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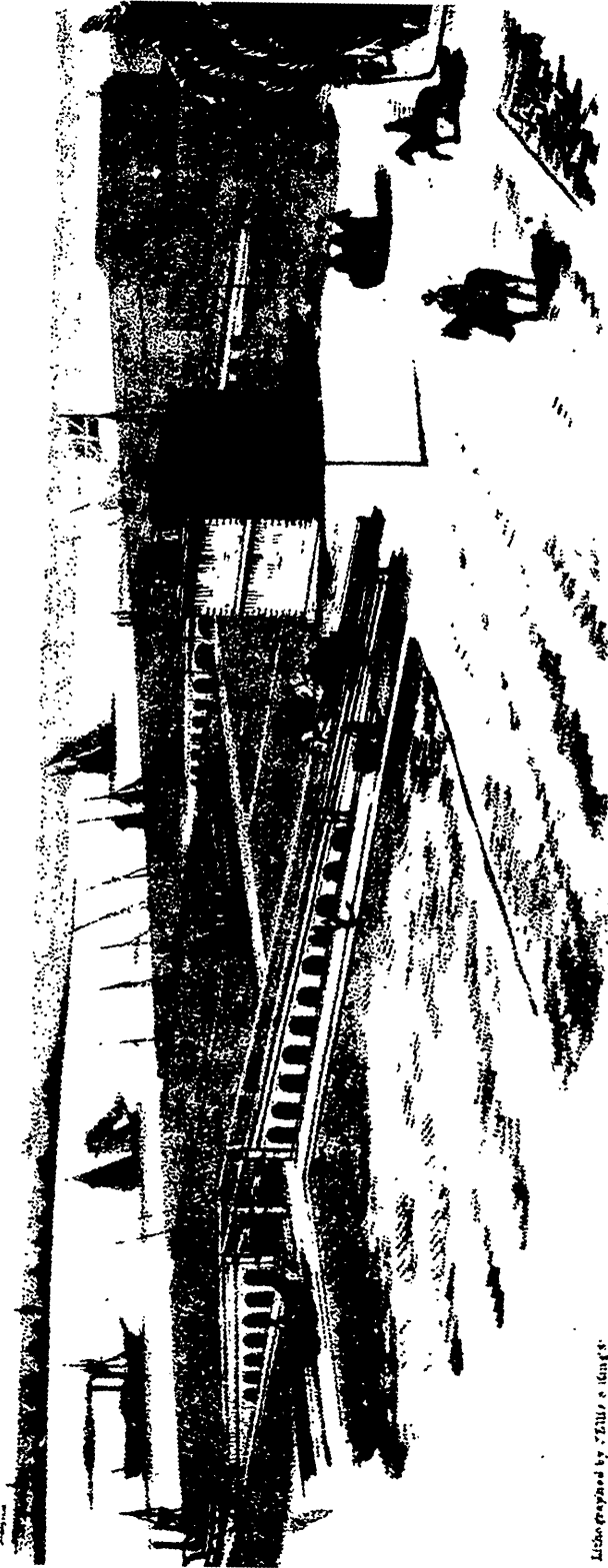
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TORONTO ESPLANADE.

THE DESIGN OF KIVAS TULLY, C. E.

(BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL.)

THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN
MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

VOLUME III.

TORONTO:
THOMAS MACLEAR, 45, YONGE STREET.
1853.

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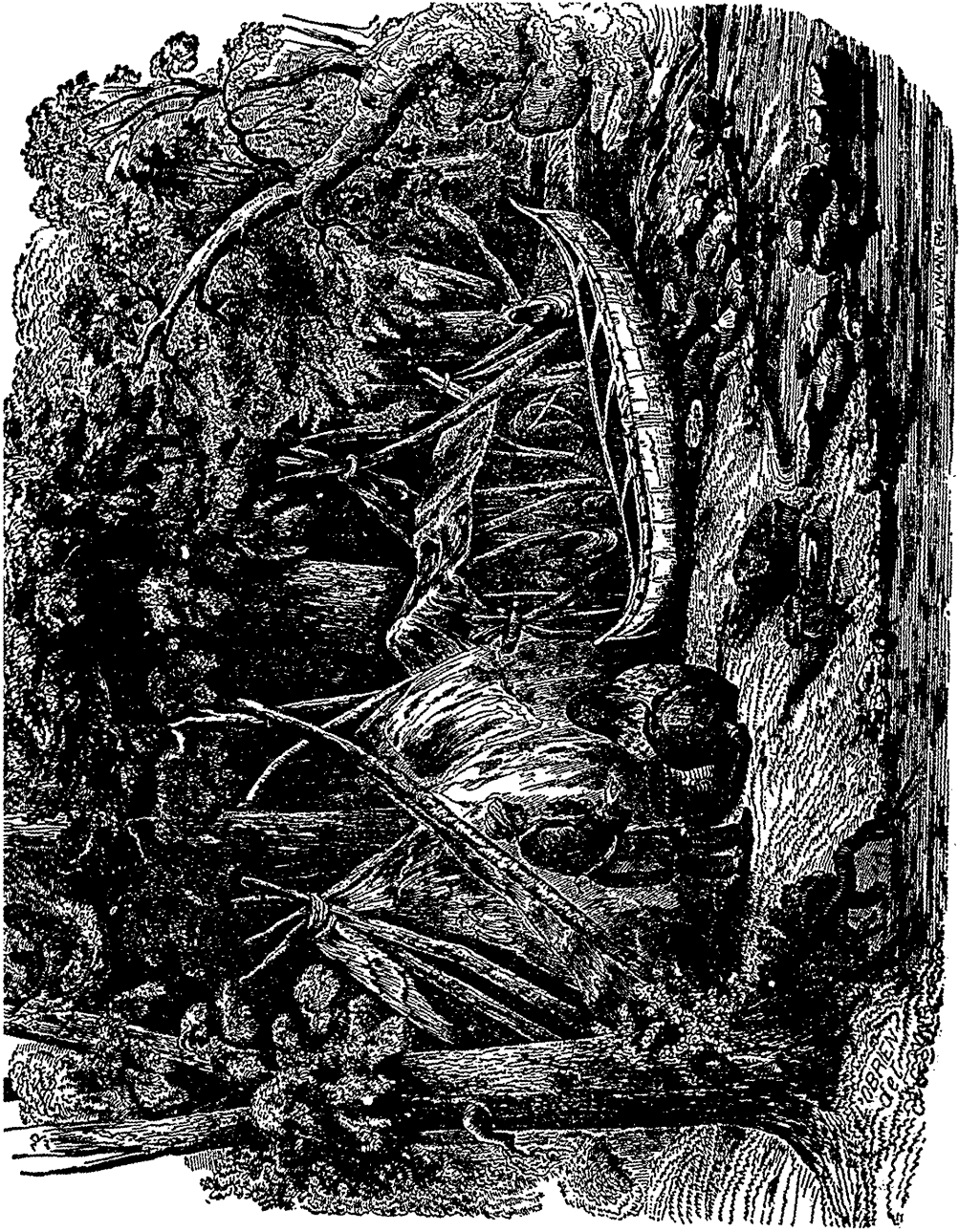
CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

A.	PAGE		PAGE
ADVENTURES of the last Abencerrage.....	25,	195	
Ardent Spirits in the United States.....	161		
Adventures with the Giants.....	158		
An Arab Feast	178		
A Billion	195		
An Original Sketch in a Homely Frame....	279		
A Tale of Brittany	369		
Anecdote	373		
A Battle for Life and Death	374, 503		
An Incident of my Childhood	390		
A Pedestrian Excursion	406, 530, 578		
A Peep at Killarney	516		
A Railway Trip and its Consequences....	522		
Animal and Vegetable Economy	581		
Art of Design and Arts of Production	624		
B.			
BORROWED Book	147		
Ballet Dancer , the.....	189		
Beauty and its Weapons	273		
Barber of Gottingen , the.....	290		
Boatman of Montereau , the.....	297		
Brock's Monument	353		
Bright Tints on a Dark Ground	427		
Books for the Month	522		
Books for the Month	651		
C.			
CORIOLANUS	18		
Chronicles of Dreep daily 19, 132, 244, 357, 470	570		
Chemist's Shop at the Corner.....	68		
Celestial Love	170		
Cottage and the Hall , the.....	250	382	
Canvass Town	262		
Cat's Mount	268		
City Life from a new Stand Point.....	365		
Commencement of European and North American Railroad	434		
Camel , the.....	599		
Centipede in Tahiti.....	577		
CHESS—			
Enigmas	99, 216, 336, 449, 548,	650	
Toronto Chess Club	99		
Chess Intelligence	216		
Consultation Game	336		
The Game of Chess	449		
Game by Correspondence	449		
History of the Game of Chess	548		
Shortest Game on Record	548		
Problem No. 1	649		
The Old Writers on Chess	649		
D.			
DANCE of Death	142		
Death of Joan of Arc	278		
Deep Sea Soundings	295		
Day after the Battle	306		
Does the Dew fall?	315		
Dead Reckoning at the Morgue	600		
Donnington Gibbet	635		
Diamond Dust ...40, 43, 54, 65, 82, 86, 205,	240, 249, 268, 285, 287, 306, 310, 395,		
	404, 405, 477, 498, 516, 521, 529, 548,		
	577, 598, 631.		
E.			
EMIGRATION to Ireland	57		
Eastern British Provinces	95, 139		
Embroidered Gloves The	418		
Effects of the Discovery of America	422		
EDITOR'S SHANTY,—			
Toronto Chess Club	99		
Toronto Wharves	101		
Table Moving	206		
A Trip on the Northern Railroad	323		
Orillia	324		
Lake Couchiching	324		
Toronto Esplanade	325		
Women's Dress	436		
Toronto Esplanade	437		
The Doctor's Tour	553		

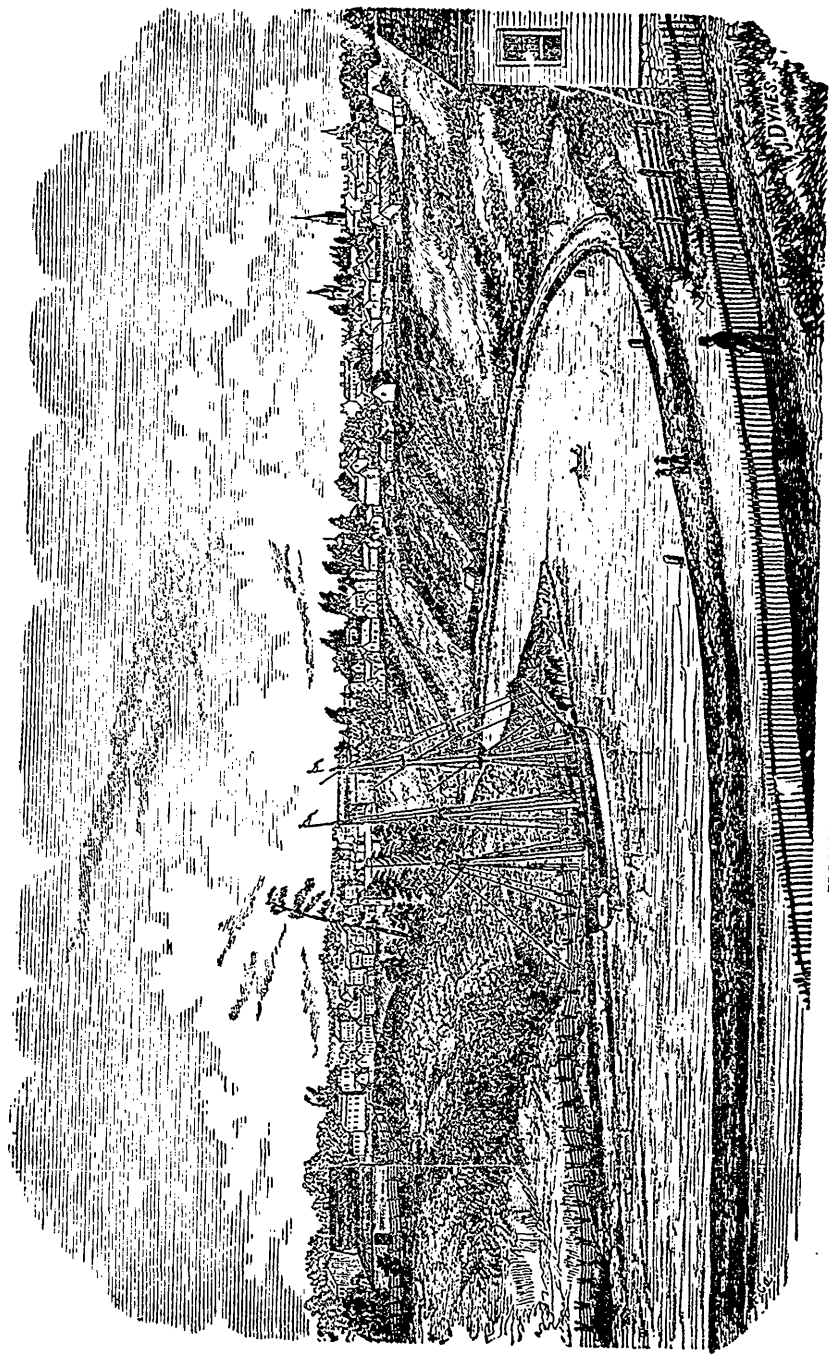
	PAGE		PAGE
Editor's Shanty,—(Continued.)		Gatherings; Mrs. Grundy's,—(Continued.)	
Hotel Accomodation	533	Costume for Home	338
Court House at Cobourg.....	534	Paris Fashions	446, 547
Peterboro'.....	534	The Monitor of Fashion.....	547
Exhibition at Montreal	535	London and Paris Fashions.....	651
Exhibition at Hamilton	536	New style for the Hair.....	651
Brock Monument Celebration	538		
Nelson's Character.....	641	II.	
Abbott's Napoleon.....	643	HONEYCOMB and Bitter Gourd.....	182
Temperance Movement.....	643	Home of Taste.....	262
Laird's Tale	655	Halifax, Nova Scotia.....	469
		Horned Horse.....	498
F.		How to choose a Domestic.....	640
FORGONES of an Orphan	74	I.	
Fashion.....	81	INDIAN Sketch	17
Forest Gleanings..... 82, 83, 276, 401,	493	Ireland as a Sugar Country.....	66
First Use of Gas as Artificial Light	188	Impossibilities.....	146
Funeral Pasty.....	301	Ibis Shooting in the Swamps of Louisiana	311
Frøderick and Fleury	485	Ierne.....	482
Flower Bells.....	614		
Fancy's Sketch.....	632	L.	
FACTS for the Farmer,—		LAUREL-Leaf	50
A Few Hints on Farm Houses.....	104	Lighting Gas with the Tip of the Finger....	161
The Peach Year.....	106	Life Insurance, anecdote of	382
Culture of Indian Corn	106	Little Bits.....	424
Experiments with Potatoes	107	London, the Magnitude of	502
Extirmination of Weeds.....	108	Lanna Tixel.....	608
Mulching.....	217		
To clean Chess out of Seed Wheat	217	M.	
Our Country Churches	218	MELANCHOLY Mary.....	41
Boot Crops and Straw for Cattle	331	Mr. Kilwinning's third Wedding Day.....	60
Culture of Mangel Wurzel	332	Mahomedan Mother.....	162
Preservation of Trees	332	Music Measure.....	175
Autumn Exhibition	444	Montreal.....	241
Neutralising Offensive Odours	445	Mahout Cocquiël.....	354
Experiments with Poudrette	445	My Grandmother's Ghost.....	609
Cheap Wells.....	446	Music of the Month.....	112, 222, 452
How to have Plenty of Water	544	Music,—	
Preservation of Eggs for Winter Use	545	Milly Martin.....	110
Sale of Earl Ducie's Short Horns.....	545	Invocation to Prayer.....	220
A Few Hints on Budding.....	546	Simple Thoughts.....	334
Hints on Small Gardens	650	Away from the World Love.....	450
G.		N.	
GABRIEL'S Marriage.....	33	NAMES and Fortunes.....	54
Geology in Nova Scotia	143	News Boy's Day.....	153
Girls Playing	275	Nova Scotia—Halifax.....	469
Good Lac.....	295	Night at Niagara.....	475
Gatherings; Mrs. Grundy's,—		Necessity for varying Intellectual Labor....	435
Description of Plate.108, 218, 333, 446, 650		New Brunswick—St. Joh.....	566
Observations on Dress....108, 218, 333, 547			
Queen Victoria and the Missionary.....	109	O.	
Parisian Fashions	218	Of the Mistake that any thing can be written	
Canadian Flower Gatherer.....	219	without Love in it.....	79
		Organ in St. James' Cathedral.....	109
		Of the Effects of the discovery of America..	423

	PAGE		PAGE
Old English Ballads.....	488	Poetry.—(Continued.)	
Omnibus Traffic in London.....	634	Snowberry The.....	608
		Land of Dreams.....	618
P.		Casket, The.....	623
Poon-Poon.....	187	Song of the Village Church Bell.....	632
Peter Postlethwaite.....	292		
Progress of the Electric Telegraph.....	286	Q.	
Parish Clerk, The.....	381	QUICKSILVER.....	508
Pretty Mary.....	306, 395, 511		
Peep at Killarney.....	516	R.	
President Taylor.....	806	ROMANCE and Reality.....	477
Pagota, The: A Venetian Story.....	590	Railway Trip and its Consequences.....	522
POETRY,—		REVIEWS,—	
Coriolanus.....	18	Journal of a Voyage up the Nile.....	100
Autumn Thoughts.....	40	Modern Flirtations.....	101
Time's Changes.....	43	Agatha's Husband.....	103
Lines among the Leaves.....	58	Notabilities in France and England.....	102
The Planting.....	68	Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	212
The World.....	74	Sam Slick's Last.....	216
Woman's Love.....	79	Poems by Meditatus.....	322
The Queen of all Degrees.....	85	Summer Stories of the South.....	323
Dirge.....	132	Yusef.....	330
This is Life.....	138	Helen and Arthur.....	331
A Thought in a Wheat Field.....	147	Sir Jonah Barrington.....	440
Mary Magdalenc.....	158	Pedestrian Tour through Europe.....	448
The Charcoal and the Diamond.....	169	Ascent of Mount Blanc.....	539
Lament of the Irish Mother.....	182	Mrs. Hale's Receipt Book.....	541
Miserrimus.....	189	Ward's English Items.....	541
Forgiveness.....	201	Jane Seaton, or King's Advocate.....	543
The Golden Gate.....	249	The Shady Side.....	543
Bartimeus.....	256	Homes of the World.....	647
The Home of Taste.....	262	Clouded Happiness.....	648
Out of the Tavern.....	276		
Hymn on the Morning.....	288	S.	
Repose, O weary Soul.....	300	SCULPTOR'S Career.....	44
Poet's Mission.....	311	St. Catherine's.....	129
Winter's Wild Flowers.....	374	Silk Worm its own Dyer.....	144
The Maniac.....	389	Spirit Callers of Berlin.....	257
The Vision.....	395	Southcotean Sect.....	288
The Slave Ship.....	404	Shopkeeper, the knowing.....	433
Ode to the Pen.....	417	Serious Mistake, a.....	435
Horace, Ode XIX. Lib. I.....	424	Snowberry, the.....	608
To all our Absent Friends.....	433	Sara's Venture.....	617
A Night at Niagara.....	475	Science and Revelation.....	623
The Path across the Hills.....	488	St. John, New Brunswick.....	566
Old English Ballads.....	488		
Win and Wear.....	502	T.	
Godiva.....	510	TOM Mooriana.....	86, 202
Thy Will be Done.....	521	Tale of a Scrap.....	89
Willie Dead.....	542	The Counsellor's Family.....	171
Witch Hazel, the.....	590		
The Father and the Dead Child.....	599		

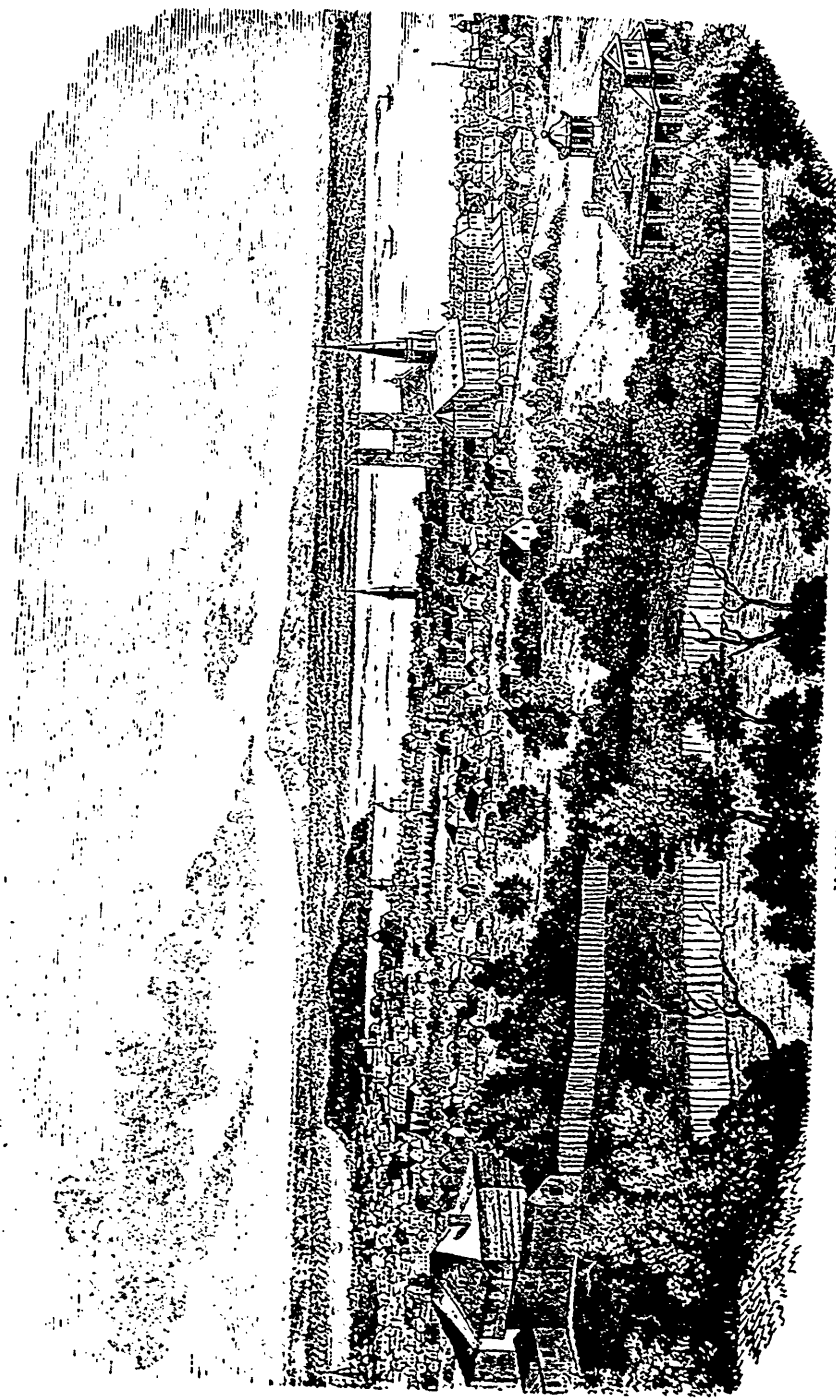
	PAGE		PAGE
Thoughts on Tact	240	Water Glass	30
The Dead	286	Waists of American Ladies	79
V.			
Vegetable and Animal Economy	581	Woman and her Master	145
Venetian Story	590	Wales—Singular Inscription	243
W.			
WAR of 1812, '13, '14...1, 113, 225, 337, 453, 549		Wood Engravings	306
War, letter of "Truth" on Sir R. Shcaffé, &c. 565		What is Man?	317
		Why Shave?	386
		What Mushrooms Cost	499
		Which is the Weaker Sex	435
		What Happened at Cherry-Tree Topping... 525	
		Witch Hazel, the	590
		Wonders of Omnibus Traffic	634



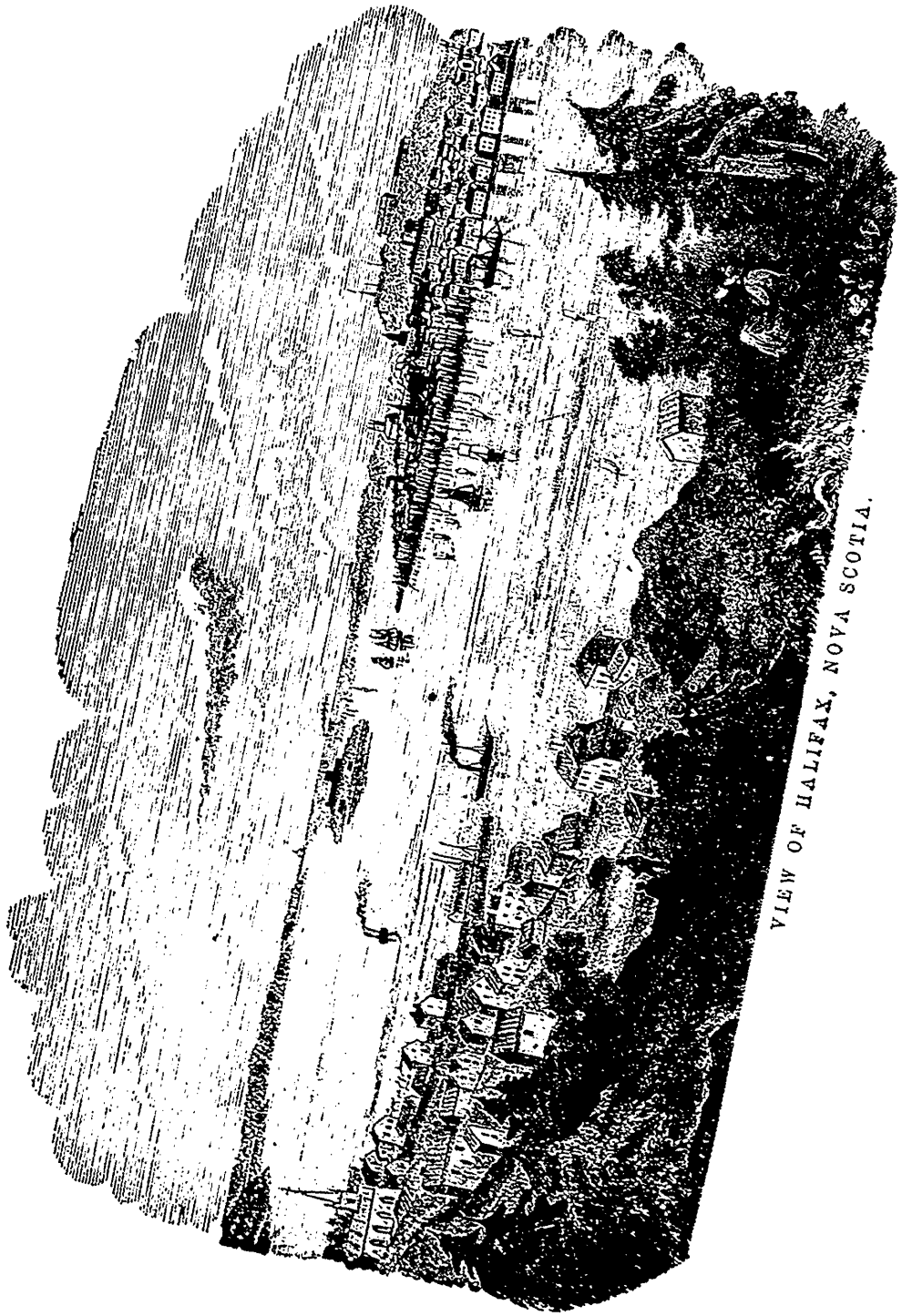
INDIAN VILLAGE.—Page 17.



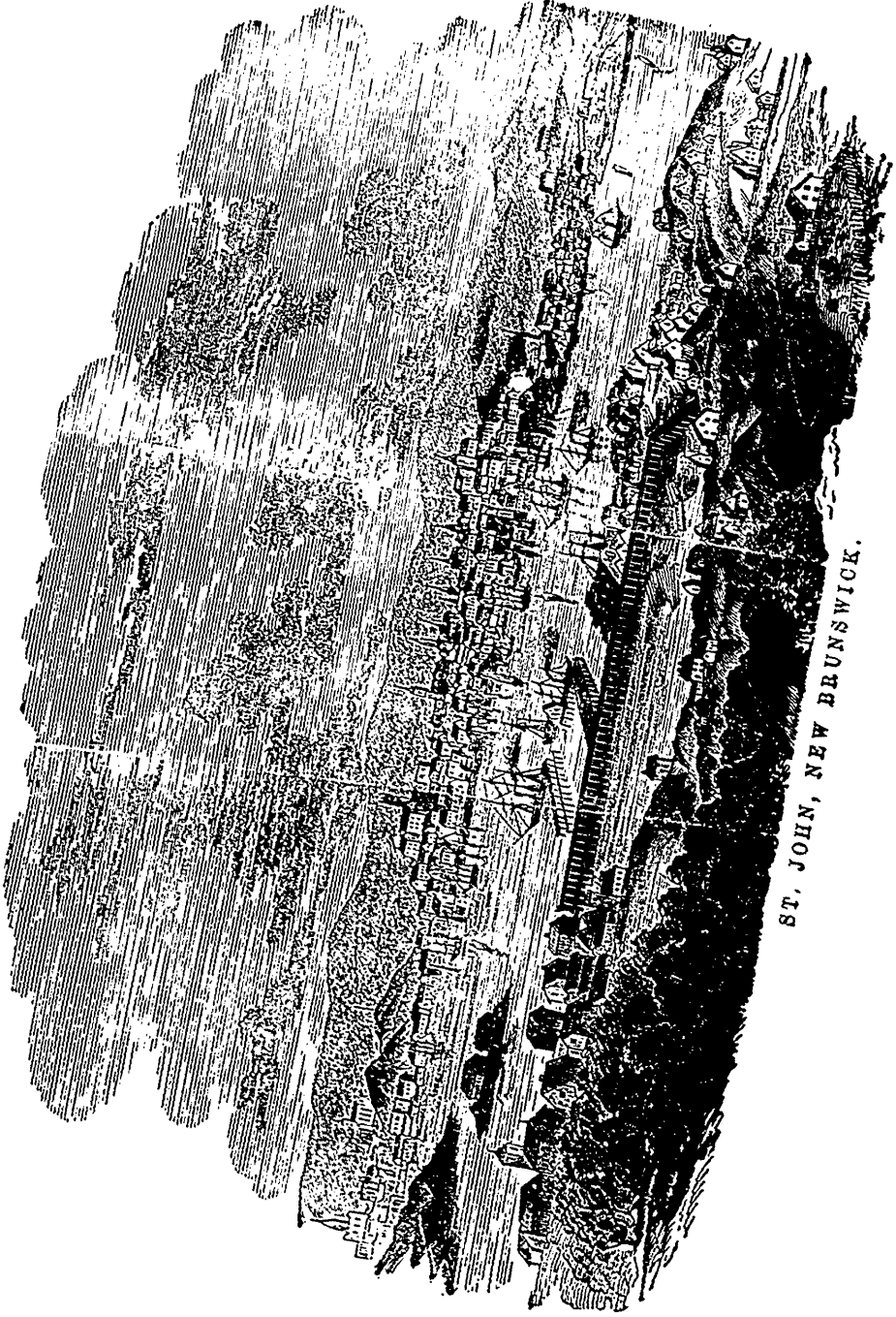
VIEW OF ST. CATHERINES, C. W.



VIEW OF MONTREAL.



VIEW OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

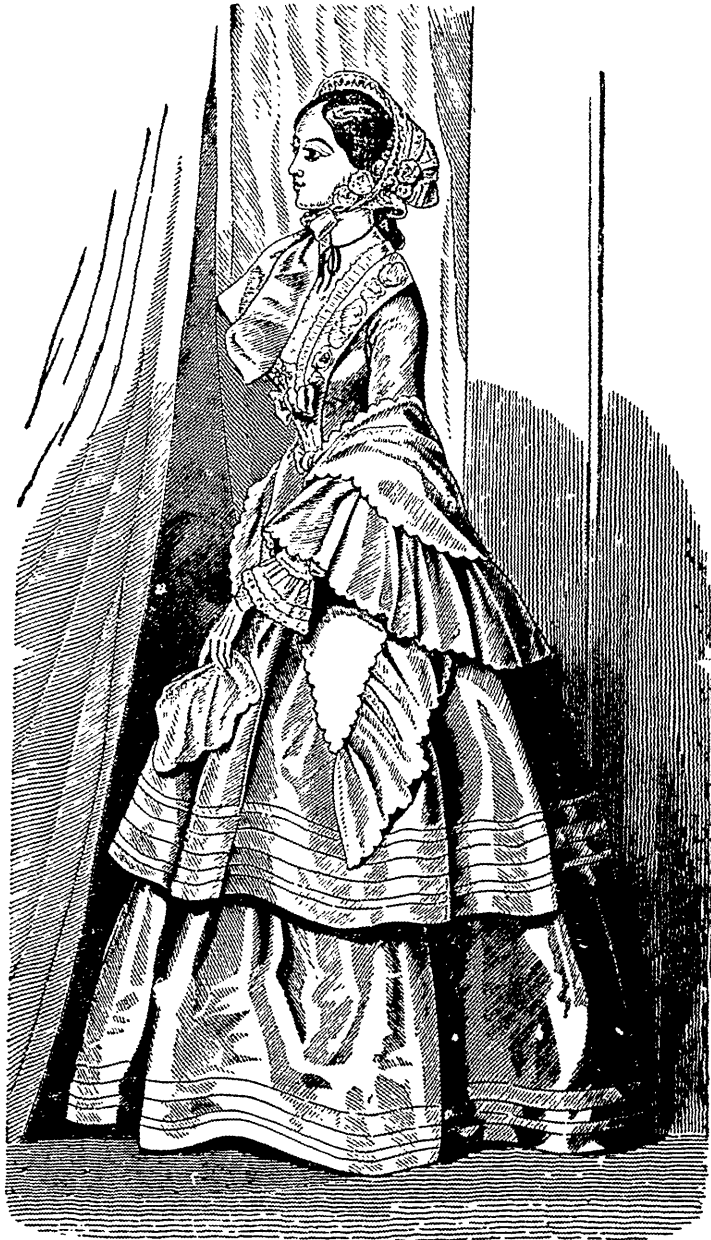


ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Paris Fashions for July.



Paris Fashions for August.



Paris Fashions for September.



PLAN OF OPERATIONS ALONG THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

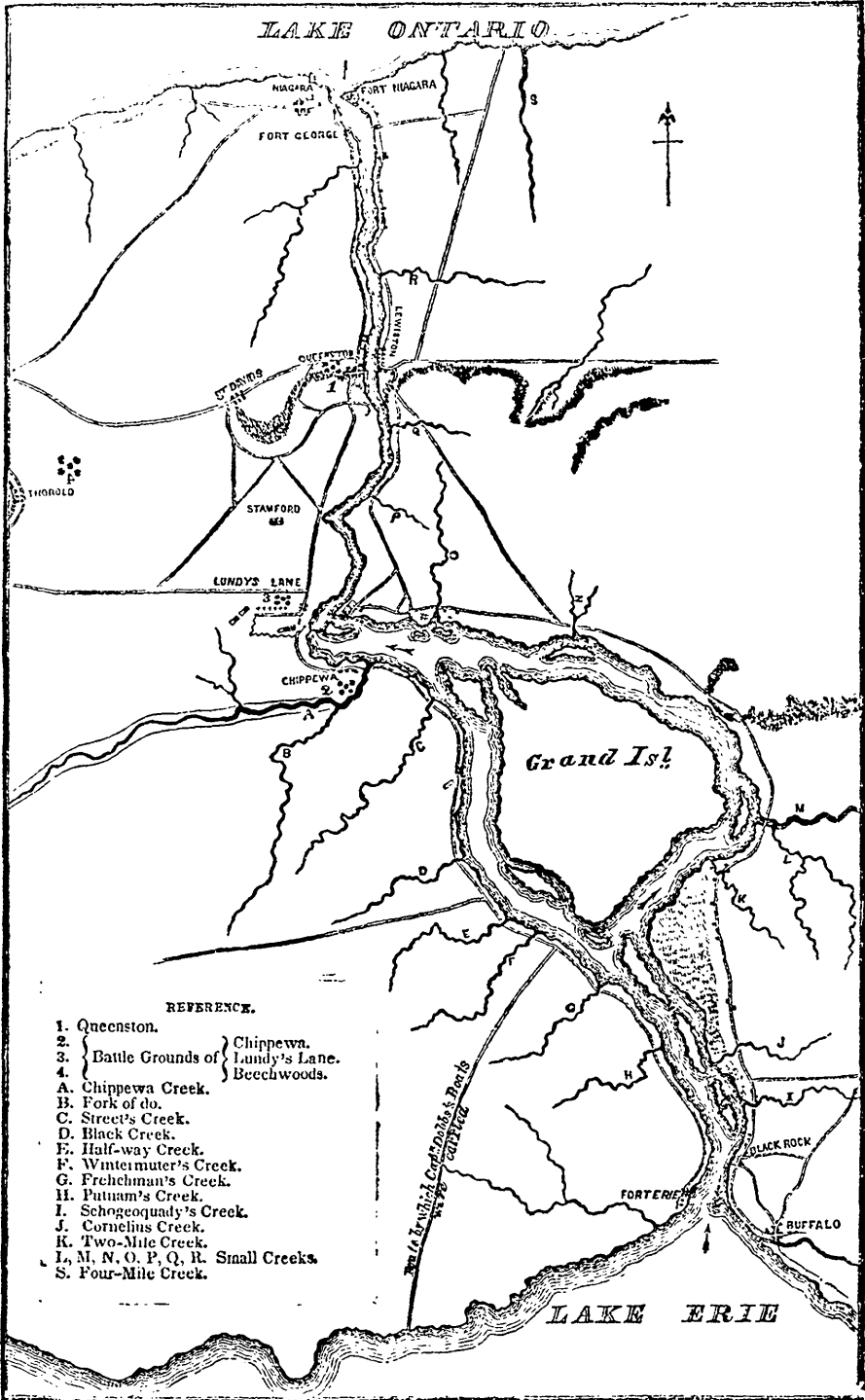
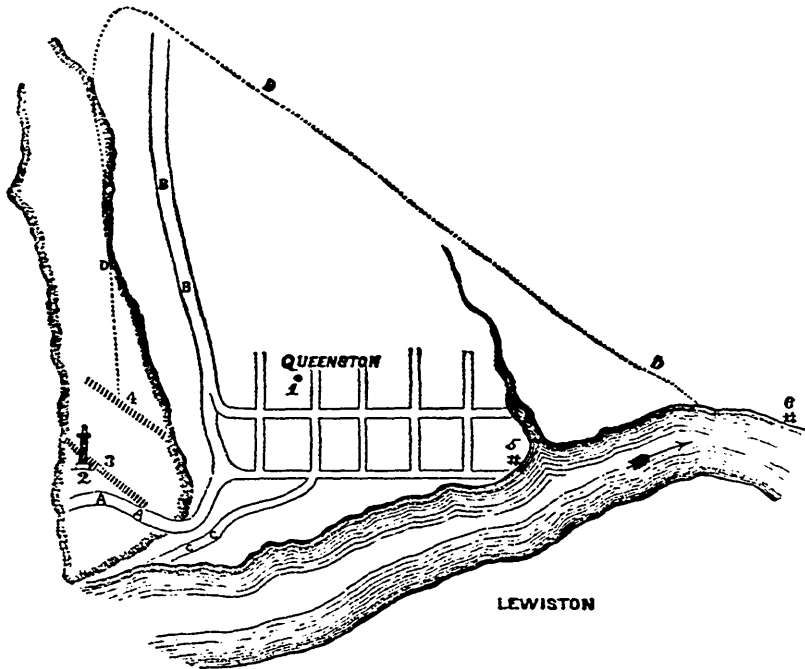


DIAGRAM OF THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON.



The spot where Queenston now stands, was then covered with trees.

A A—Road to the Falls.

B B—Road to St. David's and St. Catharine's.

C C—To Suspension Bridge.

D D—Road by which the reinforcements from Fort George gained the Heights in the afternoon.

No. 1. Spot where Brock fell.

2. Brock's Monument.

3. American line as drawn up in afternoon.

4. English forces' do. do.

5. Old Fort.

6. Vermont's Battery.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.—TORONTO: JULY, 1853.—No. 1.

HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER VI.

Sir George Prevost, in his despatch to Gen. Brock about the middle of September, advised, it may be remembered, that officer of the impossibility of sending him any reinforcements, until there should be a "considerable increase to the regular force in the Province," as the presence of a large body of American regulars on the Lower Canadian frontier required every soldier who was in the country. A short extract from Christie will show how Sir George was situated, and how far any expectations of his being strengthened were realized. "The slender reinforcements that arrived were barely sufficient to relieve the citizens of Quebec for a short time from garrison duty. They consisted but of the 103rd regiment from England, with a few recruits from other regiments, and a battalion of the 1st (or Royal Scots) from the West Indies; and the three battalions of Quebec militia resumed garrison duty in the beginning of October, which they continued throughout the winter, each taking in turn its week." It is obvious, from this statement of Christie, that Sir George Prevost was not, therefore, in a position which would warrant his weakening the force under his immediate

command, and it will be further seen that the activity of the enemy at various points, kept him fully employed, and, indeed, compelled him to embody another battalion of militia, called the fifth battalion, afterwards "Canadian chasseurs." A corps of voyageurs was also raised by the North-West Company, which was disbanded in the spring, while the merchants and tradesmen of Montreal organized themselves into four companies of volunteers, for garrison duty and field service, in case of emergency. According to Christie, our troops, both regular and militia, seem, at this crisis, to have had their time fully occupied, for we find that a party of Americans, one hundred and fifty strong, under Captain Forsyth, crossed over from Gravelly Point to Gananoque, eighteen miles below Kingston, from whence they dislodged a party of fifty militia, and took possession of a quantity of arms and ammunition, which they carried away, after burning the store and a small quantity of provisions. Mr. Christie adds—"Their conduct is represented to have been disgraceful towards the defenceless inhabitants." We see also, from the same writer, that, "from the frequent interruptions of the convoys from Montreal, or rather Lachine, to Kingston, in Upper Canada, by the Americans at Ogdensburg, opposite Prescott, Col. Lethbridge, commanding at the latter place, formed the design of dislodging the enemy, and possessing himself of Ogdensburg. With a view of effecting this purpose, he assembled a force of some hundred and fifty men, regular and militia, and having collected a sufficient number of

batteaux, he pushed off on the forenoon of the 3rd October, under cover of a cannonade from Prescott, with twenty-five batteaux escorted by two gun-boats. They advanced without opposition, until mid channel, when the enemy opened a tremendous discharge of artillery, which checked their progress. Confusion immediately ensued, and they were compelled to make a precipitate retreat, with the loss of three men killed and four wounded. The Americans were commanded by Brigadier General Brown, and behaved with much coolness and intrepidity." It may be as well to state that this enterprise, undertaken without the sanction of the commander of the forces, was censured by him; and that public opinion condemned it also as rash. With this brief glance at the state of affairs in the Lower Province, we return to General Brock and the Niagara frontier.

As soon as it was ascertained that the General had reached Chippewa, it was suggested by Col. Holcroft, that a deputation of the principal residents in the district should wait on him, to congratulate his Excellency on the complete success which had attended his arms at Detroit. This deputation was accordingly organized, and the procession met their General at Queenston, as he was proceeding in an open carriage to Fort George. We have been assured by an eye-witness of the meeting, that General Brock was inexpressibly gratified at his enthusiastic reception, and the deep devotion testified by each member of the cortège to the cause, for which they were then in arms. So re-assured, indeed, was he, as to be enabled, with policy, to give but a cool reception to a party of Indians who had been playing fast and loose, and whose adherence to the British had been only secured by the intelligence, just received, of the successes at Detroit. It must have strengthened and cheered the General's heart to witness the enthusiasm with which, on that occasion, so many of Canada's best and bravest sons appeared to renew their pledge, that they were ready and willing to sacrifice their lives to prevent an invader's footstep polluting the soil of their native or adopted country. The procession, forming on both sides of the carriage, escorted General Brock in triumph to Niagara.

It may, perhaps, enable the reader to comprehend the difficulties which attended any movement in force, and to perceive also the causes which left the troops, on both sides, in such apparent ignorance of each other's tactics, if we take a bird's-eye view of the general face and character of the country. Its appearance at the present day is thus described in "Canada; Past, Present, and Future," before, however, quoting the passage, we will suppose the reader to be on the crest of the eminence immediately above Fonthill, just twelve miles west of Chippewa. A glance at the accompanying map will assist this.

According to Mr. Smith, "The tourist after travelling for some miles along a road, where his view of the country on either side of him has seldom extended beyond two or three miles, on reaching this elevation, finds a most magnificent panorama, as it were by magic, displayed to his astonished vision. An immense plain, extending for many miles, lies before and below him, studded with towns, villages, groves and winding streams; before him lies the Welland Canal, crowded with vessels moving either way; beyond it, the perpetually dashing, roaring cataract of Niagara, on one side, the waters of Lake Erie, and, on the other, those of Ontario. We know of no other spot from whence so extensive a view can be obtained. An observatory has been erected on the brow of the hill, and a telescope is kept for the accommodation of visitors."

We will now observe, that the hill here spoken of, is one of very inconsiderable elevation, consequently, the flatness of the surrounding district presenting such an extended view, may be easily imagined. When, therefore, the country was covered with dense forests, and it was impossible to gain, by observation, any insight into the marchings and countermarchings of either force, the difficulty of obtaining correct information may be easily understood, especially when we call to mind, that the various excellent roads which everywhere now open up the country, at that time existed only in the prophetic imaginings of some far seeker into the future destinies of this great Province.

We have said enough on the subject to assign at least one probable cause for the apparently contradictory orders, which, as our nar-

rative will shew, were issued, and the consequent indecision which seemed to characterize many of the movements during the campaign of 1812 and '13.

The whole British force along a frontier of nearly thirty-six miles in extent, did not, at the date of General Brock's return from Detroit, amount to more than twelve hundred men, at least half of which were militia. These troops were disposed of in the following manner:— At Chippewa, a small detachment of the 41st, under Capt. Ballock, and the flank companies of the 2d Lincoln militia, under Capts. R. Hamilton and Rows;—at Queenston, Capts. Dennis and Williams, with the flank companies of the 49th, with a small body of militia, were stationed; nearly all the remainder of the force was at Fort George, under General Sheaffe, with the exception of a few militia scattered here and there along the line. It will thus be seen how inadequately so extended a frontier was defended, and how the few troops scattered along the line were exposed to be cut off in detail by an energetic or enterprising enemy.

The American army, commanded by Major General Van Ranselaer, consisted, according to their own official returns,* of five thousand two hundred and six men. This amount includes all the reinforcements which had arrived at the date of the battle of Queenston, but is exclusive of three hundred field and light artillery, with eight hundred of the 6th, 13th, and 23d regiments at Fort Niagara.— This gives a total of over six thousand three hundred men. James disposes of this force as follows:—"Of this powerful force, sixteen hundred and fifty regulars, under the command of Brigadier General Smith, were at Black Rock,†—three hundred and eighty-six militia, at the latter place and Buffalo,—nine hundred regulars and twenty-two hundred and seventy militia at Lewiston, distant from Black Rock, about twenty eight miles,—at Fort Niagara, were eleven hundred more, giving a force of six thousand three hundred

men, of whom nearly two thirds were regular troops."*

Here was a force of regulars amounting to four thousand men, opposed to one of six hundred; yet it will be shewn that various attempts have been made by American writers, to assign the inferiority of numbers, as the reason why the attack on Queenston so signally miscarried.

As it was quite out of the question for General Van Ranselaer's plans. eral Brock, in the presence of so superior a force, to adopt any other than precautionary and defensive measures, we will lay before the reader a sketch of what were really General Van Ranselaer's views. This we are enabled to do by means of a pamphlet published by Col. S. Van Ranselaer, his nephew and aide-de-camp.

The instructions from General Dearborn, on which General Van Ranselaer had to base his plan of operations, were as follows:—

"At all events, we must calculate on possessing Upper Canada before winter sets in. General Harrison will, I am assured, enter Canada by Detroit, with not less than from six to seven thousand men, exclusive of the troops necessary for guarding the frontier against Indian depredations.

"The force at Sackett's Harbour and that vicinity, is over two thousand, including an old company of regular artillery, and a large company of old riflemen.

"I have great confidence in the exertions now in operation in the navy department on Lake Ontario. In fact, we have *nothing to fear*, and much to hope as to the ultimate success of measures now in operation with a view to Upper Canada; but much may immediately depend on what may happen at your post."

Such was the confident tone of General Dearborn's instructions, and that General Van Ranselaer felt confidence also, may be assumed from the admission made by his nephew, Col. S. Van Ranselaer. "He did not wish to be drawn from the object he had in view, by a controversy with General Smyth, particularly so, as he knew that the forces which by this time had collected in his own immediate vicinity were amply sufficient for the purpose."

* Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. 1, page 338.
† Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. 1, page 338.

* Vide Wilkinson.

This admission is of importance, as shewing what powerful reinforcements must have arrived between the middle of August, when Geo. Van Ranselaer arrived at the Niagara frontier on the 13th Oct. His situation in August is thus described:—"From the moment of his assuming the command, his position was one of the utmost exposure and danger. He lay within sight of a powerful enemy, separated from him only by a narrow river, for the crossing of which, that enemy possessed every facility. He had a line of thirty-six miles to guard, and his whole force was considerably less than one thousand men, many of them without shoes, and all of them clamorous for pay—of ammunition there were not ten rounds per man, and no lead. There was not one piece of heavy ordnance in the whole line, and there were no artificers to man the few light pieces which we possessed. Add to this, that the troops could not take or keep the field for want of tents or covering; that the medical department, if one could be said to exist at all, was utterly destitute of everything necessary for the comfort of the sick or disabled; and that there was among the men that entire want of subordination, to say nothing of discipline, which always characterizes raw militia, and some idea may be formed of the condition of our army."

Here was a lamentable condition for an amateur General to be placed in, especially when contrasted with the ease and comfort which pervaded the British frontier. "The condition of the forces on the opposite bank of the river was in contrast with ours in every particular. There was a *well-appointed* and *well-foaled* army, under the most exact discipline, and commanded by skillful and experienced officers. Every important post, from Fort Erie to Fort George, was in a defensible state, and the enemy had possessed himself of a very commanding position on the heights at Queenston, which he was rendering every day more secure and formidable. He had, moreover, the mastery of the lakes, and was at that moment industriously employed in using that advantage to increase his numbers, and add to his supplies at Niagara."

Let this statement be well considered, and the conclusion cannot fail to be arrived at, that General Van Ranselaer's reinforcements must have been very considerable, as we find the

same writer, who in one case so touchingly depicted his helpless condition, in eight weeks asserting that "*he knew that the forces under his command were amply sufficient for his purpose.*"

As we have now established the fact that there was no lack of troops, we will proceed to enquire what was General Van Ranselaer's purpose. Fortunately, Ingersoll's, Armstrong's, Wilkinson's, and Col. Van Ranselaer's works are sufficient to answer this question most satisfactorily.

In his letter of October 8th, to General Dearborn, General Van Ranselaer thus details his plans:—"Under these circumstances, and the impressions necessarily resulting from them, I am adopting decisive measures for closing the fall campaign. I have summoned Major-General Hall, Brigadier-General Smith, and the commandants of the United States regiments, to meet me in a consultation; and I am well aware that some opinions, entitled to great respect, will be offered for crossing the Niagara, a little below Fort Erie, and pursuing the march down the river. I think this plan liable to many objections. The enemy have works at almost every point, and even an inferior force might hold us in check, and render our march slow; by taking up the bridges at Chippewa, they might greatly embarrass us: the cleared country is but a mile or two wide, one flank would be constantly liable to be galled by Indians from the swamps; for a considerable distance, the rapidity of the current, and the height of the banks render transportation across the river impracticable; of course our supplies must follow the line of march, with the trouble and hazard of them every day increasing, and should the enemy retreat from General Harrison, they would have a double object in intercepting our supplies: and by falling on our rear, and cutting off our communication, we might experience the fate of Hull's army. Besides these, and many other objections, there is no object on that side, until we should arrive at the commanding heights of Queenston, which are opposite my camp.

"The proposal, which I shall submit to the council, will be, that we immediately concentrate the regular force in the neighborhood of Niagara, and the militia here; make the best possible dispositions, and, at the same time,

that the regulars shall pass from the Four-Mile Creek to a point in the rear of Fort George, and take it by storm; I will pass the river here, and carry the heights of Queenston. Should we succeed, we shall effect a great discomfiture of the enemy, by breaking their line of communication, driving their shipping from the mouth of the river, leaving them no rallying point in this part of the country, appalling the minds of the Canadians, and opening a wide and safe communication for our supplies. We shall save our own land—wipe away part of the score of our past disgrace, get excellent barracks and winter quarters, and, at least, be prepared for an early campaign another year. As soon as the result of the council shall be known, I shall advise you of it."

This was a very feasible plan, and failed only, according to Colonel Van Ranselaer, through Brigadier-General Smyth's delay.

What says Ingersol on the subject:—"Gen. Alexander Smyth commanded at Buffalo, only a few miles from General Van Ranselaer, fifteen hundred men of the regular army; but, as I was informed by a highly respectable officer still living, was not invited to take part in the projected descent upon Canada, lest the glory of the day should be taken from General Van Ranselaer's cousin, Colonel Solomon Van Ranselaer, an officer in the militia; both of the Van Ranselaers being, perhaps laudably, though, as it turned out, unfortunately, bent on monopolizing the credit of this affair for the militia, if not exclusively, at any rate in preference to the regular army."

General Armstrong's remarks are much to the same effect—"The troops employed, or intended to be employed in this service, were principally militia; and, therefore, not better chosen than the object itself. Why this was so, is a problem not yet satisfactorily explained. If it originated in an *esprit de corps*, or belief of militia efficiency, there may be some color of excuse for the error; but if, as reported, the arrangement was made to gratify the ambition of an individual, the act was not merely injudicious but criminal. At the period in question, there were at the General's disposal more than three thousand troops of the line; from whom a corps might have been selected, which, well found, equipped, and commanded, would not have been either beaten or baffled."

We have been thus particular in making these extracts, as we are anxious to show that the failure of the attack on Queenston is not to be attributed to any want of troops, nor must it be considered as a hastily devised plan, as preparations had been making for it from the period when General Van Ranselaer first assumed the command of the army.

A few days before the battle of Queenston, Despatches of Gen. Brock. full instructions were forwarded by General

Brock to the officers in command of the posts along the frontier, for their guidance in case of attack, and a despatch to Sir Geo. Prevost, dated 12th October, shows that he was fully aware of the impending storm, though uncertain of the direction in which it might break:

"Major-Gen. Brock to Sir Geo. Prevost,
October 12th.

"The vast number of troops which have been this day added to the strong force previously collected on the opposite side, convince me, with other indications, that an attack is not far distant. I have, in consequence, directed every exertion to be made to complete the militia to two thousand men, but fear I shall not be able to effect my object."

General Brock's letter of instructions to Col. Proctor shows that the situation of the British troops was far from being as comfortable as Col. S. Van Ranselaer's statement would induce one to suppose. "The unfortunate disaster which has befallen the Detroit and Caledonia will reduce us to great distress. They were boarded while at anchor at Fort Erie, and carried off; you will learn the particulars from others. A quantity of flour and a little pork were ready to be shipped for Amherstburg; but as I send you the flank companies of the Newfoundland, no part of the provisions can go this trip in the *Lady Prevost*. It will be necessary to direct her to return with all possible speed, bringing the *Mary* under her convoy. You will husband your pork, for I am sorry to say there is but little in the country.

"An interesting scene is going to commence with you. I am perfectly at ease as to the result, provided we can manage the Indians, and keep them attached to the cause, which, in fact, is theirs.

