Street to the Westwoods' comfortable house, in time for breakfast.

"Who is that gentlemanly man we saw with you at the station, Ellen?" asked Lizzie Beaumont of her cousin, while they were putting on their bonnets for the promised stroll to the Abbey.

"He is a stationer in Brandon, and the sub-editor of our paper. Nobody is so ready as Mr. Parsons to get up a picnic, or pleasant party; and as his wife is just as good-natured as himself, they are almost invaluable to our little *coterie*. He is sure to join us at the Abbey; for, if you remember, he promised to introduce his cousin and friend."

Lizzie said nothing; she did not like to confess that the gentlemanly manners and good address of Mr. Parsons had taken her by surprise, and still less did she choose that Ellen should imagine that this circumstance would lessen her prejudices against those whom she considered her inferiors.

The three girls soon descended to the drawing-room, equipped for their walk, where they found the subject of their conversation, and his guests, waiting for them. Notwithstanding her usual *hauteur*, Lizzie's pride was considerably softened by the appearance of their visitors, and, comforting herself with the reflection that, "after all nobody in Brandon knew her," she accepted Mr. Parson's arm with a tolerably good grace, and they set off in the direction of the Abbey.

Among the numerous devices for making people "acquainted," there is none so successful as a long walk. Unless persons be pertinaciously exclusive and unsocial, their reserve must lose itself in that natural feeling of pleasure which cannot exist without mutual sympathy. Thus an insight into each other's tastes and characters is gained, which seldom fails in setting comparative strangers upon a friendly footing. By the time Ellen Westwood and her cousin returned from their ramble, Lizzie was wondering how she could possibly have become such good friends with a tradesman, and Polly as full of astonishment to discover that she had enjoyed a delightful walk with his cousin; both being equally happy when they heard Mrs. Westwood request them all to spend the evening at her house.

"Ellen," said her cousin Lizzie, after their visitors had departed, "I am very anxious to see what your friend John Richards is like; for, from the specimen I have had this evening of Brandon tradesmen, I am not so much horrified at the idea of owning one for my cousin as I had used to be. Why was not Mr. Richards of the party to-night?"

"Because he was obliged to go into the country on business; but we shall see him to-morrow. You must prepare for a regular flirtation; for I believe it would be as impossible for John to see a pretty girl without falling in love with her, as it would be for her to help liking him."

"Well, Miss Ellen, a pretty character for a gentleman to receive from his *fiancée*! What an extraordinary pair of lovers you must be. And do you mean to tell me that you allow all this flirting without feeling jealous?"

"Oh yes. I have no right to be jealous, because I often think that John may have mistaken the feeling of school-boy love, which has grown up with him, for that deeper affection which belongs to riper years."

"And you, knowing this, continue an engagement which may end miserably, Ellen?"

"If I saw that John had formed any real attachment for another, Lizzie, I would release him at once; but I should not feel justified in doing so, simply because his natural light-heartedness may lead him a little beyond the strict mark set for 'engaged' people. But I dare say you are pretty well tired."

As the little party sat at breakfast next morning, a loud knocking at the hall door gave notice of a visitor, who soon after entered the parlor without further announcement.

"Good morning, Mrs. Westwood,—Good morning, sir," exclaimed a pleasant, musical voice, as a tall, young man, with handsome features and manly bearing, walked up to the breakfast-table and exchanged the usual friendly greetings with the family. Mr. John Richards was then formally introduced to the Misses Beaumont, and, seated

in Mr. Westwood's easy chair, commenced an attack upon that gentleman.

"You have not yet asked what brings me here so early, Mr. Westwood; so I suppose that I must break the ice myself, and tell you that we want the ladies to join a pic-nic to Corbie woods to-morrow. If you will let us have your carriage and horse, I will put mine too, and we can pack a good load. Of course you will not object to trust so fair a freight to my care," added the young man, with a persuasive smile.

Mr. Westwood looked up, and shook his head, as he replied, "Do not be so certain that I can trust you, either with my noices and daughter, or my horse, John. I heard a terrible account of that last adventure of yours, when you chose to risk young Elwell's neck as well as your own, in driving tandem. To say the truth, I was almost sorry that his horse was taken home broken-kneed, while your own escaped so well."

"Skill, my dear sir, simply the driver's skill, with a little luck, perhaps; but *that*, you know, always attends *me*. Is it not exemplified at this moment, when, in spite of these obtrusive ghosts of past accidents, you are seriously intending to let me have the horse; ay, and the ladies too? We shall start at six o'clock, Ellen," he continued, as he rose to leave; "but my mother is coming down to ask if you will all spend the evening with us, and we shall then arrange everything. What do you think of those friends of Parsons, Mr. Westwood?"

"That they will be astonished at the specimen you show of a country tradesman, John. However, be it distinctly understood that I do not allow the girls to be driven tandem. If you promise this, you may have the carriage, and make your own arrangements. Only be home in good time."

"Thank you, sir; I not only promise what you require, but engage that the ladies shall come back delighted with their excursion. And now I must say good morning."

Pleasantly that day past away, and merrily did the young people "finish up" in Mrs. Richards's handsome drawing-room, where music and singing, and a choice collection of rare prints, and beautiful crayon drawings of John's made even the fastidious Lizzie Beaumont forget that she was spending the evening in a room "over the shop."

"I thought Mr. Richards was not acquainted with your cousins, Miss Westwood," said George Dunois, the good-looking Frenchman, who was staying at Mr. Parsons. "If he was only introduced this morning, he has made pretty good use of his time in cultivating their good opinion. He and Miss Beaumont seem like old friends already."

"John can make himself at home with anybody, and especially with a pretty girl," returned Ellen, smiling; "but see, they are proposing a dance; we must move."

"Allow me to claim you as my partner, Miss Westwood;" and the young couple whirled off to the inspiring tones of a Schottische.

The next morning's sun shone brilliantly upon the merry party assembled in Mr. Westwood's hall. Such a confusion of baskets and hampers, of sandwiches and tarts, fowls and tongues, fruit and biscuits, besides a most suspicious-looking hamper, with black muzzles of sundry bottles peeping out from the hay. When these things

were disposed of, came the bustle of arranging the passengers. At last all was satisfactorily arranged; the handsome Frenchman duly installed next to Lizzie, and Mr. Wharton ensconcing himself between Ellen and Mary. Everybody knows or ought to know what a day in the woods is like, and therefore it is not our intention to recount all the adventures and accidents which befel our young friends: how, seated on the grass, under the shade of an immense oak, they discussed the contents of the several baskets, leaving the matrons of the party to a higher and drier seat, which had been put up round a similar tree for the benefit of such parties: how part of Lizzie Beaumont's shawl was left as a remembrance with the brambles, and Polly's thin *barège* dress hung in festoons of open-work about her pretty ancles, calling forth the latent skill of more than one gentleman in "pinning it up." Nor is it necessary to endeavour to account for the stupidity of all the young people, who, although the Corbie Walks are remarkably easy to find, would persist in mistaking the turns, and getting lost. This was more to be wondered at, as they managed to lose themselves in couples, thereby disproving the old saying, that "two heads are better than one. And the harvest-moon had risen in its full splendour long ere the happy party had reached Brandon.

The last day of the week's holiday arrived. On the morrow the new friends were to part. A farewell visit to the Abbey ruins had been proposed by the gentlemen, and all returned to Mrs. Westwood's to tea.

"Oh, I wish papa would allow us to stay till Thursday" exclaimed Lizzie Beaumont, as she left the drawing-room, with her cousin, to finish packing; "I shall never exist in Rosedale after enjoying such a merry week among—"

"Tradespeople, Lizzie dear; for, with the exception of papa, all our friends are in business. I am so glad to find that this prejudice is weakened at last."

Lizzie colored a little, as she replied, "Surely I may have enjoyed the society of my future cousin without being accused of enjoying the company of tradespeople generally. Mr. Parsons, I know little of, except that he is a good-natured, sensible man, and his cousin has still less occupied my thought."

"Can you say as much of George Dunois, Lizzie? and yet he is no better than a tradesman, although I fancy he may have wished to make it appear that a foreign clerk in a wholesale London house was a superior person to the city trader himself. You must never forget, that while the foreigner may taunt us as being a 'nation of shopkeepers,' the chief wealth and might of our dear England lie in her commercial resources; that her merchants are her true princes; her looms and anvils the sceptres of her sovereignty; and her giant warehouses the palace in which she holds her court."

"With a whole regiment of retail tradesmen as her body-guard—ch, Ellen? Well it is no wonder that you are so eloquent in this cause, when your heart is lost to the drug-trader."

"Do not boast of your own freedom, my fair cousin. If I do not greatly mistake, you have sacrificed a tolerable portion this last week to the owner of a certain pair of dark eyes and a mous-

tache to match. And really, when I think of the many victims to your own bright glances, I can heartily rejoice that you are caught at last."

"What nonsense; Ellen; as if I cared for Dunois! Now, Ellen, say no more, dear; but help me with this box-lid. I wonder why Polly is not here."

"Mamma wished to have a little chat with her. She is in no better spirits than you are Lizzy; and I should be worse than either of you, but for the hope that we shall meet again at Christmas."

Christmas came, and went; and the new year dawned in hopeful promise over the length and breadth of the land, as well as in the old woods Corbie, where the glistening green of the holly-boughs, studded with scarlet berries, gave to one particular walk a gay and almost summer aspect. There the sunshine danced and flickered through the thick masses of evergreens, and lighted up their bright powdery stems with unwonted brilliancy; or, creeping along the bared roots, rested in golden streaks upon the emerald tracery of moss which rose up on either side to embrace them. The crisp earth, and withered bents, covered with dead leaves, which here and there, in the shadow of the hollies, kept unthawed their silver furniture of beaded frost-work, might have told a more wintery tale, had the two loiterers in that shady walk chosen to inquire; but they wandered on, evidently too much engaged with themselves to give a thought to the inanimate things around.

"What a charming day it has been for the wedding. I love to see the sun shine at such times; it seems like an omen of future good. Do you not think so, dearest?"

"Yes, of course I must believe the old adage, 'Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on,'" returned Lizzie Beaumont, laughingly; "and I fully accept the omen in this instance; because I do believe that dear Ellen has every prospect of happiness, in spite of John's old *penchant* of falling in love with every pretty face he saw."

"Ah, Lizzie dear, you little know the misery that *penchant* caused me last summer; but it is over now. Let the leaves make haste to deck these old Corbie oaks again, and I shall not envy the happiest heart that ever throbb'd beneath their shade."

"Uncle will want to return George; let us make haste and find the rest of our party. It was very kind of him to indulge us with this visit to the woods."

"Here come Polly and Whorton, both looking remarkably conscious. After all, Lizzie dear, whispered the young man, "I shall not be much surprised if you have a tradesman for your brother-in-law as well as a husband."

### VIOLETS,

SENT IN A TINY BOX

LET them lie—ah, let them lie!  
Plucked flowers—dead to-morrow;  
Lift the lid up quietly,  
As you'd lift the mystery  
Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,  
All their souls thus giving;  
Let no breeze's ambient wings  
And no useless water-springs  
Mock them into living.

They have lived—they live no more;  
Nothing can requite them.  
For the gentle life they bore,  
And up-yielded in full store  
While it did delight them.

Yet, I ween, flower corpses fair!  
'Twas a joyful yielding,  
Like some soul heroic, rare,  
That leaps bodiless forth in air  
For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die  
In the hand that slew ye,  
Glad to leave the open sky,  
And the airs that wandered by,  
And the bees that knew ye;

Giving up a small earth-place  
And a day of blooming,  
Here to lie in narrow space,  
Smiling in this smileless face.  
With such sweet perfuming.

O ye little violets dead!  
Cofined from all gazes,  
We will also smile and shed  
Out of heart-flowers withered  
Perfume of sweet praises.

And as ye, for this poor sake,  
Love with life are buying,  
So, I doubt not, ONE will make  
All our gathered flowers to take  
Richer scent through dying.

RECREATIONS OF THE PIRATE BLACKBEARD.—Some of his frolics of wickedness were so extravagant as if he seemed at making his men believe he was a Devil incarnate. Being at sea one day and a little flushed with drink—"come," says he,—"let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it!" Accordingly, he with two or three others, went down into the hold, and closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set the same on fire—and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest.—*Captain Johnson's History of Pirates.*

FASHIONABLE DINNERS.—It is the silliest thing imaginable that a whole family should, for a foolish fashion, submit to suffer fatigue for several days before, and famine for several days after, a dinner party, for the strange fancy of contriving a parcel of cloying *comestibles*, which they know will make their company sick, instead of "Do let me send you some more of this mock turtle," "another patty." "Sir, some of this trifle!"—"I must insist on your trying this nice melon!"—the language of hospitality should rather run thus:—Shall I send you a fit of dyspepsia sir?" "Pray let me have the pleasure of giving you a pain in the stomach?" "Sir, let me help you to a little bilious head-ache?" "Madam, you surely cannot refuse a touch of inflammation!"

## BELLS!

The bells and chimes of Motherland,  
Of England green and old,  
That out from grey and ivied towers  
A thousand years have tolled!

ENGLAND was in olden times called the "Ringing Island," because of the abundance of its bells, and the merry peals which were rang from them; and to this day, England can exhibit better bell-ringing than any country in the world. Some districts are quite famous for their ringers, and for their great matches of art and "science" in bell-ringing. Village challenges village, and the ringers meet to try their skill. An incredible number of changes is rung in a surprisingly short time; and the mysteries of "Bobs," major and minor, single and triple, "Caters," "Cinques," and "Grandsire Triples," are on such occasions fairly unriddled and mastered.

The Bells! how charming the associations they waken up! Who, that has wandered far away from his native city, town, or village, and returned again on a still summer evening as the bells were pealing, has not felt his heart throb and his throat thicken at their sound,—welcoming back the wanderer like some old friend—and in an instant, waking up a thousand recollections of his childhood. They sound like a mild voice from the skies, bringing back the memory of old faces, old sports, and old friends.

One of the most exquisite passages in Goethe's *Faust* is that in which he describes the recollections of childhood as awakened by the sound of the Sabbath Bells:—

In other and in happier days  
Amid the Sabbath's solemn calm,  
The kiss of heavenly love and praise  
Fell on me like a sacred balm;  
My youthful heart thus often found  
A mystic meaning in the sound  
Of the full bell,—and I could share  
The deep enjoyment of a prayer,

Melodious sounds! continue yet!  
Sound on, thou sweet and heavenly strain,  
The tear hath flown—mine eye is wet,  
And earth has won her child again!

The Bells have many sounds and many meanings. Hark! there is the peal of joy on the birth of some son and heir of a great house—of a duke, or of a prince. How merry the swift peal! How sharp and clear the bells ring their notes into the upper air!

And their is the silver wedding peal—so gay and blithesome—full of hope, joy, and promise. It bespeaks consummated bliss, and a new start in the march of life. It begins musically, but it does not always so end:—

For what is Love, I pry thee tell?  
It is that fountain and that well  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;  
It is perhaps, that passing bell  
Which tolls us all unto heaven or hell:  
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

And there is the funeral bell, with its muffled tone, speaking of sobs, and mourning and lamentation,—of Death, the great destroyer and leveller,—the terrible democrat of the world, who brings the king and the peasant to the same level at last.

The reader will remember the charming story in *Mrs. Leicester's School*, descriptive of Susan Yates, who lived with her parents in the Lincolnshire fens, in a lone house some miles distant from the nearest village, and had never been to church, nor could imagine what a church was like; and when the wind set in from a particular point, and brought over the moor the sound of the bells from St. Mary's, little Susan conceived it was a "quiet tune," occasioned by birds up in the air, or that it was made by the angels. She then tells of the Sunday morning of her first going to church from her remote home; of the anxiety and awe she felt, and her child-like wonder at the place, and at what she heard,—and ever afterwards, when she listened to the sweet sound of bells, of her thinking of the angels singing, and the thoughts she had in her un instructed solitude. This is indeed turning the sound of bells to beautiful and poetic uses.

Assuredly there is something superstitious connected with bells; at all events, the common people regard the passing bell in a strangely superstitious light. This has arisen from the ideas associated with bells in old Catholic times, when they were baptized, consecrated, and set apart for holy uses, by special and appointed forms. The sound of consecrated bells was, in early times, supposed to drive the Evil Spirit from the soul of the departing Christian. Wynkin de Worde, one of the earliest of English printers, in *The Golden Legend*, observes:—"It is said, the evil spirytes that ben in the region of th' ayre, doute moch when they here the belles ringen; and this is the cause why the belles ringen whan it thondreth, and when grete tempeste and rages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wycked spirytes should ben abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste." Our ancestors considered each bell to have its peculiar virtues, and each was called by its special name, generally after some favourite saint.

The bells were also supposed to have an intelligence of their own, and when one was removed from its original and favourite station, it was supposed to take a nightly trip to its old place of residence, unless exercised in the evening, and secured with a chain and rope. In Sir John Sinclair's statistical account of Scotland, there is an account given of a bell belonging to the old chapel of St. Fillan, in the parish of Killin, Perthshire, which usually lay on a gravestone in the churchyard. Mad people were brought hither to be dipped in the saint's pool, after certain ceremonies were performed, partly Druidical; the maniac was then confined all night in the chapel, bound with ropes, and in the morning the bell was set upon his head with great solemnity. This was the Highland cure for mania! It was the popular superstition of the district, that this bell would, if stolen, extricate itself out of the thief's hands, and return to its original place, ringing all the way! It is now locked up, to prevent its being used for superstitious purposes.

The Christmas Bells! Here is a wide theme, on which we may ring the changes in due season; and the New Year's Bells—ringing the old year out and the new year in. Then there is the Pancake bell, which used to be rung on Shrove Tuesday; and the Allhallow-tide bells rung all night

long,—for fairies, goblins, and evil spirits, were supposed to be rife at that season. But the Reformation came in and spoilt much of the old bell-ringing,—especially that connected with the feasts and festivals of the church.

But there is the curfew bell! A remnant of a very ancient and historic practice in our country. How beautifully Gray introduces the subject of his Elegy, with—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

There are few towns and villages to this day, in which the curfew bell is not rung. The old use has ceased; few know *why* the evening bell is rung; if you ask the reason, your answer will be:—"It is an old custom." Yes! as old as William the Conqueror. The curfew is still a remnant of the Conquest. "Extinguish your fire and candle light." That was the original meaning of the bell. Some say, that the curfew, or *couvre feu* (literally, cover or extinguish the fire), was an ancient practice in most countries, in order to prevent danger from fires, at a time when houses were nearly all built of wood. But we do not like to give the historical tradition, which is in accordance with all our preconceived notions, and, if not true, at least ought to be. But even though the curfew originated, as some allege, at a period anterior to the Conquest, what a savour of antiquity there is about the practice! That the same curfew bell which nightly rings in our ears now, should have sounded in the ears of the old Anglo-Saxons living in Alfred's day! We are carried at once back to the times of our timber-housed ancestors, and the curfew is the link that binds the old race and the new:—

I hear the far-off curfew sound  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

So sang Milton more than two hundred years ago; so that the practice was continued through his day down even to our own.

And the dangers of fire are so frightful, that to avoid them was worthy of the utmost care of the city, town, and village authorities. Have you heard the *Fire-bell* at night? A terrible sound is that, with its clamorous shrieking wail, and sharp pangs of agony shot into the darkness, making night hideous. The cry of "Fire!" at night is one of the most fearful of sounds; dreadful because of the horrors which it betokens, and the terrible associations which the startled imagination at once summons up at the cry. Then, indeed, the bells have no music in their voice, but agony, despair, and frightful horror.

To turn to the more pleasing voices of bells. What do the bells say? What said they to Whittington?

Turn again. Whittington,  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

A true prophecy, it is said! What long tongues these Bow bells had in Whittington's time! and truly oracular their exhortation proved in his case!

There are other bells which utter a less pleasing response, thus,—

As the bell tinkles, so the fool thinks;  
As the fool thinks, so the bell tinkles.

It may not be generally known, that King

James I. of Scotland was induced to write his poem called *The King's Quair* by the chiming of the bells. He was lying in confinement at Windsor Castle, thinking over his past sufferings and trials, when he says,—

Weary with lying, I listened suddenly,  
And soon I heard the bells to mams ring,  
And up I rose, nor longer would I lie;  
But now, how trow ye such a fantasy  
Fell on my mind, that aye methought the bell  
Said to me, "Tellon, man, what thee befell."

And so he forthwith "made a cross, and began the book."

A story is told of a widow having once gone to a monk of Cluny to ask his advice about the person she proposed to marry; and the monk, who was a cautious man, referred her to the church bells to settle the doubtful question. The bells were rung, and the widow distinctly heard them say, "*Prends ton valet, prends ton valet*" (take thy valet, take thy valet). So she married the valet; but he proved a worse husband than he had done a servant, and she went to reproach the curé for his conduct; his answer was, that she must have misapprehended the language of the bells, and then he had them rang again. This time, indeed, the poor lady heard plainly enough that they said "*Ne le prends pas, ne le prends pas*," (don't take him, don't take him,) but it was too late. The meaning of this story is,—

As the fool thinks, so the bell tinkles.

Rabelais tells an equally amusing story of Panurge, who was very much perplexed about the question of matrimony. And he too consulted the bells, which said, as they sounded at a distance:—"Take thou a wife, take thou a wife, and marry, marry, marry; for if thou marry, thou shalt find good therein, therein, therein; a wife thou shalt find good, so marry, marry, marry." Then Panurge resolved he would marry. But lo! as he approached nearer to the bells, they seemed to change their exhortation, and now they called out loudly:—"Do not marry, marry not, not, not, not, not; marry not, not, not, not; if thou marry, thou wilt miscarry, carry, carry; thou'll repent it, resent it; do not marry, marry, marry." The presumption is, that Panurge was warned against a beldam, and whether he married her or not, the reader must consult Rabelais himself.

Have we said enough of Bells, they afford a wide field for fancy to work upon. They have always been a favorite subject for the poet; and there are few who have not further hallowed them in our memory by beautiful thoughts. Enough that we conclude with the graceful and familiar lines of Thomas Moore, recently removed from us, no more to listen to the sound of *Evening Bells*:—

Those evening bells! those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.  
Those joyous hours are passed away;  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.  
And so 'twill be when I am gone;  
'That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other hearts shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

## SIR THOMAS MORE.

To say that Sir Thomas More's was the brightest character of the age in which he lived, an age which exhibited the ferocity of uncivilized man without his simplicity, and the degeneracy of modern manners without their refinement, were praise beneath his merit; to challenge the long and splendid series of English biography to produce his equal at any period, might be deemed presumptuous; but, if the wise and honest statesman, the acute and incorrupt magistrate, the loyal but independent subject, constitute an excellent public man; if the good father, the good husband, and the good master, the firm friend, the moral though witty companion, the upright neighbour, the pious Christian, and the patient martyr, form a perfect private character, *ecce homo!*

He was born in Milk-street, Cheap-side, about the year 1480, the only son of Sir John More, a Judge of the King's Bench, by his wife the daughter of a Mr. Handcombe, of Holywell, in Bedfordshire. He acquired the learned languages at the hospital of St. Anthony in the parish of St. Benet Fink, in London, then a school of high reputation, from whence he was removed to St. Mary's Hall, or, as some have said, to Canterbury College, now Christchurch, in the university of Oxford. The primate, Cardinal Morton, in whose family he passed some of his earliest years, in the character of a gentleman attendant, according to the fashion of that time, charmed as much by his wit as by his learning, often said to the great persons at his table, "This child here waiting, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous great man;" and the prediction soon began to be verified, for, even at the age of eighteen, the literary fame which he had acquired provoked the envy of some German critics, and the praise of others. Erasmus, at that time, wrote to him in the behalf of Brixius, one of the former class, who had attacked him in an invective, intitled "Antimorus," seriously intreating his mercy to that old and experienced disputant.

Just at this period he left the university, and began to study the law in New Inn, and afterwards in Lincoln's Inn, passing his hours of leisure in a circle, of which he naturally became the centre, composed of those whose wisdom and learning could best inform, and of those the vivacity of whose genius could most delight. At the age of twenty-one, when he had barely been called to the station of a barrister, he was elected a member of the House of Commons, and was presently distinguished there for a freedom of conduct which, at that time, could have arisen only from the purest motives. In that spirit he opposed, in 1503, the requisition of a subsidy and three-fifteenths, for the marriage of the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, to the King of Scots, with such force and honesty of reasoning, that the rejection of the demand is said to have been ascribed almost wholly to his endeavours. A privy councillor ran immediately from the house, and told the King, "that a beardless boy had overthrown all his purposes," and Henry satisfied at once his anger and his avarice by committing, under some frivolous pretences, the young senator's father to the Tower, and forcing him to purchase his release by the pay-

ment of a fine of one hundred pounds. More, however, became so alarmed at the King's resentment, that he retired for a considerable time from the parliament, and from his professional avocations, and during that interval, which seems to have been passed in a place of concealment, he studied geometry, astronomy, and music, in which last he much delighted, and exercised his pen in historical composition.

He returned at length to his practice at the bar, which presently became so extensive as to produce, according to his own report to his son-in-law, Mr. Roper, an annual income of four hundred pounds, equal at least to five thousand in our days. He remained, however, in disfavour at court till after the accession of Henry the Eighth, who, with all his faults, easily discovered and generally encouraged, true merit. The King sent for him by Wolsey, and, on the first taste of his extraordinary powers, determined to employ him. Foreign negotiation was then held to be the most essential part of the education of a statesman. More was directed, therefore, in 1516, to accompany Tonstal, Bishop of Durham, one of his intimate friends, to Flanders, for the renewal of a treaty of alliance with the Archduke of Austria, afterwards Charles the Fifth, and on his return was warmly invited by Henry to devote himself to the service of the Crown, which his prudence, and indeed his interests, induced him at that time and for some years after, to decline. The King at length pressed him with such earnestness that he durst no longer refuse, and in 1519, he accepted the office of a Master of the Requests; was soon after knighted, and sworn of the Privy Council; and in the succeeding year appointed Treasurer of the Exchequer. More's hesitation had been wholly unaffected. On the occasion of his becoming a Privy Councillor, he expressed himself (according to Stapleton, one of his biographers), to his bosom friend, Bishop Fisher, in these terms; and the passage is rendered the more valuable by the features which it discloses, on such good authority, of Henry's character at that time:—"I am come to the court extremely against my will, as every body knows, and as the King himself often twitteth me in sport for it; and hereto do I hang so unseemly, as a man not using to ride doth sit unhandsonely in the saddle. But our Prince, whose special and extraordinary favour towards me I know not how I shall ever be able to deserve, is so affable and courteous to all men, that every one who has never so little hope of himself may find somewhat whereby he may imagine that he loveth him; even as the citizens' wives of London do, who imagine that our Lady's picture, near the Tower, doth smile upon them as they pray before it. But I am not so happy that I can perceive such fortunate signs of deserving his love, and of a more abject spirit than that I can persuade myself that I have it already; yet, such is the virtue and learning of the King, and his daily increasing industry in both, that by how much the more I see his Highness increase in both these kingly ornaments, by so much the less troublesome this courtier's life seemeth unto me."

In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and in the following year, says Hakewell, of the House of Peers. In the former

capacity he again distinguished himself by his firm opposition to a subsidy, and, personally, to Wolsey, who came to the house in his usual splendour, to influence the decision by his presence. On a question having been previously debated whether they should receive him with but few attendants, or with his whole train, More is reported to have said, "Masters, forasmuch as my Lord Cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues, for things uttered out of this house, it should not, in my mind, be amiss to receive him with all his pomp; with his maces, his pillars, his poll-axes, his crosses, his hat, and the great seal, too; to the intent, that if he find the like fault with us, then we may be the bolder, from ourselves, to lay the blame on those whom his Grace bringeth with him." The favour of Henry, whose natural generosity of spirit then perhaps remained unabated, was not impaired by this unusual freedom: More, in 1526, was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; in the following year was joined to Wolsey, and others, in an embassy to the court of France; and, in 1529, went with Tonstal to Cambrai, to secure the payment of certain sums due to the King from Charles the Fifth, his success in which business won him the highest approbation. He was now Henry's most esteemed servant, and most familiar companion, but he had found some reasons to alter his opinion of his master's character. Roper informs us, that about this time, Henry, coming suddenly, as he frequently did, to dine with More at his house at Chelsea, and walking along after dinner in the garden, with his arm about Sir Thomas's neck, Roper, after the King's departure, congratulated him on so distinguished a mark of royal kindness, observing that no one, except Wolsey, had ever before experienced such condescension. "I thank our Lord, son," replied Moore, "I find his Grace my very good Lord, indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I must tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go off."

Henry's mind was now wholly occupied by his long-cherished project of the divorce. He had consulted and reasoned with More on that great subject, and had met with a firm opposition. So attached, however, was he to the man, or so anxious for the sanction of his coincidence, that he determined to gratify the one, or to bribe the other, by a grant of the first station under the crown. More was appointed, on the 25th of October, 1530, to succeed the disgraced Cardinal in the office of High Chancellor, which had never before been held by a layman, and this was the first serious blow struck by Henry at the power of the priesthood. He entered on it with melancholy forebodings, which were too soon verified. With a Christian perfection, which, as has been well said, and by a dissenter, too, was such as made him, "not only an honour to any particular form of Christianity, but to the Christian name and cause in general," his zeal for the Romish Church was equalled only by the benevolent spirit in which he exercised it. He had for some time beheld in silent horror the gradual approaches to the downfall of that church, and was now called

to a situation in which he was compelled either to aid its enemies with his counsel, and to ratify their decisions by his official acts, or to incur the severest penalties by his refusal. He virtuously preferred the latter, and, having persevered to the end in denying any degree of countenance to the proposed divorce, on the 16th of May, 1533, he resigned the seal, determined that it should never be placed by his hand on the instrument by which that process was to be concluded.

The definitive sentence was pronounced and published on the 23rd, and the coronation of Ann Boleyn, to whom the impatient Henry had been for some time united, at least by the forms of matrimony, was fixed for the 31st of the same month. More, doubtless by the King's order, was pressed by several of the Bishops who were to officiate, to be present at the ceremony; for his reputation stood so high in the kingdom, that even the slightest colour of approbation from him was esteemed important; but he stedfastly refused, and boldly declared to those prelates his conviction of the illegality of the marriage. Henry now sought to move him by terror. In the ensuing parliament a bill of attainder against him was agitated in the House of Peers, for misprision of treason in the affair of that enthusiast, or impostor, who was called the Holy Maid of Kent, and he was more than once cited before the Privy Council on other charges, but the evidence on each proved too weak even for the terrible fashion of that reign. The act of supremacy which appeared in 1534, at length fixed his fate. When the oath prescribed by it was tendered to him, he declined to take it, and was committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, and, on a second refusal, a few days after, to the Tower of London. Endeavours were now again ineffectually used to win him by persuasion, while the kind and merciful Cranmer as vainly endeavoured to prevail on the King to dispense with the oath in More's case. After fifteen months' imprisonment, he was arraigned of high treason at the King's Bench bar, for denying the King's supremacy. Rich, the Solicitor General, afterwards Chancellor, was the sole witness against him, and the testimony of that wretch, whose name should be consigned to eternal infamy, consisted in the repetition of speeches which he had artfully drawn from More, during a visit to his prison, in a familiar conversation, which Rich had commenced by expressly declaring that he had no commission to agitate in it any matter regarding the prosecution. Much even of this evidence Sir Thomas positively denied, but the jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; a doom which Henry altered, in consideration of the high office which he had held. He was beheaded upon Tower Hill on the fifth of July, 1535, and his severed head was signominously exposed on London Bridge, from whence after many days, it was privately obtained by his affectionate daughter, Roper, and by her placed in the vault of her husband's family, under a chapel adjoining to St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury. His body was interred in the chapel of the Tower, but afterwards removed, at the solicitation of that lady, to the parish church of Chelsea, and buried there, in the chancel, near a monument which he had some years



before erected, with an inscription written by himself.

Perhaps of all the remarkable persons who adorned or disgraced the age in which he lived we are the most clearly acquainted with the life and character of Sir Thomas More; and this—though few men have found more biographers, for his life has been ten times separately written and published—we owe chiefly to the perfect candour and sincerity which distinguished him. His acts and his sayings compose the history not only of his conduct but of his motives, and left to those who have written of him only the simple task of collecting facts, to which the fondest partiality could add no further grace, and on which even malice could have cast no blemish. But he lived without enemies, and since his death, Bishop Burnet only has dared to lift a pen against his memory. In this earnest devotion to the Catholic faith, and to the See of Rome, he was severe only to himself. The fury of conflicting zealots was calmed while they reflected on his virtues; and when Rome celebrated his canonization with a just and honest triumph, the Church of England looked on in silent approbation. In his court no one ever presided with more wisdom, learning, and perspicacity; with a more rigid devotion to justice; or with more vigilance, impartiality, and patience; when he quitted it, he left not a single cause undecided. The strictness of his loyalty, and his magnanimous independence, were always in perfect unison, because they flowed from one and the same source, an honest heart. In all the domestic relations the beauty of his life was unparalleled. Erasmus has left us a glowing picture of him, retired, at Chelsea, in the bosom of his family. The passage has been thus translated: "More hath built near London, upon the Thames, such a commodious house as is neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent enough. There he converseth affably with his family; his wife, his son, and daughter-in-law; his three daughters, and their husbands; with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate with his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid; and such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth it as though nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academy; but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there was only disputations of numbers, and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences: there special care is piety and virtue: there is no quarrelling, or intemperate words, heard; none seen idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern by proud and haughty words, but with all kind and courteous favour. Every body performeth his duty, yet there is always alacrity; neither is sober mirth anything wanting."

More himself has proved the correctness of Erasmus's account in the dedication, to an intimate friend, of his *Utopia*, by expressions which I cannot help inserting here, for it is not easy to quit the story of his private life—"Whilst I daily

plead other men's causes," says he (to use the words of his translator) "or hear them, sometimes as an arbitrator; other while as a judge: whilst this man I visit for friendship, another for business, and whilst I am employed abroad about other men's matters all the whole day, I leave no time for myself, that is for study: for when I come home I must discourse with my wife; chat with my children; speak with my servants; and, seeing this must needs be done, I number it amongst my affairs, and needful they are, unless one would be a stranger in his own house: for we must endeavour to be affable and pleasing to whom either nature, chance, or choice, hath made our companions; but with such measure it must be done that we don't mar them with affability, or make them of servants our masters, by too much gentle entreaty and favour. Whilst these things are doing, a day, a month, a year, passeth, When then can I find any time to write? for I have not yet spoken of the time that is spent in eating and sleeping, which things alone bereave most men of half their life. As for me, I get only that spare time which I steal from my neat and sleep; which because it is but small, I proceed slowly; yet, it being somewhat, I have now at length prevailed so much, as I have finished, and sent unto you, my *Utopia*."

The chief singularity of his character, was a continual disposition to excessive mirth, and the Lord High Chancellor of England was perhaps the first droll in the kingdom. Lord Herbert, willing, for obvious reasons, to find fault with him, and unable to discover any other ground, censures the levity of his wit; and Mr. Addison well observes that "what was philosophy in him would have been frenzy in any one who did not resemble him, as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners." Feeling that gaiety was the result of innocence, he seems to have conceived that the active indulgence of it was a moral duty. Among other hints of this remarkable opinion which are scattered in his works, speaking of the Utopian burials, at which he tells us none grieved, he says "when those to whom the deceased was most dear be come home, they rehearse his virtuous manners, and his good deeds, but no part is so oft or gladly talked of as his merry death." That his own was such is well known. He had not been shaved during his long imprisonment, and after he had placed his neck on the block, he raised his hand, and put his beard forward, saying that it should not be cut off, for it had committed no treason. His witticisms are to be still found in abundance even in every ordinary jest-book, and none have been better authenticated.

