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Paris Fashions for December.



ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: DECEMBER, 1852.—No. 6.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF CANADA.

PORT HOPE;

WITH DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

PORT HOPE, in the Township of Hope, in the Newcastle District, is pleasantly situated on Lake Ontario, and commands from the upper part of the town a fine view of the lake and the adjacent country. An inconsiderable, but rapid stream runs through it, forming at its embouchure a natural harbour, which requires only to be cleaned out to be one of the safest and best protected on Ontario, as it is of considerable size and is well sheltered from the east, west, and north. This stream was formerly styled Smith's Creek, and the town was for some time known by the same name. Two piers have been erected near the mouth of the stream, but the continual deposit of alluvial matter brought down, and the wash of the lake have formed a bar which will render it necessary for the citizens to avail themselves of the hitherto neglected advantages of their natural basin, and it is now in contemplation to erect, lakeward, two outer piers which will thus form a commodious harbour.

The town is prettily laid out and is rapidly improving; the business part is principally in a valley sloping gently to the north, while on the east and west the ground rises more abruptly and is studded with the residences of the citizens. On the hill to the right may

be distinguished the English Church, a plain and unpretending wooden structure.

A great part of the town was destroyed by fire a few years ago, and substantial three story brick buildings are rapidly rising on the site of the former unsightly wooden piles which then lined the principal streets.

Directly in the foreground is the new Town Hall, of red brick, a large and convenient building, with a good market in the lower part of it, and a little to the right are some extensive grist mills, of stone, newly erected and capable of turning out very large quantities of our present staple.

Port Hope can boast of a full proportion of the usual manufactories found in other improving towns in the Province and reckons amongst them, saw-mills, breweries and foundries, distilleries (Port Hope is famous for the spirits produced there,) carding and fulling mills, tanneries, asheries, soap and candle factories, with many other manufactories for various purposes.

The Banks and Insurance Companies are all fully represented, while there are churches for the members of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist persuasions. The Catholic Church was destroyed a short time ago by fire, but another is in progress of erection. Port Hope, in short, from its pretty situation, its thriving state, the energy of its citizens, and its fine back country, forms a very desirable location for the emigrant. The

society is on an easy footing, and a Mechanic's Institute has been formed, which must tend still further to add to the many advantages offered to the intending settler.

The scenery about is pretty and romantic, the land in the vicinity (*vide* Smith's Canada,) "particularly on the west side of the town, being composed of a succession of little hills or knolls, rising one above another to a considerable height; the highest called 'Fort Orton,' commands a fine view over both land and lake." The formation of the ground, however, renders the situation of many of the residences more picturesque than convenient, the proportion of level ground being small. On the left of the plate may be distinguished the commencement of some rather high table land, prettily wooded, a favorite resort for the inhabitants in the pic-nic season. The well laid out nursery grounds, called the "Hamilton Gardens," about two miles from the town form also another attraction to the citizens. The Toronto and Kingston stages pass through the town, and during the navigation season, steamboats call daily on their respective routes to Toronto, Kingston, and Rochester. The town is incorporated and contains about 2500 inhabitants according to the last census. As an instance of the rapid rise in the value of property, we quote from Smith's Canada the following:—"To the east of the town is a block of land, containing about 250 acres, which was formerly held in lease from the Crown, by one of the first settlers; on the expiration of the lease, five pounds per acre was the price set upon the land, this he refused to pay, thinking it too much, and the lot eventually became the property of the University; part of it is now laid out in town lots, and is worth probably not less than a hundred pounds per acre." In the town itself, building lots fetch readily four times that amount, even in no very eligible localities. Good roads lead in every direction from Port Hope, and afford great facilities to the farmers to bring their produce to market, and very large quantities of lumber, butter, wheat and flour are annually exported to the United States.

The Township of Hope is well settled, and contains some good farms; the soil is generally a sandy loam, and there is considerable pine mixed with the hardwood. In 1842, the

township including Port Hope only contained 4432 inhabitants. In 1852, the township alone numbered over 5000.

The shipping, properly belonging to and owned at Port Hope, is as yet but inconsiderable, but the enterprising citizens have repeatedly avowed their intention, as soon as the new harbour is completed, to increase this branch of business, and place this thriving little town on an equality with any other of similar importance on the lake.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. VI.

WHAT BECAME OF THE QUAKER'S WARD.

At our last confabulation, gentle reader, we informed you that the fair precisian, Bathsheba Buddicombe, had fallen into the snares of that incorrigible poacher, Cupid, and it now devolves upon us to put you in possession of the full facts of the case.

The person who had smitten Bathsheba with the disorder, for which, as Dr. Scougall used often to say, there was no legitimate cure but a plain gold ring, was the last man in creation you would have evened to a douce, sober, Quakeress.

Walter (or as he was more commonly called Wattie,) Ogilvie was a rattling, thoughtless chap, with more wit than siller, who was Laird of a small property in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock. Once upon a time it had been one of the best estates in that part of the United Kingdom, but gradually it had dwindled down to a sapless skeleton, in consequence of the improvidence of his ancestors. They were a drunken, roistering, feckless race, that had sold acre after acre, as the wine-cask and beef-barrel got empty, being too proud to sully the purity of their ancient blood with the ignoble mud of commerce or trade.

Though neither a sot nor a spendthrift, in the grosser acceptance of the term, Wattie was nearly as improvident as his predecessors. He had never been brought up to follow a regular calling;—he was on the wrong side of the political blanket to get a commission in the army, or a post in the Excise;—and though his acquaintance with the heritors of Dleepdaily might have secured him a hoist into the Kirk, (the *Veto* not being then in

fashion) he was too honest to think of a profession for which he felt himself so scantily qualified. As he himself used to observe when the subject chanced to be broached:—"You might as weel expect to see a moudie-wart threading a sma'-headed needle, or a cow climbing up a fir-tree, to herric a crow's nest, as to behold me looking mim and grave in a gown and bands!"

How it came to pass that the sober Quaker maiden, and the rattling Kilmarnock laird got so thick, I must leave to wiser heads than mine to expiscate. I can only state the simple, undoubted fact that they loved, devolving upon philosophers and phrenzyologists to fathom the reason,—though I daresay such gentry would make as little of the matter as their more rational neighbours. The lassie, possibly, accustomed to a quiet and demure life, was captivated with Wattie's mirth and fun—women always having had a notion of novelty from that limmer Pandora, downwards. And as for the lad, he, perchance, was taken with the maiden's simplicity and artlessness, so different from the wiles and airs of the females he had been in the habit of coming in contact with. According to the same rule, a confirmed snuffer generally comes, in the long-run, to prefer sober brown or black, to high scented mixtures. This fact in natural history can be certified by any respectable merchant in the retail tobacco trade!

Malachi Sampson was not so deeply engrossed in his phrenology as to be blind to what was going on in his household; and to tell the plain unvarnished truth, he was not overly pleased at the aspect of affairs.

He had a genuine liking for the lassie entrusted to his care; and feeling the importance of his curatorial office, he was anxious to provide her with a suitable helpmate, according to his notions of such a part of speech. Having taken the whole matter into consideration, Malachi discovered sundry stern and weighty objections to a verdict in favour of the laird in his suit matrimonial.

The Quaker had set out in the race of life with no other capital than what was supplied by nature's bank, viz., a liberal allowance of prudence and mother wit. Sore was the wrestle which he had in climbing the Hill Difficulty of fortune. When copper was his most plentiful metal, his study was to make a pen-

ny do the work of a sixpence; and when he progressed to silver, a shilling, for many a day, mounted guard in the room of a guinea. The natural upshot of such a state of things was, that, without being what the world would call a miser, he gained the habit of looking, even when his corn and wine most abounded, at both sides of a groat, before expatriating it from his treasury. Having, likewise, experienced in his own case the necessity of economy and retrenchment, he came to the conclusion, that such qualifications were indispensable in all others.

Entertaining such feelings, it is not to be wondered at that friend Sampson looked upon poor Wattie with a suspicious and unfriendly eye, as a nephew-in-law, and set his brain to work, to prevent the dissipating of his niece's patrimony, which he predicted would, as a matter of necessity, result from the incongruous conjunction.

A bright thought struck the anxious Quaker! The new doctrine, to which he had become a heart and soul convert, suggested a test for a husband, superior, in his opinion, to what anything else could supply; and the idea no sooner found a lodgment in his scone than he determined to act upon it.

Here I must observe, in passing, the frenzyologists affirm, that on a certain region of the human skull is situated a bump, called *acquisitiveness*. I am sure of the word, seeing that I was at the pains to question one of the craft upon the subject. The dimensions, be they great or small, of this same *organ* (that's one of their cant phrases!) demonstrate whether a man is likely, or the reverse, to keep a firm clutch of the *siller*, and add and eke to the same.

"This," quoth Sampson, "this shall be the test and qualification of my niece's husband;" and forthwith he took care to promulgate that without such a testimonial to character, written, so to speak, in Mother Nature's own hand, no one could hope to win his consent to wed with Bathsheba.

You may safely swear that young Laird Ogilvie was not the last to get tidings of this resolution, and as he knew literally nothing about the matter of bumps, he opined that he had as good a chance of succeeding in the new-fangled ordeal as another. Accordingly, having dressed himself in his newest red hunting-

coat, he called at the huxtery, and having demanded an audience of the Quaker, submitted his cranium (that's one of Dr. Scougall's words-) to his consideration.

The trial was granted, with an incredulous grunt as to the probable result. Malachi fumbled about Wattie's ears for the better portion of half an hour; and the suitor was at length dismissed with the consolatory assurance that so far from his boasting anything of the bump in question, there was a hollow, like a coal pit in the very place where it should have been!

Never was a poor lover in such a predicament! Wattie absconded from the shop as if his nose had been bleeding;—and I doubt not but that he would have submitted even to the decoration of a pair of bumps as big as Arthur's seat, so be that they were in the proper quarter.

Though a thoughtless creature, Wattie had not a grain of selfishness in his composition. His love for Bathsheba was pure as virgin honey and genuine as unadulterated Glenlivet whiskey, and he made up his mind to demand her hand even though he should get it empty. Accordingly he sought and compassed an interview with the maiden—stated fairly the *pros* and the *cons* of the whole matter—and the upshot was that the lass was much of the same mind with the lad, accepting the half of a broken sixpence as the *erles* of her engagement.

There are some combustibles—as Dr. Scougall tells me—that only burn when they are under water, and in like manner there are minds whose energies are mainly called forth in seasons of trouble and difficulty. Bathsheba Buddicombe was one of this description. She bethought her of an old adage “two heads are better than one,” and started the idea to her betrothed that perchance Malachi had been mistaken in his survey, and that haply a more skilful hunter might find out the nest of the miserly bump in the wilderness of Wattie's cranium. The lover grasped at the suggestion like a drowning man at a straw; and got a man of business, Mr. Caption the lawyer, to write a formal letter to the Quaker, demanding an inspection of his client's skull by a competent authority with a view to the implement of the conditions which had been publicly promulgated.

As the Quaker, in the course of his feud

with Miss Nettles, had tasted somewhat of the wormwood of the law, and had no stomach for a second draught from that grewsome cup, he had not courage to refuse the challenge. He granted the trial, the more easily, I opine, because he had complete confidence in the correctness of his own manipulation, to borrow again the paganish jargon of the craft.

A day was accordingly fixed for the inspection, and the notorious Master Kame, the leading high-priest of the denomination, was engaged to come from Edinburgh to officiate on the occasion.

On the night preceding the momentous epoch, the lovers had made a paction to meet behind the hay-stack, in Malachi's kail-yard, in order to concert their future plans, in case the verdict should prove unfavourable to their hopes, as they could not help fearing it would. As the man in the play says, “*the course of true love never yet ran smooth,*” and truly the course it took on this occasion was as crooked, so far as human eye could see, as a corkscrew, or the conscience of a usurer!

Wattie was punctual to his appointment, being at the place of meeting a full half-hour before the time, which was eleven o'clock. Every minute that absconded appeared an age in duration, so great were his anxiety and impatience, and when at last he heard the sound of footsteps approaching, his over-burdened heart beat as if driven by a ten-horse power engine.

The night was pitch dark. It seemed as if reform had mounted to the heavens, causing a penurious retrenchment in the lights, as not even a solitary star was to be seen like a speck of silver foil on a sable escutcheon!

Lovers, however, have no need of candles to read each other's hearts, and Wattie, when the object of his desires came up, felt as independent as if he had been in an illuminated ball-room. So soon as she arrived he grasped her hand, and began pouring forth the usual *alpha beta* of folk in such a predicament, enlarging upon hearts, and darts, and supreme felicity, and so forth,—as the same is to be found more particularly and at greater length in the “Universal Letter Writer.” Modesty, of course, forbade the maiden to give any response to this preposterous paternoster, and the swain having exhausted his bead-roll of endearments at last began to speak of business.

He enlarged on the disinterested devotedness of his affection—touched on the felicitous sweets of love in a cottage, and quoted a text to the effect that contentment with a handful of oatmeal is better than turtle soup and roast beef without it. As he progressed (to use the barbarous lingo of the Yankee's) he warmed in his speech, even as silver brightens by scouring, and forgetting the near relationship of the parties, he likened and compared the Quaker to a huge, long-shanked spider, weaving the meshes of the abominable web of persecution around two forlorn loving hearts.

The latter words had no sooner issued from Laird Ogilvie's mouth, than a gush of light flashed upon his face, and when his eyes recovered from their bewilderment they beheld an object which constrained them to stand stiff in his head like the motionless optics of a doll.

In place of the shrinking, blushing Bathsheba there stood as large as life, the tremendous Quaker, grasping a dark *booit* lanthorn in one hand, and a merciless potato beetle in the other, reminding you of Giant Despair and his club in the Pilgrims Progress!

How he came there, I never could properly expiscate, but so was the fact, that for the larger dividend of half an hour he had enacted the part intended for his niece, and, as is frequently the case with listeners, had heard but scanty good of himself. At his pristine advent he had discovered the root of the matter, and in order to learn the full bearing of affairs had remained so long quiet, answering only by a *yea* or a *nay* when obligated to make a response, which his chirping, feckless voice enabled him to do without risk of discovery. When the barm of Wattie's heat had worked to a climax, however, even a Quaker's flesh and blood could stand it no longer. The unsavoury similitude of the spider clean stuck in his throat, and turning round the light side of the *booit*, he flashed it, as aforesaid, on the defamer, and, without waiting to say grace, rained a perfect water spout of blows on his scone with the bloody and homicidal beetle.

Wattie conjecturing it was the enemy of mankind, who had assumed a broad-brimmed hat, to play him this plisky, emitted yell after yell of pain and horror. Off he set at full

speed, and clearing the hedge at a single jump, landed up to the oxters in Luckie Grainer, the Howdie's middenstead; in which delectable Egypt he remained near an hour, before he compassed his exodus therefrom.

Next day the doors of the Town Council Chamber were besieged by a countless host of men, women, children, and tailors, all anxious to hear the result of the novel and unprecedented trial. Gentle and simple elbowed one another without ceremony in the crowd, and even the halt and the maimed were to be found in the battalion of quidnuncs; I mind as well as if it had happened but yesterday, of seeing that feckless object Ebenezer Embleton, who had been bed-ridden with an income in his back for twenty years, carried down on a shutter to the place of judgment, in order to get ocular demonstration of the upshot of the plea. The school children got the play on the occasion, and the whole town wore as great an air of bustle and excitement as if there had been a hanging, or some such like merry making.

I chanced to be busy at the time, manufacturing a wig for Bailie Bellyband, who being on the eve of marriage with Barbara Brass, a maiden some fifty years his junior, was naturally anxious to put his moulded hairs under a bushel. Though thus engaged, however, I could no more resist the infection than my neighbours. Accordingly *steeking* the door of my shop, I proceeded to the Town Hall, and in virtue of my office of Dean of Guild, procured a seat on the bench to witness the proceedings.

At one side of the clerk's table sat the "braw wooer," with rather a misanthropical visage, his head resting on his loof, and every now and then emitting a sigh like a blast from Thomas Anvil the blacksmith's bellows. Opposite him was the cruel Quaker, his mouth screwed down as if a ten pound weight had been tied to each corner of his upper lip, and his hat, according to the fashion of such conceited idolators, planted firmly on his head, in sacriligious defiance, as it were, of the powers that be. Hamish McTurk, the court officer, scandalised at this heathenish disrespect, essayed to lift the beaver from the wearer's poll, but was rebuked by a sharp admonishment on the official's shins, which made him bellow forth in Gaelic what, if translated into

a civilized tongue, would doubtless be found pretty near akin to an oath. The huxter listened to this maledictory out-pouring, with the most profound composure, merely remarking, when the left-handed benediction had ceased for pure want of breath; "Friend McTurk, mind thine own affairs, or perchance thou mayest run thy face against my fist!"

Bathsheba Buddicombe accompanied her grim guardian, and verily a more interesting creature I never beheld, except perchance in Mungo McGraw's wax-work show. Her wee bit face hung round with fringes of raven curls, was better set off by the plain, sad-coloured silken bonnet than it would have been by the gayest, gaudiest headgear. Even Miss Nettles herself, who, of course, was among the on-lookers, was compelled to admit that considering the lassie never had been christened she was not so overly ill-favoured! Sitting, as Bathsheba was, beside the dour, grim-like Quaker, she reminded me for all the world of a snow-drop blossoming in the neighbourhood of a puddock stool!

On a sudden an extra-particular bustle got up in the court, and the word was passed in audible whispers, that the great Master Kame had arrived. Every eye was turned to the door to catch an early look of the illustrious personage, who presently entered the chamber, Hamish McTurk clearing the road before him with his baton. He was a decent looking black-a-vised man, not unlike, so far as externalities were concerned, to a sober Old Light ruling elder, and, in fact, few would have suspected that such a grave-like tyke could have his noddle filled with the idiotical whims and crotchets of phrenology.

Now came the moment of intense excitement, as Dominie Paumie expressed it, and when the sitting Magistrate, Bailie Peacod, desired Wattie to arise and stand forth, you might have heard a pi. fall, or a wood-cricket chirp. The patient who was to undergo the operation, tried to look as valorous as possible—his sweet-heart turned red and white by turns, like the revolving beacon in the clock light-house, and as for Malachi he sat as motionless as the image of Dagon, as if he were busy in counting the spots and cracks in the ceiling.

Hamish having, according to legal use and wont, proclaimed silence, a very superfluous

procedure as matters stood, master Kame proceeded to business. He took out of a green bag, an instrument resembling, for all the world, a pair of reaper's heuks joined together at the handles thereof, with which he encircled Wattie's head, pressing the two ends till the machine met like a ring.

Having worked and powdered away for a minute or two, the operator suddenly dropped the outlandish instrument, and uplifting his two hands, like the minister when pronouncing the dismissal, he exclaimed, "My stars and garters, what a mighty development! As I am an honest man and a phrenologist, I never met with such a monstrous specimen of Acquisitiveness! it beats old Daniel Dancer's all to sticks. Why the lad would live on one farthing per diem, and out of the residuum lay past money into the bargain!"

But preserve me! what a scene got up so soon as this most unequivocal verdict was returned. The Quaker sat with his mouth wide open, as dumfounded like, as if he had been smitten by a fit of the palsy. Laird Ogilvie sprang across the table like a lamp-lighter, and folded the blushing trembling Bathsheba in his eager arms; and the spectators broke out into a mighty and universal shout of satisfaction and triumph. The young bachelors cheered, because their feelings naturally prompted them so to do; and the married men, if perchance, less hearty in their congratulations, added their mites, as they did not like to be supposed that they were worse off than their neighbours. Even Miss Nettles and Hamish McTurk, joined in the festive slogan, though their motives, most probably, were none of the purest. The one, doubtless remembered the murder of her lap-dog, and the latter the martyrdom of his shins; and assuredly an energy was added to their applause because they saw that the bowls of fortune had not rolled exactly as their common foe had calculated or wished.

To make a long story short, the Town Clerk engrossed a minute in the records of the Burgh, to the effect that the parties might lawfully wed, seeing that the condition imposed by Bathsheba's curator had been fully implemented, Master Kame signing the same as witness-in-chief. Finally, the lieges of Dreepdaily having borrowed a couple of arm-chairs from the Clayslap Arms, carried the

happy couple home, shoulder high, the town drummer beating the fire-call before the procession, being the only anthem he had by heart!

Laird Ogilvie and his beloved did not long remain in the ranks of single-blessedness. The next Sunday they were proclaimed three times running in the kirk, and the Tuesday following beheld them wedded and bedded, Beau Balderstone officiating as best-man and master of the ceremonies.

A decently reasonable time after the happy consummation (to borrow once more from the Dominic's lexicon,) Master Kame called on the happy bridegroom, to request permission to take a cast from his head, which favour was granted as a matter of course. But who can paint the dismay and bewilderment of the philosopher, when, instead of the prodigious bumps which had so amazed him at his first inspection, he found nothing but the deep and thriftless hiatus, indicated and proclaimed in the first instance by the Quaker. He could not help communicating the perplexing marvel to Wattie, who got into a cold perspiration at the intelligence, fearing that if, perchance, it came to the knowledge of Malachi, that personage might insist upon a new trial, and reduce the transaction, as Lawyer Caption would say.

His fears, however, were groundless as Loch Leven, which, it is well known, has no bottom. The phrenzyologist was as nervous as the Laird himself, at the idea of the affair getting wind, as his craft would thereby run a risk of being pestilently damaged,—and Malachi Sampson was gathered to his fathers without having ever learnt how matters stood. It is true that often when he saw how young Ogilvie made the money fly, he would shake his caput in perplexity, but the fact had only the effect of staggering his faith in a science, which, in his nephew-in-law's case, had turned out so signally deceptive.

Some years after the above recited passages, and when the words *Hic Jacet* had been carved upon the huxter's head-stone, it chanced that Walter Ogilvie was at an electioneering dinner in the town, given by Sir John Sump, on the occasion of his being returned Member for the Burgh. When called upon, in his turn, to propound a toast, he stood up and gave success to "POTATO BRETLES." In ex-

planation of the seeming *outréness* of his sentiment, he stated that a thump with a beetle had proved the most fortunate *hit* he had ever met with in his life, seeing that he had gained ten thousand sterling pounds and a "winsome marrow" by that lucky *stroke*! "True, speaks the proverb," concluded Wattie, with a sly and humourous wink:—"Fell a dog with a bone, and he will not howl!"

EIGHT YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES,

WITH OCCASIONAL GLIMPSES OF THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

No. II.

It is very customary in the British Provinces, to allude to the apparently economical mode, by which the General and State Governments are conducted, and the moderate salaries of their officials; but if we consider the time and money that are spent preparatory to every election, from that of the President of the Republic and Governors of States, down to the humblest constable of a district; the republican form of government, as carried out by our neighbours, will be found to be the most extravagant upon earth; and the people to be more heavily taxed, than are those in the British Colonies.

Allusion has already been made, to the high duties that are imposed, to bolster up a protective system, in order that a monied few may derive greater gains from the investment of their capital in manufactories, and which bear heavily on the less wealthy portion of the community. Then, again, local taxes are excessively onerous,—throughout the Northern and Western States in particular. I was once present, during a conversation between a collector of taxes, residing near the Tobique, in the Province of New Brunswick, and a farmer, upon whom the former had called for his annual rate. "How much is it?" enquired the first. "Eighteen pence," was the reply. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "eighteen pence!" "why it was only a shilling last year. The same man, had he lived three miles from where he stood, across the boundary line, would, with the farm which he possessed, have been taxed at least four or five dollars.

In the county of Westmoreland, in the same Province, a very fertile, and correspondingly wealthy section of the country, I understood when there, that the taxes are so trivial, that they are not worth collecting, oftener than once in two or three years. The fact is, in the Eastern Provinces, with the exception of what is required for the support of the poor, and, partially, for that of education, in the rural districts, everything is ordinarily

provided for out of the public revenue, derived from the sale of lands, and duties that are levied upon imports; while in the United States, the proceeds of these are paid over, to meet the expenses of the General Government; and the inhabitants of the different States, are taxed directly for all local purposes and internal improvements, which it is contended, cannot be provided for out of the national treasury. Hence we find, that a bill which has been introduced during several sessions of Congress, to defray the estimated expense of certain harbour and river improvements, on the lakes, and clearing out "snags" in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, by which an annual sacrifice of life would be prevented, and for other beneficial public objects—general in their effects, but local in their operation, although supported strenuously, by the members representing those sections of the Union more immediately interested, and by the Whigs upon principle, has hitherto been rejected by Congress; or if by chance it has been carried, has received the veto of the President.

Then, again, the taxation in cities is enormous and oppressive. Only think of the resident inhabitants of New York, being taxed at the rate of seven or eight dollars annually, for every man, woman and child; to enable the city government to meet its local expenses, incurred by a corporation, the members of which owe their election to universal suffrage, by which all the rogues, rowdies and vagabonds in the place, are enabled to control the elections, and thus secure the return of candidates, who will not be rigid in the enforcement of the laws, to which they have professional and personal objections.

Were the taxes in the cities levied directly, the public mind would be concentrated on the subject, and some reform might be effected, but with the exception of that for the supply of water, they are, generally speaking, merged in the *house-rent*; and the *landlord* incurs the odium, that attaches to the high rates which are exacted. Besides this local taxation, it will be perceived, that the population have to pay excessive duties on all the necessaries of life which they consume, and the clothes they wear, owing to a protective tariff, with which those paid in the British Colonies, will bear no comparison—with the exception of flour and wheat, which Nova Scotia and New Brunswick ought to produce themselves—Canada raising a large surplus.

In connection with this subject, I trust a few remarks may not be deemed irrelevant or out of place, in relation to that of reciprocity with the United States, by which the Canadian farmer and lumberer is persuaded he is to be benefitted. There seems to be a prevailing opinion, that were the products of Canada admitted into the United States, free of duty, they would continue to command the present

high prices there—than which nothing could be more erroneous; as were the protective duty removed, the price would receive a corresponding reduction. It is an admitted axiom in political economy, that the consumers of an article pay the duty; but in the present instance, with the exception of lumber, the curious anomaly is presented, of the consumer paying the amount of a duty that is never levied; because when the produce is shipped the duty is withdrawn.

The effect of this unnatural state of things, is highly advantageous to the American farmer, by creating a fictitious price in the market, as the duty, as will be seen, cannot be exacted, unless the Canadian produce is disposed of for home consumption—consequently he obtains an advanced price; and hence agricultural produce is cheaper in England, than it is in New York, whence it is shipped; the merchant purchasing it at the short price, and the difference of duty more than paying freight and other expenses. Reduce the duty to-morrow; and the market price to the consumer would be reduced in precisely the same ratio.¹ The same result would follow, if the Canadas formed an integral part of the United States; of which, however, there is but little probability.

To evade the duty on timber as much as possible, which from its bulky nature cannot be transported to the sea-board of the United States, and which the buildings which are annually in course of erection require should remain in the country, we find the Americans towing over logs and spars from the British side of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and afterwards manufacturing the former into boards and planks to such an extent, that the Canadian government has authorised the levying a duty upon their exportation.

It is truly wonderful, that the Congress of the United States, which in reality constitutes the government there, does not perceive its true interests in this matter. On the one hand, we find the bulk of the community—particularly those residing in towns, paying an unnecessarily exorbitant price for the necessaries of life, that the western farmers may obtain an extravagant price; and on the other, the ship-builders residing on the shores of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, prevented from using the wood they require, at as cheap a rate nearly as does his competitor in Canada.

In New Brunswick—and I presume it is the same in Lower Canada, at the present moment, ship-building is being carried on to a greater extent, than was ever before known: the operation of free trade, and the repeal of the navigation act, having produced results entirely different from what short sighted people expected and predicted. Had the Americans the right to navigate the St. Lawrence to the ocean, who does not perceive, that they would extensively engage in ship-building, and with

their peculiar tact, and their industry and enterprise, would successfully compete with their Canadian rivals.

And, although I look upon lumbering as an evil, individually and collectively, particularly in a young and sparsely settled country, where the rural population can be more profitably, and with reference to their morals, more beneficially employed in agricultural pursuits, and have witnessed no practical and permanent good, resulting to a community from ship-building; yet such are the seductive influences attending both, by which the unthinking and speculative are induced to follow those occupations, that while trees fit for felling, remain within convenient distance to the rivers connected with the sea-board, it will doubtless be followed to a considerable extent, in Canada and New Brunswick.

But to return; it is a mistake to suppose that "the people" of the United States, to whom so much affected deference is paid, exercise any real control, beyond the range of their own local affairs of a political nature, similar to that which is exercised in choosing the members of municipal bodies in Canada. The following paragraph, which is taken from a late number of a leading paper published in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, very truthfully describes the position of what is termed "the people" in the neighbouring Republic; and shows the manner in which affairs are managed there. "The most aristocratic in disposition," says the writer, "are frequently the most servile flatterers of the people, they caress the 'bone and sinew,' when they want favors, or to carry any particular point; but they *acknowledge no equality in social life*. In fact, the masses permit themselves to be led by designing demagogues for selfish purposes; and to be thrust forward to toil and sweat for party, that a few privileged individuals may reap the honours, profits and rewards."

True it is, that the old and leading families in the United States, "acknowledge no equality in social life." In all the original States, they stand aloof, and mix but little in private intercourse with those who are not within their more immediate sphere; and where a seat of government is established in the different States, the same artificial society exists as in the colonies, where there is a similar incubus—the same extravagance and incentives to induce persons to live beyond their incomes and their means; and those individuals in the Provinces, who are not satisfied with that state of life, in which God in his good providence has placed them, and which they might improve and adorn, need not expect to find in the United States, the recognition of the principle, that "all men are equal," however they may have been born; and they may rest assured, that integrity, virtue, ability and perseverance, will enable a man to achieve for

himself, if of an ambitious turn of mind, the same distinction in the colonies, to which an American citizen may aspire in the United States, with a solitary exception; by which in all probability the public tranquility, happiness and welfare are probably best consulted and preserved.

That the description in the Baltimore paper, as to the state of society in that country, with reference to the political organizations is not exaggerated, the proceedings of the two national Conventions, recently held in that city, for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency, will abundantly prove; where the affair was managed by the wire pullers of the two great parties, as it will be at the elections that are subsequently to be held, by which an individual has been selected by the democratic convention, of whose qualifications to fill that high office, the people generally are utterly ignorant, and as to which they will not be much enlightened, by the conflicting and unfeeling statements, that have been published, because neither of the other prominent candidates could command a two-thirds vote; while the whig convention nominated General Scott, to whom the southern delegates were determinedly opposed, until it was found impossible to unite, to a certain extent, upon any other individual; who is only known as a military man—of whose competency to act as a civil ruler there is considerable doubt, and who by no means seems to be a universal favorite, even at the north, with the party to which he belongs.

At that convention, the great body of votes, with the exception of about thirty, which were thrown for Mr. Webster, were pretty equally divided between General Scott and Mr. Fillmore, who after the death of General Taylor became President, and who has conducted the government to the evident satisfaction of the nation; but whose name had to be withdrawn, on account of the obstinacy of Mr. Webster's supporters, to enable two-thirds of the members of the convention to unite upon the only available candidate.

When we perceive the public thus divided into great political parties, and these again split into separate and opposing sections, it is not surprising that we find the same writer asserting, that there are persons in the country, who "desire the substitution of a hereditary monarchy in the United States, with its attendant nobility," rather than the continuance of a state of things, which, while it is productive of endless expense, and an inconceivable amount of excitement and corruption, does not secure as the head of the government, and consequently for the members of his cabinet, individuals of the highest order of integrity, talents and ability.

It is, however, an extreme assertion of the Baltimore writer, penned probably in a moment of excitement; but whoever has con-

versed freely with persons in the better walks of life, in the United States, and particularly those who have visited England, and there seen the workings of constitutional monarchy, must be satisfied that there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction prevailing among that class of Americans, who perceive that a mere popular government has neither the stability nor security for life, person or property, which exists under the better regulated government of Great Britain.

Lord Brougham, a short time since, expressed his surprise, that so many Americans, with whom he had an opportunity of conversing, had expressed themselves in a similar manner; of the correctness of which statements some doubts were expressed by the press of the country. The cause of this credulity is obvious, as individuals have to be very careful how and where they make such disclosures; still I have been surprised at the freedom with which gentlemen will converse on the subject with a foreigner, whom they may casually meet with on board a steamer, and when alone in a hotel. The people, they observe, are too democratic.

The members who composed the Convention of the Confederacy, which assembled in 1787, committed, it is to be feared an irretrievable error, when they rejected the proposition of Mr. Hamilton, that the President and Members of the Senate should be elected for life; the effect of which would have been, to have given stability to the Union, and insured the efficient exercise of power by the Executive. It would also have been equally conducive to the tranquillity and happiness of the country, had the suggestion of Mr. Jefferson prevailed, to make all the territory free soil, and expressly limiting slavery to the States in which it at that time existed; by which a source of increasing discord would have been promptly dealt with, and Congress would not have been compelled to pass laws embracing what are called the "Compromise measures;" one of which makes it optional with any State that may hereafter enter the Union, to introduce slavery or not; and another authorises the officers of the General Government to apprehend, and requires the citizens everywhere at the North, to aid and assist them in apprehending, slaves who may have escaped from their masters.

But even were the choice of President left entirely to the people, and it were possible to remove from their minds all extraneous influences, it becomes a question whether, after all, they would select the best candidate, as the masses in the United States are not distinguished from those of every other country for the possession of information, as to the requisite qualifications for a ruler; and would be just as likely to make a wrong selection as a right one. Public opinion was more concentrated upon General Taylor, who had sur-

rounded himself with a halo of military renown, than it had been upon any one individual since the days of Washington; and yet, although he was an excellent man in private life, and a brave soldier, he chose the worst cabinet, probably, that the country has ever known; and, after a short time, sank under the cares, annoyances, and responsibilities of an office, to the duties of which he was a stranger, and which he was utterly powerless to control.

Nor, with reference to the choice of State Governors, do the people of the United States possess any advantage over those of the Provinces. Having occupied a rather prominent position in three of the Colonies, I have had ample opportunities for forming a correct judgment upon the subject; and, with very rare exception, have found those who have been appointed to administer the government where I resided, to be men who understood the interests of the communities over which they presided,—whose minds were free from local prejudices,—who could be actuated by no sinister motives, who could have no selfish purpose to accomplish; and who being selected from the higher walks of life, and most of them distinguished for their military services, were guided by a high sense of honour; and would, had they been properly supported by those whose duty it was, have introduced improvements, the beneficial effects of which would have been felt, long after they had ceased to govern,—or perhaps to exist. Sir James Kempt, when in Nova Scotia, used to console himself under the disappointments he experienced in this way, by saying that he could only recommend what he considered desirable measures; and as he would not have to spend the remainder of his life in the Province, he felt less regret at their rejection.

A good deal has been said about what is popularly considered the exorbitant salaries that are paid the Colonial Governors, which were fixed at the time the Provinces deliberately agreed to defray the civil expenses of the Government, in return for the surrender of the Crown lands, which, particularly in Canada, have been an abundant source of revenue; and which, after all, are not extravagant, when we consider the dignity of the office,—the position its incumbents occupy, and which they must retain in society,—the hospitalities they are called upon profusely to extend, and the numerous applications that are continually and successfully made for their aid in the promotion of objects of charity, benevolence, or usefulness.

As for the election of Governors, what I have to say on that subject must be reserved for my next communication, lest the length of this paper might weary the patience of those who shall peruse it; and more especially, as I do not wish to remain "sleepless myself to give my readers sleep."

OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS
OF THE BLINKS.

CHAPTER V.

"Lo! Gods likeness the grand plac:
Neither modelled, glazed nor framed—
Bless me, thou rough sketch of man,
Far too naked to be shamed!"

Tennyson.

"You young scamp," exclaimed Tom, looking viciously at his friend when he had in some measure recovered his composure after the shock which his nerves had received, as detailed in the conclusion of the last chapter.—"You mischievous young beggar;—this is one of your tricks upon travellers, I suppose—and you call this sarcophagus your bedroom, do you?"

"O! by no means," replied John, "this is my private study; the bed room as you will perceive is behind this screen."

Tom looked incredulous. "And do you really mean to say that you sleep in the same apartment with that horrible effigy of a condemned highwayman grinning at you out of the darkness, and rattling its dry bones with every whistle of the wind through the key-hole?"

"Horrible effigy!—you ill-mannered son of a sea-snake,—why you never saw a more perfect skeleton in your life;—he's worth his weight in Australian 'nuggets;' look at the development of that chest, the short compact pelvis, and powerful femur; why the fellow must have been no less a Hercules in strength than an Antinous in beauty:—even the head of itself is a perfect gem. What a breadth of brow it displays, and how well set on it is. He has had an iron will, that fellow too, when alive. Just look at the high dome-like vertex and the massive jaw—horrible effigy indeed," he continued striding up to it as if he was going to embrace it, "why I never saw its equal; I paid fifteen pounds for that skeleton."

"Ah! I see," said Tom, who during the foregoing speech had been intently watching the speaker and not the object referred to, "very fine, I dare say."

"Of course it is," continued John, somewhat mollified, "just put your hand up to that inferior maxillary bone, and tell me if you ever saw anything more perfect than the mechanism of the joint."

"Thank you, I'd rather not," replied Tom, hastily putting his hand beneath his coat-tails at the bare supposition, "the sound with which it closed just now when you pulled it, was very convincing and satisfactory and requires no confirmation."

"Why, you are not in reality afraid of it, are you?"—enquired John, turning suddenly and abruptly towards him, with something very like contempt on his lips; "true it is bones, but, as Tennyson says—

"What of that?
Every face, however fall,
Padded round with flesh and fat,
Is but modelled on a skull!"

"So I suppose; but I think you will admit, that the flesh and fat you allude to, with a little of what Sartor calls 'snow and rose-bloom' makes the subject a little more engaging. For my part, not being such an enthusiast as you, I prefer confining my studies of anatomy to the contemplation of a well rounded neck or neatly turned ankle; and as I am tolerably peckish, perhaps you will allow me to attend to my own anatomy at present, and defer the remainder of the subject for another opportunity."

"By Jove, yes!—My dear fellow, I had entirely forgotten the small matter of supper," and leading his way across the apartment, John and his companion disappeared behind the screen.

"They're kicking up the devils own row down stairs," suddenly exclaimed John, stopping in the act of pulling on a rather tight boot, and addressing his companion, who having filled one of the large basins with water and inserted his head into it, was just rising like Neptune from the deep, dripping freely and blowing like a diminutive whale, as he scrubbed his face and head with his hands.

"So it seems; there's evidently something gone wrong below. The cook must have trod in the tea-kettle, or that piece of ebony you called Mike, has been getting into a scrape with the horses. Surely the house is not on fire," he continued, with more animation, and turning to the door as a scream accompanied by a noise between a growl and a howl, and followed by the sound of many feet running about in confusion was borne up the stair-way.

He had scarcely spoken before a loud scrambling was heard upon the stairs, and a heavy body falling against the door, which burst open at the shock, bounded into the room, steaming as if just arrived all hot from the infernal regions.

"Why Boreas!" shouted Tom, recognising at once in the intruder a huge Esquimaux dog which had accompanied him to the gate, and which in the hurry of arrival, he had until that moment forgotten. "What the mischief have you been up to, and what the devil," he continued warning, "do you mean by this disorderly conduct?"

The arrival, whose whim appeared satisfied now that he had found his master, crouched submissively at his feet, and turned a wistful eye towards the door by which he had entered, as if with an uneasy consciousness that he was being pursued.

At the same time the noise below did not abate, and confused sounds of a number of voices speaking hurriedly together, amongst which the words Mike—Wolf—Cook—up stairs, were alone distinguishable, followed by a loud pshaw from old Blinks, who at the

same time was heard enquiring for his pistols, at once explained to the two friends the cause of all the uproar. At the next moment old Blinks entered the room, pistol in hand, and was received by a suppressed whining growl from Boreas.

"I am afraid, my dear sir, that this clumsy brute of a dog has been deranging your domestic economy," said Tom, who was the first to speak. "Oh! he's yours, is he? Why, yes, he seems to have caused a little commotion among the servants; he certainly is very like a wolf," he continued, walking up to the beast, which retreated behind his master at his approach. "I remember shooting one, not many miles from here, soon after my arrival in the country, and that fellow is as like his brother as anything I ever set my eyes on; is he half wolf, whole wolf, or what is he?"

"To save telling the story twice, I will defer answering your question for five minutes, till I put on my coat. In the meantime pray tell me what damage he has done, he brought a strong flavour of the kitchen into the room with him."

"Beyond frightening the maids, trecing Mike up the elm in the yard, and making a general scattering as he came along, I believe he has not much to answer for; but his looks are so suspicious, that had I seen him before he reached your room, I should probably have shot him for a wolf, without for a moment reflecting on the improbability of such an animal existing at present in the neighbourhood; but come, we must go and enlighten them a little down stairs, or your supper is not likely to make much progress."

So saying, the old gentleman led the way out of the room followed by the rest of the party, Boreas still sticking closely to the heels of his master.

CHAPTER VI.

"This our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

As You Like It.

Two hours have elapsed since the occurrences detailed in the last chapter took place. A good supper, got up in true Canadian fashion, has been disposed of as hungry young men alone know how to dispose of it. The cook, who it seems had scalded both herself and Boreas in the fright occasioned by his sudden appearance in the kitchen, has been pacified; and the housemaid, Bridget, a good natured Irish girl, has been so far conciliated, as to be induced to give the object of her alarm a very plentiful supper in the back kitchen. Boreas, who seemed to feel that without his master's introduction, he was unsafe in barbarous civilized society, has become reconciled to his new acquaintances, and contents himself quietly in the kitchen, without venturing again to intrude his presence up stairs; and general

peace and harmony has taken the place of confusion and uproar. Old Blinks has reserved the contents of his pistol for a more dangerous foe; and restored to his equanimity and easy chair, surrounded by the members of his family and their friend Tom, the party are drawing cosily round a small cheerful wood-fire, lighted for the first time this season in the parlour grate, as the nights are beginning to feel chilly.

The apartment in which they are now assembled is in its appearance as different from the one we have already tried to describe as it is possible to conceive. No man on earth knows better how to make himself comfortable, than the owner of that snug little parlour. For what has he wandered homeless and an outcast over this fair earth, braving the chilly breezes of Cape Horn, and the scorching beams of a torrid sky? For what, leaving the home of his childhood, the haunts of his affection, and the land of his nativity, its healthful breezes, and much-loved reminiscences, did he, young, joyous, and full of hope, consign himself cheerfully, even in the glowing period of budding manhood, to the steady, persevering toil and hardships incident to a campaign against poverty and the ills of life? For what, rending from his heart every softer emotion, did he voluntarily drive from him the warm and enticing allurements of his passions and inclination? Was it that his heart was cold? or that a base love and desire for gain had supplanted in his bosom, all those nobler feelings of his nature? No!—a warmer heart than that of John Blinks did not beat in the breast of man, nor one more eminently constituted for social enjoyment. To him, all that the hand of God had made was pure and lovely as an infant's dream. The beautiful, eye, and the ideal also, possessed for him a deep and powerful attraction. He saw all that was bright and glorious in nature not through that narrow-minded and distorted medium, which only represented it as the property of others, to which he had no right or just claim, but as the overflowing bounty of a wise and merciful Creator to his children. The world, so far as a full enjoyment of its beauties went, was all his own. And long before he could call himself master of one rood of land, he felt himself, in spirit at least—

"The monarch of all he surveyed."

But he felt while standing amongst men, that he, too, was a man: he felt that while others around him claimed of those fair prospects some small portion which they could call individually and particularly their heritage,—that he had none. But the world, with all its hidden mysteries,—the untold future was before him, and "rejoicing as a young man to run a race," he had gone forth, resolved to bend, so far as the power was given him, that hidden future to his will; and who shall place a limit to the accomplishments of

one energetic and well-directed human mind? Some score years had passed, and the summit of his moderate ambition was achieved,—competence, contentment, and a home, in a wilderness though it might be, had been granted him, and he was a proud and a happy man. How many a less resolute mind has looked upon him, sitting as he now sits in his old arm-chair; his daughter, lovely as an angel, sitting upon a stool at his feet, resting her fair head upon his knee, while the old man's wrinkled fingers play delightedly and affectionately with the long loose tresses of her hair; and surrounded by all that easy air of comfort and contentment which a consciousness of uprightness and rectitude of conduct alone can inspire. How many an one, I say, feeling in the decline of years, that dreary loneliness and want of all that makes the close of life cheerful and serene, has, looking upon the picture we have painted, inwardly shed bitter tears of unavailing regret, as they reflected, when too late,—thus also might it have been with me! And old Blinks had often fancied he could read such thoughts in the saddened brow and moistened eye of his visitors, and had felt with them, indeed, it was too late; but for the young and hopeful how much might yet be done!

The apartment, as we have said, is the picture of comfort and repose,—not idle, sleepy, indolent repose. Blinks, old as he was, was fiery and energetic as a boy. His mind was as active as a long career of healthy and invigorating exercise of mind and body could make it: and as we all know, or ought to know, exercise of any faculty begets power,—in this, also, the demand governs the supply. The arm of the blacksmith grows with every stroke of his ponderous hammer; the legs of the opera dancer fashion themselves to the purposes required of them; and the mind of man enlarges with his requirements and mental exercises, even as the roots of a tree growing in an exposed situation, are thrown out the firmest and strongest in the direction from which most support is needed. The room is amply furnished with good, substantial walnut furniture. Old Blinks is sitting, as we have described him, before the fire, and a portable reading-desk or stand, with lights affixed to it, is at his elbow, and on it are laid invitingly the newly-arrived magazines, which he still delights to con. There are, of course, newspapers lying about the house; but Frank, who has arranged that stand for him this evening, according to custom, knows that it would be but little use placing them there; he cares but little for them at any time, and at the present least of all. Occasionally when he takes one of them up, and meets the usual account of the polite, refined and complimentary greetings passing between members in the "House," you see him throw away the paper in disgust, with some such indignant

exclamation as—"I wonder why they send me all this trash; these gentlemen are only telling each other what every sensible man in the country knew long ago." And such outbursts always disturbing his serenity, his dutiful daughter, as often as possible, forgets to place the cause of them on the table at his side. He is now sitting with his back to the two French windows opening upon the verandah. We will describe the room as it now appears to him, making him as it were the relative centre of the whole.

Directly in front of him over the mantel-piece, upon which are resting a variety of curiosities picked up in his travels, hangs a half-length portrait of his father, by an eminent English portrait-painter, Philips. It represents that venerable gentleman in his robes, and bears unmistakable evidence that it is a faithful likeness. Old Blinks' eyes not unfrequently wander from the upturned features of his child, to the soft and tender look of benignity with which the patriarch upon the canvass regards him. Upon the right side of the fire-place, built as it were into the wall, is a standing book-case, well stocked it would seem with a variety of light and solid literature. The shining backs of a long row of "Spectators," "Idlers," "Tattlers," &c., &c., which occupy a position about half-way up, particularly arrest the eye; but books increasing in weight, not only as regards size, but matter, may be traced in widening rows beneath them as the eye glances downwards, until, forming as it were the plinth of the pile, a long dark row of the quarto Encyclopædia Britannica closed the scene. Having spoken of the plinth, we can only refer to the upper shelves as the capital and entablature; and here, as the room was high, it must be confessed, there resided some authors, who, having soared as much beyond their own reach as the comprehension of their unhappy readers, it became a matter of question, whether, unless assisted by some convulsion of nature, they would ever get down to earth again. To say the truth, Blinks, who was fond of abstruse reading, had once or twice dipped into them, but finding them impracticable, had, in the refined and expressive language of a learned debating body, given them a "hoist," which in this case would probably be of even more than six months duration.

Such hollow commodities forming the summit of the pile, and the work we have alluded to, confessedly heavy enough, composing the base, the whole taken together might be considered in more ways than one, a good standard library, and so in reality it is. The corresponding place upon the left side of him, is occupied with a rosewood piano by "Chickering," now standing open, through whose ivory keys, the delicate fingers of Frances are wont to knock at the hearts of those who sit around her, rousing in them feelings as various

and often as tumultuous, as the sounds which ring responsive to her thrilling touch.

Upon the wall traversing the left side of the room, hangs a very fine painting in oil, by De Louterberg, representing a storm on land. It is a picture that will bear looking at. You almost fancy that you hear the crashing of the branches, as the first rude gust of the approaching thunder-storm sweeps them towards you. The dark cloud in the back-ground appears rising rapidly as you look upon it, and the animals, upon which the hail is just beginning to patter, are in their well-conceived attitudes of surprise and alarm—the very pictures of life. The swollen mill-stream, telling of the violence of the approaching shower, actually foams up before your eye; and you almost involuntarily put forth your hand to help the unfortunate countryman, who, sitting upon the front edge of his cart, bending forward against the blast, is endeavouring with one hand to accomplish the double duty of keeping on his hat and buttoning his coat; while with the other, which wields a stout cudgel, he belabors his horse,—which, with tail tightly pressed between his haunches, his back bent upwards and his mane streaming in the wind, seems for the moment hesitating whether to face it cut bravely, or to turn and fly. The management of the light is admirable and the colouring just, and in keeping with the scene. While upon the opposite side of the room, and consequently directly facing this one, hangs another painting, corresponding in size with the one already described, but of a nature so diametrically opposite, that the eye, startled by the wild grandeur of conception displayed in the former, rests involuntarily as it turns upon this latter, feeling, in escaping from the tumult of elements behind it, that here it has found refuge and peace. The subject is one belonging to this continent, in its earlier, and perhaps palmier days. At least you cannot help feeling, while gazing upon it, that nothing so lovely, so silent, and so lonely, in its unstudied and uncultivated beauty, can be found at the present day. Its author is an American artist, whose name we have forgotten: he has called it "Solitude." Blinks became its fortunate possessor, through holding a prize-ticket in the American Art Union. We are too little acquainted with the scientific jargon of a picture-gallery, to attempt to do justice to its beauties with a pen. We think we know what we admire, in the shape of a painting, when we see it, and this one takes our fancy amazingly. It is a rocky chasm, with high precipitous sides, crowned with primeval forests, save where some hoary, crumbling rock, lifts its bold head on high; and feathered occasionally to the edge of the water, which rests motionless at its base, with cedars which the lapse of centuries of unbroken repose has fastened into the crevices of the rock.

Through this chasm, down into which, as it extends away into distance, you look,—the pale, cold moon is gazing placidly as she rises upon the distant, liquid sky; and a single birchen canoe, guided by two natives, which seems to move noiselessly and without a ripple, like thistle-down upon the silvery waters, is the only object partaking of animated life which is visible. The subject has been handled by a master, and it leaves a quiet, soothing impression upon the mind after regarding it, well calculated to balance the emotions which have been aroused by contemplation of its fellow upon the opposite wall.

A neat little old-fashioned work-table is drawn forward near the fire, upon the side next the book-shelf, and here Mrs. Blinks sits industriously knitting. John and his friend, who have just entered, are examining together the picture we have last attempted to describe. The rest of the furniture we need not particularize, nor, though we have spent hours at a time in the room, do we think we could do so if we tried. It may be that we are careless in such matters: it may be, that whenever we have sat in that room, we have had other objects, better worth regarding, to engage us,—certain it is, however, that with an eye tolerably acute for particular things, there are many of which we take no heed, to which others direct especial attention. We shall talk and walk with a lady for hours, and perhaps gather from what we have heard and seen a tolerable insight into her character: but put us on oath, the moment after bidding her adieu at the corner, and we can no more tell the colour or pattern of an article of her dress, nor the nature of her bonnet or its trimmings, than we could say whether she wore a bustle, (which, of course, is a profound riddle) false fronts, or any other incomprehensible ornament which modern civilized women have adopted for improving upon nature.

We present the group we have described to our readers, just at the particular moment when old Blinks is about to—, but what he is going to say or do, deserves another chapter, and shall have it.

ERRO.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUIEM.

Best are the dead in the Lord who repose,
For their labours are ended, they rest from their
woes,—
"Yea," saith the spirit, "they rest from their
strife,
They have 'scaped from the cares and tempta-
tions of life."

Their days of probation and sorrow are done,
Their warfare is o'er, and the battle is won;
Through the portals of death they in triumph
have trod,
And have entered their joy, in the presence of God

AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE STUDENT'S VISION.

A FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY M. N. T.

It being my last winter's session as a student in medicine, I determined to spend the Christmas vacation in town, and not, as usual go to my country home. The unenviable feeling of not being very well up decided me. Lectures broke up a few days before Christmas and nearly all my fellow-students leaving, I soon found myself alone, not one remaining with whom I cared to associate. For the first day or two I managed tolerably well, studying with praiseworthy energy, but at last, it was on Christmas-Eve, I gave in; I could stand the monotonous work no longer: so wrapping myself up I sallied forth for a walk; it was snowing fast, yet the streets were thronged with happy mortals, no doubt intent on making their purchases for the morrow's feast; the shops, many of them tastefully decorated with evergreens, all of them displaying to the best advantage their respective goods, and nearly all crowded with eager buyers.

It was a pleasant sight and one I enjoyed, though a painful thought now and then passed through my brain, that on the morrow I should feast alone. I wandered for more than an hour, then tired, sought my solitary room. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth and things now appeared to be more comfortable and pleasant than usual; so throwing aside my snow covered coat, I drew before the fire an easy-chair, arranging myself in a most luxurious position I picked up a Physiology and soon forgot time, place and situation; in fact, I was deeply interested and felt unaccountably happy.

I know not how long I had been reading when all pleasurable sensations yielded to a most disagreeable torpor, I could no longer fix my attention on the page before me, but my eye wandered to the fire which still burned brightly. My book dropped to my knee and at last fell to the floor without my making an effort to save it; at the same time a peculiar bright coal, which I had been observing, hopped with a loud report into the room. I partially started with the intention of throwing it back, but on looking towards the spot, where I supposed it to be, I saw, not the coal, but the most extraordinary specimen of the *genus homo* it ever fell to the lot of man to behold. There he sat, cross-legged, in comical guise, tossing three balls in the air, alternately catching them as they fell back to his hand. I watched him without moving for the space of several minutes, when suddenly my strange visitor, pitching the balls higher than usual, threw a summer-

set, landing on this feet, again caught he balls; then turning towards me, made a most polite bow, raising his scarlet cap by its golden tassel from his bald head.