"The fate of the province is in your hands,

judging by every appearance; we are not to remain long idle in this quarter. Were it not for the positive injunctions of the commander of the forces, I should have acted with greater decision. This forbearance may be productive of ultimate good, but I doubt its policy, but perhaps we have not the means of judging correctly. You will, of course, adopt a very different line of conduct. The enemy must be kept in a state of continual ferment. If the Indians act as they did under Tecumseh, who probably might be induced to return to Amherstburg, that army will very soon dwindle to nothing. Your artillery must be more numerous and effective than any the enemy can bring,* and your store of ammunition will enable you to harass him continually, without leaving much to chance.

"I trust you will have destroyed every barrack and public building, and removed the pickets and other defences around the fort at Detroit.

"You will have the goodness to state the expedients you possess to enable you to replace, as far as possible, the heavy loss we have sustained in the Detroit. Should I hear of reinforcements coming up, you may rely on receiving your due proportion. * * *
May every possible success attend you."

These letters are interesting, from being the last ever written by General Brock, and from their showing, also, his energetic yet careful mind.

We have been most diligent in endeavoring to arrive at, as nearly as possible, a correct version of the events of the 13th October, and for that purpose have had many interviews with veterans in different parts of the country who were present on that occasion. Conflicting have been the statements, and it has been no easy task to reconcile all the discrepancies, should we therefore seem to err, the fault has arisen from no want of careful investigation, but from the multiplicity of accounts all differing from each other.

The morning of the 13th was of the the cold, stormy character, that marks so strongly the changeful climate of the Canadas. The alarm was given before daylight that the

enemy were in motion, and Captain Dennis of the 49th, who was in command at Queenston, immediately marched his company (grenadier) and the few militia who could be hastily assembled, to the landing place opposite Lewiston; this small force was soon followed by the light company of the 49th, and the remaining disposable militia force. Here the attempt of the enemy to effect a passage was, for some time, successfully resisted, and several boats were either disabled or sunk by the fire from the one-gun battery on Queenston Heights, and that from the masked battery about a mile below. Several boats were by the fire from this last battery so annoyed, that falling below the landing place, they were compelled to drop down with the current, and recross to the American side. A considerable force, however, had effected a landing, some distance above, by a path, which had been long considered impracticable, and was, therefore, unguarded, and succeeded in gaining the summit of the mountain. Had not this been done the Americans would have been defeated, by the force then present, as it was, the body, which had made good their ascent, far outnumbering the few troops opposed to them, carried the battery and turned the right of the British position, compelling them to retire with considerable loss. No resistance could now be offered to the crossing from Lewiston, except by the battery at Vromont's point, already spoken of, and from this a steady and harassing fire was kept up which did considerable execution. We give what now followed, on the authority of a volunteer who was attached to the light company of the 49th.

"On retiring to the north end of the village, on the Niagara road, our little band was met by General Brock, attended by his A.D.C., Major Glegg, and Colonel M'Donell." He was loudly cheered as he cried, "Follow me, Boys!" and led us at a pretty smart trot towards the mountain; checking his horse to a walk, he said, "Take breath, Boys!" we shall want it in a few minutes!" another cheer was the hearty response both from regulars and militia. At that time the top of the mountain and a great portion of its side was thickly covered with trees, and was now occupied by American riflemen. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, where the road diverges to St. David's, General Brock dis-

* The guns and ammunition captured at Detroit.

mounted, and, waving his sword, climbed over a high stone wall, followed by the troops; placing himself at the head of the light company of the 49th, he led the way up the mountain at double quick time, in the very teeth of a sharp fire from the enemy's riflemen—and, ere long, he was singled out by one of them, who, coming forward, took deliberate aim, and fired; several of the men noticed the action, and fled—but too late—and our gallant General fell on his left side, within a few feet of where I stood. Running up to him, I enquired, "Are you much hurt, sir?" He placed his hand on his breast, but made no reply—and slowly sunk down. The 49th now raised a shout, "Revenge the General!" and regulars and militia, led by Colonel McDonell, pressed forward, anxious to revenge the fall of their beloved leader, and literally drove a superior force up the mountain side, to a considerable distance beyond the summit. The flank companies of the York Militia, under Captains Cameron and Heward, and Lieutenants Robinson, McLean and Stanton, besides many others, whose names I forget, eminently distinguished themselves on this occasion.

"At this juncture the enemy were reinforced by fresh troops, and after a severe struggle, in which Colonel McDonell, Captains Dennis and Williams, and most of our officers, were either killed or wounded, we were overpowered by numbers, and forced to retreat, as the enemy had outflanked us, and had nearly succeeded in gaining our rear. Several of our men were thus cut off, and made prisoners—myself amongst the number."

So far, Mr. G. S. Jarvis' account agrees with those received from Captain Crooks, Colonel Clark, Colonel Kerby, and Captain John McMeekin—all of whom were present on this occasion. It agrees, also, strictly with James' statement. Up to the period of the engagement the numbers of the British regulars and militia had never reached three hundred, over two hundred of whom now retreated, and formed in front of Vromont's battery, there to await reinforcements—while Gen. Van Ranselaer, considering the victory as complete, crossed over in order to give directions about fortifying the camp which he intended to occupy in the British territory, and then recrossed to hasten the sending over reinforcements.

The position of the parties was now thus: The Americans occupied the heights at Queenston, with a force, certainly, exceeding eight hundred, and General Van Ranselaer admits, as will be seen in his letter to General Dearborn, that "a number of boats now crossed over, unannoyed, except by the one unsilenced gun," consequently more troops were hourly arriving.

Early in the afternoon, a body of about fifty Mohawks, under Norton and young Brant, advanced through the woods, took up a position in front, and a very sharp skirmish ensued, which ended in the Indians retiring on the reinforcements which had now begun to arrive from Fort George. This reinforcement consisted of three hundred and eighty rank and file of the 41st regiment, and Capts. James Crook's and McEwen's flank companies of the 1st Lincoln; Capts. Nellis' and W. Crook's flank companies of the 4th Lincoln; Hall's, Durand's and Applegarth's companies of the 5th Lincoln; Cameron's, Heward's and Chisholm's flank companies of the York Militia; Major Merritt's Yeomanry corps, and a body of Swayzee's Militia artillery, numbering in all between three and four hundred men. A short time afterwards, Col. Clark of the Militia, arrived from Chippewa, with Captain Bullock's company of the 41st; Capts. R. Hamilton's and Row's flank companies of the 2nd Lincoln, and volunteer Sedentary Militia.

The whole British and Indian force thus assembled, did not amount to more than one thousand rank and file, of whom barely five hundred and sixty were regulars. The artillery consisted of two three-pounders, under the command of Lieutenant Crowther of the 41st. The Indians now mustered, perhaps, one hundred men.

After carefully reconnoitring, Gen. Sheaffe, who had now assumed the command, commenced the attack by an advance of his left flank, composed of the light company of the 41st under Lieutenant McIntyre, supported by a body of militia and Indians. After a volley, the bayonet was resorted to, and the Americans right driven in. The main body now advanced under cover of the fire from the two three-pounders, and after a short conflict forced the Americans over the first ridge of the heights to the road leading from Queenston to the

Falls. Here, finding themselves unsupported from the opposite side, except by the fire from the American batteries, they surrendered, with the exception of a few who had thrown themselves down a steep ravine. James says "they threw themselves over the precipice, as if heedless of the danger, and many must have perished in the flood. Others, no doubt, swam across; and some escaped in the few boats that remained entire, or whose crews could be persuaded to approach the Canadian shore." We have, however, a positive assurance from Capt. John MacMicking, that this was not the case, and that two only lost their lives by being forced over the cliffs: the reports, also, that have been so industriously circulated, of the Indians lining the banks and firing on the fugitives, are, according to the same authority, equally unfounded. The numbers, according to James, under General Wadsworth, (who had been left in command by General Van Ranselaer, when he recrossed to hurry over reinforcements,) who now laid down their arms, amounted to seventy-two officers and eight hundred and fifty-eight rank and file, exclusive of two full boat loads previously taken. This account agrees with the statement of Mr. Hepburn, of Chippewa, who alleges that the return of prisoners given in by him was a trifle over nine hundred and fifty men.

The British loss amounted to sixteen killed, and about seventy wounded, making with the loss in the morning a sum total of about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The American loss, it is not so easy to arrive at; one writer (Mr. Thompson), states the number as ninety killed and eighty-two wounded; another, Dr. Smith, in his history of the United States* says, "in the course of the day eleven hundred troops, regulars and militia, passed into Canada from Lewiston, very few of whom returned." In the Albany Gazette, at the conclusion of a most accurate account of the battle, the number that crossed is fixed at sixteen hundred, of whom nine hundred were regulars. This last statement seems the more probable when we remember that General Van Ranselaer admits eight hundred as over, before he sent for the first reinforcements, and that the boats were crossing all the morning

almost undisturbed. This would give a loss of over six hundred killed and wounded, and the number seems by no means improbable when we remember that three boats were cut to pieces, and that the loss in crossing in the morning was very heavy.

The question now naturally arises, why did not General Van Ranselaer send over more troops, when he found General Sheaffe receiving reinforcements, so as to retain his superiority in numbers? An answer to this will be found in his despatch to General Dearborn, in which a most ludicrous picture is drawn of the behaviour of the American militia at Lewiston, the more remarkable from the fact of these being the very men who, only two days previously, were determined on an invasion of Canada, without waiting for orders from their commanding officer. "The ardor of the unengaged troops," says the General, "had entirely subsided." Why? asks the reader! Their wounded comrades had passed over, had described the charge of the "green-tigers" and militia in the morning, and had warned them what they might expect if they came in contact with troops infuriated at the loss of their beloved General. Ingersol says: "Riding among the miscreant militia, with some of their officers and Judge Peck to second him, the disheartened and disgusted General Van Ranselaer in vain tried to prevail on them to pass the river, and secure the victory won; one-third would do it, he assured them. But neither reason, order, persuasion, nor shame had any effect." "Fifteen hundred able-bodied men," says G. A. Armstrong, "well armed and equipped, shortly before clamorous with prowess and untameable spirits, now put on the mask of lawfulness to hide their cowardice." Col. Van Ranselaer observes:—"The panic had become so general that but a small portion of our army could be prevailed on to cross. The remainder, to their eternal shame, be it said, instead of lending their aid to sustain their gallant brethren in their victorious career, stood passively and saw them cut up, and captured in the end by a force amounting to about one-third of their united number."

These hard expressions, be it remembered, are none of our choosing; they are the sentiments of American writers, and of writers, too, who were anxious to palliate the misdeeds of that day. It is not a little remarkable how

* Volume 3, p. 200.

General Wilkinson, with the evidence of these passages before him, could pen the following:

"The names of the officers who accompanied Colonel Van Ranselaer in this hardy enterprise deserve to be engraved on the scroll of fame, for surmounting obstacles almost insuperable, in the face of a determined enemy, under a heavy fire, and dislodging and pursuing a superior force, consisting of two companies of the 49th British Regiment, advantageously posted, with an auxiliary body of militia and Indians. It was indeed a display of intrepidity rarely exhibited, in which the conduct and execution were equally conspicuous.

"Here true valour, so often mistaken for animal courage, was attested by an appeal to the bayonet, which decided the conflict without a shot. It must not be forgotten that two hundred and twenty-five men accomplished what six hundred were intended to achieve, and the reader will bear in mind, that with the single exception of Colonel Van Ranselaer, it was the first military combat in which either men or officers had been engaged. Under *all* the circumstances, and on the scale of the operations, the impartial soldier and competent judge will name this brilliant affair the *chef d'œuvre* of the war."

If this affair, resulting in unconditional surrender, is to be considered as the *chef d'œuvre* of the war, we are at a loss in what light the capitulation of Detroit is to be viewed. The passages following are still more remarkable. "Yet we heard of no mark of distinction, no honorary promotions on the occasion;* the efficacy of brevets had not then been discovered, nor had it become necessary to cover the disgrace of the Cabinet, by raising up idols for the adoration of the people. It is true, complete success did not ultimately crown this enterprise, but two great ends were obtained for the country. It re-established the character of the American army, and deprived the enemy, by the death of Brock, of the best officer that has headed their troops in Canada throughout the war, and with his loss put an end to their brilliant career,"—as was immediately exemplified by the still more unfortunate, because ridiculous attempt, by Gen. Smyth.

* Error! General Van Ranselaer, who was only Brevet Major General, was continued as Major General, for his distinguished gallantry and public spirit, in the military service of his country, especially during the late war on the Niagara frontier.—ED. A. A. M.

The absurdity into which General Wilkinson's patriotism has here hurried him, is on a par with that of some of the veracious histories put forth by sundry American authors.

One writer, (Thompson,) in his account of the affair in the morning, makes the Americans three hundred and twenty strong, "entirely routes the British 49th regiment of six hundred strong, and pursues them up the heights." Not satisfied with quadrupling the numbers of the 49th, he adds—"part of the 41st were acting with the 49th, both of which regiments distinguished themselves under the same commander in Europe; and the latter had obtained the title of the Egyptian Invincibles, because they had never, ON ANY OCCASION BEFORE, been known to give ground."

One man of the 41st was present in the morning, Lieutenant Crowther—and he was the sole representative of the regiment on the occasion.

Another writer, Dr. Smith, like his friend Mr. Thompson, also introduces the "whole 49th regiment, six hundred strong," adding, "They mutually resorted to the bayonet; and, after a bloody conflict, the famous Invincibles yielded to the superior energy of their antagonists, although so far inferior in numbers." We have, however, given extracts enough to show how entirely regardless of truth and facts the greater number of the American historians are, and how they have stooped, not only to distort, but actually to invent. "These," says James, "are the delusions so industriously practised upon the American people. No wonder then, that those among them who have never been beaten into a contrary opinion, still fancy they are possessed of the power of demi-gods. What, by way of example, can show this more clearly than the letter from Lieut. Col. John Chrystie, of the 13th, to General Cushing, the Adjutant General. This letter begins, "In obedience to orders of the 8th inst., requiring from me a particular statement in relation to the affair at Queenston, I have the honor to transmit a journal of the incidents connected with that affair, which FELL UNDER MY OBSERVATION."

It is difficult to account for a man, holding high rank in the service, deliberately penning a falsehood, especially when its refutation was so easy, with so many actors on that

bloody stage, at hand, and ready to note the untruth, we must therefore ascribe the following passage in his "particular statement," to a diseased imagination. "OUR WHOLE FORCE UNDER ARMS AT THE TIME, (*about two, P. M.*) WAS LESS THAN THREE HUNDRED, with but one piece of artillery, and not a dozen rounds for it; yet I am well persuaded a retreat much less a surrender, was not thought of; and that the troops were in fact in as high spirits as if we had been superior." The absurdity of this is too glaring, when we remember that half an hour after the exhibition of "high spirits," these very gallant soldiers broke and fled like so many sheep before a force slightly inferior.

We have now shewn the principal events of the 13th, and propose to give and compare the despatches of the opposing Generals to their respective commanding officers. "From Major General Sheaffe to Sir George Prevost."*

Despatches from the two commanding officers compared.

* *From General Van Ranslaer, to the American Secretary of War.*

Head Quarters, Lewiston, Oct. 14th, 1812.

SIR,—As the movements of this Army under my command, since I had last the honor to address you on the 8th, have been of a very important character, producing consequences serious to many individuals; establishing facts actually connected with the interest of the service and the safety of the army; and as I stand prominently responsible for some of these consequences, I beg leave to explain to you, sir, and through you to my country, the situation and circumstances in which I have had to act, and the reasons and motives which governed me, and if the result is not all that might have been wished, it is such that, when the whole ground shall be viewed, I shall cheerfully submit myself to the judgment of my country.

In my letter on the 8th instant, I apprised you that the crisis in this campaign was rapidly advancing; and that (to repel the same) "the blow must be soon struck, or all the toil and expense of the campaign will go for nothing, for the whole will be tinged with dishonor."

Under such impressions, I had, on the 5th instant, written to Brig. General Smyth, of the United States forces, requesting an interview with him, Major General Hall, and the commandants of regiments, for the purpose of conferring upon the subject of future operations. I wrote Major General Hall to the same purport. On the 11th I had received no answer from Gen. Smyth; but in a note to me of the 10th, General Hall mentioned that General Smyth had not yet then agreed upon any day for the consultation.

In the mean time, the partial success of Lieutenant Elliot at Black Rock (of which however, I have received no official information) began to

Fort George, Oct. 13, 1812.

SIR,—I have the honor of informing your Excellency, that the enemy made an attack with considerable force, this morning, before day light, on the position of Queenstown. On receiving intelligence of it, Major Gen. Brock immediately proceeded to that post, and I am excessively grieved in having to add, that he fell whilst gallantly cheering his troops to an exertion for maintaining it. With him the position was lost; but the enemy was not allowed to retain it long, reinforcements having been sent up from this post, composed of regular troops, militia, and Indians: a movement was made to turn his left, while some artillery, under the able direction of Capt. Holcroft, supported by a body of infantry, engaged his attention in front. This direction was aided, too, by the judicious position which Norton, and the Indians with him, had taken on the woody brow of the high ground above Queenston.

"A communication being thus opened with Chippewa, a junction was formed of succours

excite a strong disposition in the troops to act. This was expressed to me through various channels, in the shape of an alternative; that they must have orders to act, or at all hazards they would go home. I forbear here commenting upon the obvious consequences, to me personally, of longer withholding my orders under such circumstances.

I had a conference with ———, as to the possibility of getting some person to pass over into Canada, and obtain correct information. On the morning of the 4th, he wrote to me that he had procured the man, who bore his letter to go over. Instructions were given him: he passed over, and obtained such information as warranted an immediate attack. This was confidently communicated to several of my first officers, and produced great zeal to act; more especially as it might have a controlling effect upon the movement at Detroit, where it was supposed that General Brock had gone with all the force he dared to spare from the Niagara frontier. The best preparations in my power were, therefore, made to dislodge the enemy from the heights of Queenstown, and possess ourselves of the village, where the troops might be sheltered from the distressing inclemency of the weather.

Lieutenant Colonel Fleming's flying artillery, and a detachment of regular troops under his command, were ordered to be up in season from Fort Niagara. Orders were also sent General Smyth to send down from Buffalo such detachments of his brigade as existing circumstances in that vicinity might warrant. The attack was to be made at three o'clock on the morning of the 11th, by crossing over in boats from the old ferry opposite the heights. To avoid any embarrassment in crossing the river, (which is here a sheet of violent

that had been ordered from that post. The enemy was then attacked, and, after a short, but spirited conflict, was completely defeated. I had the satisfaction of receiving the sword of their commander, Brigadier General Wadsworth, on the field of battle, and many officers, with nine hundred men, were made prisoners, and more may yet be expected. A stand of colors and one six-pounder, were also taken. The action did not terminate till nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, and their loss, in killed and wounded, must have been considerable. Ours I believe to have been comparatively small in numbers; no officers were killed besides Major-General Brock, one of the most gallant and zealous officers in his Majesty's service, whose loss cannot be too much deplored; and Lieut.-Col. M'Donnell, provincial aide-de-camp, whose gallantry and merit render him worthy of his chief. Captains Dennis and Williams, commanding the flank companies of the 49th

regiment, who were stationed at Queenston, were wounded, bravely contending at the head of their men against superior numbers; but I am glad to have it in my power to add, that Captain Dennis was fortunately able to keep the field, though it was with pain and difficulty, and Captain Williams' wound is not likely long to deprive me of his service.

"I am particularly indebted to Capt. Holcroft, of the royal artillery, for his judicious and skilful co-operation with the guns and howitzers under his immediate superintendance; their well-directed fire contributed materially to the fortunate result of the day.

"Captain Derenzy, of the 41st regiment, brought up the reinforcements of that corps from Fort George, and Captain Bullock led that of the same regiment from Chippewa; and under their commands those detachments acquitted themselves in such a manner as to sustain the reputation which the 41st regiment had already acquired in the vicinity of Detroit.

eddies,) experienced boatmen were procured, to take the boats, from the landing below the place of embarkation. Lieutenant Sim was considered the man of the greatest skill for this service; he went ahead, and, in the extreme darkness, passed the intended place far up the river; and there, in the most extraordinary manner, fastened his boat to the shore, and abandoned the detachment. In this front boat he had carried nearly all the oars, which were prepared for the boats. In this agonizing dilemma stood officers and men, whose ardor had not cooled by exposure through the night, to one of the most tremendous north-east storms, which continued unabated for twenty-eight hours, and deluged the whole camp. Colonel Van Ranselaer was to have commanded the detachment.

After this result I had hoped that the patience of the troops would have continued, until I could submit the plan suggested in my letter of the 8th, that I might act under, and in conformity to, the opinion which might be then expressed. But my hope was idle; the previously excited ardor seemed to have gained new heat from the late miscarriage; the brave men were mortified to stop short of their object, and the timid thought laurels half won by the attempt.

On the morning of the 12th, such was the pressure upon me from all quarters, that I became satisfied that my refusal to act might involve me in suspicion, and the service in disgrace.

Lieutenant-Colonel Christie, who had just arrived at the Four-Mile Creek, and had, late in the night of the 1st, contemplated an attack, gallantly offered me his own and his men's services: but he got my permission too late. He now again came forward, had a conference with Colonel Van Ranselaer, and begged that he might have the honor of a command in the expedition. The ar-

rangement was made, Colonel Van Ranselaer was to command one column of 300 militia; and Lieutenant-Colonel Christie a column of the same number of regular troops.

Every precaution was now adopted as to boats, and the most confidential and experienced men to manage them. At an early hour in the night, Lieutenant-Colonel Christie marched his detachment by the rear road from Niagara to the camp. At seven in the evening Lieut.-Colonel Stranahan's regiment moved from Niagara Falls; at eight o'clock Mead's, and at nine o'clock Lieutenant-Colonel Bland's regiment marched from the same place. All were in camp in good season. Agreeably to my orders, issued upon this occasion, the two columns were to pass over together; as soon as the heights should be carried, Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick's flying artillery was to pass over; then Major Mullany's detachment of regulars; and the other troops to follow in order.

Colonel Van Ranselaer, with great presence of mind, ordered his officers to proceed with rapidity, and storm the fort. This service was gallantly performed, and the enemy driven down the hill in every direction. Soon after this, both parties were considerably reinforced, and the conflict was renewed in various places. Many of the enemy took shelter behind a stone guard-house, where a piece of ordnance was now briskly served. I ordered the fire of our battery to be directed upon the guard-house; and it was so effectually done, that with eight or ten shots the fire was silenced. The enemy then retreated behind a large stone house; but in a short time the route became general, and the enemy's fire was silenced, except from a one-gun battery, so far down the river as to be out of the reach of our heavy ordnance; and our light pieces could not silence it. A number of boats now passed over unannoyed,

"Major-General Brock, soon after his arrival at Queenston, had sent down orders for battering the American fort at Niagara. Brigade-Major Evans, who was left in charge of Fort George, directed the operations against it with so much effect, as to silence its fire, and to force the troops to abandon it; and, by his prudent precautions, he prevented mischief of a most serious nature, which otherwise might have been effected—the enemy having used heated shot in firing at Fort George.

"In these services he was most effectually aided by Colonel Claus, who remained in the fort at my desire, and by Captain Vigoureux of the Royal Engineers. Brigade-Major Evans also mentions the conduct of Captains Powell and Cameron of the Militia Artillery, in terms of commendation.

"Lieut. Crowther, of the 41st Regiment, had charge of two three-pounders that had accompanied the movement of our little corps, and they were employed with good effect.

"Capt. Glegg, of the 49th Regiment, aide-camp to our lamented friend and General, afforded me most essential assistance; and I found the services of Lieutenant Fowler, of

except by the one unsilenced gun. For some time after I had passed over the victory appeared complete, but in expectation of further attacks, I was taking measures for fortifying my camp immediately; the direction of this service I committed to Lieutenant Totten, of the engineers. But very soon the enemy were reinforced by a detachment of several hundred Indians from Chippewa; they commenced a furious attack; but were promptly met and routed by the rifle and bayonet. By this time I perceived my troops were embarking very slowly. I passed immediately over to accelerate their movements; but, to my utter astonishment, I found that, at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands, the ardor of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided. I rode in all directions; urged the men by every consideration to pass over, but in vain. Lieutenant-Colonel Bloom, who had been wounded in action, returned, mounted his horse and rode through the camp; as did also Judge Peck, who happened to be here, exhorting the companies to proceed, but all in vain.

At this time a large reinforcement from Fort George was discovered coming up the river. As the battery on the hill was considered an important check against ascending the heights, measures were immediately taken to send them a fresh supply of ammunition, as I learnt there were only left twenty shot for the eighteen-pounders. The reinforcements, however, obliqued to the right from the road, and formed a junction with the Indians in rear of the heights. Finding to my infinite

the 41st Regiment, Assistant Deputy Quarter-master-General, very useful. I have derived much aid, too, from the activity and intelligence of Lieutenant Kerr, of the Glengarry Fencibles, whom I employed in communicating with the Indians and other flanking parties.

"I was unfortunately deprived of the aid of the experience and ability of Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, Deputy Quarter-Master General, who had been sent up to Fort Eric, a few days before, on duty, which detained him there.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Butler and Clark of the Militia, and Captains Hatt, Durand, Rowe, Applegarth, James, Crooks, Cooper, Robert Hamilton, McEwen, and Duncan Cameron; and Lieutenants Robinson† and Butler, commanding flank companies of the Lincoln and York Militia, led their men into action with great spirit. Major Merritt, commanding the Niagara dragoons, accompanied me, and gave much assistance with part of his corps. Captain A. Hamilton, belonging to it, was disabled from riding, and attached himself to the guns, under Captain Holcroft, who speaks highly of his activity and usefulness. I beg leave to

mortification, that no reinforcements would pass over; seeing that another severe conflict must soon commence; and knowing that the brave men at the heights were quite exhausted, and nearly out of ammunition; all I could do, was to send them a fresh supply of cartridges. At this critical moment I despatched a note to General Wadsworth acquainting him with our situation: leaving the course to be pursued much to his own judgment; with the assurance that if he thought best to retreat, I would endeavor to send as many boats as I could command, and cover his retreat by every fire I could safely make. But the boats were dispersed; many of the boatmen had fled, panic struck; and but few got off. My note, however, could but little more than have reached General W., about four o'clock, when a most severe and obstinate conflict commenced, and continued for about half an hour, with a tremendous fire of cannon, flying artillery and musketry. The enemy succeeded in re-possessioning their battery, and gaining advantage on every side; the brave men who had gained the victory being exhausted of strength and ammunition, and grieved at the unpardonable neglect of their fellow soldiers, gave up the conflict.

I can only add, that the victory was really won; but lost for the want of a small reinforcement; one-third part of the idle men might have saved all. I have the honor to be, &c.

STEPHEN VAN RANSELAER.

Hon. William Eustis,
Secretary of War.

† Now Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

add, that volunteers Shaw, Thomson, and Jarvis, attached to the flank companies of the 49th Regiment, conducted themselves with great spirit; the first having been wounded, and the last having been taken prisoner.* I beg leave to recommend these young men to your Excellency's notice.

"Norton is wounded, but not badly; he and the Indians particularly distinguished themselves, and I have very great satisfaction in assuring your Excellency that the spirit and good conduct of His Majesty's troops, of the militia, and of the other provincial corps, were eminently conspicuous on this occasion.

"I have not been able to ascertain as yet the number of our troops, or of those of the enemy engaged; ours did not, I believe, exceed the number of the prisoners we have taken; and their advance, which effected a landing, probably amounted to thirteen or fourteen hundred men.

"I shall do myself the honor of transmitting to your Excellency further details, when I shall have received the several reports of the occurrences which did not pass under my own observation, with the return of the casualties, and those of the killed and wounded, and of the ordnance taken.

"I have the honor to be,
(Signed,) R. H. SHEAFFE,
Major-General."

By comparing these two bulletins (General Sheaffe's and Van Ranselaer) with the text, the reader will be able to form a very fair judgment as to the parties who were really entitled to the honor of the day. Two passages in General Van Ranselaer's dispatch must not be overlooked: what he styles "the fort" that was stormed with such "presence of mind" by Col. Van Ranselaer, was in reality a one-gun battery, and was the only approach to a defence on the heights. In the afternoon there were two three pounders, but the eighteen-pounder had by that time been spiked. In another place General Van Ranselaer states, "The enemy were reinforced by a detachment of several hundreds of Indians from Chippewa." Now, after the most diligent enquiry into the Indian force, from various officers who distinguished themselves on this

occasion, we have not been able to make the numbers of the Indians anything approaching to one hundred, at any part of the day. Neither General Van Ranselaer, nor any of his officers, ever had an opportunity of knowing what the real number of the Indians were, for they were masked by trees; the several hundreds existed only in the imagination of the General and his troops.

Another dispatch* which we give below, is also very incorrect. Captain Wool gives the 49th regiment *four* flank companies, and stations General Brock at their head, thus giving the Americans credit for all the offensive operations in the early part of the day, when it is notorious that after compelling the two flank companies to retire, the Americans acted afterwards on the defensive.

* *From Captain Wool to Colonel Van Ranselaer.*

Buffalo Oct. 23, 1812.

DEAR SIR,

I have the honor to communicate to you the circumstances attending the storming of Queenston battery on the 13th inst; with those which happened previously you are already well acquainted.

In pursuance of your order, we proceeded round the point and ascended the rocks, which brought us partly in rear of the battery. We took it without much resistance. I immediately formed behind it, and fronting the village, when I observed Gen. Brock with his troops formed, consisting of four companies of the 49th regiment, and a few militia, marching for our left flank. I immediately detached a party of 150 men, to take possession of the heights above Queenston battery, and to hold Gen. Brock in check; but, in consequence of his superior force, they retreated. I sent a reinforcement; notwithstanding which, the enemy drove us to the edge of the bank; when, with the greatest exertions, we brought the troops to a stand, and I ordered the officers to bring their men to a charge as soon as the ammunition was expended, which was executed with some confusion, and in a few moments the enemy retreated. We pursued them to the edge of the heights, when Col. McDonald had his horse shot from under him, and was mortally wounded. In the interim, General Brock, in attempting to rally his forces, was killed, when the enemy dispersed in every direction. As soon as it was practicable, I formed the troops in a line on the heights fronting the village, and immediately detached flanking parties, which consisted of Capt. Machesney, of the 6th regiment, Lieut. Smith, and Ensign Grosvenor, with a small detachment of riflemen, who had that moment arrived; at the same time, I ordered Lieut. Ganesvoort and Lieut. Randolph, with a detachment of artillery, to drill out an 18-pounder which had been previously spiked, and, if possible, to bring it to bear upon the village.

* A Captain of Militia was given in exchange for Mr. Jarvis a week after the battle.

Again, General Brock had not then arrived, and it was his arrival that led to the brilliant charge in which an inferior force compelled a superior force to retire *tr. ult.*; one of the most brilliant and daring feats on record, and in which the militia distinguished themselves to the full as much as the regulars, fighting side by side, and animated with a burning desire to revenge the loss of a commander whose intercourse with them had inspired at once respect and affection. There is very little doubt that the death of the British General cost the life of many an invader on that day, which would otherwise have been spared.

As we are unacquainted with the preservation of any portrait, public or private, of Gen. Brock in this country, it may not be uninteresting to give here a slight sketch. In person he was tall and stout, even inclining to corpulency; of fair and florid complexion, with a large forehead and full face, though the features were not prominent. His eyes were rather small, of a greyish blue, with a slight cast in one of them. His mouth was small, with fine teeth, and when his countenance was lighted by a smile the expression was particularly pleasing. In manner he was exceedingly affable and gentlemanlike, of a cheerful and social habit, partial to dancing, and, though never married, he was extremely partial to female society.

Of the soundness of his judgment and bravery we have already adduced sufficient

The wounded and prisoners I ordered to be collected, and sent to the guard-house. About this time, which was about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, Lieut.-Col. Christie arrived, and took the command. He ordered me across the river to get my wounds dressed. I remained a short time. Our flanking parties had been driven in by the Indians, but Gen. Wadsworth and other officers arriving, we had a short skirmish with them, and they retreated, and I crossed the river.

The officers engaged in storming the battery were Captains Wool and Ogilvie; Lieutenants Kearney, Hugouin, Carr, and Simmons, of the 43d regiment; Lieutenant Ganesvoort and Randolph, of the light artillery; and Major Lush, of the militia.

I recommend to your particular notice Lieuts. Randolph, Carr, and Kearney, for their brave conduct exhibited during the whole of the action.

I have the honor to be,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
John E. Wool, Capt. 13th regt. inf.

Colonel Van Ranslaer.

evidence to render any further comment superfluous, especially as our notes will show the sentiments of the Province on the occasion of his death.

The "Quebec Gazette" contained the notice of his death which will be found below;* and the sentiments of the British Government on the melancholy occasion, were thus expressed in a despatch from Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to Sir George Prevost:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is fully aware of the severe loss which His Majesty's service has experienced in the death of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. This would have been sufficient to have clouded a victory of much greater importance. His Majesty has lost in him not only an able and meritorious officer, but one who, in the exercise of his functions of provisional Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, displayed qualities admirably adapted to dismay the disloyal, to reconcile the wavering, and to animate the great mass of the inhabitants against successive attempts of the enemy to invade the Province, in the last of which he fell, too prodigal of that life of which his eminent services had taught us to understand the value."

* The news of the death of this excellent officer has been received here as a public calamity. The attendant circumstances of victory scarcely checked the painful sensation. His long residence in this province, and particularly in this place, had made him in habits and good offices almost a citizen; and his frankness, conciliatory disposition and elevated demeanour, an estimable one. The expressions of regret as general as he was known, and not uttered by friends and acquaintance only, but by every gradation of class, not only by grown persons, but young children, are the test of his worth. Such too is the only eulogium worthy of the good and brave, and the citizens of Quebec have with solemn emotions, pronounced it to his memory. But at this anxious moment other feelings are excited by his loss. General Brock had acquired the confidence of the inhabitants within his own government. He had secured their attachment permanently by his own merits. They were one people animated by one disposition, and this he had gradually wound up to the crisis in which they were placed. Strange as it may seem, it is to be feared that he had become too important to them. The heroic militia of Upper Canada, more particularly, had knit themselves to his person; and it is yet to be ascertained whether the desire to avenge his death can compensate the many embarrassments it will occasion..

INDIAN SCENE.

We give this plate* for the double purpose of illustrating a scene in Indian life, and of laying before our Canadian readers of the present generation a glimpse of the past; a sight which, though now rare to their eyes, was to their fathers a common one.

That portion of Canada, known now as Canada West, was almost uninhabited by the "pale face" at the commencement of the present century. It is true that there was a settlement and fort at Newark, (Niagara,) and Kingston, and also, that the seat of government was moved from Newark to Toronto in 1796, but all to the North and West of Toronto was *terra incognita*.

Those curious in contrasting the past with the present, need only traverse the western portion of our province, and they will find ample material for reflection, and will ask themselves with wonder, what will the future be, if half a century has given us this present?

In reference to our plate, the reader will perceive a wigwam pitched near the banks of a small river—its Indian name we know not—but it is at present called the "Twelve Mile Creek," flowing into Port Dalhousie, the entrance to the Welland Canal from Lake Ontario. It was here that young Long, of the —th, and Mr. Breaker, in 1792, wandered, after being for several days lost in the woods. In the distance, they saw the thin blue smoke curling slowly upwards above the trees, which indicated the presence of Indians; they knew that there was no settlement near. At first they were afraid of coming near the encampments, Breaker in particular, who being a raw Englishman, had most curious and enlarged notions of the ferocity of the Indian warrior. He had seen them once in a war dance, had listened to their whoops, and for a month afterwards slept uneasily. However, the quick ear of the scouts detected their presence, and they were captured with a flourish of shouts and yells, that caused poor Breaker's heart to sink so low, that for a moment he thought, the cold hand of death was clutching him.

Long, who had more knowledge of Indian life than Breaker, cautioned him not to betray any emotions of surprise or fear, and above all, not to show a desire of escape. "Treat them

as friends," said Long, "and all will be right."

"Good Heavens, Long, how can I treat such savages as friends: I trust to God that they will not eat us." The Indians, who had been examining their rifles and dress, here gave several grunts of satisfaction, and by their gestures shewed that their conversation was about our heroes, which added to Breaker's terror.

"Tut! man," replied Long, "they are not Cannibals; we ought to have gone at once to their huts, and not skulk about so much. Indians are suspicious fellows, and we ought to have been cautious not to have raised their fears, or rather doubts, for they fear nothing. If they suspect treachery, they are always cruel."

"Well, I only hope that we may get safe out of this scrape, and you will never catch me invading their hunting grounds again. I'd bet a guinea they'll try us for trespass."

"By Jove, Breaker, you have hit it; that old Indian standing in the centre of the group, grunting so audibly, is the judge,—there are plenty of witnesses, and——"

"Pshaw! you need not take it so coolly; you won't find it so pleasant to be tried by these red devils, after you are executed and half digested."

"Breaker, the sooner you get back to London the better, but I give you my word, that I would sooner trust that gang of "red devils," as you call them, than half their number of polished London sharpers. See! they are making signs for us to follow them; there may be some of them who can speak a little French. Come along, and see what we can make of them."

"I devoutly wish that they could speak English," sighed Breaker.

After walking a quarter of a mile over fallen trees and through the thick underbrush, they came to the creek, on the sharp turn of which was their encampment. Luckily for our two adventurers, Long found an old acquaintance in an Indian whom he had frequently met in Newark, and who could speak French and broken English tolerably well. He promised to conduct Long to his quarters, on the following day, which he did, after an interchange of presents. Breaker that evening made the sketch we give; the exact locality we are not very sure of, but believe it to be only a few

*The plate referred to, is the frontispiece of this number.

miles from the large and flourishing town of St. Catherines, which will be illustrated and described in our next number.

The Indians, as a race, are proud and vain. Their dress, though simple as to amount, is always extravagantly ornamented with beads and other baubles; they are also fond of painting or staining their persons with every variety of color they can get; and, before going to war, their universal practice is to daub their faces black, in order, they say, to inspire their enemies with a greater terror. The physical strength of the Indian is now generally admitted to be inferior to that of the European, but the Indian has greater powers of endurance and perseverance, which fully make up for any deficiency in actual strength or activity. For days has he been known to travel on foot at the rate of eighty or even a hundred miles per diem; and for days also has he abstained, without food, apparently suffering but little therefrom.

It was supposed by the early settlers that the American savage was devoid of any growth of hair on the face, but this is a mistake. When the beard makes its first appearance all the hairs are carefully extracted by the old women who formerly used clam shells, but now tweezers, supplied by traders.

Chambers in speaking of the American race, says:—"A reddish-brown complexion, long black lank hair, deficient beard, eyes black and deep set, receding brow (sometimes from artificial compression),*high cheek-bones, prominent aquiline nose, small skull, with the apex high and the back part flat, large mouth and tumid lips, with fine symmetrical frames of middle height, form the chief physical characteristics of this race. 'In their mental character,' says Professor Morton, by whom they have been thoroughly studied, 'the Americans are averse to cultivation, and slow in acquiring knowledge; restless, revengeful, fond of war, and wholly destitute of maritime adventure.' Their languages have peculiarities of construction found to be universal among them, from Cape Horn to the far north. By those who, like Cuvier, have not viewed the Americans as an indigenous race, the mode in which the New World was peopled has been

curiously inquired into, and it has been conjectured that they either came by Behring's Straits from Asia, or that some small party, in ages long past, was wafted accidentally across the seas to these vast shores. Such an occurrence as the latter has been proved to be not impossible, to say the least of it. But assuredly the weight of evidence is in favor of the opinion that the Americans are not a casual offshoot from some other human family, but a people so far indigenous, at least, and primitive as to be derived from a common root, endowed with specific and unique physical characters. The American race is obviously tending to extinction."

CORIOLANUS.

BY R. J. MACGEORGE.

SONNET I.

In vain did Pontiff, Priest, and Angur plead
 Before that conquering exile. Proudly cold
 His eye beheld Rome's turrets ting'd with gold
 By the bright morning sun. The factious deed
 Which drove him from his father's hearth, had
 frozen
 Each ruthless fountain in his rankling breast.
 Hence! coward minions, hence! my stern
 behest
 Not Jove himself can alter. Ye have chosen
 To spurn me from you like a felon wolf,
 And therefore come I steel'd against all pity—
 With feverish ardour thirsting to engulf,
 In ruin infinite your hated city!
 To-morrow, on the yellow Tiber's shore,
 The herald Fates shall shriek—"Rome was—
 Rome is no more!"

SONNET II.

Thoughtful at twilight's hour, before his tent,
 The Roman leader of Rome's toemen stood,
 While clad in sackcloth and funeral hood,
 A tearful female train before him bent.
 His heart is strangely stirred!—A voice he hears
 'Mid that sad sisterhood, ne'er heard unlov'd—
 His mother's gentle voice! Bright guileless years
 Return, long banish'd, at the sound. Unmov'd
 He saw a Nation's agony!—but now
 His wrongs are all forgot—ambition dies—
 The fever leaves his brain—the cloud his brow.
 Victoria smiles—"The victory is won."
 He clasps her in his trembling arms and cries,
 "Sweet mother!—Rome you've sav'd—but lost
 your son!"

* On reference to our first volume, page 374, the reader will find a "Sketch of a Chinook," with the process of flattening the head.—A. A. M.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XIII.

WHICH TREATS OF DIVERSE MATTERS. INCLUDING, *inter alia*, MR. POWHEAD'S EXCURSION TO BODDAM;—AND HOW BAILIE GAMALIEL GREYWAWKIE FEATHERED HIS NEST BY A SLIP OF THE PEN.

As intimated in my last, I reached in safety the far-famed town of Peterhead, and was received with open arms and warm hearts, by my niece, Barbara Ballingall, and her guidman, Andrew. They were an honest, well-doing couple, who feared their Maker, honoured the King, and brought up their cleecking of barns, "in decency and order." Of Andrew, or as I should rather style him, Bailie Ballingall, seeing that he had attained that dignified step on the ladder of life—I shall say nothing at present. His history contains some particulars worthy of record in these chronicles, and they shall be set forth in due order, at an early opportunity.

On the morning after my arrival, a knock came to the door, and Girzy, the hand-maiden of all work, entered the chamber where we were breaking our fast, with the tidings that Bailie Gamaliel Greywawkie was without, and craved the favour of an audience.

My nephew-in-law, looked a fraction glum at this announcement, muttering, with something which the censorious would have reprobed as an immoral word, that the Bailie was a plague and a pest, who, like the ill-shilling, was ever making his appearance when least needed. As there was no avoiding the infliction, however, he put the best face he could upon the matter, and the bachleshod envoy having received the necessary instructions, she presently ushered the untimely visitor into our presence.

As a matter of course, I was introduced in due form, to the civic authority of Peterhead, who, so far as externalities went, possessed all the orthodox and canonical requisites for the Magistracy. The redness of his nose, and "crimson pustules," (as Dr. Scougall would say,) which adorned the same, bore testimony that he had not neglected his duty in drinking the health of royalty on birthday and cognate festivals. There was, likewise, (to quote again from the above learned authority,) "a plethoric rotundity in the abdominal re-

gions," demonstrating to the everlasting confusion of all democratic slanderers, that the owner thereof, was conscientious in his attendance at Corporation dinners.

After giving us some information touching the state of the weather, which was more authentic than novel, Bailie Greywawkie proceeded to unfold the motives that had led him to favour us with his *matin company*. There was to be a marriage that evening in Boddam, a fishing village about three miles to the south of Peterhead, and as the bride's father, a substantial portioner, was a customer of his, he had covenanted to honour the occasion with his presence. "I just drapped in, neighbour Ballingall," said he, "to see if you would bear me company. And as your respected uncle is a stranger to this quarter of the globe, he, aiblings, will form one of our party. I have got my vehicle at the door, which will brawly hold us a'. We will be certain of a guid dinner, and a tass of mountain dew, which the King's cellar canna beat. Whether, however, it ever paid duty to his Majesty, is a question easier asked than answered."

Having ever had a desire to see human life in all its varieties, I at once closed with the proposal, and Mr. Ballingall, having nothing particular on his hands, likewise consented to the arrangement. "Ye need na' expect your bread winner hame, the nicht, guid wife," said our conductor, as he set his convenience in motion. "As it threatens to be wat, we will most likely tak' a bed frae my auld friend, Saunders Skate." "Besides," added he, in an undertone to us, with a sly wink,—“if the whisky be as guid as I expect, we will hao moisture to contend against, of a nature mair unfriendly to safe driving in the dark, than that distilled frae the clouds!”

As we were jogging cannily along, the morning being warm, and the horse not precisely a "high mettled racer." I took occasion to precognosce Bailie Greywawkie anent the preparation of those yellow fish called "Finnan haddies," for which this region of the United is famous, from John O'Groat's house to the wall of China.

"The luxuries in question," responded the magistrate,—“take their name from Findon, a village on this coast, though they are also engendered in Boddam, and some other clach-

ans. A comieshure in such matters, (myself, for instance, if I may be permitted to say so,) can tell, when the fish are cooked, the particular village from whence they came. In my opinion, and in this I am backed by two-thirds of the town council of Peterhead, Findon, though it gives it name to the whole manufacture, stands but second in the quality of its fish. The haddocks are prepared in the summer time, when the weather is warm and settled, and being gutted and cleaned, are spread before the door to dry. They are then taken into the house, pierced behind one of the upper fins by an iron rod, and hung, to the tune of four or five hundred, on rods, over a furnace in the corner of the room. The furnace is heated with peat dross, of a peculiar kind;—every thing depends on this—for the purpose of smoking the fish, which operation, when they have been previously dried, is completed in about three hours.—Other villages produce their yellow fish by means of a kiln, over which they are spread, and hence no hole in the fins is required. It is true, that a hole is made, to make green-horns believe that the commoditees were produced in Findon; but catch them deceiving me by sic a device. Just you notice carefully when twa smoked haddies are brought you, the ane a native o' Findon, and the other a Boddamite. In the first, you will discover that the inside of the hole is browned, and preserves the width of the rod; whilst in the latter, the interior of the hole, is fresh and collapsed, as the minister who we will see this afternoon, expresses it. If ye ever become a dealer in Finnan haddies, keep mind o' what I have said, and you will never be at a loss to ken which is the true fish; and which is the false!"

By this time, our equipage was entering Boddam, and verily the place was fair and blithsome to look upon. It is situated at the extremity of a goodly bay, sheltered behind by the hill of Sterling, and the eyes of the antiquarian are gladdened by the sight of the ruins of Boddam castle, a seat of the ancient Keith family, which stands at the top of a promontory, close to the sea. Touching this same castle, I learned a strange, and wild legend, which, perchance, I may record when I have nothing else to do.

We were duly welcomed by Saunders Skate,

who ushered us into his domicile—the best in the village, by the way—with as much state as if we had been crowned Kings or mitred Abbots. In the twinkling of an eye, a hillock of oatmeal cakes, and a sweet milk cheese nearly as large as a mill wheel, were placed before us, and there was added a pot-bellied bottle, which contained a liquid so closely resembling water in appearance, that it might have deceived a hermit who had vowed to confine his potations to that frugal fluid. In the simplicity of my heart, I quaffed a glass of this beverage, being thirsty with my drive, when to my utter amazement, I discovered that the breath was leaving my throat, and that my cheeks were moist with wondering tears! Philosophers, perchance, may be able to tell the cause of this phenomena; but I am a prudent man, and never repeat tales out of school, which the Kirk Session might make a handle of.

Whilst we were eating our snack, Mr. Skate informed us that his son-in-law to be, was a strapping young fisher chap, named Peter Partan, and, as a matter of course, a native of Boddam. "We never let our bairns marry strangers," said the old man. "If ane o' our lassies took up wi' a foreigner—a shop lad o' Peterhead, for instance, she might never attempt to show her neb in the village again. Even the mother that bore her would look upon the queen as nae langer ane o' the family. The limmer would be regarded with nearly as little favor as bum-bees show to a wasp that has wandered into their byke. This is ane o' our ancient, time immemorial customs, which, like the laws o' the Medes and the Persians, alter not, for beast or body."

At this point of our confabulation, Mrs. Skate made her appearance, and a fine, sonsy, motherly-looking matron she was, though somewhat of an overly fishy flavour for my inland taste!

After hoping that we were making ourselves quite at home, she inquired at her guidman, whether he knew where the scales and weights were lying. "I have to measure out the trimmings," quoth she—"for Jock's waist coat, and if that daidling creature Tammie Leslie, does not get them immediately, the bairns dress will not be ready for his sisters wedding."

When the guid wife had procured the implements which she required, I questioned Mr. Skate, touching the meaning of the speech I had heard.

"You see sir," replied my host, "that in this part o' the country, our raiment is made by tailors, who travel aboot frae house to house, according as their services are required. As a general rule, they are a thieving, cheating tribe, continually finding things where John Highlandman found the tangs—that is by the fire-side, ye ken! For this reason, it is the universal practice, when folk give out cloth, and thread, and lining to the tailors, to weigh the same. The garments being finished, the scales are again applied to, and according to their decision, the honesty o' the man o' needles is established, or his knavery made manifest! Our friend Tammie is nae waur than his brethren; but as it would never do to mak' fish o' anc and flesh o' anither, he behoves to submit to the ordeal as weel as the rest!"

"And does Mr. Leslie," said I, "not rebel against the imputation thus cast upon his integrity? In the west country no tailor would ever sew a stitch for the family who called his fair dealing in question." "Different lands different ways," returned our landlord. "The ceremony is looked upon here as being quite as much a matter o' course as the weighing o' a salmon or a pound o' candles."

It is fitting to mention in passing that the above conversation took place many years ago. Reform, among other exploits, has emancipated the crooked legged tribe from this degrading slur upon their morality. That they refrain from cabbaging, I will not take it upon myself to say, but assuredly their work is never now weighed in the balance to see whether it be not wanting!

Saunders Skate told us many stories about the nimble-fingered Tammie, who was quite a character in his way, one of which I shall retail for the diversion of my readers.

On one occasion, Leslie was engaged to shape and sew in the house of a farmer named Fergus Flint, who was notorious for the miserliness of his disposition. He grudged his family and servants the common necessaries of life, and would skin a certain animal which is often in man's heels, but seldom named, save by vulgarians, for the sake of its hide!

One night, after a hard days' work, Tammie sat down to take his supper with the household, but though the room was nearly as dark as pitch, the hard fisted Fergus would not suffer a candle to be used. This state of things did not by any means square with the tailor's ideas of comfort, and many a snuffle and snort of indignation he uttered as he discussed the oatmeal porridge which formed the staple of the banquet. At length, unable to bear the obscurity any longer, he filled his spoon to the very edge with the boiling luxury, and, instead of conveying it into his mouth, deposited the bulk thereof in the ear of the churl, at whose side he chanced to be sitting! Up started Flint with a yell which might have wakened the dead, and grasping the tailor by the throat, he demanded whether it was his intention to murder him at his own table? Leslie pretended to be overwhelmed with shame and remorse for the act of which he had been guilty. "Oh guidman," cried the cunning rogue, "that I should ever come to be charged with an attempt upon your precious and immortal life! Na, na! As I am an honest man—I mean an honest tailor—I intended to put the spoon fu' o' parritch into my mouth, but it was so dark that I mistook the way, and landed it by mistake in your worthy lug!"

It is hardly necessary for me to add, that instant orders were given for the production of a "six-in-the-pounder"—and never again did Fergus Flint sit down to a nocturnal meal, at least when Tammie was his guest, without a supply of artificial light to indicate the relative positions of the mouths and ears of the company!

[N. B.—It will be remembered by the intelligent peruser of these chronicles, that after his visit to London, Mr. Peter Powhead frequently makes use of more ambitious language than he was wont to do. The editor of these priceless papers is anxious to call attention to this fact, as he would not for all the gold in the diggings, be suspected of tampering with the manuscripts of his departed, and ever-to-be-lamented friend!]

The day wore on a pace, and the pot-bellied bottle diminished as the sun declined, a curious fact for which astronomers, perchance, may be able to account. Evaporation might have had something to do with the matter,

though doubtless, some of the learned might be inclined, with some glimmering of reason, to explain it by the theory of absorption! One thing is incontrovertible, that if our landlord's stock of spirits waxed low, the spirits of his guests rose in an equal proportion, and when the word was passed that the marriage procession was about to start, not the least merry of the throng were a brace of Bailies from Peterhead, and a certain Ayrshire barber who shall be nameless.

It seems that it was the usage at Boddam for the parties about to be buckled for life to travel about two miles in order to meet the minister, who resided at some distance. This custom was complied with, whatever the state of the weather might be, and Peggy Skate, who was that day to be made "an honest woman," observed to me, in answer to a remark which I let fall on the subject, that she would never book herself as a regularly married wife if the Rev. Mr. McSnore performed the ceremony under her father's roof-tree!

I believe, that with the exception of the bedridden, and bairns in the cradle, the whole population of Boddam were standing in marching order before Saunders Skate's domicile, when we made our appearance from the same. Our approach was the signal for moving, and in three minutes the party, marshalled by an antiquated boatswain with a wooden leg, set off by twos and twos.

It struck me that ere many minutes had elapsed, the bridegroom, Peter Partan, began to walk in a very feckless and hirpling manner, as if he had been suddenly smitten with the gout. On mentioning this to Bailie Greywawkie he at once solved the mystery. According to the *outré* and despotic rules of Boddam, it became incumbent upon the youth placed in Peter's interesting circumstances, to deposit a crooked sixpence in his shoe previously to commencing his pilgrimage to the shrine of Hymen. This was done to insure "luck," and its observance was looked upon as so essential that the bride, despite her bashfulness and blateness, always insisted on seeing the coin lodged in the walking gear of her intended before she permitted him to set forth. Poor Peter doubtless regarded the ceremony more honored in the breach than the observance. For the ensuing six weeks he could hardly pedestrianise without the

supplement of a stick, and the buxom maidens who were his partners in the nuptial reels vowed that he was as useless at the dancing as a crippled lobster!

As we neared a toll-house, dozens of merry, ringing voices shouted out, "Hurrah! there's the minister," and sure enough his reverence was discovered solacing himself with a pipe at the receipt of tribute. Here again I have to record another of the queer outlandish practices of this most original and dogmatic piscatorial community. The toll-house was invariably converted *pro tempore* into a chapel, when the marriage benediction fell to be enunciated. No one could tell the why or wherefore of this custom, but no one ever dreamed of questioning its propriety. Once had the Presbytery essayed to interdict the usage as unseemly, and "savouring of superstition;" but the lieges of Boddam protested that if no Mess John of the establishment buckled them at the ancient spot, they would see whether the Romish Priest, or the Old Light Bugher minister would be less scrupulous. This, of course, decided the controversy, and matters were suffered to remain in *statu quo!* * * *

[We are here constrained to omit a large portion of Mr. Powhead's narrative, as slightly tainted with the *prosy*, and not of sufficient interest to the general reader to warrant its being transferred to our pages.]

When we regained Boddam the procession shaped its course to the dwelling of the happy, but sore-footed Partan, where the first object which attracted our attention was the mother of the aforesaid Partan, standing at the threshold, and brandishing a formidable-looking pair of kitchen tongs. Under any other circumstances I would have been disposed to regard this apparition with some alarm, as indicative of belligerent intentions on the part of the new made legal parent, but I had long ceased to be surprised at anything, however much out of the way, which I witnessed in this demented region. The attitude of the ancestral Partan was perfectly in order, and in compliance with the unwritten law of Boddam! Grasping the young wife by the hand, the matron led her to the fireplace, upon which lay a few faint embers. These were carefully extinguished with the tongs above specified, and then the bride, tucking up her *braes* as best she might, proceeded to ignite a mass of peat and coal,

When the feat was fairly accomplished, a stentorian shout proclaimed the fact that Mrs. Peter Partan had taken possession of her new home, and was regularly installed as the mistress of the same! * * * * *

[Once more are we obliged to curtail the worthy barber's narrative. The particulars given of the wedding feast, of the dancing, and of the convivialities are spirited, but somewhat deficient in novelty. Suffice it to say, that the worshipful Greywawkie having been assaulted by a certain felonious personage, answering to the name of John Barleycorn, is carried up to bed in a net, and Mr. Powhead and his nephew having also suffered somewhat from the aforesaid naughty John, retire to recruit their exhausted energies on a shake-down.]

As we were undressing, I requested Andrew to give me some account of his brother Bailie, with whose pawkie sayings, and wonderful exploits, particularly in the toddy consuming line, I had been much tickled during that mirthsome evening. Mr. Ballingall, though with many a weary grunt and yawn, complied, and the substance of his narrative I now proceed to rehearse for the enlightenment of posterity.

