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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

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CHAPTER XIV.

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Situation of General Proctor in the west.

For some time before the expedition against Fort Meigs and Fort Stephenson, of which the result was so disastrous, General Proctor had found himself seriously embarrassed by the difficulty of finding food for the large number of Indians who had flocked to his standard. The stores of provisions along the Detroit, which would have amply sufficed for the demand of his own troops, and even of the Indian warriors, were soon exhausted by the necessity of providing food, as well for these claimants, as for the families of the Indians. Other circumstances, too, conspired to increase the difficulty: the absence of the militia from their homes had materially diminished the supply to be expected from the spring crops, as these had, in a great measure been neglected. The American command of the lake precluded all hope of supplies by water, and transportation of stores by land, adequate to meet the demand, was altogether out of the question. The only hope, then, lay in the arrival of such reinforcements from the Lake Ontario fleet as would enable Captain Barclay to open the navigation of the lake to the British. The expectation of all was directed to this point, but neither guns nor men appeared, meanwhile the exigence became hourly more pressing. The *Detroit* was, however, launched, the forts were dismantled to meet the emergency, and these lumbering guns were fitted in the best manner possible to suit the ports of the *Detroit*, or as we should rather have said the ports were fitted to receive the guns. To complete still farther this botching business, the other four vessels were stripped of part of their armament to complete the equipment of the *Detroit*. Fifty seamen had arrived from Ontario to man the five vessels, with an intimation that no further assistance could be afforded, consequently, General Proctor was compelled to complete the manning of the fleet by a detachment of the 41st regiment.

With a fleet manned and armed in this manner, Captain Barclay found himself compelled by the pressure of circumstances to sally forth upon the lake on the 9th September, to meet a well-provided and almost doubly superior force. The result may be easily anticipated, on the morning of the 10th, the fleets met, and after a bloody and hard struggle, during which, in spite of of all advantages, victory seemed to declare herself on the side of the British, the whole British squadron was captured—Captain Barclay's letter gives a truthful account of the affair.

His Majesty's late Ship Detroit,
Put-in Bay, Lake Erie, Sept. 22d.

SIR,—The last letter I had the honor of writing to you, dated the 6th instant, I informed you, that unless certain intimation

was received of more seamen on their way to Amherstburg, I should be obliged to sail with the squadron, deplorably manned as it was, to fight the enemy (who blockaded the port,) to enable us to get supplies of provisions and stores of every description; so perfectly destitute of provisions was the port, that there was not a day's flour in the store, and the squadron under my command were on half allowance of many things, and when that was done there was no more. Such were the motives which induced Major-general Proctor (whom by your instructions I was directed to consult, and whose wishes I was enjoined to execute, as far as related to the good of the country,) to concur in the necessity of a battle being risked under the many disadvantages which I laboured, and it now remains for me, a most melancholy task, to relate to you the unfortunate issue of that battle, as well as the many untoward circumstances that led to the event. No intelligence of seamen having arrived, I sailed on the 9th instant, fully expecting to meet the enemy next morning, as they had been seen among the islands; nor was I mistaken; soon after daylight they were seen in motion in Put-in-bay, the wind was then at S. W. and light, giving us the weather-gage. I bore up for them, in hopes of bringing them to action among the islands, but that intention was soon frustrated, by the wind suddenly shifting to the south-east, which brought the enemy directly to windward. The line was formed according to a given plan, so that each ship might be supported against the superior force of the two brigs opposed to them. About ten the enemy had cleared the islands, and immediately bore up, under easy sail, in a line abreast, each brig being also supported by the small vessels. At a quarter before twelve I commenced the action, by giving a few long guns; about a quarter past, the American Commodore, also supported by two schooners, one carrying four long twelve-pounders, the other a long 32 and 24-pounder, came to close action with the Detroit; the other a brig of the enemy, apparently destined to engage the Queen Charlotte, supported in like manner by two schooners, kept so far to windward as to render the Qneen Charlotte's 20-pounder carronades useless, while she was with the Lady Prevost, exposed to the heavy and destructive fire of the Caledonia and four other schooners, armed with long and heavy guns, like those I have already described. Too soon, alas! was I deprived of the services of the noble and intrepid Captain Finnis, who soon after the commencement of the action fell, and with him fell my greatest support: soon after, Lieutenant Stokoe of the Queen Charlotte, was struck senseless by a splinter, which deprived the whole country of his service at this very critical period. Provincial Lieutenant Irvine, who then had charge of the Queen Charlotte, behaved with great courage, but his experience was much too limited to supply the place of such an officer as Captain Finnis, hence she proved of far less assistance than I expected.

The action continued with great fury until half-past two, when I perceived my opponent drop astern, and a boat passing from him to the Niagara (which vessel was at this time perfectly fresh,) the American commodore, seeing that as yet the day was against him, (his vessel having struck soon after he left her,) and also the very defenceless state of the Detroit, which ship was now a perfect wreck, principally from the raking fire of the gun boats, and also that the Queen Charlotte was in such a situation that I could receive very little assistance from her, and the Lady Prevost being at this time too far to leeward from her rudder being injured, made a noble and alas! too successful an effort to regain it, for he bore up, and, supported by his small vessels, passed within pistol shot, and took a raking position on our bow; nor could I prevent it, as the unfortunate situation of the Queen Charlotte prevented us from wearing; in attempting it we fell on board her. My gallant Lieutenant Garland was now mortally wounded, and myself so severely, that I was obliged to leave deck. Manned as the squadron was, with not more than fifty British seamen, the rest a mixed crew of Canadians and soldiers, who were totally unacquainted with such service, rendered the loss of officers more sensibly felt, and never in any action was the loss more severe; every officer commanding vessels, and their seconds, were either killed or wounded so severely, as to be unable to keep the deck. Lieut. Buchan, of the Lady Prevost, behaved most nobly, and

did everything which a brave and experienced officer could do in a vessel armed with twelve pound carronades, against vessels carrying long guns. I regret to state that he was severely wounded. Lieut. Bignall, of the Dover, commanding the Hunter, displayed the greatest intrepidity; but his guns being small (two, four, and six pounders) he could be of much less service than he wished. Every officer in the Detroit, behaved in the most exemplary manner. Lieut. Inglis showed such calm intrepidity, that I was fully convinced that, on leaving the deck, I left the ship in excellent hands; and for an account of the battle, after that, I refer you to his letter which he wrote me, for your information.

Mr Hoffmeister, purser of the Detroit, nobly volunteered his services on deck, and behaved in a manner that reflects the highest credit on him. I regret to add, that he is very severely wounded in the knee. Provincial Lieut. Purvis, and the military officers, Lieutenants Garden, of the Royal Newfoundland Rangers, and O'Keefe, of the 41st regiment, behaved in a manner which excited my warmest approbation; the few British seamen I had behaved with their usual intrepidity, and as long as I was on deck, the troops behaved with a calmness and courage worthy of a more fortunate issue to their exertions.

The weather-gage gave the enemy a prodigious advantage, as it enabled them not only to choose their position, but their distance also, which they did in such a manner as to prevent the carronades of the Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost from having much effect; while their long guns did great execution, particularly against the Queen Charlotte. Capt. Perry has behaved in a most humane and attentive manner, not only to myself and officers, but to all the wounded. I trust that although unsuccessful, you will approve of the motives that induced me to sail under so many disadvantages, and that it may be hereafter proved that under such circumstances, the honor of his Majesty's flag has not been tarnished. I enclose the list of killed and wounded.

I have the honor to be &c.

(Signed)

R. H. Barclay, Commander,
and late Senior officer.

In our notes,* Commodore Perry's official letter will be found. This letter we have very little fault to find with, except that it contains no allusion whatever to the bravery evinced by Capt. Barclay and his very inferior force. This inferiority will at once be seen when we give the weight of metal thrown by the American guns, and their number of men, in opposition to the Britsh force.

	Americans.	British.
Weight of metal....lbs	928..........	459
No. of men...........	580..........	345

Commodore Perry's acknowledgment of this circumstance, although it might have lessened somewhat his claim to a Nelsonic

* U. S. Schr. Ariel, Put-in-Bay, 13th Sept. 1813.

SIR,—In my last, I informed you that we had captured the enemy's fleet, on this lake. I have now the honor to give you the most important particulars of the action:—On the morning of the 10th instant, at sun-rise, they were discovered from Put-in-Bay, where I lay at anchor, with the squadron under my command. We got under weigh, the wind light at S. E. which brought us to windward; formed the line, and bore up. At fifteen minutes before twelve, the enemy commenced firing; at five minutes before twelve, the action commenced on our part. Finding their fire very destructive, owing to their long guns, and its being mostly directed at the St. Lawrence, I made sail, and directed the other vessels to follow, for the purpose of closing with the enemy—every brace and bow line being soon shot away, she became unmanageable, notwithstanding the great exertions of the sailing-master. In this situation, she sustained the action upwards of two hours, within canister distance, until every gun was rendered useless, and the greater part of the crew either killed or wounded. Finding she could no longer annoy the enemy, I left her in charge of Lieut. Yarnell, who, I was convinced, from the bravery already displayed by him, would do what would comport with the honor of the flag. At half past two, the wind springing up, Captain Elliot was enabled to bring his vessel, the Niagara, gallantly into close action; I immediately went on board of her, when he anticipated my wish, by volunteering to bring the schooners, which had been kept astern by the lightness of the wind, into close action.

It was with unspeakable pain that I saw, soon after I got on board of the Niagara, the flag of the St. Lawrence come down; although I was perfectly sensible that she had been defended to the last, and that to have continued to make a show of resistance, would have been a wanton sacrifice of the remains of her brave crew. But the enemy was not able to take possession of her, and circumstances soon permitted her flag again to be hoisted. At forty-five minutes past two, the signal was made for "close action;" the Niagara being very little injured, I determined to pass through the enemy's line—bore up, and passed

victory, would certainly have raised him in the opinion of every candid reader.

A careful examination of the circumstances connected with this affair, proves that Capt. Barclay lost the day from two causes; the first, that of not being in a position to take possession of the St. Lawrence when she struck; the second, the unfortunate loss of the few naval officers on board the fleet. This fact was particularly dwelt upon in the sentence of the court martial which was held on Capt. Barclay and the surviving officers and seamen. We transcribe the sentence pronounced by the court, of which Admiral E. J. Foote was president:

"That the capture of his Majesty's late squadron was caused by the very defective means Capt. Barclay possessed to equip them on Lake Erie; the want of a sufficient number of able seamen, whom he had repeatedly and earnestly requested of Sir James Yeo to be sent to him; the very great superiority of the enemy to the British squadron; and the unfortunately early fall of the superior officers in

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ahead of their two ships, and a brig, giving a raking fire to them, from the starboard guns and to a large schooner, and sloop, from the larboard side, at half pistol-shot distance. The smaller vessels, at this time, having got within grape and canister distance, under the direction of Capt. Elliot, and keeping up a well directed fire, the two ships, a brig, and a schooner and sloop making a vain attempt to escape.

Those officers and men, who were immediately under my observation, evinced the greatest gallantry; and, I have no doubt but all others conducted themselves as became American officers and seamen. Lieut. Yarnell, 1st of the St. Lawrence, although several times wounded, refused to quit the deck. Midshipman Forest, (doing duty as Lieutenant,) and sailing master Taylor, were of great assistance to me. I have great pain, in stating to you the death of Lieut. Brook, of the marines, and Midshipman Lamb, both of the St. Lawrence, and Midshipman John Clark, of the Scorpion; they were valuable and promising officers. Mr. Hamilton, Purser, who volunteered his services on deck, was severely wounded, late in the action. Midshipman Claxton, and Swartwout, of the St. Lawrence, were severely wounded. On board of the Niagara, Lieutenants Smith and Edwards, and Midshipman Webster, (doing duty as sailing master,) behaved in a very handsome manner. Captain Brevoort, of the army, who acted as a volunteer, in the capacity of a marine officer, on board that vessel, is an excellent and brave officer; and, with his musketry, did great execution. Lieut. Turner, commanding the Caledonia, brought that vessel into action in the most able manner, and is an officer, in all situations, that may be relied on.

The Ariel, Lieut. Packet, and Scorpion, sailing master Champlin were enabled to get early into action, and were of great service. Captain Elliot speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Magrath, purser, who had been dispatched in a boat, on service, previous to my getting on board the Niagara; and, being a seaman, since the action has rendered essential service in taking charge of one of the prizes.

Of Captain Elliot, already so well known to the government, it would be almost superfluous to speak:—in this action, he evinced his characteristic bravery and judgment; and, since the close of the action, has given me the most able and essential assistance.

I have the honor to enclose you a return of the killed and wounded, together with a statement of the relative force of the squadrons. The Captain and 1st Lieutenant of the Queen Charlotte, and 1st Lieut. of the Detroit, were killed. Captain Barclay, senior officer, and the commander of the Lady Prevost, severely wounded. The commander of the Hunter and Chippewa, slightly wounded. Their loss, in killed and wounded, I have not been able to ascertain; it must, however have been very great.

I have caused the prisoners, taken on the 10th inst. to be landed at Sandusky; and have requested Gen. Harrison to have them marched to Chillicothe, and there wait, until your pleasure shall be known respecting them.

The St. Lawrence has been so entirely cut up, it is absolutely necessary she should go into a safe harbor; I have, therefore, directed Lieut. Yarnell to proceed to Erie, in her, with the wounded of the fleet; and dismantle, and get her over the bar, as soon as possible.

The two ships, in a heavy sea, this day at anchor, lost their masts, being much injured in the action. I shall haul them into the inner bay, at this place, and moor them for the present. The Detroit is a remarkably fine ship; and is very strongly built; the Queen Charlotte is a much superior vessel to what has been represented;—the Lady Prevost is a large, fine schooner.

I also beg your instructions, respecting the wounded; I am satisfied, sir, that whatever steps I might take, governed by humanity, would meet your approbation;—under this impression, I have taken upon myself to promise Captain Barclay, who is very dangerously wounded, that he shall be landed as near Lake Ontario as possible; and, I had no doubt, you would allow me to parole him; he is under the impression, that nothing but leaving this part of the country will save his life. There is also a number of Canadians among the prisoners—many who have families.

I have the honor, &c.,

O. H. PERRY.

Hon. W. Jones, Sec. Navy.

The Return above alluded to by Commodore Perry, admits the American loss to have been twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded—total one hundred and twenty-three.

the action. That it appeared that the greatest exertions had been made by Captain Barclay, in equipping and getting into order the vessels under his command; that he was fully justified, under the existing circumstances, in bringing the enemy to action; that the judgment and gallantry of Capt. Barclay in taking his squadron into action, and during the contest, were highly conspicuous, and entitled him to the highest praise; and that the whole of the officers and men of his Majesty's late squadron conducted themselves in the most gallant manner; and the court did adjudge the said Captain Robert Henry Barclay, his surviving officers and men, to be most fully and honorably acquitted."

A great deal of bombastive nonsense was circulated by the American press on the subject of Commodore Perry's "victory," and loud was the crowing, but even this was not recompense enough for a grateful country, a resolution was therefore passed in the Senate and House of Representatives to the following effect:

"That the thanks of Congress be, and the same are hereby presented to Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, and through him to the officers, petty officers, seamen, marines, and infantry serving as such, attached to the squadron under his command, for the decisive and GLORIOUS victory gained on Lake Erie on the 10th Sept., in the year 1813, OVER A BRITISH SQUADRON OF SUPERIOR FORCE."

In reference to the "*superior force*" it is plain that Congress had no grounds whatever for this part of their resolution. No where in Commodore Perry's letter will there be found the slightest allusion to a "superior force," and Yankee commanders were not generally backward in asserting their full claim, and generally much more than their just claims, to the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen. Not even in the ready tool of government, the official organ at Baltimore, is there to be found such assertions as could warrant the addition of this sentence. The thanks of Congress were not, however, deemed sufficient, so the following farther resolutions were unanimously passed:

"*Resolved*, That the president of the United States be requested to cause gold medals to be struck, emblematical of the action between the two squadrons, and to present them to Captain Perry and Captain Jesse D. Elliot, in such manner as will be most honorable to them, and that the president be farther requested to present a silver medal with suitable emblems and devices to each of the commissioned officers either of the navy or army serving on board, and a sword to each of the midshipmen and sailing masters who so nobly distinguished themselves on that memorable day.

"*Resolved*, That the president of the United States be requested to present a silver medal with like emblems and devices to the nearest male relative of Lieutenant Jno Brooks of the marines, and a sword to the nearest male relative of midshipmen Henry Lamb, and Thomas Claxton, Junior, and to communicate to them the deep regret which Congress feels for the loss of those gallant men, whose names ought to live in the recollection and affection of a grateful country, and whose conduct ought to be regarded as an example to future generations."

From the last resolution it would appear that Congress thought that honor and medals were sufficient rewards for officers, but that petty officers and seamen not being actuated by the same high spirit, required something more substantial. It was, therefore, resolved, "That three months' pay be allowed, exclusively of the common allowance, to all the petty officers, seamen, marines and infantry, serving as such, who so gloriously supported the honor of the American flag under the orders of their gallant commanders on that signal occasion."

This was a curious distinction to make in a country like the United States, when by the constitution all men are declared to be born free and equal.

We have seen how the American Government rewarded their countrymen, let us now enquire into the reward obtained by Captain Barclay from his country, what recompense was made to him for the noble and chivalrous spirit which urged him to seek an enemy two-fifths his superior. Captain Barclay's appearance at the Court Martial is represented to have drawn tears from the spectators, so mutilated was he. One arm he had lost previously, the second was so badly wounded by a grape shot, that it required artificial support, besides this he had received several

flesh body wounds. It will scarcely be believed that, notwithstanding the flattering sentence of the court, and the severity of his wounds, Captain Barclay was only promoted to post rank in 1824, or nearly eleven years after the action.

Consequences of Perry's victory.

With the loss of the British fleet vanished all prospect of supplies either of men or provisions, and consequently no hope remained that effectual resistance could be offered to the advance of the enemy, or to his occupation not only of the Michigan territory, but also the western portion of the peninsula. In fact Proctor was at once reduced to the necessity of abandoning all his positions beyond Lake Erie, and by this abandonment he ran the farther risk of being deserted by his Indian allies. Already had a vast number of boats been collected by the Americans, for the purpose of conveying the troops, who had assembled, in the neighbourhood of Forts Sandusky and Meigs, to the number of ten thousand men, across the lake, now that their success had left them undisputed masters in that quarter, when General Proctor found it essential to the safety of his troops to take immediate measures for a retreat. A council of war was held, and the Indian chiefs invited. At this council, General Proctor, after an exposition of the numerical strength of his force, of their position without provisions or other supplies, and the impracticability of procuring the actual necessaries for supporting life, proposed that, as it was utterly impossible to prevent the landing of the enemy in overwhelming force, the forts of Detroit and Amherstburg, together with the various public buildings, should be destroyed, and that the troops and Indians should retire on the centre division at Niagara. It is much to be deplored that this proposition was not acted upon, and that General Proctor suffered himself to be induced by Tecumseth's mingled reproaches and entreaties to change his purpose. Tecumseth's speech, which follows, is said to have been delivered with great energy, and to have produced the most startling effect on his brother Indians, who are described to have started up to a man, brandishing their tomahawks in a most menacing manner:—

"Father,—(he thundered,) listen to your children, you see them now all before you. The war before this, our British father, gave the hatchet to his red children when our old chiefs were alive. They are now all dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge, and we are afraid our father will do so again at this time.

"Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren and was ready to take up the hatchet in favour of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry—that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

"Listen! When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us he was now ready to strike the Americans—that he wanted our assistance; and he certainly would get us our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

"Listen! You told us at the same time to bring forward our families to this place—we did so, and you promised to take care of them, and that they should want for nothing, while the men would go to fight the enemy—that we were not to trouble ourselves with the enemy's garrisons—that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts feel glad.

"Listen! When we last went to the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like groundhogs.

"Father—Listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm. Our ships have gone one way and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our

father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat animal, that carries its tail upon its back, but when afrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off.

"Listen Father!—The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we there fore wish to remain here, and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us we will then retreat with our father.

"At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and when we retreated to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

"Father! You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go in welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it is his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

The scene that ensued is described to have been of the most imposing character. Richardson's account says—"The Council room was a large lofty building, the vaulted roof of which echoed back the wild yell of the Indians, while the threatening attitude and diversified costume of these latter formed a striking contrast with the calm demeanor and military garb of the officers grouped around the walls. The most prominent feature in the picture, however, was Tecumseth. Habited in a close leather dress, his athletic proportions were admirably delineated, while a large plume of white ostrich feathers, by which he was generally distinguished, overshadowing his brow, and contrasting with the darkness of his complexion, and the brilliancy of his black and piercing eye, gave a singularly wild and terrific expression to his features. It was evident that he could be terrible."

After some opposition General Proctor prevailed on Tecumseth and his brother chiefs to assent to a second proposal, viz., to retire on the Moravian village, distant nearly half-way between Amherstburg and the outposts of the centre division, and there await the approach of the enemy.

This course of action having been decided on, the troops were immediately set about destroying the fortifications, and various public buildings in Detroit and Amherstburg, and these places presented for some time a scene of cruel desolation. All stores that it was deemed impossible to move were committed to the flames. The work of demolition having been completed, and the baggage waggons and boats sent on in advance, the troops commenced their march; and never was a march set out on, under more dispiriting circumstances.

The situation of the men was deplorable in the extreme; they had been for some time on short allowance; and even their pay had not been regularly received. Arrears were due, to some for six, and to others for nine months. A Canadian winter was fast approaching, and few of the troops had blankets; to all greatcoats were a luxury quite unknown. The same privations which they had experienced during the winter of 1812 were, therefore, likely to be doubly felt during the coming season. To all these real hardships was joined the painful certainty that the families of many of the militia were exposed to similar privations at home.

Under these circumstances, the troops commenced their retreat towards the end of September, and proceeded up the Thames, a river navigable for small craft, up which the boats had already preceded them. On the 27th the American fleet, "composed of sixteen vessels of war and upwards of one hundred boats," received on board General Harrison's division, and landed it, on the afternoon of the same day, at a point three miles below Amherstburg, which post was reached just three days after it had been evacuated by the British.

The two armies, numerically considered, stood thus—The British retreating force consisted of about eight hundred and thirty men, exclusive of five hundred Indians; the Americans mustered fully five thousand men.

We have adopted James's statement of the American force, as he seems to have been at much trouble in arriving at something like the truth. "The number of American troops," says James, "with which General Harrison

so sanguinely expected to overthrow General Proctor's army does not appear, either in General Harrison's letter or in any of the American accounts, minute as they are in other less important particulars. Perhaps, by putting together such items of numbers as, in the general plan of concealment, may have escaped the notice of the different editors, we shall get within ONE or TWO thousands that landed below Amherstburg 'without opposition.'"

By following out this plan, James has arrived at the number which we have adopted above.

The British movements were extremely slow, as they appear to have been encumbered with a very unnecessary amount of baggage, and, when they arrived at the Moravian village, the pursuing party was but a few leagues behind.

This village, situated on a small plain, offered every facility for defence, being skirted on one side by a thick wood highly favorable to the operations of the Indians, and on the other by the Thames, while immediately in front, a deep ravine, covered with brushwood, and capable of being commanded by artillery, presented an obstacle peculiarly unfavorable to the passage of cavalry, of which a large portion of the advancing columns consisted.

It is impossible to understand the motives which could have induced General Proctor to abandon his original plan of making a stand at this point, and withdrawing his troops into the heart of a wood. It could scarcely have been that he expected by this means to render the cavalry, of which reports averred the major portion of the pursuing force to consist, comparatively useless, as, had even General Proctor been ignorant of the material out of which the American cavalry was formed, the Indians were not in the same state of ignorance, and there can be very little doubt but that this very point was discussed at the meeting, when Tecumseth urged the impolicy of a retreat.

In General Harrison's despatch* he says, the American backwoodsman rides better than any other people; a musket or rifle is no impediment, he being accustomed to carry them on horseback from his earliest youth. The Indians knew this as well as General Harrison, and it is not probable but that they put General Proctor in possession of the fact—so acute an observer as Tecumseth was not likely to leave his commander in the dark on so important a point. The British regulars on the other hand were just as ill suited for this irregular kind of bush fighting, where their tactics and previous training would be useless, as their opponents were the reverse. Taking, then, all these points into consideration general Proctor's manœuvres are more and more difficult to be accounted for, especially when we remember that all his former operations had been marked by decision and clear-sightedness. Richardson who was present at the battle, says "on the 5th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we were within two miles of the Moravian village, but in defiance of that repeated experince which should have taught us the hopelessness of combating a concealed enemy, the troops were ordered to defile into the heart of a wood, not very close it is true, yet through the interstices of which it was impossible for the view to extend itself to a distance of more than twenty paces, much less to discover objects bearing so close a resemblance to the bark and foliage of the trees and bushes, as the costume of the Americans; whereas on the contrary, the glaring red of the British troops formed a point, in relief, on which the eye could not fail to dwell."

James does not seem to consider the position to have been unfavourable. He says "this position was considered an excellent one; as the enemy, however numerous his force could not turn the flank of the British, or present a more extended front than theirs," we are rather pleased to be able to bring forward even so slight a palliation as James' opinion, of that unlucky affair, we have not been able to find in any other in-

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* *From major-gen. Harrison to the American secretary at war.*

Head-quarters, Detroit, Oct. 9th, 1813.

SIR,—In my letter from Sandwich of the 30th ultimo, I did myself the honor to inform you that I was preparing to pursue the enemy the following day. From various causes, however, I was unable to put the troops in motion until the morning of the 22nd inst., and then to take with me only about 140 of the regular troops—Johnson's mounted regiment, and such of governor Selby's volunteers as were fit for a rapid march,

stance, even the shadow of an excuse offered. Christie says "this disaster to the British arms, seems not to have been palliated by these precautions, and the presence of mind, which, even in defeat reflect lustre on a commander. The bridge and roads in the rear of the retreating army were left entire, while its progress was retarded by a useless and cumbrous load of baggage. Whether the omission sprang from an erroneous contempt of the enemy, or from disobedience of the orders of the commanding officer is not well understood." We are however anticipating, as we have not yet given an account of the battle, if we may so call it.

The disposition of the troops is a point disputed One author asserts that the line formed an obtuse angle; Thompson, that the line was straight. Christie strange to say gives as Proctor's position, the identical one which we have been lamenting that he *did* not occupy. Richardson was present on the occasion, as he was taken prisoner on the field of battle; following him, therefore, we

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the whole amounting to about 3500 men. To general M'Arthur, (with about 700 effectives) the protecting of this place and the sick was committed; general Cass's brigade, and the corps of lieutenant-col. Ball were left at Sandwich, with orders to follow me as soon as the men received their knapsacks and blankets, which had been left on an island in Lake Erie.

The unavoidable delay at Sandwich was attended with no disadvantage to us. General Proctor had posted himself at Dalson's, on the right side of the Thames, (or Trench) 56 miles from this place, which I was informed he intended to fortify, and wait to receive me. He must have believed, however, that I had no disposition to follow him, or that he had secured my continuance here, by the reports that were circulated that the Indians would attack and destroy this place upon the advance of the army, as he neglected the breaking up the bridges until the night of the 3nd instant. On that night our army reached the river, which is 25 miles from Sandwich, and is one of four streams crossing our route, over all of which are bridges; and they being deep and muddy, are rendered unfordable for a considerable distance into the country. The bridge here was found entire; and in the morning I proceeded with Johnson's regiment to save, if possible, the others. At the second bridge, over a branch of the river Thames, we were fortunate enough to capture a lieutenant of dragoons and 11 privates, who had been sent by general Proctor to destroy them. From the prisoners, I learned that the third bridge was broken up, and that the enemy had no certain information of our advance. The bridge having been imperfectly destroyed, was soon repaired, and the army encamped at Drake's Farm, four miles below Dalson's.

The river Thames, along the banks of which our route lay, is a fine deep stream, navigable for vessels of a considerable burthen, after the passage of the bar at its mouth, over which there is six and a half feet of water.

The baggage of the army was brought from Detroit in boats, protected by three gun-boats, which commodore Perry had furnished for the purpose, as well as to cover the passage of the army over the Thames, or the mouths of its tributary streams; the bank being low and the country generally (prairies) as far as Dalson's, these vessels were well calculated for that purpose Above Dalson's, however, the character of the river and adjacent country is considerably changed. The former, though still deep, is very narrow, and its banks high and woody. The commodore and myself, therefore, agreed upon the propriety of leaving the boats under the guard of 150 infantry; and I determined to trust to fortune and the bravery of my troops to effect the passage of the river. Below a place called Chatham, and four miles above Dalson's, is the third unfordable branch of the Thames; the bridge over its mouth had been taken up by the Indians, as well as that at M'Gregor's Mills, one mile above. Several hundred of the Indians remained to dispute our passage; and upon the arrival of the advanced guard, commenced a heavy fire from the opposite bank of the creek, as well as that of the river. Believing that the whole force of the enemy was there, I halted the army, formed in order of battle, and brought up our two 6-pounders to cover the party that were ordered to cover the bridge. A few shot from those pieces soon drove off the Indians, and enabled us in two hours to repair the bridge and cross the troops. Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment, being upon the right of the army, had seized the remains of the bridge at the mills under a heavy fire from the Indians. Our loss upon this occasion was two killed, and three or four wounded; that of the enemy was ascertained to be considerably greater. A house near the bridge, containing a very considerable number of muskets had been set on fire; but it was extinguished by our troops, and the arms saved. At the first farm above the bridge, we found one of the enemy's vessels on fire, loaded with arms, ordnance, and other valuable stores; and learned they were a few miles a-head of us, still on the right bank of the river. with a great body of Indians. At Bowles' Farm, four miles from the bridge, we halted for the night, found two other vessels and a large distillery filled with ordnance, and other valuable stores, to an immense amount, in flames; it was impossible to put out the fire; two 24-pounders, with their carriages, were taken, and a large quantity of ball and shells of various sizes. The army was put in motion early on the morning of the 5th. I pushed on in advance with the mounted regiment, and requested governor Shelby to follow as expeditiously as possible with the infantry. The governor's zeal, and that of his men, enabled them to keep up with the cavalry, and by nine o'clock we were at Arnold's mills, having taken in the course of the

may safely record that the British were drawn up in line, in a wood, not a very great distance from the Moravian settlement, with the Indians on the right, and a six pounder on the left.

The whole British force thus drawn up amounted to four hundred and seventy six. Originally it numbered about eight hundred and forty—but of these one hundred and seventy four had been just captured in the batteaux, and nearly one hundred and seventy were either in the hospital or were on duty guarding the baggage.

The American force, even by their own admission, mustered twelve hundred cavalry, nineteen hundred and fifty infantry, and some one hundred and fifty Indians, thus, exclusive of officers, out-numbering Proctor's force seven-fold. General Harrison drew up his forces in two lines, and commenced the attack by a simultaneous charge on both British and Indians, in both cases the first charge

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morning, two gun-boats and several batteaux, loaded with provisions and ammunition.

A rapid bend of the river at Arnold's mills, affords the only fording to be met with for a considerable distance; but upon examination, it was found too deep for the infantry. Having, however, fortunately taken two or three boats, and some Indian canoes, on the spot, and obliging the horsemen to take a footman behind each, the whole were safely crossed by 12 o'clock. Eight miles from the crossing we passed a farm, where a part of the British troops had encamped the night before, under the command of colonel Warburton. The detachment with general Proctor was stationed near to, and fronting the Moravian town, four miles higher up. Being now certainly near the enemy, I directed the advance of Johnson's regiment to accelerate their march for the purpose of procuring intelligence. The officer commanding it, in a short time, sent to inform me, that his progress was stopped by the enemy, who were formed across our line of march. One of the enemy's waggoners being also taken prisoner, from the information received from him, and my own observation, assisted by some of my officers, I soon ascertained enough of their position and order of battle, to determine that which it was proper for me to adopt.

I have the honour herewith to enclose you my general order of the 27th ult. prescribing the order of march and of battle, when the whole of the army should act together. But as the number and description of the troops had been essentially changed, since the issuing of the order, it became necessary to make a corresponding alteration in their disposition. From the place where our army was last halted, to the Moravian town, a distance of about three miles and a half, the road passes through a beech forest without any clearing, and for the first two miles near to the river. At from 2 to 300 yards from the river, a swamp extends parallel to it, throughout the whole distance. The intermediate ground is dry, and although the trees are tolerably thick, it is in many places clear of underbrush. Across this strip of land, their left *appuyed* upon the river, supported by artillery placed in the wood, their right in the swamp, covered by the whole of their Indian force, the British troops were drawn up.

The troops at my disposal consisted of about 120 regulars, of the 27th regiment, five brigades of Kentucky volunteer militia-infantry, under his excellency governor Shelby, averaging less than 500 men, and colonel Johnson's regiment of mounted infantry, making, in the whole an aggregate something above 3000. No disposition of an army opposed to an Indian force can be safe, unless it is secured on the flanks and in the rear. I had therefore no difficulty in arranging the infantry conformably to my general order of battle. General Trotter's brigade of 500 men formed the front line, his right upon the road, and his left upon the swamp. General King's brigade as a second line, 150 yards in the rear of Trotter's; and Child's brigade, as a corps of reserve, in the rear of it. These three brigades formed the command of major-general Henry; the whole of general Desha's division, consisting of two brigades, were formed *en potence* upon the left of Trotter.

Whilst I was engaged in forming the infantry, I had directed colonel Johnson's regiment, which was still in front, to form in two lines opposite to that of the enemy; and upon the advance of the infantry, to take ground to the left; and, forming upon that flank, to endeavour to turn the right of the Indians. A moments reflection, however, convinced me, that from the thickness of the wood, and swampiness of the ground, they would be unable to do any thing on horseback, and that there was no time to dismount them, and place their horses in security; I therefore determined to oppose my left to the Indians, and to break the British line, at once, by a charge of the mounted infantry; the measure was not sanctioned by any thing that I had seen or heard of, but I was fully convinced that it would succeed. The American back-woodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or rifle is no impediment, they being accustomed to carry them on horseback from their earliest youth. I was persuaded, too, that the enemy would be quite unprepared for the shock, and that they could not resist it. Conformably to this idea, I directed the regiment to be drawn up in close column, with its right at the distance of 50 yards from the road, (that it might be in some measure protected by the trees from the artillery,) its left upon the swamp, and to charge at full speed as soon as the enemy delivered their fire. The few regular troops, under their colonel, (Paul,) occupied, in column of sections of four, the small space between the road and the river, for the purpose of seizing the enemy's artillery: and some 10 or 12 friendly Indians were directed to move under the bank. The crotchet formed by the front line and

was repulsed, but a second decided the fate of the day, the British troops giving way first, and the Indians retreating on seeing the fate of their allies, we now take up Richardson.—The result of an affair, against a body of such numerical superiority, and under such circumstances, may easily be anticipated.—Closely pressed on every hand, and principally by a strong corps of mounted riflemen, the troops were finally compelled to give way and, completely hemmed in by their assailants, had no other alternative than to lay down their arms—about fifty men only, with a single officer of the regiment, (Lieut. Bullock) contriving, when all was lost, to effect their escape through the wood. General Proctor, mounted on an excellent charger, and accompanied by his personal staff, sought safety in flight at the very commencement of the action and being pursued for some hours by a detachment of mounted Kentucky riflemen, was in imminent danger of falling into their hands.

The main body of the enemy, who had by this time succeeded in breaking through our centre, and had wheeled up, in order to take the Indians in flank, now moved rapidly upon us in every direction; so that the resistance the light company had hitherto opposed, was now utterly hopeless of any successful result. Persuaded, moreover, from the sudden cessation of the firing in that direction, that our centre and left, (for the wood intercepted them from our view) had been overcome, we, at the suggestion and command of Lieutenant Hailes, the only officer with us, prepared to make good our retreat, but, instead of going deeper into the wood as we purposed, we mistook our way, and found ourselves unexpectedly in the road; when on glancing to the right, we beheld, at a distance of about five hundred yards, the main body of our men disarmed—grouped together, and surrounded by American troops. On turning to the left, as we instinctively did, we saw a strong body of cavalry coming towards us, evidently returning from some short pursuit, and slowly walking their horses. At the head of these, and dressed like his men in Kentucky hunting frocks, was a stout elderly officer whom we subsequently knew to be Governor Shelby, and who, the moment he beheld us emerging from the wood, gallopped forward and brandishing his sword over his head, cried out with stentorian lungs, "surrender, surrender, it's no use resisting, all your people are taken, and you had better surrender." There was no alternative. The channel to escape had

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general Desha's division, was an important point At that place the venerable governor of Kentucky was posted, who, at the age of 66, preserves all the vigour of youth, the ardent zeal which distinguished him in the revolutionary war, and the undaunted bravery which he maintained at King's Mountain. With my aide de camp the acting-assistant adjutant-general, captain Butler, my gallant friend commodore Perry who did me the honour to serve as my volunteer aide de camp, and brigadier general Cass, who having no command, tendered me his assistance, I placed myself at the head of the front line of infantry, to direct the movements of the cavalry, and to give them the necessary support. The army had moved on in this order but a short distance, when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were ordered to charge; the horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire; another was given by the enemy, and our column at length getting into motion, broke through the enemy with an irresistible force. In one minute the contest in front was over, the British officers seeing no hopes of reducing their disordered ranks to order and our mounted men wheeling upon them, and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. It is certain that only three of our troops were wounded in the charge. Upon the left, however, the contest was more severe with the Indians. Colonel Johnson, who commanded on the flank of his regiment, received a most galling fire from them, which was returned with great effect. The Indians still further to the right advanced, and fell in with our front line of infantry, near its junction with Desha's division, and for a moment made some impression on it. His excellency governor Shelby, however, brought up a regiment to its support, and the enemy received a severe fire in front, and a part of Johnsons regiment having gained their rear, they retreated with precipitation. Their loss was very considerable in the action, and many were killed in their retreat.

I can give no satisfactory information of the number of Indians that were in action; but there must have been considerably upwards of 1000.—From the documents in my possession, general Proctor's official letters, (all of which were taken) and from the information of respectable inhabitants of this territory, the Indians kept in pay by the British were much more numerous than has been generally supposed. In a letter to general De Rottenburg, of the 27th ult., general Proctor speaks of having prevailed upon most of the Indians to accompany him. Of these it is certain that 50 or 60 Wyandott warriors abandoned him.

The number of our troops was certainly greater than that of the enemy; but when it is recol-

been closed by the horsemen in the wood, as well as those in the road, and a surrender was unavoidable. We accordingly moved down to join our captured comrades, as directed by Governor Shelby.

The most serious loss we sustained on this occasion was that of the noble and unfortunate Tecumseth. Only a few minutes before the clang of the American bugles was heard ringing through the forest, and inspiriting to action, the haughty Chieftain had passed along our line, pleased with the manner in which his left was supported, and seemingly sanguine of success. He was dressed in his usual deer skin dress, which admirably displayed his light yet sinewy figure, and in his handkerchief, rolled as a turban over his brow, was placed a handsome white ostrich feather, with which he was fond of decorating himself, either for the Hall of Council or the battle-field. He pressed the hand of each officer as he passed, made some remark in Shawanee, appropriate to the occasion, which was sufficiently understood by the expressive signs accompanying them, and then passed away for ever from our view. Towards the close of the engagement, he had been personally opposed to Colonel Johnson, commanding the American mounted riflemen, and having severely wounded that officer with a ball from his rifle, was in the act of springing upon him with his tomahawk, when his adversary drew a pistol from his belt and shot him dead on the spot. It has since been denied by the Americans that the hero met his death from the hands of Colonel Johnson. Such was the statement on the day of the action, nor was it ever contradicted at that period. There is every reason to infer then that the merit, (if any merit could attach to the destruction of all that was noble and generous in savage life) of having killed Tecumseth, rests with Colonel Johnson. The merit of having flayed the body of the fallen brave, and made razor strops of his skin, rests with his immediate followers. This too has been denied, but denial is vain.

Discussion relative to the affair at the Moravian town.

No affair during the whole war led to such bitter recrimination as that at the Moravian town. The first and principal cause of this was the general order issued by Sir George Prevost, which reflected very severely on the 41st regiment. It is difficult to apportion the censure which the document deserves, or to ascertain whether Sir G. Prevost or Gen. Proctor is the more blameworthy.

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lected that they had chosen a position, that effectually secured their flank, which it was impossible for us to turn, and that we could not present to them a line more extended than their own, it will not be considered arrogant to claim for my troops the palm of superior bravery.

(Here follows an encomium upon the officers generally.)

Major Wood, of the engineers, already dististinguished at Fort-Meigs, attended the army with two 6-pounders. Having no use for them in action, he joined in the pursuit of the enemy, and with major Payne of the mounted regiment two of my aides de camp, Todd and Chambers, and three privates, continued it for several miles after the rest of the troops had halted, and made many prisoners.

I left the army before an official return of the prisoners, or that of the killed and wounded was made ot It was, however, ascertained that the former amounted to 601 regulars, including 25 officers. Our loss is seven killed, and 22 wounded, 5 of whom have since died. Of the British troops, 12 were killed, and 22 wounded. The Indians suffered most, 33 of them having been found upon the ground, besides those killed on the retreat.

On the day of the action, six pieces of brass artillery were taken, and two iron 24-pounders the day before. Several others were discovered in the river, and can be easily procured. Of the brass pieces, three are the trophies of our revolutionary war; they were taken at Saratoga and York, and surrendered by general Hull. The number of small arms taken by us and destroyed by the enemy, must amount to upwards of 5000; most of them had been ours, and had been taken by the enemy at the surrender of Detroit, at the river Raisin, and colonel Dudley's defeat. I believe the enemy retain no other military trophy of their victories than the standard of the 4th regiment. They were not magnanimous enough to bring that of the 41st regiment into the field, or it would have been taken.

You have been informed, sir, of the conduct of the troops under my command in action. It gives me great pleasure to inform you, that they merit also the approbation of their country for their conduct, in submitting to the greatest privation with the utmost cheerfulness.

The infantry were entirely without tents, and for several days the whole army subsisted upon fresh beef, without either bread or salt.

I have the honour to be &c.

W. H. HARRISON.

General John Armstrong,
secretary of War.

P. S. General Proctor escaped by the fleetness of his horses, escorted by 40 dragoons, and a number of mounted Indians.

General Order, Head Quarters, Montreal—
Nov. 24th 1813.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces has received an official report from Major General Proctor of the affair which took place on the 5th October, near the Moravian village, and he has in vain sought in it for grounds to palliate the report made to His Excellency by Staff Adjutant Reiffenstein, upon which the General Order of the 18th October was founded—on the contrary, that statement remains confirmed in all the principal events which marked that disgraceful day; the precipitancy with which the Staff Adjutant retreated from the field of action, prevented his ascertaining the loss sustained by the division on that occasion; it also led him most grossly to exaggerate the enemy's force, and to misrepresent the conduct of the Indian Warriors who, instead of retreating towards Machedash, as he had stated, gallantly maintained the conflict, under their brave Chief Tecumseth, and in turn harassed the American Army on its retreat to Detroit.

The subjoined return states the loss the right division has sustained in the action of the fleet on Lake Erie, on the 10th September and in the affair of the 5th of October, near the Moravian village, in the latter but very few appear to have been rescued by an honorable death, from the ignominy of passing under the American yoke, nor are there many whose wounds plead in mitigation of this reproach. The right division appears to have been encumbered with an unmanageable load of unnecessary, and forbidden private baggage—while the requisite arrangements for the expedition, and certain conveyance of the ammunition and provisions, sole objects worthy of consideration, appear to have been totally neglected, as well as all those ordinary measures resorted to, by officers of intelligence, to retard and impede the advance of a pursuing enemy. The result affords but too fatal a proof of this unjustifiable neglect. The right division had quitted Sandwich on its retreat, on the 26th September, having had ample time, for every previous arrangement, to facilitate and secure that movement. On the 2nd October following, the enemy pursued by the same route, and on the 4th succeeded in capturing all the stores of the division, and on the following day, attacked and defeated it almost without a struggle.

With heart-felt pride and satisfaction the Commander of the Forces had lavished on the Right Division of this Army, that tribute of praise which was so justly due to its former gallantry and steady discipline. It is with poignant grief and mortification that he now beholds its well-earned laurels tarnished, and its conduct calling loudly for reproach and censure.

The Commander of the Forces appeals to the genuine feelings of the British soldier from whom he neither conceals the extent of the loss the Army has suffered, nor the far more to be lamented injury it has sustained, in its wounded honor, confident that but one sentiment will animate every breast, and that zealous to wash out the stain which, by a most extraordinary infatuation, has fallen on a formerly deserving portion of the Army, all will vie to emulate the glorious achievements recently performed, by a small but high spirited and well disciplined division, led by officers possessed of enterprise, intelligence, and gallantry, nobly evincing what British soldiers can perform, when susceptible of no fear, but that of failing in the discharge of their duty.

His Excellency considers it an act of justice, to exonerate most honorably from this censure the brave soldiers of the right division who were serving as marines on board the squadron on Lake Erie. The commander of the forces having received the official report of Capt. Barclay of the action which took place on Lake Erie on the 10th September, when that gallant officer, from circumstances of imperious necessity, was compelled to seek the superior force of the enemy, and to maintain an arduous and long contested action under circumstances of accumulating ill fortune.

Captain Barclay represents that the wind, which was favorable early in the day, suddenly changed, giving the enemy the weather-gage, and that this important advantage was, shortly after the commencement of the engagement, heightened by the fall of Captain Finnis, the commander of the Queen Charlotte. In the death of that intrepid and intelligent officer, Captain Barclay laments the loss of his main support. The fall of Captain Finnis was soon followed by that of Lieut. Stokoe, whose country was deprived of his

services at this very critical period of the action, leaving the command of the Queen Charlotte to Provincial Lieutenant Irvine, who conducted himself with great courage, but was too limited in experience to supply the place of such an officer as Capt. Finnis, and in consequence this vessel proved of far less assistance than might be expected.

The action commenced about a quarter before twelve o'clock, and continued with great fury until half past two, when the American commodore quitted his ship, which struck shortly after, to that commanded by Capt. Barclay (the Detroit.) Hitherto the determined valor displayed by the British squadron had surmounted every disadvantage, and the day was in our favor; but the contest had arrived at that period when valor alone was unavailing—the Detroit and Queen Charlotte were perfect wrecks, and required the utmost skill of seamanship, while the commanders and second officers of every vessel were either killed or wounded: not more than fifty British seamen were dispersed in the crews of the squadron, and of these a great proportion had fallen in the conflict.

The American Commodore made a gallant, and but too successful an effort to regain the day. His second largest vessel, the Niagara, had suffered little, and his numerous gun-boats which had proved the greatest source of annoyance during the action, were all uninjured.

Lieutenant Garland, First Lieutenant of the Detroit, being mortally wounded, previous to the wounds of Captain Barclay, obliging him to quit the deck, it fell to the lot of Lieutenant Inglis, to whose intrepidity and conduct the highest praise is given, to surrender His Majesty's ship, when all further resistance had become unavailing.

The enemy, by having the weather gage, were enabled to choose their distance, and thereby avail themselves of the great advantage they derived in a superiority of heavy long guns, but Captain Barclay attributes the resut of the day, to the unprecedented fall of every commander, and second in command, and the very small number of able seamen left in the squadron, at a moment when the judgment of the officer, and skilful exertions of the sailors, were most imminently called for.

To the British seamen Captain Barclay bestows the highest praise—*that they behaved like British seamen.* From the officers and soldiers of the regular forces serving as marines, Captain Barclay experienced every support within their power, and states that their conduct has excited his warmest thanks and admiration.

Deprived of the palm of victory when almost within his grasp, by an overwhelming force which the enemy possessed in reserve, aided by an accumulation of unfortunate circumstances, Captain Barclay and his brave crew have, by their gallant daring and self devotion to their country's cause, rescued it's honor and their own, even in defeat."

The 41st Regiment had uniformly behaved so gallantly that this severe censure appears almost uncalled for, and this feeling seems to have pervaded all ranks. No official document, relative to the affair, from general Proctor to Sir George Prevost is to be found, consequently these are no direct proofs that Sir George issued his order in consequence of General Proctor's representations, still, in the line of defence adopted by General Proctor on the court-martial, subsequently held on him, there were precisely such statements brought forward as would have been likely, had they been previously made, to have brought down upon the troops the reprimand conveyed in the General order—we should hesitate to ascribe to General Proctor this underhand proceeding had he not so ungenerously endeavoured on his court-martial to shift the blame from his own shoulders to those of the troops under his command. Whether, however, Sir George Prevost issued his general order, on General Proctor's representations, or not, we cannot help feeling that this order was an ill-advised one. From the facts elucidated afterwards in the court martial, it became apparent that the publishing of it was premature, and this fact seems only to render the hasty conduct of the commander-in-chief more reprehensible. It was clearly his duty, before publishing a document, the tendency of which was to cast odium upon a corps, which he himself admits to have previously won his warmest admiration—to have carefully considered all the information furnished him, and to have distinctly stated whether it was in the representation of their general that the right Division was thus reprimanded.

A cotemporary writes thus relative to the affair, handling Sir George Prevost very severely.

"Well timed indeed, and with a befitting grace does the insulting censure, contained in the opening of the order, emanate from the man who had previously made a descent upon Sackett's Harbour, with a view of destroying the enemy's naval and military works and who at the very moment of accomplishment of the object of the expedition, and when the Americans were retreating, turned and fled with precipitation to his boats, presenting to the troops who were unwilling sharers in his disgrace, the monstrous yet ludicrous anomally of two hostile armies fleeing from each other at the same time.—Well does it become the leader, who, at Plattsburg, covered the British army with shame, and himself with enduring infamy, by retiring at the head of 15,000 men—chiefly the flower of the Duke of Wellington's army—before a force of Americans not exceeding as many hundreds, and this even at the moment when the commander of these latter was preparing to surrender his trust without a struggle.—Well does it proceed from him, who through timidity and vacillation alone, at an earlier period of the war, entered into a disgraceful armistice with the enemy at the very moment when General Brock was preparing to follow up his successes on the Western frontier, by sweeping the whole southern border of the St. Lawrence. Happily was it devised by the authority to whose culpable inattention and neglect alone was owing the lots of our gallant Barclay's fleet, and the consequent helplessness of that very Right Division he has hesitated not to condemn for a disaster attributable to himself alone. Nay, well and most consistently does the sting issue from the Commander of the Forces, who, on the occasion of the capture of Detroit, and the victory obtained at the river Raisin, ordered Royal salutes to be fired in honor of conquests which had been achieved principally by the 41st Regiment, and whose remarks, even on the occasion of their unavoidable repulse at Sandusky, convey rather a compliment than dispraise."

What added materially to the severity of the reprimand, was the high eulogy pronounced and most deservidly so, on the officers and seaman of Captain Barclay's fleet.

Christie's observations on this unfortunate affair, to be found in our notes,* are pertinent and just, and throw much valuable light on the affair.

* General Proctor had, to this time, served with honour and distinction in Upper Canada, and was universally considered a brave and able officer; but his retreat, and the events of this untoward day, blasted his fame and at once ruined him in the public estimation.—Some, however, were of opinion that the severity of the general order, by Sir George Prevost, on the occasion, was premature, and a prejudition of the case of his unfortunate brother in arms, who it was thought before so complete a condemnation from his superior officer, ought to have had the benefit of a trial. This he ultimately did get, but not until upwards of a year after the occurrence alluded to, before the expiration of which, Sir George Prevost himself, had fallen still lower than he, in the public estimation, by his own inglorious retreat from Plattsburgh, more humiliating to the national pride than even Proctor's affair. His retreat and discomfiture were of but a small and isolated division of the army, hitherto distinguished for its gallantry, but which, by the loss of the fleet, becoming destitute of its resources, had no other alternative than a speedy retreat, or an immediate surrender. He took his chance of the former. The retreat, it seems, was ill-conducted; but was, in fact, that of Sir George Prevost, taking all in all, any thing better? He advanced to Plattsburgh, at the head of an effective force of at least twelve thousand troops, the *elite* of the army under his command, recently from France and Spain—men accustomed to victory, and again marching to it, as they believed—well provided with an abundant commissariat, and stores of all kinds, and led on by experienced and able officers.—These, however, on the naval defeat, (the loss of the fleets being, in both cases, the immediate cause of retreat) he countermarched, to their inexpressible humiliation and disgust, without their being allowed once to see, much less come in contact with the enemy. A further advance, after the loss of the fleet, was, indeed, out of the question; but nothing could justify the precipitancy of retreat, sacrifice of public stores, and demoralisation in the army that took place in consequence of it. The district of Montreal, was immediately in his rear, and at the short distance of three, or at most four marches from Plattsburgh, upon which he might, it is said, have fallen back at his leisure. It is, however, but justice to remark, time has materially worn down the asperities with which Sir George Prevost was also in his turn prejudged, with respect to this, to say the least of it, most unlucky expedition.

Major general Proctor being tried at Montreal, in December, 1814, on five charges preferred against him for misconduct on this occasion, was found guilty of part of them, and sentenced "to be publicly reprimanded; and to be suspended from rank and pay for six months." It was found "that he did not take the proper measures for conducting the retreat,"—that he had, "in many instances, during the retreat, and in the disposi-

The two defeats, Captain Barclay's and General Proctor's, were productive of the greatest benefit to the Americans, as not only was the whole territory of Michigan, except the port of Michilimacinac, reconquered, but the whole of the western district lost also. *Pour comble de malheur*, too, the services of the Indians were lost; and American editors boast that General Harrison, after the battle of the Thames, made peace with three thousand warriors.

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tion of the force under his command, been erroneous in judgment, and in some, deficient in those energetic and active exertions, which the extraordinary difficulties of his situation so particularly required."—"But as to any defect or reproach with regard to the personal conduct of major general Proctor, during the action of the 5th October, the court most fully acquitted him."

His royal highness, the Prince Regent, confirmed the finding of the court, but animadverted upon it rather severely, by the general order issued on the occasion, dated, "Horse Guards, 9th September, 1815," for its "mistaken lenity" to-towards the accused, as the following extracts will explain:—

"Upon the whole, the court is of opinion, that the prisoner, major general Proctor, has, in many instances during the retreat, and in the disposition of the force under his command, been erroneous in judgment, and in some, deficient in those energetic and active exertions, which the extraordinary difficulties of his situation so particularly required.

"The court doth, therefore adjudge him, the said major general Proctor, to be publicly reprimanded, and to be suspended from rank and pay, for the period of six calender months.

"But as to any defect or reproach, with regard to the personal conduct of major general Proctor, during the action of the 5th October, the court most fully and honorably acquits the said major general Proctor.

"His royal highness, the Prince Regent, has been pleased, in the name, and on the behalf of His Majesty, to confirm the finding of the court, on the 1st, 3d, 4th, and 5th charges.

"With respect to the second charge, it appeared to his royal highness to be a matter of surprise that the court should find the prisoner guilty of the offence alleged against him, while they, at the same time, acquit him of all the facts upon which that charge is founded; and yet, that in the summing up of their finding, upon the whole of the charges, they should ascribe the offences of which the prisoner has been found guilty, to error of judgment, and pass a sentence totally inapplicable to their own finding of guilt, which can alone be ascribed to the court having been induced, by a reference to the general good character and conduct of major general Proctor, to forget, through a humane but mistaken lenity, what was due by them to the service.