"Ugh!" thought I, "the wretch is old as well as ugly—"

"Come, come, my dear sir," interrupted the monster, "no personalities."

"Confound it," I muttered, "the imp can read my thoughts."

"What again?" he cried, "I would like you to give me your authority for the use of the word 'imp.'"

"I really beg your pardon, most illustrious stranger, but your visit was so unexpected that you must pardon me, if surprise betrayed me into using discourteous thoughts towards your highness."

"Come, no flattery, I am not quite eighteen inches yet."

"I assure you I did not intend,——"

"Well, well, no matter," and I remained silent, at last, I thought I would ask him the cause of his visit.

"Your folly," he replied.

"My folly: how?"

"You are studying medicine—you will never practice."

"What, shall I not pass?"

"Yes."

"Then why? perhaps I shall not live," and I shuddered.

"If you live, you will not; I cannot say when you will die."

"It's strange, I shall pass and not practice."

"Even so," and he nodded.

"Why?"

"You are too cautious and too conscientious."

"They are not bad qualities in a practitioner."

"In you they will cause such fear of doing wrong, that you would shun a patient; and if perchance, one was fastened on you, you would do nothing lest he should die and the world would say, you killed him.

I was silenced: I inwardly felt that there was truth in what he said.

"A being," he continued, in a sarcastic tone, "idle, aimless, is a fearful object: and, alas! how many are there. Know you not," said he, with sudden energy, "that all created things have their use? the simple flower that exhales its perfume heavenward, performs its allotted task. The whole vegetable creation act as purifiers of the air for animal life. And of all animals, man alone, man endowed with reason, can so pervert the natural design of creation, as to be useless; and

it is in this effect, perhaps you will say, that man shews his superiority to the brute creation."

"You astonish me,—I know not what to say."

"Take comfort, you have the power of making your profession useful to your fellow-men without practising it. But I have something else to shew you."

I felt relieved, and was glad that he proposed changing the conversation: yet I could not help thinking of that "strange anomaly," a *useless man*. Looking towards him, I saw that he had again seated himself on the floor and was busy tossing his balls to and fro, catching them: at the same time, chanting in a low tone, with an exquisitely sweet voice, an old Christmas carol. I watched in silence. My feelings towards him had changed, I now regarded him with pleasure, I fancied him one of those good fairies, my mother told me of when but a child. Suddenly, he ceased, then throwing towards me one of the balls, said, "examine it."

I caught it, and looking at it for a few moments, balancing it in my hand, replied "that it appeared to be gold, but very light."

"Yes, it is hollow; that ball represents childhood, that golden period of man's existence."

"But why hollow?"

"The pleasures of the child, are in reality, as hollow as that ball; most easily amused, his amusement being caused by the veriest trifle: he has no care, no thought, he avoids nothing. Were he given the most deadly viper he'd fondle it. Happy childhood! well would it be for thee, could thy innocence continue, for then thou would'st continue happy, but alas! in the acquirement of knowledge or rather of what the world falsely styles knowledge, too often is that innocence destroyed—Oh! knowledge thou art powerful, but painful."

"You astonish me: why then knowledge——"

"I know what you would say, yet man, in his wisdom, cannot separate good from evil, hence the pain, mental or physical, he endures. This second ball is of silver, take it, it is much heavier than the golden one, but far lighter than this, which is of lead," and he handed me the leaden one.

"These, I suppose, like the golden one, represent life at different stages."

"Right, in the silver one we see man in the noon of life; and——"

"And the leaden one," I interrupted, "shews his declining days."

"You understand the tale these balls would tell, now prepare to read it."

Advancing towards me, he took the balls from my hand, then facing the fire, threw them, first

the golden one, then the silver and last the leaden one, forcibly towards it. I started; the whole wall, fireplace, fire, everything disappeared; before me was spread out as in a picture, the most beautiful scene in the power of man to imagine, 'twas, I believe, a glimpse of fairy land. Castles and palaces, as if wrought in solid gold, numerous fountains throwing out their crystal showers, the air filled with songs sung by birds with gorgeous plumage, the earth covered with flowers of the rarest beauty, the trees laden with fruits of the most tempting description, and the sun shining brightly o'er all, lent additional beauty to the scene. All appeared so quiet, yet so happy and joyous, that I murmured "surely this is the Garden of Peace." I longed to rush from my seat and revel among these new delights unfolded to my view, but my strange companion withheld me.

Unnoticed by me appeared on the scene, children like unto angels in beauty and innocence, each one carrying at their girdle a lighted lamp; they were few, but imperceptibly they multiplied, at last, they became innumerable. Hither and thither they ran, sporting with each other, laughing merrily. Oh! how happy they appeared; I would I were a child. Occasionally one of them would lose the light from their lamp, and they vanished. It seemed as though their existence, at least their visibility depended on this light. As I watched, they increased in stature, they grew older, and their beauty seemed to diminish, here and there might be seen some actually ugly, these speedily grew frightful; the countenances of many of the beautiful ones now so changed, that I feared to look on them. And, ah horror! many of these deformed wretches went about seeking to destroy the light of others. They had now attained the size of men, nearly all deformed and ugly. It was as difficult now to find a fair face, as it was to see a foul one at the first. Still, their habitation was unchanged.

Many of those who desired to extinguish the light of their companions, went boldly to work and broke the lamps: and many attained the same end by indirect means; while some few took upon themselves the task of extinguishing their own lamps, but by far the majority of the lights went out, as if it were from want of oil.

Among the now wretched inhabitants of this beautiful place, I saw a few going among the many, seeking to prevent them from destroying each other; these few retained traces of their former beauty. At last, they all had disappeared, and I felt relieved. The enchanting picture remained,—the flowers, the fruits, the singing birds,



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—See page 497

the fountains and the palaces in undiminished beauty still adorned the scene.

"That is the earth you inhabit," said my companion, "you have seen the career of one generation thereon; would you see *the end*?"

"No, no!" I exclaimed, "no more!"

"Oh! but there is much more to be seen, the shadows without the lamps."

"Enough! I'll look no more! Alas! for man."

"You must! a single glance."

"I will not!" I cried in an agony, and tightly closed my eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha! I'll make you see in your brain. Look, look down, down the pit. What's that? A flash of lightning! Hear that terrific peal of thunder; thunder! No, it is the agonizing wail of tortured—; see above a ray of light, a soul-penetrating ray—and hark! angels in chorus are chanting heavenly songs. The tortured shades below hear their sweet voices, and their torments are augmented ten-fold. Approach the pit, let us descend, we'll judge their sufferings better." In terror, I drew back, he seized hold of me. I struggled, I endeavoured to call out, 'twas useless; at last, I fell to the floor. Starting up, my candle was flickering in the socket—my book lay at my feet,—my fire,—naught remained save dust and ashes.

SOI-DISANT PHILANTHROPISTS.

We wot of an honest mulatto man named Jack; he lived very quietly and as happily as falls to the lot of most mortals, for about two score years, in the state of Onesimus. Jack is a preacher of moderate abilities among his coloured brethren. In the last year or two he was seized with the progressive spirit of the age. Not finding a rise corresponding to his new relations, Jack concluded last spring to take a trip to the "Norud." And to the north he went. He had never seen any of his friends there, but had heard a great deal of their love and sympathy for the black man and the freed man, and he looked for a reception very cordial—almost amounting to an ovation. Jack has returned quite chop-fallen. His account of his trip to "Norud" is doleful. Those from whom he expected greetings and hospitalities, and a great shaking of hands "didn't come a-nigh." He couldn't find the folks that had done all that beautiful talking. He did edge his way into one or two pulpits. "But then," says he, "they wouldn't allow me to take up a collection." As for caste and cold shoulders and all that, Jack found it to increase pretty much in proportion with the ascent in latitude. We give, in his own words, the whole history of his reception by his Northern friends: "They charged me like a white man, and treated me like a nigger, and that way o' doing aint fair."—*American paper.*

MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHALL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IN our last number, we discharged the melancholy duty of recording the death of England's mightiest son. The venerable hero who, after a career so protracted, has thus been snatched from amongst us, by a summons as prompt as he could have received on the field of battle, was descended from an ancient English family named Colley, or Cowley, originally seated in Rutlandshire, but of which a branch was established at an early date in Ireland, where, in the reign of Henry VIII., they possessed considerable grants of land. At the commencement of the last century, Richard, son of Henry Colley, assumed the name of Wesley, on succeeding to the estates of his first cousin, Garrat Wesley, of Dangan, who was also related, in the same degree, to the celebrated John Wesley, the founder of the sect of Methodists, whose brother Charles, he at one time proposed to make his heir. The name was afterwards elongated into Wellesley, and Richard Colley Wesley, after holding several important public offices, was raised to the peerage by George II., as Baron Mornington. His eldest son Garrat, created Viscount Wesley and Earl of Mornington, married Anne, daughter of the Right Honorable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, and had issue,—1. Richard, second Earl of Mornington, created Marquis Wesley; 2. Arthur Gerald, died 1768; 3. William, afterwards created Baron Maryborough; 4. ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON; 5. Gerard Valerian, D. D.; 6. Henry, created Baron Cowley; 7. Anne, married first to the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, and secondly to Culling C. Smith, Esq.; 8. Mary Elizabeth; 9. Francis Seymour, who died in infancy.

According to Mr. Burke, neither the exact date nor the place of Arthur Wesley's birth is known, though it has commonly been believed that he was born at Dangan Castle, on the 1st of May, 1769, the same year that gave birth to Napoleon. That he was born in that year no one can doubt, but an entry of his baptism occurring in the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, with the date of the 30th of April, a controversy seems likely to arise as to his actual birthday. It has even been urged, on the authority of a witness before a Committee of the Irish House of Commons, touching the validity of his election to serve in Parliament, that he was born in March, but a letter has appeared in the *Times*, addressed by his mother, the Countess of Mornington, to a Mr. Cuthbertson, which states him to have been born on the 1st of May, and this must set the matter at rest. The probability is that, by an Irish blunder, April was inserted in the baptismal entry instead of May.

At the age of eleven, the death of his father left Arthur Wesley to the sole tutelage of his mother, a lady of great talents, who lived to

witness his extraordinary achievements, and to see four of her sons peers of the realm. By her he was sent to Eton, whence after a career never rising above the ordinary level, he was removed to the military seminary of Angiers, in France, where he acquired the rudiments of military knowledge. On the 1st of March, 1787, when in his eighteenth year, he received his first commission as ensign in the 73rd regiment, and before the year closed was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 79th. After a short period of service in the 12th Light Dragoons, he obtained a company in the 58th, on the 30th of June, 1791; but in the course of the next year, again entered the cavalry, exchanging into the 18th Light Dragoons. Thus by a succession of changes, which at the time seemed capricious, but which were probably deliberately weighed and considered, with a view of acquiring a mastery of all the details of his profession, he became versed in the field duties of both infantry and cavalry.

Arthur Wesley obtained his promotion to a majority in 1793, when he was gazetted to the 33rd, a corps with which he was memorably associated, and in which he subsequently succeeded to the grades of both Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. With this regiment he embarked, in May, 1794, for the Low Countries, where the army under the Duke of York, after long contending against the imbecility of the Government at home, and the weakness and folly of the allies, was sustaining a succession of disasters, which even now are remembered with humiliation and pain. Colonel Wesley was placed with the 33rd in garrison at Ostend, where he had disembarked; but Lord Moira, who commanded in this portion of the territory, found it necessary to abandon the post, and in this evacuation Colonel Wesley first came in presence of the enemy. He succeeded, however, in safely embarking his regiment, with which he proceeded to Antwerp, and moved rapidly forward to the Duke of York's head quarters at Malines. Much misrepresentation attaches to the events that followed, in consequence of their disastrous termination; but it may boldly be affirmed, that the courage, discipline, and endurance of the British soldier, which Wellington made the instruments of so many triumphs, were never more conspicuously exhibited than in this fatal campaign. Nothing, however, could arrest the tide of mismanagement, treachery, imbecility, and wilfulness in which our impotent allies continually involved us, while, on the other hand, we had to contend with the fertile genius of Pichegru, backed by a powerful and victorious army, an indifferent or hostile population, and all the resources of France. In the sad, though often brilliant affairs in which our army was engaged in the course of this struggle, Lieut. Colonel Wellesley repeatedly distinguished himself, especially at the village of Geldermalsen, from which he expelled the

enemy with great slaughter, and in the retreat under General Walmoden, the successor of the Duke of York, his conduct won the highest encomiums. The army at length reached Bremerleche, where the greater part, including Colonel Wellesley and the 33rd, embarked for England, leaving only a small force under General Dundas and Lord Cathcart, to occupy the town.

On reaching England, the 33rd encamped at Warley, but soon received orders for foreign service, and actually embarked in the fleet of Admiral Christian, at Southampton, for the West Indies, but was driven back by the tempestuous weather, when the despatch of the 33rd was countermanded, and disembarking, they were quartered for some months at Poole. In the spring of 1796, Lieut. Colonel Wellesley was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and the regiment, instead of proceeding to the West Indies, as originally intended, was ordered to the East. Colonel Wellesley was unable, at the time, to accompany the corps, being confined to his bed by illness; but his vigorous constitution soon rallied, and he immediately set sail, and overtook his regiment at the Cape of Good Hope. On the voyage to India, it was remarked by his brother officers, that though he never held himself aloof from society, he passed a great part of the day in his cabin, and it has since transpired that he was then sedulously engaged in studying works on India, and endeavouring to qualify himself for the new and manifold duties which would probably devolve upon him in that country. Nor did he confine his researches to books. In order to extend his knowledge of the East, its people, and its institutions, and acquire a practical acquaintance with Oriental warfare, he eagerly joined an expedition destined for Manila, under the command of General St. Leger; and, on this project being abandoned, in consequence of apprehensions of hostilities with Tippoo Sultan, he paid a visit with the same views to Lord Hobart, the governor of Fort St. George; from whom, during a sojourn of two months, he obtained a mass of information relative to the native governments of the Peninsula, and their relations with the Company. By such methods did he train himself for that career yet veiled in futurity, though its mighty incidents already flung their shadows on the hearts of statesmen.

In May, 1798, the Virginia frigate brought to Calcutta a new Governor-General, possessing a capacity not less brilliant than that of Clive, or Hastings; while it was governed by moderation and forbearance, qualities wholly unknown to those great men. The new Viceroy was the Earl of Mornington, the eldest brother of Colonel Wellesley, whose eminent worth we may well suppose him to have been perfectly sensible of. An opportunity soon presented itself for bringing the rising officer forward, and displaying in a more prominent

manner that aptitude for command and great administrative capacity of which he had given unequivocal indications. This was not lost sight of by the Earl of Mornington, and it was fortunate for the country, as well as his illustrious relative, that patriotism no less than affection influenced his choice.

The Earl arrived in India with the most pacific intentions, and neither the Company nor the nation was disposed at the time to imperil the peace of the Peninsula. But, with all its aspirations for peace, the Indian Government was aware that its empire, though apparently enjoying profound repose, was really resting on a mine, which a spark might at any moment explode. It was the calm in the midst of the hurricane, ere the elements resume their awful conflict. Tippoo Sultan, the son and successor of Hyder Ali, burned to avenge the defeat of his father, and the humiliation it entailed on himself; and French emissaries were ever active in fomenting his resentment, and instigating him to new hostilities. Again and again the warning voice of the Earl of Mornington addressed him in a tone of paternal remonstrance, and besought him to desist. "It is impossible," his lordship writes, "that you should suppose me ignorant of the intercourse which subsists between you and the French, whom you know to be the enemies of the country, and to be now engaged in an unjust war with the British nation."

Tippoo replied that his "friendly heart was disposed to pay every regard to truth and justice, and to strengthen the foundations of concord between the two nations;" at the same time that, with characteristic treachery, he was actually engaged in negotiating an alliance with France, in the hope of obtaining assistance from that power in his meditated hostilities with the Company. Two of his emissaries were received publicly in the Isle of France, as his envoys to the French Government, and the Governor of the island issued a proclamation, with their cognizance and authority, stating that the Sultan would subsidize any French troops who would enter his service, and that he was fully prepared to declare war against England. This proclamation was forwarded to Calcutta, but though the evidence of Tippoo's treachery was now complete, and though a body of French troops had actually landed at Mangalore, and joined the Sultan's army, Lord Mornington still endeavoured to avert the impending rupture, and exhausted every persuasion to induce the Sultan to forbear. His magnanimity, however, was only regarded as weakness, and the moment at length arrived when negotiation became idle, and could no longer be carried on either with honour or profit.

The enemy about to be attacked was perhaps the most formidable that we have ever encountered in the East. His army was not a mere rabble, composed of undisciplined and

effeminate natives, but a well-disciplined force, trained in European tactics, formed of a warlike and intrepid people, and headed by experienced French officers. With these were joined an auxiliary force of French, and a powerful artillery, also directed by French officers, and well supplied with expert and practised gunners.

The force destined to oppose Tippoo was placed under the command of General, afterwards Lord Harris, and consisted of 30,000 men, of whom 4300 were Europeans, and 6500, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, the British auxiliaries in the service of the Nizam. This latter force was, with the addition of the 33rd Regiment, placed by desire of General Harris and the Nizam minister, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, and, pending active operations, that officer busied himself in improving its discipline and organization, and practising the men in all the manœuvres requisite in an Indian campaign. So successful were his efforts, that they excited universal admiration, and elicited from the Commander-in-Chief a general order, publicly expressing his approbation of Colonel Wellesley's arrangements.

On the 8th of March, 1799, General Harris passed the frontier, and encamped in the territories of the Sultan, who not slow to commence hostilities, crossed at another point into the dominions of the Company, and endeavoured to cut off the army of Bombay. The country was well adapted for operations of this character, inasmuch that, from the difficulties of the way, the eastern and western divisions of the British army could only communicate in an interval of several weeks. The roads were mere tracks, crossing vast plains, frequently impassible, or piercing narrow defiles, through which the baggage and heavy artillery were conveyed with prodigious labour, while the greatest caution was requisite in traversing the rocky mountain passes and dense jungles, which afforded such cover for a stealthy and treacherous enemy. Strong forts, constructed of solid stone, and surrounded by massive and lofty walls, commanded the line of march, and were reduced with great difficulty, while the rivers, swollen with rains, swept with the fury of torrents over the low country, and opposed additional barriers to an advance. Scorching suns, dews as copious as rains, incessant changes of temperature, and all the privations incident to protracted and fatiguing marches in a hostile and devastated territory, added to the difficulties of the undertaking, and rendered this the most trying of our Indian campaigns.

It is unnecessary to dwell on all the incidents of the war. Suffice it to say, that the Mysore Sultan, after vainly throwing every impediment in the way of the invaders, was driven into his stronghold of Seringapatam, where he stood at bay, like a tiger in his lair. While

the siege was in progress, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to command a night attack, having for its object the capture of an important outpost, crowned by a tope of trees. The enterprise failed, owing to the darkness of the night, and Colonel Wellesley, thrown down by a spent ball, nearly fell into the hands of the enemy, but by good fortune escaped, and carried the post next morning.

The siege was now pressed on with vigour, but Tippoo, with a resolution worthy of a better cause, made repeated sorties, and was only driven in after considerable loss.

On the evening of the 26th April, Colonel Wellesley dislodged the enemy from some intrenchments, behind the bank of a water-course, within 400 yards of the fort. The city was now closely invested, and it was decided to carry the place by storm, but as fast as breaches were made, they were filled up by gabions, and all other defects repaired. At length, on the 3rd of May, a practicable breach was effected, and on the morning of the 4th, the city was carried. Tippoo, determined to the last, was found by Colonel Wellesley under a heap of slain, retaining on his features an expression of stern and fearless calm.

Colonel Wellesley was appointed Commandant of Seringapatam, in which capacity he rendered the most important services to the Company, by establishing order and economy in the disorganized state. He was afterwards appointed to the command of Trincomalee, but soon accepted a subordinate command under General Baird, in the expedition to Egypt, which, however, an attack of fever prevented him from accompanying, and on his recovery, he returned to his Mysore government. From this he was called to take part in the Mahratta war, and the brilliant victory of Assaye, won against overwhelming numbers, was the death-blow to that long-dreaded power, and terminated the war at a blow.

In acknowledgement of his services in this campaign, Major-General Wellesley was created an extra Knight Companion of the Bath. Many addresses were presented to him by various public bodies in India, a splendid gold vase, valued at 2000 guineas, was given to him by the officers of his division of the Indian army, and a sword, worth £1000, was presented to him by the inhabitants of Calcutta. Sir Arthur embarked for England on the 10th of March.

On his arrival he was appointed to the command of the troops at Hastings; and on the death of the Marquis of Cornwallis, on the 5th of October, 1805, to the colonelcy of the 83rd. On the 8th of April, he was sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council; and on the 10th of April, 1806, he married Catherine, third daughter of the second Earl of Longford. He had previously, when only Captain Wellesley,

made proposals for the hand of this lady, and been refused, but his now brilliant position secured his second overtures a ready acceptance.

About the time he contracted this matrimonial alliance, he was returned to the House of Commons, then discussing the merits of his brother's Indian administration. The result, however, was a vote of the house, approving of the Marquis of Wellesley's government.

In 1807, Sir Arthur accepted, in the Portland administration, the situation of Chief Secretary for Ireland, under the Duke of Richmond.

The English government having determined to aid the patriot cause in the Peninsula, the command of the expedition was intrusted in the first instance to Sir Arthur, who went forward in a fast frigate, to ascertain the best points to commence operations, and immediately recognized the military capabilities of Portugal. He commenced landing his troops at the river Mondego on the 1st of August. Major General Spencer's division arrived three days afterwards; and the whole process of debarkation being completed, on the 5th, Sir Arthur found himself at the head of 13,000 men. After the brilliant affair of Torres Vedras, he was reinforced by Gen. Anstruther, and Sir Arthur now having a force amounting to 16,000 men and 18 pieces of cannon, gave the order to march on Lisbon. As Junot's army was in the gross only 18,000 men, and deducting garrisons only 14,000, there is no reason to doubt that this prompt step would have been attended with the most entire success. Unluckily, however, Sir Harry Burrard, by whom Sir Arthur had been superseded in the chief command, had reached Portugal, and he prohibited the scheme, expressing his determination to wait for Sir Hugh Dalrymple, to whom he was in turn to yield the direction of the British Army. Fortunately for the fame of Sir Arthur, Junot himself, who with Loison's corps had joined Laborde, commenced the attack at Vimiera before Sir Harry had landed. The strength of the two armies was nearly the same, and the defeat of the French, notwithstanding that not more than half the British force was engaged, was a most signal one. But, to the chagrin of all, Sir Harry Burrard arrived at the moment of victory, and in spite of Sir Arthur's representations ordered a halt. Sir Harry announced his intention to await the arrival of Sir Hugh Dalrymple before carrying out any further operations, and a delay of twenty-four hours intervened, when Sir Hugh, who assumed the chief command, made his appearance, and gave orders to advance. Junot, however, was already vanquished, though he knew how to make terms with the victors, and the disgraceful treaty of Cintra followed, to the infinite disgust of Sir Arthur and the army, and the disappointment of the nation.

Sir Arthur now returned to England, and for a short time sat once more in the House of Commons, which, as well as the House of Lords and the King, acknowledged in the most flattering terms, the importance of his services.

The fatal campaign under Sir John Moore, with the general ill success of our military expeditions, had almost determined the ministry to desist from further operations in the Peninsula, when the famous memorandum of Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the Defence of Portugal, induced a change of policy, and a strong force was dispatched under Sir Arthur's command to carry out the project.

Sir Arthur arrived in the Tagus on the 22nd of April, and leaving a Portuguese corps, amounting to 7,000 men, and four British regiments to defend the capital, and placing bands of soldiers to intercept the march of Victor, in case he should make an attempt on Lisbon, he removed his head-quarters on the 1st of May to Pombal, and on the following day to Coimbra. Soult displayed a truly courageous firmness, as well as talents of the highest order, and in spite of the able manner in which Wellesley turned his positions, he was enabled, after smart skirmishes at Albergaria, Grijon, and Cavalhos, in all of which he was worsted, to escape to Oporto, having been assisted in his flight by a number of fortunate accidents, which saved him from destruction. As soon as he had reached the city, he commenced destroying the floating bridge over the Douro, and completed his task just before the British came up on the 12th of May. The celebrated passage of the Douro, and the complete defeat of Soult which followed, are among the most masterly exploits of the campaign. Soult made a precipitate retreat, with loss of artillery, baggage, plunder, and a fourth of his army.

Sir Arthur was now brought into contact with Cuesta, the Spanish general, a man of mediocre capacity, raised by accident to a position he was wholly incompetent to fill. No reliance could be placed on such a man, and, in fact, he declined to attack Victor at Talavera under circumstances of advantage. Sir Arthur, however, insisted on advancing, and threw himself on the French army, consisting of 50,000 men, led by Joseph Buonaparte in person, while the Spaniards disgracefully fled from the scene of action. During the flight Sir Arthur narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Happening to be in a house which was attacked by a party of French, he had barely time to mount his horse and ride away. This was the second narrow escape he had met with; for on the preceding day, a three-pound shot passed just over his head and struck a tree, under which he was standing. The sudden attack of the French surprised and threw into some confusion the 87th and 88th regiments, the retreat of which Wellesley

directed in person. General Hill, assuming the command of the 29th, charged bravely on the foe, and after a sanguinary and confused conflict (for the night was quite dark), drove the French from their dearly-bought vantage ground. Night brought about a suspension of the combat, but it was renewed in the morning, by an attack on the heights at five o'clock, continued without intermission till nine, when the French retired, and for the three hours succeeding, both armies, by a sort of tacit understanding, suspended hostilities. Between them ran a small stream, to which, overpowered by thirst and fatigue, the troops on both sides repaired to refresh themselves. Courtesies were interchanged and hands pressed in friendship that in a few minutes afterwards wielded weapons against each other in deadly feud. The next attack was on the British centre. It was repulsed with great slaughter, and ten guns were captured; but the French rallied and renewed the assault, though with the same ill-success. The carnage was fearful, and the dry grass accidentally igniting, many of the wounded perished in the flames. At length the French were driven back to Malines, with the loss of twenty pieces of cannon and four standards.

On the 29th, the light brigade, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Rifles, arrived at Talavera, having travelled in 26 hours, in heavy marching order, the astonishing distance of 62 miles, under a burning sun, and through a district where water was scarce. This feat, quite unparalleled in military annals, was performed with the loss of only 17 stragglers left behind. General Crawford's standing orders for the light division, so effective on this occasion, and throughout the war, are well known.

Powerful reinforcements from France, which augmented the French army under Joseph to 65,000 men, headed by the most experienced of Napoleon's generals, compelled Sir Arthur, now created Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the County of Somerset, and Baron Douro of Wellesley, to retire into Portugal, the military defences of which were already arranged for such a contingency. Massena followed, and after reducing Ciudad Rodrigo, the French overtook the crippled but undaunted English army on the ridge of Busaco, where was fought that famous battle, which added another laurel to the wreath of Wellington.

This great victory did not induce the English general to pause in his retreat, and Massena, strong in his superior force, continued to advance, but after a pursuit of 200 miles found himself opposed by the stupendous lines of Torres Vedras, acknowledged to be the most amazing defences that military science ever constructed. Behind these lines the English army enjoyed every comfort, while the French were famishing before them. At

length Massena grew weary of watching the lines of Torres Vedras, and on the 15th of November, having previously made his preliminary arrangements with extraordinary skill, commenced a movement on Santarém. On the 19th, Lord Wellington had determined to attack him; but, on discovering the strength of his position, he gave up the idea, and determined to let the French marshal take the initiative. Massena's position soon became untenable, and on the night of the 5th he commenced his retreat, having, as he had previously done in quitting his position before the lines of Lisbon, made a number of masterly manœuvres, to conceal his intended movement. On the 6th Lord Wellington advanced in pursuit, and hung closely on the rear of the French, who had chosen the route of the Mondego. On the 5th of April the evacuation of Portugal was completed. Massena's losses had been nearly 40,000 men, of whom two-thirds were old and well-tried soldiers.

On the 26th Lord Wellington received the thanks of Parliament for the liberation of Portugal. On the 3rd of May, he gained a brilliant victory at Fuentes d'Onore. By this time he had also triumphed over his English opponents. Many of the leading members of the lower house repudiated, without hesitation, their previously expressed sentiments; and Mr. Whitbread had the magnanimity to write a recantation of his former errors to Lord Wellington himself.

The great general now made an attempt on Badajos, which failed, but on the 10th of January he carried by storm the important city of Ciudad Rodrigo, though not without great loss. For this brilliant achievement he was rewarded by the Spanish government by being raised to the rank of a grandee of the first order, with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo; by the Portuguese he was created Marquês of Torres Vedras, and soon afterwards Duque of Vittoria. By the English he was raised to the Earldom of Wellington, with an increased grant of £2,000 a-year.

Badajos was now doomed, but was not captured till after tremendous carnage, which drew from the Iron General a burst of passionate grief for the loss of his brave soldiers.

Wellington crossed the Agueda on the 13th of June, and advanced on Salamanca, in his way reducing the strongly-fortified posts of San Vincente, Des Cayatenos, and Le Merced. In the following month Marmont fell on the English left, which he succeeded in turning. A collision was thus brought on, in the course of which Wellington was again nearly taken prisoner. Accompanied by Marshal Beresford, he had ridden to the scene of action, and was carried away in the midst of a group of about forty horsemen who were hastily retreating, and from whom he and his colleagues found great difficulty in extricating themselves, sword in hand.

The next day the two armies, each numbering about 45,000 men, took the field, and Salamanca was added to the catalogue of British victories. In pursuing the retreating columns of the enemy, Wellington was struck by a spent ball, which inflicted a severe wound. This battle led to the flight of Joseph Buonaparte, and the English general marched in triumph to Madrid.

Wellington was now appointed by the Cortes to the post of Generalissimo of the Spanish armies. On the 18th of August he was advanced in the peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington. On the 3rd of the following December he received the thanks of Parliament for the battle of Salamanca; and on the 7th. £100,000, to be laid out in the purchase of lands to that value, was voted to him as a reward for his services, and to enable him to support the dignity of his peerage.

The junction of Soult and Suchet with Joseph Buonaparte was an object which Wellington was resolved to oppose at all hazards, but he first marched to attack Clausel. The failure at St. Michael's Hill need not be dwelt upon here, as it has long been well-known that it was owing, not to any faulty dispositions of the great General, but to the discovery of the place of attack by the French, on the body of Major Laurie. The disaster caused great dissatisfaction at home, but the Government, confident in the genius and military skill of their General, were not deterred from sending out reinforcements, and Wellington commenced a new campaign with a more powerful army.

It is unnecessary to detail the series of brilliant and masterly operations by which the English commander cut up and divided the various French armies, rendering their vastly superior force of no avail, and finally driving them in the utmost confusion towards the Pyrenees. Enough to say, that they rank among the most splendid achievements of modern warfare, and probably will never be surpassed. In the short space of six weeks Wellington marched 600 miles, crossed six great rivers, won several engagements, and drove an immense army, far outnumbering his own, and headed by the most experienced generals of the day, from a country they had conquered, in ignominy and disgrace. In reward for these great services he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the Horse Guards, and received the ribbon of the Garter.

Obliged to break up the siege of San Sebastian, Wellington, with a force of only 10,000 men, gave battle to Soult at Sorauren, though the French army was of incredible strength, and strongly posted. Soult lost several thousand killed, but reinforced by 12,000 men, he next made an attack on the allied left. Wellington, while defending that part of the field, ordered the Earl of Dalhousie to advance on the village of Sorauren. The allies were again

successful. The French lost 2,000 in killed and wounded, besides 3,000 prisoners. This was the first of the battles of the Pyrenees, and was followed by the reduction of San Sebastian, and a succession of engagements in the mountain passes, in which the French disputed every inch of ground, but were uniformly worsted. At length the English army entered France, and Wellington issued his memorable proclamation, prohibiting all reprisals on the inhabitants, and commanding that their persons and property should be respected. Such was his magnanimity towards a cruel and perfidious enemy.

The brilliant attacks on the enemy's position at the Nivelle, and Ville Franque, and the passage of the Adour, led the way to the battle of Orthez. The firing commenced at day-break. Lord Wellington ordered Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Henry Clinton with the 3rd and 6th divisions, and Somerset's cavalry brigade, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, to attack the heights on which the enemy's centre and left were strongly posted. At the same time Sir Lowry Cole and General Walker with the 4th and 7th divisions, with Colonel Vivian's cavalry, were directed, to attack the village of St. Boés on the right, General Alten with the light division being in reserve between the two attacks. Sir Rowland Hill was to attack the extreme left. The 4th division soon carried St. Boés, but as often as it attempted to rush upon the heights behind, it was met with so heavy a cannonade, that the troops were unable to advance on the narrow ground on which the movements had to be made. Five times was the effort made, and failed. General Ross, the commanding officer, was seriously wounded, and before a Caçadore battalion which Wellington had despatched to clear the division's right flank from the crowd of skirmishers with which Taupin had overwhelmed it, could reach the spot, the village was again in the possession of the French. The centre attack had likewise failed. Here also local difficulties prevented more than a few men from being employed at once, and they were unable to force their way. Picton had detached one small corps against a little hill jutting out from the centre height; but just as it had reached the summit, Foy fiercely charged, and repulsing it in disorder, took some prisoners. Soult, who stood on an eminence from which he commanded a view of the battle, thought that at last he had beaten his invincible opponent. Smiting his thigh, he uttered the exclamation his master afterwards made on a yet more fatal field, "At last I have him." He was about to commence the attack in his turn, but suddenly the state of affairs was changed. Wellington, riding at full speed into the heaviest fire, took the personal direction of the left wing's movements. In an instant he had substituted for his first plan a still more brilliant conception. The 7th division

and Colonel Barnard's brigade of the light division were ordered to attack the height on which the enemy's stood, and the 3rd and 6th, which till now had been unengaged, advanced to support it. Barnard's troops, with an impetuosity which could not be withstood, gained the summit of the hill, while the 52nd, the manœuvres of which had been almost unperceived, charged suddenly and unexpectedly a battalion connecting Foy's division with D'Armenac's, Picton and Clinton were simultaneously marching on their flanks, and forming a combination of attacks, which in a very short time threw the whole into confusion. Reille, who commanded the right wing, was forced to retreat to re-form in a new position, and Wellington instantly took advantage of the circumstance to hurry the 7th and 4th divisions with Vivian's cavalry and two batteries through the pass of St. Boés. One of the latter immediately opened on D'Armenac's columns, and the 42nd delivered so deadly a fusillade on the cavalry that advanced to attack it, that they were compelled to retreat. A hand to hand fight ensued, but the French positions being turned, the enemy was soon dislodged from the mountains; and Soult seeing that he could not restore the day, commenced a retrogressive movement. At first this was executed with admirable steadiness; but Wellington had made a disposition that completely check-mated his opponent. Hill had, at his request, forced the bridge of Orthez, and had commenced a rapid advance along a ridge parallel to that on which the defeated army had to retire to Sault de Navailles. The fear of being cut off at Salespice quickened their pace, and soon made the French get into confusion. Hill also accelerated his movements until it became a downright race. Sir Stapleton Cotton charged the flying troops with the 7th Hussars, and succeeded in cutting off about 2000 in an inclosed field. They threw down their arms; but by some mismanagement the greater part were enabled to recover their weapons, and to escape. The chase was continued till dark, but Lord Wellington receiving a painful concussion from his sword pommel, which had been struck by a spent shot, was unable to urge the pursuit with his accustomed vigour, which would, in all probability have inflicted a very serious loss on the enemy. As it was, their casualties in killed, wounded and prisoners, amounted to at least 5000 men, and nearly twice as many more conscripts threw down their arms as soon as the battle was lost, and fled to their own homes. The English losses were 234 killed, 1700 wounded, and 64 missing.

Toulouse was yet to be fought, and so obstinately was this battle contested, that the French, with ludicrous audacity, claim it as a victory. Soult's position was a most formidable one, being defended by the river, the Languedoc canal, and several marshes and hills,

Beresford with his wing commenced operations by marching over some most difficult ground to the attack, and by carrying the village of Montblanc. Freyre then moved forward with his Spaniards under a very heavy fire of both musketry and cannon, and soon gained the heights of Pugade, where his men lodged themselves under some banks, close to the enemy's entrenchments. They then attempted the heights of Calvinct, but were driven back with great loss. They rallied, but as soon as they approached a hollow road which lay in their path, the French opened upon them such a tremendous fire that they fled in the utmost panic. Lord Wellington immediately covered them with Ponsonby's cavalry, and a heavy fire of reserve artillery, which, joined to a threatened movement of the light division, soon compelled their pursuers to retire. Meanwhile Picton had been ordered to make a false attack on the bridge of Juneau, but rashly leading his men across ground on which they were exposed to a most awful fire, to reach works which could only be taken by escalade, he suffered a loss of 400 men, and a decisive repulse. Soult had now only to improve the advantage thrown in his way, to have secured a brilliant victory. In the interim, however, Beresford having left his artillery at Montblanc, had been making with the fourth and sixth divisions a flank movement of two miles over marshy ground, never out of cannon range, and often within musket shot; and having now completed his dangerous and difficult march, he formed at the foot of the French position, a height crowned by 14,000 infantry. Scarcely were his preliminaries arranged when he was furiously attacked, but a shower of rockets threw the French troops into disorder; a gallant charge, and the hill was mounted, and two redoubts carried at the bayonet's point. The combat was now suspended; and, during the truce, Soult reinforced his right with his reserves, and Beresford received his artillery. About two o'clock, a Highland and a Portuguese brigade, which in the failure of Freyre's opening attack had maintained their ground under cover of a hill, suddenly assaulted and won the redoubts of Colombette and Calvinct, with the other defences there. The French retorted by a murderous fire and a tremendous onslaught, but though they regained Colombette, they could not drive the Highlanders from the hill. The sixth division now advanced, and forced the enemy back, so that the whole hill was once more in the hands of the allies. Beresford had also gained the greatest part of Mont Rave, and the battle was won—for Soult the next night abandoned the town, now open to fire from the heights, and made a forced march of twenty-two miles to Ville Franche. The losses on both sides were very great. On the English 595 were killed, 4,016 (including Generals Pack, Mendizabel, and Espelette) wounded, and eighteen

missing. Soult's loss might be a thousand less; but he left in the hands of the allies three generals (Harispe, St. Hilaire, and Baurot), 1600 prisoners, eight cannons (one of which was taken in the fight), and an immense magazine of stores of every description. He had, in all, five generals disabled.

With this battle terminated the Peninsular war—for the fatal sortie from Bayonne cannot be included in the struggle; and Lord Wellington had now only to reap the rewards of his glorious and unequalled services. From all the powers of Europe he received the most gratifying marks of respect. The King of Spain addressed a letter to him, couched in the warmest terms of gratitude. The Emperor of Austria conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa; the King of Prussia, that of the Black Eagle; the Crown Prince of Sweden, the military order of the Sword. He was raised to a Dukedom in England, and received the thanks of Parliament; and on the 10th of May the House of Commons, in compliance with a message from the Prince Regent, voted him the interest of £100,000 consols, to be at any time commuted for that sum, and invested in the purchase of an estate to support his rank. His Grace took his seat in the House of Lords, and received the thanks of the assembled Peers in an eulogistic speech from the Lord Chancellor. On the 1st of July, the Duke personally thanked the House of Commons for the liberal provision they had made for him, and was received with the greatest honour and respect. In fact, the whole kingdom regarded him with the deepest feelings of veneration and gratitude.

The escape of Napoleon from Elba once more called the Duke into the field, and led to the crowning victory of Waterloo. That battle has been so often described that it is unnecessary to enter upon it here. We all know that it was, perhaps, the most signal battle that was ever fought, and made England the arbitress of the destinies of the world.

The loss of the British and German legion alone was computed at 11,000 and 700 officers in killed and wounded, and almost every officer of the Duke's staff had been struck down. The entire loss of the allied army was estimated at the lowest at 15,000 men, and might, with killed, wounded, and missing, be even reckoned at 20,000. The French loss was so enormous as almost to defy calculation.

The Duke himself has described the battle in a few words, in a letter to Marshal Beresford, dated 2nd July, 1815:—

"You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his

infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery.

"I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

The Duke of Wellington was exceedingly simple in his manners, and temperate in his habits. He was remarkable for the pith and epigrammatic point of his sayings, many of which have become proverbs; and, though not pretending to the character of a wit, no man, perhaps, has ever said so many good things. He was generous and charitable in an extraordinary degree, though these were qualities never associated with his character, and it was only in his last years, and by mere accident, that his munificence in this respect became known to the public. He slept little, and, whether from old military associations or for health sake, used a hard mattress and a camp bed. He even denied himself the luxury of a feather pillow, his head rested on a pillow of hair, covered with chamois leather, which was always carried for his use wherever he went from home. He appeared to avoid display in his dress, equipage, and attendants, preferring horse exercise to the state and luxury of a carriage; and even when increasing weakness rendered it a task of some difficulty to sit erect upon horseback, day after day he was still to be seen ambling slowly down to the House of Lords, touching his hat to the crowds assembled round the entrance to catch a glimpse of the veteran warrior. His household was a model of good order and good management. He incurred no debts, and his bills were discharged every week, with unflinching punctuality. He was assiduous in the management of Stratfieldsaye—a very bad investment of the public money, being so unproductive that he used to say it would have ruined any man but himself. He was a good and generous landlord, and universally beloved by his tenantry. His Waterloo banquets, which for many years drew around him all his surviving companions in arms in this his last glorious field, were the only exceptions to his usual indifference to display. On these occasions only the massive services of plate and priceless china, pictures, statues, and all the other favours, honors, and presents which had been conferred upon him by the Sovereigns of Europe, were not inappropriately displayed.

The Duke was called at half-past six, his usual hour for rising, on the morning of his death, but refused to get up, and on his valet coming to call him again at seven, he desired him to send for the apothecary. Mr. — of Walmer, his usual medical attendant, was accordingly summoned, and his Grace complained of a pain in his stomach, but as he had eaten a hearty dinner of venison on the previous evening, he was considered to be suffering

only from an attack of indigestion, and the practitioner merely ordered him a slight repast of dry toast and tea, without prescribing any medicine. Soon afterwards, however, the Duke was seized with an epileptic fit, and a succession of fits ensued, carrying the great soldier from the stage on which he had played so prominent a part, without affording him time to bid it adieu. Lord Charles Wellesley, his second son, was present at this last sad scene, but the Marquis of Douro had not this satisfaction, though he has since arrived from Baden Baden to discharge the last duties to the remains of his illustrious parent.

The titles of the deceased are perhaps the most numerous and varied ever bestowed on an individual. Duke of Wellington, and of Ciudad Rodrigo, and de Vittoria, Prince of Waterloo, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Conde de Vimiera, and Field Marshal of England (date 1817); also a Field Marshal in the armies of Russia, Prussia, Portugal, and the Netherlands; Captain General of Spain, and Grandee of the First Class; Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade; Constable of the Tower and Dover Castle; Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and of the Tower Hamlets; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; Master of the Trinity House; President of the Military Academy; Governor of King's College, &c., &c.; Commander or Knight of seventeen foreign orders, and D.C.L. His Grace completed his 83rd year on the first of May last.

The Duke is succeeded by his son Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who was born in 1807. He is a Colonel in the army, and married in 1839 a daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESCENT FROM EDWARD I.

ONE of the most interesting facts connected with the Duke of Wellington's ancestry is, that His Grace descended, in an unbroken line, from the Royal House of Plantagenet, and was consequently of kin, though remotely, to Queen Victoria. This Royal descent may be thus explained:—

Edward I., King of England, had by his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, several children, of whom the eldest son was King Edward II., and the youngest daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Humphrey De Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, Constable of England. King Edward II., as is of course well known, was direct ancestor of the subsequent Royal Plantagenets, whose eventual heiress, the Princess Elizabeth of York, daughter of King Edward IV., married King Henry VII., and was mother of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from whom Queen Victoria is eleventh in descent.

Reverting to the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I., and wife of Humphrey De Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, we find that she was mother of a daughter, Lady Eleanor de Bohun, who married James, Earl of Ormonde, and was ancestress of the subsequent Peers of that illustrious house. Pierce, the 6th Earl of Ormonde (6th in descent from the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet)

enet), left with other issue, daughter, Lady Helen Butler, who married Donogh, 2d Earl of Thomond, and was mother of Lady Margaret O'Brien, wife of Dermot, Lord Inchiquin, and ancestress of the latter Barons of that title. The Hon. Mary O'Brien, daughter of Dermot, 5th Lord Inchiquin, married Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and had by him a daughter, Eleanor Boyle, who became the wife of the Right Hon. William Hill, M.P., and grandmother of Arthur Hill, 1st Viscount Dungannon, whose daughter, Anne, Countess of Mornington, was mother of Arthur, 1st Duke of Wellington, who was, through these descents, 19th in a direct unbroken line from King Edward I.

EDWARD I., King of England—ELEANOR, dau. of Ferdinand of Castile.

Edward II., King of England=Isabel of France	Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, dau. of King Edward	= { Humphrey Earl of Hereford
Edward III., King of England=Philippa of Haynault	Lady Eleanor de Bohun, 2d dau. of Humphrey Earl of Hereford	= { James Earl of Ormonde
Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence } = Lady Elizabeth de Burgh	James, 2nd Earl of Ormonde=Elizabeth Darcey	
Philippa, dau. and heir. of Lionel Duke of Clarence } = { Edmund, Earl of March	James, 3d Earl of Ormonde=Anne Welles	
Roger Mortimer, Earl of March } = { Eleanor, dau. of Thomas, Earl of Kent	Sir Richard Butler, of Polestown, youngest son of James, 3d Earl of Ormonde	= { Catherine O'Reilly, of Cavan
Anne Mortimer, dau. and heir. } = { Richard Earl of Cambridge.	Sir Edward Butler, died 1464=Catherine O'Carroll	
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York } = { Cicely, dau. of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland	Sir James Butler, died 1487=Sabina Cavanagh	
Edward IV., King of England=Elizabeth Woodville	Pierce, 8th Earl of Ormonde=	{ Lady Margaret Fitzgerald
Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, dau. and heir. } = { Henry VII., King of England	Lady Helen Butler, dau. of the Earl of Ormonde	= { Donogh, 2d Earl of Thomond
Lady Margaret Tudor, dau. and eventual co-heir. } = { James IV. King of Scotland	Lady Margaret O'Bryen, dau. of the Earl of Thomond	= { Dermot Lord Inchiquin
James V., King of Scotland=Magdalen of France	Murrugh, Lord Inchiquin=Mabel Nugent	
Mary, Queen of Scots=Henry, Lord Darnley	Murrugh, Lord Inchiquin=Margaret Cusack	
James VI. King of Scotland, and James I., of England } = Anne of Denmark	Dermot, 5th Lord Inchiquin=Ellen Fitzgerald	
The Princess Elizabeth dau. of King James I. } = { Frederick, King of Bohemia	Hon. Mary O'Bryen, dau. of Dermot, Lord Inchiquin	= { Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh
The Princess Sophia, youngest dau. } = { Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover	Eleanor Boyle, dau. of the Archbishop	= { Right Hon. William Hill, M.P.
George I., King of England } = Sophia Dorothea, of Zell	Right Hon. Michael Hill, M.P. } = { Anne Trevor, of Byrkinalt	
George II., King of England=Caroline of Brandenburg	Arthur Hill, 1st Viscount Dungannon } = Anne Stafford	
Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales } = { Augusta of Saxo-Gotha	Hon. Ann Hill Trevor, eldest dau. } = { Garrett, 1st Earl of Mornington	
George III., King of England } = { Charlotte of Mecklenburg	ARTHUR, Duke of Wellington, Field-Marshal, K.G. } 19th in a direct descent from King Edward I. }	
Edward, Duke of Kent } = { Victoria Mary of Saxo-Coburg-Saalfeldt		
Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, } 21st in a direct descent from King Edward I. }		

The curious in matters of pedigree may be still further pleased to learn that His Grace was 32nd in a direct descent from Alfred the Great, and 25th from William the Conqueror, His Grace's lineage from those famous warriors coming to him through King Edward I., who was great-great-great-great grandson of the latter, and a descendant in the 13th degree of the former.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ODES OF
"HAFIZ," THE PERSIAN POET;

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY "ERRO,"

From an original translation by his father, with a short preliminary sketch.

In offering a few original translations from some of the odes of Hafiz, one of the principal poets of Persia, for the first time to the notice of the Canadian reader, we cannot help feeling that we are venturing upon what very many who have never even heard of his name, may consider dry and uninteresting ground. The era in which we live is, moreover, one in which verse has, as it were, outrun poetry—the mechanical has absorbed and overwhelmed the ideal. The great poets who shed such dazzling radiance upon the earlier part of the present century, have, for the most part, gone to their last long home; and they who were wont to listen to their strains, find few, if any, in these degenerate days, who can minister acceptable aliment to souls accustomed to such luscious food.

Not yet has the rugged yet tender spirit of old Scotia found a poet to stand before her upon whom she can gaze complacently, when in thought she turns to weep over the cold inanimate clay of Burns and Scott. And Erin, her twin-sister in sorrow, even yet veils her tearful eyes, bending over the broken lyre of Moore. For—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

In England, from whose bosom arose, almost at the same period, the genius of a Shelley, a Wordsworth, a Byron, a Coleridge, and a Southey,—how, in the luminous rays still shed upwards by that bright though departed constellation, shall the light of any newly-risen star, unless of the first magnitude, hope to render itself visible?

Not that I believe, as many are fond of proclaiming, that for the present poetry lies dead. Any one who looks much at the monthly literature of the day, will occasionally meet, amongst much that is heavy and lifeless as a December fog, indications, few and rare though they be, which, like the lightning's fitfully flashing athwart the darkened heavens, tell that the spirit there brooding may indeed slumber, but is not yet extinct. There is no want of talent which might be nurtured into genius; but the world is yet mourning over the still warm graves of her departed loved ones, and, like Rachel weeping for her children, refuses to be comforted, because they are not.

Nor is this the only disadvantage under which a writer of the present day labours. If poetry be, indeed, as some suppose, on the decline, surely there is no lack of verse. The press teems with it, and—

"Printer's devils shake their wary boxes,"

But to what end? We have poems, (so called) of every size and sort, upon every subject, known and unknown. The social soil would even appear to be too rank for the crop, which rushing to maturity before its due time, presents truly to the grasp of the reaper abundance of straw, but containeth only here and there a stray sickly ear of grain, which, when winnowed and sifted from the rubbish with which it is encumbered, will rarely repay the toil necessary for obtaining it.

Another difficulty presents itself in the spirit and tendency of the age in which we live. This, as a clever living writer truly remarks, is essentially a mechanical age:—"Poetry, the workings of genius itself, which in all times, with one or another meaning, has been called inspiration, and held to be mysterious and inscrutable, is no longer without its scientific exposition. The building of the lofty rhyme is like any other masonry or bricklaying. We have theories of its rise, height, decline and fall; which latter, it would seem, is now near among all people." "Of natural talent there is no deficiency; one or two richly endowed individuals even give us a superiority in this respect. But what is the song they sing? Is it a tone of the Memnon statue breathing music as the *light* first touches it?—A 'liquid wisdom,' disclosing to our sense the deep, infinite harmonies of nature and man's soul? Alas! no. It is not a matin or vesper hymn to the spirit of all beauty,—but a fierce clashing of cymbals and shouting of multitudes, as children pass through the fire to Moloch! Poetry, itself, has no eye for the invisible. Beauty is no longer the god it worships, but some brute image of strength, which we may well call an idol,—for true strength is one and the same with beauty,—and its worship also is a hymn. The meek, silent light, can mould, create and purify all nature; but the loud whirlwind, the sign and product of disunion, of weakness, passes on and is forgotten."

The great, and indeed almost the only question now asked by the world is—will it pay?—What is the amount of tangible, computable profit to be derived from it? The world no longer is a world worshipping in faith. Whatever cannot be handled, measured and demonstrated, is no longer believed or followed; and the worshippers of the ideal and inspired, a few poor, houseless, homeless, and despised wanderers, must either brood sorrowfully and silently over the ruins of departed glory, or preach in low wailings to insensate ears, truths which are only regarded as the ravings of insanity, or the mutterings of delirium or idiocy. The age of Poetry, of faith, has indeed, for a time, departed, but not, assuredly, for ever. Though her prophets, for a while, may be driven by the din of the laborers working at the new Babel, to the caves and wildernesses, yet shall the latent spark

not die, but eventually, when what is now thought light, hath been discovered to be but mental delusion,—shall burst forth with renewed splendour, shedding a purer fairer ray through the clouds which obscured it,—as the rising moon dissipates with its mild and enduring beams, the storms and thick darkness of night.

We cannot help feeling that in dealing with any subject not of the practical, mechanical nature of which we have spoken, we are, in a great measure wasting our labour; but we would fain hope that even here amidst the almost untrodden western wilds, there are some few in whose breasts a love of the ideal, still, like an echo of childhood, lingers; who, while they calmly admit that the mine is one which can never yield the metal for which all are striving, are yet willing to take it for what it is worth, and to believe even yet farther, that the time may come when these despised pursuits shall yield them a higher and purer enjoyment—

"Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Or all the gems of Samarcand."

And who would join their tears with those of the weeping poet, while he exclaims:—

"And thou sweet Poesy, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.
Dear charming nymph! neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found me poor at first and keep'st me so:
Thou guide by which the vulgar arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!"

Mahomed Schemseddin Hafiz, who has been called, we cannot help thinking from a mistaken view of his writings, "the Anacreon of Persia," was born at Shirauz, probably about the beginning of the fourteenth century; as we hear of him at that place, at the period of its subjection by Timour, better known to Europeans as Tamerlane, which word is a corruption of Timour-lung, signifying Timour the lame, he having been lame from his youth. The occasion to which we refer was as follows:—In one of his odes, which has been beautifully, though rather freely paraphrased by Sir W. Jones, the poet, speaking of some youthful beauty, exclaims:—

"If that lovely girl of Shirauz would accept of my heart, I would give for the mole upon her cheek the cities of Samarcand and Bokhara."

The Tartar conqueror, upon taking possession of the city, commanded Hafiz to appear before him, and with real or apparent displeasure, demanded of him by what right he had disposed of his two finest cities for the mole upon the cheek of his mistress.