THE FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

Gamaliel Greywawkie commenced life as a general merchant in Peterhead, with a small capital, and consequently with a small stock in trade. He dealt in groceries, hardware, candles, stationary, and draperies, and though his shop was the first open in the morning, and the last which was closed against the public at night, he found it a hard matter to make the two ends meet. The natives of Peterhead though, on the main, good customers enough, were pestilently costive in their payments, and the ink of many an account in the hapless huxter's ledger waxed dim and faint before the welcome word "settled" was endorsed at the tail thereof!

It may be here proper to mention, that the education of Gamaliel had not been of such an excellence as would have fitted him for a University degree. On the contrary, he knew nothing of the dead languages, and could not read with peculiar fluency even the living Anglo-Saxon tongue. As for writing, he thought it enough if he could make his ideas

tolerably intelligible on paper; and touching spelling, he generally wrote words as he pronounced them. "I had nae hand in the brewin' o' dictionaries," he would sometimes observe; "and, consequently, am not bound to tak them as my rules and authorities."

Having at length managed to scrape together a few pounds, Mr. Greywawkie determined to see if he could not increase his capital by a speculation. At that time copper gave tokens of rising in the market, and the honest man, after serious deliberation, resolved that in this metal he would invest his savings.

Accordingly he wrote to his London correspondent, requesting him to purchase, in his name, a *ton of copper*; and in due course of post received a reply to the effect that the order would be executed with all possible despatch. "It will take some time to do the needful," added Mr. Brummagem, "but due notice shall be given of its completion."

Mr. Greywawkie sorely churned his brains to divine the meaning of this latter paragraph, but all in vain. By no possibility could he account for the fact that there should be any difficulty in making the investment which he had set his heart upon. From the metropolitan journals, which from time to time met his eye, he learned that whole shiploads of copper were changing hands every day, and how, therefore, there should be the delay of an hour in procuring a single ton of the commodity, fairly passed his comprehension!

Time wore on, but matters remained in the same bewildering position. The desiderated metal continued to rise in price, till at length it reached its climax of attitude. Then it began to take a turn in the opposite direction, and slide down the mercantile scale—slowly at first, and then with a celerity which was positively sickening to a holder. Still no specific tidings from the unaccountable Mr. Brummagem! Now and then a curt, laconic missive would arrive, that the order was still in the course of execution, but that the job was an uphill one, and required time!

At length Gamaliel could bear the torturing suspense no longer. He entrusted his shop to the temporary care of an acquaintance, and set out for London, determined to find out at once the worst of the matter. It was indeed a perilous crisis in the history of his fortunes!

Small as the adventure might be to a *warm* man, upon its issue depended whether his name should preserve its fragrance in the money market, or be consigned to the rankness and putridity of the bankrupt's department of the Gazette!

When the mail-coach, which was transporting the person of the more than half-frenzied Greywawkie is stopped at York, in order to allow its passengers to go through the process of sustentation, he entered the supper-room with his comrades, but could not manage to swallow a solitary morsel. Everything, bread, meat, and pickles seemed encrusted and impregnated with copper, and like the "Amen" of Macbeth, stuck pertinaciously in his throat!

As he was gulping in rabid desperation a stiff admixture of brandy and heated water, the only thing in the shape of nutriment which he could imbibe, Gamaliel heard his name pronounced by a commercial Cockney traveller, who was seated with a companion at an adjacent table. Wearied and jaded as he was, he could only make out a few words here and there of the conference, but these were sufficient to hasten him to the culminating point of wonder and distraction! "Wonderful fellow that Greywawkie must be! Prodigious order! A whole ton! Why, the man must either be mad, or have the Bank of England at his command! I must give him a call when I reach the north! Hope to book him for a few thousands!"

At this moment the horn of his Majesty's mail sounded a retreat, and Greywawkie, dashing down the price of the supper which he had never tasted, rushed out to his locomotive, like an opium-drugged Malay running a muck!

Arrived in London, the Peterhead shopkeeper lost no time in seeking the counting-house of his correspondent, and, having stated his name, requested an immediate audience. The clerks, who seemed to regard him with a look of respectful wonder, speedily announced his arrival to their principal, and in a few seconds Messrs. Greywawkie and Brummagen stood face to face in the flesh!

"My dear friend!" exclaimed the Englishman, "permit me to offer you my warmest congratulations. This very morning I succeeded in accomplishing your commission,

and you are now the largest holder of the article within the British dominions! Why, your name has been the common talk on 'Change for the last ten days! You are called the Scottish phenomenon, and the prince of bold speculators!"

Gamaliel, completely taken aback by this most mysterious and unfathomable greeting, was unable to squeeze out a solitary word in rejoinder. His hair literally stood on end like a crop of immature pokers—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, even as a herring adheres to the bottom of a red-hot frying pan—and sinking down on the nearest chair, he waited with fixed eyes to hear what would come next! Had the information been that he had succeeded to the Papal throne, or been elected Commander of the Faithful, his wonder could not have been increased one jot or tittle!

Mr. Brummagen did not give him time to recover his self-possession, but continued to rattle on at the rate of twenty knots an hour, or thereby!

"If I might make so bold," he said, "I would venture to suggest that you should sell out forthwith. The market is now as bare of the article, as a Surgeon's Hall skeleton is of flesh? Our grocers are clamorous for a supply, and I can hardly walk the streets without being waylaid by scores of 'em! You can make your own terms, by jingo! and I question not, could clear thousands by mid-day if you would release your hold. So think seriously about it, dear Mr. Greywawkie, and pray consider the lamentable condition of the eating community! Why, I hear that there has not been a leg of mutton boiled for nearly a week, within the sound of Bow-bells!"

"What in the name of Heaven do you mean?" at length managed to gasp out the sorely confounded Gamaliel. "Can there be any earthly connection between my order, and the meals of your Southern gluttons? Surely with all their brass they do not season their mutton with copper sauce?"

"Not exactly, my dear fellow," was the rejoinder, "but *capers*, you know, are generally necessary for that favourite dish!"

"Do you mean to insult me, you scoundrel?" yelled the unhappy Greywawkie, who by that time had fairly passed the Rubicon of sanity. "What have I to do with all the

capers in the universe? Speak, you miscreant, or I shall save Jack Ketch the trouble of throttling you?"

"Ha! I see! blandly interposed Mr. Brummagem." Cold morning—long drive—overly strong protation at the last stopping place! These things *will* happen at times, to the best of us! No man is a *sac-pit* at all hours, as we used to say at school! Here John! fetch me Mr. Greywawkie's order! Perhaps a sight of that document will restore your recollection!"

The missive was brought, and the broker unfolding it began to recapitulate its contents. "Hum—just so—plain as a pike staff—*one ton of capers*—nothing could be clearer! let me again advise you to sell out on the nail. Never will there be a better chance!"

Slowly, but surely did the light now begin to dawn upon the fevered brain of the North British huxter, till at length he became cognizant of the real state of the case. Prudently concealing the fact, that he had by mistake written *capers* for *copper*, Gamaliel, with a faint laugh, begged pardon for his recent outbreak, and hinted something about the potency of English gin in the morning!

Little more remains to be told. The capers were disposed of to the famishing London grocers that very forenoon, and before many days had elapsed the credit account of Gamaliel Greywawkie in the Peterhead branch of the Bank of Scotland exhibited more hundreds of pounds than ever previously it had contained tens!

THE ADVENTURES OF THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.*

ONE of the young senorita's now took up the guitar, and after striking a few preliminary chords commenced playing the air of the foreign dance. The daughter of Rodriguez laid aside her veil, fan and black mantilla, and attached to her white fingers the ebony castanets. Her jetty locks floated in luxuriant masses over her alabaster shoulders. Her eyes sparkled, her mouth was wreathed with smiles, and her complexion was tinged with a light blush. All at once she sounded the rattling ebony, and mingling her voice with the sounds of the guitar, started like a flash of light.

What variety in her steps. What elegance in

her attitudes. Sometimes raising her arms with vivacity, then gently dropping them by her side. Sometimes starting as if intoxicated with pleasure, then retiring as if overwhelmed with grief. Now, turning her head, she appears to beckon some invisible lover, offers modestly a rosy cheek as if to the kiss of a bridegroom, flies bashful, returns brilliant and consoling, with a proud, nay, warlike step, then bounds anew upon the turf. Her voice and steps mingled in harmonious concert with the strains of the instrument. The voice of Bianca slightly subdued, had that soul-stirring tone which touches the heart and rouses the passions. The Spanish music, composed of sighs, rapid movements, mournful strains, and gay songs, suddenly ceasing, offers a singular *mélange* of gaiety and melancholy. That music and that dance fixed beyond recall the destiny of the Last Abencerrage. They would have sufficed to cause a heart more troubled than his to ache.

At nightfall, he returned to Grenada by the valley of the Douro, but, before leaving, Don Rodriguez, charmed with the noble and polished manners of Aben Hamet, entreated him to return soon, and amuse Bianca with his marvellous tales of the East. The Moor, highly delighted, accepted the invitation of the Duke de Santa Fé, and on the morrow betook himself to the palace, where she lived whom he loved better than the light of day.

Bianca soon found herself deeply in love, from the very impossibility which she fancied there existed, of her ever entertaining such a feeling. To love an infidel, a Moor, an unknown, appeared to her a thing so strange, so unlikely, so impossible, that she took no precautions to guard against the melody which was beginning to insinuate itself into her veins. Nevertheless, as soon as she recognised the symptoms, she treated the matter in true Spanish fashion. The perils and chagrins which she foresaw did not cause her to shrink from the brink of the abyss, nor deliberate a long time with her heart. She said to herself, "let Aben Hamet become a Christian, let him love me, and I will follow him to the uttermost end of the earth."

The Abencerrage on his part felt all the force of a soul-absorbing, irresistible passion. He lived only for Bianca. The projects which had brought him to Grenada no longer occupied his attention. It was easy for him to obtain the information he had come to ask, but he felt no interest in anything, his mind and soul were wrapt up in his love. He felt nothing, saw nothing, heard nothing, wished for nothing, thought of nothing but Bianca. "Let her become a Mahomedan, let her love me, and I will serve her to my latest sigh."

* Continued from page 613, vol. 2.

Aben Hamet and Bianca thus fixed in their determinations, awaited only a favorable moment to disclose their sentiments. It was then the finest period of the year.

"You have not yet seen the Alhambra," said the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé to the Abencerrage. "If I may credit some few words which have escaped you, your family is originally from Grenada. Perhaps you will be well pleased to visit the palace of your ancient Kings? I will this evening serve you myself as a guide."

Aben Hamet swore by the beard of the Prophet, that no promenade could be more delightful to him.

The hour fixed for the excursion to the Alhambra being arrived, the daughter of Don Rodriguez mounted on a white hackney accustomed to climb the rocks like a goat, Aben Hamet accompanied the brilliant Spaniard, upon an Andalusian steed, equipped after the Turkish manner.

In the rapid course of the young Moor, his purple robe swelled out behind him, his curved cymetar clattered against the high saddle, and the wind agitated the aigrette with which his turban was surmounted. The people, charmed with his handsome appearance, said, as they looked after him, "It is an infidel Prince whom Donna Bianca is going to convert."

They traversed at first a long street still bearing the name of an ancient and illustrious Moorish family, and bordering on the exterior enclosure of the Alhambra. They afterwards traversed a wood of elm, arrived at a fountain, and soon found themselves before the interior enclosure of the palace of Boabdil. In a wall flanked by towers and surrounded by battlements, opened a gate, called the Gate of Judgment. They cleared this first gate, and advanced by a narrow road which wound between high walls and half ruined masonry. This road conducted them to the place of the Algibes, near to which Charles the V. was then causing a palace to be erected. From thence, turning to the north, they halted in a deserted court, at the foot of a wall covered with arabasque ornaments, and partially destroyed by time. Aben Hamet leaping lightly to the ground offered his hand to Bianca to descend from her mule. The hqueys knocked at a deserted gate, the threshold of which was concealed by the grape. The gate opened, and allowed them to see all at once the secret precincts of the Alhambra.

All the longings, all the regrets for his country, mingled with the illusions of love, now seized upon the heart of the last Abencerrage. Immoveable and mute he stands gazing with wonder into this habitation of the Genii. He fancied

himself transported to the entry of one of those palaces described in the thousand and one nights. Light galleries, white marble canals bordered with flowering orange and lemon trees, whose fragrant perfume laden the air, sparkling fountains, and solitary courts offered themselves on all sides to the eyes of Aben Hamet, and across the spreading roofs of the porticos, he perceived other labyrinthic and fresh enchantments. The bright azure of a most lovely sky, shewed between columns sustaining a chain of gothic arches. The walls covered with arabesques appeared to imitate, at first sight, those Eastern stuffs, which the caprice of a woman slave brooders to beguile the weariness of a harem; something voluptuous, warlike and religious impregnated the air of this magic building—a cloister of love, the mysterious retreat where the Moorish Kings tasted every pleasure and forgot every day of life.

After some moments of surprise and silence, the two lovers entered into this abode of vanished power and past felicity. They first promenaded around the saloon of Mesuear, amidst the perfume of flowers and the freshness of waters. They penetrated next into the Court of Lions. The emotions of Aben Hamet augmented at each step. "If thou didst not fill my soul with rapture," said he to Bianca, "with what grief should I be compelled to ask of thee, a Spaniard, the history of these dwellings—ah! these places were made for the enjoyment of happiness, but I——"

Aben Hamet perceived the name of Boabdil chased in Mosaics. "Oh my King," cried he, "what has become of thee? Where shall I find thee in thy deserted Alhambra?" And the tears of fidelity, loyalty and honour, filled the eyes of the young Moor.

"Your ancient Masters," said Bianca, "or rather the Kings of your fathers, were ingrates." "What matter," replied the Abencerrage, "they have been unfortunate." As he uttered these words, Bianca conducted him into a Cabinet, which appeared to be the very sanctuary of this Temple of love. Nothing could equal the elegance of this retreat; the entire roof was painted azure and gold, and composed of a fret-work of arabesques which allowed the light to pass as over a tissue of flowers. A fountain bubbled in the centre of the building, and its waters falling in dewy showers, were received in an alabaster conch. "Aben Hamet," said the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé, "observe well this fountain, it received the trunkless heads of the Abencerrages. This white marble is yet stained with the blood of the unhappy victims whom Boabdil sacrificed to his suspicions. 'Tis thus, in your coun-

try, that men who seduce the affections of too credulous women are treated."

No longer was Aben Hamet listening to his lovely mistress. Prostrate, he was kissing with holy reverence the trace of the blood of his ancestors. Sudden he arose and cried, "Oh, Bianca, I swear by the blood of those cavaliers, to love thee with the constancy, fidelity and ardour of an Abencerrage."

"Ah, you love me then," answered Bianca, clasping her lovely hands and raising her looks to Heaven; "but do you remember that you are a Moor, an infidel, an enemy, and that I am a Christian and a Spaniard."

O, Holy prophet," said Aben Hamet, "be witness to my oath!—"

Bianca interrupted him. What faith would you that I should give to the oaths of a persecutor of my God? Do'st know if I love thee? Who dared give thee leave to hold such language to me?

Aben Hamet replied in consternation. "It is true—I am only thy slave. Thou hast not chosen me for thy cavalier."

Moor," cried Bianca, "cast aside this mockery. Thou hast seen in my looks that I love thee, my folly for thee passes all measure. Become but a Christian, and nought shall prevent me from becoming thine. But if a daughter of the house of Bivar dares to speak to thee thus frankly, thou mayest augur from it, that she will know how to conquer herself, and that an enemy of the Christian faith shall never own her hand."

Aben Hamet in a transport of passionate love, clasped the hands of Donna Bianca in his own, placed them on his turban, then on his heart.—"Allah is powerful," cried he, "and Aben Hamet is happy. O Mahomet! let this Christian but know thy law and nothing shall——"

"Thou blasphemest," said Bianca, "let us leave this place."

Linked together, arm in arm, they approached the fountain of the Twelve Lions, which gave its name to one of the Courts of the Alhambra. "Beloved," said the simple Spaniard, "when I look on thy robe, thy turban, and thy arms, above all, when I remember our love, I fancy I see the shade of the handsome Abencerrage walking in this secluded retreat with the unfortunate Alhama. Explain to me that Arabic inscription graven on the marble of yon fountain."

Aben Hamet read these words. "The lovely princess who, covered with pearls, walks in this garden, augments its beauty so prodigiously," the rest of the inscription was effaced. "'Tis for thee this inscription was composed," said Aben Hamet. "O, beloved Sultana, these palaces were never

so beautiful in their youth as they are to-day in their ruins. Harken to the play of the fountains whose waters the moss has turned away. Regard those gardens which we see beneath yonder half ruined arcades. Contemplate the star of day never setting beyond those porticoes. Oh, how sweet to wander with thee in these places. Their accents embalm these retreats as the roses of Yemen, with what joy do I recognize in thy language some accents of that of my fathers. The rustling of thy robe above, on these marbles, makes my heart leap. The air is only perfumed when it has touched thy locks. You are as beautiful as the spirit of my country amidst these ruins. But can Aben Hamet hope to fix thy heart? What, is he near thee? He has wandered o'er mountains with his father, and knows the herbs of the wilderness. Alas, there is not one that can cure the wound thou hast made. He carries arrows but is no cavalier. Formerly, said I to myself, the water of the sea which sleeps in the shade of the crevice in the rock is tranquil and mute, whilst the great sea is noisy and agitated. Aben Hamet, thus will thy life glide away silent, peaceable and ignorant, in an obscure corner of an unknown land, whilst the hearts of others are overwhelmed by tempests. Thus, lovely Christian, have I spoken in my folly, but thou hast already proved that the tempest can also trouble the drop of water in the crevice of the rock."

Bianca listened with rapture to this language so new to her, and whose oriental turn seemed so well suited to the fairy residence where she was wandering with her lover. Love penetrated her whole heart. Her knees trembled and knocked together, she was obliged to lean heavily on the arm of her guide. Aben Hamet sustained his sweet burthen, and whispered, as he walked, "Ah why am I not a brilliant Abencerrage?"

"You would please me less," said Bianca, "for I should be more tormented. Remain obscure, and live for me. A brilliant cavalier often forgets love for renown."

"Thou would'st not have that danger to fear," answered Aben Hamet, with vivacity.

"And how would you love me then, if you were an Abencerrage?" asked the descendant of Chimène.

"I would love thee more than glory, and less than honor."

The sun had sunk below the horizon, during the promenade of the two lovers. They had wandered through the whole Alhambra. What sweet souvenirs for Aben Hamet. Here the Sultana enjoyed these airholes purposely contrived, the smoke of perfumes burnt underneath her. There, in that

secluded asylum, she decked herself in all the finery of the East; and it was Bianca, his adored mistress, who repeated all those details to the handsome youth she idolized.

The moon now rising spread a pale, doubtful light o'er the abandoned sanctuaries and deserted courts of the Alhambra. Her white rays painted on the grass of the parterres, and on the walls of the saloons, the lace-work of an aerial architecture, the arches of cloisters, the flickering shadow of dancing waters, and of fragrant bushes, waved by the zephyr. The nightingale sang from a cypress which pierced the dome of a ruined mosque, and the echoes repeated the mournful strain. Aben Hamet wrote by the light of the moon, the name of Bianca on a marble slab in the hall of the two sisters. Her name he traced in Arabic characters, so that the passing traveller has one more enigma to solve in this palace of mysteries.

"Moor, thy pastimes are cruel," said Bianca, "let us leave this place. The destiny of my life is fixed for ever. Mussulman, I love thee without hope. Christian, I am thy too happy bride."

Aben Hamet answered, "Christian, I am thy desolate slave, A true believer; I am thy glorious spouse."

Then these noble lovers left this dangerous place.

Bianca's passion augmented daily, and that of Aben Hamet's increased with equal violence. He was so enchanted to be loved for himself alone, to owe to no foreign cause the sentiments with which he had inspired the lovely Spanish maiden, that he had never revealed the secret of his birth to her. It would be so sweet a pleasure to tell her on the day she consented to give him him her hand, that he bore an illustrious name.

On his return to the Khan of the Moors, he found a summons for him to return immediately to Tunis. His mother, attacked by a disease without remedy, wished to embrace her son and bless him before she died. Aben Hamet presented himself at the palace of the Duke de Santa Fé. "Saltana," said he to Bianca, "My mother is stricken even unto death, she sends for me to close her eyes. Wilt thou preserve thy love for me?"

"You leave me," said the pale Bianca; "oh, shall I ever see thee again?"

"Come," said Aben Hamet, I wish to exact an oath of thee, and to make it one that death alone can break. Follow—

They went out and came unto a cemetery which formerly belonged to the Moors. Here and there were scattered some light funeral columns, on which the sculptor had originally figured a turban, but which the Christians had since replaced by a

cross. Aben Hamet conducted Bianca to the foot of these columns.

"Bianca," said he, "my ancestors repose here; I swear by their ashes to the day when the angel of judgment shall summon me to the tribunal of Allah; I promise thee never to engage my heart to another woman, and to take thee for wife soon as thou wilt recognise the holy light of the prophet. Each succeeding year I will return at this period to Grenada to see if thou hast kept thy faith, and if thou wilt renounce thine errors."

"And I," said Bianca, in tears, will await thee for ever; I will preserve for thee to my last sigh the faith I have sworn thee, and I will receive thee for my bridegroom when the God of the Christians, more powerful than thy mistress, shall have touched thy infidel heart."

Aben Hamet departed. The winds carried him to the African shores. His mother had expired and nought remained for him but to weep over her grave. Months passed away. Sometimes wandering amongst the ruins of Carthage, sometimes seated by the tomb of St. Louis, the exiled Abencerrage longed for the day which should recall him to Grenada. At length it arrived, and Aben Hamet embarked and turned the prow of his vessel towards Malaga. With what joy, with what transports mingled with fear, did he perceive the blue shores of Spain. Did Bianca await him on those shores? Did she yet remember the young Arab who had never ceased to adore her under the palm-tree of the desert?

The daughter of the Spanish Grandee was not unfaithful to her oath. She had entreated her father to take her to Malaga, and from the rocky heights which surround the inhabited side of the city she followed with her eyes the distant vessels and fugitive sails. During a tempest, she contemplated with fright, the sea raised by the winds.

At times she delighted to lose herself amidst the clouds which wrap the rocky hills about Malaga, to expose herself in dangerous places, to be drenched in the spray of the same storm which menaced the life of Aben Hamet; and when she saw the wild sea gull tip the waves with his great curved wings and fly towards the African coast, she sent messages of love by it, that insensate love which a heart devoured by passion alone feels.

At length, one day whilst wandering on the shore, she perceived a long bark, whose elevated prow, raking mast and lateen sail, announced the elegant genius of the Moors. Bianca hurried to the port, and soon saw the Barbary vessel enter, the waves foaming under her sharp bows. A Moor, superbly habited stood in the prow; be-

hind him, two black slaves held by the reins an Arab horse, whose smoking nostrils and starting mane proclaimed alike his natural ardor, and the fright with which the waves inspired him. The barque speedily lowered her sails and moored to the quay. The Moor leaped on shore which resounded with the clang of his arms; the slaves brought his pure-blooded steed leaping and neighing for joy at once more touching the earth. Other slaves lowered a basket, wherein amongst a bed of palm leaves reposed a gazelle, whose fine slender limbs were bent and fastened under it for fear they might be broken by the motion of the vessel.— Around its neck was a necklace of alve seeds, and upon a golden clasp were graven a name and a talisman.

Bianca recognized Aben Hamet, but dared not betray herself to the eyes of the crowd: Retiring, she sent Dorothea, one of her women, to warn the Abencerrage that she awaited him at the palace of the Moors. Aben Hamet was presenting his firman, written in letters of azure upon precious parchment, and enclosed in a case of silk. Dorothea approached, and conducted the happy Abencerrage to the feet of Bianca. What transports at finding each other faithful. What intense happiness to meet once more after so long a separation, and to exchange new vows of eternal love and fidelity.

The two black slaves brought the Numidian steed, which, in place of a saddle, had only a lion's skin on its back, girthed by a zone of purple. Behind, was borne the gazelle. "Sultana," said Aben Hamet, "'tis a gazelle of my country, nearly as elegant as thyself." Bianca herself unbound the lovely creature, which seemed to thank her with its soft lustrous black eyes. During the absence of the Abencerrage, the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé had studied Arabic, and now read with moistened eyes her own name on the collar of the gazelle, which though, at last at liberty, could scarce keep its feet, having been so long a prisoner. It lay on the ground, and pillowed its head on its mistress' feet. Bianca fed it with fresh dates, and caressed this desert goat, whose fine skin yet retained the odour of the wood of Aloes, and the rose of Tunis.

The Abencerrage, the Duke de Santa Fé and his daughter, left together for Grenada. The days of the happy pair passed like those of the preceding year. The same promenades, the same hopes, the same love, or rather love always increasing, always shared, and the same fixed attachment in the two lovers to the religion of their fathers. "Become a Christian, sighed Bianca." "Become a Mahomedan, whispered Aben Hamet," and they

separated once more without having succumbed to the passion which attracted them to each other.

Aben Hamet re-appeared the third year like those birds of passage which love brings to our climate in the spring. He did not find Bianca at the shore, but a letter from his adored mistress informed the faithful Arab of the departure of the Duke de Santa Fé for Madrid, and the arrival of Don Carlos at Grenada, accompanied by a French prisoner, his friend. The Moor felt his heart beat at reading this letter, and left Malaga for Grenada with the most sorrowful presentiments. The mountains appeared frightfully solitary, and many a time did he turn his head to gaze back at the sea he had just crossed.

Bianca, during the absence of her father, had been unable to quiet a brother whom she loved, a brother too, who wished to despoil himself in her favour of all his wealth, and whom she saw after seven years absence. Don Carlos had all the courage and all the pride of his nation. Terrible as the conquerors of the New World, amongst whom he had fleshed his maiden sword, and religious as the Spanish Cavaliers, conquerors of the Moors, he nourished in his heart against the infidels the hatred inherited with the blood of the Cid.

Thomas de Lautree, of the illustrious house of Foix, where beauty in the women and courage in the men, passed as hereditary gifts, was the younger brother of the lovely Countess de Foix, and of the brave and unhappy Odet de Foix, Lord of Lautree. At the age of eighteen, Thomas had been knighted by the hands of Bayard, in that retreat which cost the life of the Chevalier, "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*" Some time after, Thomas was wounded and made prisoner at Pavia, in defending the chivalrous King, who there lost all, save his honour.

Don Carlos de Bivar, a witness of the valour of Lautree, had tended the wounds of the young Frenchman, and soon there grew up between them one of those heroic friendships, of which esteem and virtue are the foundation. Francis the First, had returned to France; but Charles retained the other prisoners as hostages. Lautree had had the honour of partaking the captivity of his King, and of sleeping at his feet in prison. Remaining in Spain after the monarch's departure, he had been liberated on the word of Don Carlos, whom he accompanied to Grenada.

When Aben Hamet presented himself at the palace of Don Rodriguez, and was introduced into the chamber, where he found the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé, he felt torments, until then unknown to him. At the feet of Donna Bianca was sitting a young man, who regarded her

in ravished silence. He was dressed in buff hose, with a pourpoint of the same colour, bound by a girdle, from which depended a sword decorated with a *fleur de lis*. A cloak of silk was cast over his shoulders, and his head was covered with a narrow brimmed hat, shadowed with plumes. A lace ruff falling over his chest, left his neck uncovered. A pair of moustachios, black as jet, gave to his naturally sweet countenance a manly and warlike appearance. Large boots, which fell down in folds over his legs, carried the golden spur, the mark of chivalry.

At some distance, another Cavalier sat apart, bent on the iron cross of his own sword. He was habited similarly to the other Cavalier, but appeared older. His austere manner, although ardent and passionate, inspired both respect and fear. The red cross of Calatrava was embroidered on his pourpoint, with this device, "For it, and my King."

(To be continued.)

THE WATER-GLASS; OR DAY-DREAM OF LIFE.

BY SAM SLICK.

SAYS I to myself, the world has many nations on the face of it, I reckon, but there ain't but four classes among them: fools and knaves, saints and sinners. Fools and sinners form the bulk of mankind; rogues are numerous everywhere, while saints—real salts—are few in number, fewer, if you could look into their hearts, than folks think. I was once in Prospect Harbor, near Halifax, shortly arter a Boston packet had been wracked there. All that could float had been picked up, or washed away; but the heavy things sank to the bottom, and these in the general way were valuable. I saw a man in a boat with a great long tube in his hands, which he put down into the sea—very now and then, and looked through, and then moved on and took another observation.

"Awful wack that!" said I, dolefully.

"Well, it was considerable, but it might have been wuss," said he, quite composed.

Ah! says I to myself, I see how it is, you haint lost anything, that's clear, but you are lookin' for somethin'.

"Searching for gold?" said I, laughin', and goin' on tother tack. "Every vessel, they say, is loaded with gold now-a-days?"

"Well," says he, smiling, "I ain't sarching for gold, for it ain't so plenty on this coast; but I am sarching for zinc: there are several rolls of it there."

"What was that curious tube," says I, "if I might be so bold as to ax?"

"Sartain," says he, "it's a water-glass. The bottom of that tube has a large plate of glass in it. When you insert the tube into the sea, and look into it, you can perceive the bottom much plainer than you can with a naked eye."

"Good!" says I; "now that's a wrinkle on my horn. I daresay a water-glass is a common thing,

but I never heard of it afore. Might it be your invention, for it is an excellent one."

He looked up suspicious like.

"Never heard of a water-glass?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what your name might be?"

"Sartainly," says I, "friend; you answered me my question civilly, and I will answer yours. I'm Sam Slick, says I, at least what's left of me."

"Sam Slick, the Clockmaker?" says he.

"The same," said I, "and never heard of a water-glass."

"Never! Mr. Slick," said he, "I'm not so simple as you take me to be. You can't come over me that way, but you are welcome to that rise, anyhow. I wish you good mornin'."

Now that's human natur' all over. *A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does; but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowin' what he does.* But to return. If instead of the water-glass (which I vow to man I never heard of before that day), if we had a breast-glass to look into th' heart, and read what is wrote, and see what is passin' there, a great part of the saints—them that don't know music or paintin' and call it a waste of precious time, and can't dance, and call it wicked, and won't go to parties, because they are so stupid no one will talk to them, and call it sinful—a great lot of the saints would pass over to the sinners. Well, the sinners must be added to the fools, and it swells their numbers up considerable, for a feller must be a fool to be a sinner at all, seein' that the way of the transgressors is hard.

Of the little band of rael salts of saints, a considerable some must be added to the fools' ranks too, for it aint every pious man that's wise, though he may have sense enough to be good. Arter this deduction, the census of them that's left will show a small table, that's a fact. When the devoted city was to be destroyed, Abraham begged it off for fifty righteous men. And then for forty-five, and finally for ten; but arter all, only Lot his wife, and two daughters was saved, and that was more from marcy than their desarts, for they warnt no great shakes arter all. Yes, the breast glass would work wonders, but I don't think it would be overly safe for a man to invent it: he'd find himself, I reckon, some odd night a plaguey sight nearer the top of a lamp-post, and farther from the ground than was agreeable; and wouldn't the hypocrites pretend to lament him, and say he was a dreadful loss to w'rkin'?" That being the state of the case, the great bulk of humans may be classed as fools and knaves. The last are the thrashers and sword-fishes, and grampuses and sharks of the sea of life; and the other the great shoal of common fish of different sorts, that seem made a-purpose to feed these hungry unmerciful critters that take 'em in by the dozen at one swoop, and open their mouths wide, and dart on for another meal.

The whole continent of America, from one end of it to the other, is overrun with political knaves and quack knaves. They are the greatest pests we have. One undertakes to improve the constitution of the coutry, and the other the constitution of the body, and their everlastin' tinkerin' injures both. How in natur folks can be so taken in, I don't know. Of all knaves, I consider them

two the most dangerous, for both deal in poisonous deadly medicines. One pysons people's minds, and the other their bodies. One unsettles their heads, and the other their stomachs, and I do believe in my heart and soul that's the cause we Yankees look so thin, hollow in the cheeks, narrow in the chest, and gander-waisted. We boast of being the happiest people in the world. The President tells the Congress that bunkum every year, and every year the Congress says, "Tho' there ain't much in you, old slippery-go-easy, at no time, *that's* no lie at any rate." Every young lady says, "I guess that's a fact." And every boy that coaxed a little hair to grow on his upper lip, puts his arm round his gall's waist and says,— "That's as true as rates, we are happy, and if you would only name the day, we shall be still happier." Well, this is all fine talk; but what is bein' a happy people? Let's see, for hang me if I think we are a happy people.

When I was a boy to night-school with my poor dear old friend, the minister, and arterwards in life as his companion, he was for everlastingly correctin' me about words that I used wrong, so one day, having been down to the sale of the effects of the great Revolutionary General, Zadoc Seth, of Holmes Hole, what does he do but buy a Johnson's Dictionary for me in two volumes, each as big as a clock, and a little heavier than my wooden ones. "Now," says he, "do look out words, Sam, so as to know what you are a-talking about."

One day, I recollect it as well as it was yesterday—and if I loved a man on earth, it was that man—I told him if I could only go to the Thanks-giving Ball, I should be quite happy.

"Happy!" said he, "what's that?"

"Why happy," says I, "is—bein' happy, to be sure."

"Why that's of course," says he, "a dollar is a dollar, but that don't inform me what a dollar represents. I told you you used words half the time you didn't understand the meanin' of."

"But I do," says I; happy means being so glad, your heart is ready to jump out of its jacket for you."

"Yes—yes," says he; "and I suppose if it never jumped back again, you would be unhappy for all the rest of your life. I see you have a very clear conception of what 'happy' means. Now look it out; let us see what the great and good Dr. Johnson says."

"He says it is a state where the desires are satisfied—lucky—ready."

"Now," said he, "at most, as it applies to you, if you get leave to go to the ball, and you may go, for I approbate all innocent amusements for young people, you would be only lucky; and in a state where *one* desire is satisfied. It appears to me," said he, and he put one leg over the other, and laid his head a little back, as if he was a-goin' to lay down the law, "that that eminent man has omitted another sense in which this word is properly used—namely, a state of joyfulness—light-heartedness—merriment, but we won't stop to inquire into that. 't is great presumption for the likes of me to attempt to criticize Dr. Johnson."

Poor dear old soul, he was a wiser and modest-er man than ever the old doctor was. Fact is, old dictionary was very fond of playin' first fiddle

wherever he was. *Thunderin' long words aint wisdom, and stoppin' a critter's mouth is more apt to improve his wud than his understandin'.*

"You may go to the ball," said he, "and I hope you may be happy in the last sense I have given it."

"Thank you, Sir," said I, and off I cuts hot foot, when he called me back; I had a great mind to pretend not to hear him, for I was afraid he was a-goin to reing—

"Sam," said he, and he held out his hand and took mine, and looked very seriously at me;—

"Sam, my son," said he, "now that I have granted you permission to go, there is one thing I want you to promise me. I think myself you will do it without any promise, but I should like to have your word."

"I will observe any direction you may give me, Sir," said I.

"Sam," said he, and his face grew so long and blank, I hardly knew what was a-comm' next, "Sam," said he, "don't let your heart jump out of its jacket," and he laid back in his chair, and laughed like anythin', in fact I could not help laughin' myself to find it all end in a joke.

Presently he let go my hand, took both his, and wiped his eyes, for tears of fun were in 'em.

"Minister," says I, "will you let me just say a word?"

"Yes," says he.

"Well, according to Dr. Johnson's third sense, that was a happy thought, for it was '*ready*.'"

"Well, I won't say it warnt," said he; "and, Sam, in that sense you are likely to be a happy man all your life, for you are always '*ready*;' take care you aint too sharp."

But to go back, for I go round about sometimes. Tho' Daniel Webster, said I, was like a good sportin'-dog, if I did not round the bush, I always put up the birds. What is a happy people? If havin' enough to eat and drink, with rather a short, just a little mite and mosel too short an allowance of time to swallow it, is bein' happy, then we are so beyond doubt. If livin' in a free country like Maine, where you are compelled to drink stagnant swamp-water, but can eat opium like a Chinese, if you choose, is bein' happy, then we are a happy people.

Just walk thro' the happy streets of our happy villages, and look at the men—all busy—in a hurry, thoughtful, anxious, full of business, toiling from day dawn to night—look at the women, the dear critters, a little, just a little care-worn, time-worn, climate-worn, pretty as angels, but not quite so merry. Follow them in the evening, and see where them crowds are going to; why to hear abolition lectures, while their own free niggers are starvin', and are taught that stealin' is easier than workin'. What the plague have they to do with the affairs of the south? Or to hold communion with evil spirits by means of Biology, for the deuce a thing else is that of mesmeric tricks either? Or going to hear a fellow rave at a protract. d meetin', for the twelfth night, to convince them how happy they ought to be, as more than half of them, at least, are to be damned, to a dead sartainty? Or hear a mannish, raw-boned-looking old maid, lecture on the rights of women; and call on them to emancipate themselves from the bondage imposed on them, of wearing pet-

ticoats below their knees? If women are equal to men, why shouldn't their dress be equal?—What right has a feller to wear a kilt only as far as his knee, and compel his slave of a wife to wear hern down to her ankle? Draw your scissors, galls, in this *high* cause; cut, rip, and tear away, and make *short* work of it. Rend your garments, and Heaven will bless them that's *In-knee'd!* Well, if this is bein' happy, then we are a happy people."

Folks must be more cheerful and light-hearted than we be to be happy. They must laugh more. Oh! I like to hear a goodly laugh, a regular nigger laf—yagh! yagh! yagh! My brother, the doctor, who has an immense practice among the ladies, told me a very odd story about this.

Sis he, "Sun, cheerfulness is health, and health is happiness, as near as two things not exactly identical, can be alike. I'll tell you the secret of my practice among the ladies. Cheerfulness appears to be the proper remedy, and it is in most cases. I extort a promise of inviolable secrecy from the patient, and secure the door, for I don't want my prescription to be known;—Then I bid her take off her shoes, and lie down on the sofa; and then I tickle her feet to make her laugh (for some folks are so stupid, all the good stories in the world wouldn't make them laugh.) a good, joyous laugh, not too long, for that is exhaustin', and this repeated two or three times a day, with proper regimen, effects the cure."

Yes, cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease. I defy any people to be happy, when they hear nothin' from mornin' till night, when business is over, but politics and pills, representatives and lotions.

When I was at Goshen the other day, I asked Dr. Carrot, how many doctors there were in the town.

"One and three-quarters," said he, very gravely.

Well, knowing how doctors quarrel, and undervalue each other in small places, I could hardly help laughing at the decidedly disparaging way he spoke of Dr. Parsnip, his rival, especially as there was something rather new in it.

"Three-quarters of a medical man!" said I. "I suppose you mean your friend has not a regular-built education, and don't deserve the name of a doctor."

"Oh no, sir," said he, "I would not speak of any practitioner, however ignorant, in that way. What I mean is just this—Goshen would maintain two doctors; but quack medicines, which are sold at all the shops, take about three-quarters of the support that would otherwise be contributed to another medical man."

Good, said I to myself. A doctor and three-quarters! Come, I won't forget that, and here it is.

Happy! If Dr. Johnson is right, then I am right. He says happiness means a state where all our desires are satisfied. We are told the affairs of the nation are badly managed, and I believe they be; politicians have mainly done that. We are told our insides are wrong, and I believe they be; quack doctors and their medicines have mainly done that. Happy! How the plague can we be happy, with our heads unsettled by politics, and our stomachs by medicines. It can't

be; it ain't natur'; it's impossible. If I was wrong, as a boy, in my ideas of happiness, men are only full-grown boys, and are just as wrong as I was.

I ask again, what is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter: employment gives both appetite and digestion. Dady makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life, it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labor and no play, work like an on-stuffed saddle cuts into the very bone. Neither labor nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness; one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has at all events sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and on-refreshin' slumbers; one is a misfortune, the other a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

There was a feller to Slickville, once called Doty Conky, and he sartly did look doty, like lumber that ain't squared down enough to cut the sap off. He was always a wishin'. I used to call him Wishey Washey Doty. "Sam," he used to say, "I wish I was rich."

"So do I," I used to say.

"If I had fifty thousand dollars," he said, "I wouldn't call the President my cousin."

"Well," said I, "I can do that now, poor as I be; he is a cousin of mine, and, if he was, he'd be no credit, for he is no great shakes. Gentlemen now don't set up for that office; they can't live on it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said; "but fifty thousand dollars, Sam, only think of that; ain't it a great sum, that; it's all I should ask in this world of providence; if I had that, I should be the happiest man that ever was."

"Doty," said I, "would it cure you of the colic? you know you suffer from that."

"P'noo," said he.

"Well, what would you do with it?" said I.

"I would go and travel," said he, "and get into society and see the world."

"Would it educate you, Doty, at your age, give you French and German, Latin and Greek, and so on?"

"Hire it, Sam," said he, touching his nose with his fore-finger.

"And manners," said I, "could you hire that? I will tell you what it would do for you. You could get drunk every night if you liked, surround yourself with spongers, horse jockeys, and foreign counts, and go to the devil by railroad instead of one horse shay."

Well, as luck would have it, he drew a prize in the lottery at New Orleans of just that sum, and in nine months he was cleaned out, and sent to the asylum. It ain't cash, then, that gains it; that's as plain as preaching. What is it, then, that confers it?

"A rope," said Blowhard, as we reached the side of the "Nantucket," "in with your oars, my men. Now, Mr. Slick, let's take a dose of *Sarriparily pills*."

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.*

IN TWO CHAPEERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"I MAY marry Rose with a clear conscience now!" There are some parts of the world, where it would be drawing no natural picture of human nature to represent a son as believing conscientiously that an offence against life and the laws of hospitality, secretly committed by his father, rendered him, though innocent of all participation in it, unworthy to fulfil his engagement with his affianced wife. Among the simple inhabitants of Gabriel's province, however, such acuteness of conscientious sensibility as this was no extraordinary exception to all general rules. Ignorant and superstitious as they might be, the people of Brittany practised the duties of hospitality as devoutly as they practised the duties of the national religion. The presence of the stranger-guest, rich or poor, was a sacred presence at their hearths. His safety was their especial charge—his property their especial responsibility. They might be half-starved, but they were ready to share the last crust with him nevertheless, as they would share it with their own children. Any outrage on the virtue of hospitality, thus born and bred in the people, was viewed by them with universal disgust, and punished by universal execration. This ignominy was uppermost in Gabriel's thoughts by the side of his grandfather's bed; the dread of this worst dishonor, which there was no wiping out, held him speechless before Rose, shamed and horrified him so that he felt unworthy to look her in the face; and when the result of his search at the Merchant's Table proved the absence there of all evidence of the crime spoken of by the old man, the blessed relief, the absorbing triumph of that discovery was expressed entirely in the one thought which had prompted his first joyful words:—He could marry Rose with a clear conscience, for he was the son of an honest man!

When he returned to the cottage, François had not come back. Rose was astonished at the change in Gabriel's manner; even Pierre and the children remarked it. Rest and warmth had by this time so far recovered the younger brother, that he was able to give some account of the perilous adventures of the night at sea. They were still listening to the boy's narrative when François at last returned. It was now Gabriel who held out his hand, and made the first advances towards reconciliation.

To his utter amazement, his father recoiled from him. The variable temper of François had evidently changed completely during his absence at the village. A settled scowl of distrust darkened his face, as he looked at his son. "I never shake hands with people who have once doubted me," he said loudly and irritably; "for I always doubt them for ever after. You are a bad son! You have suspected your father of some infamy that you dare not openly charge him with, on no other testimony than the rambling nonsense of a half-witted, dying old man. Don't speak to me! I won't hear you! An innocent man and a spy are bad company. Go and denounce me, you

Judas in disguise! I don't care for your secret or for you. What's that girl Rose doing here still? Why hasn't she gone home long ago? The priest's coming; we don't want strangers in the house of death. Take her back to the farm-house, and stop there with her, if you like: nobody wants you here!"

There was something in the manner and look of the speaker, as he uttered these words, so strange, so sinister, so indescribably suggestive of his meaning much more than he said, that Gabriel felt his heart sink within him instantly; and almost at the same moment this fearful question forced itself irresistibly on his mind—might not his father have followed him to the Merchant's Table? Even if he had been desired to speak, he could not have spoken now, while that question and the suspicion that it brought with it were utterly destroying all the re-assuring hopes and convictions of the morning. The mental suffering produced by the sudden change from pleasure to pain in all his thoughts, reacted on him physically. He felt as if he were stifling in the air of the cottage, in the presence of his father; and when Rose hurried on her walking attire, and with a face which alternately flushed and turned pale with every moment, approached the door, he went out with her as hastily as if he had been flying from his home. Never had the fresh air and the free daylight felt like heavenly and guardian influences to him until now!

He could comfort Rose under his father's harshness, he could assure her of his own affection that no earthly influence could change, while they walked together towards the farm-house; but he could do no more. He durst not confide to her the subject that was uppermost in his mind: of all human beings she was the last to whom he could reveal the terrible secret that was festering at his heart. As soon as they got within sight of the farm-house, Gabriel stopped: and, promising to see her again soon, took leave of Rose with assumed ease in his manner and with real despair in his heart. Whatever the poor girl might think of it, he felt, at that moment, that he had not courage to face her father, and hear him talk happily and pleasantly, as his custom was, of Rose's approaching marriage.

Left to himself, Gabriel wandered hither and thither over the open heath, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he turned his steps. The doubts about his father's innocence which had been dissipated by his visit to the Merchant's Table, that father's own language and manner had now revived—had even confirmed, though he dared not yet acknowledge so much to himself. It was terrible enough to be obliged to admit that the result of his morning's search was, after all, not conclusive—that the mystery was in very truth not yet cleared up. The violence of his father's last words of distrust; the extraordinary and indescribable changes in his father's manner while uttering them—what did these things mean? Guilt or innocence? Again, was it any longer reasonable to doubt the death-bed confession made by his grandfather? Was it not, on the contrary, far more probable that the old man's denial in the morning of his own words at night, had been made under the influence of a panic terror, when his moral consciousness was be-

wildered, and his intellectual faculties were sinking? The longer Gabriel thought of these questions, the less competent—possibly also the less willing, he felt to answer them. Should he seek advice from others wiser than he? No: not while the thousandth part of a chance remained that his father was innocent. This thought was still in his mind, when he found himself once more in sight of his home. He was still hesitating near the door, when he saw it opened cautiously. His brother Pierre looked out, and then came running towards him. "Come in, Gabriel; oh, do come in!" said the boy earnestly. "We are afraid to be alone with father. He's been beating us for talking of you."

Gabriel went in. His father locked up from the hearth where he was sitting, muttered the word "Spy!" and made a gesture of contempt—but did not address a word directly to his son. The hours passed on in silence; afternoon waned into evening, and evening into night; and still he never spoke to any of his children. Soon after it was dark, he went out, and took his net with him, saying that it was better to be alone on the sea than in the house with a spy. When he returned the next morning, there was no change in him. Days passed—weeks, months even elapsed—and still, though his manner insensibly became what it used to be towards his other children, it never altered towards his eldest son. At the rare periods when they now met, except when absolutely obliged to speak, he preserved total silence in his intercourse with Gabriel. He would never take Gabriel out with him in the boat; he would never sit alone with Gabriel in the house; he would never eat a meal with Gabriel; he would never let the other children talk to him about Gabriel; and he would never hear a word in expostulation, a word in reference to anything his dead father had said or done on the night of the storm, from Gabriel himself.

The young man pined and changed so that even Rose hardly knew him again, under this cruel system of domestic excommunication; under the wearing influence of the one unchanging doubt which never left him; and, more than all, under the incessant reproaches of his own conscience, aroused by the sense that he was evading a responsibility which it was his solemn, his immediate duty to undertake. But no sting of conscience, no ill treatment at home, and no self-reproaches for failing in his duty of confession, as a good Catholic, were powerful enough in their influence over Gabriel to make him disclose the secret, under the oppression of which his very life was wasting away. He knew that if he once revealed it, whether his father was ultimately proved to be guilty or innocent, there would remain a slur and a suspicion on the family, and on Rose besides from her approaching connection with it, which in their time and in their generation could never be removed. The reproach of the world is terrible even in the crowded city, where many of the dwellers in our abiding-place are strangers to us—but it is far more terrible in the country, where none near us are strangers, where all talk of us and know of us, where nothing intervenes between us and the tyranny of the evil tongue. Gabriel had not courage to face this, and dare the fearful chance of life-long ignominy—no, not even

to serve the sacred interests of justice, of atonement, and of truth.

While he still remained prostrated under the affliction that was wasting his energies of body and mind, Brittany was visited by a great public calamity in which all private misfortunes were overwhelmed for a while. It was now the time when the ever-gathering storm of the French Revolution had risen to its hurricane climax. Those chiefs of the new republic were now in power, whose last, worst madness it was to decree the extinction of religion and the overthrow of everything that outwardly symbolized it, throughout the whole of the country that they governed. Already this decree had been executed to the letter in and around Paris; and now the soldiers of the republic were on their way to Brittany, headed by commanders whose commission was to root out the Christian religion in the last and the surest of the strongholds still left to it in France.

These men began their work in a spirit worthy of the worst of their superiors who had sent them to do it. They gutted churches, they demolished chapels, they overthrew road-side crosses wherever they found them. The terrible guillotine devoured human lives in the villages of Brittany, as it had devoured them in the streets of Paris; the musket and the sword, in highway and bye-way, wreaked havoc on the people—even on women and children kneeling in the act of prayer; the priests were tracked night and day from one hiding place where they still offered up worship to another, and were killed as soon as overtaken, every atrocity was committed in every district; but the Christian religion still spread wider than the widest bloodshed; still sprang up with ever-renewed vitality from under the very feet of the men whose vain fury was powerless to trample it down. Everywhere the people remained true to their faith; everywhere the priests stood firm by them in their sorest need. The executioners of the republic had been sent to make Brittany a country of apostates: they did their worst, and left it a country of martyrs.

One evening while this frightful persecution was still raging, Gabriel happened to be detained unusually late at the cottage of Rose's father. He had lately spent much of his time at the farmhouse: it was his only refuge now from that place of suffering, of silence, and of secret shame, which he had once called home! Just as he had taken leave of Rose for the night, and was about to open the farm-house door, her father stopped him, and pointed to a chair in the chimney corner. "Leave us alone, my dear," said the old man to his daughter; "I want to speak to Gabriel. You can go to your mother, in the next room."

The words which Père Bonan—as he was called by the neighbours—had now to say in private, were destined to lead to very unexpected events. After referring to the alteration which had appeared of late in Gabriel's manner, the old man began by asking him, sorrowfully but not suspiciously, whether he still preserved his old affection for Rose. On receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, Père Bonan then referred to the persecution still raging through the country, and to the consequent possibility that he, like others of his countrymen, might yet be called to suffer and perhaps to die for the cause of his

religion. If this last act of self-sacrifice were required of him, Rose would be left unprotected, unless her affianced husband performed his promise to her, and assumed, without delay, the position of her lawful guardian. "Let me know that you will do this," concluded the old man; "I shall be resigned to all that may be required of me, if I can only know that I shall not die leaving Rose unprotected." Gabriel gave the promise—gave it with his whole heart. As he took leave of Père Bonan, the old man said to him:—

"Come here to-morrow; I shall know more then, than I now know—I shall be able to fix with certainty the day for the fulfilment of your engagement with Rose."

Why did Gabriel hesitate at the farm-house door, looking back on Père Bonan as though he would fain say something, and yet not speaking a word? Why, after he had gone out and had walked onward several paces, did he suddenly stop, return quickly to the farm-house, stand irresolute before the gate, and then retrace his steps sighing heavily as he went, but never pausing again on his homeward way? Because the torment of his horrible secret had grown harder to bear than ever, since he had given the promise that had been required of him. Because, while a strong impulse moved him frankly to lay bare his hidden dread and doubt to the father whose beloved daughter was soon to be his wife, there was a yet stronger passive influence which paralysed on his lips the terrible confession that he knew not whether he was the son of an honest man, or the son of an assassin and a robber. Made desperate by his situation, he determined, while he hastened homeward, to risk the worst and ask that fatal question of his father in plain words. But this supreme trial for parent and child was not to be. When he entered the cottage, François was absent. He had told the younger children that he should not be home again before noon on the next day.

Early in the morning Gabriel repaired to the farm-house, as he had been bidden. Influenced by his love for Rose, blindly confiding in the faint hope (which in despite of heart and conscience he still forced himself to cherish) that his father might be innocent, he now preserved the appearance at least of perfect calmness. "If I tell my secret to Rose's father, I risk disturbing in him that confidence in the future safety of his child, for which I am his present and only warrant."—Something like this thought was in Gabriel's mind, as he took the hand of Père Bonan, and waited anxiously to hear what was required of him on that day.

"We have a short respite from danger, Gabriel," said the old man. "News has come to me that the spoilers of our churches and the murderers of our congregations, have been stopped on their way hitherward by tidings which have reached them from another district. This interval of peace and safety will be a short one—we must take advantage of it while it is yet ours. My name is among the names on the list of the denounced; if the soldiers of the Republic find me here!—but we will say nothing more of this: it is of Rose and of you that I must now speak. On this very evening, your marriage may be solemnised with all the wonted rites of our holy religion, and the

blessing may be pronounced over you by the lips of a priest. This evening, therefore, Gabriel, you must become the husband and protector of Rose. Listen to me attentively, and I will tell you how."

This was the substance of what Gabriel now heard from Père Bonan:—

Not very long before the persecutions broke out in Brittany, a priest, known generally by the name of Father Paul, was appointed to a curacy in one of the northern districts of the province. He fulfilled all the duties of his station in such a manner as to win the confidence and affection of every member of his congregation, and was often spoken of with respect, even in parts of the country distant from the scene of his labours. It was not, however, until the troubles broke out, and the destruction and bloodshed began, that he became renowned far and wide, from one end of Brittany to another. From the date of the very first persecutions, the name of Father Paul was a rallying cry of the hunted peasantry; he was their great encouragement under oppression, their example in danger, their last and only consoler in the hour of death. Wherever havoc and ruin raged most fiercely, wherever the pursuit was hottest and the slaughter most cruel, there the intrepid priest was sure to be seen pursuing his sacred duties in defiance of every peril. His hairbreadth escapes from death; his extraordinary re-appearances in parts of the country where no one ever expected to see him again, were regarded by the poorer classes with superstitious awe. Wherever Father Paul appeared, with his black dress, his calm face, and the ivory crucifix which he always carried in his hand, the people revered him as more than mortal; and grew at last to believe that, single-handed, he would successfully defend his religion against the armies of the republic. But their simple confidence in his powers of resistance was soon destined to be shaken. Fresh reinforcements arrived in Brittany, and overran the whole province from one end to the other. One morning, after celebrating service in a dismantled church, and after narrowly escaping with his life from those who pursued him, the priest disappeared. Secret inquiries were made after him in all directions; but he was heard of no more.

Many weary days had passed, and the dispirited peasantry had already mourned him as dead, when some fishermen on the northern coast observed a ship of light burden in the offing, making signals to the shore. They put off to her in their boats; and on reaching the deck saw standing before them the well remembered figure of Father Paul. He had returned to his congregations; and had founded the new altar that they were to worship at, on the deck of a ship! Raised from the face of the earth, their Church had not been destroyed—for Father Paul and the priests who acted with him, had given that Church a refuge on the sea. Henceforth, their children could still be baptized, their sons and daughters could still be married, the burial of their dead could still be solemnized, under the sanction of the old religion; for which, not vainly, they had suffered so patiently and so long. Throughout the remaining time of trouble, the services were uninterrupted on board the ship. A code of signals was established by which those on shore were always enabled

to direct their brethren at sea towards such parts of the coast as happened to be uninfested by the enemies of their worship. On the morning of Gabriel's visit to the farm-house, these signals had shaped the course of the ship towards the extremity of the peninsula of Quiberon. The people of the district were all prepared to expect the appearance of the vessel some time in the evening, and had their boats ready at a moment's notice to put off and attend the service. At the conclusion of this service Père Bonan had arranged that the marriage of his daughter and Gabriel was to take place.