Sir Thomas More, when about the age of twenty-four, married Jane, daughter of John Colte, of Caudish, in Suffolk, and of Newhall in Essex; by whom he had an only son, John; and three daughters, Margaret, wife of William Roper, of Eltham, in Kent, uncle to the first Lord Teynham; Elizabeth, of John, son and heir of Sir John Dauntsey; and Cicely of Giles Heron, of Shacklewelle in Middlesex. Their brother, who has been idly said to have possessed scarcely common understanding, married an heiress of the family of Cresacre, of Barnborough, in Yorkshire, and so acquired estates there, which descended in the

male line till the year 1705, when they fell by marriage to a family of Metcalf, the heir-male of which assumed, with an honest pride, the surname of his great ancestor. Sir Thomas married, secondly, Alice Middleton, a widow, the "old wife" mentioned by Erasmus, in a passage lately cited, and we are told by others that she was ugly, ill-tempered and vulgar: by her he had no issue.—*Lodge's Historical Portraits.*

◆◆◆◆◆  
THE THREE MYSTERIES.

—  
BIRTH.

1.

Stranger from a land unknown,  
Here mysteriously thrown,—  
Fellow tenant now of earth,  
Tell, O tell me—what is birth?

2.

What, wert thou? ere earthly light,  
Burst on thy astonished sight;  
Ere the rest, which thou didst sleep,  
Rudely broken, made thee weep? \*

3.

Tears have heralded thy way,  
Into Life's o'erclouded day:  
Tears, through life, shall soothe thy fears,  
Death's last tribute shall be tears!

4.

But, O tell me, gentle heart,  
Whence thou camest—what thou art—  
For what purpose sent below—  
Heritor of endless woe! †

5.

Naked, feeble—helpless, hurled  
Shivering into the world,  
Canst thou not look back, and see  
What the past hath been to thee?

6.

Is existence but begun  
With thee—or already run,  
In part?—and thy life, on earth,  
One stage of it;—what is birth?

—  
LIFE.

1.

Wanderer in this world of care,  
Doomed, as I, its ills to bear:  
Ever waging ceaseless strife,  
Tell—O tell me—what is Life?

2.

Wherefore do we wander here,  
Slaves to toil, and want, and fear,  
Gasping for the fluttering breath,  
That but wafts us on to Death!

3.

What are we—whence do we come?  
Had we never some bright home,  
Shrouded in the unknown past?  
Shall we find no rest at last?

4.

Whither do our footsteps tend?  
Say—hath misery no end?  
May we hope some future lot,  
Where despair shall be forgot?

5.

To what end waste we our years,  
Sowing hopes—and reaping tears,  
Watering earth's barren parts  
With the blood of breaking hearts.

6.

Thou hast lived, like me to know,  
All is sorrow here below—  
Wanderer, in this world of strife,  
Tell, O tell me—what is Life?

7.

Tell, O tell me, if ye can,  
Why, it is, immortal man  
Nothing knows his end or aim,  
What he is, or whence he came.

—  
DEATH.

1.

Pilgrim, who thy race hath run—  
Spirit—ere thy flight's begun—  
Stay awhile the parting breath,—  
Tell, O tell me—what is death?

2.

Wherefore are thy features pale?  
Wherefore doth thy firm voice fail?  
Why is fear upon thy heart—  
Can it then be grief to part?

3.

What existence we have known,  
All is toil and care alone;  
Does then Death so dark appear,  
That thou fain would'st linger here?

4.

Clinging, on the verge of life—  
Wrestling in the mortal strife,

\*The first act of a newborn child upon entering *Life* is invariably to cry.

†Christians are taught that we are all "born in sin and the children of wrath."

Can thy fixed eye mark no star,  
Hopeful, glancing from afar?

5.

Yet another stage is seen—  
Pilgrim—here thy work is done!  
And the cold corpse, void of breath,  
Eloquently pictures death.

6.

Mighty mystery!—but where  
Is the Life that lingered there?  
Where the mind that could direct,  
All that glorious intellect?

7.

Where the spirit—whose impress,  
Lit the eye—now lustreless—  
Where the animating soul  
Which gave glory to the whole?

8.

This is but a putrid clod—  
Cover it beneath the sod!  
Something hence hath passed away—  
O, what is it?—spirit say.

9.

Is it but the germ, which birth  
Gave a house to, while on earth?  
And its earthly course, now run,  
Is another stage begun?

10.

Is it perfect now—or still  
Doomed, like us, to suffer ill—  
Are its doubts and darkness o'er,  
Or must it look forward more?

11.

Or, as the returning rain  
To the ocean flows again—  
Doth it to that fountain go—  
Whence springs life to all below?

12.

Question not thy Maker's plan—  
These things are unknown to man—  
What we are and what shall be—  
Rests locked in futurity.

13.

Birth, presents the embodied soul—  
Life the race is—Death the goal—  
At whose threshold hangs the key  
That unlocks the mystery!

"ERRO."

## ZULMIERA, THE HALF-CARIB GIRL.

## A LEGEND OF THE SAVANNAH.

THE sun was rapidly sinking in the west, but its declining beams threw upon every object a richer tone of colour, as a party, consisting of three persons, emerged from a small shrubbery, and halted upon the brow of a shelving hill.

The foremost of the party was a man who probably verged upon the mellow age of fifty; but his eagle-eye, and stalwart frame, told that his years sat light upon him. He was what would have been termed a handsome man; but a supercilious curl of his upper lip, and an expression of scornful indifference, which, though apparently suppressed, lingered in his dark hazel eye, added to a brow furrowed by deep lines, and compressed by slumbering passions, which only waited the spur of the moment to be called into action, detracted from the otherwise agreeable character of his features, and effectually forbid any approach to familiarity. A deep and unsightly scar, the effects of a sabre-cut, which, commencing from the right ear, traversed the jaw, injured yet further his good looks. He was habited in a complete suit of black velvet, of the richest texture; the sombreness of which was in some measure relieved by diamond clasps, and small knee-buckles of the same costly stones. A small collar of the finest lawn made its appearance above the doublet; and a black-sheathed "Andrea Ferrara," with basket hilt, dangling from his side, and calf-skin boots, completed his costume. This dress, fitting tight to his shape, shewed to advantage the large but perfect symmetry of his person: while the dark brown hair, sprinkled here and there with the grey badge of declining years, cropt close around his temples; and the steeple-crowned hat peculiar to his sect and times, bespoke him, what he was, the friend of Cromwell—the roundhead governor of Antigua.

The next person that gained the open ground was Bridget, the beautiful daughter of the governor. If ever there was a personification of extreme loveliness, it was known in Bridget. Scarcely seventeen, her slight but rounded figure, and her sweet, mild face, while it struck the beholder with admiration, and riveted his attention, gave the idea of some embodied syph. Her complexion was of that ethereal tint of which the poet says—

"Oh, call it fair, not pale."

The lily could scarcely outvie it in purity of colour, although every emanation of her guileless heart called up the latent rose-tint into her delicate cheek; while the small, pouting lip, with all the

rich glow of the coral, forbade effectually the supposition of ill health. A slightly aquiline nose, a classically-formed and dimpled chin, with a fair and open forehead, in which every azure vein could be traced, were the prominent features; blended with that mingled sweetness, that feminine grace, and that inexpressible *something*, which really and actually constitutes beauty. But her eyes—those soft, lovely eyes—look at them, as she raises the long lashes, and you can fancy, that were her features devoid of any pretensions to comeliness, those liquid orbs would richly compensate for all. Of the clearest hazel, every glance that fell from them spoke the inmost feelings of her soul; and whether they beamed forth in pity, or flashed with animation, they equally bespoke the benevolence of her nature.

Puritan as her father was, he did not deny his daughter, any more than himself, the use of a few ornaments; and a bandeau of pearls fastened around her graceful head vainly endeavoured to restrain the abundant tresses of her soft, glossy, brown hair, which, breaking loose, floated upon her shoulders in natural ringlets. Her dress of dove-coloured satin flowed in rich and ample folds to her feet, from whence the little slipper peeped forth; and, gathered around her slender waist by a girdle of pearls, shewed the admirable proportions of her figure. The stiff puritan ruff of lawn, in which every plait could be counted, screened her neck; but around her small white throat was fastened a carcanet of her favourite gems, not purer in tint than her own fair skin. A wimple of the same colour as her dress, and lined with pale rose tiffany, was tied under her little rounded chin, but which, in the joyousness of her nature, she had unfastened, that she might more fully enjoy the beauties of the evening.

The remaining individual that formed the trio was in every respect far different from those already described; yet, as she stood a few paces behind Bridget—to mark the difference in their rank, although near enough to join in the conversation—her lofty and commanding figure called equally for attention and admiration. The clear olive tinge of her complexion, the large black eye, which sparkled with dazzling light, and the long coal-black hair, braided and twined round and round her head, told that she was not of the same country, or the same people as her mistress. Servant—slave as she was—she looked born to command; and daring must that person be who would encounter for the second time the flash of her offended eye. Formed in a larger mould than Bridget, her figure still preserved the most symmetrical proportions; and the rounded arm and taper

fingers might have served as a model for the Goddess of Beauty: this was Zulmiera—the half-Carib girl.

The mother of Zulmiera was a very beautiful Carib woman, who, in that disgraceful partition of them among the English, (after the massacre of their male friends at St. Kitts during Sir Thomas Warner's government of that island,) fell to the share of a young Englishman, a follower of Sir Thomas Warner's son, in his after colonization of Antigua. Xamba accompanied her master to his new residence, and there bore him a daughter; but dying soon after, the infant was brought up in the governor's family. After the reduction of Antigua by Sir George Ayscue, and the establishment of a republican governor, in the place of the opposer of Cromwell's power, Zulmiera, who was rapidly attaining the full burst of womanhood, was, at the earnest entreaties of Bridget Everard, who was charmed with the untutored graces of the beautiful Indian maiden, promoted to the office of her companion. It must be allowed, that this appointment met not with the full approval of the governor. Violently attached to Cromwell, and bearing bitter hatred to the royalist party, and all malignants, he thought the girl had been too long nurtured in their principles to make a faithful attendant to the daughter of a republican. But Bridget was his only child,—a motherless girl; and stern and unbending as he was to others, his iron mood gave way before her playful caresses.

Still there was another and deep cause of dislike he had against Zulmiera. Upon further acquaintance with this Indian girl, he found her too haughty for his own arrogant spirit to deal with. Too high minded and forgetful of her real rank as a servant, and apparently under the impression that, while attending upon her mistress, she was in fact her equal, if not her superior.

Zulmiera was, in truth, fully alive to this sentiment. She looked upon herself as the descendant (on her mother's side) of a long line of chiefs—of those who had once been rulers in the land, and who had received from their swarthy subjects the homage that monarchs of a more civilized nation were wont to receive.

Thinking thus of Zulmiera, no wonder that the governor distrusted her. Nor was the girl ignorant of his opinion of her; and consequently their feelings of dislike were mutual. She knew he hated her; and he felt that in her heart she despised him. Still, she loved Bridget—for who could not love that mild, fair girl?—loved her with an intensity of fervour, unknown to the inhabitants of colder climes—and would have

shed for her her heart's blood; for love and hatred were to Zulmiera all-absorbing passions. Yet there was another who held the *first* place in Zulmiera's heart,—one that was to the half-instructed, half-Indian girl—her “idol.”

But to return to the movements of the trio. Having left the concealment of the shrubbery, the whole party paused, and with different feelings gazed upon the landscape stretched before them. The slight declivity upon the brow of which they were standing, had been cleared, and was now planted with tobacco, whose broad soft leaves, and delicate trumpet flowers, attracted the attention of numerous gorgeous insects. This plantation stretched to the end of a wild copse, where every native shrub and brushwood grew together with the loftier trees, and formed an almost impervious thicket. Beyond this copse, the waters of a beautiful creek, which ran a short way inland, glittered like gold in the beams of the setting sun; while on every side rose undulating hills, begirt with many an infant plantation, belonging to some of the earlier settlers. Further off, the broad ocean stretched its illimitable waves, its billows sleeping in calmness; except in one part, where a long ridge of shelving rocks fretted them into motion, and caused them to send forth an angry roar.\*

At the bottom of the hill, upon which they were standing, ran a bridle-path, which, winding in and out, branched off in two directions; one passing through the populous town of Falmouth, the other extending to the shores of a beautiful harbour, † where some industrious settlers were cultivating the adjoining country. Along this path a single horseman was seen slowly advancing, in the direction of the harbour. As he gained the skirts of the hill, he reined up for a moment his prancing steed, and, looking towards the party, raised his plumed hat and bent forward in graceful obeisance. The dark eyes of Zulmiera sparkled with delight, and standing, as she did, behind the governor and his daughter, unseen by them, she raised her hand and waved a return, while, at the same instant, the rosiest blush sprang to the cheeks of Bridget, and crimsoned her very throat. The horseman again bent his head, and then, replacing his hat, shook the brodered reins and galloped off in the direction he had chosen for his equestrian amusement.

Following with his eye the plumed stranger until he was lost in the intervening copse, the governor turned to his daughter, and fixing a steady, penetrating glance upon her, exclaimed,

\*Now called the Marmora.

†Now called English Harbour.

“Ha! then the young malignant's designs appear to be more open than they were. But, mark me, daughter Bridget,” and his eye became sterner and darker as the pupil dilated with his awakening passion, and his haughty lip curled with increased scorn—“mark me, Bridget, sooner than I'd see thee mated with one of his malignant race, mine own hand should stretch thee at my feet a breathless corpse!—yea, as Jephtha slew his daughter, so would I slay thee!” The agitated and frightened girl threw herself upon her father's breast, and, amid tears and sobs, stammered out—“Father—dearest father! think not so. Ralph de Merefield is naught to me; he never spoke to me but with the most studied politeness, and, indeed, he shuns rather than seeks my presence.” —“'Tis well, then, maiden—my suspicions are unfounded; the wolf has not entered the sheepfold to steal the tender lamb; but I have observed him lately wandering about these grounds, and I feared my daughter was the object. But listen!” and again his eye flashed, his lip trembled—“verily, I know that young man well—ay, better than he knows me—for his father was my neighbour and my deadliest foe!—and what was more, the foe of Cromwell! He it was that assisted that tyrannical man, Charles Stuart, in his escape from Hampton Court, and afterwards, aided him, in his long struggles to maintain possession of a crown which had long been doomed to destruction. He it was that beggared his brother to obtain money to carry out that well-slain tyrant's nefarious designs! And he it was that, at the battle of Naseby, gave me this ugly sign of recognition,” pointing to the scar which disfigured his cheek. “But was he not discomfited? Yea, as the dry leaf he fell. Lo! as David girded up his strength in the day of battle, so girded I up mine; and as he smote his enemies with the edge of the sword, so my trusty weapon stretched the haughty Philistine upon the ground, never to rise again! Guess, then, if thou canst, how much I love yon cavalier, who hath sucked in with his very milk the taint of papistry—for did not that Babylonish woman, whom men call the Queen of England rear him up from his cradle? yea, and taught him all her sorceries. Had my honoured friend and master, the protector, followed my advice, this young traitor to the commonwealth would never have escaped from England to disseminate his malignant poison abroad. Cromwell should have crushed the egg before it was hatched. But verily I wax hot and impatient, not considering the time approacheth when rebels and arch-rebels shall melt away as the hoar frost melteth before the sun. Despatche

have reached me that it is Cromwell's intention to send, in the course of a few months, a squadron against St. Domingo, and my instructions are to see that a proper troop be raised in this island to join the expedition. I am resolved that Master Ralph de Meresfield be one of the gallants who shall serve in that affair; a goodly bullet-shot or, albeit, a well-applied stroke from the rapier of a Spaniard, may relieve me from his machinations; or should he refuse to fight under the banner of the commonwealth, verily, I know the malignancy of his father cleaves so closely to him, that it will only be maintaining Cromwell's interest to have him properly secured, or we may see another revolt when we least expect it." Thus saying, the governor walked forward a few paces, and shading his eyes from the lingering sunbeams, scanned for a few moments the scene before him.

What passed in the mind of Bridget during the foregoing conversation it is unnecessary to relate, but the emotions called up in the heart of the Carib girl while hearing her lover thus traduced were violent and various. Hate, scorn, and revenge, fired her eye, and sent a torrent of hot blood through her veins, which, rushing to her face, turned the clear olive to a fiery crimson. Yet so well was she accustomed to master her feelings, that before her young mistress was sufficiently recovered to commence another dialogue, she stood the same apparently calm being, her hands folded across her breast; and only that her eye was more dilated, and her cheek still slightly tinged, none could tell that aught had moved her.

An exclamation from the governor, who had, for the last few minutes, been intently gazing in one direction, arrested his daughter's attention, and, gliding to his elbow, she inquired if he addressed her. "Look, Bridget," replied her father, in a still stern, but not unmusical voice—"look o'er yonder grove—dost thou see aught moving?"—"Nothing, dearest father," answered the maiden, in her own sweet tones—"nothing but the bland zephyr sporting amid the young green leaves, and playing its fairy music upon them." "Foolish enthusiast! But haste, girl!—fetch me the wondrous instrument the lord-general gave me, and let me give you grove a sharper look—methinks it contains more inmates than we wot of. I have heard of wild Indians and their dees."

Roused by his remarks, Zulmiera started forward, and in an agitated voice, she in vain tried to stifle, exclaimed, "Oh, no, your excellency, naught is there, save, as the Lady Bridget saith, the whispering wind or the fly-birds as they seek their leafy bower." "Back, girl!" fiercely retorted

the governor—"back to thy place; who taught thee to hazard thy remarks? Methinks thy cavalier masters might have made thee know thy station better."

Again the blood rushed to the cheek and temples of Zulmiera—again the eye flashed fire—but again she mastered her emotions; exclaiming, however, as she did so, but in a voice too subdued to reach her companion's ear, "Rest till to-morrow's night, proud man, then wilt thou learn who governs here!"

At this moment, Bridget placed in her father's hand the lately invented telescope,\* when, raising it to his eye, he narrowly observed the whole breadth of the cove; the distant creek and the farther ocean; but nothing met his eye—nothing, save the wavy green, or the wing of a weary sea-fowl as it sought its nest. Slowly dropping the instrument, the governor once more gazed with his naked eye in that direction. The sun had set some minutes before, and as the last of his golden beams faded in the west, he turned upon his heel, and, followed by the females, was once more lost in the verdant shrubbery.

It was a calm, delicious, West Indian night. The moon shone in all her glory, bathing lawn and lea, upland and woodland, in her silvery light. The waters of the creek we have already noticed were rife with beauty; and the waves of the far-off ocean, as they dashed in measured cadence on the beach, broke musically upon the listener's ear.

A stately figure, enveloped in a dark mantle, glided from behind a screen of orange and coffee trees; and gaining the open ground, looked cautiously around. As if assured its movements were unobserved, the figure darted off at a rapid pace in the direction of a magnificent grove; but with steps so light, that it would scarcely have crushed the lowliest flower. Upon reaching the verge of the grove, it stopped; and placing a finger upon a small gittern,† carried beneath the ample cloak, struck a single note. The crushing of the younger twigs and leaves told that the signal was heard; and springing from the covert, a young man bounded forward, exclaiming—"Zulmiera! dearest Zulmiera! how long thou hast stayed to-night!"

The moon still shone with a clear and fervent light, displaying every object in a distinct manner, and shewing the picturesque dress of the impassioned stranger to the best advantage. His figure

\* Telescopes were said to have been invented during the reign of James I., although some attribute the invention to Roger Bacon, 1292.

† A kind of small guitar, in use about the 16th and 17th centuries.

was slight but perfectly formed, while his fair skin and glowing cheeks bespoke his Saxon origin. His eyes were of the clearest blue, and his long auburn locks, parted in the middle of his forehead, flowed over his shoulders, in length and profusion equalling a woman's. A slight moustache shaded his upper lip, which, slightly curved, displayed a set of teeth faultless in size and colour. His dress, fashioned in that superb style which the followers of Charles loved to indulge in, consisted of a doublet of three-piled murrey-coloured velvet, pinked and slashed with white satin, and ornamented with elaborate embroidery, his falling band, or collar, of the richest point lace, and his nether garments to match with the doublet, were finished at the knees with white satin roses and diamond studs. A small but admirably tempered Toledo, the hilt of solid gold, and sparkling with diamonds, was strapped to his side by an embroidered belt; while a Flemish beaver hat, looped with a diamond button, and surmounted by a snowy plume, shaded his somewhat boyish features. A dark short cloak, lined with white taffetas, which he had flung aside when springing to meet Zulmiera, floated from behind his right shoulder, and served to give him still more an air of graceful elegance.

"Dearest Zulmiera," said the young stranger, when seated upon the trunk of a large tree, which, uprooted by a former hurricane, and slightly covered by a little alluvial earth, had shot forth a few sickly branches—"dearest Zulmiera, how long I have waited for you—how much I have to tell you! I have watched each star as it peeped forth from the heavens—heard the shrill pipe of the curlew as it flew to its nest—but listened in vain for your light footstep; say, dearest, what kept you from the trysting-tree?" "I was in attendance upon my mistress until this late hour," replied Zulmiera, speaking in an ironical tone, and laying a strong emphasis upon the word *mistress*, while a slight look of scorn passed over her animated features; "or else doubt not I would have met you long before; for where, Ralph, would the bird with weary wing seek for rest, but by the side of its own fond mate? or why should yon white flower," pointing to a night-jasmine which was growing in all its wild luxuriance near the spot, and loading the air with sweet and powerful perfume—"why should yon white flower haste to open its pretty leaves, as soon as the day melts away, were it not to seek the fond love of those beautiful stars which are twinkling above us? Ralph, you are my mate, and your eyes are my stars, in which I read my destiny."

To this fond but fanciful rhapsody, Ralph de

Merefield made no answer, except by pressing the beautiful hand which rested in his; and the half-Carib continued: "But it was not to tell you this, Ralph, that brought me here so late to-night. Come with me." And suffering himself to be led by her, they quitted the deep recess in which they had been seated, and walked into the open ground already mentioned.

Looking up the ascent above the tops of the trees, which grew in vast profusion, forming a complete barrier around, the moon-beams fell upon the roof of an irregular but commodious building. This was government house, and through an opening in the leafy enclosure, the light of a taper was seen brightly shining from a small diamond-pane casement, in one of the gable ends of the edifice. "In that room," said the romantic girl, directing Ralph's attention to it, "sleeps one, who, next to yourself, I love most on earth; and scornfully, harshly as her father has treated me, she must and shall be saved! Mark me, Ralph, an' thou lovest me, guard the Lady Bridget as thou would'st a sister. Wild spirits will be abroad ere the glad sun shall set and rise again, or yon pretty stars be peeping at us; and though I think they will care for mine as they would me, still, Ralph, I would have thee prepared. When all is over—when you and I—but I need say no more, except that Bridget shall not then be ashamed to love the despised, the scorned Zulmiera," and as she spoke, she threw back her graceful head with the air of a Cleopatra, while the bright crimson mantled in her cheeks, and increased the lustre of her eyes.

"What mean you, Zulmiera?" inquired the young cavalier, as soon as he could make himself heard; for her utterance during the preceding speech had been so rapid, and her manner so excited, that all his former attempts to interrupt her had been useless. "What mean you, dearest Zulmiera? Why this flashing eye—this agitated mien? Is it because yon king-killing, canting Puritan, called you *servant*, that these wild dreams (for I know not what else to term them) are floating through your brain? Never heed him, dearest; you will soon be my bride, my acknowledged wife; and then let me see who dare call you *servant*, or taunt you with your birth! Know that I love one tress of this black hair"—and he drew her fondly towards him—"better than all the fair ringlets and fairer skins of England's boasted daughters. But draw your mantle closer round you, and let us to our former seat, where I will relate to you all my plans.—To-day, I confided to my mother our mutual engagement; she has listened to the voice of her only, her beloved son,

and is prepared to receive you as a daughter. To-morrow, I will call upon the governor—although I hate the sight of him, from his high-crowned hat down to his ugly looking calf-skins—and make my proposals in form. If he consents with a good grace, well; if not, I feel assured my dear Zulmiera will not fear to leave his house and protection for the home and hearth of one who loves her as I do. I still hope that our own King Charles (God bless him!) may overcome his enemies, and be seated upon the throne of his fathers; then will we visit old England, and in my own paternal mansion, I've no doubt I shall get my handsome Zulmiera to forget her native island and all her wild dreams." So saying, with a look of strong affection and with gallant bearing, he raised her hand to his lips.

"Oh, Ralph!" said the agitated girl, as her lover concluded his relation, to which she had listened with breathless attention; "oh, Ralph! had I known this but even ten days ago, how much might I, how much might we all have been spared. But I thought your mother would never have consented that the governor's servant should mate with her noble son—and my own high spirit, goaded on as it has been by the scornful usage I have met, has led me to do a deed which may, perhaps, dash the cup of happiness from my lips. But then," she murmured, as if more in communion with herself than in reply to her companion, "but then to be a queen, and Ralph (they promised that, or I would never have consented) to be a king. No, it must be: I have gone too far to turn back;" and she raised her head, and looked steadfastly, but apparently half-unconsciously at the young man, who, surprised at her behaviour and language, was gazing intently upon her. At length, slightly shaking her hand to arrest her attention, he inquired again the cause of her extreme emotion. Receiving no reply from Zulmiera, whose large dark eyes were still fixed upon his face, he became seriously alarmed, and, in an anxious tone, entreated her to quit directly the night air, and seek that repose she appeared to need so much, within the precincts of government house. Allowing herself to be led in that direction, they in silence gained the shrubbery; when, after asking in vain for an explanation, and hearing her again and again express her assurance that she was not seriously indisposed, Ralph de Mercfield bade her good even. As he turned to leave the spot, Zulmiera appeared to recover herself, and drawing a long breath, exclaimed "To-morrow, dear Ralph, to-morrow thou shalt know all—till then, farewell!"

(To be Continued.)

BEYOND THE VEIL.

"So life is loss and death felicitie."—*Spenser.*

A glorious angel to its heavenly home,  
Bore the freed spirit of a child of earth :  
Swift sped they, swift, o'er lofty tower and dome,  
Where dwelleth splendour, and whence ringeth  
mirth :

Passed they the crowded mart, the busy street.  
There was a sudden brightness in the air,  
And splendours fell like dew-drops from their  
feet ;  
And men had angels near them unaware.

Sudden, they paused above a suburb mean,  
A ruined court, flung open to the day,  
With dripping thatch, and mouldering beams  
between,  
; And many a sign of desolate decay ;  
And lo! above a flower the angel stooped,  
A little weed amid the ruins left,  
Springing as though wind-planted ; but it drooped  
Crushed and neglected—of all care bereft.

And with a cry, the angel bending low,  
Plucked the poor flower, and marvelled much  
the child  
To see the heavenly smile so joyous grow  
At aught so lowly, and so earth-defied ;  
Then spake the angel, reading clear his thought,  
"Hearken, freed spirit! to this tale of mine ;  
Heretofore dwelt an inmate in yon court,  
A child like thou, when mortal years were  
thine.

"A little child, with naught of childhood's gifts,  
Except its feebleness, long nights of pain,  
Long days, when poverty and woe uplifts  
Only new weight of sorrow on the brain,  
A little feeble child, deformed and lame,  
Unable to attain the outer air,  
Knowing sweet nature only by the name,  
Dreaming alone, how dear she is—how fair !

"Yet the bright sunshine sometimes lit his bed  
At intervals, and a blue strip of sky,  
From afar, so close the walls met o'er head,  
Still showed him snowy clouds sail stately by.  
His little comrades, those who might have been  
Playmates, could he have played, would some-  
times bring,

Fresh cowslips gathered from the meadows  
green,  
Thick lime-boughs breathing fragrance of the  
spring—



"And he would glad him with the whispering boughs,  
 And joyful twine them with his feeble hand,  
 And dose beneath them, dreaming that his brows  
 By the sweet breezes of the wood were fanned;  
 He was so fettered, that he would not hold  
 As captive any living thing they brought—  
 The lark flew, free, released, and uncontrolled,  
 And, singing, spurned that dim imprisoning court.

"One day they brought some moss, and 'mid it grew  
 A tiny flower, with roots uninjured kept;  
 And this he planted, keeping it in view,  
 His care by day, his thoughts while others slept.  
 One of God's angels hovered o'er the place,  
 And bore this nameless martyr to his rest—  
 And when the death-smile settled on his face,  
 There was no grief in any loving breast.

"His parents left the spot, and it became  
 The sordid ruin that to-day you see;  
 Rude hands flung forth the flower, the very same  
 Whose frail life gilded his, transcendently."  
 "How know'st thou this, my guide?" the child's  
 soul asked;

"Wert thou the angel who the flower upreared?  
 Was thine the smile within whose light it basked,  
 Though it a sunbeam to the boy appeared?"

"No!" said the angel, and the while his brow  
 Seemed with a brighter light than wont to  
 shine,

"This abject state of pain, disease and woe,  
 Once, and but lately, little one, was mine!  
 'Mid all the stars that circle round the Throne,  
 'Mid all the flowers immortal that may smile,  
 Not one would I exchange for this—the one  
 So loved on earth, so more than dear erewhile!"

M. J. T.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## CHAPTER FROM "LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY,"

WITH SHORT INTRODUCTION.

It may not be amiss to preface the extract we select from Mrs. Stowe's admirable work, would we could add of fiction, with a few brief remarks on the difficulties which, as Southerners contend, prevent the immediate emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States. The first, is the convulsion into which society would necessarily be thrown by such a change; the second, is the depreciation of property

which would ensue, the révolution in society, and the difficulties which would arise in reconciling those, now steeped in prejudice, to the sight of a class so long despised, moving amongst them on a footing of perfect equality.

We will meet the latter of these objections by giving a short extract from a work written after some year's experience had taught West Indians the blessings of a free system and the futility of their former fears. We can from personal observation endorse the truth of the statements:—

"Since the period of Emancipation the West Indians have suffered from many casualties. There have been severe hurricanes, distressing droughts, and the most awful earthquake that has been known since that of Lisbon; yet under all these disastrous circumstances the free system has gloriously worked its way, and by producing larger average crops (as well as other advantages, both as regards exports and imports) has claimed from all a tribute of praise. Under the free system the obligations on the planter are entirely annulled, for he now employs but a sufficient number of labourers to carry on the estate-work, and the negroes support themselves, as well as their old people and children, out of their weekly earnings, and the privileges which they still enjoy upon the properties where they are domiciled."

Why, then, we will imagine it asked, if free labour be such a boon, do we hear such general lamentations as to the ruin of the West Indies? We could, and perhaps may, answer this question; and could, we think, prove that the depression in the West Indian Islands arises from neither the boon of freedom bestowed on the slave in 1834, nor from the boon of free trade bestowed on the British peasant; but that it owes its origin to very different causes. We could shew that depression exists in the West Indies only by comparison. We will not, however, proceed with the subject, as no purely parti-political question will be agitated in the columns of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, and we have no wish to embark on the troubled sea of Free Trade *versus* Protection.

We will meet the other objection raised, viz., the convulsion into which society would be thrown. This we will do best by simply stating what passed under our personal observation:

Before the abolition of slavery, it had been supposed, that the Negroes, at such an important era of their lives—the transition from slavery to freedom—would be led into great and serious excesses; or, at least, that they would pass the first days of freedom in dance and song, in riotous feasting and drunken carousals. But when the time arrived, far different was the result. Instead of that day being the scene of wild revelry and disordered jollity, the Negroes passed it as a “Sabbath of Sabbaths,”—a solemn feast—

“One bright day of gladness and of rest.”

The churches and chapels were thronged to overflowing, and those persons who were unable to procure seats within the sacred walls, crowded round the open doors and windows, with eager looks of joy.

From every vale,—from every height,—came trooping gladsome groups. Old men and women, whose heads were silvered by the hand of time; young men and maidens; the robust and the weak; the parent and the child,—all rejoicing that the day had at length come when the iron yoke of slavery was removed from their shoulders, and they, like their masters, could boast that they were free! What reasons, we ask, can be adduced why the slaves, in the Southern States, would not receive the inestimable boon of freedom in the same spirit, and become equally valuable members of society as their West Indian brethren.

One word, on prejudice, to the Canadian and to the inhabitant of the free States of the Union. Every candid mind must allow the illiberality, not to call it by a harsher name, of despising or underrating persons, because it has pleased their Creator to give them less fair skins. Yet, how much of this feeling here exists. Let the *soi-disant* philanthropist who is perhaps loudest in his denunciations of the horrors of slavery, ask himself why he does not act as well as talk—and why he does not lend his assistance to remove this existing prejudice. Ambition is a principle inherent in man, in all ages, in all classes, in all *shades* it more or less abounds, and when tempered with reason, becomes, perhaps, more of a virtue than a vice. While the Negro was used as a beast of burden, a creature without feeling or soul, his mind became degraded, and he could not exercise his natural powers. But, let him

be free—bear with his ignorance for awhile—treat him as a being endowed with the same capabilities as ourselves; let him feel the difference between a man under the control of reason, and one who follows the dictates of his own impetuous will, show him what industry and perseverance can accomplish, and he will then be found a good citizen and a worthy member of society.

This is the only way to banish the stain of prejudice from this land, and to show that unlike our neighbours, we not only are willing to let a man, though darker than ourselves, exist, but are content that he should *live* amongst us on that footing of equality to which by his education and position in society he is entitled.

#### A SALE OF GOD'S IMAGE.—(Vide Engraving.)

“In Ramah there was a voice heard,—weeping, and lamentation, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted.”

MR. HALEY and Tom jogged onward in their waggon, each for a time absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing; seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands and organs of all sorts, and having passed before their eyes the same objects,—it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market value of certain suppositious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their “niggers” hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by “niggers” whom he had favored; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: “We have no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city.” These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by “ignorant and unlearned men,” have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange

sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements, with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative half-aloud, by way of calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph:

“EXECUTOR’S SALE.—NEGROES!—Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the Court-house door, in the town of Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes: Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul, aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

SAMUEL MORRIS,  
THOMAS FLINT,  
*Executors.*”

“This yer I must look at,” said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to.

“Ye see, I’m going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom; it’ll make it sociable and pleasant like,—good company will, ye know. We must drive right to Washington first and foremost, and then I’ll clap you into jail, while I does the business.”

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the naive, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into jail by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and upright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess it, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow,—not having much else to be proud of;—if he had belonged to some of the higher walks of society, he, perhaps, would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington,—the one in a tavern, and the other in a jail.

About eleven o’clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps,—smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns,—waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By

her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

“Don’t be feared, Aunt Hagar,” said the oldest of the men, “I spoke to Mas’r Thomas ’bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot both together.”

“Dey need’nt call me worn out yet,” said she, lifting her shaking hands. “I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour,—I’m with a buying, if I do come cheap;—tell em dat ar,—you tell em,” she added earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions to show his muscles; and then passed on to the next, and put him through the same trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

“He an’t gwine to be sold without me!” said the old woman, with passionate eagerness; “he and I goes in a lot together; I’s rail strong yet, Mas’r, and can do heaps o’ work,—heaps on it, Mas’r.”

“On plantation?” said Haley, with a contemptuous glance. “Likely story!” and, as if satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, ready for action.

“What think of ’em,” said a man who had been following Haley’s examination, as if to make up his own mind from it.

“Wal,” said Haley, spitting, “I shall put in, I think, for the youngerly ones and the boy.”

“They want to sell the boy and the old woman together,” said the man.

“Find it a tight pull;—why, she’s an old rack o’ bones—not worth her salt.”

“You wouldn’t then?” said the man.

“Anybody’d be a fool ’twould. She’s half blind, crooked with rheumatis, and foolish to boot.”

“Some buys up these yer old critturs, and ses there’s a sight more wear in ’em than a body’d think,” said the man, reflectively.

“No go, ’tall,” said Haley; “wouldn’t take her for a present,—fact,—I’ve seen, now.”