"Can the gifts of Hafiz ever impoverish Timour?" was the reply which changed the displeasure of the monarch into admiration, and produced reward instead of punishment.*

It is related of him that he knew the Koran by heart, and for this reason received the surname of Hafiz. He died at Shirauz in 1377, and a magnificent tomb was erected over his remains by Kurreeem Khan, one of the kings of Persia, who died, A.D., 1779. This tomb, with many other monuments in the neighbourhood of Shirauz, including that of the no less celebrated Saadi, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1825.

As one of the many proofs of the estimation in which the poet's memory is held by his countrymen, we are told by Sir J. Malcolm, that this pious act of Kurreeem Khan's was one of the most popular of his reign, with the inhabitants of a city whose highest boast is that of being the birth-place of him whose memory he so greatly honoured.

"The natives of Persia, says the same author, "are enthusiastically devoted to poetry; the meanest artizan of the principal cities of that kingdom, can read or recite some of the finest passages of their most admired authors; and even the rude and unlettered soldier leaves his tent to listen with rapture to the strain of the minstrel who sings a mystic song of divine love. I was forcibly struck with this fact during my residence in Persia. I found several of my servants well acquainted with the poetry of their country, and when at Isfahan, in 1800, I was surprised to hear a common tailor, who was at work repairing one of my tents, entertain his companions by repeating some of the finest of the mystical odes of Hafiz."

The following sketch of this celebrated tomb, as it appeared in 1810, taken on the spot by the father of the writer of this paper, may not be considered altogether misplaced:—

"At the distance of half a mile from the city of Shirauz, to the right of the road leading towards Isfahan, is the tomb of the celebrated Persian poet, Hafiz. It is pleasantly situated upon a gently rising ground, near the foot of the mountains that form the north and north-east boundary of the plain of Shirauz, and within two hundred yards of the "rosy howers," as Hafiz described them, "of Mosulla." I ought to remark, by the way, that at the present time there is not even the shadow of a tree nor the vestige of a rose-bush to be seen. A small ruin is all that now remains of that spot which the Persian poets have so luxuriantly described, and which through them has deceived all the moderns of Europe. It is rather a singular thing, that every European who visits Persia, expects to find it all that is beautiful, and Shirauz, "Jennet Tur-rauz," charming as Paradise, as the Persian poets wantonly call it, whereas the strongest feeling experienced by travellers on visiting this celebrated place, is one of deep disappointment.

When we read of a "*Bang e dil Goshia*,"

* Vide Malcolm's History of Persia.

or a garden whose beauties dilate and expand the heart, and that even—

"Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocknabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay."

We are naturally led to expect something at least equal, if not superior, to what we have been accustomed to behold in our native land. He, however, who expects to find in modern Persia, scenery that can bear to be compared with the commonest picturesque views of England, will be miserably disappointed. The "heart-expanding" garden has not in reality, at the present day, the smallest claim to the high-sounding title they have conferred upon it. The days of chivalry are past, and those of avarice, pride, and tyranny, have succeeded. The once rosy bowers of Mosellay are no more,—a little insignificant ruin is all that now remains of that spot which Hafiz has immortalized; and the classic stream of Rocknabad is now but an insignificant little rill that would be stepped over an hundred times in Europe, without being regarded.

The building which at present stands near the tomb of this poet, was built by Kurree Khan, one of the late Kings of Persia, and is one among the many specimens yet remaining of the care that monarch bestowed to preserve and do honour to whatever he thought was an ornament to the nation. Within this enclosure, which is formed of yellow bricks, there is a small garden and several lofty cypress trees: the one at whose foot the remains of Hafiz are laid, is a particularly fine tree, proud, as it were, of overshadowing his rest. Four years ago, there were three or four of these old and stately cypress trees, but a late minister of Shirauz cut one of them down, as he wanted a little timber!

Within the enclosure is a building where the people of the city retire to drink coffee and smoke calliaces; and those who are less rigid Mahomedans, to drink wine and make merry. A Derbeesh always resides here, and subsists on the donations of those who visit the place, either for the purposes above mentioned, or to consult the "Dewan," or book of his odes, which is kept here, and deemed oracular.

The tomb of Hafiz is placed at the foot of the large cypress before mentioned, about the centre of the square enclosure. It is covered with a large slab of white marble, which they say was brought from Tabreez, upon which two of his odes are very beautifully cut, in relief, with some Arabic sentences, of which the following are a translation:—"Thou alone art permanent, while everything else is perishable." Beneath this is one of his odes, as follows:—

Oh tell me love, in words divine,
That fate ordains thee to be mine;
Haate, breathe it quick, in strains that glow,
And let me quit this life of woe.

A Bird of Paradise am I,
My home, the mansions of the sky;
I sigh to quit this nether sphere,
For nought but snares and toils are here.

By the true faith in thee I have.
Would'st thou but deign to call me slave,
I would not hope nor wish to be
Reserved for greater dignity.

When the cold earth shall shroud this breast,
Do thou but pass above my rest,
And from the grave, with ardour sweet,
My soul shall bound to kiss thy feet.

Oh God! from clouds of mercy pour
The life-renewing rain, before
I from this mortal pathway spring,
Like dust upon the breeze's wing.

Sit on my grave, dear friend, rejoice,
Call for the wine and minstrel's voice;
'Twill cheer me in the sacred gloom,
And bring me dancing from the tomb!

If age has quelled my warm desire;
If time hath dimmed my youthful fire;
Press me one night to thy warm breast,
And morn, with youth shall see me blest!

Fair idol of my soul, arise,—
Display thy graces to our eyes;
That Hafiz-like,* with heartfelt glee
I may resign the world for thee.

Written round the preceding ode is another from his own works, of which the following is an imitation:—

Be thou the slave of Ilm, my soul,
Who formed this wondrous, mighty whole;
And be thyself a little king,
Protected by his favoring wing.

How insignificant, how vain,
A thousand of the Kharij† train:
Proclaim it far in every land,
How low in servile ranks they stand.

Allah, to-day thy mercies shed
Life's fragrant incense o'er my head;
Oh say that thou when time shall end
Wilt be my advocate and friend.

Those who confess not Allah pure,
Nor in his goodness rest secure;
Tho' in the garb of virtue drest,
Are infidels within the breast.

The sacred tomb where Reza lies
Chief of religion, good and wise,
Kiss with a fervent, pious breath,
And on his threshold rest till death.

* In writing an ode, it is customary amongst the Persians to introduce the name of the author, into the last couplet or stanza. I have endeavoured to accomplish this in the English renderings I have given.—E. A. R.

† A sect of Soffees. The Kharijah are a sect of Soffees, who are accused of being gross sensualists.

Hafiz! thy faithful zeal bestow
On him who placed thee here below;
Bold in the path of Virtue tread,
Tho' dangers thicken round thy head.

At the upper corners of the tombstone is the following verse from another of his odes:

When near my tomb your footsteps measure,
Ask of my shade some blessing dear;
For all who've sipped the goblets treasure,
On pilgrimage will hasten here.

In the lower left-hand corner. "The lamp of Wisdom, Khaja Hafiz."

In the lower right-hand corner. "Seek the era of his death in the words —" here some Persian letters follow, which, calculating the numbers they contain, and adding them together, correspond to 791 of the Hijira.* Now† 475 years ago.

We had scarcely reached his tomb, before the Dervish who always resides here, brought out the large book of his odes before mentioned, and placed it upon the tombstone. This copy of Hafiz is supposed to be the most correct of any; it is written in a large legible hand, and every stranger consults it to know his destiny.

The manner in which this is done I copy from the work of one who visited the tomb with my father.

"The person desiring to know his fortune, first invokes Hafiz, by the ringlets of his mistress, to speak the truth; then shutting his eyes, he opens the book, and the first stanza at the seventh page, is deemed oracular. His countrymen are fond of relating the first occasion when this was done."

"Hafiz had, when he died, many disciples who conceived him to be a pattern of virtue. These contended he was a Soofee, or Philosophical devotee, and that all his poems were mystical, but his enemies, at the head of whom were the Moulahs, or orthodox priests of the Mahomedans, said he was an infidel, and that his works were seductive and wicked. These latter insisted that he was not entitled to the religious rites of burial. It was at last agreed that the dispute should be terminated by consulting his Dewan, or Book of Odes in the manner described. The Heaven-directed finger fell on the following distich:—

"O! turn not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz;
Tho' immersed in sin, he will rise into Paradise."

The triumph of the friends of Hafiz was complete, and his remains were deposited with all due honours in the tomb."

Many other examples are related of very appropriate passages presenting themselves upon these odes being consulted. I shall only mention one or two more:

When Shah Ismael of the Safavean race, commanded that the tombs of his adversaries should be destroyed, it happened that Moolla

* Hejira or Hejrah, the Mahomedan era.

† Viz. in 1852—475 years ago, making the period of his death 1377, A.D.

Muggus,* the Kings High Priest, came to the tomb of Hafiz, and was actively assisting in erasing it, agreeably to the orders he had received from his Sovereign, his readiness to perform the command, however, seemed more to be instigated by private animosity, than by any principle of religious difference. Upon taking a "Faul" from the Odes of the Poet, this couplet presented itself.

"Thou Fly! the abode of the Simurgh† is not thy sporting place. Thou art blasting thine own reputation, and giving me trouble!"

I will only mention one more, tho' many others are equally appropriate.

Shah Tamash one day in play lost a signet-ring from his finger, which he estimated very highly. The carpets of the room were all removed, and every search made to recover it, but in vain. It happened that a copy of the odes of Hafiz was in the room, and the King resolved to consult it upon the subject. The book being opened the following couplet presented itself.

"He who possesses Jemshud's Goblet‡ knowe that which is concealed.

What cause of grief is there, though a seal should be lost for a moment!"

The King in astonishment at the aptitude of the couplet to the subject, struck his hand violently upon his knee, and the ring which had become entangled in the lining of his garment, being liberated by the blow, rolled upon the floor, and was picked up and restored to the monarch.

Having said so much concerning his tomb, which may be considered the more interesting, as it has since been utterly destroyed; we propose before offering a few specimens to our readers, to say a few words upon his writings in general.

The most opposite views on this point are entertained both by his own countrymen and Europeans. This difference of opinion did not terminate when his body was laid in the tomb. Europeans who have studied the subject have been led to form conflicting opinions; some deeming them licentious and immoral, while others conceive that a hidden and mystical meaning lies in his wildest flights; and that while speaking apparently of the delights of women and wine, his thought were dwelling upon far higher subjects, and, he was in fact, moralizing in a lofty strain of allegory. This latter view, certainly, corresponds with our

* "Muggus" in the Persian language signifies "a fly," and is the very word used in the couplet of Hafiz referred to.

† The Simurgh is a fabulous bird corresponding to the Roc of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; the word is also sometimes used when speaking of an Eagle.

‡ Jemshud is one of the fabulous kings of Persia, and founder of Persepolis, which is called "Tukht-e-Jemshud," or "the Throne of Jemshud." He possessed a resplendent cup or rather mirror, in which he saw at one glance everything in creation. He tried to make his throne Celestial, and proclaimed himself a God, but was punished by the loss of power and life, and the destruction of Persepolis, the mansion of his pride."

own, and one of the verses taken from his odes which we give below, so clearly seems to express his own opinion on this subject, that we think it ought to stand foremost as a motto to all translations of his works.

"I hide in the words which my fancy inspires,
Like the odour which dwells in the dew-sprinkled rose;
And he, who to see me now burns with desires,
Must view me in thoughts which my writings disclose."

Even in Persia, however, these odes are used for the most opposite purposes, being chanted as songs to excite the young and dissipated to pleasure, and recited as hymns to remind the old and devout of the rapture of Divine love. It must be remembered, however, that Hafiz was a Soofee, or Philosophical and religious devotee; and "among many classes of Soofees the natural feelings which man has on earth, and the immortal longings of the soul after its Creator, are deemed inseparable; and with a poet of this persuasion, it was likely that the subjects should be so blended as to render it impossible to distinguish when he meant to sing of earthly and when of heavenly joys."*

The morality of Hafiz is most doubted by foreigners, and his descriptions of the pleasurable effects of wine, &c., are certainly such as incline us to believe he was not altogether writing from hearsay. His commentators, however, defend the morality of his writings.

We close these prefatory remarks, which have extended already far beyond the limits we had originally assigned them, by a few remarks from the pen of the translator of the manuscript odes before us. If a thorough knowledge of the language, and a long residence among the people, entitle his opinions to respect, these qualifications, united to an earnest study of the subject under consideration, have not been wanting:—

"When the odes of Hafiz come to be better understood, I have no doubt but their mystical meaning will be found to allude to the Supreme Being; and that *He* is allegorically represented by everything that is lovely in nature. Thus—the "moon-faced beauties," "cupbearers," &c., of Hafiz, are for the most part, I suspect, allusions to the Deity; and "curling locks," "sweet odors," &c., his attributes,—inasmuch as they are the appendages of beauty.

"The sun and the moon are constantly introduced, allegorically, as objects of praise and adoration; and warmth, light, &c., as their attributes. The more I read of Hafiz, indeed, the more he brings conviction to my mind that,

"The love which fills his reed is love divine."

"The allusion to worldly objects is, in many of his odes, indeed remarkably strong; and there are few readers (I mean European) who would be disposed to give him credit for more

than this; and yet I feel convinced, that most, if not all, educated Persians, as Sir Wm. Jones remarked of the Turks at Constantinople, understand the odes in no other way than as allusions to the Deity in the highest, and as it certainly sometimes is, the sublimest strain of metaphor.

"I remember a Moonshee* I once had, when reading these odes with me, bursting into the wildest exclamations of praise, at one or two passages, which, I am sure, nine Europeans out of ten, would have considered actually indecent, and whose allegorical meaning, at all events, I found it impossible to render decently into intelligible English."

It is a peculiarity in all Persian odes that the writer introduces his name into the last stanza. This I have retained in the English versification.

Having already attempted to show that the odes of Hafiz are not, in all cases, to be literally understood. I shall, in the first few which I propose to include in this sketch, choose some of those in which even an ordinary reader may readily trace the mystical meaning referred to. If my efforts to interest a few Canadian readers in the subject, shall prove successful, I may, at a future day, contribute another leaf from the manuscript.

ODE 1.

Where the wine-streams daily flow,
Where the drinkers nightly lie;
Where the golden goblets glow,
And the care-worn, grief defy;
Wonderfui that I should know
Here, thy light Divinity! †

Pilgrim old, upbrañ no more,
Sight is mine beyond thine own;
Let my spirit higher soar
Than thy thoughts have ever flown—
Thou the mansion may'st adore,
I, the master on his throne!

Fain would I through ether blue,
Follow thee my soul's delight,
Fain thy odorou locks undo,
And behold thee in thy night;
Vain the phantom I pursue—
Thou art far beyond my sight.

All the griefs my heart hath known,
All the tears mine eyes have wept,
Morning sigh and nightly moan,
Floods of war that o'er me swept;
Springing from thy love alone,
Bowed the head thy kindness kept.

Many a wild mysterious tale
Fancy speaks of thee and thine;
Could she paint thee, and not fail
To pourtray thy form divine;
Who would step behind her veil,
Who to listen would incline?

* Moonshee is the name given to a Persian teacher of the language,—literally, I believe, a secretary.

† "The Soofees," says Aga-Mahomet-Ali, "deems everything in the world a type of the beauty and power of the Divinity."

* For a full account of the views and tenets of the Soofees, see "Malcolm's Persia."

Let the balmy East bestow
All her fragrance.—Let the pale
Fainting flowers of evening throw
All their fragrance down the gale;
None such sweetness ere may know
As from Zephyr I inhale.

Hafiz writes in wanton mood,
Let him not thine ear offend;
Little is he understood
Could his words such meaning lend.
Blame him not—here may be good,
Since he calleth God his friend.

ODE 2.

Thou hast dwelt in my heart, I have nurtured
thee there,
Have fed thee with kisses, and fanned thee with
sighs,
Till nought that is lovely on earth can compare
With the glorious image my fancy supplies!
I longed to be great—and I made me thy slave—
For sovereignty sighed, and thy service I chose;
I questioned the wind, and impertuned the wave,
But Nature would nowhere thy dwelling disclose.
I quaffed the rich goblet,* and dreams ever sweet
I purchased for thee—I reclined in thine arms.
Oh bear me kind breezes, the dust from her feet,
And fan me with odors exhaled from her charms.
Oh loved and long-sought one, no longer depart,
For thou art the moon to the tide of my woes;
The breath of whose kisses expandeth my heart,
As the south-wind of summer unfoldeth the rose!
Thine arrows have pierced me, ah do not despise
Thy Hafiz, who swears by the Heavens above,
That no other ray shall illumine his eyes,
Than that which proceeds from the light of thy
love.

ODE 3.

From thy musky curls of jet,
From thy eyes serenely blue,
Doth the fainting violet,
All her borrowed sweets renew:
From thy lips with kisses wet,
Roses gather fragrant dew.
Oh my rosebud of delight,
Do thy Nightingale no wrong;
Still for thee he wakes the night
With his sweet melodious song;
Wafting to the starry height,
Prayers for thee and pleadings strong.
I, who when the Angels spake,
Deemed their voices cold and tame,
Longing wearily to make
Closer mention of thy name,
Unrepining for thy sake,
Bear the world's reproach and shame.
Love for thee is my delight:
Yea, threshold of thy door
Is the Heaven of my sight,
Of my shipwrecked soul, the shore.
Destiny with iron might, †
Made me love thee and adore.

* The goblet which Hafiz here speaks of was surely not wine, but knowledge, wisdom, or something analogous is to be understood.—ERRA.

† The Soffees are all predestinarians, and Hafiz frequently speaks of "Tyrant Fate," "Iron Destiny," &c.

Tho' a beggar's robe me holds,
If within it Love should lie;
That old battered garb enfolds,
What may laugh at poverty;
He who becomes poor for thee,
Shall arrive at sovereignty.

Fancy paints thy form divine,
And my yearning bosom knows
In its depths a holy shrine,
where the image finds repose;
May the mansion of my breast,
Never be without its guest.

Like a garden full of flowers,
Fanned by everlasting spring,
Is thy cheer,—Times wasting hours
Spare its graceful blossoming.
Hafiz is a singing bird
In the shady valleys heard.

A Wesleyan clergyman, it appears, advertised a barbecue, with better liquors than are generally furnished. [When all were assembled, a desperado cried out, "Mr. Denton, you have deceived us. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. "Where's the liquor?"—"THERE!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and, pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring gushing up in two strong columns, from the earth.—"There!" he replied, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmuring still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gasses, surrounded with the stench of sickening odours and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing, and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash, and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God, there he brews, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And every where it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; dancing in the hail shower; sleeping in the glacier; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving in the many colored sky, that seraph's zone of the syren, whose warp is the rain drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water! no poisonous bubbles on its brink: its foam brings not madness and murder;—no blood stains its liquid glass;—pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?" A shout like the roar of a tempest, answered, "NO!"

FOREST GLEANINGS.

BY MRS. TRAIL,
Authoress of the "Backwoods of Canada."

THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATHER AND SON.

IN a wild and secluded portion of the hilly and romantic neighbourhood of the village of — there is still to be seen, in the very heart of the forest, the remains of a log-cabin. The naked stones that once formed the chimney, mark its exact site, but a new and vigorous growth of underwood has usurped the place once occupied by the garden, and hidden the fallen logs beneath its umbrageous foliage. The road still used by the lumberers passes through what was once a flourishing orchard: the fruit-laden branches of the mossy old apple trees form a source of wealth to the children of the neighbouring settlers, who come to gather the unclaimed spoils as soon as they are in an eatable condition,—sharing the ripe plum and wild cherry with many a saucy blue jay, red-headed wood-pecker, and blue-bird. Not far onwards the road winds till it reaches the head of a wild, deep glen, through which dashes at a rapid rate, a beautiful brawling stream, which, if you might form any judgment from the steep banks and lofty rounded capes and headland: that rise so boldly from its edge, forming a ridge of rounded hills, stretching far back on either side, clothed with pine, balsam, and hemlock, with here and there an oak or maple, to relieve the sombre shade, you would readily suppose had once been a mighty river of breadth and volume. Here and there its course is interrupted by mimic islands, on which are rough wild plums, high bush cranberries and hawthorns. On the banks of the creek there is a saw-mill, which is worked by the water; and high above the mill, not less than a hundred feet, stands an old block-house: it seems as if built against the face of the steep hill, and the rude zig-zag fence of rough rail that encloses the field beyond, forms in the distance a sort of balcony as you look upward. The site of the house is peculiarly picturesque, as it looks down from its airy height through the glen, and it is warm, for it faces the south, and is sheltered by the higher ground behind its walls. The building is in the style of the old Dutch houses of squared pine logs, with a double verandah, one forming an additional summer-room, into which the two apartments on the basement story open; the other a broad balcony above, to which access is given by a flight of steps from the outer part of the building at the gable end. A road had been cut in front of the house, which gave access to the valley below, and branches off to the distant settlements. A painter would delight in the

sylvan wildness of the scene: the lights and shades are so bold, the dancing bubbling waters so bright; those masses of evergreens, the rocky bluffs with those wild tangled creepers, that festoon the hanging roots which jut out above the waters; those far-off pine-clad heights, that fade away in the hazy horizon,—are subjects worthy of his study. In spring or summer, when the leaves are greenest and the blossoms fairest, the spot is lovely, and not less so when dressed in the gorgeous tints of the fading year; and even when winter has stripped the trees, there is beauty in the frozen cascades,—the clustered icicles that hang from the mill-wheels and slides. Those light, bowery trees, that overhang the frozen stream, are converted, as by the wand of a magician, into plumes of diamonded feathers. But it is a summer afternoon: we will look within the mill. Two men are there—a father and son. The brow of the elder of the two is deeply furrowed, and there are lines written by passion and care, as well as by age. There is something sensual in the lip, and the eye looks cold and gloomy. There is the stamp of something above the common artisan or farmer—the figure and carriage are those of a gentleman. The younger is a youth not exceeding nineteen: the outline of the head is fine; the eye of that dark mixed grey, something resembling the hue of the onyx-stone; the brows are dark, the lashes long and black; the eye is thoughtful, but at times flashes out with hasty brightness; the nose is high and aquiline in form; the lips full, red, and proudly curved; the face indicates passion and determination and determination of will; his hair is black, glossy, and slightly waving.

There seems to be little inclination to converse between the father and son. A few casual remarks about the work of the mill pass: the tone of the father is stern and harsh; the answers of the son are cold and laconic.

"Look to the mill, Philip; bring me the key when you have posted the books; see to the cattle, and come in to your supper."

"There is nothing to steal here," muttered the young man, "and as to supper, I want none."

"Ungracious boy, do not bandy words with me. Your part is to obey and do my bidding, or it may be the worse for you."

Philip muttered something in an under tone, but if meant for his father's ears, the words were lost in the ceaseless clash of the mill-wheels.

Folding his arms, the young man watched with a gloomy countenance, his father's retreating figure, as he wound his way slowly up the steep path that led to the dwelling-house.

"Nineteen, to-day; nineteen years old to-day, so says Sarah; and treated like a boy—a boy, did I say!—a hireling without wages,—a slave! Well, this cannot last. My father's

temper becomes worse and worse every day; and then my mother!—what a home is mine! I am very miserable,—but it must come to an end. Did he not, this very day, threaten to set me adrift in the world? Well, be it so. And who will be the loser by that?" And he laughed bitterly.

"Philip, Philip!" said a low sweet voice near him, and a young girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, stepped lightly along the open timbers, and across a pile of slanting boards, and in another minute was at his side. "Is your father here, Philip," she said, casting a furtive glance round.

"He left the mill just now, Alice, and is gone up to the house, not in the most amiable of moods."

The girl looked at Philip; a shade of sorrow was in her fair sweet face, but she sighed and was silent; perhaps she read the trace of discontent and sorrow in the expressive face of her companion, and was grieved. After a silence of a few minutes, she looked up, and said,—“Philip, will you come over to the cottage, to-day? My father has gone out for a ride, but said he would be glad to find you when he returned. He said,” and she dropped her blue eyes towards the ground, “that if you found it dull, you could get the key of the book-case, where you would find some of your sort of books, you know,—those dull books, full of lines, and triangles, and circles.”

Philip half smiled as he replied—“Thank you, Alice, I may be glad of the books, which I find everything but dull.”

There was a half-checked smile on Alice Sackville's little rosy mouth, but it was unheeded by Philip, who added, “but I cannot come yet. I have the cattle to look to, and the books—that is the account of lumber sold to-day—to post up.”

“Philip, I can feed the cattle for you,” said Alice.

“Nonsense, I can do it myself,” he replied, a smile curving his red lip as he stole a half glance at the young girl from beneath his long black lashes.

“I could post the books for you, I am sure. I can write very nicely, better than you can; for your's is a stiff black hand, and takes up a great deal of room, and mine is neat and small, besides I can cast up sums quite well; only just try me for once.”

“You know nothing about book-keeping, or measurements of timber. A pretty rage my father would be in if he saw your little scribbling hand in his books.”

“It is a sad pity your father is so cross,” said Alice. “I wish he were as kind to you, Philip, as mine is to me.”

“Or as your father is to me, Alice,” said Philip, sighing, “but gossiping with you will not do my work.”

“Philip, shall you be soon done? I can

wait half an hour,” and Alice seated herself on the butt end of a saw log.

“You had better not wait for me, Alice. I may be detained more than half an hour, and I know my way to Woodlands, I should think without a guide,” was the ungallant reply; “besides, I must speak to Sarah. Do you know, Alice, that this is my birth-day?”

“Your birth-day, Philip! Then I should not have asked you to come to see my father. Your mother will be vexed if you go out this evening.”

“Not she! She never notices my birth-day. You are quite mistaken if you think she cares where I spend my birth day. She never notices it, or even mentions it. Sarah is the only one who speaks of it to me.”

“How old is Sarah?” asked Alice.

“I do not know her exact age, but I think she is only just turned of thirty. She says she was only a girl of twelve years of age when we left England. I was a babe of a year old.”

“I do not like that woman, Sarah, Philip; she is a strange creature, but she is very fond of you, I believe.”

“Indeed she is,” said Philip, laughing; “she is as jealous of me as if she were my wife. She would not speak civilly to you, Alice, if she saw you here with me, or knew how often you came through the glen in search of your cow.”

There was something that jarred on the ears of Alice strangely at this, to her, disagreeable remark: she felt the warm blood mount to her cheek. “Did she come too often through the glen?—and did Philip think so as well as Sarah!” Alice started from the end of the log, and bidding Philip a hasty good-bye, in a few minutes was hidden among the shrubs that skirted the winding path that led among the hills towards her father's cottage.

Why did Philip linger on the entrance of the mill, to watch the waving of Alice's dress, as she passed among the bushes, and the fluttering of the ribbons that floated loosely from her wide coarse straw hat on the light summer breeze? Perhaps my readers can guess: we will not try. Nor why he felt his spirit calmed and soothed since the young girl had been talking with him; for there was nothing in what she had said to drive away the angry brooding spirit. Perhaps it was the frank, confiding manner, and the bright sunny smile, that had stolen over him. At any rate, it was pleasant to know there was one house into which he could enter, and feel that he was cared for and welcomed with cordial good-will, and that was the cottage at Woodlands. At home his father was irritable, or sunk in gloomy silence; his mother was old and forbidding; and Sarah, of late, was ever ready to blow the coals of dissension, and now, more than ever, lost no opportunity of advising him

to quit his father's roof. There was something in her manner that was distasteful to him. He would finish his business, and walk over the hills to Mr. Sackville's cottage.

CHAPTER II.

SARAH.

"WHAT ails you, Sarah?" said Philip, as he came up the steps of the broad stoop (verandah.) "Are you sick?"

Sarah was sitting on the uppermost step, her apron thrown over her head and face, which was bent to her knees. The person thus addressed made no reply, but by an impatient movement of the head.

"Are you sick?" again asked Philip. "What are you crying for? You are always crying now," and Philip essayed to pass her. Sarah now removed the covering from her face, and hastily dashing away the tears from her eyes, said in a mournful tone.

"I always feel dull, Philip, when this day comes round. It is eighteen years, to-day, since I left England."

"So long that I wonder you ever think about it. You say you were only a girl of ten or twelve years old: at that age, one soon forgets places and people."

"Some do; but I am like no one else, I think."

"I must have been a babe in arms, for I have no remembrance of my native country."

"You! How should you, Philip? You were only a year old,—yes, a year old the day you left England. A lovely babe you were, and how your poor mother idolized you!"

"Precious little she has cared for me since," said Philip, scornfully. "It appears to me that she exhausted all her love on me, when I was too young to know much about it."

A strange expression passed over Sarah's face, as Philip said this. "Mothers alter as well as children," she replied carelessly.

"You were a loving child to me once, Philip, but now that years have stamped the token of manhood on your lip and cheek, you care little enough for the best friend you have in the world—the only true, faithful friend you ever had."

"Well!" ejaculated Philip, impatiently.

"Well!—I am not as young or as well looking as I was, when you used to call me 'pretty nurse.'"

"How old are you?" abruptly asked Philip, fixing his penetrating eyes on the face of the speaker, till a scarlet tint suffused her cheek and lips.

"I am not more than eleven years older than yourself—I may be twelve. But what matters a few years? Am I not still young—still comely? Paul Breton, the young lumberer, the handsome Paul, said I looked not more than twenty."

"Poh! Sarah,—Paul only said that to flat-

ter you. Frenchmen know how to please vain women."

A glance of fire shot from the dark eyes of Sarah as Philip said this; the jeering tone roused her womanly indignation.

"Had I not loved you, ungrateful boy! too well to leave you alone, without one creature to care for you in health, or nurse you in sickness, I had long before this been a wife and mother."

Philip saw the tigress was roused, and he added a few softening words, to soothe her irritated spirit."

"I wonder what induced you to come out to this country so young as you were?"

"They bribed me, Philip," she said, speaking slowly through her shut teeth. "They promised me gifts and gold,—and more than that, Philip—I could not leave you. I loved you passionately. You, babe as you were, were the only creature I loved in life. God alone knows how dear you were—and are still. Nay, do not curl your lip, and look so jeeringly upon me," and she covered her face again with her apron, while she continued,—
"O! Philip Harding, you know not what I have borne for your sake. Do you think that she," and she waved her hand with contemptuous gesture towards the windows of the sitting-room, "would have cared whether you had lived or died?"

"What is it that you mean, Sarah, what are these strange insinuations?" and Philip snatched the wrist of his companion's hand that shaded her face. "My mother is not kind to me, and never has been; but surely she could not be so utterly bereft of natural affection as to care so little for her child—her only child."

"She adored *her* child, Philip, that is your brother, the only child she called hers.—You she hated, you were an outcast from her affections, you had none to love you but poor Sarah!"
"And yet you said even now that she, my mother, doted upon me in my infancy." Again that strange smile, if such it could be termed, flitted over her averted face, and she quickly changed the subject by asking in a petulant tone, who was the young girl she had seen leave the mill and go up the glen. "What matters it to you," was the cold reply "you have been at your old tricks, Sarah, watching from the gallery. You had better have a care how you interfere with me and my concerns, I am not bound to put up with your impertinent curiosity;" and so saying, with one of those stern looks he so well knew how to assume, he swung himself past her, heedless of the imploring accents of the now weeping Sarah, and ran up the outer flight of steps that led to his own bedchamber. When he reappeared his dress had undergone some alterations for the better, the stains of labor had been carefully effaced from his hands and face, the rich masses of his black hair had

been combed off from his broad white forehead, the coarse linen blouse had been exchanged for a jacket of fine dark cloth; a shirt of snowy whiteness was set off by a broad black ribbon, carefully knotted about his neck. There was an air of vivacity and content in his fine face, an elasticity in his step that shewed that the last glance he had given to his face in the little mirror that hung on the wall of his chamber, had not been one of entire dissatisfaction. He even lingered a moment after he had tossed the key of the counting-house into Sarah's lap, wondering that she did not look up as she generally did, to commend his looks and give the last little finish to the bow of his cravat, or remove some speck of dust or thread that might have gathered on the dark surface of his jacket—but Sarah took the key in silence, raised not her eyes from the ground, and suffered him to pass her in silence. Philip's heart smote him for the ingratitude he had evinced towards her, but he was too proud to tell her so, and merely saying, "Good-bye Sarah, tell my father if he asks for me, that I shall not be in till late, and I can let myself in," he took the road through the glen and over the hills towards Woodlands.

"There he goes, ungracious boy that he is, little does he care for me—yet till Alice Sackville came hither there was no one to think of him, no one to care for him but me, the poor despised Sarah.—*They* wish me dead I know, and perhaps Philip wishes me out of the way, and that young girl too,—and I wish I were out of this weary, weary world," she added sighing bitterly, "what a life has mine been—what is it—what will it be. Yet why should I not love Philip Harding, what is the difference of a few years—I am still young, still handsome. It is not his father's will that would prevent Philip from marrying me, and she, she would buy my silence by forwarding my wishes. Did she not hint that she would not raise her voice against us?—but then, his pride, Philip is proud. Nay," and she laughed scornfully, "the world suspects that he is base-born,—well, let him think so too! it breaks down one barrier between us,—he will be the more grateful for my devoted love. Alice's father will despise him, and Alice.—Yes, we will go away from this place together, I will be to him what I have ever been, the friend, the companion, the nurse, the wife!" Aye," she added smiling to herself, "his pride must yield to that!" So reasoned this strange being, this mixture of weakness and determination, of passion and softness, of vanity and self-denial.

She was right in one point, she possessed much personal beauty, and looked young, for her figure was light and elastic, and formed with great symmetry; her jetty hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, was braided above her brow with care and taste. Her eyes were

full and dark, but, when not brightened by passion, were soft and expressive of deep tenderness; the nose was straight, and her mouth small and closely compressed; her clear olive complexion was set off by a bright vermilion tint. She might have been a native of Spain or Italy, had not the eye rather reminded you of that of the Gipsy, in its restless wandering expression, which seems to shun observation, while it observes everything that passes—watchful, yet shy. Such was the outward resemblance of the female whom we have introduced to our readers under the name of Sarah.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING AT WOODLANDS—ALICE AND PHILIP.

MR. SACKVILLE, the father of Alice, was by birth and education an Englishman, of good family but slender fortune, and a soldier by profession. During the American war of Independence, he formed an attachment to the daughter of a Boston merchant. After the Declaration he married, and in spite of holding a commission under George the Third, was much esteemed by his father-in-law, whose prejudices had at heart leaned towards the mother country.

It was not long before Mr. Sackville was induced to retire from the service, and embark what property he possessed with the exception of a small portion which he had invested in wild land, and settled upon his young wife, in a promising mercantile speculation. But when Alice was yet an infant, her mother died, and ere the unhappy father had recovered this shock, a failure in the business in which his money was invested reduced him to comparative poverty—all that remained to him being the hitherto little-valued lot of wild land that now fell by inheritance upon the infant Alice. Sad at heart and wearied of this world and its vanities, to this uncultivated spot the widowed father brought his child and her nurse. The wild romantic seclusion of the place suited his mood, and having been pointed out the advantages that might be derived from the water power in the valley, he soon busied himself with erecting the mill and block-house. Here he found scope for certain mechanical talent that till now had been only called forth as a military engineer; and for some years he lived in peace and cheerful activity, but his health declining, and his desire to devote more of his leisure to the education of his little daughter, induced him to advertise the mill for sale. It was bought by Philip's father—and Mr. Sackville retired to a small log-house about a mile above the mill, where he planted an orchard and garden, and with the help of a servant, cleared some fifty acres of land adjoining, and thus passed his time in peace, remote from the busy strife of men and cities.

He had seen so much of the struggles an

trials of these brave spirits who had fearlessly stood forth in behalf of the rights of their fellow men, and sacrificed their all of worldly possessions, for the establishment of freedom, that to pine and fret over his losses, and his present lot, circumscribed as it was, seemed folly and weakness. He had learned lessons of philosophy by witnessing the constancy of men, women, and children, during the great national struggle in times of real calamity; before these things, his own individual losses and privations seemed to sink into insignificance. It was thus that this wise man drew consolation, and fortified his mind to bear the reverses that had fallen upon him.

On the Harding's first settlement in the neighbourhood, an intimacy, as was natural, had sprung up between the families, but this had soon faded away from dissimilarity of character between Mr. Sackville and his new neighbours. It was irksome to one whose conduct was in all things guided by the precepts of the gospel of Christ, to witness scenes of violence and bitter reprimand between the husband and wife, and of undue harshness to their only child, whose quick temper and keen perception of injustice, tempted him to resent with indignation, his father's harshness and his mother's tyranny. It was in vain, that Mr. Sackville strove by the gentlest remonstrances, and in the most delicate manner to point out the error of those things, totally unavailing were his kindest efforts; and the cold forbidding aspect of the mistress of the house and haughty disdain of the master, left him little excuse or inclination, to break in upon their privacy. As Philip grew up to manhood, however, a close degree of intimacy and warm friendship, sprung up between himself and the inmates of the log-house. There he found himself a cherished guest, allowed to come in and go out as he liked, soothed in trouble, and cherished and encouraged to pursue studies ungenial to his taste and abilities; neither was Mr. Sackville backward in reproving and counselling the young man when he saw fitting opportunity, for he loved and pitied him even as a father pitieth his own son. One kind, quiet, reproving look from that calm deep-seeing eye, was enough to tame the roared lion at any time. Sometimes Philip felt half inclined to be angry with himself for yielding so readily to this mild influence, he thought it was weak to shew so little firmness of character, till he learned that it was a proof of greatness of mind to be convinced of error.

As Philip slowly pursued his way over the hills to the cottage of his friend, his mind became fully engrossed by the mysterious conversation that had passed between himself and Sarah; in vain he revolved over in his mind the strange hints she had thrown out, he could come to no definite conclusion as to her meaning. This woman was to him a perfect enigma, a riddle that he could not read. She

occupied a menial capacity in his father's house; for years she had been his nurse and only instructor, his guardian and protector from the out-bursts of his mother's rage or his father's oppression, she often treated the former with insolence, that to him seemed most daring, yet, this violent woman would quail and shrink beneath that girl's eye, as the serpent beneath the power of the charmer. That there was some singular mystery about her, about his parents, about his own birth, he could not help thinking, but what it consisted in, he knew not; sometimes he was on the point of insisting on Sarah telling him all she knew, but then, his proud soul rose at the probability of hearing any secret that might conceal his name with shame and disgrace. He loitered and lingered long as he drew near the homestead of his friend. In his present frame of mind, he cared not to be seen or even to be forced to speak, and it was not till he saw Alice take her way to the dairy, that he ventured to enter the house. "She will be busy with her household matters" he said to himself, "and I can take a book and then she never speaks but lets me be as silent as I like." This evening, instead of selecting some mathematical book, as was his custom, he chose a volume of Shakespeare's plays, and was soon deeply engaged with Hamlet's woes and injuries; Alice passed to and fro unheeded, once only she spoke, a word or two of welcome, and seeing him absorbed in his book she took no further notice of him but busied herself with preparing the evening meal. Once or twice, she paused from her occupation, to steal a look at Philip, as he sat with his hand supporting his head, his elbow resting on the little table of red cedar on which his book was layed, his broad straw hat carelessly slung on the floor beside him. Suddenly he looked up, and met the soft blue eyes of Alice, intently regarding him. A bright blush kindled on her cheek at being thus detected. Philip's eye flashed brightly, it might be with pleasure, it might be with surprise, as extending his hand towards her, he said, you were not long in going home Alice for I see you have milked your cow and set your tea-table since your return, you are fleet of foot and nimble of finger."

"I have done more than that, Mr. Philip: see the basket of strawberries that I gathered on the side of the glen. Though I must tell you that I hardly think that you deserve any of them for tarrying so long on the road, for one thing, and then sitting still reading, without so much as once speaking to me."

"Indeed, Alice, I am very bad company—a dull, gloomy, unsocial fellow," he said.

"Why should you be dull, Philip," asked the young girl raising her eyes to his face, kindly regarding him. "You are too young Philip, to know much of the cares and sorrows of life. You know my dear father chides me

if I look grave; he says it is not natural at my age. And you, Philip, are only three years older, not quite."

"Alice, it is not my nature to be gay like you. Mine has not been a home of love and peace like yours."

"Dear Philip, is not this partly your own fault. Are you not often hasty and rash in your temper to your parents. Remember, God has commanded us to love, honor and obey our parents."

"True, Alice; but have I ever been treated with love and kindness by them—that is by her, by my mother? My father used to spoil me and let me have my own way, but ever since we came here, even he has changed, and now, since he has indulged in intoxicating draughts, he has become harsh and tyrannical to a degree that I know not how to bear. Oh! Alice, I am greatly to be pitied."

"This is sad, very sad, Philip, but still——"

"Alice these things are hard to bear. I know you will say it is my duty to be patient under reproach, to love my father and mother. How can I? I reason with myself in vain,—I strive to love my mother,—but, Alice, I cannot. There is something in her very look that seems to repel all sympathy, to wither every feeling of tenderness within me. Is it not dreadful?" And he took the young girl's hands between his own. "Am I not a wretch, a hateful unnatural wretch?"

But Alice's soft, glistening eyes were overflowing with sympathy for the sufferings of one whom she loved with more than a sister's affection. "Hateful, Philip Harding, hateful. No, that he was not, in her eyes."

There was something sweet and soothing in the artless words with which the gentle Alice strove to calm the agitation of Philip's mind. Her firm, yet gentle remonstrance against the indulgence of resentful feelings towards his parents, made him listen to her with deeper respect than if she had flattered his faults and encouraged him in what she tried to convince him was an error in the sight of God.

Philip thought it strange that this young girl who was so soft and mild, could look so grave and even reprovingly, when her nice sense of right and wrong was violated. She had been carefully brought up by a kind and pious father, and had early been taught to hold in deep reverence these words, "Honor thy father and thy mother." With her there was no compromise of conscience, no mental reservation, which promised. If your parents be good and kind and well to do in the world, honor and love them; if not, honor them only as it pleases you or as the world thinks they deserve it at your hands.

Philip humbled his haughty spirit to listen to the great truths taught by the lips of the young and simple-minded maiden, whom he loved and admired for her moral courage.

Till this evening, Philip had never thought

of Alice as anything dearer to him than a friend and a pleasant companion, and now for the first time he beheld her with feelings of deep interest, and felt the soothing influence of woman's gentler nature, as balm upon his wounded spirit, and he could not help thinking how much happier and better he would have been if he had had a kind and loving sister like Alice. Sarah was passionate, jealous and capricious, sometimes making him turn with impatience from her caresses and with distaste from her vehement expressions of love, which now became more than ever intolerable, he scarce knew why, but Alice was so different, she was never intrusive, but mild and modest and feminine in all she said or did.

Reader, did you ever love? If you have, you will easily understand Philip's feeling; if not, wait till you have communed with your own feelings, and then, the working of his heart will need no interpreter.

As they stood together before the open window, his eye rested with admiring fondness upon his companion's fair face; her's were raised towards the serene sky where the young moon shone in great beauty, shedding her mild light upon the young girl's features and gilding the flowing curls of pale brown that shaded her brow and bosom. Why did Philip sigh, and why did tears unbidden fill the blue eyes of Alice, as she felt the silent pressure of the arm that had stolen round her waist? At that moment a deep sob startled the lovers, it sounded close beside the window, and then there was a dull sound, like the fall of some heavy body.

"My father!" burst from the lips of Alice, for he was her first thought, and starting from Philip's encircling arm, she hurried to the door. Extended in a deep swoon, on the threshold, lay a female figure.

"Philip, Philip! dear Philip!" cried Alice, in accents of wonder and alarm, "come hither!" Philip hastened at her summons, and with feelings of infinite annoyance, as well as surprise, recognized by the dim light, the face of Sarah. "What in the world could have brought her here!" he exclaimed, with much irritation of manner, as he raised her prostrate form in his arms, and placed her on a seat that stood within the porch, while Alice knelt at her feet, chafing the ice-cold hand in her's, and striving with gentlest care to restore animation to the senseless form. At length, large tears forced themselves from beneath the closed damp eye-lids, and fell in heavy drops on the hands of Philip. In a few minutes she raised herself impatiently from his supporting arm, and with a convulsive shudder, pushed back the kneeling Alice, and rose to her feet.

"Sarah, what brings you hither at this hour?" said Philip, sternly. There was something harsh and discordant in the tones of his voice as he addressed her.—(To be continued.)

THE DAYS OF BRUCE :

A STORY FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY,—BY GRACE AGUILAR.

THAT what is popularly termed the "light literature" of the present day, is exercising more than a passing influence on the spirit of the age, may, appear, if we may so speak, to be bound up with its wants, its aims, its tendencies,—is a fact that few will now be prepared to dispute. Despite the attempts that have been made to bring the torrent of popular opinion to bear against such publications, and the efforts of some, who, we fear, scarcely perceive the difference between religion and the cant of religion, or recognize the distinction between an humble reverence for the great truths of Scripture, and that coarse familiarity with sacred things, which is busy on the lip, and idle at the heart. Works of fiction, having, indeed, for their aim, the highest and noblest objects, are rapidly and wonderfully increasing. Again and again, it has been rumoured that philosophy was about to extirpate those productions of so-called frivolous writers; but we have ever thought her too conversant with the features of her sister, wisdom, to venture on such a crusade; or fail to recognize her and acknowledge her influences, even under the subtlest disguises she may sometimes see fit to assume,—ay, in the very disguises, too, from which the ignorant and superficial have disdainfully turned; albeit, had they received her, veiled as she was, they might, unawares, have entertained an angel of truth!

Of course, by the term fiction, we understand simply the illustration, by example and graphic description, of the truths or qualities, feeling, sentiments or circumstances which the author intends to represent; and consider it thus, not only as not opposed to truth, but as one of the best *media* for its communication. And that this reasoning is not mere assumption, the early impressions of each one of us will prove; for, who is there that cannot retrace a long-growing dislike and fear of some particular fault, or a still-strengthening approval of an opposite virtue, to the vivid effect produced by a well-written tale? Both virtue and fault, perhaps, had been set before us a hundred times; but it was not till we saw the one exemplified in the conduct of a good girl, or the consequences of the other pictured in the misery of a naughty boy, that either wrought upon us any degree of that influential impression which has since grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. To our nursery, and its oft-told tales, some of our strongest impressions of right and wrong may be traced; and

for our first lessons on the advantages of patience, industry, and all sorts of virtues, we shall find ourselves indebted to many a delicious fairy tale, read while nestling under the sunny trees of our childhood's garden, or in a snug corner by the winter hearth of our early days. And not even in maturer years does fiction lose its influence. Have we not often found the moral truth, or the moral quality, which, in its abstract nature, has scarcely been apprehended by us, startling us into attention, fixing itself with powerful grasp on all our faculties, when clothed in its developed attributes,—when embodied in a real character? If, indeed, it be true, that "a verse may sometimes win him who a sermon flies," just as true is it, that a well-conceived, and well-executed fiction may win over, at least to the approval of excellence, many who would shrink from studying precept in the abstract, or duty in detail.

It is doubtless to be regretted that, like most other agencies which are all under man's control, fiction has been perverted to base and ignoble purposes. Vices, which in themselves are very fiends of darkness, decked in fiction's robes, have walked the world as angels of light. Fiction has thereby been made a minister to evil passions, and her works have been constructed as a vestibule leading through deception to wickedness. Still, to repeat the trite maxim, the abuse of anything is no argument against its right use. The greater the power, and the more extensive the capabilities of an instrument, the more cogent are the reasons for rescuing it from the service of evil, and employing it as an agent of good. It can surely be no unworthy task to follow the precept of one of the ancient wise, and "join both profit and delight in one," and that it can be accomplished, the works of Scott, Cooper, Maryatt, and Dickens abundantly prove. These, though each the type of a peculiar style, and bringing before us scenes and characters, as widely different and distinct as can be imagined, have one and the same end in view,—to exalt our conceptions of human nature, to strengthen our love for the good, the beautiful, and the true, and teach us practically that nobility of soul, and purity, honour, and truth, do not of right, or alone, pertain to the proud and haughty, but are to be found in the cottage of the peasant, shining often more resplendently than in the palace of the prince. And in the wake of these and other great names, have followed, though it may be but at a humble distance, many a talented and gifted writer; until the novel has become one of the highest efforts, and most popular vehicles of thought, feeling, and observation.

The novel or tale which heads this notice, is certainly an admirable attempt to blend instruction with amusement, and conveys to us an accurate portraiture of the stirring scenes and domestic trials of the eventful days of which it treats, in language at once more truthful, glowing, and beautiful, than we have for a long time perused. Abounding in dramatic situations, and perfect poetical pictures, it is written with a vigour of which the most masculine intellect might be proud, yet touches with a delicacy and refinement, to which only womanly feeling could be competent. Introducing us to the Bruce when nobly, though as many thought rashly and madly, he spurned the tyrant's yoke, and sent ringing into the ears of England's Edward, the astounding shout that Scotland had dared to be free; that all of patriotism and warrior-fire had not died in her sons, with the murder of Wallace, nor hope vanished with the usurper's abstraction of her ancient stone and sacred regalia, to grace his haughty court, and show how completely not only Scotland's sovereignty, but the very image of it had departed. We are carried on with an interest increasing as the tale progresses, through all the adventures, vicissitudes, and wanderings of the Bruce and his small but devoted band, until England's pride is humbled, the field of Bannockburn won, the victor seated on the throne of his ancestors, and Scotland, as of yore, free and independent, united in herself, and glorying in her king. Strangely diversified, and wondrously hard, as from boyhood we had read, was the fortune of the Bruce, we had no conception, until we dived into the volume before us, of the difficulties and disasters he had to sustain,—the hairbreadth escapes and perilous adventures he had to encounter;—and brave indeed must have been the heart that bore up so nobly under them, and overcame and triumphed at the last. Now we find him in the regal palace of Scone, surrounded by those loyal barons, whose patriotism the gold of Edward could not touch, nor his titles and honors, so lavishly bestowed, tempt from their allegiance; receiving the crown for which he had to conquer or die, at the hands of a woman; then he is on the field at Methven, again and again unhorsed, but rescued, and fighting, though vainly, still; now he is wandering with a few chosen companions among the inaccessible paths and mountain fastnesses of the Grampian Hills,—and at last, like a stricken deer, compelled to leave his country, he seeks shelter and protection on a foreign soil. His deep and constant remorse for having stabbed in a fit of passion, the traitor Comyn, and his belief that the Almighty had

decreed the marvellous reverses he sustained as a punishment for this deed of blood, are beautifully told by our author, who appears to be profoundly skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, and most accurate in her perception and delineation of the varied phases of human character. Nor is there an incident, however trifling, that we ever remember to have read or heard of in the Bruce's life, that she has not worked up into her story, depicting them in accurate tracery, but in glowing colours; in proof of which we cannot do better than mention her account of the surprise and taking of Edinburgh Castle; promising simply, that the Sir Amiot spoken of, is a follower of the Bruce who was there imprisoned, and that the daring adventure of scaling the crags of this, until then inaccessible fortress, was suggested by his favorite page, to rescue his master. (See vol. II. pp. 57-61.)

The description given, in the novel, of the court of King Edward, and the contrast drawn between the chivalrous Earl of Gloucester, and the cowardly Duncan of Fife—the lofty aims, the noble impulses, and generous deeds of the one; and the craft, cruelty, and cunning of the other, is graphically detailed; nor is her picture of Edward the First in his former days, and the cruel hard-hearted monster he became towards the end of his reign less full of interest, or less fraught with lessons of true wisdom and moral worth. But it is not the merit of the work as a literary composition, nor the detached descriptions and dramatic pictures, that constitute its principal charm. This arises from the deep under-current which bears us along in full yet mournful interest with the fateful history of the young and lovely Agnes of Buchan; the heroism and devotion of her noble mother; and the sunshine and shade that are so mingled and interwoven with the trials and sorrows of Isoline. Never for one moment can we forget the high-souled Agnes, among all the varied scenes through which we are conducted, and characters to whom we are introduced. The whole work, indeed, seems skilfully constructed for this purpose; and wherever we turn she is the centre of all interest, she is one of those beings of the mind who compel assent to their reality; and never was a lovelier, more womanly creation. Dignity, gentleness, deep and mournful feelings, an unwearied readiness to think, and act, and suffer for others; high, pure principles, generosity, patient endurance, and fearless fortitude, are the elements of her character, and are admirably developed by circumstances. Betrothed to Lord Nigel Bruce, when very young, she loves him with all the confiding affection of a young and guileless heart, and her love is fondly returned. With her mother,

and a few other ladies of rank, she follows the Bruce and his Queen in all their wanderings; and is left desolate and alone, when through the machinations of Edward, the Countess of Buchan and her son are betrayed, and taken away captives to await the doom that their loyalty and daring could not fail to bring down upon them. When the little band is driven from their mountain fastness by the cold, she is one of those who seek an asylum in the old castle of Kildrummie, the only keep that was then left in the hands of an adherent of the Bruce. But it was soon besieged by the English; and though bravely and for a long time defended, famine had begun to tell upon the stout hearts that formed its garrison; murmurs and treasonable speeches would be heard; and it was evident that upon the result of a hazardous battle, the fate of the besieged must depend. Under these circumstances, Lord Nigel seeks his betrothed; and to show that we have neither over-estimated the character of Agnes, or the talents of the author, we refer the reader to vol. I. pp. 230-239.

They are married: but before they leave the altar, treachery has done its work; the castle is set on fire, and the enemy like a flood pour upon the devoted band. Agnes manages to make her escape, but her husband is overpowered by numbers, and taken a prisoner. We must refer our readers to the work itself, for an account of what she endured afterwards to save her husband; how in the disguise of a page, she ministered to him in his affliction, and like one of Scott's heroines journeyed to England when his life was forfeited, to beseech the intercession of the Princess Joan of Gloucester with her father, and have the sentence recalled. As may be imagined, it was all in vain; Edward's hatred was relentless to all who bore the name of Bruce; and spurning his once favorite daughter in her act of mercy and kindness; the fiat was issued, and Lord Nigel must die. Through the kindness of Gloucester, Agnes visited her husband in prison; by an accident that no foresight could have prevented, Stephania like she beholds his death, and then—

"Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower;
A broken gem, whose inborn light
Is scattered—ne'er to reunite."