They waited for evening at the farm-house. A little before sunset the ship was signalled as in sight; and then Père Bonan and his wife, followed by Gabriel and Rose, set forth over the heath to the beach. With the solitary exception of François Sarzeau, the whole population of the neighbourhood was already assembled there; Gabriel's brother and sisters being among the number. It was the calmest evening that has been known for months. There was not a cloud in the lustrous sky—not a ripple on the still surface of the sea. The smallest children were suffered by their mothers to stray down on the beach as they pleased: for the waves of the great ocean slept as tenderly and noiselessly on their sandy bed, as if they had been changed into the waters of an inland lake. Slow, almost imperceptible, was the approach of the ship—there was hardly a breath of wind to carry her on—she was just drifting gently with the landward set of the tide at that hour, while her sails hung idly against the masts. Long after the sun had gone down, the congregation still waited and watched on the beach. The moon and stars were arrayed in their glory of the night, before the ship dropped anchor. Then the muffled tolling of a bell came solemnly across the quiet waters; and then, from every creek along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, the black forms of the fishermen's boats shot out swift and stealthily into the shining sea.

By the time the boats had arrived alongside of the ship, the lamp had been kindled before the altar, and its flame was gleaming red and dull in the radiant moonlight. Two of the priests on board were clothed in their robes of office, and were waiting in their appointed places to begin the service. But there was a third, dressed only in the ordinary attire of his calling, who mingled with the congregation, and spoke a few words to each of the persons composing it, as, one by one, they mounted the sides of the ship. Those who had never seen him before knew by the famous ivory crucifix in his hand that the priest who received them was Father Paul. Gabriel looked at this man, whom he now beheld for the first time, with a mixture of astonishment and awe; for he saw that the renowned chief of the Christians of Brittany was, to all appearance, but little older than himself. The expression on the pale calm face of the priest was so gentle and kind, that children just able to walk tottered up to him, and held familiarly by the skirts of his black gown, whenever his clear blue eyes rested on theirs, while he beckoned them to his side. No one would ever have guessed from the countenance of Father Paul what deadly perils he had con-

fronted, but for the scar of a sabre wound, as yet hardly healed, which ran across his forehead. That wound had been dealt while he was kneeling before the altar, in the last church in Brittany which had escaped spoliation. He would have died where he knelt, but for the peasants who were praying with him, and who, unarmed as they were, threw themselves like tigers on the soldiery, and, at awful sacrifice of their own lives, saved the life of their priest. There was not a man now on board the ship who would have hesitated, had the occasion called for it again, to have rescued him in the same way.

The service began. Since the days when the primitive Christians worshipped amid the caverns of the earth, can any service be imagined nobler in itself, or sublimer in the circumstances surrounding it, than that which was now offered up? Here was no artificial pomp, no gaudy profusion of ornament, no attendant grandeur of man's creation. All around this church spread the hushed and awful majesty of the tranquil sea. The roof of this cathedral was the immeasurable heaven, the pure moon its own great light, the countless glories of the stars its only adornment. Here were no hired singers or rich priest-princes; no curious sight-seers, or careless lovers of sweet sounds. This congregation and they who had gathered it together, were all poor alike, all persecuted alike, all worshipping alike to the overthrow of their worldly interests, and at the imminent peril of their lives. How brightly and tenderly the moonlight shone upon the altar and the people before it!—how solemnly and divinely the deep harmonies, as they chanted the penitential Psalms, mingled with the hoarse singing of the freshening night-breeze in the rigging of the ship!—how sweetly the still, rushing murmur of many voices, as they uttered the responses together, now died away and now rose again softly into the mysterious night!

Of all the members of the congregation—young or old—there was but one over whom that impressive service exercised no influence of consolation or of peace; that one was Gabriel. Often, throughout the day, his reproaching conscience had spoken within him again and again. Often, when he joined the little assembly on the beach, he turned away his face in secret shame and apprehension from Rose and her father. Vainly, after gaining the deck of the ship, did he try to meet the eye of Father Paul as frankly, as readily, and as affectionately as others met it. The burden of concealment seemed too heavy to be borne in presence of the priest—and yet, torment as it was, he still bore it! But when he knelt with the rest of the congregation and saw Rose kneeling by his side—when he felt the calmness of the solemn night and the still sea filling his heart—when the sounds of the first prayers spoke with a dread spiritual language of their own to his soul—then the remembrance of the confession which he had neglected, and the terror of receiving unprepared the sacrament which he knew would be offered to him—grew too vivid to be endured; the sense that he merited no longer, though once worthy of it, the confidence in his perfect truth and candor placed in him by the woman with whom he was soon to stand before the altar, overwhelmed him with shame; the mere act of kneeling among that congregation, the pas-

sive accomplice by his silence and secrecy, for aught he knew to the contrary, of a crime which it was his bounden duty to denounce, appalled him as if he had already committed sacrilege that could never be forgiven. Tears flowed down his cheeks, though he strove to repress them; sobs burst from him, though he tried to stifle them. He knew that others besides Rose were looking at him in astonishment and alarm; but he could neither control himself, nor move to leave his place, nor raise his eyes to heaven—until suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. That touch, slight as it was, ran through him instantly. He looked up, and saw Father Paul standing by his side.

Beckoning to him to follow, and signing to the congregation not to suspend their devotions, he led Gabriel out of the assembly—then paused for a moment, reflecting—then beckoning again, took him into the cabin of the ship, and closed the door carefully.

"You have something on your mind," he said simply and quietly, taking the young man by the hand. "I may be able to relieve you, if you tell me what it is."

As Gabriel heard these gentle words, and saw, by the light of a lamp which burnt before a cross fixed against the wall, the sad kindness of expression with which the priest was regarding him, the oppression that had lain so long on his heart seemed to leave it in an instant. The haunting fear of ever divulging his fatal suspicions and his fatal secret had vanished, as it were, at the touch of Father Paul's hand. For the first time, he now repeated to another ear—the sounds of prayer and praise rising grandly from the congregation above—his grandfather's death-bed confession, word for word almost, as he had heard it in the cottage on the night of the storm.

Once, and once only, did Father Paul interrupt the narrative, which in whispers was addressed to him. Gabriel had hardly repeated the first two or three sentences of his grandfather's confession, when the priest, in quick altered tones, abruptly asked him his name and place of abode. As the question was answered, Father Paul's calm face became suddenly agitated; but the next moment, resolutely resuming his self-possession, he bowed his head, as a sign that Gabriel was to continue; clasped his trembling hands, and raising them as if in silent prayer, fixed his eyes intently on the cross. He never looked away from it while the terrible narrative proceeded. But when Gabriel described his search at The Merchant's Table; and, referring to his father's behavior since that time, appealed to the priest to know, whether he might, even yet, in defiance of appearances, be still filially justified in doubting whether the crime had really been perpetrated—that Father Paul moved near to him once more, and spoke again.

"Compose yourself, and look at me," he said, with all and more than all his former sad kindness of voice and manner. "I can end your doubts for ever. Gabriel, your father was guilty in intention and in act; but the victim of his crime still lives. I can prove it."

Gabriel's heart beat wildly; a deadly coldness crept over him, as he saw Father Paul loosen the fastening of his cassock round the throat. At that instant the chanting of the congregation

above ceased; and then, the sudden and awful stillness was deepened rather than interrupted by the faint sound of one voice praying. Slowly and with trembling fingers the priest removed the band round his neck—paused a little—sighed heavily—and pointed to a scar which was now plainly visible on one side of his throat. He said something, at the same time; but the bell above tolled while he spoke. It was the signal of the elevation of the Host. Gabriel felt an arm passed round him, guiding him to his knees, and sustaining him from sinking to the floor. For one moment longer he was conscious that the bell had stopped, that there was dead silence, that Father Paul was kneeling by him beneath the cross, with bowed head—then all objects around vanished; and he saw and knew nothing more.

When he recovered his senses, he was still in the cabin—the man whose life his father had attempted was bending over him, and sprinkling water on his face—and the clear voices of the women and children of the congregation were joining the voices of the men in singing the *Agnus Dei*.

"Look up at me without fear, Gabriel," said the priest. "I desire not to avenge injuries; I visit not the sins of the father on the child.—Look up, and listen! I have strange things to speak of; and I have a sacred mission to fulfil before the morning, in which you must be my guide."

Gabriel attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but Father Paul stopped him, and said, pointing to the cross: "Kneel to that—not to me; not to your fellow-mortal, and your friend—for I will be your friend, Gabriel; believing that God's mercy has ordered it so. And now listen to me," he proceeded, with a brotherly tenderness in his manner which went to Gabriel's heart. "The service is nearly ended. What I have to tell you must be told at once; the errand on which you will guide me, must be performed before to-morrow dawns. Sit here near me; and attend to what I now say!"

Gabriel obeyed: Father Paul then proceeded thus:—

"I believe the confession made to you by your grandfather to have been true in every particular. On the evening to which he referred you, I approached your cottage, as he said, for the purpose of asking shelter for the night. At that period, I had been studying hard to qualify myself for the holy calling which I now pursue; and, on the completion of my studies, had indulged in the recreation of a tour on foot through Brittany, by way of innocently and agreeably occupying the leisure time than at my disposal, before I entered the priesthood. When I acceded your father, I had lost my way, had been walking for many hours, and was glad of any rest that I could get for the night. It is unnecessary to pain you now, by reference to the events which followed my entrance under your father's roof. I remember nothing that happened from the time when I laid down to sleep before the fire, until the time when I recovered my senses at the place which you call The Merchant's Table. My first sensation was that of being moved into the cold air; when I opened my eyes I saw the great Druid stones rising close above me, and two men on either side

of me rifling my pockets. They found nothing valuable there, and were about to leave me where I lay, when I gathered strength enough to appeal to their mercy through their cupidity. Money was not scarce with me then, and I was able to offer them a rich reward (which they ultimately received as I had promised) if they would take me to any place where I could get shelter and medical help. I suppose they inferred by my language and accent—perhaps also by the lumen I wore, which they examined closely—that I belonged to the higher ranks of the community, in spite of the plainness of my outer garments; and might therefore be in a position to make good my promise to them. I heard one say to the other, 'Let us risk it;' and then they took me in their arms, carried me down to a boat on the beach, and rowed to a vessel in the offing. The next day they disembarked me at Paimbœuf, where I got the assistance which I so much needed. I learnt through the confidence they were obliged to place in me, in order to give me the means of sending them their promised reward, that these men were smugglers, and that they were in the habit of using the cavity in which I had been laid, as a place of concealment for goods, and for letters of advice to their accomplices. This accounted for their finding me. As to my wound, I was informed by the surgeon who attended me, that it had missed being inflicted in a mortal part by less than a quarter of an inch, and that, as it was, nothing but the action of the night air in coagulating the blood over the place, had in the first instance, saved my life. To be brief, I recovered after a long illness, returned to Paris, and was called to the priesthood. The will of my superiors obliged me to perform the first duties of my vocation in the great city; but my own wish was to be appointed to a cure of souls in your province, Gabriel. Can you imagine why?"

The answer to this question was in Gabriel's heart; but he was still too deeply awed and affected by what he had heard to give it utterance.

"I must tell you then what my motive was," said Father Paul. "You must know first that I uniformly abstained from disclosing to any one where and by whom my life had been attempted. I kept this a secret from the men who rescued me—from the surgeon—from my own friends even. My reason for such a proceeding was, I would fain believe, a Christian reason. I hope I had always felt a sincere and humble desire to prove myself, by the help of God, worthy of the sacred vocation to which I was destined. But my miraculous escape from death made an impression on my mind, which gave me another and an infinitely higher view of this vocation—the view which I have since striven, and shall always strive for the future to maintain. As I lay, during the first days of my recovery, examining my own heart, and considering in what manner it would be my duty to act towards your father, when I was restored to health, a thought came into my mind which calmed, comforted, and resolved all my doubts. I said within myself—"In a few months more I shall be called to be one of the chosen ministers of God. If I am worthy of my vocation, my first desire towards this man who has attempted to take my life, should be, not to know that human justice has overtaken him, but

to know that he has truly and religiously repented and made atonement for his guilt. To such repentance and atonement let it be my duty to call him; if he reject that appeal, and be hardened only the more against me because I have forgiven him my injuries, then it will be time enough to denounce him for his crimes to his fellow men. Surely it must be well for me here and hereafter, if I begin my career in the holy priesthood by helping to save from hell the soul of the man who, of all others, has most cruelly wronged me. It was for this reason, Gabriel—it was because I desired to go straightway to your father's cottage, and reclaim him after he had believed me to be dead—that I kept the secret and entreated of my superiors that I might be sent to Brittany. But this, as I have said, was not to be at first, and when my desire was granted, my place was assigned to me in a far district. The persecution under which we still suffer broke out; the designs of my life were changed; my own will became no longer mine to guide me. But, through sorrow and suffering, and danger and bloodshed, I am now led after many days to the execution of that first purpose which I formed on entering the priesthood. Gabriel! when the service is over, and the congregation are dispersed, you must guide me to the door of your father's cottage."

He held up his hand, in sign of silence, as Gabriel was about to answer. Just then, the officiating priests above were pronouncing the final benediction. When it was over, Father Paul opened the cabin-door. As he ascended the steps, followed by Gabriel, Père Bonan met them. The old man looked doubtfully and searchingly on his future son-in-law, as he respectfully whispered a few words in the ear of the priest. Father Paul listened attentively, answered in a whisper, and then turned to Gabriel, first telling the few people near them to withdraw a little. "I have been asked whether there is any impediment to your marriage," he said, "and have answered that there is none. What you have said to me has been said in confession, and is a secret between us two. Remember that; and forget not, at the same time, the service which I shall require of you to-night, after the marriage ceremony is over. Where is Rose Bonan?" he added aloud, looking round him. Rose came forward. Father Paul took her hand, and placed it in Gabriel's—"Lead her to the altar steps," he said, "and wait there for me."

It was more than an hour later; the boats had left the ship's side; the congregation had dispersed over the face of the country—but still the vessel remained at anchor. Those who were left in her watched the land more anxiously than usual; for they knew that Father Paul had risked meeting the soldiers of the republic by trusting himself on shore. A boat was awaiting his return on the beach; half of the crew, armed, being posted as scouts in various directions on the high land of the heath. They would have followed and guarded the priest to the place of his destination; but he forbade it; and, leaving them abruptly, walked swiftly onward with one young man only for his companion.

Gabriel had committed his brother and his sisters to the charge of Rose. They were to go to the farm-house that night with his newly-married

wife and her father and mother. Father Paul had desired that this might be done. When Gabriel and he were left alone to follow the path which led to the fisherman's cottage, the priest never spoke while they walked on—never looked aside to the right or the left—always held his ivory crucifix clasped to his breast. They arrived at the door. "Knock," whispered Father Paul to Gabriel, "and then wait here with me."

The door was opened. On a lovely moon-light night François Sarzeau had stood on that threshold, years since, with a bleeding body in his arms; on a lovely moon-light night, he now stood there again, confronting the very man whose life he had attempted, and knowing him not.

Father Paul advanced a few paces, so that the moon-light fell on his features, and removed his hat. François Sarzeau looked, started, moved one step back, then stood motionless and perfectly silent, while all traces of expression of any kind suddenly vanished from his face. Then the calm, clear tones of the priest stole gently on the dead silence. "I bring a message of peace and forgiveness from a guest of former years," he said; and pointed, as he spoke, to the place where he had been wounded in the neck. For one moment, Gabriel saw his father trembling violently from head to foot—then, his limbs steadied again—stiffened suddenly, as if struck by catalepsy. His lips parted, but without quivering; his eyes glared, but without moving in their orbits. The lovely moonlight itself looked ghastly and horrible, shining on the supernatural panic-deformity of that face! Gabriel turned away his head in terror. He heard the voice of Father Paul saying to him: "Wait here till I come back,"—then, there was an instant of silence again—then a low groaning sound, that seemed to articulate the name of God; a sound unlike his father's voice, unlike any human voice he had ever heard—and then the noise of a closing door. He looked up, and saw that he was standing alone before the cottage.

Once, after an interval, he approached the window. He just saw through it the hand of the priest holding on high the ivory crucifix; but stopped not to see more, for he heard such words, such sounds, as drove him back to his former place. There he stayed, until the noise of something falling heavily within the cottage, struck on his ear. Again he advanced towards the door; heard Father Paul praying; listened for several minutes; then heard a moaning voice, now joining itself to the voice of the priest, now choked in sobs and bitter wailing. Once more he went back out of hearing, and stirred not again from his place. He waited a long and a weary time there—so long that one of the scouts on the look-out came towards him, evidently suspicious of the delay in the priest's return. He waved the man back, and then looked again towards the door. At last, he saw it open—saw Father Paul approach him, leading François Sarzeau by the hand.

The fisherman never raised his downcast eyes to his son's face: tears trickled silently over his cheeks; he followed the hand that led him, as a little child might have followed it, listening anxiously and humbly at the priest's side to every word that he spoke. "Gabriel," said Father

Paul, in a voice which trembled a little, for the first time that night—"Gabriel, it has pleased God to grant the perfect fulfilment of the purpose which brought me to this place; I tell you this, as all that you need—as all, I believe, that you would wish—to know of what has passed while you have been left waiting for me here. Such words as I have now to speak to you, are spoken by your father's earnest desire. It is his own wish that I should communicate to you his confession of having secretly followed you to The Merchant's Table, and of having discovered (as you discovered) that no evidence of his guilt remained there. This admission he thinks will be enough to account for his conduct towards yourself, from that time to this. I have next to tell you (also at your father's desire) that he has promised in my presence, and now promises again in yours, sincerity of repentance in this manner:—When the persecution of our religion has ceased—as cease it will, and that speedily, be assured of it!—he solemnly pledges himself henceforth to devote his life, his strength, and what worldly possessions he may have, or may acquire, to the task of re-erecting and restoring the roadside crosses which have been sacrilegiously overthrown and destroyed in his native province, and to doing good where he may. I have now said all that is required of me, and may bid you farewell—bearing with me the happy remembrance that I have left a father and son reconciled and restored to each other. May God bless and prosper you, and those dear to you, Gabriel! May God accept your father's repentance, and bless him also throughout his future life!"

He took their hands, pressed them long and warmly, then turned and walked quickly down the path which led to the beach. Gabriel dared not trust himself yet to speak; but he raised his arm, put it gently round his father's neck. The two stood together so, looking out dimly through the tears that filled their eyes, to the sea. They saw the boat put off in the bright track of the moonlight, and reach the vessel's side; they watched the spreading of the sails, and followed the slow course of the ship till she disappeared past a distant headland from sight. After that, they went into the cottage together. They knew it not then; but they had seen the last in this world of Father Paul.

* * * * *

The events foretold by the good priest happened sooner than even he had anticipated. A new government ruled the destinies of France, and the persecution ceased in Brittany. Among other propositions which were then submitted to the parliament, was one advocating the restoration of the roadside crosses throughout the province. It was found, however, on inquiry, that these crosses were to be counted by thousands, and that the mere cost of the wood required to re-erect them necessitated an expenditure of money which the bankrupt nation could ill afford to spare. While this project was under discussion, and before it was finally rejected, one man had undertaken the task which the government shrank from attempting. When Gabriel left the cottage, taking his brother and sisters to live with his wife and himself at the farm-house, François Sarzeau left it also, to perform in highway and byway his promise to

Father Paul. For months and months he labored without intermission at his task; still, always doing good, and rendering help and kindness and true charity to all whom he could serve. He walked many a weary mile, toiled through many a hard day's work, humbled himself even to beg of others, to get wook enough to restore a single cross. No one ever heard him complain, ever saw him impatient, ever detected him in faltering at his task. The shelter in an outhouse, the crust of bread and drink of water, which he could always get from the peasantry, seemed to suffice him. Among the people who watched his perseverance, a belief began to gain ground that his life would be miraculously prolonged until he had completed his undertaking from one end of Brittany to the other. But this was not to be. He was seen one cold autumn evening, silently and steadily at work as usual, setting up a new cross on the site of one which had been shattered to splinters in the troubled times. In the morning he was found lying dead beneath the sacred symbol which his own hands had completed and erected in its place during the night. They buried him where he lay; and the priest who consecrated the ground allowed Gabriel to engrave his father's epitaph in the wood of the cross. It was simply the initial letters of the dead man's name, followed by this inscription:—*"Pray for the repose of his soul: he died penitent, and the doer of good works."*

Once, and once only, did Gabriel hear anything of Father Paul. The good priest showed, by writing to the farm-house, that he had not forgotten the family so largely indebted to him for their happiness. The letter was dated "Rome." Father Paul said, that such services as he had been permitted to render to the Church in Brittany, had obtained him a new and a far more glorious trust than any he had yet held. He had been recalled from his curacy, and appointed to be at the head of a mission which was shortly to be despatched to convert the inhabitants of a savage and a far distant land to the Christian faith. He now wrote, as his brethren with him were writing, to take leave of all friends for ever in this world, before setting out—for it was well known to the chosen persons entrusted with the new mission, that they could only hope to advance its object by cheerfully risking their own lives for the sake of their religion. He gave his blessing to François Sarzeau, to Gabriel, and to his family; and bade them affectionately farewell for the last time. There was a postscript in the letter, which was addressed to Rose, and which she often read afterwards with tearful eyes. The writer begged that, if she should have any children, she would show her friendly and Christian remembrance of him by teaching them to pray (as he hoped she herself would pray) that a blessing might attend Father Paul's labors in the distant land. The priest's loving petition was never forgotten. When Rose taught its first prayer to her first child, the little creature was instructed to end the few simple words pronounced at its mother's knees, with:—*"God bless Father Paul!"—Household Words.*

They cannot be on the best terms with God who are always quarrelling with mankind.

Pride is a weed that always grows on a dunghill.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about,
The forest is donning its doubtlet of brown;
The willow-tree sways with a gloomier frown,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our
eaves;
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
Than be counting the colours of autumnleaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped
elm!

Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue
weaves,
And many a spirit, like thine, will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night gusts blow,
And the restless forms in hectic red
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead!
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
Painted and panting, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
With Despair at the core, like Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon
The hedgerow boughs in their withering hue;
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty
bereaves,
With the fruit of good works for the planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn
leaves!

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,
The west wind over the lands and seas,
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze!
So music is blest, till it meeteth a breast
That is probed by the strain, while memory
grieves,
To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn
leaves!

Not in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay,
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!
And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he
heaves,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial cloud's
shade,
Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of the human heart strewn thickly o'er
With joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more,
But the soil is fed where the branches are shed,
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of mortality's Autumnleaves!

MELANCHOLY MARY.

At twenty years of age Mary became my wife. Since childhood we had known each other. We had played in nutting-time under the milk-white clusters of the hazel. We had sported in July mornings on the banks of the steaming rills, or over the flowery turf, gathering roses and Persian lilies, which were scattered, in red and silver brilliance, over the verdant lea. At dew-fall in the evening we listened to the last call of the cuckoo, sounding, soft as echo, in the woods; or at sunrise we heard with joy the lively din of a hundred merrier birds, praising with their songs the bliss and beauty of the earth.

When we were older, nature, to our senses, was audible with still sweeter voices. In song and breeze, and musical fountain fall, there seemed a harmony of joy uniting heaven to earth. Then we imagined this to be the interpretation of the unwritten laws of human life. Our affection was like the growth of a forest from a virgin soil—springing from small shoots, steadily, gradually, slowly uprising, until its shade embowers the whole earth, and its foliage becomes the pride of a hundred seasons.

Yet there was not an entire unison in our characters. Mary was of a gentle nature—kind, good, with a soft beauty and a timid grace, which made her move as quietly as a shadow, though her bosom was full of genuine emotions. I loved her with an impetuous, imperishable love,—a full, confident affection, which sought to fertilize with its glowing and abounding current the colder climate of her breast. Not that she failed from the perfection of maidenly faith; but her impulses were easily checked; her heart was sensitive to the lightest touch of alarm; and as every hope bloomed near the shade of a fear, every assurance was guarded with a reserve.

This was Mary's natural disposition. It made her watchful of herself, and cleared to her sight the misty visions of the world. Under the freshening influences of a happier youth it might only have cast a sober tinge over the brightness of her mid-day reveries. But many sorrows visited her home—death, ill-fortune, sickness, orphanhood;—and she was bequeathed to the care of two relatives. They were women of gloomy minds, ascetic in their thoughts, and nun-like in their seclusion from the world. They mortified their hearts by every variety of severe meditation. No light fell upon *their* souls through painted windows of the fancy,—and the heavy air they breathed was now to be the atmosphere of Mary's life. I was parted from her during two years, and in this interval a cloud settled upon her mind.

Her new home was a school of melancholy, an intellectual cypress shade, a Penseroso's cell, where youth was laughterless, and infancy demure. Love sat like a hermit in her heart, with solitary orisons, indeed, meditating benedictions on me, but never daring to stir abroad. Her human sympathies shrank back to her source. A cynicism, worse than levity, poisoned her thoughts. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity! was the parable recounted every day—the only voice which spoke to her in this Horeb of her youth. In her mind were stored up the evil maxims of the disappointed and the corroded bosoms of this earth.

All that was beautiful had wings; the dearest delights were most fleeting. If the eye looked on beauty, it was only to see it decline; if the fancy wandered away among the festal scenes of life—the garlands, and the vintage, and the harvest-dance, it was only to witness them changing into the shapes and hues of woe, weaving their mournful circle round the spring of perpetual tears. She learned that it was wisdom never to hope, lest she should be disappointed, and never to trust, that she might not be betrayed. Auguries of happiness were but the unfruitful promises of fancy, the flatteries of profitless desire. Falsehood lurked under a smile, like a serpent coiled up among flowers; and the rose only blossomed that it might conceal a thorn—cutting, that the thorn might sting.

Still she sank into no repining mood. It was a tender despondence, a mere dejection; she was not desperate, but resigned. If she forgot to be grateful, it was not with any complaint against the ministries of Providence. Clarity always subdued her breast; and if she little loved the world, she had no ungentle thoughts of any. Fond, in truth, she was of me—but this was the forlorn hope of her life. She loved me, and she had trust in me, but she was willing to be disappointed, and perpetually expected that her heart would have to sacrifice this, with all its other desires.

When her sombre monitors perceived the fruits of their teaching, they ascribed much piety to Mary. They were thankful for the grace they had been enabled to plant in her heart. They had toned and tempered down every impulse, every passion, every thought and wish. They had clouded every star-lit dream, disturbed every sanguine trust, defaced every beautiful hope; and in this work they felt a saintly pride. When I knew their earnestness, their purity of mind, their sincere gratitude for my Mary's docility, though I lamented their false teaching, I pardoned much to the devout spirit which had wrought this change.

So, when I took Mary to my home, she loved me, not with an exulting love, but with a dutiful, temperate, cautious affection, already prepared to lose its object; and instead of praying that it might be preserved to her, she prayed that her heart might be prepared to yield it—as though life could lose one hope, one spark of faith, one high aspiration, one pulse of love, one thrill of gentle joy! As though there were mere virtue in relinquishing the untasted cup than that, the sweetness of which has overflowed the brim, and lingers upon our lips.

I grieved over this miserable change. There never had been in Mary's nature the buoyancy of an ambitious hope, but now she was perpetually reckoning up anticipated evils. I sought to unteach the lessons of Melancholy. She was grateful for my wish, but imputed it to a too daring confidence. Her theme was the fantastic folly of life. Every story of crime or suffering was for her the clue to long and dismal meditations. When I spoke of the peace we enjoyed, of the blessings of mutual affection, of the good that came to us tempered with lesser cares, she warned me against the lulling influence of happi-

ness, and always repented a moment of assured and undoubting pleasure.

In vain I took her forth to see the fields grow green in the summer time. She sighed over the beauty which winter was to blight so soon. In vain I led her into festal scenes—they were hollow delights, mocking the tears of the mourner. In vain I pointed to the love whose altars burned by innumerable hearths, where smiles and gladness made the perpetual feast of life. How many unthinking circles, she said, were visited with bereavement and bitterness! Then I took her to the scene of our childhood, and she wept over its remembered innocence, as though—young creature!—she stood by my side guilty of every dark and abominable crime. After this I hastened from that place and took her to another—a new, charming, flowery spot, and there we had not been two days before Mary pointed me out a little seclusion where she should like her grave to be! At last I proposed to travel. She thanked me gently, and answered, “No; she felt unwilling to leave her own country. She might die soon. Perhaps it would be happy for her; at least it would not be ill. Then I should lay her here, and—try to forget her.” I could not but meet her in her own mood, and thus loving each other, yet conscious of no felicity, we passed our time; the days went by, and my pensive bride saw nothing bright on earth.

At last there was a child born to us—a second lamp on my hearth, a branch on the beautiful stem. For awhile, all Mary’s meditations were lost in an excess of natural joy. The exuberance of youthful hope spontaneously returned. Her heart flowed with another love, her face beamed with superior delight; feeling new, yet not strange, stirred her breast, and she forgot the lessons of her recluse cell. But when, after some days, she reflected, the old musings came again, and she remembered, half with wonder, half with remorse, the exultation which had found such flowers in the present, and promised such honey for the future. She thought she had need of forgiveness for this impious profusion of joy. She felt that her mind had been unstrung or its music would not have been so blithe. How foolish to count as a blessing on what might be only a new trial. Perhaps she might nurture that young child to sin; perhaps she might wed her heart to it so dearly that when it was lost she might be betrayed into wicked sorrow; perhaps it was to be a source of chastening grief, and if so, she was resigned. Now, therefore, her fondness, though none the less, became more subdued, and her timid tenderness was shared between me and the unconscious infant.

I pass over three quiet summers. We were not happy; but we were not sorrowful. Our life was a rivulet, darkling always through shades and vales, through alleys of green trees, and soft whispering sedges, never gilded by the dawn, or leaping up in burning ripples to catch the last reddening lustre of the sun, but never lost in gloom like that of the sacred stream which

Ran
Through caverns measureless by man
Down to a sunless sea.

But then a shadow fell across our threshold.—The child became ill. Mary’s solicitude was of

the most tender kind. She watched it with motherly care—and no care is like a mother’s. But it became worse. Her anxious love was now full of pain. There was danger; there remained little hope. I will not describe the long interval of suffering.

One winter night we watched in the sick-room together. Mary was by the side of the couch where the child lay—thin, pale, its breath painful, its eyes encircled by dark rings, the forehead cold, but a dangerous flush of heat upon its limbs. Her eyes were fixed with joyless lustre on the dear infant face, on which a smile had not for a long time been seen. Intense misery was expressed in her countenance, yet, warmed by the eloquent and yearning love which welled upwards from her heart as she rocked her seat and sent up her muttered prayers to be spared the affliction of losing this sweet one, her second link to life. There was only room now for one feeling in her breast. Her world was lying there; and if that little hand whose restless fingers played feebly with the coverlet were to be chilled, did she remember that there was a single other hand on earth which could clasp her own? No; there was all the vision of her mind, there was her treasure, and her heart was there—though never, in the moment of deepest anguish, was her gentle piety dethroned in her bosom. Gradually a mercy seemed to drop like dew upon the child. It became easier. It fell into a disturbed slumber. Its breath became softer and more regular. Mary, when this happy sign appeared, sat for awhile in a suspense between doubt and gladness, and then drew her eyes from the sleeper to look upon me.

I sat by the hearth, gazing in wretched melancholy at the mutable visions in the fire,—emblems of the ongoings of life,—changing, I thought, from flame to a duller glow, and darkling into gloom, and shadows came over the whole, and nothing but ashes is left. Mary came to me. She knelt down before me; she bent her head forward, I saw nothing. I heard nothing, but I felt that she was trembling with bitter sobs. How deep, how pure, was the source of those tears! I raised her up. She hung upon my neck, and I feared that her heartstrings would break with the anguish that now strained upon her soul. I asked her why she was so miserable—for there was now a hope which had not been for many days; there was, indeed, the unfailling sign of a happy change. At length, she spoke. She accused herself of all—ingratitude, of hardness of heart, of thanklessness for the plentiful mercies which had gushed from rocks, and rained like manna, and flowed like the milk of Eden in the pathway of her life. How had she repined. How had the world seemed dark. How had she closed her eyes to the sun, and loved to think only of tears, when all was truly bright, and she had nothing to sorrow for! If that child were spared to her how happy would she be. If that child were spared to her how would she, with redoubled love, repay me the kindness I had wasted on her; and how should the brilliance of the day and the peace of the night make a perpetual festival of love in our home.—She knew I would forgive her, and I knew, she said, that her head was very sincere.

I comforted her, and took her to the bedside. The little child slept, but now lightly, undisturbed

by the hushed tones in which its mother had been saying all this, so earnestly to me. We remained through the night, joyfully, hopefully watching the tranquil slumberer. "Winters of memory" passed through Mary's breast: of all the happy days she had seen, without feeling their happiness; of the soft caresses; of the still blooming and fruitful love which made us one,—and for the first time since many years, she smiled most radiantly at the morning star. And when the morning star had begun to pale away through the rosy light of sunrise, the child awoke, with a golden dimple on its cheek, and a happy sparkle in its large blue eyes, which, turning upwards, seemed to float before us like the reflection of heaven. Long days had elapsed since such a painless face had returned the young mother's look: but the shadow of death had passed, and the child held out its hand to Mary.

The smile on its lips was as a new lamp of life, a more beautiful aurora to Mary's eyes. In a passion of joy she kissed the infant, kissed it again and again, but tenderly, as one would touch a primrose or a delicate lily, or caress a comfortable young dove. Then she embraced me, and I knew by her eyes she was still, with sorrowful remorse, repenting the ungrateful sadness which had neglected so much of the happiness of life.

"Mary," I said, "we shall be happy now, if the child is spared."

I did not mean this as a reproach, but she felt it had the force of one,—though how could I, with so much affection for her, chide her as she stood there, still in her beautiful youth, with smiles lightening over her countenance, and tears not entirely suppressed, stirred by the confluent streams of sorrow and joy that rose in her bosom,—joy for the new tint of life which bloomed over the face of the child; sorrow for the wrong which she felt she had done to me and to herself by that melancholy discontent, and blindness to the good that had blessed her, for, until a real affliction menaced her, she had grieved over indefinite ills, never remembering how fortunate she was in being spared from the miseries that fell on so many around her.

I never thought of her more as Melancholy Mary. When the child was again carolling among the flowers in the garden, my whilom sad-faced young wife stood like a breathing rose, voluble of her love, and as graceful, and far more gay than when she entered the cloister-like seclusion where her thoughts had become pale, her hopes dim, her faith doubtful, and her happiness insecure. Never could she have been happy until now, for never till now had she learned from the reality, of sorrow the reality of joy; that to be virtuous is to be grateful; and that the best way to be grateful for the good, is piously and wisely to enjoy it.

All beauty, of sight or sound; all delight which springs from human love; all gladness which is given by hope; all things we wish or prize, form, if we use them well, not inducements to evil, but altars on which to offer the sacrifice of our hearts to heaven. And if, among the frailties or the sins of men, there is one of a darker grain than another, it is the selfishness of sadness, and an ungrateful disregard of the good which has been showered so abundantly on the earth.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

TIME'S CHANGES.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes,
We can bear to see them come,
And crumble down the cottage roof,
Or rend the palace dome.

We bear to see the flower we nursed,
And cherished in the spring,
Turn withering from Autumn's wind,
A dead and sapless thing.

The playground of our childish days
May wear so strange a face,
That not one olden lineament
Is left for us to trace.

The beams that light life's morning up
May set in misty shade,
The stars of pleasure's fairy sky
May glitter but to fade.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes—
They may work whatever they will,
Turn all our sunshine into storm,
And all our good to ill.

The cheek we like to look upon,
May lose its downy red,
And only carry wrinkled lines,
Where once fair dimples spread.

The form that's dearest to our arms
May wane from easy grace,
The raven tresses shine no more,
And grey hairs take their place.

But we can lightly smile at all
Time's changes, till we find
Some well-known voice grow harshly cold,
That once was warmly kind.

Till hands and eyes that used to be
The first our own to greet,
Can calmly take a long farewell,
And just as calmly meet.

Till gentle words are passed away,
And promised faith forgot,
Teaching us sadly that we love
The one who loveth not.

Oh! better, then, to die, and give
The grave its kindred dust,
Than live to see Time's bitter change
In hearts we love and trust.

A philosopher is one who opposes nature to love, reason to custom, conscience to opinion, and judgment to error.

Evil rolls off some minds like dew off a cabbage-leaf—not a drop will sink in.

It is better to stoop at a high doorway than run against a low one.

He whose soul does not sing need not try to do it with his throat.

The art of pleasing is not necessarily the art of deceiving.

THE SCULPTOR'S CAREER.

I.—BEGINNINGS.

WE are about to relate in the following pages the true story of an artist—one of the very greatest that England has yet produced.

The first scene lies in a shop in New Street, Covent Garden—a very small shop, full of plaster casts by selling which the worthy but humble proprietor managed to maintain himself, his wife, and his two boys. Arranged on the shelves around the shop and in the window were casts from the antique, which appealed to the classical tastes—casts of the Niobe, of the far-famed *Venus de Medicis*—

The bending statue that enchants the world.

of Hercules, Ajax, Achilles, and many more; but these were for the few, and art in England was then but in its infancy. For the less refined and more ordinary tastes there were casts of George II., then king; of Lord Howe and Admiral Hawke, then in the height of their fame—the naval darlings of England; of the brave General Wolfe, who had gloriously fallen during that year (we are now speaking of the year 1759) on the heights of Quebec, and with the praises of whose gallantry all England was then ringing; and there were also to be observed a few busts of the prominent-featured William Pitt, then a young man, but already a recognized orator in the English Commons. Such were the mute humanities of the shop-shelves, and from them we turn to the living inmates.

The master of the place might be observed, through a glass door which separated the little back room from the front shop, busily engaged in moulding a figure of one of the new popular men of the day—Admiral Boscawen, who had recently sprung into fame by reason of a victory he had gained over the French fleet off Cape Lagos. In the front shop, waiting for customers, we find a woman, and a boy—indeed, we might almost say a mere child. The woman is hanging anxiously over some lines the child is busily engaged in drawing with black chalk upon the paper before him. He has books on either side of him, which he takes up and reads from time to time, when fatigued by stooping over his drawing. The little fellow is propped up in a high chair, so that he can overlook the counter, on which his drawing and reading materials are laid. The chair is stuffed round with cushions, that the poor little fellow may sit soft upon his day-long seat. Poor, pale, plump little boy; debarr'd by disease and debility from taking any share in the amusements of his age, and doomed to sit there from day to day under his patient and watchful mother's eye, who springs to do his every little bidding.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," it is said, and truly. You had but to watch the sparkle of that boy's bright eye, and the blush that mantled his cheek, when some object of beauty, embodying a fine action or a noble idea, was placed before him; or when he took up the book which lay by his side and thereupon endeavored to design with his black chalk the actions therein narrated; or when some chance visitor, interested in the poetic little invalid, talked to him

of great poets, sculptors, and heroes—you had but to observe the rapt interest and enthusiasm of the boy on such occasions to be persuaded that, suffering and feeble though he was in body, his mind was quick to feel beauty in all its aspects, and that he revelled in intellectual delights of the rarest sort. Moreover, the boy was always cheerful, though grave in his manner; he was patient and uncomplaining, though he oftentimes regretted that he could not go out to feel and enjoy the sun and the sight of the green trees in the parks like other boys.

The soul of our cripple invalid was the soul of a true genius; and behind that shop-counter it obtained its first impulse towards art. These casts from the antique and stucco medallions which surrounded the boy, and preached beauty to him from the mean shelves—comparatively worthless though to many they might appear—were the source of many beautiful and noble inspirations, which germinated in noble works in the boy's after life. It has been said that the soul of every man of genius is a mirror which he carries about with him wherever he goes; and it is only by tracing the artist from his infancy, that we discover the circumstances to which he owes in maturer years his genius and his success.

A customer entered the little shop one day. He was an elderly man, mild, benevolent, and gentle-looking—seeming by his dress to be a clergyman. No sooner had the bell hung at the back of the front shop-door, which was closed to keep out the cold from the little invalid—no sooner had it sounded and intimated the approach of a customer, than the master of the shop emerged from the back apartment, and approached, cap in hand, to wait upon the gentleman.

"Good day, John," said the visitor; "I have brought with me a small figure for you to mend. My servant, in dusting this 'Helene,' has had the misfortune to chip off an arm, you see."

"And a beautiful thing it is, Mr. Matthews," said the man; "beautiful, indeed—a very gem. Yes, I will mend it while you stay. Plaster of Paris hardens in no time; and you may take it with you, unless you would prefer that I send it by a messenger."

"No, I will wait," said Mr. Matthews; and thereupon the image-maker retired into the back apartment to proceed with the work.

A child's cough from behind the counter here startled the clergyman's ear, and he peeped over. The invalid boy was not mounted on his usual cushioned seat at the counter that day, but sat on a small chair behind it, with a larger chair before him, on which lay a book he was apparently engaged in reading. The clergyman was struck by the fine clear eyes of the boy, and his large beautiful forehead, which gave him a look of intelligence far beyond his years.

"What are you busy with there, my boy?" he asked.

The youth raised himself up on his crutches, bowed, and said, "Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it."

"A Latin book! let me see it."

And the benevolent clergyman stooped over for the book. It was a *Cornelius Nepos*, which the boy's father had picked up at some cheap bookstall, for fourpence.

"Very good," said Mr. Matthews; "but this is not the proper book. I'll bring you a right one to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the boy.

From that introduction to the little boy behind the shop-counter an acquaintance began, which, the Rev. Mr. Matthews used to say, "ripened into one of the best friendships of my life." And, strange to say, he afterwards regarded it as an honor and a distinction to reckon that poor stucco plasterer's boy as his friend.

Mr. Matthews was as good as his word. He brought several books to the little boy; amongst others, *Iliad* and *Don Quixote*, in both which the youth ever after took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which breathed through the pages of Homer; and with the stucco Ajaxes and Achilleses about him looming along the shop shelves, the ambition took possession of him, that he too would design and embody in poetic forms these majestic heroes. The black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic young artist labored in a "divine despair" to body forth the shapes and actions of the Greeks and the Trojans. Like all youthful efforts, of course the designs were crude. The proud father one day showed them to Roubilliac, the eminent sculptor, but he turned from them with a pshaw! He saw no indications of talent in them. What could be expected of a child, then only seven years old? But the boy had the right stuff in him; he had industry and patience—patience, which Buffon has defined genius to be. The solitary boy labored at his books, and drawings, and models, incessantly. He essayed his young powers in modelling figures in plaster of Paris, in wax, and in clay, some of which are to this day preserved—not so much because of their merit, as because they are curious as the first halting efforts of true genius.

The boy could not yet walk, though he was learning to hobble about on crutches, at the time when George II. died. He could not accompany his father to see the procession at the coronation of George III.; but he pleaded earnestly that he should have one of the medals which were that day to be distributed among the crowd. The father struggled to procure one for his poor cripple boy at home; but no. In the scramble for the medals, stronger and more agile persons pushed the image-seller to one side; he obtained a plated button, bearing the stamp of a horse and jockey, which he presented to his son as the "coronation medal." The boy expressed his surprise at such a device, and not long after he found out that he had been deceived. The father did not think of the moral injury he had done to the boy by this piece of acted deceit, well intentioned though it might be; such things are not forgotten, and they are always injurious. But the fine nature of this boy could endure much, and he outlived the little wrong.

One of his practices at this time was to take impressions of all seals and medals that pleased him, and it was for this that he had longed for the "coronation medal." What he made of the horse and jockey, we have not been informed; but, when once reminded, after he had become a man, of these early childish pursuits, he observed

"—We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good."

One day, the boy had been out rambling in the parks—for a sudden flush of health came upon him about his tenth year, which enabled him to throw aside his crutches—and on his return, his mother sprang to meet him.

"Johnny!" she exclaimed, "you'll not guess! I have just had Mr. Matthews here, and—what do you think?"

"Well, mother, has he brought me the *Iliad* back? He promised it some of these days."

"No, Johnny, not that; guess again. But no, you can never guess. Well, he has invited you to his own house, where you are to meet Mrs. Barbauld, the lady that writes the beautiful stories, you know; and Mrs. Matthews, the clergyman's beautiful lady, has promised to read and explain *Iliad* to you herself! Well, now, isn't our Johnny rising in the world?"

"Capital!" cried the youth, clapping his hands.

"Well now," continued his mother, "I must have your face washed, and your pretty hair brushed, and your Sunday clothes put on; for you are going to meet ladies at a party, you know."

"Well, dear mother, be it so; but be quick, will you? for I am so anxious to go."

And sure enough, about five o'clock in the evening twilight a little boy might be observed humbly knocking at the door of an elegant house in Rathbone Place. He was plainly but neatly dressed,—diminutive in figure, and slightly deformed; his features, usually pallid, were flushed on this occasion, as they well might be,—his whole frame being in a glow with anticipated pleasure and delight.

The door was opened by a waiting-man, who gazed with surprise at the boy when he told his errand,—that he had "come to the party."

"Wait in the lobby, my boy—there may be some mistake," and he ran up stairs to the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chappone, and Mrs. Barbauld, with the lady of the house. The servant explained his message.

"Show up John Flaxman," she said at once, her eye brightening; and, turning to Mrs. Barbauld,—"*This is the little boy I told you of. He is really a fine fellow, with the true soul of a genius. I really believe he has in him the germs of a great man! and such as we, who have means and leisure, cannot bestow them better than in carefully fostering what may prove a source of general happiness and blessings. You call me an enthusiast, I know,*" continued Mrs. Matthews, with a fascinating smile; "but I have invited this boy to show you that in this case I have not been 'zealous overmuch.'"

And so saying, the little visitor, John Flaxman, was ushered into the drawing-room.

II.—PROGRESS.

Many a delightful evening—for long years after remembered by John Flaxman with pleasure and affection and gratitude—did the young artist spend by the fireside of Mrs. Matthews and her kind-hearted husband. She read Homer, Virgil, and Milton, pointing out their beauties, explaining their ideas, and discoursing from time to time upon the characters which move across their pages. It was a great opportunity for the boy, and he was

wise enough to profit by it. Under Mrs. Matthew's eye, he began the study of Latin and Greek, which he prosecuted at home. He used to bring with him, too, his bit of charcoal, and while the accomplished lady commented on the pictorial beauty of Homer's poetry, the boy by her side eagerly endeavoured to embody upon paper, in outline forms, such passages as caught his fancy.

A beautiful picture this, of the accomplished woman turning aside from the glittering society in which she had her allotted place, to devote her evenings to the intellectual culture of a poor, illiterate, unknown plaster-cast-seller's boy! Thanks, however, to her kind care and culture, the boy did not remain unknown; the genius thus cherished, in due time revealed itself,—for from the chisel of Flaxman have come some of the noblest works of art which England has ever produced. And when Flaxman's praise is sounded, in justice to her memory let the name of the good Mrs. Matthews, to whom he owed so much, be affectionately remembered.

Many of these juvenile productions,—executed at Mrs. Matthews's side,—are still in existence, and display much quiet loveliness as well as sometimes graphic power. Yet not long before this, Mortimer, the artist, to whom the boy exhibited his drawing of a human eye, exclaimed to him, "What, sir, is that an *oyster*?" The sensitive boy was very much hurt, and took care not to show his drawings to artists for some time to come; for artists, though themselves very thin-skinned, are disposed to be rather savage in their criticisms of others. But an artist and a sculptor the boy Flaxman had now determined to be; and he laboured at self-improvement with all possible zeal and industry. He modelled and drew almost incessantly. He was mainly his own teacher, as every truly great man must be. He used all helps to forward him in his studies, gathering his knowledge from all sources, and ready often to invent methods for himself, after a kind of inspiration in which true genius is usually so apt.

The boy found patrons and helpers, too. Some of the visitors at Mrs. Matthew's, greatly admiring his designs after Homer, desired to possess some drawings by the same hand; and Mr. Crutchley, of Sunning-hill Park, gave him a commission to draw a set for him in black chalk. His first commission! What a great event was that in the boy's life. A physician's first fee, a lawyer's first retainer, an actress's first night behind the foot-lights, a legislator's first speech in the Commons, an author's first book, are not any of them more full of interest and anxiety than is the first commission to the artist! And the boy-artist well and duly executed his first commission: it was a set of six drawings of subjects from antiquity, chiefly after Homer,—and he was both well praised and well paid for his work.

Still he went on studying. His kind friend Mr. Matthews guarded him against indulgence in vanity—that besetting sin of clever youths,—but Flaxman knew too well his own defects, and he relaxed not in his labours, but only applied himself more closely than before. He was fifteen when he entered a student at the Royal Academy. He might then be seen generally in the company of Blake and Stothard,—young men of kindred tastes and genius,—gentle and amiable, yet earnest in their

love of art, which haunted them as a passion. In Blake's eyes there shone a mysterious wildness, which early excited the suspicion of his fellow students as to his sanity. But the man of genius is very often hovering on the brink of madness; and the "divine phrenzy" sometimes overpowers him. Young Flaxman saw in Blake only the kind and affectionate friend,—sensitive like himself, glad to retire from the bustle of academic pursuits, and commune together about art and poetry, and the subjects to which the latter gave rise. All three,—Flaxman, Blake, and Stothard, thus cultivated together the art of ready design,—and the three, all in their day, we believe, illustrated *Paradise Lost*. Flaxman, however, gradually became known among the students, notwithstanding his retiring disposition, and great things were expected of him. Nor were these expectations disappointed. In his fifteenth year he gained the silver prize, and next year he became a candidate for the gold one.

The boy had now become a young man, with the incipient down of manhood on his lip. He had the air, the self-possession, and gravity of a man, yet all the simplicity and bashfulness of a child. His early delicacy, and inability to take part in the games of childhood, threw a shadow over his face in future years. Though slender in figure, he looked older than he seemed. Yet he did not lack in activity of limb and body,—standing now in no need of crutches, which he had long since abandoned. The light of his soul shone through his eyes, which possessed a marvellous brilliancy, indicating the true temperament of genius.

Of course, every body prophesied that young Flaxman would carry off the gold medal; there was no student who, for ability and industry, was to be compared with him; and when his candidature for the medal was known, all his fellow-students shouted out in one voice, "Flaxman! Flaxman!" as if none but he was worthy to win the prize.

The eventful day arrived. Old Flaxman—who had now removed his shop into the Strand, opposite Durham Yard—was busy with a popular bust of the Duke of York; but he was so agitated by the thought of his son's eventful competition, that he could not go on with his work; he felt like a fish out of water,—could not sit, nor stand, nor settle down to anything, "but was all over queer like," peeping out along the pavement from time to time, to discern if he could, the clate figure of his son marching homeward with the gold medal of the Academy. The hours slowly passed by, and late in the day John Flaxman entered his father's door. The old man sprang up at the sound of his footstep, and ran to meet him. The boy's face was downcast, and even paler than usual.

"Well, John, what of the medal?"

"I have lost it, father."

There was a minute of perfect silence—neither spoke; at length the father said:—

"Well, John, you must stick to it again, like a Trojan; never say die! But who has got it?"

"Engleheart. I am sure I wish him well; but I cannot help thinking that I *deserved* the prize. However, be that as it may, I am determined, if I live, yet to model works that the Academy will be proud to recognise."

"Said like a true Flaxman, John. Cheer up! You will take the medal yet."

"I will not try again, father; but I will do better. Only give me time, and I will show them something beyond an Academy prize medal."

The failure on the part of the young Flaxman was really of service to him. Defeats do not cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their power of will and resolution. He redoubled his efforts—spared no pains with himself—designed and modelled incessantly, and laboured diligently and perseveringly in the work of self-improvement.

But poverty threatened the household of his poor father, the profits of whose trade, at that day by no means remunerative, but barely served to "keep the wolf from the door." So the youth was under the necessity of curtailing his hours of study in order to devote a larger portion of his time to the bread-and-cheese department. He laid aside his *Homer* and took up his plaster-trowel. He forsook Milton to multiply stucco casts. He was found willing to work in any department of his calling, so that he might thereby earn money. To this drudgery of his art he served a long and rude apprenticeship; but it did him good. It familiarized him with work, and cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome. Happily, the young Flaxman's skill in design had reached the ears of one of the great patrons of art in those days—Josiah Wedgwood, the Staffordshire potter, who sought out the lad with the view of employing him in the improvement of his crockery-ware. It may seem a very humble department of art to have laboured in; but really it was not so. A true artist may be labouring in the highest vocation, even while he is sketching a design for a teapot or a dinner-plate. Articles which are in daily use among the people, and are before their eyes at every meal they sit down to, may be made the vehicles of art education to all, and minister to their highest culture. Even the best artist may thus be conferring a much greater practical benefit upon his countrymen than by painting an elaborate picture which he may sell for a thousand pounds to a lord, to be by him forthwith carried off to his country palace, and virtually hidden there.

The enterprising Josiah Wedgwood was a most energetic man, possessed of great public spirit.—He desired to push his trade, and while he benefited himself he also sought to improve the public tastes. Before his day, the designs which figured upon our china and stone-ware were of a hideous description—had in drawing, had in design, and had in execution. Josiah Wedgwood found out Flaxman.

"Well, my lad," said he to him, "I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and a clever designer. I'm a pot manufacturer—named Wedgwood. Now I want you to design some models for me—nothing fantastic, you know, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. Do you understand? You don't think the work beneath you? Ah?"

"By no means, sir," answered young Flaxman; "indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days—call again, and you shall see what I can do."

"That's right—work away. Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds—teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers. But especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!"

"I will do my best, sir, I assure you."

And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr. Wedgwood next called upon him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for various pieces of earthenware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief—the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after designs for marble.—The celebrated Etruscan vases, many of which were to be found in public museums and in the cabinets of the curious, furnished him with the best examples of form, and these he embellished with his own elegant devices. *Stuart's Athens*, then recently published, also furnished him with specimens of the purest-shaped Greek utensils, and he was not slow to adopt the best of them, and work them up into new and wondrous shapes of elegance and beauty. Flaxman then saw that he was labouring in a great work—no less than the promotion of popular education; and he was proud, in after life, to allude to these his early labours, by which he was enabled at the same time to cultivate his love of the beautiful, to diffuse a taste for art among the people, and to replenish his own purse while he greatly promoted the prosperity of his friend and benefactor.

Engaged in such labours as these, for several years Flaxman executed but few works of art, and then at rare intervals. He lived a quiet, secluded, and simple life, working during the day and sketching and reading in the evenings. He was so poor that he had as yet been only able to find plaster of Paris for his works,—marble was too dear a material for him. He had hitherto executed only one statue in the latter material, and that was a commission.

At length, in the year 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he quitted his father's roof and rented a small house and studio in Wardour Street, Soho; and what was more, he married a wife—an event which proved to him of no small consequence, as we shall find from the events in his future history.

III.—RUINED FOR AN ARTIST.

FLAXMAN had been married but a few weeks, when one day he returned home to his young wife, full of sadness at heart. There was a cloud on his brow, so unusual, that she at once proceeded to enquire into the cause. Flaxman sat down beside her, took her hand, and said, with a smile—

"Ann, I am ruined for an artist!"

"How so, John? How has it happened, and who has done it?"

"It happened," he replied, "in the church; and Ann Denham has done it! I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he told me, point-blank, that marriage had ruined me in my profession."

"Nonsense, John; it is only one of Sir Joshua's theories. He is a bachelor himself, and cannot

understand nor judge of the quiet satisfaction and happiness of married life."

"Oh! he firmly believes it, I can assure you. Sir Joshua thinks no man can be a *great* artist, unless he visits Rome, and educates his taste by a contemplation of the great models of antiquity. He is constantly telling the students at the Academy that if they would excel, they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rise until they go to bed."

"What! and leave no room, no corner, for the affections? Don't believe him, John; don't be cast down. You are a true artist, and you will be a great one."

"But he says no man can be a *great* artist, unless he studies the grand style of art in the magnificent works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, in the Vatican. Now, I," drawing up his small figure to its full height,—"I would be a great artist."

"And you *shall* be! You, too, if that be necessary, shall study at Rome, in the Vatican. I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined you for an artist."

"But how?" asked Flaxman,—“how to get to Rome?”

"I will tell you how. Work and economize. If you will leave the latter to me, we shall soon be able to spare the means for a visit to Rome,—and together, mind! Ann Denham must go and look after her ruined artist."

And she shook her curls, and gave one of her bright, hearty laughs.

"Ann," said he—and Flaxman took his wife's hand in his—"what Reynold's has said to-day, and what you have said now, have determined me. I will go to Rome, and show the president that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm, and you shall accompany me."