"Under all the circumstances of the case, however, and particularly those which render it impossible to have recourse to the otherwise expedient measure of re-assembling the court for the revisal of their proceeding, the Prince Regent has been pleased to acquiesce in and confirm so much of the sentence as adjudges the prisoner to be publicly reprimanded; and in carrying the same into execution, his royal highness has directed the general officer, commanding in Canada, to convey to major general Proctor, his royal highness's high disapprobation of his conduct; together with the expression of his royal highness's regret, that any officer of the length of service, and the exalted rank he has attained, should be so extremely wanting in professional knowledge, and deficient in those active energetic qualities, which must be required of every officer, but especially of one in the responsible situation in which the major general was placed.

"His royal highness, the commader in chief directs, that the foregoing charges preferred against major general Proctor, together with the finding and sentence of the court, and the Prince Regent's pleasure thereon, shall be entered in the general order book, and read at the head of every regiment in his Majesty's service.

"By command of his royal highness the commander in chief.

H. GALVERT, Ad.-general."

WORDS TO THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

Oh! joy of our hearts, why left you us mourning,
To sleep 'neath the turf and to dwell in the grave!
Why did you go without hope of returning
To hear our glad welcome!—Oh! why did you die!
Why did you die, and thy house filled with plenty,
And the wife of thy youth and thy children all there!
Why did ye go where thy love had not sent ye!
Avourneen, Avourneen!—Oh! why did you die!
Light of our eyes, the glad sunshine is glowing,
But cold is the gloom of the dark narrow house!
Sweet is the breath of the summer wind blowing,
Acushla, Acushla—Oh! why did you die!
The house of thy dwelling is as still as the grave,
The wail of thy children floats wild on the air,
The dog waits thy coming, the boat rides the wave—
Why did you leave us?—Oh! why did you die.
O'er thy cold narrow house shall the wail of her sorrow
Rise wide on the gale from the wife thou hast left,
And the eyes of thy children shall wait for the morrow,
To see thee returning—Oh! why did ye die!
Why did ye die when the world did not grieve thee—
And each cherish'd blessing of life was thine own—
When no joy had forsaken, no friend had deceived thee!
Gramachree, Gramachree!—why did ye die

THOUGHTS FOR FEBRUARY.

HUMAN SORROW—HUMAN SYMPATHY.

The flowret's bloom is faded,
Its glossy leaf grown sere;
The landscape round is shaded
By Winter's frown austere.

No Songs of joy to gladden
From leafy woods emerge:
But winds, in tones that sadden,
Breathe Nature's mournful dirge

All sights and sounds appealing,
Through merely outward sense,
To joyful thought and feeling
Seem now departed hence,

But not with such is banished
The bliss that life can lend;
Nor with such things hath vanished
Its truest, noblest end.

Enjoyments' genuine essence
Is virtue's, godlike dower;
Its most triumphant presence
Illumes the darkest hour.

These lines of Bernard Barton recurred to us as, seated in one of the cars of the northern line, we were rapidly whirled on our way citywards. The shades of evening were falling upon a waste of brown earth, partially covered with snow, and interspersed here and there with a patch of melancholy green.

As we repeated the last stanza, the determination we expressed, in our last number, that our next retrospect should be of a brighter character, set us seriously to consider what steps we had taken to redeem that pledge. We reflected on our promise, and, as the cold air was admitted into the car by the conductor's opening the door, we were reminded of the inclemency of the season, and of the numerous poor families, struggling against the hardships to which poverty is heir, in the city we were fast approaching. This train of thought gradually led us to the consideration of Human sorrow and Human sympathy, and a bitter feeling of reproach rose and smote upon the heart as we reflected how little, individually, we had endeavored to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, by extending the cup of charity sweetened by sympathy. Each of these houses, we thought, contains a family, and in how many there are untended sick, and neglected dying. Oh how the heart sickened as it thought over the vast variety of human suffering concentrated in that spot where forty thousand inhabitants dwelt. We were now hurried past, first the Lunatic Asylum, and shortly afterwards the Hospital. Here, at least, we thought, charity has done much to alleviate tangible evils, and diminish the sum of bodily suffering; but alas, how sorry an antidote for human sorrow is the mere giving of alms without sympathy. Philanthropists may proudly direct our attention to institutions and subscription lists as noble and substantial effects of man's sympathy for the miseries of his fellow man. This is well; but no one can walk through a city without observing how awfully the evils, that can only be alleviated by the hand of private charity, preponderate over all the good that can be done by public institutions. Food may relieve hunger; medicine may assuage sickness; money may convey warmth and plenty to the abodes of poverty; but it is sympathy which really smooths human sorrow, calms its dark and troubled depths, and medicines the soul where "lie the griefs that kill."

We forget what writer it is who says, "strip sympathy of the false charms with which weakness and romance have adorned it, and what is its real worth? Taken at its altitude, when it operates as a practical principle, manifesting itself by a thousand marked and unobtrusive kindnesses, it is still a vain thing. It can merely excite momentary gratitude and consolation. Could the whole world weeping with us, lighten our agony, when the hand dear to us as our own soul has given its last pressure, and is cold and stiffening in our grasp?"

No. We feel that all that man can do is as nothing, that it is Omnipotence alone which is able to estimate fully the sorrows of the human heart; Omnipotence alone which has power to support the sufferer or to relieve the suffering; but we also feel and know, that is not that which is most apparent, that which may be told and relieved, which makes up the bitterest portion of human suffering. Then it is that sympathy, hand in hand with the consolation drawn from the blessed truths of religion, proves its efficacy in ministering to human sorrow. Had the writer of that passage been schooled by affliction, or had his heart been acquainted with the dark realities of human suffering, he would never have closed his meditations with this further passage, "The efficiency of human sympathy in human sorrow is a beautiful fiction, and, as such, let poets and novelists continue to give it honor due."

As a contrast to this sentiment, I recalled to mind some very appropriate lines,—

I lay in sorrow, deep distressed:
My grief a proud man heard;
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,
But not a kindly word.
My sorrow pass'd;—I paid him back
The gold he gave to me;
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,
And bless'd his charity.

I lay in want, in grief and pain:
A poor man pass'd my way
He bound my head, he gave me bread,
He watch'd me night and day.
How shall I pay him back again
For all he did to me?
Oh, gold is great, but greater far
Is heavenly Sympathy.

Our reflections were here interrupted by the sudden stopping of the train, and a recurrence to business taught us that, in the month dedicated to St. Valentine, gloomy thoughts should form no part of our meditations. To relieve, therefore, somewhat their nature, we append an appropriate article from Jerrold's pen, entitled:—

A PAPER FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE WAYS OF COURTING.

"Alas! and is domestic strife—
That sorest ill of human life—
A plague so little to be feared,
As to be wantonly incurred?"

We most of us know what Courtship is, and so can better judge what it ought to be. With Courtship, society connects, as a matter of course, an endless string of sentimental wanderings and filagree work. Man, when Courting, seems to be serving a most taxing and labyrinthian apprenticeship, with an employer, who is, in due time, to be superseded in command by the late apprentice. Where is the man who would not, with pleasure, day after day, and night after night, escort his mistress to balls, theatres, routs, &c. &c.? And where the woman, who would, for a moment, scruple to drag the blinded puppet after her, to do all the fal-lal work required, when out shopping, or in the ball room? This, really and truly, appears to be the sum total of Courtship.

It is astonishing, too, to notice the many victims who, wide awake, fall into the trap. The women, with a multitude of examples before them —with a certain knowledge of the approaching change—willingly, resignedly, find that change theirs. They see the mistake of a near and dear friend—"an unfortunate match;" and yet, trusting souls they think themselves safe. *He* is a different sort of man—so kind—so *very* attentive. Or, if suspicion lurk about them for a while, they can't entertain it long; *he* makes another offer—another vow of love—calls the cherished one a little Venus—and she—poor weak heart, with a sort of it-can't-be-helped resignation—becomes a wife, and adds another to the list of those devoted creatures who hear the morning clock strike three, twice a week, with each time a firm determination of "not putting up with it."

It may not prove uninteresting or useless to consider for a moment the circumstances which may have made one of the aforesaid devoted creatures of a great mistake. We will call our heroine Miss Smith. With a peculiar and earnest wish not to be considered personal, we do so—or, if anybody will find in herself the original Miss Smith, with a bland and courteous smile, we can confidently assure her, that the lady who sat for the portrait was a next-door Smith. Or if, unluckily, there should not be a Smith next door, the door after *that* is a safe reference. Well, having christened our heroine, proceed we to the same task with our hero: we have decided upon the sentimental cognomen Jones—and type shall be his godfather. We are not going, be it well understood, to work out here an elaborate plot, and so give an unearthly and impossible mystery to a plain and everyday occurrence: it would be like putting bad varnish on a good picture—it may look the better to uneducated and superficial observers, but, to the learned and attentive, the bad dressing will be an eyescore. To begin then:

Miss Clementina Smith and Mr. Milkwhite Jones have met. They first saw each other at a friend's house—at a ball; and, as Milkwhite waltzed with the lovely Clementina, he felt that his sweet partner must extend the term of agreement, and become his for life. Poor fellow! Worse-fated Smith! Each evolution but strengthened the determination. And then Clementina! Who shall attempt to paint her—who be rash enough to vulgarise with ink the Smithian charms? She laughed and talked—talked and laughed: each word, each smile, driving sense from the brain of Jones. Mammas, with a brace of daughters to marry—grandpapas, with grand dittos, also ripe for matrimony—uncles, with orphan and ugly nieces—all chuckled simultaneously at the perfect conquest. Said we that all looked smilingly upon the lovers? Apology is due, then, to a black-satined and jewel-bedecked group in a further corner of the apartment. They, poor souls, looked like sour milk upon the interesting scene. Not out of envy—for they all had many offers in their time—yet, strange to say, not one had been accepted. No! They had, for twenty years, looked with scorn upon the male of mankind—had withered, with a frown, the more presumptuous of the sex. Some whispered that the art of frowning had, by them, been learned so early, and had been so zealously cherished, so often practised, that, at five-and-twenty (some fifteen years ago) the accomplishment sat upon their brows, unmistakeable evidence of the further attractions within. Leaving the reader to decipher the feelings of the single bosom, whose cherished faculty was frowning, be it at once declared, that in the minds of all those present at

the eventful scene above depicted, a Smith had become a Jones!

The next morning following the ball beheld the postman standing at the door of John Smith, Esq. The said man of letters grinned knowingly as the door opened; he handed a note to the maid, and she smiled also, covered her greasy fingers with an apron, and, with all the delicacy she could muster, took the missive (gilded and perfumed) between her thumb and forefinger; she again grinned a responsive grin to the grinning postman, and closed the door.

The evening of the same day gave birth to a somewhat similar scene without the gate of Primrose Lodge, the town and country house rented by the senior Milkwhite Jones. A boy, dressed in nethers and jacket to match, of that color which comes under the peculiar denomination of pepper and salt, responded to the summons of the postman. The opened gate discovered the page of the Jones' establishment in his second best: which, as a facetious guest once remarked, time had despoiled of the salt, substituting the very best black pepper. Leaning his back against one post of the gate, and sliding his feet so as to prop himself steadily across the threshold, the liveried juvenile surveyed the liveried figure of her Majesty's deputy with complacency and, may be, impudence. "Well, Walker, what's for us now? Master's coming it rather strong in this railway dodge, arn't he?" said the youngster. The postman smiled, but said not a word. "What ha' yer got there, wrapt up in that out-and-out manner? Shares arn't so walable as all that." "No," responded the postman; "nor them specs don't find such envelopes as this!" and the little man held forth a lace-paper letter. "I call that coming it strong, if you like." "My eyes! it just is," said the urchin, as he closely examined the paper, "it just is," he again repeated, as he discovered a flowered wafer. "Stay a minute, Walker; what's this here on the vafer?" "A *wialet*, to be sure, yer little mole; can't yer see that?" retorted the letter-carrier, as he rang the next-door bell. "Little! little!" shouted the boy, touched at the contemptuous allusion to his size. "Come, you arn't so big neither, my fine feller; so don't you talk." Satisfied with this rebuke, the small domestic closed the gate, and went to deliver the fragrant letter to Milkwhite Junior, for to that gentleman it was addressed.

Some half hour after the holding of the above refined conversation, the junior Milkwhite issued from his father's halls, evidently in high spirits. Twenty minutes of the intervening time might be traced in the whiskers and cravat of the devoted young gentleman: and yet he did not blush—did not, as he ought to have done, look as bright a vermillion as the blooming scarlet-runner—seeing the awful waste he had made of those twelve hundred seconds. He thought of the captivating Clementina; the wiles and smiles of that lovely female; the beauty of her writing; the exquisite sensibility of her heart. Her heart! How much knew he of the light and bounding thing! How could he tell, with such small experience, whether the soft and glowing substance which said it clung to him, would not, like Indian rubber, upon the slightest check, bound back and cling again elsewhere; find in its second clinging a like repulsion, only a weaker one; till, poor toy! worn out, each rebound being slighter than the one before it, the shattered, forgotten, wayward bauble might, friendless and alone, grow dead. Such the coquette's heart—such often her fate.

SONG OF THE HAT-TURNER.

BY ONE WHO MOVED IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES.

All round my hat I turn until I'm ill O!
All round my hat, 'spite of Mr. Farraday:
And when anybody asks me the reason why it turns so,
I tell him what from reason sounds far far away.

Some say the action's muscular, and some it is galvanic,
While others call it humbug in a scientific way:
And some there are assign it to an agency Satanic,
And vow the devil's in it if there's not the deuce to pay.

Yet all round my hat I still persist in turning,
Unheeding what the sceptical and scientific say:
And tho' perhaps a character for verdancy I'm earning,
I've nothing else to turn to for whiling time away.

DISGUSTING EXHIBITION.—A brute in human shape lately undertook, for a trifling wager, to devour (uncooked) 12 cabbages, 12 spring-greens, 2 ropes of onions, and 10 artichokes. We understand that the only excuse given for this disgusting performance was, that the fellow was a Vegetarian.

PRESERVES WITHOUT SUGAR.—Take turnips, beans, barley, wheat, oats, rye, or clover, in any proportion of acres; to these add a few young plantations, and coppices, and do them in covers: stock with hares, partridges, and pheasants, and set keepers to watch. Trout in rivers may be preserved the same way. These preserves are expensive; but very filling: they fill the County gaols.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XX.

Wherein the Story of Laird Dreghorn and his Nephew is advanced a stage.

Multiform and busy were the preparations which took place at the mansion house of Hungry Knowes, on the morning after the visit of the peerless Prudence M'Thrift thereto. The diligent peruser of these records will not have forgotten that the laird and his nephew had entered into a covenant to dine at Glen Skinflint on that day, and David Dreghorn was determined that so far as their equipment was concerned, no pains should be spared in order to produce a "striking effect," to use the language of playhouse announcements. Garments which for long years had slumbered in the recesses of cabinets and napery chests, were once more pressed into active service, to the pestilent discomposure of sundry colonies of moths who had indulged the Utopian dream that, through prescription, they had obtained an unquestionable life-lease of the raiment.

[Mr Powhead here digresses into a minute and elaborated description of the costumes which the thane of Hungry Knowes selected for the adornment of himself and his squire, Gavin Park. This we deem expedient to omit, merely observing that master and man, when rigged out, exhibited a striking flavor of the crusty old gentleman and antique servitor to be met with in almost every comedy. As for John Embleton, it would appear that he refused point blank to make use of any portion of the antideluvian wardrobe. His avuncular relative strove hard to induce him to assume a brocaded vest at least, with flaps extending to the knees; but the young man declared that, sooner than submit to the infliction, he would follow the unsophisticated example of the aboriginal Britons, and dispense *in toto* with the superfluities of dress!]

As the family chariot of Hungry Knowes had been long on the superannuated list, lacking, to be candid, the somewhat indispensable locomotive requisite of one of the hind wheels, it was resolved that the trio should accomplish their pilgrimage to the hospitable region of Glen Skinflint on horseback. Mr. Thong, who was fortunate enough to witness the cavalcade, certiorated me that the appearance cut by the laird and his henchman on this expedition was unique and striking in the highest degree. It reminded him of an equestrian burlesque which he had once been cognizant of in a circus, and, indeed, sundry strangers who chanced to behold the phenomenon concluded, without dubitation, that the party formed the advance guard of a troop of peripatetic mountebanks, John enacting the part of the dandyfied master of the ring. The poor youth, it is hardly necessary to add, keenly felt the ridiculousness of his position, and when a sight-seeing old woman interrogated him "whaur the tumblers were ganging to haud forth," he broke out into a series of maledictions, which would have done no discredit to the warriors who served with Uncle Toby in Flanders.

Long is the road which has no turnings, however, and in process of time the visitors found themselves in the *dulce domum* of the representative of the M'Thrift dynasty. That virtuous maiden received her visitors with every mark of distinction, and ere long they were seated at her hospitable board. The word "hospitable" here must be understood in a somewhat limited acceptation. If the table "groaned"—as tables sometimes are in the habit of doing—most assuredly it was not on account of the prodigality of viands which it exhibited. A Trappist monk might have partaken of every dish, then and there paraded, without having materially infringed upon the austere simplicities of his gustatorial vows! The thin and aqueous broth would have been described by a Paisley shuttle compeller as "muslin kail." When the guests were invited to solace themselves with fish, their choice was limited to the somewhat Spartanic relish of salted herring, or "Glasgow magistrates," as they are termed in North Britain. And as for the pudding, called by a soaring flight of imagination, "plum," if raisins had been deadly in their nature as the fruit of the upas tree, the revellers would have run slender risk of mortuary damage, seeing that these condiments were few and far between as the visits of angels.

Though this signal frugality was not by any means enthusiastically appreciated by John Embleton, it entirely squared with the notions of his more thrifty uncle. That excellent economist could not refrain from lauding the self-denying forethought displayed by the landlady, and after his heart had been opened by sundry libations of whisky (for the extravagance of wine was not tolerated at Glen Skinflint), he openly proclaimed that he could die in peace if he could behold such a model of prudence presiding over the destinies of Hungry Knowes. Warming in his theme, the laird rose from his chair, and dragging John to the immediate presence of Prudence (who strove hard, though somewhat bootlessly, to conjure up a blush), joined the hands of the couple, and invoked upon their craniums all the blessings which he could reckon up on the spur of the moment!

This feat accomplished, Dreghorn made a speedy exit from the banquet chamber, intimating that "three spoiled sport," and that he would be more profitably employed discussing a pipe in the kitchen!

It is utterly impossible to describe the consternation which pervaded poor Embleton at this crushing and most unexpected eclaircissement of his uncle's views and aspirations! If the idea of his relative's union with the kiln-dried Prudence had been productive of signal discomposure to him, what must have been this more hideous and spirit-scunnering revelation? The atmosphere, all of a sudden, appeared teeming with endlessly multiplied images of Dorcas Rubric, and the heiress of Glen Skinflint, and the ripe and rotund beauties of the former contrasted crushingly with the skeleton-like characteristics of the latter. Venus, emerging fresh and sparkling from the amorous sea, and a mummy newly disinterred by Belzoni from its resting lair of three thousand years, could not have presented a more emphatic and suggestive picture of incongruity and disappointment! The "Hyperion and Satyr" of that amiable but somewhat flighty young prince, Hamlet, were not "circumstances" in comparison!

For a lengthened season John remained in his brown, or rather his black Study, utterly incompetent to realize the full honours of the "fix" in which he had been placed by the joint agency of the Fates and his uncle. How long he would have continued in his psycological maze it is impossible to say, had it not been dispelled after a most practically physical fashion. Seeing that there was no probability of the swain making the preliminary advance, the nymph determined to take the initiative in the campaign of wooing.—Starting from her chair, Prudence threw her arms around the shrinking neck of the Cataleptic Embleton, and in tones not *quite* so dulcet as those of a nightingale, professed that he had won her young and unsophisticated affections!

If John Embleton had given way to his primary and most potent impulse, he would unquestionably have passed a doom of terrible import on this maidenly demonstration, of his ardent admirer! Privation, however, had taught him prudence. He realized the hopelessness of his condition, if he should run counter to the schemes and behests of his uncle—and though it went sorely against his grain, he forced himself to mutter some unintelligible words complimentary to the withered spinster, from whose contact he inwardly recoiled.

Thus it eventuated that when the Laird of Hungry Knowes, his smoke being discussed, rejoined the "young" couple—as by anachronism, (as far at least as one of the parties was concerned) he styled them, all things appeared to be progressing according to his wishes. John might have been a fraction more ardent, he opined, and no great harm done, but Hungry Knowes had long learned to be thankful for microscopic mercies, or in the words of the orthodox old song:

"Contented wi little, and cantie wi mair!"

As uncle and nephew rode home that night, the former expatiated might and main, upon the multiform advantages which could not fail to accrue from the conjunction of Hungry Knowes, and Glen Skinflint. Such another estate as the twain would form, would not be met with in bonnie Scotland, and many a hint, broad enough to be called a command, did he throw out, to the effect that the sooner the double union of lands and bodies was carried into effect, the better. These words fell upon the ear of Embleton, about as genially as molten lead would harmonize with a back, fresh from the operations of a cat o' nine tails!

During the succeeding six months, nothing occurred calling for special notice from the historian. Miss M'Thrift paid frequent visits to Hungry Knowes and the Laird religiously took care that the debts of courtesy thus incurred should be liquidated with the slightest possible delay. It is hardly necessary to add that whenever he shaped his course to Glen Skinflint the hapless Embleton was constrained to accompany him. This he did with the cognate aptitude and relish, which a badger evinces to be drawn from its seclusion by an obtrusive English bull dog, or Scottish terrier!

The more he saw of the tough and sapless spinster, the more he detested her, and he felt that if all the daughters of Eve should be swept away by some monster pestilence, except herself, he would preserve the virtue of celibacy to the close of his mundane curriculum!

About this season it so chanced that Gavin Park was smitten with a sore and wasting sickness, from which Dr. Puke McBock, the family physician, pronounced that without the intervention of a miracle he would never recover. The precise nature of the ailment it was difficult to determine. There were, amongst other things, a total loss of appetite, and a gradual wasting and withering away, indicating that the worm Death was busy at the root of the once lordly and stalwart gourd, and that ere long the place which once knew it, would know it no more forever!

At the bed-side of Gavin, John Embleton was

a frequent watcher, and into the ear of this humble and attached friend he poured forth the story of his griefs and apprehensions. Most thoroughly did Park sympathize in the trouble of his young master, for he hated Madamoiselle Thrift with a perfect hatred for this, among other reasons, that the mercantile spinster made a practice of selling the game which was engendered upon the acres, over which she exercised dominion. In the eyes of the scandalized servitor this was a delict more unpardonable than an infraction of the Decalogue in one lump. As he often declared, murder and highway robbery were venial sins when weighed against the vendition of hares and muir fowl "as if they had been sae mony stirks, or barndoor chuckies!" In all this there was nothing unnatural or extraordinary. There is a convential sanctitude (if I may so use the expression) in all matters connected with the "chase," which has a mighty influence upon the votaries of the gun and angling-rod. The poacher who would not hesitate for one second, to blow out the brains of an antagonistic game-keeper, would shudder at the idea of shooting a bird when sitting, or using drugs to stupify the fish, to slay whom was his illigitimate mission. These remarks, of course, have only reference to thorough bred sportsmen, and have no applicability to the skum of vagrants vomited forth by cities, upon "fasts" and holidays on the rural districts, and who would bring down their own grand mothers with as little compunction as they would so many partridges if they had them squatting behind furze bushes, or dry-stone Dykes.

Amidst all this virtuous *furor*, however, Gavin continued to inculcate patience and forbearance, upon his young friend. He implored him not to come to any open rupture with his relative till the last extremity, assuring him that a will was in existence by which the domains of Hungry Knowes were conveyed in perpetuity to John upon the demise of his uncle, "just haud your whiesht, and bide your time" was the prudent counsel of the invalid—"and wha kens but the Laird may slip his tether some o' thae dark mornins, and leave you, your ain Laird and master wi' power to wed the Queen o' Sheba, provided ye think o'matching yoursel " wi' a heathen limmer!"

But matters were soon to be brought to a crisis. Mr. Dreghorn one day informed his nephew, that it was befitting the question should be popped to the excellent Prudence, who had for some time been prepared to have the matrimonial interrogation propounded unto her. "The entire parish o' Sour Sowans," said he, "has been lang wondering why the wedding has na' taken place, lang before noo, and, to my certain knowledge, Simon Shortbread the baker, has had the wedding cake prepared in anticipation for at least twa' months. They tell me that it has got a fraction mouldy by this time, which is a' the better, seeing that we can claim a liberal discount on the score o' the flaw."

Thus driven into a corner, John Embleton had no option, but to reveal how things really stood, so far as his affections were concerned. Falling upon his knees he confessed that his heart was not at his own disposal, having years ago been made over, with all its parts, pendicles, and pertinents, to a certain maiden, answering to the name of Dorcas Rubric.

"And wha' may this Dorcas, as ye ca' her be?" interjected the angry Laird of Hungry Knowes. Or rather what may be the amount o' her means and estate? That's the real root o' the matter I trow. For my ain part, I set but sma' value upon your hearts and darts, seeing that they are commodities which every kirkless preacher and road-side beggar claim as their perquisites, though they should na' hae twa' bawbees to jingle in an auld hat."

With downcast eyes, poor John was constrained to admit, that his charmer's comely face constituted the main bulk of her portion; and that when a brace of sparkling eyes, a nose of faultless shape, and a mouth which might create envy in the celestial bosom of Venus herself, were deducted, little remained to Dorcas except the raiment which sheltered her person from "summer's heat and winter's snow."

"Awa' wi' your noses and een!" exclaimed the aggravated Dreghorn, "I would like to see sic fusionless sunkets furnish a hungry man wi' a meal. When ye come hame frae a hard days wark will a row o' ivory grinders mak' up for the absence o' a haggis, or a dish o' Scot's collops? A slabboring kiss may be a bonnie enough thing in its way, (though I nee'r could see the virtue o't) but tell me, you muckle calf, will it supply the place o' a jug fu' o' beer, or a tumbler o' whisky toddy? Learn wisdom, ye born idiot, frae the wisest sang that ever that auld wigmaker Allan Ramsay composed:

"Gie me the lass with a lump o' land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither;
Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it mak's na whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane's nae worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her's killing.

"Gie me a lass with a lump o' land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes: but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, though bonnie to meddle;
Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

"There's meikle gude love in lands and bags;
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty and wit and virtue in rags,
Have lost the art of gaining affection;
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naething can catch our modern sparks,
But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointured widows."

The recitation even of this most suggestive lyric, had no effect in shaking the resolution of the enamoured Embleton. Firmly, though re-spectfully he announced to his frowning uncle that he would prefer a crust of dry bread, aye or starvation itself, with Dorcas, to a coal pit replete with new minted guineas, if burdened with the sallow, parchment-like hand of Prudence M'Thrift. "By this blessed book I swear," continued the excited youth, "that all the powers of earth or perdition, shall never shake my resolution by one hairs breadth." So saying he gave the cover of the volume which he grasped, a thundering salute, and stood confronting his uncle as Saint George might have confronted the dragon; or Petruchio, the fair but vixenish Catherine. It so chanced that the osculated octavo turned out to be a copy of Burns' Poems, but the vow was not the less sincere on that account.

David Dreghorn was for a season struck dumb by the contumacious audacity exhibited by a stripling who he had been in the habit of regarding as an obsequious and unreasoning dependant. Had one of his pigs become gifted with speech, and protested against the enormity of bipeds uplifting the knife against the bristle-teeming tribe, he could not by any possibility have been taken more aback.

No sooner had the senior recovered the use of his faculties than he proceeded to pass sentence upon the delinquent. That sentence, it is hardly necessary to say, was a doom of utter and absolute disinheritance. David vowed that sooner than permit Embleton to derive one morsel of sustentation from the lands of Hungry Knowes, he would with pleasure behold the aforesaid lands, together with all the crops, timber and dwellings thereon sunk "beyond plummet's reach" in the Red Sea, or the most insatiable peat bog of the Emerald Isle!

Gavin Park having obtained an inkling of what had occurred, earnestly besought an audience of his master, and when Dreghorn in compliance with the request entered the sick chamber, the invalid pled with might and main that he would rescind his determination. He dwelt upon the youth of John, and the comparative senectitude of Prudence. With indignant eloquence did he enlarge upon the mercenary venditions of game, by which that spinster had disgraced her rank as a landed proprietress. Pathetically did he expatiate upon the memory of the Laird's departed sister, and upon the fact that Embleton was the sole being upon earth, within whose veins a drop of his blood did flow. In conclusion, the dying retainer made a recapitulation of his own faithful and slenderly remunerated services, conjuring his master by all these multiform considerations to re-admit John unconditionally into favour, and permit him to follow his own inclinations, so far as the choice of a wife was concerned.

In dogged silence did the Laird of Hungry Knowes listen to these pleadings and abjurations, and when Gavin had ceased speaking, he coldly told him that having so little breath to spare, it was foolish to expend it on a bootless theme. "Park," quoth he, "by the farthing candle of my blessed grandfather, which he blew out with his last gasp because he could see to expire in the dark, and that is an oath, which you know right well I never broke; this ungrateful, rebellious dog shall never finger a boddle of my money. I have cast him off, once and forever, and if I beheld him to-morrow dying on my door-step, I would not toss one of the house dog's half-mumbled bones, to keep the wretch's body and soul in companionship. I hate him, Gavin, because he has thwarted my darling and long cherished scheme of uniting the bonnie acres of Hungry Knowes and Glen Skinflint, and before I am a day aulder I shall let the hound ken to his cost what it is to anger a determined man—or a dour man, if ye like the word better. Cauld as is the weather, and snell as blaws the frosty December east wind, I shall set off for Aberdeen this blessed night. My will, as ye brawly ken, lies duly executed in the custodiership of Hercules Horning, and by that deed John Embleton is declared heir of a' I possess. Ere this time to-morrow, Gavin Park, I shall have signed a new testament in which the name of Embleton will only be introduced in order to let the world ken how intensely I loathe and abominate the same. By the Aberdeen mail-coach, which passes the house at eight o'clock this evening, I shall depart on my errand of vengeance, and at this very moment Kirsty Sharn is engaging an out-side place for me at the stage office. Oh, if I should by any

mishap render up the ghost without altering that will, I never could enjoy a moment's happiness in Heaven!"

"Heaven!" shouted out the scandalised invalid hysterically. "Heaven did ye say? Ha-ha-ha! * * * * * * * * * * * * * *"

THE "NORTH-WEST" PASSAGE.

The late discovery of the "North West," or rather as it has been made the *North East*, passage, by Captain McClure, has induced us to give to our readers, this month, a short account of the various expeditions which have from time to time gone forth to attain this desirable end, concluding our observations with as full an account of McClure's voyage as our limits will permit.

If explorations in the northern regions be useless in a pecuniary point of view, yet science has benefitted from them in the knowledge of facts which could by no other means be obtained. Their cost has, certainly, been great, but the results are such as reflect honor and credit on all engaged in them, besides affording a worthy memorial of the physical endurance and steady perseverance of human enterprise.

The first navigator who appears to have had an idea of making a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Seas was Cabot, who landed at Labrador eighteen months before Columbus discovered the continent of America, he contemplated a voyage to the North Pole and reached as high as 67° 30' north latitude. This was during the reign of Henry VII, in the fifteenth century.

Frobisher made three voyages during the years 1576, '77 and '78, in search of a North-West passage, but having discovered the entrance to Hudson's Strait failed in penetrating further to the westward. Davis followed Frobisher, and in 1585-88 made three voyages and discovered the strait which still bears his name, thus opening the way into Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea.

In 1607, Henry Hudson, with only ten men and a boy made his first voyage and penetrated as far as 82° of north latitude, but failing to discover a westerly passage, returned and made a second voyage on the track of Barentz, who attempted eleven years previously the North-East passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; but Hudson, like Barentz, was unsuccessful. In 1610, he made a third voyage to the west, and discovered the strait and bay which are now known by his name. Assuming that through this bay was the much desired passage to be found, Hudson determined to winter here in order to renew his search early in the ensuing spring. However, his crew wearied with hardships and privations, mutinied and turned Hudson, his son, and seven others adrift in a small boat, and they are supposed to have perished miserably at sea.

> "Of all the sea-shapes death has worn,
> May mariners never know
> Such fate as Hendrik Hudson found
> In the labyrinths of snow."

Great hopes were entertained that through Hudson's Bay the North-West passage would be found, and a good deal was said by the partizans of contending voyagers on this question. Old Purchas writes:—

> "As the world is much beholding to that famous Columbus, for that hee first discovered unto us the West Indies: and to Portugal for the finding out the ordinarie and as yet the best way that is knowne to the East Indies by Capo Bona Speranza; so may they and all the world be in this beholding to us in opening a new and large passage, both much neerer, safer, and farre more wholesome and temperate through the continent of Virginia, and by Fretum Hudson, to all those rich countries bordering upon the South Sea in the East and West Indies."

During the next six years Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome and Fox's Channel were discovered; and in 1616 Baffin sailed into and explored the bay, which has been named after him. This bay he reported as extending 800 miles in length and 300 in breadth, but his statement was disbelieved and set down as an exaggeration till late discoveries confirmed the accuracy of his surveys. Even the latitudes laid down by him are almost identical with those recently determined with all the advantages afforded by superior instruments. Baffin saw Lancaster Sound, and had he explored it, Parry's discoveries would have been anticipated by two hundred years.

In 1743 a reward of £20,000 was offered by the Imperial Parliament to any one who should effect a North-West passage by way of Hudson's Strait, it being declared that this passage would be "of great benefit and advantage to the kingdom." However, afterwards, the clause that related to a passage by Hudson's Strait was altered to "any northern passage." £5,000 was also voted for any one who should get within one degree of the pole.

Mr. Hearne, during 1769, and three following years, made three attempts to reach the Polar Sea by an overland journey across the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, but was unsuccessful. The only remarkable feature in his explorations was the discovery, during his third journey, of the Coppermine River.

In 1773 the Royal Society having received communications on the possibility of reaching the

North Pole, Captain Phipps was sent out with two vessels to effect this interesting object. This expedition was unsuccessful, for after reaching 80° 48′ of latitude his vessels were stopped by the ice and he was compelled to return. The famous navigator Cook, in 1776, left England with instructions to effect a passage from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay. He, too, failed. Nor could he with all his perseverance get beyond Icy Cape in latitude 70° 45′. He here saw fields of ice stretching in one compact mass to the opposite continent which he also visited, sailing as far as Cape North. That Cook would have accomplished the object of his voyage appears to have been a very general impression, for in 1777, a Lieutenant Pickersgill was ordered to Baffin's Bay to await his arrival.

After so many failures, the attempt to discover this passage was for several years abandoned; nor was it till 1817 that the attention of the Admiralty was again called to this subject by the reports of several Greenland whalers who stated that the sea was clearer of ice that season than any they had previously known. The Council of the Royal Society was consulted, and the result was that in 1818 two expeditions were fitted out, one for the discovery of the long sought for passage, the other to reach the pole. That intended for the former of these objects was intrusted to Captain (now Sir John) Ross and Lieutenant (now Sir Edward) Parry in command of the vessels *Isabella* and *Alexander*. The mildness of the season and open state of the sea augured much for the success of this expedition, and in August the ships sailed up Lancaster Sound with every prospect of an easy passage westward; but the commander fancying he saw a range of mountains in the distance barring all further progress was unwilling to advance, and retraced his steps homewards, thus throwing away one of the most favorable opportunities that had as yet presented itself to these daring navigators. The failure of this expedition demanded a renewal of the attempt, and on the 4th of May, 1819, two ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, sailed under the command of Captain Parry, with instructions to explore Lancaster Sound and to determine the existence of the mountains seen there by Captain Ross; for many, who had sailed with Ross denied their reality, affirming the supposed mountains to be an ocular deception. Every effort was made to enter on the field of their operations as early in the season as possible, and about the middle of July the ships were forced into the "Middle Ice" in Baffin's Bay. This collection of ice is described as—

As striking a phenomenon in this part of the sea as are the great banks of weed, *fucus natans*, which float with little or no change of place in the Atlantic, off the Azores and the Bahamas. As its name indicates, it occupies a position in the middle of the bay, leaving a narrow channel on the eastern side, more or less encumbered with drift ice, while on the western side the sea is generally unobstructed. The local position of this body of ice is supposed to be due to the action of conflicting currents, which retain it pretty nearly in one spot.

Whalers on meeting this ice pass round its northern extremity, which doubles the length of the voyage, but when possible, they endeavor to force their way through the lower portion of the pack. This was what Parry did, and after seven days unwearied exertions, he crossed the pack which was more than eighty miles in width. A clear sea was now before him, and by the end of July he was off the entrance of Lancaster Sound, waiting for an easterly breeze to carry him up. It came, and as Parry relates—

"It is more easy to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mastheads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's nest were received, all, however, hitherto, favourable to our most sanguine hopes. We were by midnight in a great measure relieved from our anxiety respecting the supposed continuity of land at the bottom of this magnificent inlet, having reached the longitude of 83 deg. 12 min., where the two shores are still above thirteen leagues apart, without the slightest appearance of any land to the westward of us for four or five points of the compass."

Whilst proceeding up the Sound, an inlet was discovered running southward, and supposed to extend to the American continent, this was in turn explored until their passage was stoped by the ice, when they returned to Barrow's Straits. This channel they named Prince Regent's Inlet, and whilst making their survey of it they noticed a curious phenomenon, that of their compasses becoming useless, the needles losing their directive power and remaining in any position placed, showing their proximity to the magnetic pole. This effect added much to the difficulties in navigating an unknown sea. On the 22nd of August another channel running northward was discovered, and clear of ice as far the eye could reach, but no attempt was made at its exploration, as Parry was anxious to proceed westward: it was simply called, Wellington Channel. Continuing their westerly course they passed a group of islands, now known as Parry's Islands: and, during this part of their voyage the needles were

observed to gradually change their direction from westerly to easterly, showing that they had crossed immediately northward of the magnetic pole. Sailing onwards, Melville Island was discovered and named, and on the 4th of September they had reached 110 deg. west longitude, and became entitled to the reward of £5,000 offered by parliament for the attainment of this position. In commemoration of the fact an adjacent headland was called Bounty Cape. The close of the season, frustrated any hopes they might have had of reaching Behring's Strait that year. The winter now rapidly set in, and they made their way back to a bay in Melville Island, where they made every preparation for rendering themselves as comfortable as possible during their imprisonment in this inhospitable region. It was not until August in the ensuing year that they were released, and after several abortive attempts in a westerly direction they were reluctantly obliged to turn to the eastward, and proceeded to England, where they arrived in November, after an absence of eighteen months.

It was thought after Parry's return that a North-West passage might be effected in a lower latitude than that of Melville Island, and it was considered that an entrance into the Polar Sea might be found through Repulse Bay by way of Hudson's Strait. Parry was, therefore, sent out a second time, in May 1821, in command of the *Hecla* and *Fury*, with instructions to examine this part of the American continent. He returned to Shetland in October, 1823, after an absence of nearly three years. The only knowledge acquired by this voyage was the impossibility of any entrance into the Polar Sea otherwise than through Barrow's Strait.

In 1824, a third voyage was made by Parry with the same ships, but it was his most unsuccessful one, for after losing the *Fury*, which was driven on shore by the ice, he returned to England in the *Hecla*. One fact connected with this voyage deserves notice, namely, that the loss of the directive power of the needle by the influence of the magnetic pole could be overcome by placing a circular plate of iron in the line of no direction of the ships, and near to the needle. Mr. Peter Barlow of Woolwich is the author of this simple contrivance, and Capt. Parry says:—

"Never had an invention a more complete and satisfactory triumph; for to the last moment of our operations at sea did the compass indicate the true magnetic direction."

The next expedition in search of the North-West passage was conducted by Captain Ross, with his nephew commander, (now Sir James) Ross, and fitted out at the expense of Sir Felix Booth. This expedition sailed in May, 1829, in the *Victory*, which was fitted out with a small steam engine in order that the vessel might make headway when the winds were adverse, or in calms. They arrived at Prince Regent's Inlet in August, and took on board a large quantity of the *Fury's* stores which were piled on the beach when that vessel was cast away. They then coasted to the eastward about two hundred miles, and wintered in Felix harbour, where they were detained for nearly a twelve-month. This voyage was one series of disasters and mishaps; their steam-engine was thrown overboard as a useless incumbrance, and the ship at last was abandoned, the party taking to the boats and making their way to where the stores of the *Fury* were deposited, on which they subsisted for the next two years. In April, 1833, they began carrying their provisions along the coast, and making deposits in the direction of their route as the only hope of escape from this miserable imprisonment. At last, in August they made Barrow's Strait, and were rescued by a whaler and brought to England.

"One interesting fact," says Chambers, to whom we are principally indebted for the matter contained in this paper, "brought to light by this voyage affords some relief to its long and barren series of disasters—the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole (the situation of which is marked by a red + in our map). It was made by Commander James Ross on one of his exploring excursions. 'The place of the observatory,' he remarks, was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was 89 deg. 59 min., being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession.' This was very nearly the position assigned to it by scientific men several years earlier, and arrived at by protracting the direction-lines of compass-needles in various circumjacent latitudes, till they met in a central point. Parry's observations placed it eleven minutes distant only from the site determined by Ross. 'As soon,' says the latter, 'as I had satisfied my own mind on the subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then that, amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory in the name of Great Britain and King William IV. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact; only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satis-

y our ambition under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is 70 deg. 5 min. 17 sec, and its longitude 96 deg. 46 min. 45 sec. west.' Even if the pole were stationary, this determination could only be regarded as approximate; but when we know that the centre of magnetic intensity is a moveable point, we shall readily understand that the cairn erected with so much enthusiasm can now only show where it *was*. According to Hansteen, the pole moves 11 min. 4 sec. every year, and revolves within the frigid zone in 1890 years, so that it will not reach the same spot in Boothia until the year 3722!"

The next expedition in search of the North-West passage, if we except Back's was that which sailed in May, 1845, and is now absent under the command of Sir John Franklin. The ships selected were the *Erebus* and *Terror*, the *Terror* being commaded by Captain Crozier. These vessels were well found and provisioned for three years, and to add to their efficiency, a steam engine was placed in each. The orders under which they sailed, demanded them "to push directly westward from Melville Island to Behring's Strait, without deviation to the north or south, unless appearances were decidedly in favour of such a departure; and in the event of reaching the Pacific, Sir John was to refresh and refit at the Sandwich Islands, and return to England, by way of Cape Horn." Since their departure, with the exception of some letters dated a few weeks after their leaving port, and being seen by some whalers, nothing has been heard of them.

In 1847, some anxiety respecting the fate of Sir John, and his companions, began to be felt in England, and in 1848, two vessels, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under the command of Sir James Ross, were despatched in search of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. They, however, returned in the autumn of the following year, without any intelligence of the missing expedition. In 1849, the *North Star* went forth on a similar errand. but, was also unsuccessful. Sir John Richardson, assisted by Dr. Rae, in 1848, conducted an overland expedition in search of Franklin and his comrades, but no trace of them was found. Also in 1848, Captain Pullen proceeded with the *Plover*, round Cape Horn to Behring's Strait, on the same mission; he was heard of in 1852, but not since then. In 1850, Captains Collinson and McClure, in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, sailed for the Polar Sea, by way of Behring's Strait; but this expedition, as far as regards the discovery of Franklin, has been unsuccessful, though McClure, in the *Investigator*, has demonstrated the existence of the longsought North-West passage. In addition to these expeditions in search of Franklin, we may mention the following vessels which have made voyages for a similar purpose, without avail. The *Lady Franklin*, (Captain Penny), the *Assistance*, (Captain Ommancy), the *Resolute*, (Captain Kellett), the *Prince Albert*, two voyages, one under Mr. Kennedy, and the other, Commander Forsyth; the *Felix*, (Sir James Ross), and the *Isabel*, (Commander Inglefield). The *Advance* and *Rescue*, under Lieutenant de Haven, and Mr. Griffin, were sent out by the Americans, but unfortunately, were equally unsuccessful. The *Assistance*, the *Resolute*, the *Pioneer*, (screw), the *Intrepid*, (screw), and *North Star* are at present, engaged in this,—what, alas! we are forced to believe—hopeless search; and, though it may be better that a thousand lives should be imperilled in the discharge of a duty, rather than one should be suffered to be lost through neglect, still we cannot help thinking that the lives of no more men shall be endangered in this desperate undertaking.

Captain McClure, who left England in 1850 in company with and subordinate to, Captain Collinson of the *Investigator*, was born in the county of Wexford, Ireland, in 1808. He was originally intended for the army, but having expressed a wish to enter the naval profession, he was appointed a midshipman on Lord Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*. Having served in various quarters of the globe till 1836, when the British Government having determined to send out an expedition to discover, if possible, the North-West passage, he offered his services and was appointed, under Sir George Back, to the *Terror*. He was absent on this expedition two years. On his return, from 1838 to 1842, he was in active service, and in 1842 he was placed in command of the *Romney*, stationed at Havannah, where he remained five years. In the year 1848, Sir James Ross being about to proceed to the Arctic regions with the double object of discovering the North-West passage and determining the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin, Captain McClure volunteered a second time his services, and was appointed first lieutenant on board the *Enterprise*. This expedition returned in November 1849, and McClure, for his activity and assistance, was raised to the rank of commander. On the following month, a similar expedition having been determined upon, the services of Captain McClure were a third time accepted by the Admiralty, who placed him in command of the *Investigator*, in which vessel he sailed from Sheerness in March 1850. Previous to the arrival of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* at the Sandwich Islands, they had parted company, and Captain Kellett of the *Herald*, wishing the *Investigator* to remain until the *Enterprise*

had joined her, telegraphed his commands to Captain McClure. Captain McClure took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying these commands. This matter is thus noticed in some of the English papers:—"When her Majesty's ship *Investigator* reached the Sandwich Islands, on her way to Behring's Strait, she there fell in with her Majesty's surveying ship *Herald*, Capt. Kellett, C.B. The *Enterprise*, Capt. Collinson, C.B., had not at that time made her appearance, and as the season was drawing on, Com. McClure expressed a most anxious desire to proceed. Capt. Kellet seemed, however, desirous that he should await the arrival of his consort, but at length consented that he should continue his voyage. Commander McClure lost no time, weighed anchor immediately, and made sail. Captain Kellet, however, on second thoughts, decided upon recalling him; but it was too late; the gallant commander of the *Investigator* could brook no further delay, and telegraphed in reply—'*Important duty—own responsibility, cannot stay*,' and dashed on with an energetic determination to accomplish the object for which he had been fitted out."

On the 5th of August, 1850, he rounded Cape Barrow and bore away to the east, and on the 24th reached Point Warren, near Cape Bathurst. Continuing his course through shallow but navigable water, Cape Perry was reached on the 6th of September. The expedition progressed favorably up to the 11th, when the ship was beset with drift ice and more than once narrowly escaped destruction. On the 8th of October the *Investigator* was frozen in near the western entrance to the Prince of Wales' Strait, where she remained for the winter. However, the following extracts from Captain McClure's dispatches will better explain his proceedings than any description of ours can:—

"Sept. 11.—Ship beset, lat. 72 deg. 52 min., long. 117 deg. 3 min. W., but ice in motion.

"Oct. 8.—Since the 11th of last month have been drifting in the pack—narrowly escaped destruction several times—until, with a heavy nip at 3 A.M. this day, which listed the ship 34 degrees, we were firmly fixed for the space of nine months, in lat. 72 deg. 47 min. long. 117 deg. 34 min.

"Oct. 21.—The Captain, Mr. Court, and party, started to trace the Strait towards the north-east.

"Oct. 26.—*Discovered the entrance into Barrow's Strait* in lat. 73 deg. 30 min. N., long. 114 deg. 14 min. W., *which establishes the existence of a North-West passage.*

"Oct. 30.—Five musk oxen shot upon Prince Albert's Land, which terminated our operations in 1850."

It was not until July 14th that the *Investigator* was released from her icy prison, when we again take up Captain McClure's dispatches,—

"July 14.—Ice opened without any pressure and the vessel was again fairly afloat, but so surrounded with it that we only drifted with the pack, having been able to use our sails but twice, and then only for a few hours, up to August the 14th, when we attained our furthest northern position in Prince of Wales Strait, lat. 73 deg. 14 min. 19 sec., long. 115 deg. 32 min. 30 sec., W.

"August 16.—Finding our passage into Barrow's Strait obstructed by north-east winds setting large masses of ice to the southward, which had drifted the ship fifteen miles in that direction during the last twelve hours, bore up to run to the southward of Baring Island.

"August 29.—Ship in great danger of being crushed or driven on shore by the ice coming in with heavy pressure from the Polar Sea, driving her along within 100 yards of the land for half a mile, heeling her 15 deg. and raising her bodily one foot eight inches, when we again became stationary and the ice quiet.

"Sept. 10.—Ice again in motion, and the ship driven from the land into the main pack, with heavy gale from the S. W.

"Sept. 11.—Succeeded in getting clear of the pack, and secured to a large grounded floe. Lat. 79 deg. 29 min. N., long. 122 deg. 20 min. W.

"Sept. 19.—Clear water along shore to the eastward. Cast off, and worked in that direction with occasional obstructions, and several narrow escapes from the stupendous Polar ice, until the evening of the 23rd, when we ran upon a mud bank, having six feet water under the bow, and five fathoms astern; hove off without sustaining any damage.

"Sept. 24.—At daylight observed Barrow's Strait full of ice, and large masses setting into this bay, determined on making this our winter quarters: and, finding a well-sheltered spot upon the south side of the shoal upon which we last night grounded, ran in and anchored in four fathoms, lat. 74 deg. 6 min. N., long. 117 deg. 54 min. W. This night were frozen in, and have not since moved. The position is most excellent, being well protected from the heavy ice by the projection of the reef, which throws it clear of the ship 600 yards.

"A ship stands no chance of getting to the westward by entering the Polar Sea, the water along shore being very narrow and wind contrary, and the pack impenetrable; but through Prince of Wales Strait, and by keeping along the American coast, I conceive it practicable. Drift wood is in great abundance upon the east coast of Prince of Wales Strait, and on the American shore, also, much game.

"In this vicinity the hills abound in reindeer and hare, which remain the entire winter; we have been very fortunate in procuring upwards of 4000 lbs.

"The health of the crew has been, and still continues, excellent, without any diminution of number, nor have we felt any trace of scurvy.

"It is my intention, if possible, to return to England this season, touching at Melville Island and Port Leopold, but should we not be again heard of, in all probability we shall have been carried into the Polar pack, or to the westward of Melville Island, in either of which to attempt to send succour would only be to increase the evil, as any ship that enters the Polar pack must be inevitably crushed; therefore, a depôt of provisions, or a ship at winter harbor, is the best and only certainty for the safety of the surviving crew.

"No traces whatever have been met with, or any information obtained from the natives, which could by any possibility lead to the supposition that Sir John

Franklin's expedition or any of his crews, have ever yet reached the shores we have visited or searched, nor have we been more fortunate with respect to the *Enterprise*, not having seen her since parting company in the Straits of Magellan on the 20th of April, 1850."

This dispatch was dated April 12th, 1852, on board Her Majesty's discovery ship *Investigator*, frozen in the Bay of Mercy, and signed "ROBERT McCLURE, Commander." It was discovered by a party from Captain Kellett's vessel, who were thus led to a knowledge of the *Investigator's* position. Steps were immediately taken to communicate with the *Investigator*, and the meeting between Commander McClure from the east with Lieut. Bedford Pim, is thus described in a private letter from Captain Kellett, C.B., dated April 19, 1853.

"This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man made a signal for a party coming in from the westward; all went out to meet them and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Dr. Domville was the first person I met. I cannot describe my feelings when he told me that Captain McClure was among the next party. I was not long in reaching him and giving him many hearty shakes—no purer were ever given by two men in this world. McClure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's making the harbor of Mercy would have been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryat, were he alive.

"McClure and his first Lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them, they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. Walked towards him; on getting onwards a hundred yards, they could see from his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim began to screech and throw up his hands (his face as black as my hat): this brought the captain and lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

"At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out, on McClure asking him, "Who are you, and where are you come from?" "Lieutenant Pim, *Herald*, Captain Kellett." This was the more inexplicable to McClure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Strait. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman—an angel of light. He says:—He soon was seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jambed there, in their endeavor to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forget their despondency: in fact, all was changed on board the *Investigator*."

Lieut. Cresswell, of the *Investigator*, arrived in England with Commander McClure's dispatches on the 7th October last, in company with Captain Inglefield who then returned from his arctic expedition. Lieut. Cresswell says:—

"I have great satisfaction in reporting that, during the prolonged service on which we were employed in search of the crews of the missing ships, we have only lost three men since the spring of the present year."

In reference to the results of Captain Inglefield's expedition, that commander says:—

"In natural history, we are able to add a large collection of minerals to our museum: nearly 1000 specimens of ores and earthy substances have been obtained at different parts of the coast of Greenland. Specimens also of the flower, leaf and root plants, of all the kinds we have met with, are carefully preserved; and such crustaceous and other creatures from the animal kingdom as our limited means have allowed us to collect, are prepared for the naturalists.

"A careful meteorological journal has been kept; a tide register at Holsteinberg; and a great many observations made on the direction, dip, and force of the magnet. These have been carried on by Mr. Stanton. and the late lamented M. Bellot, whose industry in this branch of science is well proved by the mass of valuable matter he has left behind."

M. Bellot was a Frenchman and lieutenant in the French navy. Capt. Inglefield gives the following melancholy details of his death:—

"I received, by an official letter from Capt. Pullen, a report of the melancholy intelligence of the death of M. Bellot, who had been sent by Capt. Pullen, on his return during my absence, to acquaint me of the same, and to carry on the original despatches to Sir Edward Belcher. This unfortunate occurrence took place on the night of the gale, when M. Bellot, with two men, were driven off from the shore on the floe; and shortly after, while reconnoitering from the top of a hammock, he was blown off by a violent gust of wind into a deep crack in the ice, and perished by drowning. The two men were saved by a comparative miracle; and after driving about for thirty hours without food, were enabled to land and rejoin their fellow-travellers, who gave them provisions; and then all returned to the ship, bringing back in safety the despatches; but three of them fit subjects only for invaliding."

To return to Captain McClure. He is said to have expressed his determination, before leaving England, of either discovering Sir John Franklin or the North-West passage, and in the event of a failure, that he never would return. The dangers and privations he has undergone to redeem his pledge, his despatches to the Admiralty fully show, and we may be pardoned, if, in conclusion we venture to adopt the following language from a contemporary, as our own.