She finds her way, however, to the camp of King Robert, and there is indeed loved and cherished as she deserves. She is spared until his arms are victorious, and her mother and brother released from captivity; and having regained her lost reason long enough to recognise and bless them, her gentle spirit is taken to its rest. For her early death we are left to rejoice, rather

than regret; we must feel that it was far happier for the broken spirit to find its home of rest, where the loved had gone before—far away from what to her must have been the heart-withering realities of a wearying world.

To the sufferings of the Countess of Buchan, the brave descendant of Malcolm Cean Mohr,—whose only fault was claiming and exercising the right inherent in her race of placing the crown on the head of her sovereign—and how nobly and heroically they were endured—we have scarcely space to allude. The iron cage on the battlements of Berwick castle, and its occupant, are matters of history, and show how furious must have been the wrath of the King, and how low he had fallen, ere he could thus wreak his rage on the head of a defenceless woman. But when he too slept with his fathers; and the tide of fortune changed; and his weak and imbecile successor, ignobly chased from the field, was glad to recognise the sovereignty of Robert, the veneration in which she was held, and the laurels won by her son, must in some degree have compensated for the bitterness of former days. And of Isoline, the good and gentle niece of the conqueror, whose purity and loftiness of character was formed amid hardships of no ordinary kind, we can say but a few words. Loving, where she thought she was not beloved, her nobleness of character forsakes her not. But happily her fate is brighter, and her lot happier, than those to whom we have referred. She is not doomed to be the victim of unrequited love, but becomes by marriage, a daughter to the Countess of Buchan, and ends her days in repose and happiness.

SONNET.

[From the Italian of Petrocelli.]
TRANSLATED BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

I asked of Time, "Who raised the structure fair,
Which your stern power has crumbled to decay?"
He answered not, but fiercely turned away,
And fled on swifter pinions through the air.
I said to Fame, "O, thou, who dost declare,
With lofty voice the glories of the past,
Reveal the tale!" Her eyes on earth she cast,
Confused, and sad, and silent in despair.
Then turned I wondering, where with ruthless
stride
I saw Oblivion stalk from stone to stone,
O'er the fall'n towers—"O, answer me!" I cried,
"Dark power! unveil the fact!"—but in dread
tone—
"Whose it was once." He suddenly replied,
"I know not, reck not—*non* it is my own!"

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

WE all know that there are certain conventional laws by which our social doings and seemings are regulated; but what is the power which compels the observance of these laws? There is no company police to keep people moving on, no fines or other penalties; nobody but the very outrageous need fear being turned out of the room; we have every one of us strong inclinations and strong will; then, how comes it that we get on so smoothly? Why are there no outbreaks of individual character? How is it that we seem dovetailed into each other, as if we formed a homogeneous mass? What is the influence which keeps up the weak and keeps down the strong, and spreads itself like oil upon the boiling sea of human passion? We have a notion of our own, that all this is the work of an individual of the female sex; and, indeed, even the most unconscious and unreflecting would appear to assign to that individual her true position and authority, in naming her the Woman of the World.

Society could never exist in a state of civilisation without the woman of the world. The man of the world has his own department, his own *métier*; but she it is who keeps up the general equilibrium. She is a calm, quiet, lady-like person, not obtrusive, and not easily put out of the way. You do not know by external observation that she is in the room; you feel it instinctively. The atmosphere she brings with her is peculiar, you cannot tell how. It is neither warm nor chill, neither moist nor dry; but it is repressive. You do not move in it with natural freedom, although you feel nothing that could be called *gene*. Her manner is generally sweet, sometimes even caressing, and you feel flattered and elevated as you meet her approving eye. But you cannot get into it. There is a glassy surface, beautiful but hard, of which you can make nothing, and presently you feel a kind of strangeness come over you, as if you were not looking into the eye of a creature of your own kind. What you miss is sympathy.

It is to her want of sympathy the woman of the world owes her position. The same deficiency is indispensable in the other individuals—such as a great monarch, or a great general—who rule the fate of mankind; but with this difference, that in them it is partial and limited, and in her universal. In them, it bears relation to their trade or mission; in her, it is a peculiarity of her general nature. She is accused of inhumanity; of sporting with the feelings of those about her, and rending, when they interfere with her plans, the strings of the heart as ruthlessly as if they were fiddlestrings. But all that is nonsense. She does not, it is true, ignore the existence of strings and feelings; on the contrary, they are in her eyes a great fact, without which she could do nothing. But her theory is, that they are merely a superficial net-work surrounding the character, the growth of education and other circumstances, and that they may be twisted, broken and fastened anew at pleasure by skilful fingers. No, she is not inhumane. She works for others' good and her own greatness. Sighs and tears may be the result of her opera-

tions; but so are they of the operations of the beneficent surgeon. She dislikes giving pain, and comforts and sustains the patient to the best of her power; but at the most, she knows sighs are but wind, and tears but water, and so she does her duty.

Although without sympathy, the woman of the world has great sensitiveness. She sits in the room like a spider, with her web fitting as closely to the whole area as the carpet; and she feels the slightest touch upon the slightest filament. So do the company; not understandingly like her, but instinctively and unconsciously, like a fly who only knows that somehow or other he is not at freedom. The thing that holds him is as soft and glossy and thin and small as silk; but even while dallying with its smoothness and pleasantness, a misty, indefinite sensation of impending danger creeps over him. Be quiet, little fly! Gently—gently; slip away if you can—but no defiance, no tugging, no floundering, or you are lost!

A mythic story is told of the woman of the world; how in early life she was crossed in love; how she lost faith in feelings that seemed to exist exceptionally only in her own solitary bosom; and how a certain glassy hardness gathered upon her heart, as she sat waiting and waiting for a response to the inner voices she had suffered to burst forth—

The long-lost features of the heart,
That send no answers back again!

But this is a fable. The woman of the world was never young—not while playing with her doll. She grew just as you see her, and will suffer no change till the dissolution of the elements of her body. Love-passages she has indeed had like other women; but the love was all on one side, and that side not hers. It is curious to observe the passion thus lavished in vain. It reminds one of the German story of the Cave of Mirrors, where a fairy damsel, with beckoning hand and beseeching eyes, was reflected from a thousand angles. The pursuing lover, endeavouring to clasp his mistress, flung himself from one illusory image to another, finding only the sharp, polished, glittering glass in his embrace, till faint, breathless, and bleeding, he sank upon the ground.

The woman of the world, though a dangerous mistress, is an agreeable friend. She is partial to the everyday married lady, when presentable in point of dress and manners, and overwhelms her with little condescending kindnesses and caresses. This good lady, on her part, thinks her patroness a remarkably clever woman; not that she understands her, or knows exactly what she is about; but somehow or other she is sure she is prodigiously clever. As for the everyday young lady, who has a genius for reverence, she reveres her; and these two, with their male congeners, are the dress-figures the woman of the world places about her rooms like ivory pieces on a chess-board.

This admirable lady is sometimes a mother, and she is devotedly fond of her children, in their future. She may be seen gazing in their faces by the hour, but the picture that is before her mind's eye is the fulfilment of their present promise. An ordinary woman would dawdle

away her time in admiring their soft eyes, and curly hair, and full warm cheeks; but the woman of the world sees the bud grown into the expanded flower, and the small cradle is metamorphosed into the boudoir by the magic of her maternal love. And verily, she has her reward; for death sometimes comes, to wither the bud, and disperse the dream into empty air. On such an occasion, her grief, as we may readily suppose, is neither deep nor lasting, for its object is twined round her imagination, not her heart. She regrets her wasted hopes and fruitless speculations; but the baby having never been present in its own entity, is now as that which has never been. The unthinking call her an unnatural mother, for they make no distinction. They do not know that death is with her a perfectly arranged funeral, a marble tablet, a darkened room, an attitude of woe, a perfumed handkerchief. They do not consider that when she lies down to rest, her eyes, in consequence of over-mental exertion, are too heavy with sleep to have room for tears. They do not reflect that in the morning she breaks into a new consciousness of reality from the clinging dreams of her maternal ambition, and not from the small visionary arms, the fragrant kiss, the angel whisper of her lost babe. They do not feel that in opening upon the light, her eyes part with the fading gleam of gems and satin, and kneeling coronets, and red right hands extending wedding-rings, and not with a winged and baby form, soaring into the light by which it is gradually absorbed, while distant hymns melt and die upon her ear.

The woman of the world is sometimes prosperous in her reign over society, and sometimes otherwise. Even she submits, although usually with sweetness and dignity, to the caprices of fortune. Occasionally, the threads of her management break in such a way, that, with all her dexterity, she is unable to remite them; occasionally, the strings and feelings are too strong to rend; and occasionally, in rending, the whole system falls to pieces. Her daughter elopes, her son marries the governess, her husband loses his seat in parliament; but there are other daughters to marry, other sons to direct, other honours to win; and so this excellent woman runs her busy and meritorious career. But years come on at last, although she lingers as long as she can in middle life; and, with her usual graceful dignity, she settles down into the reward the world bestows on its veterans, an old age of cards.

Even now, she sometimes turns round her head to look at the things and persons around her, and to exult in the reputation she has earned, and the passive influence her name still exercises over society; but, as a rule, the kings and queens and knaves take the place of human beings with this woman of genius; the deepest arena of her art are brought into play for the odd trick, and her pride and ambition are abundantly gratified by the circumvention of a half-crown.

The woman of the world at length dies; and what then? Why, then, nothing—nothing but a funeral, a tablet, dust, and oblivion. This is reasonable, for, great as she was, she had to do only with the external forms of life. Her existence was only a material game, and her men and women were only court and common cards;

diamonds and hearts were alike to her, their value depending on what was trumps. She saw keenly and far, but not deeper than the superficial net-work of the heart, not higher than the ceiling of the drawing-room. Her enjoyments, therefore, were limited in their range; her nature, though perfect in its kind, was small and narrow; and her occupation, though so interesting to those concerned, was in itself mean and frivolous. This is always her misfortune, the misfortune of this envied woman. She lives in a material world, blind and deaf to the influences that thrill the bosoms of others. No noble thought ever fires her soul, no generous sympathy ever melts her heart. Her share of that current of human nature which has welled forth from its fountain in the earthly paradise is dammed up, and cut off from the general stream that overflows the world. None of those minute and visible ducts connects it with the common waters which make one feel instinctively, lovingly, yearningly, that he is not alone upon the earth, but a member of the great human family. And so, having played her part, she dies, this woman of the world, leaving no sign to tell that an immortal spirit has passed; nothing above the ground but a tablet, and below, only a handful of rotting bones and crumbling dust.—*Chambers's Journal.*

WOMEN IN SAVAGE LIFE.—The division of labour between the man and wife in Indian life is not so unequal, while they live in the pure hunter state, as many suppose. The large part of a hunter's time, which is spent in seeking game, leaves the wife in the wigwam, with a great deal of time on her hands; for it must be remembered that there is no spinning, weaving, or preparing children for school—no butter or cheese making, or a thousand other cares which are inseparable from the agricultural state, to occupy her skill and industry. Even the art of the seamstress is only practised by the Indian woman on a few things. She devotes much of her time to making moccasins and quill-work. Her husband's leggins are carefully ornamented with beads; his shot-pouch and knife-sheath are worked with quills; the hunting-cap is garnished with ribbons; his garters of cloth are adorned with a profusion of small white beads, and coloured worsted tassels are prepared for his leggins. In the spring, the corn-field is planted by her and the youngsters, in a vein of gaiety and frolic. It is done in a few hours, and taken care of in the same spirit. It is perfectly voluntary labour, and she would not be scolded for omitting it; for all labour with Indians is voluntary.—*Schoolcraft's Indian Tribes.*

MARIE DE LA TOUR.

The basement front of No. 12, Rue St. Antoine, a narrow street in Rouen, leading from the Place de la Pucelle, was opened by Madame de la Tour, in the millinery business, in 1817, and tastefully arranged, so far as scant materials permitted the exercise of decorative genius. She was the widow of a once flourishing *courtier maritime* (ship-broker,) who, in consequence of some unfortunate speculations, had recently died

in in-ol-ent circumstances. At about the same time, Clement Derville, her late husband's confidential clerk, a steady, persevering, clever person, took possession of the deceased ship broker's business premises on the quay, the precious savings of fifteen years of industrious frugality enabling him to install himself in the vacant commercial niche before the considerable connection attached to the well-known establishment was broken up and distributed amongst rival *courts*. Such vicissitudes, frequent in all trading communities, excite but a passing interest; and after the customary commonplace commiseration of the fallen fortunes of the still youthful widow, and gratulatory good-wishes for the prosperity of the *ci-devant* clerk, the matter gradually faded from the minds of the sympathisers, save when the rapidly rising fortunes of Derville, in contrast with the daily lowlier ones of Madame de la Tour, suggested some tritely sentimental reflection upon the precariousness and instability of all mundane things. For a time, it was surmised by some of the fair widow's friends, if not by herself, that the considerable services Derville had rendered her were prompted by a warmer feeling than the ostensible one of respect for the relict of his old and liberal employer; and there is no doubt that the gentle, graceful manners, the mild staid face of Madame de la Tour, had made a deep impression upon Derville, although the hope or expectation founded thereon vanished with the passing time. Close, money-loving, business-absorbed as he might be, Clement Derville was a man of vehement impulse and extreme susceptibility of female charm—weaknesses over which he had again and again resolved to maintain vigilant control, as else fatal obstacles to his hopes of realizing a large competence, if not a handsome fortune. He succeeded in doing so; and as year after year glided away, leaving him richer and richer, Madame de la Tour, poorer and poorer, as well as less and less personally attractive, he grew to marvel that the bent form, the clouded eyes, the sorrow-sharpened features of the woman he occasionally met hastening along the streets, could be those by which he had been once so powerfully agitated and impressed.

He did not, however, form any new attachment, was still a bachelor at forty-five; and had for some years almost lost sight of, and forgotten; Madame de la Tour, when a communication from Jeanne Favart, an old servant who had lived with the De la Tours in the days of their prosperity, vividly recalled old and fading memories. She announced that Madame de la Tour had been for many weeks confined to her bed by illness, and was, moreover, in great pecuniary distress.

"*Diantre!*" exclaimed Derville, a quicker and stronger pulse than usual tingling his sallow cheek as he spoke. "That is a pity. Who, then, has been minding the business for her?"

"Her daughter Marie, a gentle, pious child, who seldom goes out except to church, and," added Jeanne, with a keen look in her master's countenance, "the very image of the Madame de la Tour we knew some twenty years ago."

"Ha!" M. Derville was evidently disturbed, but not so much so as to forget to ask with some asperity if "dinner was not ready?"

"In five minutes," said Jeanne, but still hold-

ing the half-opened door in her hand. "They are very, very badly off, monsieur, those unfortunate De la Tours," she persisted. "A *huissier* this morning seized their furniture and trade-stock for rent, and if the sum is not made up by sunset, they will be utterly ruined."

M. Clement Derville took several hasty turns about the room, and the audible play of his fingers amongst the Napoleons in his pockets inspired Jeanne with a hope that he was about to draw forth a salient number for the relief of the cruel necessities of her former mistress. She was mistaken. Perhaps the touch of his beloved gold stilled for a time the agitation that had momentarily stirred his heart.

"It is a pity," he murmured; and then briskly drawing out his watch, added sharply: "But pray let us have dinner. Do you know that it is full seven minutes past the time that it should be served?"

Jeanne disappeared, and M. Derville was very soon seated at table. But although the sad tidings he had just heard had not been able to effectually loosen his purse-strings, they had at least powerfully to destroy his appetite, albeit the *poilet* was done to a turn. Jeanne made no remark on this, as she removed the almost untasted meal, nor on the quite as unusual fact, that the wine *carafe* was already half emptied, and her master himself restless, dreamy, and preoccupied. Concluding, however, from these symptoms, that a fierce struggle between generosity and avarice was going on in M. Derville's breast, she quietly determined on bringing an auxiliary to the aid of generosity, that would, her woman's instinct taught her, at once decide the conflict.

No doubt the prosperous ship-broker was unusually agitated. The old woman's news had touched a chord which, though dulled and slackened by the heat and dust of seventeen years of busy, anxious life, still vibrated strongly, and awakened memories that had long slept in the chambers of his brain, especially one pale Madonna face, with its soft, tear-trembling eyes that—

"*Ciel!*" he suddenly exclaimed, as the door opened and gave to view the very form his fancy had conjured up. "*Ciel!* can it be—Pshaw!" he added, as he fell back into the chair from which he had leaped up; "you must suppose me crazed, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am quite certain."

It was indeed Marie de la Tour whom Jeanne Favart had, with much difficulty, persuaded to make a personal appeal to M. Derville. She was a good deal agitated, and gladly accepted that gentleman's gestured invitation to be seated, and take a glass of wine. Her errand was briefly, yet touchingly told, but not apparently listened to by Derville, so abstracted and intense was the burning gaze with which he regarded the confused and blushing petitioner. Jeanne, however, knew whom he recognised in those flushed and interesting features, and had no doubt of the successful result of the application.

M. Clement Derville had heard and comprehended what was said, for he broke an embarrassing silence of some duration by saying, in a pleased and respectful tone: "Twelve Napoleons, you say, mademoiselle. It is nothing: here are twenty. No thanks, I beg of you. I hope to

have an opportunity of rendering you—of rendering Madame de la Tour, I mean, some real and lasting service."

Poor Marie was profoundly affected by this generosity, and the charming blushingness, the sweet-toned trembling words that expressed her modest gratitude, were, it should seem, strangely interpreted by the excited ship-broker. The interview was not prolonged, and Marie de la Tour hastened with joy-lightened steps to her home.

Four days afterwards, M. Derville called at the Rue St. Antoine, only to hear that Madame de la Tour had died a few hours previously. He seemed much shocked; and after a confused offer of further pecuniary assistance, respectfully declined by the weeping daughter, took a hurried leave.

There is no question that, from the moment of his first interview with her, M. Derville had conceived an ardent passion for Mademoiselle de la Tour—so ardent and bewildering as not only to blind him to the great disparity of age between himself and her—which he might have thought the much greater disparity of fortune in his favor would balance and reconcile—but to the very important fact, that Hector Bertrand, a young *menuisier* (carpenter), who had recently commenced business on his own account, and whom he so frequently met at the charming *modiste's* shop, was her accepted, affianced lover. An *éclaircissement*, accompanied by mortifying circumstances, was not, however, long delayed.

It occurred one fine evening in July. M. Derville, in passing through the *market aux fleurs*, had selected a brilliant bouquet for presentation to Mademoiselle de la Tour; and never to him had she appeared more attractive, more fascinating, than when accepting, with hesitating, blushing reluctance, the proffered flowers. She stepped with them into the little sitting-room behind the shop; M. Derville followed; and the last remnant of discretion and common-sense that had hitherto restrained him giving way at once, he burst out with a vehement declaration of the passion which was, he said, consuming him, accompanied, of course, by the offer of his hand and fortune in marriage. Marie de la Tour's first impulse was to laugh in the face of a man who, old enough to be her father, addressed her in such terms; but one glance at the pale face and burning eyes of the speaker, convinced her that levity would be ill-timed—possibly dangerous. Even the few civil and serious words of discouragement and refusal with which she replied to his ardent protestations, were oil cast upon flame. He threw himself at the young girl's feet, and clasped her knees in passionate entreaty, at the very moment that Hector Bertrand, with one De Beaune entered the room. Marie de la Tour's exclamation of alarm, and effort to disengage her dress from Derville's grasp, in order to interpose between him and the new-comers, were simultaneous with several heavy blows from Bertrand's cane across the shoulders of the kneeling man, who instantly leaped to his feet, and sprang upon his assailant with the yell and spring of a madman. Fortunately for Bertrand, who was no match in personal strength for the man he had assaulted, his friend De Beaune promptly took part in the encounter; and after a desperate scuffle, during which Mademoiselle de la Tour's remonstrances and entreaties were un-

heard or disregarded, M. Derville was thrust with inexcusable violence into the street.

According to Jeanne Favart, her master reached home with his face all bloody and discolored, his clothes nearly torn from his back, and in a state of frenzied excitement. He rushed past her up stairs, shut himself into his bedroom, and there remained unseen by any one for several days, partially opening the door only to receive food and other necessaries from her hands. When he did at last leave his room, the impassive calmness of manner habitual to him was quite restored, and he wrote a note in answer to one that had been sent by Mademoiselle de la Tour, expressive of her extreme regret for what had occurred, and enclosing a very respectful apology from Hector Bertrand. M. Derville said, that he was grateful for her sympathy and kind wishes; and as to M. Bertrand, he frankly accepted his excuses, and should think no more of the matter.

This mask of philosophic indifference or resignation was not so carefully worn but that it slipped occasionally aside, and revealed glimpses of the volcanic passion that raged beneath. Jeanne was not for a moment deceived; and Marie de la Tour, the first time she again saw him, perceived with woman's intuitive quickness through all his assumed frigidity of speech and demeanor, that his sentiments towards her, so far from being subdued by the mortifying repulse they had met with, were more vehemently passionate than ever! He was a man, she felt, to be feared and shunned; and very earnestly did she warn Bertrand to avoid meeting, or, at all events, all possible chance of collision with his exasperated, and, she was sure, merciless and vindictive rival.

Bertrand said he would do so; and kept his promise as long as there was no temptation to break it. About six weeks after his encounter with M. Derville, he obtained a considerable contract for the carpentry work of a large house belonging to a M. Mangier—a fantastic, Gothic-looking place, as persons acquainted with Rouen will remember, next door but one to Blaise's banking house. Bertrand had but little capital, and he was terribly puzzled for means to purchase the requisite materials, of which the principal item was Baltic timber. He essayed his credit with a person of the name of Dufour, on the quay, and was refused. Two hours afterwards, he again sought the merchant, for the purpose of proposing his friend De Beaune as security. Dufour and Derville were talking together in front of the office; and when they separated on Bertrand's approach, the young man fancied that Derville saluted him with unusual friendliness. De Beaune's security was declined by the cautious trader; and as Bertrand was leaving, Dufour said half-jestingly no doubt: "Why don't you apply to your friend Derville? He has timber on commission that will suit you, I know; and he seemed very friendly just now." Bertrand made no reply, and walked off, thinking probably that he might as well ask the statue of the "Pucelle" for assistance as M. Derville. He was, naturally enough, exceedingly put out, and vexed; and unhappily betook himself to a neighbouring tavern for "spirituous" solacement—a very rare thing, let me add, for him to do. He remained there till about eight o'clock, and by that time was in such a state of confused

elation from the unusual potations he had imbibed, that Dufour's suggestion assumed a sort of drunken likelihood; and he resolved on applying—there could not, he thought, be any wonderful harm, if no good, in that—to the ship-broker. M. Derville was not at home, and the office was closed; but Jeanne Favart, understanding Bertrand to say that he had important business to transact with her master—she supposed by appointment—shewed him into M. Derville's private business-rooms, and left him there. Bertrand seated himself, fell asleep after awhile, woke up about ten o'clock considerably sobered, and quite alive to the absurd inpropriety of the application he had tipsily determined on, was about to leave the place, when M. Derville arrived. The ship-broker's surprise and anger at finding Hector Bertrand in his house were extreme, and his only reply to the intruder's stammering explanation, was a contemptuous order to leave the place immediately. Bertrand slunk away sheepishly enough; and slowly as he sauntered along, had nearly reached home, when M. Derville overtook him. "One word, Monsieur Bertrand," said Derville. "This way, if you please."

Bertrand, greatly surprised, followed the ship-broker to a lane close by—a dark, solitary locality, which suggested an unpleasant misgiving, very pleasantly relieved by Derville's first words.

"Monsieur Bertrand," he said, "I was hasty and ill-tempered just now; but I am not a man to cherish malice, and for the sake of—of Marie—of Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am disposed to assist you, although I should not, as you will easily understand, like to have any public or known dealings with you. Seven or eight hundred francs, I understood you to say, the timber you required would amount to?"

"Certainly not more than that, monsieur," Bertrand contrived to answer, taken away as his breath nearly was by astonishment.

"Here, then, is a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs."

"Monsieur!—monsieur!" gasped the astounded recipient.

"You will repay me," continued Derville, "when your contract is completed; and you will please to bear strictly in mind, that the condition of any future favor of a like kind is, that you keep this one scrupulously secret." He then hurried off, leaving Bertrand in a state of utter amazement. This feeling, however, slowly subsided, especially after assuring himself, by the aid of his chamber-lamp, that the note was a genuine one, and not, as he had half feared, a valueless deception. "This Monsieur Derville," drowsily murmured Bertrand as he esconced himself in the bed-clothes, "is a *bon enfant*, after all—a generous, magnanimous prince, if ever there was one. But then, to be sure, he wishes to do Marie a service by secretly assisting her *futur* on in life. *Sacristie!* It is quite simple, after all, this generosity; for undoubtedly Marie is the most charming—charm—cha!"

Hector Bertrand went to Dufour's timber-yard at about noon the next day, selected what he required, and pompously tendered the thousand-franc note in payment. "Whie-e-e-e-w! whistled Dufour, "the deuce!" at the same time looking with keen scrutiny in his customer's face.

"I received it from Monsieur Mangier in advance," said Hector in hasty reply to that look, blurring out in some degree inadvertently the assertion which he had been thinking would be the most feasible solution of his sudden riches, since he had been so peremptorily forbidden to mention M. Derville's name.

"It is very generous of Monsieur Mangier," said Dufour; "and he is not famous for that virtue either. But let us go to Blaise's bank: I have not sufficient change in the house, and I daresay we shall get silver for it there."

As often happens in France, a daughter of the banker was the cashier of the establishment; and it was with an accent of womanly commiseration that she said, after minutely examining the note: "From whom, Monsieur Bertrand, did you obtain possession of this note?"

Bertrand hesitated. A vague feeling of alarm was beating at his heart, and he confusedly thought him, that it might be better not to repeat the falsehood he had told M. Dufour. Before, however, he could decide what to say, Dufour answered for him: "He says from Monsieur Mangier, just by."

"Strange!" said Mademoiselle Blaise. "A clerk of Monsieur Derville's has been taken in to custody this very morning on suspicion of having stolen this very note."

Poor Bertrand! He felt as if seized with vertigo; and a stunned, chaotic sense of mortal peril shot through his brain, as Marie's solemn warning with respect to Derville rose up like a spectre before him.

"I have heard of that circumstance," said Dufour. And then, as Bertrand did not, or could not speak, he added: "You had better, perhaps, mademoiselle, send for Monsieur Derville."

This proposition elicited a wild, desperate cry from the bewildered young man, who rushed distractedly out of the banking-house, and hastened with frantic speed towards the Rue St. Antoine—for the moment unpursued.

Half an hour afterwards, Dufour and a bank-clerk arrived at Mademoiselle de la Tour's. They found Bertrand and Marie together, and both in a state of high nervous excitement. "Monsieur Derville," said the clerk, "is now at the bank; and Monsieur Blaise requests your presence there, so that whatever misapprehension exists may be cleared up without the intervention of the agents of the public force."

"And pray monsieur," said Marie, in a much firmer tone than, from her pale aspect, one would have expected, "what does Monsieur Derville himself say of this strange affair?"

"That the note in question, mademoiselle, must have been stolen from his desk last evening. He was absent from home from half-past seven till ten, and unfortunately left the key in the lock."

"I was sure he would say so," gasped Bertrand. "He is a demon, and I am lost."

A bright, almost disdainful expression shone in Marie's fine eyes. "Go with these gentlemen, Hector," she said; "I will follow almost immediately; and remember!— What else she said was delivered in a quick, low whisper; and the only words she permitted to be heard were: *Pas*

un mot, si tu m'aimes." (Not a word if thou lovest me).

Bertrand found Messieurs Derville, Blaise, and Mangier in a private room; and he remarked, with a nervous shudder, that two gendarmes were stationed in the passage. Derville, though very pale, sustained Bertrand's glance of rage and astonishment without flinching. It was plain that he had steeled himself to carry through the diabolical device his revenge had planned, and the fluttering hope with which Marie had inspired Bertrand died within him. Derville repeated slowly and firmly what the clerk had previously stated; adding, that no one save Bertrand, Jeanne Favart, and the clerk whom he first suspected, had been in the room after he left it. The note now produced was the one that had been stolen, and was safe in his desk at half-past seven the previous evening. M. Mangier said: "The assertion of Bertrand, that I advanced him this note, or any other, is entirely false."

"What have you to say in reply to these grave suspicions?" said M. Blaise. "Your father was an honest man; and you, I hear, have hitherto borne an irreproachable character," he added, on finding that the accused did not speak. "Explain to us, then, how you came into possession of this note; if you do not, and satisfactorily—though, after what we have heard, that seems scarcely possible—we have no alternative but to give you into custody."

"I have nothing to say at present—nothing," muttered Bertrand, whose impatient furtive looks were every instant turned towards the door.

"Nothing to say!" exclaimed the banker; "why, this is a tacit admission of guilt. We had better call in the gendarmes at once."

"I think," said Dufour, "the young man's refusal to speak is owing to the entreaties of Mademoiselle de la Tour, whom we overheard implore him, for her sake, or as he loved her, not to say a word."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Derville, with quick interrogation, "for the sake of Mademoiselle de la Tour! Bah! you could not have heard aright."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the clerk who had accompanied Dufour: "I also distinctly heard her so express herself—but here is the lady herself."

The entrance of Marie, accompanied by Jeanne Favart, greatly surprised and started M. Derville; he glanced sharply in her face, but unable to encounter the indignant expression he met there, quickly averted his look, whilst a hot flush glowed perceptibly out of his pale features. At her request, seconded by M. Blaise, Derville repeated his previous story; but his voice had lost its firmness, his manner its cold impassibility.

"I wish Monsieur Derville would look me in the face," said Marie, when Derville had ceased speaking. "I am here as a suppliant to him for mercy."

"A suppliant for mercy!" murmured Derville, partially confronting her.

"Yes; if only for the sake of the orphan daughter of the Monsieur de la Tour who first helped you on in life, and for whom you not long since professed regard."

Derville seemed to recover his firmness at these

words: "No," he said; "not even for your sake, Marie, will I consent to the escape of such a daring criminal from justice."

"If that be your final resolve, monsieur," continued Marie, with kindling, impressive earnestness, "it becomes necessary that, at whatever sacrifice, the true criminal—whom assuredly Hector Bertrand is not—should be denounced."

Various exclamations of surprise and interest greeted these words, and the agitation of Derville, was again plainly visible.

"You have been surprised, messieurs," she went on, "at Hector's refusal to afford any explanation as to how he became possessed of the purloined note. You will presently comprehend the generous motive of that silence. Monsieur Derville has said, that he left the note safe in his desk at half-past seven last evening. Hector it is recognised, did not enter the house till nearly an hour afterwards; and now, Jeanne Favart will inform you *who* it was that called on her in the interim, and remained in the room where the desk was placed for upwards of a quarter of an hour, and part of that time alone."

As the young girl spoke, Derville's dilated gaze rested with fascinated intensity upon her excited countenance, and he hardly seemed to breathe.

"It was you, mademoiselle," said Jeanne, "who called on me, and remained as you describe."

A fierce exclamation partially escaped Derville, forcibly suppressed as Marie resumed: "Yes; and now, messieurs, hear me solemnly declare, that as truly as the note was stolen, I, not Hector, was the thief."

"Tis false!" shrieked Derville, surprised out of all self-possession; "a lie! It was not then the note was taken. not till—not till—"

"Not till when, Monsieur Derville?" said the excited girl, stepping close to the shinking, guilty man, and still holding him with her flashing, triumphant eyes, as she placed her hand upon his shoulder; "not till *when* was the note taken from the desk, monsieur?"

He did not, could not reply, and presently sank utterly subdued, nerveless, panic-stricken, into a chair, with his white face buried in his hands.

"This is indeed a painful affair," said M. Blaise, after an expectant silence of some minutes, "if it be, as this young person appeared to admit; and almost equally so. Monsieur Derville, if, as I more than suspect, the conclusion indicated by the expression that has escaped you should be the true one."

The banker's voice appeared to break the spell that enchained the faculties of Derville. He rose up, encountered the stern looks of the men by one as fierce as theirs, and said hoarsely: "I withdraw the accusation! The young woman's story is a fabrication. I—I lent, gave the fellow the note myself."

A storm of execration—"Coquin! voleur! scélérat!" burst forth at this confession, received by Derville with a defiant scowl, as he stalked out of the apartment.

I do not know that any law proceedings were afterwards taken against him for defamation of character. Hector kept the note, as indeed he had a good right to do, and Monsieur and Madame Bertrand are still prosperous and respect-

ed inhabitants of Rouen, from which city Derville disappeared very soon after the incidents just related.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

The sunset shed its parting glow,
O'er hill and valley fair ;
And sweetly in its radiant beams,
An English home stood there.

They fell upon a loving child,
Whose waving locks so bright
Were tinged by them with paly gold,
As of a seraph's light !

He bounded onwards, till at length
All silently he stood ;
What is there in that picture boy,
To change thy gladsome mood ?

See, see, the sunny smile has flown,
The bright young head is bowed ;
What o'er thy spirit's jousousness,
Has cast so dark a cloud ?

All gazed in silence on the boy,
In the bright sunlight there ;
And hush'd each breath to catch the words
That fell from one so fair.

The rosy lips were parted—
Yet, no sound from them was heard,
Till the full spirit pour'd its love
Into one thrilling word.

That word was—*Mother!* and the name
In touching accents fell
From the young heart, whose deep, deep tone,
That Mother knew so well.

He thought him of his happy home,
Far on that western shore
His Mother, dear—his brother, fair—
Should he not see them more ?

E'en there, amid the loved ones there,
And in her early home,
A shade was o'er his spirit cast—
He felt himself alone.

Alone, without her loving smile,
Which ever yet had shone
As a bright halo round his path,
And with his growth had grown.

O, ever in thy memory be
Treasured her care, sweet boy ;
Fond love and watchfulness unchang'd,
Alike through tears and joy.

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

AN OPIUM FACTORY

At Ghazecpore, one hot and windy day, I went down to the "opium go-downs" or stores. The atmosphere of a hot and windy day at Ghazecpore, if it should ever be thought suitable for invalids or others, may be inhaled in England by any one who will stand at the open door of an oven and breathe a fog of fried sand cunningly blown therefrom. After a two miles drive through heat, and wind, and sand, and *oderiferous bazar*, we—I and two friends—found our way to a practicable breach or gateway in a high railing by which the storehouse is surrounded. A faint scent as of decaying vegetable matter assailed our noses as we entered the court of the go-down ; as for the go-down itself, it was a group of long buildings fashioned in the common Indian style, Venetian-doored, and having a great deal more door than wall. In and out and about these doors there was a movement of scantily clad coolies (porters) bearing on their heads large earthen vessels ; these vessels, carefully sealed, contained opium fresh out of the poppy district. Poppy-headed—I mean red-turbaned—accountants bustled about, while Burkunday (or policemen) whose brains appeared as full of drowsiness as any jar in the go-down, were lazily lounging about, with their swords beside them, or else fastened in sleep beside their swords.

The doorway was shown to us through which we should get at the "Sahib," or officer on duty. Entering the doorway, we pushed through a crowd of natives into an atmosphere drugged powerfully with the scent of opium. The members of the crowd were all carrying tin vessels ; each vessel was half full of opium, in the form of a black, sticky dough, and contained also a ticket showing the name of the grower, a specimen of whose opium was therein presented, with the names of the village and district in which it was grown.

The can-bearers, *eager as canibals*, all crowded round a desk at which their victim, the gentleman on duty, sat. Cans were flowing in from all sides. On the right hand of the Sahib stood a native Mephistopheles, sleeves tucked up, who darted his hand into the middle of each can as it came near, pawed the contents with a mysterious rapidity, extracted a bit of the black dough, carried it briskly to his nose, and instantly pronounced in English a number which the Sahib, who has faith in his familiar, inscribed at once in red ink on the ticket. As I approached, Mephistopheles was good enough to hold a dainty morsel to my nose, and call upon me to express the satisfaction of a gourmand. It was a lump of the finest, I was told. So readily can this native tell by the feel of opium whether foreign substance has been added, and so readily can he distinguish by the smell its quality, that this test by Mephistopheles is rarely found to differ much in its result from the more elaborate tests presently to be described. The European official, who was working with the thermometer at a hundred, would be unable to remain longer than four hours at his desk ; at the end of that time another would come to release him, and assume his place.

Out of each can, when it was presented for the first rough test, a small portion of the dough was taken to be carried off into another room. Into

this room we were introduced, and found the thermometer working its way up from a hundred and ten degrees to a hundred and twenty. On our left, as we entered, was a table, whereat about half-a-dozen natives sat, weighing out, in measured portions of one hundred grains, the specimens that had been just sent to them out of the chamber of cans. Each portion of a hundred grains was placed, as it was weighed, upon a small plate by itself, with its own proper ticket by its side. The plates were in the next place carried to another part of the chamber, fitted up with steam baths—not unlike tables in appearance—and about these baths or tables boys were sitting, who, with spatulas, industriously spread the opium over each plate, as though the plate were bread, and the opium upon it were a piece of butter. This being done over the steam-bath, caused the water to depart out of the drug, and left upon the plate a dry powder, which, being weighed, and found to be about twenty-three grains lighter by the loss of moisture, is called standard opium. If the hundred grains after evaporation leave a residue of more than seventy-seven, the manufacturer is paid a higher price for his more valuable sample; if the water be found in excess the price paid for the opium dough is, of course, lower than the standard. I thought it a quaint sight when I watched the chattering young chemists naked to the waist, at work over their heated tables, grinding vigorously with their blunt knife-blades over what appeared to be a very dirty set of cheese-plates. But the heat of this room was so great that we felt in our own bodies what was taking place about us, and before there had been time for the reduction of each hundred grains of our own flesh to the standard seventy-seven, we beat a retreat from the chamber of evaporations.

With the curiosity of Bluebeard's wives we proceeded to inspect the mysteries of the next chamber. It was full of vats, and in the vats was opium, and over the vats were ropes depending from the ceiling, and depending from the ropes were naked men—natives—themselves somewhat opium-colored, kicking and stamping lustily within the vats upon the opium; each vat was in fact a mortar, and each man a living pestle, and in this room a quantity of opium—worth more fives of rupees than I have ever had between my fingers—was being mixed and kneaded by the legs of men, preparatory to being made up into pills. From the chamber of pestles, with curiosity unsated, we went forward to peep into the chamber of the pills.

A rush of imps, in the tight brown dresses furnished to them gratuitously by their mother Nature each imp carrying a bolus in his hand of about the size of a forty two pound shot, encountered us, and almost laid us prostrate as we entered. This—the fourth—chamber was a long and narrow room quite full of busy natives, every tongue industriously talking, and every finger nimble over work. Around the walls of this room there are low stools placed at even distances, and upon each stool a workman rather squats than sits, having before him a brass cup, of which the interior would fit one half of a bolus. Before each man upon a stool there stands a man without a stool, and a boy with a saucer. The man without a

stool has by his side a number of dried poppy leaves, of which he takes a few, and having moistened them in a dark gummy liquid, which is simply composed of the washings of the various vessels used in the establishment, he hands the moistened poppy leaves to the man upon the stool who sits before the cup. The man upon the stool, who has been rubbing the same liquid gum with his fingers over the inner surface of the cup—as housekeepers, I suppose, butter their jelly moulds—proceeds to fit in two or three leaves; then, with his fingers spreads over them more gum; then adds a few leaves more, and fits them neatly with his closed hand round the bottom of the cup, until he has made a good lining to it. His companion without the stool has, in the meantime, brought to his hand a fixed quantity of opium, a mass weighing two pounds, and this the genius of the stool puts into the cup; leaves are then added on the top of it, and by a series of those dexterous and inscrutably rapid twists of the hand with which all cunning workmen are familiar, he rapidly twists out of his cup a ball of opium, within a yellowish brown coat of leaves, resembling, as I have already said, a forty-two pound shot. He shoots it suddenly into the earthen saucer held out by the boy, and instantly the boy takes to heels and scampers off with his big pill of opium, which is to be taken into the yard and there exposed to the air until it shall have dried. These pills are called cakes, but they belong, evidently, to the class of unwholesome confectionary. A workman of average dexterity makes seventy such cakes in a day. During the manufacturing season, this factory turns out daily from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand cakes; the number of cakes made in the same factory in one season being altogether about twenty-seven thousand. A large proportion of these cakes are made for the Chinese, but they do not at all agree with the Chinese digestion. The manufacture of the opium is not hurtful to the health of those who are engaged in the factory.

The key of a fifth chamber being in our power, we continued steadfast in our enterprise, and boldly looked into the chemical test-room of a small laboratory, of which the genius appeared before us suddenly with a benign expression on his countenance, and offered chairs. His clothes are greatly splashed, and he is busy among opium tins, of which the contents have been pronounced suspicious by the Mephistopheles in the first chamber. From the contents of one of these cans an assistant takes a portion, and having made with it a solution in a test tube, hands it to the chemist. The chemist, from bottles in which potent and mysterious spirits are locked up, selecting one, bids it, by the mysterious name of iodine, depart into the solution and declare whether he finds starch to be there. The iodine spirit does its bidding, goes among the opium, and promptly there flashes through the glass a change of colour, the appointed signal, by which the magic spirit of the bottle telegraphs to the benign genius of the laboratory, that "The grower who sent this opium fraudulently added flour to it, in order to increase its weight." The fraud having been exposed, the adulterated drug has a little red ink mark made upon its ticket. The consequence of that mark will be confiscation, and great disappointment to

the dealer who attempted a dishonest increase of his gain.

We have nothing more to see, but we have something more to hear, and the very kind chemist will be our informant. There are two opium agencies, one at Patna, and one at Ghazee-pore. I know nothing whatever about Patna. For the Ghazee-pore agency, the opium is grown in a district lying between its head quarters, Ghazee-pore and Agra. Its cultivation gives employment to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand labourers. The final preparation of the ground takes place in the months of October and November. Under the most favourable circumstances of soil and season, twenty-four or twenty-six pounds weight of standard opium is got from one biggah of land; one biggah being a little more than three-fifths of an acre. Under unfavourable circumstances, the yield may be as little as six or eight pounds to the biggah, the average produce being from twelve pounds to sixteen.

To obtain the opium, as is well known, the capsule of the poppy is scored or cut; the scoring is effected with a peculiar tool that makes three or four (vertical and parallel) wounds at a single stroke. This wounding of the hearts of the poppies is commonly the work of women. The wounds having been made, the quantity of juice exuding seems to depend very much upon conditions of the atmosphere. Dews increase the flow, but while they make it more abundant, they cause it also to be darker and more liquid. East winds lessen the exudation. A moderate westerly wind, with dews at night, is the condition most favourable to the opium harvest, both as regards quantity and quality of produce.

The average per centage of morphia in this opium is from one and three quarters to three and a half; of narcotine, from three quarters to three and a half. These are the valuable principles of the drug. In some opium, the per centage of morphia runs up to ten and three quarters per cent. of morphia, and six per cent. of narcotine.

The income drawn from its opium by the East India Company amounts to some two and a half crores of rupees—two and a half millions of pounds sterling.—*Household Words.*

THE HEROES OF CHILLIANWALLAH.

Night fell on the Indian battle-plain,
Where the blood of the brave had pour'd like
rain,

And the horse and its rider lay stiffen'd there,
By the jungle that shadow'd the tiger's lair!
But a foe, more fierce than the tiger bold,
Had made of that jungle his dark strong-hold;
For the guns of the Sikhs, in silence dread,
Had number'd our bravest among the dead!

Now, o'er the tents that are scatter'd round,
Is brooding a silence, still, deep, profound—

* It is stated that in the opening canonade the Sikhs were so effectually concealed behind the thick jungles that the only guide to the British Artillerymen in taking aim was the smoke of the enemy's guns.

Save the groans of those who are dying there,
On the damp ground, chill'd by the midnight air—
Where Jhelum's waters roll o'er the brave,
With a crimson tinge on its ruffled wave—
And floating plumes which the sun at morn,
Had seen on many a proud head worn—
All tell of the direful work of strife,
Of which that battle-field was rife.

Who are these standing in silence there?
What do they gaze on in sad despair?
As the fitful gleams of the twilight show,
The warrior who lies in his glory low!
Sadly they gaze on that noble brow,
Where slowly the death-damps are gathering
now;

For the radiant glance of that eagle eye,
They seek, but in vain—there is no reply!
Yet the smile on that proud lip seems to tell,
That he dies for the banner he lov'd so well—
Whose folds with a rigid clasp are prest,
With his life-blood stained to his heaving breast.

Ah! vainly they try to stem the tide,
Which flows so fast from his heaving side;
He heeds them not, for away, away,
From the stormy conflict of that day
There has come o'er his spirit a sudden change,
And he turned from the scene so dark and
strange,
And thoughts of that home o'er his memory
swept,

Which soft in the rays of the moonlight slept,
In fair England's isle, where the love of years
Must soon be turned to a fount of tears.

Strive not with heaven, 'twere vain, 'twere vain,
His spirit is call'd from its earth-bound chain;
He has gone with his glorious feelings bright,
With a name that no earthly breath can blight,
In the summer-tide of his glorious fame,
Crown'd with the laurel he well may claim!

* * * * *

By Jhelum's stream how many an eye,
Has look'd its last on the sunny sky?
How many a crested head lies low.
The warrior, grey, who had met the foe,
And hew'd out victory; by his side,
Rejoicing in his gallant pride,
The youthful warrior waves his sword,
Bidding defiance to the horde
Of fiery Sikhs—in vain, in vain,
Brave souls ye strew the battle plain,
As hundreds of our warriors bleed,
Thousands of foemen still succeed;
Yet, pointing to the foe, they stand,

Breathless, with sword in crimson hand.
 There Pennyquick, with lion heart,
 To a' l' fresh vigour to impart,
 Waves o'er his head his reeking blade :
 Again they charge—but fate forbade—
 Still, from the jungle, murderous fire
 Compels the heroes to retire.
 Alas ! alas ! a fatal wound,
 Has dash'd their leader to the ground ;
 His faithful followers in the fray,
 While yet he breathes, in vain essay,
 To bear him off the slippery ground,
 Goerchurras with fierce yells surround !
 But, hark ! what means that fearful cry ?
 'Tis not a note of victory.
 Regardless* of the havoc there,
 Naught seeing but his silver hair,
 The boy of proud heroic blood,
 Who calmly in the fight had stood,
 Unwavering 'midst the storm of fire,
 The son so worthy of the sire.
 Now forward bounds, his life to save,
 Or share with him a soldier's grave !
 One moment he that form bestrode,
 The next, his own young life-blood flow'd ;
 And sinking on that faithful breast,
 There sire and son have sunk to rest !

Fiercer, † still fiercer grew the fight,
 Mountain's brigade, and to the right
 Godby's, with Gilbert at its head,
 Undaunted to the jungle led ;
 Front, flank, and rear, they are assailed,
 Still fight they on with hearts unquail'd ;
 Though from thick ambush, lurking foes,
 Armed to the teeth, all freshened rose !
 Now Thackwell, bid thy squadron's speed,
 Impatient is each fiery steed ;
 And every sword is flashing high,
 As round them England's banners fly ;

* The devoted and gallant conduct of this noble youth was fully detailed in the public papers, and must be remembered by those who read the heartstirring accounts of this battle.

† As soon as it was known that these two brigades were engaged, the 5th was sent against the centre of what was supposed to be the enemy's line, and advanced, under their gallant leader, Brigadier Mountain, in the most undaunted manner, through the jungle in the face of a fire (a storm), first of and shot, then grape, and lastly musketry, which mowed down the officers and men by dozens. Still they advanced, and on reaching the guns spiked every one in front, and two others on the left, which had subsequently opened a flank fire on them ; but the Sikhs no sooner saw they were deprived of the use of their guns than they renewed such a fire with musketry, not only on the flank, but in the rear of the brigade, that common prudence dictated a retreat, and it was effected with the same determination that had distinguished the three brigades on the left throughout. The conduct of the European and native infantry, who were, it appears, not supported as they should have been by artillery or cavalry, for want of due and proper arrangements, was, to use the emphatic word of several correspondents, "magnificent."

The gallant Unett waves them on,
 Another moment, they are gone !

That little band, can it avail
 'Gainst musketry which pours like hail
 From the Sikh wedge ?—yet on they dash
 Into the midst—with fearful crash
 Their weapons meet—the sable smoke
 Of direful slaughter plainly spoke ;—
 Still o'er the ranks the standard flies,
 Though round it England's bravest dies ;
 It wavers, sinks, in vain the eye
 Strains, that proud banner to descry ;
 Enveloped in a cloud so dense,
 They wait with agony intense,
 The moment when shall be reveal'd,
 Which party has been forced to yield.
 Emerging from the strife of war,
 Again its colours float afar ;
 The valiant, but diminished corps,
 Its shot-torn folds in triumph bore,
 As crown'd with glory in the fray,
 They speed, still in compact array ;
 And shouts of welcome rend the sky,
 For those who come victoriously !

'Tis midnight, and in tent apart,
 Restless, in anguish of the heart,
 Walks one, the chieftain of that day,
 Who feels, as none but brave souls may,
 That they, who on that field had died,
 Brethren in arms, who by his side
 Had fought, victorious, in Spain,
 And through that long and fierce campaign,
 Were gone, and maddening came the thought,
 Was it by his own rashness wrought ?
 O, Gough ! we'll not deny thy meed,
 Of praise for many a valiant deed ;
 In prowess thou'rt excelled by none,
 Well-earned the laurels thou hast won.
 Yet mourn we, though we would suppress,
 The thoughts that on our spirits press,
 That had'st thou check'd thy fiery pride,
 When by the taunting foe defied,
 Allow'd thy judgment calmer sway,
 Ere thou commenced the fearful fray,
 There fewer would have been to mourn,
 O'er those who now from earth are gone.

* Bodies of Sikh cavalry made demonstrations on our left. General Thackwell directed a squadron of the 3rd Dragoons and 5th Light Cavalry to charge them. The Dragoons willingly obeyed the order, and, under their gallant leader, Captain Unett, dashed through the Sikh wedge, and cut their way back. The 5th Cavalry, in spite of their officers, came back in confusion, and intense was our anxiety about the fate of the 3rd squadron. At length they emerged, covered with glory ! Two officers of this squadron were wounded, the gallant Unett and Sisted ; and the loss among the men amounted to forty-six killed and wounded. Such gallantry deserves to be banded down to posterity.

Yes, Ghelum, by thy fatal stream,
Has ended many a blissful dream,
Of happiness and love to come,
Awaiting in their distant home,
Those who may never more enfold,
All that on earth thy dearest hold!
But though the grass thy waters lave,
O'er British valour now must wave;
Though manhood there in noblest bloom,
Has fought, and found a hero's tomb,
Yet still the memory of that day,
Shine brightly forth in glory's ray—
And valiant hearts be ever stirr'd,
By Cæsar's fatal word!

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

A TRUE STORY OF TOULOUSE.

THE countries in which the season of the carnival is celebrated with the greatest license and rejoicing, are usually those in which the ordinances of the Roman Catholic religion are most strictly observed. But although France has for many years past, been daily becoming a less religious or at any rate, a less professing country; although she has considerably abandoned the sackcloth and ashes, and entertains but a limited amount of respect for religious observances, she has not on that account abated much of her annual merry-makings. In few of the provincial towns is the carnival celebrated with greater glee than at Toulouse. The public *ribottes*, as masked balls are called in the south of France, a gallicising of the Italian *ribotta*, are of great splendour and frequent occurrence; the private *fêtes* and parties innumerable; the consumption of racy wines and rich viands not to be calculated. Towards the close of the carnival the fun grows "fast and furious"; troupes of masks parade the streets, and processions of various kinds take place. One of the latter is of a very peculiar nature. It is composed of fifty or sixty young men from certain parishes of the town, in various masquerading costumes, according to the fancy of the wearers, who mount on horseback and escort a huge car through the streets and suburbs. This car, which is drawn by eight horses, supports a sort of stage, raised about ten feet from the ground, and capable of containing twenty or thirty persons. Here is represented a court of justice, consisting of judges, counsellors, constables, witnesses, and prisoners. And woe betide the unfortunate individual who, during the preceding year, has rendered him or herself obnoxious to the Toulousians! The car stops before their houses, the tribunal sits in judgment upon them for the faults of which they have rendered themselves guilty, and amidst the shouts and laughter of the surrounding crowd, condemns them to some absurd and humiliating punishment. Intriguing wives, faithless husbands, scolds, coquettes, and sots, stand in special awe of the mock tribunal, which thus holds them up to the ridicule of their fellow-citizens. In some instances the offence itself, if of a burlesque or laughable nature, is represented upon the car previously to its being brought before the con-

sideration of the court. Much harmless license, fun and merriment, and usually great good humour, prevails upon these occasions.

It once happened, however, that the annual procession of the judges was applied by some of the actors to a graver purpose, and made the means of bringing to light a real crime. The circumstances under which this occurred are not without interest, and we will endeavour to relate them, as nearly as may be in the terms in which they were told to us by an old inhabitant of Toulouse.

Towards the commencement of the present century, the Count Hector de Larolles, a Languedocian gentleman of ancient family, returned to Toulouse from the south of Italy, where he had been for some time a resident, and took up his abode at his hotel in the Rue St. Marc. The count, who two years previously had left France as a widower, re-entered it as the husband of a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a poor but honorable Neapolitan family. It was probably more her straitened circumstances and the brilliant position offered her by a union with the count, than any very strong attachment to that nobleman, which had induced Donna Olivia to accept the hand of a man whose age tripled hers; and very shortly after their arrival at Toulouse, it became reported among the more observant and scandal-loving portion of the society in which they mixed, that the count had already begun to taste the bitter of an ill-assorted union. His wife was affirmed to show him marked coldness and repugnance, and there were also some malicious persons who did not scruple to say that Monsieur de Larolles had cause for jealousy in the attentions paid to the countess by an officer of the garrison, who was a frequent visitor at his house. This was a Swiss, from the Italian canton of Tesino, who had entered the French army at an early age, and was now a major in the service. His reputation was that of a soldier of fortune, brave as steel, but tolerably unscrupulous; his person was strikingly handsome, his age about thirty years. A friend of the count's with whom Major Ruoli was intimate, had introduced him at the hotel Larolles, where he had gradually become a constant visitor. For a long time his attentions to the countess, and the evident willingness with which she received them, escaped the notice of the unsuspecting count, who at last, however, had his attention directed to them by some more observant friend. A violent scene between Monsieur de Larolles and his wife was the consequence, and although the lady managed to exculpate herself to a certain extent, the result was that orders were given to the domestics not to admit Major Ruoli when he presented himself at the house. Ruoli called there repeatedly, but, as according to the statement of the porter, no one was ever at home, he at last seemed to take the hint as it was meant, and his visits entirely ceased.