She was a noble, true-hearted woman, this wife of Flaxman's. The artist was, in the course of his life, fortunate beyond most men in the friendships which he formed with estimable women; but his wife stood higher than them all in his estimation; for she was friend, fellow-student, companion, comforter, and wife, all in one. Like him, Ann Flaxman had a fine taste for art; she also knew something of Greek, and was well skilled in French and Italian. Withal, she was a frugal, well-managing wife; and could keep her own kitchen and parlor as tidy as she did her husband's studio. She could knit and mend as well as draw, and could cook a Yorkshire pudding as deftly as she could read a passage from Racine or Anastasio. Her household was a model of neatness and taste, and there always seemed to reign within it a devout quiet and perfect tranquillity.

Patiently and happily this loving couple plodded on during five years in that humble little home in Wardour Street; always with the long journey to Rome before them. It was never lost sight of for a moment, and not a penny was uselessly spent that could be saved towards the expenses of the visit. They said no word to any one about their project; solicited no aid from the Academy; but trusted only to their own patient labor and love to pursue and achieve their object. During this time, Flaxman exhibited but few works. He could not afford marble to experiment on original works;

but he obtained occasional commissions for monuments, by the profits of which he maintained himself. One of his first works of this kind was the monument in memory of Collins the poet, now placed in Chichester Cathedral. His monument to Mrs. Morley, for Gloucester Cathedral, was greatly admired, and tended to increase his reputation and extend his business. He also continued to supply the Messrs. Wedgwood, of Etruria, with designs for pottery-ware, many of which have since been revived, and a considerable number of them were exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851. About this time, Flaxman executed for the same gentlemen a set of designs of chessmen, of exquisite beauty, which are worthy of being more extensively known.

Five years passed, and Flaxman set out, in company of his wife, for the Eternal City. Like all other artists who visit Rome, he was astonished by the splendor of the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, and the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the works which they contained. He could not fail greatly to profit by his visit. He applied himself eagerly to study, laboring meanwhile, like most other poor artists who visit Rome, to maintain himself by his daily labor. It was at this time that he composed his beautiful designs illustrative of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante, for English purchasers; and we rejoice to see that the illustrations of Homer have recently been made accessible to all classes of purchasers.* He was, doubtless, greatly aided in the composition of these designs by the numerous antique bas-reliefs on Greek and Etruscan vases and sarcophagi, which he had now an opportunity of studying. But though he thus satiated his fancy with the spirit of the days of old, he threw his own inventive genius into his works. He created and did not copy. The one was to him far easier and infinitely more delightful than the other.

What does the reader think were Flaxman's terms for executing these rare and beautiful illustrations of Homer? Fifteen shillings apiece! This was the price paid for them by Mrs. Hare Naylor. But Flaxman needed the money, and he worked for art's sake as well. The money earned by the sale of his designs enabled him meanwhile to find bread and raiment for himself and wife, and to go onward in the prosecution of his darling studies. But the Homeric designs brought him more than money. They brought him fame and *éclat*, and friends and patrons began to flock to his studio. The munificent Thomas Hope commissioned him to execute the group of Cephalus and Aurora, which now adorns the fine collection of his son in Piccadilly. About the same time the bishop of Derry (earl of Bristol) ordered of him a group of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, representing the fury of Athamos; but the price paid for it was such as to leave the artist a loser. The Countess Spencer commissioned the set of designs after Æschylus, at a guinea each, and Mr. Hope took the set illustrative of Dante at the same price. These works brought more fame than money; still Flaxman could live, his loving wife ever by his side.

Some years thus passed, when Flaxman resolved to return to England, to show that wedlock had

* In the National Illustrated Library.

not "ruined him for an artist." Buonaparte had struck one or two of his terrible blows on the furthest side of the Alps, and the English were all crowding home. But before he left Italy the academies of Florence and Carrara recognised Flaxman's merits by electing him a member.

Soon after his return to England, and almost before he had settled down into full employment as a sculptor, he paid one of the most tender and delicate tributes to his wife that artist ever paid. It was his own way of acknowledging the love and the admirable qualities of his wife, and proud indeed she must have been with the gift as of the giver. He got a quarto book made, containing some score of leaves, and on the first page he drew the design of a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth, guardian angels on either side, with the words written underneath,— "To Ann Flaxman." Beneath this was the representation of two hands clasped as at an altar, and a garland borne by two cherubs carried the following inscription:—"The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. John Flaxman, Oct. 2, 1796." The designs in the book were forty in number, two on each page. They are still preserved, and are so full of grace and beauty,—they tell the story of trial, endurance, faith, hope and courage, so well—that we wish some adventurous publisher would undertake now to give them to the world. We are of opinion that Flaxman's remarkable genius—his imaginative and artistic qualities—are more vividly exhibited in these and others of his designs than even in his most elaborate sculptured works.

Flaxman often used to say in jest before his friends,— "Well, Sir Joshua was wrong in his prophecy, after all. You see we lock did not ruin me for an artist. Did it, Ann?" Ann's reply may easily be imagined.

IV.—SUCCESS!

THE sculptor, on his return from Rome, took up his abode at No. 7, Fitzroy Square, Backingham Street, and he remained there until his death, thirty years after. His small studio, in which so many noble works were elaborated, still exists. His fame had preceded him to England, and he found no want of lucrative employment now. While at Rome, he had been commissioned to execute his famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield, and it was erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey shortly after his return. It stands there in majestic grandeur, a monument to the genius Flaxman in himself—calm, simple, and severe. No wonder that Banks, the sculptor, then in the heyday of his fame, exclaimed when he saw it,— "This little man cuts us all out!"

When the bigwigs of the Royal Academy heard of Flaxman's return, and especially when they had an opportunity of seeing and admiring his noble portrait-statue of Mansfield, they were eager to have him enrolled among their number. The Royal Academy has always had the art of "running to the help of the strongest," and when an artist has proved that he can achieve a reputation

without the Academy, then is the Academy most anxious to "patronize" him. The Academy, it will be remembered, had given its gold medal to his unworthy competitor, Engleheart, passing by his own far superior work. He had then felt bitterly vexed, but determined that the next time he modelled for the Academy it should be as a master,—he would deserve and he would command their applause. Perhaps, too, he had not forgotten the president's cruel cut when Flaxman told him he had married,— "You are ruined for life as an artist." Well! he had got over both these slights. The wounds had healed kindly, and he had no desire to keep alive the grievance. He allowed his name to be proposed in the candidates' list of associates, and was immediately elected. In the course of the same year (1797) he exhibited his monument of Sir William Jones, and several bas-reliefs from the New Testament, which were greatly admired.

His progress was now rapid, and he was constantly employed. Perseverance and study had made him great, and he went on from triumph to triumph.

In the heyday of his fame, some years after his return to England, Flaxman conceived the design of a colossal statue to the naval power of Britain, which he proposed should be erected, two hundred feet in height, on Greenwich Hill. The idea was a grand one,—that of a majestic landmark for mariners, overlooking the tide of British commerce, on which the wealth of all lands was borne upon the busy Thames into the lap of England, and standing, as it were, sentinel over the last retreat of British naval heroes. But the design was too grand for his age, and though a committee deliberated upon it, they treated it as the dream of a poet, and dismissed it as unworthy of further notice. Some future generation may, however, yet embody Flaxman's noble idea of a colossal Britannia on Greenwich Hill. Surely the power of Britain might as well be exhibited in some such enduring national work of art, as that of the kingdom of Bavaria in the now world-famous statue at Munich!

Flaxman's monuments are known nearly all over England. Their mute poetry beautifies most of our cathedrals and many of our rural churches. Whatever work of this kind he executed, he threw a soul and meaning into it, embodying some high Christian idea of charity, of love, of resignation, of affection, or of kindness. In monuments such as these his peculiar genius pre-eminently shone. There is a tenderness and grace about them which no other artist has been able to surpass or even to equal. His happy sketches illustrative of the Lord's Prayer, published in lithograph some years ago, exhibit this peculiar quality of his genius in a striking light. In historical monuments, again, he was less successful, though his monuments to Reynolds and Nelson, in St. Paul's Cathedral, are noble works, which will always be admired.

At the Peace of Amiens, Flaxman formed one of the crowd of Englishmen who flocked over to Paris to admire the treasures of the Louvre, which had been plundered from nearly all European countries. Flaxman entertained a hearty English dislike to Napoleon. When at Rome, some young French officers showed him a medal of Buonaparte, then only a general officer. Flaxman looked at

the head, and said: "This citizen Buonaparte of yours is the very image of Augustus Cæsar!" The sculptor never got over his dislike to the man; and though, when at Paris, the First Consul wished to be introduced to him, Flaxman refused. Still greater was his repugnance to the French Republican painter and sculptor David, in whom Flaxman saw an atrocious Jacobin and a declared atheist; and he turned from his proffered civilities with only half-concealed disgust. Flaxman was himself so pure of heart, so simple and so gentle, that the very idea of such a man set him a-loathing.

He returned to England, and continued his great career; pursuing at the same time his life of quiet affection at home, in the company of his wife, and in the frequent evening society of the poetic Blake and the gifted Stothard, who continued among his most intimate friends. He would often amuse those gathered about him in his family circle by composing little stories in sketches, serious and burlesque—an art in which he himself found great pleasure. In this spirit he composed his story and illustrations of *The Cassnet*, encouraged to do so by his poetic friend the sculptor Banks. The story runs in rhyme of Flaxman's making, and there is often a good deal of quiet humor in his fancies.

In 1810, our hero came out in a new character. The little boy who had begun his studies behind the poor plaster-cast-seller's shop-counter in New Street, Covent Garden, was now a man of high intellect and recognized supremacy in art, to instruct aspiring students, in the character of Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy! And no man better deserved to fill that distinguished office; for no man is better able to instruct others than he who, for himself and by his own unaided efforts, has overcome all difficulties. The witty and caustic Fuseli used to talk of the lectures as "sermons by the Reverend John Flaxman;" for the sculptor was a very religious man, which Fuseli was not, and was a zealous Swedenborgian in the latter part of his life. But Flaxman acquitted himself well in the professorial chair, as any one who reads his instructive *Lectures on Sculpture*, now published, may ascertain for himself. His literary talents were further called into requisition in supplying articles on subjects connected with sculpture to *Rees's Encyclopædia*.

We must now draw our sketch to a close. After a long, peaceful, and happy life, Flaxman found himself growing old. The loss which he sustained by the death of his affectionate wife, Ann, was a severe shock to him; but he survived her several years, during which he executed his celebrated "Shield of Achilles" and his noble "Archangel Michael vanquishing Satan,"—perhaps his two greatest works. He also executed some beautiful statuettes for Mr. Rogers, the poet, now to be found in his celebrated collection.

His early friends were now all dead; his home was comparatively desolate—and it is sad for an old man, however full of fame, to be left in the world alone. One day a stranger entered his room. "Sir," said the visitant, presenting to him a book, "this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and, at the same time, to apologize to you for its extraordinary dedication. It was so generally believed in Italy that you were dead, that my friend

determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius; and having this book ready for publication, he had inscribed it *To the shade of Flaxman*. No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology.*"

A remarkable circumstance of a somewhat similar character is recorded in the *Life of Mozart*, and in this case it proved equally prophetic. On the very next day he was seized by fatal illness, and in less than a week he breathed his last—the most gifted genius in sculpture that England has yet produced.

THE LAUREL-LEAF.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

In a small village near a town in Brittany, there came to reside in the early days of Napoleon a widow, whom none knew, and whose choice of a residence none seemed to understand. She had not an acquaintance in the village; not one to whom she was known even by name: nor did she profess any connection with the place. As she came from Paris apparently to live on her income, this seemed strange, as it is common in France to select one's native place as a residence when retiring from the great metropolis. But Madame Froment troubled herself little, relative to the surmises of her new neighbours,—taking a neat and pretty cottage which she furnished well, and even richly, and there fixed herself, with a daughter five years old, and an aged female domestic.

She had not been more than a few days in the village, when she paid a visit to the curé, with whom she remained in conference some hours. At the termination of the interview, the worthy priest saw her to the door with an air of respect which struck one or two who had been watching; and when questioned with regard to her, declared her to be an angel. Such in some sort she proved to the poorer inhabitants of the hamlet, for her purse, her time, and advice, were at their service. There was a kind of rival in good works in the village in the person of Gaetan Bonas, the miller, who, with his wife, were looked up to as the rich ones of the place. They had purchased, in 1793, the half-ruined castle of the Count de Molaix,—an *émigré* of whom no one had heard since the Terror,—and they had made use of it for barns, &c. About a fortnight, however, after the arrival of Madame Von Froment, it was remarked that Bonas began moving away his goods; and it became known in the village that the widow had purchased the ruins. Wondrous were the surmises of the good people of the place. They could not conceive the object of the stranger,—a private individual,—who bought a residence which could only be made useful by the expenditure of large sums of money. Their surprise was all the greater when workmen—builders, carpenters, masons—began to arrive, and when the whole castle was put in a complete state of repair.

The villagers, who retained many of the prejudices which sixty years of revolution have not yet eradicated, began to look with suspicion on

* Allan Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters."

Madame Froment. She, a commoner, dared not only to buy the chateau of their *ci-devant* lords and masters, the Counts de Moulaix, but to prepare it for her own residence. That Bonas, the miller, should own it and make a barn of it was quite natural in their eyes; but for any one to desecrate a noble mansion by fixing their abode in it, was a kind of sacrilege the Breton peasantry could not comprehend. It required all the expensive charity of the widow,—all the exhortations of the good priest, to bring the people of the hamlet round. In some measure, their own material well-being much aided moral efforts. The workmen resided with them during the two years they were building, and then there came a large body of servants to the chateau, while Madame Froment gradually became the owner of all the adjacent property, to the improvement of which she devoted the greater part of her time.

Her daughter, Louise, occupied much of her attention, and as she became of an age to profit by education, she had a governess from Paris, and then masters from the town. Young Edouard Bonas and his sister Amelie, were admitted, at the earnest desire of Madame Froment, to a share of their advantages. They became constant visitors at the chateau; and as M. Bonas intended, now that he had amassed a fortune, his son should follow a profession, the miller was delighted. The three young people were great friends. Edouard being three years older than the two girls, was a great man amongst them. He was their guide in all their walks and rides,—their elder brother and protector. They made together great progress in learning; and the two families—that of the mill and that of the chateau—were united by strong ties of friendship.

Things went on this way for years, until Edouard became eighteen, and the girls fifteen; when it became clear to the heads of both families that a most strong and tender attachment had sprung up between the two young people. Madame Froment was the first to discover this, and she immediately paid a visit to the priest, and had with him a long conference.

It was in the evening and in the milk-house.—The family were all present. There was the burly miller, his wife,—a dame whose rotundity almost equalled her good humour,—the tall handsome son, and the delicate Amelie. They had spent the day at the chateau, but had been suddenly summoned home. On arriving at the mill Edouard learned that he had been drawn for a soldier. His parents were miserable. He was their only son, and in the terrible wars then raging there were many more roads to death than to destruction. A substitute might be found, but France had been so depopulated by the long European struggle that young men were scarce. Still, Bonas was determined that his son should not go for a soldier. To his great surprise he found Edouard very much disposed to accept his fate. The young man burned to distinguish himself.—Like most of his age and class, his admiration for the emperor was unqualified.

"But, my son," said the father, anxiously, "why do you wish to leave us?"

"I do not wish to leave you: but to follow any profession, I must go away from home: and, to

speaking candidly, there is no profession for which I feel the same inclination as for arms."

"It is this unhappy propensity," replied the father, "that is the ruin of our country. Did we show one tithe the ardour for industry, for improvement, that we do for fighting, where should we be? But we must fight, if not conquer, one another."

At this moment the priest entered.

"Good evening," said the father. "You could not have come in better time, Monsieur le Curé. I want you to talk to this headstrong boy. He has been drawn for a soldier and wants to go."

"And why not?" said the priest, quietly.

Bonas and his wife opened their eyes, Edouard bounded on his chair, and Amelie turned pale, for she saw that the priest was against them.

"Ah, my good friend," said Edouard, warmly; "I am so delighted to see you."

"Hum! Because I agree with you. But listen to me. I detest war; I look on it as a wicked and monstrous abuse of man's talents and powers; but it is no longer conquests our monarch is marching to now, my boy. France is in danger! Exhausted by terrible struggles for an impossible supremacy, she is now about to do battle for existence. It becomes the duty of all to march to her defence."

"Go, my son!" said Bonas, warmly.

"I will go," cried Edouard; "but these things are not so desperate as you think."

"We shall see, my son. But I have another reason. Now no hesitation, my boy. What has happened is quite natural. You are very much attached to Mademoiselle Froment."

"Oh! oh!" said old Bonas, with a hearty laugh; "this is why monsieur wants to be a soldier. He wishes to win smiles by feats of arms."

"I declare, my father—," began Edouard.

"Declare nothing," said the priest. "Madame Froment has just left me. She approves of your affection, and—"

"But who could have told her—?" again began the young man.

"I don't know," said the priest, naively; "but it seems somebody has. It was not I, for I should never have suspected such a thing."

"I should like to know," murmured Edouard.

"Well, that will do by-and-by. But these are her words—'For reasons I cannot now explain, no one can marry my daughter but a soldier. Let Edouard enter the army, and the day he returns an officer, if he changes not, I shall be happy to call him my son-in-law.'"

"I will be an officer!" cried Edouard, impetuously.

The father and mother looked very serious, but they could offer no objection. They were about, however, to carry on the discussion, when Madame Froment entered hurriedly.

"My dear friends," she exclaimed,—an imperceptible sign from the priest telling her that all had been explained,—"I come to say a few words. Imperious necessity compels me to this decision. My daughter can never marry any one but an officer. This is no will of mine, but of one beyond the grave. Still, I would not have it on my conscience that I have sent your son to the army."

"Madame," said Bonas, taking her hand res-

pectfully, "you have nothing to do with it. Before our good curé came, Edouard had decided to go to the army, having been drawn for a soldier."

"Thank God!" she added fervently. "My friend, I would give much to be able to say to you, do not go: but if your attachment to my daughter be serious, I have no choice."

"Madame," said Edouard, fondly, "I mean to go;—and more, I will return an officer, or die."

A month later, and he was gone,—brave, warm-hearted boy,—to mix in the world, and learn the rude apprenticeship of war. His letters were not numerous, and at last they came no more, for Edouard had joined the disastrous and fatal Russian expedition, which was to humble the pride of monarch and people.

In the village there was little thought, either in château or mill-house, save of the absent boy.— They took in a newspaper now, and read the bulletins eagerly, but no tidings of any kind came of the absent. That he did not return with the remnant of the decimated army was certain, but at the Ministry of War they could give no report of Captain Edouard Bonas,—for of his elevation to this rank they soon heard. Sadness, but not despair, filled the minds of all his friends. He might be a prisoner,—there might be peace—and their tidings would come. Meanwhile, news came that vast armies were invading France, then that they had crossed the frontier; and then a letter relieved all their fears. It was brief:—

"I have escaped from Russia. I am a captain and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour. France is in danger. I am at my post under the emperor's personal orders. When I can honourably leave, I will come and see those I love."

He came, but only when Paris was in the possession of the allies, and Bonaparte in Elba. He was now a colonel, having performed prodigies of valour; but his career was ended, and, though sad and surlorn at the picture which France presented, he could not but see retribution in it for her unjust conquests,—he came to claim his bride. He was warmly received by all, and Madame Froment now no longer hesitated to promise him her daughter. She, however, still demanded a delay of one year. To this Edouard consented, and all was joy in the village, especially when at last the foreigner departed, and peace was declared to be final.

Edouard, Louise, and Amelie resumed their walks and rides, while the young man now sometimes went out alone with dog and gun to shoot. One evening, after a day's hunting, he returned, pale and anxious, to dine at the château, where both families were assembled. He laid down his gun, and, without changing his dress, entered the saloon of the château.

"My friends I leave you. The emperor has landed in France, the army has declared for him, and Louis XVIII. has fled."

"Good God!" cried Madame Froment, "wars again. But you have done your duty, Edouard. You can safely stay at home."

"My dear madame, here is my brevet as general of division, and the emperor says that he sends it me the more readily that I have not taken service under the Bourbons."

"He must go. But it is terrible! Peace was to me such delight," said Madame Froment. "Go,

my boy, and do your duty. But take care of yourself. We cannot spare you now."

We need not tell the historical part of our tale. Five months later General Bonas was again home. He was not among the proscribed, because he had never served the Bourbons; but he now intended to leave the army, and had already sent in his demand to be relieved from his post, at the same time adding, that in the hour of danger his sword was at the service of his country.

The marriage was now fixed to take place immediately. The general had decided on a trip to Italy. One morning he, his bride, and Amelie, were discussing their plans for the fiftieth time, seated on a fallen tree on the summit of a hill, whence the château could be distinguished, when a stranger stepped up to them, and addressed them most courteously. He was under fifty, with grey hair, and dressed neatly but with extreme simplicity. His appearance seemed to designate a poor *émigré*, returned in the train of the Bourbons.

"If you are of this country, monsieur," he said, addressing the general, who was in private clothes, "can you inform me whose château that is yonder?"

"The Château de Morlaix, belonging to Madame Froment," replied the general, with extreme politeness.

"Oh!" said the other, almost sardonically, "that is the Château de Morlaix, and it belongs to Madame Froment? And these neat farms, these smiling prairies—"

"All belong to Madame Froment," replied the general, a little more distantly, "whose daughter I have the honour to present to you."

The other looked curiously at the blushing girl, and then, with a flashing eye, bowed most respectfully to her.

"The whole of the estates of the Morlaix seem to belong to Madame Froment," said the other, with a quivering lip.

"Ah," replied Louise gently, while Edouard began to frown.

"And will shortly belong to monsieur, I suppose?" continued the other, bitterly.

"Monsieur, this cross-questioning is beyond the bounds of ordinary curiosity. If monsieur has anything to say to me, my name is the General Count de Belfort," said Edouard, impatiently, for the first time betraying a secret which the fate of the Empire made him rather anxious to conceal.

"Sir," said the other, unable to restrain his emotion, and even vainly checking a tear, "I seem, no doubt, to you very impertinent. If you have any satisfaction to ask of me, my name is the General Count de Morlaix."

"Ah monsieur!" cried all; while Edouard added, "It is not the son of Gaetan Bonas would wish to offend Monsieur le Comte."

"Can I believe my ears?" cried the other, completely bewildered; "the more I hear, the more I lose my senses. Little Edouard Bonas is the distinguished general, Count de Belfort, whose conduct at Quatre Bras was the talk of all Europe?"

"Monsieur le Comte, my name is Edouard Bonas; my title was never known to my friends: I had intended to have kept it a secret, but my impatience betrayed me."

"Your hand, my friend," said the count, mourn-

fully; but having left France in 1790, all I see astounds me."

"If Monsieur le Comte will do us the honor to come down to the chateau——"

"No, my friend. I shall return to Russia to my pupils. My title, my castle, my estates, have become the property of a stranger."

"Alfred de Morlaix, they are your own," said a deeply-moved voice behind.

"Madame Froment!" said Edouard.

"Madame Froment," exclaimed the count, turning pale as death.

"Estelle, Countess de Morlaix, and the Viscountess Louise, your daughter. But why have you been twenty years away," said the ex-madame Froment, mournfully.

"General, support me!" replied the poor count, tottering and trembling. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"My dear Edouard, go forward and bid the servants be ready to receive their master; we will follow slowly."

Estelle then took her husband's arm and walked slowly down the hill towards the chateau. In 1789 Alfred, Count de Morlaix, had contracted a secret but well-attested and regular marriage with Estelle Davaud, the daughter of a rich *receveur-général*, who was, however, a commoner. In 1792 was born a daughter, Louise; and in the same year Alfred whose life was forfeited, emigrated. On parting with his wife, it was agreed that she should follow him as soon as possible. Correspondence was difficult and dangerous; but it was agreed that a laurel-leaf—plucked by Estelle's hand and given to her husband—was to be the signal for her going to England. The laurel-leaf never came; and some years after, the *receveur-général* and great army-contractor dying, Estelle inherited a large fortune. With this she went down to her husband's commune, repurchased his property, and improved it, in the hope that he would one day come and claim it. Until, however, he owned her before the world as his wife, she determined to pass for a commoner's widow, and had, with all save the priest, kept her secret. When taking his leave of her, her husband had said, "My Estelle, if I die, let my daughter marry a soldier and a gentleman." To this also she determined to adhere.

"And the laurel-leaf?" whispered Estelle as they went.

"My dear wife, I am ashamed to say it is here next my heart. I never sent it. Certain of my proud relatives, who were ashamed of what they called my *mésalliance*, brought me word that you were dead. I too readily believed them. I placed the laurel-leaf next my heart, and remained faithful to your memory. Providence has rewarded me for it."

"You are not then ashamed of your *mésalliance*?" said Estelle, anxiously.

"Estelle, candidly, at my age one has prejudices very difficult to overcome, especially after twenty-three years of poverty and exile; but when I witness your devotion, your generosity,—when I gaze around me and admire your noble heart,—when I think,—and the count wept tears of joy as he spoke—"that you have preserved unto me the inheritance of my forefathers, I think the *mésalli-*

ance is on your side, for you have been the nobler of the two. Yes, my Estelle, here is my answer: I consent to the marriage of my child, the Viscountess de Morlaix, with the miller's son."

"Alfred!" cried Estelle, radiant with joy. "I am fully rewarded. My affection for you, which has never swerved, is greater than ever, and we shall have many happy days yet; and be assured the happiest hours will be those caused by the happiness of our children."

The count pressed her hand and was silent.

The astonishment of the villagers we could not attempt to paint, but their joy was even greater than their surprise. They were—so is human nature—doubly proud of the kindness shown them by Madame Froment when they found she was the Countess de Morlaix. There were, it is true, old people who murmured at the marriage of the son of the miller with the viscountess; but then they had, since the revolution, seen so many strange things, that they even got used to the introduction into the coat-of-arms of the Morlaix of a Laurel-leaf.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

Have ye heard the West Wind singing,
Where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged Spirit rangeth,
And its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh,
When the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the branches, low and slender,
Bend to list the strain so tender.
Till they weep.

Another tale 'tis telling,
Where the clustered elm is swelling
With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright
And the leaves, all bright and clapping,
Sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

The fitful key-note shifteth
Where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring,
Like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending,
Where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it sends a mournful whi-tle,
That remindeth of the *mésalliance*
And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth
Where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the crosses, sily, flag, and rush;
And it sings with hissing treble,
Like the foam upon the pebble.
In its gush.

A varied theme it utters,
Where the gossy date-leaf flutters,
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there ;
And t' e quiet, listening dreamer
May believe that many a steamer
Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing
Where the giant pine is ringing
A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about ;
And it lurketh melancholy,
Where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow
'Mid the light laburnum's yellow
As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tiding,
As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure
Does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of 'airies
Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach.

Oh! a bard of many breathings
Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland
groves,
Now fifing and now drumming—
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh! are not human bosoms
Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and
rouse ?
Is there no mystic stirring
In our hearts, like sweet wind whirring
In the boughs ?

Though that wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,
And the maple-tree responds not as the larch,
Yet Harmony is playing
Round all the green arms swaying
'Neath Heaven's arch.

Oh! what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter
That's divine.

Contradiction should awaken our attention, not
our passion.

Gnats that sport in the light generally perish in
the flame.

Refuse not to be informed ; good counsel
breaks no man's head.

Do nothing without foresight ; a little wariness
prevents much weariness.

The life of conversation consists more in finding
wit for others, than in showing a great deal
yourself.

NAMES AND FORTUNES.

THAT there is a connection between the name
and the fortune no author will doubt—and cer-
tainly no publisher; since a captivating title is
admitted by all to go a great way in launching a
new book into profitable sale. The inventors of
new shirts, razors, patent medicines, and many
other things in this struggling, striving, compet-
ing world, know well enough what's in a name;
and they show that they do so by the long Greek
compounds they adopt to signalize their commo-
dities withal before the eyes of the multitude.
And what husband does not prefer addressing the
partner of his heart by some such gently-breathing
appellative as "Emily, my love," to "Grizzle,
my dear?" But our hint at present is to speak
of the names of ships, which would seem in many
cases actually to prophesy their fate. We were
once conversing with a military friend, now a
general officer, who was giving us an account of
Sir James Saumarez's failure in the Bay of Alge-
sir at the time our informant was at Gibraltar.
The *Hannibal*, seventy-four, he told us, got on
shore among the rocks under the batteries, and
was obliged to surrender to the enemy; while
the description he gave of her captain, who was
ill with a fit of gout, sitting on his chair upon the
quarter-deck with his feet laid up, and storming
at his crew in the midst of the deadly shower of
shot that fell on all sides, was exceedingly graphic,
and great were the narrator's lamentations at the
disaster.

"How could it be otherwise?" said we, coolly.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Who could expect any other fate for a vessel
with the ill-omened name of *Hannibal*?" was our
reply. Our friend was convinced at once.

When Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board
the *Victory*, there was not a man in the fleet who
did not feel his heart twice as strong for battle—
nay, that defeat was impossible under such aus-
pices, for sailors are proverbially superstitious.

What was the ship in all the British navy which
was destined to receive the surrender of that pro-
digy that had been breathing out the flames of
war, and vomiting fire from the throats of his
artillery throughout Europe for twenty years?
Napoleon Bonaparte surrendered to the *Belle-
rophon*, the name of the hero so renowned in
fabulous story, because at his feet the fire-breath-
ing monster Chimæra surrendered its powers—its
flame-vomiting propensities from that time be-
coming extinct.

You remember that at the battle of the Nile the
Culloden was the only ship that had no share in
the triumph, as she got aground before the action,
and did not get off till it was over. We cannot
but associate this in our minds with Lucian's line
describing civil wars—"Bella geri placuit *nullo
habitura triumphos*," for triumphs were never
allowed at Rome to victories obtained in civil
commotions. Now, though the battle of Culloden
was a great benefit to the kingdom, inasmuch as
it put an end to civil strife and set the nation at
rest, yet the blood which drenched that plain
was the blood of Britain's own sons, and should
be wept over as a necessary severity, not re-
garded as a name to be decked with the laurels
of triumph, and as such used to give its prestige
to a ship of war.

The first English man-of-war was named the *Great Harry*, the second the *Lion*; and we may here observe, that the latter vessel was a capture from the brave Scotsman Andrew Barton. Both these vessels were as fortunate as their names might seem to imply; the *Lion*—the significant emblem both of England and Scotland—shared in the glory of defeating the Spanish Armada; the *Great Harry* was as renowned as our present gracious sovereign for being attended by fair weather; and it might be considered a good omen for the British Navy, that no ill-fortune ever chanced to the first royal ships upon record. But the destiny of ships and monarchs was to experience a serious change in the next century. The unhappy Charles I., before the breaking out of the civil wars, built a noble vessel, and called her *The Sovereign of the Seas*. She was, we learn, 233 feet long, 48 feet in her main breadth, in height 76 feet. She bore five lanterns, the largest of which was capable of holding ten persons upright! She had eleven anchors, and was of 1639 tons burden. Her sides were curiously carved and painted in black and gold; upon the stern stood a figure of Cupid bridling a lion; upon the bulk-head, forward, were a group of statues representing the Virtues. This sea "sovereign" shared a fate bearing an ominous similarity to that of her royal master; always victorious against foreign foes, she was burned by an incendiary while in dock.

The *Royal James*, named after James, Duke of York—afterwards the deposed James II.—was blown up in the great sea-victory over the Dutch, May 25, 1672, in Southwold Bay, on the coast of Sussex. In her perished the great Earl of Sandwich, "who preferred devoting himself to death rather than set the example of deserting his ship." We can scarcely avoid being struck by the strange coincidence between the fate of this ship and its from whom she took her name, and also between that of her gallant admiral and those who suffered and perished for the sake of the living "*Royal James*"—beginning at Killiecrankie and ending at Culloden. And whilst we are speaking of ships named—as they so commonly are, and have been—after individuals (royal or loyal), we must not omit the bark *Raleigh*, fitted out and called after his family name by the great Sir Walter, and intended to assist his half-brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his North American researches. This vessel sailed with Sir Humphrey, and, we are told in the sad record of his fate, "appeared to predict the fatal termination of the expedition by returning in less than a week to Plymouth, through a contagious distemper which seized on the ship's crew." She was lost on a similar expedition to the one which hastened Sir Walter's most unmerited doom.

Under better auspices, "glorious old Benbow" embarked in the *Benbow* frigate, his own vessel, in 1686, and in her laid the foundation of his future fortunes by one of the strangest deeds on record in the chronicle of the seas. We cannot refrain from repeating it, though, except inasmuch as the ship was a "lucky" one, it is not strictly to the point of our subject. The gallant little frigate was attacked in her passage to Cadiz by a Sallee rover of double her size, and made a brave defence. The Moors boarded her, but

were quickly beaten back with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off and thrown into a tub of pork pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz he landed, accompanied by his negro servant, who carried the Moors' heads in a sack. He was stopped by the officers of the revenue, who desired to know its contents. Benbow answered, "Salt provisions for his own use." They insisted on seeing them; and on being refused, compelled Benbow and his man to go with them before the magistrates, who were then sitting not far off. The Spanish podesta treated the Englishman with great civility, told him he was sorry to be obliged to make a point of such a trifle, but that the sack could not be permitted to leave the custom-house without having been inspected. "I told you," said Benbow sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use. Caesar, throw them down upon the table; and gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service."

The Spaniards were surprised and startled as the ghastly trophies rolled before them, and eagerly asked their history. We may suppose the recital was made willingly, as one can divine no other motive for Captain Benbow's whim than that of making the action public, unless, indeed, the whole affair was a mere seaman's frolic. Its consequences were momentous, however, to him. The magistrates sent an account of the whole matter to the court of Madrid, and Charles II., then King of Spain, desired to see the whimsical "sea-captain." Benbow went to court, was received graciously, and dismissed with a handsome present. Charles of Spain also wrote in his behalf to King James II., who, on his return, took him into his own service; and thus he exchanged the lucky little *Benbow* for a ship in the royal navy of England.

The *Princess Charlotte* was named after the beloved and ill-fated heiress of England; and King Leopold and his late majesty—then Duke of Clarence—had signified their intention of being present at her launch. Great preparations were made for the reception of the royal guests, and immense numbers of people had assembled in the dockyard. The day was bright, clear and promising. Suddenly, and without any known cause, the sea rose rapidly with a heavy swell, forced open the dock gates, swept away the unfortunate men still engaged about the ship, and bore the *Princess Charlotte* upon the heaving waters, self-launched, amid a cry of horror which those present at the fatal moment never forgot; the bridge above the dock had broken, and the thronging multitudes upon it were precipitated into the dock itself, lately occupied by the ship; and dashed against the stocks and floating timber, or swallowed by the swelling tide. I have been told by those present at the scene, that a more fearful spectacle was never witnessed, the awful catastrophe being the more remarkable from the calm loveliness of the day. Old mariners shook their heads at this strange, unhappy coincidence of death and dismay—whilst all was so fair and promising above and in the deep—with the sudden loss of her who had perished in the sunshine of prosperity and love. We remember ourselves years afterwards, that it was a matter of the greatest possible difficulty to get men for the unlucky ship so named.

In the month of March, 1777, Quebec was besieged by an American army. The Gulf of St. Lawrence was filled with ice, the river apparently impassable, "when," we read, "one morning the besiegers were surprised by the sudden and most unexpected appearance of an English ship, which brought relief to the garrison; and by the supplies she afforded, and the hopes of succour her appearance inspired, was in a great measure the cause of the raising of the siege." Her name was the *Surprise*, Captain Lindyce.

The *Boyne*, bearing, like the *Culloden*, a name rife with the memory of civil strife, was, like her, unfortunate—she was burned at Spithead.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel's last ship was called the *Association*; and associated as we learn it was in men's mind with a curse pronounced on it at its departure from England, the name becomes singularly ominous. The incident to which we allude is very little known; indeed we heard it only as an oral tradition from the widow of a captain in the navy, whose family were acquainted with some of the actors in the tragedy. In those days naval discipline was severe, even to cruelty, and offences seldom failed of being punished according to the strict letter of the law contained in the Articles of War, be the extenuating circumstances whatever they might. One of the warrant-officers of the *Association*—the gunner, I think—was married to a young and lovely woman who was in delicate health. A few days previous to the ship's leaving port, a message was brought him from the shore, to the effect that she was dying, and that she wished him to come and receive her last farewell. He hastened to ask leave to go on shore, without which of course he dared not comply with her request. He was refused! Some desertions had taken place amongst the men, and the admiral had given strict orders that no leave should be granted. The feelings of the miserable husband as he left the quarter-deck may be imagined. Night was closing in; it was certain that the being dearest to him of all in the world would not behold the next sunrise. He was distracted at the thought, and trusting to the increasing gloom for concealment, resolved, in desperate defiance of orders, to endeavour to swim on shore. Watching the opportunity, accordingly, he leaped from the bowsprit, and succeeded in gaining the boat that had brought him the message, and which had not long pushed off from the ship. He reached the shore, gained his home, and received the dying woman's last sigh; but she lingered in life till the day-dawning, and he could not and would not leave her. It was consequently long after sunrise when the unhappy man returned to his ship. He was aware that he came to meet his death, but his seaman's honour forbade the thought of seeking safety in flight. Nor was he mistaken. He was tried by a court-martial—a privilege accorded to the inferior officers—and condemned to death for disobedience of orders. There was no mercy—no reprieve given! They hung him at the *Association's* yard-arm in the face of the sun, and in view of hundreds of spectators who lined the shore; some of whom, greatly excited, it is said, kneeled on the beach, and invoked a curse on the merciless ship. When brought up for execution, the condemned man requested the chaplain who was in attendance

to read aloud to him the 109th Psalm. Under the circumstances there was an awful significance in such verses as these: "He persecuted the poor and helpless man, that he might slay him that was vexed at heart;" and in the solemn curse prophesied against the cruel: "Let his days be few, and let another take his office."

A solemn and fearful association was there between these words read aloud: the dying and the fate of the stern ship so called. She perished with all on board on the rocks of Scilly, on the night of October 22, 1707. The admiral, it has since been ascertained, was saved from the fury of the sea only to die by the hand of a woman—being murdered in his sleep; and the *Association's* name even has not been renewed—as is generally the case—in any new vessel in the royal navy.

The *Excellent*, like the *Victory*, was happy in the *prestige* of a lucky name. She was the first ship engaged in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, February 14, 1797. Nelson is said to have remarked as she loomed in sight: "Here comes the *Excellent*, she is as good as two added to our number." The *Culloden* being crippled and a-tern, the *Excellent* ranged up within two feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving a most tremendous fire; she fought and took also the *San Isidro*, and engaged the *Santissima Trinidad*. At the present moment this laurel-crowned vessel is in Portsmouth Harbour, employed as the gunnery-ship, on board which the seamen and their officers also are trained for the noble service of the seas. May her name still be ominous of good to our country! The care bestowed on board her, on the moral and intellectual training of the men, is surely as excellent as her past deeds of warlike renown.

The *Dreadnought*, a lucky and famous ship, has also a noble destiny in her age, being used as a seaman's hospital at Greenwich. It is a cheerful name to meet the ear of an invalid.

And now, setting aside the notion that the name of a vessel at all influences its destiny, for many lucky names have perished in the waters—as, *per example*, the *Royal George*, &c.—we cannot refrain from wishing that all newly-built ships may be permitted to bear appellations of such good omen, that if a curious coincidence be again found between their names and their destinies, it may be such as would give pleasure to us to remember. Sailors are, and, in spite of the schoolmaster afloat, probably ever will be, superstitious. Their life is spent on a wild and poetical element, that rouses and stimulates the imagination; and present peril and uncertainty are apt to make us all cling to the faith of the infant world in presages and omens. It would surely be wise to turn this inherent unreasonableness to good account, by inspiring confidence in their vessel through a gallant or successful name.

The endeavour to overcome superstition in another manner has proved very unsuccessful, as doubtless our readers are aware. We allude to the attempt to prove that Friday was not the unlucky day—poor Jack always believed it to be. A ship was built with such an intention some years ago; she was named the *Friday*, was launched on a Friday, sailed on a Friday—which no ship ever does—and was never heard of afterwards! With this curious coincidence, we conclude our gossip about ships' names—*Chambers's Journal*.

EMIGRATION TO IRELAND.

Soon after the abolition of the corn-laws, a good deal of attention was drawn to Ireland as a promising field for emigration. Famine had pitilessly dispossessed vast numbers of the population, and land, we were assured, was to be bought at as low a price as in New Zealand. The opportunity seemed a good one for small capitalists, notwithstanding that hints were now and then dropped as to the insecurity of life and property in the sister isle. Being myself one of this numerous class, I thought I would go over and see with my own eyes whether the prospects were as inviting as we had been led to imagine; so when my summer holiday came, I shouldered my knapsack, put on my wide-awake and stout walking-boots, railed it down to Liverpool, steamed over to Kingstown, and at five o'clock on a sunny morning first set foot in Ireland.

Much reading on this subject had, I fancied, fully prepared me for all that might come before me; but I was completely taken by surprise. Devoting the first three or four days to a sight of the picturesque beauties of county Wicklow, I rambled from the Dargle to Luggelaw, the Seven Churches, the Devil's Glen, and other famous scenes, choosing highway or byway, as best suited my inclination. But what a contrast between nature's handiwork and man's! To see such splendid villages within twenty miles of the capital was more than I was prepared for; and the wretched groups of buildings and ill-fenced enclosures, which it seemed a mockery to call farms; and the more wretched implements—harrows without teeth, cars with two old wheels, and those ungreased; and the most wretched population, ragged, dirty, indolent; and the swarms of beggars, looking more dead than alive, no speculation in their eyes, no hope, no vigour; their clothing a screen of tatters, compared with which the *kaross* of the Hottentot, is a regal robe: never could I have pictured to myself such a state of humanity. A five years' residence in America had, I thought, familiarised me with miserable aspects in occasional glimpses of backwoods' farms and settlements; but they are smiling and lovely in comparison with what one sees in Ireland. Abjectness everywhere prevails. On the highroad, within a few miles of Kingstown, I saw two little barefooted boys staggering along, carrying a bundle by a stick on their shoulders, and a few ragged people straggling by their side. The bundle contained a child's corpse, and the party formed a funeral!

Could it be worse than this, I said to myself, in Connemara? The question would perhaps be answered in a few days. Leaving Dublin, I travelled to Parsonstown for a peep at Lord Rosse's monster-telescope, and on to Athlone, where I caught the mail for Galway. I thus obtained a view of the country from east to west. The sight of Roscrea, where we stopped to change horses, struck me dumb for a time, till the exclamation burst from me: "What a miserable town!" You marvel how all the idle people live, of whom so many stand listlessly about, as though life had no purpose, or starvation no horrors. Cloghan was, if possible, more miserable, and Athlone itself not particularly inviting. It seemed preposterous to remember, that one reads of spirited contests in

such places for the election of members of parliament. In the outskirts of Loughrea, a whole street of doorless, windowless, and roofless cottages offered a melancholy specimen of eviction on a large scale. The ride of the whole, was far more pleasing, for great part of the interior of Ireland is unmitigatedly ugly; the pretty country lies among the hills, which rise all around the coast, and form, as it were, a rim to an inner region, which, though undulating in places, is so generally level, that the Shannon, except at one or two parts of its course, scarcely knows which way to flow. To walk over such a country would be wearisome indeed! One feature was, however, too striking to be overlooked; it was, that cultivation, even on the rude holdings of the peasantry, appeared to yield an ample return in the form of luxuriant crops.

I took a diligent survey of Galway; it is a task which repays a thoughtful observer. The hotel struck me as characteristic: dirt and disorder, doors that would not stay shut, windows that would not open, bells that would not ring, and a huge, gaudy ball-room. The frequenters of the house must have an extraordinary capacity for drinking, for it seemed scarcely possible to get even a teacup that held less than a quart. In pursuance of my practice of conversing with anybody and everybody, I had a talk with Mr. Croker, the bookseller, touching the demand for literature. He told me that he had come to town nine years before, from having read in Inglis's work that 20,000 people were existing in Galway without a bookseller. For the first two years, it was very uphill-work, as he had to create a taste for reading; but now he has a good trade, and a large shop with a well-selected stock of books; so we hope that the capital of the west has left the dark ages behind for ever. The new college ought to do something for it.

Here my work began in earnest: I walked from Galway to Oughterard, the broad expanse of Lough Corrib, on my right, enlivening what, without it, would have been a dreary landscape. Arabia Petraea cannot surely be more stony! at all events, it cannot show that constant succession of ruined cabins and cottages, and abandoned farms, that meet the eye on both sides of the road along which I journeyed. Many had been rendered tenantless by the famine, and more by eviction. No curling smoke rose through the air, no sound of cheerful voices came to the ear, no sheep browsed on the hills. It was as though a conqueror had passed over the country, leaving nothing but death and desolation behind.

At Oughterard, I had some hours' conversation with Mr. Robinson, the manager of the great Martin estate of 200,000 acres, now in the hands of the Law Life-Assurance Company, who have a claim on it to the amount of £190,000. He was very communicative, and informed me, that when he first took the management, no books had been kept for five years; he evicted every tenant; and relet the holdings, taking care to open an account with each individual. Thirty acres of arable land, with three or four of bog, and a few square miles of mountain as sheep-runs, let for £5 a year, with an addition, at that time, of 6s. in the pound poor-rates. Notwithstanding the severity of his measures, he visits even the most lonely parts of the

estate without apprehension of danger. "The people know," he said, "that I am willing to help them that help themselves. Look here," he added, taking a handful of keys from his pocket, "I ejected twenty families this morning from a town-land of 200 acres, all well cropped. They made a great outcry, but I turned them out, and locked the doors; and you may take my word for it, that in a day or two they will come to me and pay the year's rent and costs of the ejection. I am used to that sort of thing. They never would pay if you didn't make them." It was clear that a favorable opinion of the natives was not to be expected from Mr. Robinson; long experience, he added, had convinced him, that one English laborer at 2s. 6d. a day would do more work, and better, than four Irish laborers at 8d.; and even then, the four would need a fifth to oversee and keep them to their task. But with all their indolence, they exhibit a degree of tact and shrewdness rarely shewn by the English peasant, and they are quick to discover and play upon the weak points of their employer, fooling him at times to the top of his bent.

Oughterard presented an unusual scene of bustle, as the quarter-sessions were being held, and several cases highly interesting to the neighborhood were to be tried; one, especially, in which the collector of poor-rates was implicated. Were I to narrate all that I heard of this man's tyranny and illegal exaction, it would not be believed; and had not the evidence been too universal and conclusive to admit of doubt, I should have deemed it incredible that such deeds could be committed within a thirty hours' journal of Westminster Hall. The whole case was but a confirmation of a fact which it is impossible to be blind to in Ireland—that whatever may be said about government error or malice, the Irish are their own most fatal enemies.

The route from Oughterard traverses the Martin estate, and the wild and picturesque scenery of Connemara. Apart from striking combinations of landscape, the prospect is dreary, and an oppressive sense of desolation comes over the mind on witnessing the signs of neglect and abandonment, the want of life, for sheep or cattle are rarely seen on the hills. The absence of livestock is accounted for in two ways; one, that the country has not yet recovered from the effects of the famine; the other, that those who possess animals fear to turn them out, because of the depredations of the "havoockers," as the subordinates of the poor-rate collectors are named. It is no uncommon practice for these officials to seize the sheep from farms on which they have no claim, for the rates of others that are indebted. There was, however, something that relieved the dreary aspect: the patches of cultivation, though few and capable of improvement, were such as to indicate a fertile soil—one that would make a generous return for the labor bestowed on it. Even the little plots, around the miserable cabins, were thrown away. I noted these things narrowly, for it was from them that I was to form my opinion as to the expediency of seeking a new home in Ireland. The weather, too, was another consideration; and in this respect, the prospect was not inviting; it seemed to me that the sudden and frequent appearance of raw, cold mists, accompanied by vio-

lent wind, would prove extremely unfavorable to agriculture.

The landlord of the hotel at Clifden abundantly confirmed all that I had heard concerning the oppression and extortion of the collectors; and as he was deputy-chairman of the Union, his testimony may be received as official. On the other hand, he believes the people around to be essentially honest, though the famine has to some extent shaken their principles; as a proof, he mentioned that the back-door of his house was never locked or bolted at night. And it is well known that the humbler classes of Irish, especially the women, are free from the vices which characterize similar classes in England. As for myself, though companionless, I felt no apprehensions either in the solitudes of Connemara or the wilds of Mayo.

On toiling up the steep hill at the extremity of Letterhaek Bay, I saw a garden with paths suitably traced and well kept. A few yards further, stood a neat built house and shop, where a little of everything might be bought, including *Cadbury Brothers'* chocolate, as indicated by the label in the window. The occupant was a worthy member of the Society of Friends, whose uncle, Mr. Ellis, lives on the opposite side of the road, in a house which he built for himself, in a pleasant spot, commanding an extensive prospect. Four or five years ago, the place was all wild mountain, now, considerable portions of it are dug and drained, and levelled as far as the formation of the surface will permit; while immediately in front of the house, a smooth green lawn and shrubberies add a charm to the residence, in striking contrast with the savageness around. Mr. Ellis was a manufacturer at Bradford, in Yorkshire; but benevolent views, and a desire to try the effect of a moist climate on an asthmatic member of his family, led him to remove to Connemara. His estate comprises 1000 acres, which he holds at 2s. per acre on a perpetual lease; and he employs about 100 laborers, of all ages, at from 4d. or 6d. a day, to 1s. 6d. a week. The working hours are from six to six, with an hour's intermission at nine for breakfast, and half an hour for dinner, at two. His chief produce is root crops—turnips, mangel-wurzel, and potatoes; the first in prodigious quantities. The climate is unfavorable for grain; it is almost impossible to grow wheat, and such crops as are raised do not ripen till October—six weeks later than in England. The appearance of the estate is an encouraging proof of what can be done by spade-labor; the improvements, however, though great, have not as yet proved remunerative; a sufficient reason why a man with small capital would not succeed. This being the case with a place well situated for obtaining seawrack and sand at little cost, it affords a datum on which to form an opinion of land situated at a distance from the coast. Whatever may be the result to the benevolent Quaker, it cannot fail to benefit the people of the neighborhood. "We must have starved to death," said one of the laborers to me, "if God hadn't sent Mr. Ellis to keep us alive." The benefactor considers the mind, too, as well as the body, for he has built a school, in which some sixty or seventy boys and girls are taught by an English master and mistress, and in which Catholics and Protestants mingle together, as doctrinal matters are not included in

the course of inst. action. It was a heart-cheering spectacle; but when I remembered at what a great outlay it had been produced, I felt less hopeful of accomplishing anything satisfactory with narrow means.

The hotel at Kylemore is kept by the Rev. Mr. Duncan: he told me that, six years prior to the time of my visit, the place where his house-stands, and all the reclaimed land behind it, was in a state of nature: its altered appearance shewed what might be expected from cultivation.

I entered Kylemore with a blue sky and bright sun; but before I left it, the weather changed; dense clouds came over, accompanied by thick mist, which changed to furious rain. And the wind blew as it can blow only in the west of Ireland, or the Scilly Isles. Now I understood why trees were so few, and why those few were bent almost double, their scanty heads stretching as far as possible away from the fierce north-west blasts; and now I had no difficulty in believing that the sea-spray is drifted twenty miles inland, where it may be tasted on the windows facing the wind. And then, when I was kept prisoner a whole day by unmitigated rain, in what is called the hotel at Leenane, I felt more and more doubtful about buying land in Ireland.

Impatient to escape, I left Leenane early the next morning for Westport, intending to breakfast on the road; but I had overestimated the capabilities of the region. About half-way stood what had been described to me as an "illigant hotel": it was a miserable cabin, without a chimney, and with PAT HONAS, *licensed to sell Spirits, and Intertainment*, rudely scrawled on a board over the door. I looked in: dirt was everywhere: a pig lay on the hearth; two children lay on the pig; while a cock, two hens, and a duck, stood looking very unhappy in the middle of the floor. Travellers must not be overfastidious, and I thought bread and milk might be ventured on: but there was none but oat-bread; and as I cannot eat that, even when hungry, I had to go on without breakfast; and after walking seventeen Irish miles, (twenty-one English), I reached Westport with a keen appetite. A laborer on the way kept me some time in conversation, and was very pressing in his entreaties to have his name set down in my book as a candidate for employment on my farm—if I should buy one. "Sure, yer honor," he said, "it's yerself, and the likes of ye, that we are wanting here. Och! if the English would but come over and buy the land, 'tis they'd make work plenty, and give fair wages." I had heard the same from laborers in Wicklow, and every county through which I had passed; and the experiences of others prove the sentiment to be genuine.

The hotel at Westport is one of the best, if not the best in Ireland; and here I fell among a number of tourists and travellers, many of whom had come over with objects similar to my own. There was naturally a general exchange of notes, and as it happened, with very little disagreement in the results. "Have you read the *Saxon*?" was every one's inquiry, thereby meaning *The Saxon in Ireland*—an interesting volume, which was a good deal talked about for some time after its publication. Those who had read it were in the majority; and it was amusing to hear the comments

that fell from one and another on the highly-wrought descriptions in the book as compared with the reality; and some of us doubtless felt much as George Robias's innocents did, who were lured by his glowing imagery some twenty miles from town, to "view" one of the paradises which it was often the good-fortune of the matchless auctioneer to be "instructed" to sell. I had been much impressed, when reading the work, with the author's interesting account of his first settlement and house-building at Balycroy, particularly with the imitation and restoration of a room from the dear old house left behind in England; and I asked one of the party who had been to the spot, whether he saw the house, and what it looked like. Much to our astonishment, he replied that this rather touching story was a pure fiction: there was not only no house, but no land—that is, belonging to the *Saxon*; for he had sold it all, and seemed to have no other occupation than to journey frequently between Mayo and London, and sell Irish estates. We came, therefore, to the conclusion, that the *Saxon in Ireland* was a remarkably clever advertisement, and that Mr. Ashworth, the author, had made out his case with considerable ingenuity.

At Westport, a goose can be bought for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; turbot, from 2s. 6d. to 5s.; trout and salmon, from 4d. to 6d. per pound; and land, for miles round the neighbourhood, may be had for from 10s. to 20s. the acre. It would thus seem easy to settle down, and live at small expense.—But the cost of reclamation would have to be taken into the account—to say nothing of the isolation, of the distance from markets, and the labour to be expended in obtaining supplies.

These facts were more and more impressed on me as I pursued my journey through Newport to Achill. In going along, I caught a distant view of the place where the *Saxon's* house ought to have stood, but there was not the slightest sign of a building of any description, which so far confirmed what I had heard at Westport. The roads here, as everywhere in Ireland, are excellent; the weather was as fine as could be desired; the scenery, a striking succession of mountains and undulating plains. Here was the very land of promise, and I considered it well; but when I saw the state of the crops, even where evident pains had been bestowed on the cultivation, and noticed the precautions taken to prevent edifices and produce being blown away by the winds, which for eleven months in the year sweep across the country with more or less violence, I felt that, to buy land in this part of Ireland, would be a waste of capital and labour for one who, though willing to work, did not wish for the prospect of harassing and wearisome labour with that of a future home. In some places, whole fields of potatoes and patches of grain were turned quite black by the fury of the wind, that had been blowing for the previous two days; and if it were so in July, what must it be in September or March? May, indeed, is the only month of the twelve not overdone with wind.

Before leaving Achill, I climbed to the top of Slievemore, and sat for a long time under shelter of a crag on the summit, contemplating the magnificent prospect. On one side rolled the broad Atlantic, stretching to the west; and before me

lay the whole island, backed by the wild regions of Mayo and Erris, forming a picture where green slopes and valleys were strangely mingled with dreary brown wastes of heath and bog, broken by swelling hills or rocky ridges. Blacksoil Bay and the numerous inlets gleamed like silver in the sunlight, and the shadows of the clouds, as they floated past, looked like dense forest-patches amid the verdure. Scarcely a tree was, however, to be seen in all the landscape—a fact which ought to have weight with those in search of a home, as well as with admirers of the picturesque. The only sign of life was in the village—the Protestant colony—at the base of the mountain, and in the surge that broke solemnly on the smooth sandy beach. It was a beautiful, a glorious prospect—but I came down from the hill, determined not to seek an abiding-place in that part of Ireland.