“Wal, ’tis kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son,—her heart seems to sot on him,—s’pose they fling her in cheap.”

“Them that’s got money to spend that ar way, it’s all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand;—wouldn’t be bothered with her, no way,—not if they’d give her to me,” said Haley.

"She'll take on desp't," said the man.

"Nat'lly, she will," said the trader, coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted by a busy hum in the audience; and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

"Keep close to yer mammy, Albert,—close,—dey'll put us up togedder," she said.

"O, mammy, I'm feared they won't," said the boy.

"Dey must, child; I can't live, no ways, if they don't," said the old creature, vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market; two of them fell to Haley.

"Come, now, young un," said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer, "be up and show your springs, now."

"Put us two up togedder, togedder,—do please, Mas'r," said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

"Be off," said the man, gruffly, pushing her hands away; you come last. Now, darkey, spring;" and, with the word, he pushed the boy toward the block, while a deep, heavy groan rose behind him. The boy paused, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face, raised an instant competition, and half a dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids,—now, here, now there,—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands toward him.

"Buy me too, Mas'r, for de dear Lord's sake!—buy me,—I shall die if you don't!"

"You'll die if I do, that's the kink of it," said Haley,—"no!" And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse.

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see.

"Could'n't dey leave me one? Mas'r allers said I should have one,—he did," she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

"Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, sorrowfully.

"What good will it do?" said she, sobbing passionately.

"Mother, mother,—don't! don't!" said the boy. "They say you's got a good master."

"I don't care,—I don't care. O, Albert! oh, my boy! you's my last baby. Lord, how ken I?"

"Come, take her off, can't some of ye?" said Haley, dryly; "don't do no good for her to go on that ar way."

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and, as they led her off to her new master's waggon, strove to comfort her.

"Now!" said Haley, pushing his three purchases together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists; and fastening each handcuff to a long chain, he drove them before him to the jail.

A few days saw Haley, with his possessions, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he, or his agent, had stored for him in various points along shore.

The La Belle Rivière, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gayly down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering over head; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing;—all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

"Boys," said Haley, coming up briskly, "I hope you keep up good heart, and are cheerful. Now, no sulks, ye see; keep stiff upper lip, boys; do well by me, and I'll do well by you."

The boys addressed responded the invariable "Yes, Mas'r," for ages the watchword of poor Africa; but it's to be owned they did not look particularly cheerful; they had their various little prejudices in favor of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time,—and though "they that wasted them required of them mirth," it was not instantly forthcoming.

"I've got a wife," spoke out the article enumerated as "John, aged thirty," and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee,—"and she don't know a word about this, poor girl!"

"Where does she live?" said Tom.

"In a tavern a piece down here," said John; "I wish, now, I *could* see her once more in this world," he added.

Poor John! It was rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom

drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And over head, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moved round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

"O, mamma, said a boy, who had just come up from below, "there's a negro trader on board, and he's brought four or five slaves down there."

"Poor creatures!" said the mother, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"What's that?" said another lady.

"Some poor slaves below," said the mother.

"And they've got chains on," said the boy.

"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!" said another lady.

"O, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject," said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her. "I've been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free."

"In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant," said the lady to whose remark she had answered. "The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections,—the separating of families, for example."

"That *is* a bad thing, certainly," said the other lady, holding up a baby's dress she had just completed, and looking intently on its trimmings; "but then, I fancy, it don't occur often."

"O, it does," said the first lady eagerly; "I've lived many years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I've seen enough to make any one's heart sick. Suppose, ma'am, your two children, there, should be taken from you, and sold?"

"We can't reason from our feelings on those of this class of persons," said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap.

"Indeed, ma'am, you can know nothing of them, if you say so," answered the first lady, warmly. "I was born and brought up among them. I know they *do* feel, just as keenly,—even more so, perhaps,—as we do."

The lady said "Indeed!" yawned, and looked out of the cabin window, and finally repeated, for a finale, the remark with which she had begun,—“After all, I think they are better off than they would be to be free.”

"It's undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants,—kept in a low condition," said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin door. "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be," the scripture says."

"I say stranger, is that ar what the text means?" said a tall man standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for

some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage, ages ago; and we must not set up our opinion against that."

"W ell, then, we'll all go ahead and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence,—won't we, Squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove, and intently listening to the conversation.

"Yes," continued the tall man, "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view's quite refreshing, an't it, stranger?" said he to Haley.

"I never thought on't," said Haley. "I couldn't have said as much, myself; I ha'n't no larning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if tan't right, I calculated to 'pent on it in time, ye know."

"And now you'll save yerself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 'tis, now, to know scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know'd it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cussed be '—what's his name?—' and 'twould all have come right.'" And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." I suppose," he added, "that is scripture, as much as 'Cursed be Canaan.'"

"Wal, it seems quite as plain a text, stranger," said John the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now;" and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush, to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted through the crowd, flew up to where the slave gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerated—"John aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what need to tell the story, told too oft,—every day told,—of heart-strings rent and broken,—the weak broken for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs not to be told;—every day is telling it,—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf, though he be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God, before, stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife for ever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this.

The trader turned away in silence.

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, a't there? 'Cussed be Canaan' don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

"And that ar an't the worst on't," said John; "mabbe it won't go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one o' these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer; it's really getting dangerous." And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts,—a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went merrily, as before. Men talked, and laughed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way.

One day, when she lay to for a while at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railings. After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a colored woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a colored man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rung, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chattering to her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman's brow; and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

"I don't believe it,—I won't believe it!" he heard her say. "You're jist a foolin with me."

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said the man, drawing out a paper; "this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you,—so, now!"

"I don't believe Mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!" said the woman with increasing agitation.

"You can ask any of these men here, that can read writing. Here!" he said to a man that was passing by, "jist read this yer, won't you! This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 'tis."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see."

The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

"He told me I was going to Louisville, to hire out as cook to the same tavern where my husband works,—that's what Mas'r told me, his own self; and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

"But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it," said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; "he has done it, and no mistake."

"Then it's no account talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

"Going to take it easy, after all!" said the trader. "Gal's got grit, I see."

The woman looked calm, as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed like a compassionate spirit over her head,—the gentle breeze, that never inquires whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chattering, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong of his age, and very vigorous in his limbs. Never, for a moment, still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him, and guarding his springing activity.

"That's a fine chap!" said the man, sudden-

ly stopping opposite to him, with his hands in his pockets. "How old is he?"

"Ten months and a half," said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had in a baby's general depository, to wit, his mouth.

"Rum fellow!" said the man. "Knows what's what!" and he whistled, and walked on. When he had got to the other side of the boat, he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

The stranger produced a match, and lighted a cigar, saying, as he did so:

"Decentish kind o' wench you've got round there, stranger."

"Why I reckon she *is* to'able fair," said Haley, blowing the smoke out of his mouth.

"Taking her down south?" said the man.

Haley nodded, and smoked on.

"Plantation hand?" said the man.

"Wal," said Haley, "I'm fillin' out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook; and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton-picking. She's got the right fingers for that; I looked at 'em. Sell well either way;" and Haley resumed his cigar.

"They won't want the young 'un on a plantation," said the man.

"I shall sell him, first chance I find," said Haley, lighting another cigar.

"S'pose you'd be selling him to'able cheap," said the stranger, mounting the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

"Don't know 'bout that," said Haley; "he's a pretty smart young un,—straight, fat, strong; flesh as hard as a brick?"

"Very true, but then there's all the bother and expense of raisin'."

"Nonsense!" said Haley; "they is raised as easy as any kind of critter there is going; they an't a bit more trouble than pups. This yer chap will be running all round in a month."

"I've got a good place for raisin', and I thought of takin' in a little more stock," said the man. "One cook lost a young un, last week,—got drowned in a wash-tub, while she was a hangin' out clothes,—and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to raisin' this yer."

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seeming willing to broach the test question of the interview. At last the man resumed:

"You wouldn't think of wantin' more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you *must* get him off yer hand, anyhow?"

Haley shook his head, and spit impressively.

"That won't do, no ways," he said, and began his smoking again.

"Well, stranger, what will you take?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "I *could* raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he's

oncommon likely and healthy, and he'd fetch a hundred dollars, six months hence; and in a year or two, he'd bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot;—so I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now."

"O, stranger! that's rediculous, altogether," said the man.

"Fact!" said Haley, with a decisive nod of his head.

"I'll give thirty for him," said the stranger, "but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I will do," said Haley, spitting again with renewed decision.

"I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man, after an interval.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "Very fair, we get there about dusk. Chap will be asleep,—all fair,—get him off quietly, and no screaming,—happens beautiful,—I like to do everything quietly,—I hates all kind of agitation fluster." And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man's pocket-book to the trader's, he resumed his cigar.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprang to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters who thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope she pressed forward to the front rails, and, stretching far over them strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"Now's your time," said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him up and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal." The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there,—the child was gone!

"Why, why,—where?" she began, in bewildered surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know'd you couldn't take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can."

The trader had arrived at that stage of

Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every human weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought, with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion on the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institutions, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through the heart, for cry or tear.

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm.

The trader, who, considering his advantages, was almost as humane as some of our politicians, seemed to feel called on to administer such consolation as the case admitted of.

"I know this yer comes kinder hard at first, Lucy," said he; "but such a smart, sensible gal as you are, won't give way to it. You see it's necessary, and can't be helped!"

"O! don't, Mas'r, don't!" said the woman, with a voice like one that is smothering.

"You're a smart wench, Lucy," he persisted, "I mean to do well by ye, and get ye a nice place down river; and you'll soon get another husband,—such a likely gal as you—"

"O! Mas'r, if you *only* won't talk to me now," said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak.

The trader walked up and down for a time and occasionally stopped and looked at her.

"Takes it hard, rather," he soliloquized, "but quiet, tho';—let her sweat a while; she'll come right, by and by!"

Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him, it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, be-

cause, poor, ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalize, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain ministers of Christianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in it an everyday incident of a lawful trade; a trade which is the vital support of an institution which an American divine\* tells us "*has no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life.*" But Tom, as we see, being a poor, ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him for what seemed to him the wrongs of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes; the feeling, living, bleeding, yet immortal thing, which American state law coolly classes with the bundles, and bales, and boxes, among which she is lying.

Tom drew near, and tried to say something; but she only groaned. Honestly, and with tears running down his own cheeks, he spoke of a heart of love in the skies, of a pitying Jesus, and an eternal home; but the ear was deaf with anguish, and the palsied heart could not feel.

Night came on,—night calm, unmoved, and glorious, shining down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice or helping hand from that distant sky. One after another, voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature,—"*O! what shall I do? O Lord! O good Lord, do help me!*" and so, ever and anon, until the murmur died away in silence.

At midnight, Tom waked, with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head,—the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still, at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it.

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labor in love; for sure as he is God, "the year of his redeemed *shall come.*"

The trader waked up bright and early, and

\* Dr. Joel Parker, of Philadelphia.



came out to see to his live stock. It was now his turn to look about in perplexity.

"Where alive is that gal?" he said to Tom.

Tom, who had learned the wisdom of keeping counsel, did not feel called on to state his observations and suspicions, but said he did not know.

"She surely couldn't have got off in the night at any of the landings, for I was awake, and on the look-out, whenever the boat stopped. I never trust these yer things to other folks."

This speech was addressed to Tom quite confidentially, as if it was something that would be especially interesting to him. Tom made no answer.

The trader searched the boat from stem to stern, among boxes, bales and barrels, around the machinery, by the chimneys, in vain.

"Now, I say, Tom, be fair about this yer," he said, when, after a fruitless search, he came where Tom was standing. "You know something about it, now. Don't tell me,—I know you do. I saw the gal stretched out here about ten o'clock, and ag'in at twelve, and ag'in between one and two; and then at four she was gone, and you was a sleeping right there all the time. Now, you know something—you can't help it."

"Well, Mas'r," said Tom, "towards morning something brushed by me, and I kinder half woke; and then I hearn a great splash, and then I clare woke up, and the gal was gone. That's all I know on't."

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of Death struck no solemn chill upon him. He had seen Death many times,—met him in the way of trade, and got acquainted with him,—and he only thought of him as a hard customer, that embarrassed his property operations very unfairly; and so he only swore that the gal was a baggage, and that he was devilish unlucky, and that, if things went on in this way, he should not make a cent on the trip. In short, he seemed to consider himself an ill-used man, decidedly; but there was no help for it, as the woman had escaped into a state which *never will* give up a fugitive,—not even at the demand of the whole glorious Union. The trader, therefore, sat discontentedly down, with his little account-book, and put down the missing body and soul under the head of *losses!*

"He's a shocking creature, isn't he,—this trader? so unfeeling! It's dreadful, really!"

"O, but nobody thinks anything of these traders! They are universally despised,—never received into any decent society."

But who, sir, makes the trader? Who is most to blame? The enlightened, cultivated, intelligent man, who supports the system of which the trader is the inevitable result, or

the poor trader himself? You make the public sentiment that calls for this trade, that debauches and depraves him, till he feels no shame in it; and in what are you better than he?

Are you educated and he ignorant, you high and he low, you refined and he coarse, you talented and he simple?

In the day of a future Judgment, these very considerations may make it more tolerable for him than for you.

In concluding these little incidents of lawful trade, we must beg the world not to think that American legislators are entirely destitute of humanity, as might perhaps, be unfairly inferred from the great efforts made in our national body to protect and perpetuate this species of traffic.

Who does not know how our great men are outdoing themselves, in declaiming against the *foreign* slave-trade. There are a perfect host of Clarksons and Wilberforces risen up among us on that subject, most edifying to hear and behold. Trading negroes from Africa, dear reader, is so horrid! It is not to be thought of! But trading them from Kentucky,—that's quite another thing!

LEGEND FOR THE FACULTY.—About the middle of the 14th century all the physicians in Madrid were suddenly alarmed by the intrusion of the ghosts of their patients. Their doors were so besieged by the spectres of the dead, that there was no entrance for the living. It was observed that a single *medico* of no reputation, and living very obscurely, was incommoded with only one of these unearthly visitors. All Madrid flocked incontinently to the fortunate practitioner, who accordingly pocketed fees by the bushel. He continued to reap a plentiful harvest till his brethren promulgated the unfortunate discovery, that the aforesaid single ghost, was, when alive, the only patient that ever consulted him!—*Camerarius.*

TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.—At the first rehearsal of this celebrated Drama, the following was the cast:—

LORD RANDOLPH.—Dr. Robertson, *historian.*

GLENALVON.—David Hume, *Do.*

OLD NORVAL.—Dr. Carlyle, *minister of Musselburgh.*

DOUGLAS.—John Home, *the author.*

LADY RANDOLPH.—Professor Ferguson.

ANNA (the Maid).—Dr. Ifugh Blair.

The following anecdote of George the Third is not without its moral:—"I was accompanied by Turnerelli, the sculptor, to whom His Majesty sat for his bust; touching which I may relate an anecdote, characteristic enough of the manner and astuteness of the sovereign. Sitting one morning, he abruptly asked, 'What's your name?'—'Turnerelli, Sir!' replied the artist.—'Oh, sye, so it is,' rejoined the monarch; 'Turnerelli, elli, that is, Turner, and the elli, to make the g-esc follow you.'"

## FUTURITY.

River of my soul that flowest  
 Onward through the gloom ;  
 Unto what bright ocean goest  
 Thou, beyond the tomb :  
 That dread desert, parched and drear,  
 Where thy waters disappear !

Nought can be annihilated,  
 Nothing that hath life ;  
 And what hath not ? All created  
 Things with change are rife ;  
 Yet, what hath been—it shall be,  
 Unto all eternity !

Earthly things return to earth ;  
 Vapours to the air ;  
 Exhalations, which have birth  
 From the ocean, share  
 This same all-pervading power,  
 And return in every shower.

Countless generations sleep  
 Underneath our feet ;  
 Roaring torrents onward sweep,  
 Mother floods to meet :  
 Yet the dry land groweth not,  
 And the sea o'erfloweth not.

Crystal streams that from the mountain  
 Flow, yet run not dry ;  
 Do ye not like Life's red fountain,  
 Your own source supply ?  
 And as ye in circles roll,  
 So, the river of my soul.

Flowing first from God—the ocean  
 Whence all life doth flow ;  
 Steadily with onward motion  
 To the source doth go :  
 And the circle made complete,  
 Higher life, not death, doth meet !

Death is the horizon line,  
 Bounding mortal sight ;  
 Darkness shows the sun's decline,  
 Not the end of light :  
 Still the bright orb sheds its ray ;  
 Still the soul flows on its way.

ERRO.

Henry VIII. murdered to avoid the charge of adultery ; so in our times, also, men, who seduce the wife, clear their honour by shooting the husband.

## THE CRUSADER OF BIGORRE.

## A LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

DURING our stay at Bagnères we made an excursion to the Chateau de Bénac, once the property of that doughty crusader, Sire Bos de Bénac, whose marvellous return from the Holy Land, through the aid of the devil, is still the favorite history of the neighbouring peasantry. The chateau stands well, looking down upon a straggling village of the same name, and on the pretty, tumbling river Etechez, and was originally a very respectable place of defence, with its ramparts, its three huge towers, and its walls full eight feet thick. Nor does time appear to have had much power over it ; but, alas ! the peasant who purchased it after the first revolution, has worked so vigorously at its destruction, that he has razed to the ground the tower, once used as a prison, reduced that towards the east to nearly his own level, while the southern tower is split from its roof to its foundation.

The chapel has been suffered to remain intact, that it may serve as a stable ! The present mistress of the castle and her companion, a bright, lively montagnarde, related to us Sire Bos de Bénac's wonderful history with charming vivacity, pointing out, as they proceeded, the famous breach made by the demon in the southern tower, which nobody has ever been able to repair, and which the crowbar and hammer of the peasant have respected. In part of the original building we were shown a vaulted room, said to have been that of the crusader, in the wall of which was formerly to be seen a tablet of marble, on which was engraven in letters of gold the knight's marvellous adventure. An Englishman is said to have bought and carried off this odd addition to his travelling baggage ; but the memory of the peasants supplies the void, and I give the lines as I heard them, in the original :—

" Ayant resté sept ans au Terre-Sainte,  
 Le démon en trois jours m'a porté ;  
 Mais, déclarant mon nom on me taxe de feinte  
 Pour courir à l'Hyemen ; quelle deloyauté !  
 Je fais voir mon amcan, mon vieux levrier j'appelle,  
 Et c'est le seul témoin que je trouve fidèle.  
 Démon ! ce plat de noix paiera ton transport,  
 Et je vais dans la solitude  
 Me guérir, songeant à la mort,  
 De ce que ton emploi me fait inquietude."

" I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Now, you must know, that at the time when Philip I. was King of France, there was in the country of Bigorre, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a brave and powerful knight, called Messire Bos de Bénac. This knight was one day leaning dreamily against the parapet of his castle, his eyes fixed on the Pic du Midi, though he saw it not, and yawning from very idleness. There was no passing guest to play at chess with him ; he had given his armour its highest polish ; he had visited his stables, his kennels, and his hawks ; and Roland, his beautiful white greyhound, tired with the morning's course, only replied to the capricious calls of his master by lazily raising his sharp nose. At this moment the chaplain appeared at the further end of the meadows, whipping on his pony to unwonted speed. The Lord of Bénac hastened down to

meet him; more, in truth, from want of occupation, than from true courtesy.

"What news, Sir Priest?"

"Great and surprising news!" answered he.

"What! is there war with Béarn, Foix, or Comenenges!—with the King of Arragon or Count of Toulouse?"

"Heaven defend us from all such! War between princes! war among Christians!—mere sacrilege! But hearken and I will tell you of a holy war—a war ordained of heaven."

The priest then commenced a recital of the sufferings and humiliations of the pilgrims in the Holy Land, the insolence of the infidels, and the ruin of Christianity. Sire Bos's eyes flashed as he listened.

"And wherefore delay to punish the miscreants?" he exclaimed.

"Such in fact, is the intention," replied the chaplain. "A brave and holy gentleman of Picardy is returned from beyond the seas, his heart bursting with virtuous indignation; he goes, from city to city, from town to town, from chateau to chateau, telling of the profanation of the sacred tomb, and the oppression of the Christians. At his voice all are moved; he draws after him knights and lords, ladies, monks, bishops, clerks, and serfs; his voice is like that of an angel, which none can resist. With a cross sewed on the left shoulder, they set forth shouting, 'God wills it!'"

"God wills it—yes, God wills it," answered Sire Bos, in a voice interrupted by sobs. "And where are these valiant men?"

"Some are gone towards Hungary, others sweep on towards Marseilles. Peter the Hermit, clad as a penitent, a cord round his waist, his feet bare and beard unshorn, weak in body, but inexhaustible in spirit, leads one party of the mighty host; the other is headed by the valiant Captain Godfrey de Bouillon."

"And I restidly here!" cried the young knight, striking his spurs against the pavement, "while others are already on their way. Bernard, Gaudens, Privat!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. "Sire Rupert, my Squire? Let my household be armed—assemble my vassals; I must have twenty lances under my banner; let my slingers refit their bicoles—put on your coats of mail! Go, call Raymond the Sluggish, who ought to be ever at my side to receive my orders." And the fiery chevalier swore at his major-domo, and at every serving-man who did not appear at his call.

When, at last, they were all assembled, from Rupert, his Squire, who was of the house of Montgaillard, down to the goat and swine-herds, and to the lowest drudge who fed the dogs and the hawks, he made known to them the words of the chaplain, with such vehemence of language and of gesture, that they became, one and all, inflamed with hatred towards the Saracens. The knight, then taking off his cap, and kneeling down, said:

"Mon Père, give me the cross, and let all those present have the good fortune to receive it with me."

A piece of scarlet cloth was brought by Ghiberta, the knight's nurse whose office of housekeeper was indicated by the jingling bunch of keys that hung from her girdle; Michelotte, the young girl who aided her in the care of the castle, stood, with

downcast eyes and heightened colour, before her Seigneur, cutting out the crosses with a huge pair of scissors, and presenting them to the chaplain, who, having first blessed them, fastened them on the breasts of the knight's followers. Scarcely was the ceremony over, when Bos shouted—

"Forward to the work! Maitre Raymond, look in the iron chest, see what remains of the Tournois livres and Morlan sous, which my father bequeathed to me at his death; and since 'God wills it,' call in the rents, mortgage the fiefs, borrow from the Abbey of St. Savin—from the monks of St. Sever de Kostang—from the Chapter of Tarbes. . . . Ah! if we had but a Jew! but alas! there is not one of the accursed race in all Bigorre. Money, nevertheless, must be had—be-gone!" Then turning to the chaplain, he inquired how he had heard all that he had related.

"At the bishop's palace at Tarbes, where it was told with shouts and praise. Lord Gaston, of Béarn is already marching to join Raymond, Count of Toulouse."

"And I shall arrive the last," groaned the knight; "nothing will be left for me to do!"

"Heaven, Seigneur, will consider your good intentions."

"Should heaven make up its accounts with me," said Sire Bos, rather sharply, "it will not be so easily satisfied."

In a few hours, when Sire Bos's great heart beat more quietly in his bosom—when he had examined one by one and affectionately kissed every piece of his armour—when he had put his war-horse through all his paces, he passed his hand thoughtfully over his forehead, and called for his mountain pony, agile as a goat.

"My cousins of Baudéan are further in the mountains, and, by our Lady of Puy, it would be ungracious to depart without inviting them to the enterprise."

Springing on the pony, he struck his spurs into it, and galloped off. He passed Baguères-les-bains, entered the valley of Campan, and the clock of Baudéan struck eleven as he knocked at the gate.

"Ho! who comes at this hour?"

"Sire Bos de Bénac."

At this name, the drawbridge was lowered, and the Châtelain and his son hastened to meet Bos.

"Fair cousin," they all exclaimed at the same moment, "God wills it."

"You have heard of the crusade?" inquired Bos, breathlessly.

"We are just returned from Tarbes."

By the light of the torches they showed the cross, and embraced each other. The Lady of Baudéan, and her young daughter Mathe, stood on the threshold, silent and sorrowful. Bos kissed the hands of his aunt and cousin, saying joyously:

"Fair aunt are our scarfs ready?"

But Mathe's hand, retained in his, trembled violently.

"Dear nephew," said the Châtelaine, in a voice which faltered in spite of her efforts, "you have taken us by surprise; but I will divide between my husband, Sancho, and yourself a piece of the true cross, to be your help in time of need."

"Iolande," said the Sire de Baudéan, "the women of France have more courage than you."

"They have not resolution to remain behind,"

murmured Mathe, restraining her tears with difficulty.

When Sire Bos joined the Lords of Baudéan at their repast, he remembered that he had had no time for eating since noon. A quarter of izard, a shoulder of mutton, a roast goose, were buried in huge deep dishes, with broad edges, on which serpents, birds, and lizards were prettily designed. The table was covered with butter from Campan, cheese from Ossun, apples and walnuts from the plain, and the wines of Spain and Roussillon sparkled in silver drinking-cups, rivalling the tints of the ruby and amber. The knights drank to Peter the Hermit, to the first engagement, the honour of the ladies, and the taking of Jerusalem. The Lady Iolande herself superintended the buffet, and on this evening waited on her relatives with a demeanour full of care, dignity and sorrow. Notwithstanding the goodness of the wine, however, Sire Bos became occasionally *distract*, when turning his eyes towards the darkest corner of the room, where sat Mathe, in a high chair, nearly hidden from view. As soon as he could leave the table, he approached her, saying, as he passed his large hand over her silky hair:

"Cousin, are you sleeping already?"

"Think you I would sleep to shorten the few hours that remain?"

The gentle girl's feet rested on a stool of black cloth, worked in coloured wool. Bos knelt on the stool, and, placing his hands on the two arms of the chair, he looked in Mathe's face. The tears were slowly rolling down her fair cheeks; she bent her head over the knight's hand. Bos's manly heart was moved; he had never called her aught but "Mathe," or "cousin," but now he murmured, "My own beloved."

"Rather say, 'poor forsaken one,'" answered Mathe; "I lose father, brother, and you, Bos; and where shall I turn for comfort or support?"

"Here, dearest; and Bos drew her to his heart, and as her fair head leant on his breast, she looked up sorrowfully at him, and said:

"Here, for one hour?"

"For thy life."

"Oh, cousin Bos," she replied, despondingly, "and if the Saracens should come here?"

"Fear nothing—*God wills it*, and thou wilt pray for me. Mathe, wilt thou be my ladye and my châtelaine?—wilt thou that I ask thy hand of thy parents? The Pope will grant us the dispensation."

"I will, said Mathe," putting her hand in his, "for if without thee, I would have become a nun—no other should ever be my husband."

The Lord of Bénéac arose, leading his cousin: she—pale, slender, overcome by her emotions; he—tall, high in courage, and strong of will. They approached the Sire of Baudéan, who was busily instructing his wife as to the management of his affairs during his absence, recommending prudence and a retired life for her and his daughter.

"Noble Sire," said Bos, "and you my fair aunt, will you accept me for your son?"

"What would you have, my nephew? do we not love you even as our son Sancho?"

"That does not content me; you must give me my cousin Mathe to wife."

"By the holy St. Savin! that is impossible—you are relations in the fourth degree."

"It is a difficulty that can be overcome—obviated at Rome. I will give as many livres Tournois as are required, and pasture-ground to the Abbey of St. Sévar de Kostang, and a serf to the church of Ibos."

"Do so," said the Sire de Baudéan; if you succeed, she is yours."

"How long have you loved your cousin?" asked Iolande of her child.

"How can I say? my love has grown with me."

"Behold," cried Bos, with a loud voice, "my betrothed before God and man. While I am absent from her, my heart will be a stranger to joy; naught can equal her in my eyes but fame of arms, my faith as a Christian, and the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre."

"Add my nephew, if the Church consents."

"She will consent."

Mathe gave her troth in a voice full of tenderness and grief:

"Bos, I am thine, here, or in the blessed Paradise."

"And may we all meet there," responded those present.

Sancho loosened the blue and silver ribbon from his sister's head, saying—"Sister Mathe, give him a love token."

"Knight," said the trembling girl, "may this gift from your ladye cause you neither coil nor death!"

The two Lords of Baudéan laughed at her emotion, while she hid her face in her mother's bosom; and Bos smiled as at the speech of a child.

"Nevertheless," said he, "some blood must be shed for this gift—either mine or the accursed Saracens's."

At these words Iolande felt Mathe's head sink heavily on her shoulder—she had fainted.

"Bos, my son," said the Châtelaine, angrily, "you cannot love this silly coward—this wren that has been placed in an eagle's nest!"

The Lord of Bénéac carried the fainting girl, light and fair as the down of the swan, to catch the breeze from the mountain at the open casement, watching with tender solicitude till she should open her eyes.

"She is not formed to live without support," said he. "Poor gentle dove! Sweet may-flower! rest on my bosom."

\* \* \* \* \*

Seven years later where were these cavaliers—these men at arms—those archers that followed the three Lords of Bigorre, carrying lances and halberds, pikes and slings, after their banners and pennons? Of that troop which left the castles of Baudéan and Bénéac with such proud step, raising clouds of dust, and making the air ring with the clang of trumpets and clarions—of all those, but thirty ever set foot on the shores of Palestine. Some were floating on the waves of the Mediterranean, amid the shattered timbers of wrecks; others met death in Cyprus, or under the walls of Constantinople; and of these thirty, there soon remained only the two Lords of Baudéan, lying, side by side, on the plain of Joppa, their faces scarred with wounds—vultures darting their beaks against their unprotected skulls, and jackalls prowling around them. The Lord of Bénéac, that impetuous lord, lay bound in the bed of an old cistern, at the bottom of a tower, a captive to the

Saracens, and scarcely half recovered from twenty wounds;—swearing, stamping, striking his head and his fists against the massive walls; praying to God and all the saints; calling on Jerusalem, and kissing a blue and silver ribbon, spotted with large dark stains. It was Mathe's love-gift—Mathe's, who before his departure had become his wife. The good knight plucked up fresh courage every morning, as a pious knight should do; but the evening found him crouched on the pavement, sad and despairing, his hands clasped convulsively together, and his eyes unnaturally strained on the damp-stained walls. Inaction was killing him; the cold damp of the prison chilled his heart, and a longing to see his wife consumed him. Suddenly he exclaimed—

"I would rather give myself to the Evil one than remain here any longer!"

The Devil, always at hand and on the watch, appeared. It was not Lucifer, that great archangel, with proud front, blackened with the thunderbolts of heaven, yet beautiful still, even in his guilt; it was one of those wicked inferior spirits, encased in a form, half man, half goat, with a shrill malicious laugh—with horns and hoofs—that vulgar devil, one of Lucifer's satellites, who traffics in souls and makes bargains with misers, usurers, unjust judges, usurpers and other thieves—a demon who has the same offer for the poor wretch who covets a well-filled purse, as for the great man who is tempted by a throne.

"Take your wish, and give me your soul. Command me," said the Devil to the knight.

"Oh, ho!" said Sire Bos, "I should not have suspected that you were my companion here!"

"I am always ready to render a service."

"At what price?"

"Nothing in this life. You may, if you wish it, live to be a hundred years old; afterwards you will belong to me. That is but fair."

"Aunt!—it is an evil compact."

"Think over it, however," returned the demon. "At this very hour Godfrey de Bouillon flaunts through Jerusalem, and you are absent."

Bos made a gesture of despair.

"The crusaders are embarking for their own country; you will never again see your Castle of Bénéac perfumed by the southern breeze from the mountains."

The knight's head sunk on his breast.

"You will rot in the sepulchre which you entered alive."

The hands of the knight were clenched.

"Your lands are ravaged by your old enemy and rival, the Baron des Angles. You cannot chastise him; he will laugh at your misfortunes in your own house."

The knight started to his feet—

"He loves your wife, Mathe; she is beset by his attendants; her heart fails."

"Hast thou yet more to tell me, thou more than devil?"

"If you desire it, I will generously show you Mathe, as a pledge of our bargain."

"Show me Mathe."

Immediately the Castle of Baudéan, where Mathe had remained with her mother, appeared on the damp wall, like a fine picture. There was the room of the afflicted Châtelaine of Bénéac—her large bed of green sammete, whose hangings re-

presented the history of Sainte Quettérie, a young maiden martyred at Aire, in Gascony, who carried her head, bright with glory, in her hands. The carpets were of the black bear and red fox of the mountains, into whose thick fur the feet of the attendant maidens sunk without a sound; the coffer of black wood, inlaid with box, containing her wools and needles; the Prie-Dieu in front of a finely carved ivory crucifix; on the right, a *bénitier* of silver-gilt and enamel; on the left, a reliquary embroidered with the Agnus of Rome; beneath, the presentation to the temple and St. James. Mathe, kneeling on the cushion of the Prie-Dieu, appeared to hold to life but by a thread; her thin, white hands, on which the blue veins might be counted, were raised to heaven, and she prayed:—"My Saviour! and you, Blessed Mary! and you, my lord St. James, patron of my house, deliver my father from all evil!—deliver my brother from all evil!—deliver me from all danger!—and may Bos, my beloved husband, rest in peace!" The false Baron des Angles raised the hangings, and entered the room familiarly, exclaiming—"By our Lady of Bigorre, if you still continue to despise my love, and still refuse to become my wife, you shall no longer be Châtelaine of your possessions, for I will give them up to the fire and the sword, and you shall become my concubine in a dungeon."

Mathe replied with tears—"My lord give me yet fifteen days; if, in that time, I shall receive no news of him after seven years' absence, I shall consider him dead, and will become your lawful wife."

Gradually the picture faded from the wall, and there remained but the damp streaming down.

"To-day is the fifteenth day," said the Devil; "the Baron des Angles is resolved, from mockery and ostentation, to marry your wife, in your castle, in your chapel."

"Make thy bargain!" exclaimed Bos.

"So be it," said the demon; "for you, long life and happiness; for me, your soul!"

"My soul is not mine, it belongs to God."

"Well, then, your heart?"

"My heart is my king's; let us, however agree that victory shall remain with him who can outwit the other."

"So be it," again said the demon, feeling sufficiently secure of his prey.

"Thou must convey me this very evening to my Castle of Bénéac."

"In a moment, if you desire it; but I prefer passing a few hours on the way for the pleasure of the journey."

"I invite thee to supper."

"You may spare yourself that demonstration of hospitality."

"Thou art invited to supper after vespers; it is a condition of the treaty; thou must sup after me."

"Before or after," answered the demon; "I am not proud after the manner of men."

"Thou shalt have what I leave; if thou findest anything thou canst bite, I give myself to thee."

"Knight, my teeth are good."

"Demon, I will incur the risk."

The wicked spirit laughed fearfully like the hissing of a serpent, or the creaking of rusty bolts.

"Laugh," said the knight, gravely, "and by the holy mass, I shall not be the one to weep."

"You shall have all my pleasures," said the demon, adding: "Take off your cross."

"I do not quarrel with thy feet or horns," replied the knight; "let each have his device and his mark."

"Thou embarrasses me," said the Devil, gruffly. "Then break the bargain."

"No; so many are thus marked and yet are mine. Let us go."

The walls opened; they passed out, and the evil spirit, taking Bos's hand, which he burnt to the very marrow, placed him on a cloud. Those who on sea or land saw the black vapour floating towards the west, crossed themselves, and pointed to it as the precursor of a horrible tempest, or some fearful calamity. Sire Bos, with a tranquil heart, floated on without uneasiness.

"I never desire a better steed," said Sire Bos.

"You are not so easily put out, I see," replied the demon.

As they passed over the Island of Rhodes, he observed:

"Many of the knights of that sect will become mice, bartering their poverty and vow of chastity for my works and pomp."

"They will leave the Saracens whom they have killed, in payment," answered Bos.

They saw Nismes, that famed city of the Romans, sacked by Normans and Saracens, in ruins, and almost depopulated.