This occurred towards the close of summer. About a month afterwards the Count de Larolles suddenly disappeared, and no tidings could be obtained of him. He had left his hotel at dusk one evening, and had never returned. The countess had gone out to call upon a friend, and the count on leaving the house, had not, as was sometimes his habit, mentioned to his valet-de-chambre where he was going. No one had observed what direc-

tion he had taken, nor had he been anywhere seen. Inquiry and search were alike in vain. The count was not to be found.

Madame de Larolles was apparently in despair at this sudden disappearance of her husband. Messengers were despatched in every direction; friends, to whose houses he might possibly have betaken himself, were written to, pains and expense were lavished in order to discover him. For nearly two months the countess seemed to entertain hopes, and for nearly as long a time was the public interest kept alive concerning this singular and mysterious disappearance; but then the affair began to be thought less of, the countess seemed disheartened by the fruitlessness of her search, and relaxed its activity, or it should rather be said, nothing more remained to be done. The good people of Toulouse found something else to talk about, and before the new year arrived the occurrence seemed entirely forgotten.

The month of February commenced, and with it the Carnival, which passed with its customary gaiety and bustle. Towards its close there were, as usual, various processions and pageants, and at last came the closing day, the *Maré Gras*, upon which the old manner Carnival was to play his final gambols, before yielding up the field to Dame Carême and her austerities. According to custom, the peregrinations of the judges drew together a mob which was kept continually on the grin by the farcical trials that took place in this peripatetic *lit de justice*, and by the comical verdicts rendered by the wiggled and black-robed judges. Laughter, however, although said to fatten, does not keep off the attacks of hunger, and towards the close of the afternoon, the car was turned into a court-yard, and judges, counsellors, and witnesses, repaired to a neighbouring hotel to refresh themselves. Of the crowd that had been following, one portion dispersed through the adjacent streets, and another lingered about in groups, waiting the re-appearance of the pageant that had afforded them so much amusement.

This re-appearance took place much sooner than was expected. Less than half an hour had elapsed since the car had entered the stable-yard, when the gates were again thrown open, the vehicle drove out and turned down a neighbouring street. There was a considerable change, however, in the manner in which it was occupied. The masked postillions were upon their horses, but no one appeared upon the car itself, which instead of being occupied by the tribunal, desks, and other apparatus of a court of justice, was now covered over by an ample green cloth, with the exception of one end, where a kind of small canvass tent or pavilion had been erected. The curiosity of the spectators was strongly stimulated by this unusual change, and they eagerly followed the vehicle as it proceeded through various streets, and finally entered the spacious Rue St. Marc.

Although only in the middle of March, spring had fully set in at Toulouse; the trees were bursting into leaf, and the air was mild and balmy. As the car passed by, people leaned out of their open windows and gazed at the huge machine that lumbered along and seemed to shake the very ground under its wheels.

On arriving near the middle of the Rue St. Marc, the postillions pulled up their horses oppo-

site a house of stately appearance, along the ample façade of which ran long ranges of deep balconies, composed of iron work fancifully designed and richly gilt and overshadowed by festooned awnings of striped linen. The tall windows of the first floor were open, and from the opposite side of the street a glimpse might be obtained of the interior of a drawing-room, the inmates of which now approached the balcony, seemingly disposed to gratify their curiosity by a view of the car, at the same time that, to avoid the gaze of the throng, they kept themselves in some measure concealed behind the costly exotics that partially filled the balcony.

A minute or two elapsed without any change taking place in the appearance of the car. The crowd remained in mute expectation. Suddenly however, by some invisible hand or machinery, the green covering was rolled aside, and a sort of mimic stage appeared, on which was represented a river and its bank. The water, skillfully imitated by painted paper or linen, seemed to flow tranquilly along, while the bank itself was covered by artificial turf and flowers and backed by a low hedge of shrubs and brushwood. This hedge which was composed of pasteboard, arose suddenly out of the cart, in the manner that such things are frequently managed upon a theatre, and at the same time there appeared a small stone chapel, containing an image of the Virgin Mary, and surmounted by a cross. The effect of the whole representation was highly natural; and, to judge, from the exclamations audible amongst the surrounding crowd, apparently recalled to their recollection some familiar scene. It was, in fact a miniature but exact copy of a secluded and remarkably lovely spot on the banks of the Garonne and at the distance of a short half-league from Toulouse. This part of the river-side had once been a favourite resort of the towns-people, but a fatal and particularly savage duel, that had been fought there some years previously, and in memory of which the cross and chapel had been placed there, had attached unpleasant associations to it, and caused it, since that time, to be rather avoided than otherwise.

Scarcely had this scene been disclosed, when, from the small tent at one end of the cart, two actors appeared upon it. They were both masked and one of them wore a blue military cloak and cap, while the other, a woman, was closely muffled in a dark silk cardinal which nevertheless allowed the outline of a young and graceful figure to be distinguishable. At the slowest possible pace they walked along the bank of the simulated stream, apparently in earnest conversation, the female hanging familiarly on the arm of her companion, on whose face her eyes were rivetted. Before they had proceeded half the length of the truly Thespian stage on which they were exhibiting, they were followed out of the tent by a third figure, who approached them with stealthy step. This was a man whose hair was silvered and form slightly bowed, by age, and on beholding whom a movement of surprise took place in the crowd, while the name "Count de Larolles!" passed from mouth to mouth. At the same time a half-stifled shriek was heard proceeding from the balcony of the magnificent hotel opposite to which the pageant was enacting.

The old man upon the cart arrived close to the figures of the officer and the lady, without their observing him. He seemed to listen for a moment; then fiercely grasped an arm of each. In the dumb show that ensued, it was evident that a violent discussion was going on between these three persons. The old man seemed much agitated, and was the most violent in his gesticulations. Once he grasped the officer by the collar, but the latter disengaged himself, and then seemed to turn his anger upon the lady.—Then, and as if moved to sudden anger by something the old man said, the officer seized him in his turn. There was a struggle, but the antagonists were too unequally matched for it to be a long one, and in a moment the gray-haired old man was hurled backwards into the river. The fictitious waters opened to receive him. Once only he arose, and seemed about to gain the bank, but the officer advanced closer to the water's edge, and, as the swimmer approached, drew his sword from under his cloak and dealt him a heavy blow upon the head. The next instant the old man disappeared, and the river flowed on, tranquil as before. The murderer and the lady gazed for an instant at the water, then at each other, and hurried off the stage. The postilions lashed their horses, and the car drove away at a smart pace. This time, however, none of the spectators followed it. The attention of all was riveted on the house before which this scene had passed, and which was no other than the hotel Larolles.

On the balcony of that mansion a young and lovely woman now showed herself, uttering those thrilling and quick-repeated shrieks that, even in women, are only elicited by the most extreme agony of mind or body. She was attired in mourning garments, but of the most tasteful and coquettish materials and arrangement of which that description of apparel will admit, although her dress was now disordered by the violence with which she had pushed through the plants and thrown herself against the front of the balcony. Her beautiful features were convulsed and deadly pale, and she clutched the railings with both hands, while she struggled violently to extricate herself from the grasp of a very handsome man in rich uniform, who strove by mingled force and entreaty to get her back into the house. The lady was the Countess de Larolles, the officer was Major Ruoli.

The broken sentences uttered, or rather screamed, by the Countess, who was apparently in a paroxysm of insanity, were distinctly audible to the persons in the street. She accused herself as the murderess of her husband, and Ruoli as her accomplice. The latter at last succeeded in dragging her into the room, of which the windows were immediately shut. It was only then that some of the crowd thought of following the moveable theatre upon which had been enacted the drama that had been followed by such an extraordinary scene of real life. Car and horses were found a short distance off, standing in a solitary corner behind a fragment of the old city wall; but the car was empty, and there was nobody with it. Even the postilions had disappeared.

The same evening Major Ruoli and the Countess de Larolles were arrested by order of the

authorities, on suspicion of the murder of the Count.—The Countess was in a raging fever, unable to be moved, and for a long time her life was in danger; but on her recovery, she made a full avowal of the crime to which she had been an accessory.

The truth of her confession, had there been any reason to doubt it, was confirmed by the discovery of the Count's body, which had floated down into a solitary nook of the river, several hundred yards below the spot where he had lost his life, and had remained concealed amongst rushes and alder trees. His features were unrecognisable, but his dress and various other particulars were abundant evidence to prove his identity. His skull was indented by the blow of Ruoli's sabre.

Finally, Ruoli was sent to the galleys, and the Countess sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years. Fever and remorse, however, had played havoc with her constitution, and she died a few months afterwards.

Previously to the trial, which excited immense interest at the time, and of which we are informed that a curious account is to be found in the French papers of the year 1802 or 1803, every effort was made, but in vain, to discover the devisers and actors of the masquerade which had led to the detection of this crime. It appears that the car had been left in the stable-yard by the postilions while they went to dine, and that when they returned, it had already disappeared; all that remained of it being the chairs, tables, and other apparatus of the judges, which had been thrown out upon the ground. An ostler had seen several persons busied about the car, but, from their being in masquerading attire, had concluded they were some of the party to whom it belonged. It was suspected, but could not be proved, that this man had been bribed to see as little as possible.

No plausible conjecture could be formed as to the motives of the person who had become acquainted with the commission of the murder, for not sooner, and in a more direct and open manner, bringing forward his evidence concerning it. Some supposed that having been a hidden eye-witness of the deed, he apprehended being himself liable to punishment for not having made an effort to prevent it; others supposed that he feared Major Ruoli, who was known to be violent and reckless; and a third conjecture was, that it was some person of indifferent character, who thought his unsupported testimony would not find credence when brought against people of rank and influence. Whatever the motives may have been, and although there were evidently at least five persons connected with the masquerade, the secret was well kept, and to this day the affair remains shrouded in mystery.

THE BEST LEATHER FOR SHOES.—Matthew Lansberg used to say, "if you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

A TALE OF THE OLD SPANISH WARS.
FOUNDED ON HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM SMITH, AUTHOR OF "ALAZON AND OTHER POEMS."

CHAPTER I.

It was in the month of April, 1655. A violent storm from the northwest, of more than two days continuance, had suddenly set into a fresh breeze from the S.S.W. The mariners on board the *Æneas* of London, a stout merchant ship of 150 tons, were anxiously looking for Cape Clear, the point from which they were driven three days before. The *Æneas* was on a voyage to Galway, whither she had been sent by her owners on the breaking of the peace with Spain, instead of Cadiz, her original destination. The captain, Master John Kempthorne, was below arranging some papers, and thinking ever and anon of this "vile Biscayan expedition," as he termed the mishap of being driven so far southward of his course. He was the more annoyed, as, besides deranging his plans several days, for he was a very methodical person, it had brought him into imminent danger of falling into the hands of some of his Catholic Majesty's ships of force which were known to be at sea; a contingency not at all tasteful to our captain, who was a part owner of the vessel. He was startled from his desultory occupation by the cry of "A strange sail on the larboard tack!" Master Kempthorne was soon upon the elevated quarter deck common in those days, and spoke not a word for several minutes. He turned, disappeared below, snatched his slouched hat from a locker, tucked up a flap of the rim, clapped it on his head, tumbled his papers into a secretary, the key of which he flung into a small drawer with a prodigious noise, and hurried to the deck, tugging as he went at the belt of his sword he had snatched up in passing. "A strange sail, and a Spaniard!" he shouted, "make ready for action!"

Master Robert Lincoln, his mate, and two or three of the mariners rather advised tacking and endeavouring to make toward Cork. "We will tack assuredly," said Master Kempthorne, "and if we can make Waterford we will have saved loss, albeit we may not have gained credit for our valor; but Master Lincoln, while you do attend our sailing, which agreeth more with your views than fighting," and then noticing Lincoln's start of vexation at the unthinking taunt, added by way of softening "and which no man knoweth better, I will myself make all possible dispositions for fight; for surely we cannot let the Spaniard have our well-gotten gains without dispute."

Master Kempthorne was esteemed a thorough sailor, a brave man, and an upright and prudent commander. It was not every man who was trusted in those days with a merchant ship on a voyage which might soon be terminated much to the owners' loss by the privateers and single war ships of the enemy; and thus it was that he was often induced to take the command of a vessel on a distant or dangerous voyage, the owners being satisfied that their interests were in good hands; and now, but for Cromwell's rupture with Spain, he would have been in the harbour of Cadiz, whither he had been the year before in the same ship, and returned with much profit to himself.

He was originally of an old family in Devonshire, strongly prepossessed in the royal cause, and had been apprenticed to a merchantman in very early youth. After many voyages and various adventures, he had risen into notice and favor with the merchants, as well as some of those lately in power, who would have procured him the command of a King's ship at the breaking out of the civil war, had he not decided against it by saying that a war of Englishmen with Englishmen should never be entered by him. The vessel he now commanded was furnished with eight guns and thirty-five men, scarcely half the number of men on board the Protector's ships of equal force, but considered a large complement for an armed merchant vessel of such tonnage.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the skill of the mate, the Spaniard was fast gaining on the *Æneas*; now coming down before the wind with a prodigious breadth of sail, and anon anticipating every manœuvre of the *Æneas* with an alacrity unexpected in a vessel of such bulk, proving her to be under skilful command. She was indeed a vessel of double the size of the *Æneas*, carrying twenty guns and about two hundred men; commanded by a Knight of Malta known by the name of Don Manuel Guilmas, and called the *St. Jago* of Cadiz.

Two or three shots from the enemy had passed harmlessly through or near the rigging, which as signals to surrender were disregarded by Kempthorne, and as a bravado were unreplicated to, as he shrewdly determined to husband his ammunition, of which at his sailing he had been unable to obtain as much as he wished, owing to the war with Spain. Another shot aimed evidently at the hull, struck the water some distance in advance, followed by a partial discharge, some of which struck the *Æneas*. Still reserving his fire, and everything being in the utmost readiness, Kempthorne stood watching the enemy, and giving directions to the men. Presently the Spaniard with the intention of boarding, bore

down within musket shot, when a well-directed broadside from the *Aneas*, with some good musketry following, rather checked their advance; which Kempthorne perceiving, plied them so warmly that considerable havoc was made on board the *St. Jago*. The immense projecting beak, supporting a short bowsprit, in the fashion of those days, was so much disabled by the fire of the *Aneas*, that the Spaniard, owing to the skilful tacking of Kempthorne, was barely able to keep within range of the *Aneas* for some time. This disaster being in some degree repaired, the battle was soon renewed at close quarters. After many effective broadsides given and received, Kempthorne was informed by Lincoln that no more shot remained than for two or three broadsides, but that there was still some powder in the hold. "Send four men for the money!" said the captain. Lincoln stood bewildered for only a second, till the invention of the captain struck him. An irrepresible grin of satisfaction lightened up his face, serious and earnest as their present business was, with his white and somewhat even teeth and piercing eyes giving point to a countenance rather dusky it must be confessed, what with black hair and beard, *minus* the morning's toilet, and the blackening effect of the smoke of bad powder—and the large bags of silver were soon at hand. Now, this same coin had lately been released from the coffers of a rich Spanish ship; and had been, in part, destined for the freighting of the *Aneas* at Galway; the owners rightly judging that those who claimed Milesian consanguinity, would not object to a second advent from the same country in a more undoubted form.

Kempthorne directed his men to load their guns with pieces of eight, and direct their fire at the enemy's rigging. It was curious to observe the men at the first and second rounds of this novel warfare, how daintily they handled the shining coin, and how inclined to be saving in their expenditure. But the determined actions of Kempthorne and his mate Lincoln changed the rate of disbursement, and never did a hailstorm make more howling and rattling through the rigging of the *St. Jago* than did the silver shot of the *Aneas*. The spars, indeed, were scarcely injured, but almost every rope and sail was torn and cut in pieces. Every man that could be spared from the guns was sent aloft in an instant; but the first sail was hardly shaken to the breeze when one half of the mainyard fell crashing over the bulwark, and the other part hung uselessly at the mast, which was itself hopelessly shattered by a heavy shot from the enemy.

Rendered completely helpless for the moment,

Kempthorne, whose only chance of success was in a running fight, now made sure of being boarded by the enemy; nor was the opportunity unimproved. Though once repulsed with considerable loss, the Spaniards scrambled over his bulworks in such numbers that his crew were hemmed into corners and driven below, and his ship in possession of the enemy in nearly as short time as I have written of it; and as a wanton waste of blood is condemned by a rightly brave man, Kempthorne gave up his sword to the Spanish commander, and a general surrender took place.

On board the *Aneas*, two men were killed outright, and eight more or less wounded, one of whom afterwards died: the loss of the Spaniard we cannot accurately state, but not fewer than thirty were disabled, whilst those killed must have amounted to near half that number.

Master Kempthorne was conducted with all possible respect to the cabin of the Spaniard, and introduced, rather than delivered, to Don Manuel Guilmas. He found the Knight of Malta a man of middle height, slender in his proportions but extremely elegant in form and action. He was clad in a coat of proof, on the left breast or rather shoulder of which was the white cross of the Order of St. John on a red field, and from his belt hung a Toledo blade of great length and singular construction, the handle being fully a foot long; resembling in some degree the sword of Sir Philip Sydney preserved at the family seat of Penshurst; which however, exceeds this length of handle by four inches. Nothing could exceed the politeness and respect with which Kempthorne was treated. His men, too, were well quartered in the *St. Jago*; and although disarmed and strictly guarded, and only allowed to appear on deck at certain hours, four at a time, yet were free from all those insults and petty annoyances, which some, who have prisoners in charge, know so well to inflict.

CHAPTER II.

A sincere regard, a feeling of brotherly kindness which one brave and generous man has to another, was beginning to spring up between the two commanders, the captured and the capturer, when on the fourteenth day the spires of Malaga were discerned. Guilmas sailed majestically into the harbour, saluting the outer fort and the Admiral Perez as he passed, and anchored close beside the long mole. His presence on deck was indispensable; and Kempthorne, with instinctive delicacy, too polite to be in the way, and too considerate to assume a liberty which belonged not to him, kept below. In little more than one

hour Guilmas entered. "Senor" said he, "if you object not, we will take a walk to my poor residence, (which is at your service,) and having refreshed ourselves, for our amusement stroll upon the Prado."

The two commanders arm in arm, pursued their way through the good town of Malaga. The knight was dressed with scrupulous care. His usual habit was set off by a short Spanish cloak of crimson cloth embroidered in silver, which he wore loosely hanging by its throat clasp of emeralds in the shape of a cross. His hat was somewhat broader in the rim, higher and more pointed in the crown, and altogether lighter in appearance than the hats worn by the English at that period. His long handed Toledo was at its usual place by his side, and a pair of elegant trunk hose completed the more noticeable parts of his equipment. Master Kempthorne was, it may be, an inch or so taller than the knight, and appeared bulkier in *contour*, and much more florid in complexion. He, too, wore trunk hose, and by the express desire of the knight, his own sword; which by the way was a very rich one, presented to him by some merchants of London, for whom he had made a perilous and successful voyage. His doublet was of soft black velvet, and so full chested and upright-gaited was he, that it was as smooth upon his breast as a plate of mail. A white silk scarf of peculiar appearance occupied the place of the usual sword belt, and served as such, for his sword fastenings depended from it.

There was something striking in the *tout ensemble* of the gallant pair that could not fail to call forth curiosity and admiration. The one was the very personification of cavalierly urbanity and perfect breeding, and the other so noble in his upright bearing and calm dignity.

They met few in their short walk to Guilmas' mansion, as it was the hour for the national *siesta*. Two thirds of the chivalry of Malaga were fast in the arms of sleep; and the remainder, if not troubled with indigestion, gout, rheumatism, or love, were seducously courting the same repose. They soon arrived at the knight's residence, showing to the street little else than a dead wall; for the few windows that appeared, were high from the ground, very narrow, and stoutly barred with iron.

A porter admitted them at the master's summons, and showed such unfeigned delight, at his unexpected arrival, that Kempthorne was at once prepossessed in his favor. He conducted them to an inner apartment overlooking the court, well lighted with highly finished windows, and profusely furnished and decorated.

"I have spent many a pleasant hour in this same room," said the knight, "and even now it sometimes seems as gay as ever at Marie's presence—but what of Marie?" he said suddenly, addressing the servant who had admitted him—"Senor," said the servant, "Jose brings me word that she is well and happy, and will be in Malaga, on Ascension day." The knight explained to Kempthorne that Marie was the orphan child of his best loved brother, who had in his youth gone on a Quixotic expedition to England, charged with some secret letters to the Prince Charles from some agent of his in Spain, and that while there he had fallen in love with a young lady about the court, and their private marriage having transpired, to save the lady from the wrath of her relations, he had returned to Spain, bringing her with him, where she shortly afterwards died; and he, having left his infant daughter to the care of his mother, went to the east in search of adventures, was at Venice, and at Rhodes in the times of its trouble, and at last fell in the attack made by De Charolt on Ibrahim Rais, the Ottoman, which resulted so gloriously for the Knights of St. John, in the year 1638.

Fernando, the attentive servant of the knight, was meanwhile superintending the preparation of a repast peculiarly grateful to our captains, as consisting largely of fruits and delicacies of the garden, especially welcomed by those who have been sometime at sea. Kempthorne was conducted to another apartment, spacious and elegant, which the knight informed him should be his sleeping apartment; adding that the whole house was at his disposal for a residence as long as he chose to remain, and took from him his simple word of honor that he would not leave Spain without his knowledge. After Don Manuel had taken his *siesta*, a performance a sailor has no mind to curtail, he waited on Kempthorne, who had passed the interval in endeavoring to imitate the Spanish custom, though without success.

A slight refreshment by Fernando again disposed of, and our friends sallied forth. A considerable number of persons were already on the promenade, and Kempthorne was very much struck by the splendid appearance of many of the military personages and grandees they met. To all whom Don Manuel knew, he introduced Kempthorne, and enforced his praises with all the *prestige* of his own name and valor, declaring that not in all Christendom, nor even under the banners of the order, was there to be found a warrior braver or more honorable than he. The courtly bearing of the Spanish grandee was conciliated by the noble part of the English captain, and the

two commanders were invited in flattering terms to the town residences and family castles of several nobles of rank and distinction. They were particularly pressed by the Marquis D'Amaral, whose progenitor had been Chancellor of the Order of St. John, to pay him a visit at his own castle, which Don Manuel, for himself and his friend, promised.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY next morning the knight entered Kempthorne's room, whom he found up and dressed, and telling him that he had thought of going that day to Ronda to bring his niece to the city, craved his company on the journey; and as it was a pretty long one, he had instructed Jose to have horses at the door at the hour of six. Kempthorne thankfully accepted the offer, and descended to the dining hall where a pleasant meal awaited them. Precisely at the time appointed, Jose appeared to inform his master that the horses were ready. Two superb horses of the purest Barbary race, were ready for their mounting; and, with curvetted necks, and ears playing at the slightest word; thin and almost transparent nostrils, chests like the broad bows of an ancient galley, and tails a sea of jet sweeping the ground, were fit objects for the stride of warrior knight. Jose had another horse for himself, and a beautiful jennet of snowy whiteness, splendidly caparisoned, was standing in the court untied.

The knight and the captain mounted, Fernando opened the portal, and stood uncovered to make his adieu, Jose strapped a portmanteau to the saddle, and then mounted himself; called the jennet by name, which instantly came to his hand, and having attached its bridle by a long cord to the saddle on which he rode, trotted off at a brisk rate to keep in sight of our two cavaliers, who were already speeding along the Prado or public promenade, and gradually commencing to ascend the long slope that led to the table land immediately behind the city. They were soon upon the high grounds, and never before had Kempthorne seen so beautiful a sight. Behind them, and far to their left, lay the blue Mediterranean bathed in mellow sunlight, with a slight haze resting on its horizon. Before them the Sierra Nevada stretched in the distance its long irregular line of blue, seeming scarce more substantial than a cloud; and between were vineyards of the brightest green long slopes and hollows covered with verdure and dotted with groves and cottages; while between them and the sea lay the city and the harbor, the descent toward the city studded with the suburban mansions of the wealthy, the spires of the many

churches standing up amid the houses with their leaden sheathing and spiky angles, like sentinels in armour keeping guard amid a camp of sleepers; while the road before them stretched away for miles, hard, smooth and level. Peasants, with their donkey carts and picturesque costume, coming to the city with provisions, took off their *shakos* as they passed, with the air of a grandee,—verses of rural songs were heard at times from vineyard and cottage, and a feathered choir, which Kempthorne had not heard since the previous summer, filled the morning air with their song.

Meanwhile the sun was getting high in the heavens, and riding became exhausting from the heat. Towards mid-day they came to a small river winding along between precipices of rock, and over which a bridge of great height carried the road. A path at the left, however, led down to the water—by following an immense fissure in the rock, and a shallow ford conducted the traveller to the foot of another steep path which led up to the main road. Our travellers turned off here, and having watered their horses, tied them to some trees on a small spot of green sod in the bottom of the dell, and partook of some refreshments which Jose produced from his wallet. Mounting again, they continued their course, enlivened by pleasant conversation, while the lofty Sierra Nevada was growing nearer and more distinct, and the country began to partake of a somewhat mountainous character; long parallel ridges of steep bare rock, with green well-watered valleys between; springs gushing from amid rocks at the roadside, and flocks of goats under the keeping of some swarthy herd, with sheepskin jerkin, and great wolf-dog at his heels, were objects of frequent occurrence.

When it was wearing toward evening, they came to a little roadside chapel. Two brothers in passing this spot unfortunately got into a dispute, quarrelled,—drew their swords,—and one fell, pierced to the heart by the sword of his own brother. The deed was no sooner done than repented; but a life-long repentance and remorse could not recall the dead. After his first horror had subsided, the brother returned to the spot, and founded a chapel, in which the monks of a neighbouring convent, in consideration of an endowment for that purpose, engaged to say mass for the repose of the brother's soul, daily, forever. Don Manuel, after mentioning these circumstances, ended by saying, "I, too, have the repose of a brother's soul to pray for;" and turned off to the little chapel. "I will soon overtake you, señor," said he, turning to Kempthorne, who seemed un-

decided whether to go on; and then entered meekly into the chapel.

Kemphthorne rode on, and soon came into a fine open country, with the town of Ronda in the distance, and the sun hanging over the top of one of the lofty mountain peaks behind it. It was not long before he saw a horse, apparently running away, coming at a great speed towards him, hotly pursued by a man on horseback. While making preparations to stop him, the runaway turned off sharply down a rocky descent and disappeared among bushes, still pursued; and when Kemphthorne came to the place, as there was nothing to be seen or heard of them, he went on his way. He presently saw a lady in the riding habit of those times, sitting beneath a tree at the roadside; her beautiful features wearing a very disconcerted look. He immediately dismounted and walking up to the lady with hat in hand, who rose with some difficulty at his approach, begged her, in the best Spanish he could command, since she had so evidently been deprived of her horse, to accept the use of his to wherever she might be travelling. What was his surprise, when the lady thanked him in English for his kind intentions; and stated, that as her servant would doubtless soon overtake her horse, which had thrown her, she would only trouble him for his assistance to the next *ranch* or farm house, as indeed she had sprained her foot in falling, and could with difficulty stand.

As the *ranch* was at some distance, and neither the Knight nor Jose to be seen, Kemphthorne began to tighten the girths and arrange the saddle of his horse in the best possible manner as an extempore side-saddle, when he caught sight of a priest coming riding on a mule.

"Sir Priest," said he, stepping out into the road, and in his defective Spanish speaking much less politely than he intended, "I want your saddle!"

"So does my mule!" said the priest, as he gave his beast a round stroke with a cudgel. The mule however, as if wishing to hear the end, refused to move, and the priest urged it with stick and voice without effect.

"Balaam and his ass!" said Kemphthorne involuntarily.

The priest looked up in surprise at the sound of a foreign language; and the lady, despite the pain of her foot, laughed heartily at the conceit.

"This lady wants your saddle."

"She has no horse!" said the priest.

"But I have one," said Kemphthorne.

"You have also a saddle."

"You may have it, if you will let me have yours."

"My dear son" exclaims the priest, in his excess of liberality, "you can have it, and my mule under it." "Nay," said Kemphthorne "you know very well I want not your mule, but your saddle."

"Then take it, and Father Luis will ride bare-backed to his Convent, even as he left it;" replied the priest.

"What? had you no saddle when you started?"

"Nay, I went forth with but my cloak spread under me," said Father Luis, "and chancing to see this hanging on a tree, my mule would not pass it, and I was obliged to put it on him, small gain indeed" said he, pulling at a rent, "but Senor you shall have it!"

Kemphthorne pulled off his own saddle and strapped on the priest's, which indeed answered admirably for a side-saddle. It was made without a tree, softly wadded, and the stirrups were merely continuations of a stuffed ridge that ran round the edges, and hung down in a large loop below the flaps on each side. While he was doing this, Father Luis with the utmost diffidence and meekness took up the other saddle and put it on his mule, which turned its head several times to sniff at its brilliant accoutrements.

"My mule has more pride than Mustapha of Grenada;" exclaimed the priest.

"How was that?" inquired Kemphthorne.

"Why Mustapha thought that he was too good to walk on the ground, so Boabdil the king to cure him of his pride sent him up into a tree. The acorns being near ripe, instead of dying he got fat on them, and as he affected to have been fed from Heaven, nobody would give him food any more, and he was obliged to live on them ever after. Pride goeth before a fall—" hoisting himself into Kemphthorne's saddle as he spoke.

"If you will leave my saddle at the convent, I will send yours there, and get it," said Kemphthorne.

"You may do so;" said Father Luis, and ambled off in high state.

Kemphthorne assisted the lady to her place on the saddle, giving her his hard weather-beaten hand for a step, and both holding the horse and balancing her ascent with the other arm. He walked for a little time leading the horse, until convinced of his gentleness and the fair rider's security, he strode on, with his hat under his arm, and the setting sun beaming full in his manly face.

(To be continued.)

Eat little to-day, and you will have a better appetite to-morrow,—more for to-morrow, and more to-morrows to indulge it.

Things should be estimated by their utility, and persons by their usefulness.

THE ADVENT OF PEACE.

Rejoice, ye heavens! and thou, O earth, give ear!
The Lord hath spoken—yea, our God reveals
The glorious message of redeeming grace,
Which bids the heathen world look up and live.
Nations that sat within the gloomy shade
Of death's dark vale, have seen the day-spring
dawn,

And brighten from on high. Salvation's light
Hath risen on tribes long wandering in the mists
Of pagan errors, wild, perplexed, and dear.
Their feet are on the mountains who declare
The news of peace. Envoys from distant lands
Resigning all the social joys of home,
And tender ties of kindred and of love,
They come through perils of the land and sea—
Braving toil, hardship, and the deadly blight
Of pale disease upon a foreign shore;
And count all sufferings light for his dear sake
Who sends them forth as his ambassadors.

Break into songs, ye isles! now taught to hymn
His hallowed name; who, while ye knew Him
not,

Bore on the cross the burden of your guilt,
And paid your ransom with his precious blood.
Ye who have slept so long in errors fatal—
Africa and Hindostan—awake and throw
Your hideous idols to the moles and bats,
And with one voice proclaim—Jehovah reigns!
Islam, thy turbanned hordes shall hear the call,
Which bids them from the strong delusion turn,
With which the False One's subtlety beguiled
Immortal souls with promise of a heaven,
Whose goodness should excite the shame of
earth.

The crescent shall be trampled to the dust,
And the cross rise triumphantly once more
Through the wide East, and in *Sophia's* fane
The long, long silenced anthems shall resound;
While Greek and Turk in sweet communion join,
To sing "Hosanna"—to the Lamb of God.
Israel's long wandering thousands shall return
To Him who hath redeemed them with a price,
And made His mortal nature of their seed:
He wills them not to perish, but extends
The everlasting arms of grace and love,
To fold them with the chosen of his flock.
O, come, blest advent of celestial peace!
When the pure faith of Christ alone shall reign,
Unto the jarring nations in one bond
Of brotherly accord; and calm the storms
Of war and faction, that so long have shook
The troubled world.

Those days already dawn,
Which kings and martyrs of the olden time,
Through the dim veil of coming ages saw
While yet far off, with faith's prophetic eye,
And sighed to witness their accomplishment.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

GILFILLAN AND HIS "LITERARY PORTRAITS."

THE times offer, if our judgment do not deceive, in respect to piles of books, new and old, that are daily advertised, a fair prospect of Canada being soon the land of an intelligent and reading people. Not that at present we may be said to be *not* intelligent, but our intelligence is chiefly practical, of an unpretending, or at least homespun order. We think this is on the path to improvement, the object of the men designated as teachers in our day, appears, mainly, to be the inducement of a taste for intellectual habits. Apart from the higher scholastic attainments, such a result may be most reasonably expected. By a careful selection from the shelves of our own book-stores, and close reading, a man may become, granting native capacity, intellectually great. The man who wisely directs the uninformed, helping them in their choice, we may call intellectually good; of such a man we will briefly speak.

Gilfillan, in presenting to the reading public his "Literary Portraits," has been, it may be said, in all that an author aspires to, successful. These reviews are written and finished in a style both talented, and for the subject, appropriate. His object in bringing to our notice some of the most distinguished literary men of our race, (Anglo-Saxon), deserves our gratitude and esteem, while his own reflections with such a view, must be highly pleasing. In the task he has imposed upon himself, and in the selection of his characters, his really nice discrimination of their qualities and powers of mind, his just perception of their tendencies and of their general effect and usefulness, demand our assertion, that he is surpassed by few British reviewers. There is no work better calculated to make a reader than Gilfillan's "Gallery of Literary Portraits." They contain, though in a slight degree, the interest of biography; throughout they are attractive, often fascinating, and precisely so, when he wishes or designs it; we, too, must rise with the sublimities of Milton, sympathise or shudder at his description of Crabbe's pictures, and laugh if we can, with the light laughing, but most feeling-hearted Hood. In frequent passages,

our thoughts do kindly and gratefully assimilate with those of Gilfillan.

He does not say so, but his wish is evident, to diffuse a taste for the lighter and higher enjoyments to be derived from communion with the poets and philosophers of his pages. And, in that, he deserves our attention, for, in truth, his suggestions are worthy of adoption, and his recommendation of an author no slight praise. Of a warm imaginative cast of mind, though possessing sound judgment, strictly conscientious, albeit he is a critic, with a copiousness of language suited to every variety of his subjects, and a view, ever indicative of his calling, to the question of eternal import; he, at once, wins our love, respect, and approbation: our approbation for his candor, our respect for the worthiness of his object, and our love for his warm-heartedness to man. For example, the manner in which he reprobates its want in John Foster, elsewhere admitted an amiable man. "How he prowls like a hyena around the deathbeds of dying skeptics, * * * to drink in their last groans, and insult, whether the calm, or the horror of their closing hours." And we can fancy a flush of outraged Christian benevolence stirs his blood, in the study of such an unnatural trait. By such a sentiment, Gilfillan wins our confidence and love.

Displaying great ability in all, (his portraits we mean) he is especially great in his delineation of Crabbe. You never suspect, while he is enumerating the poet's works, here admiring them, there regarding with regret and sympathy; in a style now brilliant, and again soft and almost sad, that the object is other than mere relaxation, or for your entertainment; till the critic flashes upon you in the development of a character, drawn from the last flowing paragraph. In that he at once displays his talent and proves his usefulness, not only to see with such correctness, and with such judgment of their capability, but to possess the rare gift of so admirably describing them, that we are satisfied when we have read, we know as much of the individual as Gilfillan. It may be his will, or mayhap his nature; in the beneficial result it is of not much consequence which, but he cannot leave his subject until he is assured there is no point in the character, notable either of good or evil, that is not presented to the reader. When it is his duty to extoll he does it in terms that might gratify even a Milton; when in truth he must blame, untainted by a shade of pique, he never presumes to be harsh or severe. In his picture of George Dawson, in whose delineation he manifests some bad feeling, it is attributable perhaps, paradoxical as it may seem, to their being

both clergymen. But, even then, it is not of that blighting kind that would concentrate its venom into a single word and wish "that word were lightning." Among the minor failings of Dawson's character, he notices a sort of apostle-ship to Carlyle, with whom, by the way, in a certain peculiar phraseology, Gilfillan himself is frequently identical. It evidently, however, gives him more pleasure to laud and elevate a worthy character, than to reprimand even the reprehensible Dawson. But the one vital question, the position of the church, with, we may suppose, Dawson's relation to it, he would have passed him by unnoticed; or at most with a smile at such a second edition of Johnson's *Bozzy*.

In his strictures on Macaulay, while we admire the execution, which is perhaps, in this article the most elaborate, we do not so fully agree with him. His characters are admirably drawn, and his object more worthy of our commendation than Gilfillan would admit.

In instituting a parallel between Gilfillan and Hazlitt, we may with more distinctness display our author's qualifications as a critic. In truth, a genuine specimen of that genus, such as either of these we have mentioned, is certainly a singularity. Without the high power of arranging or creating, which we designate genius, they possess the tact, talent perhaps, to fish out all the sentences in a book of any size, a poem of any length, that have been contributed by that subtle nondescript. We of course premise, that neither of these we named have shown genius. Hazlitt was pointed and often powerful; happier in illustration, without seeing his subject better, in invective far keener, increasing at times to spite, the result evidently of personal feeling; fluent always, copious when he is much interested, and in style at least, if not otherwise, nearly original, he handles his patients with all the ease and confidence of a first-rate practitioner. Some of his expressions, short, emphatic and powerful, we have rarely seen equaled; you might see the character in a single one of them. Gilfillan, on the other hand, is particular rather than pointed, correct merely in what he does say without being powerful. Though his conclusions are not without weight, we sometimes weary ere, the facts in form of argument, be gone over. It is indicative of ingenuity in a person, to see him piling up a flight of stones or rubbish, to help him over a high wall; but we do more admire the Athlete, who, confidently measuring his distance, clears it at a bound. In illustration, though generally bearable, he is sometimes exceedingly common-place and weak. He seems as though he will not be indebted to any other,

even remotely, for a simile or illustration, and he has not in his labor, found the rich plot of flowery expletives of thought, which a future genius will one day, in his careless mood, trample amongst. In the following instance, settling Byron's rank as a poet, and comparing him with Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, &c., he proceeds thus: "He seems to rush into their company, and to stand among them, like a daring boy, proudly measuring himself with their superior stature." Which as an illustration is quite homely, at the same time it contains an assertion as daring in its way as are some of the conversations in "Cain." His heart is sufficiently human, to feel *at times* as Junius did ever, and it should certainly be far from our thought, to censure a man for a want of an infernal, or at least, a very bad spirit; but a slight tinge of such, when the strain is reprobative, greatly adds to the effect.

In concentration he is rarely successful, and his *effective sentences* too frequently fail to convince. He is too evident; from its very plainness we see its weakness. His ease and fluency are like the forced calm of a person of highly nervous temperament; if we examine either closely, we will find it the result of a mighty effort. In this profuseness of language too, there is an evident straining after originality in figurative expression and the general construction. Indeed, he often supplies, with an abundance of really beautiful language, an omission of something of weight or worth in his relation, which would only be the more apparent without it. His delineations, at the same time they are such as few might hope to equal, are too lengthy for all the matter contained, with an accumulation of illustrative "talk" equally tedious; serving to beguile, we suppose, while he authenticates the point of character in question.

In our opinion he is no where happier than in describing Hood. There is a certain undefinableness about the character which Gilfillan apparently comprehends, and of which his exposition in that article is clever. Hood is of a class, who, generally speaking, do not know their "attributes" so well as Gilfillan describes them. He talks of Hood's "genial kind-heartedness" which, with Gilfillan, covers many venialities; and where, to a common observer the poet is no ways noticeable, he turns, examines and notes down, until we find the character to be a real, natural, and loveable "Thomas Hood." Contrasting, though quite appreciable in his "Milton," "John Foster," "Sterling," &c.; we like him better with late poets. In these last there is a labouring to be great in the "sublime," and the "highly intellectual" that wearies. Too many words, with too little meaning; but that it

is impossible, we would suppose at times that he was caricaturing them.

Though ardently admiring poetry, we most conscientiously transcribe our opinion of his reviews of some of the minor poets. As it were reproving a quadrille party on the folly of such a pastime, we find him forgetting the presence, and, even himself, in the tempting sounds proceeding from the orchestra, and cutting a caper "on the light fantastic toe."

The most remarkable feature in a reviewer, after fairness and candour, is the faculty of discovering what of the noticeable he has distinguished in the object of his criticism, in plain, intelligible language; language which will convey a correct picture, so far as that is possible, language which may not admit of two constructions, and no more of it than is necessary. It is an excellent, if it be not the only, mode of communicating knowledge, that of comparison; but, preserve us from such comparisons! and, in the working out of the delineations such expressions as; "Severe charms," "A bee wreathing round you in the warm summer morn her singing circle," "A silver lining of cloudy feelings," are exuberances as palpable, as the humps on the back of a dromedary. Such a preparation *may* be needed by weak intellects, which, like weak stomachs, cannot bear, unmixed with light ingredients, much strong food, but it is downright effrontery to present it to the public indiscriminately. It is, however, as necessary perhaps, to this order of composition, as the sand, which, of itself has no adhesive qualities, is in cement; it is all reading, and fills up the intervals between the great facts, which, in some instances are scanty.

Gilfillan's works of this order (Sketches of the minor poets) unquestionably contain a vast amount of stuff, that is fit only for novels. The exploits of a mountebank are never mixed up in detail with rhapsodies on flowers, and the music of bees, then why, in the name of common sense, should they, with sights and sounds, incongruous and senseless, darken the speech and actions of a "Minstrel Prophet," may be a saviour of our kind. In a single paragraph in his notice of Thomas Moore, may be found as many leaves and flowers with dew on them, as would make a half a dozen of the poetical bouquets of the diminutive, and in his eyes, rather contemptible poet.

There is more pleasure in perusing his sketches of straight forward men, his real actualities. Of these we may mention Cobbett, William Anderson, and perhaps, Leigh Hunt and Professor Nichol. In his character of Cobbett, he is completely successful; in this, that he there talks sensibly, after

the manner we premise, of the worthy he so well describes. To use a phrase of his own, and which is just now appropriate; what pleases us most in this, as contrasted with other of his productions; is to see that, instead of "wasting time trying on spectacles that belonged to others, he was using his own piercing pair of eyes." And Gilfillan has eyes, (intellectual we mean), and strong sight, but while we trust to his faithfulness in speaking of a man, we cannot be patient for hours at a stretch, while he is painting a flower with a butterfly on it. We only know of one, who in all his sketches of nature, and his illustrations from that source, was successful in all, the man Shakespeare. Concentration is as essential in criticism, as its opposite is in the development of a visionary scheme. In his portrait of Cobbett, Gilfillan is good, nay, clever, in the following, "There were the brawny form, the swagger, the dogmatic prejudice, the gulosity and the pugnacity of as genuine an Englishman as ever drank beer, bolted bacon, or flourished quarter-staff." Now that we can understand. It is the picture of a true, sensible, practical man, without any of the namby-pambyism which is to perpetuate and foster that class, whose *fine feelings* fit them specially for novel reading. It is one thing to see, and understand, and love nature, and the beautiful in everything; and another to dote, or talk feebly, and we fear it would incur Cobbett's ire, if, as his own description tells us: "Mawkish sentimentalism in all its shapes is to be abhorred." He admires Cobbett for his clear head and faculty of seeing, and for his *common sense*. That he has it himself in no common degree is testified by this; as whoever can rightly estimate the power of another, is himself nearly equal. We admire his judgment in parting the worthless from the substantial, even in this most substantial Englishman; but to find him winnowing the rubbish of the garden for a few tawdry flowers is sorry work. As a gardener he would be a god among the cabbages, carrots, and mangal wurtzel; but, he always begins to make faces, and talk of Flora at the sight of a bunch of sweet-williams, or bachelors' buttons.

Poets are admitted to be creators, as they must be also who talk poetically of them, like Gilfillan. Now, all cavilling apart, at the misapplication of the word *creator*, (for we much doubt whether *genius* be not a ready nomer for intellectual *dexterity*) we have one word ere we part, for "Gilfillan and his Poets." It is enough that the muse inspired are allowed to break through all rules, (save those of Murray, which even by them are inviolable), in their flights, and "grand conceptions," but! save us from the efforts, in like, of

their reviewers. Notwithstanding the much that our writer has done well, he is culpable for what is ill done; and, not that we would seek or wish that he should be deprived of any species of relaxation, it is a hazardous and somewhat presumptuous act, thus to thrust himself, when he inclines to be milk-and-waterish, upon his thousands of readers. The argument may be urged, that light reading, like light food is required by many minds; but it must not be forgotten, that *whatever* may be its specific gravity, the material consumed must contain some definite amount of sustenance or it is totally worthless, even injurious. And this, with his strong sense, Gilfillan must see, that a pretty playing upon words is false, inasmuch that it captivates with sound. Strike upon a cymbal and you produce a sweeter sound, than the smith at his anvil, fashioning a ploughshare. These apparent creations are, often, therefore, not true, but false. What must the poetical, or false description of such a thing be; *a lie*, though it were veiled in the essence of flowers and rainbows. It may be said that it is merely light trifling. There can be no trifling without one party being deceived, the trifier if his drift is apparent.

Our remarks must of necessity be short. Gilfillan is unknown to us entirely, save by his "Literary Portraits." He has many good properties, plainly distinguishable through failings, and the conclusion unhesitatingly is, that the general effects of his writings will be good. It is true, that to be brilliant, or to be praised is, by many made the chief object of life; but the time will come to all, when to have done good even a little, they would sacrifice all that they made of all other. This feeling, this reward, Gilfillan has surely earned.

B.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

No. 4.

YULE EVEN.

In the early settlement of this section of the Canadian forest, Yule, or Christmas, was looked forward to, both by old and young, with much greater interest than now.

Amongst other observances, customary at that season of merriment and good cheer, was the selecting of, cutting and drawing home from the forest, the Yule Back Log, invariably of no ordinary dimensions, and always a matter of grave importance to those who cherished recollections of their fatherland. The custom was associated in

their minds with happy hours, that even the rough file of the world could not altogether efface; and to help in with it here in Canada, one of the enlivening neighbourly turns of the year. I have frequently known six or seven miles, aye and more, too, travelled for that very purpose, and though, "from the march of intellect, or some other good reason, doubtless," the usage is fast falling away,—I am not sure that the heart is bettered for it. No advantage, gained by the cold, selfish maxims of the world, can ever compensate for the want of the kindly intercourse and warm generous feeling, that will always exist where society is in a healthy state, and which such observances are so well calculated to keep alive. For the curious in these matters, who may not have had an opportunity of informing themselves satisfactorily thereanent, the following from Brands' Popular Antiquities, will be interesting:

"Christmas-day, in the primitive church, was always observed as the Sabbath-day, and like that, preceded by an eve or vigil. Hence our present Christmas-Eve. On the night of this eve our ancestors were wont to light up candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a Yule-clog, or Christmas-block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day. The custom is, in some measure, kept up in the North of England; and Grose, in his Provincial Glossary, tells us that in farm houses there, the servants lay by a large knotty block for their Christmas-fire, and during the time it lasts, they are entitled, by custom, to ale at their meals.

"Some idea of the size of these logs of wood, which were in fact great trees, may be formed from the circumstance, that in the time of the civil wars of the last century, Captain Hosier burnt the house of Mr. Baker, of Haymond Abbey, near Shrewsbury, by setting fire to the Yule-log."

Christmas-day, says Blount, was called the Feast of Lights, hence the Christmas Candle, and what was perhaps only a succedanium, the Yule-block or clog, before candles were in general use. Herrick, in his Hesperides, thus notices the ceremonies for Christmas:—

"Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

I may just add, that it was for an occasion of this kind, and in compliment to four respected friends, who had often helped me to thaw the frozen mel-drap from winter's nose, and after be-

guing him out of his ill nature, made him "haud his sides and hotch and laugh," till the cocks crew, that the following verses were written:—

"Come busk up our fire, my ain bonnie woman,
Mak' a' in the biggin look tidy and clean,
For kenna ye Tam and the Doctor are comin'
Across at the gloamin to haud their Yule
E'en?

Get Charlie his slip, then, and Andrew his jazey,
To see them a' buskit aye maks my heart
fain;

And put on the newest yoursel', just to please
me,

As ye hae done often sin' ye were my ain.

"The west wi' the chud o' the gloamin a' chickit,
The kye at the stake standing cozy and dry,
The soople laid up and the stable-door stickit,
The sheep in a bield and the day's-wark a-by.
To meet wi' a friend, then, aye makes my heart
tingle,

To share our bit supper and join in our sang,
And thaw aff the cares o' the warld round our
ingle,

And mak' him forget that the winter night's
lang.

'Tis this that has oft made me deem toil a plea-
sure,

And laugh at the spite o' the carlin auld care,
Has doubled my comforts and still been a
treasure,

When wardly misfortune e'er fell to my share.
And though that auld age o'er our heads now
is stealing,

Though hamely our cot be, and dainties but
few,

I still wadna barter or bargain the feeling

For a' the braid mailins o' bonnie Buccleugh.

"Be sure, then, ye spare na' the best o' the
melder,

And see that the scones be weel butter'd and
fine,

And I'll awa' down and get Rab and the Elder,
Ye ken they like ill a bit splorc for to time.

Wi' saug and wi' clatter, and cannie-tim'd
daffin,

Aince mair in our life, luv, we'll mck' our
hearts fain,

Turn care to the door, and set winter a laughin',
As we hae done often sin' ye were my ain.

When we aim at being too natural, or too ex-
quisite, we fall into one or other of two defects—
insipidity or over-straining.

The excess of the young is in the sweet; of the
old in the strong.

THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF VENICE.

By the Authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada."

"O! how this spring of love resembleth,
The uncertain glories of an April day,
Which now sheds all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

It was night—midnight! The toil and hurry of the day were over. A glorious day it had been for Venice, and pealing bells, and rolling drums and clang of martial instruments, and shouts of an excited multitude had borne witness to the triumphs of the merchant prince, of the all powerful republic; she was then in the zenith of her power and greatness. Now how changed, oh how changed!

In the garden of the Palazzo di San Marco all sounds were hushed or mingled together, and mellowed by distance, came like the gush of far-off waters; now clear and full, now dying on the ear, swelling again, now sinking into silence.

The full moon was riding high up in the azure heavens flooding the velvet turf, the orange grove, and sparkling fountain, with her radiant light. There is dancing and revelry within the Ducal palace—the gilded balconies and marble floors resound with joyous voices and bounding footsteps—but here all is softness, silence and repose. A light step treads that turfy slope. It is not the ivory whiteness of the orange flowers that glances amid the shining foliage, it is not the gleaming stars upon that marble foun that sparkle so brightly in the moon-beam.

It is the white veil and snowy robe of a young girl that flits to and fro among the branches, it is the jewels on her bare and beautiful arms that catch the glancing rays, as she lifts them to strip the blossoms from among the dewy leaves to weave a coronal of nature's own gems to place among her ebon ringlets.

Look at that form of grace, those eyes of love so softly dark, so childlike, so pure, so tender, so truthful in their expression. Mark her well, it is the young Ginevra, the lovely daughter of the Doge. She stands on tiptoe, turns her head in the attitude of a listener—how swan-like is her throat—one would have thought she was studying how best to shew the marble fairness of her shoulder, its graceful moulding, but we will absolve her of such vanity. Is it to the distant murmur of the city that she bends her ear? Is it to catch those rich tones of floating melody that the soft night breeze brings with it from the saloons of her father's palace—or with rapt ear does the

young girl drink in the song of yonder nightingale that pours her thrilling notes upon the solitude of night?

It is not the distant murmurs of the crowded streets, the sounds of music or the song of the nightingale that charms her listening ear. There is a sound for which she listens, sweeter far to her than tones of sweetest music. It is the voice of her lover. What melody is to her so rich! Is not one deep impassioned glance from his dark searching eye more precious than all the costly gems that deck her fair arms and bosom.

What cares she that to others he is cold and proud, to her he is all love, all warmth; cannot one word, one look of her's, woo his haughty spirit to more than woman's tenderness; she would not have her Angelo the darling of the crowd, the loved and lover of every courtly dame,—is he not her's? yes, her's alone, her eagle, her towering falcon, her lordly lion of St. Mark! Is not his eloquence, his prudence, and his boldness in the senate the theme of every tongue? and does not her young ardent heart swell with delight and joy to hear his praise, from the lips of sages and senators? What to her are rank or wealth or power weighed in the balance against her love?

Does she not prize one simple orange blossom placed in her girdle by his hand to all the treasures proffered by the magnates of the land. One burst of song from his lips, to all the flattery of kings and princes, poured on her unwilling ear. One fond passionate kiss upon the snowy whiteness of her brow, to all the world can give or offer to her acceptance. It is thus Ginevra loves—if not wisely, too well.

She has stolen from the dancers to pass one quiet hour among the dewy flowers with her lover in this soft, moonlight scene; she has heard the dip of the oar that brings his gondola to the trysting place, the tinkling of the guitar with which he accompanies his voice, and now the secret door is unlocked that leads from the water gate to the palazzo gardens, and he is at her side, and the first rapturous meeting is over, and they are seated on the turf beside the fountain. In that dream of love he forgets the cares and crosses that vex his haughty soul; she, that grief and sorrow, anger or revenge, can exist in her world of happiness.

He tunes her lute, and with one of those rare but winning smiles gazes on the face of the young girl, while he whispers, "Anima mia," sing me that sweet song you sung last night,— "The Persian girl to her Minstrel love." Then while she sang his hand kept time to the music, and his deep melodious voice accompanied her's:—

SONG OF THE PERSIAN GIRL.