The results of the labour of our famous country man cannot be estimated by the addition of geographical knowledge thus constituted, by the reduction of the labours of navigation, or by any commercial prospect which they appear to open up. For all practical purposes, this herculean task might never have been performed or undertaken. There are few seasons in which the North-West Passage, though discovered, would be possible. The results of this expedition are of a moral nature, they exhibit the conquest of human intelligence over the elements in their most appalling form: they represent the successful

conflict of mental energy with the powers of nature in their drear domain. The despatch of Commander McClure displays an amount of resolution, fortitude, and self-devotion, as honorable to human nature as it is truly marvellous.—We have read documents written in the presence of great peril, or under the shadow of an impending fate: such documents are to be found in ancient as well as modern history, and they extort our admiration, even in the case of those whose title to fame rests upon such displays of firmness; but the man who, in 74 degrees north latitude, far from all human assistance—uncheered by intelligence from home—disease amongst his followers—"sealed to the deep"—with starvation staring him in the face—the man who, under such circumstances, can calmly commit his thoughts to writing, possesses enviable firmness. The man who is so collected under such circumstances that he omits nothing which is necessary to be done, is still more to be admired, but he who not only does all this, exhibits all his firmness and sagacity, but who determines, morever, in the midst of all, to go forward while *life lasts*, has attained the climax of heroism, acquires justly imperishable renown, as a bright example of the noblest qualities of our nature. Such a one has Captain McClure proved himself to be. The following extract from the despatch of this gallant sailor, attests the coolness and nerve, with which he contemplated being lost in the Polar regions:—

"After quitting Port Leapold, should any of her Majesty's ships be sent to our relief, a notice containing information of our route will be left at the door of the house on Whalers' Point, or on some conspicuous place; if, however, on the contrary, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may be at once surmised that some accident has happened, either from our being carried into the Polar Sea or smashed in Barrow's Strait, and no survivers left. If such should be the case—which I will not, however anticipate—it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate further westward for our relief, as by the period that any vessel would reach that part, we must, for want of provisions, all have perished. In that case, I would submit that the officer may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in *search of those* who then will be no more."

Such was the language of Commander McClure as he was about to commit himself to the chance before him. Captain McClure and his brave followers have, however devoted themselves to the services of a nation which knows how to value the noble qualities they displayed. All honour to the gallant Commander and his devoted band of followers, who have thus enlarged the domain of geographical discovery, at no little inconvenience, and no small risk of danger to themselves.

OLD ANNIE THE CHARWOMAN.

Annie Briggs was a genuine character. Her *physique* was most unprepossessing it is true,—she stooped with age and hard work; yet her heart was one of the most upright I have ever known.

Early risers may often have perceived the old woman walking briskly along in the grey of the morning, threading her way among the labourers and mechanics going to their work. With some of these she exchanged nods, for she had trod the same causeway for years, and nearly everybody knew old Annie Briggs.

She was neatly but very humbly dressed, and the faded muslin cap upon her antique head (which evidently had done duty before on some much gayer head than hers) was adjusted in the most irreproachable manner. While many of the passers-by might, at the early hour at which she made her appearance out of doors, look yet drowsy and but half wakened up, Annie's brisk and lively air, her clear eye, and her undisturbed appearance, showed that she had already been some time and was thoroughly awake. Indeed, she had already been up an hour or more, and making everything tidy at home against the rising of her little family.

Not that Annie had any family of her own. No: she was yet, and would most likely ever remain, a single woman; for who that could have youth and beauty would take up with a charwoman like her in her old age? No! And yet Annie used to speak of those whom she had left at home as "her family." She always did so most respectfully, as if they were something superior to herself, and not as if they owed everything to her industry and economy, which they really did.

But I must tell my readers something about this "family" of Annie Briggs, and then they will be able to form some idea of the noble nature which lay hidden under her humble garb. And let me here add, that what I am about to relate is not fiction, but sober fact.

Annie, in her younger years, was a domestic servant; and a most faithful one she was. She grew up to womanhood in the same service; and her master and mistress admired and valued her exceedingly. When their only son got married, Annie removed from the old house into that of the young pair, where her experience, (as was naturally to be expected) gave her no inconsiderable importance in the household. But she never aspired to be more than a servant, nor did she ever venture to assume any "airs," which indeed did not become her.

All went prosperously for several years in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the master and mistress of Annie Briggs. Business prospered, children were born into the family, and all seemed to be going on hopefully and happily, Annie being among the

most cheerful of them all. But this course of prosperity was soon brought to an end; Mrs. Reynolds fell ill; at first it was only a troublesome cough, to which no particular attention was paid; then there came a great prostration of strength, and an occasional spitting of blood, on which alarming symptom displaying itself the doctor was called in; soon after which it began to be whispered about the house that the mistress was laid up with consumption. A hectic flush showed itself on her cheeks, she was soon entirely confined to her bed, and it became clear she was rapidly sinking. When the mother knew that her days were numbered—for the fatal nature of her disease could not be concealed from her—after a great outburst of grief, not so much for herself as for the beloved children and the dear husband she was about to leave behind her, to unknown trials and dangers through which she might not hold them by the hand, she at length became gradually calmer and more resigned, and prepared to meet her fate in quiet Christian submission and resignation. Annie Briggs was constantly by her mistress's bedside during her last illness, and indeed wore herself to very skin and bone by her untiring devotion to her. The dying mistress's uppermost and last thought was for her children, and while she held Annie's hand in hers—looking up into her face with her wan eyes—she would say,—

"And, dear Annie, you will mind your sacred promise to me, not to lose sight of the dear children until they have grown up and can do for themselves."

To this appeal the sobbing Annie had but one answer:—"Never, dear mistress, never; indeed I will not leave them, if master will but let me serve them and him to the end of my days."

"He has promised and will perform. While he lives, you will have a home here; and though you cannot supply a mother's love and care, I know you will do what you can. Bless you, dear Annie, and be tender and careful over them, for my sake."

Annie's mistress died; the children cried bitterly because of their loss at first—but children's memories of the dear departed are happily short,—and Annie continued her charge of the young family as before. They consisted of one boy and two girls: the boy was a fine spirited fellow, full of fun and mischief, as most boys are who have a great deal of life in them; while the girls were of a more sedate and thoughtful cast, and looked as if the shadow of some great grief had early cast itself over their young lives. They gradually grew through boyhood and girlhood, owing much—how much indeed they could never describe in sufficiently grateful terms—to their faithful and affectionate serving woman, Annie Briggs.

But, meanwhile, severe and heavy trials fell one after another upon the Reynolds' family. Michael Reynolds sustained heavy losses in business, which brought his affairs into irretrievable disorder; and being a man of but little energy, he could never fairly buckle to the task of confronting or overcoming them. He was one of those men who, once, down, are fairly conquered, and who can never muster the courage to rise up again to their feet and stand boldly upright. He struggled on, but it was by shifts, which only made matters worse. Besides, he was growing old, in which case it is a difficult thing to begin the world anew. The world set him down for what he was, an unsuccessful man —and the world has little mercy on such. The short and the long of his story was this: that he failed utterly; was a bankrupt and ruined man; and his stock in trade, his household furniture, and even his late wife's jewellery and dresses—preserved by Annie Briggs with an almost reverential care, for the young misses—were sold off to pay the broken Michael's debts. And then he was cast forth from the home which had been promised to Annie Briggs for her lifetime; and "the world was all before them where to choose."

Annie now became the virtual head of the family. During her long years of service she had laid by a small store of savings, though a large portion of them had been deposited in the master's hands, and had gone with the rest of the wreck; but still she had something which she could call her own and use as such. Her first care was to provide a home for her "family."

In a humble house, in a mean back street, behold the Reynoldses now installed under the charge of Annie Briggs. But how was the family to be supported? Courage, Annie, *thou* shalt solve that question speedily. Annie has a pair of ready hands, a quick step, a clear eye, and a brave heart. Did not Annie solemnly promise to her dying mistress that she would never leave nor forsake her children while she lived? and Annie thinks of that solemn promise now. It nerves her arm and inspires her heart. Yes! she will work, she will slave, but those dear children of hers shall not want.

You understand now the origin of the charwoman, Annie Briggs! Is there any queen who can boast of a more royal nature than that humble woman? Is there any duchess registered in *Debrett* who is more deserving of the appellation of "noble?" No! And there are many true-hearted women such as Annie Briggs among our so-called "lower classes," who would be an honor to even the highest, but whose names are never uttered in the world's ear, because all their good deeds are done in secret, far retired from the noise and bustle of the crowd.

Cheerful, unrepining, laborious, and truly happy, this noble woman went on her way through life. She was becoming bowed down with work and age, and yet she pursued her noble vocation. One by one the members of her young family left her humble dwelling to earn bread for themselves, which they did so soon as they were able. The two girls got places as governesses; but you know how scanty is the pittance paid for female teaching, and it was years before they could contribute anything out of their earnings to help to maintain their old and now infirm father. They were glad enough at first to find a home, so that they could but relieve Annie Briggs of the burden of their maintenance.

The boy, John, had also been early put to a trade. The father wanted to make him a merchant, as he had been himself; but Annie, for once, overruled the judgment of "the master," as she still termed the old gentleman, and insisted that John should be put to a trade which would the soonest enable him to maintain himself. And she carried her point: the boy was put apprentice to a machine-maker.

At length, when the girls had gone to their several governess places, and John's apprenticeship over, he entered upon a situation abroad, with many promises that he would send money home for his father's support as soon as he was able—the old pair, Annie and her master were left to themselves. Though Annie was the support of the household, and had throughout been the mainstay of this family, strange to say, her relation to them had never changed: old Mr. Reynolds was still "master," and Annie waited on him and did his bidding as his "servant." Age and disappointment had made him querulous, too, and he would now and then burst out into brief fits of ineffectual rage, which would have been ludicrous for one in his situation, were they not also so humiliating and so melancholy. These two aged beings, the one so much indebted to the other lived almost alone in the world. For many long hours Annie would be absent at her charring, and when she came in, worn out and exhausted—for she was growing daily feebler,—she was not unfrequently saluted with a scowl and a scold. "What can have kept you so long? You will kill me with your neglect, you will!" And Annie would then implore her "master" to forgive her, for that "she could not help it," but "would take fewer jobs for the future."

One day, on her return from a forenoon's charring, she found her old master lying senseless and speechless. He was stricken by palsy,—perhaps the result of low living. She tended him for two months, and expended her last store of savings on drugs and doctors; but it was all in vain. The old man died, and she followed her dear old master almost alone to his grave.

She was now getting old and infirm, with only the prospect of the parish and its cold charity before her, having exhausted her store of strength in the desperate effort to maintain her independence, and to retain the blessings of a home, miserable and poverty-stricken though it was—when a letter reached her. It was from John Reynolds, of whom she had begun to despair—settled far away from England as he was. But his letter, though long in coming, gave her new life. The young man was doing well and thriving; and he enclosed the first fruits of his honest toil abroad, in the shape of a small sum of money as a help to support her in her old age. She did not value the money so much as the feelings of gratitude which the letter displayed. She now felt that all her toil was rewarded, and she could lay down to sleep in quiet. She had faithfully fulfilled her promise given by the bedside of her dear mistress so many years ago. She had indeed nobly performed her life's work. And the last days of Annie Briggs, the old charwoman, were days of peace—truly of the peace that passeth knowledge.

Pop Goes the Question.—"Pop goes the question," has often led people a very pretty dance. It has been a pop that has always been exceedingly popular, and is revived from time to time, as much from necessity as fashion. The step is a very decided one; but though usually regarded as difficult, yet a little boldness and address is all that is required to make the gentleman a rapid proficient.

The steps are taken as follows:—Gentleman advances and bows to lady; chassez to lady's side; hands across; balancez, and set (on a chair). Lady (makes) advances, and retreats (into herself); gentleman follows (up his advantage), and balancez (on the chair); lady's chain (of endearments); cavalier seul; set (to work); right and left (with small talk); heads round (with excitement); down the middle and up again (with prepared speeches); gentleman takes lady's hand; lady withdraws it; poussette; right and left; hands across: gentleman drops on one knee, and turns the lady (to his purpose); grand round (of arm about the waist). *Pop goes the Question!*

This step is generally concluded by the figures joining hands, and uniting in a ring. The usual finale to the step is *childish* in the extreme.

Shaving by Machinery.—The only shaving by machinery that we are adquainted with is Shaving the Ladies as practised in the linendrapers' shops; and that is done in such an easy off-hand manner that the operation has become quite mechanical.

Discovery in a Chop House.—The reason why a waiter always wears pumps, is because his business is to dance attendance.

Hint to the Hooked.—If you desire to be released from a rash promise of marriage, breath vows of love continually after eating onions.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER I.—(*Continued.*)

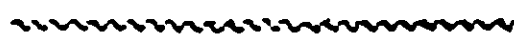
We have, all of us seen, at least on this side of the Atlantic, the fairest prospect of prosperity that the world has seen since "God said let there be light and there was light;" and it is our duty, it is the duty of every one of us, from the highest to the humblest, to protest against everything, and to oppose every one, by which, and by whom such fair prospect seems at all likely to be blighted. The steamship, the railroad, the wonder-working telegraph; shall we allow these to become the mere working tools of mad and ambitious tyrants? When this vast continent is just beginning to see its mighty tracts of wilderness converted into smiling fields and thriving cities, shall we without resistance see those fields and cities, wasted and made desolate by ruthless war, because, forsooth! a Czar, following up the traditionary policy of his, by no means too respectable, ancestors, would fain add Turkey to his already too vast dominions; or, a self-created Emperor would imitate the foreign aggression, as he has already imitated the domestic usurpation, of the most ruthless and widely destructive aggressor that the world has ever seen? We ought not, we dare not, we *will* not! Peace, is the grand requisite, and peace we must have. True it is that we have right little confidence in the mere charlatans who, forming themselves into small peace societies, talk fluent nonsense, look complacently around them, and cry, "Peace, peace!" where there is no peace! These men as we well know, cannot discern, or at all events cannot comprehend, the signs of the times. We have neither hope nor confidence in them; blind leaders of the blind are they, and we will neither trust them, nor, so far as we can make ourselves heard by the toiling millions, will we allow those millions to trust them. But we have great, almost unlimited confidence in a truly enlightened public opinion, and we trust, even yet, to hear the expression of such a public opinion telling, in tones of thunder, to all would-be usurpers and aggressors, that the day for their permanent triumph has gone by, wholly and forever. We trust that we shall live to see the public criminal as completely amenable to public opinion, as helplessly liable to public and condign punishment, as any private criminal. We trust that for the time to come no new Napoleon, however unprincipled and however reckless, will find it possible to make any thing like a permanent conquest of the rights and the interests, the treasure and the blood, of his fellow-men. Against the advocates of tyranny, we invoke enlightened public opinion; against the tyrants themselves, we invoke the stern exercise of public force. Charles, of England, and Louis of France, were (as in the latter case we shall by and by have occasion to show,) sacrificed for the sins and the follies of others, made 'scape goats for the crimes which were either actually committed or made, humanly speaking, inevitable long years before they had birth. They were not executed, but murdered; but it by no means results from our detestation of murder, that, therefore, we should shrink from recommending the solemn trial and the condign punishment of the murderer; and who is he that will venture to affirm that the murder of thousands upon the battlefield is less a crime than the murder of one solitary victim on the highway or upon his own hearthstone? Is the pillage of a nation a smaller crime than the plunder of one poor cottage? Because a man has committed the one great crime of usurping authority, shall we be so base as to give him not merely absolution, but applause for all the "imperial" crimes he may commit in the name, and by the aid, of that authority? Yet this is what is done by all the fulsome eulogists of Napoleon the First. Even for the sake of abstract truth, even for the mere love of historical justice, we would protest against such slavish eulogy, but we are doubly bound to protest against it, to denounce it, and to render it powerless, when we know that it can remain powerful only to the world's great injury. Peace, we repeat it, is the one great want of the civilized nations of our time; and to that peace none are more insidious or more dangerous enemies than those who, by palliating past tyrannies, and falsely lauding a dead tyrant, encourage other tyrants to arise, in their fell and reckless might, to endanger that peace.

Taking this view alike of the past and the

present, we shall with a stern and steady hand, lift the veil which the utterly venal or the utterly mistaken have thrown over the real and hideous lineaments of the first Napoleon's character. If any of his or of his usurping relatives' admirers shall feel aggrieved at our plain speaking, they have only to thank themselves. Had they been but prudently silent, we had been silent also. But they have made it our duty to our maligned country, and to our whole long suffering humanity, to defeat all attempts at casting further imputations on the one, or inflicting new miseries on the other. A sacred duty, that; a duty from which we *dare* not flinch! We *dare* not be silent when men would apologise for the crimes, the meanness, the falsehood, the terribly selfish injustice, of one tyrant, and thus throw a false halo round the crimes, and offer an additional premium to the criminal perseverance, of another.

We repeat it; the crimes of the first Napoleon merited, if human crime ever can merit it, the extreme punishment of death. We shall show that clearly, and in detail. May the exhibition truly and convincingly hold the mirror up to the evil natures alike of those who would tyrannise, and of those who would pay servile homage to tyranny, past, present, or to come!

We have, we trust, pretty clearly shown that the mere childhood of Napoleon, far from being amiable and free from all cruel bias, as his new Historian so laboriously, but with so ludicrous an ill success, endeavors to convince the world that it was; did in reality exhibit unmistakeable tokens of those evil passions which only needed time and opportunity, to render them a curse and a calamity to the human race. We shall now proceed to examine in rather more detail, some of the great achievements of his manhood, giving him full credit for all that he did of really good, or of really great; but taking care that it shall, at least, be no fault of ours, if his New York advocates deceive the world into the suicidal folly of calling his meannesses grandeurs, or his crimes—virtues.



CHAPTER II.

In our former chapter, we proposed to proceed at once to the youth and manhood of Napoleon; and a careful reperusal of Mr. Abbott's account of that unscrupulous and ruthless conquoror's boyhood has served but to confirm us in that design. Not that we have by any means exhausted what might be said either, as to our author's slovenly arrangement of his intrepidly borrowed materials, or as to his at once strikingly unfair, and strangely inconsistent commentaries upon them. But, childhood and mere boyhood are, after all, of comparatively little consequence to the historian and the politician, save as being indicative of the real nature of him with whose nature and, (whether for good or evil,) really potent and influential deeds, the Historian and the Politician have a real and important concern.—Leaving, then, the child Napoleon's duck pond and yard dog, and the boy Napoleon's cannon and snow fort, to the partial and tender care and keeping of Gotham's authors, we proceed to examine, as briefly as may be, the state of France, and Napoleon's own position, when Napoleon really commenced active and influential life, as a young and, as we cordially confess, a most promising officer of French Artillery.

All writers on the sanguinary French Revolution, not even excepting Sir Walter Scott have, as it seems to us, failed to to give sufficient consideration to the character and conduct of Louis the *Fifteenth*, as one of its chief causes. To us, that monarch has always appeared to have been, though remotely, one of the chief authors of the French Revolution, the chief though indirect Executioner of the truly unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth. But for the at once reckless and filthy extravagance of Louis XV, the horrible disgusting Sultan of the foul Seraglio, known as the Deer Park, the French finances neither would nor could, so early as the reign of Louis XVI, have fallen into a state of such inextricable confusion and ruin, as defied the regenerating power of Necker and his less conspicuous but, probably, not less skilful, financial colleagues and subordinates; and but for the evil influence which the example of Louis XV, and his equally vile court had upon the morals of all ranks and conditions of the French people, the French Revolution, even *had* financial embarrassments given rise to it, would never have been attended by such frightful butcheries, nor by the spectacle, unexampled alike in its horror and in its worse than brutal folly, of a whole people proclaiming itself atheist, destroying the altars and slaying the priests, and then setting up on a pedestal a half naked Harlot, and paying homage to her as the Goddess of Reason. The Goddess and her self consecrated priests; (most of whom well knew how little she was under the influence of any strait laced prejudices in the way of decency of either word or deed), the Goddess, we say, and her priests, and her worshippers, were extremely well worthy of each other. But, far, as our readers must already be aware that we are, very far, from palliating the brutal follies, or the brutal cruelties of the Revolutionary French, in the time of the unhappy Louis XVI, and for many a day later, we still maintain that not all their folly, still less all their cruelty, fiendish as it was, can justly be attributed to them only. For the greater portion of both the folly and the cruelty, we hold that the detestable Louis XV and the even more detestable pimps, male and female, who filled his Seraglio called the Deer Park* with mistresses of from twenty down to (oh, horror of horrors!) nine years of age, were, and are accountable, alike in the sight of man, and in the sight of God. It was utterly impossible that such reckless extravagance and such bestial vices, as those of Louis

* *The Parc aux Cerfs; all* the horrors of which are known only to those who have read the graphic *Mysteries des vieux Chateaux de France*, or *our* honest English translation of that work.

XV and his court, could fail to have the most fatal effect at once upon the public morals and upon the public finances; and it was impossible that such vice and extravagance should fail to render the people, in general, frightfully vicious, and practically infidels, and hopelessly, poor and distressed. The dreadful fate and previous suffering and humiliations of Louis XVI, his Queen, the Princess de Lamballe, and other illustrious victims, to say nothing of the thousands who subsequently fell in the internecine drownings, fusillades, and guillotinings, among the revolutionary factions themselves, were, we repeat it, but the obvious and inevitable consequences of the odious immoralities, and debasing, as well as brutallizing, conduct of Louis XV, his pimps, male and female, and his detestably servile and compliant ministers. A good monarch, circumstances favouring his efforts, *may* do much towards elevating even the worst of his subjects in the moral scale, and towards elevating the most needy and degraded of them in the social scale; but a bad monarch, especially when his vices are of the expensive kind, *must* impoverish those of his subjects who have anything of which he can deprive them, and must demoralize all his subjects, whether rich or poor. So it was with that wretched and fatal Louis XV, and, of all the great causes of the French Revolution, the fatal legacy he left to France of debt, distress, and all but universal immorality, was, we firmly believe, the chief. It was one, too, which a far firmer monarch than Louis XVI, and a far abler financier than Necker, would have found it impossible, in all probability effectually and permanently to make head against. Amid general corruption of morals, the virtuous can do but little, comparatively speaking, towards the reformation of morals; and amidst extreme and almost universal distress, necessarily aggravated by the general corruption of morals, the wealthy few, however benevolently inclined, can do, but little toward the general relief.

Already, even when the plaudits and rejoicings of the giddy and unreasoning people hailed the marriage and the accession of the amiable, but no less weak and irresolute Louis XVI, the foundations of that disastrous Revolution which cost both him and his illustrious Austrian bride both their throne and their lives, were laid, broad and deep, alike in the upper and in the lower classes of society; in the former, corruption, in the latter deep and unpitied distress; in all, the most detestable immorality, had prepared the way and made the paths straight for the human fiends of the Revolution, for the Dantons, the Robespierres, and the Marats, who were to destroy the altar and the throne, only to be themselves, in their turn, destroyed by the subordinate demons whom they *had* had the power to unloose, indeed, but whom they had not the power, and the spell to remand to their native Hades, until their dread mission of destroying and of purifying was fully accomplished. Already, we repeat, when Louis XVI, and his giddy and extravagant, though beautiful young queen, were hailed, whithersoever they went, with loud plaudits by the unthinking, the foundations were laid, broad and deep, for the great and terrible Revolution; and those foundations were laid, chiefly, by the at once boundlessly extravagant and frightfully immoral, Louis XV, that worst of modern Kings, who was not only sinful and most disgustingly vicious himself, but the cause of sin and the grossest vice in others.—No truly clear and precise understanding, then, of either the cause or the workings of the French Revolution can ever be obtained by those who neglect to apportion due weight and consequence, to the frightful effects which had long previously been produced or prepared by the, about equal extravagance and immorality, of Louis XV.

Let us not be mistaken; though we look upon that evil monarch as having been the chief author of the Revolution, other causes it undoubtedly had, but he it was who rendered them disastrously, and, humanly speaking, irresistibly active; his conduct it was that fused, as it were, many scattered evils into one vast evil, which neither Heaven nor earth could tolerate.

We are well aware that the *Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV, did not a little during his long reign towards preparing evil days for his successors. The pomps and vanities—to say nothing about the immoralities—of his court, and the warlike achievements of his armies, were alike prejudicial to the real welfare and permanent safety of that France which, during

so many years, all but worshipped him as being something more than merely human. "The philosophers," too, in unchristianizing the French people, necessarily, though perhaps in most cases undesignedly, and even unconsciously, did just so much towards revolutionizing them. Teach a people to revolt against religion, and they will not long be obedient to the civil power; lead them to consider it a virtuous and high-minded thing to deny their God, and it will be strange, indeed, if they long continue to acknowledge their king. But fully admitting the evil influence of both *le Grand Monarque*, and of those of the philosophers, who were so busy in his own reign, and that of his immediate successor; making also the fullest allowance for the evil influence of that worst of regents, the Duc d'Orleans, who sowed vice broad cast, alike by practice and by precept, by his owu example and by the encouragement which he gave to other evil men to rival him in every description of iniquity; we nevertheless maintain, once and for all, that it was to the fatal influence of Louis XV; that Louis XVI, his family, and his subjects chiefly owed the surpassing horrors and enormities, of the great French Revolution.

We have ventured to dwell upon this point at the greater length, and with an even iterative emphasis, because it seems to us to have been hitherto wholly neglected, or only very insufficiently regarded by other writers, and also because we feel fully convinced that, without the fullest and most mature consideration of this point, it is impossible to do anything like justice, either to the difficulties of Louis XVI, and the loyal few, or to give a clear insight into the secret springs and causes of the proceedings of the mildest of the Girondists, or the fiercest and most criminal of the Jacobins and their assistant demons, the mere *canaille*.

It is no part of our purpose, or of our duty to enter at any considerable length into the details of the French Revolution; but, without devoting some few pages to these details, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to show so clearly as we think it requisite that we should show, the state of public affairs in France when Napoleon made his appearance upon the stage of public life; that stage upon which he was so soon, and for so long a period, to play so conspicuous a part. Fortunately, these preliminary observations will be but few and brief; merely such as clearly to place before the reader that state of affairs of which Napoleon, at once so promptly, sternly, and dexterously took advantage.

When Louis XVI ascended the throne, France, as we have already remarked, was both greatly exhausted and greatly demoralized; such, indeed, was the general and excessive corruption of morals, that no dexterity and success in the improvement of the finances could either permanently or to any great extent have benefitted the country, unless the young king, instead of his own mildness and irresolution, had possessed the iron will and the iron hand, too, of a Cromwell or a Napoleon. and, unhappily, besides the natural misfortune of a weak and too gentle nature, the young monarch had the additional misfortune of being married to a princess whose unreflecting and incorrigible extravagance was to the full as remarkable as her grace of manner and her real goodness of heart. Even before the first unmistakeable peals of the Revolutionary thunder burst upon the ears of the startled king and his court; Marie Antoinette on more than one occasion,—and especially on that of the only too celebrated Diamond Necklace case, and the consequent scandal thrown alike upon the court and the church,—gave, by her want of reflection, opportunities to her own and her royal husband's enemies to accuse her to the distressed, and therefore doubly credulous people, of an extravagance far greater and more mischievous than she either was, or at any period could possibly be, guilty of; even had she been as thoroughly reckless as her worst enemies would fain have represented her as being. Extravagant she was. It would be at once a base and an utterly useless treason against truth either to deny or palliate that extravaganee. We have always blamed her alike for extravagance and a certain levity which was justified neither by her German education nor by her French position; but we blame her only as we would blame the incautious child who should play with fire in the neighborhood of a powder mill. She, no doubt, did incautiously, and in that at once ignorant and innocent levity, which is so little dangerous under some circumstances, and so decidedly and awfully

fatal under others, do her part towards scattering those sparks which *fired the powder;* but the powder which folly and weakness, and a pardonable, because all but childish levity, thus fired, *the powder was placed there by others.* That Marie Antoinette was guilty of a most unwise extravagance, is, we repeat, only too certain; but had she been the most penurious of princesses, had she lived on bread and water and been clad in linsey-wolsey, her economics would have been to the state wants. but as a drop of water to a mighty river. Her extravagance was mischievous, inasmuch as it added one more item to the numerous prejudices, which, some well, and some ill-founded, were already aroused in such terrible activity against her doomed husband and sovereign. Thus far as regards her much talked extravagance, thus far and no farther Marie Antoinette mischievously erred; and alas, alas! fearfully was her error punished!

That Louis XVI *was* both weak and irresolute, we, detesting the murderous violence of his enemies as we do, cannot and will not deny; but had he been as firm as he unhappily was weak, it must surely be confessed that the difficulties of his position were terrible, and that their name was legion. Consider: his treasury not merely empty, but immensely in arrear, owing to the extravagance of his predecessors; his people for the most part, distressed and ignorant; the infidel and antimonarchical writings of the "philosophers," the only bible for which they had either ears or hearts; his queen extravagant, and his court, immersed in criminal or silly pleasures, too indolent to resist rabble outrage while resistance might still have proved practicable, and too haughty to assume humility when their show of the old aristocratic spirit might hasten alike the destruction of their sovereign and themselves, but could in no probability save either him or them. A talking and philosophising few who fancied that they could show the masses the way to bind the king in constitutional fetters, and yet prevent them from infringing the liberties or aiming at the life of that king; and, to crown all, ministers who hoped to appease the multitude by publishing elaborately detailed proofs of the nation's wants and distresses, without suggesting anything like a practicable plan for a speedy, far less a permanent, remedy of evils so widely spread and so appalling; a numerous and fierce, and—for let us not do even them injustice!—a highly and variously gifted body of demagogues, avowedly determined to ruin the monarchy, at whatever cost, and having the mighty, suffering, and deluded masses entirely at their command for evil, but as entirely uncontrollable by them for good; surely these were elements in the unhappy king's position which must have bewildered, and might have crushed, the wisest and firmest sovereign that ever wielded sceptre.

We do not intend to copy into our pages the melancholy details which so many historians have already, with indubitable accuracy, and with prolixity to spare, given of those sad, disgraceful, and harrowing events which preceded the murder of the King and the commencement of the Reign of Terror. Our readers are already aware how, listening now to the courageous, and anon to the timid, now to the politic, and then to the merely and blindly cunning, the unhappy King changed his opinions and his conduct as often as he changed his advisers; and scarcely in a single instance adopted a new line of policy, but to render his person more hateful to the deluded multitude, and the safety of both his crown and his person more utterly hopeless. It would be painful to linger over such details, even did the nature of our task render it necessary to do so, as it assuredly does not; we gladly, therefore, leave them to the legitimate historians, who already have so graphically and faithfully given them, in Gotham and elsewhere, an unenviable pre-eminence.

We have, however briefly, sufficiently pointed out the leading causes, both remote and immediate, of the terrible discontents against which the unhappy Louis XVI, with scarcely a single natural or acquired qualification for his fearful and gigantic task, was called upon to make head. Let us suppose the long and arduous struggle over, the King, his Queen, and their devoted, but, alas! powerless friends, slaughtered, and the masses at once more wretched and more furious for their success—squalid and pitiable in their vain cries for bread, and hideous in their tiger-like screams for blood, blood, still and ever, more blood!

Turn we now, then, to our proper subject,

that Napoleon, who was so long the terror and the scourge of the civilized world, and whose real character the enemies of British fame, and of British weal, have striven, and now once more are striving, to surround with a false and brilliant halo.

Corsican by birth, and from his very boyhood the avowed enemy of "the French" and of the "aristocracy," young Napoleon owed his education, as we have seen, to aristocratic recommendation and to the munificence of the French crown; and to the same patronage, he, on leaving Brienne, owed his appointment to the, at that time by no means easily obtained, post of second lieutenant of artillery. It is, as we indicated at the commencement of this second chapter of Mr. Abbot's eccentric performance, at this point of Napoleon's life that our review of the misrepresentations of his newest biographer, really and fitly commences; and here we deem it necessary clearly to lay down the principle upon which we intend to proceed in the performance of our task. On the one hand, we yield to no man in our admiration of all that was really great in the genius, or really good in the acts or in the aspirations, real or professed, of the First Napoleon; but, on the other hand, we are profoundly impressed by the truth of those brief but most significant words of Sir Walter Scott, who, in his preface, says:—"His splendid personal qualities, his great military actions, and political services to France, will not, it is hoped, be lessened in the narrative. Unhappily, the author's task involves a duty of another kind, the discharge of which is due to France, to Britain, to Europe, and to the world. If the general system of Napoleon had rested upon FORCE or FRAUD, it is neither the greatness of his actions nor the success of his undertakings that ought to dazzle the eyes or stifle the voice of him who adventures to be his Historian." Noble words these, of which we shall be ever mindful! Would that Mr. Abbott had been so; but, unhappily, he seems to read them as the wizards of the old day said their *pater noster*—backwards!

When Napoleon received his first appointment in the artillery, he was in his seventeenth year; but he had already given proofs of a reflective and deeply calculating spirit; and it is due to his memory to say that if his new rank and his gay uniform pleased him, his pleasure was manifested, not in the vanity and *idlesse* which almost universally mark the boy officer's first step, but by a more than usually close application to his mathematical studies—those studies, which he well knew to be only second, and scarcely second, to personal courage, in their importance to him in his new career. He had, in addition to his natural energy and ambition, that strongest and (when not so excessive as to wound the spirit too deeply) that best of stimulants to exertion—poverty.

It is true that Mr. Abbott's pages have told us that Charles Bonaparte, the Corsican lawyer, was able to "provide a competence" for his numerous family; but the case would have been more accurately stated, if it had been said, that though he was able to support his children in something like comfort and respectability during their earlier childhood, he, in fact, partly owing to the "troubles" in Corsica, left his widow and children in a state not very far from actual poverty; and at the very time when young Napoleon obtained his first commission in the army, his mother was in absolute poverty, and burdened, too, with a heavy family. We are of opinion that this was by no means the least importantly beneficial to him, at the least in a worldly point of view, of all the numerous circumstances which worked together to make him the untiring student, and prematurely grave and retiring young man he then was. With a greater command of means, it is far from improbable that, merely from that pride which formed so dominant an element in his character, he would have emulated, instead of sardonically spurning, the expensive and frivolous pursuits of his aristocratic brother officers, and would thus have lost much, not only of the actual fruits of his solitary studies at this period, but also that invaluable *habit* of study and self-denial which he then formed. Probably, in his after life, he would himself have taken this view of the case; but at the time he seems to have been deeply stung by his poverty as contrasted with the wealth of so many of his military companions, upon whom, justly and, indeed, inevitably looked upon as his inferiors.

Napoleon's New York biographer, with his usual felicity, takes occasion in this part of

his very novel performance, at once to heap the most unmeasured praise upon his hero, in the way of commentary, and by a single anecdote utterly to disprove by far the most important of all the eulogies which he had previously heaped upon him! That we may not be accused of speaking with an unjust degree of harshness of the inconsistency of this plagiaristic biography, we shall presently quote and comment upon the anecdote in question, and we venture to believe that our readers will confess, that if ever man possessed an unenviable power of self-refutation, that power is pre-eminently the property of our new biographer of Napoleon.

During the first seven years of Napoleon's military life, but little more can be said of him, than that he moved with his regiment from garrison to garrison, and suffering much in temper, and perhaps in heart, from his penury, was all that time under immense obligations to it for habitual seclusion—a seclusion which, such a mind as his, necessarily spent in study. At this time, he was, in words at least, an ardent republican; Mr. Abbott, who tells us this, as he tells us almost everything else, on the strength of unacknowledged authorities, does not think it necessary to perceive the inference, viz. that, even thus early, Napoleon had formed the determination on which he acted to his last hour, of making use of everything that could aid him. Self, from the cradle to the grave, was Napoleon's real idol, and it is very clear to us that at this time he, hating the aristocracy for its social superiority to himself, was a solitary Girondist, anxious for the abatement of the monarchy of which he was the paid servant, and for the destruction of aristocratic privileges, especially in the matter of military promotion, not because he thought either monarchy or aristocracy bad *per se*, but simply because he thought that a change in the state of public affairs would open a higher prospect for Napoleon Buonaparte. That he was ever, even for a single hour, a sincere Republican, it seems impossible for any one to believe, who attentively watches even the earlier days of his celebrity. His new Biographer who finds him so unexceptionable as an Emperor, seems to think that he was equally so as a Republican, though that same sincere Republican wore the king's uniform, and ate the king's bread. For our own part, we confess that there is no part of Napoleon's whole career which puzzles us so much as this does. We are told that, whenever he did go into company, he made himself conspicuous by the fervency of his harangues in favor of Republicanism; and that *so* fervid, or, in plain English, so violent, was the young officer, that he made a great many enemies among the better classes, and on one occasion actually provoked a whole company of well bred people loudly to protest against his arrogance, and the mischievous tendency of his remarks. We say that this portion of his life puzzles us; and it really does so. We are by no means surprised that he, Corsican born, and only a very short time previously the avowed hater of the French nation, should thus early and thus violently interfere in the politics of a country of which he was a subject only by recent conquest, and of which he was a soldier only by aristocratic patronage and royal sufferance, far less are we surprised that he should take the Republican side, seeing, as so sagacious an observer needs must have seen, that partly by the vigour, ability, and unscrupulousness of the mob leaders, and partly by its own weakness and the tremendous difficulties of every sort by which it was surrounded, the French monarchy was doomed, not to say, effete. All this seems to us to be quite in keeping with the intense selfishness which we believe to have been his one fixed principle from his cradle in Corsica to his grave in St. Helena. Scott says that when Napoleon was spoken to on the anomaly of an officer in the royal army siding with the Repblicans, he answered, "Had I been a general officer, I should have been a Royalist—being a subaltern I am a Republican." We firmly believe this anecdote, which Mr. Abbott has *not* given, to be true to the letter; few as the words are they bear internal evidence of being Napoleon's own; and whole volumes could not more accurately depict the character of the man. In that concise sentence, we find the key to everything that he ever did, from butchering a royal duke at midnight, to bullying an ambassador in his own consular audience chamber, and that, too, in a style of vulgarity of which even *his* sycophants could not but hint their disapproval. What we *are* astonished at, as regards this portion of Napoleon's life, is, that, living, as he necessarily

did, among military officers, who are almost without an exception gentlemen, he was not either cashiered by his superiors, or called out and run through the body by some one of his equals. But all the circumstances of that time were anomalous, and the friends of royalty seem to have thought of discipline only when it could not be enforced, and to have felt the fiery and sensitive devotion of the soldier to his sovereign only when it might possibly injure, or even ruin that sovereign, but could by no possibility benefit him.

To follow the very excursive and eccentric course of some compilers, would be to waste our own time and space without either benefit or amusement to our readers. We have already with correctness described all that is *narrative* in Mr. Abbott's book when we said that *all of it that is true is not new;* there is not a single fact of importance in the Life of Napoleon as given in this compilation which has not been patent to "all the world and his wife" for more than a quarter of a century past, and, as though this mere repetition of old stories were not bad enough, the arrangement is as utterly ridiculous as if the most ingenious design and most persevering labor had been bestowed upon rendering it so. From Napoleon, the mere child at Corsica, to Napoleon the Emperor, and from the Emperor back to the second Lieutenant of Artillery, such are the slight irregularities to which all must submit who determine to addict themselves to Napoleon's studies in Mr. Abbott's page. All that the writer has done either to exaggerate the merits of his hero, or to vituperate Britain might, by a writer of half his bile and more tact have been done, and more effectually done, too, in about sixteen of the octavo pages. He would have spared himself the trouble of "cutting out and pasting" and us the still greater trouble of reading, all that relates to the hackneyed anecdotes of Napoleon, had he hit upon some such title as "Napoleon the Friend of the Free, *versus*, Britain the invader of every nation, the assassin of the Duc d'Enghien, and the cold-blooded Butcher of Prisoners of War." He, of course, need not have said a word in proof of the invasion, the assassination, or the butchery; he would, surely, have *taken them for granted*, (as he has so many pages of other men's anecdotes) and then he could have printed, just as they now stand, his own precious tit bits and have spiced them up with a few anti-British "leaden articles" from some of the world's hundred and one slang newspapers. No doubt, had he done this, we should still have blamed him, as we now do, for an evident, and most unhandsome attempt at blackening the character of Britain by white-washing that of Napoleon; but, at least, he would not have been open to the charge of having without due acknowledgment borrowed right and left from other authors, and of having used his materials as clumsily as he conveyed ("*convey*, the wise it call;" saith Corporal Nym) them intrepidly and unscrupulously.

We, who have in view only *justice to all*, cannot afford either time or space for following so eccentric an author through all his gyrations and circumgyrations; through movements hither and thither, forward and backward, round and round, so numerous, so sudden, so strange, so utterly irreconcileable to any of the known rules of art, that we can only account for them on the supposition that our ingenious author has taken, among his many "takings," a hint from the gipsies, who when they steal a fair child, never fail so to darken its complexion that its own anxious parents would never know it again. We, however, as we have already said, cannot consent to follow, step by step, so eccentric an author. Our great purpose is to show that Napoleon was *not* the great and amiable man our author has, for purposes already mentioned, misrepresented him as being, and to show what Napoleon really *was*. We desire to write in something like an orderly fashion, and therefore we shall presently part company with Mr. Abbott, *taking him up as we want him* at the fitting stages in our own rapid view of the real character of Napoleon as proven by some of the most important events of his life as General, Consul, Emperor and Exile, and we promise Mr. Abbott that, though we will do full justice to his hero, we will spare neither hero, nor biographer, where we see occasion for censure. Before, however, we temporarily part company with our—in one sense of the word, at least—diverting biographer, we must imitate him; yes, we must actually imitate him for once by quoting an anecdote from him, as he has

himself quoted it, that is to say, without the slightest respect to chronology. It will be remembered that we spoke of an especial anecdote which we opined would abundantly suffice to prove Mr. Abbott's utter want of consistency. It would interfere with our own arrangement to give it elsewhere, but it is far too rich to be altogether unnoticed by us, so here it is, just as we find it in Abbott's page, and with only the slightest touch of complimentary commentary from our own pen.

In the course of our first notice of Mr. Abbott, we had occasion to show the singular inconsistency that existed between his anecdotes and his commentaries, and more especially on the subject of Napoleon's alleged freedom from cruelty. But his performance in this especial line of facetious mystification was not yet at an end; like a wise and kindly host, he kept his very best wine for a later hour in the banquet; and accordingly we have the following, which we take to be equal in genuine fun to anything in Joe Miller, or out of that venerable encyclopedia of old drolleries.

"An incident occurred during this brief period (while Napoleon was serving under General Dumerbion) which strikingly illustrates his criminal disregard for human life. It was then the custom of the convention at Paris always to have representatives in the army to report proceedings. The wife of one of these representatives, a virtuous and beautiful woman, fully appreciated the intellectual superiority of Napoleon, and paid him marked attention. Napoleon, naturally of a grateful disposition, became strongly but fraternally attached to her. One day, walking out with her to inspect some of the positions of the enemy, merely to give her some idea of an engagement, he ordered an attack upon one of the enemy's out posts. A brisk skirmish immediately ensued, and the roar of the artillery and the crackling of the musquetry reverberated sublimely through the Alps. The lady, from a safe eminence, looked down with intense interest upon the novel scene. Many lives were lost on both sides, though the French were entirely victorious. *It was, however, a conflict which led*" (we may add which *could* lead) "*to no possible advantage*, and (one) which was *got up merely for the entertainment of the lady*. Napoleon subsequently often alluded to this wanton exposure of life as one of his most inexcusable acts. He never ceased to regret it."

This precious anecdote must be dwelt upon for a few moments. Between "criminal disregard of life" and "cruelty," will Mr. Abbott be so kind as to explain the difference? Admitting, as he here does, that Napoleon was guilty of the one, with what face can Mr. Abbott, however much he may hate Britain and desire to elevate the character of the magnificent brigand whom she so righteously smote down; with what face, we ask, can he so emphatically, and again and again, assure us that his hero was innocent of the other? Of Mr. Abbott's talent for self-contradiction we have many proofs, but when, fresh from reading his assurances of Napoleon's innocence of cruelty, we came to *this* contradiction, we confess that for a moment we were staggered and puzzled. It required, however, only a moment's reflection to enable us to clear up the difficulty. Excepting when he slips in a sentimental reflection or a grandiloquent comment of his own, calculated to exalt Napoleon in the public estimation, and proportionally to lower that gallant Britain but for whom the self-crowned brigand would have been the unresisted tyrant of Europe, Mr. Abbott very evidently and invariably substitutes paste and scissors, for pen and ink. How unlucky that he forgot to cut off that opening sentence, about the "*criminal disregard of life.*"

The mawkish conclusion we believe to be Mr. A.'s own rightful property; for few writers out of Gotham, we think, would venture upon such wretched sentimentalism, with Jaffa and Vincennes' Castle ditch at hand in confutation and in shaming! Regret for the failure of a favorite scheme of self-aggrandizement, Napoleon may have often felt; but the regret that implies remorse, that selfish and godless man seems to have been utterly incapable of feeling. Penitence, true penitence, implies atonement and restitution, as far as they are possible, and a steady avoidance of evil similar to that repented of; but he who is thus unblushingly affirmed to have "never ceased to regret" the wanton and cold-blooded sacrifice of a handful of men of two nations, without the slightest chance, even, of any military advantage, and for the mere purpose of

"entertaining a lady," did not allow that "regret" to prevent him from causing the slaughter of tens of thousands of men to just as little advantage, excepting only to himself and his pack of lank and hungry Corsican brothers and sisters, or from ordering the savage midnight murder of a solitary young prince, and the cold-blooded butchery of gallant and unarmed prisoners! Out upon such drivelling attempts to impose upon the common sense of mankind!

But we have not yet quite done with this truly "elegant extract." Having thus clearly proven the utter freedom of his Corsican idol from the base and detestable vice of cold-blooded cruelty, Mr. A. proceeds to show that that same idol was both grateful and magnanimously generous. Just listen to the wisest of the wise men of Gotham! He continues to speak of the "virtuous and beautiful" fair one for whose "entertainment" Napoleon caused men to cut each other to pieces, without even the prospect of military advantage to himself, or to his republican masters.

"Some years after, when Napoleon was First Consul, this lady, then a widow, friendless, and reduced to poverty, made her appearance at St. Cloud, and tried to gain access to Napoleon. He was, however, so hedged in by the etiquette of royalty [eh, consular royalty!] that all her exertions were unavailing. One day he was riding on horseback in the park, conversing with some members of his court, when he alluded to this event, which he so deeply deplored. He was informed that the lady was then at St. Cloud. He immediately sent for her, and inquired with most brotherly interest into all her history during the years which had elapsed since they parted. When he had heard her sad tale of misfortune he said 'But why did you not sooner make your wants known to me?' 'Sire,' she replied, 'I have been for many weeks in vain seeking an audience.' 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'such is the misfortune of those who are in power.' He immediately made ample provision for her comfort."

We imagine that even the least critical of readers will readily perceive that, short as that precious paragraph is, it yet displays the most consummate art. About the "Sire" and the "etiquette of royalty" we will say nothing, for the Corsican interloper was, in truth, pretty nearly as much an absolute monarch when called First Consul, as when he had impudently usurped the Imperial crown. But we must not pass by, without all the honor which it deserves, the exquisite particularity with which we are told that Napoleon was "riding on horseback," and "conversing" with "some members of his court!" Bah! and what was he conversing about? About that cold-blooded butchery which he "never ceased to regret!" Was anything out of the pages of a Minerva-press novel—was anything ever written, we ask, so preposterous and at the same time so evidently intended for clap trap? Napoleon, be it remembered, was not at this time indulging in the senile garrulity of his sad St. Helena; he was in the pride of his vigorous intellect, in the full and energetic pursuit of his stern purposes; he would, at *that* period, at all events, far more willingly have committed half a dozen such atrocities than have confessed to mortal man that he "regretted" it either as atrocity, or blunder. And how opportune, too, his "regretful" gossip upon this atrocity just as "the lady" was at St. Cloud, and unable to get access to him, through his "hedge of etiquette that surrounds royalty!" And how generous of the "courtiers," so long playing the part of the "impenetrable hedge," to mention the presence of the woman they had so obstinately excluded; thus doing good to a poor widow, with a pretty fair prospect of a rap on the knuckles for not having done it sooner! The whole thing reads like—what it is—a romance, and a bitter bad one. Could we write no better romances, could we preserve no greater appearances of truth, could we manufacture no neater plausibilities than these, we would never write another tale, though Mr. * * * should tempt us with *carte blanche* for so doing. But the magnificent absurdity of this most egregious anecdote is not yet quite disposed of. It has all along been quite a rage with the ultra lovers of Napoleon to boast loudly of his liberality, his generosity, and his gratitude; and, of course, Mr. Abbott could not lose so favorable an opportunity as this, of celebrating those remarkable qualities of his hero. "He immediately made ample provision for her future comfort!" How complacently and, above all, how coolly he tells

us this! Ah, Napoleon was *so* grateful! And at whose expense? What more easy than to give to Paul when you have robbed several millions of Peters? We detest scandal; and, much as we detest the system upon which Napoleon appears to us to have from first to last acted, we would by no means adopt, or even believe, a tithe of the worse imputations contained in the Memoirs attributed to Fouché; and while we are far enough, also, from believing Napoleon to be the Joseph of chastity he is represented to have been, while we are strongly inclined to believe that in this, as in much else, he made caution and secresy substitutes for virtue: we are by no means inclined, could we avoid it, to attribute criminality to his acquaintance with this "beautiful and virtuous lady," for whose especial delectation he ordered the slaughter of both French and Austrians, under circumstances which rendered military advantage to his command a thing altogether out of the question. But in this case how *can* we help suspecting, at the least, that all was not quite right? We say nothing about the early acquaintance of the equally gallant and *gallant* young officer and the "beautiful and virtuous lady," though we might fairly enough suppose that something beyond mere Platonics must have inspired the sanguinary homage that he paid to her charms; but it is not so easy to get over the precise particularity with which his eulogist assures us that he was "*fraternally* attached to her," and that he inquired "with most *brotherly* interest" into her history during the years which had elapsed since that wanton murder of both friends and foes, which he perpetrated for her amusement, and which he "never ceased to regret." When such a through thick and through thin eulogist as Mr. Abbott thinks it necessary to be thus iterative in defending his hero against an imputation which no one had cast upon him, we confess that we do not feel quite warranted in believing that the connection *was* an innocent one. We would believe it if we could; but his would be eulogist will not allow us to do do so. But even admitting, as we do *not*, that Napoleon bestowed "provision for her future comfort," not upon a mistress, but merely upon a widowed and impoverished acquaintance, his generosity was, as we have already said, a mere giving to Paul after plundering several millions of Peters. In the course of our fair, but unspairing commentary alike upon Napoleon's true character and upon the pages in which it is sought to throw a brilliant, but false halo around his fame, we shall again and again be compelled to notice the acts of what his fulsome flatterers call "gratitude" and "generosity," but what *we* call, just simply giving the picked bones to the jackals. This man entered France an absolute pauper; he had not one shilling of *fairly* acquired money from the moment that he made himself First Consul. He was a splendidly successful robber, we are compelled to admit, but he *was* a robber, nevertheless. The "provision for her future comfort," which he made for this "virtuous and beautiful lady" was, of course, only a very slight tax upon the public resources; but we take this opportunity to point out that in all cases, as in this case, Napoleon's "gratitude" and "generosity" were of that very easy description to which we have already alluded; the mere giving unto Paul, after after having robbed several Peters. This is not exactly the proper place in which to do it, but we may just as well state here that we mean, not in vague assertions, not founding mere suspicions upon even such very fair grounds as Mr. Abbott's praises of Napoleon's disinterestedness as to pecuniary matters, but upon facts stated by *Napoleon himself*, tested by that homely, but very infallible means furnished to us by Cocker and Walkinghame, to show that, all the loud trumpeting of his republican friends in Gotham, to the contrary notwithstanding, Napoleon *had*, "an itching palm." We shall take his acknowledged income as General, as Consul, and as Emperor; we shall multiply the income by the years, we shall make only the most moderate deduction for his expenditure, and we shall then show that more than 200,000,000 of francs, which in the third section of his will he so coolly speaks of as being, his "private domain, of which no French law could deprive him, the 40,000,000 which he gave to Eugene in Italy," in the tribulation of the inheritance of his mother, the "two millions in gold with which he debits his very dear and well-beloved spouse, the Empress Marie Louise, the nine thousand pounds sterling (225,000 francs) which he confesses to having given to

Count and Countess Montholon, the 2,000,000 francs which he directs that Eugene shall dispose of in legacies; the six millions which he deposited on leaving Paris in 1815, and an immensity of fixed and moveable property in both Italy and France, we shall show conclusively, that the whole of this enormous fortune was, let his base flatterers call it by what fine name they may, neither more nor less than *accumulated plunder.* We will not insist, though in our own view of the case we very fairly might do so, either upon his personal expenditure as Consul or as Emperor, or upon the magnificent gifts and pensions which, as Consul and as Emperor, he bestowed upon more or less deserving objects; we will confine ourselves most strictly to the property of which he himself gives us an an account in his, in many respects *atrocious last-will* and testament, and we will show that every franc and every franc's worth of the vast property there mentioned cannot by any man of common sense and common honesty, be called by any other name than that of *public plunder.* When the Republicans (forsooth) of America the Free, insult public sense and public decency so far as to hold up such a man as Napoleon as a something to be all but worshipped, as a hero, *sans tache et sans reproche,* when they resort, for the purpose of exaggerating his merits, and of blackening the fame of Britain, to such means, we certainly will not imitate their manifest and very shameful unfairness, but, just as certainly, we will by no means lose one fair opportunity of showing up in their strongest and most glaring colours everything that was base and sordid, as well as everything that was cruel and dastardly, in the character of this so very much overpraised hero, and in all that regards that "itching palm" with which we charge him we shall speak on the *facts and the figures furnished to us by the hero himself.* We have ever looked upon authorship as only another priesthood; as a solemn trust and a sacred duty, and not for the fame of a Napoleon, or for ten times the amount of his *bequeathed plunder,* would we betray such a trust or palter with such a duty, and if there is any one portion of Mr. Abbott's very blame-worthy performance which more than any other portion annoys and disgusts us, it is his nominal recognition of this lay priesthood and his real paltering with it. Hating Britain and Britain's *strictly* and *straightly limited* monarchy, this gentleman copies from a whole host of preceding historians, biographers, and writers, of more or less authentic *memoirs, pour servir,* and adds only the new which is not true in praise of a successful *Usurper, Tyrant, Murderer* and *Robber;* and while thus holding up to public admiration a man whose whole life was one long violation alike of man's law, and of the laws of Christianity, just hear how daintily he speaks, this praiser of a dead tyrant, and inferential libeller of a mighty and a noble people, just hear how daintily he speaks of Republicanism, and, after reading what he says about Law and Christianity, wonder, and scorn while you wonder—how the man who thus learnedly prates about Law and Christianity, how this strange "picker up of unconsidered trifles" can set up on a pedestal, for the homage of Hero Worshippers, that Napoleon to whom murder was familiar, and plunder at once a passion and a pastime. "The Republicanism of the United States," says Abbott, the original, "is founded on the intelligence, the Christianity, and the reverence for laws so generally prevalent throughout the whole community. And should that dark day ever come, in which the majority of the people will be unable to read the printed vote which is placed in their hands, and lose all reverence for earthly law, and believe not in God, before whose tribunal they must finally appear, it is certain that the Republic cannot stand for a day. Anarchy must ensue, from which there can be no refuge but in a military despotism."