"Oh! the stupidity of mankind!" exclaimed the Devil, "who, having so few years to live, shorten those few by war."

"Hold thy tongue, varlet of hell," replied the knight, disdainfully; "thou knowest not the value of fame, nor the smile of beauty, nor the praise of minstrels—things far above life."

"Oh," said the demon, "excuse me; war is one of our inspirations—it is we who implant that passion in your hearts."

"Poor devil, I pity thee! thou hast no good sword, which thou lovest as a mistress, with which thou canst practise for hours how to wound or slay thine enemies in front or rear."

When skirting Roussillon, they observed its warm and voluptuous manners; its dances, where the female, shot up from the ground, falls back gently on the firm encircling arm of her skillful partner. Both knight and demon smiled at the sight of this pastime.

"Hurrah for the crusades," said the latter; "while you are discomforted out there, your wives and daughters dance in the flowery meadows."

"The faithless ones!" murmured the knight.

"Every woman has three things light belonging to her," said the demon, "her heart, her tongue, and her feet. If you had remained in Palestine a little longer, your Mathe would have loved the Baron des Angles. She would have confessed it to him; and, if he had become tired of her, she would have run after him."

"Thou liest in thy throat."

"You are captious, Sir Knight."

"Retract thy words!"

"Men alone retract them."

The demon desiring a little diversion caused the vapour to become so light, that Messire Bos found nothing whereon to rest his material body; but nothing daunted, he shouted—

"I will pursue thee even to thy caldrons—I will reach thee either by valour, miracle, or magic."

"Shift for yourself as you can," said the demon, quietly.

"Avant thou Evil One! Thou leavest me in the hands of God."

"A truce," said the Devil, whose whole being was troubled at that word—"a truce, and keep your lips from uttering that word."

"I will keep it in my heart," thought the knight.

They were now above Toulouse—which had been called the Rome of the Garonne—then proud of its basilicas raised on its ancient temples. The bells of its four-and-twenty towers sounded the knell for the dead.

"It is for Raymond of St. Gilles, the bold crusader," said the Devil, "who died in Palestine, in his Castle of Pilgrimage, and whose son has been driven hence by Guillaume de Poitiers."

The knight, still incensed against the demon, answered not, but bent in honour of the illustrious Comte de Toulouse. Rubbing his hands, the devil continued:

"In two or three centuries the Pope will make a crusade against this fine country of Languedoc. For our benefit he will exterminate whole armies of heretics, without, however, obtaining for that deed a quitance for the condemned crusaders."

"Wicked juggler! of what boastest thou? Have heretics a soul? Is not every crusader absolved from his sins?"

In a short time they floated over the rich lands of Bigorre—over its rounded mountains, looking, in the distance, like a camp assemblage of giants' tents. They saw the impetuous Etchez rolling its foaming waves along, and the three lofty towers of Bénéac standing proudly on the hill which rises above the village, and commands the three valleys. Sire Bos devoutly saluted his native soil and the heritage of his fathers.

"This little spot in the universe, to which your poor heart clings so fondly, will not long be the property of those of your name."

"I hope, however, to have offspring."

"From the Mentauts it will pass to the Rohan-Rocheforts, until a great tempest shall uproot the seigneurs, to replace them by the sons of serfs. The descendant of one of those whom you see bending under his labour, shall become the possessor of your castle, and will amuse himself with destroying it bit by bit. The winds and birds of heaven will do the rest."

"Ere one of these serfs shall pull down the great towers of Bénéac, thou, oh, vassal of Satan! must reign on the earth."

"Every one in his turn, Baron—you first, then your serf."

The knight whistled a hunting air, then said:

"If all that thou hast said should come to pass in a thousand years or so, what would be said of me?"

"Two good women, spinning, shall recount your history, as an old wife's tale, in the midst of the ruins."

"Thus thou seest," said the knight, drawing himself up, "that so much as the name of that serf, if he ever exist, will not be known; but a knight is as immortal as thou art."

The cloud sank down gently on a hill in front of Bénéac, on the other side of the Etchez. The de-

mon, where he put foot to the ground, left an ineffaceable mark, which may still be viewed without danger, provided one previously makes the sign of the cross. The evening breeze whistled through the branches of the apple and walnut trees. A small path, scarcely traced on the side of the redoubt, showed how few were those who now frequented the castle. In the entrance court the thistle and nettle grew in luxuriant wildness, the melissa threw out its aromatic tufts from the walls, the houseleek blossomed in the crevices of the threshold, large cobwebs hung over the stable-doors, and the open kennels were noiseless. The good knight's heart sank at the remembrance of former days, when friends, retainers, coursers and falcons, had assembled so joyously in those courts. A tear, the first since the death of his mother, dimmed his eyes, and he turned aside to hide it from the demon; but that malicious spirit had seen it as it rose from the heart, and, with flattering tone, said:

"Fair sir, joy and life will return here; gay hunters, brave knights, minstrels with their harps, and bright maidens, will come to welcome you, and celebrate your fame. Do you desire pages, esquires, like a prince? or Arab coursers, more docile and accomplished than those of the Soudan, with Moorish slave, prostrate before you to lead them? Will you have Eastern beauties to dance and sing before you when you are weary? or will you be honoured as a bishop or mitred abbé? Would you be content to raise the envy of the Count of Bigorre, your Seigneur? or will you depose him, and take his rank?"

Without reply the knight hastily mounted the steps of the entrance. The heavy knocker, in his angry hand, struck the door with violence, and resounded, echoing, from the towers. A long silence succeeded, and Sire Bos was again raising the knocker, when hasty and heavy footsteps were heard; and the aged face of Nurse Ghiberta appeared at the grating, with distended eyes and mouth.

"Ah! mother Ghiberta, have you forgotten Sire Bos de Bénac?"

"Unlucky wight!" answered she, "do you dare to joke with the sorrows of this place? Be gone and may you never again have occasion for laughter."

"Alas!" said the knight, "am I, then, but a phantom, with the devil by my side? Oh! nurse, nurse, has age deprived you of sight, that you cannot recognise your old master—he whom you have nursed in your arms and nourished at your bosom?"

"No, no! How could Sire Bos, my handsome foster-child, be so thin and haggard? Where are his armour and war-steed? Where are his people? Would he have returned on foot like a penitent, and almost naked, like the basest serf?"

Bos replied with a sigh: "All my companions are slain, mother; all are passed from life unto death! By the will of God, I alone return."

Ghiberta raised her hands in horror. "All slain! Thou liest! Certes thou liest, false pilgrim, in the hope of a night's lodging."

"By the bones of the ten thousand virgins, by all the relics of the Theban legion! thou shalt learn who I am."

The Devil who had taken the appearance of a chorister of a cathedral, now said:

"Dame Ghiberta we come on the part of the Baron des Angles—open the door."

"Ah! where, then, was the use of deceiving me? are you not, at last, masters here? Wherefore stir up the shreds of a poor vassal's heart in order to discover there the cherished remembrance of her lord? Will you impute it to me as a crime that I am faithful to his memory? Ah! I see how it is! My son Bos, my dear son, has been engaged with the accursed infidels, and will never return to take vengeance of his enemies."

The good Bigorraise wiped her aged eyes, drew aside the bolts, turned the key, and removed the iron bars which secured the double doors, murmuring to herself as she did so:

"Oh! many's the time I have thus opened the door when the young Baron came in after curfew, in order that the Chatelaine, his honoured mother, should not suspect anything."

The knight and the devil entered. A boy left in the château, because seven years back he was too young to follow his seigneur, aided Michelotte to light a fire in the great hall where the wide chimney-piece rested on two gigantic lions of the yellow marble of Campan, whose frightful claws, teeth, and mane were curiosities much celebrated in the province. The fire burnt brightly, throwing a high and clear flame, which detached the swallows nests in the chimney, and dislodged the bats suspended therein. It lighted up the large bearskins hanging from the beams, with stag's horns—the slender heads of the izards surmounted by their pretty black horns—the tusks of the wild boar—eagles and vultures, with outstretched wings;—along the wood-work were also suspended boar-spears and nets, cornets and trumpets, all rusty and covered with dust. Messire Bos gazed sorrowfully on these noble signs of past sports.

"Gougat," said he to the varlet, "are there still bears in the mountains?"

"More than men."

The wily demon approaching said:

"Fair sir, by daybreak to-morrow you will possess the finest pointers from Spain, the best grey-hounds of England—a pack of hounds with never-fading scent, untiring in pursuit, whose deep baying shall be heard beyond the mountains. Your huntsmen's horns shall waken even the dead lords in their vaults, and you will follow the chase on a steed that shall exceed the stag in speed, or on a strong hackney which fears not the wild boar. Your falconers will present you with milk-white gerfalcons from Italy, and merlins whose eyes defy the sun, and who will strike down an eagle with wings measuring twenty feet across."

The Sire de Bénac listened with open eyes, distended nostrils, and impatient foot to the flattering words of the demon; then said coolly:

"The time for such amusements and luxuries is not yet come."

Continuing the tour of the hall, he came opposite the distaff of his mother, placed with its spindles on a small stand.

"Oh! my mother," said he mentally, "you who lived and died devoutly, aid me now."

Michelotte came in. Seven years had only developed, not destroyed her youthful charms; tall, strong, fresh, and plump, she was a good specimen of a Bigorraise.

"Michelotte," said the knight, "let us see if

your young eyes will be better than those of old Ghiberta; do you recognise me?"

"St. Saven help me! Where do you suppose I should have seen such a face as yours, unless it were among the wretched followers of the Baron des Angles, or in the halter in the crossing of Vie?"

"Your pretty little figure has increased, and your fine skin is less fair; nevertheless I remember you well, young one. Have you, then, quite forgotten Sire Bos de Bénac?"

"Sire Bos, the handsome brave knight, praised and beloved by all the young girls of Bigorre. No, truly; the image of my dear lord lives in my heart as a bright star, and bears no resemblance to you."

"Ah! fiend," said Bos to the demon, "this is certainly one of your tricks."

"I never trouble myself to efface. Men have no need of aid there—made to live but a moment, each step is short."

Michelotte assisted Ghiberta in pouring the Spanish wine from the skins into broad decanters, and placing them on the sideboard. She then put tallow-candles into the high silver candelabras.

"Do the bees of Bénac no longer yield honey, mother Ghiberta?" inquired the knight.

"They still yield it, grace be to God! but tallow will be good enough for this evening's fête; the wax may be kept for the dead."

She proceeded to open the coffers to select linen and quilts.

"You have but one bed to provide for, nurse," cried Bos.

"May a curse light on it," murmured Ghiberta.

"May God bless it," said the knight; nevertheless, only one bed; for my companion here will leave after supper."

"Think you that I am not acquainted with silken curtains and beds of down, and plumed dais?"

"No, no; you know them well; you love to wander around them, and encourage sleep when it is not needed, and too pleasant dreams, treacherous temptations and all that leads to evil."

Then turning to Ghiberta, the knight asked whether the Lady Mathe de Bénac were in great affliction.

"She was afflicted beyond measure," answered Ghiberta, "but she is now become resigned."

"Heaven has inspired her with hopes of my return."

The demon gave a smile of fearful malice. Near midnight the sound of horses was heard in the court; it was the Baron des Angles conducting Mathe to her espousals in the chapel of Bénac.

"Demon," said the knight, "you belong to me for this evening; mount the belfry, and sound the great bell."

The chapel was lighted up; Mathe, kneeling on cushions, as at her first marriage, bent like a plant stricken by the storm. Her mother, Dame Iolande de Baudcan, supported her, as before—but no longer with joy and pride—rather with the grief of a widow mourning over her last hope. A few ladies and waiting-women stood around, with downcast eyes. Followed by his friends, the Baron entered, with sparkling eyes, and a smile of

insolent triumph on his lips, stamping and causing his spurs to clank upon the sepulchral stones, in proud defiance of all Lords of Bénac, dead or living. Dressed in a fine coat of mail, with velvet mantle, and cap shaded by feathers, he placed himself on the right of Mathe. At the farther end of the chapel were his paid retainers, a few trembling vassals of the lordship of Bénac, and near the door were the old dog and falcon of Sire Bos, which had been placed there by order of the Baron, to be witnesses, as it were, of his triumph over all that had belonged to the Crusader. A monk of Escaladieu, stood at the altar in his surplice and stole.

"Monk!" shouted the Baron, arrogantly, "do thy business."

The monk, with fearful and sorrowful mien, advanced, with the ritual in his hand.

"Messire Guillaume, Guillaume, Baron des Angles."

"Add," said the Baron, "Lord of Bénac, Avérac, Aribasfeyte, and other places."

At these words the strong hand of Sire Bos seized his enemy by the throat.

"I will make you swallow your words again, traitor," cried he.

The Baron quailed at the sight of Bos, whom he recognized, though not as a living being. The knight, who held him so tightly as to stop his breath, gave him with the other arm a blow on the head, which felled him—set his foot on him—and pressed him to the ground, as he would crush a worm.

"Friends or enemies," said he, raising his voice, "do you recognize the Lord of Bénac by this act?"

How recognize the proud noble of Bigorre with that yellow skin, those starting tones, that head almost shorn, that dirty and bristling beard, without casque, or cap, or even the smallest hood on that bare skull; and for all clothing a wretched coat of grey stuff, not reaching to the knees; neither boots nor spurs, and the feet only covered by the tattered remains of Turkish slippers? Who could have known the handsome, dark knight of Bigorre?—so much had fatigue and captivity, and the cruelty of the Saracens disfigured him! All remained lost in astonishment. He continued—

"Noble or vassal, is there not one among you who, from chivalry or Christian charity, will acknowledge me?"

The old white greyhound, which had risen at the first sounds of his voice, made his way through the crowd, wagging his tail, and, stopping before the knight, gave a long cry, which seemed to express all the sorrows of absence, and the happiness of again seeing him; then rising on his hind legs, he placed his fore-paws on the chest of the knight, whining affectionately.

"Rollo, my brave dog, thou bearest witness to thy master."

The knight and the dog clung to each other. Then the merlin sprang above the falconer, and, flying over the crowd, alighted on his master's wrist, shaking his bells, and greeting him with quivering wings, joy and tenderness beaming from his eye.

"And thou, also, my fine Sylvan—are there but you two faithful?"



A second tear rose to the knight's eye, which he wiped on the bird's wing.

Wonder seized on all, and some cried—"Surely this must be Sire Bos de Bénac"; but others said—"It is a robber, a saracen, a sorcerer."

The friends and retainers of the Baron, bethinking themselves at last of defending him, now rushed, all armed, upon the knight; but, raising the Baron, and holding him as a shield before his head and breast, he snatched the shaft of a lance which was lying on the tomb of one of his ancestors, and made such good use of it in overthrowing and breaking the backs of his nearest opponents, that he was well able to defend himself until his vassals in the chapel, and those who had obeyed the infernal summons from the belfry, came to his aid. The enraged aspect of Sire Bos—the strength of his blows—that formidable and unequalled voice—proved to all that it was indeed the *preux* and mighty knight of the mountains, who had strangled a bear in combat, who would carry a cask like a goblet in his arms, and who, adroit as powerful, always unhorsed in the tourney whoever could be induced to risk his fame against him. When the chapel had been cleared of the enemies, and the Baron des Angles alone remained, bruised and vanquished, Sire Bos approached Mathe, who, after fainting, had recovered her consciousness in the midst of the tumult. Bending towards her, he said softly:

"My wife, my beloved, do you know me?"

Now it was that the brave Knight trembled.

"I know you not," cried the Châtelaïne, confused, frightened, and turning her head away. "Have mercy on me, I know you not."

Sire Bos drew from his bosom the half of a ring.

"I left you," said he, "the other half. Are ring and memory both lost?"

Mathe looked wildly on the ring.

"It is," said she, "the ring of my lord and dearly beloved Bos. Are you Bos?"

"To supper," cried the demon, anxious to change the theme; "to supper—I am wanted elsewhere."

"So be it, that we may make an end of this," said the discouraged knight; and he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed Ghiberta.

They passed to the banqueting-hall. Upon the upper table-covering of lace, in the midst of silver dishes, drinking-cups, inlaid with gold, and chased candelabras, in which now burnt brightly the yellow wax of Bénac, Nurse Ghiberta, with shame and vexation on her brow, placed one small, wretched dish of walnuts.

"It is a row," said Sire Bos; "we shall not want a *chef-de-cuisine* to-night."

Seated between the Dame Iolande and the Lady of Bénac, whose eyes rested constantly on him with more of doubt and uncertainty than of happiness, the knight mournfully picked his walnuts. The guests looked on in astonishment. The demon, seated at a corner of the table, opened his flaming eyes, gloating over the knight, as the gamester covets and watches the piece of gold for which he plays. When the crusader had picked and repicked his nuts, until not a bit remained, he threw the empty shells on the table—

"Try," cried he to the demon, "to sup after me; and if you cannot, begone in God's name!"

Heaven would not permit a knight so full of faith to become a prey to the Evil One, who, with a fiendish yell, sprang at the wall, through which he vanished, leaving an opening which no human workman has ever been able to close, and through which the pure azure of the sky can still be seen across the ruined tower of the once magnificent Castle of Bénac. Hence arose the proverb—"A Bigorraise will cheat the Devil."

Sire Bos left the table, passed the gates of the castle, and took the road to the Valley of Lourdes. Two things weighed heavily on the heart of the good knight—the forgetfulness and coldness of his lady, and the services and companionship of the devil, although he had come off victorious. Distrusting all earthly happiness, he desired only to obtain his portion in Paradise, and sought, a hermitage, where he could pass his life in prayer, and obtain peace and resignation. Nevertheless, clinging still to a wish to be beloved, he took with him his greyhound and his falcon. His end was unknown. His possessions passed to Loïse (or Louise) de Bénac, who brought them to the family of Montault; and, in order to preserve the remembrance of this singular and veracious history, his boots and spurs were preserved in the Church of the Cordeliers at Tarbes, until 1793, when the torrent of the Revolution swept away boots, spurs, and treasures; and the church itself is now fast disappearing, having been long disused.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## THE VENDETTA.

ONE morning we were off the coast of Sardinia, steaming rapidly along for the Straights of Bonifacio. The night had been tranquil, and the morning was more tranquil still: but no one who knew the capricious Mediterranean felt confident of continued fair weather. However, at sea the mind takes little thought for the morrow, or even for the afternoon; and as we sat in the warm shade of the awning, looking out on the purple horizon in the east, or on the rocky and varied coast to the west, I felt, and if the countenance be not treacherous, all felt that it was good, even for landsmen, to be moving over waters unrisped except by the active paddles, beneath a sky all radiant with light. My companions were chiefly Levant merchants, or sallow East Indians; for I was on board the French packet *Le Caire*, on its way from Alexandria, of Egypt, to Marseilles.

I had several times passed the Straits, each time with renewed pleasure and admiration. It would be difficult to imagine a scene more wild and peculiar. After rounding the huge rock of Taolara—apparently a promontory running boldly out into the sea, but in reality an island, we are at once at the mouth of the Straits. The mountains of Corsica, generally enveloped in clouds, rise above the horizon ahead, and near at hand a thousand rocks and islands of various dimensions appear to choke up the passage. The narrow southern channel, always selected by day, is intricate, and would be dangerous to strangers; and indeed the whole of the Straits are considered so difficult, that the fact of Nelson, without previous experience, having taken his fleet through, is cited even by French sailors as a prodigy.

On one of the rocky points of the Sardinian coast, I observed the ruins of a building, but so deceptive is distance, I could not at first determine whether it had been a fortress or a cottage. I asked one of the officers for his telescope; and being still in doubt, questioned him as I returned it. He smiled and said: "For the last five or six years, I have never passed through the Straits by day without having to relate the story connected with that ruin. It has become a habit with me to do so; and if you had not spoken, I should have been compelled, under a penalty of passing a restless night, to have let out my narrative at dinner. You will go down to your berth presently; for see how the smoke is weighed down by the heavy atmosphere upon the deck, and how it rolls like a snake upon the waters! What you fancy to be merely a local headwind blowing through the Straits, is a mistral tormenting the whole Gulf of Lyons. We shall be tossing about presently in a manner unpleasant to landsmen; and when you are safely housed, I will come and beguile a little time by relating a true story of a Corsican Vendetta.

The prophecy was correct. In less than a quarter of an hour, *Le Caire* was pitching through the last narrows against as violent a gale as I ever felt. It was like a wall of moving air. The shores, rocks and islands were now concealed by driving mist; and as the sea widened before us, it was covered with white-crested waves. Before I went below, a cluster of sails ahead was pointed out as the English fleet; and it was surmised that it would be compelled to repeat Nelson's manoeuvre, as Sardinia and Corsica form a dangerous lee-shore. However, the atmosphere thickened rapidly; and we soon lost sight of all objects but the waves amidst which we rolled, and the phantom-like shores of Corsica.

The officer joined me, and kept his promise. By constant practice, he had acquired some skill in the art of telling at least this one story; and I regret that I do not remember his exact words. However, the following is the substance of his narrative:—Giustiniani and Bartuccio were inhabitants of the little town of Santa Maddalena, situated on the Corsican side of the Straits. They were both sons of respectable parents, and were united from an early age in the bonds of friendship. When they grew up, Giustiniani became clerk in a very humble mercantile establishment; whilst Bartuccio, more fortunate, obtained a good place in the custom-house. They continued on excellent terms till the age of about twenty-one years, when an incident occurred, that by making rivals of them, made them enemies.

Giustiniani had occasion to visit the city of Ajaccio, and set out in company with a small party mounted upon mules. Bartuccio went with him to the crest of the hill, where they parted after an affectionate embrace. The journey was fortunately performed; in about a month Giustiniani was on his way back, and reached without accident, just as night set in, a desolate ravine within a few leagues of Santa Maddalena. Here a terrific storm of wind and rain broke upon the party, which missed the track, and finally dispersed; some seeking shelter in the lee of the rocks, others pushing right and left in search of the path, or of some hospitable habitation. Giustiniani wandered

for more than an hour, until he descended towards the plain, and, attracted by a light, succeeded at length in reaching a little cottage having a garden planted with trees. The lightning had now begun to play, and shewed him the white walls of the cottage streaming with rain, and the drenched foliage that surrounded it. Guided by the rapidly succeeding gleams, he was enabled to find the garden gate, where, there being no bell, he remained for some time shouting in vain. The light still beamed faintly through one of the upper windows, and seemed to tell of a comfortable interior and cosy inmates. Giustiniani exerted his utmost strength of voice, and presently there was a movement in the lighted chamber—a form came to the window; and, after some delay, the door of the house was opened, and a voice asked who demanded admittance at that hour, and in such weather. Our traveller explained, and was soon let in by a quiet-looking old gentleman, who took him up stairs into a little library, where a good wood-fire was blazing. A young girl of remarkable beauty rose as he entered, and received him with cordial hospitality. Acquaintance was soon made. Giustiniani told his little story, and learned that his host was M. Albert Brivard, a retired medical officer, who, with his daughter Marie, had selected this out-of-the-way place for economy's sake.

According to my informant, Giustiniani at once fell in love with the beautiful Marie, to such an extent that he could scarcely partake of the supper offered him. Perhaps his abstinence arose from other reasons—love being in reality a hungry passion in its early stage—for next day the young man was ill of a fever, and incapable of continuing his journey. M. Brivard and his daughter attended him kindly; and as he seemed to become worse towards evening, sent a messenger to Maddalena. The consequence was, that on the following morning Bartuccio arrived in a great state of alarm and anxiety; but fate did not permit him again to meet his friend with that whole and undivided passion of friendship in his breast with which he had quitted him a month before. Giustiniani was asleep when he entered the house, and he was received by Marie. In his excited state of mind, he was apt for new impressions, and half an hour's conversation seems not only to have filled him with love, but to have excited the same feeling in the breast of the gentle girl. It would have been more romantic, perhaps, had Marie been tenderly impressed by poor Giustiniani when he arrived at night, travel-stained and drenched with rain, in the first fit of a fever; "but woman," said the sagacious narrator, as he received a tumbler of grog from the steward, "is a mystery"—an opinion I am not inclined to confute.

In a few days, Giustiniani was well enough to return to his home, which he reached in a gloomy and dissatisfied state of mind. He had already observed that Bartuccio, who rode over every day professedly to see him, felt in reality ill at ease in his company, spoke no longer with copious familiarity, and left him in a few minutes, professing to be obliged to return to his duty. From his bed, however, he could hear him, for some time after, laughing and talking with Marie, in the garden; and he felt, without knowing it, all the

pangs of jealousy ; not that he believed his friend would interfere and dispute with him the possession of the gem which he had discovered, and over which he internally claimed a right of property, but he was oppressed with an uneasy sentiment of future ill, and tormented with a diffidence as to his own powers of pleasing, that made him say adieu to Marie and her father with cold gratitude—that seemed afterwards to them, and to him when reflection came, sheer ingratitude.

When he had completely recovered his strength, he recovered also to a certain extent his serenity of mind. Bartuccio was often with him, and never mentioned the subject of Marie. One day, therefore, in a state of mingled hope and love, he resolved to pay a visit to his kind host ; and set out on foot. The day was sunny ; the landscape, though rugged, beautiful with light ; a balmy breeze played gently on his cheek. The intoxication of returning strength filled him with confidence and joy. He met the old doctor herborising a little way from his house, and saluted him so cordially, that a hearty shake of the hand was added to the cold bow with which he was at first received. Giustiniani understood a little of botany, and pleased the old man by his questions and remarks. They walked slowly towards the house together. When they reached it, M. Brivard quietly remarked : “ You will find my daughter in the garden,” and went in with the treasures he had collected. The young man’s heart bounded with joy. Now was the time. He would throw himself at once at Marie’s feet, confess the turbulent passion she had excited, and receive from her lips his sentence of happiness, or—No, he would not consider the alternative ; and with bounding step and eager eye, he ran over the garden, beneath the orange and the myrtle trees until he reached a little arbour at the other extremity.

What he saw might well plunge him at once into despair. Marie had just heard and approved the love of Bartuccio, who had clasped her, not unwilling, to his breast. Their moment of joy was brief, for in another instant Bartuccio was on the ground, with Giustiniani’s knee upon his breast, and a bright poniard glittered in the air. “ Spare him—spare him !” cried the unfortunate girl, sinking on her knees. The accepted lover struggled in vain in the grasp of his frenzied rival, who, however, forbore to strike. “ Swear Marie,” he said, “ by your mother’s memory, that you will not marry him for five years, and I will give him a respite for so long.” She swore with earnestness ; and the next moment, Giustiniani had broken through the hedge, and was rushing frantically towards Santa Maddalena.

When he recovered from his confusion, Bartuccio, who, from his physical inferiority, had been reduced to a passive part in this scene, endeavoured to persuade Marie that she had taken an absurd oath, which she was not bound to abide by ; but M. Brivard, though he had approved his daughter’s choice, knew well the Corsican character, and decreed that, for the present, at least, all talk of marriage should be set aside. In vain Bartuccio pleaded the rights of an accepted lover. The old man became more obstinate, and not only insisted that his daughter should abide by her promise, but hinted that if any attempt were

made to oppose his decision, he would at once leave the country.

As may well be imagined, Bartuccio returned to the city with feelings of bitter hatred against his former friend ; and it is probable that wounded pride worked upon him as violently as disappointed passion. He was heard by several persons to utter vows of vengeance—rarely meaningless in that uncivilised island—and few were surprised when next day the news spread that Giustiniani had disappeared. Public opinion at once pointed to Bartuccio as the murderer. He was arrested, and a careful investigation was instituted ; but nothing either to exculpate or inculpate him transpired, and after some months of imprisonment, he was liberated.

Five years elapsed. During the first half of the period, Bartuccio, was coldly received by both M. Brivard and his daughter, although he strenuously protested his innocence. Time, however, worked in his favour, and he at length assumed the position of a betrothed lover, so that no one was surprised when, at the expiration of the appointed time, the marriage took place. Many wondered indeed why, since Giustiniani had disappeared, and was probably dead, any regard was paid to the extorted promise, whilst all augured well of the union which was preceded by so signal an instance of good faith. The observant, indeed, noticed that throughout the ceremony, Bartuccio was absent and uneasy—looking round anxiously, over the crowd assembled, from time to time. “ He is afraid to see the ghost of Giustiniani,” whispered an imprudent bystander. The bridegroom caught the last word, and starting as if he had received a stab, cried : “ Where, where ?” No one answered ; and the ceremony proceeded in ominous gloom.

Next day, Bartuccio and his young wife, accompanied by M. Brivard, left Santa Maddalena without saying whether they were going ; and the good people of the town made many strange surmises on the subject. In a week or so, however, a vessel being wrecked in the Straits, furnished fresh matter of conversation ; and all these circumstances became utterly forgotten, except by a few. “ But this drama was as yet crowned by no catastrophe,” said the officer, “ and all laws of harmony would be violated if it ended here.” “ Are you, then, inventing ?” inquired I. “ Not at all,” he replied : “ but destiny is a greater tragedian than Shakspeare, and prepares *dénouements* with superior skill.” I listened with increased interest.

The day after the departure of the married couple, a small boat with a shoulder-of-mutton sail left the little harbour of Santa Maddalena a couple of hours before sunset, and with a smart breeze on its quarter, went bravely out across the Straits. Some folks who were accustomed to see this manœuvre had, it is true, shouted out to the only man on board, warning him that rough weather was promised ; but he paid no heed, and continued on his way. If I were writing a romance, if, indeed, I had any reasonable space, I would keep up the excitement of curiosity for some time, describe a variety of terrific adventures unknown to seamen, and wonderful escapes comprehensible only by landmen, and thus make a subordinate hero of the bold navigator. But I

must be content to inform the reader, that he was Paolo, a servant of Giustiniani's mother who had lived in perfect retirement since her son's disappearance, professing to have no news of him. In reality, however, she knew perfectly well that he had retired to Sardinia, and after remaining in the interior some time, had established himself in the little cottage, the ruins of which had attracted my attention. The reason for his retirement, which he afterwards gave, was that he might be enabled to resist the temptation to avenge himself on Bartuccio, and, if possible, conquer his love for Marie. He no longer entertained any hope of possessing her himself; but he thought that at least she would grow weary of waiting for the passage of five years, and would marry a stranger, a consummation sufficiently satisfactory, he thought to restore to him his peace of mind. Once a month at least he received, through the medium of the faithful Paolo, assistance and news from his mother; and to his infinite discomfiture learned, as time proceeded, that his enemy, whilom his friend, was to be made happy at last. His rage knew no bounds at this; and several times he was on the point of returning to Santa Maddalena, to do the deed of vengeance from which he had hitherto refrained. However, he resolved to await the expiration of the five years.

Paolo arrived in safety at the cottage some time after dark, and communicated the intelligence both of the marriage and the departure of the family. To a certain extent, both he and the mother of Giustiniani approved the projects of vengeance entertained by the latter, but thought that the honour of the family was sufficiently cleared by what was evidently a flight. Paolo was disappointed and puzzled by the manner of the unfortunate refuse. Instead of bursting out into furious denunciations, he became as pale as ashes, and then hiding his face in his hands, wept aloud. His agony continued for more than an hour; after which he raised his head, and exhibited a serene brow to the astonished servitor. "Let us return to Santa Maddalena," he said; and they accordingly departed, leaving the cottage a prey to the storms, which soon reduced it to ruins, and will probably ere long sweep away every trace.

Giustiniani reached his mother's house unperceived, and spent many hours in close conversation with his delighted parent. He did not, however, shew himself in the town, but departed on the track of the fugitives the very next day. He traced them to Ajaccio, thence to Marseilles, to Nice, back to Marseilles, to Paris, but there he lost the clue. Several months passed in this way; his money was all spent, and he was compelled to accept a situation in the counting-house of a merchant of the Marais, and to give up the chase and the working out of the catastrophe he had planned for his Vendetta.

A couple of years afterwards, Giustiniani had occasion to go to one of the towns of the north of France—Lille, I believe. In its neighbourhood, as my narrator told me—and on him I throw the whole responsibility, if there seem anything improbable in what is to come—the young man was once more overtaken by a storm, and compelled to seek refuge in a cottage, which the gleams of the lightning revealed to him. This time he

was on foot, and after knocking at the door, was admitted at once by a young woman, who seemed to have been waiting in the passage for his arrival. She was about to throw herself into his arms, when suddenly she started back, and exclaimed: "It is not he!" Taking up a candle, which she had placed on the floor, she cast its light on her own face and that of the stranger, who had remained immovable, as if petrified by the sound of her voice. "Madam," said he, brought to himself by this action, "I am a stranger in these parts, overtaken by the storm, and I beg an hour's hospitality."

"You are welcome, sir," replied Marie, the wife of Bartuccio, for it was she; but she did not at the moment recognise the unfortunate man who stood before her.

They were soon in a comfortable room, where was M. Brivard, now somewhat broken by age, and a cradle, in which slept a handsome boy about a year old. Giustiniani, after the interchange of a few words—perhaps in order to avoid undergoing too close an examination of his countenance—bent over the cradle to peruse the features of the child; and the pillow was afterwards found wet with tears. By an involuntary motion, he clutched at the place where the peniard was wont to be, and then sat down upon a chair that stood in a dim corner. A few minutes afterwards, Bartuccio came joyously into the room, embraced his wife, asked her if she was cold, for she trembled very much—spoke civilly to the stranger, and began to throw off his wet cloak and coat. At this moment the tall form of Giustiniani rose like a phantom in the corner, and passions, which he himself had thought smothered, worked through his worn countenance. Brivard saw and now understood, and was nailed to his chair by unspeakable terror, whilst Bartuccio gaily called for his slippers. Suddenly Marie, who had watched every motion of the stranger, and, with the vivid intuition of wife and mother, had understood what part was hers to play, rushed to the cradle, seized the sleeping child, and without saying a word, placed it in Giustiniani's arms. The strong-passioned man looked amazed, yet not so displeased, and, after a moment's hesitation, sank on his knees, and embraced the babe, that, awaking, curled its little arms round his head—

A tremendous crash aloft interrupted the well-prepared peroration of the narrator; and, to say the truth, I was not sorry that a sail was carried away, and one of our boats stove in at this precise moment, for I had heard quite enough to enable me to guess the conclusion of the history of this harmless Vendetta.—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

♦♦♦♦♦  
 BUTTERFLIES IN THE WESTERN PAMPAS.—The horizon was strangely distorted by refraction, and I anticipated some violent change. Suddenly myriads of white butterflies surrounded the ship, in such multitudes that the men exclaimed, "It is snowing butterflies!" They were driven before a gust from the north-west, which soon increased to a double-reefed topsail breeze, and were as numerous as flakes of snow in the thickest shower. The space they occupied could not have been less than two hundred yards in height, a mile in width, and several miles in length.—*Captain Fitzroy.*

## AMERICAN HONOUR.

A TALE OF 1875.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, there was at Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, a family consisting of several members. It belonged to the middle class—that is to say, contained barristers, bankers, merchants, solicitors, and so on—all of them animated, at least so far as appears, by a high sense of honour and integrity. But noble sentiments are no certain guarantee against poverty. One of the members of the family in question became embarrassed, borrowed £1000 of one of his relatives, but lost his memory soon after, and, having so remained for years, died, leaving behind him a widow with several children. He could bequeath them no property, instead of which they received as their inheritance high principles, and a strong affection for the memory of their father. The widow also was, in this respect, perfectly in harmony with her sons. By dint, therefore, of prudence, industry, and economy, they amassed among them the sum of £400, which they rigidly appropriated to the payment of a part of their father's debt. The widow had, indeed, called them together around her death bed, and told them that, instead of a fortune, she left them a duty to perform; and that if it could not be accomplished in one generation, it must be handed down from father to son, until the descendants of the Bonds had paid every farthing to the descendants of the Sydney Smiths.