I stood in my gay and lighted hall,
 My person decked with gold and gems, —
 Vows were breathed by my lovers all,
 I turned my wearied ear from them ;
 Music poured sweet breath around,
 Voices came from the dome above,
 I saw no sight, I heard no sound,
 But the look and the tone of my minstrel love.

I sat in my calm and noontide bower,
 The leaves were waved by the breath of morn ;
 Dew-drops wept o'er the passion flower,
 Sunbeams smiled o'er the blossom'd thorn ;
 Gay was the woodlark's song of glee,
 Soft the coo of the mournful dove,
 Their tuneful notes were dull to me,
 Till I heard the voice of my minstrel love.

I left that bower in rosy bloom,
 I left that hall in noontide blaze,
 A wan-fring life has been my doom,
 Far from the friends of my summer days :
 The hour I bent at love's fair shrine
 Gave me a bliss all wealth above,
 The choicest gifts of life are mine—
 The look and the tone of my minstrel love.*

She ceased, but still his lips repeated the last lines of the air, as he fondly folded the small white hands in his, and pressed them devotedly to his lips and brow. Yes, she too would leave all—all for him, like the Persian maiden.

The distant sound of music on the water startled the lovers—the signal for parting, and with many a tender vow to meet on that hallowed spot at midnight's starry hour, they tore themselves asunder.

Among the proudest of the Venetian nobles, there were not two more accomplished cavaliers than Angelo and Annibale di Carracci, only sons of two brothers, equally gifted with personal beauty, talent and rank ; with fortune at command, bound in one holy tie of kindred, it might naturally be supposed that their love for each other would have been as that of brother. But it was not so. A fierce hatred began in childhood, and increasing as they advanced towards manhood, divided the cousins : in all things they were rivals, and to hate like Annibale and Angelo di Carracci, became a by-word among the youths of Venice.

As they advanced in life, they chose for themselves different paths to fame. Angelo's ambitious temper led him to the senate, as the surest road to power, for gifted with rare talent and deep insight into the minds of his fellow-men, he possessed eloquence that enchained all listeners. There were those who saw his advancement to honour as a thing of certainty, when age and experience should have given more weight to his counsels.

*The words of this song are translated by a friend, from the Persian air. "Taza bi taza no bi no."

Full of chivalric ardour, Annibale entered the Venetian navy then in the zenith of its glory. Like a modern Tyre, Venice sat, a queen upon the waters sending her merchant ships afar, taming the haughty spirit of the Ottoman, and planting the cross above the crescent. She needed not a bolder or a braver spirit to lead her to conquest on the wave, than Annibale di Carracci, the nephew and friend of the bravest admiral of the day, Andrea Doria.

It was with a glow of honest pride that amidst the long sustained vivas of the exulting citizens of the glorious old republic, Annibale sprang from the deck of the vessel that bore him to the marble quay of his native city and made his way through the enthusiastic crowd to the palazzo di San Marco, there to lay before the assembled senate the dispatches it had been his proud reward to bear from the victorious admiral of the Venetian force.

A burst of mingled admiration and congratulation met the ears of the young cavalier, and eager hands were outstretched towards him as he approached. Among that assembled throng there was but one eye that glanced coldly upon the youthful captain, but one hand haughtily withheld from his warm greeting. The scornful glance of his cousin Angelo fell for a moment with withering blight upon the warm gay heart of Annibale. It was but for a brief space that he suffered that chill feeling to rest upon his spirits. "Well, be it so; hate for hate, and scorn," he inwardly exclaimed. The dark red flush of high disdain fired his brow and curled his full lip as he gave back his answering look of defiance. That night the cousins met, in the stately halls of the ducal palace, but they met as strangers.

The evil Jemon of envy and hatred ruled the heart of Angelo, as he listened to the murmurs of applause that followed his cousin wherever he appeared.

The news of the victory was followed by fêtes and festivals; the nobles, the senators, the princely merchants vied with each other, who most should shew honour to the victorious hero, and Angelo was forced to listen with gall and bitterness, to the praises bestowed on his hated rival, and be expected to add his commendation to the applauding throng, while he concealed within his secret heart the hatred that rankled there : and his eloquence must shake the senate, the theme—his rival's merits! yet to this he could school himself, and smile in derision at the thunders of applause that followed his all-powerful eloquence. Harder, however, was the task that awaited him within the ducal palace, when he was forced to witness the

smiles and caresses, bestowed upon his fortunate cousin, by the Doge himself, and the courtiers that surrounded him. Nay, he now began to feel the pangs of jealousy within his breast. Had he not beheld her, his own, his beautiful Ginevra, listen with charmed ear and downcast eye to Annibale, as leading her from among the dancers, he drew her to the balcony, and there, in low and whispered accents, he spoke long and earnestly, while she listened with soft and tearful glance, to his words.

They were too deeply engrossed with each other, to note the anxious, agitated watcher. That night Angelo fled from the palazzo, with a crushed spirit, and a bursting heart. "And thou, thou too, false," he cried, as he flung his wearied form beneath the tilt of the gondola, and burying his face within the folds of his mantle, wept tears of bitter anguish. Irritated by the sounds of festive mirth that came borne across the water, to his ear, he querulously commanded his gondolier to ply the oar, and hasten his return.

"The Signor is sated with mirth and revelry," observed Giulio. "Venice has yet joyful days in store for her, rare days for gallant cavaliers, and fair young ladies, brave days for gondoliers, too, I' faith. A brave gallant is the Signor Annibale, your most noble cousin, eccellenza. 'Tis said he grows in favour with his highness, every hour, and that the Doge's daughter is to be the reward of his services to the state. 'Tis an easier way of paying the first captain in the state, methinks, than giving broad lands, or princely honor."

"I guessed that such would be the case. The Signor long has loved the Doge's daughter," observed Pietro, his comrade, "and I know the lady long favoured his suit."

"Liar, 'tis false," shouted Angelo, starting to his feet, like a roused lion from his lair, while his lightning glance, glared fearfully upon the terrified speaker, and caused him to crouch in silence before his master. "'Tis false, she dare not so deceive me," he muttered to himself. "Poor fools, what should they know of love like her's." The humble, deprecating tone of Pietro, recalled him to himself. He would not for the world have angered his highness, but it was the talk of the city, all the gondoliers were speaking of it, and had so often had the honor of rowing the Count Annibale, when he was disposed to serenade the Signora, that he had regarded it as a matter of course, that he should seek her hand on his return from Candia, whither it was rumoured he had been sent, because his love had been suspected for the noble lady, and the Doge had other and more distinguished

suitors, for his daughter. Perhaps they thought that death or absence might part the lovers.

"Does she still love the count?" in deep half smothered accents, asked his tortured auditor, striving to appear composed, while his voice, his look, his fixed and glassy eye, shewed the deep passion that worked within.

"Aye, my lord, I warrant that six month's absence will hardly have changed the Signora's heart; she is young, and the young love more ardently than the old and prudent. Gold will not buy true love, 'tis said, and now that the Count Annibale has returned in such high favour with the admiral, his noble uncle, and the senate have voted him public thanks, they say, *vostra eccellenza*, that your voice alone went far to turn the scale in his favour with his highness, there seems no doubt that his suit will be granted.

"Fool!—Idiot!—Accursed fool that I was," burst from the lips of the miserable Angelo; "but she shall not be his bride; and his hand grasped his sword with deadly energy. "Deceived, deluded wretch! Now am I, of all men, the most miserable. But no; it cannot be; she cannot have thus beguiled me—cannot thus have feigned to love me, while her heart was devoted to another." It could not be; he would not thus condemn the beloved, the idolized one. She was still his own, his beautiful, his good Ginevra. The pure, the tender, the true,—the star whose light had shed lustre upon his path,—the one green spot in the desert of his existence. He had been a being, unloving and unloved, till he knew her: and then as hours of past happiness passed before memory's mirror—the thought of all her love and gentleness subdued his fiery spirit, and shading his face in the folds of his mantle, he wept and prayed that this dark hour might pass away, and in silence breathed anew vows of trusting and devoted love. Alas! how soon to be dissipated by the dark passion of jealousy. Alone, in the silence of his chamber, the image of Ginevra leaning on his cousin's arm, listening with that look of deep engrossing interest to his words, haunted him, and changed his softened humour to distrust and indignation. Sick at heart, he shunned his fellow-men, and in solitude brooded over his miseries.

Alas! Ginevra, how often didst thou steal away to listen from thy balcony for the serenade that was wont to charm thy listening! how oft did thy heart beat, as the sound of the gondola that was to have borne thy lover to thy feet, passed away! Thy small feet have traced the dewy grass, reckless of the night breeze that damped thy bon ringlets; and thou hast sadly marvelled

that days and nights have passed, and yet he came not. Yet didst thou never doubt his love, for thine was that love which casteth out fear.

In torturing doubts and fears passed days and nights, till rousing himself from the fatal dream into which his jealousy had plunged him, Angelo resolved to seek Ginevra, and hear from her own lips a refutation of the fears that consumed him. It was with this view that the unhappy Count sought the gardens of the Palazzo, by means of the private key that had so often admitted him to the presence of his beloved. As he left the piazza of his mansion, a twisted billet was cast at his feet by a person muffled in a cloak. It contained only a few words, but these were sufficient to arrest his attention:—

“The Count Angelo sleeps whilst his rival aspires to pluck the fairest jewel from the ducal bonnet to adorn his heart. If the Count Angelo doubts the truth of the assertion, let him visit the Grange-walk, in the gardens of San Marco, to-night.”

There was no signature, but the characters traced on the paper were of feminine delicacy, and Angelo recognized the hand-writing of one he had loved years ere he knew Ginevra. Long did Angelo pore over the scroll, the contents of which seemed to engrave themselves, with fearful distinctness upon his disordered brain.

“Tis well, 'tis well!” he muttered; “I will go, prove her falsehood,—and then,—” he crushed the paper fiercely in his clenched hand, raised his eyes to heaven, as if to register there some fearful vow; then with hurried step entered the gondola.

“To the second gate,” he whispered through his shut teeth. Giulio's eye, for an instant, scanned the face of his master, but was quickly averted: he almost shuddered as he marked that look of concentrated agony. The gondolier secretly crossed his breast; for all the wealth of Venice, he would not have owned the burden of woe that look betrayed; but conjecture as to the cause of the agitation betrayed by the Count, was soon forgotten, and with the long sweep of the oars, rose the measured cadence of some wild poetic chaunt, with which the gondoliers were wont to measure the time, as they urged their vessels along the watery ways of their native city.

The meeting-place was gained, and with hurried steps Angelo entered the garden. No bounding step was there, hastening with joyous tread to meet him,—no fond sweet voice fell upon his ear, whispering a loving welcome. The quivering of the laurels—the tinkling of the silvery

drops, as they fell within the basin of the marble fountain alone broke the stillness, till the long-sustained notes of the nightingale, wooing her absent mate from a distant cypress, poured on the silent air a flood of tender melody. The mournful notes seemed in sad unison with the anguish of the lover. Was he not also forsaken? Poor, lonely, stricken heart!

Ha!—a sound of footsteps approaches. Dark shadows steal along the grass: two figures advance from amidst the foliage. The moon has hardly yet risen, but the blue sky is gemmed with all her radiant host of stars, and by their light he can descry two persons,—the height and form of the manly figure are those of his cousin; the slight graceful female, that hangs so trustingly upon his arm,—who may it be? The black mantilla that shades her face, conceals its contour, but the height, the graceful movements, and tender accents of the voice, are those of his Ginevra. And now she lifts her white hand to receive the flowers that her companion has torn from the dewy branches above their heads, and places them in her bosom. Angelo saw no more, but striking his breast in all the fury of despair, he cursed the unconscious pair, and fled from the garden. In vain he strove to still the wild anguish that maddened him, to say to his heart—“Peace, be still!” There was no peace within. Dark, tumultuous thoughts chased each other through his mind. He had trusted and had been deceived,—nay, more, he had been made the sport of a faithless, heartless woman,—the victim of a vain delusion,—and for whom?—The man he hated. O! monstrous perfidy. Could such things be? Yet, had he not seen?—had he not heard?—could he be deceived? And thoughts of fearful vengeance arose—his hour of retribution was at hand. Was there no angel of pity, of mercy, breathing better things into that ruthless breast? There was; and many pleadings held he in the still hours of night with that sweet spirit; that still small voice of holy love; but it was quenched by dark and deadly foes within.

* * * * *

It was the bridal-eve. Annibale di Carracci, the highly-favoured, the victorious Annibale, led to the altar the Doge's daughter. The magnificent procession that accompanied the bride and bridegroom disembarked amidst a crowd of joyous citizens; and pealing of bells, and firing of guns, and flourish of martial instruments, proclaimed their entrance to the church of San Marco. The noblest youths of Venice accompanied the Count Annibale; the most distinguished ladies formed the companions of the bride. As the

bridal train entered the illuminated church, a choir of virgin voices rose in chastened melody, and showers of fragrant blossoms were scattered in the path. A sweet and heavenly melody floated along the pillared aisles. And now the solemn service is begun, and the hand of the noble bridegroom and the lovely bride have met in holy plight. A suppressed murmur is heard among the assembled crowd—and see! they part to make way for a stranger of commanding figure, who advances with rapid step. His high, pale brow, his dark fixed eye and colourless cheek, are strangely contrasted with the glad faces that surround him. Lifting one hand high above his head, he utters in startling tones:—"A message to the bridegroom!—A message to the bride!"

A cry of triumph was echoed back by a shriek of piercing agony, as springing toward the bridal group, the stranger raised a dagger on high,—another moment it descended with lightning swiftness, and was buried deep in the fair shoulder of the bride's twin-sister, whose snowy arms were suddenly interposed to shield her from the assassin's murderous blow. The blood-stained veil flung back from the dying face of Ginevra, shewed the fatal mistake to the horror-stricken Angelo. With distended eye-balls he gazed upon the ruin he had wrought. The glance of unchanged love and piteous enquiry that the dying girl fixed upon him, told the tale of love and woe; but ere the accents of her voice, that faint in death, pronounced his name, had ceased to vibrate on his paralyzed ear, he sank on the steps of the altar, pierced by many a ghastly wound from the weapons of the infuriated attendants.

The shrieks of the bride, the wailings of the bride-maidens, and the fierce tumult of the assembled throng were drowned by the deep notes of the death-dirge. Covered with a funeral pall, the body of the Doge's virgin daughter was slowly borne from the high altar: the joyous peal of marriage-bells was changed to the sonorous death-toll,—the bridal songs and hymns of the nuns, to the monks deep chaunt—

"Dies ire dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla."

And long, in after years, did the youths and maidens of Venice speak with tearful eyes and hushed voices of the sad bridal of the Doge's daughter,—of the Count Angelo and the fair Ginevra, whom he loved so well and siew.

C. P. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

Modesty conciliates and subdues opposition;
courage defies and overcomes it.

SELF-COMMUNINGS.

BY "ERRO."

Earth, like a mighty car,
Rolls on its endless way;
Now flashing like a star
In the celestial ray;
Now bathed in mists that darkly mar
The sunbeams streaming from afar.

And on the outside, clings,
Pale, shivering in the gale
Which round him ever sings
Its mournful wail;
Man—the lone passenger, whose breast
Like his fleet chariot, knows no rest.

Where doth a circle end,
Or where begin?
And such is life,—we tread
We tread still in and in,
And first and last are but in name,
Tho' changing ever, still the same.

Time, like a circle, stands,
Type of eternity:
The great "I AM" commands
All things to be;
And at His word creations roll
Round Him the centre and the soul.

Life emanates from Him,
As from the central sun;
Effulgence never dim,
Floweth since Time begun.
And while He is, all life shall be—
His presence its eternity!

Can aught that liveth, die?
The egg becomes a worm;
The worm that yet shall fly,
In antenatal tomb
Sleepeth unconscious, yet 'tis life
With all the elements of life.

Must life be visible?
Are not the spirits here
Angels of good or ill
To us to minister?
Unseen, they die not—and all wo
Partake their immortality.

Who speaks to me of Death?
He, who when first the light
Beamed on me, gave me breath
Himself ordained the night
When I shall change these robes of clay,
And wake no more to mortal day.

Mankind regard the grave
But as a peaceful bed;
Where, tho' the tempests wildly rave,
Sleep the unconscious dead :

It is a fallacy! The tomb
Holds nought that sprang not of its womb!

Ashes to ashes come—
Dust unto dust returns:

The spirit finds no home
Within sepulchral urns:
The changing clay with earth may stay;
The heaven-born life is far away.

Who speaks of Death as rest?
Think'st thou the soul can sleep,
Or that earth's caverned breast
Can the immortal keep?

Or that thyself can'st cease to be
One moment of eternity?

Doubt overwhelms mankind.
Truth! whither art thou fled?

Thou art eternal—we are blind,
And deem thee also dead,
Because thy form we cannot trace:
Oh! veil no more thy angel face.

We grope amidst the night
In darkness terrible;

Which reason's ineffectual light
Makes but more visible.
So pondered I—the answer came
Bright as tho' traced with pen of flame.

Immortal man! whate'er
Life's changes all may be,
Thou art thy Maker's choicest care—

It shall be well with thee:
And tho' the vale of Death be dark—
The struggle fierce—thy flickering spark
Give scarcely light to see,—
On his unchanging Word recline,
And his salvation shall be thine!

A CHARMING SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.—The following "character" of a housemaid by her mistress has been sent to the *Dundee Advertiser* for publication. In its orthography it is certainly a scandal on the boasted accomplishments of this enlightened age.—"The Barer, Mrs. —, is of great respectability, and is a most exlent duny-stick in a confidant capacity. She nose all sorts of cookary, and gets up plain linen. She has livd ate years in her last plice, and has an hunim-peachable careter. She is pierfely sobar, and never drinks nothing but what dose her good. Will be fud a grate acusion to a singel jintleman, or would shute a weddower. The lady were she livs givs her this careter, and never would have pearted with her, but she gos to osstrailye."

ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

As a boy he went to Eton with his brothers, but remained there only a short time. His mother, Lady Mornington, then took him abroad; but finding him troublesome in the carriage, dropped him at Douay. Here, luckily, there was an artillery school and arsenal, and as the town is fortified and protected by a fort on the Scarpe, and was also taken by Marlborough, those circumstances may, in some measure account for his early military studies. Lady Mornington did not see him for two years after this separation, and when he returned to England, recognized him at the Haymarket Theatre, saying, "I do believe, there is my ugly boy, Arthur."

When still at Eton, I have been told that Lord Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, and the Duke, were invited to pass their holidays with Lady Dunganon, in Shropshire, and being full of fun, they asked each other what news they should tell when they arrived. One of them proposed that they should say (a pure invention) that their sister Anne had run off with the footman, thinking it was, likely to produce some sensation. This they accordingly did, and shocked Lady Dunganon most dreadfully; they entreated, however, that she would not mention the circumstance to any one, hoping, as they said, that their sister might come back again. Lady Dunganon now excused herself, having promised to pay a visit to her neighbour, Mrs. Mytton; and, unable to keep this secret, of course told it to her. On her return, she nearly killed them by saying, "Ah! my dear boys, ill news travels apace. Will you believe it?—Mrs. Mytton knew all about poor Anne!" This story is worthy of Sheridan, and if he had heard it, he would certainly have introduced it into one of his plays.

The Duke's manner in society was not as brilliant as Lord Wellesley's, and he seldom spoke except to those who were immediately about him. I can remember, however, his describing, apparently with great interest, the circumstance of a young ensign who had been embarked with troops from the Cape, and who, when the medical officer happened to die on board the ship, in which there was great sickness, had taken upon himself the duties, instructing himself, and acting to the best of his abilities. The Duke remarked that he certainly deserved his promotion, admitting, however, that it was very difficult to advance an officer out of his turn, but he hoped that it still might come under Lord Hill's notice.

Speaking of the tree under which he was said to have taken up his position at Waterloo, some one mentioned that it had nearly been all cut away, and that people would soon doubt if it had ever existed. The Duke at once said that he remembered the tree perfectly, and that a Scotch serjeant had come to him to tell him that he had observed it was a mark for the enemy's cannon, begging him to move from it. A lady said, "I hope you did, Sir?" He replied, "I re illy forget but I know I thought it very good advice."

On another occasion his deafness was alluded

to by Lady A——, who asked if she was sitting on his right side, and if he had benefited by the operations which she heard had been performed, and had been so painful to him. He said in reply, that the gentleman had been bold enough to ask him for a certificate, but that he had really been of no service to him, and that he could only answer him by saying—"I tell you what, I won't say a word about it."

He sometimes read aloud, commenting upon such works as were interesting to him, and was never seen to lounge about, or to be entirely idle. I have heard that Lord Douro one day found him reading his own early despatches, and that he said, "When in India I thought I was a very little man, but now I find that I was a very considerable man." What greatness there is even in this simplicity!

His letters after the battle of Waterloo to Lord Aberdeen, on the death of Sir Alexander Gordon, and to the Duke of Beaufort, on Lord Fitzroy Somerset losing his arm, show how much he was attached to those about him. Lord Fitzroy landed with him in Mondego Bay, and was with him in all his great actions. It was during the long fight at Talavera that the Duke, turning to him, said, "Well, Fitzroy, how do you feel?" To which the latter quietly answered, "Better than I expected."

The one-armed were among the Duke's greatest favourites. Sir Felton Harvey, who headed a charge of the 14th Light Dragoons, when the French officer was magnanimous enough not to cut him down, and Lord Hardinge, are instances that will be easily remembered.

General Alava, as an old friend, and one who had been with him constantly during the war, had always when he chose it a room at Apsley house.

The Duke took Colonel Anson, as his aide-de-camp, from the Duke of York, and re-appointed him a second time to his staff on again succeeding Lord Hill as Commander-in-Chief, saying that no difference in politics ought to separate them, and that if he thought so too, he was to come to him.

I do not think that the Duke's opinion was in favor of medals and decorations, as he said that we had always done our duty without them, and that the feeling throughout the army was that they would be given (perhaps with few exceptions) to the aides-de-camp, and relations of such general officers as were serving. He has also described the difficulty he himself experienced in distributing the orders conferred by the allied Sovereigns.

He asked for the Waterloo medal to commemorate a great period, but he was well aware that, issuing them to all, they could not confer honour upon every individual that obtained them. These medals, however, as they became rare in the ranks, give a certain *esprit* to the old soldier, and I dare say may influence his conduct for his own good towards the end of his service.

The Duke to the last often visited Lord Wellesley, who would as frequently keep him waiting; but his only remark was, "I believe my brother thinks he is still Governor-General of India, and that I am only Colonel Wellesley."

On asking Sir Charles Napier to take the com-

mand in India, I have been told that the Duke handed him a short paper of instructions, and on his returning them to him, he said, "Well, then, if you understand them, go out and execute them."

All who knew Apsley house must have seen the celebrated statue of Napoleon bearing Fortune upon a globe in the right hand, a tribute often paid to successful commanders. Lord Bristol when he first saw the statue in Canova's studio, admired it excessively; his only criticism was that the globe appeared too small for the figure. Canova, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, addressing an English nobleman, answered this very happily: "*Vous pensez bien, mi Lord, que la Grande Bretagne n'y est pas comprise.*"

On the day that intelligence reached Vienna of Napoleon's escape from Elba, it happened that a great diplomatic dinner was given (I believe by Prince Metternich), and as the guests arrived, all were anxious to detect by the duke's manner if he had heard the news. His countenance, however, gave no sign, but waiting patiently till all the company had assembled, he said, "Gentlemen, have you heard of the Emperor's escape?" then approaching Prince Talleyrand, and placing his hand on his shoulder, he added, "*Quant à moi, Mons. de Talleyrand, je suis soldat du Roi de France.*" thus promptly declaring his resolution, and leading the minds of all to that alliance which proved so successful in its results.

As an old Etonian I went down to be present at Lord Wellesley's funeral in Henry VI.'s chapel at Eton, and was in the organ-loft when I saw the four brothers standing at his grave—the duke with a calm, serene, but serious look, a short black military cloak over his shoulders, and not the sign of a ribbon or star to be seen. Ten years have elapsed, and he, the last of his family, is now numbered with the dead.

THE GREAT TELESCOPE ON WANDSWORTH COMMON.—The following are the particulars of the refractive powers and focal lengths of the lenses in the great achromatic telescope at Wandsworth common, made by Mr. Thomas Slater, of Somers-place west, Euston-square:—The object glass is achromatic, consisting of plate and of flint glass. The plate glass was cast by the Thames Plate Glass Company, and is a most excellent piece, being perfectly homogeneous and free of striae. The refractive index of this glass turned out to be 1.513, and it is worked to a positive focal length of 30 feet 1½ inch. The flint glass is a very superior piece, and does great credit to the manufacturers, Messrs. Chance of Birmingham. It is of uniform density, and very transparent; its refractive index is 1.638, and it is made to a negative focus of 49 feet 10½ inches. The combined focal length of the plate and flint glass lenses is 76 feet to parallel rays; the focal length will be 85 feet only to objects at about 700 feet distance from the object glass. The diameter of the image of the full moon in this telescope is about 8 inches, and Mr. Slater has made an eye-piece of that diameter, having a magnifying power of 125; another eye-piece, which takes in about half the moon's diameter, has a magnifying power of 250; other eye-pieces are also made, the powers of which vary from 500 to 3000.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SCENE:—*The Major's Room.*

SEDERUNT VI.

THE MAJOR.—The Laird and his friends are late.

THE DOCTOR.—Who are they?

THE MAJOR.—Two gentlemen who have been attracted by the announcement, in the last Anglo-American, of our proposed history of the war of 1812-'13 and 14, who were actively engaged throughout in it, and who naturally desire to contribute their quota of information on the subject.

THE DOCTOR.—Their names and antecedents?

THE MAJOR.—One of them, Captain Ogilvie, but a youth when he joined the 41st Regiment, a detachment of which was then stationed at Amherstburg, was in the thickest of the affair, and must have seen a great deal of active service during the campaigns. He seems, from the Laird's account, to have been so much pleased with the country that, some years after the peace, when promotion became slower, and his country had no farther call to make on him, he retired from the service on half pay, and sought the land where he had fleshed his maiden sword, and where his old regiment had acquired so much honor.

THE DOCTOR.—And who may the other be?

THE MAJOR.—Colonel, Squire or plain Mr. O'Connor, for I believe he is designated by each of these titles, is an Irishman who came to this country at a very early age, just in time also to take an active share in the occurrences of that eventful period. The Laird describes him as having been endowed with the gift of ubiquity, such was his determination to be wherever the sharpest fighting was going on, and such his anxiety to get himself

put *hors de combat* as speedily as possible. Fate, however, willed otherwise, and, after sharing in many, if not most, of the feats of arms of our gallant militia, at the termination of the war, he converted his sword into a plough-share, and has since distinguished himself as successfully in compelling mother earth to yield up her increase, as in days of yore, he essayed to drive a republican flag from the soil of his adopted country. He settled somewhere about Coburg, and is now an influential member of the community.

THE DOCTOR.—Is not that the step of our worthy agriculturist?

[*Enter Laird, Captain Ogilvie, and Mr. O'Connor.*]

THE MAJOR.—Welcome, gentlemen! thrice welcome, to these our realms. Permit me to introduce to your notice a son of the Shanty, Dr. — to whom I have already made you known by reputation. Laird, arrange chairs and let us to consultation, for despatch is the soul of business, and the moon already sails high in the heavens, while we have yet to inform our Canadian friends of the reasons why we are about to prepare, for their edification and benefit, a history of a war, in which they, or at least their fathers, were so deeply interested.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—I have heard but one opinion, Major, expressed on this subject, and it will be with feelings of unmixed satisfaction that an impartial and truthful account of the late war will be every where received. There is some anxiety also expressed as to what your intentions are with respect to a preliminary review of the causes from whence it originated.

THE MAJOR.—It is on this very last point

that I shall proceed to take the sense of those present. What say you, gentlemen? How far will it be judicious to go into a review such as Captain Ogilvie has spoken of? May not such an investigation be considered as involving, properly speaking, a question of European policy in which colonists possessed little or no immediate interest, and will it not be rather debateable ground for us to traverse?

MR. O'CONNOR.—Cut the matter short, skip over the palaver which preceded the declaration of hostilities, and plunge at once *in medias res*,—give us something spirited that will make the pulse quicken, when we read of days gone by, something that will restore circulation to our blood and make us fancy ourselves again enjoying the hardships of old times.

THE DOCTOR.—I do not exactly see, Major, with due submission to Mr. O'Connor, how we can, without leaving our readers pretty much in the dark, avoid entering at some length into a discussion of the jealousies and evil feelings which prompted the Americans to endeavour to play the same game with England which they had so successfully and lately done with the Spaniards in regard to Florida. Nay! I think that we shall not be able to show how signally they were mistaken in their judgment of Canadian feeling and loyalty, if we do not enter pretty fully into the debates which then occurred in the house of representatives—what say you Laird?

THE LAIRD.—Brevity, brevity for me, and just yet haud this in yer mind that when a chiel dis na write ower muckle or ower lang, he canna tell too mony lees, besides flesh and bluid canna thole a' the clasmacלאvers anent orders in council and sic like fasherie.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—My opinion coincides with that of the worthy agriculturist, and my recommendation is, that your introduction should not be too long, but that you should proceed as soon as possible to your main object, which I take to be “the setting before Canadians, in a modest though spirited manner, the achievements of their fathers.”

THE MAJOR.—Pardon me, Captain, but you must not forget that we are about to write of events respecting which there yet survive a great many who can say “*quorum magna pars fui*.”

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—Thanks for the correction, I will add, then, “and the awakening the memory of their own past struggle in defence of the loved land of their adoption:” besides, in nearly all the works on the subject which have come under my notice, I have found too much space occupied in the discussion of questions, solely, or certainly in the major part, affecting the policy of the European nations, and too little said of the gallant deeds and, I may even call them, heroic actions of the colonists, in whose untainted and unwavering patriotism the Mother Country re-

posed an implicit confidence that prompted her to entrust, to their almost unaided efforts, the defence of her honor. I think that such a review will, nay must, tend to foster in our day the same national feeling which at that time impelled every colonist to fly to arms to repel the hated invasion of their republican neighbours.

THE DOCTOR.—Do you recollect, Captain, when you use the expression “hated invasion” that it may lead to a discussion as to whether there was not in Canada a strong party of emigrants from the United States who were not animated by the same feelings with which you have been so glowingly investing those more immediately of British blood.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—I do recollect it, and I also recollect the eloquent speech of Mr. Sheffey, the member for Virginia, and his warning in the House of Representatives to those who were blindly advocating war measures: “You will act absurdly if you expect the people of that country to join you: Upper Canada is inhabited by emigrants from the United States! They will not come back to you; they will not, without reason desert the government to whom they have gone for protection. No, you must conquer it by force, *not by sowing the seeds of sedition and treason among the people.*” Such was the just estimate, by a high-minded man, of Canadian feeling. The same gentleman too goes on: “When the soil and the liberties of their country shall be assailed, then will their spirit be found equal to any contest with an enemy.” Here was honorable testimony to Canadian patriotism, and mark well how he contrasts it with the feeling in the United States: “You have been told that you could raise volunteers to achieve the possession of Canada. Where are those volunteers? I have seen none of those patriotic men who are willing to go to Canada in the private rank; all of them must be officers. You may raise a few miserable wretches for your army, who would disgrace the service, and only serve as unprincipled minions to their officers. Will your farmer's sons enlist in your army? They will not. Look at the army of '93, it had twelve or fifteen regiments nominally; it was disbanded in eighteen months, when half the men had not been raised. Why, you had MORE PATRIOTISM ON PAPER THEN THAN EVEN NOW, and yet, you could not raise half the force for your army.” * * * * *

“Will you send your soldiers to Canada without blankets? or do you calculate to take it by the end of the summer, and return home to a more genial climate by the next winter. This would be well enough; BUT I THINK IT WILL REQUIRE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS TO CONQUER CANADA.”

THE MAJOR.—Your opinion, then, is that we should avoid entering into the morale of the war,—“that great first cause, least understood.”

THE CAPTAIN.—I do. Let us record faithfully and succinctly the principal events of the war, after a declaration of hostilities had actually been made.

THE DOCTOR.—I trust you will not fail, for the benefit of the few (for it is just possible that such a strange anomaly may exist as an annexationist of British descent,) who may be annexationists at heart, to set forth clearly the despicable position in which the Americans placed themselves by the declaration of hostilities. If it be actually necessary, be concise; but certainly do not omit to show that every ostensible ground of complaint against Great Britain had been removed by the repeal of the orders in council, and that America but gained for herself the unenviable notoriety of lending her aid to France, then engaged in an attempt against the liberties of the world. Remember what Alison says: "Thus had America, the greatest republic in existence, and which had ever proclaimed its attachment to the cause of freedom in all nations, the disgrace of going to war with Great Britain, then the last refuge of liberty in the civilized world, when their only ground of complaint against it had been removed; and of allying their arms with those of France, at that very moment commencing its unjust crusade against Russia, and straining every nerve to crush in the old world the last vestige of continental independence."

THE LAMB.—I think it wad na be that ill gin the Major were to set forth, noo that we have a' had our say, what he opines anent the matter.

THE MAJOR.—I agree with you, gentlemen, as to the propriety of making the introduction to the war as concise as possible, and I have been confirmed in my opinion by the sentiments just expressed by both the Dr. and Captain Ogilvie. By giving merely the alleged causes of the war, without entering into their respective merits, we shall avoid in a great measure any charge of partiality. Moreover, we shall escape the odium of accusing the Americans of unjustly seizing on Florida, a point on which you, Dr. seem to have already decided; we shall thereby avoid, also, the necessity of going into very lengthy details, to prove that America, by a declaration of hostilities, and close alliance with France, had placed herself in a despicable position, a fact, which you, Captain Ogilvie, seem to have disposed of much to your satisfaction. Now when we consider that the Americans justified the seizure of Florida as an appanage of Louisiana, and that in the British House of Commons, a party of which Messrs Brougham and Whitbread were two leaders, maintained that every principle of justice to America demanded the repeal of the obnoxious orders in council, I think you will concur with me in deciding, that, as it is not our object to give a party statement, our course should be, to

give "the grounds of complaint urged by the Americans," with "the justification set forth by the English," and to leave our readers to form their own opinions unbiassed by any comment on our part. I wish you all to understand that in what I have said respecting the occupation of Florida, and in allusion to Messrs. Brougham and Whitbread's speeches, I am expressing no opinion on these points, but that I am simply justifying the expediency of avoiding, as far as the necessary elucidation of events will permit, the *varata questio*, *THE JUSTICE OR INJUSTICE OF THE WAR*. Besides, this course will preclude the necessity of bringing before our readers more than a brief sketch of the stormy discussions which took place at that time in the House of Representatives, a discussion in which, by the way, your friend, Mr. Sheffey, seems to have taken a very animated part; the honorable gentleman asserting in very unqualified terms that neither justice nor policy warranted a declaration of hostilities against Great Britain, on the part of America.

THE DOCTOR.—At the risk of being accused of prejudging the whole question, I give my decided opinion, that such a limitation must prevent our doing full justice to our undertaking, why we shall leave our readers in the dark as to the ignorance that prevailed in the States respecting Canadians and Canadian feelings, the ridiculous speeches made throughout the States, and the vain-glorious boasting respecting the easy conquest of Canada. Mr. Sheffey's was but the opinion of one rational man. Remember the violent answers made to that very speech by Mr. Williams of South Carolina, and Mr. Wright of Maryland. Remember the violent expressions of public feeling all through the States, and say whether it will be possible to do justice to our subject if we do not give more than a cursory glance at the events which preceded the war.

THE MAJOR.—I cannot agree with you, and I think that, by avoiding an analytical narration of the events preceding the declaration of war, which will be both tedious and uninteresting to many of our readers, we shall be in a better position for doing justice to the real object of our undertaking "the exposition of the loyalty, courage and energies of the brave yeomanry of Canada.

MR. O'CONNOR.—Bravo! Major, that is the topic for you to enlarge upon; that is the chord that will awaken in the hearts and feelings of every true Canadian a proper spirit; teach them, I say, how their forefathers—

THE MAJOR.—You must pardon a second correction, not forefathers only, remember that we have yet very many amongst us who, bore them most gallantly throughout all the stirring scenes we wish to describe, and who, I suspect, have no desire to be placed in the list of forefathers, but would prefer to have

their deeds chronicled while yet the actors were in the flesh.

MR. O'CONNOR.—Well, then, teach the generation now growing up, if that please you better, how their fathers, whether earth still numbers them amongst the living or no, evinced their attachment to the laws and institutions of the Mother Country,

THE MAJOR.—I think, Dr., that the sense of the meeting is against you as to the preliminaries of the war, and that it seems to be decided that neither policy nor time will permit any very lengthy exordium. The next point, then, to be considered is how we are to get at the mass of information so widely spread over the country.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—I, on my part, promise to be a diligent collector of any anecdotes and facts that may be interesting.

MR. O'CONNOR.—and I engage to do every thing I can in my own neighbourhood to rouse the slumbering recollections of past deeds.

THE LAIRD.—Well, Major, I suppose I too mean do my best, but dinna reckon over muckle on me, for ye mean mind that I am auld and feebleless.

THE MAJOR.—Not a bit of it, my old friend; still in your ashes live the wonted fires, and I reckon mainly on your exertions for all the anecdotes that I know are rife among the Scotch in your neighbourhood.

THE DOCTOR.—I think, Major, we must endeavour to interest the public, generally, in the undertaking, if we expect to succeed in collecting the valuable and interesting incidents scattered all over the two Provinces; every anecdote that bears on the subject should be diligently sought after. Can not government assist us?

THE MAJOR.—I have very little doubt but that we shall receive every assistance in the shape of permission to examine any documents or memoranda that may be in the possession of government, and it is my intention to communicate at once with the proper parties—so that, by the time we have disposed of the causes of the war, which I believe, it is settled are not to be too lengthy, I hope we shall be in possession of a mass of materials amply sufficient for our purpose. I have not been idle, I assure you, but have intelligent agents, on whose judgment I can rely, in every quarter collecting and digesting everything that bears in any way on the subject. I reckon, besides, a great deal on the feelings of interest, which I think our prospectus has roused, generally throughout the country, and I hope to receive much valuable information that will be available for our purpose and which may also assist us should we be disposed to adopt a suggestion that I have received this morning, to the effect, that we should commence as a parallel with our present undertaking, “a succinct history of the first and early settlers of the Province.” My correspondent writes: “There can be no

subject more interesting and valuable than the records of these courageous and noble-hearted people: few, very few, now remain to tell the tale of hardships, dangers, sorrows, and troubles incident to their lot. A few intelligent and agreeable men reside in this neighbourhood, who remember as but yesterday their trials and deep feelings on bidding adieu, for ever, to the homes of their youth, their journeys on foot and on horseback, with the young children in baskets, or some other primitive mode of conveyance; the difficulties encountered on reaching Canada, then the residence of the savage, and offering an undisturbed lair to the wild beast,—the subsequent trials, but feebly cheered by the rising sun of hope, obscured as her beams were by present misfortune and actual physical suffering,—the thankfulness with which their poor fare of crushed grain, moistened in water, or with hemlock leaves steeped, was eaten,—yet these they paint as happy days.” Surely the records of these acts should not be suffered to die, without some attempt to save them from oblivion.

THE DOCTOR.—I think, Major, that these anecdotes, if collected, would form, in the way of appendix, a valuable item in our history, as they would serve to show still more clearly, how mistaken the Americans were in their judgment of the rude, stern material of which our population was formed. Not one of all the sufferers your correspondent describes but would have readily died for his loved native land, and when compelled by rude fate to tear himself away from his native glen, and to sever the ties “that knit him to its rugged strand,” it was with a heart overflowing with sorrow and love, not indifference or discontent, that he sought in Canada a new home, establishing afresh in the wilderness his household gods, naming, perchance, his farm after some spot hallowed by memory and endeared to him by old associations, and weaving round his heart feelings of deep love for his new home, but so entwined and intimately blended with the recollections of by-gone days and scenes, as to render it impossible to love one without the other; even as a mother, when she presses her first-born to her bosom with feelings of unutterable affection, ceases not to revere and love her aged and venerable parents—but rather endeavours to trace in each tiny feature some fancied resemblance. Such were the feelings, Major, brought to this country by the first settlers and these feelings were kept alive by constant arrivals “from home,” each new comer bearing some recollections of the past. Now, the Americans, of the North particularly, from whatever cause we will not now enquire, never had cultivated this almost religious feeling of veneration for the land they had left. Of a more mixed race, they could make no allowances for such feelings, and they were consequently unprepared for

the stern resistance they met with, quite astounded at the whirlwind of patriotic feeling which swept before it all their hopes and aspirations after an easy occupation of these Provinces. Then, for the first time, they learnt the truth of Mr. Sheffey's warning, "that it would take several campaigns to accomplish the conquest of Canada."

THE MAJOR.—Ah! Doctor, it is a great pity you allow your prejudices to obscure your better judgment. Why can you not do full justice to the patriotic spirit of Canadians without entering on a crusade against Americans, you forget how mixed is the population of that great country, and in common justice you should reflect that people of French and German origin could not be expected to enter into the feelings of the British or their immediate descendants. *Pour revenir à nos moutons*, however, I really think that, without pledging ourselves to the compilation of such a work as my worthy correspondent recommends, it would not be amiss to follow your suggestion, and to incorporate, either in the shape of notes or appendix, any anecdotes, that would not be irrelevant with our original plans, with the history, guarding of course against anything like prosiness or details that would compel us to spin out the history to too great a length. What say you, Captain Ogilvie, and you Mr. O'Connor?

BOTH.—Aye! Aye!

THE MAJOR.—We will, then, it is settled, bring out in the January No., which commences our second volume, the introductory chapters of the history, which you will bear in mind, Doctor, is to be impartial, and which is to comprise many new details and curious anecdotes. We also engage to make it interesting to our countrymen, by reason of certain points of difference from the generally received versions of the facts in question by which it will be marked, and we farther declare that if we cannot flatter ourselves with the certainty of getting together every detail worthy of note, on the other hand we will vouch for the correctness of all those that we may set down. Have I spoken well?

OMNES.—Like a sage.

THE LAIRD.—Your words flow just as cruds and cream slide down a thirsty palate on a hot simmer's day.

THE MAJOR.—This part of our business having been so far settled, we will commence our reviews.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE AND MR. O'CONNOR.—We must plead a prior engagement, Major, and leave you, most reluctantly, believe us. We shall, however, endeavour to be with you at your next sederunt, and in the mean time we shall not be idle. *Exeunt.*

THE LAIRD.—Here is a bookie which I have just been taking a keck at during your confabulation. Have ye digested it?

THE MAJOR.—I have, and can most confidently pronounce it one of the most racy, and healthful fictions which I have fallen in with, for a twelve month at least.

THE DOCTOR.—That is high commendation, seeing that the last year has by no means been unfruitful in that class of literature.

THE LAIRD.—Will you let the honest man get in a word edgeways, and tell us the name of the work?

THE MAJOR.—It is entitled "*Reuben Medicott, or the Coming Man*," the author being M. W. Savage.

THE LAIRD.—Savage! Losh preserve us, but that's a grewsome name! It makes a body put up his hands to see whether his scalp be safe and sound!

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Savage is not unknown to fame. His "*Bachelor of the Albany*," and "*My Uncle the Curate*," have already won him golden opinions from all who could appreciate originality of conception, keen, but not ill-natured satire, and quaintness of humour.

THE DOCTOR.—You have not overstated the merits of these sterling productions. Does the present composition sustain the author's reputation?

THE MAJOR.—Most emphatically.

THE LAIRD.—Wha may this same Reuben Medicott be?

THE MAJOR.—A young man of no more than ordinary ability, but sadly lacking in power to concentrate his abilities, and in fixedness of aim. Like a bee, he skims over the garden of knowledge, tasting a morsel here, and sipping a drop there, but neglecting to lay in a substantial stock of honey to provision him for the stern campaign of life. Consequently, he beholds his less showy, but more prudent compatriots outstrip him one after another in the race of fame and fortune; and finally he yields up the ghost, a broken-hearted and prematurely aged man, sighing over wasted opportunities, and hopes conceived but to be blasted.

THE DOCTOR.—Alas! the story is not a rare one? Earth's churchyards contain but too many head-stones, upon which such a chronicle might be truthfully engraved!

THE LAIRD.—Puir Reuben! He minds me o' Peter Pettigrew o' Kelso, who could play on the bagpipes, read Hebrew books backward, write short-hand, and balance tobacco pipes on his nose, and yet had never a coat on his back that was not out of the elbows!

THE DOCTOR.—Pray give us a taste of the flavour of "*The Coming Man*."

THE MAJOR.—By all means. Here is a curious sketch of a primitive Welsh parson. Medicott, along with a company of friends, is making a tour in the land of leeks and goats:

"Reuben was not long content to be ignorant of the language of the country he was traversing. At Aberystwith he bought a Welch grammar and

vocabulary, in a neat little shop on the skirts of the town, at the door of which, overhung by an elm of great age, was a wooden bench, upon which the old bookseller, a seedy but venerable man, was taking his ease; and Mr. Medicott got into chat with him, while his wife and son were bargaining for the grammar. He proved to be the parson of the parish as well as the librarian. The Vicar little suspecting this, had been asking him questions about the state of the clergy in Wales, of which he had heard surprising accounts, and among other enquiries had asked what might be the value of the parish they were then in.

"Twenty pounds a year," said the old man.

"A small living for a man of education and a gentleman," said the Vicar.

"There are smaller in the Principality," said the bookseller.

"Selling books must be a more profitable profession," said Mr Medicott.

"My shop is the best part of my benefice," said the old man.

The Vicar went into the shop and communicated to his wife and Reuben the strange discovery he had made, for such it appeared to him. The purchase of the grammar had been effected, but they could not leave the reverend bookseller abruptly, and accordingly, as there was room enough on the bench, they sat down, at his courteous invitation, and passed an interesting half-hour in conversation with him. They found that he was an author and a poet, in addition to his other kindred vocations; he was too simple a man to hide any chapter of his history, and when Reuben questioned him about the bards and their lyric rhapsodies, it soon elicited a confession that in his greener days he had attempted a poetical translation of some of the wildest. Being greatly struck with Reuben, and flattered by the interest he felt in the bards, of whose sacred corporation he considered himself, he rose from the bench, when he saw his customers about to take leave, and hobbling into his shop (for he was infirm, though not gouty), hunted out a copy of his "Cambrian garland," and, with a trembling hand and a bad pen, wrote on the title-page—

"The gift of the Reverend Hugh Evans, an old poet,—," he paused for our hero to tell him what he should add.

"To Reuben Medicott, a lover of poetry," said Reuben; and the inscription was completed accordingly.

"Very neat and very modest," said the old man, as he laid down the pen.

"Modest on Reuben's part," said the Vicar, when they were at some distance from the shop.

"I cannot say so much for the modesty of Mr. Evans, in dubbing himself a poet so confidently."

"Yet he published anonymously, you observe," said Mrs. Medicott.

"Probably," said Reuben, "when he published this volume of poems, he dreamed of afterwards producing something very superior, and never realised his expectations. But why, sir, did you not let the poor old gentleman know that you were a clergyman, like himself?"

"Because he had told me his income, and he might have asked to know mine."

"You need not to have been ashamed of it, father."

"No," said the Vicar, smiling, "two hundred a year is nothing to be ashamed of, but the Reverend Hugh Evans would have concluded me to be a second Dives, and the report might have reached the inn, and influenced the landlord in drawing out his bill."

THE LAND.—What a queer heathenish country, where the Mess Johns sell sealing wax and ballads!

THE MAJOR.—There is a quaintness in the following passage which reminds one of Burton and Elia:—

"A man on first coming into the world is very much in the position of a minor whose affairs are altogether in the hands of his guardians and his lawyers; he has nothing at all to do with what he is most concerned in, but is entirely at the disposal and mercy of other people. We are not at liberty to choose our own fathers and mothers, or even our pastors and masters; and perhaps, on the whole it is so much the better—it is easy to imagine what would happen were such a privilege accorded us. Mr. Hudson, for instance, would probably have more sons than Priam of Troy; the Duke of Wellington would have a prodigious Christmas party at Strathfieldsaye; and our gracious Queen would soon find herself in the same domestic difficulty with the notorious little old woman, who, whilom, lived in the shoe. Cobblers and curates would be childless, and infants of the most moderate ambition would be born with silver spoons in their mouths. These points are settled for us; and not only are we provided with ready-made parents, but with complete sets of relations, friends, and acquaintances,—not made to any order of ours, and with respect to whom we have not so much as the melancholy choice of Hobson.

There is no help for this state of things any more than there is for our not being nearer neighbours to the sun than we are, or qualified to promenade our ceilings like the flies. It is the common law of the world as much as gravitation: we are free to grumble, but not at liberty to disobey.

Fortune is but another name for the infinite mass of circumstances in the midst of which we seem to be flung, like Bligh's boat on the Pacific, or the infant Moses in his cradle of rushes upon the flood of the Nile. An unseen Providence steers the ark; but as far as regards the little crew himself, he is absolutely at the mercy of the current and the crocodiles. Or we may be said to be as molten metal poured into the mould of ten thousand pre-existing facts and relationships, all influencing us, and more or less, determining what manner of men we shall be. We take their form and pressure most submissively. There is no option but to take it.

Circumstance is like a she-bear who licks her cubs into shape. Some are licked too roughly, some too delicately; a few receive the proper moderate licking which forms the fine animal. After a certain period we come to be old enough to take a part in the process, and lick or educate ourselves; one energetic man in a hundred will recast himself altogether; the majority will continue to the end of the story much what nurseries, schools and colleges, parents, pedagogues and

priests, conspired to make them in life's introductory chapters."

THE DOCTOR.—He who thus writes is no common man.

THE MAJOR.—One more extract, and we shall call a new cause.

"It is not the phenomenon of a few gray hairs, nor the stolen march of a wrinkle, that marks the melancholy turning of the tide of life, but the first overshadowing of the mind with despondencies and self-upbraidings, the first sense of the difficulty of hoping, and the vanity of intending and designing; when to purpose and to dream, once our easiest and most delightful occupations, have become a Sisyphean labour. Then have we begun to grow old, when the first sigh escapes us for the pledges of youth unredeemed, or when we look into the kingdom within us, and perceive how few of its abuses we have reformed in the palmy days of our power; then shuddering think that the time of the fulfilling of promises and the correction of faults has passed; that the day is far spent and the night is at hand:—

"When thoughts arise of errors past,
Of prospects foully overcast,
Of passion's unresisted rage,
Of youth that thought not upon age."

These are the reflections that extinguish the "purpureum lumen," that put out the youthful fire; he that is acquainted with remorse, whether it comes of folly or of crime, is already stricken in years, as old as Priam, though he may bear himself as gallantly as Paris. But some there are to whom these dreary thoughts come late, and who uphold themselves with wondrous strength and bravery under the weight of misspent hours. Hope is often an Atlas that will bear a world of disappointments on his shoulders; and should he ever totter, Vanity is at hand, like another Hercules, to relieve him. How many men do we not see in the world more confident after a thousand failures, than others after a large measure of success? Men, who never know that they are conquered, but imagine themselves still mounting, and crow and clap their wings, as if the firmament was still their own, when with their heavy or broken pinions the height of the barley-mow is almost beyond their flight. Folly is attended by a troop of spurious merits, the apes of Wisdom's body-guard, a false fortitude which is nothing but a groundless self-assurance, a bastard industry which is only a fatiguing idleness, a magnanimity from which nothing comes that is great. Ardelio grown old, and with one foot in the grave, is Ardelio still.

"Tu secunda marmora
Lætas sub ipsum fœtus, et sepulcri
Immemor struis domos."

A species of happiness follows, no doubt, in the train of the mimic virtues, which strutting Folly trails behind her in her continued progress to the last. The man who has disappointed the world has thoroughly deceived himself, and fancies he is still the admiration and the hope of his age, when he has only earned the "monstrari digito," to be pointed at as one example more of the downcome overweening confidence, with the additional moral of many shining talents lost for the want of a few plain ones.

How benevolent is Hope, however, which, if it

betrays a man in his early hours, cleaves to him often so faithfully in his latter days—

"Hope of all ills that men endure.

The only cheap and universal cure!

Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health,

Thou lover's victory, and thou beggar's wealth,

Thou manna which from heaven we eat,

To every taste a several meat!

Thou strong retreat!—thou sure entailed estate

Which nought has power to alienate.

Thou pleasant, honest flatterer, for none

Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone."

THE LAIRD.—Ye must let me copy thae rhymes into Girzy's scrap-book, and I'll get oor Dominic to draw a figure o' Time, lying forfochen wi' his sand-glass broken at the tail o' the piece!

THE DOCTOR.—I have just concluded the perusal of the fourth and last volume of the Life of Dr. Chalmers, by his son-in-law.

THE LAIRD.—Chawmers is a man of which auld Scotland has great cause to be proud, and she owes a deep debt o' gratitude to Dr. Hanna, for the manner in which he has performed his wark and labour o' love.

THE MAJOR.—Though I have done little more than dip into the biography, I have read enough to convince me that it is a production of no ordinary merit. I should say that the compiler has diligently avoided the sin of book-making.

THE DOCTOR.—You are perfectly correct. Dr. Hanna evinces sterling good sense as well as good taste in dwelling only upon those features of his illustrious relative's outward and spiritual portraiture in which a third party might be supposed to take an interest. Hence, everything in the shape of *prose* and *twaddle* is avoided, and a book, appetizing even to the most general and untheological reader, is the result.

THE LAIRD.—Thanks, Doctor! It's no every day that an Englishman is sae liberal o' his praise to anything connected wi' the North!

THE DOCTOR.—Why, England was no niggard of her regard to Dr. Chalmers. Even old Oxford, High Church and Tory as she was, conferred the degree of LL.D. upon the eloquent Presbyterian!

THE MAJOR.—The book is full of lively and graphic *ana*.