We will not "break a butterfly on the wheel," or we might point out to Mr. Abbott that he might greatly improve his style by the very simple process of placing his future and present tenses properly; but we will, we *must* ask him how he dares thus solemnly profane the name of God while putting forth such unblushing praise of the godless alike in word and in deed? Read the vote? *Cui bono?* Given—a rowdy candidate and rowdy mob to back him; required, the value of the vote—or the voter's life? We know our New York as well as our original illuminator of the Abbott's original page can possibly know it, and we tell him that though most of the rowdies and ruffians there may be able

to *read the vote which is placed in their hands*, there is not from Turkey to Timbuctoo a viler or more terrible despotism than that, under which every man in New York gives his vote for every public officer, from the president to those precious policemen of whom there are at this very moment two in the state prison for *midnight burglary*—for breaking into the house of one of those citizens whom they were both paid and sworn to protect! We state this deliberately, solemnly, not upon hearsay, but upon the evidence of our own senses; and we say further, let all who can "read the vote which is put into their hands," read also Mr. Abbott's *republican* praises lavished upon as vile a tyrant as ever prostituted a magnificent genius, and we dare venture to say that nothing more will be wanted to opening a brave prospect for a Yankee Napoleon—if Yankeedom can but produce one.

We had intended a page or two back to take a temporary leave of Mr. Abbott, and to commence our own commentary in our own fashion; but we felt that we ought not to lose the opportunity which our discursive author afforded us, of once and for all, protesting against the attribution to Napoleon of the virtues diametrically opposed to those very vices which debased his vast genius, disgraced himself, and cursed mankind. Let our readers be firmly persuaded of this, that if we speak strongly and sternly either of the egregious papers which have challenged us into the lists, or of the great but cruel and crafty genius, Napoleon Bonaparte, we have not written and we will not write one line, nay, not even one word which we are not prepared to *verify to the very letter, either by Napoleon's own words, or by those of the most servile and the most sycophantic of his eulogists.* There are literary as well as some physical disorders which are, as the vulgar have it, "*catching*," and we have so far *caught* one vice from the Abbott's pages, that we have by that most unjust page been detained for a brief space from the proper matter of our own. Our readers, however, will readily perceive that dealing with a writer at once so discursive and so dexterously invidious as the New York biographer, it behoved us to mark, sternly and emphatically, "in season and out of season," our dissent from all that Mr. Abbott has (without acknowledgment) quoted, or without justification in sound logic or in Christian morality, originated, in praise of Napoleon, and therefore, inferentially, in censure of Britain. Having made all proper and necessary use of this opportunity, we shall, as we had already proposed to ourselves, quit our discursive author, to take him up as we want him, from time to time, as we progress in our own commentary upon the least logical, the most unjust, and, excepting for the purpose of public detection, the most entirely useless pages that we ever perused.

Proceed we now, therefore, to take up the career of Napoleon at its real starting point.

Desiring, as far as possible, to avoid the discursive course pursued by Napoleon's newest biographer, we have proposed to dismiss, with mere allusion made in the fewest possible words, all those passages in Napoleon's strange and eventful life, which do not afford us ground for such critical remarks as may tend to effect our main purpose that, namely, of showing that, in despite of his admitted and indisputable genius, and the exaggeration of it by fulsome flatterers of divers dates, and various degrees of literary incompetency, he was to all intents and purposes a selfish and unprincipled man, a public enemy at once so highly gifted, so perverse and so incorrigible, that England in resisting him, subduing him, and, finally, making him a strictly watched captive, deserved the thanks of the whole civilized world, and performed a duty which she could not have neglected without gross injustice to all the weaker powers of Europe, and equally gross ingratitude to that God who has made her so pre-eminent in arms, in arts, in commerce, and in laws, in external influence, and in internal peace.

Merely referring, therefore, to Napoleon's brief but bitter season of poverty and humiliation as a mere subaltern, now with mere garrison duty, and anon without any employment at all; we need scarcely be much more prolix as to his first really eminent achievement: the siege of Toulon. One of the Corsican deputies, who was also one of the ruffians who voted for the murder of the unfortunate Louis XVI, a man named Salicetti, had at one time been on rather intimate terms with Napoleon in their native island, but, apparently, on both personal and political grounds, they had become fierce and seem-

ingly, implacable enemies. Napoleon, especially, had spoken of Salicetti in terms equally contemptuous and rancorous. But Salicetti had become a somewhat influential Jacobin member of the Convention, and Napoleon, anxious for employment, seems to have understood the art of fawning in adversity, as well as, subsequently, he manifested the taste for trampling when in prosperity, and it seems pretty clear that he owed his first real step in public life, his employment at the siege of Toulon, to the influence and recommendation of that very Salicetti whom he had frequently spoken of as one of the meanest and most dastardly of mankind. Mr. Abbott relates much that took place between Buonaparte and Salicetti in Corsica. He tells us that, when the latter was denounced by the Jacobins and in a position of considerable peril, and had found shelter in the house of their mutual acquaintance, Madame Perinou, Napoleon, then on furlough in Corsica found out his retreat, and, in conversation with Madame Perinou, spoke of Salicetti as being "a villain," for having sought her protection, and thus endangered her. Mr. Abbott occupies very considerable space in giving us the details of this affair, and, throughout, shews, as usual, the strongest possible leaning to his great Idol. He tells us that Salicetti had, some years previously, caused Napoleon to be arrested and sent to Paris, on a charge of having expressed himself too strongly against the then, ruling powers. Mr. Abbott's narrative here, as elsewhere, is destitute of dates and of reference to his authorities, and we are strongly inclined to disbelieve the story, as relates to Salicetti's denunciation of Napoleon, and the arrest of the latter and his trial at Paris, on account of that denunciation. But setting that aside as matter of comparatively little importance, we would ask how it happens that Mr. Abbott has not chosen to say one word about his highminded hero having subsequently deigned, when in poverty and, well as he had already merited employment, almost despairing of obtaining it, how is it, we would ask, that he has said nothing about his highminded hero having obtained that employment at Toulon, which was his first real step in public life, by fawning upon a "villain," or if not actually fawning upon him at the least accepting his influence, the influence of one whom he had formerly called a "villain," and who had since by his regicide vote, abundantly proved himself to be one? Did our luminous and truth-telling biographer fear that even his grandiloquent powers could scarcely show Napoleon thus availing himself of the influence of a regicide, whom he had denounced as a "villain" without also exposing that which our biographer takes so much pains to conceal—viz: that, in his selfish determination to achieve his own ends, Napoleon knew how to exemplify and practise the "meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust; and that from flattering a "villain" to fusilading a prince of the blood, all means were equal to him, provided they sufficed to the attainment of his ends. We would recommend Mr. Abbott, either to strike out all that he has said about Salicetti, or to give that man credit (and Napoleon proportionate shame) as the patron by whose aid Napoleon obtained the, as we shall presently show, invaluable opportunity of distinguishing himself at the siege of Toulon.

Although the revolutionary butchers had murdered their king, and although the sanguinary scenes which immediately preceded and followed that foul murder, had greatly and necessarily aggravated that horrible state of the public morals of which we spoke in the preceding chapter; although many who in their hearts detested their tyrants, yet from sheer cowardice, affected the greatest enthusiasm in their cause, and although still more mourned in secret the curse that had fallen upon their beautiful land, and sought their own safety in a profound silence upon the political events of the day, there were not wanting, even in that awful time of sin and terror, brave spirits who dared not only to declare their loathing and detestation for their ferocious oppressors, but also to combat them openly and to the death. Though, as compared to the misguided and ferocious rabble, the truly loyal and brave were but a mere handful, yet so generous was their enthusiasm, and so high their courage, that if, previous to the murder of the king, any really able and devoted general had gathered these brave spirits together into one consolidated force, we are of opinion, the king and his family and friends, might have been saved, and France spared the indelible disgrace of

showing itself a nation of butchers, and of solemnly *proclaiming itself a nation of Atheists.* To Lafayette and still more, to Dumourier, the glorious opportunity of thus saving the sovereign from death, and the people from disgrace, was more than once providentially offered. But Lafayette, notwithstanding all the high-sounding praises which the so called republicans of New York are so fond of bestowing upon him, was, in fact, an officer fit enough to head a charge of a single regiment, but by no means fit for anything in the shape of an extensive command; and, moreover, there are several incidents in his career which suggest to us very painful doubts of his ever having been very earnest, if even he ever was quite sincere, in his wish to save the king. Dumourier had all the abilities requisite to the task of saving both the king and the nation, but it is pretty plain, we think, that he was far less inclined to do that, than to play the precise part which was subsequently played by Napoleon. That he actually wished the king's death we will not venture positively to affirm, but that he did wish his deposition as a very indispensable preliminary to his own dictatorship, under whatever title, we have no shadow of doubt; and had he not prematurely developed his hostility towards the Revolutionary ruffians, whose army he was commanding, it seems highly probable that he, instead of Napoleon, would have quelled the mob and established his own anthority. But these, the only two men who could possibly have gathered the scattered Royalists together to useful purpose being unequal to the task, or from motives of their own, unwilling to undertake it, those who were still not only faithful to the cause of Royalty in their hearts, but, also, brave enough to peril life and property, for that cause, were isolated, scattered, utterly incapable of saving their king while he yet lived, or of avenging him when he had been atrociously murdered. It was natural under such circumstances, that while the aged and infirm left France in order to save their lives, and such portable property as they could snatch from the general wreck, the youth and the mature manhood of the Royalists also emigrated, but only for the purpose of joining the army of those European sovereigns who seemed at length determined to put an end to that ferocious mob government, which threatened to *be a curse to the whole civilized world, no less* by the impunity which had hitherto attended its vile example, than by the increasing boldness of its vices. Great Britain, ever the seat of *real* freedom, and ever the refuge of the oppressed, and the helpless, as it had been the first to afford shelter to those of the Royalists who only fled for safety, was also the first to afford encouragement to those emigrants who *fled, not merely to save themselves, but also* to return and save their country. In conjunction with Spain, England fitted out a fleet having on board an army of thirteen to fifteen thousand men, a very considerable portion of whom were Royalist Frenchmen, and with admirable judgment, dispatched this formidable force to Toulon, which, as our readers are aware, is a seaport on the Mediterranean, and was at that time one of the very strongest, and most amply munitioned, arsenals in all Europe. We say, that admirable judgment was shown in the selection of Toulon as the object of this expedition, and a very few words will suffice to show that our sentence is fully justified. Exceedingly strong as the place was, as a fortress, it had the stong recommendation of having within its walls more Royalists, probably, than could have been found in any other town in France, with a population which various accounts differently estimate at from twenty thousand *to thirty thousand inhabitants. Previous* to the sailing of the united English and Spanish fleet, an active correspondence was kept up between the emigrants in England and the Royalists of Toulon, and between these latter and the Royalists in the south of France, whence many thousands hastened to Toulon, and gave such preponderance to the Royalist power there, that when the combined Spanish and English force arrived, the city, its strong fortifications, its abundant munitions of war, and provisions, and all the shipping that lay in its harbour, were at once surrendered. What more natural than that the Royalists who had gathered together in Toulon should look upon the British and Spanish as friends and deliverers?

There is a sense of insecurity in the beginning of all change; we dread movement until we are fairly roused, and then we seem as if we could never know rest again.

THE PAGOTA—A VENETIAN STORY.[*]

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Albanian and the Dalmatian knew not what to do. The Venetian Archipelago is full of dangerous passages, and the good faith of this old pilot could hardly be called in question. Digia, struck with consternation, interrogated her mother with a look, and the latter observed, with much inquietude, the signs of intelligence which were in course of being exchanged between her husband and the Croat. As for the Frenchman, he seemed fully occupied with the dessert, and kept eating almonds with all the eagerness of a schoolboy. At last it was time for him to come to the apples, and then he selected the largest, and asked for a plate. Digia gave him one, and he then pretended to observe for the first time the intense sadness which was depicted on her countenance. He laid down the knife with which he had been about to divide the apple, and asked of Digia, "What's the matter with you, poor child? You seem agitated."

"If we do not go away to night," responded the Pagota, "I am afraid that I shall never again see Venice."

"Who talks of not going away to-night?" replied the engineer. "Oh, I recollect," he immediately added, "this honest pilot believes that there is danger, and that we shall not be able to cross the strait. Seat yourself, my brave fellow, and drink first a glass of wine. If we offered you twice the ordinary price to conduct us across the channel, what should you think *then* of the contrary winds and of the reefs?" Reflect a moment on the matter."

"I regret to be obliged to refuse you, monsignor," replied the pilot, "especially since we sailors earn so little. But the sea is our mistress, and we cannot command the winds."

"Diable!" said the Frenchman; "since the glass of wine and the double pay have not been able to calm the waves, I see that the case is serious. And how long do you suppose these contrary winds will last?"

"Three days and three nights, your excellency, at the least, and that, too, without any interruption."

"Then it is just as it is sometimes in our canal of Brazza," said the Dalmatian.

"Exactly," answered the pilot; "the isle of Brazza forms a strait with the mainland exactly similar to this of Pago."

"But we can double the point of Brazza in all weathers," added the Dalmatian, "with a brigantine like mine and a cool-headed pilot."

"Without doubt, your excellency," responded the pilot; "and in that respect, also it is exactly the same here. Let me be assured that the evil spirits unchained by the foul wind will neither trouble my sight nor my heart, and I will conduct you wherever you wish to go in safety. But there is the difficulty. If the demons who are suffered to roam free in a wind like this should pay me a visit, I should lose heart, and everything would be lost."

"Vive!" cried the engineer. "I knew very well we should go to-night. Here, listen to me for a moment, my brave fellow, and drink another glass of wine. I am a native of a province in France, called La Vendée. There was once, in a little port of my country, a stranger who wished to embark in stormy weather, and cross the arm of the sea whicy lies between the island of Ré and the mainland. It was evening, and multitudes of lighthouses upon points of rock lit up to warn the voyager that certain death awaited him upon the reefs on which they stood, and upon which the waves of the ocean broke with frightful violence. The stranger offered a pilot double the ordinary price, but the old sailor, though a man of courage, dare not expose his life and that of the ship. He knew his trade well enough, and could doubtlessly have conducted the vessel in safety to its destination; but he feared one thing—the demons that on such a night are let loose, as they are here, among the waves which wash that part of the coast of France. However, the stranger, who was dining peacefully with two foreign friends of his, declared that the passage might be made with ease and safety, and sustained his opinion with so much obstinacy and assurance, that the pilot set himself to examine the matter more attentively. I may remark, that this unknown stranger had nothing unusual in his appearance, unless we except a rather long beard and a little hair upon his forehead;" and as the Frenchman said this, he drew his own hair all in front, till it nearly covered his eyes, and stroked his beard out to the utmost length.

When they had served the dessert, the Frenchman took a large apple, and wrapped it in his napkin, then he took a very sharp knife, and said to the pilot, "Supposing, now, that I were to cut this apple to the core with a single stroke, and without cutting the napkin, do you think that the demons of the coast would be able to drown very easily such a man as me?" The pilot swore by all sorts of things, objects of his adoration, that he would go on board immediately if the stranger would show that he had power to do as he said, and to accomplish such a miracle. Accordingly the engineer essayed the task. He struck at the apple with the sharp knife with all his strength, and the blade of the knife penetrated to the apple's heart, and, wonderful to relate, on drawing out the knife, it was

[*] Continued from page 56, vol. iv. Concluded.

found that the linen was not the least damaged.

The engineer, as though to bring his story more vividly before the eyes of the company he was relating it to, had wrapped an apple up in a corner of a tablecloth, in the fashion that he had been speaking of. He now placed the apple and its envelope in the middle of the table, and taking a knife, struck at it with all his might. Dolimer saw the knife penetrate as far as the core of the apple, and cried out that "it had cut and completely spoiled his tablecloth;" but the engineer drew out the knife, and showed that the tablecloth was still intact, to the great astonishment of the company. This *tour-d'-adresse*, very simple when one is acquainted with the way of doing it, was unknown in Pago, and the witnesses (that is, the Pagote portion of them) did not doubt but that the Frenchman would be able to control with the utmost ease the whole of the spirits of the storm, and that he was a mighty sorcerer, if not the devil himself. The old Dalmatian cast a wondering look upon the engineer, who was eating the apple he had cut through with the greatest sangfroid imaginable, and a mock air of perfect innocence. The Albanian, endowed with a less impressible imagination, although he knew not how to perform the trick himself, comprehended that it was a matter of legerdemain, but he feigned an extreme surprise. "Now, then," said he, "there can be nothing to detain us in port, and my brigantine can put to sea without the least risk. If the pilot still hesitates, we will go away without him, for the signor Francais can take the helm; and would to heaven I had never had a worse pilot than I know he can make."

"You have faith," said Francois Knapen to the Albanian, upon whose lips he observed a light half-smile. "Perhaps even *I* may be capable of conducting your vessel," he then added, "I have never touched a boat's helm yet, it is true, but why should not I be as able a pilot for all that as the signor Francais? Let us see if *I* cannot cut another apple in the same way as monsieur did. If I succeed, give me the helm, and see how soon we shall all perish together!"

The Croat took an apple, and wrapped it up in the corner of the tablecloth. The engineer watched him with an apparently mocking air, under which, however, in reality was hidden deep inquietude, for he did not know but what the soldier should be as clever at the trick as he was, and equally aware that it *was* only a trick. But Knapen did not leave the tablecloth sufficiently loose, and it had not room to enter into the apple with the knife. Moreover, he struck his blow obliquely, and the consequence was, that when he drew away the cloth, he exhibited a large hole in it, to the infinite joy of the engineer, the Albanian, and the Pagota, and the vast amusement of all the witnesses, with the exception of Dolomir.

"Well, my brave fellow, shall we put to sea?" asked the engineer of the old sailor.

"I am entirely at your orders, signor," was the answer of the pilot.

"You have no fear of the spirits, then," asked the engineer, "and neither your hand nor your heart will fail you?"

"No, your excellency, I shall be as though made of bronze."

"Come, then, Digia, get your baggage ready, and embrace your parents; and you, Dolomir, make haste, and give your child your benediction," said the Frenchman.

As soon as these parting ceremonials were over, the engineer took the Pagota's arm, and led her away, followed by the Albanian and the Dalmatian. The wind was blowing with extreme violence, the sea was rolling mountains high, and the heavens, laden with clouds, had the most menacing look imaginable. There was not a vessel to be seen beside the Albanian's brigantine, but it seemed capable of breasting any storm; and the pilot mounted it, and took the helm with the fullest confidence. The brigantine spread out its broad white wings, flew out of the port, and gained the middle of the strait almost instantaneously. Dolomir and his wife seated themselves upon a stone to watch its progress, and saw it manœuvre with ability and precision, and in a few moments to clear the most dangerous portion of the passage, and leave the reefs and breakers far behind it. They then re-entered the house with a pleasant smile, whilst Knapen, who had also been watching the vessel's progress, retired to a distance, that he might weep unseen.

CHAPTER VIII.

To the burning nights of the dog-days had succeeded the tempestuous ones of September, when I found the engineer one evening seated in his accustomed place in the Café Florian. I knew that he was as much the enemy of useless writing as of useless words, and I was, therefore, not in the least surprised at having received no letters from him. He had consequently everything to tell me *viva voce*. He did not wait for any questionings, but eagerly announced to me that Digia was in Venice, and then hastened to recount to me all the details of his expedition. Fearing that Marco, in consequence of his light-headedness, would not be properly prepared for the return of his mistress, I went away with the purpose of advising him of it. I had told him, when I left home, to wait for me near the Piazzetta, and thither accordingly I went in search of him. But he was not there. I went again, and there was no gondola—a third time, and still no nicolitto was to be seen. The rascal, accustomed to be principally his

own master, and to have the greater portion of his time at his own disposal, had gone to convey two Englishmen to the convent of the Armenians, and thence to Lido. Coletto and he came the next morning early to apologise for their absence when they were required, and I abridged my reproaches in order to announce the earlier, the arrival of the Pagota. Scarcely had I done so, ere some one knocked gently at the door, and Morco, opening it, found himself face to face with the handsome Muranelle; who advanced into the middle of the room, and made me a low curtsy.

"Pardon me," she said, "for coming to importune your excellency so early; but it was absolutely necessary that I should speak to some one who possesses authority over this nicolitto. For the last month preceding my late departure from Venice, your gondolier courted me——."

"And you were quite willing," interupted the nicolitto.

"Yes, I was quite willing," replied the Muranelle, "because I did not know that you had another mistress, a fiancée; but you knew it very well all the time. Just now I have learned that this fiancée has come from Pago in order to marry you, and the news has deprived my poor heart of all its courage and all its hope. But still it is not too late for Marco to choose between us, and I hope and trust that he will choose me; and I beg of you, signor Francais, to intercede with him in my favour, and give him the command to love me as he ought."

"Mon enfant," replied I, 'the conduct of Marco is most abominable; but I do not see that I can do anything at all in the matter, except it be to command the rascal to decide the matter this instant. In spite of the serious engagement which he has made with the Pagota, I dare say he will be perfidious enough to prefer you before her."

"Nay, that I shall not, your excellency," said Marco, all unmovedly; "the Muranelle makes an amusing and coquettish mistress; but in a wife one looks for rather more solid qualities. It is Digia I shall marry."

The eyes of the young girl at this glanced lurid lightening, and she stamped her foot upon the ground, and cried, with vehemence, "you will marry then a girl blind and disfigured; for I will tear her eyes out, and throw them in your face."

The expression of ferocity which lit up her countenance as she said this made her look, for the moment at least, something otherwise than a Madonna; but it soon departed, and was succeeded by a blush of shame. Her lips began to tremble, and she felt that her tears were about to burst forth, and being too proud to weep before us, she precipitately retired. I expected after this that a similar scene would soon be enacted with the little Pagota as chief performer, but I was disappointed. Three days passed away, and she did not appear, nor did any of her old companions among the water-carriers even know that she was in Venice. On the fourth day, however, she re-appeared in her old place around the wells, and commenced afresh to serve her old clients with water. Coletto came to announce to me that he had methor several times, but that she had never deigned to speak to or acknowledge him. Marco watched for her, numbers of times, but with only the like success. See never spoke to him but once, and then she cried from a distance, as he pursued her, that she would have no more to say to him, for he was a deceiver, and took a Pagota for a Muranelle. When Marco upon this asked my advice, I told him to act in whatever manner he thought proper, saying, I would have nothing further to do with his affairs, and advising him to reflect upon the wisdom of French proverbs.

One evening, after dinner, I perceived Digia in the street, walking along slowly, with her chain hanging over her breast. She was without her water-jars, and appeared fatigued and tired with the labours of the day. Her low and discouraged air disquieted me. I followed her at a short distance, in order that I might see where she was living; and I used all the care that I could to keep up with her, for Venice, with its four hundred bridges, its numberless turns and corners, and its narrow and crooked streets, seems built on purpose to baffle the indiscreet pursuer of a woman. I was led in this fashion by the Pagota into the Frezzaria, and then to banks of the Grand Canal, which the Pagota crossed, and I after her—she, however, by a bridge, whilst I crossed in a gondola, the better to keep up with her without being observed. Arrived on the opposite bank; she turned down a little street, at the far end of which was a *rio*, whose water—an unusual thing in Venice—was both remarkably clear and very deep. I retired a short distance, in order to observe the Pagota without her seeing me. For a length of time she remained perfectly motionless, singing in a low voice a mournful song. I could not distinguish the words of the whole of it, but I could plainly make out these words of the refrain:—"*Aqua bella, dolce e limpida,*" and those of the last three lines of the first verse—'Beautiful water! those who have lost all hope may still find a bed to dream upon beneath thy green robe.' The thought immediately struck me that this plaintive song was intended only as a prelude to an attempt at suicide. I therefore slipped out of my hiding place, and called the Pagota by her name. She did not hear me; and so deep was her abstraction, that I had to place my hand upon her shoulder before I could render her sensible of my presence.

"Digia,' said I to her, 'the green bottom

of the lagoon is no fitting death-bed for a Christian girl like you."

"Why not?" she answered me, with much excitement. 'The water knows me well; I have lived amongst it, and will die in it. It draws me gently towards it, that I may be cradled in its bosom!

"Come, child," I answered, 'do not be so foolish. Do not let a little sorrow drive you to such an act of insanity. Life was not given to us to be always easy, and happy, and prosperous. Evil is its necessary companion; but for an all-wise and all-merciful end. And whence comes your despair? Is it caused by the infidelity of your lover? If so, you love him still, although unfaithful, and why not pardon him? Marco repents of his fault, and has received a lesson which I am sure he will profit by. Let me have the happiness of bringing him to your feet."

"Never!" responded the Pagota firmly; "they are only Venetian intriguantes, and worthless ones, who pardon such unfaithfulness. I am of Pago, and cannot act as they do. Tell the traitor that he will never see me more."

With this the Pagota turned round rapidly, and fled, and, as I was so bewildered that I knew not what it was best to do, I could not decide to follow her till it was too late. I therefore returned to the place of St. Mark, and recounted the whole story to the engineer. He laughed at my disquietude, and said what I called despair was only the sullen humour of a child. He declared, however, that he could see that he was himself the only person who could put the finishing hand to the affair, and asserted that, if Digia could be brought before him, he would undertake that in less than a quarter of an hour she should be happy and willing to espouse her nicolitto.

I spent nearly the whole first half of the next day in endeavouring to find her, and towards noon I had the pleasure of succeeding, and of also obtaining her consent to be conducted to signor Francais, who had rescued her from the toils of Francois Knapen. Accordingly I conducted her to the office of the salt-works, and on entering it drew out my watch, and reminded him that he must have but a quarter of an hour.

"Seat yourself, *ma mignonne*," he said to Digia, "and be attentive. I have learned that, in an excess of grief, you have had some thoughts of destroying yourself, and that is far from right. When I saved you from the effects of the machinations of the Croat, I contracted towards your family a great responsibility. They permitted you to come with me, on condition of my seeing you married in Venice; that was the sole end of my fetching you, and of their allowing you to come. What will they think of my intervention, and of your absence, if you remain unmarried? for your bringing yourself to commit the crime of self-destruction is out of the question, in a sensible and Christian girl like you. You will, by so doing, compromise both your reputation and mine; for they will naturally imagine that you are leading an evil life, and that I have been a party to an intrigue."

"It is not my fault, your excellency," responded Digia, "that Marco has deceived me, and I can no longer love him. Lay it not to *my* charge!"

"Well, if you love him no longer, think no more about him," said the engineer. "But, in that case, I shall have to look out for another husband for you, for it is absolutely necessary that you should be married. Now, there is my youngest gondolier, Ambrosio, a good-looking and industrious young man, who earns eighty livres per month. He has seen you, and is pleased with you, and it is necessary that you accept him, unless you can find some one who will please you better within a day or two. In the place of a marriage of love, this will be a marriage of convenience. Ambrosio will love you, will always act in an upright manner towards you, and you will be happy. As for your attempt at suicide, I will not speak of it any further. You do not wish, I know, to repay me for all the trouble I have been at for you by such an evil turn as that. It would not only compromise my honor, but would afflict me with a grief which would empoison all my days. Such ingratitude would be incredible, and I shall only offend you by saying more on the point."

"You are very good," cried the Pagota, with emotion, "and I will not so afflict you, rest assured. But, still, what you propose is quite impossible; I cannot marry Ambrosio."

"It is because," replied the engineer, "you have only as yet looked upon him with indifference. To-day you will see in his features those of a future husband, and he will appear charming. I did not like to mention the matter to him, without mentioning it to you first; but now, as he is in the courtyard, I can call him through this window."

"In the name of heaven, signor,' cried the Pagota, catching hold of his coat to hold him back, "wait a moment, for—for——;" and her embarrassment was so great, that she was obliged to stop suddenly and lower her eyes.

"Why, perhaps," said the engineer to her, "it may be, after all, that your aversion to Marco was in reality only wounded love. We must try and find that out clearly. Interrogate your heart a little, and make yourself sure of your own sentiments. But, above all, have no false delicacy or false shame. Consider me as a father, and do not let anything of pride drown or hide a sentiment which I now think that even yet you may entertain, and which would draw us so easily

out of our embarrassment, and add so much to the happiness of all parties."

The Pagota remained mute, but her breast heaved with emotion.

"Choose," the engineer continued, after a pause, "between these three plans. Pardon Marco, throw a veil over his faults, and marry him; or agree to receive the homage of Ambrosio, and let me call him through this window, and tell him what a nice little wife I have found for him; or else return immediately to Pago, and fall again into the clutches of the Croat. One of the three things you *must* do, or my own honor or yours will be lost. For my own part, I think the first plan would be incomparably the best. What say you—for you must decide at once—first, second, or third?"

"The first," murmured Digia, blushing up to the temples, and her whole frame agitated by a strong emotion; "the first I——"

"The fifteen minutes are gone," I interrupted her by saying, for I could see that she would be glad of some interruption.

"Yes," replied the engineer, "and now I think you may bring forward the pardoned criminal."

Accordingly I opened the door of the antechamber, in which Marco was waiting, by my orders, the end of the conference. I led him to the feet of the Pagota, saying to him, Your cause is gained, you rascal; and you are acquitted, upon condition of your making the amende honorable, and kissing the hand of your *fort charmante* mistress."

Thereupon the nicolitto fell upon his knees, and commenced a half-serious and half-comic discourse, in which he gave to Digia the title of *messer grande*, and also that of thrice excellent and thrice just signor. *Messer grande* was the magistrate who, in the days of the old republic, held jurisdiction over the nicolitti, and took cognizance of their crimes and their offences. The poor Pagota was obliged to laugh at his witty discourse, and, in consequence of it, after having given one more sigh, to become entirely herself again.

Three weeks afterwards the marriage was celebrated in the church of the good Saint Nicolo, at the bottom of the Canareggio. We conducted the bridegroom to church in an open gondola, and Marco then, for the first time in his life, travelled by water without himself touching an oar. During the ceremony, I observed that the magnifique signor was amongst the lookers-on. As the party left the church, he approached his former gondolier, and admirably forgetting his position as an insolvent debtor, whispered to him, "It is just as I predicted, Marco; I knew that my protections and my bounties would make your fortune. Your happiness is my work, and I rejoice at it."

A leave of absence of eight days, which I cheerfully granted him, enabled the nicolitto to taste peaceably the happiness which the patrician thus declared was of his working. On the morning of his return, he presented me, on the part of his wife, with a branch of a creeping rose tree, upon which were sixty roses, to say nothing of the buds. The engineer received a similarly graceful present.

Digia, after her marriage, having become by it a Venetian, forsook the costume of Pago, and took in its stead that of her new countrywomen. She made her husband the very best of wives, and so arranged matters, that there was not a happier family than hers—for the nicoiitti in due time clustered round her hearth—nor a more delighted or happy head of one in Venice.

As for the famous magnifique signor doge, when his first monthly instalment of three francs was due, he came to the engineer to explain, with flowers of eloquence of the most elevated order, how it was absolutely impossible for him to pay it this month, but how he would surely pay a double instalment next. The next month came, and with it the same flowers of rhetoric and the same story. In this way, by one excuse or another, he managed to let a year pass without paying anything towards his loan. As for the dogaressa with the broad shoulders, she abused her lodger's complaisance to so unconscionable an extent, that, about the end of the time just named, the engineer decamped one fine bright morning, without waiting for the payment of his loan, glad to get out of the hands of his rapacious landlady at any price. Henceforth the magnifique signor, when he met him in the street, did not condescend even to acknowledge his existence. Other creditors, and other expedients, required all the resources of his genius. The man whom the doge had nothing to hope from was, as far as he was concerned, blotted out of existence as entirely as though the Canal Orfano had engulfed him.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail our pride supports us, when we succeed it betrays us.

Tears are as dew which moistens the earth, and renews its vigour. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.

The most exuberant encomiast turns easily into the most inveterate censor.

Reason is the flower of the spirit, and its fragrance is Liberty and Knowledge.

Next to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be the most cheerful.

There are times when none of us would be found at home by any friend, if it were not for the fear of being found out.

The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over.

BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

"Bring back my Flowers!" said a rosy child,
As she played by the streamlet's side,
And cast down wreaths of the flowerets wild,
On the ever-hurrying tide.
But the stream flowed on, and her treasures bore
To the far-off sparkling sea,
To return to the place of their birth no more,
Though she cried "Come back to me,
Ye fairest gems of these forest bowers;
Oh, stream! bright stream! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my flowers!" said a noble youth,
As he mournfully stood alone,
And sadly thought on the broken truth
Of a heart that was once his own,—
Of a light that shone on his life's young day,
As brilliant as man e'er knew,—
Of a love that his reason had led astray,
And to him was no longer true.
"Return," he cried, "life's brightest hours;—
Oh, stream of Time! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my Flowers!" a mother sighed,
O'er the grave where her infant slept;
And where in her stubbornness and pride,
She her tearful vigils kept.
"Oh, why does the cruel hand of Death
Seek victims so fair as she?
Oh, why are the loved ones of others left,
While mine is thus snatched from me?
Who gave to thee, Death, such cruel powers?
Oh, grave! dark grave! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my Flowers!" said a grey-haired man,
For the friends of his youth were fled;
And those he had loved and cherished most
Were slumbering with the dead.
But a faith in his God still cheered him on,
Though the present was dark and drear,
For he knew that in Heaven he'd meet again
The friends upon earth so dear.
"Come, Death!" he cried, "for in Eden's bowers
Our God will restore our long lost flowers."

We should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always to little.

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding, but very poor things if unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

The vicious reproving vice is the raven chiding blackness.

BLANK BABIES IN PARIS.

The Foundlings of Paris are an ancient community. For upwards of four hundred years, they have been the object of legislative enactments. Their earliest protectors were the clergy; and it was to the Bishop of Paris and the Chapter of Notre Dame that they were indebted for their first asylum. As an hospital for their reception a building was assigned them at the port l'Evèque, which was called Maison de la Creche; the word *creche* originally signifying crib or manger only, but now employed to designate the general reception-room in the present hospital.—That the newly-born children who were deserted by their parents might not perish from exposure in the public streets, a large cradle was established within the Cathedral of Notre Dame, accessible at all hours of the day or night, in which infants were placed, there to attract the attention of the pious.—This cradle was in existence as early as fourteen hundred and thirty one, for in that year died Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles the Sixth of France—one of the most unnatural mothers and one of the worst of wives—who bequeathed to the Foundlings the enormous legacy of eight francs.

Besides being the recipients of casual charity the Foundlings of Paris had a claim upon the High Justiciaries of the capital, all of them ecclesiastics; who, according to old usage, were bound to contribute towards their maintenance. These spiritual nobles were, however, too much under the influence of earthly considerations to perform their duties faithfully; and, gradually stinting their donations, finally withheld them altogether. This was the occasion of much litigation; which was finally compromised by annual payments being compounded for by the making over two houses on the Port Saint Landry, within a stone's throw of the Cathedral.

Poorly paid, and having no sympathy for their charge, the servants of the establishment of the Port Saint Landry turned the miserable little orphans to their own profit. Street beggars wanting a new-born child wherewith to move the sensibility of the public, procured one at the Port Saint Landry. If a nurse required a child to replace one that through her negligence might have died, the substitute was ready at the Port Saint Landry. If a witch needed an infant for sacrifice, she obtained one at the Port Saint Landry. The price of a child in that establishment was just twenty *sous!*

This revolting traffic became a crying scandal, even in the city of cut-purse nobles and cut-throat citizens; and it attracted the attention of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul. His first attempt to provide the Foundlings with a better home consisted in his procuring for them a new hospital near the

gate of Saint Victor. This was in the year sixteen hundred and thirty eight. He placed the new establishment under the care of the Sisters of Charity; who, moved by an appeal which he made to them, lent themselves to the good work; not very effectually however, at first; for the funds for the maintenance of the children—whose numbers fast increased—proving wholly insufficient, the administrators had recourse to a detestable expedient; they chose by lot the children that were to be provided for, and the residue were allowed to die for want of food! When Vincent de Paul learned this, he assembled the ladies who had placed themselves at the head of the establishment, and earnestly besought them to consider the poor Foundlings in the light of their own children. His eloquent pleading prevailed. But he did not stop here; he addressed himself to the King; and eventually, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree, by which the High Justiciaries were compelled to pay an annual sum of fifteen thousand francs toward the maintenance of the Foundlings; and a house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, with a large quantity of ground attached to it, was bought to serve as a permanent place of asylum for the unfortunate children.

Before this last settlement was made, Vincent de Paul died. But the impulse which he had originated never afterwards flagged. In the midst of his magnificence, Louis the Fourteenth issued an edict, dated June, sixteen hundred and seventy, in which was recognised the truth that "there is no duty more natural nor more conformable to Christian piety, than to take care of poor children who are abandoned, and whose weakness and misfortune alike render them worthy of compassion;" and six years later, Maria Theresa of Austria, the wife of the magnificent monarch, laid the first stone of a new and spacious edifice for the Foundlings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, to which a church was attached. This example having been set, there was no lack, in that courtly age, of noble imitators, and large endowments were made by chancellors and presidents, and others high in authority. It was quite time; for, in a ratio that far exceeded the increase of population of Paris, the number of *enfants trouvés* was augmented. When Vincent de Paul first took up their cause in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, the Foundlings numbered three hundred and twelve; but, at the close of the seventeenth century, they had multipled to the extent of seventeen hundred and thirty eight. Monsieur Delaure took considerable pains to show (in his well known History of Paris) that during anarchical periods, the Foundling Hospital received the greatest number of inmates.

During the Republic, in consequence of the vast disproportion between the children who were deposited and those who survived, several stringent laws were enacted. One of these, dated the thirtieth Ventose, year five (March twenty-second, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven)contained amongst other articles a decree obliging all nurses who had the care of Foundlings to appear every three months before the agent of their commune, and certify that the children confided to them had been treated with humanity. Those who succeeded in bringing up Foundlings till they reached the age of twelve years were rewarded with a present of fifty francs.

Amongst the sights of Paris at the present day, the Foundling Hospital is not the least attractive. But to look for the building where we last left it, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, would be lost labor; neither does a subsidiary asylum which was established at the corner of the square (called the Parvis) of the cathedral of Notre Dame still exist—Both, in fact, were combined into one, and their inmates transferred in the year eighteen hundred to the premises in the Rue d'Enfer, originally occupied by the Oratory where the priests of that congregation performed their noviciate. This "Street of the Infernal Regions" owes its present designation to this simple cause; the street of Saint Jaques, which runs parallel to it and occupies higher ground, was formerly called the Via Superior (upper road), and the Rue d'Enfer, its lower neighbor, Via Inferior; a poetical imagination soon made the corruption.

We are not at all indebted, for our knowledge of the preceeding facts, to the very excellent Sister of Charity who accompanied us over the Hospice des Enfans Trouvês when last we paid a visit to that establishment; but what she did relate may serve in some measure to show what is its present condition. When the moment comes we shall let her speak for herself; but our own impressions must first of all be recorded.

Before we reached the Hospital we had passed the previous half-hour in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and, although the flowers are not so fine nor the company so gay, as are to be seen in the rival parterres and avenues of the Tuileries, both were brilliant enough to form a striking contrast to the dull, deserted flowerless street which bears the redoubtable name already mentioned. It lay before us, grey, blank, and dreary, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its general aspect but an inscription over the gateway of a building on the right hand side, informing us that there stood the "Hospice des Enfans Trouvês." If the site had been selected expressly for the purpose of being out of the way, where no witnesses might see the trembling mother deposit her new-born child, it could not have been managed better. As we drew near the entrance a further indication of the purposes of the building was visible in the words "Panier des Enfans," very legibly inscribed

on what seemed to be the lid of a letter-box let into the wall, but which, on being raised —for it is never fastened—proved to be the children's basket, the *tour* or turning box of the establishment. In obedience to a heavy single knock—there is a bell handle beside the turning-box, but that was not for our use having no infant to deposit—the wicket door opened with the customary squeak of the *cordon*, and we were admitted. Could we see the Hospital? Willingly; would we oblige the portress by walking into the little office on the left hand, by putting down our names in a register there, and by depositing a franc apiece towards the general funds of the asylum? All these things we did with great pleasure, and the portress then rang a bell, in obedience to which summons a Sister of Charity made her appearance from a door in the quadrangle, and we were consigned to her care to be conducted over the building. She was a quiet, grave, motherly woman, with evidently only one object in her thoughts—the duties of her profession. The Sisters of Charity soon learn what those duties are, and never fail in the performance of them. Sister Petronille—*that*, she said, was her name—conducted us across the courtyard to the door from whence she had issued, and together we ascended a lofty stair case, and passed into a tolerably large room. This was the *salle à manger*, but it was empty just then; so we proceeded to the next apartment the "day room" of the establishment, where we found about twelve or thirteen children, all, we were told, under two years of age, some of whom were in cradles, and the rest in the arms of the nurses.

"These are the little sick ones," said Sister Petronille, "who are not kept in the infirmaries, but, for all that, require constant attendance. Those who suffer from graver maladies are in separate wards under the care of the doctors, who come constantly to see them."

"And the healthy children, where are they?" we enquired.

A faint smile passed over Sister Petronille's pale features.

"God be thanked!" she replied; "they are all safe in the country. It was only yesterday that we sent away the last batch, all strong and hearty, and likely to live, if God permits them."

"And these little ones?"

"Ah!" she sighed, "some of these too may go one day into the country, we hope. But it is not probable that all will; for they are very tender, and require careful nursing."

"Then, are there none but the sick left here in Paris?"

"On the contrary; downstairs there are plenty; but they are the youngest: you will see them presently."

From the "day-room" we retraced our steps to the landing place at the head of the staircase, and entered a long corridor which communicated with four general wards or infirmaries devoted to such of the children as were under medical or surgical treatment, or were affected by ophthalmia or measles. It was not possible that anything could be more neatly arranged than the white-curtained cots which held the little sufferers, nor was there a token of pain or restlesness that escaped the nursing sisters who remained in the rooms to watch over them.

"And do many of these die?" we asked.

"Alas, yes!" answered our guide sorrowfully; "you see they are principally the children of people who are the victims of poverty and sickness; and a great number bring with them the seeds of the disease of which they afterwards die. The doctors study the cases closely, and give to them all their attention; but the hereditary malady is too often stronger than their skill."

"Do you know the proportion between the numbers lost and saved."

"It varies of course: for there are maladies belonging to children which are more severe at some times than at others; but the general average throughout the hospital is very nearly one death in four."

"And how many are admitted in the course of the year?"

This varied also, our informant said; during the time she had been attached to the hospital, she had witnessed a great change in that respect. The first year of her service, there were upwards of five thousand taken in, and, gradually declining, they fell in the course of ten years to a little more than three thousand. Since that time there had been an increase; and in the last year, for example, she remembered that the new-comers were exactly four thousand and ninety-five There were received she said, in different ways; the lying-in-hospital for the poor in the adjoining street, the Rue de la Bourbe, ("Mud Street," and it well deserved the name when it was christened) sent in a great number; some were brought from the Prefecture of Police, the children of parents in the hands of justice; some came from the hospitals of Paris; but by far the greater part were abandoned by their mothers.

"But," said Sister Petronille, anxious to soften the meaning of the word, "these poor things are not entirely abandoned, that is to say, exposed, without any further thought being given to them. Such might have been the case formerly, when no certificate of birth was necessary; but whoever is desirous from want of means, of sending an infant to this hospital, must apply to the Commissary of the quarter for a certificate of abandonment, so that it is known to the authorities who they are that send; and the mothers also, acting openly, are more at ease with respect to their

children. We find, too, that besides the certificates of the infant's birth which accompanies every deposit, mothers are careful now to add some particulars—either of name or personal description—by which, if circumstances should permit them, they may hereafter more certainly recognise their offspring."

"And are there any exceptions to this latter practice?"

"Seldom or ever, in Paris itself; but of the number born outside the walls, perhaps a hundred in the year, and these—we judge from various circumstances, but chiefly from the linen in which they are enveloped, belong to a better class than the rest. It is not for the want of the means to support them that such children are abandoned. It is the dread of their existence being known that causes it."

"Have you any means of knowing how many out of the whole amount are born in wedlock?"

The answer—given with some natural hesitation—was to the effect, that amongst four thousand foundlings, it was presumed only two hundred had "civil rights." During this conversation, Sister Petronille had led us through the wards, and conducted us by another staircase to the ground floor.

"Now," she said, opening another door, "you will see the most interesting part of the establishment."

This was the "*Crèche*," or general reception room. It was filled, or seemed to be full of infants of the tenderest age; there were between seventy and eighty altogether. They wore a kind of uniform—that is to say, there was a sort of uniformity in their costume—all being clothed in pink check nightgowns, and swathed with linen bands, like mummies on a very small scale; unlike mummies, however their little tongues were not tied. To soothe their pains and calm their heavy troubles, the nurses were assiduously engaged, some in rocking them to sleep in their cradles; others, in administering to such as were strong enough to sit upright that beverage which is, in France, the universal remedy, whether in old age or infancy. It was neither the wine nor the garlic which helped to make a man of Henri Quatre, nor the symbolical "tyrelargiot" which was given to the great Gargantua immediately after his birth—as Rabelais relates—but simple *eau sucrée* poured out of the long spout of a china tea-pot. We know that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" so, in all probability, it is on account of their early introduction to sugar and water, that Frenchmen manifest, throughout their lives, so marked a propensity for the drink that neither cheers nor inebriates.

But the most attractive feature of the *Crèche* was in the centre of the room, where, directly in front of a blazing fire, on an inclined plane, covered with a mattress about the size of the stage of Mr. Simpson's Marionette Theatre, lay seven or eight little objects all in a row, who might have passed for the Marionettes themselves only they were much smaller, were anything but gaily attired, and were a great deal too tightly swathed to stir a single peg, whereas the amusing puppets of the Lowther Arcade—but all the world is familiar with the flexibility and grace of their movements—But whatever they looked like, those infants, who were the latest arrivals, were certainly the most comfortable lot in the apartment, and, contrasting their passive enjoyment of the fire whose influence they felt with the screams of the victims of *eau sucrée*,

"——the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes that they should e'er grow older"

Young as they were, however, it would have been a difficult matter to say which was the youngest, for every second hour throughout the four-and-twenty brought a new comer. One of these arrivals happened while we were on the spot. We heard a bell ring, and at the same time saw a Sister of Charity leave the apartment. In a few minutes she returned, carrying something in a flannel bag, from which issued the semblance of a small Swedish turnip of a pinky yellowish hue. This was the head of a child, and when the contents of the bag were gently turned out on a blanket, they proved to be the remainder of a male infant just deposited. It was immediately submitted to the process of weighing, the test which generally decides the infant's chance of life. The arbiter of its destiny was a six pound weight, and we were very sorry to see that the Foundling kicked the beam. But though the odds were against it, the nurse to whose care it was confided omitted no precaution that might prolong its existence. It was clothed and swathed like the rest, and was assigned the warmest place on the mattress; and as we left the *Creche*, Sister Petronille, whose organ of hope was very strongly developed, expressed her belief that it would survive, for she had seen smaller children than that who had turned out something quite astonishing both as to size and strength.

We now took leave of our guide, who with some difficulty was made to accept a small gratuity, and returned to the gates of the hospital. But before we were let out the portress suggested that we might be curious to see the registry of arrivals in the office, the blank baby having just been entered. We did so, and read the following personal description (*signalement*):—"October 4, 185 . No. 9. A male child; newly born; weakly and very small; ticket round the neck with the name of Gustave; coarse linen; red stain on the left shoulder; no other mark."

These are the credentials necessary for the candidates for admission to the Paris Foundling Hospital.

MY FRENCH MASTER.

My father's house was in the country, seven miles away from the nearest town. He had been an officer in the navy; but, as he had met with some accident that would disable him from ever serving again, he gave up his commission and retired on his half-pay. He had a small private fortune, and my mother had not been penniless; so he purchased a house and ten or twelve acres of land, and set himself up as an amateur farmer on a very small scale. My mother rejoiced over the very small scale of his operations; and when my father regretted, as he did very often, that no more land was to be purchased in the neighbourhood, I could see her setting herself a sum in her head. "If on twelve acres he manages to lose a hundred pounds a year, what would be our loss on a hundred and fifty?" But when my father was pushed hard on the subject of the money he spent in his sailor-like farming, he had one constant retreat:

"Think of the health and the pleasure we all of us taste in the cultivation of the fields around us! It is something for us to do and to look forward to every day." And this was so true that as long as my father confined himself to these arguments, my mother left him unmolested: but to strangers he was a little apt to enlarge on the returns his farm brought him in; and he had often to pull up in his statements when he caught the warning glance of my mother's eye, showing him that she was not so much absorbed in her own conversation as to be deaf to his voice. But as for the happiness that arose out of our mode of life—that was not to be calculated by tens or hundreds of pounds. There were only two of us, my sister and myself; and my mother undertook the greater part of our education. We helped her in her household cares during part of the morning; then came an old-fashioned routine of lessons, such as she herself had learnt when a girl:—Goldsmith's "History of England," Rollin's "Ancient History," Lindley Murray's Grammar, and plenty of sewing and stitching.

My mother used sometimes to sigh, and wish that she could buy us a piano, and teach us what little music she knew; but many of my dear father's habits were expensive—at least for a person possessed of no larger an income than he had. Besides the quiet and unsuspected drain of his agricultural pursuits, he was of a social turn; enjoying the dinners to which he was invited by his more affluent neighbours; and especially delighted in returning them the compliment, and giving them choice little entertainments, which would have been yet more frequent in their recurrence than they were, if it had not been for my mother's prudence. But we never were able to purchase the piano; it required a greater outlay of ready money than we ever possessed. I dare say we should have grown up ignorant of any language but our own, if it had not been for my father's social habits, which led to our learning French in a very unexpected manner. He and my mother went to dine with General Ashburton, one of the forest-rangers; and there they met with an emigrant gentleman, a Monsieur de Chalabre, who had escaped in a wonderful manner, and at terrible peril to his life; and was, consequently, in our small forest-circle, a great lion, and a worthy cause of a series of dinner parties. His first entertainer, General Ashburton, had known him in France, under very different circumstances; and he was not yet prepared for the quiet and dignified request made by his guest, one afternoon after M. de Chalabre had been about a fortnight in the forest, that the General would recommend him as a French teacher, if he could conscientiously do so.

To the General's remonstrances M. de Chalabre smilingly replied, by an assurance that his assumption of his new occupation could only be for a short time; that the good cause would—*must* triumph. It was before the fatal January twenty-first, seventeen hundred and ninety-three; and then, still smiling, he strengthened his position by quoting innumerable instances out of the classics, of heroes and patriots, generals and commanders, who had been reduced by Fortune's frolics to adopt some occupation far below their original one. He closed his speech with informing the General that, relying upon his kindness in acting as referee, he had taken lodgings for a few months at a small farm which was in the centre of our forest circle of acquaintance. The General was too thoroughly a gentleman to say anything more than that he should be most happy to do whatever he could to forward M. de Chalabre's plans; and as my father was the first person whom he met with after this conversation, it was announced to us, on the very evening of the day on which it had taken place, that we were forthwith to learn French; and I verily believe that, if my father could have persuaded my mother to join him, we should have formed a French class of father, mother, and two head of daughters, so touched had my father been by the General's account of M. de Chalabre's present desires, as compared with the high estate from which he had fallen. Accordingly, we were installed in the dignity of his first French pupils. My father was anxious that we should have a lesson every other day, ostensibly that we might get on all the more speedily, but really that he might have a larger quarterly bill to pay; at any rate until M. de Chalabre had more of his time occupied with instruction. But my mother gently interfered, and calmed her husband down into two lessons a week, which was, she said, as much as we could manage. Those happy lessons! I remember them now, at the dis-

tance of more than fifty years. Our house was situated on the edge of the forest; our fields were, in fact, cleared out of it. It was not good land for clover; but my father would always sow one particular field with clover-seed, because my mother was so fond of the fragrant scent in her evening walks, and through this a foot-path ran which led into the forest.

A quarter of a mile beyond—a walk on the soft fine springy turf, and under the long low branches of the beech trees,—and we arrived at the old red-brick farm where M. de Chalabre was lodging. Not that we went there to take our lessons; that would have been an offence to his spirit of politeness; but as my father and mother were his nearest neighbours, there was a constant interchange of small messages and notes, which we little girls were only too happy to take to our dear M. de Chalabre. Moreover, if our lessons with my mother were ended pretty early, she would say—"You have been good girls; now you may run to the high point in the clover-field, and see if M. de Chalabre is coming; and if he is you may walk with him; but take care and give him the cleanest part of the path, for you know he does not like to dirty his boots."

This was all very well in theory; but, like many theories, the difficulty was to put it in practice. If we slipped to the side of the path where the water lay longest, he bowed and retreated behind us to a still wetter place, leaving the clean part for us; yet when we got home his polished boots would be without a speck, while our shoes were covered with mud.

Another little ceremony which we had to get accustomed to, was his habit of taking off his hat as we approached, and walking by us holding it in his hand. To be sure, he wore a wig delicately powdered, frizzed, and tied in a queue behind; but we had always a feeling that he would catch cold, and that he was doing us too great an honour, and that he did not know how old, or rather how young we were, until one day we saw him (far away from our house) hand a countrywoman over a stile with the same kind of dainty courteous politeness, lifting her basket of eggs over first; and then taking up the silk lined lapel of his coat, he spread it on the palm of his hand for her to rest her fingers upon; instead of which, she took his small white hand in her plump vigorous gripe, and leant her full weight upon him. He carried her basket for her as far as their roads lay together; and from that time we were less shy in receiving his courtesies, perceiving that he considered them as deference due to our sex, however old or young, or rich or poor. So, as I said, we came down from the clover field in rather a stately manner, and through the wicket gate that opened into our garden, which was as rich in its scents of varied kinds as the clover field had been in its one pure fragrance. My mother would meet us here; and somehow—our life was passed as much out of doors as in-doors, both winter and summer—we seemed to have our French lessons more frequently in the garden than in the house; for there was a sort of arbour on the lawn near the drawing-room window to which we always found it easy to carry a table and chairs, and all the rest of the lesson paraphernalia, if my mother did not prohibit a lesson al fresco.

M. de Chalabre wore, as a sort of morning costume, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches all made of a kind of coarse grey cloth, which he had bought in the neighbourhood; his three-cornered hat was brushed to a nicety, his wig sat as no one's else did. (My father's was always awry.) And the only thing wanting to his costume when he came was a flower. Sometimes I fancied he purposely omitted gathering one of the roses that clustered up the farm-house in which he lodged, in order to afford my mother the pleasure of culling her choicest carnations and roses to make him up his nosegay, or "posy" as he liked to call it; he had picked up that pretty country word and adopted it as an especial favourite, dwelling on the first syllable with all the languid softness of an Italian accent. Many a time have Mary and I tried to say it like him; we did so admire his way of speaking.