While matters stood in this predicament, the creditor part of the family removed to England, and the debtors remained at Philadelphia, struggling with difficulties and embarrassments, which not only disabled them from paying the paternal debt, but kept them perpetually in honourable poverty. Of course, the wish to pay in such minds survived the ability. It would have been to them an enjoyment of a high order to hunt out their relatives in England, and place in their hands the owing £600. This pleasure, which they were destined never to taste, often formed the subject of conversation around their fireside; and the children, as they grew up, were initiated into the mystery of the £600.

But that generation passed away, and another succeeded to the liability; not that there existed any liability in law, for though a deed had been executed, it had lapsed in the course of time, so that there was really no obligation but that which was the strongest of all—an ineradicable sense of right. Often and often did the Bonds of Philadelphia meet and consult together on this famous debt, which every one wished, but no one could afford, to pay. The sons were married, and had children, whom it was incumbent on them to support; the daughters had married, too, but their husbands possibly did not acquire with their wives the chivalrous sense of duty which possessed the breast of every member, male and female, of the B. family, and inspired them with a wish to do justice when fortune permitted.

It would be infinitely agreeable to collect and peruse the letters and records of consultations which passed or took place between the members of this family on the subject of the £600. These documents would form the materials of one of the most delightful romances in the world—the

romance of honour, which never dies in some families, but is transmitted from generation to generation like a treasure above all price. When this brief notice is read in Philadelphia, it may possibly lead to the collection of these materials, which, with the proper names of all the persons engaged, should, we think, be laid before the world as a pleasing record of hereditary nobility of sentiment.

After the lapse of many years, a widow and her three nephews found themselves in possession of the necessary means for paying the family debt. Three quarters of a century had elapsed. The children and the children's children of the original borrower had passed away; but the honour of the B. family had been transmitted intact to the fourth generation, and a search was immediately commenced to discover the creditors in England. This, however, as may well be supposed, was no easy task. The members of the S. family had multiplied and separated, married and intermarried, become poor and wealthy, distinguished and obscure by turns, changed their topographical as well as their social position, and disappeared entirely from the spot they had occupied on their first arrival from America.

But honour is indefatigable, and by degrees a letter reached a person in Kensington, who happened to possess some knowledge of a lady of the S. family, married to a solicitor practising with great success and distinction in London. When the letter came to hand, she at first doubted whether it might not be a sort of grave hoax, intended to excite expectation for the pleasure of witnessing its disappointment. However, the English solicitor, accustomed to the incidents of life, thought there would at least be no harm in replying to the letter from Philadelphia, and discovering in this way the real state of the affair.

Some delay necessarily occurred, especially as the B. family in America were old world sort of people, accustomed to transact business slowly and methodically, and with due attention to the minutest points. But at length a reply came, in which the writer observed, that if a deed of release was drawn up, signed by all the parties concerned in England, and transmitted to America, the £600 should immediately be forwarded for distribution among the members of the S. family. Some demur now arose. Some of the persons concerned growing prudent as the chances of recovering the money appeared to multiply, thought it would be wrong to send the deed of release before the money had been received. But the solicitor had not learned in the practice of his profession, to form so low an estimate of human nature. He considered confidence in this case to be synonymous with prudence, and at any rate resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility of complying with the wishes of the Americans. He accordingly drew up the necessary document, got it signed by as many as participated in his views, and sent it across the Atlantic, without the slightest doubt or hesitation. There had been something in the rough, blunt honesty of Mr. B.'s letter that inspired in the man of law the utmost reliance on his faith, though during the interval which elapsed between the transmission of the deed and the reception of an answer from the States, several of his friends exhibited a disposi-

tion to make themselves merry at the expense of his chivalry. But when we consider all the particulars of the case, we can hardly fail to perceive that he ran no risk whatever; for even if the debt had not legally lapsed, the people who had retained it in their memory through three generations—who had from father to son practised strict economy in order to relieve themselves from the burden—who had with much difficulty and some expense, sought out the heirs of their creditor in a distant country, could scarcely be suspected of any inclination to finish off with a fraud at last.

Still if there was honour on one side, there was enlarged confidence on the other; and in the course of a few months, the American mail brought to London the famous £600 due since before the War of Independence. The business now was to divide and distribute it. Of course, each of the creditors was loud in expressions of admiration of the honour of the B. family, whose representative, while forwarding the money, asked with much simplicity to have a few old English newspapers sent out to him by way of acknowledgment. For his own part, however, he experienced a strong desire to behold some of the persons to whom he had thus paid a debt of the last century; and he gave a warm and pressing invitation to any of them to come out and stay as long as they thought proper at his house in Philadelphia. Had the invitation been accepted, we cannot doubt that Brother Jonathan would have acted as hospitably in the character of host as he behaved honorably in that of debtor. It would have been a pleasure, we might indeed say a distinction, to live under the same roof with such a man, whose very name carries us back to the primitive times of the colony, when Philadelphia was a city of the British Empire, and English laws, manners, habits, and feelings regulated the proceedings and relations of its inhabitants. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the London solicitor will some day drop in quietly upon his friend in Philadelphia, to smoke a cigar, and discuss old times with him. He will in that case probably fancy himself chatting with a contemporary of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless there are thousands of such men in the States, where frequently everything that is estimable in the English character is cultivated with assiduity.

How the property was distributed among the S. family in England, we need not say. Each surviving individual had his or her share. The solicitor was only connected with them by marriage; but with good old English ideas of uprightness and integrity, he was fully able to appreciate the Philadelphia lawyer's sentiments. He would have done exactly the same himself under similar circumstances; and therefore, had the sum been tens of thousands instead of hundreds, it could not be said to have fallen into bad hands. Whether the transaction above noticed has led or not to a continued correspondence between the families, we are unable to say; but we think the creditors in England would naturally have felt a pleasure in exchanging intelligence from time to time with their worthy debtors in Philadelphia. These things, however, are private, and, therefore, we do not intend to trench upon them.

## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW-CLERK.

### BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE leaf which I am about to transcribe will be found only, in a slight degree, the record of my own personal observation; but I do not the less feel confident in its general accuracy, inasmuch, as my informants could have had no motive for mystifying or misleading me,—a postulate of great importance in estimating the credibility of the most trustworthy persons. There are one or two blanks in the narrative which I might indeed inferentially fill up, but this I have no doubt the reader will do quite as well for him or herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, were I believe, both natives of Clifton, Bristol. Certainly the husband was the son and sole offspring of a wealthy, but somewhat feeble-minded gentleman, who had long resided there. Edward Reeves was the issue of a second marriage, and his father was again a widower at the age of sixty-three: in less than two years afterwards—having been, I suppose wonderfully happy in his choice of previous partners—the old gentleman ventured—rash gamester!—for a third prize in the connubial lottery, and drew—a widow, one Mrs. Halliday, the handsomest, cleverest and poorest of two sisters; her sole wealth, her brilliant eyes, her silver tongue, her Houri smile, and two fine children—boys. Alas! the brilliant eyes, the silver tongue, the Houri smile, seen by the light of common day, which in this instance, dawned upon the matrimonial horizon, in something less than a fortnight after the “happy” one, proved to be mere shams—surface lacquer—elaborate deceit. A disastrous union it was soon found to be for Edward Reeves, his young, gently-nurtured wife, and their children, Jonathan and Mabel. The orange blossoms of the bride, were cypress wreaths to them,—funeral emblems of departing peace and competence. The old story, in such cases, quickly developed itself. The senile bridegroom lapsed into a nonentity without a serious struggle; and little Jonathan, happening one day to thrash Master Halliday, a boy of about his own age (seven years), for spiteful usage to his sister, Mabel, accelerated the catastrophe. The antagonistic parties could no longer inhabit the same house; Edward Reeves and family removed to a cottage in the vicinity, and the son was thenceforth a stranger to his father's dwelling, till he received a formal invitation to attend his funeral, and the reading of his will. “In the name of God, Amen!” gasped out the shaky voice of Randall, the attorney,—a worthy man though a lawyer. “I, Jonathan Reeves being of sound mind, and in full possession of all my faculties, hereby give and bequeath to Maria, my beloved wife, all and sundry the estate, real and personal, of which I may die seised and possessed: to wit—” A fierce outcry, natural, if unseemly, under such circumstances, interrupted the reader. It came from the beggared son who had leaped to his feet in wild dismay as the lawyer's words of doom—for such they truly were—fell upon his ear. But the bitter consternation and despair of the revived man were too terrible and giant-like for articulate utterance; and after one or two abortive efforts at speech, he sank on the floor in

a fit. The usual bustle ensued—the usual remedies were applied; Edward Reeves was restored to consciousness, and conveyed home. The formal reading of the will was completed; the hearers went their several ways; and the tiny segment of the world's great circle in which the incident occurred, revolved again pretty much in its old course,—except indeed as regarded the disinherited son and those dependent on him. To be sure, everybody said it was a scandalous will—a downright robbery of the legitimate heir; but everybody also smiled graciously or fawningly, as the case might be, upon the fair and fortunate legatee; and everybody, that could, cheerfully ate her dinners, and gaily quaffed her wines. The property thus luxuriously disposed of, amounted to about twenty-five hundred a year, beside the personals, and was devised absolutely to the widow, with the remainder to her sons, unless she otherwise determined by will: even pretty little Mabel, of whom her grandfather was so fond and proud, was not left so much as a keepsake!

I know little concerning the legally plundered family during the following ten years, except that Edward Reeves never thoroughly recovered the shock inflicted by his father's will, and that his wife, a meek-hearted, loving woman, but, like her husband, of no great force or energy of character, participated in his wearing grief and resentments, and descended step by step with him to a premature grave. They were withdrawn, I understood, somewhat suddenly, and within two or three weeks of each other, to that brighter and better land, but for whose auroral promise, this earth of ours were so drear a Golgotha, strewn with mouldering bones, and withered hopes, and breaking hearts. Neither can I relate the precise gradations of descent in the social scale passed through by the unfortunate family, till, at the period of the father and mother's decease, they occupied a poorly-furnished second floor in Redcliffe Street, Bristol, nearly opposite the church. I fancy, however, remembering to have heard that business of some sort was attempted by Edward Reeves, with money obtained through the intervention of Mrs. Robinson, the usurping legatee's sister, and a very decent person, let me add, although, from inferiority of worldly circumstances, greatly in awe of her lucky relative. Be this correct or not, Jonathan Reeves had been apprenticed to a working jeweller, and when his parents died was within a twelvemonth of finishing his time. Mabel, two years her brother's junior, had not then left her poor home; chained there as she was by love for her heart-broken parents, though frequently offered a comfortable asylum, by sympathising friends, in interchange for such light service, as she could render. That lingering tie had snapped, and the fair girl's hesitating step trembled at length upon the threshold of the world, she feared, yet longed to enter. I can readily believe all I have heard of Mabel Reeves's singular attractiveness as a girl, from what I saw of her when a matron. It was easy then to trace the yet lingering elastic grace, the slight, but finely-rounded outline of her charming figure; the delicately fair, pale-rose tinted features, which, lit meekly up with guileless eyes of blue, and shrouded with down-falling golden hair, caused the dullest-visioned passer-by to pause in instinctive admiration of the beauteous flower, fresh as it

seemed, from the hand of God, and still radiant with the angel-light of Paradise. Jonathan was not uncomely, but it was difficult—so strongly marked was the contrast between the sombre, saturnine intelligence of his aspect, and the innocent candour, the almost infantine simplicity of hers—to believe they were such near relatives. Yet were they true and loving ones. Jonathan Reeves loved his sister beyond all things—even money!—and Mabel's affection for her brother was as deep and earnest as it was confiding and unselfish. They differed as widely in turn of mind and disposition as they did personally. "The clouds of life passed over, and left no lasting trace upon Mabel's joyous, kindly temperament, and she was ever forgiving as a child. Jonathan, on the contrary, brooded with revengeful rancour over the wrongs of his family, and pursued with his bitterest maledictions those who had caused and profited by its downfall; evil wishes, which, however provoked, generally, as the Arabic proverb hath it, "come like domestic fowls home to roost."

Mabel went to live with a Mrs. Houston, of Clifton, in a kind of hybrid capacity, compounded of lady's-maid and companion. Mrs. Houston greatly disliked the rich and handsome widow Reeves (though on quite civil visiting terms with her), chiefly—so friendly gossips sneered—because she was rich and handsome; and dearly the patronizing lady loved to parade before their mutual acquaintance the interesting girl rendered destitute but for Mr. Houston's interposition, by the infamous will—godness knows how obtained—of her imbecile grandfather. Mabel was, however, very well treated, by her somewhat ostentatious patroness, and her education was sedulously advanced. Her improvement was so marked and rapid, that her brother grew impatient, almost jealous, of the change. It seemed to be creating a gulf between them: other *indices* relating to her, augmented his chagrin and disquietude.

"These Sunday visits to your brother, Mabel," he broke out one day, with a bitterness lately but too habitual with him, "are becoming wearisome and distasteful to you. These narrow rooms, this shabby furniture, contrast miserably with Mrs. Houston's gilded saloons."

"Oh! Jonathan, how can you be so cruel,—so unjust?" exclaimed poor Mabel, with suffused eyes, and trembling voice.

"I have noticed this impatience,—this growing alienation,—this disgust,—call it what you will—for months past," resumed the brother with increased violence. "And tell me," he added, with quick anger, and, pausing in his hasty striding to and fro to seize her by the arm, and look with menacing sternness in her face,—"Tell me who was the perfumed fop I saw you with in the park on Thursday last: answer quickly and without equivocation, or the God of Heaven—"

"I with!" stammered the pale, startled girl,—  
"I with! you mistake, Jonathan. There were several—"

"Yes, yes, I know; Mrs. Houston and half-a-dozen others were of the party—a gay assemblage, Mabel, which your vulgar brother may not profane by a too close approach. But this be-ringed be-whiskered *gentleman* I speak of, was with you; affected to be conscious of no other's presence; walked, whispered, at your side—and you,

Mabel, you smiled upon his insulting courtesies! Mabel," continued the excited young man, after vainly waiting a few moments for a reply, "Mabel, you do not answer. Once—once!" he added in a changed and lower tone, but fierce and deadly as the hissing of a serpent. "Once as twilight was falling, I caught a nearer view of his face, and it flamed through me that I had seen it before; that—but no, it could not be: to suppose that if our murdered mother's child were—"

"O, Jonathan!" sobbed Mabel, "you will break my heart."

"Nay, forgive me, Mabel," exclaimed the brother with sudden revulsion of feeling, "forgive the blaspheming thought that for a moment wronged you. Dear child, how could I be so mad?"

"Dear Jonathan, dear brother!" murmured the weeping girl, as her head sank upon his shoulder; but her eyes, he noticed, were steadfastly averted, as if dreading to encounter his.

"I am rash as fire, at times, dear Mabel," said the brother, after a lengthened silence, "and utter words without sense or purpose. But we will talk of this matter calmly, wisely, as friendless orphans in this bad world should. You sweet sister, possess, in a peerless degree, the dangerous gift of beauty: men such as he with whom I saw you in eager converse, look upon beauty in our class of society as a toy, as—"

"Our class of society," echoed Mabel, flushing scarlet; surely we are as well born, of lineage as reputable, as any of Mrs. Houston's friends or visitors. The difference between us is in the accident of riches only—nothing else."

"Of riches only—nothing else!" shouted Jonathan Reeves, with a renewed paroxysm of anger mingled with scorn, and casting his sister off as he sprang impetuously to his feet. "Riches only, quoth she, as if—great God!—riches were not the be-all and the end-all of this nether world. The prime distinction between base and noble—vice and virtue—and did not sunder men as widely as earth from heaven! Riches only, forsooth! Hark ye, girl," he added, "you are on the verge of a precipice, and by heaven—"

He spoke to deaf ears. Mabel had fainted. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, a hack-coach was called, and Jonathan escorted her to Clifton, the silence between them only broken by a mutual "good night." The next day he gave Mrs. Houston written notice that, on that day month, Mabel Reeves would return to his, her legal guardian's home.

It was soon apparent that Mabel Reeves was extremely averse to compliance with her brother's wishes or demands. She grew dull, melancholy, absent and reserved in manner, and appeared to dread that till she attained her majority, and it wanted a whole twelvemonth of that,—she would be little better than a prisoner in his house. A day or two before the expiration of the stipulated term, the brother received a hurriedly scrawled note from Mrs. Houston. Mabel had fled!—To London it was rumoured, but with whom (if with anybody), nobody could conjecture. She had been gone five or six hours before the discovery was made. Finally, Mrs. Houston wished to see Mr. Reeves instantly.

The brother tore the note to atoms, and sped

off with frantic speed towards Clifton. Before Mrs. Houston, who was painfully agitated, could utter a word, Jonathan Reeves broke in with "Those vipers (the Hallidays I mean), are in the habit of visiting here. James, the youngest, especially. Is that so?"

"Yes, certainly, they are, but—"

He did not wait the conclusion of the sentence, and in a minute or two he was thundering at the mansion of the dowager Mrs. Reeves. The servant who opened the door was instantly thrust aside, and guided by the voices he heard within, Jonathan Reeves burst unannounced into the dining-room. "My sister," he gasped, "thieves, plunderers, devils,—where is my sister?"

The company, thus flatteringly addressed, were Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Robinson, and the two Messrs. Halliday. They stared at each other, and at the questioner, their looks indicating not so much surprise or alarm, as concern and irresolution.

"We have heard something of this unhappy business," said Mrs. Robinson; "but be assured no one here has been privy to, or aided your sister's flight."

"You—you answer," shouted Reeves, addressing the gentlemen; "it is you I suspect, not your aunt."

"My aunt's answer is mine," said the older Halliday; "and I deeply grieve—"

"Perdition to your grief and you! And now, Sir, your reply. What say you?"

Mr. James Halliday sat in the shadow of the heavy window curtains, and it was growing dusk, so that it could not be distinctly seen; but his voice was firm enough as he replied, "I have nothing to say: it is now three or four days since I last saw Miss Reeves."

The baffled querist glared bewilderedly for a few minutes, from one to the other, and then muttered aloud, but speaking to himself, "It may be as they say. They are certainly both here, and she gone; gone—six hours since. But if she be hid in the bowels of the earth I'll find her."

He then rushed out of the house as madly as he had entered it, reached home, provided himself with money, and left per mail for London the same evening. A fortnight afterwards he returned, haggard, worn, half-crazed, without Mabel!

Again a gap occurs in this roughly-connected narrative, extending over eighteen years and upwards; and when I again re-knit its broken thread, it is the month of March, 1812,—at which time I visited Bristol on some legal business, in which Mr. Randall, the solicitor, was concerned, and thus became a hearer and spectator of the last act in this curious domestic drama.

Jonathan Reeves, I must first state, was still a bachelor, and resided in Redcliffe Street, but nearer towards Bedminster Bridge than he formerly lodged, where he kept a small working jeweller's shop. He was still poor; and not only so in purse, but in heart and spirit. Years of senseless repining, and unavailing regrets, had done their work upon him, aided, it is grievous to record, by the ravages of drink, to which fatal propensity he had gradually addicted himself; so that, not yet forty, he was already an aged man! Mabel, he had never seen nor heard of,



directly, but he had every year received parcels containing presents of some value, which could only come from her, and denoting that, at all events, she was not suffering from poverty. There was no address given—no line written; but every parcel contained a lock of golden hair, and, strangely enough, the brother thought the well-remembered colour did not suffer change from age,—nay, the very last he had received was positively, he was sure, more brightly golden than that which he had hoarded up some fifteen years before! Mrs. Reeves, his grandfather's wealthy relict, still lived, in London he believed; but it warmed the sickness of his cankered heart to know, in paralytic helplessness, as well as deep mental gloom, caused by the untimely passing away, within a twelvemonth of each other, of her two sons, who had both died unmarried. Charles Robinson would therefore—unless in a fit of caprice she disinherited him, and she was, people said, as vengefully capricious, as much dominated by selfish and obdurate passions, as when life was young with her—come ultimately into possession of the greatly improved and augmented property.

This is all I think I have to set down respecting the interval of eighteen years and upwards, which terminated in March, 1812. In that month the long-desired letter from his sister reached Jonathan Reeves. It was affectionate, but reserved and brief in regard to her flight from Bristol, and subsequent existence; and it was stated that the time for a full explanation was still, in all probability, far distant. She was a widow, and alone, and yearned to find herself once more in the home of her brother. She should not be a burden to him, having enough (though barely so) for her own maintenance. She would be in Bristol on the fourth day after the receipt of the letter, which was subscribed "Mabel," only.

"You are but little altered, Mabel," said Jonathan Reeves, after the first rapturous emotions that swelled his heart on again embracing his long-lost sister, had somewhat subsided; "still beautiful, though more sedately so, perhaps; ay, and I think more hopeful too: but surely, Mabel, his hair, thinner than I once knew it, is scarcely so bright and glossy, as the locks you lately sent me."

Mabel coloured a little, and replied, "you fancy so, that's all."

"It may be as you say: a widow, and recently," he added, glancing at her dress.

"Yes, dear Jonathan. I wrote you so."

"And children, none?"

"One only," replied the staid mother, with bowed head and husky voice, "and she has been taken from me."

A long silence ensued, suddenly broken by Jonathan Reeves. "Did you know, Mabel, that Mrs. Robinson, that woman's sister, has returned to Clifton within the last month, and resides in the old place?"

"I have heard so."

"Her son Charles is now the lawful heir, is he not?"

"It would appear so, unless our grandfather's widow should will it otherwise: she has the power to do so."

"That is not likely, I think. Mrs. Robinson is a kind woman enough: I have worked for her often. The old dreams are gone, Mabel, and harsh necessity has humbled my pride. She has sent to say I must not forget to call to-morrow on business. You are tired: good night."

"You would have been amused, Mabel," remarked Jonathan Reeves, as he sat down to tea the next evening, on his return from Clifton, "to hear how anxious Mrs. Robinson is concerning you. Over and over did she cross-examine me, to find out what she said you *must* have confided to me of past events, and yet I thought she seemed pleased when satisfied that I knew nothing. Is not this a splendid diamond?" added the jeweller, holding a large old-fashioned ring encircling a magnificent jewel to the light, upon which, his grey, eager eyes were fixed all the time he had been speaking,—"clumsily set, but of the finest water, and very, very valuable, from its size and colour. It was grandfather's," he added, quickly; "part of the rich spoil, of which we were plundered. It should be ours, Mabel."

"Yes, perhaps so, in fairness and equity; but in law it belongs to Mrs. Reeves. Tell me," continued Mabel, in her turn speaking with quick nervousness, "did you notice anybody, any stranger—that is anybody I know, I mean—either, no matter, with Mrs. Robinson?"

"Let me see. Her son was at home, and there was a young woman with him, Miss Murray I think they called her; a sort of humble companion. Ah! You tremble and change colour; you are ill."

"No, no, a slight faintness, that's all."

The jeweller's thoughts quickly reverted to the diamond. "I think," he said, "this jewel, which as you say is ours in fairness and equity, must be at least worth two hundred pounds."

"To us that can matter little," replied his sister, quietly. "You had better put it away in a safe place at once. I shall take a walk," added Mabel, "as far as Mr. Randall's: he lives in Queen Square, does he not?"

"Yes, on the left-hand side from here; name on a brass plate. At least two hundred pounds," Mabel heard her brother mutter, as she closed the door, his fascinated gaze still riveted upon the flashing diamond.

"At least that sum; and we so poor."

Jonathan Reeves's almost continually absorbed contemplation of the diamond, and muttered comments on its value, at length raised a feeling of alarm in Mabel's mind, which closer observation but heightened and confirmed. The re-setting had been for sometime finished, but Reeves was always ready with an excuse for not parting with it. This appeared unaccountable, till Mabel discovered that he had been industriously engaged in the preparation of a paste imitation, which, in size, cutting, and, as far as possible, in lustre and colour, was a fac-simile of the true jewel. Such a matter required to be promptly and decidedly dealt with, and Mabel was pondering how to proceed, when a lucky chance relieved her from all difficulty. Her brother was out, and Mrs. Robinson's footman called for the ring. Mr. Charles Robinson was engaged out that evening, he said, and must have it. Mabel desired no better, and instantly delivered it to the messenger. Before

going away, the man happened to casually remark that Mrs. Robinson had been summoned to London about a week previously, he believed, in consequence of alarming reports concerning her sister's health; a piece of news which so hurried and agitated Mabel, and so completely drove all thoughts of the diamond from her head, that it was not till the brother had been ransacking the shop for several minutes in search of the missing treasure, that she remembered to tell him it had been sent home. The intelligence literally dumbfounded him; he stared and trembled as if utterly overwhelmed with surprise and dismay; and, when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he went about the house moaning and lamenting as if he were demented, or had sustained some grievous irreparable loss; and all night long his sister heard him pacing up and down his chamber, as restless and perturbed as during the day.

About three o'clock on the following afternoon Jonathan Reeves arrived at Clifton, and asked to speak with Mr. Charles Robinson; his request was complied with, and he told the young gentleman that he had called to place a foil beneath the diamond; it should have been done before it left his shop had he been at home when it was called for, and would add greatly to its brilliancy. The young man carelessly consented, and told Reeves to go into his dressing-room, where he would find the ring on a toilet table. The job did not occupy much time, for scarcely three minutes elapsed before the jeweller re-appeared, bowed hurriedly to Mr. Charles Robinson, said it was all right, and hastened away. "How deuced queer the man looks!" thought Charles Robinson. "Surely he has not stolen the ring! but no, that is out of the question, I should think; I will see, however." The ring was safe enough, and the young man blushed for his suspicions. "A droll improvement, though," he presently muttered, "he has effected; my judgment and eyes must be strangely at fault, or—" Charles Robinson rang his dressing-room bell, and desired the servant who answered it to go instantly to an eminent, lapidary, in Wine Street, Bristol, and request that he would come and speak with him, Mr. Charles Robinson, immediately. In less than an hour the lapidary arrived, and what followed thereupon we shall presently see.

It was just dark when Jonathan Reeves reached his home, and had not his sister been herself in a state of great excitement she must have noticed that he was deathly pale—nervous almost to fainting, and fell with abject helplessness into his chair like to a drunken man. "Mr. Randall has just left," began Mabel, her usually meek, calm eyes, ablaze with light; "and has brought strange news,—news just arrived. Our grandfather's widow, Mrs. Reeves, is dead,—has died intestate. Mrs. Robinson will be here to-night or to-morrow morning to communicate with her son, and accompany him back to London,—her son, the rightful heir-at-law you know." These last words Mabel pronounced with exultant emphasis. Her brother hardly appeared to hear her; the nervous terror that possessed him visibly increased, and a slight scuffle at the door by some passers-by increased it to frenzy. "Shut—bar the door, dear Mabel," he hoarsely ejaculated, "or I am ruined, lost! O God! that ever I was born!"

The violence of his terror startled Mabel, she hastily bolted the door, and then demanded an explanation of his frightful words. "I have been mad during the last fortnight," he answered; "mad with greed and drink,—I must have been so, Mabel; but no sooner was the crime effected, and I inextricably meshed in the toils, than the wretched, drunken illusion, promising success, impunity, vanished at once, and I saw that detection was inevitable—the gallows sure—and swift as sure."

"The gallows! Oh my brother!"

A loud knock at the door interrupted them.

"They are come!" gasped the criminal, with white lips. "Here, Mabel, quick, take my purse, the accursed thing is there."

Mabel had hardly time to conceal the purse about her person, than the frail door-fastenings were burst in, and several constables entered.

"We were expected I see," remarked the chief of them, glancing at the fear-stricken man. "We have a warrant," he added, civilly addressing Mabel, "for the apprehension of your brother, on a very serious charge, but we need not unnecessarily intrude upon you. There is a coach at the door; come Mr. Reeves."

The instant Mabel found herself alone, she drew forth and examined the purse. The true diamond was there! Alas! alas! And that this calamity should have happened now—now that—but not a moment should be lost. Mr. Randall must be seen instantly. Perhaps,—and the thought which glanced across her brain sent the hot blood in swift eddies through her veins,— "perhaps he may yet be saved."

It was about half-past nine o'clock when Mr. Randall reached Clifton. Mrs. Robinson, who had not long arrived, was busy for the moment, but would see him presently if he could wait. Certainly he could. "Mr. Charles Robinson is not at home, I believe," he blandly added; "but I daresay I shall find Miss Murray in the drawing-room." Mr. Randall briskly ascended the stairs, and as he opened the drawing-room door, said—"Be sure to let me know the instant Mrs. Robinson is disengaged." In about a quarter of an hour he was informed that the lady was expecting him in the library.

"It is a very unfortunate affair," said Mrs. Robinson,—after a few preliminary sentences. "Had I been at home there should have been no prosecution. But it must I suppose now go on."

"Your son must appear either to confirm his accusation, or, by absenting himself, admit it to be false."

"I am very sorry for it, but the prosecution shall be leniently urged. Poor Mabel Reeves, too! You are aware, I know, how much I risked by taking her daughter when neither of them had hardly bread to eat. Had my sister heard of it, it is quite possible my son would have been disinherited. But that danger is now past."

"It is true, then, that Mrs. Reeves died intestate."

"Yes, and as the two Messieurs Halliday died without *legitimate* male or female issue, my son is, you are aware, the heir, under the original will settlement."

"That would be as you say. By-the-by, who has the custody of this unfortunate ring?"

"It is locked up," was the reply, "in a drawer in my dressing-room. Miss Murray shall bring it here if you wish to see it."

"Oh dear no, not at all. I am glad to hear you are not disposed to press the case harshly, supposing there to be one at all; and I have the honour to wish you, madam, a very good evening."

The magistrates' office was crowded the next day by an auditory which it did not surprise anybody to find, since they were all thoroughly acquainted with the antecedents of both parties, sympathised with the prisoner rather than the prosecution. Mrs. Robinson and her son were seated near the magistrates, *Miss Murray* had placed herself beside her mother, and, but that Mabel looked pale and agitated, two more charming females, at their respective ages, could not, I think, be found in the city of Bristol, or the two counties in which it stands.

At eleven precisely, the accused was placed in the dock, and business commenced. Mr. C. Robinson proved what he had seen, and then the lapidary was placed in the witness box. He had been sent for by Mr. Robinson, and found that a paste imitation, a very good one he must say, had been substituted for the original diamond, which he knew well, and had very lately seen in the prisoner's shop.

"Is the ring here?" asked Mr. Randall.

"Yes, it is in this case," replied Charles Robinson, handing it across the table.

"Very good. Now come, Mr. Lapidary, be modestly candid, let me intreat you. Are you positive, I ask, that you can always distinguish paste from a diamond, especially between the lights, as in this instance?"

"Sure!" rejoined the lapidary, with dignified contempt, "I could tell the difference blindfold. Look at this ring yourself; paste you perceive is—paste you perceive is—the devil!"

"Is it indeed!—well that is something new at all events. But pray go on with your very lucid description."

The confounded lapidary could not go on. His face was alternately as red as brick-dust and white as chalk.

"Can this be the ring," he at length stammered, addressing Charles Robinson, "that I saw yesterday evening?"

"No doubt of it—why do you ask?"

"Because this is unquestionably a real diamond—the real diamond, no doubt about it."

"The real diamond!" vociferated the mayor indignantly. "What is the meaning of this accusation then? But the witness seems hardly to know whether he stands on his head or heels."

A white-headed gentlemen in a large way of business, as a jeweller, it was whispered, stepped forward, and after looking closely at the ring, said, "This is not only a real diamond, but one of the finest I have ever seen of its size." At this confirmation of what had at first appeared to be too good to be true, the audience broke into a loud cheer, which was again and again repeated. The accusation was formally given up, and the prisoner was immediately liberated "without the slightest stain upon his character," the mayor emphatically assured him. I never, I must say, saw an accused person so thoroughly bewildered

by a triumphant acquittal in my life. Happily he held his tongue, which was a mercy.

"Hand the ring this way, if you please, Mr. Randall," said Charles Robinson, tartly.

"Ought I not, think you sir, to hand it to the right owner at once?"

"Certainly—you are asked to do so."

"In that case I must present it to this young lady on my right."

"To that young lady—to Miss Murray!"

"That was a mere *nom de circonstance*, and there is now no necessity for its retention. Her true name is Mabel Halliday, and she is the legitimate daughter and sole heiress of James Halliday, deceased. This we shall be able to show beyond the shadow of a doubt at the proper time and place, if her right is opposed, which is not, however, likely. James Halliday and Mabel Reeves were married, by banns, in London; and the fear of disinheritance by Mrs. Reeves, has hitherto prevented its acknowledgment. All this can be legally established, and I only mention these details because I know the great majority of the people of Bristol will rejoice, that an estate, cruelly diverted from the legitimate heirs, has, by the overruling providence of God, been restored to them in the person of their descendant, Mabel Halliday." I do not think the auditory breathed while this was uttered, but at its conclusion, a perfect hurricane of cheering took place, prolonged for several minutes. It was taken up in a trice, and ran like wildfire along the streets; in fact, the enthusiasm rose to such a fever-heat that I positively apprehended some accident would befall the mother and daughter, so boisterously did the mob press round to see, congratulate, and burrah them. As Mr. Randall anticipated, no impediment was offered to Mabel Halliday's accession to the property of which Mrs. Reeves had died possessed according to the tenor, happily unrevoked by his implacable relict, of her great grandfather's will. Jonathan Reeves, I have reason to know, was started into sober and decorous conduct by the exceedingly narrow escape he had from the iron hands of the law. Should any reader fail in comprehending how it was he was so cleverly extricated from such deadly peril, he will be, if that can console him, in precisely the same mental condition as the discomfited lapidary who, to the day of his death, could never comprehend how the paste of the evening could possibly have become the diamond of the morning.

DUN.—Some think falsely it comes from the French, where *donner* signifies "give me," implying a demand for something due; but the true origin of this expression owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, so extremely active, and so dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb, "when a man refused to pay his debts, to say, "Why don't you dun him?" that is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it grew into a custom, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII. In Rider's Dictionary, dun is stated to be derived from *dunan*, Saxon, "to thunder," to demand a debt with vehemence.—*Brady's Varieties of Literature.*



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

### SEDURENT III.

(*Mr. Maclear is announced by the barking of Nell.*)

THE MAJOR.—Peace Nelly, good dog! knowest thou not the footfall of a friend?

MR. M.—I fear that I am somewhat intrusive thus anticipating my visit by an hour, but in truth I was somewhat anxious to hear the continuation of our friend Mrs. Grundy's adventures, and have come to solicit her to continue the recital.

THE MAJOR.—Unfortunately this is a very unlucky day for the purpose. It is the anniversary of a very melancholy event in the category of her misfortunes, and the good dame is now, as is her wont at this season, enjoying the privacy and solitude of her own apartment.

MR. M.—I am sorry.

THE MAJOR.—Nay man, thou shalt not be disappointed—I have heard the story often enough to know it well, and I may spare her feelings a partial trial, by becoming myself the narrator of it, if it pleaseth thee.

MR. M.—I shall be delighted to listen to you, and the more so as the trial to me will be still less, than in hearing it from her own lips.

THE MAJOR.—Give me the cue then. Where did she leave off.

MR. M.—She had just embarked for India

THE MAJOR.—Aye, and a sorrowful voyage it was. The incidents of a departure from one's native land, to a country thousands of miles away, are of so purely a personal kind, as to vary almost in every case. Still, there are certain leading circumstances common to all; but these have been so frequently and graphically described, that a repetition would

only be irksome to you. Suffice it to say that a few weeks found them basking under a tropical sun to the southward of Madeira. The ship in which they were was one of the finest of her class, one of those frigates of the Company's Service, which are now less common than they used to be. A detachment of her husband's regiment and some others going out to reinforce the service companies were on board under his charge, with several women and children attached to them. A severe epidemic fever broke out among them, and the anxiety and fatigue attending his care of these troops predisposed him to an attack of the disease. For five weeks she watched and nursed him, and when the hues of returning health began to spread over his cheek once more, her exhausted frame became an easy prey to the remorseless assailant. A naturally strong constitution however withstood its violence and in a short time, she was able to resume her accustomed evening walk on the deck. We can readily conceive, my dear Sir, what the happiness of those moments must have been. Two young beings mutually dependent on each other for all the kindly offices of domestic life, under circumstances of a most trying nature, and at a time when their relative duties were as yet novel to them, just snatched from the grasp of the King of Terrors, were now in sweet communion under the starry sky and in the balmy atmosphere of a tropical evening. Gliding through the dark blue Atlantic, the foaming water sparkling around them with that singular luminous appearance, so startling when seen for the first time, they must have revelled in the joy of rescue, the sense of security, the dream of hope. The future would seem to borrow its

colouring from the scene around, and hallowed by the feelings of past suffering, the enjoyment of the present must have been full indeed. Oh! that it could have been as abiding.