I could add many particulars concerning my subsequent travel to Sligo, Londonderry, and round the Giant's Causeway to Belfast, but must hasten to a close. The result of my visit was favorable to emigration to this country, great in latent resources. The determination of large numbers of natives to quit Ireland for America, appears to leave vast tracts open for the settlement of enterprising men. Properly managed by newcomers, the "green isle" will become a profitable pasturing region for vast flocks and herds. Already there is an import of live-stock, wonderful in amount. On good information, I learned that as many as half a million of Scotch sheep are brought over every year, for the sake of breeding; and of course, in a few years hence, the tide will turn, and mutton and wool to an immense extent will be shipped to England. To all appearance, Ireland is destined to be a kind of Australia to Great Britain—a great pasturing country, with the advantage of being at the very doors. Fully alive to this fact, and stimulated by the present high prices of butcher meat, considerable numbers of English and Scotch farmers have entered on leases of land, and brought skill and capital to bear on what was formerly under the poorest process of tillage. To persons of moderate means, it might be advantageous to lease or purchase land in one of the central counties, not far from a railway, and devote themselves to the business of supplying the English markets with eggs, poultry, and beef. No doubt, difficulties in this or any other kind of farming require to be encountered; but among these cannot now be reckoned the ill-will of the native population. The Irish are an industrious and well-disposed people *when properly treated*, and will readily give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. Shame on those who, by maltreatment, have caused them to go in quest of subsistence beyond the Atlantic!

Whatever Ireland once was, and notwithstanding the squabbles which are still associated with its affairs, it is very certain that it is a rapidly improving country, and that principally by the sale of land under the Encumbered Estates Act. From the first operations of this act, in February, 1850, to August 1852, more than 2900 petitions have been lodged for the sale of estates, and more than 2400 conveyances executed; 4062 lots had had been sold to 2455 purchasers, by which the

former number of proprietors has become troubled, and 1,000,000 acres—about one-twentieth of the island—has changed hands. The proceeds of the sales amounted to £7,000,000. The greatest quantity of land sold was situate in Galway; among the buyers were 106 English, 1 Scots, 1 American, and 1 Anglo-Indian from Calcutta. Of these, 59 were from London and its neighborhood, and 11 from Lancashire; 52 may be classed as gentry, 36 are manufacturers, and 20 farmers. It thus appears that professed agriculturists have not been the largest purchasers. Capital has been invested, with a view to a profitable return; and, at present, I know of no part of the British Islands where money can be more advantageously laid out in the acquisition of heritable property.

M R. KILWINNING'S THIRD WEDDING-DAY.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!" went the knocker at No. 3, Gillyflower Place; and half-a-dozen faces from the opposite houses peeped over, and under, and between the blinds, to catch a glimpse of Mr Kilwinning, who was to be married to-morrow for the third time.

"Quick!" said Ellen (at No. 3's *vis-à-vis*), "there's Mr. Kilwinning!"

"Where?" asked Kate, rushing over her little brother to the window.

"There—at his own door, beginning already to take off his coat."

"How very ridiculous!" exclaimed Kate; "why does he do so?"

"He is rather eccentric; it's only a way he has," replied her sister. "A way to shew off his figure, his smart waistcoat, and his fine white linen all at once, to admiring eyes like ours!" "A pretty figure to shew off!" laughed Kate—"a little fat fussy man, with—Oh, how provoking!" continued she, as the door closed on Mr. Kilwinning; "whither has he vanished?"

"Into the air doubtless."

"O, no," said Kate; "there he is in the dining-room, pulling up the blind."

"O, do come away from the window!" implored Ellen, "lest he should see us; and mamma would be so angry at our rudeness."

The young ladies retired from the window to discuss the age, looks, and circumstances of the bridegroom whom they had just seen, together with the age, looks, and circumstances of the bride whom they had never seen; and the conclusion arrived at was that he was a remarkably neat, good-humoured-looking, little man but Kate thought not at all desirable for a husband; and that the *fiancée* must be old and ugly, with a good deal of money—not at all interesting in a wife.

"Well," said Kate, who was the more severe of the two, "I don't envy Mrs. Kilwinning; I should like something a little more dashing and handsome for my husband!"

"And perhaps not be half so happy," sensibly remarked Ellen. "I assure you, notwithstanding Mr. Kilwinning's anti-romantic appearance, he can be very agreeable, and I have no doubt will make a good husband."

"Make a good husband!" tauntingly echoed Kate, who, just returned from visiting an aunt in a large commercial town, had conceived strange notions of tall young men with bushy dark whiskers—poor Mr. Kilwinning had none, "your ideas, Ellen, are always so commonplace. It really would be charitable to persuade aunt to send you an invitation for a short time, that you might see a little of the world; but then, who could keep Charlie and Bob in order, hear them their lessons, and mend their clothes, in your absence?—Not I, I'm sure."

"I have but little curiosity to see the world, as you call it, and am quite contented to remain where I am," replied Ellen, "so long as I am serviceable to my little brothers and not entirely a burden on poor mamma."

"Well, I suppose you like this sort of humdrum life, and aspire to the "useful" more than the "ornamental." Oh, give me the exciting gaieties of town-life—balls, plays, and concerts in rapid succession! You have no idea, Ellen, of the advantage of a brilliantly-lighted, crowded room, to a well-dressed woman; it shows her off amazingly; her face all smiles and amiability, the men think her an angel; and, nine times out of ten, requesting her hand for the next quadrille, is the prelude to soliciting it for life."

"Why, Kate," said Ellen, half-amused, and yet a little alarmed, at her sister's enthusiastic manner, "your animated description would make one believe you were quite familiar with such scenes?"

"Alas no!" sighed Kate. "Aunt once contrived to send me with some friends to a fancy-ball, attired as a gipsy girl; you may be sure 'my poverty and not my will consented' to so mean a costume. I saw then where happiness was to be found: the rich monopolise it, and there is no catching even a glimpse of it unless you possess that golden key, which is the open sesame to their exclusive reunions."

The discussion was interrupted by the announcement of "Mrs. and the Miss Jenkenses." Miss Jenetta, Miss Joanna, and Miss Jemima Jenkens, followed their mother into the room in a single file, like geese on a common, and with not a little of that bird's spiteful propensities. "How do you do, my loves?" asked Mrs. Jenkens in her accustomed dignified manner—"Mrs. Clacket is out, I suppose? Indeed I didn't expect to find any of you at home on so sweet a morning; you shouldn't mope so, this fine summer weather; I always insist on these children (the youngest was twenty-seven) taking the air once a day; it gives them a fine healthy appearance (they were of a lamp-post-like symmetry), and counteracts the effect of the late hours of the

numerous gay parties they are forced into. You are to be at Mr. Kilwinning's wedding to-morrow?"

"We have not received any invitation," said Ellen, blushing from a consciousness of the slight, which she could not help feeling, and in which she knew the Jenkenses would triumph.

"Bless me how very extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkens, secretly exulting that the matured charms of her daughters would not have to compete with the sprightliness of Kate, though as for the backward, and retreating Ellen, she scarcely vouchsafed her a thought. "You quite amaze me! Poor things! I really feel for you. However, my daughters, Jenetta, Joanna, and Jemima, shall call and tell you all about it; so, my dears, you must just console yourself with the wedding at second-hand. Jemima has a great talent for imitation, which enables her most amusingly to take off all her acquaintances; so she will give you the airs and graces of the bride to the very life; and though this is a decided slight—I should almost say an insult—don't take it to heart, dears: I promise you, you shall be at a wedding when my girls are married—(a safe promise.) By the by, Miss Kate, have you heard the rank of the bride?"

"I have not heard," said Kate who from Mrs. Jenkens's volubility was allowed to say very little.

"Dear me, you know nothing!" observed Mrs. Jenkens, who prided herself on knowing everything. "Well, then, I can tell you; it is a young foreign countess—a sudden liking, quite a similar affair to the Emperor Napoleon's choice of the Countess of Theba. Of course you know, Miss Ellen, for you have been more at home than your sister, that Mr. Kilwinning is very eccentric?"

"I know nothing more of Mr. Kilwinning," said Ellen, "than to feel convinced that, whoever his bride may be, she will justify his choice."

"Oh, of course, of course; and that's very generous of you," impertinently observed Mrs. Jenkens, "considering you are not invited. Then Mr. Kilwinning, being so exceedingly rich, may do just as he pleases. It's quite an affectation his living in that small house opposite; but he does so many out-of-the-way things—for instance, his sending twenty-pounds to old lame Nelly, who had her cottage burned down last week; but you don't know that either, I suppose?"

"O yes, I do know that," provokingly replied Ellen. "Mr. Kilwinning happened to ask me some questions about poor old Nelly on our way home from church last Sunday."

"Oh, indeed!" dryly remarked Mrs. Jenkens, with something of the feeling which an unexpected check at chess gives the hitherto attacking party. "I was not aware that Mr. Kilwinning was in the habit of conversing with you

as you came out of church! But good bye, loves; and remember us to dear Mrs Clacket, Jenetta, Joanna, and Jennina, shall each save you a little bit of bride-cake; so keep up your spirits."

"Now confess," said Kate, when they were gone, "isn't it mortifying, Ellen, that Mr Kilwinning should have omitted us in his invitations, thereby depriving you of one scene of gaiety at least that seemed within your reach?"

"N—no," replied Ellen half-reluctantly.

"As for me," continued Kate in an exulting yet mortified tone, "I am thankful that we shall be spared the infliction—the wedding-breakfast will be a tiresome thing, and of course, altogether, it will be a dreadfully dull affair. And for my own part, I'd much rather remain at home, but for the impertinence of that pompous patronising Mrs. Jenkins, with her prim, perpendicular daughters, looking for all the world, like half-animated thread-papers with the silk outside."

"Girls," said Mrs. Clacket, the mamma, bursting into the room out of breath, card-case in hand, just returned from a round of gossiping morning-calls—"girls, go and look out your lavender silks and white lace polkas directly. I trust they're not too shabby for the occasion," she continued, gasping and throwing herself into a chair; "I don't mind a few shillings for ribbons. Your patent-leather shoes of course will do, and your open work thread-stockings are the very thing.—Do you hear me, girls? Have you no regard for the feelings of a mother? Will you go and look out the lavender silks?"

"But what for, mamma?" asked both girls at once.

"It was all a mistake. Mr. Kilwinning says—I met him just now—that we were the first on the list of invitations; the card has been kept back through envy or mistake—the former, no doubt, I am quite convinced of that; and I am naturally anxious that my girls should look better than any body else. The Miss Potters of course, will, as usual, be enveloped in their everlasting white tarletanes, with their red heads protruding like the sun through a fog; I am not afraid of them, it is the Jenkenses I dread—those forward Jenkenses! I saw the three girls this morning come out of Brown's shop, followed by a boy with a parcel; I think the parcel looked soft, as if filled with nothing but tulle and ribbons—at least, I hope so—I trust there are no new dresses in the wind. If they wear their old blue-watered silks, we're safe."

"But who is to be the bride, mamma?" inquired Kate.

"I can't tell; in fact, nobody knows. Mr. Kilwinning means to surprise us, that is quite evident. There are various surmises afloat; some say it is a poor orphan from Ireland, his native country; others fear it may be an actress, to whom he once anonymously sent a

forget-me-not ring; and there are apprehensions of a low marriage with a pretty servant-girl of his mother's; but as we have not heard of any banns being published, or licence procured, we're all in the dark, anxiously waiting for to-morrow morning to enlighten us."

"But, dear mamma," observed Kate, "you speak of Mr. Kilwinning as if he were a bachelor, and yet he has been married twice.—What were his first wives like?"

"Well, my dear, I did once condescend to converse with his Irish servant, who seems as eccentric as himself; and he informed me, that the first Mrs. Kilwinning was forty when his master was a boy of eighteen; nevertheless, as she had a great deal of money, he married her, but she lived many years to punish him for his mercenary motives; then he married a governess, who was consumptive, and popped off very soon; he came here immediately on her decease—eighteen months ago come next August—and has certainly made himself excessively agreeable at all our balls and parties, but without a rumour of any intention to marry again, until the issue of invitations to his wedding-breakfast took us all by surprise; and, what is more surprising still, and, I think, proves that his bride must be a mere nobody, the wedding-breakfast is to be at his own house, and before the ceremony has taken place—however, he is very eccentric, and does all things differently from other people."

The lavender silks were now produced; Kate's had undergone severe service on the visit to her aunt, while Ellen's was almost as good as new; it was therefore suggested by Ellen, faintly opposed by Kate, and ultimately and gladly decided by the mamma, as Kate was the pet and the elder, and both the same style of figure, that there should be an exchange of dresses—"It didn't so much matter for Ellen," who gave up her bright-looking silk quite cheerfully; and really after her hemming up the frayed bottom of the skirt, and rubbing out a few stains with the last "New patent Reviver," Kate's old gown, like Dominic Sampson's second suit, seemed "renovated miraculously." The mamma—a smart widow of two years' standing, with much to do on very small means—was to be attired in her becoming second-mourning gray satin.

The house was in a perfect bustle of preparation, Mrs. Clacket giving directions to everybody about everything; at last concluding the evening's lecture to her daughters in these words: "And now, girls, let me impress upon you the necessity of looking your best. Of all parties for young people, a wedding-party is the most important; it is so exceedingly catching, never passing off without a proposal to everybody. The elegant Mr. Henderson, who is evidently thinking of getting married, will bethere; and Dr. Quackem of Crossbone Lodge, Curc-ill Row, whose sickly wife, not-

withstanding all his skill and new mode of treatment, can't last much longer. What are you giggling at, Kate? Ellen, you needn't frown; a mother's anxiety justifies my looking forward to these casualties. The times are dreadful. All the men are going to Australia—and what prospect has a mother for her marriageable daughters? Therefore, my dear girls, let me beseech you to make the most of yourselves; and, Ellen, as your hair—like Samson's—is your strong point, put it in papers, braids being so universally worn, the singularity of ringlets will be attractive."

The girls promised to obey their mamma, and commenced all the mysteries of curling and crimping, to give the hair that full wavy appearance which was to make the tide flow in their favour, and overwhelm and extinguish the Potters and Jenkenses for ever.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kilwinning, the grand cause of this excitement, was lounging on the sofa, sipping his wine, and reading *Punch* in the cool of the evening—the last of his double widower-hood—when his servant Tim entered the room, and with many bows and scrapes commenced: "I humbly axes pardon, sir; but Biddy the cook has seduced me—as she says, it's necessary to the domestic arrangements of the establishment—to make so bould as to inquire whether the mistress 'ill slape at home to-morrow night?"

"What's that to you or Biddy the cook either, sir?"

"Nothin' in life, sir; and I'm glad for the honor iv th' family, that you don't mane it.—May I make so bould agin, sir, as to inquire, without offence, if it's your intintion to make a continental trip over the provinces in the express thrain?"

"At fault again, Tim; so I warn you to make no more impertinent inquiries."

"Long life to your honor—I've hit it at last! You'll do the thing gintaley, as all the Kilwinnings did before you, and go off in the thrue methropolis Dublin style—in an illigant yelly po-shay and-fou?"

"I shall not satisfy your curiosity, Tim—so get out."

"Is it get out? Sure, I'm goin', sir; I've only one more confidential communication to make, sir—am I to meet her at the fair, sir?"

"Meet whom, Tim?"

"The mistress, sir."

"What mistress, Tim?"

"That's what I'd like to know, sir?"

"You mean the future Mrs. Kilwinning, I suppose?"

"Divil another, sir!"

"I don't expect her by train, Tim."

"Then, as this is an in-land, how is she to come, sir?"

"Like Venus, rising from the sea; and so completing the journey in the first over-land balloon she meets with," said Mr. Kilwinning.

"What with the weather and the wind, it'll be a cowl'd journey, sir?"

"Depend upon it, Tim, Mrs. Kilwinning will send you about your business, if you're so bold."

"Sure, sir, I've always been tould that my bashfulness gits the better iv me. Didn't th' girls nickname me "Timorous Tim" through Dublin and the parts adjacent? But there's one thing troubles me, sir, and I'd like to state it."

"Well, out with it, Tim."

"We've seen none iv th' coortin', sir; and the devil a bit of a ladylike letter have you ever given me to dthrop into the post; and puttin' that and that together, Biddy the cook's consarned for you, sir, seein' that she's an Irish girl like myself, and has app'chensions that you're strugglin' under a delusion."

"What do you mean by a delusion, Tim?"

"It's this, sir; I wanst knew a gintlemin, a personal frind iv my own, who was rejucied in his circumstances to drivin' a car round the Lakes iv Killarney; he was laborin' under the same desase as yourself, sir—that a lady was goin' to marry him; and when the weddin'-night came, his bride turned into a trout, and was fried for his supper."

"Well," said his master, laughing, "tell Biddy she'll have other fish to fry when Mrs. Kilwinning comes home. By the by, Tim"—

"Yes, sir."

"Has my new coat come home?"

"It has, sir."

"And when are the waiters to be here from Dawson's Hotel, to set out the breakfast?"

"At seven o'clock, sir; the quality's invited at nine, seein' that's an aisy hour, and won't put people about. Will you take a feevur to-morrow, sir?"

"I hope not, Tim; unless you call taking a wife a feevur."

"By no manes, sir; it's a feevur to put at the breast. I've got all the feevurs in a box; and whiles the tay and coffey's poorin' out, I'll be pinnin' thim to the postilions and the horses' heads. You'll get to the church, sir, for I hope you won't be after tying the Hymenaal-knot in a hathenish fashion in the house—before eleven; and you and Mrs. Kilwinning, good luck to her! wherever she may come from—will be off by twelve, to kape the honeymoon in the yelly po-shay."

"Now, inn, I've had quite enough of you, so get out."

"Goin' sir."

"Take care that everything looks well; make the most of the plate and china; do you hear?"

"No fears, sir; and my heart's glad that you're takin' an intherist in the looks of things. I axes pardon agin, sir," said Tom, his face full of anxiety, "but I'm unassy about your personal appearance, and I know that ladies is particular. Ever since the rheumatics, you

tak to wearin' thin red night-caps—wouldn't a white one be more becomin' sir?"

This was too much, and Tim was fairly turned out of the room.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of Mr. Kilwinning's third wedding-day. At half-past eight, the guests began to arrive. Tom had either bought or borrowed a bright pea-green swallow-tailed coat and yellow waistcoat, which was his beau-ideal of a marriage-garment. He was determined to do the thing in style, so far as he was concerned; and according to his own notions of gentility, posted himself at the drawing-room door, to announce "the quantity," whispering to Biddy, as she bustled about: "I'm gettin' unasy, masha! Where's the bride to come from? We'll be disgraced entirely! There's masher lookin' illigant in the drawing-room, and nobody comin' to marry him! Biddy, my jewel! couldn't you dress yourself in a wrathe of orange blossom, to kape up the posterity and respectability of the Kilwinnings?"

"In-leed, thin, Tim," said Biddy, "I wouldn't be aftther doin' so unlucky a thing as to put the wrathe before my own time comes; let the masher find a wrathe for the bride, and a bridle for the wrathe." The guests arriving quickly, Tim resumed the dignity of office.

"The Honorable Miss Potters—of Roundabout Place," bawled Tim, announcing the little Potters, who looked as symmetrical as so many Dutch cheeses. "Mr. Jeremiah Henderson—of the Branch Bank of Illigance—England, I mane," continued Tim, dubbing *sotto voce*, every one with his vocation, or some title of his own conferring. "The three Miss Jenkens—of Treacle Terrace, spinsters!"

The three Miss Jenkens, who overheard the description, simultaneously turned their frowning faces towards him—"if looks could kill, he had not lived;" but nothing daunted, he went on. "The Very Riverint Archdeacon Tithe-er—from the Close-cum-Catchall, D.D. The learned Doctor Quackem of Cross-Bones Lodge, Cure-ill Row, M.D. Save us and preserve us! Mr Flexible Flint—of Tinder-touch Hall; and Mrs. and Miss Clackets—from over the way!"

These, with several others, made a comfortable squeeze at the breakfast table, where everything was elegantly arranged, and at the head of which sat Mr. Kilwinning; really looking remarkably well, and almost interesting. The breakfast was so substantial, as to cause some of the gentlemen to forget that they had come for any other purpose than to partake of it; but the ladies were vigilant watchers, with one eye on the door, and the other on Mr. Kilwinning, who seemed more than ever agreeable and polite to all; yet an accurate observer might notice a slight recklessness and increasing anxiety, which, without impairing his extreme urbanity, seemed at variance with his usual placid equanimity.

Mrs. Clacket, who couldn't be silent, and who, seated on Mr. Kilwinning's right, kept up a running-fire of small-talk, said: "My dear Mr. Kilwinning, allow me to congratulate you on—the weather"—there certainly seemed to be no wife forthcoming to congratulate him upon—"I consider this bright morning particularly auspicious; and you know the old saying: 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on.'"

This was a sort of electric touch that turned all eyes into a note of interrogation towards Mr. Kilwinning. He answered it with the most ingenuous smile, saying: "My dear Mrs. Clacket, she shall be as happy as a devoted husband can make her; and I trust she may long look as bright and beautiful as she does at this moment!"

More notes of interrogation from "ladies' eyes around." This allusion of Mr. Kilwinning's gave the bride "a local habitation," though no name. She must be in the room—but where? Some fancied she might be shut up in the cupboard; others, that she was under the table. Mr. Flexible Flint, a soft young gentleman, drawled out to Miss Jenkens: "Our friend, the bridegroom, appears to be indulging in a hallucination, or is under the influence of clairvoyance, unless, my dear Miss Jenkens, you are the happy woman."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" replied Miss Jenkens, with well-affected indignation.

Mr. Kilwinning—whose every word and movement were undergoing severe criticism—now looked at his watch.

"He begins to suspect he's jilted," whispered Flint to Jenkens.

Mr. Kilwinning rose, evidently for the purpose of making a speech.

"Poor devil!" compassionately exclaimed Flint.

An awful pause ensued—all eyes right on Mr. Kilwinning. No one had time to observe Biddy and Tim popping their heads half in at the door.

Mr. Kilwinning commenced: "Ladies and gentlemen—but especially the ladies—I entreat your compassionate and patient attention to what I am about to say—"

"It's going to be his last dying speech and confession," whispered Flint to Jenkens.

Miss Jenkens replied in the usual bad joke about "the halter!" with a faint smile, intending to conceal her anxiety.

"I find myself in a somewhat embarrassing position—I've done a singularly bold thing; I've invited you to a wedding, in the hope that a certain lady would honor me with her hand; and I have yet to ascertain whether I'm to be triumphant, or to suffer defeat. As you are all pleased to call me eccentric, you will, I know, make eccentricity my excuse; but at the same time, my ladies, in the present instance at least, allow sincerity to be coupled with it. The fact is, I have—in plain words

—for some time past betn looking out for a wife; but among so many accomplished and lovely women, I could scarcely presume to hope.”—(Every face beamed with an encouraging and radiant smile towards Mr. Kilwinning at this compliment.)—“And if I am to be rejected when I name the lady—and she is in this room, at this present moment”—the greatest excitement now prevailed, with a faint cry from the little Potters of “hear,” (here?) but whether the verb or the adverb, it were indelicate to guess—“I confess that my presumption deserves rejection; and she shall have her revenge on the spot by a public refusal.” (Here Mr. Kilwinning most provokingly began to beat about the bush.) “I doubt if I should ever have had the good fortune—the young lady will pardon my presumption in venturing to say *good fortune*, until I know my fate—were it not that there appeared to be a tacit agreement among her female friends, that she was “born to blush unseen;” and the gentle, quiet resignation, with which she seemed to enter into this very prejudicial arrangement was to me, I confess, the most fascinating charm that ever lovely woman possessed. Of all others she is the one, and the only one, I would select for a wife; and, eccentric though I be, I feel assured that even her delicacy will pardon the mode in which I thus testify to her retiring, unobtrusive worth, even though it be fatal to my present pretensions, and, I fear, ruinous to my future happiness. I conclude by proposing—no; by respectfully offering my hand and fortune to your youngest daughter, Mrs. Clacket.”

A very audible “Oh!” burst from all the ladies at once. Ellen was on the point of fainting, but was supported by her astonished sister; Mrs. Clacket, in a state between laughing and crying, was giving Mr. Kilwinning’s hand sundry convulsive squeezes. Mr. Kilwinning’s speech had made all the ladies in love with him, though no one could tell how the proposal was received, for Ellen, her face buried in her handkerchief, was led from the room. Mr. Kilwinning, now really looking the picture of unhappiness, followed; and then of course all tongues were loosened, and Mr. Kilwinning’s singular declaration loudly discussed.

“A most indelicate proceeding!” exclaimed young Flint, “The girl’s feelings are outraged. Of course she’ll refuse him.”

“Yes; but what a triumph!” said the envious Miss Jenkins. “Who could have possibly conceived that he meant Ellen Clacket?”

Just at this moment, the door of the inner apartment opened, discovering Mr. Kilwinning rising in rapture from his knees, pressing the hand of Ellen to his lips. He led forward his blushing bride—attired, too, like a bride, a magnificent marriage-veil being thrown over her; Mr. Kilwinning having taken the precaution of sending to London for a bridal trow-

sean, on the chance of its being required, together with a special license; while the Rev. Mr. Tithe-ever had been prepared to act upon it by performing the ceremony, which was on the point of commencing, when Tim’s voice was heard, loudly vociferating: “Stop the weddin’! stop the weddin’!” mingled with the still more suspicious cry of “Stop thief!”

All faces looked amazement. “’Pon honor,” whispered Flint to Jenkins, “I suspect Kilwinning will turn out a swindler.”

At this instant, Tim rushed into the room, exclaiming: “Stop; what the devil are you about? Would you be drivin’ all the luck from the weddin’ without the wrathe of orange-blossom that I’m to be hanged for staling? Didn’t I, when I saw masther was goin’ to have a rale wife, start off for Mrs. Padds, the milliner’s, and extract this issintial from the window, and she sendin’ a spalpeen of a police after me, shoutin’: ‘Stop thafe!’ but I’ve sent the transmogrified lobster down stairs quicker than he came up!”

“Well, Tim,” said Mr. Kilwinning, throwing him a £10 bank note, “there’s something to pay for your depredation; and Mrs. Kilwinning will not forget your bold, yet eccentric devotion, *Timorous Tim*.”

Kate now encircled the “attractive ringlets” of her sister with Tim’s wreath of orange-blossom, which caused Tim to dance about, throwing up his slipper in the air something after the Eastern fashion, exclaiming: “Long life to her! She looks like the Phanix Park when the May’s out!”

The ceremony now proceeded; and at the conclusion, all was good-humoured congratulation. “What a romantic marriage!” exclaimed the little Potters.

“Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Kilwinning,” said Flexible Flint. “’Pon honor, Kilwinning, it’s too bad to take her by storm in this way, and leave us poor bachelors in the lurch.”

How willingly now would the Jenkenses have exchanged situations with Ellen, when by the kind forethought of Mr. Kilwinning, she appeared equipped for her journey in the most elegant and appropriate apparel! But this was not all: a new carriage, with four beautiful grays, drew up to the door. Poor Mrs. Clacket was in ecstasies, scarcely believing in the reality of her having a daughter about to step into her own carriage, which the ill-natured Jenkenses—who kept a spring-cart—affirmed she did most awkwardly, and unlike any one accustomed to an equipage.

Air and manner which we too often neglect as little things, are frequently what the world judge us by.

There are follies which have an attractive appearance, as there are fools well dressed.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us little harm.

IRELAND AS A SUGAR COUNTRY.

SOME interesting discussions have lately taken place with regard to the practicability of rendering Ireland a sugar-producing country. The present condition of Ireland, more than the increased consumption of sugar in Britain, has been the cause of these discussions; and of the many remedies that have been suggested to give stimulus to agricultural improvement and rural industry, this seems to be one well worthy of consideration.

Many publications have recently appeared on this important subject; we have now before us Sir Robert Kane's Report,* embodying a series of valuable investigations, to which it would be well to call the attention of our readers, and which will enable us, at the same time, to give some general details respecting the nature and the peculiarities of the beet-crop. Although inclined to regard some of the conclusions in the Report as too sanguine to be verified by actual experiments in practical farming, still we cannot too highly commend the admirable manner in which it has been drawn up, and the many really valuable scientific results obtained.

The percentage of sugar contained in beet, as well as its general composition, has been the subject of much careful investigation, on the part of continental chemists, from the time of Margraf of Berlin (1747) to the present day. He obtained from the bulb of the white or sugar-beet, 6.25 per cent. of sugar; from the roots, properly so called, 5 per cent.; and from the red beet, 4½ per cent. Half a century later, Hermbstadt obtained 4.5 per cent. of crystallizable sugar, and 3.5 per cent. of uncrystallizable mucilage sugar. This led him to conclude, that a part of the sugar contained in the beet is uncrystallizable. This opinion prevailed until 1831, when Pelouze's researches proved that the whole of the sugar contained in the beet was crystallizable cane-sugar, and that neither grape sugar nor mannite existed in the beet, except when it had undergone alteration. These results have been confirmed and extended by M. Peligot. "Besides confirming the two important results of M. Pelouze—namely, that the whole of the sugar was crystallizable cane-sugar, and that the percentage of sugar gradually increased until the beet was fully ripe—he has shown that the amount of sugar which the beet may contain is very large, very little inferior, indeed, to the sugar-cane, and thus fixed a sort of goal to which good cultivation should finally arrive."

It is not enough, however, for the purposes of the sugar-manufacturer, that the beet-root contains sugar in sufficient proportion to its other constituents; it is requisite that the sugar should not be dissolved in too large a proportion of water. This is a difficult point for determination by mere experiment, for even the best juice is not a solution of pure sugar, but is mixed up with other ingredients, so that specific gravity cannot

be depended upon as a sure test for indicating the percentage of saccharine matter.

The beet-sugar question, in its relation to Ireland, is of a twofold nature. In the first place—Is the sugar-beet suited to the soil and climate of the country? If so, will it yield a sufficient acreage of sugar, fit for manufacture, to render it a remunerative crop in a commercial point of view?

In regard to the former of these questions, there can be no sort of doubt, as the natural history of the beet settles the question. The beet is a production indigenous to Great Britain and Ireland, and is, therefore, a sure crop every way suited to our ungenial climate. All the cultivated varieties contain sugar, but the one generally employed in the sugar manufacture is the white Silesian, usually known under the name of sugar-beet. Indeed, the chemical composition of the different varieties does not appear to differ to any appreciable extent, the accidental variation among specimens of the same variety being, however, occasionally very considerable. In Russia, the Siberian beet, an inferior sugar variety, is still much employed.

With reference to the question, whether the sugar-beet is likely to prove a remunerative crop in Ireland, Messrs Sullivan and Gages' Report (Appendix B) affords valuable information, their analyses of Irish-grown beet having been evidently made with the view of establishing this point, which, however, they found to be a very complex one. At page 25 of their Report, it is observed:—"An impression appears to prevail, that heat and sunshine are so intimately connected with the production of sugar in plants, and especially of cane-sugar, that as we proceed north from the tropics, its quantity must gradually diminish. Such a view applied to the case of the beet, would of course lead to the conclusion, that the south of Europe would be best adapted for its cultivation, as a source of sugar, and that cold countries like Ireland, however well they may be adapted to produce foliage and large roots, would necessarily produce beet of inferior saccharine properties. Another opinion has gained ground, that with the diminution of sugar would occur a change in its nature; or, in other words, that the same quantity of crystallizable cane sugar would not be contained in roots grown in Ireland, and, of course, for the same reason, in the northern parts of Europe generally—that is, in places north of the actual beet-sugar districts." It is certain, however, that, in Russia, geographical position has but little influence upon the percentage of sugar; it depends almost entirely upon culture and manures. The fact is even stated as the result of practical experiment as well as of laboratory investigation, that there is no material difference in beet grown over a region extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Caspian Sea, and from the Mediterranean to very near the Arctic Ocean.

According to Messrs Sullivan and Gages, roots containing less than 8 per cent. of sugar could not, at the usual price paid for them, be employed with economy in the manufacture of sugar, at least not generally. Their analyses show—as the result of the examination of beet, grown on the most various soils, manured in every possible manner, not to speak of the necessarily inferior

* Report of Inquiry into the Composition and Cultivation of the Sugar-beet in Ireland, and its Application to the Manufacture of Sugar. Made to the Right Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Works, by the Director of the Museum of Irish Industry. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.

cultivation to which, as a crop new to Irish farmers, it must have been subjected—that 76 per cent. of the roots contained sufficient sugar to enable a manufacturer to extract it with profit, and 24 per cent. rendered it unfit for the purpose. Of 118 roots examined, 72 yielded more than 9 per cent. of sugar, 18 between 8 and 9 per cent., and 24 below 8 per cent. Thus 90 of the 118 were adapted for profitable manufacture; 28 unfit. This is favorable when compared with the analyses of continental roots, which give 70 per cent. adapted for manufacture, and 30 per cent. unsuitable. We still regard the beet question, however, as one of good cultivation; if energy and the appliances of scientific agriculture are brought to bear upon it—and they are peculiarly applicable to this crop—there can be little doubt of at least ordinary success.

In one respect, the establishment of the manufacture of beet-sugar in Ireland would seem to be highly advantageous in the present condition of that country. Under any circumstances, the introduction of new crops, and of new modes of cultivation, serves as a powerful stimulus to the general progress of husbandry in all countries. For Ireland, much has already been done in this way. Sir Robert Kane's researches seem especially to point out the advantages likely to accrue from the introduction of this new branch of agricultural industry. To us, as to him, "it appears as eminently calculated to be of service, not only as creating a new and extensive source of manufacturing employment, but also that, as the material used can only be profitably obtained by means of improved agriculture, and that an important element in the profits of agriculture would be the careful economy of the scum and pulp, either as manures or as food for cattle, the manufactories of beet-root sugar should exercise a powerful influence on the agriculture of their districts, inducing a greater variety of cultivation, a more thorough preparation of the soil, and a more careful economy of manures; and that, in this way, even should the manufacturing speculation become hereafter, by improvement in the management of the colonial sugar industry, or by any other cause, less probably successful than it now appears to be, there should still have been conferred on Ireland a great advantage in the improved practice of green-crop husbandry, which would be certain to remain."

The researches detailed in the Report bring out some interesting results, which have an important bearing upon the general principle of cultivation. Such must be regarded the experiments made on the effect of increase of size on the percentage of sugar. It is shown, that the larger the root, the smaller is the quantity [comparatively?] of solid matter which it contains; so that "it will be found that the quantity of sugar will diminish as the weight of the bulb increases." This affords a valuable hint to our horticultural and agricultural societies, and may lead to the adoption of better criteria than mere size in the judging of superior productions; it is also instructive to the farmer and gardener, in so far as it teaches that mere bulk or weight of produce does not indicate the correct economical yield of a farm or garden. "All the roots which yielded a very low percentage of sugar, weighed from five to nine or ten

pounds, whilst those remarkable for the quantity of sugar which they contained were always small roots, seldom exceeding two pounds in weight." The researches of Peligot and Hermann especially shew this; The Russian roots, which gave high percentages, rarely exceeded a pound in weight—in general, much smaller, however, than Irish-grown roots examined by Messrs. Sullivan and Gages, which yielded corresponding quantities of sugar.

It seems to be satisfactorily proved, that strong manuring does not actually diminish the amount of sugar in the beet-root, but it increases the quantity of other substances, whose presence increases the difficulty of its extraction. Fresh manures appear to be always injurious to the beet crops, but less so on loamy soils, "upon which the oxygen of the air has more power to act." Spring manuring is exceedingly injurious; and although the roots grown under this treatment may yield sugar abundantly early in the season, they are worked with difficulty after being kept for a short time.

The general conclusions to which Sir Robert Kane has arrived, are—1. That the sugar-beet requires, for its successful cultivation, a rich loamy soil, thoroughly and deeply worked, thoroughly drained and divided; and that the presence of organic matter in excess, or undecomposed, in the soil, is an important disadvantage. 2. That the employment of saline or rich nitrogenous manures immediately before, or during the growth of the beet, acts unfavorably on the employment of the plant for making sugar, by rendering the juice impure, and, increasing the proportion of azotised materials, readily ferment, and thereby convert the crystallizable into uncrystallizable sugar, which is the most usual and important source of loss in the manufacture. 3. That it is fully established, that the entire quantity of sugar in the beet exists naturally as crystallizable cane-sugar; and that uncrystallizable sugar makes its appearance only as a product of decomposition in the manufacture (mollasses), and is, therefore, so far a source of loss, which may be avoided by improved treatment. 3. That the quantity of sugar present in Irish-grown beet is in no ways inferior to that usually found in the beet-roots used in the sugar-manufactories of the continent; and that, in some cases, the percentage of sugar yielded by beet approaches to that afforded by the sugar-cane as usually cultivated.

With respect to the cost of producing the sugar-beet in Ireland, Sir Robert does not announce any positive conclusions, being rather anxious to direct attention to the estimates by practical agriculturists, contained in the Appendix to his Report. These seem to indicate, "that the cultivation of the sugar-beet would prove at least as profitable as other green-crops usually are, provided that cultivation be carried on in a proper manner."

We need hardly say, that something more than this is desirable. The real question is, can sugar be supplied from beet cheaper than it can be imported from Brazil and the West Indies? And to a rigid examination of this element in the subject, we crave the attention of Sir Robert Kane and other friends of Ireland, before any practical steps be taken by agriculturists. We have always

heard that France, with a view to encourage home industry, persists in producing beet-sugar at a greater cost than it can purchase cane-sugar from tropical countries; thus taxing the whole people for the benefit of a class. If this be true as regards France, we would earnestly deprecate the introduction of a similarly erroneous policy into either Great Britain or Ireland.

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THE PLANTING.

—
A PARABLE.

"I said to my little son, who was watching, with tears a tree he had planted: 'Let it alone; it will grow while you are sleeping!'"

"Plant it safe, thou little child:
Then cease watching and cease weeping:
Thou hast done thy utmost part;
Leave it, with a quiet heart:
It will grow while thou art sleeping."

"But, O father!" says the child,
With a troubled face close creeping—
"How can I but think and grieve,
When the fierce winds come at eve,
And snows beat—and I lie sleeping?"

"I have loved my linden so!
In each leaf seen future floweret;
Watched it day by day with prayers,
Guarded it with pains and cares,
Lest the canker should devour it."

"O good father!" says the child,
"If I come in summer's shining,
And my linden-tree be dead—
How the sun will scorch my head,
Where I sit forlorn and pining!"

"Rather let me evermore
Through this winter-time watch keeping,
Bear the cold and storms and frost,
That my treasure be not lost—
Ay, bear aught!—but idle sleeping."

Sternly said the father then:
"Who art thou, child, vainly grieving?
Canst thou send the balmy dews,
Or the rich sap interfuse,
That one leaf shall burst to living?"

"Canst thou bid the heavens restrain
Natural tempests for thy praying?
Canst thou bend one tender shoot?
Stay the growth of one frail root?
Keep one blossom from decaying?"

"If it live and bloom all fair,
Will it praise thee for its blooming?
If it die, will any plants
Reach thee, as with kings and saints
Drops it to an equal tombing?"

"Plant it—consecrate with prayers.
It is safe 'neath His sky's folding
Who the whole earth compasses,
Whether we watch more or less—
His large eye all things beholding.

"If He need a good tree
For the shelter of the nations,
He will make it grow; if not,
Never yet His love forgot
Human tears, and faith, and patience.

"Leave thy treasure in His hand—
Cease all watching and all weeping.
Years hence, men its shade may crave,
When its mighty branches wave
Beautiful—above thy sleeping!"

If His hope, tear-sown, that child
Garnered safe with joyful reaping,
Know I not: yet, unawares,
Oft this truth gleams through my prayers:
"It will grow while thou art sleeping!"

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THE CHEMIST'S SHOP AT THE CORNER.

Among the innumerable chemists' "corner shops" in Liverpool (and who is not aware of the advantage to such establishments, of being placed at awkward turnings, prolific in accidents, where the red lamp can shine down two streets at once?), not one, perhaps, was so well known as Mr. Tisick's, at the corner of Lionel Street. Between the hours of three and four on a fine afternoon, many a gaily-dressed merchant's wife or daughter might be seen sauntering down from her pretty villa, to meet her husband or father at that appointed spot, on his way home from business; and occasionally—though of course by mere chance—young ladies have been known to meet their lovers there. In fact, there is not a more noted place in Liverpool for accidents and appointments than the chemist's shop at the corner. The most successful days of the most successful "diggers" never dawned more auspiciously, or closed more profitably, than did every day to little Tisick the chemist. He was making money, and he deserved to make it, being a good little man, with a good little wife and a large family, who occupied the commodious and well-furnished apartments over the shop. "There's something the matter yonder," said Mr. Bingly, looking up Lionel Street, through which he was conducting his wife home, late in the evening, from a popular lecture

"O do let us go round another way, Harry," entreated Mrs. Bingly; "I hate a crowd."

"But, my dear, I should like to know what the accident is: we might be of service."

"Why, what could we do, Harry? besides, there are plenty of people there to assist. You, know I've a horror of accidents, or whatever it may be—so do come the other way."

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it, though I cannot help thinking, if help be needed, we savour a little of the Priest and Levite, who passed on the other side of the way." However, Mr. Bingly complied, quickening his pace, until, arriving at his own door he deposited his wife in safety. He was about to retrace

his steps, when Mrs. Bingly, in her own peculiar querulous tone, recalled him:

"Harry! how very unfeeling you are. You would run after a stranger in a crowd, but have no anxiety about your own family. Can't you wait an instant, until I enquire whether the children are all safe in their beds?"

"Certainly, my love. Mary"—to the girl who opened the door—"are the children sound asleep?"

"O yes, sir, long ago."

"There, my dear," said Mr. Bingly to his wife, "all's right, you hear. Now go in; I shan't be long." And, much against his wife's wish, Mr. Bingly set out to ascertain the cause of the crowd.

People may wonder why a staid family-man like Mr. Bingly, habituated to the crowds and casualties of Liverpool, should thus needlessly take up his time, and offend his wife; but the fact is, that years before, his neglect on such an occasion prevented his seeing, for the last time, his earliest and dearest friend Frederick Triebner, who had appointed to meet him for a farewell interview, previously to his going to settle abroad. The chaise was overturned as Mr. Bingly passed by carelessly and unconsciously; and his friend, too much injured to keep his appointment, was, after his broken ribs had been set by the surgeon, carried on a litter on board the ship, and they never again met. Bingly never forgave himself for the neglect; and his fidgety anxiety about all such disasters was now increased to a feverish pitch, by a sort of presentiment that his eldest son Harry, from whom he had parted in anger four years before, was about to return home.

Young Harry Bingly was gay, high spirited, but facile; and the usual associates and temptations of town-life, particularly a suspected low attachment, so exasperated his father, that—notwithstanding he dearly loved the boy, who, moreover, was the pet and the darling of his mother—in a moment of excitement he said: "Leave my house, sir; you are a disgrace to my name and roof; leave me, lest I strike you to my feet!" The haughty boy flushed, then turned deadly pale, gave one glance at his father, who already half-repented his rashness, and, without a word, quitted the house, and, in spite of every exertion and inquiry, had never since been heard of.

By the time Mr. Bingly reached Lionel Street, the crowd had dispersed. All interest or sympathy in the matter, whatever it might have been, seemed to have subsided. "Can you tell me," he inquired of the only loiterer, "what the accident was that happened a few minutes ago?"

"Aw's sure aw doant know," replied the man; "maybe 'twur cab overturned, or 'omnibus broak dawn. This beest wurst corner i' Liverpool for smashing. T'chap as keeps that drug-shop gets a foim livin' out o' dead folks that's carried in there."

Mr. Bingly looked at the shop. It was past the hour of closing. The shutters were up, but there was still a glimmer of gas through the fan-light over the door. He paused, irresolute whether to inquire further, when the light disappeared. "Oh," said he, reconciling the matter to himself, "it has been a trifling affair, I suppose. I'll ask 'Tisick all about it in the morning, as I go to the office;" and Mr. Bingly turned his steps homeward; but still a strange misgiving, an unaccountably strong feeling of curiosity, persuaded him that he would be sorry if he did not inquire further into the matter; therefore, though half-ashamed of his own weakness, he once more retraced his steps, and going up to the private door, rang the bell. "Is Mr. 'Tisick at home?"

"Yes, sir; but he's engaged just now. Perhaps you could wait a little. Will you step into the parlor?"

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Mr. Bingly. "I merely called to inquire who was hurt by the accident that happened in the street a short time ago."

"We don't know who he is, sir, for I believe the poor young gentleman has been insensible ever since."

"And how did the accident happen?" asked Mr. Bingly, interested by the words "young gentleman."

"The horses of the hackney-coach took fright, sir. The driver was off the box at the moment; and the young gentleman was getting out of the window in front, evidently to recover the reins. Everybody in the street shouted to him: "Sit still, sit still for your life!" but he did it cleverly, and kept fast hold, for he seemed to be a sailor, when an omnibus, turning the corner sharply, ran against the coach, upset it, and I think the young man is almost killed."

"A sailor, you say?"—and Mr. Bingly's thoughts instantly reverted to his son, who, he felt certain, had gone to sea. "How old would you suppose the young man to be?"

"Not twenty, I should think, sir."

"And fair or dark complexioned?" he asked with intense anxiety.

"Fair, I should say, sir. He has bright brown hair, and—Dear me! I beg your pardon, sir," said the girl, staring in wonder at Mr. Bingly, "but the young gentleman is the very picture of you!"

"Merciful Heaven! should it be Harry!" exclaimed Mr. Bingly. "I must see the young man instantly! Where is Mr. 'Tisick?"

The girl became quite alarmed at Mr. Bingly's excited state, and requesting him to step into the parlor, promised to acquaint her master with his wishes. Mr. Bingly now felt convinced it must be Harry. What was it that urged him into pursuing the inquiry so far, but that undefinable feeling, that "something" beyond all human ken, which conjures up in the heart a foreshadowing of events—

that mysterious sympathy which irresistibly attracts and links us to places and persons?"

The girl's statement of the young sailor's resemblance to himself, threw Mr. Bingly into the painedly excited state in which Mr. Tisick now found him; who, in reply to his agitated and almost phrenzied inquiries, answered evasively, and with a degree of embarrassment quite at variance with the usual ingenious and familiar style for which he was noted. "Den me—bless me!" said he, "it will be very extraordinary if that young gentleman turns out to be your son, Mr. Bingly; and really I shouldn't wonder—that is—excuse me—of course it is impossible for me to guess, as I never happened to see your son—"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Bingly impatiently, "I must be satisfied: this suspense is unendurable. Take me to his bed-side at once, where I will thank Heaven if he be not my son, and do all in my power to serve him, whoever he may be."

"On condition," said the chemist seriously, "that you promise to suppress all emotion, even should your worst fears be realised."

"O Heaven! is my boy dead?" inquired Mr. Bingly in an agony.

"No, no, my dear sir. The young man—for it is only your own fears which have told you he is your son—is under the influence of a composing draught. I have promised the surgeon that the profoundest stillness shall be maintained, as any excitement, or even the least startling noise, might prove fatal to him."

"Do not fear me," said Mr. Bingly: "what can I not endure if the life of my dear Harry depend upon it!"

"Well, then, relying on your silence, and that you will suppress every exclamation or communication until we leave the room, I will take you to him. Can you depend upon yourself?"

"I think I can," said Mr. Bingly with a faltering voice—for there was something in the chemist's manner that seemed to confirm his apprehensions.

"Perhaps your son's life depends upon it!" intimated Mr. Tisick with a sternness of manner unusual with him, therefore the more emphatic.

"I am sure I can," added Mr. Bingly with firmness.

"I rely upon you," said the considerate little chemist, and led the way up a staircase carpeted thickly, every inch, to render inaudible the lightest or the heaviest footfall. This staircase, and the chamber to which it led, were used only in the most dangerous cases—where Mr. Tisick exercised his benevolence and Christian charity, in retaining the patient under his own roof: it was a portion of the house separated from the family apartments, and where none entered except on a mission of mercy. Mr. Tisick opened the door, which,

being encased in baize, without hasp or bolt, yielded noiselessly to the slightest touch.

Mr. Bingly paused for an instant on the threshold, and convulsively grasped the hand of the chemist, who suffered the door again to close at this symptom of agitation; but, as if ashamed of his irresolution, Mr. Bingly, though evidently with an effort, recovered his self-possession, and motioned to proceed.

The gas-shades were so contrived as to throw a subdued soft light over the apartment; the curtains of the low bed were drawn back and tucked away, as if to give air to the invalid, or—what was a more thrilling thought—facility, perhaps, to some torturing operation which had been, or was still to be performed.

The patient lay like a corpse upon the bed, the upper part of the face entirely concealed by a green shade, placed over the forehead, as there were injuries apprehended to the sight; but the mouth and nostrils strongly defined, pale and graceful in their clear outline as statuary marble, were too close a resemblance for the father to behold unmoved—his agonised grasp of the chemist's shoulder at once awoke the latter's experienced suspicion, that feeling would overcome prudence. But he instantly saw that resolution had resumed her sway, the torture of suspense having found vent and relief in tears, which silently flowed down the father's cheeks for one, he at the moment believed to be his son.

With many a struggle the father kept his promise of silence, in the hope of being permitted to remain just where he was—rivetted to the spot—watching the awakening, the slightest movement, or even the breathing of his son. At this moment, the patient moved his hand, turning the palm upwards, as if in search of some friendly clasp; the chemist, with the quickness of thought, prevented the father from giving the answering pressure; but still the longing hand was stretched out, and suddenly a young fair creature, more like an angel than a human being, who had been watching, half-concealed, amid the folds of the curtain, crept gently forward, and placed her small white hand in his. The fingers of the invalid closed round the little prisoner, as if to retain the treasure, and his tranquil slumber continued. This incident, though silent, seemed to break the spell which the minute before had made all motionless; and the careful little chemist drew Mr. Bingly—his eyes to the last fixed upon the bed—fairly out of the room.

They descended to the snug parlor, where the little chemist's little wife was now seated, busily employed with needle-work. Mr. Bingly threw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to an irrepresible and passionate burst of grief. Mrs. Tisick thought, as all women do, how overwhelming must be the sorrow which causes a man to weep; and, approaching Mr. Bingly, although

ignorant of the cause, pressed his hand in sympathy.

"Come, come, my dear sir," said the chemist, "do not distress yourself, perhaps needlessly: it is still a problem whether he be your son or not. Your imagination tortures you—the features were not sufficiently revealed to confirm your fears."

"I would give up all I possess to see that face! It surely is impossible I can be mistaken," said Mr. Bingly.

"It is quite possible, my dear sir; in fact, it is improbable that he should be your son."

"But his clothes—where are they?" eagerly inquired Mr. Bingly. "There must be some mark by which I can identify him."

Mr. Tisick left the room, almost instantly returning with the clothes of the invalid. They were all of foreign make, and no name whatever to be found upon them.

"By the by," remarked the chemist, "there were papers in his pockets, which may give some information;" and he rang the bell. "Mary—to the servant who entered—where are those papers I gave you to hold when we were undressing the patient?"

"I'll get them directly, sir," said the girl, leaving the room. "I put them under his pillow to be safe."

"Stay!" said the chemist, springing up, and clutching her arm to prevent her ascending the staircase. "Are you mad? To disturb him might lead to death."

"Merciful Heaven! is there to be no termination to this suspense?" ejaculated Mr. Bingly.

"My dear sir," said the chemist, "I entreat you to listen to me: all that can be done for the present has been done."

"You would deceive me. What can have been done in the short time which has elapsed since I saw the crowd?"

"It is upwards of an hour since he was brought in here," replied the chemist. "A surgeon was instantly in attendance: it must have been his departure you witnessed—the crowd never dispersing until it knows the fate of the sufferer."

"And is he fatally injured?" asked Mr. Bingly in agony.

"We hope not. The injuries are certainly serious; nor can we ascertain their full extent until to-morrow. Meanwhile, the draught has taken effect; and he is not likely to awaken until nine in the morning. I could wish to persuade you, my dear sir, to go home, and make yourself as tranquil as possible under the circumstances, with the assurance, that every attention will be shewn the patient; and by no means to alarm Mrs. Bingly by any allusion to your fears, which, after all, may prove to have been perfectly groundless."

"It is not easy, Mr. Tisick, to persuade me that such can be the case; however, I will, if possible, disguise my feelings from my wife,

and thank you for the precaution. I shall never forget your kindness and sympathy, or the watchful tenderness of that angel—your daughter of course—who hovered round my boy. [The little chemist and his little wife exchanged a significant glance.] When can I return?"

"Not till nine, when the surgeon is to report."

"Good-night, my dear sir," said Mr. Bingly at the foot of the stair; "but O Heavens! to think of thus meeting a son from whom I had parted in such anger!"

Mr. Tisick here interposed, a sudden thought striking him: "You say you parted in anger: had you cause?"

"A bitter cause—an intimacy, possibly a low marriage, with one of the most degraded of her sex. She disappeared about the same time. Yes, I fear it must be; and yet, O Harry, could I know that you were safe?"

"You would forgive all?" solemnly demanded the chemist.

A heavy gloom mantled over Mr. Bingly's brow at this idea, on which Mr. Tisick said decidedly; "This is enough, Mr. Bingly. You must go home. On no consideration will I permit an interview between you and our suffering fellow-creature above stairs, be he your son or not. No one but a Christian, in the true sense of the word, shall come near him till the surgeon has reported by nine to-morrow. Go, sir, and learn to forgive even the worst offences; and pray that your forgiveness come not too late."

Mr. Bingly turned haughtily round to reply to this, to him, unusual address, when a faintly-headed groan smote his ear. He shuddered, pressed the chemist's hand, and quitted the house.

"Poor Mr. Bingly," said Mrs. Tisick as the chemist re-entered the parlour, "I see he doesn't know the worst of it."

"The worst of it!" echoed Mr. Tisick.—"Dear me—bless me! I should say he doesn't know the best of it."

"Yes, dear; but when he comes to know it, it will be a trial for him; and his poor wife—it will be the death of her; her nerves will have a bad shock."

"Then, my dear, his wife shouldn't have such shocking bad nerves. She'll survive it, as all nervous people invariably survive everything that is to be the death of them."

"Now, John Tisick," said his homely little wife, "that's positively unfeeling. What would you say if our Johnny were to do the same thing?"

"Why, my dear, I'd say with the old song: 'He'd do the same thing were he in the same place.'"

"O John," said Mrs. Tisick reproachfully, "how can any one suppose or imagine your heart to be brimful of kindness and humanity, when you will go on making these jokes? and

some of them, I must say"—Mrs. Tisick was careful in modifying her condemnation of her husband's wit—"very poor jokes. Yes, John, very poor jokes indeed!" This was severe, but Mrs. Tisick's feelings were as much outraged by the non-appreciation of the picture of "Johnny," as an artist's would be at the Hanging Committee placing his out of sight.

"Well, well, my dear," observed the chemist, "you know a medical man's jokes must sometimes be out of joint, to be professional; but did you observe, my love, what Mr. Bingly said about our "angel of a daughter?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Tisick smiling; "I couldn't help giving you a look at the time. It was just as well he saw her when he did. And I don't wonder at his calling her an angel, with her beautiful golden hair shading her sweet features. Did she know it was *his* father?"

"No, my dear—no. I don't suppose she even saw him. But now, I will go and prevail on her to come and have a bit of supper with us. That ring at the door must be the nurse the surgeon promised to send, so she may leave the patient with perfect satisfaction and safety." The little chemist was absent just long enough to allow Mrs. Tisick mentally to apostrophise his rare qualifications, when she was interrupted by his re-appearance with the "angel of a daughter," as Mr. Bingly styled the young lady who was so attentive to his supposed son. She scarcely looked more than seventeen years of age—a gentle, interesting creature, whom every one would wish to aid, to do something for; in answer to the claim her seeming helplessness and exceedingly feminine beauty made on the hearts of all who beheld her. Mrs. Tisick received her with all the tenderness such a person was likely to inspire. "Well, my dear," she inquired, "how did you leave our poor patient?"

"In a sweet sleep," replied the young stranger. "I pray, Heaven, it may continue till the morning."

"Oh, certain," confidently interposed the chemist; "he won't waken till nine o'clock."

"And do you really think, sir, his life is not in any danger?" anxiously inquired the girl.