THE DOCTOR.—It is. Permit me to read you a few of them. There is something strangely touching in the following little incidents connected with a visit which the great political economist paid to his native village of Anstruther:—

"Not a place or person familiar to him in earlier years was left unvisited. On his way to the church-yard, he went up the very road along which he had gone of old to the parish school. Slipping into a poor-looking dwelling by the way, he said to his companion, Dr. Williamson, "I would just like to see the place where Lizzy Green's water-bucket used to stand,"—the said water-bucket having been a favorite haunt of the overheated ball-players, and Lizzy a great favorite for the free access she allowed to it. He called

on two contemporaries of his boyhood, one of whom he had not seen for forty-five, the other for fifty-two years, and took the most boyish delight in recognising how the "mould of antiquity had gathered upon their features," and in recounting stories of his school-boy days. "James," said he, to the elder of the two, a tailor, now upwards of eighty, who in those days had astonished the children, and himself among the number, with displays of superior knowledge, "you were the first man that ever gave me something like a correct notion of the form of the earth. I knew that it was round, but I thought always that it was round like a shilling, till you told me that it was round like a marble." "Well, John," said he to the other, whose face, like his own, had suffered severely from small-pox in his childhood, "you and I had one advantage over folk with finer faces—theirs have been aye getting the waur, but ours have been aye getting the better o' the wear!" The dining room of his grandfather's house had a fire-place fitted up behind with Dutch tiles, adorned with various quaint devices, upon which he had used to cast his eyes in boyish wonder and delight. These he now sought out most diligently, but was grieved to find them all so blackened and begrimed by the smoke of half a century, that not one of his old windmills or burgomasters was visible. So one apartment he felt a peculiar tie, as having been appropriated exclusively to his use in his college days, when the love of solitary study was at times a passion.* But the most interesting visit of all was to Barnsmuir, a place a few miles from Anstruther, on the way to Crail. In his schoolboy days it had been occupied by Captain R——, whose eldest daughter rode in daily on a little pony to the school at Anstruther. Dr. Chalmers was then a boy of from twelve to fourteen years of age, but he was not too young for an attachment of a singularly tenacious hold. Miss R—— was married (I believe while he was yet at college) to Mr. F——, and his opportunities of seeing her in after life were few, but that early impression never faded from his heart. At the time of this visit to Anstruther, in 1815, she had been dead for many years, but, at Dr. Chalmers's particular request, her younger sister met him at Barnsmuir. Having made the most affectionate inquiries about Mrs. F—— and her family, he inquired particularly about her death, receiving with deep emotion the intelligence that she had died in the full Christian hope, and that some of his own letters to her sister had served to soothe and comfort her latest hours. "Mrs. W——," said he, eagerly, "is there a portrait of your sister anywhere in this house?" She took him to a room, and pointed to a profile which hung upon the wall. He planted himself before it, gazed on it with intense earnestness—took down the picture, took out his card, and, by two wafers, fixed it firmly on the back of the portrait, exactly opposite to the face. Having replaced the like-

* A visitor of old Mr. Chalmers once noticed him coming out of this room with a singular smile upon his face. When asked what had amused him, he said, "It's Thomas there; I went in upon him and disturbed him in his studies, and what do you think he exclaimed? 'It's too bad that I can't get even a room—I just wish that I had a world to myself to study in!'"

ness, he stood before it and burst into a flood of tears, accompanied by the warmest expressions of attachment. After leaving the house, he sauntered in silence round the garden, hurried in old recollections, heaving a sigh occasionally, and muttering to himself—"more than forty years ago!"

THE MAJOR.—That little exclamation, "*more than forty years ago*," causes the water to stand in the eyes of an auld man like myself! How pleasing to reflect that the wear and tear of life had left the heart of Chalmers so fresh and tender!

THE DOCTOR.—He was an enthusiastic lover of fine scenery, as the following passage will prove:—

"On Sabbath, the 12th April, 1846, he preached in the small but beautifully situated Free Church, built upon the edge of St. Mary's Loch. Mr. Parker, who had been the chief agent in the erection of the church, went with him as his guide and companion, and he was accompanied besides by two of his daughters. 'I like,' said he, as they wended their way through the bare and treeless, but purely green and beautifully moulded hills of Peebles shire—'I like these quiet hills, these sober uplands. Hills, all bare like these, are what I call the statuary of landscape.' The valley of the classic Yarrow was entered, and its intense stillness and loneliness powerfully excited him. He stopped his carriage, and calling out to Mr. Parker, who was on the box of another carriage in which his two daughters were seated—'Tell them,' he exclaimed, 'to look at the solitudes that are about them.' That night at Sundhope, where he was most hospitably entertained, he called his daughters into his own room, and read to them Wordsworth's exquisite description of Yarrow, repeating with great emphasis of delight the lines—

'Meek loneliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pres.ura melancholy.'"

Here is another extract to the same purport:

"It was scarcely possible to take even one short walk with him without perceiving that his capacity of enjoyment was singularly large. He could find beauty everywhere; at least he could single out from the most ordinary scene, some feature or other on which his mind could dwell with interest and pleasure. All the points from which the scenery of this locality could be viewed to most advantage, he knew most thoroughly; and, however interesting the conversation in which he might be engaged, it was sure to be interrupted when any one of these points was reached. He would pause for a moment—his eye would wander over the landscape, and, with a smile mantling over his countenance, he would give a brief but expressive utterance to his feelings of joy and admiration. The unselfishness of his delight in Nature was very noticeable. He seemed to have a positive affection for the scenes and objects from which he drew so much pure enjoyment—it was as if his heart went out to them. On a calm and bright summer day, I happened to be with him in one of his favorite haunts, the small pro-

montory called Lammerlaws, which forms the eastern portion of the peninsula on which this town is situated—the tide was full, the water rippled gently between the low ledges of rock, and laved the roots of the grass and wild flowers that skirted every little nook. 'I have a great affection for these nooks,' was the characteristic remark that fell from Dr. Chalmers; and in the tone in which it was uttered there was a warmth, and withal a certain indescribable pathos, which conveyed at once the impression that he spoke from the fullness of his heart."

THE MAJOR.—Was the doctor not a great admirer of the bard of Avon?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes. Listen:—

"The single passage of Shakspeare which he most frequently recited, was that one in Henry IV., which commences

'I saw young Harry—with his heaven on,
His curses on his thighs, gallantly armed,' &c.;

and the single play in which he took most pleasure was *Midsummer Night's Dream*, among the fairy pictures of which he delighted to revel. 'I look,' he would say, after laying down the book, 'I look on Shakspeare as an intellectual miracle; I would put him before Milton from his exhaustless variety.' One of his students once told him of the enthusiasm of the Germans about Shakspeare and related the anecdote c. Goethe's comparison between Tieck, Shakspeare, and himself, in which, with a singular mixture both of pride and humility, he said, 'That relation which Tieck holds to me, I hold to Shakspeare. regard Shakspeare as a being of a superior nature.' 'Well, Sir, do you know,' said Dr. Chalmers, after hearing the anecdote, 'I like that very much. I dare say Shakspeare was the greatest man that ever lived—greater perhaps even than Sir Isaac Newton.'

THE LAIRD.—Try if ye can find a queer bit about a wedding at Buckhaven.

THE DOCTOR.—I know what you refer to. Here it is. A country minister with whom the doctor was residing is the spokesman:—

"Towards the end of our walk, a person having passed without any sign of recognition, Dr. Chalmers observed, 'I perceive your people don't all recognise you yet. This brings to mind a story connected with Buckhaven, which, you know, is a peculiar sort of place. It was long, and is yet, to some extent, behind other places in point of civilization, but some few of the inhabitants got a little in advance of the rest. The minister of the parish went one day to solemnize a marriage; he made the bridegroom, of course, promise to be a faithful, loving, and indulgent husband—at least, he put the question to that effect, but could not get him to alter his stiff, erect posture. Again and again he repeated the form, but the man remained silent and stiff as ever. A neighbor was present who knew more about the forms and footsteps of the thing, and was considered to have advanced more in civilization than the rest. Enraged at the clownishness of the bridegroom, he stepped forward, gave him a vigorous knock on the back, and said to him with corresponding energy, 'Ye brute, can ye no boo to the minister!' Dr.

Chalmers's commentary on this scene was brief but emphatic.—'The heavings of incipient civilization, you know.'

THE MAJOR.—Did you ever hear Chalmers preach?

THE DOCTOR.—Once only, whilst I was attending the medical classes at the University of Edinburgh. It was a great occasion, being the funeral sermon of Dr. Andrew Thompson, himself a divine of no mean powers.

THE LAIRD.—And what did ye think o' the orator?

THE DOCTOR.—My primary sensations were those of intense disappointment. He *shambled* awkwardly into the pulpit, and read out the verses of the preliminary psalm, in a drawing, hesitating manner. Matters were not much mended by his prayer, which I may mention was *written* and tacked by a pin to the cushion of the rostrum; it was solemn enough, but sufficiently common-place to damp the expectations of a stranger, who had come to church to behold a clerical *lion*.

THE LAIRD.—But the sermon! What was the main point?

THE DOCTOR.—For a season it appeared "*flat, stale, and unprofitable*." The preacher slavishly read from his manuscript, following each line with his finger, and the exordium was not calculated to produce any marked impression of greatness or originality. But anon the speaker warmed in his theme. His face assumed an intensely intellectual expression. Flashes of intelligence darted from his eyes, as if some slumbering electricity in the brain had been suddenly awakened, and ere long the whole of that great congregation were spell-bound by the mighty master! I was at that time a gay, thoughtless young fellow, but I hung upon the words of that magnificent speaker, without either the power or the inclination to withdraw my attention from him for one instant. Never have I forgotten the impression made upon me, that memorable Sunday forenoon! The elder Kean have I witnessed, in the third act of "*Othello*," and that terrific concluding scene of "*A new way to pay old debts*," a scene, I may mention, which threw Lord Byron into a convulsive fit; but the wit's eloquence of Chalmers affected me with equal potency! I left St. George's Church in a species of stupor which I cannot describe, and deeply do I regret that never again had I an opportunity of enjoying a similar treat?

THE MAJOR.—What book is that Laird, which you have just taken from your pocket?

THE LAIRD.—It is "*Amelia*," by my favourite, Henry Fielding.

THE MAJOR.—I thought I recognised the effigy of the author upon the cover. Fielding, though coarse, is far from being an immoral writer, and as for genius, I rank him only second to Shakspeare and Cervantes.

THE DOCTOR.—His coarseness, however, is sufficient to taboo him from decent society.

THE LAIRD.—I dinna ken that! I wudna', it is true, mak' his writings text-books for a Sabbath-Schuil, nor wud I like to tak hame *Amelia* or *Tam Jones* to my honest sister, but still Fielding should aye hae a place in my library. Why even the authors o' *Macbeth* and *Don Quixotte* are coarse in the same sense that he is!

THE DOCTOR.—Very true.

THE LAIRD.—I wonder if the *effigy* aboot which you spoke, Major, be a guid likeness?

THE MAJOR.—There is a curious little story connected with that same portrait.

THE LAIRD.—Let us hear it!

THE MAJOR.—After the decease of Fielding, his two bosom friends, Hogarth and Garrick, were sitting together one evening, talking about the departed, and lamenting that no likeness had ever been taken of him. Quoth Garrick, "*I think I could recall the features of poor Henry,*" and forthwith he threw his wonderfully flexible countenance into a resemblance of that of the great fictionist. "*Stop one moment, I beseech you!*" cried Hogarth—and grasping his pencil, he sketched the living portrait, declaring that nothing could be truer or more characteristic.

THE LAIRD.—But I hae seen many engravings o' Fielding!

THE MAJOR.—True, there are several, but the sketch taken, as above mentioned, is the source of them all. They are all derived from that one solitary model.

THE DOCTOR.—The edition of Fielding at present publishing by Stringer & Townsend, New York, is cheap and apparently correct. It is illustrated with several clever designs after George Cruikshank.

THE LAIRD.—I hae some thochts o' applying to the Police for a warrant against that hardened offender, Maclear.

THE MAJOR.—Laird, Laird! take care of your hand! Do you forget that there is such a thing as the law of libel? Pray expound the meaning of your exquisitely preposterous charge!

THE LAIRD.—In plain words then, its no' safe for a pair body like me to enter the emporium of our neighbour at present. He has laid in such a tempting supply o' literary novelties for the Christmas season, that the dollars leap out of your spleenach before you ken what you are aboot. If this is no pocket-picking wi' a vengeance, I dinna ken what is!

THE DOCTOR.—Of a verity, the collection of our friend is of a very diversified and attractive character. To my mind, the most interesting items thereof, are the volumes embraced in the "*Railway Library*" series.

THE LAIRD.—I quite agree wi' you. Such curiosities for cheapness, I never met wi' in a' my born days. For instance, this very forenoon, I bought twelwe volumes o' choice

works, including *Bancroft's History o' the United States*, Washington Irving's *Life o' Goldsmith*, *The Dark Scenes o' History*, by Jeems, and I dinna ken what, a' for three dollars! And mind you, the works were na' stitched in feckless paper covers, like the Yankee pamphlets, but done up in fancy boards, 'maist worth the price o' the productions themselves!

THE MAJOR.—I have seen some of the series to which you refer, and marvel exceedingly how they can be vended at the prices for which they are offered. One would imagine that such thrifty penny worths would have the effect of diminishing the influx of Jonathan's cheap wares. Did I mention to you, Doctor, that for the future the Anglo-American is to be deprived of the privilege enjoyed by newspapers?—A FREE EXCHANGE?

THE DOCTOR.—No; what do you mean?

THE MAJOR.—That the Toronto Post-office authorities have decided that the Anglo is, in future, to enjoy the advantages incident on paying postage on all newspapers received; but as a set-off to this, and as compensation to the proprietor, I suppose, the Magazine is to go free to newspaper exchanges. I think, if this is not left-handed encouragement to enterprise, I know not what else to call it.

THE DOCTOR.—On what grounds is the difference made?

THE MAJOR.—The Anglo not being a newspaper.

THE DOCTOR.—What steps do you intend to take?

THE MAJOR.—Advise Mr. Maclear to memorialize the Department at headquarters, and ascertain whether his praiseworthy exertions to diffuse cheap knowledge and enlighten the darkness that seems to prevail at home respecting Canada, are to go unrewarded, or are rather to entail pecuniary loss on him.

THE DOCTOR.—I think the Emigration articles alone entitle him to have this point conceded, and, now that he is about to issue his history, he has a double claim.

THE MAJOR.—I think what he asks is little enough. Mr. Christie received some patronage for his history of Lower Canada. Smith's Canada had also a few crumbs thrown to it; while the Anglo, which has done little else but attempt to Canadianize the rest of the world is suffered to pass, not unrewarded, but is positively to be punished for an attempt to increase its media of receiving information.

THE DOCTOR.—Will not the Press come forward in support of our claims?

THE MAJOR.—I reckon with much confidence in their co-operation in the matter, and have very little doubt but that, when the matter is fairly stated, we shall receive what we seek. In the meantime, we will ask our exchanges only to transmit us that copy of their journals which may contain a notice,

whether favorable or otherwise, of the Magazine. Our pockets are light, and we cannot afford to pay for the great number of papers which we at present receive.

THE LAIRD.—But I say, lads, there is the tinkle o' Mother Grundy's supper-bell!—*Exeunt omnes.*)

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CANADA.

MISCELLANEOUS LAND GRANTS.—Return of Lands alienated from the crown without valuable consideration, since 1st of January, 1851, for information of the Legislative Assembly :

Granted to the Wesleyan Methodists of London, lying in the township of London, N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ block on Great Market Street, $\frac{2}{4}$ acres, for Church; Free Presbyterian Church of Canada, Sydenham, lots 4, 5, 6, 7, north side Union Street, 2 acres, for Church; Council of Lanark and Darling, Lanark, Reserve block, 4 acres for Town Hall, &c.; Free Presbyterian Church, Holland, part of lot 19 in 1st concession, 2 acres, for Burying Ground and School; Trustees of Grammar Schools, County of Kent, Chatham, S.E. part of block adjoining Church of England, $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres, for School; Council of Normanby, Normanby, part of lot 7, west of Owen Sound road, 10 acres, for Burying Ground and School; Council of Chatham, Harwich, Park lot, 18 and 1 in 2nd concession, 10 acres, for Burying Ground; Agricultural Society of Kent, Chatham, park lot, 5 acres, for Fair Ground, &c.; Wesleyan Methodists, Warwick, park lot, seven acres, Church and Burying Ground; Council of Sydenham, Sydenham, Triangular block, 51 acres, for Public Pleasure Ground; Council of Chatham, Chatham, Market block, 2 acres, for Market; Council of Norfolk, Charlottenville, block Grave Street, 4 acres, for Burying Ground; Trustees of Grammar School of the County of Frontenac, Kingston, S. $\frac{1}{4}$ of lot 14 in 4th concession, 100 acres, for School; Council of Niagara, Niagara, lots 79, 80, 89, and 90, 4 acres, for School; Council of Harwich, Shrewsbury, block, 2 acres, for School and Master's residence; Council of York, York, part of lot 15, east of Yonge Street, 1 acre, General Burying Ground; Roman Catholics, Russell, part of lot 8 in 8th concession, 10 acres, for Chapel and School; Orphan Home and Female Aid Society, Toronto, part of the Reserve adjoining the Military Burying Ground, 1 acre, for building for the Institution and School; Council of Albert, Albert, lot 4, South West London Road, 5 acres, School and Master's residence.

JOHN ROLPH.

Crown Land Department, }
Quebec, 5th October, 1852. }

FORGED NOTES.—The Quebec *Mercury* warns the public that forged \$10 notes of the Bank of Montreal and also forged \$4 notes of the Bank of British North America, are in circulation in Quebec, and if so, some of them may probably reach this neighborhood. It

therefore behoves people receiving money to examine it closely. Forged notes are seldom heard of in Canada. The \$4 notes alluded to, it seems are executed with a pen.

ARTILLERY IN QUEBEC.—The Artillery in Quebec, now practice ball firing frequently along the surface of the water; and it seems this will be continued, as a quantity of gun-powder has been allowed them this year, for the purpose. It is also stated that several heavy pieces of ordnance, have been lately placed on the fortifications. These preparations seem ominous, at least they are prudent, considering the portentous state of affairs in Europe.

GOLD IN CANADA.—The reported discovery of Gold in Canada, is already making some noise in the newspapers. The *New York Tribune* says:—

We met yesterday an intelligent gentleman, recently from the mines, who exhibited about two dollars' worth of coarse gold which he said was the result of the washings from two pans of dirt. Our informant is not engaged in gold digging but has visited the mines from Yankee curiosity. He states that quite a large number of persons, in the employ of the proprietor of the mines, are successfully engaged in surface washing. These mines are situated on the River Dupont, near its junction on the Chaudière River, some forty-six miles from Quebec, and near the Kennebec Road. About five miles from this place, at the Rapids of the Chaudière River, there is said to be a very rich vein of gold bearing quartz. Our informant states that sixty dollars worth of gold was recently broken from the surface of a piece of rock in this vein weighing only thirty-eight pounds. He also states that some 50 or 60 years ago, a lump of pure gold, worth about \$300 was picked up in the vicinity of these discoveries, and that 2 or 3 years ago, several small lumps were found, some of which were exhibited at the World's Fair in London. It has been known for several months, that there were rich deposits of gold on the banks of the Chaudière and its tributaries, but negotiations for the sale of the mining privileges there have delayed active mining till within two or three weeks past.

STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND CANADA.

The contract for the establishment of a line of Steamers, between Liverpool and the St. Lawrence, is now before the public. The contracting parties are Mr. J. Young, late Chief Commissioner of Public Works of this Province, on the part of the Liverpool Shipping firm. The *Montreal Transcript*, gives the conditions of the contract which, briefly expressed, are that Messrs. Kean and McCarty, the Shipowners, shall keep up a regular line of large and powerful screw Steamers, to leave Liverpool for the St. Lawrence, either monthly or fortnightly, while the navigation is open; and monthly, during the winter, to Portland.

The maximum of passage rates is not to exceed, for first class, twenty-one pounds, sterling; for second class, twelve pounds twelve shillings, sterling; for third class, six pounds six shillings; and, for families, by agreement. Freight, for fine goods, not to exceed sixty shillings per ton measurement; and, for coarse goods, forty shillings. Rates of freight to England not to exceed the average of sailing vessels. Time occupied from England to Canada not to exceed fourteen days, nor, on their return, thirteen. Fourteen trips from the middle of April to that of November, to be made to the St. Lawrence; and, while the St. Lawrence is closed, five to Portland. The steamers to come up to Montreal, if there be water for them; if not, to forward the cargo by lighters. The line to be in service in the spring of next year. Mails, and the officers in charge, to be carried, and days of departure to be adopted at the discretion of the Provincial Government. Books, pamphlets, and maps, for the purpose of promoting emigration, to be carried and circulated without charge. The contract to last for seven years; the steamers to pay no light or other provincial dues. On the other hand, it is contracted that the Canadian Government shall pay to Messrs. McKean, McCarty and Company, at stipulated rates for certain voyages named, the sum of nineteen thousand pounds sterling a year, and the Railway Company and the city of Portland agree to pay five thousand pounds in addition. The other stipulations are merely formal and explanatory.

NEW NOTES.—New notes, of various denominations, have been issued by the Bank of Montreal. They are exceedingly plain and business-like, resembling in this respect, as well as in having a water mark, the notes of the Bank of England. We may mention that they are only signed by one of the clerks.

TORONTO AND GUELPH RAILWAY.—The contract for the Railroad from Toronto to Guelph has been given to C. S. Gzowski & Co., for £7408 currency, per mile, or £355,600, currency for the whole distance. This does not cover land claims and stations. The amount greatly exceeds the first speculative cost, when the project was got up.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE Railway Bills have passed both houses of the Parliament of that Province, by decisive majorities. In the Council there appears to have been no opposition, and in the House but seven dissenting voices. The bills are two in number; the first provides for amending the Charter of the European and North American Railway Company, so as to render the provisions of that Charter in accordance with the agreement entered into by Mr. Jackson

and his associates. The other provides for the repeal of the Facility Act passed at a previous session, which contemplates the construction of the railroads of the Province on a different plan. This latter was passed through its preliminary stages in both Houses on the 27th, and it was expected that the Legislature would break up on Friday the 29th. The acts are subject to the Queen's approval. Every member of the Legislature was in his seat. The proceedings of the Legislature appear to give general satisfaction in St. John's. The *New Brunswicker* says:—A new era is about to dawn on New Brunswick, and we now enter on prosperous days."

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION IN NEW BRUNSWICK. WE have already announced the opening of the New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition. The following circumstantial account of it we abridge from the *Fredericton Head Quarters* of the 6th instant:—

The subject of so much labor, conjecture, fear and hope, was formally and successfully inaugurated yesterday. At an early hour, the firemen of Fredericton and St. John, and the Masonic fraternity, headed by the Band and Pipers of the 72nd Highlanders, under the direction of Sheriff Wolhaupter, as Grand Marshal, marched through the principal streets of the city, and in their varied and showy costumes, with badges, banners, and insignia, made an imposing and gay appearance. Precisely at two o'clock, p.m., His Excellency Sir Edmund Head, Lieutenant Governor of the Province, and Patron of the Exhibition, was received at the Hall of the Exhibition by a Guard of Honor, of the 72nd Highlanders, and entered the building under a salvo of artillery. At the moment of His Excellency's entrance the scene and circumstances were deeply impressive. The vast area of the hall was densely crowded by men of all ranks and conditions, from localities near and remote, with a large admixture of the mothers and daughters of our country. The Band of the 72nd Highlanders, and the united choirs of all our churches, struck at once into a glorious rendering of our time honored national anthem, the full choir, accompanied by the band, sang to the venerable measure of Old Hundred, the appropriate hymn beginning

"With one consent let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise."

A complimentary address having been presented to Sir Edmund Head, His Excellency replied to it in suitable terms.

After the reply, the opening of the Exhibition was officially declared, and was received by a round of thorough old fashioned British cheers, with a genuine Bluenose one or two more.

The Exhibition in quality, quantity, and variety of specimens, both agricultural produce and manufactures, outdoes the utmost expectation of the warmest friends of the enterprise, and is at once a triumphant refutation of all the apprehensions of the timid, and the disloyal prophecies of the "ruin and decay" men.

If any New Brunswicker can stand in the presence of the industrial treasures which the soil and climate of our Province, and the labor of our agriculturists have piled up on these shelves before him, and the noble edifices which skilled, ingenious, and successful manufacturing industry have arrayed around, above, and before him, if standing thus he hesitates to "thank God and take courage," his mind and heart must be dead to the veriest possi-

bility of faith and gratitude. The trophies of mechanical skill and ingenuity in vast varieties of form, are equally abundant and demonstrative."

The Exhibition closed on the 9th instant. The cattle show is spoken of by our New Brunswick contemporaries as "a grand affair," and the cattle exhibited, as being greater in number and better in breed, than many supposed New Brunswick could produce.



In view of the immense activity prevailing in the French naval arsenals—a curious corollary on the peaceful Empire proclaimed so lately at Bordeaux—our own Admiralty, we are glad to perceive, is strengthening that great arm of our defence, that may be needed when we least expect it. A ministerial journal announces that ten line-of-battle ships, now on the stocks or ordered to be built, are to be fitted with powerful screw propellers. France under its new régime must be watched with unceasing vigilance by those to whose keeping the welfare of Great Britain is committed, since assuredly nothing on earth but apprehension of failure will prevent the self-willed Louis Napoleon from attempting, sooner or later, the project before which even the genius of his uncle recoiled. Or he may perchance, and events point that way, look to the East for the fulfilment of what he calls his mission. The position and strength of the British fleet in the Mediterranean is always perfectly well known; not so would be the character and purposes of an armament that might be assembled or fitted at Toulon. Without pursuing this vague train of thought, it may be sufficient to predict that whenever the reserved and resolute man, who now lords it over France, shall feel himself sufficiently strong to work out his destiny, we shall hear stirring news from the "French Lake."

Having already alluded to our dearly-beloved friend Louis Napoleon, we shall not waste many more words upon him, although his undoubted influence upon the policies of Europe will prevent our passing him over in silent contempt. The Empire of course, with all its contingencies, is still the prominent theme, as it will be until its proclamation; and the manner in which it is now said that the question will be submitted to the nation is entirely characteristic of the nation's matter. The subjects of hereditary despotic

power may sometimes console themselves with the hope, that if their burden be heavy, a change of person may work to their advantage. If the Emperor be severe, his heirs may be kindly.—But Louis Napoleon in his intense selfishness and utter disregard of that family claim which he so ostentatiously puts forward, is it seems to have the Empire made hereditary in his own direct male line, but failing his male issue is to have the right of naming his successor! The modesty of the proposal, the fresh stimulus which it will offer to obsequiousness, and the debased condition of the people who can blindly put on such a yoke, need not be pointed out.—Again, there is talk of a large reduction of the army, even to the amount of fifty or a hundred thousand men. This would read well in the eyes of Europe; but the truth is, that his idea is to disband or reduce many regiments of the line whose recruits are easily procured, and at the same time to keep the officers in pay; strengthen, foster, and train his cavalry, artillery, and riflemen, who compose the flower of his forces; and even to organize fresh troops of the Municipal Guard, who are equally efficient as soldiers or as policemen. As usual, one thing is announced, whilst another is intended.—Amongst minor Parisian items, we observe that Abd-el-Kader has arrived in the Capital where he will probably become the lion of the moment, such as the Dey of Algiers was in 1830.—Mademoiselle Rachel, of tragic celebrity, who as the Goddess of Liberty, sang the *Marseillaise* on the stage of the Théâtre Français in 1848, has condescended to recite in the same place a twaddling and sycophantic ode to the Prince President; on this occasion she enacted the Muse of History! The Pope still declines going to Paris, to perform the coronation ceremonies. He is wise.

Sir Charles Grey must have resigned, or have been recalled from his post of Governor of

Jamaica, inasmuch as we find the name of his success announced in London Journals, although subsequently withdrawn. We allude to Major Beresford, M. P., the Secretary at War.—It is recorded, but not officially, that Mr. Keate, now civil commissioner of the Seychelles Islands, is promoted to the governorship of Grenada, West Indies.

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE.

THE arrangements contemplated in connection with this solemn act of reverence for the memory of the Great Duke have undergone a slight modification. It was intended that, on the night previous to the interment, the body should be removed to the Horse Guards, and that the funeral procession should be formed at that point. In this the precedent of Nelson's interment was followed, for his remains rested on the night preceding the burial at the Admiralty. But it has been justly considered that Nelson had no town-house like the Duke, and that Apsley-house, therefore, is the proper point at which to form the procession. In accordance with this view, the body will remain at Chelsea Hospital till the morning of the 18th, and, when it reaches Apsley-house, those of whom the *cortège* is to consist will fall into their right places. The military escort of the funeral will consist of detachments from every regiment in the service—of three battalions of the Guards, 84 pensioners, representing the age to which the Duke had attained, the 33rd Foot, the Rifle Brigade, six squadrons of cavalry, and 17 guns. The artillery will head the procession, but it is intended that the firing should be at the Tower, which is sufficiently near for the purpose, and is the more appropriate from the Duke having been Constable. Deputations of 100 men, with their proper complement of officers, will also attend on the occasion from each of the five continental armies in which the Duke held the rank of field-marshal; and thus, in addition to a complete representation of the military force of this country, there will be assembled on the occasion types of those of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Spain, and Portugal. It is not believed that more than forty equipages will be required in the procession, which will be mainly conducted on foot.

Both at St. Paul's and at Chelsea Hospital the preparations for the approaching ceremonial are in rapid process of execution. The hall of the hospital has been completely cleared, preliminary to the arrangements for the lying in state, and the additional facilities required for ingress and egress are also being provided for. The fitting up of the cathedral is, as we have stated, progressing satisfactorily, and it is expected that, irrespective of the procession, at least 10,000 persons will be accommodated with seats in the interior. There is no doubt that the *coup d'œil* of the gigantic edifice, brilliantly illuminated from end to end, and with the light of day completely excluded, will be inexpressibly grand. Several imperfect trials of the effect produced have already been made, and with the most striking results.

"It is to be hoped," observes the *Times*, "that the attention which has recently been attracted among us to the subject of artistic design will not be thrown away on the approaching occasion, and that a national act of homage to departed great-

ness may not be disfigured by vulgar and tasteless devices. The funeral car in which Nelson was conveyed to St. Paul's combined in its structure the forms of a fourpost bedstead, a ship, a Greek altar, a hearse, and half-a-dozen other incongruities. What will foreigners think of us, and what can we think of ourselves, if, after so many years of increased civilization, we evince our sorrow as a people by a repetition of such extravagant and ludicrous absurdities?"

We understand that all the foreign powers (says the *United Service Gazette*), with one necessary exception, have signified their intention of sending deputations to participate in the forthcoming universal demonstrations of European grief, by attending the most extraordinary military funeral the world ever beheld. Russia, we hear, is about to send a portion of the 27th (the late Duke's own Regiment) to take part in the mournful obsequies of their illustrious Colonel. This is an appropriate and graceful tribute from the Czar to the memory of his venerated friend. The No. 27 naturally induces us to ask, will the 27th Inniskilling Regiment be excluded from a place in the last march with their immortal countryman? By a singular chance this is the only Irish national Regiment of Infantry which followed his victorious banner through the Peninsula, and concluded its brilliant career by literally immolating itself on the field of Waterloo. We say immolating advisedly; for the Duke himself, when speaking of them to Gen. Alava, observed—"The 27th will always be a striking proof that Irishmen can be as *coolly* brave as any other troops, for *they died* where they were formed in square by Lambert." Their loss on that day of carnage exceeded that of any other regiment engaged. Out of eighteen officers seventeen were killed or wounded, and four hundred and seventy-nine were knocked over, out of six hundred rank and file. This was not the first visit of the 27th to the plain of Waterloo. They were encamped twice under William the Third on that field of blood. That great Military Monarch was particularly attached to them, and always retained them near his person after the battle of the Boyne. In 1839 they were expressly detained by the late Lord Hill in this country for six months, after they had been under orders for Ireland, for the special purpose of forming an appropriate national Guard of honour, at that splendid festival given by the Cinque Ports to their illustrious Lord Warden. We trust that Lord Hardinge will not overlook this opportunity of paying a compliment to one of the most modest of our national regiments, and to that country which has the proud honour of being the birth-place of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

A PROPHECY FROM THE ARCTIC SEAS.

The date of the following extract from a letter written by one of Sir E. Beecher's officers has been anticipated; it has, however, a peculiar interest in connection with the ascertained opening of Wellington Channel.

"Lievly, Davis's Strait, June 6, 1852.

"The Arctic squadron is at present snugly moored in the harbour of Lievly, Davis's strait. Our passage out has not been a very pleasant one, although we were towed to 21 deg. of west lon-

gitude. We did not reach the Whale Islands till the 29th of May, 31 days from Stromness, two-thirds of which time our deeply-laden little craft was literally under water, consequently you may safely class her amongst those animals designated amphibious, but, as 'Jack' says, 'it will all rub off when dry.' Thank God, we are now in the region of icebergs and smooth water. Nothing worthy of remarking occurred during our passage, and to the best of my knowledge all hands in the expedition are well, with the exception of Captain Kellet, who has been poorly since the steamers left. Our Arctic commodore kept us strictly in sailing order, 'line abreast,' and did not lose sight of one of us for a single hour during the passage; no matter whether a calm or a gale, the signal flew, 'Keep your station.'

"We weighed anchor from Whale Islands yesterday. With the exception of a few straggling pieces we have as yet met with no ice, so it is quite probable that it is a 'block game' to the northward. I do long to see the commencement of the Melville Bay campaign, in order to witness the effects of galvanism and gunpowder on its opposing barriers. We can form no idea as yet what kind of season we are going to have; if we may believe the 'natives' it will be an 'open' one, but there is little faith to be placed in them. However, be it as it may, there is a general determination throughout the expedition that no obstacle shall impede our progress. Certainly, it is not in mortals to command success; but with all the experience of former expeditions to guide us, and possessing resources which they did not, as well as the greater portion of our crews being inured to Arctic service, we would be undeserving the name of Englishmen should we altogether fail.

"I am one of those who have returned twice from an unsuccessful search of the missing navigators. I am among those who have been blamed for not doing our duty, by men who, whatever may be their claims to science, are about as competent to discuss Arctic subjects as I am to deliver a lecture on conchology, a science of which I do not even know the technical terms. But, in conclusion, mark what I say!—Bells will ring, and bonfires will blaze, from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, on the return of Beccher's expedition."

BRITISH PROVINCES AND LIVERPOOL, DIRECT.

Last week's English mail brings us the following confirmation of a report long prevalent:—

A very useful project is being brought out under the designation of the "London, Liverpool, and North American Screw Steamship Company." The object of the company is to establish an economical, expeditious, and direct steam communication for goods and passengers between London, Liverpool, the United States, and the British North American colonies. The steamers will leave London and Liverpool alternately for New York throughout the year; for Canada and Newfoundland from March to October; and during the remainder of the year, in order that the communication with Canada may not be wholly interrupted, they will call at Portland, in the State of

Maine, between which port and Quebec and Montreal a railway is now in course of construction. During the season it is contemplated that the Company's steamers shall run straight up to Quebec or Montreal, where they will be in communication with steamers plying to Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and touching at all the ports on the route. When the line is established, it will probably cause a great diversion of the lake produce, which now passes in a great measure through the United States to the Atlantic sea board. The island of Newfoundland, so long deprived of the advantages of steam communication, will also be included in the route of the Company's steamers, and it is therefore probable the association will secure the bounty offered by the Colonial Legislature. The company is at present provisionally registered, under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, but a charter has been applied for, and will in all probability be readily secured, until which time a deposit of 2s. per share is to be payable. The capital is fixed at £600,000 in £20 shares, and the committee includes some of our most influential firms connected with both branches of the North American trade.

OVERLAND MAIL.—We have received the following message by electric telegraph, dispatched on the 25th, from Trieste:—A brigade, under Brigadier Reynolds, C.B., consisting of her Majesty's 18th Royal Irish, her Majesty's 80th Regiment, and the 35th Native Infantry, with a proportionate force of artillery, left Rangoon, on the 18th of September, in steamers, for Prome, accompanied by General Godwin. The steamers were to return immediately for the brigade. The Burmese troops had destroyed Prome, and had posted themselves in masses on a height ten miles off the town. They were said to be only 7,000 strong with a few guns.

PARIS.—The *Moniteur* announces the liberation of Abd-el-Kader, who is to be conveyed to Broussa, in Turkey, and receive treatment worthy of his rank. In addition to the titles of "Napoleon III, *Empereur des Français, and Roi d'Algérie,*" the future assumption of which is attributed to Louis Napoleon, it is said he will assume that of "*Protecteur des Lieux Saints,*" The liberation of Abd-el-Kader has occasioned some surprise, but satisfaction generally, so far as has as yet been ascertained. The breach of faith of which the Emir had been the object is undeniable, but perhaps the allusion to the preceding Government *would have been better omitted,* as well as the censure on those *who fail to perform their promise.*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The war still "drags its slow length along," and the latest intelligence from the frontier states that outrages are still committed on the frontiers, even in the very proximity of the towns and posts. Both parties still war with cattle—the Kaffirs managing generally to hold their own remarkably well. The frontier districts are still swarming with rebels and Kaffirs, who carry with them devastation and ruin, too frequently with impunity. The coal that had been discovered turns out to be anthracite, giving encouragement to further search, which is much promoted by the Government, who have offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of coal beds.

The gold reported by the *Haddington* to have been found at the *Waterkloof*, turns out to be sulphuret of iron. The principal event during the past month has been the advance of Lieutenant-General Cathcart, at the head of a strong column of troops, and about 1,000 burghers, across the Kei, into the territory of the Amagaleka Kaffir chief Kreli—his burning the deserted kraal or great place " of that chief—and his return to head-

quarters, at King William's Town, and disbandment of the burgher force, after capturing 13,000 of the enemy's cattle.

COPENHAGEN.—The late hurricane has covered the Danish and Swedish coasts with wrecks, and plunged numberless families into distress. Out of the port of Elsinore alone, nearly 100 fishermen have been lost, and subscriptions are being gathered for the relief of the survivors.



AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

THE importance and usefulness of Agricultural Fairs has not been over-rated. They have done more than any other means to awaken the desire for improvement, to arouse the ambition to excel, and to furnish tangible evidence that superior culture will produce superior products. From small beginnings, these farmers' festivals have extended themselves over a great part of our land, and every year vies with its predecessor in the beauty, excellence, and variety of its exhibitions. This is well; but ambition should not stop here. The farmer, the gardener, the breeder, should carry home with him something more than his diploma and premium. He should acquire, in his experience, the power to carry his improvements to a still higher degree of perfection. The mere repetition of the same scene, under slightly varying circumstances, will soon tire. New elements must mingle in the rivalry of every competition, fresh energy must be brought to every recent discovery and improvement, or we tread in the same beaten circle.

All the experimenting, thus far, on the different modes of culture, on the soils best adapted to certain crops, on the manures most efficacious on different soils, and when applied to different crops, has not demonstrated one generally admitted and safe conclusion. Our farmers consent to assemble year after year, bringing with them the same implements, the same stock, the same articles of manufacture, and having received the accustomed premium they go home, well satisfied with their progress.

The failure to derive any lasting good from such exhibitions is directly chargeable on the farmers themselves. Careful reports have been made of the proceedings of each Agricultural Society, which are accessible to the mass of farmers; agricultural papers keep their subscribers informed of all the improvements and discoveries in culture, and each farmer must systematize the facts for himself, and draw his own conclusions as to what is adapted to his wants.

There is no such thing as avoiding the labour necessary to arrange the experience of others, so as to appropriate it to individual use. Eminence in farming, as in all other pursuits, must be the result of personal observation and study; and the compilation of facts, however valuable, by an editor, will not make amends for the want of such personal effort as we speak of. Scientific men will do their part faithfully and well,—editors will use their best exertions to arouse public interest and properly direct it, but "each man must build over against his own house." The golden age of farming will never come till each agriculturist goes thoughtfully about his own work, investigates, and decides for himself his own matters of economy. Universal intelligence is the *sine qua non* of universal success, and when it comes to be considered as important for a farmer to be educated to his profession, in order to live by it, as it is in other things, then, and not ill then, will the progress of agriculture be certain and constant.

We venture to say that hundreds of farmers take an agricultural paper, who do not derive from it the slightest advantage, merely because

they do not classify and digest what they read. So, many who attend an Agricultural Fair, gratify only their curiosity for sight-seeing—admire, it may be, what is pleasing or novel; but never think that their main business should be to inquire into the means which have been used in the production of the premium articles, the manner in which the fine cattle are bred, and the advantage of employing improved implements in their farm labour. Too many look with an envious spirit upon all that is better than their own, deride what is inferior, and go home to plod on. This state of things may be incident to the comparatively recent origin of fairs in many parts of the country; still, we think there is an error here which needs correcting.

We are led to notice another prevalent evil among the agricultural community, and that is a want of organization among farmers for promoting their own interests. They are not recognisable as a class, save at County Fairs; they claim no rights, assert no privileges, demand no exemption, but suffer in silence, or spend their strength in fruitless complainings. In other occupations men club together to maintain the position of their craft; they call for the protection of their interests, and they find means to secure their ends. Mechanics' Institutes are very common in our large villages and towns. Young men are taught by their daily experience and observation, that superior education and industry are necessary to success in their trade, and many a penniless apprentice has risen to eminence by his own exertions, aided by a library, and whatever other means were in his power. On the contrary, the leading question with our farmers too often is,—How shall I get independent of my calling?—how can I avoid the drudgery and toil of it? and not how shall I improve my farm the most, and make farming the most honorable and delightful of pursuits? We want to see a consolidation of the masses for self-improvement, and the rights and well-being of farmers, made foremost in our national councils, as they are the most deeply connected with national prosperity. When the united voice of the farmers of this country comes up in one cry, they must and will be heard.

When they come to feel the truth of the remark which politicians love to weave into their honied speeches, that the "bone and sinew" of the nation's strength lies in them, then will they not sit in sackcloth and ashes at the gate of legislative assemblies, but go manfully in and take the rights which have been too long entrusted to those who neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns, but eat the fruits of other's labors. There

should be in every town a "Farmer's Club," not consisting merely of a few of the more wealthy, but of the entire body of farmers. This club should own a library of Agriculture, consisting not only of the more popular class of agricultural publications, but also of all the foreign standard works on the subject. In this way a vast amount of instruction and information might be derived, and the expense, when divided among a large number of farmers, would not be very considerable. This club should hold frequent meetings, in which discussions on various topics, the communication of individual experience, and the results of private reading, should form the distinctive feature.

The approaching winter season will be a favorable time for the forming of such clubs, and if we mistake not, such organizations will effect, more speedily than any other means, a union of agriculturists and the promotion of their interests.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAN MONEY BE MADE BY FARMING?

SIR,—As my researches have not resulted in the conviction that farming pursuits, however desirable in other respects, are sure to be profitable as a business, I am led to suppose that the difficulty must be either in myself, or a certain unwillingness on the side of editors to promptly give the whole truth. For instance,—Why is it so notorious, that men universally pronounce farming occupations to cost more than its results amount to, weighed in the balance of debt and credit? It certainly looks as if there was some ground for such a judgment. Agricultural papers are always putting in the foreground, the delightful advantages of country life, the pleasures of farming. But where is the working farmer, retired merchant, sea captain, or amateur, who can give us the real truth, covering the results of five or ten years? You will hear a theorist charm his audience with the prettiest systems of rotation imaginable, and the talented chemist crying over the dreadful waste of organic and other manures in large cities; and what does it all amount to? Does he farm it? What responsibility dare he assume, who urges his fellow man to invest his capital in what he dare not himself? The truth is, I am yet to see, in any modern work, an authentic record of any man's farm for a course of years, in this country, stating that it has or has not paid him, a reasonable family expense, and left him square at the end of the year—unless he happens to be one of your *grubbing, anti-book-farming* characters, who do all their own work, don't educate their children, and live with scarcely any of the comforts of life—thinking that money is all in all, and nothing else is worth possessing.

Now I want you to frankly tell me, if I can, by a judicious expenditure of capital, with a market not far distant, bring ordinary land to a condition that will enable me to support my family comfortably?

You perceive I propose an earnest investigation, and my reason for it is, fairly to know, from credit-

able sources, whether I am justified in freely investing money on my 40 acres of land, with any prospect before me that the returns will, after five years, compensate me for the extra outlay.

Once more is it not true that all farming journals are united in representing that the prejudices against farming among the crowds of young men who throng the marts of commerce, is occasioned by a distaste of labor, or its slow returns, or by reason of caste; and do you not endeavour to convince them that these impressions are wrong? Indeed, do you not often try to convince them that although they will not become rich quite as fast by farming as by successful trade, yet that they are sure of freedom from wasting excitement, and may enjoy what is worth more than large returns accompanied by sleepless nights. This is all very plausible, but the misfortune is, that they don't think as you represent. I can speak for 10,000 young men now in New York, who are compelled to struggle onward in the almost hopeless race for competence, who would cut loose from such confinement, could they have the evidence before their eyes, that with a small capital, competence is attainable on a well cultivated farm.

I heard it remarked by an intelligent man, before a county audience, that were all farmers to sell off their farms, and invest the proceeds in bonds and mortgages, &c., they would be much better off. Now will you be kind enough to inform your many readers the names of ten intelligent farmers, who realize a competence from their respective farms—whose business for a series of years can be pronounced profitable? I fear it cannot be done. I hold it decidedly wrong for a retired merchant to live without occupation, and inasmuch as I have chosen, from a long cherished preference, a country residence, I must cordially acknowledge that I am possessed with the common feeling of my fellow men, and find it hard to swallow a yearly loss, after the pains, labor, and expense of producing crops, and getting for an equivalent the only satisfaction of knowing that I could support my family cheaper in town, and have less trouble.

Don't think me impertinent, or wishing to cast any discredit on you or your compeers of the press, but I am desirous of being encouraged, if in your power consistently so to do, and will persevere if I can see a fair prospect of success in the future.

MERCUTIO.

REMARKS—The gist of the above anonymous communication, is comprised in the question, whether the person who wrote it can support his "family comfortably" from 40 acres of land? How does he suppose it possible that such a question can be answered from the data he gives? We know nothing about the land, its capabilities of production, or the value of its produce. We do not even know where it is situated. He tells us there is "a market not far distant," but we have no information as to what market is meant, the price of agricultural and horticultural articles, or what could be raised from the land to the best advantage. He is just as indefinite in regard to the amount of income he requires from his 40 acres. He wants to support his "family comfortably;" but how do we know what his family is, or what expenditure of money would keep an in-

definite number of people in that indefinite state called "comfortable?" Upon the whole, he has given us a *poser*—we acknowledge the proposition is too hard for us to solve.

As to the general question of the profits of farming, it is easily answered. Take the whole farming interest of the country. Does it lose or gain? It obviously gains. What but agriculture supports four-fifths of our population? In our own county we have many sections where agriculture constitutes the only resource of the inhabitants. Is our friend so ignorant as to suppose that there has been no increase in wealth in these districts for "a series of years?"

As to the remark charged to "an intelligent man," that all the farmers in his county would do better to sell out and invest their money in bonds and mortgages, we think there might be some question as to his "intelligence." As to the names of "ten intelligent farmers in our county," who make farming profitable, we do not wish to make an invidious array of names, but if our correspondent will give us his own name and residence, we will send him the names of *one hundred* men who, for "a series of years," have made money by farming, and who will be ready to show the way it was done.

THE LOBOS ISLANDS AND GUANO.

THESE islands, claimed by the government of Peru, and which have, till within a few years, been considered of no value, have become a bone of contention. Barren and uninhabitable as they are, they are the depositories of a wealth, which is destined to fertilize the overtaxed fields of distant countries; that it will ever come into general use, we very much question, but as a special fertilizer for certain crops, and in certain localities, it is valuable. Large quantities are being imported by English speculators, and the attention of the British Parliament is being called to the expediency of securing the article on more favorable terms, or of sending ships for the purpose of discovering more islands, upon which similar deposits have been made. A dispute is pending between the U. S. government and that of Peru, with regard to the title of these islands.

The following description of these islands, and the situation of the guano, we cut from *Dickens' Household Words*, and it will interest our readers:

"The three islands lie nearly due north and south; the breadth of the passage between them being about a mile in one instance, and two miles in the other. The south island is as yet untouched, and from a visit I paid it, I should suppose it to contain more guano than is found in either of the others. The middle island, at which we traded, has been moderately worked, but the greatest quantity of guano is taken from the north island. In their general formation the islands are alike. They all rise, on the side next the mainland, in a perpendicular wall of rock; from the edge of the precipice, the guano then slopes upwards to the centre of each island, where a pinnacle of rock rises above the surface; from this point it descends to the sea by a gentle declivity, the guano continuing to within a few feet of the water. Each island has, at a distance, the appearance of a flattened cone, but they have all

been originally broken into rocky hills and valleys. The deposits of guano have gradually filled up the valleys, and risen above the rocks, the cuttings of the guano diggers vary from a depth of eighty or a hundred feet, to merely a few inches.

"The guano is regularly stratified; the lower strata are regularly solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red color, which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface. On the surface it has a whitey-brown light crust, very well baked by the sun; it is a crust containing eggs, being completely honey-combed by the birds, which scratch deep oblique holes in it to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited. These holes often running into each other, form long galleries with several entrances, and this mining system is so elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any part of the islands without sinking to the knee.

"Though the islands are not large—their average circumference being about two miles—the accumulation of guano is almost incredible. Calculations as to the probable quantity must, on account of the varying depths of the deposits, be very uncertain. I remember making an average of the depth, and deducting therefrom a rough estimate that the three small islands alone contain upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of tons of pure guano, which, at the rate of supply which has been going on during the last five or six years, would require about one hundred and eighty years for removal, and at its English value—which, after deducting freight, is about £5 per ton—would be worth twelve hundred and fifty millions sterling. This is exclusive of vast quantities which have been used by the Peruvians themselves."

POINTS OF A GOOD HOG.

I would caution the reader against being led away by a mere name, in his selection of a hog. A hog may be called a Berkshire or a Suffolk, or any other breed most in estimation, and yet may in reality possess none of this valuable blood. The only sure mode by which the buyer will be able to avoid imposition is, to make name always secondary to points. If you find a hog possessed of such points of form as are calculated to insure early maturity, and facility of taking flesh, you need care little what it has seemed good to the seller to call him; and remember that no name can bestow value on an animal deficient in the qualities to which I have alluded. The true Berkshire—that possesses a dash of the Chinese and Neapolitan varieties—comes, perhaps, nearer to the desired standard than any other. The chief points which characterize such a hog are the following:—In the first place, sufficient depth of carcass, and such an elongation of body as will insure a sufficient lateral expansion. Let the loin and chest be broad. The breadth of the former denotes good room for the play of the lungs, and a consequent free and healthy circulation, essential to the thriving or fattening of any animal. The bone should be small and the joints fine—nothing is more indicative of high breeding than this; and the legs should be no longer than, when fully fat, would just prevent the animal's belly

from trailing upon the ground. The leg is the least profitable portion of the hog, and we require no more of it than is absolutely necessary for the rest. See that the feet be firm and sound; that the toes lie well together, and press straightly upon the ground; as also, that the claws are even, upright, and healthy. Many say that the form of the head is of little or no consequence, and that a good hog may have an ugly head; but I regard the head of all animals as one of the very principal points in which pure or impure breeding will be the most obviously indicated. A highbred animal will invariably be found to arrive more speedily at maturity, to take flesh earlier, and with greater facility, and, altogether, to turn out more profitably, than one of questionable or impure stock; and such being the case, I consider that the head of the hog is, by no means, a point to be overlooked by the purchaser. The description of head most likely to promise, or rather to be concomitant of, high breeding, is one not carrying heavy bone, not too flat on the forehead, or possessing a too elongated snout,—the snout should be short, and the forehead rather convex, curving upward; and the ear should be, while pendulous, inclining somewhat forward, and, at the same time, light and thin. Nor should the buyer pass over even the carriage of a pig. If this be dull, heavy, and dejected, reject him, on suspicion of ill health, if not of some concealed disorder actually existing, or just about to break forth; and there cannot be a more unfavorable symptom than a hang-down, slouching head. Of course, a fat hog for slaughter, or a sow heavy with young, has not much sprightliness of deportment.

Nor is color altogether to be lost sight of. In the case of hogs I would prefer those colors which are characteristic of our most esteemed breeds. If the hair be scant, I would look for black, as denoting connection with the Neapolitan; but if too bare of hair, I would be disposed to apprehend too immediate alliance with that variety, and a consequent want of hardihood, that, however unimportant, if pork be the object, renders such animals' hazardous speculations as stores, from their extreme susceptibility to cold, and consequent liability to disease. If white, and not too small, I would like them as exhibiting connection with the Chinese. If light or sandy, or red with black marks, I would recognise our favorite Berkshire; and so on, with reference to every possible variety of hue. These observations may appear trivial; but they are the most important I have yet made, and the pig buyer will find his account in attending to them.

PRIZE CALF.

As it would be outstepping the legitimate limits of the *Canadian Journal*, to notice at length the Farming Stock exhibited at the Show, we shall confine our remarks to one or two remarkable illustrations of the progress which has been made in Canada, in this most important department of Agricultural industry. Among the most conspicuous of the stock exhibited at the last Exhibition, was the herd of Mr. Ralph Wade, jun., Coburg. One of his calves, a heifer six months old, realized the sum of \$200, having been bought by Mr. Becar of New York. Another of his cat-

tle, a bull, three years old, was sold to J. Wood, Esq., Jefferson County, New York, for the same amount.

Along with the general symmetry of these animals, we could not but be struck with their velvety softness of hair and delicacy of touch. Mr. Wade informed us also, that on the side of both sire and dam they are descended from a race of most excellent milkers. They were bred from a cow imported by Mr. Ralph Wade, jun., the foundation we believe of his present stock. Their sire "American Belted Will," lately sold to Mr. Duguill, of Genesee County, was bred from an imported cow, by Mr. R. Wade, sen., and took the first prizes at the Provincial Shows, both at Brockville and Kingston. The sire of "American Belted Will" took the second premium at the British agricultural meeting at Newcastle, where twenty-four were shown; Mr. Hopper's celebrated bull, Belleville, carrying off the prize.

We rejoice to see our Canadian farmers raising herds of such purity and of so independent a character, as while it affords us an opportunity of making use of any really valuable cross produced among the cattle of our neighbors, it cannot fail to draw them into our market as the most desirable in which to seek those infusions of new blood so necessary to maintain in full vigor any race of cattle.—*Canadian Journal*.