All seemed to promise fairly for an average passage. The Cape had been doubled and after a favourable run for a few days with a fair wind, one of those terrific tornados so common in those latitudes set in, and after enduring its violence for two days, in spite of all the precautions which the most skilful seamanship could devise, seconded by untiring exertions of sailors and soldiers, their fine vessel became a total wreck. The terrors of that scene appeared to tax her fortitude to its utmost. Fortunately within a few days they were discovered by one of H. M. cruisers and with the assistance of the united crews, she was soon put in such a condition as to be enabled to prosecute her voyage to its completion.

The regiment was stationed on the frontier of the disturbed districts. Indeed hostilities had already commenced, and it was not improbable that on reaching his destination her husband would speedily be engaged in action. No very pleasurable prospect this for the young wife. Her very worst fears were realized. On arriving at head quarters, he found himself under orders to proceed at once with a detachment in charge of ammunition to the seat of war. They who had shared together the risk of disease, and the perils of shipwreck, must now be separated—he, to encounter the chances of war, she to endure the trial of suspense and undergo the agony of childbirth. One can scarcely imagine an accumulation of equal misfortune. She became a mother; and for a brief season had the gratification of enjoying the society of the father and infant together. How little can those who instigate and promote warfare, reflect upon the ceaseless grief, the mental torture they occasion. The peace of home, disturbed; the heart, broken—the bright hopes, crushed—the noble creatures destroyed. And after all, where is the recompense. National pride. Territorial possession. What are these to one single image of the creator mutilated by the death-dispensing ball—one forlorn and hopeless widow sighing over the lifeless form of him who was all in all to her—one helpless orphan left to grapple with the cold, cold world!

The circumstances attending Major Grundy's death after returning to duty were of a very peculiar and harrowing nature, and form a complete episode in this eventful narrative, but as I hear preparations for the evening's repast perhaps you will prefer my postponing its recital to a future occasion, rather than that it should be interrupted.

Mr. M.—Willingly. And while we discuss our Bohea, we may descant upon the topics more immediately connected with our respective

vocations, you as a maker, I as a vender of Books. I brought out this little volume in my pocket in order that you may notice it. It is the last of PUTNAM'S semi-monthly Library, and is entitled the Arctic Journal, or Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions.

THE MAJOR.—The republisher seems an enterprising and spirited one, it is only the other day I read a notice of this book in the English reviews as just appearing. The book shall have attention, but really what with Appleton, Putnam, to say nothing of Harper, and sundry others,—one has enough reading in the month.

Mr. M.—Putnam's selection appears to be admirably made, and probably more with a view to instructive reading than his rival, who with equally good taste, caters for his patrons amusement. The circulation of these works must be enormous to warrant the cost of production.

THE MAJOR.—Yes. But what do you think of all these republications being made, without any regard to the interest of the author in his copyright?

Mr. M.—Many English authors dispose of the privilege of reproduction to the American publisher, well knowing that it were better to reap such an advantage than to suffer by absolute piracy, or otherwise limit the circulation of their works. This of course is done with due regard to the interest of the home publisher, where he is the beneficiary of the copyright. But, after all, the system of piracy is much to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that ere long a good system of international legislation will be adopted on this point, for it would be a great reproach on the age that so many thousands of English readers should be deprived of the advantage of perusing the writings of the authors of both countries except at a high cost, to many amounting to a prohibitor.

THE MAJOR.—I hear approaching footsteps and doubt not they are those of our now renowned shantystists. Let us welcome them.

THE LAIRD, (reciting) enters—

“The chief in silence strode before,  
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty Lakes,  
From Venachar in silver breaks.”

THE MAJOR.—Why Laird, have you been poring over your favourite lately, that you should come sounding his verse in such a jaunty style as that.

THE LAIRD.—A truce to your joking, Major. It's very true that the words are Sir Walter's, but it was in nae buik o' his that I read them last; nor after a' do I think that the application o' them is sae much out o' the way. Here I am a great chief in my ane way, “Nascimus Princeps”—but I forgot a' my humanity whilk the old dominie at the schule skelped into me down? the Gallowgate, so I must beg for a dictionary, to astonish you anither time, but as I was saying, we'll premise I'm the chief, and who can gainsay that? Well

yonder's the "sounding" shore of Ontario, and as for the three Lakes, why there are Erie, Huron and Superior, you see Major!

THE MAJOR.—Precisely—but if not in the Lady of the Lake, where did you read the words?

THE LAIRD.—In a buik I hae read wi' a great deal o' pleasure, and I recommend it to your favourable consideration, as the language o' conventional intercourse has it. The buik, guid luck to it, is called "A Step from the New World to the Old and back again, with thoughts on the good and evil in both, and vera guid thochts they are, let me tell ye,—thochts in the brain of a sensible and well informed man, who apparently makes good use o' baith e'en, lugs and memory.

THE SQUIREEN.—I'll let my owld setter Brian to any mongrel cur in the city, and by the powers there's no lack of them, the fellow speaks in exalted terms of Scotland.

THE LAIRD.—Noo, man, dinna betray any national jealousy here. It's undoubtedly true that Mr. Tappan, that's the author's name, did not visit the land o' your nativity, the mair pity, as he might have given us some correct, impartial, and seasonable hints with respect to it, but I presume his arrangements wad not permit of it—equally true is it that he descants in glowing terms upon the grandeur and beauty o' his mountain hame, but it's a done in guid taste, and the introduction o' Scott's poetry in connection wi' the scenes through which he was passing is natural enouch, for an ardent admirer of nature and its poetry which he seems to be. But then he's equally enthusiastic in praise o' the guid points he saw in other lands, and not a few o' them either.

THE MAJOR.—Can you give us a sample of his style, by way of a bait?

THE LAIRD.—Well I believe I can. I put the first volume in my pocket, to read after walking out here. Speaking of England, (and the passage has its value for "Little York," so let the Mayor and Corporation take tent,) and describing the enormous parks in London, where the population, rich and poor, young and old, enjoy the privilege of breathing a purer atmosphere than what goes through their lungs in the dense city, and alluding to the same feature in continental cities, he says:—But! did mortal ever ken the like! I have left the buik at hame, so I must defer reading you the passages till anither time.

THE DOCTOR.—Well done, Laird! however I shall read your book as soon as may be. Meantime, I beg to call your attention to a curious little brochure, which I hold in my hand. It is rather too much in my own particular line, for general taste, but is nevertheless designed for, and ought to be read by everybody—ladies and gentlemen.

THE LAIRD.—It's seldom we hear you speak in such unqualified terms o' buiks or anything else, therefore you'll be guid enouch to let us

have the name o' baith the work and the author.

THE DOCTOR.—Authoress in this instance, Laird, "The Laws of Life by Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D."

THE MAJOR.—A feminine Esculapius!—Where did the lady acquire her academical honour?

THE DOCTOR.—At Geneva, State of New York; but this is the least important or interesting feature in her history. The degree I believe is not a mere honorary one, but was obtained after diligent study and examination, Miss Blackwell it would appear is so singularly blessed with respect to temperament and mental constitution, that she was able to enter freely into all those investigations which are considered so repugnant in the medical profession. She visited Europe in order to add to her information, and was well received in France where she met with one or two similar spirits among her sex. She paid a penalty for her boldness, having lost an eye in consequence of some disease contracted during her studies. All this is very startling and to Englishmen particularly, very objectionable, nor do I intend to become the champion of the system of considering the sex a matter of indifference in the pursuit of knowledge. Woman happily has her proper and useful sphere of action, one for which man is physically, constitutionally, and mentally unfitted, the duties of which, are sufficiently arduous and important to require the exercise of a high order of intellectual power; it is to be regretted therefore when women step beyond the bounds of that peculiar sphere. But, yet, we have several instances in which the female mind has accomplished much more in the path of abstract science, it is barely needful to mention the name of Mary Somerville, but what I admire in the authoress, of whom I am now speaking, is, that having boldly plunged into an unwonted path, she has not rashly and blindly pursued it at a headlong pace, but has evidently traced its devious windings with care and advantage, marking every feature of importance in the landscape, and reflecting deeply upon their general character and the office they perform in making up the whole, and pleasing view.—The book contains the fruits of her study and experience given in the form of lectures to the mothers of her country on the physical education of their daughters. It contains many a pointed and timely rebuke on the prevalent system of the day, and is calculated to do much service, if properly appreciated and acted upon. I will not trouble you by quoting from its pages, but refer you to the little work itself; you will find it repay the perusal. Have you seen "Swallow Barn," by Kennedy?

THE SQUIREEN.—I had the recreation of glancing through it the other day, being attracted by the style of the illustrations which are particularly felicitous and well executed. It

is professedly a second edition of an old publication, and, if so, has been brought out at a very fortuitous time. The whole story is a counterpart of Uncle Tom's cabin, and gives us life in the South in rather more pleasing colours, than we find them delineated by Mrs. Stowe. However, as our friend Maclear has made a speculation in the reprint of the latter, perhaps the less we say of Swallow Barn, the better.

MR. M.—On the contrary; it is well always to hear both sides of a story, and I am not so wedded to my prejudices, as not to enjoy a good book, even when in opposition.

THE LAIRD.—Parliamentary phraseology! But the truth is that nigger question is a little overdone at present. Nae doubt it places the American people in an anomalous position to find sic sticklers for freedom maintaining the abominable and unchristian practice of human slavery. But it is an evil entailed upon them from their forefathers, when the genius o' the age was different—and having been recognized by the founders of their constitution at the time of its construction, it will require time to alter and ameliorate the matter.—There is a providence in the existence of slavery. Men do not sufficiently consider this, and when the season arrives for its abandonment, God will in His mercy appoint the method and the instruments.

THE SQUIREEN.—The book is well written.

THE DOCTOR.—Pray Major can you recommend to me some light and easily digested volume, suitably for this sultry season of the year. Something, I mean, a trifle more substantial than the puff-paste of a novel, and a fraction less solid than the sirloin of a history, or an essay upon political economy. I purpose making an expedition to St. Catharines next week, per steamer, and should like to be furnished with literary fodder for the way.

THE MAJOR.—This little red coated book is the very article which you desiderate. It is "*The Book of Snobs, by Will Thackeray.*" forming a portion of "*Appleton's popular Library.*"

THE DOCTOR.—Did not the contents thereof appear in the pages of *Punch*?

THE MAJOR.—They did, and for a season formed the leading and most appetizing attraction of that raucy periodical. In my humble judgement Thackeray is one the ablest fictionists of the present day.

THE LAIRD.—I dinna like that word *fiction-ist*! It has a conceited, snappish novelty about it, that I canna thole! Noah Webster, aiblins, might pawtroneeze the expression, but I'll be bound to say that honest auld Sam Johnson wud hae growled at it as he wad at a Yankee.

THE SQUIREEN.—Or a Scotsman!

THE LAIRD.—Nane o' your jeers Paddy!—If it had na been for a Scotsman its but little

the world wad hae known about the great lexicographer!

THE SQUIREEN.—Perchance none but a North Britain could have had a stomach strong enough for the undertaking, of blowing the horn for *Ursa Major*—and recording his grizzly escapades!

THE LAIRD.—Div ye mean onything personal, ye ill-tongued thriftless bogtrotter?

THE DOCTOR.—Come, come children! no bickerings in the shanty, or Mrs. Grundy may perchance not be at home, the next time that you shew your face in the clearing! Besides I have got the ear of the chair. You were speaking about Thackeray, Major, when this little Johnsonian episode occurred!

THE MAJOR.—I think that in future ages, he will be more consulted and referred to, than almost any of his essayist companions. Thackeray like Addison and Fielding possesses an intuitive faculty for observing and illustrating the characteristic features of society! With a few touches, laid on seemingly, at hap-hazard, this great artist produces, if not a finished picture, at least a life-like sketch of some specific classic order.

THE DOCTOR.—Is he not somewhat too much tintured with what William Hogarth called the *caricatura*?

THE MAJOR.—Not more so, than was the said William Hogarth himself! I fully grant that the *groupings* which Thackeray presents are such as you do not meet with in every day life, but examine each figure separately and we would be justified in making oath that you have met with the counterpart thereof, though perchance you could not particularize the precise epoch and locality!

THE LAIRD.—I speak under correction Major, but it seems to me that you are getting a thocht prosy and metaphysical. What would you say to giving us a slice o' Thackeray, and let each one judge for himself as to its quality? The proof o' the pudding ye ken, is the preening o't!

THE MAJOR.—As you will, Laird. Here is a morcean, taken at hap-hazard. I must premise that Mr. Goldmore is a "dull and pompous Leadenhall Street Cæsus, good natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. Goldmore patronizes Raymond Grey, Esq., barrister-at-law, "an ingenious youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to bide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world." Gray is married and his help-mate being a lady of good sense, the couple contrives to live in frugal comfort, without seeking to ape a style which their income would not warrant them in assuming.

The barrister, a little annoyed at Goldmore's ostentatious patronage, which is limited, I may mention to a dinner twice or thrice in the season, determines to have a little quaint, good humoured revenge. He accordingly invites the

Nabob to pot-luck, and I take up the narrative at the point, when Gray communicates the "astounding information to" to his better half:—

"My love," says Mrs. GRAY, in a tremor, "how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold Mrs. GOLDMORÉ?"

Make your mind easy, Mrs. GRAY; her ladyship is in Paris. It is only CRÆSUS that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadler's Wells. GOLDMORÉ said at the Club that he thought SHAKESPEARE was a great dramatic poet, and ought to be patronised; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet."

"Goodness gracious! what can we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know Mrs. GOLDMORÉ is always telling us about them; and he dines with Aldermen every day."

"A plain leg of mutton my LUCY,  
I prythee get ready at three;  
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,  
And what better meat can there be?"

says GRAY, quoting my favorite poet.

"But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible PATTYPAN, the pastrycook's" \* \* \*

"Silence, Frau!" says GRAY, in a deep tragedy voice. "I will have the ordering of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend SNOB here to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it."

"Don't be expensive, RAYMOND," says his wife.

"Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. GOLDMORÉ's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only thou do in all things my commands." And seeing by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggerly was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

Punctual to the hour—(By the way, I cannot omit here to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation, towards those miserable Snobs who come to dinner at nine, when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the back-biting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue these wretches, and avenge 'he society on which they trample!)—Punctual, I say to the hour of five, which Mr. and Mrs. RAYMOND GRAY had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity, (for in sooth he was hungry, and always is at the dinner hour, whatsoever that hour may be,) whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was Mr. SNOB. He is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative:—

Although Mr. SNOB may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone Street with his richly gilt-knobbed cane, (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss SQUILSBY's, the brass-plated milliner opposite RAYMOND GRAY'S, who has three silver-paper bonnets, and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window,) yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that with which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five

the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkies, the black horses and blazing silver harness of Mr. GOLDMORÉ whirled down the street! It is a very little street of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss SQUILSBY'S. Coal-merchants, architects, and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storied edifices with stucco porticoes. GOLDMORÉ's carriage overtopped the roofs almost; the first floors might shake hands with CRÆSUS as he lolled inside; all the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was Mrs. HAMMERLY in curling papers; Mrs. SANNY with her front awry; Mr. WHIGGLES peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the GOLDMORÉ carriage drove up to Mr. RAYMOND GRAY'S door.

"How kind it is of him to come with both the footmen!" says little Mrs. GRAY, peeping at the vehicle too. The hugest domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining; the very organ-boy panted; the footman, the coach, and GOLDMORÉ'S red face were blazing in splendour. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

RAYMOND GRAY opened his—in his shirt-sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. "Come in, GOLDMORÉ," says he. "Just in time, my boy. Open the door, WHATDYCALLUM, and let your master out,"—and WHATDYCALLUM, obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

"Wawt taim will you please have the cage, Sir," says WHATDYCALLUM, in that peculiar unspellable, inimitable, flunkified pronunciation which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

"Best have it to the theatre, at night," GRAY exclaims; "it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven."

"Yes, at eleven," exclaims GOLDMORÉ perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked GRAY as a JACK KETCH over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from door-steps and balconies; its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

"Go in there, and amuse yourself with SNOB," says GRAY, opening the little drawing-room door. "I'll call out when the chops are ready. FANNY'S below, seeing to the pudding."

"Gracious merey!" says GOLDMORÉ to me, quite confidentially, "How could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution."

"Dinner, dinner!" roars out GRAY, from the dining-room, whence issued a great smoking and frying; and entering that apartment we find Mrs. GRAY ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a princess who by some accident, had a bowl of potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.



"FANNY has made the roly-poly pudding," says he; "the chops are my part. Here's a fine one; try this, GOLDMORE." And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman's plate. What words, what notes of exclamation can describe the nabob's astonishment?

The table-cloth was a very old one, darned in a score of places. There was mustard in a tea-cup a silver fork for GOLDMORE—all ours were iron.

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says GRAY, gravely. "That fork is the only one we have. FANNY has it generally."

"RAYMOND!" cries Mrs. GRAY, in an imploring face.

"She was used to better things, you know: and I hope one day to get her a dinner service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce is that boy with the beer? And Low," said he springing up, "I'll be a gentleman." And so he put on his coat, and sat down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton chops which he had by this time broiled.

"We don't have meat every day, Mr. GOLDMORE," he continued, "and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure."

"Gracious mercy!" says Mr. GOLDMORE.

"Where's the half-and-half? FANNY go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence." And what was our astonishment when FANNY got up as if to go!

"Gracious mercy! let me," cries GOLDMORE.

"Not for worlds, my dear Sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!" RAYMOND said, with astounding composure. And Mrs. GRAY left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little POLLY (to whom, at her christening, I had the honour of presenting a silver mug, *ex officio*) followed with a couple of tobacco pipes and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

"Did you speak to TAPLING about the gin, FANNY, my dear?" GRAY asked, after bidding POLLY put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little body had some difficulty in reaching—"The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it."

"You would hardly suspect, GOLDMORE, that my wife, a HARLEY BAKER, would ever make gin punch? I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her."

"Don't be always laughing at Mamma, RAYMOND," says Mrs. GRAY.

"Well, well, she won't die, and I don't wish she would. And you don't make gin punch, and you don't like it either—and—GOLDMORE, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?"

"Gracious mercy!" ejaculates CRESSUS once more, as little POLLY, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling to that astonished director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. GRAY pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the

knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the children in a little cart; how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told TIMBRS, his clerk, (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public house, which Mrs. FANNY had fetched from the neighbouring apartment) —to fetch the "bottle of port wine," when the dinner was over; and told GOLDMORE as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands, as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and Mrs. GRAY had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of port, GRAY suddenly breaks the silence by slapping GOLDMORE on the shoulder, and saying "Now GOLDMORE, tell me something."

"What?" asks CRESSUS.

"Haven't you had a good dinner?"

GOLDMORE started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned upon him. He *had* had a good dinner; and didn't know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were the best of the mutton kind; the potatoes were perfect of their order; as for the roly-poly, it was too good. The porter was frothing and cool, and the port wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views; for there is more in GRAY'S cellar.

"Well," says GOLDMORE, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question GRAY put to him—"Upon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a monstrous good dinnah—monsous good, upon my word! Here's your health, GRAY, my boy, and your amiable lady; and when Mrs. GOLDMORE comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place." And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see Mr. PHELPS at Sadlers' Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which GOLDMORE enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had GRAY appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (BUCKMUCKER BOBBACHEE v. RAMCHOWDER-BAHAWDER) in the Privy Council, LORD BROUGHAM complimented Mr. GRAY, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he know Sanscrit or not, I can't say; but GOLDMORE got him the business; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

THE DOCTOR.—Many thanks Crabtree for calling my attention to the "*Book of Snobs*." I am glad the papers are collected, and I am certain the volume will have a great run.

THE SQUIREX.—What other best-root hand-book is that at your elbow, Major?

THE MAJOR.—Another of Appleton's series being "*A Journey to Katmandu, or the Nepalese Ambassador at home*."

THE SQUIREX.—And who may the author be?

**THE MAJOR.**—His name is Laurence Oliphant, son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, Chief Justice of Ceylon. The father is a lawyer of good repute, but the son's existence has hitherto been unknown to me.

**THE LAIRD.**—How does the lad handle his pen, Crabtree?

**THE MAJOR.**—Pretty fairly. He tells his story, in a plain, straightforward manner, but does not appear to be burdened with much ideality. Seldom if ever can wild and dreary regions which he traverses, rouse him to the altitude of enthusiasm.

**THE LAIRD.**—A' the better, Culpepper, a' the better! I like to meet wi' a plain matter o' fact tourist, wha tells you honestly what he sees and leaves you to do the reflections yourself! Gie me the oysters in their unsophisticated shells, and let me add the pepper and vinegar to my own mind!

**THE MAJOR.**—As a sample of Mr. Oliphant's style I may read you the following account of a review of Nepaulese troops at Katmandu:

The parade-ground was situated immediately under the city walls, and upon it 6000 men were drawn up: the uniforms differed in some instances; the "rifles" were in a pea-green suit which hung about them loosely, while the regiments of the line wore red coats, with trowsers ample enough to please a Turk. Upon their turbans or caps were the distinguishing badges of their respective corps—a half-moon, a lion, the sun, and various other devices. The regiments were not numbered as with us, but adopted some magniloquent high-sounding title suggestive of their valour in war, fearlessness of danger, and other martial qualities.

There was no cavalry, the country not being adapted to that arm of the service, but the artillery seemed very fairly handled; there was an immense deal of firing, both of small arms and great guns, which I believe was very good; and there were a great number of evolutions performed, which, as I am not a soldier, did not seem to me more incomprehensible than such manoeuvring usually is, but I was informed by those who were capable of judging, that in this instance they really were altogether without meaning. Regiment after regiment marched past, the men swinging their arms regularly as they moved, and trying to persuade themselves they were British grenadiers. At all events the band was playing that tune. Suddenly the music changed; they struck up a lively polka, and a number of little boys in a sort of penwiper costume, clasping one another like civilized ladies and gentlemen, began to caper about, after which they went through various antics that surpassed the wildest notions of our highly civilized community: all this while the troops were manoeuvring as vehemently as ever, and the boys were dancing as fantastically; and the whole thing was so eminently ridiculous and looked so very like a farce, that it was difficult to maintain that dignified and sedate appearance which was expected from the spectators of a scene so imposing.

Jung alone looked for no expressions of surprise or admiration from us, but was evidently disappointed and chagrined at the inferiority of his own

soldiers to those he had seen in Europe and amongst our Indian troops. He could indeed point with pride to the stalwart bearing and soldier-like appearance of his men, but he had seen "the Guards" reviewed, he had been present at an inspection of 15,000 of the French army at Versailles, and he seemed half ashamed of the display we were witnessing, notwithstanding our efforts to comfort him by telling him that we had little thought the art of war was so far advanced in the wild valleys and rocky mountains of Nepal.

**THE DOCTOR.**—This weather is a trifle too melting for the latitude of Nepal. The very name adds to the perspiration which dims the glasses of my spectacles. Let us then don the seven leagued boots, and leaving the East, hasten away with Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer for Iceland!

**THE LAIRD.**—A loup indeed! Frae a sun-stroke to a frost bitten tae! Wha may the said Luckie *Fife* (is that what ye ca' her?) be when she's at hame?

**THE DOCTOR.**—She is a German lady gifted or cursed with an uncontrollable impulse to visit all the nooks and corners of this round world of ours. Hardy as a Shetland pony, she contrives to journey with tolerable comfort through regions where a Cockney Tourist would starve, and so easy are her commissariat wants supplied that for ten days at a stretch her commons were confined to mouldy bread, and cheese as hard as Aberdeen granite!

**THE MAJOR.**—And where have the fair Ida's wanderings extended?

**THE DOCTOR.**—After rustication for a season in Palestine, she took the notion to visit Iceland, and the results of her pilgrimage are contained in this volume, the title page thereof runs as follows:—"A Journey to Iceland, and Travels in Sweden and Norway, translated from the German by Miss Charlotte Fenimore Cooper."

**THE LAIRD.**—Cooper! Is she ony relation to the great novelist think ye?

**THE DOCTOR.**—His daughter, and by all accounts worthy of her accomplished sire.—Her present task she has executed in an exceedingly business like manner. I have never seen the original of Mrs. Pfeiffer's work but the translation bears internal evidence sufficient to convince any practiced reader, that the *spirit* and *character* of the writer's style has undergone no organic change in the process of conversion into Anglo-Saxon.

**THE LAIRD.**—What kind o' a place does Mrs. Feef—(I never can pronounce your German jaw-breaking names) make out Iceland to be?

**THE DOCTOR.**—Very far from being a Paradise, I can assure you. The presiding genii of the region appear to be filth and famine, and the inhabitants not many degrees removed from that aboriginal tribe, described by old lord Montboddo, who sported tails, and fed upon acorns!

**THE LAIRD.**—I think Ida had little to do

when she went stravaung among sic' a crew. What could have tempted any woman, not an eligible candidate for Bedlam, to visit an out-landish place like that ?

THE DOCTOR.—Probably because it *was* out-landish ! She tells us in her preface : " Iceland was a country where I hoped to behold nature, under an aspect entirely new and peculiar."

THE SQUIREN.—By the curling tongs, and tooth-brush of Venus, the fair sex are the same all the world over ! *Novelty* is the fuel which gets up their steam ! A new print, a new silk, a new trinket, or a new country have each and all their peculiar attractions for the "sweetness of our existence !" Bless them !

THE MAJOR.—I should opine, that if Mrs. Pfeiffer be a woman of sense and observation, her volume would be replete with interest. Iceland is to the million very much a *terra incognita*.

THE DOCTOR.—You will not be disappointed by a perusal of the book under consideration. Bating her locomotive *furor*, Madam, I see, possesses no small modicum of mother-wit, and uses both her eyes and her brains to substantial purpose. For myself, at least I can testify that her journal has given me a more definite and distinct idea of the physical and moral features of Iceland than I previously could boast.

THE LAIRD.—Let the honest woman speak for herself, Doctor, an' it please you ! Let's hear what she's got to say !

THE DOCTOR.—Here follows Mrs. Pfeiffer's description of Havenford, the first spot of Iceland upon which she placed foot :—

The wooden houses, occupied by the merchants or their factors, are of a single story, with five or six windows in front ; a low flight of steps leads to an entrance, in the centre of the building, which opens into a vestibule, with two doors communicating with the rooms to the right and left. In the rear is the kitchen, and the courtyard is beyond. Such a house contains four or five rooms on the ground floor, and a few small chambers under the roof.

The arrangements are entirely European ; the furniture, a great deal of which is mahogany, is all brought from Copenhagen, as well as the mirrors, and the cast-iron stoves. Handsome rugs are spread in front of the sofas, neat curtains hang before the windows ; the whitewashed walls are ornamented with English engravings, and china, silver, cut-glass, &c., are displayed upon the chests or corner-tables. The rooms are scented with roses, mignonette, and pinks, and I even saw one piano-forte here. Any person who should suddenly be set down in a house like this, without having made the journey, would be sure to imagine himself in some town on the continent of Europe, and not in that distant region of poverty and barrenness, the island of Iceland. I found the habitations of the easy classes in Reikjavick, and the other places I visited in this country, exactly similar to those in Havenford. I next entered some of the huts, which I found to be decidedly more Icelandic. They are small and low, built of

lava blocks, filled in with earth, the whole sodded over with grass, and they might easily be mistaken for natural elevations in the ground, if the wooden chimneys, the low doors, and almost imperceptible windows, did not betray that they were tenanted by human beings. A dark and narrow passage, not more than four feet high, leads on one hand to the dwelling-room, and on the other to the store-room, where the provisions are kept, which is also used in winter to stable the cows and sheep. The fire place is generally at the end of this passage, which is purposely built so low in order to exclude the cold. The walls and floors of these huts are not boarded ; the dwelling-rooms are barely large enough to sleep in, and perhaps to turn round ; the whole furniture consists of the bedsteads, with a very scanty supply of bedding, a small table, and a few chests ; the latter are used for seats as well as the beds. Poles are fastened in the walls to which clothes, shoes and stockings, and other things of that kind are suspended ; and a little shelf, with a few books on it, is generally found in each hut. No stoves are needed in these crowded rooms, which are sufficiently heated by the warmth of their numerous inmates.

There are also poles in the fireplaces to hang up the wet clothing and dry the fish. The smoke often spreads itself over the room and finds its way very slowly out of the air-holes. There is no wood for fuel in the whole island. The rich import it from Norway and Denmark, and the poor burn turf, to which they often add fish-bones or fat, and a most offensive smoke proceeds from this disgusting offal.

On entering one of these hovels, it is impossible to say which is the worst, the suffocating smoke of the passage, or the stifling air of the inner room, poisoned with the perspiration and uncleanness of so many persons. I am persuaded that the horrible eruptions so common among the Icelanders, are more to be attributed to their unparalleled filthiness than to the climate or their peculiar food.

In my distant travels throughout the country, I found the huts of the peasantry every where equally dirty and miserable. Of course I do not mean to say there were no exceptions, for even here a few rich peasants can well afford to live in greater comfort, according to their means and inclinations. But to my notion, we should judge of the habits of a people by the mass, and not by the few, as many travellers are in the habit of doing ; and very rare indeed were the examples of cleanliness which I saw.

Havenford is surrounded by a most beautiful and picturesque field of lava, which at first swells to a gentle eminence, then sinks again, and finally stretches in one wide plain to the neighboring hills. The different masses, black and bare, arise in the most varied shapes, to the height of ten or fifteen feet, assume the figures of walls, pillars, grottoes and excavations, over which large level pieces will often make a natural bridge ; the whole formed by blocks of congealed lava, which in some places are covered to their summits with grass and moss, presenting that delusive appearance of stunted trees which I saw from the ship. The horses, sheep, and cows scramble about in these fields, industriously seeking out every small green spot ; and I myself was never weary with scam-

bling; I could not sufficiently admire and wonder at this fearfully beautiful picture of desolation.

**THE SQUIREN.**—What does she say about the people generally? I mean as to their appearance?

**THE DOCTOR.**—Listen:—

The natives of Iceland are of medium height and strength. Their hair is light, and not infrequently of a reddish shade, and their eyes are blue. The men are generally ugly, the women rather less so, and among the young girls I occasionally saw quite a pleasing face. It is a very uncommon thing for either sex to attain the age of seventy or eighty years. They have a great many children, but the proportion of those who live to grow up is very small; of the numbers who are born to them few survive the first year; which is not surprising when it is considered that the mothers do not nurse their infants, who are brought up on the most unwholesome kind of food. After their first year they seem to be strong and healthy, though their cheeks are apt to be of a singularly bright red, as if they were always covered with a rash. Whether this be owing to the effect of the keen air, or in consequence of their wretched diet I am not able to decide.

**THE LAIRD.**—Ha'e they any Doctors, think ye, in that out-o'-the-way corner of creation?

**THE DOCTOR.**—Yes, and Parsons, too; but according to our authoress these learned professions stand rather at a low discount in the land office! She says:—

The most laborious among the salaried offices in this country are those of the physicians and the clergy. Their circuits are very extensive, particularly the physicians, who are often sent for from a distance of twenty or thirty German miles. And when it is taken into consideration how often they are exposed to the fearful tempests of an Iceland winter, which lasts six or eight months of the year, it must be confessed that their lot is not an enviable one, and it is only wonderful that any one should be willing to accept the post.

When the doctor is called for in winter, the country people present themselves with shovels and pickaxes to clear the road for him, and always come provided with several horses, as he is frequently obliged to change from one exhausted animal to another, during his long rides through the fog and darkness, the snow-drifts and storms; life and death often hanging on his speed the while. Sometimes he returns to his own fire-side quite worn out with the cold and exposure, and has barely time to recruit from his fatigues before another summons arrives, and he must tear himself again from his family to face new dangers, before he has had time to relate the perils of his former expedition. When he is sent for by sea the risk is still greater on that stormy element.

The salary of the physicians is by no means in proportion to their services, but that of the priests is still less so. Some of the benefices are only worth from two to eight florins a year, and the richest of them does not produce more than two hundred florins. The government provides a house for the priests, often no better than a peasant's hut, a small pasture-ground, and a few heads of cattle; and they are also entitled to a share of the hay,

sheep's wool, fish, &c., of their parishioners. But most of the clergy are so poor that they and their families are dressed in the usual garb of the peasantry, from which it is difficult to distinguish them. The wife attends to the cattle, and milks the cows and sheep, assisted by her maid, while the priest goes into the field and mows with the aid of his man. His whole intercourse is naturally confined to the poorer classes, and therein consists that patriarchal simplicity of life and manners which has been lauded by so many travellers. I should like to know if any of them would be willing to try it?

Besides all his other labors, the same priest has often three or four districts under his charge, which are sometimes at a distance of several miles from his residence. He is expected to visit them all in turn, so as to hold divine service in each district once in every few weeks. The priest, however, is not compelled to brave all weathers like the physician, and whenever Sunday proves a very stormy day he dispenses with his visitations, as it would be impossible for his scattered congregations to assemble.

The post of Sysselmann (answering to our bailiff of a circle), is the most desirable of all, for this officer has a good salary and very little to do; in many places he has a right to all the waifs, which is a privilege of some importance on account of the wood drifted from the American continent.

**THE SQUIREN.**—Confound these bailiffs! Go where you like, gentry of this description always contrive to get their bread buttered on both sides! In Iceland, as in poor cold Ireland, they live upon the fat of the land. Bad cess to thum say I!

**THE MAJOR.**—Like the peripatetic Pfeiffer, I confess a weakness for novelty, and perchance may take Iceland as my next vacation ramble. Pray does she give a fellow an inkling touching the mode of travelling in these same regions?

**THE DOCTOR.**—She does; but the picture which she draws is by no means a very flattering one.

The best season for a journey is from the middle of June to the end of August at the latest; before that period, the streams are so much swollen by the melted snows that is it very dangerous to ford them; and many patches of deep snow, still untouched by the sun, and covering deep pits and heaps of lava, lie in the traveller's way. Here the danger is equally great; the horses sink in at every step, and there is reason to be thankful if the whole soft covering does not give way at once. On the other hand, the heavy storms and rains often begin in September, and flurries of snow are to be expected at any time during that month.

The traveller should carry his own provisions, and should have in addition a tent, a cooking apparatus, a pillow, some blankets and warm clothing, all of which are indispensable to his comfort. Most of these articles were too expensive in my case, and I was not provided with any of them; but I was exposed, in consequence, to terrible privations and fatigues, and was often obliged to ride an incredible distance before I could reach a night's

shelter in some little church or hut. I lived for eight or ten days at a time on bread and cheese alone, and slept on hard benches or chests, where I was often unable to close my eyes all night from the cold.

To guard against the violent rains it is desirable to have a water-proof cloak, and a glazed broad-brimmed hat, such as sailors wear; an umbrella is perfectly useless, for the rains are generally accompanied by a great deal of wind, and one is often obliged to ride at a very quick pace, and it is easy to imagine that it is quite out of the question to hold one up.

THE MAJOR.—That kind of work would not at all harmonize with my gout! I fear that till rail-roads are introduced into these Runic regions, Culpepper Crab-tree must give them a wide berth!