Once seated round the table, whether in the house or out of it, we were bound to attend to our lessons; and somehow he made us perceive that it was a part of the same chivalrous code that made him so helpful to the helpless, to enforce the slightest claim of duty to the full. No half prepared lessons for him! The patience and the resource with which he illustrated and enforced every precept; the untiring gentleness with which he made our stubborn English tongues pronounce, and mispronounce, and repronounce certain words; above all, the sweetness of temper which never varied, were such as I have never seen equalled. If we wondered at these qualities when we were children, how much greater has been our surprise at their existence since we have been grown up, and have learnt that, until his emigration, he was a man of rapid and impulsive action, with the imperfect education implied in the circumstance that at fifteen he was a sous-lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, and must, consequently, have had to apply himself hard and conscientiously to master the language which he had in after-life to teach.

Twice we had holidays to suit his sad convenience. Holidays with us were not at Christmas and Midsummer, Easter and Michaelmas. If my mother was unusually busy, we had what we called a holiday; though, in reality, it involved harder work

than our regular lessons; but we fetched and carried, and ran errands, and became rosy and dusty, and sang merry songs in the gaiety of our hearts. If the day was remarkably fine, my dear father—whose spirits were rather apt to vary with the weather—would come bursting in with his bright, kind bronzed face, and carry the day by storm with my mother. "It was a shame to coop such young things up in a house," he would say, "when every other young animal was frolicking in the air and sunshine. Grammar!—what was that but the art of arranging words?—and he never saw a woman but could do that fast enough. Geography?—he would undertake to teach us more geography in one winter evening, telling us of the countries where he had been, with just a map before him, than we could learn in ten years with that stupid book, all full of hard words. As for the French—why that must be learnt, for he should not like M. de Chalabre to think we slighted the lessons he took so much pains to give us; but surely, we could get up the earlier to learn our French." We promised by acclamation; and my mother—sometimes smilingly, sometimes reluctantly—was always compelled to yield. And these were the usual occasions for our holidays. But twice we had a fortnight's entire cessation of French lessons; once in January, and once in October. Nor did we even see our dear French master during those periods. We went several times to the top of the clover-field, to search the dark green outskirts of the forest with our busy eyes; and if we could have seen his figure in that shade, I am sure we should have scampered to him, forgetful of the prohibition which made the forest forbidden ground. But we did not see him.

It was the fashion in those days to keep children much less informed than they are now on the subjects which interest their parents. A sort of hieroglyphic or cypher talk was used in order to conceal the meaning of much that was said, if children were present. My mother was a proficient in this way of talking, and took, we fanced, a certain pleasure in perplexing my father by inventing a new cypher, as it were, every day. For instance, for some times I was called Martia, because I was very tall of my age; and just as my father had begun to understand the name—and, it must be owned, a good while after I had learned to prick up my ears whenever Martia was named—my mother suddenly changed me into "the buttress," from the habit I had acquired of leaning my languid length against a wall. I saw my father's perplexity about this "buttress" for some days, and could have helped him out of it, but I durst not. And so, when the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was executed, the news was too terrible to be put into plain English, and too terrible also to be made known to us children, nor could we at once find the clue to the cypher in which it was spoken about. We heard about "the Iris being blown down;" and saw my father's honest loyal excitement about it, and the quiet reserve which always betokened some secret grief on my mother's part.

We had no French lessons: and somehow the poor, battered, storm-torn Iris was to blame for this. It was many weeks after this before we knew the full reason of M. de Chalabre's deep depression when he again came amongst us: why he shook his head when my mother timidly offered him some snowdrops on that first morning on which we began lessons again: why he wore the deep mourning of that day, when all of the dress that could be black was black, and the white muslin frills and ruffles were unstarched and limp, as if to bespeak the very abandonment of grief. We knew well enough the meaning of the next hieroglyphic announcement—"The wicked cruel boys had broken off the White Lily's head!" That beautiful queen, whose portrait once had been shown to us, with her blue eyes, and her fair resolute look, her profusion of lightly powdered hair, her white neck, adorned with strings of pearls. We could have cried, if we had dared, when we heard the transparent mysterious words. We did cry at night, sitting up in bed, with our arms round each other's necks, and vowing, in our weak, passionate, childish way, that if we lived long enough, that lady's death avenged should be. No one who cannot remember that time can tell the shudder of horror that thrilled through the country at hearing of this last execution. At the moment, there was no time for any consideration of the silent horrors endured for centuries by the people, who at length rose in their madness against their rulers. This last blow changed our dear M. de Chalabre. I never saw him again in quite the same gaiety of heart as before this time. There seemed to be tears very close behind his smiles for ever after. My father went to see him when he had been about a week absent from us—no reason given, for did not we, did not every one know the horror the sun had looked upon! As soon as my father had gone, my mother gave it in charge to us to make the dressing room belonging to our guest-chamber as much like a sitting room as possible. My father hoped to bring back M. de Chalabre for a visit to us; but he would probably like to be a good deal alone; and we might move every article of furniture we liked, if we only thought it would make him comfortable.

I believe General Ashburton had been on a somewhat similar errand to my father's before; but he had failed. My father gained his point, as I afterwards learned, in a very un-

conscious and characteristic manner. He had urged his invitation on M. de Chalabre, and received such a decided negative that he was hopeless, and quitted the subject. Then M. de Chalabre began to relieve his heart by telling him all the details: my father held his breath to listen—at last, his honest heart could contain itself no longer, and the tears ran down his face. His unaffected sympathy touched M. de Chalabre inexpressibly; and in an hour after we saw our dear French master coming down the clover-field slope, leaning on my father's arm, which he had involuntarily offered as a support to one in trouble—although he was slightly lame, and ten or fifteen years older than M. de Chalabre.

For a year after that time M. de Chalabre never wore any flowers; and after that, to the day of his death, no gay or coloured rose or carnation could tempt him. We secretly observed his taste, and I always took care to bring him white flowers for his posy. I noticed, too, that on his left arm, under his coat sleeve (sleeves were made very open then,) he always wore a small band of black crape. He lived to be eighty one, but he had the black crape band on when he died.

M. de Chalabre was a favorite in all the forest circle. He was a great acquisition to the sociable dinner parties that were perpetually going on; and though some of the families pique themselves on being aristocratic, and turned up their noses at any one who had been engaged in trade, however largely, M. de Chalabre, in right of his good blood, his loyalty, his daring "preux chevalier" actions, was ever an honored guest. He took his poverty, and the simple habits it enforced, so naturally and gaily, as a mere trifling accident of his life, about which neither concealment or shame could be necessary, that the very servants—often so much more pseudo-aristocratic than their masters—loved and respected the French gentleman, who perhaps came to teach in the mornings, and in the evenings made his appearance dressed with dainty neatness as a dinner guest. He came, lightly prancing through the forest mire; and, in our little hall, at any rate, he would pull out a neat minute case containing a blacking-brush and blacking, and re-polish his boots, speaking gaily, in his broken English, to the footman all the time. That blacking case was his own making; he had a genius for using his fingers. After our lessons were over, he relaxed into the familiar house friend—the merry play fellow. We lived far from any carpenter or joiner; if a lock was out of order M. de Chalabre made it right for us. If any box was wanted, his ingenious fingers had made it before our lesson day. He turned silk winders for my mother, made a set of chessmen for my father, carved an elegant watch-case out of a rough beef bone—dressed up little cork dolls for us—in short, as he said, his heart would have been broken but for his joiner's tools. Nor were his ingenious gifts employed for us alone. The farmer's wife where he lodged had numerous contrivances in her house which he had made. One particularly which I remember was a paste-board, made after a French pattern, which would not slip about on a dresser, as he had observed her English paste-board do. Susan, the farmer's ruddy daughter, had her work box, too, to show us; and her cousin-lover had a wonderful stick, with an extraordinary demon head carved upon it;—all by M. de Chalabre. Farmer, farmer's wife, Susan, Robert, and all were full of his praises.

We grew from children into girls—from girls into women; and still M. de Chalabre taught on in the forest; still he was beloved and honoured; still no dinner-party within five miles was thought complete without him, and ten miles' distance strove to offer him a bed sooner than miss his company. The pretty merry Susan of sixteen had been jilted by the faithless Robert; and was now a comely demure damsel of thirty-one or two; still waiting upon M. de Chalabre, and still constant in respectfully singing his praises. My own poor mother was dead; my sister was engaged to be married to a young lieutenant, who was with his ship in the Mediterranean. My father was as youthful as ever in heart, and indeed in many of his ways; only his hair was quite white, and the old lameness, was more frequently troublesome than it had been. An uncle of his had left him a considerable fortune, so he farmed away to his heart's content, and lost an annual sum of money with the best grace and the lightest heart in the world. There were not even the gentle reproaches of my mother's eyes to be dreaded now.

Things were in this state when the peace of eighteen hundred and fourteen was declared. We had heard so many and such contradictory rumours that we were inclined to doubt even the "Gazette" at last, and were discussing probabilities with some vehemence, when M. de Chalabre entered the room, unannounced and breathless:

"My friends, give me joy!" he said. "The Bourbons"—he could not go on; his features, nay his very fingers, worked with agitation, but he could not speak. My father hastened to relieve him:

"We have heard the good news (you see, girls it is quite true this time). I do congratulate you, my dear friend. I am glad." And he seized M. de Chalabre's hand in his own hearty gripe, and brought the nervous agitation of the latter to a close by unconsciously administering a pretty severe dose of wholesome pain.

"I go to London. I go straight this afternoon to see my sovereign. My sovereign

holds a court to-morrow at Grillon's Hotel; I go to pay him my devoirs. I put on my uniform of Gardes du Corps, which have laid by these many years; a little old, a little worm-eaten; but never mind; they have been seen by Marie Antoinette, which gives them a grace for ever." He walked about the room in a nervous hurried, way. There was something on his mind, and we signed to my father to be silent for a moment or two and let it come out. "No!" said M. de Chalabre, after a moment's pause. "I cannot say adieu; for I shall return to say, dear friends, my adieux. I did come a poor emigrant; noble Englishmen took me for their friend, and welcomed me to their houses. Chalabre is one large mansion, and my English friends will not forsake me; they will come and see me; and, for their sakes, not an English beggar shall pass the doors of Chalabre without being warmed, and clothed, and fed. I will not say adieu. I go now but for two days."

THE IRISH MATCH BOY.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

"Blacking! blacking! matches!" cried a little dirt-begrimed imp, popping his head in as he opened the door of the reading-room of the Universe Hotel; and as, whenever the tympanum is touched by the above sounds, there is a sympathetic cord acting like a bell-pull upon the ejaculatory organs which forces them to say no, a chorus around sang out *unisono*, and with a precision our drilled and paid choruses at the Opera have never attained yet: "No, we don't want any." Mr. Jerome Green, an easy good-natured gentleman, who was in town for the holidays, was resting in an arm-chair, making use, however, of only its two hinder legs, his own feet being propped upon the window-sill, and sung out with the rest: "No, I do not want any." The little fellow, who had an intelligent but melancholy face, was just going to withdraw himself from the gorgeously decorated room, when Mr. Green, happening to turn his face to the door, caught sight of a muddy little foot, quite blue with the pinching cold—that is to say, that part of it which was not black with incrustations—and recollecting that he had actually been annoyed during the past week by the want of a match in his bedroom, cried, "Halloo! I do want some matches, though, little shaver: how do you sell them?"

"Eighteen-pence a dozen," was the ready reply; "and they don't smell."

"Don't they?" said Mr. Green, and thought to himself, "that is more than I can say of you, my young friend;" but he kept the thought to himself, being rather eccentric, and not wishing to hurt the match-boy's feelings.

All this time Mr. Green had held the bundle of boxes pensively in his hand, as if he thought to get at their intrinsic value by weighing them. "Eighteen-pence a dozen, and they don't smell," repeated the boy, blowing his little chilled hands. Still Mr. Green did not speak, for his mind was far away in some hypothetical match-factory, calculating the imaginary wages somebody must get for making matches to sell at eighteen-pence a dozen, and not smell.

"Warranted to keep and to burn freely," broke in the boy, who put his best foot forward, beginning to think his chance of a sale growing slim.

"But I do not want a dozen," our gentleman said, rousing himself: "I am sure half the quantity is enough to set me on fire a dozen times. Give me a couple of boxes—here is sixpence for you;" and tendering the boy a shilling, asked him for the change.

The boy's countenance, which had begun to brighten, fell again: he had no change, he had not sold anything that morning.

"Never mind," said easy Mr. Green; "you can bring it me to-morrow; you will find me here at about this hour. What is your name?"

The boy told him Peter, departing joyfully with professions of promptitude: and Mr. Green got up to saunter away, when his friend Smart, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, left off contemplating his boot-tips, and called after him: "I say, Jerry, what made you give that boy a shilling for two boxes? They are dear enough at sixpence."

"I gave him only sixpence," replied our easy friend; "he is to bring the change to-morrow."

"Surely you do not expect to see that boy again?"

"I positively do," was the quiet reply.

"I bet you a hat you don't."

"Done!" and "done!" followed in quick succession; and the friends parted.

We were standing that afternoon at the corner of X Street, with the same feelings of forlornness that take hold of some unfortunate overland pilgrim to California when he comes to a rapid stream, the Mormons in possession of the ferry, the fare asked five dollars, and the gentleman having spent his last effigy of our glorious eagle done in gold at the ferry of the day previous: or with the feelings of a very young man at a party, who stands in a knot of other very young men, and is dying to go up to that splendid girl Miss Peacock; only Miss Peacock sits at the other end of the room, and the very young man would have to traverse a howling desert to get to her, which he dare not do for his life. There we stood, staring across impassable Broadway, with a number of other individuals, whose breasts were filled with the same wishes which agitated our own. We all wanted to cross Broadway, and accumulate as little mud and break as few ribs as possible. On the other shore

stood our counterparts, lifting their umbrellas to heaven, and presenting a true picture of life; they would have given anything to stand where we stood, and we as eagerly desired to be where they were. All in vain. Kipp and Brown, Broadway and 49th Street, Tompkin's Square and Union Square*—all rolled by like the roaring and restless waves of the sea; coming up to scatter in different directions upon the shores of up-town, and rolling down again to be reunited into the bosom of South-ferry.† But there is a sudden lull, and everybody looks at his or her neighbour, as if to say: "Now then!" Everybody does it; everybody gets across. Did we say everybody got safely across? We are safely ashore on the side-walk, and look round. No; everybody has not got across safely. Looking only at the big ships, the omnibuses, a poor little match-boy has neglected to dodge the schooners and sloops of this perilous element, and has been run over by a butcher's cart, and his modest wares scattered all over the street. The driver swears awfully, and goes on; a crowd assembles; a compassionate working-man lifts the boy up, and carries him to the next drug-store. (We, with some other gentlemen, would have been glad to do it, but could not on account of our clothes.) The door closes; the crowd flattens its noses against the window; we cannot get in to help; we have not the time to wait, for the printer's devil is after us; so we wend our way down town, thinking of the poor little fellow!

The following morning found Mr. Green in the same place and position we have described in the beginning; and being intently engaged upon the *Tribune*, he did not observe a very small boy, a very speck of a boy, eyeing him wistfully, evidently trying to attract his attention; but in vain, for he was so small. At last, the miniature edition of humanity made such a discordant noise with the creaking door, that somebody ordered him, in a stern voice, "to clear out," when Mr. Green, thinking vaguely he had seen him before, beckoned to the child; for a child it was, such as ought to have been in a nursery, under the guardian care of a mother. What need to describe him? Was he not the reduced effigy of our friend Peter? The same blue toes, the same blue hands, and the same intelligent honest eyes. But, alas! such wo looking out of a thin little face, on which tears had made channels in the incrustations. Mr. Green was making up his mind, to save further trouble, that the apparition before him must be the same Peter from whom he had bought the matches the day previous, who had shrunk and dwindled overnight—possibly from cold, probably from hunger—and who had now come back to bring the change. But this idea struck him as too absurd; for how could such a Tom Thumb sell anything, and where was his basket? While these reflections passed vaguely across the mirror of Mr. Green's mind, Peter junior has been diving diligently into the recesses of his garments, and finally, after sundry attempts, brought out of the side-pocket of his jacket, which was on a level with his calf, three distinct copper coins, which he tendered to Mr. Green. "Is you the gemman what Peter owes sixpence to?"

"Yes, my lad; I am the man," was the reply.

"Peter hasn't got sixpence—Peter's gone, and was rund over by a buss—and lost his basket, and his cap—and broke his leg, and broke his arm; and Peter—is—so-o-o-o-o—ill" (here the child broke out into an uncontrollable fit of crying;) and three—cents—is all—he's got."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Green, jumping up; "where do you live?"

"Little Rum Street, Mud Alley," sobbed the child.

"Come along, then;" and not waiting to hear Mr. Smart's sneer of "A very likely story, my verdant friend," he was out of the room, had called a carriage, and was on his charitable mission with little Joe by the time Mr. Smart had finished his sentence.

The carriage stopped before one of those archways abounding in that part of our city, and always denoting filth, drunkenness, and abject poverty. The child led the way up the alley, ascended a few broken steps, entered a doorless hall, passed through it to the yard, and descending into what appeared to be only a hole, but which had, on nearer inspection, some steps, opened the door of a low dark cellar. When Mr. Green's eyes had been accustomed to the darkness, which a tallow-candle, stuck in a bottle, just made visible, he saw in a corner, stretched upon a straw mattress, his little acquaintance of yesterday; but oh! how changed: the pinched face nearly livid, with here and there a bit of a lock of hair glued to it by the cold perspiration; the little body, with its bandaged limbs, motionless, and a low groan now and then, all the evidence of life. The furniture of this abode of human beings consisted of a broken table and a three-legged stool. Upon the latter sat a poor woman rocking herself, to and fro, with the peculiar motion of grief. She was a neighbor, she said, poor enough herself, the Lord knew. The parents of the children had come out a year ago from the old country, poor decent people, with three little ones, and fine children they were: the mother never got over the ship-fever contracted on the passage, and soon left them for a better place, taking the baby with her, which was a mercy; and after the father, a hard-working, steady man, had been killed by a fall from a

*Names of omnibus lines in New York.

†The lower end of Broadway towards the bay.

building, a neighbor proposed to take Peter, sending Joe to Randall's Island.* But Peter had refused to leave little Joe, and scraping together a small sum by the sale of their few effects, had bought his humble wares, and manfully, with a big heart in his little body, through heat and cold, through hunger and thirst, pursued his calling, making just enough, with what help the poor neighbors could give, to keep body and soul together. He was a fine lad indeed, a good lad, with sense above his years; and now it was all over. The doctor—good, kind gentleman, he had stayed with him and sent medicine—said he could not be moved to the hospital, where they ought to have taken him at first; and, indeed, there was no use in moving him, for he was sinking fast since morning. Green had listened in silent horror to so much misery so quietly told, and whether it was from the damp cold or the foul stifling atmosphere, he felt too sick at heart to speak. Just then the boy opened his sunken eyes, and our friend bending over him, a flicker of recognition passed over his face. "I—had—not —got—the—money. I—lost—it—all," he muttered painfully, pushing out each word with an effort.

"Never mind the money, my poor boy," struggled out Green, something hard and dry in his throat choking him. "You must get better. I will take care of you and of little Joe, and you shall be cold, and hungry, and naked no more; and you *shall* get better, if care can do it." Alas! little Peter was beyond the neglect of the hardened and the care of the kind of this world. A smile stole softly over his features—he seemed to comprehend. "Thank you—little Joe—thank you—I—had—not—got—the"——The smile faded, the eyes looked fixed and glassy; one deep sigh followed by an unmistakable rigidness of features, told that the child's troubles were over. Green fairly burst into tears. He closed the eyes, and stood long and thoughtfully over the body, then leaving money and directions, he took little Joe's hand and left the place.

"What about the hat?" cried Jim Smart, meeting our friend a few days afterwards at the Universe. "Guess you may give me an order on Genu;† suppose you won't see your match-boy and your sixpence any more."

"No," replied Green gravely; "I shall not see the boy any more—he lies under the snow in Greenwood‡ His body was wretched, miserable, and neglected enough here below; "but," he added with emphasis, "his little soul is now incense before God.—Good morning, Mister Smart; I am leaving town."

*Large farms where the orphans of New York are maintained.

†A celebrated hatter.

‡The largest cemetery near New York.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas! where is thy laughter gone?
The merry viol's gladsome tone,
And all the revelry thine own,
Whither all past away?

The table for the feast is spread,
Where holly with its berries red,
And Lauristina's pearl-crown'd head,
Fair decorate the board:

And, lo! with song and carol gay,
The minstrels throng in time away,
To usher in the holiday,
And bid blithe Christmas, hail!

But, Christmas! thou art changed to me,
And sad is now thy revelry,
And smiles they welcome wont to be,
Are changed to mournful tears!

"The same and not the same," thy brow
The funeral cypress garlands, now,
And melancholy claims the vow,
To mirth that, erst was given.

While as the social board is spread,
The buried, and the "*living dead*"—
The absent—by remembrance led,
The vacant seat resume!

Alas! alas! of what avail
Thy gambols now—thy merry tale,
While aching memory lifts the veil,
And by-gone days restores.

Days of unclouded radiance gone;
The dead to happier regions flown!
The living that we gaze not on!—
Perchance no more may see.

Christmas! the tributary tear
Is all, alas! now greets thee here;
The laugh, the revel, and the cheer,
For ever past away!

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber and takes out our brains to make room for it.

A shrug often takes away a man's character as effectually as the most defamatory observation.

The loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a school boy happy for a year. The fun connected with its possession will not last an hour. Now, what is true of schoolboys is equally true of men; all they differ in, is in the price of their fiddles.

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART III. BOB WHITE'S EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

Now, one Thursday—when as usual, on that day, a quorum of this committee were assembled in the library of the college for the dispatch of academical business—it was represented to them in proper form by Mr. Whyte that the parish of Drittenbrook had not up to that time been made the scene of any of those crusades against the Paynim, ignorance. The scheme worked admirably. A note was immediately made of the fact. The clergyman of the parish was written to, and an anxious acquiescence was received by return of post.

It was next Sunday announced in the church, between services, that on the ensuing Saturday evening, a popular lecture, illustrated by interesting experiments, on the subjects of electricity galvanism and magnetism, would be delivered by Professor———, of Soandsonian University, assisted by Mr. Robert Whyte, B. A. The minister, moreover, took occasion earnestly to recommend the attendance of the members of his flock, especially the more youthful, assuring them that he considered it not only folly but actual sin in any one to let pass, unturned to account, the smallest opportunity of adding to his knowledge.

On the important Saturday, big with the fate of Bob Whyte and of Drittenbrook, behold us embarked in a capacious hackney-carriage—the Professor, his assistant, and myself. In the bottom of the vehicle, on its roof, and secured behind and before it, were numerous boxes containing the apparatus and materials wherewith were to be effected the experiments that were to make science lovely in the eyes of the wondering natives, while the discourse that was to pour instruction over their minds slumbered in the old gentleman's coat-pocket.

Bob was now attired in a dress suited to a philosophic character; myself even sported a long-tailed garment of sacerdotal hue; my long locks too I had shorn, and he had shaved his whiskers, so that it would have been a wonder, if in us the worthies had identified the forlorn victims they had so unmercifully served out.

An excellent dinner we found prepared for us at the parsonage, the clergyman presiding; and to our infinite satisfaction, there we beheld the magnates of the village, viz—the blacksmith, butcher, grocer and exciseman, each attired in a well-brushed black coat, and looking as sedate as became elder of the parish and chief citizens of Drittenbrook.

And here let me digress for one moment to inform you, reader, who may have been born under a more southerly parallel, that every Scotchman has a *black coat*. This garment he and his good wife cherish with most parental assiduity, it being only used for the more solemn religious ceremonials and funerals, on which occasions it is brought forth from its drawer, and after undergoing a thorough process of rubbing down, is donned with a singular feeling of pride and independence. The possession of this important piece of raiment confers respectability, and no man is so degraded as the Caledonian who, however poor, is destitute of a decent black coat wherein to follow his kinsman to the grave. But to nobody is it more absolutely a *sine qua non* than to one holding the high ecclesiastical dignity of an elder in the church. Who could reverence an elder in a blue dress-coat, with Brummagem buttons?

Our worthy professor soon became quite at home with his companions, and with uncommon spirit discussed at once dinner, politics, the crops, trade, and questions of doctrinal dispute. As for his two followers, we made an early retreat, and proceeded to the church to put in order our machinery for the evening lecture.

A couple of large tables had been raised in front of the pulpit, on which we set in order an imposing array of electrical, voltaic, and magnetic apparatus, glittering in all its mystic splendor of crystal and brass. Around the font we suspended several striking diagrams gorgeous with cabalistic lines and figures of crimson, blue, and yellow, while we had in readiness a big bottle of sulphuric acid, wherewith to set in action our galvanic battery whenever it might be required.

Our preparations had hardly been completed when the audience began to assemble, and in another hour the church was crowded: a most motley assemblage it appeared certainly, but all very quiet and decorous.

Then the magnates who had formed themselves into what they styled a committee, entered, and we rejoiced to see among them the whole of our assailants. These were accommodated with elevated seats around the tables, where they sat, looking as demure as any owls, the admiration of the good folks below seeming to be divided between them and the mysterious display on the tables.

At length the lecture began, and for a full hour

*Continued from page 95, vol, 4,—concluded

and a half it lasted. The professor was in excellent spirits, and harangued in beautiful style. We, again, were as alert as cats, and went through the experiments (the manual performance of which was our especial duty) with unexampled effect. The applause was unbounded, and our satisfaction proportionate. At length the speaker's wind and matter were both exhausted, and he brought his discourse to a conclusion.

The audience now began slowly to make their way to the doors, while our friends round the table, rising to their feet, began, with faces of the utmost sagacity, to handle, examine, and remark upon the various pieces of apparatus wherewith they had seen such astonishing feats performed.

My companion was all activity and attention; from one to another he went, and explained with the utmost courtesy the uses and mode of action of the different implements, whilst they listened, quite charmed with his manner, and their interest intensely excited by the strange phenomena he was bringing before their minds.

A slight shock from the Leyden jar he first afforded them; from that he led their attention to the voltaic pile, putting to their tongues the wires from the two poles, to let them experience the remarkable taste produced in the mouth by the passage of the fluid. Then he set before them the novel and striking electro-magnetic machine, and at length prevailed upon them to submit to its influence.

Now, reader, who perhaps may not have minute and critical knowledge of the properties of this engine, let me inform you that the sensation produced by it, is at first rather a pleasurable thrill in the arms of the person under its action. But an essential part of the affair, at least in the form we had it, is a small bit of crooked wire, like a staple, which being inserted into two cups of mercury, by establishing a communication between them and producing a new channel for the mysterious fluid, instantly changes the above gentle thrill into an excruciating tugging and wrenching at the nerves, to which the most violent shock from a common nine-jar electric battery is little more than as a playful fillip from your lady's fan. In fact, it seems as if your arms were about to be torn from their sockets, and your backbone split into two.

And the best of the fun is that the luckless wight who is undergoing the agony cannot rid himself of its cause, but, in spite of himself, with frantic clutch, grasps convulsively the metallic cylinders through which the current passes into his hands, all that he has the power to do being to gasp out spasmodically, "Murder!"

I may state that the whole proceeding, if properly conducted, is quite harmless, the pain ceasing the moment the machine is stopped.

Mr. Whyte, therefore, when he had them all nicely arranged about the instrument, at the handle of which I was officiating, and when they had for some moments, with faces expressive of satisfaction, remarked upon the strange and peculiar sensation they were experiencing, on a sudden made with his off eyelid a signal which I was immediately on the alert to obey. At once I slipped the crooked wire into the two cups, and whirled the wheel with my whole strength and activity.

Thereupon, the unfortunate victims began to cut the most surprising and original capers, flinging their limbs out at an amazing rate, and twisting their frames about into all sorts of contortions. The group of Laocoon gives but a faint idea of their attitudes or their distress. They struggled and plunged about as if seven devils possessed them; threw out their arms and legs; puffed and panted, and made convulsive attempts to cry out for help or mercy, which came to the ear only as inarticulate gasping roars. The water gushed into their starting eyes, the sweat poured over their faces, but, with an enduring remembrance of our own bruises, I turned the crank with only increased vigor and good will.

But all this time my companion was anything but idle. He got hold of a cloth, which he made dripping wet with the acid I have alluded to; then, going round behind them whilst they were unconscious of anything save the racking of their joints, thoroughly damped all their black coats with the color-changing liquid. Then, flying to me with an appearance of the utmost anxiety and concern, he stopped my operations just as the burly grocer fainted away from exhaustion. He was profuse in his apologies for the untoward circumstance, laying the whole blame upon the little bit of wire, which he assured them had completely deranged the machine. He could not sufficiently express his regret at the accident; and severely chided me for my carelessness, while I stood by with aspect contrite, as became one corrected.

As for the poor creatures, they dropped into the nearest seats, and began to wipe the perspiration from their faces and hands. But he, with the most attentive politeness, immediately directed them to a basin hard by, which might be supplied from a jug beside it, containing a clear liquid quite like water. This was a strong solution of nitrate of silver (the substance which constitutes marking-ink,) and the result was, that four of

them washed their faces, and all of them their hands, in the jet-producing compound.

As soon as they had recovered themselves from the stunning effects of their experiment, they got up, took their hats, and, wishing us a humble "Good night," went hastily away, with gait marvellously dejected, remarking that we and our machines (which might the devil confound) were anything but "canny" for honest folks to have to deal with, taking in with heedless ears our repeatedly urged apologies and expressions of regret.

No sooner were they out of the building than Bob and I, with wonderful dispatch, began to pack away our apparatus in the readiest way we could; for the thoughts of the vengeful nature of the Drittenbrookians filled our minds, and sympathetic aches began to rise in the bones of our memory.

In a quarter of an hour they were all stowed away (with some damage certainly) and secured about the carriage which stood close by the gate. Into this vehicle he forthwith hurried the professor, who was solacing himself with a glass of wine with the parson in the vestry, and, himself mounting the box, took the reins, and urged the two hacks to their extremest speed, never relaxing the pace till we reached the roadside ale-house I have alluded to.

But the fun was not yet over.

On the following Monday we were again in the apparatus-room. The professor was with us, arranging some lenses for an optical instrument, part of which was likewise under the hands of my chum, whilst I stood by, in respectful silence looking on. On hearing a carriage draw up in front of the building, the professor, who was near a window, looked out, and suddenly started up, crying—

"Red coats! Bless me, Mr. Whyte, I'm mistaken if this is not Colonel Queerfiz and his officers come to view the University! Run and receive them—show them to the museum first, while I snatch a moment to make myself decent. No! it can't be; they have round hats: it must be sportsmen—foxhunters, I'll be bound, come to present us with some rare specimen in their peculiar line—an extraordinary fox, or a cub with a head in place of a tail—"

("A *cubec* equation," whispered Bob, attempting the pun mathematical.)

—"Or something of that sort—but it's all the same: run out and show them this way."

But he was anticipated, for presently, marshalled along the passages by the gatekeeper of the institution, they approached the room where we were, and, the door being opened, in they came.

And now a spectacle presented itself, which set the old professor's wits altogether abroad, utterly confounding his ideas for a space, during which he stood with his hands behind his back, gazing blankly at the strangers, with features expressive of amazement, strong curiosity, and complete "nonplussation"—(somebody coined this word, not I)—apparently unwitting what to say, or how to say it, to creatures of so remarkable an exterior.

Never in my life was I witness to a scene so absurd!

Six individuals stood before us, every one to appearance in greater mental tribulation than his neighbor, and all evidently as much at a loss how to begin the palaver as the professor himself. Four of them had faces as black as the Prince of Pandemonium's waistcoat, and their red lips and white eyes appeared to grin a smile at their own ludicrous aspect, which, in spite of a misery their sable features also testified, they could not for their lives suppress. The other two had countenances of a piebald complexion, but were in all other respects in similar plight with their fellows.

Every one sported beneath his diabolic physiognomy, a snowy-white neckcloth, and had the upper part of his frame enveloped in a roomy broadskirted coat of the brightest crimson hue, the rest of the apparel consisting of various articles of more or less rustic description.

They stood sliding and shifting about, winking and whispering, and knocking each other's elbows, seemingly at a loss who should be spokesman now forlornly grimacing, with a mixture of mirth and dismay, as they looked at each other, anon giving a hurried and horrified glance at what they could perceive of their own exteriors.

I could not believe my eyes at first, and acknowledged that for a moment I shared in the doubt and amazement of the professor; I could hardly conceive that our scheme could have been carried to such ludicrous perfection; but when I became cognizant of the full truth, I own that the perspiration came out on my brow, and I felt dizzy with attempts to keep down the shout of laughter that was springing to my mouth. But I had to give way, and out it came, to the scandalization of the professor's gravity, who joined with complete abandonment in the "guffaw," being seconded by Bob, and at length by the objects themselves, till the roof echoed again, and the glass apparatus everywhere about quivered and rang, to burst after burst of rattling merriment.

The tears ran from our eyes, and holding our sides, we fell against the walls and pillars of the

room, till the worthy proff, after many attempts, succeeding in a frown, came out with:

"This is too absurd! My good people, who are you? why do you come here—what do you want with me?"

"Oh, sir!" cried one, now that the ice was broken, "it's the electricity—the shocks—ye ken, that hae done this to us. Isn't it a dreadfu' sicht? We're no the same men, Think on our wives—they're distracted; our weans are terrified, and run frae us to hide themselves; our neighbours are mad wi' daffin, and hae lost a' respec' for us. Look at this noo."

Here he glanced with piteous ogle over his shoulder, at the same time turning half round to bring to bear the gloomy red of his back full into the light, when the strong contrast it pre sented to his sooty physiognomy was richly perceptible.

"But who are you? that's what I want to know?"

"We are the governors of the Drittenbrook Literary and Scientific Institute."

"Oh, the deuce you are! And what do you want coming here in this ridiculous masquerade?"

"We want you to change us again—to take your cantrip off us. We have been to the minister for a word o' prayer, but deil a bit the better are we. Oh, sir! for guidsake, take your apparawtus, and mak' us as we were before."

"My good friends, I am altogether at a loss to understand what you would be at. Mr. Whyte, can you explain this strange phenomenon?"

Bob Whyte thus called upon for an explanation, took his Jacobin club from a nail where it hung, and catching up an old box from a corner, marched up to the metamorphosed heroes of Drittenbrook. Then staring them full in the face, and drumming upon the bottom of the box, he commenced whistling, with ear-piercing loudness and amazing glee, the identical tune that had erewhile drawn upon him their direct hostility, while the professor looked on in astonishment at this unaccountable prank of his assistant, which he was as much at a loss to understand as he had been to see through the other events of the day.

But their conduct was no less remarkable. They started, looked at one another, then at once the recollection and identification of my chum and myself seemed to come upon all their minds with a simultaneous stroke. The sound of his whistling entered like iron into their souls, and, as more loudly and more clearly still he poured the absurd melody upon their ears, they turned with crest-fallen and humiliated demeanor, and, wocfully sighing, marched in Indian file one after the other out of the room, unconsciously keeping time to the cadence. As they went along the passage, we sent after them a farewell peal of laughter that must have sounded in their ears like the hiss of old Drury in those of an author whose farce is damned.

Then running to the window, we saw them enter the old rickety post-wagon in which they had come, amid the admiration and entertainment of a group of passers-by who halted around them, unable to make out for dear life who or what such strange looking creatures could be.

"Mr. Whyte," said the professor, turning to us with more anger than I ever before beheld upon his countenance, "I am afraid this is some practical joke of yours. You have been amusing yourself at the expense of these poor people. I trust that the next thing of the kind you play off, you will have better taste than to involve in it me of all the people in the world. As the thing is, if it come to the knowledge of the committee of managers, I would not guarantee your continuing to hold your situation in the university."

But a few days after, when he came down quietly to the workshop to enjoy his pipe, Bob explained to him the whole circumstance, from beginning to end, when he laughed heartily, and averred that the only thing that excited his wonder was, how luck had seemed in everything so much to coincide with our wishes.

As for the sufferers, I never saw them again. I have been informed, however, that the citizens of Drittenbrook since then have become remarkable for civility to strangers, and that the tune and song alluded to have ceased to possess the power of exciting their wrath, but rather seem to have acquired a tendency quite the contrary way.

Reader, forgive the digressive and unconnected nature of this paper. It is like the excursion, and describes a production of youth—vague, extravagant, without rule, and hardly with reason. Yet I cannot consider, that, if chastened under a regular plan, it would be pleasing to you in perusal—I know it would not have been to me in its composition. Its style is as our wanderings were—now wild in its fun, again melting in its sorrow, anon incredible in its absurdity—at one time erring from the strait path to sketch tree or tower, at another halting to list the tales of others, with which haply, itself has no connexion.

Does it not recal to your memory the recollection of your own early days? and is not the recollection sweet to your mind among the cares

of mature life, as is the breath of a hay or clover field to one whirled along the cuts and tunnels of a railway? If I can persuade myself it has this effect upon you, the delight it has afforded to me will be increased tenfold, albeit, whilst the polar star shines upon the scenery of which it is descriptive, the rays of the southern cross almost fall upon the paper as I write.

PHRASE IS EVERYTHING.

Refined modern society can stand a great deal of practical iniquity and outrage; but it cannot stand strong language. You must phrase things gently if you wish to be listened to. As you hope for justice to your cause, plead it in soft words. The practical iniquity and outrage is not necessarily seen, or society can shut its eyes and refrain from seeing; but words cannot but meet the ear, or at least the sensorium, in some way, and with them, therefore, there is no alternative—they must be mild. Occasionally, worthy people unwitting of this, or perhaps too hasty to reflect upon it, damage themselves sorely by coming out with what they think the proper terms, calling a piece of roguery a piece of roguery, telling a shabby fellow that he is a shabby fellow, declaring they have been cheated when they have been cheated, and so forth; which is a course attended with great inconveniences on all hands, and seldom or never productive of any good. It becomes necessary to give such persons instructions in the right phraseology to be used on such occasions, and also to train them to be on their guard against using any of a different kind—that is, any phrases above the allowable degree of explicitness.

We shall suppose that Mr. Bertie, who is perfectly a gentleman, has been spoken of opprobriously by a coarse fellow called Ruggles. Were Bertie an inconsiderate man, disposed to go the straightest way to a point, he would probably send Ruggles a brief cartel in such terms as these: 'You scoundrel! give over your scandalmongering about me, or ——,' This would never do. The world could not bear it, however, Ruggles might; and Bertie would have the worst of it. What Bertie does, however, is this. He writes a letter to William Ruggles, Esq., beginning with 'Dear Sir,' and going on thus: 'I have heard, with much surprise, that you lately allowed yourself in a mixed company to advert to me in very injurious terms. Being unconscious of giving you any cause of offence, I am at a loss to believe the report, and therefore wish to afford you an opportunity of denying its truth, or explaining the circumstance in some other way. Should it unfortunately happen that you have used such expressions, I must express my hope that you will see the propriety of retracting them. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, Thomas Bertie.'

This is quite in accordance with the public taste, so far; and Bertie keeps everybody on his side. Ruggles, however, proves refractory. He will neither deny his words nor apologise for them. Now, then, comes still sorer trial for Bertie. Were he to write in plain [old] English: 'Sir, you are a brute, and I have no more to say to you,' he would be a lost man. But he knows better. What he does write is: 'I cannot but express my great regret that you should not have felt it necessary to do yourself justice by withdrawing the remarks of which I complained. You are, however, the best judge of what is befitting your character, and I only claim the privilege of retaining my own opinion of your conduct. Under the circumstances, I must request that our correspondence may close; and I am, sir, your most obedient servant, Thomas Bertie.' Thus the aggrieved party comes off with flying colours, while everybody privately applies to Ruggles that plain term which Bertie had the good sense to repress.

It will be observed in this example of correspondence, how much is done by merely the words 'surprise' and 'regret' Very great words these! One is never shocked or disgusted now a days at any sort of wicked conduct in a person with whom he has to converse or correspond. He is, at the utmost, 'surprised.' One never now condemns a violent heterodoxy in any person or party; he only 'regrets' there should be such a thing. Men were long ago burnt or hanged, drawn and quartered, for things which the modern world keeps entirely right by its 'regret.' The improvement in point of taste is immense. A great deal of all this may be said to be owing to the vastly increased aptitude to apprehend meanings which marks modern society. Long ago, the intellects of men were dull and heavy. They required things to be clearly brought before them.—Now-a-days nicety of perception going hand in hand with moral sensitivness, the slightest hint is enough. One does not now need to characterize any bad procedure; he has only to say; 'he cannot trust himself to characterize it.' Every body knows what that means, as well as the aggrieved party had written a chapter of that oversaid old English on the subject One does not need in our time to do anything cruel or severe: he only 'takes a painful step.' Much, too may be done by an adroit use of the subjunctive mood. Dont say a thing was so and so; say there is reason to fear that it may be generally regarded as so and so; thus conveying all the meaning, but in such mask of potentiality that no offence can be taken. At one time, we can believe, the subjunctive mood was felt to be a weak part of the verb. Now it is the strongest, and a

man may metaphorically cut his own throat by malapartly employing the indicative.

In the improved phraseology, next to 'surprise' and 'regret,' there is no work which does such excellent service as 'impression.' In a matter of any delicacy, as the character of a friend, or of a certain public transaction, you are saved from all the hazards and inconveniences of downright belief and conviction, by 'having an impression.' The other party again, is enabled to handle your unfortunate state of mind on the subject, by merely speaking of you as 'laboring under an impession.' The metaphysics of an impression seems to be this—it puts you into the passive voice. Instead of being viewed in the responsibility for an active opinion, you stand as only the victim of something external, which has worked upon you. It is unfortunate, but you cannot help it. The aggrieved party has not you to blame—he must avenge himself, if he requires revenge, on the facts or occurrences which impressed you. If, as is probable, he himself was concerned in those occurrences, then he must, in part at least, blame himself. In short, he is shut up.

In our houses of legislature, as is well known, the improved phraseology has been long in use, to the exclusion of the ancient and more downright, insomuch that it has come to be recognized as 'parliamentary.' It is felt as a prolix mode of expression; but it serves so many good purposes that tediousness may well be put up with. Only immagine what would be the effect of introducing the terminology of the hustings into the House of Commons; how every particular hair of the Speaker's wig would quiver, how the horrors of the bad ventilation would deepen! Besides, there would be no merit in it. It is only when a gentleman puts his case in some roundabout ambuscading way, and leads you at last to 'infer' what he means as the approbrium of his opponent, that he proves himself truly fit to be a legislator.—Why, any porter can tell another that he lies. It requires a clever fellow to go through the series of logical and rhetorical evolutions which at last leaves his audience only the trigger of a deduction to draw, in order to cause the shot to go to the mark. Touchstone has six moves of the game of quarrel before he comes to the lie direct, and even that may be avoided with an *If.* 'I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought of an *If*—as, *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in an *If.*' Yes, Touchstone, your '*If*' is a right worthy mate to our 'surprise,' our 'regret,' our 'im ression,' and our 'infer;' peacekeepers as well as peacemakers all; and it requires 'rare fellows' like you to use them adroitly.

It is only in an old and highly civilised society that such periphrases are in vogue. In the roughness of a "new country" there is no time for them. The settler, in calling for a spade, that implement so all-important to him, must just call it a spade. Newspaper editors, who have probably to damp their own paper, cannot be expected to quarrel with each other in the equally refined and tedious terms which are felt to be necessary in an autumn fight between the *Times* and *Morning Herald.* A colonial newspaper, therefore, comes back upon us like a bit of the fifteenth century. So, also, when a denizen of our periphrastic republic enters upon life at Melbourne, and for the first time in his life finds well-dressed men using the briefest and most emphatic means of expressing their views about each other, he must feel as if he were coming in contact with a new human nature.

We trust that enough has now been said to enable young and inexperienced persons to penetrate the mystery of our modern Euphuism. They must now see that there is an advantage in it, and that, if they would wish to prosper and do well, they must *take advantage of it.* Your rebel against the roundabout is a mere blunderer—a kind of honesty about him perhaps—means well—but not at all the man for a civilised community. His tendency must be to the outfields of the world-farm. There let him go, and kick and cuff in the old English as he pleases. The fertile smiling meadows of infields are for the docile and considerate men who know how to put a case mildly, to be "surprised," to express their "regret," to limit themselves to 'an impression," and to make ifs and inferences in affairs of delicacy.

How to plot out an Evening Party.—Sift card-rack for most respectable acquaintances. Frame invitations with lace-borders. Sweep drawing-room quite clean, and shoot rubbish into back bed-room. Map out an artificial paterre on the floor with chalk. Sow seed for seed-cake. Gather mustard for sandwiches. Beat about the bush for gooseberries and put them in bottles, to come up as Champaigne. Order in old man from green-grocer's and put Berlin bags on his hands for gloves. Buy slip for new dress, and gather flowers in the Burlington Arcade for your hair. Put the young twigs in their beds, but the elderly plants stick in library with cards. Lay traps for rich young men. Plant your company in rows and couples, and set musicians in full blow in corner of drawing-room. When they are a little faint, water them with Sherry. Hang wallflowers round the room. Dig for compliments, and run up a flirtation wherever you can fasten one. Above all, nail a husband, or else your plot will be without its greatest ornament and centre.

What the Vegetarians live on. Gammon and Spinach.

THE THREE NUNS.

What a rarity it was to see a nun thirty years ago! You could only catch a glimpse of them through the leaves of some forbidden romance, and follow only with the mind's eye—and who did not love to do so?—their ghost-like walk amongst dimly-lighted cloisters. How delightfully filmy and mysterious those creatures were in their supposititious convents and St. Cecilia-like appellations! Now, they are substantial realities, and have a local habitation and a name: yet even in these railway times, when the Ursulines, the Sisters of St. Mary, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity, increase and multiply around us, there is still a wonderful interest about those women who voluntarily devote themselves to prayer, or to the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures, for all of them are not forced into convents by Mrs. Radcliffe's cruel fathers.

With the romantic notions of my bread-and-butter days, it was scarcely surprising that the arrival of a nun in our quiet little English town should greatly excite my juvenile, but somewhat imaginative brain.

A real live nun from a foreign convent—what a lovely creature she must be!—who, for her health had obtained a dispensation, for a brief space, to visit her native town. Our town had absolutely had the honour of sending a member to a convent! What an event this was for the gossiping little place! How it set every tongue going! Such a raking up of by-gone family affairs; such sifting of circumstances to the very bottom; until it was actually ascertained to be quite a Radcliffe case—a daughter who had been forced into a convent by a cruel father, for the purpose of enriching the son! It was to be hoped the damsel would find some lover, some knight-errant yet extant in our land of liberty, to rescue her and redress her wrongs. How could his holiness the pope trust her so far, and not foresee the danger?

The father, to be sure, did not exactly meet the generally received notions of a cruel parent; for old Mr. Patrick was the very impersonation of the portraits of Monsieur Tonson—a short man with a pinched hat, Hessian boots, and an umbrella under his arm. This was an obvious violation of the costume of the father of a heroine; but I would not let that interfere with my preconceived notions. I strove to forget him, or dressed him in my own imagination. The whole interest, however, centered in the daughter, who was lodged in his house, which, I remember well, stood near the old bridge at the foot of the town, in the midst of a large garden; and here the nun was said to walk about in the actual dress of the convent. To this garden our prying little town went in detachments, and peeped over the wall.

'How interesting!' exclaimed one.

'How humble!' said another.

'The cross and beads depending from the girdle; so exactly what we *read* of!' added a third.

This was too tantalizing to be longer endured. It might not be lady-like to follow the example of the rude people, and climb to the top of a wall for the purpose of looking over into a gentleman's garden; but it must be done, and as secretly and swiftly as possible. Old John, the water-carrier, was a very proper confidant; his back was to be the scaling-ladder by which the acme of my longings was to be achieved: everything seemed excusable to obtain a sight of the lovely nun.

The autumn evening was closing—the old church clock struck seven—the hour the nun walked. Old John was where he ought to be, close under that side of the garden-wall which ran along by the river.

'Is she there now, John?'

'Yes, miss.'

'No one with her, John?'

'No, miss.'

'Does any one see us, John?'

'Yes, miss.'

'Who, John?'

'Your father, miss.'

From the undignified position of stepping upon John's back, I actually dived into a bed of nettles, to hide myself from my father; and there I lay, stung by my guilty conscience, as well as by the venom of the vegetable, trembling and repenting my rash exploit—when: 'No fears, miss, he's gone the other way,' lured me from my leafy retreat. Literally nettled by this interruption to my adventure, I was on the point of giving it up, but John was not so disposed. 'Don't go without a peep at St. Patrick, miss," said John. This prefix the nun's surname had already acquired for her from the vulgar people of our town.

'Fie, John!' said I reprovingly; 'call her by her convent-name—Sister Celeste.'

'Then mount miss, and see what a celestial critter she is. So saying, old John placed himself as if for a game at leap-frog. I mounted boldly, and clung by my arms, which I threw like grappling irons over the wall, for the sake of relieving poor John's back. O what a reward awaited me! There was the nun, in her long flowing gray dress; her figure met my eye at once—I saw nothing else, and could have gazed for ever. O how I wished myself that nun, or next to that, some ardent youth to carry her off! She had got to the end of the walk; she would doubtless turn, and I should see her face. She did so, and —could it be possible?—my lovely nun was a horrid old woman. To be a nun, and to be old, was an anomaly I couldn't reconcile: but as I was pondering upon this, my arguments were met face to face by my father, who, obtaining Mr. Patrick's permission, had entered the garden, and mounted on a chair on the inside of the wall, for the purpose of convicting me in the very act.

John had made off on the first appearance of my father's head over the wall amongst the branches of the pear-tree; and there I was helplessly left, my feet dangling, and my shoulders pushed up to my ears, by the effort of holding on. Bread and water for a day was the very proper punishment of my undignified introduction to my first nun.

My next was on a very different occasion. I was to behold a really beautiful girl, the admiration of the city, who, with abundance of riches, had voluntarily resigned all the pomps and vanities of the world in exchange for the seclusion of a convent. This was in the charming city of Cork, where I happened to be spending the summer with a relation. A friend, dropping in one

morning, asked me if I would accompany her to the convent, as she was going to see her cousin, the identical beauty, and had the privilege of taking me along with her. Of course, I rejoiced to go; my friend promising that, after I had seen the nun, if I still required to be told, she would acquaint me with the cause of her taking the vows.

We walked about in the garden of the convent for some time, listening to the organ. One of the nuns, the only one visible, and really an interesting-looking creature, came towards us, and informed my companion that sister Beatrice would be at liberty presently. The organ ceased; there was the tinkling of a bell; away rushed the nun, and directly after Sister Beatrice appeared. She came quickly up the walk, holding her long coarse black serge dress a little aside so as not to impede her feet. She was tall, and managed her train with the grace of a court lady. A black veil flowed from her head, apparently of the same thick texture as the dress; but the face was uncovered, and lovely indeed, even in spite of the white fillet low down over the forehead, and the linen tippet, which, hiding every inch of the throat, came most unbecomingly right up under the ear. She was not more than two-and-twenty, and exquisitely fair; with features a model for the sculptor. I was surprised at her elegance, and almost cheerfulness of manner—it was that of the most polished lady of the drawing-room. I confess I expected to meet an aspect of melancholy resignation, somewhat more in accordance with the sombre hue of the dress; but no such thing. She said she was happy: and but for the, to me, forced smile around those beautiful lips, I could have believed her.

And do you not find the convent dull?' I asked, as we got into conversation.

'Never,' she replied. 'I used to be plagued with *ennui* in the intervals of London gaieties; here we don't know what it means. All the pleasure I derived from balls, plays, parties, and above all, cantering over hill and dale on me avourite Lilla, were poor in comparison with my present happiness!'

'Well,' I remarked, 'I should not, I fear, be able to reconcile myself to the idea of living in a house where every sound of mirth was forbidden.

'Oh, but there is no interdict here,' she replied. 'We are very merry. After our morning meal, when we are all congregated, half an hour is allowed for the relation of some anecdote or incident which may have happened when we were in the world; this half hour we each take by turns, and I assure you, it is generally a mirthful one, and we often laugh heartily.'

Oh, that must be a pleasant half-hour,' remarked I; 'and one that I think, from your manner, you must be particularly calculated to enliven and enjoy.'

'It is pleasant,' she replied; 'but since my bereavement'—and she cast up her beautiful blue eyes to heaven, all gaiety of manner banished now—'the happiness of my life here—and I sometimes think it will be hereafter—is in music—is to make the organ, which you heard faintly pealing just now, pour forth all its magnificent tones, as if to carry up the thanks and praises of our sisterhood to the heaven of heavens!'

I shall never forget the solemn exultation in the nun's utterance of these words: we were silent, and, a few drops of rain falling, took our leave. The tinkling bell caused the nun to hurry into the convent; and as we descended the steps from the garden, we again heard the organ, but this time accompanying the angelic voice of sister Beatrice.

'What,' I asked eagerly of my companion, was the cause which could seclude so beautiful a creature from the world?'

'I thought,' she replied, 'you would not find it out.'

'It was impossible to find it out; she merely alluded to her bereavement.'

'Did you not perceive, then, that she was blind?'

'Blind!' I echoed in astonishment.

'Yes; after a grand ball at Almack's, she caught cold, which resulted in the utter loss of sight; but, as you perceived, without any injury to the appearance of the eye. Her brother, who, after she became blind, devoted himself to her, was her constant companion, and compensated as far as possible her great loss—died. This was the bereavement she alluded to, which she felt more than her deprivation of sight. She then entered the convent, where, from her affable manner, beautiful appearance, and exquisite skill and taste in music, she is beloved and admired by all.'

Shortly after my return home, I became acquainted with my third nun, a very charming young Irishwoman, governess to the daughters of our doctor, whose wife, being a Catholic, reared the girls according to her own faith, while the worthy doctor trained his only son in the Protestant religion. Miss Hamilton, as the governess was called, seemed happy to have me with her whenever opportunity permitted; and my father's intimacy with Dr. Renton's family rendered this of frequent occurrence. In one of our many rambles through the beautiful woods which clothed the banks of the river, she, for the first time to me, at least, began to speak of her own previous history, a subject hitherto always avoided by her. I was not a little startled, when, alluding to some circumstance, she inadvertently said, 'Ah, that happened on my marriage-day.' I felt embarrassed, and was silent. I always suspected she had a secret; and though wondering what it was, I would not for the world have taken advantage of what she had thus incautiously uttered, to win it from her, It appeared as if this very forbearance on my part determined her on making me her confidante.

'It is a dreary thing,' she said after a pause, 'when an incident, in which is at once concentrated the chief happiness and misery of our lives, must be shut up in our own bosoms, untalked of, and unsympathized with.'

I felt quite unable to fill up the painful silence which now ensued. At length Miss Hamilton thus resumed: 'My father's second marriage made my home a wretched one, and determined me at a very early age to leave it, and adventure in the world for a subsistence. For this purpose I applied myself closely to study. I was a pretty good musician, was advancing in French, and acknowledged to be the best grammarian in the

school; this, with the advantage of writing well, made up the whole stock of accomplishments on which I was about to trade. I packed up my wardrobe, took a cold leave of my father, and with five sovereigns in my purse, started by the the coach for Dublin. I had my projects arranged, and was singularly confident of success.