"Set your heart at rest, my dear; he'll live to plague his little wife for many a year yet."

The poor girl was evidently distressed by the kind-intentioned, but not very refined wit of the chemist.

"Never mind John's jokes," said Mrs. Tisick; "he just imagines every husband is to be as great a plague as himself. Do remember, John, what a very young bride our guest is."

The poor girl was now more embarrassed than ever, and with blush succeeding blush at every word she uttered, said, with extreme confusion: "I am quite unhappy at being placed in so singular a position. Harry—I meant Mr. Harvey—is entitled to every service I can render—my life, if it were neces-

sary; but I have no claim to the title you confer upon me."

This statement created much surprise, and, in spite of all their charity, the faintest possible shade of suspicion in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Tisick. "Well, my dear young lady," said the former, "you must pardon me; and you cannot but admit that my mistake was a very natural one. Your being in the coach with him, his calling upon you as his 'beloved Emily,' and your extreme devotion—all combined to aid the delusion under which my wife and I labored."

"If you will permit me, I will, so far as I can, explain," said the young stranger timidly, "On the arrival of his ship this evening, Mr. Hervey's intention was to place me at once under the protection of his father, and I was accompanying him for that purpose, when the accident happened which has thrown us upon your compassion."

"Strange!" remarked the chemist. "Pardon me, have you never heard him speak of a Mr. Bingly as his father?"

"Frequently of his father—but Hervey is Harry's name."

"Dear me—bless me! my love," said the chemist to his wife, "it is as I suspected, and Mr. Bingly is mistaken after all."

"And have you come off a long voyage, my dear young lady?" said Mrs. Tisick, with kind interest and womanly curiosity blended. "It is two months since the shipwreck, when Mr. Hervey saved my life, and I had been at sea ten days up to the night of that dreadful storm."

"Poor child!" said Mr. Tisick compassionately. "You have relations in England, I suppose?"

"I have reason to believe that a dear friend of my father resides in Liverpool; but before we left the ship I promised Mr. Hervey to be silent on this subject"—and the young girl, evidently embarrassed, hesitated to proceed.

"Certainly, certainly," said the chemist; "do not imagine, my dear miss"—this corrected appellation sounded almost unkind—"that we would take advantage of circumstances to force your confidence; all we desire is to be of service; and to-morrow, I trust, will enable us to see more clearly into the future."

Persuading their young guest, instead of returning to watch by the bedside of the patient, to take some repose in the chamber appointed for her, they bade her good-night, promising faithfully to call her should the slightest change take place.

"There's a mystery about that young person I don't exactly like," said the chemist, as soon as she was gone.

"I'm sure there can be no harm about her, John; she's too beautiful for that," very generously remarked Mrs. Tisick.

"My dear, your argument would be more

satisfactory if it were on the side of ugliness," dryly observed the chemist. "But go up to bed, my love; I will just look in to see how our patient is doing, and trust to-morrow for the clearing of this romance."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bingly had reached home, where his nervous wife was anxiously expecting him. "What a long while you've been, Harry!" she began, as Mr. Bingly calmly, though abstractedly, moved a chair to the table where his wife was seated. "It's very cruel of you to leave me alone in this way: I was on the point of ringing for James to go in search of you." Mr. Bingly spoke not a word. "You're come home in an ill-humor, I suppose, because I wouldn't assist a drunken sailor in a crowd, or some such thing, with which you choose to sympathise. Really, Mr. Bingly, your vulgar curiosity about such matters is positively intolerable." But becoming alarmed at her husband's continued silence, and the singular expression of his pale face, she resumed—"Now, don't frighten me, Harry; you're ill, I see you are, you've made yourself ill by the sight of some horrid drunken creature you'd no concern with, who, no doubt, deserved whatever happened to him."

"Silence, unfeeling woman!" exclaimed Mr. Bingly, exasperated beyond the power of endurance. Mrs. Bingly was struck dumb with astonishment at these harsh words from her hitherto good-natured and indulgent husband, and only replied with an abundant shower of tears; but instantly recollecting that his wife was wholly ignorant of his cause of irritation, Mr. Bingly added—"Forgive me, Frances, and have forbearance enough to ask me no more questions to-night. I have reasons for the entreaty, which shall be explained afterwards."

"Of course I shall not sleep a wink for wondering what they are," said his wife, a little more pacified. "It must be something very serious, I am sure of that, for you've not been in such a state of mind since our dear Harry left us. Oh!"—and something like the truth seemed to flash upon her—"that is it, I'm sure of it! You've heard of our darling Harry—you've had a letter from him?"

"No; I give you my honor I have not," answered Mr. Bingly equivocally; who, in consideration of the maternal anxiety she now began to evince, was resolved to spare his wife as much pain as possible.

"Well, then, I don't mind obeying you, if it is nothing concerning Harry; but I'm sure I should die if there's bad news from him."

Mr. Bingly saw the policy of following the chemist's advice; and though his thoughtful and distracted manner kept his wife on the rack of curiosity, she contrived to maintain her promise; and Mr. Bingly, notwithstanding his miserable state of mind, concealed the cause of his anxiety.

Early next morning, the family of the benevolent little chemist was assembled in the breakfast parlor; the report of the nurse was most favorable, and Dr. Galen, the surgeon, was momentarily expected. "In truth, Dolly," said little Tisick to his wife, "it was a clever stroke of mine to put the father off till nine o'clock, when the surgeon comes at eight."

"Indeed, John, I don't agree with you; 'tis cruel to prolong the poor man's suspense."

"My dear, you know nothing about it—I always act professionally; and when I administer a dose, I always give it the full statutory period for its operation."

Dr. Galen's report was most favorable; the nature of the injuries ascertained, and from the evidently admirable constitution of the patient, a rapid recovery might be anticipated. Emily had observed with quiet steady composure the examination by the accomplished surgeon, and with equal steadiness listened to his lucid report, but the words "speedy recovery" were too much for her, the revulsion too great. She fainted, and was carried from the room, thereby divulging, if need there be, the feelings which she bore towards the sufferer.

Mr. Bingly, who had left home early that morning, obstinately silent even to the frenzied entreaties of his now alarmed wife, was punctual to the instant.

"Dolly, my dear," said the chemist, "that's Bingly's ring; I can tell the agony of suspense in every vibration in its subdued chime. Leave the room, and let me deal with him alone.—Well, my dear sir, have you thought of what I told you last night? Are you prepared to meet your son, if he be your son, as a Christian father should?"

"I am," solemnly exclaimed Mr. Bingly. "If my son has brought wretchedness upon himself by his rashness, it is not for a father to increase it at such a time. Oh, let me see him, that I may tell him so before I die!"

"Then am I commissioned to relieve your mind; the name of the sufferer is Henry Hervey."

How inconsistent is poor human nature! One would suppose that this relief from his worst fears would have been a joy to Mr. Bingly, and yet it came to him like a disappointment. His very soul had so yearned to the sufferer, that to find he had no claim in him, seemed like a violent deprivation. "Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"Oh, none whatever," said the chemist. "Here is a letter which had accidentally dropped on the floor. You see the address is Henry Hervey; and here is a memorandum appended, apparently in his own handwriting."

A film came over the father's eyes; or was it his trembling hands that prevented his reading the scroll? But, letter by letter, the handwriting of his son smote upon the father's vision. "Is my son alive, Mr. Tisick?"

"Dear me—bless me! can he be your son after all?" asked the chemist with great glee. "Your son! He lives, and the surgeon assures me he will do well. Remember your promise!" The chemist looked at Mr. Bingly, and saw, from the expression of his countenance, where the seraphic smile of gratitude and devotion were blended, that this was an unnecessary question. "Now, come and see your son."

The father approached—noiselessly approached—knelt by the bedside, took his son's hand, and, pressing it to his lips, murmured: "Harry!"

"Can you forgive me, father?"

"All, all—even the worst, as I hope to be forgiven!"

"And she?" added his son.

A spasm shook the strong and haughty man; but his better nature prevailed. "Yes, Harry; if yours, she is mine."

"Emily!" faintly but joyfully ejaculated the young man.

"Emily!" echoed the father; "surely her name was Sarah."

"O father, you could not suspect that? 'Tis Emily Triebner, an orphan, whom I ventured—"

The father started to his feet in speechless amazement. "Emily Triebner! the orphan child of my best and dearest friend, who was consigned to my care after her father's death, and reported to have been lost at sea?"

"Come, come!" interposed little Tisick, with a faltering voice, and after rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief; "this may be too much for my patient. Mr. Bingly, when you've done embracing Emily, I'll trouble you to come down stairs, when I shall again tell you to go home; but this time to comfort your wife with the news of a recovered son and a happy marriage; and above all, with that best of all joys—the consciousness that, amidst much tribulation, you have been able to attain to the high and holy attribute of unqualified forgiveness"—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

THE WORLD.

BY TYRO.

Oh! heed it not; it's witty, slanderous tongue
Will mar thy prospects, be they e'er so fair;
Nor faults of age, nor foibles of the young,
Was the false demon ever known to spare.
The good, the great, the virtuous, and the wise
Provoke it's enmity each passing hour;
Court not the fitting shadow, but despise
It's fell attempts, and laugh to scorn it's power.
Perehance it may assail thee in the form
Of friendliness, and when thou deem'st all still,
Over thy head will burst the dreadful storm,
Whose vengeful lightnings never fail to kill,
Conciliate it not: it's very praise
Is but a glimmering light, that flickers and decays.

THE FORTUNES OF AN ORPHAN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is at once capable of being the most satisfactory and unsatisfactory of all reading. The man who tells his own tale of necessity speaks as much of sentiment as of action,—of thought as of incident. He looks into his own heart as well as upon the outer world of men and appearances. To him the feelings within are as much facts as the realities without. The passing thought, the shade of suspicion, the working of passion, the strivings of ambition—of which none are conscious but himself,—are to him events to be written down. This has its advantages and disadvantages. All men's thoughts are worth knowing, but we can only bear to hear them when they are well and judiciously told.—Some of the feelings of all are so common that they only require to be glanced at, and our own experience fills up the outline. Others are so mysterious that he who experiences them can only indicate them, and ought not to attempt to do more. A master mind feels all this, and makes autobiography the best of fiction. Common-place minds elaborate everything and make it tedious. Minds which range between do a little of both; and of this character is the mind which has produced Francis Croft, an autobiography. Yet, in the main, it is a good story, or we should not epitomize it for our readers. In doing so, we shall necessarily leave out the prosy, and gathering the most attractive of the material, touch gently upon those portions which appear to us to spring from false doctrines of life.

Francis Croft is an orphan almost from the time when memory presents the child to the man. He tells us, as he gathered it in after life, that his mother was the daughter of a widow who kept a circulating library in a country town. The widow afterwards married one Mr. Ragge, a veterinary surgeon, of whom more hereafter. The daughter, who used to carry books to and fro between the library and customers, filled her head with scraps by the way, and out of the fragments, patched up a life of romance for herself! On one of these errands she met Francis Croft's father; he was a clerk in a mercantile house, recruiting his health by a holiday. The acquaintance, which began in romance-reading by the wayside, ended as romances generally do, in marriage. The first result was Mr. Francis Croft, the hero of the autobiography.

He gives us pleasantly enough those early reminiscences of childhood, which most men remember in the far-off cloud-like region of the morning of life. The pleasant old house, with his pale, studious father, and mild, quiet mother; the little sister coming into the world—the little cot in the corner by the fire place, the sick mother,—the room hushed into quietness, and the child-like wonderment about all

the observances which hover about the grand mystery of birth, when another being comes into the world. Other reminiscences, too, he has, still more faint, of trouble coming into the quiet home,—how, he does not understand,—of his father being without employment, reserved and melancholy; and another scene, yet more indistinct, of a weeping woman crouching at his father's feet, and praying to be spared from grief and disgrace.

Then he recollects that his father made up his mind to go abroad to some mercantile appointment in South America,—the breaking up of home—the tears at parting with familiar scenes and objects,—the packing up for the voyage,—the cart at the door loaded with trunks,—his mother and his little sister among them. Just at the moment up rides Mr. Ragge, talked of bad times, as selfish men do talk to excuse his not helping the departing family; but prompted by one of those indefinable impulses, which selfish men often feel, offered to adopt Francis upon the spot, with the promise, which might mean so much, or so little, of “doing something for him.” Francis recollects his father's speechless sorrow as he mutely accepts the offer,—the fearful kisses which were his good-by to his family,—the old silver watch, taken from his father's pocket, and transferred to his own, as a last token,—the cart jolting off, and his running after it till he fell down with child-like sorrow and anger, and determination not to be left behind,—concluded by Mr. Ragge's riding after him and bringing him back to a sense of his situation by a cut of his whip.

Then follows some years of such life as many children experience, in the household of Ragge. That gentleman performs his promise of “doing something” for Francis, by handing him over to the old housekeeper as a drudge, to help about the house. But better things than that befall Francis. He was—perhaps in a moment of compunction on the part of Mr. Ragge—sent to an evening school, and afterwards, by some influence of Mrs. Bennett, the wife of the clergyman, and a friend of his mother's, to a good day-school, where he made rapid progress. But at last Mrs. Bennett died, without—as Mr. Ragge expected she would—leaving Francis anything, and then fortune changed again. Francis, now about thirteen, became in the eyes of Mr. Ragge and his housekeeper, and sundry old cronies of the veterinary surgeon, a sort of vagabond, and the end of it was, that his grandfather by marriage kicked him out of doors one morning, telling him to go and seek his fortune in London, on a basis of three half-crowns and the silver watch given him by his father—he said Ragge spreading a report in the neighbourhood that Frank had feloniously appropriated such watch and then decamped.

We can only glance at Francis's parting with his old playmate, Jack Barnes, the son

of a neighboring farmer. Jack is a sort of juvenile rustic hero—one of those boys found in most country villages; leading all the other boys—ready to fight his own battles, or anybody else's—foremost in robbing orchards, and taking his full share in case of discovery—one of those lads of whom old ladies, shaking their heads, sagely prophesy a bad end, but who too often defy prophecy by virtue of the healthy energy of their character, and the good heartedness which lies below it. Jack Barnes walks with Francis as far as the second milestone—the two planning visions of future greatness, to be realized in London; and then producing from his shoe—his pockets, lacerated by tops and marbles, being an unsafe treasury—all his stock of money—a shilling—entreats his playmate's acceptance of it by throwing it down and running away crying.

Frank goes on to other scenes—walks forward to London without much idea of how far it is. Here meeting a landlady who makes a fearful inroad on his purse by a charge of eighteen for ale and bread and cheese—there falling in with another who, out of pity for the boy, gives what he needs, and adds a little to his small stock of silver besides. When he nears London, Frank—as heroes of romance always, and boys in rural life sometimes do—meets a benefactor. At a wayside inn he sees a pale gentleman. This gentleman draws from him his history, his hopes, and his capabilities—the latter consisting of some knowledge of Homer and Virgil—smiles at his enthusiasm—gives Frank his address in London, where he is to be found in a fortnight, and lends the boy a guinea, taking his watch, more as a guarantee for seeing him again, than as a pledge for the repayment of the money. Golden dreams open upon Frank, and after the strange gentleman, Mr. Strangford, leaves the inn, he walks about the lanes, and is robbed by a man and woman of all he has. But Mr. Strangford, he finds, has paid for his place on the London coach, and Frank—hope rising above grief for his loss—goes on to that dream-land of young rascals.

The coach arrives,—Frank stands upon the step of a London inn, stunned with the novelty and the desolateness of his situation; he attracts the notice of the coachman. Where is he going? Frank does not know. The coachman knows a “nice quiet house,” kept by a friend of his, where Frank may board and lodge on moderate terms. But he has no money. Well, that does not matter. (Coachee has picked up something of Mr. Strangford's intention to help Frank); he can have credit. So Frank is installed into the “nice quiet house.” Frank young as he is, does not like the house: there is something in the black eyes of the fat, rosy landlady,—something in the aspect of the customers,—something in the basely-furnished dirty attic where he is to

sleep—in the whole air of the place, in fact—which repels him without his understanding it. Those who know what a low London public house of doubtful character is, will understand it well enough. Frank makes an acquaintance of a fellow-lodger, a seedy, courteously impudent, slang-talking man—a Mr. Pratt, easily recognised by those who are cognizant of life as one of the adventurers with whom London swarms; black-leg adventurers, sometimes up in the world, and successful at the gaming-table—sometimes down, and hiding in back garrets. Pratt treats the boy as a man; inaugurates him into life at a bachelors' party in Pratt's squalid room; introduces him to a South American, Colonel Price, and a doubtful-looking hook-nosed Irishman, Cornelius Joy. The boy cannot play at cards with the worthy trio, for he has no money; so he looks on and drinks the gin-and-water, which is plentiful. Frank has no proper character of his own yet, but he has that which makes or breaks a man—as often one as the other—a craving after excitement; after he has drunk a certain quantity, the longing of the gambler comes on him; he clutches at the cards; he wants them to lend him five shillings “to try his luck.” They laugh at him, and the boy drinks again, is carried to bed he knows not how, and wakes next morning ill.

Pratt is at his bedside, the fellow has a scheme in which he means to make Frank an instrument; he tells him a romance, which he calls his life,—a romance of pleasure, wealth, and love. Frank knows what love is already,—not personally, but sympathetically, through Jack Barnes, who had a sweetheart named Dolly; and he has all the curious boyish vanity so common among youths in the matter of the tender passion. Pratt's tale interests him:—the fellow has loved a respectable girl, and been loved by her; but her friends have taken her out of his way,—she is at the house of a country schoolmaster. Pratt intends to pass off Francis as his son; to take him to the school; to leave him with a note to Cornelia, and plan an elopement. Frank has not fallen into untruthfulness yet,—he objects to the deception; but the wily man of the world beats down his scruples, and tempts him with the romance. The father is to be dropped for the guardian, and Pratt, out of some of those mysterious resources known only to the hangers-on upon life, finds respectable clothes for himself and his young accomplice.

They go to the school: Frank interests the good old schoolmaster—one of the simple, benevolent, wise men, so fit to teach boys—by the recital of his real story up to the time of meeting Mr. Strangford. Pratt personates Mr. Strangford, who is known to the schoolmaster by his literary reputation, and Frank is left with a note to Cornelia, the object of Pratt's stratagem. Frank's heart does somewhat smite

him for the part he is playing, but he sees Cornelia in the schoolmaster's family, pale and melancholy; he thinks she is so because of her separation from Pratt, and romance reassures him. He finds an opportunity to deliver the note, and Cornelia conceals it; but at night she comes to his bedroom, and then, from her grief and reproaches, he learns that she no longer loves Pratt; that she voluntarily conceals herself from him: that he holds her reputation in his power, and is persecuting her for the sake of the money she is entitled to.—There is a revulsion of feeling in Frank's heart,—that is a lesson of life; he hates Pratt, he would do anything to help Cornelia. She bids him be still and silent, and goes to attend the appointment at the garden gate, which the note bids her keep. He follows her stealthily,—finds that Pratt endeavours to carry off his unwilling victim by force—helps her to resist,—raises an outcry, and at the approach of others, Pratt makes off. The wretched Cornelia flies back to the house, and with terror and shame, and before any can follow dashes herself from the window on to the stones below, where she is found dead.

We can imagine the grief and horror of Frank, who feels himself a murderer. We can imagine, too, his conscience-stricken shame, when the good schoolmaster draws from him the truth, and leaves him locked in the room to feel as those who accuse themselves of the crime of murder do feel. He cannot stay there—his thoughts will not let him; he escapes from the window and runs, he knows not, cares not, where, so that it be away. He passes houses, longing to go in and ask for shelter, but dares not; he feels, young as he is, all that isolation from his kind, that a sense of crime produces upon a heart not trained to wrong by gradual downward steps. He has the conscience of a Cain within him, and that makes a mark always upon the brow, which, if not seen by others, is felt by self. The night passed away; the rain went, and the sun rose brightly. As the day advanced, the tired wanderer was dragging wearily along a road leading to a village; passing a house, the garden-gate opened, and a gentleman on horseback dashed out; Frank heard a cry to stand aside, then felt a blow, and when his consciousness returned, was on a sofa in a room attended by a tall, handsome, foreign lady, while a beautiful little girl, with wondering, pitying eyes, stood by.

That house was for some years Frank's home. Why he knew not. He told his tale, and somehow it was understood that he must stay there, and, without being able to account for it, he came to feel as though he had a right to be there. There were more mysteries about the house than that; in fact there was little else but mystery. Mr. Marston, the master of the house, was a mystery. He had been a South American merchant; that was all that

was known. Living sumptuously, he avoided acquaintance with the neighbouring gentry.—Seemingly without any reason for anxiety, there was always the shadow of gloom over him or near him. He had books in plenty, but was superficial in his knowledge, and at times drank to excess. The author makes the mistake of supposing that drunkenness is the constant attendant upon crime; it probably is where crimes are committed by men of weak natures, but strong-minded men are often inured by wrong into endurance, and nerved by it into sobriety. Mr. Marston, however, was a weak man. Very different was his wife—the foreign lady—Camilla. Those who have read Bulwer's *Lucrètia* will be able to estimate her character properly: beautiful, but of a beauty one shrinks from with a sense of danger in the fascination; proud, haughty, passionate, and enduring; a sensual, earthy, spirit, with a love only for one, and that one her husband—a love violent, passionate, boundless,—a love capable of any wrong to shield its object,—the love of the tigress for her young rather than like human affection. On her too was the gloom which affected Marston. Olympia, the little girl, was not their child: she also was only adopted as Francis was; why, when, where, or how, they only knew. To both the boy and the girl Marston was kind, while Camilla seemed only to endure them for his sake. Frank and Olympia became as brother and sister. They studied together, they played together, and Frank relapsed into childhood. We hardly know how to reconcile this to probability, but so it is in the story. Frank was a sharp boy of fourteen. He had felt romance, he had tasted excitement, he had suffered grief and fear. All these develop the mind rapidly, yet he became a contented child, the playmate of a girl of ten.

We must take a few incidents from this strange life. One day a visitor came—a visitor who evidently caused anxiety to both Mr. Marston and Camilla. It was Cornelius Joy, the hook-nosed Irishman, the accomplice of Pratt. He and Francis recognized each other. What could he want? Neither the boy nor the girl could understand. They had, however, felt the mystery of that house and made romance of it, and with that mystery they somehow connected Cornelius Joy. When they were sent out of the room, after dinner, they whispered their suspicions; they watched—they overheard Camilla, though in indefinite words, inciting Marston to murder Joy. They heard him say, "No, not in his house." They saw Joy go away, apparently drunk, and heard Camilla instigate Marston to follow him, and they clung round the man whom the beautiful fiend was tempting, and prevented his going out. Camilla felt that they suspected something, and set to work to ascertain what. But Frank had learned to be cautious, else the South Ameri-

can would have smothered suspicion in death.

Cornelius paid a second visit: on that occasion, shortly after he arrived at the house, Frank and Olympia found George Ashburn, a lad about Frank's age, lying on the grass, where he had been struck down from his horse by a robber. His description of his assailant pointed to Cornelius Joy, and when they took George Ashburn to the house, Cornelius, who was there, escaped to avoid recognition. What could be the connection between Mr. Marston and such a man? All Frank and Olympia could divine was, that Cornelius possessed some secret by which he extorted money from Mr. Marston.

Another episode. Two ladies came on a visit, one old, the other—Julia—young and beautiful. Camilla hated them. She looked on the younger as a possible rival. Olympia overheard her say that it was another scheme of Lacy's. Who was Lacy? Frank was now eighteen, and the beautiful, bold Julia made an impression on his heart; but when he declared his love, she laughed at him—told him if he knew her by and by he would be thankful to her for doing so, and the two ladies shortly after went away.

The incident to which we have already referred, of the attack upon George Ashburn, led to an intimacy with the family, and that in its turn led to two love affairs; one between Frank and a cousin of George's—a light flirtation, begun and ended without much sorrow; another, more serious, between George and Olympia, now grown into a beautiful girl. George is the type of a modern young man of the world. Well-educated, liberal in sentiment, courteous in manner, moral in appearance—he is a libertine; and as soon as Frank sees indications of that, he forbids his attentions to Olympia, and extracts from her a promise not to see her again for a year. Frank has a right to do this, for Mr. Marston has confessed to him that Olympia is his sister. When his father and mother went to South America, taking his sister, the ship was wrecked, as Frank knew already, and believed all to have been lost; but he learns from Mr. Marston that the little girl was saved and adopted by him. What mystery is it that links the Marstons to him and his sister? That Frank cannot fathom.

Frank is now nineteen, and Mr. Marston decides that he is to begin life for himself. What profession will he choose? He has made up his mind already—the profession of literature. So he starts to London again with £100 in his pocket. There have been many sketches of literary life, and the author of *Francis Croft* paints the dark side of the picture. The ardent hopes of young aspirants—the difficulty of finding employment—the struggles which pave the way of the *littérateur*. We pass over this—over the half love-

making of the susceptible Frank with the lodging-house keeper's husband-seeking daughter—over a glimpse of Julia Litton, who is a London courtesan. The records of degradation are full of such lives as this of Julia's—lives which may not be lightly touched on, but of which society must hear more yet, ere the causes of them are struck at. Out of an interview with Julia, Frank visits a pawnbroker to redeem some pledges, and there he meets his old friend of the inn, Mr. Strangford.

As Frank stands in one of the narrow boxes of the pawnbroker's shop, a voice arrests his attention in the other, and he sees his father's watch offered in pledge. The pledger is Mr. Strangford. Frank rushes after him, accosts him, and renews their old acquaintance. They become friends. This gives the author another opportunity of delineating literary life; and he shows us a man who, though talented, has learned nothing upon which he can depend—a gentleman without resources, broken in health, unfit to work, unable to rest, wearing out the remnant of life, finishing a novel, so that he may leave his wife and daughter something at least before he dies. It is a sad story, of which we shall have more to say presently. Mr. Strangford does die before his book is finished. Mrs. Strangford soon follows him, and Frank marries their daughter, who is left without a friend. He is prompted more by pity than by love, though Mary is both beautiful and lovable. Like many of the daughters of literary men in real life, however, she is uneducated, and Frank has an idea in which intellect as well as beauty plays its part.

Through Mr. Strangford, Frank has become acquainted with two city merchants, partners, Mr. Kempzie, and Stirling, his nephew. The nephew and Frank become friends. The uncle, too, is attached to him, though in a strange way. He appears as though he was sensible of having wronged Frank, and anxious to make reparation. The why Frank cannot comprehend. This Mr. Kempzie is an extraordinary character,—powerfully drawn. He is kind, generous, benevolent—but a monomaniac. He has lost his wife early in life in consequence of the faults of others, and grief and the desire of revenge has unhinged his mind. At the time of Frank's marriage Olympia is in danger. Lacy, of whom we have heard before, is at Mr. Marston's, and Olympia is to be forced into a marriage with him. Mr. Marston is unwilling, but for some reason afraid to refuse. Camilla urges on the sacrifice, as a means of averting some mysterious danger. Olympia invokes Frank's aid to save her. He goes down; finds Lacy to be his old tempter Pratt, backed by Cornelius Joy and the South American, Colonel Price. He is set at defiance, and forced to leave without seeing his sister. He returns to consult Mr. Dempzie, and then

the *dénouement*—a very complicated one—begins.

Marston is really Mr. Bennett, the son of the friend of Frank's mother. This Bennett was formerly a clerk in the same house as Frank's father. Mr. Kempzie was one of the partners. Bennett had forged on the house to such an extent as to cause its bankruptcy; and in grief for her husband's fall, Mrs. Kempzie had sickened and died. Frank's father had been accused of complicity in the crime, but of that he was innocent. He did, however, screen the criminal and aid his escape, for which Mr. Kempzie never forgave him; and by preventing him from obtaining employment, forced him to leave the country. That weeping woman, whom Frank remembered at his father's feet, was Mrs. Bennett, imploring that her son might not be given up to justice. This explained the link which connected Mr. Marston with Frank and Olympia. This was the secret, the possession of which gave Pratt and his accomplices a hold over Marston. Mr. Kempzie took advantage of Frank's information to set the officers of justice after Marston; and when he escaped from them Olympia was rescued from her perilous position.

For the rest of the details we must refer the reader to the book itself. How Olympia, a high minded woman, became first an inmate in the house of her brother, then a governess; how Marston, hunted by Kempzie, was driven to suicide, at the instigation of Camilla; how Frank found his wife worthy of love, and won from her that affection which he had at first lost by his want of sympathy; how Stirling won Olympia, after overcoming barriers which his own suspicious nature set up between him and the high-souled beauty; how Frank, abandoning the uncertain pursuit of literature, became Stirling's partner, as a merchant in Italy,—paying before he went, a farewell visit Jack Barnes and his former sweetheart—since wife—Dolly, and confronting and confounding Mr. Ragge, would take more space to tell in detail than we can spare. Enough to say that the autobiography of Francis Croft ends happily, and the young olive branches clustering round his table are never likely to endure the struggles he has passed through.

Altogether *Francis Croft* will rank high among the novels of the year, notwithstanding that there is here and there a want of connection in its construction, and probability in its development; but we must put in our protest against the author's estimate of literary life. True, there are such examples as that of Mr. Strangford, but there are many which tell a far different tale. In literature, as in other pursuits, the great prizes are few, and those who do not gain them must be content to stand on the same level as other workers. They must practice prudence, and work hard: but that is only what the great mass of men are

forced to do. They have no special cause to repine which is not shared by thousands. They cannot expect to be exempt from common ills and struggles. It is not the part of a friend to tell them to be discontented. The world does not use them worse than it does other men; and so far from their needing State help, or charity, they only need to be fit for the task they are called on to execute, and to depend boldly and hopefully on themselves, to make their position as comfortable and honorable as it is necessary and useful.

W O M A N ' S L O V E .

BY TYRO.

O! 'tis a sacred, pure, and holy light,
Not like the ardent, overpowering blaze
Of the meridian sun's refulgent rays,
But rather like the moonbeam, pale yet bright,
That holds its sway throughout the weary night,
And penetrates the thick and gloomy haze
Of brooding darkness:—would these humble lays
Could picture forth fair woman's love aright.
Oh! 'tis a web, spun with the nicest art,
Which, rightly used, no force has power to sever;
But trifle with it, and you rend apart,
Its thread of magic structure,—and for ever!
Reader, whoe'er thou art,—is it thy lot
This treasure to possess,—abuse it not.

THE WAISTS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

The unnatural length and ridiculous smallness of their waists baffle description. "A waist that could be spanned" is an English metaphorical expression used in a novel, but it is an American fact; and so alarming does it appear to an Englishman, that my first sentiment, on viewing the phenomenon, was one of pity for unfortunate beings who might possibly break off in the middle like flowers from the stalk, before the evening concluded. No less extraordinary is the size of the ladies' arms. I saw many which were scarce thicker than moderate-sized walking-sticks. Yet, strange to say, when these ladies pass the age of forty, they frequently attain an enormous size. The whole economy of their structure is then reversed, their wrists and arms becoming the thickest parts of the body. Here is a subject worthy the contemplation of the ethnologist. How comes it to pass that the English type—which I presume has not, in every case, been so affected by the admixture of others as to lose its own identity—how comes it to pass, I say, that the English type is so strangely altered in a few generations? I have heard various hypotheses: amongst others, the habits of the people—the dry climate. The effect of the latter on a European constitution would have appeared to me sufficient to account for the singular confirmation, if I had not been persuaded by natives of the country, that the small waist is mainly owing to tight-lacing. This practice, it is said, is persevered in to an alarming extent; and if report be true, it is to be feared that the effects will be felt by future generations to a greater degree than they are at present.

OF THE MISTAKE THAT ANYTHING
CAN BE WRITTEN "WITHOUT SOME
LOVE IN IT."

"No scandala against Queen Elizabeth," retorts the lover of Sheridan, as he re-reads our heading. No; rest assured, I am not going to talk about Queen Elizabeth, but there will be some love in this chapter.

I never wrote a regular novel, but I have read enough to know, that if there was not a little morsel of *la belle passion* thrown into the narrative of even an older man than myself, no one would believe it to be genuine. It would be set down as the cold, set scribbling of some penny-a-liner, who had never got beyond catching the eye of the speaker, or parliamentary reform. Even the highly respectable aristocratic novel,—in which nothing less than a baronet, and nobody with less than thirty thousand pounds can be introduced—is obliged to comply with the universal law, "which makes the world go round," and which makes not a few heads, old and young, go round too.

I do suspect (now that I know that it was so) that I have seen Flora blush now and then and look fidgety, without any particular reason, and I do believe that she and Maria Darlington have been more together of late than usual, and that she has left off teasing Maria about Tom Heywood. What an ass I was!—but a man never sees what is passing under his very nose. His experience must be brought, like the fashion of his coat, from a distance.

I was sitting in my office this morning, enjoying a virtuous indignation epistle from a dean and chapter, who were making a virtue of refunding certain moneys which they had been compelled, by popular indignation and honest opposition, to give up to the right owners, when a clerk announced that a young gentleman wished to speak to me, at the same time presenting a card bearing the name of Mr Charles Derry. I recollected the name at once; he was an acquaintance of Tom's, and had met us rather frequently of late at different parties, and had even called several times. The girls had always told me when he did so,—but, strange to say, he always managed to call when I was out.

On entering, he made several apologies for the intrusion, and having satisfied him that none were necessary, I inquired to what cause I owed the pleasure of his visit.

It is unnecessary to state that it was an affair "of the utmost importance to his whole future happiness." I wondered I had never guessed something, or how I had been so silly as to suppose that my little ladies would see other people making love, and getting married, and not themselves feel some anxiety to quit the parent nest. Was there to be no love, by way of episode, in *their* history, as well as in as in that of others,—my own included?

He was a nice, manly young fellow, and though I could not help smiling at his enthusiasm, I thought of my early flame Fanny, and hoped that it was no flesh-wound, or skin-graze (Flora is terribly pretty though I know I should not say so), but an honest enduring affection. "Have you spoken to my girl on the subject?" I at length asked.—"Pooh! pooh! I knew well enough he had."

"I confess that I ventured, on two or three occasions, to address Miss Dearlove; and I dare to hope that your consent would lend weight to my wishes."

"In other words, you have her permission to ask me to give her leave to do what you have no doubt she will do," I replied, laughing. "Come, come," I added, "I know enough of these little affairs to be convinced that papas and mamas only come in as seconds in a duel of matrimony,—after the principals have fought it out themselves. Well, well, we must be plain in such a matter. What do your friends say to your intentions? And—what will you do to keep up the matrimonial happiness when you have attained it? Come, step into the inner office, where we shall not be interrupted, and we will talk over matters."

With a grateful, and by no means dissatisfied smile, he accompanied me, and we sat down by the fire.

His account of himself pleased me by its candor. Like a good many young men, he had just got enough into pecuniary embarrassments to have been obliged to "cut in" in time, and, unlike a good many other young men, he had cut in in time. He avowed himself now clear from all debt, owner of the house he lived in, and of a fair and improving share in a city business, with the respectability of which I was well acquainted. Having no one but a rather fond mamma and aunt to consult, both of whom were rather anxious to see him "settled in life," he dreaded no family obstacles to his happiness; and I did not feel disposed to be the bugbear to his hopes. "Very well," I said, "come and sup with us at half-past nine this evening, and we will see about it. There, that will do," I added, doubtless cutting short a most eloquent expression of thanks, "I must fill up those forms of application," and I began writing my own signature most vigorously,—an act which, to say the truth, forms the principal business of a senior partner.

I go home full of schemes for teasing Flo (as we call her) into a confession, and, as good fortune will have it, she runs to open the door to me. I am earlier than usual. Did the puss think that it was—not I? But I keep my countenance, and kiss her and the other girls just as if nothing had happened.

Though I am not old enough for the high-comedy grandfather, I really feel very like Mr. W. Farren as I chuckle over my dinner. "By the way, my dear," I suddenly say to my wife,

"I want a little bit of something nice for supper at half-past nine. A young friend of mine is coming in."

"Tom Heywood, as usual, I suppose?" says Bessy, looking at Maria Darlington. "Old Mrs. Roper asked me the other day whether he lived here!"

"No, not Tom Heywood." I replied laconically, dividing the body of a teal; "perhaps," I added, "Flora can tell you."

Poor Flo, she is quite taken aback. She looks so pretty and so anxious at the same time, that even if I were inclined for a small display of impromptu private theatricals, I could not look angry. "Come here, sly hoots," is all I can say; but I see that Flo doesn't care about any more dinner. "Dear, kind papa!" she says, as a tear or two drops on my cheek; "I thought you could not be angry."

To say how happy and how mysterious my wife and daughters are on the occasion, and how little Flo laughs when she has got over the first touch of conscience and modesty,—to say how happy I feel in having children who can trust me,—would keep supper waiting longer than my readers would care about. Everybody is in the kitchen except Flora and myself, and we are talking as—it is a pity father and child do not talk more frequently.

At length comes a double knock, and, despite of some highly proper blushing, etc. etc. I send Flo to open it. If Charles Derry believes in "hard-hearted fathers" after this, I shall set him down as an infidel, capable of anything, from the toe-and-heel polka to high treason.

We are a happy trio, for Charles has spent all the afternoon in drawing up a clear statement of his affairs, and taken as a whole, the young couple may hold up their heads with confidence. Besides there is a good balance in my account at Farquhar and Herries.

My wife always comes out strong on great occasions, and this evening's supper is decidedly a great occasion. How so many light, nice, digestible nick-nacks could be got together in so short a space of time, I cannot tell; but Emily mischievously whispers that it is "to give the future Mrs. Derry a lesson."

The time is spent very pleasantly, and runs on very fast. Tom Heywood, who has, of course, dropped in, is paying Maria more attention than ever, and by-and-by informs me that he is going seriously to work, and intends also going to church on the same day as Charles Derry. He makes a wretched joke about "hunting in couples," but I am in too good a humour not to laugh.

What desperate arrangements for going to all sorts of places! The weather is fine, and out-door amusements are just beginning to be agreeable. Besides, such charming small gallantries about carrying parasols and reticules,—such polite anxieties about avoiding damp feet,—and such charming convenience for mia-

sing the rest of your party, and yet always unaccountably meeting them when it is time to go home! I see plainly that the next few days will not be the most industrious of the whole year, and so I gave a general *carte blanche*, resolving to fill up some rather heavy arrears of business, and to look over my money concerns generally.

All I can say is, that if Bessy and Emily follow their sister's example, I shall not be mistaken again!

F A S H I O N .

Who makes the fashion? because I cannot believe that there is any profound reason for my trowsers being cut straight this winter, when they lapped a little over the foot a year ago. Nor do I fancy there is any especial mystery in the fact that the skirts of my street-coat must now hang to the calves of my legs, when last year they scarcely fell below my waist. What would induce my cousin Maude to receive visitors this morning in the costume of my grandmother's portrait? Yet it is much more simple and picturesque than anything Maude will wear. The only reason she can give is, that it is "out of fashion." Who put it out? And who, from time to time, continues to put "out of fashion" what is graceful and picturesque, and to put "in fashion" very graceless and clumsy contrivances? The other day my aunt Jane entertained the little folk who came to tea with Clara by coming down in her bridal hat. There was one burst of laughter from young and old. "You may laugh," said aunt Jane, smiling, "but when I went to church after my marriage, in that hat, I assure you it was the envy and despair of the whole town; and, by next Sunday, the church was full of all kinds of imitations of it." When the little people came to take leave of aunt Jane, she said to them, "keep the bonnets you are wearing to-night for twenty years, and then you will laugh as heartily at them as you do at my bridal hat to-night." Should we not?

Not many years ago our mothers all wore leg-of-mutton sleeves—stiff, starched, clumsy wings, opposed to every feeling of propriety and sense of beauty. Then came the sleeves puffed about the shoulder and upper part of the arm. Aunt Jane, I remember, used to wear under-sleeves, or circular cushions stuffed with down or feathers, or something else, to make the puff of the outer sleeve sufficiently prominent; they used to sit in these deformed dresses, and laugh by the hour over Queen Anne's hoops and heels, and the Chinese coiffure of Louis XIV.'s ladies. And to-day at dinner, as cousin Maude held her plate for a cut of roast turkey, and dipped her falling-lace under-sleeve into a dish of gravy, and then dragged it over the tablecloth, she was shouting with laughter at the idea of my mother in

those other sleeves. Maude hates the Bloomers, because they are contemporary, but merely derides the high heels and short skirts of earlier days. This she did vehemently one day last week, as I escorted her up the College Avenue, and, at the same moment, her skirts were sweeping the mud and filth of the street, to the great saving of the scavenger's salary, but, unhappily, to the great disgust of every decent person. "My dear coz," Maude says to me, "one must be in the fashion." "But who makes it?" inquire I desperately. "Don't be a fool, John," she replies, and from this pious devotee I can get no other account of the goddess.

If Claude Fay, who is a lover of my cousin Maude's, wished to secure her favour, would he be likely to array himself in a "green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk," or a "Queen's blue dress suit," or "a half-dress suit of tatten, lined with satin," or even a "pair of silk stocking breeches, and another pair of a bloom-color?" Yet Oliver Goldsmith doomed all this gear to win the smiles of the Jessamy Bride.

Uncle Solomon and his set were great judges of wine. At least, they said so, and I know that they were great drinkers. I dined often at uncle's table and saw much of the set.—They savor at Madeira. Sherry was a thin, woman's wine; and they quaff'd foaming glasses of sparkling ruby liquor. This was ten years ago. The next time I dined with Uncle Solomon, I spoke of French wines, and German and Italian wines. They were damned directly. They were "stuff," and "execrable," and "woman's wine," and many other disagreeable things. Madeira was the wine for a man. "Amen," thundered Crabtree, but broke off suddenly, smarting with a twinge of the gout. "Claret is your gouty wine," cried Uncle Sol. "Your Rhenish is vinegar," said another guest. "And your Italian wines muddy, sweetened water," added a very rich gentleman at the foot of the table.

Uncle Sol and his set were fairly entitled to their opinion, and might drink what wine they preferred. But why this monstrous contempt and commiseration for other tastes than theirs? Are not sweet Tokay and the Rhenish wines the wines of history and poetry? Would Horace have exchanged a single sip of his exquisite Falernian for a tun of such lava? Was the wine of Cyprus, which old Crabtree pishes at as a cordial, ever drunk by modern traveller without emotion? To hear Uncle Sol and his set, you would have fancied that no one ever drank wine with understanding, until this blessed club of diners-out met for the purpose. It imposed upon me for a long time, and I had a secret pity for men who did not believe in Madeira. But I presently crossed the sea myself, and discovered what good wine was. I drank the pure vintage of the Rhine, and the Danube, and the Arno, the Sicilian

shore, and the broad fields of France; and tasted the grape and its blossom, the sun, the country, and the climate, in each wine I quaffed. Well, when I came home after six years' absence, I dined one day with the remnant of the old set. Six years had swept away much prejudice and much wine. I found them drinking claret, Rhenish, and sherry, to a man. There was a bottle of very old Madeira introduced as a curiosity, and every man took a thimblefull. But "the staple tipple," as Claude Fay calls it, was light wine. "Light wine's all the go now, my boy," said Uncle Sol. "Why?" said I. "Oh! I don't know; it's the fashion. We don't swig and guzzle as we used to do," replied he.

This seems very ridiculous. Are we mere puppets which this magician Fashion moves at will? Are we lay-figures only, draped by this capricious fairy? "I will not submit," cried I, "'tis unmanly. Peach-bloom breeches are as good as my grey trowsers. I will be bold, I will be free, I will be——"

"Out of the fashion, if you dare," said Claude Fay, who heard me. And was he not right again? Is it not easier to stretch the truth a little, than to wear a high black-satin stock? Yet that was the top of fashion when the first gentlemen in Europe wore it. Show me a man bold enough to be out of fashion, not for a freak, or a bet, or for an occasion, but, if you choose to say so, upon principle, and I will show you a hero. We none of us like it. We like to have our hats and boots and waistcoats in the fashion. We are averse to having our wives and daughters—how much more our mistresses—say—, "oh! how old-fashioned."

'Tis fashion that makes cowards of us all. A belle's face in the bonnet of a score of years since, was like a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle. Now it stands forth from her bonnet, like the rose bursting from the bud. I consider that we are the gainers. But I am not very turbulent in my joy, for I wonder whether the next freak will not be to cover the face with the oriental Yashmak, leaving one eye only to beam soft splendour through that terrible eclipse. It is Fashion that rules us, not taste, not beauty, not the becoming, nor the picturesque.

They who know how to give have gained the portal; they who know how to deny have entered the temple.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothes and money.

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for denying themselves nothing.

An air on the bagpipes always reminds one of a tune tied to a post.

Reason, like the sun, shows what is under it, but nothing above it.

Antiquity can no more privilege an error, than novelty prejudice a truth.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. IX.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

HUMOURS OF HOLY EVE.

AMONG the few old customs that have been introduced into our colony by the Irish and Scotch settlers, Holy Eve is one that is still kept up, not only among the lower class of emigrants, but also among those who occupy a higher order in society, more especially among the Irish, whose genuine love of fun and frolic has always distinguished them from their more sober-minded and less excitable neighbors of England. Christmas is the Englishman's national holiday, from the peasant's cot to the earl's castle, but Holy Eve and Yule or New Year's Eve are the great days observed by the Irish and Scotch; these are days that enliven the young and cheer the hearts of the old, bringing back again to them joys long since past—kindling former smiles again

"In faded eyes that long had wept."

Reason may laugh and ascetics frown, and yet I question if any one is the worse for such meetings and relaxations from the cares and sorrows of life; even Solomon says there is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep and mourn.

The humours of Holy Eve were quite new to me before I came to Canada, for, living in an easterly angle of the isle of Great Britain, I had mingled with neither the Irish nor Scotch, and only knew of the Holy Eve through reading Burns' humorous poem. It was during the first visit that I paid to the town of P——, then in its infancy, that I first became initiated in the merry mysteries of Holy Eve.

Arriving unexpectedly at the house of a married friend, I found her dressed with more than usual smartness, she was evidently preparing for an evening party—going out to tea, I hinted that I feared my visit was *mal à propos*.

"Cannot you take Mrs. T—— with you, my dear," asked her husband, "Mrs. M—— will be delighted with such an addition to her party; she will meet some of her friends there—we can take such liberties in Canada, and it is Holy Eve."

I had no objection; I was sure to be well received, but I had a baby, a weaned baby of only a few months old,—it would be troubled some.

"Never mind; I have a good nurse who will mind it, and it will sleep well, never fear!"

Cloaks and hoods were brought, and though so early in the season the snow was falling fast, and we had to cross the high bleak hills near the bank of the river, among lofty pines and oaks that then grew on Court-house hill. I was young and full of spirits in those days,

for it is nineteen years—nearly twenty years ago, and I heeded not the stormy wind nor the snow-drift which beat in our faces, and by the time we reached the hospitable door of our Irish friend's house we were wrapped in a mantle of snow.

A hearty voice, whose cheerful much-loved tone, alas! I shall hear now no more, bade us a kindly welcome, and ushered us into the large parlor, bright with the cheerful blaze of a log fire, and gay with smiling faces of young and old, who were ranged on benches round the room for the better accommodation of so numerous a party as were there assembled. Our coming was greeted with infinite satisfaction by many a kind face, and I was soon comfortably seated among a little knot of lively laughter-loving girls, whose merry glances inspired mirth in the very gravest of the papas and mamas.

A plentiful supply of tea and coffee, cakes and preserves, were carried round by the young men, who officiated as waiters on the occasion. There must have been some thirty-five or forty guests, consisting of young men and maidens, girls and boys, with a respectable scattering of matrons and their partners. There was indeed, as the boys hinted, lots of nice girls and plenty of fun.

As soon as the tea was over a game of family coach was started, which set every one laughing and scampering for places,—forfeits were gathered in a pile in the lap of one of the elder ladies. Blindman's-buff followed, and Wilkie might have caught a few ideas had he seen the sly tricks of some of the demurest-looking of the young girls.

Then there was fishing for a wedding-ring in a bowl of porridge—it should have been sillibub, but milk or cream were rare articles in those days in our backwoods. Then there was bobbing for apples in a dish of clean water, this was of course confined to the gentlemen,—and sometimes a mischievous girl urged on by one of the older sisters would dart forward and give a sly push to the candidate for the apple and souce his head into the pan of water to the infinite enjoyment of his comrade. The one who caught the apple was, according to the augury of the wise ones, to be married before his fellows. Then came jumping for apples with hands tied behind the back of the party, the apples hung by strings from the frame of a reel such as spinner, use to wind off the yarn from the wheel; between the apples lighted candles of an inch or two in length were stuck, and the chance was as much in favor of catching a candle as an apple, as the machine swung lightly round from the ceiling to which it was suspended by a nail and a string.

One trick caused great mirth to the lookers-on, but I ween not to the luckless wight who was the subject of the joke. A forfeit was called, and a tall lad of six feet in height was

doomed to walk blindfolded three times round the room, and then sit down on a joint-stool before the kitchen fire till one of the young ladies should come to release him, and lead him back to the parlor. Three times the poor dupe was paraded between two of his friends round the kitchen to the great admiration of the giggling maid-servants, and then led to the seat, but it proved a stool of repentance; a tub of cold water covered treacherously with a bit of board so short as to give way instantly it was touched, precipitating the young man into the icy fluid; being very tall he found it no easy matter to regain his balance, and uttering execrations on the villains who had played the trick, he rose from his seat by no means a convert to the cold-water cure. One of the *humane society* present, petitioned for a dry suit and a warm blanket-coat, but it took some time to reconcile the shivering victim to the expediency of the practical joke—but it was Holy Eve and all sort of pranks were allowable, if no one was hurt no one cared, and a fiddle and a cleared floor, and Scotch reels and Irish jigs, with country dances, put all things right. The dancing in those days and in those remote places, did not then include waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles—now, even in the backwoods, these dances are alone practised by the young folks, though the reel and country dances still remains in favor with the old, who look on the familiar whirl of the waltz with an evil eye. When tired with dancing, songs were sung with skill and feeling, and eyes that before were brimful of mirth now overflowed to the touching melodies, of "Savourneen Deelish," "Mary Le Moor," and that wild old ballad so full of mournful pathos, "Mary Queen of Scots' Lament," beginning—

"From the walls of my prison I see
The birds how they wander in air,
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair."

And there were cheeks that kindled as the lays of Auld Langsyne were chorused that night by old and young, and thoughts of days gone by, and friends of early youth, came over many a heart I ween right sair that night,—then *viva la compagne* was improvised by all present, and so ended Holy Eve, 1833.

No. X.

FEMALE SERVANTS IN THE BUSH.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, their destiny obscure."

I HAVE often heard families complain of the difficulty of obtaining and retaining good female servants, especially when they first come to this country, and dwell with much bitterness on the insolent freedom of manner they experience; that while the rate of wages is nearly doubled, they are worse served than by even indifferent servants at home.

In Canada, the demand for labor has hitherto exceeded the supply, and will do so for many years to come, excepting in places where a strong tide of emigrants has poured in on account of some tempting advantage offered them, such as the carrying on of public works on an extensive scale. The servant knows her own value, and is not unnaturally disposed to take advantage of the necessities of her employer. She is, in point of fact, less dependent on her mistress than her mistress on her.

Such being the state of things, it is impossible to commence your acquaintance with your newly-hired servant by assuming an air of haughtiness, superiority over her—or putting on an attitude of defence before attack is meditated.

In a new country like this, the same order of things does not prevail as in England, and something of dignity must inevitably be ceded, if you wish to live peaceably with all men. Even servants, fresh from the comforts and conveniences of good service at home, find much cause for discontent and unhappiness when they come to Canada. The change is not less felt by them than by ourselves; they also have to learn to conform to the ways of a strange country; they also feel the bitter pangs of expatriating themselves, though they have more to gain, and less ultimately to lose, by the exchange, than we have; but their regrets for a season are often as acute. Let us, then, think of these things; let us learn to treat them as human beings, as fellow-creatures subject to like feelings of joy and sorrow as ourselves, and let them see that we do so, not because it is our worldly interest, but because we are their Christian mistresses.

Begin, then, by treating them with kindness and consideration. Servitude is at best a hard position to bear; let us endeavor by judicious kindness to lighten the yoke of bondage. Take an interest in their happiness, their general welfare; lend a patient and not unwilling ear to their little histories; for they have all something to tell of their former trials that drove them to this country, their early wanderings and troubles in the first settlement they made, the hardships, sorrows, and sicknesses they have met with.

Believe me, that much interesting matter may be thus obtained, some useful knowledge acquired, some valuable lesson of patience learned, by which your own heart may be benefitted and improved, and, what is equally valuable, a feeling of confidence established between yourself and your household servants, who feel, by these little acts of sympathy, that you do not despise them.

Truly do I subscribe to the fine sentiments of the poet, whose truth must have been felt and experienced by every one capable of feeling aright:—

Where is the heart of iron mould,
Stern, inaccessible, and cold,
That feels not, when it's proud distress
Is tamed by pity's gentleness?

Irish servants are more plentiful than English or Scotch, and you will find a marked difference between those that come from the Catholic, and those that come from the Protestant countries. The former are generally less neat in their persons and less perfect in their household work; but they are easily contented, more cheerful, good-humoured, and respectful, quick to take offence where their country or religion is sneered at, and, I might add, less trust-worthy in word; they smile and joke, and yet have a latent feeling of jealousy in their hearts if you have offended them, which is only suffered to break forth when occasion suits.

The Irish Protestants are clean, active, full of expedients and energy, more truthful and upright in their dealings, approaching nearer to the Scotch in many of their characteristics, than to their Catholic brethren or to the English. Indeed, it is often hard to distinguish, but for their tongue, the emigrants from the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland; the complexion is often fair and ruddy, and the family names also assimilate. We have Gordons, Hamiltons, Dunbars, Campbells, Macdonalds, Drummouls, and a host more of Scotch-Irish names.

Though our best servants are from amongst this class, yet from the other classes faithful and active domestics are to be found.

I had a nice, good humoured, rosy Saxen-looking English girl in my house for some months, full of practical usefulness, but with a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in her manners, that made me smile. I used to be amused by her remarks on this country, and often listened to her tales of humble life.

One day she told me the little history of the troubles that forced her father to leave his native country. He had been a blanket weaver at home, near Devizes, and when the trade became so bad that he could not live by his wages, he resumed his original occupation of laborer, and was one of the Marquis of Bath's numerous tenantry; but even here he found bread hard to earn, though Hannah, a lass of fourteen, and her mother still worked at the loom, or carded, or spun at home in the cottage, and the boys kept sheep in the commons for the farmers. Still things did not go on well, and at last they fell into arrears with the landlord, and the furniture, loom, and wheel, and all were sold for rent, by order of the steward; and so sorrow upon sorrow, and trial upon trial came, till their hearts were well-nigh broken. Just then wages were very low, and work hard to be procured, "and we could scarcely get food," said Hannah. My father was suspected of snaring hares, and there were few that did not, near us; and the overseer was savage when we

came for our weekly allowance, when father was sick and out of work. Uncle Henry had got a notion into his head sometime before, and had gone off to Canada, and he found plenty to do, and plenty to eat and drink, and good wages, and wrote to my father to come out. Well, this was not easy, for we had no money to pay his passage, and he went to the overseer, and he told him to go about his business and work, and not leave his family chargeable on the parish. Well, I cannot say how he picked up means to go, or who stood his friend, but go he did, unknown to the parish, who would not have let him off, and then came a hard time to us, for the parish folks were all angry when they found us all left on their hands, though mother and I did all we could, and so did the boys, and hard fare we had and hard times; and so a year wore over—a long, hard year it was to us. At last we got a word in a letter sent to De-vizes, that father was well, and had got land and a bit of a shanty up, and we were to go to him as soon as we could find the means. Mother, she went off to the overseer, and told him how she was wanting money to get us all out to Canada: but though the parish had to allow us something weekly to keep us alive, not one penny would they give her, to get rid of us all, and he stor-ned, and blustered, and abused father; but then mother just let him know her mind, for her blood was up, and she said he was a fool, for the family would cost more in time than what she wanted for the passage money; but he only huffed the more, and called us all vagabonds and poachers.

“Well, mother comes home in great distress. At last, a neighbor came in, and when he heard what troubles we were in, says he, ‘Why do you not go to my Lord Marquis’s steward, or to the Marquis himself?’ So mother gets up and tidies herself, and says, “Then I’ll go to his honor’s ownself,” and so she went and takes us all with her, as clean as she could make us.