THE DOCTOR.—It is as laborious and uncomfortable a process getting out of the island as vagabondising therein. Attend to the cabin bill of fare of the vessel in which Dame Pfeiffer sailed from Iceland for Copenhagen:

The fare on board this ship was exactly the same for passengers, captain, mate and crew. For our morning's meal we had wretched tea, or more properly dirty water of the color of tea, which the common hands drank without any sugar; the officers making use of a small lump of candy, which they hold in their mouths, where it melted rather slower than refined sugar, while they poured down cup after cup to moisten the ship biscuit and butter which composed our breakfast.

The dinners varied from day to day; first we had a piece of salted meat, which having been soaked all night in sea-water, and cooked next day in the same, was so intolerably hard, tough, and over-salted, that it required a seaman's palate to relish it. Instead of soup, vegetables, or dessert, we had barley gr<sup>s</sup>, plainly boiled, without salt or butter, and eaten with syrup and vinegar. This dish was considered delicious by my companions, who could never cease wondering at my perverted taste when I pronounced it uneatable.

The second day produced a piece of bacon, boiled in salt water, and the barley grits again. On the third we had codfish and peas; and although the latter were hard, and cooked without butter, I found them more palatable than anything I had yet tasted. The first dinner was repeated on the fourth day, and so it went on during the whole passage; a cup of coffee without milk always closing our noonday meal. The evening's repast was like that of the morning, tea-water and ship-biscuit.

THE LAIRD.—Hech Sirs! but that is lenten commons, indeed! Never after this will I turn up my nose at the fried pork and salt rising o' puir Canada! Badly aff as we aften are in the back woods for viands, we are seldom quite so bad as this floating purgatory! Bacon boiled in salt water, and barley grits! My conscience! it scunners a body to think o't!

THE SQUIREEN.—I have got enough of Iceland. Let us call a new cause. There is a fresh novel here, have any of you perused it?

THE DOCTOR.—What name does it answer to?

THE SQUIREEN.—"Dollars and Cents." It is published by George P. Putman, New-York, and purports to be concocted by a certain Amy Lothrop.

THE MAJOR.—I skimmed over the affair this forenoon.

THE SQUIREEN.—Are its contents as valuable as its title? In these hard times there is something provokingly attractive in the *nomen* which sister or mother (as the case may be), Lothrop, has chosen for her bantling!

THE MAJOR.—If yawning, oh, Squireen! has a tendency to give you lock-jaw, I would not recommend you to essay the perusal of these same "Dollars and Cents."

THE LAIRD.—Is the story so wersh as all that?

THE MAJOR.—Wersh as porridge sans-salt, or a haggis devoid of onions and pepper!

THE DOCTOR.—Since you commenced discussing its merits, I have been glancing at the production, and the dialogic appears to be easy and flowing enough, and the English correct.

THE MAJOR.—True enough; but in so saying you have exhausted the bead-roll of its virtues! It is talk, talk, talk, from alpha to omega! As for *story*, like the Knife-grinder of Canning,

"It has none to tell, sir."

In every chapter, two or three personages with leathern lungs, discourse on every imaginable topic, from the price of pumpkins up to the ultimate destiny of "our union;" and the hapless narrative remains nearly in *statu quo*. If it make any progress, the rate is about as homœopathic as that of a rheumatic fly through a glue-pot!

THE LAIRD.—I trust friend Maclear has no great stock o' the wark! if so, it is like to prove a nest-egg on his hauns, honest man!

THE MAJOR.—I am not quite so sure of that, Laird. Twaddle has many devoted disciples in Canada. There are hundreds who would prefer the gentle inspidity of the *Ladies' Magazine* to the substantial nutriment of *Blackwood* and the *Edinburgh*. Even in our own good city you will have no difficulty in finding scores upon scores who, whilst swearing by Mr. Gore and T. S. Arthur, would write down James Hogg as vulgar, and John Galt as coarse! Such gentry would not scruple to invest their superfluous "dollars and cents" in the respectable commonplace of Amy Lothrop!

THE LAIRD.—My guid auld neighbour, Colonel Geddes, wha' has been through a' the Iron Duke's wars, commissioned me to bring him oot some new buik about the continent o' Europe. He disna mind muckle what it touches upon, sae be that it relates to the people and land where he has spent the best and brightest portion o' his days. Od' I

maun get the Colonel to come and visit the shanty before the winter sets in. He can crack like a pea-gun by the hour about Badajos (Badahos, as he ca's't), Salamanca, and Waterloo!

THE MAJOR.—We shall be delighted to see him. In the meantime, be so good as to present your friend with my respects.—Major Culpeppor Crabtree's respects, mind you,—and this volume, which I think he will relish.

THE LAND.—Read the name o't, for I've mislaid my spec's!

THE MAJOR.—*Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone: or, Notes, Social, Picturesque, and Legendary, by the way. By Angus B. Reach. New-York: George P. Putman. 1852.*

THE DOCTOR.—I commend your judgment in selecting this work for the Colonel's *devoirs*. Seldom have I perused a volume with more sustained interest.

THE MAJOR.—What a striking account does Reach, (who is one of the most promising writers of the day,) give of the Landes, that strange, wild region of France!

THE LAND.—The Landes! I dinna mind at the present moment anything about them?

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Reach shall indoctrinate you on the subject. He says:—

“Excepting here and there small patches of poor, ill-cultivated land, the whole country is a solitary desert—black with pine-wood, or white with vast plains of drifting sand. By these two great features of the district, occasionally diversified by sweeps of green morass, intersected by canals and lanes of stagnant water, the Landes take a goodly slice out of La Belle France. Their sea line bounds the French side of the Bay of Biscay, stretching from Bayonne to the mouth of the Gironde; and at their point of greatest breadth they run some sixty miles back into the country; thence gradually receding away towards the sea, as though pushed back by the course of the Garonne, until, towards the mouth of the river, they fade away altogether.

So much for the *physique* of the Landes. The inhabitants are every whit as rugged, strange and uncultivated. As the Landes were four centuries ago, in all essential points, so they are now. What should the tide of progress or improvement do in these deserts of pine and sand? The people live on French soil, but cannot be called Frenchmen. They speak a language as unintelligible to a Frenchman as an Englishman; they have none of the national characteristics—little, perhaps, of the national blood. They are saturnine, gloomy, hypochondriac, dismally passing away dismal lives in the depths of their black forests, their dreary swamps, and their far-spreading deserts of white, fine sand.”

THE SQUIRE.—Faith and troth it seems to me to be six and half-a-dozen between these Landes and Iceland. St. Patrick forbid that I should come to be a squatter in either!

THE LAND.—Is the book entertaining for

the Colonel? You see he disna care for dry reading.

THE MAJOR.—As much so as any novel or romance you ever perused. It abounds with lively sketches of scenery and character, interspersed pleasantly with exceedingly well told legends of *diablerie*, very suitable for a long mid-winter night.

THE DOCTOR.—I was particularly struck with the account of Jasmin, the peasant-poet of Provence and Languedoc—the “last of the Troubadours”—as he not inappropriately terms himself. I am sure you will all concur in awarding me a vote of thanks for reading to you the following life-like particulars, given by Mr. Reach, of this remarkable man:—

“Standing bravely up before an expectant assembly of perhaps a couple of thousand persons—the hot-blooded and quick-brained children of the South—the modern Troubadour plunges over head and ears into his lays, working both himself and his applauding audience into fits of enthusiasm and excitement, which, whatever may be the excellence of the poetry, an Englishman finds it difficult to conceive or account for. The raptures of the New Yorkers and Bostonians are weak and cold, compared with the ovations which Jasmin has received. . . . There is a feature, however, about these recitations, which is still more extraordinary than the uncontrollable fits of popular enthusiasm which they produce. His last entertainment before I saw him was given in one of the Pyrenean cities (I forget which), and produced 2000 francs. Every sou of this went to the public charities. Jasmin will not accept a stiver of money so earned. With a species of perhaps overstrained, but certainly exalted chivalric feeling, he declines to appear before an audience to exhibit for money the gifts with which nature has endowed him. After, perhaps, a brilliant tour through the South of France, delighting vast audiences in every city, and flinging many thousands of francs into every poor-box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his daily bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hair-dresser. It will be generally admitted, that the man capable of self-denial of so truly heroic a nature as this, is no ordinary poetaster.

Jasmin, as may be imagined, is well known in Agen. I was speedily directed to his abode, near the open *Place* of the town, and within earshot of the rush of the Garonne; and in a few moments I found myself pausing before the lintel of the modest shop inscribed, *Jasmin, Perruquier, Coiffeur de jeunes Gens*. A little brass basin dangled above the threshold; and looking through the glass, I saw the master of the establishment shaving a fat-faced neighbour. Now, I had come to see and pay my compliments to a poet, and there did appear to me to be something strangely awkward and irresistibly ludicrous in having to address, to some extent in a literary and complimentary vein, an individual actually engaged in so excessively prosaic and unelevated a species

of performance. I retreated, uncertain what to do, and waited outside until the shop was clear.

Three words explained the nature of my visit; and Jasmin received me with a species of warm courtesy, which was very peculiar, and very charming—dashing at once with the most clattering volubility and fiery speed of tongue, into a sort of rhapsodical discourse upon poetry in general, and his own in particular—upon the French language in general, and the *patois* of it spoken in Languedoc, Provence, and Gascony in particular. Jasmin is a well-built and strongly-limbed man, of about fifty, with a large, massive head, and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy were they allowed a moment's repose from the continual play of the facial muscles, which were continually sending a series of varying expressions across the swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing that struck me was the absence of all mock modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings or doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypocrisy. 'God only made four French poets!' he burst out with; 'and their names are Corneille, Lafontaine, Beranger, and Jasmin!' Talking with the most impassioned vehemence, and the most redundant energy of gesture, he went on to declaim against the influences of civilization upon language and manners as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it burned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, *salons*, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlettered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song, not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin denounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French language. You could no more write poetry in French now, than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked and kneaded, and tricked out, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, and chipped—(I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets he used)—and pranked out, and polished, and muscaded, until for all honest purposes of true high poetry, it was mere unavailable contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating *agents de change* on the Bourse—for squabbling politicians in the chambers—for mincing dandies in the *salons*—for the sarcasm of Scribeshish comedies, or the coarse, drolleries of Palais Royal farces; but for poetry the French language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were mere *faiseurs de phrase*, thinking about words, and not feeling. 'No, no,' my Troubadour continued; 'to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people—a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains—a language never minced or disfigured by academics, and dictionary-makers, and journalists; you must have a language like that which your own Burns (whom I read of in Chateaubriand) used; or like the brave old mel-

low tongue unchanged for centuries—stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms, and odd, solemn words, full of shifting meanings and associations, at one pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful—the language which I write in, and which has never yet been defiled by calculating means of science or jack-a-dandy *litterateurs*.

THE LAIRD.—I say lads, hae ony o' ye read Herman Melville's new wark?

THE DOCTOR.—You mean "*Pierre*; or the *Ambiquities*" I presume?

THE LAIRD.—Just sae! I saw it on Scobie's counter this morning, and wad ha'e coft it if I had had sillar enouch in my spleuhan!

THE DOCTOR.—It was just as lucky, that your exchequer was at so low an ebb, else thou might have been a practical illustration of the old saw which declares that a fool and his money are soon parted!

THE LAIRD.—You astonish me! I wad ha'e judged that in this age o' commonplace, a production frae the pen o' the author o' *Mardi* wad ha'e been a welcome addition to the stores o' our booksellers!

THE DOCTOR.—Melville unquestionably is a clever man, but in the present instance he has sadly mistaken his walk. "*Pierre*" from beginning to end is a gigantic blunder, with hardly one redeeming feature.

THE MAJOR.—What is the nature of the story?

THE DOCTOR.—You might as well ask me to analyse the night-mare visions of an Alderman who after diving upon turtle and venison had wound up by supping upon lobsters and toasted cheese! The hero is a dreamy spoon, alike deficient in heart and brains, who like Hamlet drives a gentle confiding maiden crazy by his flutulent caprices, and finally winds up by drinking poison in prison to save his neck from a hempen cravat!

THE MAJOR.—The affair, I presume belongs to the German school?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes! "*Pierre*" is a species of New York worter, having all the absurdities and none of the beauties of Goethe's juvenile indiscretion!

THE MAJOR.—Strange that a really able man like Herman Melville should have compromised himself so egregiously by giving birth to such a production!

THE DOCTOR.—'Tis passing strange!

THE SQUIREN.—Men of genius will occasionally be guilty of such freaks. I remember Liston once playing Richard III. for his benefit in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and though his most tragic passages were received with shrieks of laughter from box, pit, and gallery, the besotted comedian could not be convinced that it was with himself and not the public where the error lay!

THE MAJOR.—By the way, Laird, you hae got some grand-children I believe?

THE LAIRD.—O ay! There's Peggy nine

years auld, and wee Girzy close upon seven. They are staying wi me at present, puir things!

THE MAJOR.—Will you be so good as to present the little ladies in my name with these two numbers of the "*Snow Drop*?"

THE LAIRD.—Mony thanks Crabtree! But what's the *Snow Drop*, if a body may ask?

THE MAJOR.—An exceeding judicious magazine published in Montreal. I have met with few works of a similar description better calculated at once to amuse and instruct the rising generation.

THE LAIRD.—Has it got ony pictures? Girzy is terrible keen for pictures!

THE MAJOR.—It is profusely adorned with well executed wood cuts, illustrative of the text, and designed with considerable artistic skill. Altogether the *Snow Drop* is a credit to our Province in general, and Montreal in particular.

## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

### PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

On Thursday, the 19th ult., at two o'clock, His Excellency, the Governor General proceeded in state to the Council Chamber, in the Parliament Buildings. The members of the Legislative Council being assembled, His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly, and that House being present, the Hon. E. Caron, Speaker of the Legislative Council stated, on behalf of His Excellency, that he did not think, fit to declare the cause for which he had summoned the present Parliament, until a Speaker of the Legislative Assembly had been elected, according to law.

The gentlemen of the Assembly returned to their own house, when Mr. Hincks proposed that J. S. McDonald should be elected Speaker. Mr. Morin seconded the motion, which was carried on a division by a vote of 55 to 23.

On the following day, at three o'clock, His Excellency having taken his seat upon the throne, commanded the attendance of the Legislative Assembly. The Hon. J. S. McDonald informed His Excellency that the choice of the assembly had fallen on him to be the Speaker, and he craved for the member's customary privileges. After which His Excellency was pleased to deliver the following Speech:—

Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative of Assembly,

I have much pleasure in meeting you, in order that we may unite our endeavors to the promotion of the interests of the Province.

Notwithstanding the deep interest occasioned by the general election, the utmost tranquillity has, I am happy to inform you, prevailed throughout the Province, during the period which has elapsed since the close of the last Parliament.

Under these favorable circumstances, I am en-

abled again to congratulate Parliament on the prosperity of the Province. Securities continue to rise steadily in value, and the returns of the Census recently completed, furnish most satisfactory evidence of the advancement of the Colony, in wealth, and population. The estimated deficiency in the postal revenue has not been exceeded, although greatly extended accommodation has been offered to the public by the establishment of additional Post Offices, and increased Postal Service. There is reason to believe, that before long, the receipts of the Department will balance the expenditure.

Another heavy calamity has, however, I am greatly concerned to state, befallen the Province, in the destruction by fire of a large portion of the important city of Montreal. I am confident that you will bestow your best consideration on any measure that may be proposed to you, for the purpose of mitigating the effects.

The importance of placing the currency of British North America, on a uniform basis, and of introducing the decimal system, has been frequently recognized by Parliament. A measure will be submitted for your consideration, which will, I have reason to believe, promote the accomplishment of this object. I shall cause such documents to be placed before you as will put you fully in possession of the steps which I have taken during the recess, with the view of giving effect to the intentions of the Legislature, embodied in the Acts passed last session, for promoting the construction of Railways. I have endeavored in these proceedings to act, so far as circumstances have permitted, in concert with the Lieutenant Governors of the Lower Provinces, in connexion with these works, and with the subject of public improvements generally. The position of bonds issued on the credit of the Municipalities of Upper Canada, merits attention. The security afforded to holders under the Municipal Acts now in force in that part of the Province, is of a very ample and satisfactory description. It is not improbable, however, that your wisdom may devise measures which, without materially altering their character, may tend to enhance their value in the market.

The importance of establishing direct steam communication between Great Britain, and the Ports of Quebec and Montreal, has been repeatedly pressed on the Government, by persons interested in the commerce of the Province. The subject which has a material bearing on the prosperity of the Province, and the reduction of freights on the St. Lawrence has engaged my anxious attention during the recess, a plan for the attainment of the object in view, which will, I trust meet your approbation, will be submitted for your consideration. I shall lay before you a despatch which I have received from the Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, communicating the views of the Imperial Government in reference to the Clergy reserves, and stating the grounds on which Her Majesty's Ministers refrained from introducing a measure into the Imperial Parliament, during the last session, for the repeal of the Imperial statute on this subject.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,

The condition of the revenue is satisfactory,



and indicates general prosperity among the consuming population of the Province. I shall direct the accounts for the past, and estimates for the current year, to be laid before you, and I rely on your readiness to grant such supplies as may be necessary for the maintenance of the credit of the Province, and the efficiency of the public service.

*Honourable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen :*

Various subjects, of much importance to the interests of the Province, will no doubt, engage your attention, during the session which is now commenced. An addition to the representation seems to be called for by the increasing population of the Province, and the rapid development of some of its more recently settled districts. It is probable, that through the instrumentality of the municipal system, now in full operation in Upper Canada, and of the assessment law you may be enabled to establish an efficient and inexpensive mode of registering parliamentary electors in that part of the Province. In connection with this subject, I recommend for your consideration the claims of certain classes of occupiers now excluded from the franchise, on whom there is reason to believe it may be conferred with advantage to the public interests. The interests of Agriculture are entitled to the special care and attention of Government, in a country where so large a portion of the community is employed in Agricultural pursuits. The absence of any sufficient provision for obtaining correct statistical information respecting the productions of the country and for diffusing knowledge, which may be serviceable both to those engaged in Agriculture and to persons proposing to become settlers, have been long a subject of complaint. I do not doubt that you will bestow your best consideration on any unobjectionable measure that may be submitted for remedying this defect, and perfecting a more speedy settlement of unoccupied land in both sections of the Province.

It is probable that grievances, which are alleged to exist under the feudal tenure, which obtains in certain parts of Lower Canada, may engage your attention. I am confident that in dealing with this subject, which is one of great delicacy, you will manifest a scrupulous regard for the rights of property, which have been acquired and exercised in good faith, and with the sanction, tacit or declared, from the legal tribunals of the Province.

Arrangements are now in force in both sections of the Province, for the maintenance of indigent patients consigned to the Lunatic Asylum it appears to be, I regret to observe, in some respects defective, the case of the unfortunate persons involves considerations of humanity of the highest order, and I confide in your readiness to bestow your best attention on any measure that may be submitted to you for the remedy of this evil. In all the measures which you may adopt for the promotion of the Province, and the happiness and contentment of the people, you may rely on my zealous co-operation, and I shall not now further detain you from the important duties in which you are about to engage, only to express my humble hope that the Almighty may render our efforts efficacious for the public good.

For the subjoined interesting statistics we are indebted to the *British Colonist*.

UPPER CANADA.		LOWER CANADA.	
Years.	Population.	Years.	Population.
1770	a few French emigr'ts,	1676	. . . 8,415
1791	. . . . . 50,000	1688	. . . 11,249
1811	. . . . . 77,000	1700	. . . 15,000
1824	. . . . . 151,097	1706	. . . 20,000
1825	. . . . . 158,027	1714	. . . 26,904
1830	. . . . . 210,437	1759	. . . 65,000
1832	. . . . . 261,060	1784	. . . 113,000
1834	. . . . . 320,693	1825	. . . 423,610
1836	. . . . . 372,502	1827	. . . 471,876
1839	. . . . . 407,515	1831	. . . 511,922
1841	. . . . . 465,375	1844	. . . 630,782
1842	. . . . . 486,055	1848	. . . 770,004
1848	. . . . . 723,292	1852	. . . 902,780
1852	. . . . . 950,530		

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—The Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Association, will be held in Toronto, on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of September. Extensive arrangements have been made to ensure a display of the produce and industry of the country, commensurate with the increase in its population and wealth, since the last Exhibition held in this city four years ago.

The Local Committee in their address to the Citizens of Toronto express their confident expectation that the Ontario, Simcoe and Lake Huron Railroad will be opened, and the Locomotive in operation as far as Bradford, by the time fixed for the fair. A very large number of visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States is looked for, and (for the purpose of affording every facility to strangers to procure suitable accomodation) the local committee have announced their intention to keep a record of all Houses of entertainment in the city and Environs, as also the extent of accomodation each possesses and the charges for the same.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE FALLS OF THE MONTMORENCY.—According to the *Journal de Quebec*, the Turnpike Trust have by virtue of a law passed last Session of Parliament acquired the Montmorency Bridge, and this bridge being old and rickety, the road commissioners have determined to replace it by a new one. It is intended, says our contemporary, not only to make the bridge useful but attractive. Strangers are to be attracted by two wonders at the same time and place—the one a natural, and the other an artificial wonder. The Road Commissioners have determined to make a Suspension Bridge. And what is still more marvellous, says the *Journal de Quebec* speaking of the bridge “*il faut qu'il soit le plus pres possible de l'abime et que de la prem erel on puisse contempler avec attention, la seconde merveille de Dieu.*” Mr Keefer, Chief Engineer of the Board of Works, and Mr. Rubidge of the same Department have been called upon

with the consent of Government to measure the ground necessary and to make an estimate of the cost of the work.—The *Journal* has seen Mr. Rubidge's plan of a bridge, which will be 380 feet in length and is intended to be placed almost perpendicularly over the edge of the Falls, and about six feet from the surface of the river. The spectacle, says our contemporary, will be sublime. It is said further that Mr. Hall the proprietor of the land on both sides of the Falls has promised to give, without any consideration whatever, the land necessary for the bridge and for a road leading from the present highway to it. The cost of the bridge is estimated at £5,500.

We learn, says the *Montreal Herald*, that Dr. Mauritz Maquer, a very distinguished German naturalist, is now making a tour in Canada.

**THE FIRE IN MONTREAL.**—The *Montreal Gazette* gives the following returns of the number of houses, &c. burnt in that city on the 8th and 9th of July; Houses, 1,108; number of families made houseless, 2,886; estimated value of property destroyed, £340,816, or \$1,363,264.

#### CAPE BRETON.

The *C. B. News* of the 28th ult. says:—"We understand that a gentleman from Toronto, Upper Canada, has recently visited Sydney.—It appears that one of the purposes for which he came among us, was to examine the capabilities of the country, and the nature and character of our productions. The chief object of his visit, however, was,—and it is a matter of great interest to us all,—to examine into the possibility of a Rail-road from Petitcodiac, New Brunswick, to Louisburg, as the great Rail-road Terminus of this Continent. Of this possibility we have never entertained a doubt, and we entered upon the consideration of the question at much length, about the time of the meeting of the Railway Delegates at Portland, in the United States, as will be

seen by reference to the '*Cape Breton News*,' of August 3rd, 1850.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

We are informed that our Government have concluded to appropriate One Thousand Pounds towards the relief of the sufferers by the late great fire at Montreal. We have no doubt that the Legislature will cheerfully confirm this grant.—

Three years ago a man purchased a Farm in the lower part of Woodstock for £700,—shortly after he sold off one lot for £200, and last week he disposed of the remainder for £1050—clearing by the transaction, besides his living for the three years, £550.

#### BERMUDA AND THE WEST INDIES.

The Bermuda Legislature was prorogued on the 26th July. The business transacted during the 24 days the House actually met, is said to be unprecedented in the annals of the Island. Governor Elliot congratulates the Colony on its growing prosperity thus:

The continued increase of the produce of the soil, the remunerative prices abroad, and the striking improvement in the industry and skill of the people are gratifying subjects of reflection. And when we consider that the attention of so many highly intelligent and practical persons is devoted to the close observation and better development of the natural resources of the islands, we may, I think, look forward to the future most encouragingly. If it should please God to prosper the colony for the next few years with a succession of favourable crops, such as that which has just been gathered, it is manifest that all branches of business throughout the Islands must be steadily stimulated, to the great advantage of the body of the people, and with the happiest effects upon that continued course of improvement in the towns and over the whole face of the country which already meets our notice in every direction.



#### NEWS FROM ABROAD.

The English news is singularly unimportant, for we already knew the uncertain results of the General Election, and late arrivals but con-

firm that uncertainty to its fullest extent. We shall not weary our readers by second-hand speculations as to what the Ministry will or will not

do, or as to what coalition or what course the Opposition may make or take. Recording only two or three items, we are content to leave the subject for the present; there will be no lack of opportunity for returning to it.—

#### THE NEWLY ELECTED COMMONERS.

The job of manufacturing a new House of Commons is finished. The workmen have put their article out of hands. They cannot now alter the nature of the thing they have made; but must make the best of it till it will be broken up again. The kind of stuff it is made of—how it will wear and work—can only be learned by the test of experiment. Qualities and capabilities—good, bad, or indifferent—it has inherent in its nature, which washing or tinkering cannot alter; but what they are must be left to time to show.

The aptitude of this new machine to subservise the purpose of any party or party leaders is very uncertain. If any reliance can be placed on professions, or trustworthy inferences drawn from antecedents, there will be about 310 Ministerialists and 344 Non-Ministerialists in the House of Commons. But many Non-Ministerialists are suspiciously ostentatious in professions of anxiety to eschew factious opposition; and some Ministerialists, hampered by previous declarations, may not always be able to offer Lord Derby a thoroughgoing support. Ministers, however, it appears on the surface, having failed to obtain an absolute majority. But their supporters maintain that the incompatible views of the different sections of Opposition render it impossible to combine them for any effective assault upon Ministers or their policy. *Is the Ministerial phalanx less obnoxious to internal dissensions than the Opposition?* Mr. Disraeli, since the Buckinghamshire nomination, has disappeared from public view. He is understood to be, like the adepts or thaumaturgi of old, labouring in mystic seclusion at the concoction of his grand panacea—or like Mahomet in his cave, devising a new chapter of the Koran to meet some unforeseen exigency—or like Friar Bacon, elaborating by word and spell his brazer head. But when the great work is completed, what chance has it of the unanimous approval of Mr. Disraeli's party? Will that which meets the wishes of converts bent on crossing the Free-trade prairies into which they have been led, satisfy those who still hanker after the flesh pots of protection? Mr. Disraeli is prepared to conform to "the spirit of the age," but will he be able to persuade, not merely his bucolical supporters, but even some of his fellow-placemen, to follow his example?

The showy or substantially useful qualities likely to be brought into play by the new House of Commons are not less problematical. The number of unknown, or at least untried Members, is very great—nearly one-third of the whole House. In a good many instances it will be found that one cipher has taken the place of another; and the only use of ciphers is to make up sums in notation. But there have been also changes among the more restless and pushing spirits whose doings and sayings determine the action of the Legislature, or at least impart a characteristic tone to its proceedings.

In all its essentials, the House of Commons seems little changed by the recent elections, except in a slightly increased torpidity and feebleness, the inevitable work of time on men and their works. A general election is supposed to be for the House of Commons what Medea's kettle was for old Æson; but in the present instance the venerable gentleman appears to have passed through the process not merely without having his youth restored, but positively without having the insidious progress of old age arrested.

Evidences unfortunately are multiplied as to the existence of potato blight in Ireland. One feels reluctant to confess this appalling fact to oneself; but its truth can scarcely be doubted. This additional grievance must give fresh impulse to emigration.—The influx of gold from Australia, and the exodus of adventurers to the various Colonies comprised under that general heading, continue to be enormous. Mr. Macaulay, M. P. for Edinburgh, is said to be convalescent. So much the better for our chance of more English history from his pen. *His parliamentary tongue may remain silent, without any grave loss to the nation.*

No news from India or from the Cape, of a very important nature, success, so far, seems to attend the British movements.

#### GOLD IN THE WEST INDIES.

The following is an extract of a letter from Trinidad, Port Spain, August 1st:—The gold diggings of Demerara are causing as great a revolution in this island as the Australian and California diggings have both in Europe and America. Our planters, with several agricultural labourers, have already started, some of whom are realizing their most sanguine expectations. Lord Harris, (the Governor,) his family and suite will shortly visit the West India Eldorado.

We cannot congratulate the good people of the West Indies on the discovery of that which no doubt they consider to be a source of immense wealth. At the present moment some of the smaller Islands, as Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and Antigua, are nobly rising from out of the depression under which they laboured. They have by a wise and judicious policy, settled their emancipated population comfortably under equitable laws, and have been working harmoniously and in a Christian temper for some time past. If Gold be so close within their reach, may we not fear an abandonment of their legitimate pursuits, and, as a consequence, a sacrifice of the cultivation of their great staple—the sugar-cane?

Wise people say that every man has his hobby; and thoughtful readers very soon discover what are the hobbies editorial. We acknowledge then frankly that one of ours is an unconquerable antipathy to the present occupant of supreme power in France. With every desire to record honestly the prominent events that occur in that country, on whose condition the welfare of Europe so greatly depends, and with a wish to be guarded against individual prejudice, we find ourselves

deriving a malicious pleasure from reading or aiding to circulate the harsh truths that are told regarding him.

The news of the month is the retirement of M. Casabianca from the office of Minister of State, or Premier, in which he is succeeded by M. Achille Fould, the well known financial operator. Other changes in the Council of State have taken place, caused by the removal of those members who dared to vote against the seizure of the Orleans property, and the substitution of the merest tools. One of these last alone has a name which may be recognised; it is that of M. de Cormenin, the author of some clever pamphlets, an Orleanist, Republican, or Bonapartist, as suits him best.—The festival announced for the 15th, at Paris, was, we read, to be shorn of its expected military attractiveness. The National Guard is not thought to be ripe for the distribution of the Eagles. The *Moniteur* assigns as a reason for the change that the President might be embarrassed by the cries of the citizen soldiary—meaning its presumed clamour for the Empire. The truth appears to be that "His Highness" is fearful of their silence.

The Prussian Government has semi-officially denied the existence of the treaty antagonistic to a French hereditary Empire, which the London *Morning Chronicle* lately dug up from some unknown source. We still suspect that the Elysée has been at the bottom of it.—Victor Hugo, expelled from France, has now been driven out of Belgium, and has taken refuge in the island of Jersey. His forthcoming "Napoleon the Little," if written up to his standard of ability, will produce a strong sensation in France, whence it will scarcely be possible to exclude it.

The Arts in France have sustained a severe loss in the person of Tony Johannot, whose clever pictorial illustrations of books must be remembered by many of our readers.

Concerning such public affairs of the United

States as have interest for us, it may be noticed that on Saturday last, in the Senate Chamber at Washington, Mr. Seward of New York made a full and satisfactory statement of the difficulties regarding the Fisheries. We do not propose to follow him through his long and able speech;—content that he exposed the absurdity of all the hubbub that has been raised about it, and showed that there was no novelty in the claim now enforced by Great Britain, and no necessity for the indignation hitherto expressed.

The President of the U. S. has declined answering an enquiry from the Senate, as to proposals made to the American Government for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. From this fact it may be inferred that the matter has actually been under consideration by the Cabinet at Washington.

The invasion of Guayaquil by the redoubtable General Flores has resulted in a miserable failure. His forces have been dispersed, and his vessels have been given up to Gen. Urbina, the President of Ecuador. Flores himself contrived to escape.

Late accounts from Havannah mention that many political arrests have been made, and that an uneasy feeling prevails:—At present we hear of no further infamous and insane projects for invasion. Unwonted secrecy has been preserved, if there be any in contemplation; but we doubt the fact.

**THE MILITIA.**—The uniform for the Militia is in active preparation, Government having contracted for several thousand sets, of which the greater part are already completed. The dress is of the ordinary military appearance—the coat buttons close up to the neck, and the tail is the narrow peak, or "bottail." The colour is scarlet, with yellow collar and cuffs, one row of buttons, of a dark leaden hue, surmounted by a crown only, by Firmin, decorates the front.



**FARM MACHINERY.**—The portable farming produce mill, from Mr. Crosskill, of Beverly, has been tried at Canterbury, in the presence of many of the leading agriculturists in the neighbourhood. The experiment was very satisfactory; it ground oats and beans, and, to show what it was capable of doing, flint stones were ground to fine powder, by putting different kinds of grinding plate in, an operation which was attested in 15 minutes; and from which, it appears, any substance can be ground, from flint-stones to barley meal. The mill was driven by the portable steam-engine

belonging to Mr. Noame, of Selling, who, we are informed, has purchased the mill. At a private trial at Mr. Noame's farm, at Selling, it crushed oats at the rate of 30 bushels per hour, and split beans at the rate of 60 bushels per hour, and ground barley to fine meal at the rate of 8 bushels per hour, besides grinding bones, and crushing flint stones, bricks, &c.—*Canadian Journal*.

**RANSOME AND MAX'S ONE-HORSE HARVEST CART.**—This cart is very useful and well adapted for carrying large loads from the harvest fields. It

is made very light in weight, and, from the best materials being used, and good workmanship, it is strong. It may be more readily loaded than the waggons in ordinary use. It is manufactured by Messrs. Ransome & May, of Ipswich, who gained the gold medal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at the general meeting at Oxford, and a second time at Derby. The price of the cart is not necessarily much higher than those of the older and less efficient vehicles. Flat carts were used in many parts of the country for the harvest home, but they obviously incurred more or less damage to the crop. Frames projecting at an angle from the body of the cart were subsequently employed to accomplish one of the objects obtained by Messrs. Ransome & May's cart; which secures not only great width in loading, but a perfect guard to the wheels. In the present state of agricultural affairs, small savings are of great importance to farmers, who may soon economise the cost of a cart in the saving of labour and time, and the safety to crops obtained in conveying them by proper vehicles from the field to the farm-yard.—*Ibid.*

**AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING.**—The farm of Harold Littledale, Esq., of the County of Chester, England, furnishes an illustration of the very artificial practice now becoming by no means uncommon among the scientific Agriculturists of the day. The experiment so thoroughly and successfully carried out by Mr. Littledale, derives additional interest and importance when contemplated with regard to the proposed distribution of the sewage water of London and some of the large provincial towns, over the farms in the vicinity of those great centres of population. Canadian Farmers are not in a position to avail themselves of the expensive artifices described below. Such examples, however, serve well to encourage the enterprising in this country, to seize upon every rational means of raising the standard of Husbandry, and to arrive at that practice which secures the greatest amount of permanent remuneration with comparatively, the least expenditure of capital. The details subjoined we extracted from the report to the Board of Health on Liscard Farm near Birkenhead, by W. Lee, Esq., Superintending Inspector.

Mr. Littledale has drained all the land on this farm capable of being drained. Both pipes and tiles have been used. Some of the drains are laid only 2½ feet deep, others 4 feet, and latterly, increased as the result of experience. The average width between the drains is about 21 feet. The cost was £4 to £5 sterling per acre.

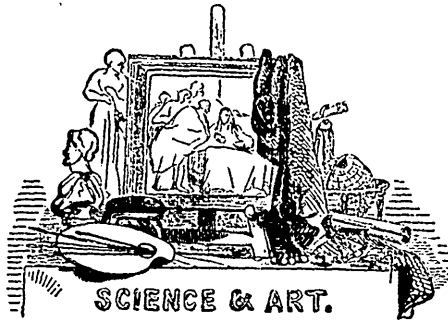
Liquid manure is preserved for distribution in a tank capable of containing 83,300. It is forced by means of steam power through iron pipes, through a distance of two miles, serving for 150 acres. There is a hydrant for every 300 yards of main. The hydrants are so fixed that with 150 yards of hose the distributor and boy can irrigate 10 acres per day. The quantity distributed to each acre being about 4,118 gallons.