'My intention was to offer myself for a year as a teacher at one of the schools, that I might acquire sufficient knowledge and confidence to take a situation as a private governess. This was accomplished; and at the age of sixteen I was received into the family of the Marquis of ——, to instruct his young daughters. The son arrived from Cambridge, bringing his tutor, Mr. Seymour, along with him. I was treated by the whole family with the most affectionate kindness. The young tutor, for he was not many years older than his pupil, hearing me express a desire to acquire German, volunteered to give me lessons. A sympathy, strengthened by a singular coincidence of unhappy family circumstances, which had thrown us both alike on the wide world to struggle for ourselves, sprang up, and resulted—on my part at least, and I believe mutually—in the most devoted attachment; but this we thought it prudent to conceal from the family, lest it should prove inimical to our interests. On the morning of his leaving Dublin with his pupil, finding an excuse to walk out with me, we were privately married, vowing to each other never to divulge the secret until circumstances rendered it expedient. Even in separation we were happy, now that our vows were irrevocably made.

'Several letters had arrived from him, addressed to me, by previous arrangement, at the post-office; when, one morning, the marquis informed his family that he had received from his son the melancholy news of Mr. Seymour's sudden death. You cannot imagine, my dear friend,' continued Miss Hamilton—for I cannot call her by any other name—'what my sensations were; it would be impossible to describe them. Yet in the midst of my distress I kept my secret; I was ashamed, so young as I was, to reveal the duplicity I had practised. But my health sunk beneath the struggle, and compelled me to resign a situation which, from these circumstances had now become irksome to me. For a time my only consolation was in the advice and sympathy of the good old priest who joined our hands; besides yourself, he is the only person acquainted with this portion of my history. I owe it to you, my dear friend,' concluded Miss Hamilton, 'to be thus sincere; and oh, let it warn you against clandestine friendship, love, or alliance. Few circumstances can excuse them, and the result is always sorrow.

Of course, Miss Hamilton was dearer to me and more interesting than ever; and after she had left Dr. Renton's family, and gone to reside in the West of England, a letter arrived stating that she was going to a convent in Germany, which supported a school, to be English teacher there; and that, at the termination of the first twelvemonth, she might, if she chose, commence her novitiate—this she declared to be her intention—and eventually take the veil. I tried to dissuade her—would I had succeeded!—but all in vain: she went.

Her first letter described to me her arrival at the convent, and the singular feeling she had as the gates closed behind her, probably to separate her for ever from the world. It was night, and by the dim lights she could see the nuns clustering together on the staircase to catch a glimpse of the new-comer. The superior, whom she described as a very charming woman, received her not only with kindness, but affection, confiding her to the care of one of the nuns who could speak a few words of English.

On the following day, her duties commenced. She was forcibly impressed with the admirable system of education, the industry and superior knowledge of the children. On giving a lecture on English, it was no uncommon thing for a girl of eleven years of age to stand up and argue with her, saying: 'Allow me, Miss Hamilton—that rule is quite contrary to the German.' She liked her new life, and made many friends amongst the German ladies, whose habit it was to bring their work and sit with the nuns during the afternoon.

On the first examination of her pupils—an important day in the convent—Miss Hamilton, who still wore her own costume, had dressed herself very carefully, completing her toilet with a pair of close-fitting primrose coloured gloves. The superior wished to see her; smiled, and said she would supply her with a more appropriate covering for her hands, at the same time presenting her with a large awkward pair of black kid in exchange for her own. Miss Hamilton put them on and retired; but the really good-natured superior recalled her, saying: 'I see you are disappointed. Put on your own gloves again: we pardon the vanity for once.'

True to her intention, she commenced her novitiate, and as it drew to a termination, these were her words: 'My dear friend—I have a hungry longing for my profession-day, that day which shall separate me forever from most of the things of time; not from the correspondence of my friends, but from the false pleasures of a treacherous world.' I could not but regret this, a young creature, not yet eighteen; and then the clipping off of those luxuriant tresses, which I had so often envied her! However, it was decided, and my friend took the veil. I occasionally received letters, all breathing the most pious feelings, and prayers for my being brought into the true path, and joining her in her seclusion.

An unusually long silence made me fear that she had sunk under somewhat drooping health, when a letter arrived, a communication indeed to wonder at. The substance of it was this: She was alone with the superior and her confessor one evening, when two priests were introduced who brought messages from a convent in England. Sister Lavine, so my friend was now called, at the superior's request, remained, merely retiring 'in meditation' to a recess of the apartment. There was something in the voice of one of the priests singularly sad; it seemed to command her attention. She fancied she recollected the sound; she must have met the priest in England; she would look up and recognise him. She did so; and in that tall, thin, pale man she saw her husband! The superior and her confessor

were acquainted with her story, and gave no small share of sympathy to the painful scene which ensued. What had been reported as sudden death, it appeared, was paralysis, which, after a period of unconsciousness, prostrated the poor sufferer helplessly on a bed of sickness for three years. Life was a burden. Could he be so selfish as to share that burden with the poor girl he had, sinfully perhaps, persuaded to a secret marriage, and who, from the false statement in the newspapers, which confirmed the report, must think him dead? At length he slowly recovered, and went to Ireland to seek out the old priest for news of his young and spotless bride. The priest was dead. He knew the address of her father. To him he applied, and received the information that a letter had arrived from his daughter some time previously, bidding him farewell, preparatory to her taking the veil, but in what convent she would not reveal. This ended all hope, and from that moment he devoted him self to a religious life; and now, by mere accident, accompanying his fellow-priest to the convent, he was on his way to join a severe and self-denying brotherhood of monks.

These were the incidents with which I became acquainted in the life of my third nun; and though the peculiarity of the circumstances might have warranted a renunciation of her vows, her destiny was the bride of heaven; for, in that one eventful interview, the long-parted took leave of each other for ever in this world. The trial, she said, had been a hard one, but only a befitting penance for having swerved from the direct path of sincerity; and her concluding words were: 'Remember that the result of dissimulation is surely sorrow!'

ECHO.

7th Class, Edinburgh Academy, 1831.

Hail! vagrant spirit of the sky!
Sweet minstrel of the mountain wood!
Whose strains of liquid melody
Float o'er the holy solitude;
Wild lover of the ancient caves
That skirt the unfrequented shore,
When the fretting ocean raves,
And the foamy tempests roar;
Thy lyre of universal tone
Can imitate each varied measure,
And make each wandering note its own
Of joy, or grief—or pain, or pleasure.

The village schoolboy at his play,
On a summer holiday,
Loitering in the leafy wood,
Enamour'd of its berries rude,
Whoops, to scare the snowy dove
Nestling on the boughs above,
And laughs with roguish look to hear
His cry come back upon his ear,
Then shouts his joyous carol round,
Till all the neighbouring glades resound.
When the vestal train is kneeling
On the holy altar stone,
And through the choir the hymn is pealing
In a sweet and hallowed tone—
All the notes in Union blending,
Like sister streams at silent even,
To the raptured spirit lending
The choral harmonies of heaven—
On thy harp with airy finger,
Thou dost raise the heavenly lay—
In the far aisles its echoes linger,
And die in half heard notes away!

How sweet at moonlit eve to lie
Upon some balmy breathing steep,
Whose verdant forehead, lone and high,
Looks down on a long cottaged dell,
Where the simple rustics dwell,
Buried all in balmy sleep—
When the smoke had ceased to rise
From the mossy cottage roof,
And naught disturbs the drowsy skies
But the hollow trampling hoof
Of some lone traveller's wearied steed,
Pressing him with eager speed;
Or the long but distant bark
Of sleepless watch-dog, through the dark;
If then, perchance a beauteous strain
Should rise along the silent plain
From some embowered nook,
And swell in circling notes along,
Till every grotto found a tongue,
And every minstrel mountain took
The chorus up, how sweet unto the list'ning ear
That glorious melody to hear,
Soft thrilling through the azure sky,
So fairy-like—so heavenly,
In that delightful hour,
As if 'twere borne on angel's wings
From some fair star where music springs
With every golden flower,
Where every honied breeze that blows,
Joins in a soft melodious song,
To charm the blisful ears of the undying throng!

We never knew a "Selling off" where the purchasers were not included in the Selling.

We never met an English tourist who could drink a glass of Continental beer without inwardly regretting it.

We never eat an oyster opened by an amateur, that didn't taste like spoilt periwinkle mixed with gravel walk.

We never met a cockney so sanguine of longevity as to hope to live to see the river Thames deodorised.

The tongue was intended for a divine organ; but the devil often plays upon it.

MORTON HALL*.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Up to this time we had felt it rather impertinent to tell each other of our individual silent wonder as to what Miss Phillis lived on: but I know in our hearts we each thought about it with a kind of respectful pity for her fallen low estate. Miss Phillis, that we remembered like an angel for beauty, and like a little princess for the imperious sway she exercised, and which was such sweet compulsion that we had all felt proud to be her slaves; Miss Phillis was now a worn, plain woman, in homely dress, tending towards old age! and looking—(at that time I dared not have spoken so insolent a thought, not even to myself)—but she did look as if she had hardly the proper nourishing food she required. One day, I remember Mrs. Jones the butcher's wife—(she was a Drumble person)—saying in her saucy way, that she was not surprised to see Miss Morton so bloodless and pale, for she only treated herself to a Sunday's dinner of meat, and lived on slop and bread-and-butter all the rest of the week. Ethelinda put on her severe face—a look that I am afraid of to this day—and said, "Mrs. Jones, do you suppose Miss Morton can eat your half starved meat? You do not know how choice and dainty she is, as becomes one born and bred like her. What was it we had to bring for her only last Saturday from the grand new butcher's in Drumble, Biddy?"—(we took our eggs to market in Drumble every Saturday, for the cotton-spinners would give us a higher price than the Morton people; the more fools they!)

I thought it rather cowardly of Ethelinda to put the story-telling on me; but she always thought a great deal of saving her soul; more than I did, I am afraid, for I made answer, as bold as a lion, "Two sweetbreads, at a shilling a-piece: and a fore-quarter of house lamb, at eightpence a pound," So off went Mrs. Jones in a huff, saying "their meat was good enough for Mrs. Donkin the great mill owner's widow and might serve a beggarly Morton any day." When we were alone, I said to Ethelinda, "I'm afraid we shall have to pay for our lies at the great day of account," and Ethelinda answered very sharply—(she's a good sister in the main)—"Speak for yourself, Biddy. I never said a word. I only asked questions. How could I help it if you told lies? I'm sure I wondered at you, how glib you spoke out what was not true." But I knew she was glad I told the lies in her heart.

After the poor Squire came to live with his aunt, Miss Phillis, we ventured to speak a bit to ourselves. We were sure they were pinched.—They looked like it. He had a bad hacking cough at time ; though he was so dignified and proud he would never cough when any one was near. I have seen him up before it was day, sweeping the dung off the roads, to try and get enough to manure the little plot of ground behind the cottage, which Miss Phillis had let alone but which her nephew used to dig in and till; for, said he, one day, in his grand slow way "he was always fond of experiments in agriculture." Ethelinda and I, do believe that the two or three score of Cabbages he raised were all they had to live on that winter, besides the bit of meal and tea they got at the village shop.

One Friday night I said to Ethelinda, "It is a shame to take these eggs to Drumble to sell, and never to offer one to the Squire on whose lands we were born." She answered "I have thought so many a time; but how can we do it! I, for one, dare not offer them to the Squire; and as for Miss Phillis it would seem like impertinence." "I'll try at it," said I.

So that night I took some eggs—fresh yellow eggs from our own pheasant hen, the like of which there were not for twenty miles round—and I laid them softly after dusk on one of the little stone seats in the porch of Miss Phillis's cottage. But, alas! when we went to market at Drumble, early the next morning, there were my eggs all shattered and splashed, making an ugly yellow pool in the road just in front of the cottage. I had meant to have followed it up by a chicken or so; but I saw now it would never do. Miss Phillis came now and then to call upon us; she was a little more high and distant then she had been when a girl, and we felt we must keep our place. I suppose we had affronted the young Squire, for he never came near our house.

Well! there came a hard winter, and provisions rose; and Ethelinda and I had much ado to make ends meet. If it had not been for my sister's good management, we should have been in debt I know; but she proposed that we should go without dinner. and only have a breakfast and a tea, to which I agreed, you may be sure.

One baking day I had made some cakes for tea—potato-cakes we called them. They had a savoury hot smell about them; and, to tempt Ethelinda, who was not quite well, I cooked a rasher of bacon. Just as we were sitting down Miss Phillis knocked at our door. We let her in. God only knows how white and haggard she looked. The heat of our kitchen made her totter and for a while she could not speak. But all the time she looked at the food on the table as if she feared to shut her eyes lest it should all vanish away. It was an eager stare like that of some animal, poor soul! "If I durst," said Ethelinda wishing to ask her to share our meal, but being afraid to speak out. I did not speak, but handed her the good hot buttered cake; on which she seized and putting it up to her lips as if to taste it, she fell back in her chair, crying.

We had never seen a Morton cry before; and it was something awful. We stood silent and aghast. She recovered herself, but did not taste the food; on the contrary, she covered it up with both hands, as if afraid of losing it. "If you'll allow me," said she, in a stately kind of way to make up for our having seen her crying, "I'll take it to my nephew." And she got up to go away; but she could hardly stand for very weakness, and had to sit down again; she smiled at us, and said she was a little dizzy, but it would soon go off; but as she smiled the bloodless lips were drawn far back over her teeth making her face seem somehow like a death's head. "Miss Morton," said I, "do honour us by taking tea with us this once. The Squire, your father, once took a luncheon with my father, and we are

* Continued from page 77, vol 4.—Concluded.

proud of it to this day." I poured her out some tea, which she drank; the food she shrank away from as if the very sight of it turned her sick again. But when she rose to go she looked at it with her sad wolfish eyes, as if she could not leave it; and at last she broke into a low cry, and said. "Oh, Bridget, we are starving! we are starving for want of food! I can bear it; I don't mind; but he suffers, oh, how he suffers! Let me take him food for this one night."

We could hardly speak; our hearts were in our throats, and the tears ran down our cheeks like rain. We packed up a basket, and carried it to her very door, never venturing to speak a word, for we knew what it must have cost her to say that. When we left her at the cottage we made our own usual curtsy, but she fell upon our necks, and kissed us. For several nights after she hovered round our house about dusk; but she would never come in again, and face us in candle or fire-light, much less daylight. We took out food to her as regularly as might be, and gave it to her in silence, and with the deepest curtsies we could make, we felt so honored.—We had many plans now she had permitted us to know of her distress. We hoped she would allow us to go on serving her in some way as became us as Sidebothams. But one night she never came; we staid out in the cold bleak wind looking into the dark for her thin worn figure; all in vain. Late the next afternoon the young Squire lifted the latch, and stood right in the middle of our houseplace. The roof was low overhead; and made lower by the deep beams supporting the floor above: he stooped as he looked at us, and tried to form words, but no sound came out of his lips. I never saw such gaunt woe; no, never! At last he took me by the shoulder, and led me out of the house.

"Come with me!" he said, when we were in the open air, as if that gave him strength to speak audibly. I needed no second word. We entered Miss Phillis's cottage; a liberty I had never taken before. What little furniture was there it was clear to be seen were cast-off fragments of the old splendor of Morton Hall. No fire. Grey wood ashes lay on the hearth. An old settee, once white and gold, now doubly shabby in its fall from its former estate. On it lay Miss Phillis, very pale; very still; her eyes shut.

"Tell me!" he gasped. "Is she dead? I think she is asleep; but she looks so strange—as if she might be—" He could not say the awful word again. I stooped, and felt no warmth; only a cold chill atmosphere seemed to surround her.

"She is dead!" I replied at length. "Oh, Miss Phillis! Miss Phillis!" and, like a fool, I began to cry. But he sate down without a tear, and looked vacantly at the empty hearth. I dared not cry any more when I saw him so stony sad. I did not know what to do. I could not leave him; and yet I had no excuse for staying. I went up to Miss Phillis, and softly arranged the gray ragged locks about her face.

"Aye!" said he. "She must be laid out.—Who so fit to do it as you and your sister, children of good old Robert Sidebotham."

"Oh! my master," I said, "this is no fit place for you. Let me fetch my sister to sit up with me all night; and honour us by sleeping at our poor little cottage."

I did not expect he would have done it: but after a few minutes' silence he agreed to my proposal. I hastened home and told Ethelinda, and both of us crying, we heaped up the fire, and spread the table with food, and made up a bed in one corner of the floor. While I stood ready to go I saw Ethelinda open the great chest in which we kept our treasures; and out she took a fine Holland shift that had been one of my mother's wedding shifts; and seeing what she was after, I went upstairs and brought down a piece of rare old lace, a good deal darned to be sure, but still old Brussels point, bequeathed to me long ago by my god-mother, Mrs. Dawson. We huddled these things under our cloaks, locked the door behind us and set out to do all we could now for poor Miss Phillis. We found the Squire sitting just as we left him; I hardly knew if he understood me when I told him how to unlock our door, and gave him the key; though I spoke as distinctly as ever I could for the choking in my throat. At last he rose and went; and Ethelinda and I composed her poor thin limbs to decent rest, and wrapped her in the fine Holland shift; and then I plaited up my lace into a close cap to tie up the wasted features. When all was done we looked upon her from a little distance.

"A Morton to die of hunger!" said Ethelinda solemnly. "We should not have dared to think that such a thing was within the chances of life; do you remember that evening, when you and I were little children, and she a merry young lady peeping at us from behind her fan?"

We did not cry any more; we felt very still and awe-struck. After a while, I said, "I wonder if after all the young Squire did go to our house. He had a strange look about him. If I dared I would go and see." I opened the door; the night was black as pitch; the air very still. "I'll go," said I; and off I went, not meeting a creature, for it was long past eleven. I reached our house; the window was long and low, and the shutters were old and shrunk. I could peep between them well, and see all that was going on. He was there sitting over the fire, never shedding a tear; but seeming as if he saw his past life in the embers. The food we had prepared was untouched. Once or twice, during my long watch (I was more than an hour away), he turned towards the food, and made as though he would have eaten it, and then shuddered back; but at last he seized it, and tore it with his teeth, and laughed and rejoiced over it like some starved animal. I could not keep from crying then. He gorged himself with great morsels; and when he could eat no more it seemed as if his strength for suffering had come back; he threw himself on the bed, and such a passion of despair I never heard of, much less ever saw. I could not bear to witness it. The dead Miss Phillis lay calm and still; her trials were over. I would go back and watch with Ethelinda.

When the pale grey morning dawn stole in, making us shiver and shake after our vigil, the Squire returned. We were both mortal afraid of him, we knew not why. He looked quiet enough—the lines were worn deep before; no new

traces were there. He stood and looked at his aunt for a minute or two. Then he went up into the loft above the room where we were; he brought a small paper parcel down: bade us keep on our watch yet a little time. First one and then the other of us went home to get some food. It was a bitter black frost; no one was out, who could stop indoors; and those who were out cared not to stop to speak. Towards the afternoon the air darkened, and a great snow-storm came on. We durst not be left, only one alone; yet at the cottage where Miss Phillis had lived there was neither fire nor fuel. So we sate and shivered and shook till morning. The Squire never came that night nor all next day.

"What must we do?" asked Ethelinda, broken down entirely. "I shall die if I stop here another night. We must tell the neighbors and get help for the watch."

"So we must," said I, very low and grieved. I went out and told the news at the nearest house, taking care, you may be sure, never to speak of the hunger and cold Miss Phillis must have endured in silence. It was bad enough to have them come in, and make their remarks on the poor bits of furniture; for no one had known their bitter straits even as much as Ethelinda and me, and we had been shocked at the bareness of the place. I did hear that one or two of the more ill-conditioned had said, it was not for nothing we had kept the death to ourselves for two nights; that to judge from the lace on her cap there must have been some pretty pickings. Ethelinda would have contradicted this, but I bade her let it alone; it would save the memory of the proud Mortons from the shame that poverty is thought to be; and as for us, why we could live it down. But, on the whole, people came forward kindly; money was not wanting to bury her well, if not grandly as became her birth; and many a one was bidden to the funeral who might have looked after her a little more in her lifetime. Among others was Squire Hargreaves from Bothwick Hall over the Moors. He was some kind of far-away cousin to the Mortons. So when he came he was asked to go chief mourner in Squire Morton's strange absence, which I should have wondered at the more if I had not thought him almost crazy when I watched his ways through the shutter that night. Squire Hargreaves started when they paid him the compliment of asking him to take the head of the coffin.

"Where is her nephew?" asked he.

"No one has seen him since eight o'clock last Thursday morning.

"But I saw him at noon on Thursday," said Squire Hargreaves with a round oath. "He came over the moors to tell me of his aunt's death, and to ask me to give him a little money to bury her on the pledge of his gold shirt-buttons. He said I was a cousin, and could pity a gentleman in such sore need. That the buttons were his mother's first gift to him; and that I was to keep them safe, for some day he would make his fortune and come back to redeem them. He had not known his aunt was so ill, or he would have parted with these buttons sooner, though he held them as more precious than he could tell me. I gave him money; but I could not find in my heart to take the buttons. He bade me not tell of all this; but when a man is missing it is my duty to give all the clue I can."

And so their poverty was blazoned abroad! But folk forgot it all in the search for the Squire on the moor side. Two days they searched in vain; the third, upwards of a hundred men turned out hand-in-hand, step on step, to leave no foot of ground unsearched. They found him stark and stiff, with Squire Hargreaves' money, and his mother's gold buttons, safe in his waistcoat pocket.

And we laid him down by the side of his poor aunt Phillis.

After the Squire, John Marmaduke Morton, had been found dead in that sad way on the dreary moors, the creditors seemed to lose all hold on the property; which indeed, during the seven years they had had it, they had drained as dry as a sucked orange. But for a long time no one seemed to know who rightly was the owner of Morton Hall and lands. The old house fell out of repair; the chimneys were full of starlings' nests; the flags in the terrace in front were hidden by the long grass; the panes in the window were broken, no one knew how or why, for the children of the village got up a tale that the house was haunted. Ethelinda and I went sometimes in the summer mornings and gathered some of the roses that were being strangled by the bind-weed that spread over all; and we used to try and weed the old flower-garden a little; but we were no longer young, and the stooping made our backs ache. Still we always felt happier if we cleared but ever such a little space. Yet we did not go there willingly in the afternoons, and left the garden always before the first slight shade of dusk.

We did not choose to ask the common people —many of them were weavers or Drumble manufacturers, and no longer decent hedgers and ditchers—we did not choose to ask them, I say, who was squire now, or where he lived. But one day, a great London lawyer came to the Morton Arms, and made a pretty stir. He came on behalf of a General Morton, who was squire now, though he was far away in India. He had been written to, and they had proved him heir, though he was a very distant cousin; farther back than Sir John, I think. And now he had sent word they were to take money of his that was in England, and put the house in thorough repair; for that three maiden sisters of his, who lived in some town in the north, would come and live at Morton Hall till his return. So the lawyer sent for a Drumble builder, and gave him directions. We thought it would have been prettier if he had hired John Cobb, the Morton builder and joiner, he that had made the Squire's coffin, and the Squire's father before that. Instead, came a troop of Drumble men, knocking and tumbling about in the Hall, and making their jests up and down all those stately rooms. Ethelinda and I never went near the place till they were gone, bag and baggage. And then what a change! the old casement windows, with their heavy leaded panes half overgrown with vines and roses, were taken away, and great staring sash windows were in their stead. New grates inside; all modern, new-fangled and smoking,

instead of the brass dogs which held the mighty logs of wood in the old Squire's time. The little square Turkey carpet under the dining table, which had served Miss Phillis, was not good enough for these new Mortons; the dining-room was all carpeted over. We peeped into the old dining-parlour; that parlour where the dinner for the Puritan preachers had been laid out; the flag parlour as it had been called of late years. But it had a damp earthy smell, and was used as a lumber-room. We shut the door quicker than we had opened it. We came away disappointed. The Hall was no longer like our own honoured Morton Hall.

"After all, these three ladies are Mortons," said Ethelinda to me. "We must not forget that —we must go and pay our duty to them as soon as they have appeared in church."

Accordingly we went. But we had heard and seen them before we paid our respects at the Hall. Their maid had been down in the village; their maid as she was called now; but a maid of all work she had been until now, as she very soon let out when we questioned her. However we were never proud; and she was a good honest farmer's daughter out of Northumberland. What work she did make with the Queen's English! The folk in Lancashre are said to speak broad; but I could always understand our own kindly tongue, whereas when Mrs. Turner told me her name, both Ethelinda and I could have sworn she said Donagh, and were afraid she was an Irishwoman. Her ladies were what you may call past the bloom of youth; Miss Sopronia—Miss Morton, properly—was just sixty; Miss Annabella, three years younger; and Miss Dorothy (or Baby, as they called her, when they were by themselves, was two years younger still. Mrs. Turner was very confidential to us, partly because I doubt not she had heard of our old connexion with the family, and partly because she was an arrant talker, and was glad of anybody who would listen to her. So we heard the very first week how each of the ladies had wished for the east bed-room: that which faced the north-east; which no one slept in, in the old Squire's days; but there were two steps leading up into it, and said Miss Sophronia, she would never let a younger sister have a room more elevated than she had herself. She was the eldest, and she had a right to the steps. So she bolted herself in for two days while she unpacked her clothes, and then came out looking like a hen that has laid an egg, and defies any one to take that honour from her.

But her sisters were very deferential to her in general; that must be said. They never had more than two black feathers in their bonnets; while she had always three. Mrs. Turner said that once, when they thought Miss Annabella had been going to have an offer of marriage made her, Miss Sophronia had not objected to her wearing three that winter; but when it all ended in smoke, Miss Annabella had to pluck it out, as became a younger sister. Poor Miss Annabella! she had been a beauty (Mrs. Turner said), and great things had been expected of her. Her brother, the General, and her mother had both spoilt her, rather than cross her unnecessarily, and so spoil her good looks; which, old Mrs. Morton had always expected would make the fortune of the family. Her sisters were angry with her for not having married some rich gentleman; though, as she used to say to Mrs. Turner, how could she help it. She was willing enough, but no rich gentleman came to ask her. We agreed that it really was not her fault; but her sisters thought it was: and now that she had lost her beauty, they were always casting it up what they would have done if they had had her gifts. There were some Miss Burrells they had heard of, each of whom had married a lord; and these Miss Burrells had not been such beauties. So Miss Sophronia used to work the question by the rule of three, and put it in this way: If Miss Burrell, with a tolerable pair of eyes, a snub nose, and a wide mouth, married a baron, what rank of peer ought our pretty Annabella to have espoused! And the worst was, Miss Annabella, who had never had any ambition, wanted to have married a poor curate in her youth; but was pulled up by her mother and sisters reminding her of the duty she owed to her family. Miss Dorothy had done her best; Miss Morton always praised her for it. With not half the good looks of Miss Annabella, she had danced with an honourable at Harrowgate three times running; and even now she persevered in trying; which was more than could be said of Miss Annabella, who was very broken-spirited.

I do believe Mrs. Turner told us all this before we had ever seen the ladies. We had let them know, through Mrs. Turner, of our wish to pay them our respects; so we ventured to go up to the front door, and rap modestly. We had reasoned about it before, and agreed if we were going in our everyday clothes, to offer a little present of eggs, or to call on Mrs. Turner (as she had asked us to do), the back door would have been the appropriate entrance for us. But going, however humbly, to pay our respects, and offer our reverential welcome to the Miss Mortons, we took our rank as their visitors, and should go to the front door. We were shown up the wide stairs, along the gallery, up two steps, into Miss Sophronia's room. She put away some papers hastily as we came in. We heard afterwards that she was writing a book, to be called "The Female Chesterfield, or Letters from a Lady of Quality to her Niece." And the little niece sate there in a high chair, with a flat board tied to her back, and her feet in stocks on the rail of the chair, so that she had nothing to do but listen to her aunt's letters; which were read aloud to her as they were written, in order to mark their effect on her manners. I was not sure whether Miss Sophronia liked our interruption; but I know little Miss Cordelia Mannisty did.

"Is the young lady crooked?" asked Ethelinda during a pause in our conversation. I had noticed that my sister's eyes would rest on the child; although by an effort she sometimes succeeded in looking at something else occasionally.

"No! indeed, ma'am" said Miss Morton.—"But she was born in India, and her backbone has never properly hardened, Besides I and my two sisters each take charge of her for a week; and, their systems of education—I might say non education—differ so totally and entirely from my ideas, that, when Miss Mannisty comes to me, I con-

sider myself fortunate if I can undo the—hem!—that has been done during a fortnight's absence. Cordelia, my dear, repeat to these good ladies the geography lesson you learned this morning?"

Poor little Miss Mannisty began to tell us a great deal about some river in Yorkshire of which we had never heard, though I dare say we ought and then a great deal more about the towns that it passed by and what they were famous for; and all I can remember—indeed could understand at the time—was, that Pomfret was famous for Pomfret cakes, which I knew before. But Ethelinda gasped for breath before it was done, she was so nearly choked up with astonishment; and when it was ended, she said, "Pretty dear! its wonderful!" Miss Morton looked a little displeased, and replied "Not at all. Good little girls can learn anything they choose, even French verbs. Yes, Cordelia, they can. And to be good is better than to be pretty. We don't think about looks here. You may get down, child, and go into the garden, and take care you put your bonnet on, or you'll be all over freckles." We got up to take leave at the same time, and followed the little girl out of the room. Ethelinda fumbled in her pocket.

"Here's sixpence, my dear, for you. Nay, I am sure you may take it from an old woman like me, to whom you've told over more geography than I ever thought there was out of the Bible." For Ethelinda always maintained that the long chapters in the Bible which were all names were geography; and though I knew well enough they were not, yet I had forgotton what the right word was, so I let her alone; for one hard word did as well as another. Little Miss looked as if she was not sure if she might take it; but I suppose we had two kindly old faces, for at last the smile came into her eyes—not to her mouth—she had lived too much with grave and quiet people for that; and, looking wistfully at us, she said:

"Thank you. But won't you go and see Aunt Annabella?" We said we should like to pay our respects to both her other aunts if we might take that liberty; and perhaps she would show us the way. But, at the door of a room she stopped short, and said sorrowfully, "I mayn't go in; it is not my week for being with Aunt Annabella:" and then she went slowly and heavily towards the garden door.

"That child is cowed by somebody," said I to Ethelinda.

"But she knows a deal of geography"—Ethelinda's speech was cut short by the opening of the door in answer to our knock. The once beautiful Miss Annabella Morton stood before us, and bade my sister and I to enter. She was dressed in white, with a turned up velvet hat, and two or three short drooping black feathers in it. I should not like to say she rouged, but she *had* a very pretty color in her cheeks; that much can do neither good nor harm.

She looked so unlike anybody I had ever seen, that I wondered what the child could have found to like in her; for like her she did, that was very clear. But, when Miss Annabella spoke, I came under the charm. Her voice was very sweet and plaintive, and suited well with the kind of things she said; all about charms of nature, and tears, and grief, and such sort of talk, which reminded me rather of poetry—very pretty to listen to; though I never could understand it as well as plain comfortable prose. Still I hardly know why I liked Miss Annabella. I think I was sorry for her; though, whether I should have been if she had not put it in my head, I don't know. The room looked very comfortable; a spinnet in a corner to amuse herself with, and a good sofa to lie down upon. By and bye, we got her to talk of her little niece, and she too had her system of education. She said she hoped to develop the sensibilities, and to cultivate the tastes. While with her, her darling niece read works of imagination, and acquired all that Miss Annabella could impart of the fine arts. We neither of us quite knew what she was hinting at at the time; but afterwards, by dint of questioning little Miss, and using our own eyes and ears, we found that she read aloud to her aunt while she lay on the sofa; Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector, was what they were deep in at this time; and, as it was in five volumes and the heroine spoke broken English—which required to be read twice over to make it intelligible—it lasted them a long time. She also learned to play on the spinnet; not much—for I never heard above two tunes; one of which was God save the King, and the other was not. But I fancy the poor child was lectured by one aunt, and frightened by the other's sharp ways and numerous fancies. She might well be fond of her gentle, pensive (Miss Annabella told me she was pensive so I know I am right in calling her so) aunt with her soft voice, and her never ending novels, and the sweet scents that hover about the sleepy room.

No one tempted us towards Miss Dorothy's apartment when we left Miss Annabella; so we did not see the youngest Miss Morton this first day. We had each of us treasured up many little mysteries to be explained by our dictionary, Mrs. Turner.

"Who is little Miss Mannsity?" we asked in one breath, when we saw our friend from the Hall. And then we learned that there had been a fourth—a younger Miss Morton, who was no beauty, and no wit, and no anything; so Miss Sophronia, her eldest sister, had allowed her to marry a Mr. Mannisty, and ever after spoke of her as "my poor sister Jane." She and her husband had gone out to India; and both had died there; and the General had made it a sort of condition with his sisters that they should take charge of the child, or else none of them liked children except Miss Annabella.

"Miss Annabella likes children?" said I.—"Then that's the reason children like her."

"I can't say she likes children; for we never have any in our house but Miss Cordelia; but her, she does like dearly."

"Poor little Miss!" said Ethelinda, "does she never get a chance of play with other little girls?" And I am sure from that time Ethelinda considered her in a diseased state from this very circumstance, and that her knowledge of geography was one of the symptoms of the disorder; for she used often to say, "I wish she did not know so much geography! I'm sure it is not quite right."

Whether or not her geography was right I don't know; but the child pined for companions. A very few days after we had called—and yet long

enough to have passed her into Miss Annabella's week—I saw Miss Cordelia in a corner of the church green, playing with awkward humility, along with some of the rough village girls, who were as expert at the game as she was unapt and slow. I hesitated a little, and at last I called to her.

"How do you, my dear?" I said. "How come you here, so far from home?"

She reddened, and then looked up at me with her large serious eyes.

"Aunt Annabel sent me into the wood to meditate—and—and—it was very dull—and I heard these little girls playing and laughing—and I had my sixpence with me and—it was not wrong, was it ma'am?—I came to them, and told one of them I would give it to her if she would ask the others to let me play with them."

"But my dear, they are—some of them—very rough little children, and not fit companions for a Morton."

"But I am a Mannisty, ma'am!" she pleaded, with so much entreaty in her voice that, if I had not known what naughty bad girls some of them were, I could not have resisted her longing for companions of her own age. As it was, I was angry with them for having taken her sixpence; but, when she had told me which it was, and saw that I was going to reclaim it, she clung to me, and said:—

"Oh! don't, ma'am—you must not. I gave it to her quite of my own self."

So I turned away; for there was truth in what the child said. But to this day I have never told Ethelinda what became of her sixpence. I took Miss Cordelia home with me while I changed my dress to be fit to take her back to the Hall. And on the way, to make up for her disappointment, I began talking of my dear Miss Phillis and her bright pretty youth. I had never named her name since her death to anyone but Ethelinda—and that only on Sundays and quiet times. And I could not have spoken of her to a grown-up person; but somehow to Miss Cordelia it came out quite natural. Not of her latter days, of course: but of her pony, and her little black King Charles's dogs, and all the living creatures that were glad in her presence when I first knew her. And nothing would satisfy the child but I must go into the Hall garden and show her where Miss Phillis's garden had been. We were deep in our talk, and she was stooping down to clear the plot from weeds, when I heard a sharp voice cry out, "Cordelia! Cordelia! Dirtying your frock with kneeling on the wet grass! It is not my week; but I shall tell your Aunt Annabella of you."

And the window was shut down with a jerk. It was Miss Dorothy. And I felt almost as guilty as poor little Miss Cordelia: for I had heard from Mrs. Turner that we had given great offence to Miss Dorothy by not going to call on her in her room that day on which we had paid our respects to her sisters; and I had a sort of an idea that seeing Miss Cordelia with me was almost as much of a fault as the kneeling down on the wet grass. So I thought I would take the bull by the horns. "Will you take me to your Aunt Dorothy, my dear?" said I.

The little girl had no longing to go into her aunt Dorothy's room, as she had so evidently had at Miss Annabella's door. On the contrary, she pointed it out to me at a safe distance, and then went away in the measured step she was taught to use in that house; where such things as running, going up stairs two steps at a time, or jumping down three, were considered undignified and vulgar. Miss Dorothy's room was the least prepossessing of any. Somehow it had a north-east look about it, though it did face direct south; and, as for Miss Dorothy herself, she was more like a "Cousin Betty" than anything else; if you know what a Cousin Betty is, and perhaps it is too old-fashioned a word to be understood by any one who has learnt the foreign languages; but when I was a girl, there used to be poor crazy women rambling about the country, one or two in a district. They never did any harm that I know of; they might have been born idiots, poor creatures! or crossed in love, who knows? But they roamed the country, and were well known at the farm-houses; where they often got food and shelter for as long a time as their restless minds would allow them to remain in any one place; and the farmer's wife would, maybe, rummage up a ribbon, or a feather, or a smart old breadth of silk, to please the harmless vanity of these poor crazy women; and they would go about so bedizened sometimes that, as we called them always "Cousin Betty," we made it into a kind of proverb for any one dressed in a fly-away showy style, and said they were like a Cousin Betty. So you know what I mean that Miss Dorothy was like. Her dress was white, like Miss Annabella's; but instead of the black velvet hat her sister wore, she had on, even in the house, a small black silk bonnet. This sounds as if it should be less like a Cousin Betty than a hat; but wait till I tell you how it was lined—with strips of red silk, broad near the face, narrow near the brim; for all the world like the rays of the sun, as they are painted on the public-house sign. And her face was like the sun; as round as an apple; and with rouge on, without any doubt: indeed, she told me once, a lady was not dressed unless she had put her rouge on. Mrs. Turner told us she studied reflection a great deal; not that she was a thinking woman in general, I should say; and that this rayed lining was the fruit of her study. She had her hair pulled together, so that her forehead was quite covered with it; and I won't deny that I rather wished myself at home, as I stood facing her in the doorway. She pretended she did not know who I was, and made me tell all about myself; and then it turned out she knew all about me, and she hoped I had recovered from my fatigue the other day.

"What fatigue?" asked I, immovably. Oh! she had understood I was very much tired after visiting her sisters; otherwise, of course, I should not have felt it too much to came on to her room. She kept hinting at me in so many ways, that I could have asked her gladly to slap my face and have done with it, only I wanted to make Miss Cordelia's peace with her for kneeling down and dirtying her frock. I did say what I could to make things straight; but I don't know if I did any good. Mrs. Turner told me how suspicious and jealous she was of everybody, and of Miss Annabella in particular, who had been set over

her in her youth because of her beauty; but since it had faded, Miss Morton and Miss Dorothy had never ceased pecking at her; and Miss Dorothy worst of all. If it had not been for little Miss Cordelia's love, Miss Annabella might have wished to die; she did often wish she had had the small-pox as a baby. Miss Morton was stately and cold to her, as one who had not done her duty to her family, and was put in the corner for her bad behaviour. Miss Dorothy was continually talking at her, and particularly dwelling on the fact of her being the older sister. Now she was but two years older; and was still so pretty and gentle looking, that I should have forgotten it continually, but for Miss Dorothy.

The rules that were made for Miss Cordelia! She was to eat her meals standing, that was one thing! Another was, that she was to drink two cups of cold water before she had any pudding and it just made the child loathe cold water. Then there were ever so many words she might not use; each aunt had her own set of words which were ungenteel or improper for some reason or another. Miss Dorothy would never let her say "red;" it was always to be pink, or crimson, or scarlet. Miss Cordelia used at one time to come to us, and tell us she had a pain at her chest so often, that Ethelinda and I began to be uneasy, and questioned Mrs. Turner to know if her mother had died of consumption; and many a good pot of currant jelly have I given her, and only made her pain at the chest worse; for—would you believe it?—Miss Morton told her never to say she had got a stomach-ache, for that it was not proper to say so. I had heard it called by a worse name still in my youth, and so had Ethelinda; and we sat and wondered to ourselves how it was that some kinds of pain were genteel and others were not. I said that old families, like the Mortons, generally thought it showed good blood to have their complaints as high in the body as they could—brain fevers and headaches had a better sound, and did perhaps belong more to the aristocracy. I thought I had got the right view in saying this, when Ethelinda would put in that she had often heard of Lord Toffey having the gout and being lame, and that nonplussed me. If there is one thing that I do dislike more than another, it is a person saying something on the other side when I am trying to make up my mind—how can I reason if I am to be disturbed by another person's arguments?

But though I tell all these peculiarities of the Miss Mortons, they were good women in the main; even Miss Dorothy had her times of kindness, and really did love her little niece, though she was always laying traps to catch her doing wrong. Miss Morton I got to respect, if I never liked her. They would ask us up to tea; and we would put on our best gowns; and taking the house-key in my pocket, we used to walk slowly through the village, wishing the people who had been living in our youth could have seen us now, going by invitation to drink tea with the family at the Hall—not in the housekeeper's room, but with the family, mind you. But since they began to weave in Morton, everybody seemed too busy to notice us; so we were fain to be content with reminding each other how we should never have believed it in our youth that we could have lived to this day. After tea, Miss Morton would set us to talk of the real old family, whom they had never known; and you may be sure we told of all their pomp and grandeur and stately ways; but Ethelinda and I never spoke of what was to ourselves like the memory of a sad, terrible dream. So they thought of the Squire in his coach-and-four as High Sheriff, and Madam lying in her morning-room in her Genoa velvet wrapping robe, all over peacock's eyes (it was a piece of velvet the Squire brought back from Italy, when he had been the grand tour,) and Miss Phillis going to a ball at a great lord's house and dancing with a royal duke. The three ladies were never tired of listening to the tale of the splendor that had been going on here, while they and their mother had been starving in genteel poverty up in Northumberland; and as for Miss Cordelia, she sat on a stool at her Aunt Annabella's knee, her hand in her aunt's, and listened, open-mouthed and unnoticed, to all we could say.

One day, the child came crying to our house. It was the old story; Aunt Dorothy had been so unkind to Aunt Annabella! The little girl said she would run away to India, and tell her uncle the General, and seemed in such a paroxysm of anger, and grief, and despair, that a sudden thought came over me. I thought I would try and teach her something of the deep sorrow that lies awaiting all at some part of their lives, and of the way in which it ought to be borne, by telling her of Miss Phillis's love and endurance for her wasteful, handsome nephew. So from little, I got to more, and I told her all; the child's great eyes filling slowly with tears, which brimmed over and came rolling down her cheeks unnoticed as I spoke. I scarcely needed to make her promise not to speak about all this matter to any one. She said, "I could not—no! not even to Aunt Annabella." And to this day she never named it again, not even to me; but she tried to make herself more patient, and more silently helpful in the strange household among whom she was cast.

By and bye, Miss Morton grew pale and grey, and worn, amid all her stiffness. Mrs. Turner whispered to us that for all her stern, unmoved looks, she was ill unto death; that she had been secretly to see the great doctor at Drumble; and he had told her she must set her house in order. Not even her sisters knew this; but it preyed upon Mrs. Turner's mind, and she told us. Long after this, she kept up her week of discipline with Miss Cordelia; and walked in her straight, soldier-like way about the village, scolding people for having too large families, and burning too much coal, and eating too much butter. One morning she sent Mrs. Turner for her sisters; and, while she was away, she rummaged out an old locket made of the four Miss Mortons' hair when they were all children; and threading the eye of the locket with a piece of brown ribbon, she tied it round Cordelia's neck, and kissing her, told her she had been a good girl, and had cured herself of stooping; that she must fear God and honor the King; and that now she might go and have a holiday. Even while the child looked at her in wonder at the unusual tenderness with which this was said, a grim spasm passed over her face, and Cordelia ran in affright to call Mrs.

Turner. But when she came, and the other two sisters came, she was quite herself again. She had her sisters in her room alone when she wished them good bye; so no one knows what she said, or how she told them (who were thinking of her as in health) that the signs of near approaching death, which the doctor had foretold, were upon her. One thing they both agreed in saying—and it was much that Miss Dorothy agreed in anything—that she bequeathed her sitting room, up the two steps, to Miss Annabella as being next in age. Then they left her room crying, and went both together into Miss Annabella's room, sitting hand in hand (for the first time since childhood I should think), listening for the sound of the little hand-bell which was to be placed close by her, in case, in her agony, she required Mrs. Turner's presence. But it never rang. Noon became twilight. Miss Cordelia stole in from the garden with its long, black, green shadows, and strange eerie sounds of the night wind through the trees, and crept to the kitchen fire. At last, Mrs. Turner knocked at Miss Morton's door, and hearing no reply, went in and found her cold and dead in her chair.

I suppose that sometime or other we had told them of the funeral the old squire had; Miss Phillis's father, I mean. He had had a procession of tenantry half a mile long to follow him to the grave. Miss Dorothy sent for me to tell her what tenantry of her brother's could follow Miss Morton's coffin; but what with people working in mills, and land having passed away from the family, we could but muster up twenty people, men and women and all: and one or two were dirty enough to be paid for their loss of time.

Poor Miss Annabella did not wish to go into the room up two steps; nor yet dared she stay behind: for Miss Dorothy, in a kind of spite for not having had it bequeathed to her, kept telling Miss Annabella it was her duty to occupy it: that it was Miss Sophronia's dying wish, and that she should not wonder if Miss Sophronia were to haunt Miss Annabella, if she did not leave her warm room, full of ease and sweet scent, for the grim north-east chamber. We told Mrs. Turner we were afraid Miss Dorothy would lord it sadly over Miss Annabella, and she only shook her head; which, from so talkative a woman, meant a great deal. But, just as Miss Cordelia had begun to droop, the General came home, without any one knowing he was coming. Sharp and sudden was the word with him. He sent Miss Cordelia off to school; but not before she had time to tell us that she loved her uncle dearly, in spite of his quick hasty ways. He carried his sisters off to Cheltenham; and it was astonishing how young they made themselves look before they came back again. He was always here, there, and everywhere; and very civil to us into the bargain; leaving the key of the Hall with us whenever they went from home. Miss Dorothy was afraid of him, which was a blessing, for it kept her in order; and really I was rather sorry when she died, and, as for Miss Annabella, she fretted after her till she injured her health, and Miss Cordelia had to leave school to come and keep her company. Miss Cordelia was not pretty; she had too grave and sad a look for that; but she had winning ways, and was to have her uncle's fortune some day, so I expected to hear of her being soon snapt up. But the General said her husband was to take the name of Morton; and what did my young lady do but begin to care for one of the great millowners at Drumble, as if there were not all the lords and commons to choose from besides! Mrs. Turner was dead; and there was no one to tell us about it; but I could see Miss Cordelia growing thinner and paler every time they came back to Morton Hall; and I longed to tell her to pluck up a spirit, and be above a cotton-spinner. One day, not half a year before the General's death, she came to see us, and told us, blushing like a rose, that her uncle had given his consent: and so, although he had refused to take the name of Morton, and had wanted to marry her without a penny, and without her uncle's leave, it had all come right at last, and they were to be married at once; and their house was to be a kind of home for her aunt Annabella, who was getting tired of being perpetually on the ramble with the General.

"Dear old friends!" said our young lady, "you must like him. I am sure you will; he is so handsome, and brave, and good. Do you know, he says a relation of his ancestors lived at Morton Hall in the time of the Commonwealth."

"His ancestors!" said Ethelinda. "Has he got ancestors? That's one good point about him, at any rate. I didn't know cotton-spinners had ancestors."

"What is his name?" asked I.

"Mr. Marmaduke Carr," said she, sounding each *r* with the old Northumberland burr, which was softened into a pretty pride and effort to give distinctness to each letter of the beloved name.

"Carr," said I, "Carr and Morton! Be it so! It was prophecied of old!" But she was too much absorbed in the thought of her own secret happiness to notice my poor sayings.

He was, and is a good gentleman; and a real gentleman too. They never lived at Morton Hall. Just as I was writing this, Ethelinda came in with two pieces of news. Never again say I am superstitious! There is no one living in Morton that knows the tradition of Sir John Morton and Alice Carr: yet the very first part of the hall the Drumble builder has pulled down is the old stone dining parlor where the great dinner for the preachers mouldered away—flesh from flesh, crumb from crumb! And the street they are going to build right through the rooms through which Alice Carr was dragged in her agony of despair at her husband's loathing hatred is to be called Carr Street!

And Miss Cordelia has got a baby; a little girl; and writes in pencil two lines at the end of her husband's note to say she means to call it Phillis.

Phillis Carr! I am glad he did not take the name of Morton. I like to keep the name of Phillis Morton in my memory very still and unspoken.

A Problem.—(*to be worked out by a newly-married Young Lady.*)—A sufficient quantity of linen for the manufacture of her husband's shirt being given—to make it.

Advice to all who attend Epsom Races.—Avoid Rooks, whether in or out of Pigeon pies.

MOONRISE.

A man stood on a barren mountain peak
In the night, and cried: "Oh, world of heavy gloom!
Oh, sunless world! Oh, universal tomb!
Blind, cold, mechanic sphere, wherein I seek
In vain for Life and Love, till Hope grows weak
And falters towards Chaos! Vast blank Doom!
Huge darkness in a narrow prison-room!
Thou art dead—dead!" Yet, ere he ceased to speak,

Across the level ocean in the East
The moon-dawn grew; and all that mountain's side
Rose, newly-born from empty dusk. Fields, trees,
And deep glen-hollows, as the light increased,
Seemed vital; and, from Heaven bare and wide,
The moon's white soul looked over lands and seas.

MOLDO-WALLACHIA.

Beyond railways, beyond diligences, beyond post-chaises, out of the track of travellers, but full in the high road of conquest from the north to the south, lie the sister provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, which, for shortness, some are accustomed to designate as Moldo-Wallachia. Their names have become notorious of late by taking place in the vocabulary of political writers and speakers; but it may be doubted—certain vague statistics set apart—whether in most men's minds any ideas at all are connected with them. When we talk of Paris we picture to ourselves the Place de la Concorde or the Boulevards; an allusion to Berlin implies a recollection of Under the Linden Trees; to Naples of the Strada di Toledo; but who thinks of the Pô de Mogochoya at mention of Bucharest, or has any associations whatever with Curt d'Argis and Kimpolongo? Let us try to connect a few images, a few forms, a few colours, with these words. This is the best way to extend our sympathies in that direction.

Moldo-Wallachia is little more than a huge farm, giving employment to some three or four millions of labourers. It is not, however, a farm laid out on the principles of Mr. Mechi, but an eastern backwoods farm, very vast and straggling; here and there cut up by patches of original desert and extents of primitive forests, made rugged by spurs of mountains and watered by boisterous rivers, navigable for the most part only by fallen trees. These rivers flow from the Carpathian mountains which divide the country to the northward from Austria, and fall into the Danube, which divides it from Turkey. There is a kind of postern-gate to the East, ill-closed by the Pruth, a river that has often been mentioned this year. In neither of the Principalities are there many roads worthy of the name. The cities, villages, or farming sections are generally connected only by tracks and bridle-paths.

The geological construction of Moldo-Wallachia is essentially volcanic. Its mountains contain many craters frequently in a state of eruption. Sulphur and bitumen are plentiful. In some parts little spurts of liquid metal are seen, from time to time, breaking from the schistous rocks, flowing a little way like melted lead, and then condensing to the hardness of iron. In various places of late years, miniature volcanoes have been known to start up from the ground and flame bravely away for a few days amidst corn-fields and pasturage. The Prathôva river in certain parts of its course becomes tepid or hot, or even boiling, according as it flows or not over subterranean galleries of fire. Earthquakes are frequent. It is not long since nearly the whole of the city of Bucharest was destroyed—Pô de Mogochoya, and all. The shock was felt whilst the principal inhabitants were at the theatre listening to one of the dramas of Victor Hugo. Many persons perished, and an immense amount of property was of course lost. In the countries, however, that are subject to these epileptic fits of nature, such accidents are quickly forgotten and their consequences repaired. They serve, indeed, the purpose of revolutions or sanitary bills in more civilised lands. Bucharest, at any rate, like Paris and London, has been induced to widen its throughfares and improve the build of its houses.

A great part of Moldo-Wallachia, especially towards the mountains, is clothed in forest. In few countries are beheld more magnificent oaks; and travellers talk of having seen thousands with trunks rising straight more than eighty feet without branches. Mingled with these splendid trees or covering the higher slopes with their dull verdure, are enormous firs that would delight the eye of the ship-builder. Besides these there are elms and beeches of prodigious size, with wild pear trees and senna, maple, cherry, and yew trees, with many others. All these grow in a tangled mass—grow or fall together, beaten down by the tempest or uprooted by rushing inundations. "In the low country the millet has no more husk than the apple has rind in the high," says the Wallachian proverb, to picture the fertility of the country. Its vast plains, indeed, are covered in the season with splendid crops; of which those who travel to Galatz can say something. These districts are counted now, as they have always been counted, among the granaries of Europe. It is worth remarking, that a young French gentleman, who has studied political economy, has lately recommended the Moldo-Wallachians to neglect the culture of the ground and take to the manufacture of cotton cloths, in order to escape from the commercial tyranny of perfidious Albion. The mysteries of supply and demand, however, the definitions of value, and the influence of tariffs do not lie in our way at present. We are not going to discuss what is a pound, but to explain what is the Wallachian substitute for a railway. Before visiting or describing a country in detail, it is good to know what means of locomotion it possesses.

If you are not particularly pressed for time, which no one ought to be in that part of the world, it is best to use the great waggon called the Kerontza, which resembles the vehicles in which the burly boors of the Cape sleep and

smoke in their journey from one kloof to another. It is of solid construction, and well roofed with leather. A large family, with all their luggage and paraphernalia, even their cocks and hens, may travel in it; and perhaps there could be no more romantic way of spending six months than in jolting about in one of these lumbering chariots amidst the plains and forests of Wallachia. The people of the country generally go from place to place on foot, or mounted on horses, buffaloes, or oxen. Asses are little used; those humble quadrupeds being treated with the same unchristian contempt as in most other European countries. Asia and Africa are their paradise. Among the Boyards, however, it is fashionable to make use of what is called a Karoutchor, a kind of vehicle peculiar to the country, and which we sincerely hope may ever remain so. As a traveller has already remarked, it holds a position in the scale of conveyances, a little above a wheelbarrow and a little below a dungcart. It is, properly speaking, a trough, a box without a cover, three feet long, two feet wide, and two feet and a half high. It rests, of course, without the intervention of springs, upon the axles or beams; and is posed upon four wheels made of solid wood, more or less rounded by means of a hatchet. Perhaps Boadicea's war-chariot was something of the make of a karatchour. Not a single nail enters into its composition. The harness is as primitive as the vehicle. To a single shaft, generally with the bark on, eight, ten, or twelve horses are fastened by means of long cords, with collars at the end through which the heads of the beasts are passed. Three surijions or postilions mount three of the horses without saddles, without stirrups, and without bridles; and these are all the preparations made to travel express in Wallachia.

If you have courage enough to undertake this mode of progression, you present yourself to the Aga or Ispravnick of the city you inhabit, and inform him of your desperate intention, and also of the place you want to reach, the day on which you wish to set out, and your address. This information is set down upon a piece of paper, which it is necessary to show to each postmaster on the way. The chief formality, however, consists in paying the whole fare in advance—a precaution probably taken because there exist so very few chances of your arriving safely at the end of your journey, and because it would not be decorous to exact payment from a dead traveller.