THE POTATO DISEASE.—Any experiment that tends to throw additional light upon the disease in potatoes, is deserving of consideration, because, although it may not explain the cause satisfactorily, yet it is only by the accumulation of facts, such as the apparent influence of divers modes of growth upon it, that we can hope at last to trace out the principles upon which the presence or absence of the disease is dependant. A. Mons. Bayard has communicated to the horticulturists of Paris, the result of an experiment made by him in an altogether new direction, the result of which he gives in the following account: "Upon my property in the commune of Jaille-Yron, in the department of the Maine and Loire, the potatoes grown in 1850 were generally bad. Before planting, in 1851, I cut some potatoes into sets, and forced into each set, according to its size, one, two or three dry peas. A piece of ground was planted with these sets, and an adjoining piece with sets without peas. Notwithstanding the dry summer, the peas grew strong and flowered, and the potatoe stems pushed vigorously. The potatoes containing peas produced a crop without disease, which kept well through the winter, and part of them were used the present year in June, for sets. Part of the crop of the sets planted without peas, were diseased. Whilst the above experiment was going on in a field of heavy land, a similar one was made in a kitchen garden, where the soil was light, and the result was the same. The potatoes with peas were healthy, but those without rapidly indicated signs of ill-health. During the growth of the pea stems and potatoe stems, some were pulled up and examined, and it appeared that the early vegetation of the pea had carried off the excessive humidity from the potato." Assuming that upon repetition of this experiment in other parts, it is found to give the same results, there can be little doubt that the

concluding sentence indicates the cause, namely, the absorption by the roots of the peas of a portion of the water contained in the sets. This is a strong evidence in favor of the correctness of the now very general opinion, that excessive moisture has much to do with the disease.

GRADUAL AND SUCCESSFUL PROGRESS IN PLANTING.

One of the most interesting fragments of individual history we have lately seen, especially as connected with horticultural pursuits, is contained in the following extract, which we make from the "Notes on Gardens and Nurseries," in the last number of Hovey's Magazine.

"RESIDENCE OF JOS. STICKNEY, ESQ., WATER-TOWN.—Strange, indeed, is it, to see how slight a circumstance may change and mould a taste for objects previously of no interest whatever. Some years ago, when the taste for the culture of that gorgeous flower, the Dahlia, was carried to a greater extent than now, a gentleman whose time was almost incessantly occupied in commercial matters, and who possessed only a few square feet of garden, in the rear of his dwelling, in the city, was struck with the splendor of one of the exhibitions of this flower, at the rooms of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and at once made up his mind to buy a few plants. Spring came, and they were set out;—they flourished—grew,—and all the autumn repaid the careful attention of a zealous amateur, by a brilliant display of flowers. This was grand success for a beginner. Another year came round, and the dozen sorts were augmented to fifty, and still the same success. Delighted to find himself so well repaid, (unaware it was entirely owing to that love which spared no pains for the welfare of the plants,) the newest and finest sorts were procured, and another season he not only became a competitor for the prizes, but actually carried some of them off!

But with a few feet of land, already overfilled, there was no room for further additions to his stock, and he must add more or grow a less number of plants; the latter could not be done, and another hundred feet of ground, worth almost as many acres a few miles from the city, was added. But now other objects divided his attention. The grand displays of fruit were so rich and inviting that to be a mere admirer would not do: why should not success attend the growth of fruit, as well as dahlias; there could be no doubt of it. His resolve was made, and the corners were filled with young pear trees. On they went, growing, thriving, pushing out their vigorous shoots, and spreading out their leafy branches, making sad roads upon the territory of the Mexicans, and in fact showing a disposition to dispute all the ground they had heretofore occupied. Time rolled on, golden fruit hung from their heavily laden boughs, and a rich harvest crowned the efforts of the cultivator of the city garden.

And now accompanying him further, we find ourselves on a beautiful spot, on the banks of the River Charles, in the pretty village of Water-town, overlooking its flowing waters on one side, and the thickly settled plain on the other. Terraces of immense size, covered with trees in

full bearing, all the work of half a dozen years, rise one above another, and skirt the river bank. Ascending by several flights of steps, we reach a broad plateau, on which stands the mansion, in the olden style, large, capacious, without ornament, but with that essential of the country house, comfort. It is reached from the front by an avenue from the Mill-dam road, and is screened in that direction by a grove of gigantic pines, oaks and hickories.

Such is the residence of Mr. Stickney, who was fortunate in purchasing, eight years ago, the estate of Madame Hunt, containing about thirty-five acres, accessible in 20 minutes by the Water-town Branch Railroad, the station being within five minutes' walk. Few places more capable of being made a perfect villa residence, are to be found in the vicinity; and the possession of all this, now under a high state of culture, and affording so much enjoyment to its owner, has been the result of his admiration of a beautiful flower."

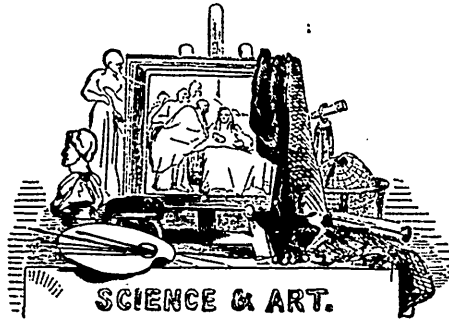
THE ENGLISH CRAB, AND THE APPLE.—Prof. MAPES objects to the position taken by the Maine

Farmer, that the English crab is a distinct species from the common apple, and that the latter did not spring from the former as some have supposed, and as Downing and others maintained. Scientific authority and facts appear fully to establish the entire distinctness of the two. The celebrated English botanist, Ray, regarded them as distinct, and later authorities have given the following specific characters, which show them to be more unlike than many others universally admitted as distinct.

ENGLISH CRAB.—Leaves ovate, *acute, villous*, underneath; styles *bald*; fruit acerb, astringent, austere.

APPLE TREE.—Leaves ovate-oblong, *acuminate, glabrous*; styles *villous*; fruit more or less sweet.

In accordance with these marked distinctions, is the experience of centuries; for the English crab has been propagated from seed from time immemorial, without changing its character, or presenting any resemblance to the fine varieties of the common apple. It may be observed that the American crab apple, is totally distinct from both.



THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE, RESERVOIR SQUARE.

RESERVOIR Square, of which the municipal authorities have given the association a lease, lies west of the Croton distributing reservoir, and between that mighty mass of stone and the Sixth avenue. The precise distance from the reservoir to the Sixth avenue is 445 feet, and the width, north and south, from Fortieth to Forty-second street is 455 feet. On this piece of ground—not very favorable, it must be owned, either in shape or location—the association have determined to erect the building in question, of which the plans have been selected among several competitors, of whom may be mentioned, Mr. Saeltzer, the architect of the Astor Library; Mr. Downing, killed on board the Henry Clay; Mr. Eidlitz, Sir Joseph Paxton, and others. The successful competitors are Messrs. Carstensen & Gildemeister.

The main features of the building are as follows;—The general idea of the edifice is a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection. Each diameter of the cross will be 365 feet 5 inches long. There will be three similar entrances—one on the Sixth avenue, one on Fortieth, and one on

Forty-second street. Each entrance will be 47 feet wide, and that on the Sixth avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps. Each arm of the cross, on the ground plan 149 feet broad. This is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side—the nave 41 feet wide—each aisle 54 feet wide. On each front is a large semicircular fanlight, 41 feet broad, and 21 feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. The central portion or nave is carried up to the height of 67 feet, and the semicircular arch, by which it is spanned, is 41 feet broad. There are thus, in effect, two arched naves crossing each other at right angles, 41 feet broad, 67 feet high, to the crown of the arch, and 365 feet long; and on each side of these naves is an aisle, 54 feet broad and 45 feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave is 71 feet. The central dome is 100 feet in diameter—68 feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and 118 feet to the crown; and on the outside with the lanterns, 149 feet. The exterior angles of the building are ingeniously filled up with a sort of lean to, 24 feet high, which gives the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being 149 feet wide. At each angle is an octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter, and

75 feet high. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, and 24 feet from the floor. The famous old church of San Vitalis, at Ravenna, is, by the way, the only instance of any considerable building that we at this moment recollect, of octagonal shape—but its diameter is only 128 feet.

Now, a few words as to the size and proportion of this edifice. On entering, the observer's eye will be saluted by the vista of an arched nave, 41 feet wide, 67 feet high, and 365 feet long; while on approaching the centre, he will find himself under a dome, 100 feet across, and 118 feet high. A few comparisons will show a little what this will look like. The Croton reservoir is itself 40 feet high, so it will be quite overtopped. Trinity Church is 189 feet long, by 84 feet wide, and 64 feet high. The City Hall is 216 feet long, 105 feet wide, and, including the attic, 85 feet high.

For aught we see, therefore, we must come to the inevitable conclusion, that this building will be larger, and more effective in its interior view than anything in the country. If so, the edifice will be a great show of itself.

This building contains, on its ground floor, 111,000 square feet of space, and in its galleries, which are 54 feet wide, 62,000 square feet more, making a total area of 173,000 square feet, for the purposes of exhibition. There are thus in the ground floor two acres and a half, or exactly 2—52—100; in the galleries, one acre and 44—100—total, within an inconsiderable fraction of four acres. There are on the ground floor one hundred and ninety columns, 21 feet above the floor, 8 inches diameter, cast hollow, of different thicknesses, from half an inch to one inch thick; on the gallery floor there are one hundred and twenty-two columns.

Now, to compare this building with some of the foreign wonders; St. Paul's, of London, is five hundred feet long, and this beats the Reservoir square Palace. But, St. Paul's has only 84,025 square feet on its ground floor, and is thus, on the whole, decidedly smaller. St. Peter's Church, at Rome, is 669 feet long, and has 527,069 square feet. So that our Crystal Palace will be, on the ground floor, just half the size of St. Peter's—but,

with the galleries, the available room in St. Peter's is only one-fifth larger. But the true rival will probably be thought to be the Hyde Park Paxton Building, now erecting at Sydenham. That building was 1,948 feet long, by 408 feet broad, thus giving, on the ground floor, seven hundred and fifty-three thousand nine hundred and eighty-four square feet, and with the transept, eighteen acres. This building covers only one-eighth of the ground occupied by the Hyde Park monster, but the available space, with the galleries, is about one-fifth or one sixth. But it is plain enough that, independent of the question where so large a building as the Paxton Palace should or could be put, it would be very absurd to erect one here of such gigantic dimensions. The Atlantic is not yet quite abolished, and the business of crossing the ocean, to fill the building with goods worthy to be exhibited, would be a good deal more serious than crossing the English Channel. The New York Crystal Palace is large enough for every purpose, in all conscience. As to the architectural effect and beauty of the building, there will be no sort of comparison. The general idea of the Reservoir square building—that of a Greek cross with a dome over the centre—though not by any means new, is one of approved architectural effect. —*Canadian Journal*.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHING.—The European Telegraph Company are constructing a new line from Dover to London by the old coach road, leading through Deptford, Greenwich, Shooter's-hill, Dartford, Gravesend, Rochester, Chatham, and Canterbury. The line is sunk in the old turnpike road. The copper wires are encased in gutta percha, and deposited in a trough constructed of kyanised timber, which is placed in trenches, eighteen inches from the surface of the ground. The trenches are dug and the wires are laid at the rate of one and a half mile per day. Six separate wires are deposited in each box, by from two hundred to three hundred workmen. The wires are to be divided in the proportion of two for the Paris, two for the Brussels, and two for the Mediterranean routes.—*Ibid*.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

OUR costumes this month are from the following distinguished Parisian houses:—The dresses from Mme. Eugenie, *Rue Neuve des Mathurins*; bonnet from Mme. Riffaut, *Rue Mogador*.—En.

EVENING COSTUME.—*Fig. 1st*.—Dress of white muslin, the skirt with four festooned flounces graduating in width: at the top of the first flounce on each side the front breadth are two bows of pink ribbon with floating ends; the second flounce has one bow in the centre, and the third has again two. The corsage is low, and has double festooned capes, which in the front meet in a point at the waist, and at the back take the form of a berthe: the sleeves are very short. Head dress of white and black lace ornamented with flowers and narrow ribbons.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—*Fig. 2*.—Brown silk dress,

with three festooned flounces woven with black velvet à disposition. The body à revers, is three-quarters high, and opens in front to the waist, terminating in a *basquine*: the sleeves are three-quarter length, not very wide, and have three broad frills; the edges of these frills, the *basquine* and *revers* are festooned and woven à disposition. Bonnet of drawn silk or velvet, trimmed with fancy straw and blonde; a broad ribbon, colour of dress, edged with blonde crosses the crown: the inside is ornamented with blonde and velvet or satin flowers the colour of the dress. Cloak of mazarine blue velvet.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

DRESSES are still worn with flounces, most of them à disposition, the bodies open and with *basquines*.

Watteau bodies will be worn for dinner costume. Sleeves are worn not quite so wide as during the summer months; the under sleeves are either the large *boillon* with vandyked cuff turned back, or the full sleeve with narrow band and deep ruffle. Bonnets are of the medium size, and are worn far back on the head; the style is very open: black lace and velvet are much used for trimming.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

RUCHES of tulle, have, of late, been much employed as trimming for evening and ball dresses. A very pretty dinner dress, trimmed in this style, has been made of striped silk; the stripes alternately blue and white, and about an inch in width. The skirt had three deep flounces, each edged with three ruches of blue and white tulle, a blue ruche being placed between two white ruches. The corsage was made with a small shawl berthe descending to the point in front of the waist, and edged by a double ruche of tulle, one row white and the other blue. In front of the corsage was an *echelle* of ruches, descending to the waist, in alternate rows of blue and white. The berthe was slit open on the shoulders, and in the opening was fixed a bow of blue and white ribbon, with long flowing ends.

Velvet was never more fashionable than at the present season. It will be employed this winter for trimmings of every description. It may be set on in plain rows, or cut out in vandykes, or edged with narrow black lace, or with ruches of narrow ribbon. On a single broad flounce (now a style of flouncing frequently adopted) seven or eight rows of narrow velvet may be run; or the velvet may be set on in a lozenge pattern, the edge of the flounce being cut out in points, conformably with the lower row of lozenges. Another favorite trimming, suited for a higher kind of dress, consists of cut velvet, which is now produced in a variety of rich and elegant designs.

We recently observed a beautiful specimen of this cut velvet trimming on a dress of dark blue poplin. The dress had three flounces, each edged with a row of small palm leaves, formed of cut velvet; the basque at the waist was small (not slashed or cut), and edged by a row of narrow velvet trimming, cut in an open pattern. This trimming formed a heading to a fall of black lace, which descended as low as the upper flounce of the jupe. The sleeves were slit open to the middle of the arm. The open part was edged with cut velvet trimming, and partially confined by three small bands of velvet and bows of the same. The lower bow serves to gather up a deep row of black lace, which edges the sleeves, and which thus forms an elegant drapery. The corsage opens in front, showing a gilet of black cut velvet, of a beautiful open pattern, and presenting the effect of velvet guipure over a lining of blue silk, a shade paler than the dress. The gilet was fastened in front by a row of very elegant *grelots*, or double hanging buttons set with turquoise.

We may mention a dress of black Pekin, figured with violet. The skirt of this dress was made with one broad hem, according to the height. At the top of this hem there is a trimming of black velvet, consisting of a bias piece cut in deep scallops, and finished at each edge by a quilting of

violet-coloured ribbon. The corsage is without a basque at the waist, and at the top it has a *revers* of velvet, somewhat in the form of a shawl berthe, descending to the waist, where it is slightly rounded and terminated by a bow of very broad violet ribbon, striped with black velvet. The *revers* is edged with a plaiting of violet-coloured ribbon, a double row of which finishes the ends of the sleeves. This double row at the ends of the sleeves is, however, separated by a bias row of velvet. They are nearly of equal width, from the shoulder to the lower part, and are gathered up at the bend of the arm, and fastened by a rosette of ribbon. The under sleeve of beautifully-worked cambric, nearly tight, and open at the side up to the middle of the arm; the opening is closed by six small buttons. The chemisette, which is of worked cambric, is finished at the throat by a square turn-over collar.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COOKERY.

MISS SENGWICK has asserted, in some of her useful books, that "the more intelligent a woman becomes, other things being equal, the more judiciously she will manage her domestic concerns." And we add, that the more knowledge a woman possesses of the great principles of morals, philosophy and human happiness, the more importance she will attach to her station, and to the name of a "good housekeeper," and the less she will trouble herself about women's rights conventions. It is only the frivolous, and those who have been superficially educated, or only instructed in showy accomplishments, who despise the ordinary duties of life as beneath their notice. Such persons have not sufficient clearness of reason to see that "Domestic Economy" includes everything which is calculated to make people love home and be happy there.

One of the first duties of woman in domestic life is to understand the quality of provisions and the preparation of wholesome food.

The powers of the mind, as those of the body, are greatly dependant on what we eat and drink. The stomach must be in health, or the brain cannot act with its utmost vigour and clearness, nor can there be strength of muscle to perform the purposes of the will.

But further, woman, to be qualified for the duty which Nature has assigned her, that of promoting the health, happiness and improvement of her species, must understand the natural laws of the human constitution, and the causes which often render the efforts she makes to please the appetite of those she loves, the greatest injury which could be inflicted upon them. Often has the affectionate wife caused her husband many a sleepless night and severe distress, which, had an enemy inflicted, she would scarcely have forgiven—because she has prepared for him food which did not agree with his constitution or habits.

And many a tender mother has, by pampering and inciting the appetites of her young sons, laid the foundation of their future course of selfishness and profligacy.

If the true principles of preparing food were understood, these errors would not be committed; or the housekeeper would then feel sure that the best food was that which best nourished and kept

the whole system in healthy action ; and that such food would be best relished, because, whenever the health is injured, the appetite is impaired or vitiated. She would no longer allow those kinds of food, which reason and experience show are bad for the constitution, to appear at her table.

We have, therefore, sought to embody, from reliable sources, the philosophy of Cookery, and to give such prominent facts as will help in researches after the true way of *living well* and *being well while we live*.

Modern discovery has proved that the stomach can create nothing ; that it can no more furnish us with flesh out of food, in which, when swallowed, the elements of flesh are wanting, than the cook can send us up roast beef without the beef to roast. There was no doubt as to the cook and beef, but the puzzle about the stomach came of our not knowing what matters various sorts of food really did contain ; from our not observing the effects of particular kinds of food when eaten without anything else for some time, and from our not knowing the entire uses of food. But within the last few years measures and scales have told us these things with just the same certainty as they set out the suet and raisins, currants, flour, spices, and sugar, of a plum-pudding, and in a quite popular explanation it may be said that we need food that as we breathe it may warm us, and to renew our bodies as they are wasted by labor. Each purpose needs a different kind of food. The best for the renewal of our strength is slow to furnish heat ; the best to give us heat will produce no strength. But this does not tell the whole need for the two kinds of food. Our frames are wasted by labor and exercise ; at every move some portion of our bodies is dissipated in the form either of gas or water ; at every breath a portion of our blood is swallowed, it may be said, by one of the elements of the air, oxygen ; and of strength-giving food alone it is scarce possible to eat enough to feed at once the waste of our bodies, and this hungry oxygen. With this oxygen our life is in some sort a continual battle ; we must either supply it with especial food, or it will prey upon ourselves ;—a body wasted by starvation is simply eaten up by oxygen. It likes fat best, so the fat goes first ; then the lean, then the brain ; and if from so much waste, death did not result, the sinews and very bones would be lost in oxygen.

The more oxygen we breathe the more need we have to eat. Every one knows that cold air gives a keen appetite. Those who in town must tickle their palates with spices and pickles to get up some faint liking for a meal, by the sea, or on a hill side, are hungry every hour of the day, and the languid appetite of summer and crowded rooms, springs into vigor with the piercing cold and open air of winter. The reason of this hungeriness of frosty air is simply that our lungs hold more of it than they do of hot air, and so we get more oxygen, a fact that any one can prove, by holding a little balloon half filled with air near the fire, it will soon swell up, showing that hot air needs more room than cold.

But the oxygen does not use up our food and frames without doing us good service ; as it devours it warms us. The fire in the grate is oxygen devouring carbon, and wherever oxygen

seizes upon carbon, whether in the shape of coals in a stove or fat in our bodies, the result of the struggle (if we may be allowed the phrase) is heat.

In all parts of the world, at the Equator and the Poles, amidst eternal ice and under a perpendicular sun, in the parched desert and on the fresh moist fields of temperate zones, the human blood is at the same heat ; it neither boils nor freezes, and yet the body in cold air parts with its heat, and just as we can keep an earthenware bottle filled with boiling water, hot, by wrapping it in flannel, can we keep our bodies warm by covering them closely up in warm clothes. Furs, shawls, and horse-cloths have no warmth in themselves, they but keep in the natural warmth of the body. Every traveler knows that starting without breakfast, or neglecting to dine on the road, he feels more than usually chilly ; the effect is very much the same as if he sat to his meals on some cold day in a room without a fire ; the internal fuel, the food, which is the oil to feed life's warming lamp, is wanting. On this account, a starving man is sooner frozen to death than one with food in his wallet. The unfed body rapidly cools down to the temperature of the atmosphere, just as the grate cools when the fire has gone out. Bodily heat is not produced in any one portion of the body, but in every atom of it. In a single minute about twenty-five pounds of blood are sent flowing through the lungs, there the whole mass meets the air, sucks in its oxygen, and speeding on carries to every portion of the frame the power which may be said to light up every atom of flesh, nerve, and bone, and to keep the flame throughout the body ever burning with the fresh warmth of life.

In accordance with these facts we find men all over the world acting instinctively. In a cold climate, either by necessity or choice, we exert ourselves, quicken the blood's speed, breathe rapidly, take in oxygen largely ; in short, fan the flame which quick-returning hunger makes us feed. Even the least civilized follow correctly the natural law ; the fruit so largely eaten by the native inhabitants of the tropics contains in every 100 ozs. not more than 12 of direct heat-producing elements, whilst the blubber and oil of the Esquimaux have in every 100 ozs. somewhere about 80 ozs. of such elements. Nor is it possible without injurious effects to live in opposition to this instinct, which science has shewn to be in strict accordance with the intention of nature.

So far therefore we have evidence that good may come of method in cookery. Plum pudding is no dish for the dog-days, but its suet blunts the keen tooth of winter. Nor is it a mere sentimental sympathy that makes the wish to give the poor a good Christmas dinner. Scant fare makes cold more bitter. Those who, poorly clad, must face the wintry wind unfed, shiver doubly in the blast. The internal fire sinks for want of fuel, and the external air drinks up the little warmth the slow consuming system gives.

Milk, when a little rennet is poured into it, becomes curd and whey. The curd, chemists call *animal casein*.

When the water in which the meal of peas, beans, or lentils has been steeped for some time, is warmed, and a little acid is poured into it, it

also gives a curd, called *vegetable casein*, which is precisely the same as the curd of the milk, and contains, like it, all the ingredients of the blood.

There is, then, no difficulty in understanding how one may live on peas, beans, &c., just as on milk or meat.

When the white of egg is poured into boiling water, it becomes firm; the substance so formed is called animal albumen, and is identical with the albumen of the blood.

When vegetables are pounded in a mortar, the fresh juice expressed, lets fall a sediment which grass gives out largely, and which is also to be had from all kinds of grain. This deposit is the same as the fibrin or lean of flesh. When the remaining clear piece is boiled, a thick jelly-like substance is formed. Cauliflower, broccoli, cabbage, and asparagus are especially rich in this coagulating substance, which is the same thing as white of egg or animal albumen. It is called, therefore, vegetable albumen, and is, in common with the white of egg, identical with the albumen of blood, which with the fibrin, whether animal or vegetable, is the source of every portion of the human body.

We see, therefore, that the cattle have in peas and beans as casein, in corn and grass as fibrin, in sundry vegetables as albumen, the very materials of their flesh; and that whether we live upon grain or pulse, beef or mutton, milk or eggs, we are in fact eating flesh; in meat, diet ready made; in the case of the others, diet containing the fit ingredients of preparation. Nor are we left in the least shadow of doubt that albumen, of whatever kind, is sufficient to produce flesh, for not only do we find every ingredient of flesh contained in it, but we can turn the flesh and fibrin of the blood back to albumen.*

But besides the flesh-making ingredients, viz. the albumen and fibrin, we have shewn that it is needful the blood should have food for oxygen; this also is contained in milk, grain, pulse, vegetables and meat. In the meat as fat, which more or less the juices of the meat and even the lean contain, in the pulse, grain, potatoes, as starch, in the vegetables, as sugar of various kinds, and in milk, as sugar of milk.

At first sight, few things seem less alike than starch and sugar, but modern discovery has proved that our saliva—the natural moisture of the mouth (which in its froth, as it is swallowed with every mouthful of food, always contains air) has power when mixed with moistened starch at the heat of the stomach, to turn the starch into sugar; and again we find that butter and fat contain the same ingredients as starch and sugar, but with this difference, that ten ounces of fat will feed as much oxygen as twenty-four ounces

of starch. Grains, vegetables, milk; and meats differ from each other, and amongst themselves in their quantities of flesh-producing and oxygen feeding substances; but whether the oxygen feeders be in the form of sugar or fat, we can tell exactly how much starch they amount to, and the following list taken from Baron Leibig's Familiar Letters on Chemistry, in this way shows the relative value of the several kinds of food in flesh-producing, and oxygen-feeding, or warmth-giving ingredients.

	Flesh producing.	Warmth giving.
Human milk has for every ten flesh-producing parts	10	40
Cow's milk.....	10	30
Lentils.....	10	21
Horse beans.....	10	22
Peas.....	10	23
Fat mutton.....	10	27
Fat pork.....	10	30
Beef.....	10	17
Hare.....	10	2
Veal.....	10	1
Wheat flour.....	10	46
Catmeal.....	10	50
Rye flour.....	10	57
Barley.....	10	57
White potatoes.....	10	86
Black ditto.....	10	115
Rice.....	10	123
Buckwheat flour.....	10	130

Here, then, we have proof of the value of variety in food, and come upon what may be called the philosophy of Cookery. In our food the proportions of human milk are the best we can aim at; it has enough of flesh-producing ingredients to restore our daily waste, and enough of warmth-giving to feed the oxygen we breathe. To begin with the earliest making of dishes, we find that cow's milk has less of oxygen-feeding ingredients in a given measure than human milk; a child would, therefore, grow thin upon it unless a little sugar were added; wheat flour has, on the other hand, so much an excess of oxygen-feeding power as would fatten a child unhealthily, and it should therefore have cow's milk added to reduce the fattening power.

The same sort of procedure applies in greater or less degree to all dishes. Veal and hare stand lowest in the list for their oxygen-feeding qualities, and, on this account, should be eaten with potatoes or rice, which stands highest, and with bacon and jelly which furnish in their fat and sugar the carbon wanting in the flesh. With the above table before us, and keeping in mind the facts already detailed, it is clear that cookery should supply us with a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food, and should aim so to mix as to give us for every ounce of the flesh-making ingredients in our food, four ounces of oxygen-feeding ingredients. It is clear, also, that the most nourishing or strength-giving of all foods are fresh red meats, they are flesh ready made, and contain, besides, the iron which gives its red color to the blood, being short of which the blood lacks vitality, and wanting which it dies.

(To be continued.)

* "The intelligent and experienced mother or nurse chooses for the child," says Leibig, "with attention to the laws of nature; she gives him chiefly milk and farinaceous food, always adding fruits to the latter; she prefers the flesh of adult animals, which are rich in bone earth, to that of young animals, and always accompanies it with garden vegetables; she gives the child especially bones to gnaw, and excludes from its diet veal, fish and potatoes; to the excitable child of weak digestive powers, she gives, in its farinaceous food, infusion of malt and uses milk sugar, the respiratory matter prepared by nature herself for the respiratory process, in preference to cane sugar; and she allows him the unlimited use of salt."



SPECULATIVE SYMPATHY.

"MR. PUNCH,—Some little time since we had the misfortune to lose a relative. A day or two afterwards arrived a letter, addressed in a lady's hand, the stylish look and deep black-bordered envelope of which made us think it was one of condolence. But it proved to be from some linen drapers in Oxford Street, offering us their sincere sympathy, and enclosing specimens of crape, &c., and a card of terms somewhat as follows:—

TO THE BEREAVED.

MESSRS. PROGRAM AND TWILL
 Beg to offer you their condolences upon your recent loss, and to forward you, with assurances of their sympathy, specimens selected from their large stock of Crape, Widows' Silks, Twills, &c.

O! Ye, whose hearts, half crushed beneath the blow

Of some sad loss, still struggle to be calm,
 Receive, to soothe your unavailing woe,
 Our crape and comfort, bombazine and balm.

Taught, by our own, your sorrows to relieve,
 Our house, the cheapest in its sad sad line,
 Sells, with an aching heart, to all who grieve,
 Rich widows' silks, yard wide, at six-and-nine.

The heart, dear friends, of sunshine and of showers

Oft times an equal dispensation needs,
 To ripen in it Virtue's fairest flowers;—
 And we have got the newest mode for weeds.

Then murmur not, though with the last caress
 Of those you loved your aching brow still glows;

But humbly strive your sorrows to repress,
 And take a pattern—such as we enclose.

Each day some loved one hastens to his end,
 And from your grief few mortals may escape;
 And Paramatta's what we recommend,
 For you will weep, and tears are bad for crape.

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'The cock's shrill clarion and the sounding horn,
 No more shall wake them from their quiet bed,'

The poet tells; and if for this you mourn,
 Try if *our bugles* will not do instead.

And oh! ye mourners; oh! ye weary hearts;
 Dry the vain tear, and hush the loud lament:
 One solace more our tender firm imparts,—
 For ready money it drops ten per cent.

'Sweet are the uses of Adversity,'
 As Shakspeare says. Ah! had the bard but known

The use we make, he would have smiled to see
 How far our knowledge had excelled his own.
 DOLOR."

"PROTECTION" IN FRANCE.

We read in the "Times" the other day, that among the inscriptions to Louis Napoleon during his late "Progress," there was one at Lyons—

"To the Protector of Agriculture."

And, as a proof of his Protectorship, we find it stated in the same day's paper that—

"The President has suppressed the National Agricultural College at Versailles. That branch of industry is, therefore, now abandoned to itself. It is the only one which may be said to be so."

A pleasant instance of his "Protection" this The "protection" truly of the Upas tree—blighting where it overshadows.

PUNCTUALITY (NOT) THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

It is evident that the railways are governed by old Tories; because the trains are always behind their time.

ERRATUM FOR FRANCE.

At the end of certain addresses presented to Louis Napoleon, for "*Amen*" read "*No men*."

FRENCH CHRISTMAS.

The French have at length actually defied Louis Napoleon. The last title which they have conferred on him is, "*Le Messie du 2 Decembre*." We suppose that henceforth our "versatile neighbours" will observe the second of December instead of the twenty-fifth.

SEVEN FOOLS.

1. *The Envious Man*—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.
2. *The Jealous Man*—who spreads his bed with stinging-nettles, and then sleeps in it.
3. *The Proud Man*—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.
4. *The Litigious Man*—who goes to law, in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.
5. *The Extravagant Man*—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.
6. *The Angry Man*—who learns the ophicleide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbour's piano.
7. *The Ostentatious Man*—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

THE FUTURE RULERS OF FRANCE.

(In Anticipation of History.)

- 1851.—Emperor Soulouque arrives in Paris, and is crowned Emperor Napoleon V.
- 1855.—Véron is elevated to the throne under the title of *Empereur de tous les Empiriques*.
- 1856.—He is succeeded by Girardin, "*Premier Consul des Gubernouches*."
- 1858.—General Cavaignac, who is too good to reign longer than a month.
- 1858.—Generals Changarnier, Lamoricère, and Caporal Paturot—a military triumvirate.
- 1859.—Proudhon, as *Premier Magistrate de l'Intelligence du Monde*.
- 1860.—Mademoiselle Rachel, as *Déesse de la Liberté*.
- 1861.—Paul de Kock, *Grand Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, &c. &c.*
- 1862.—Gomersal, *le meilleur Représentant de l'Empereur*.
1863. }
1864. } —Any one that can be got.
1865. }

The remainder of the anticipations are, as was always said of the French Telegraph, "*Interrompu par le brouillard*." But we think it is a prodigious effort of foresight to have seen even so far and so clearly as the above into the future of French History. There are many bold Loomers-in-the-Distance who would be afraid to prophesy what would be likely to occur in France during the next two years. Now, our anticipations have carried us safely over a period of fifteen years. Beyond that date we dare not, with all our rashness, foretell what will take place, unless, perchance, it is a State of Perpetual Revolutions!

THE CHINESE COURT CIRCULAR.

His Majesty, after breakfast, manufactured a paper kite, and went into the Imperial Gardens to fly it. The tail not being sufficiently heavy, His Majesty was graciously pleased to cut off the pigtail of one of his mandarins, and to tie it on with his own hands. This had the desired effect, and the flying of the kite was the admiration of all beholders. His Majesty afterwards relaxed his mind by playing at coach-and-horses with his Ministers. At one o'clock His Majesty went out

birds'-nesting. At two His Majesty returned, when the birds'-nests, which His Majesty had had the gracious-inspiration of the moon to find, were served up for his Majesty's luncheon. The Chinese bell-ringers performed during the repast. After luncheon, His Majesty, accompanied by his whole army, went out on horseback to enjoy an hour's sport of cat-hunting. No less than three brace of the finest Toms fell to the unerring aim of His Majesty's bow and arrow. His Majesty was pleased to direct that the game should be sent with his gracious compliments and a basket of golden apples to the Governor of all the Tartars. In the afternoon His Majesty was melted to give an audience to a French artist, who proceeded to take a Daguerreotype of His Majesty's Imperial countenance. His Majesty, however, upon being shown the result, was so irate at the ugliness of the likeness, that he ordered the artist's head to be instantly cut off, and decreed that the diabolical machine, which had assisted him in the insult, should be publicly whipt three times a day until His Majesty's further pleasure. His Majesty then went to dinner.

Such are the particulars of the "Chinese Court Circular." Circumstances so trivial used formerly to be rarely found in the "Gazette," but now they are inserted with great minuteness to prove to His Majesty's loving subjects that the mind of TWAN-KAY is no less vigorous than his body, and that, in spite of rumours to the contrary, their august and beloved monarch still retains possession of all his faculties.—*From a Hong-Kong paper.*

MY VOICE IS FOR "PEACE!"

Cock-a-doodle-doo!—

"But how"—certain inquisitive people may ask—"how about the steam-navy?"—

"To be sure. There is the 'Napoleon,' capable of transporting 5,000 troops"—

"Yes; and the 'Austerlitz,' first-rate man-of-war steamer, with broadside weight of metal that can splinter up Gibraltar! What are these and others on the stocks for? All for peace!"

"For peace," replies the Emperor. "Built, purely, for voyages of discovery. To discover the Gardens of the Hesperides (*aside*, or the Gardens of Folkestone)—to trace the source of the Pactolus (*aside*, or the source of the Thames). Yes: I cry peace—peace is my mission. And so believing, how I yearn to plant the olive in the Tower of London, or the forecourt of Buckingham Palace."

LITTLE GENT., AFTER EXAMINING A IMMENSE BUOT.

Little Gent. (with undue familiarity).—"I say, my old Cockywax,—I s'pose the Fish aint very large off Ramsgit—are they?"

Fisherman.—"Well! I should'nt say as they was werry small—when we're obliged to use sich Floats as them to our Fishin' Tackle! my young Cockywax!" (Gent. is shut up.)

A BURST OF TALENT.

A Yankee, being asked to describe his wife, said, "Why, Sir, she'd make a regular fast, go-ahead steamer, my wife would,—she has such a wonderful talent for blowing up."

AGRICULTURAL ABSTINENCE.

"An extraordinary case of abstinence" has lately been astonishing the weak mind of proverbially "Silly Suffolk." One ELIZABETH SQUIRREL, it is said, a resident at Shottisham in that county, has been living upon nothing for the last six months, and is still voluntarily restricting herself to this economic diet. By some her existence is esteemed a miracle: but to us the miracle appears to be that a case like this should have occasioned any wonder in so fruitfully miraculous a district. "Hundreds of visitors," we are told, "of every rank in life, have daily flocked to see her. Committees have been formed to watch at her bedside; and repeated public meetings have been held throughout the neighbourhood, for the purpose of debating and examining the case."

As if there were anything new in it! As if this air-plant vegetation were not a known and common attribute of our agricultural humanity! Why, total abstainers abound in Suffolk: the whole country is infested with these starviug SQUIRRELS:—SQUIRRELS, namely, in the shape of our Distressed Agriculturists, who, by their own veracious testimony, have been living upon nothing for the last six years—in fact, ever since the introduction of Free Trade. Fidy, we think, may these be christened "SQUIRRELS:" for are they not continually (according to their own account, at least) "up a tree?"

PUNCH ON THE BABY.

Babies are such delicate subjects, we scarcely know how to handle them. Some look upon a Baby as an unmitigated good, but we have often met with it in the shape of a "crying evil." Much, however, depends on the treatment of the infant, and in this respect we cannot too much condemn the bad example set by the providers of public entertainments, for a baby is seldom introduced upon the stage, except to be stuffed into a drawer, thrust away under a bed, sat down upon in a chair, or thrown about in a pantomime. If all the world were literally a stage, no baby could survive the first stage of its existence. A real Adelphi baby should possess a heart of bran and a head of wood, the arms of a Dutch doll and the legs of a Marionette, to be able to bear the treatment to which it is liable, Happily our business is with the baby of private life, and not with the baby of the foot-lights, so that we are not doomed to the agony of tracing its heart-rending career, from the hands of its unnatural father—the property man—to the hamper, the holes and corners, the parcels, and even the pockets, into which it is kicked and crammed in the course of its brief existence.

A new-born baby exhibits to the eye of a casual observer during the first few weeks of its existence nothing but a series of grimaces, which, though usually the result of wind, are supposed to arise from intelligence. When a baby has a tendency to nocturnal roaring, the mother usually proposes a mild cathartic, but the father is apt to propose a more decided regimen by committing it to the nursery. Some infants scream at the sight of a strange face, a mode of proceeding which is usually attributed to sagacity on the part of the "little dear," but it really arises from

that *cacoethes lacrymandi* which is so prevalent among the infant community.

When the child is teething, it is difficult to say what should be the mode of treatment, but speaking as a father—not as a mother—we are inclined to think that the only course to take while the infant cuts its teeth, is for the time, to cut the infant.

Among the diseases to which children are liable we must instance spasms, which, however, are often an imaginary complaint, put forward by the nurse as a plea for the necessity of having some spirits always at hand, and "from hand to mouth" is continually exemplified by the class alluded to.

As the complaints of the baby are not a pleasant theme, we shall pass over the catalogue commencing alphabetically in Croup and ending in Snuffles—a malady whose effects it is more easy to understand than to appreciate.

BILL-STICKERS BEWARE.—One would think that the Bill-Stickers were a most formidable body of men, if we are to judge by the number of warnings and cautions that are being constantly addressed to them, From the frequency with which they are called upon to "Beware," it would appear that the Bill-Stickers have a reputation for sticking at nothing, and that it is necessary to make them the objects of constant caution. The last new move that has been made against them is to hold them responsible for the sentiments contained in the placards they paste up:—a proceeding that must lead to much inconsistency, for everybody knows, on the authority of the old joke on the subject that a Bill-Sticker will stick up for any side that will pay him.

A poor unfortunate has, it is said, been lately held to bail for posting an anti-militia bill, though, perhaps, the self-same individual had, within a few minutes, been pasting up a placard, inviting "fine young men" to join the gallant band; and there is but little doubt that if he were asked to stick up a broadside, offering a reward for his own apprehension, he would undertake the job on the shortest notice. Everybody knows that if a Bill-Sticker were for one moment to become a party man, his occupation would be gone; and he accordingly merges his politics in his pastepot. To him it is a matter of indifference what the Government may do; the only Bills in which he feels an interest being those that require sticking. He cares not to watch the stages at which a Bill in the House may have arrived, but he is anxious that every Bill should be printed, in order that he may have an opportunity of submitting it out of doors to the fair chance of a reading.

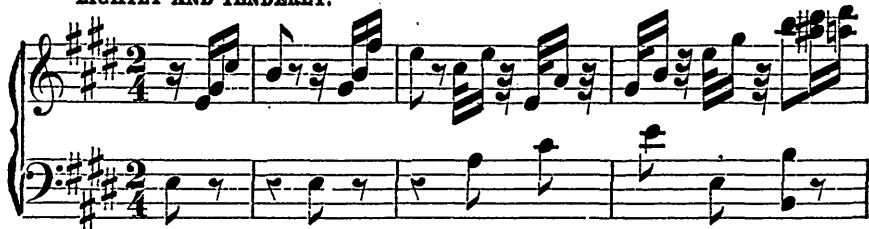
AN AUSTRIAN HEAVEN.—An Austrian, upon being asked for a definition of Paradise, said, "I believe it to be a kingdom where you can travel backwards and forwards without a passport."

SPIGOTRY AND INTOLERANCE.—An advertisement has been published with the heading of "Bitter Beer Controversy." We cannot well conceive a controversy about beer being a bitter one, unless a part in it has been taken by PHILPOTTS.


THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

THE POETRY BY THE REVEREND R. J. MACGEORGE; THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY S. THOMPSON, ESQ.

~~~~~  
LIGHTLY AND TENDERLY.



Fair are thy fa - ther's wide do - mains— None fairer



in the North coun - trie; There wealth a - boun - d and plea - sure



reigns, But you have left them all for me. Strong in Love's

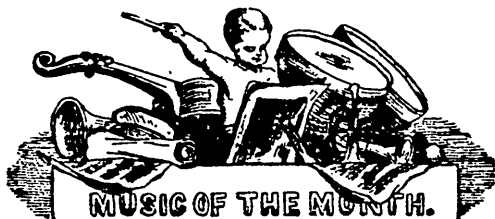
faith your lot you've cast With mine for grief or hap - pi -

ness; Come Fortune's smile or Care's cold blast— thy

own, my winsome Bess!

Rude is our forest cot; but thou,  
 Like flow'r transplanted to the wild,  
 Wilt shed around all things, I trow,  
 Refinement's bloom and odour mild;

No task will ever irksome be,  
 If sweeten'd by thy kind caress,  
 Labour will seem but pastime free,  
 With thee, my winsome Bess.



## VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

The open meeting of the Society took place on the 17th, in the St. James's School-house. We think it a pity that the labours of the conductor, and the talent and industry of the Society should be marred by holding their performances in a room so unfit for singing. On no open meeting has there been such a judicious selection, and the bill of fare was duly appreciated by a very numerous audience. In the sacred choruses the greatest precision was evinced. Mozart's "Praise the Lord" was very good, and was much better adapted to the room and the powers of the Society than Handel's grand Hallelujah Chorus, which requires some hundreds of voices and a room suitable for such a volume of sound. There was no piece which more distinctly evinced, by correctness and taste in the execution, the praiseworthy exertions of the Society; but still, it lacked power, and failed to please as much as some of the less ambitious pieces—such as Pergolesi's "Oh, sing praises," and Blockley's "Oh, strike the silver strings." "Oh, come with me," by Mr. Clarke, met the fate it justly deserved—a hearty encore, and was one of the hits of the evening. The rest of the performances were very pleasing. We have much pleasure in announcing that the programme of the Annual Concert will contain

"The Lord is King." "Creation."

"And the glories of the Lord"—*Hadyn*.

"Lo, He cometh"—*Mozart*;

and that there are whispers afloat that three stars are likely to shine on that occasion—two of which, on a former occasion, lent their aid to the Society; the benevolent exertions of the other, in aiding the intentions of the Cricketers' concert, are too well known to require further comment. If there be truth in the report, we shall indeed have a treat.

## NEW YORK.

ALBONI.—This accomplished Contralto seems to draw equally well as at first;—we see no diminution in her audience, which is not a very large, but still, we suspect, a paying one.

A new feature in her concerts is Mademoiselle *Camille Urso*, a child violinist of considerable cleverness. She is rather a counterpart of Sontag's *Paul Julien*, and seems to have been educated in an equally careful and thorough school. She plays tenderly, delicately and well; she has not the scope of young Julien, the volume of tone, or the depth and strength of sentiment: she is a girl and Paul a precocious boy—such a disparity therefore is, of course, to be expected.

MADAME SONTAG.—On Thursday evening of last week, Mr. John Zundel, the accomplished organist of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, gave a concert in the church edifice, when he was assisted by Madame Sontag, Sig. Pozzolini, Carl Eckert, and, as the advertisement announced, "a select chorus, comprising the best vocal talent in the city." The concert was really given by Madame Sontag, for the benefit of Mr. Zundel, who formerly gave her children musical instruction in St. Petersburg, and was intended, on the part of Madame S., as a testimonial of respect for, and a public recognition of the professional worth of the former instructor of her children: and the delicate manner in which the concert was announced, it being stated simply that "Madame Sontag would assist Mr. Zundel," must have given additional value to the compliment.

The gem of the evening was "Home, Sweet Home," by Sontag. When we heard her sing this and other English songs at Metropolitan Hall, we thought she would do well to avoid them in future; but her exquisite—touching—perfect rendering of this hacknied ballad on the present occasion completely reversed our judgment. As usual, she introduced a few ornaments. It was simply the musical expression of the heart-sympathies and yearnings of a tender, trusting, loving home-spirit;—it was not only a declaration, but it appealed to one's very consciousness as an irrefutable proof, that "there is no place like home." The piece was re-demanded by the most enthusiastic applause, and the last verse was repeated without any diminution of the first effect.

The following Musical Publications are recommended for purchase:—

Zingarelli. "See the bright flower." Duett. 25cts. Hall & Son, New York. A neat duett for two sopranos, somewhat Italian in style.

Buchel, Ed. "Paulinen Polka." 25cts. G. W. Brainard & Co. Louisville. Pretty fair.

Gloyer, C. W. "I cannot pretend to say." Song. 25cts. Oliver Ditson, Boston. A naïf, and extremely taking song.

For Sale, by **THOMAS MACLEAR, 45, Yonge Street, Toronto,**  
the following Standard and Popular Works, forming part  
of a series unequalled for cheapness:—

**Historical & Biographical Works.**

Michelet's History of France.  
Thierry's do. of the Norman Conquest.  
Procter's do. of Italy.  
Montholon's Captivity of Napoleon. 4 vols.  
Russell's History of Modern Europe. 3 vols.  
Bigland's Ancient and Modern History.  
Allison's History of Europe. 4 vols.  
McFarlane's do. of British India.  
Do. Life of Wellington.  
Do. do. Marlborough.  
Horne's Life of Napoleon. 2 vols.  
Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George II. 3 vols.  
Sir J. Stephens' Lectures on the History of France.  
Hildreth's History of the United States. 6 vols.  
Miller's Philosophy of History. 4 vols.  
Mewzel's History of Germany.  
Schlegel's Lectures on Modern History.  
Do. Philosophy of do.  
Do. Miscellaneous Works.  
Schmitz's History of Greece.  
Scott's Napoleon.  
Taylor's Manual of Ancient and Modern History.  
Hume's England. 6 vols.  
Hallam's Complete Works. 4 vols.  
Life of Sir Robert Peel.  
Do. of Mahomet.  
Rome and the Early Christians.  
Life of Goldsmith. Washington Irving.  
Monk and Washington. Guizot.  
Life and Voyages of Columbus. Washington Irving.

**Religious Works.**

Protestant Preacher.  
Barnes' Notes, Cumming's Edition, complete.  
Memoirs of Channing. 2 vols.  
Descriptive Testament. Cobbin.  
Haver's Daily Portion.  
Cassell's Bible Dictionary.  
Wesley's Sermons.  
Taylor's Life of Christ.  
Rogers' Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith.  
Fox's Book of Martyrs. 1 vol.  
do. do. 2 vols.  
Farrington's Bible Pictures, gilt.  
Channing's Christian Life.  
Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.  
Ellis's Fine Tishbite. Krummacher.  
Ellis's do. do.  
Wesley's World to Come.  
Hill's Village Dialogues.  
Jenk's Devotions.  
Do Abbridge's Rise and Progress.  
Bogatzky's Golden Treasury.  
Christ Our All In All. R. Montgomery.  
The Great Salvation. do.

Omnipresence of the Deity. do.  
McCheyne's Basket of Fragments.  
Scripture Scenes.  
Hawker's Sermons.  
Do. Dying Pillow.  
Free Church Pulpit. 3 vols.  
Bridges on the Christian Ministry.  
Halyburton's Works.  
Anderson's Annals of the English Bible.  
Barnes' Commentary on Leviticus.  
Chalmers' Memoirs. 4 vols.  
Do. Posthumous Works.  
Davidson's Connexion. 3 vols.  
Henry's Choice Works.  
Wesley and Methodism. Isaac Taylor.  
Natural History of Enthusiasm do.  
Noel on Christian Baptism.  
Keith on Prophecy.  
Ainsworth's Annotations. 2 vols.  
D'Aubigne's Reformation. 3 vols.  
Neander's Life of Christ.  
Bishop Butler's Complete Works. 1 vol.  
Hervet's Works. 1 vol.  
Hill's Divinity.  
Milman's History of Christianity.  
Benedict's History of the Baptists.  
Kiuto's Bible History.  
Do. Pictorial Life of Christ.  
Dowling's History of Romanism.  
Burnet on the Thirty-Nine Articles.

**Works Published by Messrs.  
Blackie & Sons, Glasgow.**

Rollin's Ancient History. 3 vols.  
Cabinet History of England, now publishing. 13 vols.  
Imperial Dictionary. 2 vols.  
Imperial Gazetteer. 2 vols.  
Popular Encyclopedia. 14 vols.  
Rhind's Vegetable Kingdom.  
Barus' Poetical Works. 2 vols.  
Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. 4 vols.  
Do. Animated Nature.  
Domestic Medicine. Andrews.  
Reid on Clock and Watchmaking.  
Banyan's Complete Works. 3 vols.  
Brown's Dictionary of the Bible.  
Family Worship.  
Christian's Daily Companion.  
Stackhouse's History of the Bible.  
Josephus' Works. 4 vols.  
Ten Years' Conflict. 2 vols.  
Knox's Reformation in Scotland.  
Fleetwood's Life of Christ.  
Beauties of Jeremy Taylor.  
Ladies of the Covenant. Antique binding.  
Hall's Contemplations.

**Works of Fiction.**

The Drawing-Room Table Book. Gilt.  
 Gavarri in London.  
 Weeds of Witchery.  
 Adventures of the Prince.  
 Fanny The Little Milliner.  
 Christopher Tadpole.  
 Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry.  
 Asmodeus.  
 Sand and Canvas.  
 Torlogh O'Brien.  
 Michael and The Twins.  
 Day Dreams. Knox. Gilt.  
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 Life of Zamba.  
 Rose, Blanche, Violet.  
 The Pottleton Legacy.  
 Mirabeau. 2 vols.  
 Literary Scotchmen.  
 Ned Allen. 2 vols.  
 Whom to Marry and How to Get Married.  
 Butler's Year of Consolation. 2 vols.  
 Anderson's Tales.  
 Guizot's Moral Tales.  
 Astoria and Captain Bonneville.  
 Adam Brown.  
 Norman's Bridge.  
 Swiss Family Robinson.  
 The Evening Book.  
 Sandford and Merton.  
 Arthur Arundel.  
 Jack Ashore.  
 Old English Gentleman.  
 Incidents of Travel. Stephens.  
 Twice Told Tales.  
 The Literary Keepsake. Gilt.  
 Young Ladies' Book. do.  
 Friendship's Offering. do.  
 The Countess. Fancy gilt.  
 The Winter's Wreath. do. do.  
 The Lover's Leap. do. do.  
 The Stranger's Grave.  
 Visit to My-Birthplace.  
 Louisiana. Gayarre.  
 Self-Deception.

**Popular Library.**

Astoria and Captain Bonneville.  
 Omoo and Typee.  
 Kaloolah. Mayo.  
 Bancroft's History of the United States. 6 vols.  
 Life of Sir Robert Peel.  
 Life of Mahomet.  
 Rome and the Early Christians.  
 Life of Goldsmith. W. Irving.  
 Life and Voyages of Columbus. do: do.  
 Monk and Washington. Guizot.

**Railway Library.**

Romance of War. Grant.  
 Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp.  
 Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice.  
 Miss McIntosh's Grace and Isabel.  
 Miss Porter's Knight of St. John.  
 The Scottish Cavalier. Grant.  
 Carleton's Jane Sinclair and Clarinet.  
 Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.  
 White Friars; or, the Days of Charles II.

Jaspar Lyle—a Tale of South Africa.  
 Romance of Adventure.  
 Valerie. Marryatt.

**Miscellaneous Works.**

Penny Magazine (new series). Vol. 1-5.  
 The Ox. Martin.  
 Cowper's Letters.  
 Emerson's Poems.  
 Robinson Crusoe.  
 Evenings at Home.  
 Knight's Penny Magazine.  
 Society in India. Clemens.  
 Traits and Stories of Welsh Peasantry.  
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 Webster's Dictionary. Royal octavo.  
 Eschenberg's Manual of Classical Literature.  
 Blair's Rhetoric.  
 Anthon's Ancient and Mediæval Geography.  
 Michelet's Miscellaneous Works.  
 Comte's Philosophy of Mathematics.  
 Church's Geometry.  
 Nicaragua. Squier.  
 Smith's Classical Dictionary.  
 Overman on Metallurgy.  
 Moore's Poetical Works.  
 Goethe's Faust.  
 Forty Days in the Desert.  
 London's Young Naturalist.  
 Starling's Noble Deeds of Women.  
 Works of Cowper and Thomson. 1 vol.  
 Do. of Crabbe, Heber and Pollock. 1 vol.  
 Southey's Poetical Works.  
 Young Man's Best Companion.  
 Poetical Works of Rogers, Campbell, Lamb, J.  
 Montgomery, and Kirk White. 1 vol.  
 Milton's Paradise Lost.  
 Byron's Works.  
 Self-Deception.  
 Percy Anecdotes.  
 Nichol's Planetary System.  
 Ruschenberger's Natural History. 2 vols.  
 Heman's Poetical Works. 3 vols.  
 Nineveh. Layard.  
 Tasso.  
 Foster's Essay on Popular Ignorance.