As to the general result of draining, liquid manures, and other improvements effected by Mr. Littledale, I (Mr. Lee) was informed that the yield of the whole farm is double what it was 10 years ago.

**GRAFTING EVERGREENS.**—The French nursery men are very successful in grafting evergreens, and practice it as follows:—"The proper time for grafting pines, is when the young shoots have made about three-quarters of their length, and are still so herbaceous as to break like a shoot of asparagus. The shoot of the stock is then broken off about two inches below its terminal bud; the leaves are stripped off from 20 to 24 lines down from the extremity, leaving, however, two pairs of leaves opposite and close to the upper end of the shoot so headed back—which leaves are of great importance for drawing up the sap. The shoot or stock is then split to the depth of two inches, with a very thin knife, between the two pairs of leaves left; the scion is then prepared—the lower part being stripped of its leaves to the length of two inches, and is then cut to a wedge and inserted, in the ordinary mode of cleft grafting. The graft is tied with a slip of woollen, and a cap of paper is fastened to a stake, and firmly fixed over the whole graft, to protect it from the sun and rain. At the end of 15 days this cap is removed, and the ligature at the end of a month." Some evergreens, grafted in this way, make a second growth of five or six inches the first year—but most sorts do not start till the next year.

**INSECT ON THE PLUM.**—An esteemed correspondent at Springfield, Otsego Co., has sent us a specimen of an insect and of a portion of the bark of a plum tree, containing a deposit of its eggs. The eggs are in compactly filled rows, beneath a single slit through the epidermis. The insect was lost, and we cannot speak of its character. This cannot be the cause of the black knot, as suggested by our correspondent, as in numerous cases, the most rigid microscopic examination of the black knot, has failed to reveal any indications of external or local injury—besides which we have often observed deposits of eggs, not dissimilar, but larger, both in the plum and cherry, that produced no effect whatever, except small mechanical injury. Indeed it is rare that insects produce any other result. We hope our correspondent will favour us with the results of future observations.

**CHERRY TREES AT MIDSUMMER.**—Many young cherry trees have been set out the past spring, and have already commenced growth. But if left with hard exposed soil about them, a large portion will die before the close of summer, or during the hot, dry weather. If watered, as the work is usually done, the surface will become hardened and crusted, the roots not reached, and some trees killed by the very process intended to save them. An acquaintance, who set out 50 cherry trees a few years since, informed us that he watered a root a third, every one of which died—most of the others lived. If it becomes necessary to apply water, the earth should be removed down to the roots, and replaced when the water is poured in. But it is far better to keep the ground constantly and moderately moist, than to flood it after it becomes dry. This is completely effected by mulching. Spread round the young cherry trees early in summer, old straw, spoiled hay, mown weeds, or any similar material, to a depth of six compact inches, and a few feet in diameter, and they will flourish and grow through the whole season.



#### THE EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS.

This wondrous work is now an event of the past. Its gems of Nature and of Art have disappeared, and the Crystal Casket which enclosed them has returned to its elements, and will assume under another sky, a more permanent character and a nobler form. Like the hero who dies in his glory, or the sage whose name is embalmed amid the great truths which he has bequeathed to his race, the Exhibition of the world's industry rises on the page of history when its natural elements have fallen; and long after its crystal roof has ceased to dazzle, its cherished memories will put forth more hallowed and more enduring radiations.

The Panorama now exhibiting in the St Lawrence Hall, places those who see it almost on a level with the favored who visited the great marvel itself.

The view down the Transept, with Ostler's beautiful fountain full in front, is truth itself, and, alone, is sufficient to repay a visit. The Inauguration scene is also remarkably good. The other scenes pass so rapidly before the spectator, that a confusion of ideas, such as was experienced, but in a greater degree, on a first visit to the Palace itself, is excited, and a second and even a third visit will be required to satisfy the mind.

We do not mean to advise none to go who cannot visit this exhibition a second time.—We recommend on the contrary no one to lose an opportunity that may never be again afforded, but we also recommend them not to judge hastily of the merits of what they have seen, but to visit it as often as they can, and we feel convinced that each visit will afford increased pleasure.

**THE TRUNK LINE OF RAILWAY.**—In consequence of the negotiations which took place in London some time since between the Delegates of the Provincial Government and the leading firms of English Railway Contractors, Mr. Ross, Civil Engineer, has on behalf of Messrs. Jackson, Peto, Brassey and others, made a tour of the Province with a view to ascertain the prospects and facilities which it affords for Railway construc-

tion. Mr. Ross has been accompanied by Mr. Thomas Keefer, C. E., and they have together visited the lines in both Provinces already in course of construction, and the routes suggested for those in contemplation. Mr. Ross has already taken the contract for the Quebec and Richmond Railway, and it is inferred from the very favorable opinions that he has expressed, that the parties for whom he acts will be prepared at a very early date to enter largely upon the construction of other lines. Mr. Ross goes to England immediately, but is expected to return to Canada after a sojourn there of three or four weeks.—*Id.*

**NORTHERN RAILWAY.**—Some new appointments have been lately made on this line, consequent upon the resignation of the Honorable H. C. Seymour late Engineer in Chief, whose heavy engagements in the United States induced him to retire from that office. The Company has appointed F. C. Cumberland, Esq., as his successor, and we understand that that gentleman has already entered upon his duties. It is not improbable that the line to Bradford (34 miles) will be opened on the 25th September, and it is intended to complete the remainder of the length to Barrie (69 miles) early the ensuing winter. Four miles of the permanent way has already been laid, and the first Locomotive Engine is daily expected. The Toronto Depot and Road Stations are to be constructed immediately.—*Id.*

**PRESENT STATE AND PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPH LINES IN CANADA—2,437 MILES OF WIRE.**—Lines in Canada were first established some six years ago, commencing at Montreal and extending westward, and to the Niagara River, and subsequently to Quebec, and on the Ottawa River. The lines from Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and to Buffalo, have proved lucrative to the stockholders from the date of their construction. The line west from Hamilton to London, has not done as well so far as profits are concerned, from the fact that there has been no through connection with the American line at the West. This however, is about being remedied, and the line extended to Detroit, and there connected with five lines that now pass through that city. The original capital of the present lines in Canada, was double per mile what is now required, on account of the reduction of prices for all kinds of material.—*Id.*

**ST. LAWRENCE AND LAKE HURON AND PETER-**

**THOROUGH JUNCTION LINES.**—The Report of the Engineer of the St. Lawrence and Lake Huron Line has been issued. It is proposed to connect the Ogdensburgh route with Peterborough and the Georgina Bay. It has not yet been determined where the Southern Terminus shall be located, whether at Kingston or Prescott; the original proposition was to the latter town, but in view of the early constructions of the Trunk line, Kingston may it is said be selected, as saving distance and answering the whole purpose. An application is about to be made to Parliament for a Charter to construct a Junction Line between Toronto and Peterborough—and a reconnaissance has already been made of the route. Whether as a portion of a traffic line (by which it is affirmed the distance would be less than by the Lake shore) or a loop line to it, by which to connect the back Townships with Toronto and Kingston respectively, the scheme appears to be well worthy of favorable consideration.—*Ib.*

**THE GREAT WESTERN.**—The works on this line are progressing with great rapidity. The Carriage Factories at the Hamilton Depot are nearly complete, and the car builders will be put in early possession. All the arrangements have been made with reference to Locomotive power and general rolling stock, and throughout the whole length of the line there is full evidence of the most energetic action on the part of all concerned. Engineers in connection with this Company are now engaged on a survey between Toronto and Hamilton, and a charter will probably be obtained during the present Session of Parliament authorizing its construction. In this route the two cities will be united at an early date, and (taking the whole length from the Detroit River to Toronto) a large instalment of the Trunk line will be secured.—*Ib.*

**THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.**—Among all the wonders of that wonder-working principle, electricity, whether we view its powers in the instantaneous conveyance of information between distant places, its action in blasting rocks in safety, the disposition of metals from their solutions, or other of its numerous appliances, there is not one of them which strikes the mind as more extraordinary or interesting than its application as a prime mover for the measurement of time. In this, however, it has now become most completely successful, and insures a correctness and regularity which cannot be obtained by other clocks, however well constructed. We believe the first idea of working clocks by electricity is due to Mr. Alexander Bain, who first commenced putting it in practice in 1835. His first attempt was to make a common clock transmit its time to other clocks at a distance, effected by the action of electro-magnets, in which he was perfectly successful. The next step was the application of the electric power to work single clocks, so that no winding might be required, and the common clock dispensed with altogether. This, in a commercial point of view, was of great importance, as such a clock, either for private houses or public buildings, could be used either singly or made the governor or parent clock to other dials in different parts of the building. The ordinary galvanic apparatus was found, however,

neither uniform or lasting, giving more trouble and expense than the common clocks; and in prosecuting his experiments, Mr. Bain, in 1842, discovered that a plate of zinc and of copper, buried in the earth, gave a uniform and continuous force of sufficient power to work clocks of any size, from the smallest mantel time-piece to large church clocks.

In the construction of an electric clock, the pendulum rod is of wood and suspended to a metal bracket, fixed to the back board. The bob of the pendulum is composed of a reel of insulated copper wire, with a brass covering to improve its appearance, forming an electro-magnet in the usual manner. The ends of the wire are carried up the rod, terminating in two suspension springs, which serve the double purpose of suspending the pendulum, and conveying the current to and from the bob. Two brass tubes contain each a bar of magnetized steel, and act as alternate attractors to the bob. There is a break on the pendulum for letting on and cutting off the current which acting on the bob, operates also on clocks at distant places. The plates of zinc and copper are buried about 4 ft. underground, and 3 ft. apart, and to them perfectly insulated copper wires are soldered. A regulating weight being attached to the pendulum to bring it to time, the apparatus is complete. For the motion on the dial plate, only two wheels and an endless screw are required, besides the minute and hour wheels; and the clock instead of moving the pendulum, being on the contrary moved by it, a much smaller degree of stress and friction is the result. The pendulum once set in motion acts on the break; and the current being, as we have shown, alternately cut off and admitted, regular motion is obtained, which will continue for many years.

In situations where it is inconvenient so obtain the electric current from the earth the voltaic is resorted to; but in almost every case the first mode has proved the easiest, as well as the most effective. The cost of its plates is a trifle, and it has been ascertained that they will retain their efficacy for years. The advantages of this application of electricity to another of our wants it is scarcely possible to estimate, as through the medium of auxiliary clocks, exact time may be kept through a whole neighborhood, or, in short, to wherever wires can be laid down. In fact it is now shown to be possible that all the principal clocks in the kingdom might be united to keep time with one governing one, without winding up or need of attendance of any kind from one year's end to another.

Mr. Bain's warehouse for these clocks is at 43, Old Bond street; and we think an inspection of them is deserving the attention of the scientific.—*Mining Journal.*

#### CALORIC SHIPS.

The idea of substituting a new and superior motive-power for steam will no doubt strike many minds as extravagant, if not chimerical. We have been so accustomed to regard steam-power as the *ne plus ultra* of attainment in subjecting the modified forces of nature to the service of man, that a discovery which promises to supersede this agency will have to contend with the most formi-

dable preconceptions as well as with gigantic interests. Nevertheless, it may now be predicted with confidence, that we are on the eve of another great revolution, produced by the application of an agent more economical and incalculably safer than steam. A few years hence we shall hear of the 'wonders of caloric' instead of the 'wonders of steam.' To the question: 'How did you cross the Atlantic?' the reply will be: 'By caloric of course!' On Saturday, I visited the manufactory, and had the privilege of inspecting Ericsson's caloric engine of 60 horse power, while it was in operation. It consists of two pairs of cylinders, the working pistons of which are 72 inches in diameter. Its great peculiarities consist in its very large cylinders and pistons, working with very low pressure, and in the absence of boilers or heaters, there being no other fires employed than those in small grates under the bottoms of the working cylinders. During the eight months that this test-engine has been operation, not a cent has been expended for repairs or accidents. The leading principle of the caloric engine consists in producing motive-power by the employment of the expansive force being produced by compression of the air in one part of the machine, and by its dilatation by the application of heat in another part. This dilatation, however, is not effected by continuous application of combustibles, but by a peculiar process of transfer, by which the caloric is made to operate over and over again—namely, the heat of the air escaping from the working cylinder at each successive stroke of the engine, is trans-

ferred to the cold compressed air, entering the same; so that, in fact, a continued application of fuel is only necessary in order to make good the losses of heat occasioned by the unavoidable eradication of the heated parts of the machine. The obvious advantages of this great improvement are the great saving of fuel and labour in the management of the engine, and its perfect safety. A ship carrying the amount of coal that the Atlantic steamers now take for a single trip, could cross and recross the Atlantic twice without taking in coal; and the voyag to China or California could be easily accomplished by a caloric ship without the necessity of stopping at any port to take in fuel. Anthracite coal being far the best fuel for this new engine, we shall no longer have to purchase bituminous coal in England for return-trips. On the contrary, England will find it advantageous to come to us for our anthracite. A slow radiating fire without flame is what is required, and this is best supplied by our anthracite. The *Ericsson* will be ready for sea by October next, and her owners intend to take passengers at a reduced price, in consequence of the reduced expenses under the new principle.

The cutting of the Koh-i-Noor has proceeded in the most satisfactory manner up to the present time; the difficulty which suggested itself originally has been successfully overcome, and all fears of any injury to the diamond during the operation are at an end.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

### CHIT-CHAT FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE continued warm weather forbidding a return to town, or any activity in the display of new fashions, we cannot interest our readers more than to quote for their benefit some *invaluable* hints on dress, taken from the "London Quarterly." We wish we had space for the whole article; as it is, we know of very few ladies in city or country but may be benefited by the taste and common sense—a rare combination—which these extracts display.

The true object and importance of taste in dress, few women understand. "Even if woman had been made as ugly as we," says the author, "she would still, no doubt, have been the object of our highest intellectual devotion; but woman was made 'exceedingly fair,' a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant *trousseaux* our pockets could furnish. But, however we may fall short of our duty to the sex in this latter respect, let no woman therefore suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may be deadened in his mind by a slatternly, negligent mother, or by plain maiden sisters; but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some, it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others, a

consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some, it is intensely felt while it is present; in others, only missed when it is gone.

"Such being the case, the responsibility of a wife in this department is a very serious one. In point of fact, she dresses for two, and, in neglecting herself, virtually annoys her husband. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course, deserves to see them break out on his own person.

"But independant of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies, which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self-interest. Wm. Honeycomb says he can tell the humour a woman is in by the color of her hood. We go farther, and maintain that, to a proficient in the science, every woman walks about with a placard, on which her leading qualities are advertised.

"For instance, you meet one, no matter whether pale or rosy, fat or thin, who is always noticeable for something singular and *outré* in her dress; a bonnet with blue and pink trimming, or of a new color never imagined before; a gown so trimmed that she cannot lean back upon it; a cloak so cut that she cannot walk upright in it; a new kind of quilling which scratches her, and catches every body else, a new pattern which blinds the eyes to look at: a *berthe* string of beads from Novæ Zembla; a boa woven of feathers from Nov



Zealand; and if further she wears them with a piteous and dejected look, as if she were a martyr to the service, you may be sure this is a shy, timid weak soul, who while she is attracting all eyes to her costume, has no other thought than how she may best escape observation. This is a prize to milliners, whose insight into human nature through the garb it wears is all for our argument, and who seeing immediately that she has neither taste nor judgment of her own, can always persuade her to lead some forlorn hope, called 'the very last fashion,' but a fashion in which no one else would have the courage to be first.

"Again, if after the first unfortunate has passed on her way, you meet another equally extravagant in her style, only with this difference, that she has opinions of her own, and these of the most *prononcé* kind; if she wear the largest pattern and the gaudiest colors upon the most ordinary material, or the highest flounces upon the richest; if, *being poor, she has a quantity of show lace, mock fur, or false jewelry*, showing that her object is not economy, but display; or if, being rich, she mixes up the best together, pearls on head, cameos on neck, diamonds on stomacher; if she disposes her hair in inordinately long curls or extraordinarily curious braids; and if, beneath a skirt which covers an incredible circumference of ground, or beneath a body which hardly covers any space at all, you catch glimpses of substances neither neat, clean, nor fine—you may guess this is a vain, vulgar, and perhaps bold woman.

"Far different from those we have hitherto reviewed, are the dress doctrines of her who next follows, though not so well exemplified in details as in generals. *Her first study seems to be the becoming, her second, the good, her third, the fashionable*, which, if it be both good and becoming, it always is, or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever, therefore, fashion dictate, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner; but which, as often as not, are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is always either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty; and many an old one, but it is always good. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and headings are delicate and fresh, and, should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, the same scrupulous care is observable. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well informed, *thoroughly sensible*, and a lady.

"Upon the whole, a prudent and sensible man, desirous of 'looking before he leaps,' may safely predicate of the inner lining from the outer garment, and be thankful that he has this, at least, to go by. That there are such things as female pirates, who hang out false lights to entrap unwary travellers, we do not deny. It is only to be hoped that, soon or later, they may catch a Tartar on their coasts. For, all the various denominations of swindlers who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a *dandy during courtship, and a dowdy after marriage*.

"As regards an affectation not unfrequent in the sex, that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet, we can only assure them, for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affectation going. A woman, to be indifferent to her own appearance, must either be hardened to all feminine tastes and perceptions, or an immense heiress, or a first-rate beauty, or think herself one."

**EVENING DRESS FOR HOME.**—Dress of *mouseline de soie à disposition*; a beautiful wreath of flowers follows the festooned edge of the flounces, which are four in number, and in each festoon is a palm, formed also by a wreath of flowers. The body is plain and opens *en cœur*; the *revers* are carried round the back of the dress, the edge is festooned and beyond is woven a border of palms: the sleeves are of the pagoda form, they are wide, festooned at the bottom, and finished like the *revers*; the lace under the sleeves is of the same form. *Chemisette* of brussels net; the fronts are laid in folds; a beautiful insertion finishes the front edge, at each side of which a lace is set on a little full.

**YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S COSTUME.**—Dress of fine cashmere, fastening at the back: both the backs and fronts of the body are plaited from the shoulders to the waist, round which is worn a belt of the same material: wide sleeves, three-quarter's length. The skirt is very full; it is embroidered *à la robe*; a rich silk trimming may be substituted for embroidery. Gaiters of dark drab cashmere.

**YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.**—This frock is of silk *à disposition*, the skirt with three flounces: low *caraco* body, the front crossed by narrow bands. Loose silk *paletôt*, the edges festooned and trimmed with a full fringe; very wide pagoda sleeves, finished to correspond. High white body of plaited cambrie, and large *bouillon* sleeves. Drawn bonnet, with full feather laid across and drooping on the left side: in the interior, low on the cheeks, is a trimming of *tulle*.

#### MICHAELMAS DAISY.

This flower may be knitted, with two stitches for the width of the row, but it is much quicker to work it in a chain of crotchet; it is generally variegated, either in two shades of red, or two shades of violet. The variegation is produced by working with two threads of Berlin wool, one of a deep, the other of a light shade, of the same color.

Make a chain of simple crotchet, about a yard in length, then cover a piece of thin wire, as long as you can conveniently manage, with one thread

of Berlin wool, and begin to sew this wire along one edge of the chain, leaving about an inch of the wire at the beginning; when you have sewn about an inch, cut the chain, pull the thread through the last stitch, bring your wire round, sew half the second edge, then bring round the wire that you left at the beginning, sew it to meet the other, letting the wires cross each other, twist them and the wool together tightly, to form a stalk, and turn up the two little petals, first cutting away one of the wires close to the twist, to prevent the stalk being too thick when finished.

Wind a piece of yellow wool on the end of one of your fingers, pull it out thus doubled, and twist a bit of rather strong wire over it, twist the wire very tight, and make with this wool a kind of a little ball, which must be covered with a piece of common net (dyed yellow, if possible), tie the net as tight as possible over the wool. This forms the daisy.

When you have made a sufficient number of petals to form two or three rows, each row being made rather larger than the first, you must sew them all round the little heart, and proceed to make the calyx as follows;—

Make a chain of twelve stitches with the crochet needle using green wool, not split, work two rows in double crochet, increasing two stitches in the second row. Sew this calyx under the petals, fasten up the open side, and gather the stitches of the lower extremity, cover the stem with green split wool.

END.

Make a small ball of any color, then take fifteen or twenty bits of split wool, the same colors as used for the flower, each about an inch long, tie them tightly as a little bundle: fasten this on the top of the little ball, to which you must fix a wire, bring down the ends of wool, in alternative stripes of dark and light shades, tie all these ends round the wire, and cut them close. Wind a bit of green wool, as a very small ball, immediately under the bud, then with green wool, not split, make a row of herring bone stitches, from the little bud, to about half way up the colored one. This makes a very pretty bud, looking as if just ready to bloom.

LEAF.

Like that of the Heart's-case.

### SELECTION OF PAPER-HANGINGS.

OUR housekeeping readers cannot fail to be interested in the following simple rules on which the cheerfulness of home so much depends.

According to the taste or judgement with which the pattern is chosen, so will the appearance of the room, when papered, be agreeable or displeasing. Large patterns should, of course, be only used in large rooms. Dark-tinted papers are most suitable for light rooms, and light papers for dark rooms; many a dingy or gloomy apartment may be made to wear a cheerful aspect by attention to this particular. Stripes, whether on a lady's dress or on the walls of a room, always give the effect of height; consequently a low room is improved by being hung with a striped paper. The effect is produced by a wavy stripe as well as a straight one, and, as curved lines are the most graceful,

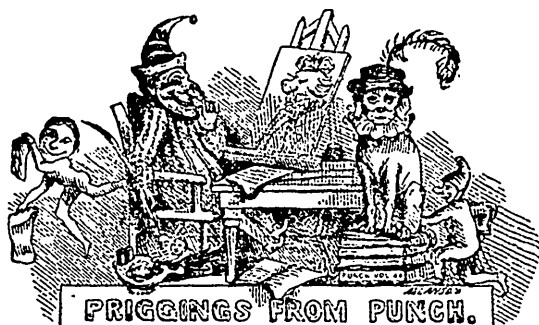
they should generally be preferred. Any pattern with lines crossed so as to form a square, is unsuitable for a low room: but with the lines made sloping or diagonal, there is not the same objection. A diamond trellis pattern, with a small plant creeping over it, looks well in a small summer parlor. For a common sitting-room, a small geometrical pattern is very suitable; being well covered, it does not show accidental stains or bruises, and, in the constant repetition of the design, there is no one object to attract the eye more than another. These are sometimes called Elizabethan patterns; they are much used for stair-cases, halls, and passages, but they are not to be chosen at random. According to the height and dimensions of the passage or stair case, such should be the pattern. A large pattern on a narrow staircase, and in a passage not more than eight feet in height, has a very heavy and disagreeable effect. A light gray, or yellow marble, divided into blocks by thin lines and varnished, will be found suitable for most passages, if care be taken to adapt the size of the blocks to the place where they are to appear.—A size that would look well in a hall twenty feet wide, would be altogether too large in one only four or six feet. Many persons must have noticed in their visits of business or pleasure, that some houses present a cheerful aspect as soon as the door is opened, while others look so dull that they make one low-spirited upon entering them. The difference is caused by the good or bad taste with which they have been papered and painted.

A safe rule with regard to paper-hangings, is to choose nothing that looks extravagant or unnatural. Regard should be had to the uses of an apartment; a drawing-room should be light and cheerful, a parlor should look warm and comfortable without being gloomy; bedroom papers should be cool and quiet, and generally of a small pattern, and of such colors as harmonize with bed-furniture and other fittings. It is worth while also to consider the sort of pictures to be hung on a wall.

**TOMATO SAGE.**—Warm your tomatoes until you can skin them; beat the pulp with finely-grated ham, onion, parsley, thyme, salt, and Lucca oil, all as small as possible; pass through a sieve, and pour over macaroni. Serve hot.

Tomatoes are good skinned, the seeds taken out, and with a little butter and finely-chopped herbs, beaten into a paste with eggs, and fried in a light batter.

**ANTONIO'S RECEIPT BOOK.**—I requested the good natured nephew to dress me a dish of macaroni, which he did as follows, one of his many modes of preparing it: He boiled it till just tender, and no more. The English cook it too much, he said. When drained, he grated a sufficient quantity of both Gruyère and Parmesan cheese, and alternately put upon the dish, first macaroni, and then cheese, finishing with the cheese. Over this he poured strong beef-gravy, in which some tomatoes, had been dissolved, and put it a few minutes in the oven, and then a few more before the fire in a Dutch oven; but he preferred a hot hole, and to cover it with a *four de campagne*, or cover upon which one place hot embers.



## INSENSIBILITY TO FAMINE.

There are many people who do not know when they have had enough; but, according to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, there are also many—so many as to include the majority of Her Majesty's subjects—who cannot tell when they have had too little. Lord Derby's Solicitor General has made this discovery, and imparted the new-found truth to his constituents of East Suffolk, whom he is reported to have thus addressed at the hustings:—

"It has been said that upwards of 3,000,000 quarters of wheat more were imported in 1850 and 1851 than in 1845 and 1846, before the repeal of the Corn Laws took place. \* \* \* While I admitted, as I do now, the truth of the fact that there was this increase in the importation, I venture to assert that the food, the comforts and enjoyments of the people have been in no wise increased, have not, taking them as a mass, been increased at all; for if 3,000,000 more quarters have been imported, 3,000,000 quarters less have been produced in this country."

The people at large, before the repeal of the Bread Tax, were certainly not in the perfect fruition of food, comforts and luxuries. These good things according to SIR FITZROY KELLY, have since in no wise increased. Therefore they have diminished: for the population has gone on increasing. But the vulgar cry is still "Hooray for cheap Bread!" which, as your friend EUCLID would, say, is absurd, ridiculous, preposterous, if it means scarcity, as it does if we are to believe SIR FITZROY KELLY.

So much corn has been imported, so much less has been grown, so many more mouths to feed, so much less bread for each: that is the case of our learned friend. Well: suppose, we have not eaten so very much more bread than we used to eat. May not SIR FITZROY KELLY find an explanation of this circumstance in the fact that we have eaten more meat? Bread is not the only article of food we rejoice in. A very general opinion prevails that Free Trade has enlarged our dietary altogether; so that the masses are not so restricted as they were to bread-dinners. Most of us go about under an idea that we have partaken, in additional measure, of beef, mutton, veal, and lamb: but this, the SOLICITOR GENERAL will perhaps tell us, is an illusion. Now it is not the fact, that he has himself been studying electro-

biology, and trying to impress the susceptible subjects of East Suffolk with a fancy that a bellyful is short-commons?

But if Free Trade is a delusion, why should the Derbyites seek to undeceive us? How cruel of them to disturb our blessed hallucination! If we give imagine we have a Lotus in the big loaf, humour the national mania, allow us to continue in the enjoyment of it: if we are crazy, nevertheless you see it keeps us quiet.

**GOLDEN PROSPECTS**—Owing to the expected influx of gold from Australia, it is reported in the best informed circles that Gold Stick will ultimately have his wand of office composed of the precious metal. The metal, however, will be less precious than it is at present; and the rise in comparative value of the secondary metallic substance, will render it, by and by, a much more fortunate lot than it is even now, to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth.

## A DOUBTFUL POINT.

LOOKING over a file of the *Times* newspaper the other day, our eye was caught by the following passage:—

"I consider as *great Criminals* those who, by personal ambition, would compromise the small amount of stability guaranteed us by the Constitution."

These gentle reader, are the words of PRESIDENT LOUIS NAPOLEON, delivered in his message to the French Assembly upon its opening in November, 1850. Their quotation, we think, is rather opportune just now; for if LORD MALMESBURY'S "Extradition of Foreign Criminals Bill" had passed into law, it clearly might have been questioned whether, in the event of the above speaker seeking refuge on our shores, we should not have bound, upon his own "considering," to send him back again.

**OUR DOG DAY NEMER.**—We had some thought in consequence of the heat, of presenting our readers this week with a number of iced *Punch*; but having to go to press rather before publication, it occurred to us that the weather might change in the meanwhile; and, besides, the refrigerative process would have been attended with some difficulty, which could only have been surmounted by the coolest impudence.

# THE TRAPPER'S SONG.

THE POETRY FROM THE "MAPLE LEAF;" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO S. THOMPSON, ESQ.

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

Voice.~~~~~

Piano-forte.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

A - way, a - way! my dog and I! The for-est boughs are

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "A - way, a - way! my dog and I! The for-est boughs are". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

bare; The ra-diant sun shines warm and high, The ra-diant sun shines

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "bare; The ra-diant sun shines warm and high, The ra-diant sun shines". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

warm and high, The frost-flake gems the air! A - way, a - way, thro'

for - ests wide, Our course is swift and free! Warm <sup>'neath</sup> the snow the sapplings hide—

Warm 'neath the snow the sapplings hide, On its ice-crust firm step we.

The partridge with expanded crest,  
Struts proudly by its mate;  
The squirrel trims its glossy vest,  
Or eats its nuts in state.

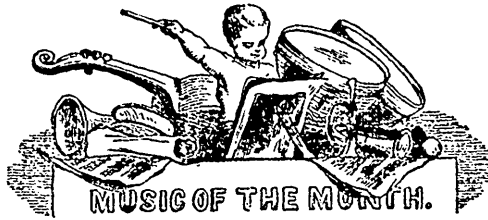
Quick echoes answer, shrill and short,  
The woodcock's frequent cry—  
We heed them not—a keener sport  
We seek—my dog and I.

Far in the woods our traps are set,  
In loneliest, thickest glade—  
Where summer's soil is soft and wet,  
And dark firs lend their shade.

Hurrah! a gallant spoil is here  
To glad a trapper's sight—  
The warm-clad marten, sleek and fair,  
The ermine soft and white.

Away, away! till fall of eve,  
The deer-track be our guide;  
The antler'd stag our quarry brave,  
Our park—the forest wide.

At night, the bright fire at our feet,  
Our couch the wigwam dry—  
No laggard tastes a rest so sweet  
As thou, good dog, and I.



The Musical events of the past month have been Concerts by Paul Julien,—the Lucca Family,—the Vocal Music Society, and Mrs. E. C. Bostwick.

Paul Julien's playing was everything that could have been expected. Each piece was a beautiful, a poetic whole; and it was marvellous that so young a musician could perform such wonders with his instrument. We regretted much that the citizens of Toronto had only the one opportunity of hearing so admirable a violinist.

Of the Lucca Family, we would remark that we entirely agree with Horace Bushnell: "Considering their defect of advantages and means of culture, occupied in the business of shoe-making; and cultivating music only as a pastime, and a means of possible elevation, they have attained to a degree of excellence in the art that is certainly very remarkable."

Mrs. Bostwick's Concert came off on the 20th, and we regretted the want of taste which left so many seats empty. Mrs. Bostwick has a magnificent voice, and although not quite so finished an *artiste* as Miss Hayes, is yet quite as pleasing. Her "Qui la Voce," from "I Puritani," "Happy Birdling," and "Down the Burn Davie," were all most beautifully sung,—and the great charm of her singing is, that she imparts just the proper feeling and expression that each song requires, and we have no *floriture* introduced into everything, whether a simple ballad or a grand scena. We hope ere long to see Mrs. Bostwick again in Toronto.

The last open night of the Vocal Music Society was well attended, as all the meetings of this excellent Society are; but the programme, in consequence of the absence of many of the members, was not rich as usual. There was, however, quite enough to furnish very conclusive evidence that practice was performing its work surely, and that very

marked improvement had taken place. Mr. Clarke's song of "At Gloamin' I'll be there, love," was most rapturously encored. We trust that at the next public Concert given by this Society, which will, we believe, take place one night during the Provincial Exhibition, Mr. Clarke will repeat this little gem.

It is reported that Miss Hayes has engaged the St. Lawrence Hall for three nights during the same period. There are also some whippers current respecting Alboni.

#### MUSICAL NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

NEW YORK.—The mid-summer draught of Music is only partially revived by an occasional performance of the French Operatic Company, at Castle Garden, and such minor attractions as Christy's Minstrels, *et id omne genus* of popular entertainment. But we are approaching the commencement of a new season, and there just now occur to us such musical visions as—Alboni—Sontag. *Alboni* and *Sontag*?—two queens of song. Which shall reign?—that is the question. What will Alboni do when Sontag comes,—and what will Sontag do when Alboni begins again? And,—more emphatically still—what will *either* of them do, when the all-engrossing election excitement commences—or, until such excitement be overpast? It will require some good generalship on the part of the managers to settle all these questions, and determine the plan of next autumn's campaign. But, good generals are in the field, and everything promises to go on smoothly.

SARATOGA.—Alboni has recently given two concerts at this fashionable resort. She received unbounded applause, and heaps of dollars.

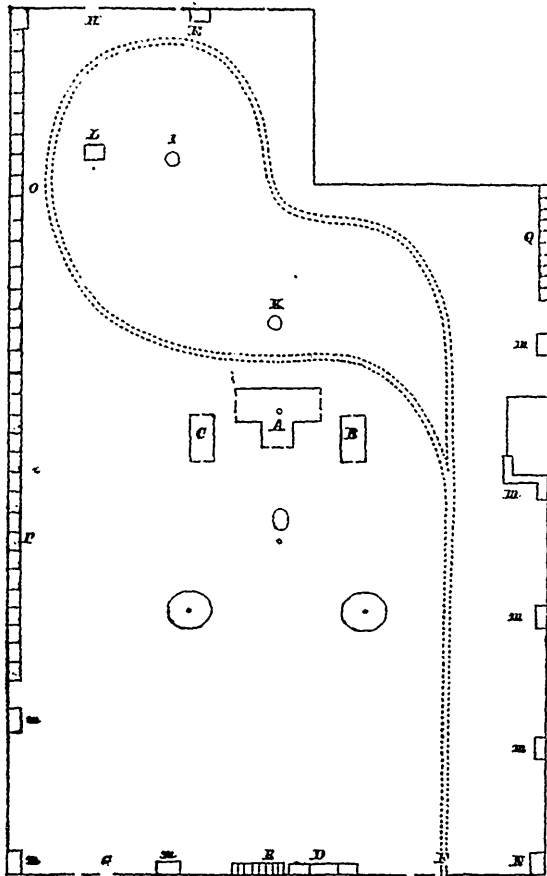
SPAIN.—After Gottschalk (the American pianist) had given his second concert in Madrid, he received from the *Toreador*, Don José Redondo, a magnificent sword, with the following letter:

"MY DEAR M. GOTTSCHALK:—I feel greatly obliged for the invitation you sent me for your concert. It procured me an opportunity of admiring an artist who is proclaimed by all the connoisseurs of the four quarters of the globe one of the first pianists of the day. Wishing to present you with an ineffaceable token of my admiration, I beg your acceptance of one of the swords with which I have succeeded in maintaining the Spanish *Torrero* in the high position to which the much-regretted Francisco Montés raised it. In exchange, I beg to demand, as a mark of your esteem, your autograph, which I shall preserve as one of the most precious curiosities of my life."

(Signed),

JOSE REDONDO.

# Sketch of Exhibition Ground.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>A Floral Hall and Fine Arts Department.</p> <p>B Mechanics' Hall.</p> <p>C Agricultural do.</p> <p>D Offices.</p> <p>E North Ticket Office.</p> <p>F South Entrance.</p> <p>G Exit.</p> <p>H North Entrance.</p> <p>I Judges' Stand.</p> | <p>K Musicians' Stand.</p> <p>L Speakers' do.</p> <p>m m m Refreshment Booths.</p> <p>N Stable.</p> <p>O Cattle Stalls.</p> <p>P Sheep do.</p> <p>Q Pig do.</p> <p>R Poultry do.</p> <p>..... Road.</p> <p>S S Tents for Roots, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|---|

The total enclosure about 16 or 17 acres.

Dimensions Floral Hall.....	50 x 32
Do. Fine Arts do.....	100 x 40
B and C.....	65 x 40

*See page 271.*



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—See page 351.