When the fatal moment has arrived, and you have said adieu to your friends and made your will, the karatchour comes dashing up to your door; and it is considered wisest, if you really intend to travel, to leap in without taking a moment to think of the consequences. The Ispravnick has given a thought to your comfort. You will find an armful of hay, not very sweet it is true, to sit upon; and whilst you are arranging it underneath you, the chief surijion will utter his "all right" in the shape of a savage cry, as if he were about to whirl you to the infernal regions, will crack his enormous whip, and thus give the signal of departure. Off you go—with a frightful jerk and an ominous hop of all the four wheels at once; for they have not yet got used to go round They will get into the habit one by one, never fear. You feel the necessity at once of clutching hold of the edge of your abominable post-box, as an awkward rider seizes hold of the pommel of his saddle. The neighbors shout out a loud farewell, or look commiseratingly at you, as if you were going to be hanged; ruthless boys laugh at your deplorable countenance; and the postilions yell like mad. Thus you arrive at the gates of the city, exhibit your passport—shame preventing you from getting out—submit probably to the last extortion you will suffer in this life; and rush into the open plain.

Now the three postilions begin to show themselves in their true character. You have already had some ugly suspicions. They are not postilions. They are demons. They are carrying you away soul and body to their great master. As soon as they have the wide horizon of plain and forest around them, they begin to scream with delight, and to exhibit their infernal joy under a false pretence of singing. The first in rank sets up a discordant rhythmical howl, sometimes as gay as the psalms on a witch's sabbath, sometimes as dreary as the shrieks of ghosts disturbed in their midnight evolutions. Then the others join in chorus, and you would assuredly stop your ears if your hands were not fully employed in holding on. Meanwhile these wretches accompany their screams with the most furious gesticulations, wriggling their bodies in all manner of postures, leaning now this way, now that, lashing furiously the herd of wild animals that is bounding under them; and giving, indeed, every additional proof that is necessary of their supernatural character.

Once you have set out, you feel yourself reduced to a most miserable state of insignificance. You are utterly forgotten. The surijions think of nothing but their songs and their horses. They have not even a glance to spare for the karatchour. On they go, whether there be a road or not, caring only to swallow so many miles in the least possible space of time. The tracks in the African desert are often marked by the bones of camels that have fallen under their heavy burdens; those in Wallachia are marked by the bones of mad men who have undertaken to travel post. But the surijion cares not for—notices not—these lugubrious mementoes of former journeys. He skips lightly over them all. Ravines, torrents, ditches, patches of brushwood, are dashed through with railroad rapidity. The horses seem to take delight in this infernal race. They too forget that they have anything at their heels, and struggle desperately which shall be foremost. A steeple chase is nothing to it. If you are a very bold man the excitement keeps you up for half an hour; but then alarm rushes into your soul. Not one of the postilions deigns to turn his head. He is not there for conversation. He has nothing to say to you. As to stopping or going slower, or not going quicker, the idea is absurd. At length in all probability a wheel breaks, the trough falls over, and the traveller is shot off into some deep hole, with a broken leg or collar-bone, and is thankful that he is not quite killed. Still on goes the karatchour rendered lighter by this slight accident, and it is only on reaching the next relay, that the surijions turn round and perceive that they have lost a wheel and their passenger. Peace be to his manes—his fare is paid.

The distinguishing characteristic of Moldo-Wallachia being the absence of cities, travelling is not very prevalent among the people. It is true that each principality possesses nominally a capital, and that Bucharest and Jassy contain a considerable agglomeration of inhabitants. Both these places, however, though they exhibit some tendencies to civilization—though they put on fragments of French costume as the savages put on the inexpressibles of Captain Cook—are little better even than vast villages. The true life of Danubian provinces is in the country—in the plains that stretch from the banks of the Danube towards the Krappacks and Dneister—out amidst the fields, where grew probably, the corn which made the bread we, sitting here at breakfast in London, have this day eaten—out in the forests that furnish the wood with which Constantinople is built—out into the districts where men live like moles in the earth, and where you may ride over the roofs of a village without suspecting its existence, unless your horse stumble into a chimney hole.

If Moldo-Wallachia possessed a proper government, and were insured against the dangers of conquest, it would probably produce ten times the amount of grain it now produces. The cultivated fields, so far from succeeding one another in unbroken succession, are loosely scattered over the country, and divided by patches of forest and waste land, and sometimes by vast extent of marsh. They are allowed to lie fallow every other year from the want of a proper system of manuring. The seed time is generally in autumn; but if a short crop is feared, an inferior quality of grain is sown in other lands in the spring. Six oxen drag a heavy plough, which makes a deep furrow. Every year, as in a new country, virgin tracts are brought under cultivation, to replace others which have been wilfully abandoned, or have been ruined by violent inundations of the Danube, or its tributary torrents. These newly conquered fields are first planted with cabbages, which grow to an enormous size, and are supposed to exhaust certain salts, which would be injurious to the production of wheat, of barley, of maize, of pease, of beans, of lentils, and other grain and pulse. Maize was first introduced into these countries in the last century, and yields prodigious returns.

The Danubian provinces are familiar to the Englishman chiefly as corn-growing countries; but we must repeat, in order to leave a correct impression, that great portions of them are still clothed in the primæval forest. Patriots, taking this fact to be a sign of barbarism, insist that the wood-lands are every day giving way to cultivation, and pride themselves on the fact; but a grave Italian writer, who seems to fear that some day the world will be in want of fuel, deplores this circumstance, and attributes it to what he considers an extravagant, absurd, and almost impious use of good things granted by Providence, namely, the custom of paving a few of the principal streets, or rather kennels, of Jassy and Bucharest with wood. The worthy man, however, might have spared himself the anxiety which this hideous waste appears to have created in his mind. There is no danger that Moldo-Wallachia will soon be disforested, and the sentimental, perhaps, will rejoice in this fact, when they know that the vast seas of foliage which form the horizon of the plains and roll over the mountains are inhabited by prodigious colonies of nightingales. In no place in the world are there found so many of these delightful songsters as in Wallachia. In the months of May and June it is considered to be one of the greatest enjoyments that man can taste, to go out by moonlight and listen to the concert of nightingales, swelling full and melodious above the rustling of the leaves, and the rattling of small water-courses. Benighted travellers often stop their waggons by the side of some forest-lake that spreads over half a glade, on purpose to listen to this marvellous music, and then after having feasted their ears for awhile, give the order to march, upon which, amid the cracking of whips, the shouts of the drivers, and the creaking of the wheels, all those sweet sounds are stifled, and you are brought back as it were from fairy-land to the country of the Boyards, serfs, and gipsies.

Let us suppose the reader to be wending his way according to this primitive style, through one of the vast plains that stretch westward from the Dimbowitza. If it be summer there is little fear, even after midnight, from the wolves; and the bears remain up amidst the krappacks. You may, therefore, jolt along in safety, unless you happen to deviate into a morass, or upset into one of the crevices, which so frequently occur. It is pleasant to travel by night on account of the great comparative coolness of that time; but nothing can exceed the delight of moving leisurely along in the early hours of the morning, when the air is full of grey light, and the skies are covered by flights of birds on the look-out for a breakfast; when bustards go rustling through the underwood, when partridges start up from the dewy grass and take semicircular flights to get out of the way of the intruders, and when awkward storks are seen perched upon boughs watching for serpents and other reptiles to take home to their young. The sunrise in those districts is wonderfully fine, clear, and red. Once the winter season passed, the weather is balmy and agreeable, except in the afternoon, when the fierce heat shrivels the vegetation, and causes the traveller to droop. This is why the dark hours, or those which usher in the day, are preferred for travelling; and if you are out in the plains at that time, you are sure to hear the discordant creaking of wheels approaching or receding in different directions, just as in the enchanted forest in which Don Quixote was taken by the humorous (and not very amiable) hospitality of his ducal hosts.

The approach to a Wallachian village in these wild regions is remarkable. On emerging perhaps from a sombre wood, along the skirts of which hang white patches of morning mist, you dimly see signs of cultivation, fields of maize or wheat and beds of cucumbers and cabbages. So you begin to have thoughts of eggs and poultry, and leap out of your slow moving waggon and push on, expecting, if you are quite a novice, to descry comfortable looking cottages, and it may be the steeple of a village church. Whilst you are gazing ahead in this vain expectation, a slight breeze wafts a strong odour of smoke around you,

and looking attentivly you see a few blue ringlets coming up from the ground just in front. Presently some slight elevations may be distinguished scattered over what appears to you a patch of rough grass land, and now and then a wild looking figure rises mysteriously, flits along a little way, and then drops into the earth. These are Moldo-Wallachians making their morning calls.—You have stumbled upon a village or rather a human warren. The houses are mere holes dug in the ground, with a roof composed of long poles, which are covered with earth and thatched with the grass that naturally grows. This style of living was adopted by the people of these u-fortunate countries for the sake of concealment from the marauders, to whose inroads they have always been subject on every side.

The villages are dug as far as possible from any line of route ordinarily used. They rarely contain more than a few hundred inhabitants, and are subject to a tax, the amount of which is fixed according to the supposed number of the houses. For example, a village set down as containing a hundred dwelling places, has to pay four hundred piastres. The Ispravnick or governor of the district, receives a list of villages from the treasury, with a sum required from each affixed, and sends an agent to inform the people of their liabilities. It often happens that a village is set down as containing more or less houses than it really does. If there is a greater number, that is to say, if the estimate of the treasury is under the mark, the peasants collect in a public meeting to discuss in what proportion each is to benefit by the mistake. At these meetings they shout, quarrel, and even fight. But though wounds and death sometimes occur, nothing ever transpires before the tribunals. It is a family quarrel in which no stranger interferes. When matters are settled the head man of the village collects the various items of the tax, and carries the sum to the agent who has no call to meddle otherwise in the matter. But if, as often happens the village contains fewer houses then are set down, the peasants collect and nominate a deputation entrusted with the duty of representing the overcharge in the proper quarter. If they cannot obtain redress they often abandon their houses or holes, and separate and pass into neighbouring parishes and districts, leaving their old dwelling places entirely deserted. After a little time, of course, taxation pursues them in their new retreat. In this way the population remains unsettled, and we never meet with what in other countries would be called rising towns. It is calculated that in the two principalities there are about five thousand boroughs and villages, most of them of the character we have just described. However, on the mountains, the houses are above ground, and are not disagreeable in appearance or uncomfortable to live in Near most villages may be seen long granaries, if they may so be called, of peculiar construction. They are often about three hundred feet in length six feet high, and three or four feet wide, and are made of open trelis work. In them the maize is thrown, and being dried by the wind is preserved, when necessary, for several years. It is, on this account, that the cargoes of maize from Galatz are seldom or never injured on the passage whilst those from Egypt and other places, being shipped whilst yet half-dried, often corrupt on the way.

THE BUFFALO BULL, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

Roast-beef—turkey and tongue! Capital fare for the last day of the year, and the first too for that matter. But, my friends, they give you but little notion of the flavour of beef obtained by single combat with the living animal on the wild prairie. You shall hear how a dinner of the kind was achieved by a friend of mine, but before commencing my story, I must tell you something about the customer he had to deal with.

The range of the bison, or, as it is universally called by American hunters, buffalo, is extensive, although it is every year becoming confined within narrower limits. It now consists of a longitudinal stripe of the continent, of which the western boundary may be considered the Rocky Mountain chain. At the upper part of the Mississippi, the buffalo continues to roam in large bands. The number of the animals is annually on the decrease. Their woolly skins, when dressed, are of great value as an article of commerce. Amongst the Canadians they are in general use; they serve as the favourite wrappers of the traveller in that cold climate. Thousands of them are used in the northern parts of the United States for a similar purpose. They are generally known as buffalo-robes, and are often prettily trimmed and ornamented, so as to command a good price. They are even exported to Europe in large quantities.

Of course, this extensive demand for the robes causes a proportionate destruction among the buffaloes. But this is not all. Whole tribes of Indians, amounting to many thousands of individuals, subsist entirely upon these animals, as the Laplander upon the reindeer, or the Guarini Indian upon the *moriche* palm. Their blankets are buffalo-robes, part of their clothing buffalo leather, their tents are buffalo-hide, and buffalo-beef is their sole food for three parts of the year. The large prairie tribes—as the Sioux, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, the Crowes, the Chiennes, the Arapahoes, and the Comanches, with several smaller bands—live upon the buffalo. These tribes united number at least 100,000 souls. No wonder the buffalo should be each year diminishing in numbers. It is predicted that in a few years the race will become extinct. The same has often been said of the Indian. The *soi-disant* prophet is addicted to this sort of melancholy foreboding because he believes by such babbling he gains a character for philanthropic sympathy; besides, it has a poetic sound. Believe me, there is not the slightest danger of such a destiny for the Indian; his race is *not* to become ex-

tinct; it will be on the earth a long as that of either black or white. Civilisation is removing the seeds of decay; civilisation will preserve the race of the Red Man yet to multiply. Civilisation, too, *may* preserve the buffalo. The hunter race must disappear and give place to the agriculturist. The prairies are wide. Vast expanses of that singular formation must still remain in their primitive wildness, and perhaps for centuries a safe range for the buffalo.

The appearance of the buffalo is well known; pictorial illustration has rendered him familiar to the eyes of every one. The enormous head, with its broad triangular front; the conical hump on the shoulders; the small piercing eyes; the short black horns of crescent shape; the great profusion of shaggy hair about the neck and foreparts—all are characteristic. Upon the hind-quarters, the coat is shorter and smoother; and this gives somewhat of a lion-shape to the animal. Some of these peculiarities belong only to the bull. The cow is less shaggy, has a smaller head, and is altogether more like the common black cattle of our farms.

The buffalo is of a dark brown or livid colour. The hue changes with the season. In autumn, it is darker and more lustrous; during the winter and early summer, it acquires a bleached, yellowish-brown look. A full-grown buffalo-bull is six feet high at the shoulders, eight feet from the snout to the base of the tail, and weighs fifteen hundred weights. Individuals exist of 2000 pound-weights. The cows are much smaller.

The flesh of the buffalo is juicy and delicious, equal to well-fed beef. Hunters prefer it to any beef. The flesh of the cow is more savoury than that of the bull; and in a hunt the former is selected from the herd, unless it be a hunt for the hide alone. The parts most esteemed are the tongue, the hump-ribs (the long spinous processes of the first dorsal vertebrœ) and the marrow of the shank-bones. The tongues, when dried, are really superior to those of common beeves, and, indeed the same may be said of the other parts; but there is a better and worse in buffalo-beef, according to the age or sex of the animal. 'Fat cow' is a term for the superexcellent; by 'poor bull,' or 'old bull,' is meant a very unpalatable article, which is only eaten by the hunter in times of necessity.

The hunt of the buffalo is a profession rather than a sport. Those who practice it in the latter sense are few indeed, as it is a sport to enjoy which entails the necessity of a long and toilsome journey. To hunt the buffalo in his native habitat, you must travel full three hundred miles beyond the frontiers of civilisation; and at the same time risk your scalp with no inconsiderable chance of losing it. For these reasons, few amateur hunters ever trouble the buffalo. The true hunters—the white trappers and the red Indians—pursue them almost incessantly, and thin their numbers with lance, rifle, and arrow.

But buffalo-hunting is not all sport without peril: the hunter frequently risks his life; and numerous have been the fatal results of the encounters with these animals. The bulls, when wounded, cannot be approached, even on horseback, without considerable risk, while a dismounted hunter has but slight chance of escaping. The buffalo runs with a gait apparently heavy and lumbering—first heaving to one side, then to the other, like a ship at sea; but this gait, although not equal in speed to that of a horse, is far too fast for a man on foot, and the swiftest runner, unless favored by a tree or some other object, will be surely overtaken, and either gored to death by the animal's horns, or pounded to a jelly under its heavy hoofs. Instances of the kind are far from being rare, and could amateur hunters only get at the bull, such occurrences would be fearfully common. An incident illustrative of these remarks is told by the traveller and naturalist Richardson, and may therefore be regarded as a fact:—"While I resided at Carlton House, an incident of this kind occurred. Mr. Finnan McDonald, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's clerks, was descending the Saskatchewan in a boat, and one evening, having pitched his tent for the night, he went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become nearly dark when he fired at a bison-bull, which was galloping over a small eminence; and as he was hastening forward to see if the shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him. He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on its forehead, as it struck him on the side with its horn, and being a remarkably tall and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which continued until his wrist was severely sprained, and his arm was rendered powerless; he then fell, and after receiving two or three blows, became senseless. Shortly after, he was found by his companions lying bathed in blood, being gored in several places; and the bison was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack, had he shewn any signs of life. Mr. M'Donald recovered from the immediate effects of the injuries he received, but died a few months after." Dr. Richardson adds: "Many other instances might be mentioned of the tenaciousness with which this animal pursues its revenge; and I have been told of a hunter having been detained for many hours in a tree, by an old bull which had taken its post below to watch him."

The adventure promised at the beginning of this sketch has been long of coming, but here it is. Let the hero of it speak for himself.

I was travelling with Bent's train from Independence to Santa Fé. One evening after

the waggons had *corralled*, and my animal had got some rest and a bite of corn, I leaped into the saddle, and set out to see if I could find something fresh for my own supper. It was a rolling prairie, and the camp was soon hidden from my sight—as it lay in a hollow between two swells. Trusting to the sky for my direction, therefore, I continued on. After riding about a mile, I should think, I came upon buffalo signs. It was not the first time for me, and I saw at a glance that the sign was fresh. There were several wallows; and I could tell by the tracks, in the dusk, there had been nothing but bulls in that quarter. A cow-track would have pleased me better; but, after all, thought I, a fresh bull's tongue for a change is better than salt bacon; so I followed the trail in hopes of getting one. Shortly after, I came to a place where the ground was ploughed up, as if a drove of hogs had been rooting it. Here there had been a terrible fight among the bulls—it was the rutting season when such conflicts occur. This augured well. Perhaps there are cows in the neighborhood, reasoned I, as I gave the spur to my horse, and followed the trail with more spirit.

I had ridden full five miles from the camp, when my attention was attracted by an odd noise ahead of me. There was a ridge in front that prevented me from seeing what produced the noise; but I knew what it was—it was the bellowing of a buffalo-bull. At intervals, there were quick shocks, as of two hard substances coming in violent contact with each other. I mounted the ridge with caution, and looked over its crest. There was a valley beyond; a cloud of dust was rising out of its bottom, and in the midst of this I could distinguish two huge forms—dark and hirsute. I saw at once they were a pair of buffalo-bulls engaged in a fierce fight. They were alone; there were no others in sight, either in the valley or on the prairie beyond.

I did not halt longer than to see that the cap was on my rifle, and to cock the piece. Occupied as the animals were, I did not imagine they would heed me; or, if they should attempt flight, I knew I could easily overtake one or other; so, without further hesitation or precaution, I rode towards them. Contrary to my expectation, they both winded me, and started off. The wind was blowing freshly towards them, so as to draw their attention. They did not run, however, as if badly scared; on the contrary, they went off, apparently indignant at being disturbed in their fight; and every now and then both came round with short turnings, snorted, and struck the prairies with their hoofs in a violent and angry manner. Once or twice I fancied they were going to charge back upon me; and had I been otherwise than well mounted, I should have been very chary of risking such an encounter. A more formidable pair of antagonists, as far as appearance went, could not have been well conceived. Their huge size, their shaggy fronts, and their huge eyeballs, gave them a wild and malicious seeming, which was heightened by their bellowing, and the threatening attitudes in which they continually placed themselves.

Feeling quite safe in my saddle, I galloped up to the nearest, and sent my bullet into his ribs. It did the work. He fell to his knees—rose again—spread out his legs, as if to prevent a second fall—rocked from side to side like a cradle—again came to his knees; and, after remaining in this position for some minutes, with the blood running from his nostrils, rolled quietly over on his shoulder, and lay dead.

I had watched these manœuvres with interest, and permitted the second bull to make his escape; a side glance had shewn me the latter disappearing over the crest of the swell. I did not care to follow him, as my horse was somewhat jaded, and I knew it would cost me a sharp gallop to come up with him again; so I thought no more of him at the time, but alighted, and prepared to deal with the one already slain. There stood a solitary tree near the spot—it was a stunted elm. There were others upon the prairie, but they were distant; this one was not twenty yards from the carcass. I led my horse up to it, and taking the trail-rope from the horn of the saddle, made one end fast to the bit-ring, and the other to the tree. I then went back, drew my knife, and proceeded to cut the buffalo.

I had hardly whetted my blade, when a noise from behind caused me to leap to an upright attitude, and look round; at the first glance, I comprehended all. A huge dark object was passing the crest of the ridge, and rushing down the hill towards the spot where I stood. It was the buffalo-bull, the same that had just left me. The sight, at first thought, rather pleased me than otherwise. Although I did not want any more *meat*, I should have the triumph of carrying two tongues instead of one to the camp. I therefore hurriedly sheathed my knife, and laid hold of my rifle, which, according to custom, I had taken the precaution to reload. I hesitated a moment whether to run to my horse and mount him, or to fire from where I stood; that question, however, was settled by the buffalo. The tree and the horse were to one side of the direction in which he was running, but being attracted by the loud snorting of the latter, which had begun to pitch and plunge violently, and deeming it perhaps a challenge, he suddenly swerved from his course, and ran full tilt upon the horse. The latter shot out instantly to the full length of the trail-rope—a heavy "pluck" sounded in my ears, and the next instant I saw my horse

part from the tree, and scour off over the prairie, as if there had been a thistle under his tail. I had knotted the rope negligently upon the bit-ring, and the knot had come undone.

I was chagrined, but not alarmed as yet.—My horse would no doubt follow back his own trail, and at the worst I should only have to walk to the camp. I should have the satisfaction of punishing the buffalo for the trick he had served me and with this design, I turned towards him. I saw that he had not followed the horse, but again heading himself in my direction. Now, for the first time, it occurred to me that I was in something of a scrape. The bull was coming furiously on. Should my shot miss, or even should it only wound him, how was I to escape? I knew that he could overtake me in three minutes stretch; I knew that well.

I had not much time for reflection—not a moment, in fact: the infuriated animal was within ten paces of me; I raised my rifle, aimed at his fore-shoulder, and fired. I saw that I had hit him; but to my dismay, he neither fell nor stumbled, but continued to charge forward more furious than ever. To re-load was impossible. My pistols had gone off with my horse and holsters. Even to reach the tree was impossible: the bull was between it and me. Right in the opposite direction was the only thing that held out the prospect of five minutes' safety: I turned and ran. I can run as fast as most men; and upon that occasion I did my best. It would have put "Gildersleeve" into a white sweat to have distanced me; but I had not been two minutes at it, when I felt conscious that the buffalo gained upon me, and was almost treading upon my heels. I knew it only by my ears—I dared not spare time to look back.

At this moment an object appeared before me, that promised, one way or another, to interrupt the chase; it was a ditch or gulley, that intersected my path at right angles. It was several feet in depth, dry at the bottom, and with perpendicular sides. I was almost upon its edge before I noticed it, but the moment it came under my eye I saw that it offered the means of a temporary safety at least. If I could only leap this gulley, I felt satisfied that the buffalo could not. It was a sharp leap—at least, seventeen feet from cheek to cheek; but I had done more than that in my time; and, without halting in my gait, I ran forward to the edge and sprang over. I alighted cleverly upon the opposite bank, where I stopped, and turned round to watch my pursuer. I now ascertained how near my end I had been: the bull was already up to the gulley. Had I not made my leap at the instant I did, I should have been by that time dancing upon his horns. He himself had balked at the leap; the deep chasm-like cleft had cowed him. He saw that he could not clear it; and now stood upon the opposite bank with head lowered, and spread nostrils, his tail lashing his smooth flanks, while his glaring black eyes expressed the full measure of his baffled rage. I remarked that my shot had taken effect in his shoulder, as the blood trickled from his long hair. I had almost begun to congratulate myself on having escaped, when a hurried glance to the right, and another to the left, cut short my happiness. I saw that on both sides, at a distance of not less than fifty paces, the gulley shallowed out into the plain, where it ended; at either end it was, of course, passable. The bull observed this almost at the same time as myself; and, suddenly turning away from the brink, he ran along the edge of the chasm, evidently with the intention of turning it. In less than a minute's time we were once more on the same side, and my situation appeared as terrible as ever; but, stepping back for a short run, I re leaped the chasm, and again we stood on opposite sides.

During all these manœuvres I had held on to my rifle; and, seeing now that I might have time to load it, I commenced feeling for my powder horn. To my astonishment, I could not lay my hands upon it: I looked down to my breast for the sling—it was not there; belt and bullet-pouch too—all were gone! I remembered lifting them over my head, when I set about cutting the dead bull. They were lying by the carcass. This discovery was a new source of chagrin; but for my negligence, I could now have mastered my antagonist. To reach the ammunition would be impossible; I should be overtaken before I had got half-way to it. I was not allowed to indulge much time in my regrets; the bull had again turned the ditch, and was once more upon the same side with me, and I was compelled to take another leap. I really do not remember how often I sprang backwards and forwards across that chasm; I should think a score of times at least: I became wearied with the exercise. The leap was just as much as I could do at my best; and as I was growing weaker at each fresh spring, I became satisfied that I should soon leap short, and crush myself against the steep rocky sides of the chasm. Should I fall to the bottom, my pursuer could easily reach me by entering at either end, and I began to dread such a finale. The vengeful brute showed no symptoms of retiring; on the contrary, the numerous disappointments seemed only to render him more determined in his resentment.

An idea now suggested itself to my mind. I had looked all around to see if there might not be something that offered a better security. There were trees, but they were too distant: the only one near was that to which my horse had been tied. It was a small one, and like all of its species (it was a

otton wood,) there were no branches near the root. I knew that I could clamber up it by embracing the trunk, which was not over ten inches in diameter. Could I only succeed in reaching it, it would at least shelter me better than the ditch, of which I was getting heartily tired. But the question was, could I reach it before the bull? It was about three hundred yards off. By proper manœuvering, I should have a start of fifty. Even with that, it would be a "close shave;" and it proved so. I arrived at the tree, and sprang up it like a mountebank; but the hot breath of the buffalo streamed after me as I ascended, and the concussion of his heavy skull against the trunk almost shook me back upon his horns. After a severe effort, I succeeded in lodging myself among the branches.

I was now safe from all immediate danger, but how was the affair to end? I knew from the experience of others, that my enemy might stay for hours by the tree—perhaps for days. Hours would be enough. I could not stand it long. I hungered, but a worse appetite tortured me: thirst. The hot sun, the dust, the violent exercise of the past hour, all contributed to make me thirsty. Even then, I would have risked life for a draught of water. What would it come to should I not be relieved? I had but one hope—that my companions would come to my relief; but I knew that that would not be before morning. They would miss me of course. Perhaps my horse would return to camp—that would send them out in search of me—but not before night had fallen. In the darkness, they could not follow my trail. Could they do so in the light? This last question, which I had put to myself, startled me. I was just in a condition to look upon the dark side of everything, and it now occurred to me that they might not be able to find me! There were many possibilities that they might not. There were numerous horse-trails on the prairie, where Indians had passed. I saw this when tracking the buffalo. Besides, it might rain in the night, and obliterate them all—my own with the rest. They were not likely to find me by chance. A circle of ten miles diameter is a large tract. It was a rolling prairie, full of inequalities, ridges with valleys between. The tree upon which I was perched stood in the bottom of one of the valleys—it could not be seen over three hundred yards distant. Those searching for me might pass within hair, without perceiving either the tree or the valley.

I remained for a long time busied with such gloomy thoughts and forebodings. Night was coming on, but the fierce and obstinate brute shewed no disposition to raise the siege. He remained watchful as ever, walking round and round at intervals, lashing his tail, and uttering that snorting sound so well known to the prairie-hunter, and which so much resembles the snuffings of hogs when suddenly alarmed.

While watching his various manœuvres, an object on the ground drew my attention—it was the trail-rope left by my horse. One end of it was fastened round the trunk by a firm knot—the other lay far out upon the prairie, where it had been dragged. My attention had been drawn to it by the bull himself, which in crossing he had noticed, and now and then pawed it with his hoofs.

All at once a bright idea flashed upon me—a sudden hope arose within me—a plan of escape presented itself, so feasible and possible, that I leaped in my perch as the thought struck me.

The first step was to get possession of the rope. This was not such an easy matter. The rope was fastened round the tree, but the knot had slipped down the trunk and lay upon the ground. I dared not descend for it.

Necessity soon suggested a plan. My "picker"—a piece of straight wire with a ring-end—hung from one of my breast buttons. This I took hold of, and bent into the shape of a grappling-hook. I had no cord, but my knife was still safe in its sheath; and, drawing this, I cut several things from the skirt of my buckskin shirt, and knotted them together until they formed a string long enough to reach the ground. To one end, I attached the picker; and then letting it down, I commenced angling for the rope. After a few transverse drags, the hook caught the latter, and I pulled it up into the tree, taking the whole of it in until I held the loose end in my hands. The other end I permitted to remain as it was; I saw it was securely knotted around the trunk, and that was just what I wanted. It was my intention to lasso the bull; and for the purpose I proceeded to make a running-noose on the end of the trail-rope. This I executed with great care, and with all my skill. I could depend upon the rope; it was raw hide, and a better was never twisted; but I knew that if anything should chance to slip at a critical moment, it might cost me my life. With this knowledge, therefore, I spliced the eye, and made the knot as firm as possible, and then the loop was reeved through and the thing was ready.

I could throw a lasso tolerably well, but the branches prevented me from winding it. It was necessary, therefore, to get the animal in a certain position under the tree, which, by shouts and other demonstrations, I at length succeeded in effecting. The moment of success had arrived. He stood almost directly below me. The noose was shot down—I had the gratification to see it settle round his neck; and with a quick jerk I tightened it. The rope ran beautifully through the eye, until both eye and loop were buried beneath the shaggy hair of the animal's neck. It embraced

his throat in the right place, and I felt confident it would hold.

The moment the bull felt the jerk upon his throat, he dashed madly out from the tree, and then commenced running in circles around it. Contrary to my intention, the rope had slipped from my hands at the first drag upon it. My position was rather an unsteady one, for the branches were slender, and I could not manage matters as well as I could have wished. But I now felt confident enough. The bull was tethered, and it only remained for me to get out beyond the length of his tether, and take to my heels. My gun lay on one side, near the tree, where I had dropped it in my race: this, of course. I meant to carry off with me. I waited, therefore, until the animal, in one of his circles, had got round to the opposite side, and then slipping down the trunk, I sprang out, picked up my rifle, and ran. I knew the trail rope to be about twenty yards in length, but I ran one hundred at least before making halt. I had even thoughts of continuing on, as I still could not help some misgivings about the rope. The bull was one of the largest and strongest I had ever seen. The rope might break, the knot upon the tree might give way, or the noose might slip over his head. Curiosity, however, or rather a desire to be assured of my safety prompted me to look around, when, to my joy, I beheld the huge monster stretched upon the plain. I could see the rope as tight as a bow-string; and the tongue protruding from the animal's jaws, shewed me that he was strangling himself as fast as I could desire.

At the sight, the idea of buffalo-tongue for supper returned in all its vigour; and it now occurred to me that I should eat that very tongue, and no other. I immediately turned in my tracks, ran towards my powder and balls—which, in my eagerness to escape, I had forgotten all about—seized the horn and pouch, poured in a charge, rammed down a bullet, and then stealing nimbly up behind the still struggling bull, I placed the muzzle within three feet of his brisket, and fired. He gave a death-kick or two, and then lay quiet: it was all over with him.

I had the tongue from between his teeth in a twinkling; and proceeding to the other bull, I finished the operations I had commenced upon him. I was too tired to think of carrying a very heavy load; so I contented myself with the tongues, and slinging these over the barrel of my rifle, I shouldered it, and commenced groping my way back to camp. The moon had risen, and I had no difficulty in following my own trail; but before I had got half-way, I met several of my companions. My horse had got back a little before sunset. His appearance had of course produced alarm, and half the camp had turned out in search of me. Several, who had a relish for fresh meat, galloped back to strip the two bulls of the remaining titbits; but before midnight all had returned; and to the accompaniment of the hump ribs, spurting in the cheerful blaze, I recounted to my companions the details of my adventure.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

No. VI.

BESSY DALRY.

Bessy Dalry was one of the sweet wild flowers that blossomed beside me in the morning path of life, and was all that I attempt to say of her in the following verses.

A more devoted affection than she bestowed on the two helpless beings, that Heaven had thrown upon her care would be difficult to instance.

She was their constant attendant, and never seemed happy, nor looked so lovely as when endeavouring to soothe and alleviate their suffering—I saw her follow the remains of a poor brother to the grave, who had struggled hard for three years, and I saw her return to stipulate with him, who had long had her earthly affections, ere she became his forever, never to be separated from the parent, she had so devotedly cherished through years of sickness and want. They came to the New World, where her mother's dust lies—and Bessy Dalry has long been the mistress of a smiling Farm in the State of New York.

Such redeeming traits of the heart, are the green spots of time—traces of the divinity, still to be found here—like springs in the desert.—When looking over the Day-Book of life, we turn down a leaf of them, as land marks to refer to, when the mind can be refreshed, when wearied out, with the guilt and ingratitude of a sordid and selfish world.

My blessings upon thee, sweet Bessy Dalry,
My blessings upon thee, sweet Bessy Dalry,
There's no one sae bonnie 'tween Berwick and
Swinnie,
Nor yet half sae guid as sweet Bessy Dalry.
Her helpless auld mither, and her bed ridden
brither,
She's never awanting whenever they cry,
Seek Tweed a'thegither, ye'll no find anither.
To marrow I trow, bonnie Bessy Dalry.

Her form it is faultless, her bonnie blue eye,
Is just like the licht of the soft summers sky,
And then her sweet lips, O' the bee never sips

O' a floweret sae sweet as young Bessy Dalry.
Though mine be the Ha-house, and hers but the Shieling
The scorn O' the warld, and its laugh I'd defy,
And reckon as naething, compared wi the blessing
Of sharing it a wi sweet Bessy Dalry.

When looking the meadow, or loaning the Kye,
I aye think I will, but can never gang by,
Whene'er I come near hand, there aye some bit errand
For stopping to speak wi sweet Bessy Dalry,
To ask about Willie, or speer for her mither,
And some wee bit wordie to whisper forby,
A' the less then I seek, is the blush on her cheek,
And the stown look O' love O' sweet Bessy Dalry.

Then come to my bosom, sweet Bessy Dalry,
O come to my bosom, sweet Bessy Dalry,
Ilk ane sall be ready to wait on my lady,
I prize thee in Plaidie sweet Bessy Dalry.
Through life heaven granting, there nought be awanting,
That love ere can think O' or siller can buy.
And ilk wish O' them, sall ever be mine,
Gin ye'll ha my ain Bonnie Bessy Dalry

CURIOUS CHINESE SAYINGS.—When a man seeks advice and won't follow it, they compare him to "a mole that's continually calling out for the newspaper.' A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse warning us of the little water that passes underneath."—If a man is fond of dabling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks." —The father who neglects his child is said "to run through life with a wild donkey tied to his pigtail."—The young wife of an old man is compared to "the light in a sick bedroom."—Their picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on its tail."—And mock philanthropy has been described by one of their greatest poets as "giving a mermaid a pair of boots."

THE LAW'S DELAY.—If, in the celebrated arbitration case of Paris and the apple of Discord the three goddesses—Venus, Juno, and Minerva—had been each defended by Counsel, we wonder when the case would have come to an end? The apple would have been thrown into Chancery as a matter of course, and the chances are that the celebrated judgement would not have been delivered at the present day!

A BITTER TRUTH.—If a person has any defect, such as a club foot, or a squint, or bad teeth, or an ugly wife, or has lost a leg, or his hair, and you remind him of it; or if he has been guilty of anything he has reason to be ashamed of, such as writing in the magazines, or riding outside a penny omnibus, and you make allusions to it before company—that is what constitutes a "Bitter Truth."

THE DILEMMA—A TALE.

BY HENRY G. BELL.

My native vale, my native vale,
How many a chequer'd year hath fled,
How many a vision bright and frail
My youth's aspiring hopes have fed,
Since last thy beauties met mine eye,
Upon as sweet an eve as this,
And each soft breeze that wander'd by,
Whisper'd of love, repose, and bliss;
I deem'd not then a ruder gale
Would sweep me soon from Malhandale.

Alaric Watts.

"By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in these dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. He stood upon the neighbouring heights, and watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, and he saw the last beams of the setting sun playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and a little farther off, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure-grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her he sighed. I wonder why he sighed! When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plighted their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence, many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down on the first bed of wild-flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy:—"My father will be amazingly glad to see me," said he to himself; "and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antedeluvian butler Morgan-ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer-bitch Juno and so will my pony Troilus; a pretty figure, by the bye, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby, too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstacy as soon as I present myself before him; and Julia, *poor* Julia, will blush, and smile, and come

flying into my arms like a shuttlecock. Heigho! I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs, and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain.—What in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of *penchant* for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading-strings; I believe I *did* give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but, now—O! Rosalind! dear—delightful!"——

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was *not* the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed, "the poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook, under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked on the head a single man in the field of battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St. Agatha it must not be! I must be true to my engagement: yes, though I become myself a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honour. Forgive me, Rosalind, heavenliest object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence"——

Here his voice became inarticulate; and, as he winded down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was just in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for, notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite,) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, immediately opposite her papa, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence:—"My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Your's Fitzclarence" —Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, whither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any such thing. She rung the bell; her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons. "La! Ma'am," said she, "what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget."—"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?" said the lady, languidly, and at the time slightly blushing. "O! yes. Ma'am, I think I have. He was to be married to you before he went to the wars"—"He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away, and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me, and his tastes and mine are so congenial;—I'm sure you know, Alice, I'm not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is *so* handsome, and *so* amiable!"—To be sure, Ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarence must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns,"—"O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he doats upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it he would put an end to his life with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed some morning?" History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagements; but notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said boldly,—"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over family matters." Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm, she accepted it with a blush and they walked off together in silence. "How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No, no, I cannot break his heart."—"Poor girl"

thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed on me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel-walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard. Julia, however, was observed to hem twice, and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. At length the lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation. "Miss Appleby!" said he at last—"Sir?"—"It is two years, I think, since we parted."—"Yes: two years on the fifteenth of this month." Alfred was silent. "How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."—There was a pause.—"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia.—"O! a very great deal," replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a mouthful of courage. "I understand the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."—"Generally speaking, I believe they are."—"Sir!"—That is—I mean, I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose." Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuously on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Fitzclarence, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how?—the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! be comforted. I am a very wretch; but, I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep; Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you?—By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you. I swear to you by——"

"Do not swear by anything at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "least you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the lovliest bosom in the world, the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have *both* been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

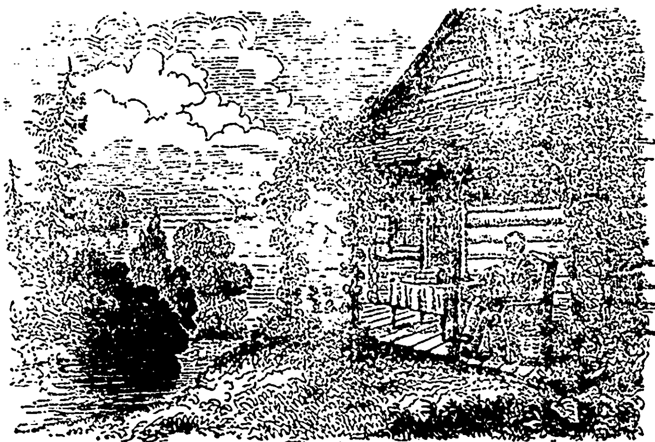
"By St. Agatha! I am sure of it. Only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers!"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her resistless."

"Well, I believe you are right; and besides, *de gustibus*—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

How to Grow a Pink of Fashion.—This Pink must be planted in the most aristocratic soil. The mould should be the very mould of form. It grows mostly in the open air, and Belgravia may be looked upon as the great nursery for these Pinks. Several favourable specimens, also, have been reared at the theatres, the Italian and French operas, and similar fashionable forcing houses. It is met with in great profusion at the balls of the nobility. The latter specimen, however, cannot bear the daylight. It is put into a hot bed the first thing when carried home in the morning, and there it remains closed up and almost dead until the evening, when it just begins to lift its drooping head. It is about twelve o'clock at night that it is seen to the most blooming advantage. Your Pink of Fashion is watered with a liquid called champagne, and, if it is at all faint, a little piece of chicken and ham, and a few crumbs of bread applied to the mouth of the delicate flower, will revive it wonderfully. It is a very tender plant, though it has been been known to bloom for two or three seasons. The greatest care, however, is requisite to keep it from the cold, for its beauty is so sensitive, that the slightest neglect will nip it in the bud. The Pink is of several colours, but the white with a beautiful maiden blush is the specimen most preferred. This Pink usually carries its head very high, and though not distinguished for any particular amount of scents, still it is eagerly taken in hand in society for its (s) talk. The Pink or Fashion is mostly single, but cases of double Pinks have been recorded. The double (or married) Pink, however, does not excite one half the interest of the one that is single.

To Policemen about to Marry.—When you are about to marry, visit as many cooks as you can, so as to give you the widest possible area for your choice. Avoid housemaids, whose occupation does not admit of the accumulation of much dust to come down with; and remember that there is nothing like kitchen-stuff for greasing the wheel of fortune. When married, a policeman will be justified in living above his station—if he can get a room there for nothing.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XX.

(*Major and Doctor chatting before the fire.—Enter Laird with face bound up.*)

MAJOR.—Hallo! my dear Laird, what has been the matter with you, that you thus make your appearance, with your head swathed in rags, much after the fashion of a mummy?

LAIRD.—A tooth, Major, an auld troublesome tooth that for the sax days past has worried me body an' mind a'maist to death, till at last Grizzy persuaded me to pluck up courage an' hae it oot. I went to some dentist chap in the city, but when I saw his fearsome instruments, the pain departed, an' were I not ashamed o' mysel' I wad e'en have taken my departure too. As it was, I sat me down an' began questioning the fellow as to the propriety of having the tooth out. He assured me that it was absolutely necessary, I then asked whether the operation wad be a painfu' ane. Not at all, he replied, we always administer chloroform now, that is, if the patient is willing, and they generally follow our recommendation; it is an easy matter; you are insensible for a minute, and when you come to, you find the tooth gone.

DOCTOR.—So you were verdant enough to try chloroform.

LAIRD.—Verdant! Na, na. Like a sensible child I submitted. The dentist took a handkerchief in which was placed a sponge, and on the sponge he poured out a sma' quantity o' the Lethean fluid, and—I remember naething mair.

MAJOR.—The operation was perfectly successful.

LAIRD.—It was, an' all I have to say is,—were ony o' my friends suffering as I was, I wad recommed them to mak' use o' it. It is maist pleasant to tak', an' it is a great satisfaction to know that ye winna' feel ony pain.

DOCTOR.—You little know, Laird, the danger you run in these experiments. Chloroform is an agent requiring especial care in its administration. I see by a late number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, that no less than three deaths occured in hospital practice during last October, in Great Britain. One at the Edinburgh Infirmary, another at University College Hospital, and a third at Saint Bartholomew's

LAIRD.—Ma conscience!

DOCTOR.—And it would appear that, at least in the Edinburgh case, that death was the result of the careless manner in which chloroform was administered, viz:—that of simply wetting a handkerchief with the fluid and applying it to the face.

LAIRD.—Cease, Doctor, I pray you, I will na' have another tooth pulled, I mean by chloroform.

DOCTOR.—I will read you, for I think the matter of sufficient importance to warrant its introduction to the Shanty, and, particularly

as I know that this agent is generally and incautiously used in Canada, a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, on the deaths from chloroform I have alluded to. The writer says:—

The late deaths from chloroform, occurring nearly at the same time in different public institutions, have naturally attracted considerable attention; and they seem to call for some inquiry, whether means may not be adopted to prevent such accidents or, at all events, render them of more rare occurrence. In concluding his account of the late fatal case at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, your reporter says:—'It is mournful, indeed, to consider that, from cases such as the last three or four which it has been our lot to record, the practical surgeon gains no knowledge calculated to authorise the hope, that in future the like tragedies will be of less frequent occurrence." The case at St. Bartholomew's Hospital might at first sight seem to justify and require these observations, for the chloroform was administered by a medical man of eminence appointed to the duty, and in the constant habit of performing it. The vital organs of the patient were all sound, and she had taken the chloroform before without ill effects. There are circumstances, however, which led me to a different conclusion from that of your reporter.

When the air a person breathes does not contain more than 4 or 5 per cent. of vapour of chloroform, insensibility is induced very gradually; and I have found in numerous experiments on animals, that when vapor of this strength is continued till they are destroyed, death takes place very slowly. The breathing first becomes embarrassed, and then ceases; but the heart continues to beat for one or two minutes afterwards. During this interval, the animal can be easily restored by artificial respiration; and it often happens that, when the action of the heart is about to cease, the animal makes a gasping inspiration or two, which renew the circulation and cause spontaneous recovery if the chloroform is not continued. On the other hand, when animals are made to breathe air containing 8 or 10 per cent. or upwards of chloroform, death takes place very quickly, and the circulation of the blood is arrested at the same time as the breathing, and, indeed, in some cases, before the breathing. A very few inspirations of air, containing 10 per cent of vapor of chloroform, have the effect of paralyzing the heart, as I ascertained by giving chloroform to rabbits, by means of artificial respiration, after the chest was laid open.

Now, on examining the history of all the recorded cases of death from chloroform, it is ascertained that the fatal event did not arise in any instance from the too long administration of vapor sufficiently diluted with air. In all the cases, the circulation has been arrested by the immediate action of the chloroform, owing to the circumstance, that the air which the patient was breathing just before he died, or became moribund, has been too highly charged with vapor. It is evident, therefore, that the first consideration in giving chloroform should be, to take care that the vapor contained in the air which the patient is breathing shall at no time much exceed five per cent. So far from this being the case, however, it is seldom that any thought is taken of the quantity of vapor in the air breathed by the patient. It is generally considered sufficient to know that the patient has enough air to support respiration; and, indeed, the chloroform is usually given in such a manner that no knowledge is obtained, and no command exercised over the proportion of vapor in the air. This is certainly the state of matters when the chloroform is given on a handkerchief, or piece of lint; and I believe that the kind of inhaler used at St. Bartholomew's Hospital affords no means of either knowing or regulating, even approximately, the proportion of vapor in the air which the patient inhales. The chloroform may appear to be administered with it exactly in the same manner, when the process is, in fact, very different. So far, therefore, from having no hope, that accidents from chloroform will be of less frequent occurrence, we have every reason to conclude that, with additional pains and attention, they may be almost, if not altogether prevented.

Some persons direct their attention too exclusively to the pulse while giving chloroform. If the vapor were sufficiently diluted with air, it would exert no influence over the pulse, even if it were continued till the breathing should cease; and if it were not sufficiently diluted it might stop the pulse suddenly, without previous warning, when the information would come too late. The pulse is, therefore, but of secondary importance as an indication of the effects of chloroform. The breathing, and the state of the eyes and eyelids, afford the best indications of a patient under chloroform; but there is no particular occasion for going into detail on the subject at present; for it does not appear that any accident has happened from the practitioner misunderstanding the state of the patient, and going on too long. The cause of accident has always been, that the vapor, being too strong, has acted so quickly, that there was not time to judge of its effects.

I cannot concur in the opinion of those who think that giving chloroform for a surgical operation is a very trifling matter, requiring no particular skill; and that it is merely necessary to spill a quantity of the agent on a towel or handkerchief, and make the patient quickly insensible. It is quite true that this mode of proceeding answers in a great number of cases without any ill result; but it is attended all the time with some amount of risk, and the patients should be considered rather to escape from danger than not to incur any. In certain patients the amount of chloroform which must be absorbed at one time, to prevent pain, and keep them from struggling during an operation, is not very far short of what wonld cause death: and in nearly all cases, a larger amount of chloroform must be used than would be fatal, if it were taken too quickly. It is obvious, therefore, that the exhibition of chloroform in operations must always be a process of some delicacy, and requiring care. With due skill and attention, however, there is every reason to conclude that the danger from chloroform may either be altogether abolished, or reduced to an amount too small to be estimated.

All the chief organs were found to be in a healthy state in the patient who died in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, as well as in the patient at St. Bartholomew's. In the case at University College Hospital there was a fatty degeneration of the heart. This, however, is a very common affection; and many patients who have all the signs of it, as far as they are known, undergo the effects of chloroform without ill consequences. On reviewing the recorded cases of death from chloroform, now between thirty and forty in number, the patients appear to have possessed an amount of health and strength quite on an average with the multitudes who have taken chloroform for operations

with the best results. Consequently, the condition of the patient has not been the chief cause of the accident. It should still, however, be a matter of attention, not so much in order to prohibit the chloroform, as to use, if possible, additional care; for a patient with diseased heart would undoubtedly have a less chance than others to recover from an overdose of chloroform, should he be unfortunately submitted to it. When a patient liable to syncope, with weak or intermitting pulse, and arcus senilis of the cornea, requires to undergo an operation of any consequence, there would probably be as much danger from the pain and mental disturbance accompanying it, as from chloroform carefully administered. In such cases, I take care to carry the effect of the vapor no further, and to keep it up no longer, than is imperatively necessary; and if the operation, on account of its being about the mouth, require to be performed in the sitting posture, I have the patient placed horizontally immediately afterwards.

I am, &c.,

JOHN SNOW.

18, Sackville Street, October 31.

So, Laird, in future be cautious how you try such serious experiments without the concurrence of your medical adviser. There is another matter I would like to mention, and that is, that in this country, at least in Canada West, young men are admitted to the study of medicine, and as clerks in apothecaries shops, without any preliminary examination, a practice that cannot be too highly censured. My attention was called to this matter the other day, on reading in a New York paper an account of a case of poisoning which took place in that city, through the ignorance of an apothecary's clerk. The prescription ran; —"Soluble Tartar, or Tartrate of Potassa, 3 oz. to be taken in four doses," it appears that the Carbonate of Potassa was administered which caused the death of the patient. I will read you an extract from the Editor's remarks on this case.

"Druggists cannot be too careful in putting up prescriptions, and their liability to do great mischief by the slightest inadvertence, is not at all overrated by the public. So many medicines closely resemble each other,—there are so many of the same generic name, which yet specifically do very greatly differ, and men who are perfectly at home among medicines are wont to grow so careless in handling these dangerous agents, that it is a constant wonder to the world, that there are not every week far more serious cases than the one we have recorded to-day. In some shops, to boys are entrusted the delicate task of putting up prescriptions,—a custom which deserves the sharpest censure, always. In others, ignorant clerks, who can hardly interpret the mystic language of the receipts into the label names of the bottles, and know nothing about the nature of the drugs they deal out, are left to serve the public, and do the blundering. When such are discovered, it is only an instinct of self-defence that aids the public to steer clear of their shops"

Before I stop, there is still another subject I would speak about. It is the imperfect examination candidates for degrees and licenses to practice are allowed to pass. I see that at the last examination of candidates for the Doctrate, in the University of London, in addition to the written examination passed as heretofore, they were conducted to the bedside of patients labouring under well-marked diseases and required to describe the physical signs, diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment appropriate to each case. Should such a system be carried out here, it will have the effect of compelling the student to pay greater attention to Clinical instruction than he has been in the habit of doing, and of eventually raising the standard of professional knowledge. I will not pursue this subject further, here, as it is hardly the proper place, but I hope the Editor of our *Canadian Medical Journal*, will take the matter in hand, at all events I make the suggestion to him. Now Major and Laird what have you got to say.

MAJOR.—I thought you had received a letter from Cuticle, respecting the Hospital, we may as well hear his opinion on a subject in which he took so much interest.

DOCTOR.—Very well, then, I'll read you a few remarks—my worthy friend's idea of the present mundane system of charity seems to be rather low. Just listen to the manner in which he shows up the mere talkers of the present day:—

"Once upon a time, the Hospital was the welcomed recipient of the sick man. In health he labored on fulfilling his destiny, and when disease overtook him he gladly turned his steps to the door where a cheerful charity received him as a suffering brother, and his pillow was made easy by the hand of an unfeigned benevolence. Then the wealthier sister feared not to sit by the lonely couch of the midnight watcher, nor trembled with apprehension as she wiped the clammy sweat from the fevered brow of her, on whom had been set the seal of an agony once endured for both, and from whose face great drops as of blood, were poured out. Then the poor man learned to look with gratitude on the hand that cured him, and was led yet further to bless the Faith that worked such mercies.

We are said to be living in a practical age; an age in which everything is tested by the

trite "*cui bono.*" No one is satisfied with a mere theory, and unless a *speedy solution* follows the problem, it gets the go bye. We do not feel inclined to question the above facts however much we may feel disposed to quarrel at the selfishness which is the accompaniment, and to mourn over the hollow heartedness which forms so prominent a characteristic of the world at our day. The astounding discoveries which are daily being made in the fields of science, and the improvements effected in the arts, are tending rapidly to the dispersion of the human race, and involve the inhabitants of earth in conflict of opinions and of interests, the results of which cannot yet be disclosed. Capital and labor are both warring against each other, and Intellect rears aloft its ambitious crest, refusing to be fettered by Faith, not easily intelligible by human reason. The thirst for mere worldly knowledge engendered by the development of reason, and the impetus which each one receives to rush on with the tide of intellect, has, while it renders all else more certainly practical, seemed but to deaden the soul and dethrone Fervent Holy Faith. Why is it that at such a period as this everything is practical but religion, everything is definite or must be put in a definite form to be received, religion excepted; that a mere declaration of utter unworthiness and ill-defined feeling of degradation, and a pious horror of entering on some supposed sinful amusements accompanied by certain gloomy shadows always brooding over the visage, constitute now for the most part the active, lively, and practical duties of nine-tenths of the Christianity of to-day.

"We remember being present at a bed-side of one whom disease had wasted, and whose skeleton-like form peered through his flesh as if death was already in his vitals. He had walked in the sumptuous paths of life, and laughed out the better part of a life now numbering fifty summers, his eye had fed on lovely forms, and his contemplation had ever been with beauty, his senses had never been shocked by the ghastly inroads which illness makes. "My God!" was the deep felt exclamation, "is it possible for mortal man to be reduced to such a pitiful condition." How many more have lived their fifty summers of revelling and riot? How many more have passed their fifty summers in *innocent* mirth and enjoyment, and have *never visited the widow and fatherless in* their affliction, or lifted the drop of cold water to the lips of the dying? What do our more wealthy classes know of the domestic sufferings and care-worn sorrows of their poorer brethren, what manifestations of real friendly christian sympathy is displayed between them? At the stormy meetings of so called public charities, or at the gatherings of any well intentioned coteries, the wants of the more glaring cases of destitution and wretchedness are considered, and the rectitude and moral standing of the personal characters of the poor discussed with a depth and acuteness, which would lead an unprejudiced observer to believe that the only recipients of bounty were or ought to be angels in rags. Thus charity which should be the means of conveying a double blessing, is, in the language of one who had fallen under one of these Relief Inquisitions, converted into "offensive charity."

"Between the poor and his wealthy brother "there is a great gulf fixed," disease in a straw pallet can have no connection with comfort and health. Lazarus must yet lie at the gate, where dogs may lick his sores, while Dives lingers at his ease over the delicious repast, feeding the hound with the children's meat. Is poverty a crime of such magnitude that sympathy cannot reach the victim? Is *it indeed necessary to* deal with the pauper as with the criminal, and shut him up in houses from which the delightful duties and exercises of Christianity are carefully excluded? Yet such has been the custom which a dying faith has established, until at length we find in all our relief establishments the care and supervison of the poor, both sick and infirm, *delivered over to the custody of a* staff of hired servants and a few ill paid officers. Is this a carrying out of the principles of charity, has any one of us a right to delegate our immediate duties to paid substitutes? Have we learned by this system, and can our children learn by it, those beautiful and touching duties which will be demanded of us, and are implied in the language of inspiration.

The neglect and consequent discontinuance of the exercise of active benevolence has been productive of many collateral evils, and one

of the most distressing is the total disregard to the arrangements of institutions with reference to visitorial duties, and in connection with the religious instruction of the sick. With reference to the first the evil is not so great but that it may be easily removed. The objections usually urged even by those who feel disposed to burst through the sinful barriers which custom has raised against the performance of their duties, is the crowded state of the sick wards of most hospitals, the foulness of the atmosphere, and consequent liability to disease to which they would necessarily be exposed. Well would it have been for the unfortunate inmates of some of our institutions if their more fortunate Christian sisters and brothers, had been engaged in the active exercise of their highest functions, crowded rooms and pestilent chambers would never have existed, breathing-room and careful ventilation would long ago have lent their all important aid in renovating and giving life to the invalid. More perhaps even than this we should have taught the mother lying on her sleepless bed, and bowed down with the consuming fire that wears away the springs of life, that in leaving her own miserable abode she made an exchange most acceptable, and for which from her very soul she would say, the Lord be thanked! Good Christian friends, those of you who do sometimes stray into the haunts of poverty say, do we not speak truly when we state that nothing but a stern necessity can now force men to a hospital, and induce the mother, wife or child cheerfully to take up their residence in your asylums—do they not look on their visit to such places as a degradation, and conjure up in their minds, fancies and prejudices, which, although exaggerated, tell but too plainly the coolness of the reception which is provided for them.

"How very different would be the feeling of a whole community in which real charity was displayed, what angelic links would bind the hearts of all together, and what wonderful lessons of humanity and goodness, would be enforced on our offspring—instead of having a parent say, "I like my children to be fond of animals and to have them about them, for it softens their feelings"—we should witness the growing affections day by day, warmed and balanced by the reception of impressions, all tending to goodness, and in place of learning moral lessons of tenderness by fondling brutes, they would be induced to imitate the example of Him whose life on earth was one continued scene of active personal charity.

"Another objection urged against the visitations of the sick by many is, the admixture, as is unavoidably the case with us—of individuals entertaining different views on religion. This is indeed a very serious difficulty and one attended with very alarming consequences to those more immediately interested, but because this and other evils surround us, are we therefore to refrain from all good. It may afford just grounds for a cautious behaviour and deportment in our intercourse with those who are not of ourselves, but certainly can be no excuse for the neglect of a prime duty. In the time of calamity the heart is open, and the ear alive to the words of kindness, the grain of mercy dropped at such an hour may spring up into vigorous life. But in a building devised and planned by a scientific architect, who knows what a hospital ought to be in its character and construction; not a gloomy dungeon, but carrying in all its compartments symbols of hope and ever present love, the only living exponent of his design surely would not be awanting, and some even in our day will be found to complete the work which we trust will prove a blessing to the community."

As we are on the subject, I may as well give you a description of the Hospital itself, which you will both, I think, admit to be a credit to the architect, and an ornament to the city. (*Reads.*)

The building will consist of a centre and three wings, somewhat in the form of the letter E. It will occupy a quadrangular space of 170 feet by 120 feet. The basement floor contains kitchens, sculleries, servants' apartments, and stores. The first floor is approached from the outside by a flight of stone steps, leading to the entrance hall. This is a spacious apartment; on either side of which, and opening into it, are the Board room, and a suite of waiting, examining, and consulting rooms, which have access, also, to a broad corridor extending the whole length of the centre, and branching off into the wings. Opposite to these apartments are two large wards adapted to extreme surgical cases. The apartments of the resident surgeon and severa

private wards occupy the first floor of the east wing; while the west wing contains the dispensary and the offices and other apartments of the house steward, nurses, &c.

Opposite the entrance hall is the main stair-case, 22 feet wide. At the extremities of the wings are two other stair-cases, aud there is a servants' stair—all communicating with every floor of the building.

The second and third stories are divided into wards for patients, with large and commodious sitting-rooms for convalescents, convenient apartments for nurses, and a liberal supply of baths, wash rooms, water-closets, and other sanitory and domestic conveniences.

The upper story of the central tower contains a chamber for a museum, opening into a spacious gallery within the roof. In the upper parts of the towers, at the front angles of the building, are placed the reservoirs for the general supply of water to the establishment.

The theatre, under which is the mortuary, forms a distinct wing of the building, projecting from the centre, and approached from the main stair-case. The theatre is a large oblong room, semi-circular at one end, galleried, and is lighted chiefly from the roof.

Each story of the building has roomy balconies, open to the west, with access from the corridors of each wing.

The wards, twenty-two in number, are lofty, commodious, and planned to admit of easy classification. The largest of them are not calculated for more than twelve patients each. They are also so arranged that several in each story may be easily shut off from all communication with the rest of the building.

The warming and ventilating has been devised by the architect, and incorporated, as it ought to be, with the plan of the building. The plan is simple and somewhat novel. The corridors, which are broad passages in the centre of the building, have their ceilings lowered two feet below the level of the other ceilings. The space thus cut off forms a flue corresponding to the width of the corridor (twelve feet) by two feet in depth. In the sides of these flues are openings directly into each apartment in the building, at points near their ceilings, for the purpose of drawing off the impure air. These flues terminate in vertical shafts of large area, which convey the impure air thus collected to the external air at the top of the towers.

The fresh air is admitted by openings in the wall near the ground, and conveyed by separate air-ducts along the flues just mentioned. These branch off into smaller channels between the joists, and into each apartment by valvular orifices in the floors. In winter, the fresh air, in its passage to the building, is brought into contact with the surface of pipes heated by hot water and hot air, and which, after performing its functions, is exhausted by means of openings near the floors, communicating with the foul air flues already described—the openings at the ceilings being intended for use, only, during summer.

It is believed that a considerable saving in fuel will thus be effected by locating the supply and exhaustion flues in the middle of the building, insteau of the usual plan of flues in the outer wall. The latter absorbs and gives out a large portion of the heat to the external air; whereas, in the former case, all the heat that can be absorbed must be returned to the internal atmosphere.

The style of the building is old English, partially modified to our Canadian climate. The most novel and original features in the edifice are the roofed towers. These give a singular boldness of character and outline to the entire structure, which is simple and free from extraneous detail, but grouped into a remarkably pleasing composition. The grandeur of effect produced by simplicity of parts is here strikingly exemplified, and shows what can be done at small cost by merely treating the ordinary component parts of a building in an artistic manner.

The central tower is upwards of 100 feet high. The view from the top of which, from the elevated situation of the building, will be very grand.

Major.—I, for one, am proud of the Hospital, as I think we contributed somewhat in bringing the matter before the public, and obtaining for them what will, I trust, turn out a great blessing.

Doctor.—Amen, to that wish. I trust, also, that the present resident physician will not be interfered with. Much, if not all of the good that is even now done in the present establishment is owing to his care and management, and when the new building comes to be

placed under his care, you may rely on it, that Mr. Hay's plans for convenience and comfort, will be ably carried out by him.

LAIRD.—Do ye na think that the site of the new Hospital will be unhealthy?

DOCTOR.—A very decided opinion to that effect has been expressed, I know; but several parties, whose opinions should be respected, deem it otherwise. I would, however, like to see the matter properly discussed in the city papers, before it be too late.

MAJOR.—I noticed, Laird, that you drove up to the Shanty in your cutter. Did you find the sleighing good?

LAIRD.—First rate! My auld and faithful mare, Jenny Geddes, drew me here frae Bonnie Braes wi as little trouble, as if she had had naething at her tail except a joint stool!

MAJOR.—Of all locomotive inventions, commend me to an easy gliding cutter! A railway car is not a circumstance in comparison. My ancient and much respected friend, Samuel Johnson, was in the habit of declaring that the *summum bonum* of existence, consisted in being whirled along a King's high way, in a post chaise, at the rate of ten miles an hour. Had this illustrious lexicographer, however, been privileged to enjoy a drive in one of our wheel-lacking chariots, he would for ever have divorced his affections from the vehicle propelled by circular frames turning on an axis!

LAIRD.—Man, that's a grand, round-about way o' describing a wheel! I doubt whether the honest Doctor, himsel', could hae employed mair words to describe sic a sma' affair! "Circular frames turning on an axis!"

DOCTOR.—How delicious to recline in a sleigh, replete with buffalo robes, (a slave, of course, driving), your nose being sheltered from the attacks of Boreas, by the genial talisman of a pipe, pregnant with unsophisticated tobacco!

LAIRD.—And then the kindly chiming o' the bells! When I shut my een, I can amaist fancy that I'm King o' the Fairies, surrounded by my jingling courtiers!

DOCTOR.—That is too good! Just picture, if you can, Oberon, with the brawny shoulders, and colossal pedestals of our bucolic chum! Why, Titania would lose herself, irrecoverably, in the brush-wood of your whiskers!

LAIRD.—Joke awa'! I canna' be angry at ony thing, seeing that I got sax and saxpence for the balance o' my wheat frae John Hyde, this blessed morning!

MAJOR.—I agree with the Laird in his appreciation of the sleigh-bells. To me, they are as suggestive as the Vesper Chimes, immortalized by Tom Moore.

LAIRD.—Did you ever notice, Crabtree, the different impressions they produce, according to the mood o' the listener? I'll just gie ye a couple o' cases in point. On Monday last, I drove up to Esquesing, to visit an auld friend lying, I fear, upon his death-bed. We had come oot to Canada in the same year, and our wrestlings and strugglings up the Hill Difficulty o' a back-wood life, had been nearly identical. I had na' seen Squire Pettigrew—Peter Pettigrew is his name; for the better o' five years, and ho! what a stun my heart got, to behold the once buirdly man, withered and shivered up by the cauld, simoom-like breath o' death! On my road home, the bells about Jenny Geddes' neck sang naething but dirges. At ae time they would play

> "I'm wearing awa', Jean,
> Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean."

Then they would change to

> "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
> How can ye chant, ye little birds?
> And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

And finally they rang the accompaniment to Susannah Belamire's touching sang:

> "What ails this heart o' mine?
> What ails this watery e'e?
> What gars me a' turn cauld as death,
> When I take leave o' thee."

MAJOR.—You need not sneer Sangrado, my own experiences completely coincide with those of Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—Yesterday I was engaged in a pilgrimage o' a very different nature. It was to assist at the nuptials o' Peggy Patullo, the daughter o' another auld and respected freend. The Reverend Duncan Drumclog tied the knot, and after he had departed, dancing commenced, according to the canonical Scottish fashion. Auld ruling elder as I am, I took my share in the reels wi' the youngest o' the birkies, and what for no? It was a fraction after "elder's hours" before I set oot on my return, and I can promise you that Jenny's bells serenaded me wi' a set o' airs as different frae that which they had performed the preceding day, as light is frae darkness. As I drove awa frae the festive domicile they struck up wi' a birr and smiddum that constrained me to tak' part in the stave:

> "Fy! let us a' to the bridal,
> For there'll be littin there:
> For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
> The lass wi' the gowden hair.

And there'll be lang kale and pottage,
And bannocks o' barley meal;
And there'll be good saut herrin',
To relish a cogue o' good yill."

After a season I began to meditate upon the parting smack which I had bestowed upon my sonsie, hazel-e'ed partner, and to speculate upon what the Kirk Session would say, had they been cognizant o' the fact. My self-possession, however, was completely restored by the bells uplifting the canty ditty:

"Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this warld,
Since ever that there was twa.
Oh if it wasna' lawfu',
Lawyers wadna' allow it;
If it wasna' holy,
Ministers wadna' do it.
If it wasna' modest,
Maidens wadna' tak' it;
If it wasna' plenty,
Puir folk wadna' get it."

Next—

DOCTOR.—I rise, Major, to order. If the Laird be permitted to go on at this rate, stringing his scraps of crazy rhymes together, like an old maid engendering a quilt, there is but slender chance of our overtaking the legitimate business of our sederunt.

LAIRD.—"Mad rhymes," ye auld kiln-dried, timber-headed, howker-up o' dead bodies!

MAJOR.—I pray you "speak no biting words," most excellent of clod pulverizers. The Doctor hath reason on his side, though his interruption savoured somewhat of the uncourtly. Much have we to do, and the night waxeth ancient.

LAIRD.—But *crazy* rhymes! Does the man tak' me for a bedlamite?

DOCTOR.—I withdraw the obnoxious expression, and beg leave to introduce to the meeting Mr. Hanson's singularly interesting volume entitled "*The Lost Prince.*"

LAIRD.—Is that the buik which pretends to mak' oot that the Yankee Mess John, Eleazar Williams, is Louis XVII o' France?

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion there is no *pretending* about the matter. A stronger and more satisfactory chain of circumstantial evidence, never was brought together for the establishment of a question of identity.

LAIRD.—Wha's crazy now, I should like to ken? Div you mean to tell me that the puir ill guided wee laddie didna' gie up the ghost in the temple? Have na' I read Beauchesne's narrative o' that damnable tragedy, till my een got as red as the shell o' a boiled lobster, wi' greeting? The man's in a creel!

MAJOR.—I do not marvel at your incredulity. Until I read the volume, under discussion, I was as much an unbeliever in the claim put forth by Mr. Williams, as you can possibly be.

DOCTOR.—Is the proof indeed, so very cogent?

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion it could hardly be more complete.

LAIRD.—Can you gie us an inkling o' the same within a reasonable space o' time, say before the supper tocsin is sounded?

MAJOR.—The thing is utterly impossible, Bonnie Braes. As well might you ask me to compress the Iliad into a nut-shell.

DOCTOR.—Your illustration is somewhat unfortunate. Erasmus speaks of a cunning penman, who wrote the great work of the immortal blind ballad singer, in characters so small, that the surtout of a filbert contained it without pressure—or *churting*, as our North British mess-mate would more emphatically say.

LAIRD.—Does the preacher-king attempt to mak' ony bawbees oot o' his pretensions?

MAJOR.—Very far from it. But by way of a more specific answer to your question I shall read to you the concluding remarks of Mr. Hanson. They are eloquent and impressive in no small degree:

A word before I conclude, with respect to the position of Mr. Williams. On his part there is no claim and no pretension. The last thought in his mind is that of political elevation. Educated in a republican country, he is himself a republican in sentiment and feeling. A minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he has no wish but to labor in her fold and worship at her altar until death. Devoted to the regeneration of the Indian, his chief earthly hope is to rear among those formerly reputed his countrymen, a temple to the name of the Almighty God, which shall be at once a means in future years of recalling them from their ignorance and vice, and a monument of his love and sacrifices for them. He is now rapidly approaching that period of life when the ambitions and the interests of earth are of little avail. Had he known all he now does, thirty or even twenty years earlier, the case might have been different. If at times thoughts and aspirations of a different character have entered his mind, he has now dismissed them; and to go down to a Christian's grave in peace, usefulness, and honour, is all he wishes for himself, and all his friends wish for him.

His late years have been embittered by many sorrows, and especially by the knowledge of his early history, and having been myself the means of dragging him into an unpleasant notoriety, I have deemed it my duty to do what lay within the power of an unpractised pen, to vindicate him from assaults.

To the eye of a cold philosophy, kings and the sons of kings, are much like other men—but few of us are philosophers, and God forbid we should be, if it would deprive of sympathy for the

fallen. If I read any truth in history it is, that the hand of God is there, guiding the motions of the vast machine of human destiny, and making kings and rulers, and great men, statesmen, orators and poets, the agents for accomplishing his all-wise designs, nor can I, from the loop-holes of republican retreat, gaze with cynical eye upon the centuries that are fled, nor on the realms that are afar. The blood of a Bourbon or a Guelph may be composed of much the same ingredients as my own—but I recognise in it a something which the Providence of God has sanctified through many generations, and I confess to the weakness of dropping a tear at the thought of the forlorn descendant of European kings, ministering, on the desolate outskirts of civilization, to the scanty remnant of a race, once the barbaric sovereigns of this continent. But God, who deals equally with all, has, doubtless, granted to him as much happiness in the toils of missionary life, as to those who have successively occupied the throne of his fathers.

"Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum, et stantes in curribus Æmilianos,
* * * * Nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus: tunc illa time, quum pocula sumes
Gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro."

What boots it to be deemed of regal birth
And reckon ancestors in endless line,
Warriors enthroned, bright dames and steel clad knights?
* * * * * *
No aconite is drank in cups of earth;
Then may you fear it when your fingers clasp,
A jewelled goblet, and the Setine wine
Sparkles in ample gold.

LAIRD.—That's a braw looking bit book, Major. What name does it answer to?

MAJOR —"*Autographs for Freedom.*"

DOCTOR.—Is it a re-hash of the threadbare story of the "Declaration of Independence?"

MAJOR.—No. It has an aim more truthful and philanthropic than that mendacious lie of rebellion. The object which the volume advocates is to make all men free—black as well as white.

DOCTOR.—Oh, I presume, it is an anti-slavery annual.

MAJOR.—You have smitten the nail on the pericranium.

LAIRD.—Has it got ony pictures? I'm aye greedy to see pictures.

MAJOR.—Yes. Here for instance is a portrait of that Reverend Priest in petticoats, Antoinette L. Brown.

LAIRD.—Let's look at the notoriety. Hech sirs what a brazen-faced randy she is. Just mark the stern impudence o' her mouth. She seems for a' the world as if she was trying to churt out every drop o' womanhood that lurked in her system.

DOCTOR.—Pray, Laird, did you chance to fall in with Mr. William Chambers, when he was in Toronto?

LAIRD.—Sorry am I to say that I had not that pleasure. Fain would I hae seen again the man that has done sae muckle for popularizing sound and nutritious literature.

MAJOR.—You speak as if you had once met with the "cheap John" of literature.

LAIRD.—I said "seen," Crabtree, and no "met." There is a wide difference, I trow, between thae twa words. The latter would imply that I had eaten a Welsh rabbit, and may be, discussed a tumbler or sae, o' toddy wi' the honest man. But when ye only say "seen," it means naething mair than that he had been pointed oot to ye in the kirk or at the market.

MAJOR.—You have recently been elevated to the status of a school trustee, I believe?

LAIRD.—That's true; but hoo cam ye to get sae early an inkling o' the tidings?

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, I heard nothing of the matter. I simply jumped to the conclusion in consequence of witnessing your new-born furor of philological precision! Priscian or Lindley Murray could hardly have exceeded the *perjenkness* of your definitions!

DOCTOR. —But, Bonnie-braes, when and where was it that you forgathered with Wm. Chambers?

LAIRD.—Touching the epoch, it was mair years ago than I can weel condescend upon; but at ony rate it was a guid bittock o' time before my chin and a razor had become familiar! At the period in question Maister Chawmers (few folk, I opine, ca'd him Maister then) keepit a wee book shop on Leith Walk, no' far frae the toll gate. It was a bit shanty o' a thing, built o' timmer just like our backwood extempore domiciles, and, wi' its contents, wad hae been dearly purchased at thirty or forty pounds.

MAJOR.—Do you include the owner in the valuation?

LAIRD.—Haud your tongue, ye scoffer, or I'll no say anither word this blessed night till after supper!

DOCTOR (*aside*)—The penance might by possibility be endured!

LAIRD.—In the front of this bibliopolic booth, was a stand covered wi' auld dictionaries, odd volumes o' magazines, and novels, and sic like "waifs and strays" of literature.

There might hae been, in addition, an assortment of second-hand frying pans, cheese-toasters, and domestic implements o' a corresponding description, but o' this I canna' speak wi' precision. At ony rate Willie Chawmers was in a very small line o' business.

MAJOR.—What a contrast does the present position of Chambers' house present to the sketch which our agricultural chum has been favouring us with! How fortunate the brothers have been in their literary speculations!

LAIRD.—Craving your pardon, Crabtree, "fortunate" is an unmeaning and mensless expression, in the circumstances o' the case! Fortune, as fules understand the word, has naething to do wi' the matter! The lads had the gumption to see that the reading million craved economical viands o' a mair supérior description than what the market afforded, and they cut their claith accordingly. I am auld enough to mind the wersh and fushionless trash which thirty years ago was measured oot by publishers in threepenny and sixpenny messes. Even a butcher's apprentice, noo-a-days, wad turn up his nose wi' a scunner, at the viands which at that time were supplied to the middle classes, sae far as reading was concerned.

DOCTOR.—In administering to this want the Chambers were eminently successful. They at once elevated cheap, popular reading to a pitch nearly as high as it could possibly attain. I more than question whether any of the low-priced serials of the present day are superior to the pristine numbers of the "*Edinburgh Journal.*"

MAJOR.—What a thousand pities it is that William should have penned such a cento of bunkum and fudge, as the letter which he addressed to the *New York Tribune*, on taking leave of Dollardom the other day.

LAIRD.—I have nae seen it. What does the lad say?

MAJOR.—I will read you the obnoxious paragraphs:—

"I leave the United States with much regret. I carry with me the conviction that a great and splendid future is before them. Contrary to the opinion of most travellers from England, I see here a young but rapidly growing nation offering an example to the oldest communities in Europe. It is far from my wish to flatter; but what! do I not feel vast delight in seeing? I am overcome with the stupendous proportions and capacity of the country, its far stretching fields for human subsistence and happiness; of the American people, so little understood, and often misrepresented, I candidly own that their remarkable love of order, their energy and perseverance, their love of independence, the self-respect of even the humblest classes among them, their striking sobriety, their admirable educational systems, their many excellent libraries and universal fondness for reading, their press free from fiscal exactions, their flourishing religious institutions untampered by civil polity, their economically and spiritedly got up railways, now pushed half way to the Pacific, the neatness of their dwellings, their wonderful—and to an Englishman, alarming progress in the mechanical arts, the marvellous growth of their cities, and I will add their civility to strangers—I say all this gives me unqualified pleasure; and when I contrast their cities, free of pauperism and vice in its most loathsome forms, with what meets the eye in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other large cities in Britain, I feel that travellers from the old country have really little reason to speak disdainfully of America, or to exaggerate faults which at most are only partial and of no sort of account.

"Such being my impressions, it will be my duty to represent, in my own poor way at home, things as they deserve to be spoken of. Nor shall I fail to speak of the advantages to be derived by an emigration of the laboring classes generally to this country—feeling as as they will do from a perishing and unimproveable condition to a state of comfort and boundless prospects of well-doing.."

DOCTOR.—Is that all?

MAJOR.—It is.

DOCTOR.—I can only say then, that so far as Canada is concerned, I hope the Chambers intended speculation of reprinting their works in this country may turn out, in a pecuniary sense, a failure. There is one very decided false statement in that letter; I allude to that passage which contrasts the cities of Great Britain with those of the United States. Had Mr. Chambers lived as long in these same American cities as I have, he would assuredly have changed his tone. I can with truth assert, that in no city that I have been in, with the exception of New Orleans, Natchez—and some few other western cities, have I seen such fearful proof of immorality as was evidenced in New York by the number of unfortunate females who paraded the streets. London with its two millions and a half of inhabitants presents a less loathsome spectacle than did New York in 1846, with its thirty thousand degraded and lost females.

In regard to the advantages offered by the United States, to the emigrant, Mr. Lillie's pamphlet only requires to be read to carry the conviction that whatever advantages our neighbours offer, we offer greater. I am surprised at the tenor of Mr. Chambers' letter I must confess.

MAJOR.—So am I. It is most singular that so short a residence in the States should have so corrupted Chambers as to induce him, for the sake of making a few paltry pounds, by reprinting his works, to pay America so high and certainly so undeserved a tribute. I mean undeserved when contrasted with other countries, Canada for instance. By-the-by talking of other countries I will read you extracts from two letters, one from California, the other from Australia. I'll begin with the Californian epistle.—(*Reads.*)

"After all that has been spoken contemptuously of "the *diggins*," they have not turned out the only profitable gold enterprise, whether in Australia or California. I have repeatedly had the most perfect evidence that the early emigrants and miners found gold on the river beds, during the dry season, mixed up with sand and dirt in such large deposits that a man might separate £500 in a day. For a time, all that the imagination could depict about the fabled Eldorado, was more than realised here, and from the great extent of the river beds and mountain "dulches," you might suppose that great success would continue for many years. Yet if you could see the marvellous works of excavations that have been done here in every direction, you would wonder how it was possible for the population of California to have done such an amount of work. Hundreds of miles of mining ground have been turned and washed over two or three times, and where the rivers were too deep to admit of mining in dry seasons—large wooden planes have been erected to carry off the water, and lay bare the bed. In other cases the rivers have been turned into artificial channels—and latterly, small canals have been made from rivers, draining the waste water into remote places, where gold was found, but no water. During the six months of summer weather, the heat at the diggins is intense, and miners generally leave work from 11 to 4 P. M. However, it must not be omitted, that the heat by day, and extreme cold at night—the bad food, and still worse accommodation, the great insecurity of life, through drinking habits, and the congregating of the worst of criminals, in search of gold, have combined to make the diggins a hard business in its best estate; while there, I made several excavations by the assistance of a miner, G. W—, who was on board the City of Glasgow, but we never got enough to pay expenses. The mining country is very beautiful and picturesque, like a vast park, covered at intervals with fine pine and ancient oak. I should think, upon the whole, that the traders who have supplied food and clothing at the diggins, have made the most money, charging generally, a profit of 100 to 150 per cent., in this way the miners have been much plundered. While in the mines, before my machinery arrived, I had serious thoughts of settling on a farm in the midst of the mining district, between the middle and south forks of the American river, and I was in negotiation for a farm of 160 acres, with a small house, which was offered me for the low sum of £60.—It was well watered, and in the driest season there was grass one foot high. Nearly fifty acres was clear pasture.

The farm or rauch was a preemption claim of an American, for which I should have had afterwards to pay about one hundred and sixty dollars, or about forty pounds. There was a sawmill about half a mile distant, where I could have sawed out enough timber from the estate to pay for living. The chief difficulty in taking that or any other farm is the payment for labour, about forty dollars a month and board for each man. Any one with sons would do well here on a farm with a good tiller. The Mexicans have laid claim to the chief portion of land near the coast, and, until these claims are settled by the land commissioners, it is dangerous to have to do with them. But in the mining districts there are good lands to be obtained by all who are citizens, or who have declared their intention of becoming such, all that is requisite is to ascertain by searching the District Register to see if there is any recorded claim of the desired land, if not, a qualified man may record 160 for himself, 160 for his wife, and 160 for each child—specifying exactly the bounds and making within three months, improvements to the amount of two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars. The land can be used free of charge till surveyed by government, and then about one dollar an acre is called for. The price of land varies extremely. In San Francisco I have known land as street frontage sell at four hundred dollars a foot, and city lots, in parts not yet built on or graded, with twenty-three feet frontage and running back sixty-eight feet, average from six hundred to one thousand dollars. Farming lands about twenty miles distant can be bought at about six to eight dollars an acre, with confirmed titles.

The fertility of the land is very great, and where irrigation can be supplied in the six dry months from April to October three crops of barley or wheat might be obtained. At no season of the year is it too cold to grow crops, or flowers, or vegetables. It is now the end of November, the rains have set in, and, instead of preparing for frost, farmers and gardeners are busily planting out everything that is able to grow. I have just finished planting out geraniums, nasturtiums and pinks, and a few days ago I sowed onion, turnip, radish, lettuce, spinach, carrot, and cauliflower seed, which I expect to be well established by Christmas. In San Francisco the summer and dry months are colder than our rainy ones, in consequence of daily gales from the north-west, which are piercingly cold. The nights are always cool and requiring blankets.

The ordinary diseases are chills and fever, diarrhœas, dysentery and consumption, and recoveries from illnesses are usually slow. I believe California to be healthier than any other state in the Union—but the insecurity of life and property, which is one of the bitter fruits of republicanism, is largely increased here among the classes whofrequent the drinking and gambling saloons. Numbers are murdered here and thrown into the bay, about whose fate no enquiry is made beyond a coroner's verdict, If a murderer escapes he is rarely apprehended as no police are employed to pursue. Another disadvantage here, and common to the United States, is the contempt shown to *service*. Every one desires to be independent, and there are no servants. Those whom you hire to assist act more like partners than servants, and expect to be treated with perfect equality in all respects. The term servant is considered synonymous with slave.

Importers of goods frequently gamble away the whole value of their goods, and have eventually to sacrifice them at auction, so that nearly all the traders of the city and country towns buy at auction, and destroy, to a large extent, wholesale trading, so that even for private individuals, buying wholesale, auctions are the best market. Retail prices are just double wholesale. The passion for drink is so immense, that two-thirds of the stores have drinking bars. Duties are very high, if foreigners import, but nearly every thing pertaining to farming or trade, can be bought at home prices.

A capitalist, with even a small amount, say £2000, could live by getting 2½ to 3 per cent. per month, and payable in advance, on the best state or landed security. Good brick buildings can be bought, paying the same interest. I am living on the rents of machinery and house which I have let for eighteen months.

San Francisco has become, in four years, a very fine city, with stone streets, buildings, five and six stories high; and the streets are lined with shops, containing luxury and variety from all nations. A person living without a business, and enjoying leisure, is indeed a rare sight. All appear occupied intensely, and labour is considered so honorable, that persons unoccupied are more pitied than respected.

Our Sundays are becoming more sacred—but theatres and races still go on during the Lord's day.

It is always cheaper for new-comers to hire an unfurnished room or shanty, and board themselves, than to go to any boarding-house, which charge $10 a week, this without drinks. Trading is more profitable in country towns than in the city—I mean in shops; for rents are enormous in this city. Flour mills and saw mills are doing well; trading vessels up to Sacramento and Maryville are profitable, as coasters. But, be it remembered, the Custom House Laws are very severe against all foreign bottoms, whether boats or vessels, confiscating them without mercy. Our communications with Europe are much improved. The route by Nicaragua Lake is most reliable, and passengers from hence, go in twenty-three days to New York, which is a week sooner than by Panama; we fully expect to have a railway from hence to New York in four years, and a regular steam communication with China next spring. The Americans certainly excel all other nations in hard working, and, though wages of labour are high, twice as much work is done than is obtained in the same time elsewhere; large frame houses are built here in fourteen to twenty-one days—and brick buildings, that in Europe would take a year in building, are finished here in four months. In regard to politics, the Americans are fully bent on annexation; Mexico, Sandwich Islands, Peru, and Cuba, are all thought of by them. They begin by colonizing, and then introduce republican principles, and longing for union with the States. The fisheries at San Francisco are excellent; we have in great abundance, sturgeon, salmon, herring, sardines, whiting, skait, rock cod, craw-fish. In game, elk, antelope, deer, hare, geese, duck, partridges; we are well supplied with milk, for which we pay six pence a pint; beef is one shilling per pound; mutton, two shillings—pork, two shillings; fowls, ten shillings each. Potatoes are now 1d. per pound; but they often, when scarce, cost seven pence a pound; cabbages

are six pence each, cauliflowers, two shillings. The passage money from New York, in best cabin, is about £30 each—in steerage, £15."

The Australian extract is very short—here it is:—(*Reads*)

"Melbourne—a very pretty well laid-out town on a rising knoll—no trees, however, which is disadvantageous—fearful want of provisions—hardly any to be seen. 6th September—Off to-morrow to the digging—glorious accounts of the gold—obliged to sleep in a room 11 by 12, with fifteen others—paid 3s. 9d. for it—the same for meals. Australia is not the place I fancied it was. It is rather a hard place. You cannot get either wood or water without paying. From what I can find out, a person is better off in Canada with 5s. per day than he is here with 25s. Three pounds for a quarter of a cord of wood, think of that, ye grumblers at £1 per cord. For a glass of milk you have to pay 1s. 3d.—eggs 1s. a piece —1s. 3d. for an apple—9d. for a glass of ale. Fancy clergymen and their sons breaking stones on the road. I often wish I was home again and so does many a poor fellow. Don't come here. Labour is high—25s. per day. Carpenters, blacksmiths, &c. £2—rest in proportion. Hard country—no comfort whatever, unless one has lots of money. The accounts of the gold exceed every thing yet. Hope we may not be disappointed."

Doctor.—I presume by your look you expect my opinion as to what I have just heard.

Major.—No, not to-night; we have no time. I merely wished, as we have already given our view of California, from sheer love of fair play, to exhibit the country in another light. I can scarcely say a more favorable one. For my part I do not believe we have many among us so foolish as to desire to forsake a thriving country for the *ignis fatuus* hope of picking up lumps of gold. Canada has but to be known to be sought; and I am much pleased to learn that a gentleman named Whitefield intends to publish a series of Canadian sketches in the Mother Country, and to illustrate them by lectures. Listen to an extract from the prospectus—

"I propose to take these to Great Britain and Ireland, and by means of exhibitions and public lectures to set forth the superior advantages of Canada over every other part of the North American Continent, in point of climate, soil, natural productions, health, state of society, &c.

Attracting the people by means of pictorial representations and instructing them by means of lectures, I shall effect the desirable objects of enlightening the public mind of Great Britain, and drawing attention to the great and undeveloped resources of Canada, and thus turn the most valuable portion of that vast tide of emigration to the shores of Canada, which now sets in towards the United States.

I shall probably be absent about two years, as I intend to visit every town and city in the United Kingdom."

I have seen some of his pictures, and I can speak in the highest terms of them. I am also glad to say that Mr. Whitefield has achieved a great feat; he has got a good view of Toronto, a thing I scarcely deemed possible. Hamilton is also very good, and so is Quebec. When completed, few Canadian parlors should be without some of these "national pictures."

Laird.—I say, Crabtree, talking o' pictures minds me to ask if you have looked over thae buiks that came from Tallis & Co.?

Doctor.—What books?

Major.—"*Life and Times of the Duke of Wellington*," by Col. Williams; "*The Flowers of Loveliness*," edited by poor L. E. L., and "*Finden's Beauties of Moore*."

Doctor.—How do you like the way in which L. E. L's. production has been got up?

Major.—It is a very pretty drawing-room table ornament. Some of the grouping is a little forced, but that is almost unavoidable considering the subjects that have been selected. The Countess of Blessington and Mr. Bayley of "*Song Notoriety*," have contributed to its contents, and I may safely recommend the book to any person who wishes to have a book of fine plates on the table, especially as it has been got up so cheaply, three quarters of a dollar being all the sum charged for each number.

Doctor.—The other two mentioned are already so favorably known to the public, that I suppose it is scarcely necessary to mention them.

Major.—Exactly so—no library will be complete without Williams' Life of Wellington, and as far as the Beauties of Moore, all that I have said in praise of L. E. L's. production, and a great deal more, applies to it. I am very much pleased to see that a taste for the ornamental is spreading amongst us—it looks well when we find fine books of plates lying on our tables, it marks the advent of a "spread of taste." Have you any music for us, Doctor?

Doctor.—I am sorry to say that I have been obliged to shut out a little gem from Mozart, for want of room. I mean to get it in, next month, at all hazards. In the meantime, here are some fresh numbers of the "Musical Repository," which are well worth the attention of the public.

Laird.—Are there any sangs amongst them—

I mean sangs wi' kindly Scottish words, and no' your German or Italian fal-lals.

DOCTOR.—I fear you are doomed to disappointment, as there is not a single Scottish song amongst them. Here is the list—"The Camp Polka," by Charles D'Albert. "Pop goes the Weasel," which may almost be dedicated to Lord Palmerston. Selections from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl"

MAJOR.—Which?

DOCTOR.—"I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls," and "The heart bowed down;" the first of these I never liked; the second, however, is pretty. The next in the list is a fine valse by Kœnig, "La Valse d'Amour;" Kucken's well known "Trab, Trab;" the "Echo du Mont Blanc" polka, and some very fine vocal and instrumental selections from "La Prophète" make up the sum.

MAJOR.—Really a good selection, and well mixed; only requiring a Scotch song or two, eh, Laird.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, we canna get a' things in the warld; so we must just be content wi' what we hae; so I'll no' deny that the music is baith gude and cheap. And noo I'm gaun to begin wi' my facts. (*Reads.*)

A NEW SHADE TREE.

"A celebrated writer has lately issued a work to show who was, or who was not, the writer of the world-famed "*Letters of Junius;*" I wish some one equally anxious to display the acuteness of their logical powers would undertake to show us whether the ancient Job was, or was not, a gardener or arboriculturist. In the absence of all positive proof to the contrary, I venture to offer a presumptive one that he was not; he never could have sustained his patience under the numerous tempting circumstances which crowd on the gardener. Or, had he the heart of an arboriculturist, he could not have stood unmoved when told "that his Elms were smitten with grubs and borers; his Lindens bore wreaths and festoons of insects, and were rotten at the ground; his Ailantus had become the pests of his country; and his Maples the food of drop-worms and aphides." Job *could* not have been a gardener, and it is well he was not, or he would have lost his character and the world its model; and we have gained him as a precedent in the inquiry, "how to stop this plague:" for trees are essential to our existence. If one kind *wont* do, we must find a substitute.

I am going to propose that we introduce a *new shade tree!* Start not, good reader, the "vast and lofty" Himalaya's have not been ransacked to present you with another "curious and rare" specimen of abstract beauty; nor has China or Japan been made to lay before you another object of nine days wonder. Our subject has no claims of kindred with either the "Tree of Heaven" or the "Deodar;" but is one "to the manor born," in which you all, either by birth or adoption, claim an inheritance. But its country must not depreciate its value. *It is American!* It is *Liquidamber styraciflua*, LIN., better known as the Sweet Gum. But the Sweet Gum I allude to is not the "Sweet Gum" as we find it in densely crowded woods, with its stem as slender and as straight as a stud-sail boom; nor the "Sweet Gum" as we frequently see it in damp, half swampy places, with shoots as weak and delicate as a card-basket osier; but the Sweet Gum sometimes seen growing by itself, unsurrounded by other trees, and with its roots free to extend themselves unchecked in a cool, deep, and rich loam. In such situations it has not, perhaps, the rural grandeur of the Oak, or the graceful elegance of a Weeping Willow—not, probably, the stiff, majestic foliage of the Magnolias, or the lightness and ease of the "gentle" Birch; but yet a claim to picturesque and simple beauty which no other can eclipse, beside combining many other traits of interest separate in other trees. It is a very rapid grower, will attain a height of eighty feet, and a circumference of seven, under favorable circumstances, and has a widely spreading, roundish, conical head. The branches have a rigid, though much divaricating mode of growth, and are covered with that corky-barked appearance so much sought after and admired in some varieties of Elms, Maples, and Nettle trees. The leaves and fruit resemble the Buttonwood in all except size and hue, and there is, indeed, a sort of distant relationship between the two families. The leaves are not one-third the size of the Buttonwood, deeply lobed—star-like, and produced in abundance. The upper surface shines as if varnished; and as the foliage moves with the slightest summer breezes, gives the tree a playful and pleasing character in its frequent succession of light and shade. This pleasing character of the foliage is heightened at the approach of fall by its brilliant colors. It has no compeer in this character. The leaves change to every describable shade of orange, yellow, and red.

But beautiful as the tree really is, I would not recommend it as a shade tree solely on that account. It abounds with a resinous principle apparently obnoxious to insects. Extended observation has led me to believe that not a species

attacks it. This property alone is worth "a plum" to the planter.

Having stated its merits as a faithful historian, I must narrate its short-comings. I do not believe it is adapted to a great diversity of soil, or to a high northern latitude. In poor, dry soils, it is of slow growth and short duration; and it may not probably do well in the dry and confined air of a densely built city; but what does *well* in such extremes?

It is easily propagated. Seed should be sown as soon as ripe, or early in the spring, in a loose, loamy soil, somewhat shaded. Plants will appear in a few weeks in the spring, and grow over a foot the first season. The seed vessels do not ripen till late in the fall, but should be gathered before the first severe frost, which is apt to split open the capsules and suffer the seed to escape.

It is singular that so handsome and useful a tree should be so long neglected; and the only explanation probably is, that it did not come to us with a recommendation from some one of "the ends of the earth."

RURAL CONVENIENCES AND ANIMAL COMFORTS.

Very few persons fully realize the beau ideal of comfort in the country, although it is by no means very difficult of attainment. Luxuries of the first class may be supplied by the fruit and kitchen garden, the orchard, and through a well-kept stock of domestic animals. We do not allude to the common slip-shod and imperfect way in which these supplies are obtained; that is by means of late and stunted vegetables in a weedy and unmanured garden, or fruit of a doubtful character, on neglected, moss-grown, unpruned trees, and everything else of a similar style of production. These cannot be called luxuries, and even the inhabitant of dense cities, who sees only brick walls and one small patch of clear sky just overhead, may get much better at the nearest market, on the corner of the next street. What we allude to are articles of much higher perfection—the best early vegetables from the hot bed; the most delicious raised in the open garden; fruits of the most improved varieties, under the best cultivation, and comprising the whole yearly circle, from the earliest strawberries and cherries, through the profusion of sorts that ripen in summer and autumn, to the finest long-keeping apples and pears. Every one, almost, has plenty of fruit during a certain brief period in autumn, and some have a partial or occasional supply through a large portion of the year; but very few are able to place a fine dish of the best upon their tables for every day of the year. The animals of the farm contribute their share; "the flowing cup, fresh from the dairy virgin's liberal hand," as Armstrong expresses it; real genuine cream for the strawberries, and not the market mixture of chalk and milk; a fowl for the table when needed, and plenty of fresh eggs from the poultry house at all times; these all contribute much to the comfort of country life. But these are not all; the neat residence, the well-kept ornamental grounds, the well-furnished rooms, the intellectual food of books and papers, all have a large share in making up the complete whole.

But while the country resident is providing for his own convenience, he should not forget the comfort of his domestic animals. It is always gratifying to see the same complete system of convenience in a farm, as in the most perfect and best kept family residence. Warm, well ventilated, well littered stables, thoroughly cleaned at least twice, but better three times a day, are not so rare as ample provision for the smaller animals. All animals are most liable to disease, and most subject to a loss of flesh, when suffering from any kind of discomfort, among the most prominent of which are badly cleaned floors and an impure atmosphere. Good milk is not to be expected, nor good butter to be made from cows suffering under these unfavorable influences. A very rare thing is a clean inoffensive piggery. Every pig-house should have a smooth, hard floor, so as to be constantly scraped and swept, by the easiest possible removal of the accumulations. Where several inches of peat or turf are deposited, for them to root and burrow in (when the weather is not freezing), this should never be allowed to remain long enough to create an unpleasant odor, and a hard floor will contribute much towards its easy removal. How much better would be such special provision as this, than the more common practice of allowing swine to roam the barn-yard among cattle, seeking shelter and cleanliness, but finding none. Fowls are very sensitive to cold and discomfort. We have examined many well-made poultry-houses, but scarcely one kept constantly sweet and clean. It costs but little more to remove a peck of hen-guano, in light semi-daily instalments, than at one weekly and disagreeable operation. Sheep would grow and thrive, and survive our winters better, were we to pay for artificial shelter for a year or two, if comfortable sheds and dry yards were provided for them, and sufficient divisions made for keeping the various classes of weak and strong, young and old, separate.

Complete ranges of buildings to furnish ample provision for all these purposes, should be a sine qua non of every good farm; and if the tools

and implements also, could be only regarded as having some degree of sensation, perhaps better care would be taken, and better shelter be provided for them. Carts, waggons, and plows; rakes, hoes, and forks; harrows, cultivators, and drills, should as much have special rooms provided for them, in which they should be carefully kept when not in use as the favorite horse.

There is one other room of a different character, which should never be omitted on any farm of considerable size, but of which nearly every one is entirely destitute. This is a *business office* attached to the dwelling, where the account books are kept, where hired men are settled with and paid, where bargains are made with business men, and all consultations of a business character are held. Such a room need not be more than ten or twelve feet square, and may be of very simple construction, warmed by a small stove, and not consuming a cord of wood in a year. If the farmer does not himself see the advantages of such an office, every neat house-wife most certainly will, who is so often annoyed by such transactions in those singularly appropriate places, the parlor, or around the kitchen cook-stove.

We might add to the list of country conveniences, good, well gravelled farm-roads; well paved or flagged barn-yards; and self-shutting and self-fastening gates for the different fields.

IMPORTANCE OF METHOD.

No greater element of success can be introduced into the habits of the agriculturist, than a strict methodical manner of conducting the business of the farm, and no deficiency will more largely detract from his prospect of success, than a lack of method. The contrast between the man of method and the man without, is vivid in the extreme. The business affairs of the one are in all manner of forms and conditions, save in a prosperous form, while those of the other are, in sailor parlance, 'snug, trim, and all ataut.' The contrast in prosperity and general enjoyment of life is fully as great as in the externals of business affairs.

The *successful* management of a farm requires a vast amount of care and attention, a close oversight; in short, an incessant watchfulness. There must be brought to the task no insignificant quantity of the most multifarious talents, and they must be steadily and sturdily exercised. The details of farm management are of the most extended and complicated character, and can be fully and successfully compassed, but by the active exertion of a disciplined and educated mind, which must call out its full resources, not forgetting the systematic arrangement and prompt execution of all requirements for labor and skill.

That is a trite old maxim which saith "A place for everything and everything in its place." Were it added, that the *place* be under a shelter the addition would be an emendation. The farmer who lacks method has many places for everything, and those, far too frequently, places of full exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather. The loss consequent upon such exposure is no small item in the year's account, and the loss of *time*, though too little heeded, will often engulf the year's profits.

The orderly arrangement and systematic conduct of all matters pertaining to the farm establishment is not only indispensable to the profitable management of the same, but is also a sine-qua-non with regard to the pleasure which is to be derived from rural life.

Orderly arrangement leads to *neat* arrangement, and therefrom springs the sure beginnings of refinement and rural taste, which is a way-mark in the direct road to intellectual culture, honor, usefulness, true gentility, and a happy life.

MAJOR.—Doctor, I must trouble you to read Mrs. Grundy's contributions. Poor thing, she has had an attack of influenza, and instead of applying to you, she was foolish enough to take some quack medicine. I am not sure whether she was not boiled in Tamarac tea; at all events she is suffering still from the effects of the remedies, and cannot make her appearance.

DOCTOR.—Well, hand me over the basket and its contents. Here goes, but pray excuse mistakes in the pronunciation. (*Reads.*)

Every month brings us something new and beautiful in the way of dress or trimming, from Paris. We had scarcely recovered from the surprise caused by a view of a dozen kinds of feather edges of all colors, forming the most beautifully fresh, chaste and unobtrusive edgings for mantelets and shawls, when presto! in marches an imitation-fur made of silk and twice as beautiful, with all the air of courtly favour, backed by the impudence of a Menschikoff: All compositions of feathers, down and blonde diaphonous vaporosities must stand aside for this imitation of aristocratic pretension; and the only article that maintains favor within its shadow, is a beautiful plush trimming in imitation of ermine. It is either clear white, or white streaked with black or clouded with sky blue. The favor with which this style of trimming is regarded in London, is shown by the following exract from a leading journal:—

"The plush has just been employed fo·

trimming a dress of gros-de-Tours, of which we subjoin a description. The gros-de-Tours is of a very rich quality, and the color pearly grey. It is covered with a running pattern of wreaths of flowers *brochee* in a tint of pearl-grey, a shade darker than the ground. The skirt of this dress has three flounces, each edged with two bands of the plush trimming. These bands are of different widths; the broadest being placed nearest to the edge of the flounce. The corsage is open, and has a long basque with the corners in front rounded. The sleeves are slit up to the elbow and the corners at the ends slightly rounded. Over these sleeves there are upper sleeves, which descend half way down the arm: these upper sleeves being also slit on the outside. The ends of the sleeves, as well as of the basque and corsage, are edged with bands of plush. A half-high chemisette and under sleeves of Alençon lace are worn with this dress. An *attache* of onyx is fixed at the point in front of the corsage. The bracelets which accompany this dress are of a *recherche* description. They each consist of a broad band of black velvet, upon which are affixed five pieces of onyx of an oval shape; forming, as it were, so many medallions.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The luxury of the ladies' toilet is daily increasing in Paris, and the richness of the goods employed is only surpassed by the elegance of the trimmings. Embroidered ribbons, lace of the most costly description, are all the go.

The newest fashion for evening toilets, is that called *Boas de l'Inde* (Indian Snakes.) This light and elegant dress is made of a "spider-woven" like goods, twisted in a peculiar manner and forming a long boa which ends by two tassels of silk or of gold *guipure*. This muslin snake is twice rolled around the neck, and when the theatre or party is over, it may be used as a scarf to cover the head and shoulders. The ariel tissue may be, with much reason, compared to a cloud around two stars—those of the sparkling eyes of the lady who wears it. The muslin boa has taken the place of the hood, and is intended to have an immense success among the ladies.

The dresses are always made with additional skirts called *basques* (jupes). The favor of this style of dress is to be attributed to its graceful and distinguished appearance. The *volants* are also much worn for the "dressed" dresses of ordinary silk, but whenever the dressmaker employs for her making a stiff and heavy silk, it is not customary to use *volants*. The only ornaments of the dresses are velvet and lace.

The Scotch plaids with black ground, either of plain silk or velvet, are considered as very fashionable.

I will also mention the *Valenciás* with large horizontal stripes of satin and velvet. The woolen *brocatelles*—the water *barpoors* and plaid *popelines*—and last, not the least, a cashmere dress, with oriental ornaments of yellow silk, immitating gold and forming a frame to checked squares of various colors. This article is somewhat like a Harlequin dress, but it is really charming, particularly for ladies of dark complexion.

The "tiger velvet" is also much used for boddice and bonnets.

The *coiffures* for soirees and balls, are of a very variegated number and style. They may be called a *Salmigondis* of fruits, flowers, leaves, ribbons and laces, and though, to my taste, they are somewhat heavy for the head, they offer a brilliant sight to the beholder, particularly when they are placed on a lovely head and well arranged by the hair dresser

The grape leaves, with gold wheat and falling gold herbs, are also quite fashionable this winter. But the most elegant and becoming *coiffure*, particularly for ladies of a certain age, is composed of velvet and lace—*á la Marie Stuart*.

The toilet of gentlemen is always the same, which is to say—for the *neglige*, long riding coats and surtouts tight to the waist and falling below the knees.

The *redingote* half-dress is made with short skirt and large sleeves lined with cherry-color silk.

The pantaloons are still made tight to the body. The largest plaids are much used far morning costume, but in the evening the black coat, pants and fancy silk, or embroidered cloth waiscoat, are the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. At the fashionable theatres, as the Grand Opera and the Italian Theatre, the dress coat in blue cloth, with gilt buttons, is considered as quite fashiohable.

The fashion has inaugurated a new style for serving up dinners, which is worth being mentioned here. Instead of serving the viands on the table at the beginning of a dinner, the dessert is placed on the cloth, with vases of fruits and flowers, whilst the dinner is served on separate tables and the bill of fare is distributed to the guests, printed on very elegant pieces of thick paper. The napkins are made very small, with the initials of the host embroidered in the centre, in red cotton or silk. In many houses the napkins are changed for the dessert, and they are made with the finest linen and trimmed with lace.

And now for my own part in the Shanty drama. Here is chess, and I give you fair warning that I mean to take two pages in the next number, as a chess tournament is now being held in Toronto, and I shall require that space to do justice to the games that are played. (*Reads.*)

CHESS.

(*To Correspondents.*)

G. A.—You are in error respecting the solution of our last problem, making, strangely enough, the same mistake that the editor of the *Kingston Whig* appears to have fallen into, in his notice of our chess problems.

W. G. D., Kingston.—We thank you for your communication, and trust to hear from you oftener.

A Member of the Toronto Chess Club.—The games sent will appear in our next.

G. P.—We thank you for correcting a mistake which occurred in our last chapter on chess. "The Chess Player's Chronicle has completed its *fourteenth* volume."

Solutions to Problems 2., by J. H. R.; J. B.; and Pawn are correct; all others are wrong.

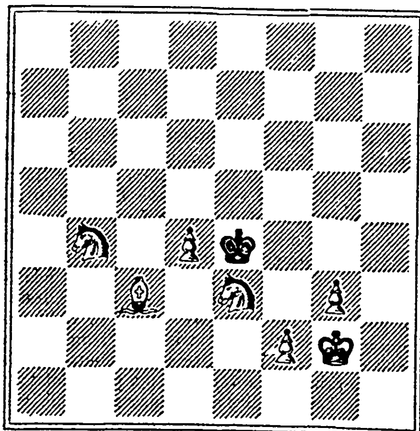
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. II.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q R 3d.	P moves.
2. K to his 3d.	P checks.
3. K to his B 3d.	P moves.
4. K tks P disc. mate.	

PROBLEM No. III.

By * * ?

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

CHESS.

Chapter V.—Concluding Remarks.

We propose concluding these short chapters on chess with a few remarks culled from Mr. Kenny's "Manual of Chess," to which work we have been principally indebted for the information already given. He advises practice, and recommends all students to endeavor to play from memory the game he has just finished. It is well to cultivate the memory in this particular, as the move, or moves, will then readily be discovered, that led to the loss of the game.

Hood, in his "Literary Reminiscences," notices the benefit resulting from this practice, following it up with a pleasing comparison. "It is pleasant," he says, "after a match at chess, particularly if we have won, to try back, and reconsider those important moves which have had a decisive influence on the result. It is still more interesting, in the game of life, to recall the critical positions that have occurred during its progress, and review the false or judicious steps that have led to our subsequent good or evil fortune. There is, however, this difference, that chess is a matter of pure skill and calculation; whereas the chequered board of human life is subject to the caprice of chance, the event being sometimes determined by combinations which never entered into the mind of the player."

"Practice, practice, practice is the best advice after all, and I would recommend you strongly," says Kenny, "to select a player able to give you odds; you will learn more by endeavoring to defend your game from his well regulated attacks, than by winning dozens of games from inferior players. Although the great pleasure resulting from a good game of chess is the winning, still there is much more to be gained by losing a well-fought game, than by many easy conquests.

Recollect the advice given by R. Penn, Esq. "Win as often as you can, but never make any display of insulting joy on the occasion. When you cannot win, lose (though you may not like it) with good temper."

In conclusion, we give the following L'Envoy to an old poem (N. Breton, 1638):—

"Then rule with care and quick conceit,
And fight with knowledge, as with force;
So beare a braine, to dash deceit,
And worke with reason and remorse;
Forgive a fault when young men plaie,
So give a mate, and go your way.

"And when you plaie, beware of checke,
Know how to save and give a neck;
And with a checke beware of mate;
But chefe ware had I wist too late;
Lose not the Queene, for ten to one,
If she be lost, the game is gone."

ENIGMA.

No. 18. *By*———.

White.—K at his 6th; R at K 5th.

Black.—K at his sq.

White to play and mate in three moves.