Now the Marquis was at home, and he was so good as to speak to mother, and to hear all her story, and when he had heard it, he got quite savage like with the overseers, the Marquis said:—“Now, don’t tell it to I, because, he was riled like at them.”

This speech, repeated with the most earnest simplicity, almost overcame my gravity, but the Marquis gave them an order on his steward for money to take them all out, and something for sea stores. Hannah’s mother was a wise woman to tell her own tale and plead her own cause with the great man.

I forget now all the simple wondering that filled the minds of Hannah and her brothers and sisters at every thing they heard and saw in their voyage out, and up the great river St. Lawrence, and right glad were they when they met their father at Cobourg, for they had exhausted every morsel of provisions, and had

begged a few turnips at some place, to keep them alive. And when they came up through the woods nearly fifty miles, they had to journey on foot. How strange it seemed to persons accustomed to the wide open treeless downs that form so striking a feature of that portion of England from whence they had emigrated.

What a strange waste of wood and sticks and faggots, we thought it as we journeyed, and when we used to sit down to rest on our way, I used to gather up all the loose branches and pile them in little heaps on the path, and say,—“Oh mother, do’ee look here, we will come and fetch these to make fires with one day.” And then father would laugh at me, and say,—“why hunny, I have burnt more wood in one day, than we ever burnt in all our lives at home.” And how we did stare at the great log heaps that fall, and still I would think what a pity to destroy what thousands of poor creatures would go miles to fetch, to warm themselves with in England, and dare not pick a stick to light their fires out of the hedges or woods. Hedges, indeed there are few or none, for the enclosures are all of stone, not like the bowery hawthorn fences of Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex.

The old man had settled among some of his own country folks, and so they were soon visited by old familiar friends, and a short time reconciled them to the change of country, and though they had their privations and hardships, at first, they labored in hope and are now surrounded by many comforts. My little maid is at this time a careful, busy, thrifty wife, well to do in the township, with cows, and pigs, and fowls, and flocks and herds around her homestead, and three or four rosy, fat, well-clothed children, as good tempered and English as their mother. I wish the Mar-quis of Bath could see them. G. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

THE QUEEN AND ALL DEGREES.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

The Queen of merry England,
The royal and the fair
Our English-born Victoria,
For her we’ll breathe a prayer;

Oh, Queen of merry England,
Auspicious be thy reign,
And may thy glorious annals be
Unsullied by a stain.

The noblemen of England,
The bulwarks of the crown,
Whose fathers won by lofty deeds,
Their honor and renown;

Oh, noblemen of England,
Be worthy of their fame,
And let your own bright deeds adorn
The proud descent ye claim.

The gentlemen of England,
The virtuous and the free,
Who boast the happiest lot of all,
Nor high nor low degree ;
Oh, gentlemen of England,
In country and in town,
Be faithful to the people's cause,
And loyal to the crown.

The merchants of old England,
Whose honour and whose worth,
Are known in every port and mart,
Throughout the peopled earth ;
Oh, merchants of old England,
Propitious be each breeze
That homeward wafts your golden sails,
Ye princes of the seas.

The seamen of old England,
The bravest of the brave,
Who've humbled every hostile fleet,
That ever swept the wave ;
Oh, seamen of old England,
Ye'll triumph yet again,
Where'er ye bear Britannia's flag,
Along the rolling main.

The soldiers of old England,
Who fought in France and Spain,
Whose conquering might has well been
proved
On many a deathless plain ;
Ye valiant men of England,
Your swords are in the sheath,
But round your brows will ever bloom,
The fadeless laurel wreath.

The peasantry of England,
Those men of hardy mould,
Whom foreign foes have ne'er subdued,
The fearless and the bold ;
Oh, peasantry of England
Your worth is ne'er denied,
For ye have been in every age,
Your country's strength and pride.

The face of a corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

Railery is only proper when it comes with a good grace, in a manner which both pleases and instructs.

"How is it," asks a celebrated writer, "that the greatest crime and the greatest glory should be the shedding of human blood?"

Affectation of any kind is lighting up a candle to our defects.

Love, like sunbeams, being diffused, is weak and faint; but contracted to one object, is fervent and calefactory.

TOM MOOREIANA.

No. I.

[Trusting that the appetites of our readers have been whetted by the extracts which we gave in the last *Shanty* Sederunt, from Russell's Memoirs of Thomas Moore, we present them with a larger refection from the same source.—Ed. A. A.]

COMPOSING IN BED.

Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "*Crabb*" work.

It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the *fancy* of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position (which Richerand, the French physiologist, says is most favorable to thought), or more probably the removal of those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition. There is a Latin poem of M. de Valois, in which he has adduced high authorities for this practice :

"Quis nescit quantum Ausonios Græsiæque poetas, &c.
In lectis cum vernulo studuisse sedentes."

Where did he learn that Herodotus and Plato studied in bed?

VOLTAIRE'S ZADIG.

Read some of "*Zadig*" to Betsy after dinner: how good! *Zadig* "knew as much of metaphysics as has ever yet been known; that is to say little or nothing of the matter."

The great physician *Hermes*, who predicted the loss of *Zadig's* eye, and tells him, "If it had been the right eye I could have cured it, but the wounds of the left are incurable."

When *Zadig* recovered, *Hermes* wrote a very elaborate treatise to prove that he ought not to have been cured, which *Zadig* however did not think worth his perusal. *Zadig* advises the Arabians to "make a law that no widow should be permitted to burn herself till she had conversed with a young man one hour in private. The law was accordingly passed, and since that time no woman has burned herself in Arabia."

SATIRE.

Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire; it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns; and nothing but the most flourishing success can enable one to brave and laugh at all the enmity which it produces. The instant there is anything like a failure, all the stung persons are ready with their stings in return.

WOMAN'S FANCIES AND INCONSISTENCIES.

In the course of conversation with Mrs. M., remarking what odd things woman's hearts were (in reference to matters of love and gal-

lantry), she answered, "not odder than men's." But I asked her, didn't she think the restraints with which women had to struggle produce more inconsistencies in their conduct, and more fantastical fancies in their minds, than were usually observable in men. The course of the latter is like a free, unresisted current whereas the continued pressure under which the feelings of a woman lie, and the narrow channels of duty through which they are forced, produce all those multiform shoots and unexpected gushes which arise from similar causes in artificial water-works.

BENEFIT OF DANDYISM.

Story of a cart wheel going over a dandy's neck, and his being saved by the thickness of his neckcloth.

SERMON BY SHERIDAN.

Met the Bishop of Meath, and walked with him up and down Milson Street, talking of Sheridan. Told me the story about the sermon; it was at a country-house of Sheridan's (forget the name of the place; must enquire); the company there at the time, Tickell, Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe. The subject given to Sheridan at dinner on the Saturday by O'Byrne, viz, "The abuse of riches." Sheridan absent at coffee, and for the rest of the evening; and O'Byrne found the MS. by his bedside next morning, neatly tied together with ribbon. An admirable discourse, he said, though with several strange references to Scripture; such as, "It is easier, as *Moses says*, for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," &c.

LAST HOURS OF MONK LEWIS.

Lewis died of the yellow fever; very unwilling to die; all the last days exclaiming every instant, "The suspense! the suspense!" which the physician who attended him was doubtful whether he meant to allude to religious doubts, or the success of a medicine which he had taken, and on whose operation his life depended.

MUSICAL JOKE.

Dined at Power's at four o'clock, to meet Bishop. He mentioned one curious musical joke of Hadyn's, who, in composing the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has, on the last word, *stolen* a passage from Martini.

HINT TO YOUNG ORATORS.

Every young orator ought to prepare and write out his speeches; not *verbatim*, but so as to know perfectly what he is about.

A THOROUGH-BASS PUN.

Some good Latin poems of Jekyll's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the old saying, "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*"

PLEASURE.

What Lord Ellenborough said to —, the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement!" "Pleasure, Mr. —, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed," &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

Allen mentioned that one of the things which brought Burns into disgrace with his excise masters was a toast which he gave, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings." He was also accused of having called for *ça Ira* at the Dumfries theatre.

DISPERSING A MOB.

Luttrel told us about Hare, describing Tarleton, on some occasion when there was a mob collected round Devonshire House, saying to them, "My good fellows, if you grow riotous, I shall really be obliged to *talk to you.*" "Upon which (said Hare) they dispersed immediately."

CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

Went with the Dunmores and Lady Ann Hamilton to St. Paul's; a most interesting spectacle; near 12,000 children assembled in that grand church. Nothing could be more striking than their all, at the same moment, rising and veiling their faces with their aprons at the first sound of the organ and at the benediction.

A VALID REASON.

Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, &c., in the neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the *lemons*?"

QUARTERING UPON THE ENEMY.

Cornwall mentioned rather a good story of Sheridan's taking Downton's gig to come to town, while Downton, with all the patience and sturdiness of a dun, was waiting in the parlor to see him.

A PROFOUND MATHEMATICIAN.

Lord Holland told before dinner (*à propos* of something,) of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon some one saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," "Oh, I never looked at the cuts."

OVER PAYMENT.

Luttrel in good sprits, and highly amusing; told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon

receiving sixpence from 'he person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and and at last exclaimed, "By Japers, I'm *over*-paid for the job."

METICAL CRITICISM.

Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon "Lalla Rookh;" he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:

"Lalla Rookh
Is a book,
By 'Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer;
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent.

CAUTION.

Talking with Luttrell of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked what religion he was, "Me! I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what is that?" "Oh, sensible men never tell."

IRISH STORIES.

Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other; "and its rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef*." Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hog'shead of it," was answered, "No, but there's a bellyache in every glass of it." In talking of the feeling of the Irish for Buonaparte, Lattin said, that when he was last in Ireland, he has been taken to a secret part of the cabin by one of his poor tenants, who whispered, "I'll know *you'll* not betray me sir; but just look there, and tell me whether that's the *real thing*," pointing to a soi-disant portrait of Buonaparte, which was nothing more nor less than a print of Marshal Saxe, or some such ancient.

AN ABSENT MAN.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who dining once at the same shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.

A LEGAL GROAN.

Luttrell told a good phrase of an attorney's, in speaking of a reconciliation between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, "I am sorry to tell you sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties."

THE DISTRE SED POET.

We called upon Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and went afterwards to the Couturiere. Rather hard upon me to be the interpreter on these occasions; indeed, housekeeping, millinery, everything, falls upon me just now, and I fear

here is but little chance of leisure for writing; besides, there is this infernal young lady learning the pianoforte over my head.

PARISIAN DISGUST.

Bessy visited by Madame de Flahault, Lady C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Herbert, &c., &c. Lady E. Fiddling said to me, comically enough on my return from Calais, "Every one speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it."

A COMPREHENSIVE APPETITE.

Bessy and I took dear Anastasia in the evening to the theatre of M. Comte, where we saw an extraordinary old man eat whole walnuts, and a crawfish, a bird, and an eel, all alive. A *gens d'armes*, who seemed to know all about him, said that he suffered no inconvenience from any of these things, except the walnuts, which he could not digest. He swallowed also a pack of cards, his comrade accompanying it with the joke of "*Vous mangez à la carte*."

A CANNIE SCOT.

On my return found that Lord Kinnaird had been to bring back Lord B.'s "Memoirs," and Bessy had asked him to dinner. He came, and made the party very agreeable. Told us of a Scotchman who, upon being asked by a stranger the way to some place, answered, as usual, with the question of "Where do you come from?" "That's nothing whatever to you," answered the other. "Very true," replied the Scotchman, "nor is it muckle concern of mine where ye are ganging, either."

DUNNING A DUN.

Shaw, having lent Sheridan nearly £500, used to din him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of £25 to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you have now the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c., &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason: the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask *you* for five-and-twenty pounds."

MACKLIN.

When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin, had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynolds's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should

meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, &c. &c., and how proud I shall be to continue to merit," &c. &c. Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir! before you go any further, have the goodness to tell me *who* are *you*, and who is the fellow you're talking of."

TRUMPS.

Kenny told me that Charles Lamb, sitting down once to play whist with Elliston, whose hands were very dirty, said, after looking at them for some time. "Well, Elliston, if *dirty* was trumps, what a hand you would have!"

HORACE SMITH.

Smith of the "Rejected Addresses" one of the party, and was rather amusing at dinner. Mentioned a good idea some one gave of poor Skellington with his antiquity, his rouge, &c., &c., that "he was an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic." Denied being the author of the riddle about the looking-glass. Had never heard it before, but mentioned one of his own: "How would you spell the Archipelago with three letters?—Aegean Sea, *i. e. e. g. and c.*" A large party in the evening. Much against my will, I sung.

SHERIDAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE "RIVALS."

S. always said the "Rivals" was one of the worst plays in the language, and he would give any thing he had not written it.

DEVICES.

In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device, a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*," sent back a seal with a shirt on it, and the following motto, "*J'en change tous les jours*." Luttrell mentioned the open scissors with, "We part only to meet again."

ESTERHAZY.

Brown mentioned the great wealth of Esterhazy. I think £100,000 sterling a year. The condition of its tenure is, that every Esterhazy shall add £30,000 worth of jewels to the family stock; accordingly the accumulation is immense. Colonel Browne saw Esterhazy and his wife at a ball, when they each had jewels about them to the amount of £500,000.

BYRON A MISER.

Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate his store.

THE TALE OF A SCRAP.

COMMUNICATED TO "A POOR MAN,"
BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

It was late one evening, when I returned from a stroll, warned home by a shower. On retiring to my rooms, bachelors quarters, I threw off my boots and placing on my feet a pair of worsted-worked slippers, a present from my cousin, I anchored myself in an easy chair and prepared for a smoke. But where is the tobacco? Miserable creature that I am! Have I forgotten to lay in a supply for the morrow, which will be Sunday? To me, who am an inveterate smoker, the deprivation of tobacco for one day is equal to transportation; for one week, sentence of death. An effort must be made, it is not yet eleven, and perchance a stray shop or tavern will supply me.

Hastily resuming my great-coat and hat, I strode forth in my slippers, wholly forgetting the change I had made, till reminded by a soft, sloppy sound at every step I took, and feeling my feet perfectly wet. I turned into King Street, but here the gas-lamps, shone upon an empty way, and glistened in the streams of muddy water which deluged the street. Turning up Yonge street, I ran for some distance; then striking off into a narrow dirty lane, at the end of which I saw an open door from which streamed a light, and heard voices as if in boisterous merriment. On entering I found it a low grog shop; on the floor lay a being sleeping off his debauch, and in one corner, in a maudling state of drunkenness, I saw—alas! must I confess it—two fellow students, "medicos." It was from a room behind the bar that the apparent happy sounds came; what roaring, peels of laughter came through that half-closed door; and now a song breaks forth, and the voice—it is of another "medico." Fearful lest I should be discovered and pressed to join their company, for they knew I could not get off under a "horn" all round, I was about retiring when a woman, pale and haggard, yet with a meek, mild, countenance, preserving with-all a care-worn look, as if weary of suffering and uncomplaining, entered, bearing in her arms an infant child. I asked her in a whisper for a small plug of tobacco I saw lying on the shelf behind her, which before handing me she wrapped in a scrap of paper. I threw her a fifteen-pence, with "no matter about the change," and escaped by the door.

"Hurroo-oo!" I heard one of the maudling toppers shout, "that is Peter!" and he staggered after me; however, I had no notion of being captured, so I ran to Yonge street, leaving behind in the mire, one of my slippers; the other I carried home in my pocket.

Were I a moralizing character I might here enlarge on the vice of drinking, as well as that of smoking, and the troubles and misfortunes one is led into by following too freely their particular sin. The unfortunate part of my tale is, that it is but too true.

It was nearly midnight before I got myself comfortably seated down for a smoke, with dry clothes on. My pipe was charged, and rolling up the paper in which the tobacco was folded, I lit my pipe. Oh! that glorious inhalation! that incomparable puff! Again and again is the delicious nicotianic vapour drawn to the mouth in order to be expelled as nimb, shrouding my head in aromatic wreaths. My pipe is in a glow and the paper scorching my fingers is thrown upon a plate lying on my table, there to be resolved into its natural elements.

Lolling back on my chair I gaze on the expiring, flickering flame, arising from the plate: now a charred mass alone remains, but here and there are little sparks of fire which seem to chase each other, coursing to and fro, now disappearing only to reappear. I turned my eyes to the pipe and again to the plate. In the excess of my surprise I start—the pipe falls to the ground—on the plate standing in an attitude of repose is the figure of a man, diminutive in size, being scarcely a foot in height; his arms are crossed holding in his right hand a quill, the feather of which he is nibbling in his mouth; his head reclines on his shoulder as if in meditation.

With gaping mouth and wondering eyes, I regard the being. Who is he? what is he? whence comes he? are questions I revolve rapidly in my mind. He tosses his pen towards me and says "write," I mechanically obey.

I am one of the spirits of the Past. You have just destroyed the solerelic of my former existence, that remained tangible to the world. To you, in obedience to a vow made at one period of my life, I appear to relate my experience of the world. That it is a hard and heartless world all men tell you; but few add that it is man, alone, who makes the world he lives in hard and heartless. Men pretend to say that Life is a weary path strewn with thorns and jagged rocks; it is their own fault that the way is not an easy and a pleasant one to tread. You who are young fancy you see a toilsome ascent before you; wait until you reach the summit and you will find your path has been a downward one. All the vexations of life, its tortures and troubles, are endured, are sustained, by man alone; and the reason is because he creates these discontents for himself. Is he a wise or a

good man who to obtain a moments ease to him self, would inflict an hour's torment on a companion? Yet such is what the world does. The world! Ha, ha, ha!—I was born in this world long before you saw the light of heaven and it is not changed since, nor will it change; no, not for all the preachings and teachings of the ancients were they to rise up and implore it, pray it, demand it. No, no, the world is too selfish, so let them go on in the old and beaten path; they all in turn find out their mistake when, "too late."

My parents belonged to the order LINACEÆ, and were called *Linum Usitatissimum*, or common Flax. They flourished under the care of a rich landowner in the North of Ireland, who spent his surplus income in improvements on his estate, much to the delight of the peasantry who lived under him. For a long time after I was born, I lived in a box, with a vast number of brothers and sisters. I was always in perpetual dread lest I should be selected in order to be crushed for the oil I contained, I thought my size and plumpness would subject me to instant seizure for this purpose, little dreaming of what slight importance I was individually. Indeed this feeling of self-pride I have since noticed to be a particular failing in man, therefore you must not condemn me altogether, if I in some things copied that noble being who stands at the head of animated nature. And, again, you must not laugh if I class myself under the term "animated," for we who belong to the vegetable creation, though not endowed with sensibility to a similar extent with the animal, yet in our humble capacity enjoy life, and are alike subject to death, either of a natural or violent kind. To return; I was not deprived of my oleaginous particles, nor was I made up into oil-cake to feed your cattle with. I was reserved for planting and, with many others, was consigned to the care of farmer Leary and, in due course of time, became a new and flourishing being.

Farmer Leary was a hearty Irishman, and a widower; a son alone remained to him out of his once numerous family. This son, his delight, was seventeen when I first met him, a tall, good natured, merry-looking fellow. However, on this portion of my life, though far from uninteresting I will not dwell; nor will I enter into the process whereby I was deprived of my fibres, nor how I was spun into thread, and afterwards formed part of a beautiful peice of fine linen, and partly entered into the manufacture of a rich and costly article, known as thread lace. This metamorphosis was wrought by poor children, who in thus devoting the best and happiest portion of their lives, managed to support themselves and aged parents.

The linen portion of my existence was by an odd coincidence purchased in Belfast by my old master Farmer Leary, I was delighted at once more renewing his acquaintance and was sorry that he could not recognize me. My station in life was quickly determined, I was to be made into a shirt for the son. After much cutting and fitting, and sewing, basting, hemming, and stitching, I was ushered again into the world a perfect shirt. O! The pleasure and happiness of that moment! I could see in the beaming eye of Pat, that I fitted his back to his utmost satisfaction, and it was with tenderness that I clung about his person, for had not he, when I was a tender plant, nursed me with care?

It was the beginning of September, and the grain in the neighbouring islands required reaping; so Pat determined to go to Scotland and aid the reapers in gathering their stores during the harvest. We sailed from Belfast and landed in Ardrossan, from thence we went to West Kilbride, and found employment almost beneath the shadows of old Law Castle. While labouring there, Pat received a letter from his father informing him that he had married a second time, and that his wife was old Mrs. Flingarthy, a notorious virago, who had long been setting her wiles to entrap the kind and wealthy farmer, Leary. She succeeded during Pat's absence. Pat was indignant, and swore that he would go home and turn the old wretch away, but on thinking over the matter he saw it would be useless, rendering his father more unhappy. He wrote back a kind and affectionate letter, praying that the happiness that reigned over his fathers' home since his mothers' death might be renewed ten fold, and that his fathers' second union might be as blessed as his first.—For himself he could not return, as he had met with a profitable engagement for the winter in England. This was untrue, but the poor lad could not bear to return to a home from which he knew happiness had forever fled; nor would he be present to witness the sufferings of a father he loved with a devotion displayed only by children towards a mother. He went to England, and who can tell the miseries of that unfortunate youth! He sunk lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness, till at last, he prowled the streets of London in tatters, I clinging to his back in rags.

But I must not forget that I also existed as a piece of lace. I was made up for the London market, and found my way into the fashionable establishment of Messrs. Smith, Bird, and Co., Regent Street. I did not remain long here, but was selected by a most lovely, joyous creature, scarce nineteen, to trim her chemisette! What

emotions of delight thrilled through my frame as I heard my destination! To lay all day upon that pouting, heaving bosom! To sleep beneath the gaze of those bright blue eyes! To be fanned by the breath issuing from those lips of rosy red! To be ruffled, nay, to be crumpled by those curls of auburn hair that hung in clusters o'er her shoulders! Joy! joy! Oh for death—annihilation in this state would be bliss! I was nursed by Marie for many months, and was the admiration of many of her female friends, and some of the male ones too. Edward was never tired of praising me as a masterpiece of art, and repeatedly examined me so closely, that his breathing stirred my folds. I was deceived, unhappy piece of lace that I was! I fondly imagined that his nervousness was due to my beauty alone; but too late I discovered that he was in love, but not with me. I was outraged, and could have torn myself to shreds in sheer vexation, especially as Marie did not withdraw her hand and repulse him for his deceit and duplicity. I felt confident at that time, that he would never make a true or faithful husband; but I have since come to the conclusion that she was aware of, and countenanced the falsehood of her lover. Faugh! I am disgusted with the world.

Marie, whom I loved at one time so well, I found out to be heartless. I do not mean to say that she did not love Edward; on the contrary, she regarded him with tenderness and affection; but to her inferiors she behaved coldly and with cruelty—that is, with the dignity and reserve becoming her position. An incident I must relate, not that it exemplifies Marie's character; it merely lays bare her coldness and want of feeling; and, besides, I myself was partly concerned in the matter. One day, many weeks after Edward's declaration, Marie and Edward were driving along Regent Street, with the intention of calling at Smith and Bird's, from whence I was purchased, when a long line of men marching in a row, encased in wooden boxes, covered with placards announcing "alarming sacrifices," were seen approaching. The coachman, not paying attention, allowed his horses to dash one of the men to the ground, who had vainly endeavored to get out of the way. The box was shattered, and the man rolled out senseless on the pavement. "Poor fellow, I hope he is not hurt," exclaimed Marie, turning deadly pale; Edward had jumped from the carriage and was raising the man up. He was in rags, which the advertisement case previously concealed from view; a stream of blood trickled from his forehead, and the shirt was stained thereby. This shirt I recognized as

being a portion of myself. This was our first meeting since we parted as flax. The wearer I also saw was Pat, our former guardian, and wondered much at his changed appearance. Pat was only stunned, and quickly recovered himself; I heard Edward tell him to call at his house in the evening. He then returned to the carriage, and Marie, as we drove off, said "the poor brutes ought to take better care of themselves." I am happy to say, Marie and I parted that evening. I was given to her *femme de chambre*.

I must now return to Pat, who in his blood-stained shirt stood at Edward Stanley's door at nine that evening, the hour appointed. Edward ordered him to his study where he was writing.

"My poor man," he said, "you were this morning injured by the carelessness of a servant, who, if he were mine, should be dismissed; I wish to make you some atonement for your injuries, though I am well aware that money can never repair the loss of health and life caused by negligence."

"Sir," replied Pat, "the accident was slight and the pain now gone by; sympathy, is to me, more pleasant than money, the only other recompence you can offer."

"Sir," said Edward pleased, and involuntarily using the word *sir* as if addressing an equal, "sir, I perceive you have fallen in life, whether by misfortunes or your own error's I will not enquire; but if I can aid you to regain the position I know you once occupied, command me."

"In what circumstances, sir, do you think I was born?"

"Nay, that I could hardly tell," said Edward, laughing, "but from your language I see that you have had some education; you can read and write, which few would suppose if they merely judged you by their eyes."

"It is true, I can read and write. I was born in the North of Ireland, my father, a respectable and independant farmer. In Ireland, I may say, I have no other friend or relative. My father, while I was in Scotland, a year back, married: I would not return, as I particularly disliked the woman he had chosen for a wife; therefore I pretended I had found work for the winter in England, and came here. I was alone in the world and friendless, and soon lost what little I had; moreover, no one would give me employment, for I had no character to show, no one to refer to. Of course, I got occasionally something to do, but they were merely passing jobs, and the money I earned was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. I wrote to my father, confessing my fault in leaving him, and explaining to him my present position. I received a short reply; I, he said, had

severed the chain that bound us together; and as I sowed, even so must I reap. Since then I have struggled on, hoping for the dawn of a brighter day."

"That day, my lad, has come. You are strong and active, willing to work, go to America; in Canada people like you prosper. Here is a sovereign, get yourself a new outfit, come to-morrow, and you shall have twenty pounds on condition that you emigrate.

Pat was stupefied, he could not reply; suddenly grasping the hand that held towards him the sovereign, he bent over it as if he would have kissed it; but he did not; on raising his face I saw that he had stooped to conceal a tear. "I accept your kindness," he said, in a quivering, yet manly voice, "and, believe me, I will yet prove that I am worthy of it. Suffer me to regard this money as a loan; it will be a greater stimulant."

"Be it so. Should you ever return it, it will be employed in a similar manner."

With a grateful heart Pat left the house. That night Pat and I parted.

It is strange that the lace and linen portions of myself should leave our respective owners on the same night, and much about the same time. It is also curious that I, as lace, disliked Edward Stanley, but as linen, thought him a noble specimen of man. But it is so in the world; how varied are the tastes and opinions of the human race!

Pat left me at a second-hand clothes shop, where he obtained his new-old suit, and I was cast in a corner as useless.

The *femme de chambre*, who obtained the chemisette, sported me at several balls, but the company I here met served only to amuse me by their vulgarity. The change from high life to low, was one, that I as a chemisette, who was accustomed to the best society, could not brook; and was happy, when I was torn from the neck of my mistress by the cook during a scuffle they had about the footman. I was ruined, my beauty gone, and was left on the floor by the maid who fled up stairs in a flood of tears. The cook picked me up, and being a thrifty woman, put me in an old clothes-bag, where she had gathered sundry odd scraps against the next visit of the Jew, who cried "ole clo!" To him I was sold, and transferred to a paper mill. The fate of the rags that once formed the shirt, was similar to the lace. We were both, though at different times, washed, ground, and tormented in divers ways; and at last sent forth as paper. To prevent confusion in my tale, I will finish first, my history as lace, and then a few

words will suffice for that which was once a shirt.

The lace produced a paper of superior quality, which was used in a bindery to decorate a fashionable novel. I formed the fly-leaf. I no longer occupied a prominent position in the world; on the contrary, I was merely an ornament, never looked at; the pages of the tale engrossing the whole attention of all readers. I was jealous, horribly jealous, but afterwards became reconciled to my lot, and in this I think I shewed a philosophy worthy of imitation. I not only became reconciled, but even amused myself by examining the emotions excited in man by the novel they read. For this I had many opportunities, in as much, as I lived for many years in a circulating library. At last I was sold and curiously enough came into the possession of Mrs. Leary, the mother-in-law of Pat. Here I got into an unhappy home; Mrs. Leary was a domineering, passionate woman; she strove hard, yet unsuccessfully, to cause her husband to make a will in her favour. Upon this point alone, was the old man stubborn, otherwise, he was in his dotage and as easily led as a child. Tenderness, kindness, and affection, with coaxing and wheedling, were bestowed upon him unavailingly; even the novel that I had the honor of being attached to, was read aloud for his amusement, and it amused him vastly, but the will was not written; threats and ill-usage were applied to him, but he received all uncomplainingly. He seldom spoke to his wife, he rather avoided her, and not, I can assure you, without reason; his neighbours, however, were frequent visitors, undeterred by the scowling glances of the wife, and secretly applauded him for his determination.

"Don't be making a fool of yourself, Leary; divil will would I write," said Bryan.

"No, no! I'll never put pen to paper! I'll never put pen to paper! No, no! No, no!" would be the excited old man's only answer in a voice and accent, half piping, half crowing, painful to hear.

After I, or rather the novel had been read to the old man, he took a great affection to us. Constantly would we repose in his arms nor would he be contented unless with us. I never for a moment flattered myself that all this affection of old Mr. Leary was on my account; no, not for an instant did I suppose so. It was I thought for the tale and he was childish and knew no better.— Still I was glad to recline on his bosom, to fancy as I gazed in his dim grey eyes that they recognized me as the produce of his own land, reared and nourished by his own son, whom I saw years and years ago a beggar in the streets of London. Yes, surely he must know me, or else why does

he when no one looks open on me, stare at me, feel me between his thin wrinkled, bloodless fingers? Ah! he lays his cheek on me, now shuts the book, and hugs me still closer to himself. No year of my life would I exchange for the enjoyments of that moment.

It was a calm, quiet summers' Sunday evening; the rays of the setting sun fell across the old man's face as he slumbered in his chair, placed before the open window of his bed-room; the evening breeze fanned his thin grey locks; and many a tiny bird warbled its evening hymn of praise in the vine, clustering o'er the lattice. The old man awoke with a sudden start, I was by his side, there was no one in the house. Mercy! Has my dear, kind old master gone mad? I am torn violently from the novel and the book hurled aside. Hastily he darts across the room, seizes a pen and writes rapidly. I tremble and shrink beneath the flow of ink that covers the page.

"My dear Son, I die intestate. Come home and claim your patrimony. You are forgiven. Farewell.

PATRICK LEARY,
Known as
The O'Leary of Patland-farm."

I was scarce dry when I was folded, sealed, and addressed to his own son, "care of Edw. Stanley, Kensington, London." This was another surprise to me. Joy, joy I shall again see my old mistress.

But how will I be sent. I am not long in doubt; the parish clergyman enters to pay his usual Sunday evening visit to Mr. Leary. Mrs. Leary was always present at these meetings.

"Wife," said Leary, "leave me with Mr. Deacon for a while, I would pray."

"Poor, dear husband," echoed the wife, "let me pray with thee, too."

"Mrs. Flingarthy," cried the old man, with difficulty, bending his eyes upon her, and calling her by her former husband's name—"Mrs. Flingarthy, I would confess."

"Then send for a priest," was the retort, rather angrily uttered.

"I would confess," continued the old man, unheeding the interruption, "a wrong I have been guilty of towards my son." You, I would in kindness have spared the recital, for you urged me to the harshness I am chargeable with. Mr. Deacon, send this letter to Mr. Stanley, and God forgive my sins. No, no! I'll never put pen to paper! I'll never put pen to paper! Ha, ha, ha!" A convulsive tremor shook his frame, and the wife rushed forth from the presence of the dead.

* * * * *

"Marie, I have just received a letter from a clergyman, who announces the death of the father of that lad our horses threw down in Regent street, and who has gone to Canada," said Edward Stanley to his wife one evening as he entered, bearing me in his hand. "And he sends one enclosed to Pat."

"Poor old man. Was it not strange, Edward," said Marie, throwing on the table a book in pamphlet form she had been reading, "that he would never communicate with his son, and scarcely even answer your letters in his favour. Did he forgive him?"

"Mr. Deacon does not inform me. He says that a few moments before he died he spoke of confessing some fault; but did not. He died laughing."

"How dreadful. I am afraid he was a wicked man, so unforgetting. And his son who has done so well; it is a wonder that he was not proud of him."

"Perhaps he has forgiven him, this note will most likely explain; it is a curious one to, written on coloured paper."

"Let me see," and I was once more transferred to the hands of Marie, whose person I had so long ago served to decorate as lace. It was to me like greeting a long lost friend, whose form you ne'er expected, again to see in this world. Marie had changed, twenty years at least had passed, still she was beautiful, more beautiful than when young, there was a quiet staidness in her appearance that spoke of happiness, that true happiness the product of contentment, that true contentment combining Faith, Hope and Charity. She turned me in her hands, examined the seal, O! that I then had a voice. But the pamphlet on the table, surely I see the old linen shirt!

By the next mail I was on my way to Pat; I found him in a large and flourishing business, I will not say in what town, as you might be tempted to pay him a visit. He still lives, and his eldest son is in partnership with him. He took me lately to Ireland, so I had again an opportunity of visiting my home once more, before I departed hence. Pat settled an annuity on his step-mother, sold the farm, and after visiting his benefactor Stanley, again left for the new world, taking his money with him, which was worth, he said, three times as much in Canada. An unlucky accident put an end to my existence, his house was burnt to the ground, and I was destroyed.

I will now briefly relate my experiences as paper made from the shirt. I was converted into beautiful printing paper, and was used as a sheet in a new magazine, that had just started, and

sought rather popularity in the manner of its "getting up," than on the subject matter of its contents. A grave mistake; and one into which more than proprietors of magazines run into. The public do not always judge by appearances, they remember that the drum, notwithstanding all its noise, is empty within. The magazine of which I formed a part of the first number, struggled on for a few months, and then ceased. On my surface was printed a tale, I will not relate it here, for it would take too much time, it was one of humble life, an allegory. Edward Stanley happened to read it, and bought the number; he said it was the only one in the book worth looking at, and herein I was fortunate. I was given to Marie; they were not married then, and the pamphlet was treasured on my account. Often would she take me up in after years to read me to her children, I amused them, and they were never tired of me. Thus time rolled on, in its even way, till young Leary came to see them in the old country, and I was given to him.

You see how intimately our fates were woven together. I was tended by him when a plant; clothed his form when a man; and afforded him pleasure in old age. Likewise with Edward Stanley and his wife; we met repeatedly. The only drawback was the want of the sympathy of those with whom our life was blended. Once more allow me to moralize. All men depend on each other; those who are really considered, and consider themselves the most independent, are in truth the most dependent; and their error lies in not recognising the aid received, because they fancy they have *paid* for it. If you were to mutually acknowledge each others' assistance, believe me, there would not be those heart-burnings and *jealousies which at present disfigure the human race.*

At the time Leary's house was consumed, I was stolen, and lived for a long time in rather questionable society. I was not much thought of, and was finally given to that woman from whom you purchased your tobacco. That woman is a noble being, who in ill-health and poverty, suffers uncomplainingly in the hard lot in which her life is at present cast. See her again, and rescue her, if in your power, from the wretchedness with which she is surrounded. Can you imagine anything more humbling, miserable, vile, than attending on that low tavern.

The last scrap of me that remained, was wrapped around your tobacco, burnt by you, I appeared; I now—disappear.

I raised my eyes from the paper on which I had been writing for several hours, and saw nothing. A darkness seemed to fall on me. I stretched out my hand and knocked something from the table, a book I think; it fell on my foot, and caused me to cry out with pain; I jumped forward, upsetting my chair, and causing a terrible noise.—Could I have been asleep and dreaming? while groping about the room for matches, I trod on something which went crash beneath my weight. At last I struck a light, but my candle was wasted in the socket. Getting another, I found my pipe broken, and from the quantity of tobacco lying by the bowl, I saw that I could not have smoked it. Several books were scattered about, and a chair turned upside down; on the table lay a quantity of paper scribbled over, which, on reading, I found to be the above tale. Should it be published, let it appear as written, and then its faults can only be laid at the door of a man, who wrote with his eyes shut, and brain dormant.—Legally, persons in this state, are unaccountable beings.

THE EASTERN BRITISH PROVINCES.

No. II.

THE Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, including the island of Cape Breton, abound with mineral wealth, which has however been most unaccountably neglected until within comparatively a few years; the coal-mines of Cape Breton alone were worked to any great extent, and it was from this source that the government of the island, before it was removed to Nova Scotia, derived its chief revenue. Subsequently, those of Pictou were opened by private company in England, and with those of Sidney have been extensively worked by the mining company referred to,—the right of the late Duke of York, to whom they were granted, having been transferred to Rundell and Bridges, a wealthy house in London, in payment of debts due by His Royal Highness to the firm.

This grant embraces all mines in Nova Scotia, and also extensive coal fields that are found in the County of Cumberland, near the head of the Bay of Fundy. Crossing that bay, beyond which the Duke of York's grant, I believe, does not extend, there is probably the largest bed of coal to be found in the world, according to the Reports of Dr. Gesner who, for four or five years, was employed by the Government to make a geological survey of the Province. At Hillsborough, in that province, there is abundance of the purest gypsum, within a mile of the place of shipment; but the largest beds of this mineral, and which have been the most extensively worked, are those in the vicinity of Windsor,—partly on

the property of of Judge Halliburton, the veritable author of "Sam Slick,"—whence it is shipped in great quantities to Passamaquoddy, on the American mines, and thence distributed throughout the United States.

Iron-ore is to be found in abundance in both Provinces, and has been partially worked at Pictou, in the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and at Moose River, near Annapolis. About five-and-twenty years since a company was formed at Halifax, and buildings were erected near the mouth of the river, for the purpose of smelting the ore, which is very rich. There was another advantage attending this locality—an ample supply of sand was found in the neighborhood, well adapted for the process of moulding. But the affairs of the company were mismanaged; the building caught fire owing to the faulty construction of the chimneys; and the enterprise was afterwards totally abandoned. Ore of a superior description is found about Londonderry, on the eastern branch of the Bay of Fundy, seventy miles from Halifax, which, owing to the enterprise of Charles Archibald, Esq., are being, I understand, extensively worked. A great deal of fault has been found with the granting the mines of Nova Scotia to the Duke of York, and their subsequent transfer to Messrs. Rundell and Bridges; but when we contrast the indisposition of the monied men in Nova Scotia to improve them, with the outlay of capital by the British mining company, it appears to me the people of the Province have much cause to rejoice at the occurrence.

The distinctive features of the colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island in a social point of view, are widely different from each other; caused by the varied circumstances under which they were settled subsequent to their conquest; and which gave to Nova Scotia institutions of a far more liberal and popular character than were adopted by the other Provinces, and which have operated beneficially upon its rapidly increasing population, rendering them far more intelligent than those of the others. The most conspicuous among the causes of this superiority, next to widely diffused education, is the constitution of its Grand Jury, which exercises a judicious control over the finances of the several counties, and which is an excellent substitute for a municipal body.

The annual assessment for the support of the poor, local improvements, and other services connected with the administration of county affairs, are controlled and regulated by the Grand Juries, who carefully investigate the expenditure of the monies thus raised. The main roads and bridges are opened and maintained by annual grants of the Legislature, both in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and also in Prince Edward's Island; for which purpose the grants in each of these Provinces have sometimes exceeded £40,000; and no

where is any toll exacted. The granting of licenses to sell spirituous liquors is regulated by the Grand Juries, who generally embody public sentiment.

While this body in Nova Scotia resembles that of Massachusetts, in New Brunswick on the contrary, its powers are assimilated to that of England; and it was the opinion of the late Attorney-General of the latter Province, that all it has to do is to ignore or find bills of indictment. It is true, an Act passed the Legislature a few years since, authorizing the Grand Jury to investigate the county accounts; but its provisions were designedly rendered nugatory, by amendments made by the Council. The result is, that there is not that wholesome surveillance that prevails in Nova Scotia; and when the disbursements by the magistrates have been extravagant and excessive, application has to be made to the Legislature, for an Act to enable them to make up the deficiency.

The total absence of all restraint in this particular, struck Sir William Colebrooke, the late Lieut. Governor of the Province, soon after his arrival, and he endeavored to introduce municipal institutions, which was strenuously opposed by the more influential class of society, who were naturally opposed to any measure that would curtail their power, or throw the offices, which they held, open to public competition, by which the selection would be made from the population generally. And so ignorant was the mass of the people of the operation and advantages of those bodies, which it was cunningly represented would increase taxation, that, with few exceptions, they joined in the outcry that was raised against their introduction, and which would have elevated them in the scale of intelligence.

There was another advantage which the people of Nova Scotia possessed in the more general dissemination of education. The Picton Academy, established by the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, of the Free Church of Scotland, of whom I shall again have to speak, diffused a liberal tone of public feeling, wherever its influence was felt; and from that source emanated those political views and principles, which have since overturned the former established order of things in Nova Scotia. The college at Windsor, although its advantages were chiefly limited to the members of a particular church and the sons of the wealthy, yet produced a number of scholars of no ordinary attainments, who scattered over the Province as clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and public officers, gave not only a high tone to public sentiment, but by the supervision which they exercised over the grammar and common schools, led to the diffusion of general intelligence; and nowhere, during my extensive tours through the Colonies, and even in the United States, have I found better informed people than are to be met with in Nova Scotia,

and in that part of New Brunswick which adjoins it; the former, as I before observed, having engrafted on their code of laws, much of the tenor of those of Massachusetts, would seem to have been guided in their choice by the desire for mental culture, for which the inhabitants of that State have been distinguished from the period of its original settlement; and which subsequently operated on the minds of the patriotic men to whom the direction of the infant colony was confided.

Similar motives, however, do not appear to have actuated the leading men of New Brunswick, who seem to have feared that, if education were generally disseminated, a class of persons would be created, that would produce competition for office, and hence the inferiority of its rural population to that of Nova Scotia, to whom they do not yield in natural shrewdness or the more generous and kindly emotions of the heart. Within the last few years, however, a college has been founded at Fredericton, the seat of government; but it has been less successful in its efforts than that of Windsor, either as respects the students or the community at large. And although grammar schools were established, yet the system of common schools was materially defective, and no care appears to have been taken in the selection of teachers. Sir William Colebrooke labored sedulously to remedy the evil, and the Legislature was induced to direct its attention to this important subject; a Superintendent of Schools has recently been appointed, and should the efforts that have been made in this respect be met by a corresponding action on the part of the people generally, the rising generation will bear comparison with that of the sister Province.

Not only has there been this absence of efficient means for diffusing education, but the pursuits of the inhabitants of the two Provinces have not been without their effects. While those of Nova Scotia have mainly followed agricultural pursuits, and consequently led a domestic life, those of New Brunswick have for the most part engaged in lumbering, thus withdrawing them from their homes to lead a semi-savage and demoralizing life in the wilderness. As the autumn advances, the lumbermen resort in parties to the forest, where they remain till spring restores them to the restraints of civilized life. When the ice in the rivers has melted, they raft their timber to market; and after settling with the merchant, the employes for the most part spend the proceeds of their toil in dissipation during the remaining summer months, and then prepare again to return to the woods.

I have not room at present to enlarge upon the subject of lumbering as regards individuals and communities, but shall revert to it when I come to speak of New Brunswick and Lower Canada. Fortunately for Nova Scotia, her inhabitants are but partially engaged in the en-

terprise. The people about Pictou, and in the neighboring parts of the county of Cumberland, it is true, embarked rather extensively in the business; but the panic of 1825 involved most of them in one general ruin, and the rural population again betook themselves to agriculture, and at present the county of Pictou is one of the finest in the Province.

Nova Scotia, previous to the termination of the American Revolution, embraced New Brunswick, which, immediately after that event, was formed into a separate Province. The entire country was called "Acadie" by the French, and is so recognized in the Massachusetts charter of 1691, and in all the colonial public documents from 1635 to the conquest of Canada. It was bounded by Maine, whose original boundary was the Kennebec or St. Croix river, and was finally fixed by the English and French governments at the river Pemaquid—a short distance to the eastward of the Kennebec.

When New Brunswick was separated from Nova Scotia, the entire country was but sparsely inhabited; but a number of persons from the neighboring States, who retained their attachment to their King and country, sought refuge within its iron-bound and fog-enveloped coast; and an influx of immigrants—chiefly from Great Britain and Ireland—has since converted both Provinces into thriving British colonies.

By far the larger proportion of those from Scotland, settled about Pictou, in the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and of late years in Cape Breton, and, by their industry and agricultural tact, they have converted the forest into fruitful fields, which yield abundantly, and place their occupants ordinarily beyond the reach of poverty and want. To the present hour many of these people retain and speak their native Gaelic, in which language the services in many of their churches are performed during the early part of the day; and on sacramental occasions, hundreds of them may be seen partaking of that sacred ordinance in the open air, and beneath the cloudless canopy of heaven.

Family worship, in the observance of which the Scot is so remarkable, is frequently performed in the Gaelic; and I recollect, on one occasion, stopping a night at the cottage of a Highlander, at the head of the Nashwaak, in New Brunswick, who had been a sergeant in the gallant forty-second regiment, in which, during a large portion of his life, he had fought and served. Before retiring to rest, the family, as was customary, were assembled for "worship," the Gaelic Bible and hymn-books were produced, and all the members joined with alacrity and fervor in the evening's devotion, which went up an acceptable offering before the throne of the Most High. What stronger proof can be adduced of the effects of early training and example? This man had passed

through all the varied and demoralizing scenes of military life; years had rolled on since he quitted his youthful and peaceful home; and everything had conspired to obliterate, if possible, the events of his early days: yet no sooner had he formed around him the domestic circle, than he resumed the performance of those religious duties, which probably even in the camp had not been entirely neglected, the observance of which had been inculcated in childhood; and in the wilderness of the new world his aged partner and the children of their love joined with him in the utterance of hymns of gratitude and in humble prayer.

We hear a great deal of the altered condition of the United States; but rarely has a greater change taken place anywhere there, than is exhibited in the eastern part of the Province of Nova Scotia, within the last forty or fifty years, and in the means of communicating with the capital. At the commencement of that period the mail was carried by a man of the name of Stewart, who trudged along on foot; nor was there a road by which a waggon, or perhaps a man on horseback, could pass. Once a week this hardy Scotsman shouldered his mail-bag, and sometimes with an iron pot on his head, for which he received a penny per pound for carriage, he started on his toilsome and solitary route. The road, or rather path, at that time was over Mount Tom, which was of steep ascent, and for a long time it was the terror of travellers. Since Sir Jas. Kempt, who effected extensive alterations and improvements on the roads, administered the government of Nova Scotia, that to Pictou winds round the base of Mount Tom; and now a very superior line of stages runs from that place to Halifax, and the entire distance—one hundred miles—is travelled in one day.

It was in 1824 that I first visited Pictou, at which time the road had not been altered. At the foot of the hill, Stewart, who by dint of frugality and perseverance, had saved sufficient to enable him to establish himself in another pursuit, kept a humble inn for the accommodation of travellers, where, with my wife, I stopped to obtain refreshment. Hearing the noise of a spinning-wheel up stairs, we entered to visit the apartment, where we found a tall, interesting-looking young woman busily employed, and whom I had not forgotten when about two years since I travelled the present road in a stage coach, and was glad to learn from a fellow passenger, that she kept the inn at which we should stop to dine.

Sterne has said of woman, that she carries the principle of change about her; and I regret to say, that the remark was fully realised in this instance—at least as far as appearance was concerned. I had left her five-and-twenty years before, a lithe and fragile creature, with a countenance beaming with intelligence; and as such she was still present in my mind's eye.

When the woman of forty-three showed herself, it was impossible to recognise the fair form of a quarter of a century before, still, notwithstanding her business intercourse with the world, her frank and generous nature, of which her face had been the index, still remained, and we parted better friends than we met—she to pursue a life of usefulness at home, and he who pens this notice, to buffet with the world.

Among the inducements which the Eastern Provinces offer to settlers, are the general fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, owing to their proximity to the sea, and the abundance of fish, which may be taken on the coast, rivers and lakes. In the Western States, at a distance from the sea-board, an unwholesome miasma arises from the numerous swamps, and the vicinity of large bodies of fresh water, vitiating the atmosphere, carry everywhere within its influence, and, during the summer and autumn, scatter around disease and death, with fatal profusion.

But in the Eastern Provinces there are none of those prolific sources of fever and ague; indeed, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, during my extensive travelling there, I never met with an instance; while on the river St. John and the other rivers of New Brunswick, instead of those lurking incentives of disease, there are numerous fertile intervalees, as they are called, composed of rich alluvial deposit, upon which the receding waters of the floods of spring leave successive layers of soil. On the Aroostook river, which permeates the territory, recently very improperly surrendered to the Americans, these intervalees are very extensive and abundant; of which ample evidence is afforded, in the size and quality of the timber which is annually floated down the St. John.

The French portion of the inhabitants of both Provinces, are still called Acadian French; they are naturally an ingenuous, harmless people, completely under the control of their priests, without whose concurrence and sanction, they will not conclude the most trifling bargain—even to the buying of a horse or waggon, and their children usually grow up in great ignorance; while their houses are very filthy and destitute of comfort. Subsequent to the final surrender of Nova Scotia to England, they became very troublesome, and were continually exciting the Indians to the commission of atrocities; in this way causing the massacre of the settlers, even within the neighbourhood of Halifax, the present capital of Nova Scotia.

With the view of terminating these outrages, they were collected together on an appointed day, and sent out of the country, being, for the most part, conveyed to the then Southern Colonies of Great Britain, at present a part of the United States. This was doubtless an act of severity, but was rendered im-

perative by their own misconduct, was essential to the peaceful settlement of the country, and was productive of permanent tranquillity and security. Since that period, the Indians who were formerly so powerful, and who were so much dreaded, have diminished down to the mere remnant of two or three tribes; and these, as everywhere is the case, are fast disappearing before civilization and its attendant vices,—accelerated in their downward course of ruin, by that appetite for ardent spirits, which savages everywhere exhibit. At present, the most remote and wild parts of the country, may be traversed or settled in perfect security; and if occasionally a few of its aboriginal inhabitants are met with by the solitary traveller in his lonesome journey, they excite no other feelings than those of commiseration and respect.

After a time, a considerable number of the expatriated French returned to Nova Scotia, and were not molested. Families, however, had been separated, who were never again to be re-united: many individuals had died from disease and suffering, subsequent to their removal; and the spirit of those who came back, had been broken down and subdued by adversity. On returning to Nova Scotia, they did not settle in one body, but formed detached and distinct communities, uniformly retaining those habits, manners and dress, which their ancestors had brought with them from the shores of Europe. A considerable portion of them, settled at a place called Chescook, about forty miles to the eastward of Halifax; another on the eastern shore of St. Mary's Bay—an arm of the Bay of Fundy—where for a number of years the Abbe Segoigne, who had left behind him France and its crimes, at the period of the revolution, was their priest, their counsellor and friend.

By far the greater number, however, settled in what is now the Province of New Brunswick; and are still to be found in large communities, at and in the vicinity of the Baie de Chaleur, and southwardly, along the eastern shore, as far as Shediac, near the confines of Nova Scotia; and on the opposite island of Prince Edward. Another part settled on the Memcook, and the left bank of the Petticoadiac river, in the county of Westmerland; and another portion fixed at St. Anne's, now called Fredericton, and ultimately on the Upper St. John—forming what is called the Madawaska settlement, where they continued for a long time unnoticed and unknown. Every where they chose the most fertile tracts of land in that Province, of which they continue to enjoy undisturbed possession; cultivating the soil, it is to be regretted, in an imprudent and imperfect manner, and exhausting it by their thriftless husbandry.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XIII.

[*Doctor alone.*]

DOCTOR.—Our friends the Major and Laird are not over-punctual; yet, here they come, wending their way across yonder green as if fatigued with the heat and toils of the day. They are inseparable, those two; and as true to each other as friends can well be. Sterling fellows! I love you both, and though I occasionally would pass off a joke on you, you are ever forgiving, and pardon the frivolity of your younger associate. Long may the Shanty rejoice in your presence, and may your shadow never grow less within its walls. [*Enter Major and Laird.*] Welcome, Major, welcome Bonmbraes!

LAIRD.—Thankye, Doctor, thankye. We are ower late, but ye'll excuse us.

DOCTOR.—I was before my time, for in truth I was anxious to tell you that I have been since our last sederunt elected member of a chess club.

MAJOR.—A chess club in Toronto! That is good news indeed. When was it formed?

DOCTOR.—A few weeks back, and it already numbers over five-and-twenty members.

LAIRD.—Five-and-twenty. A guid beginning. An wha may they a' be.

DOCTOR.—That I can hardly tell you, however the officers are a President, Professor Cherriman; and Secretary and Treasurer D. Crawford Esq. The affairs of the club are managed by a committee of three, viz.—L. O'Brien, M.D., T. J. Robertson, and W. G. Draper, Esquires. The club meets weekly for play.

MAJOR.—How are the members elected? Tell us all about it.

DOCTOR.—By ballot; they are proposed at one meeting and balloted for at the next. The annual subscription is only ten shillings, with an entrance fee of five.

LAIRD.—Quite cheap enow' in a' conscience. MAJOR.—Doctor, you must propose us at your next meeting. By the way would it not be a good idea to introduce chess to our Shanty? What say you Laird?

LAIRD.—Vera guid indeed, tho' I'm but a puir hand at the game, still I like to puzzle o'er a problem now and then.

DOCTOR.—Then you shall be gratified. I will endeavour to procure you a problem for our next meeting, in the mean time I will give you an enigma by one of our members, it is not a difficult one, but will, at all events, serve to amuse you for a short time, if you are not a skilful player.

WHIR.—K, at KR 4th; R, at QB 6th; Kt, at K 3rd; B, at K 7th; P, at K 2nd.

BLACK.—K, at K 5th; P, at QB 6th. White to play and mate in four moves.

MAJOR.—While the Laird is endeavouring to solve your enigma, tell me Doctor what you propose giving us monthly in the way of chess matters?

DOCTOR.—An original problem, and at least one or two original enigmas; if I cannot procure them, I will select a few of the best from some chess periodical. Such items also of chess intelligence as will be generally interesting to chess readers, and a report of the games of any matches our chess club may play, should I be permitted.

MAJOR.—Well, Doctor, it will be a good *moza*, and render our Shanty, I hope, more acceptable to our *visitors*.

LAIRD.—Nae doubt, nae doubt. Doctor, I gie ower the enigma for the present; yer clavers bewilder me, besides, we hae other things to discuss. For guidness sake open the window a bittock! A man might as weel try to breath in the black hole o' Calcutta, as in the shanty wi' the thermometer at 96 in the

shade! Open the window, I say if ye wudna' hae an inquest held on my remains before cock crow!

MAJOR.—A plague take you and your remains! There! you have now got the night breeze, charged with fever, ague, and lumbago from the swamp, sweeping through the house like a flinty landlord's execution! If crutches and quinine be not the order of the day with me to-morrow, may the name of Culpepper Crabtree be blotted out from the roll call of creation!

LAIRD.—Waesoch for the puir body! I say Mrs. Grundy, send in a couple o' blankets and a weel aired Kilmarnock night cowl for our auld friend here!

MAJOR.—Confound your impudence! I have a good mind—

DOCTOR.—Peace, darlings! Have you forgotten what Dr. Watts says:

“Children you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes!”

MAJOR.—I have not heard these lines since I was a denizen of the nursery, and they act as—

LAIRD.—Oil upon the troubled waters o' your cat-witted moral Atlantic! After that dry morsel o' metaphysics it behoves me to replenish my horn! Here's reformation to us a'!

MAJOR.—Speak for yourself, sir! In your case the proverb emphatically holds good, that charity begins at home!

DOCTOR.—A truce to this sharp shooting! Permit me to quench the smouldering fires of your wrath with a libation from the waters of a venerable river! Here is an exceedingly readable book published by Phinney & Co., of Buffalo, entitled “*Journal of a Voyage up the Nile!*” which, though not published yesterday, deserves honourable mention in our conclave.

LAIRD.—I canna' thole the idea o' journals, in sic weather as this! The very name puts me in mind o' a muckle ruled book, stored wi' records o' candles, green tea, and treacle, vended on credit! Your tourists now a' days, hae as many moral reflections upon the things they see, as the crooked slave Esop tacked to the tails o' his fables!

DOCTOR.—You will find few such *impertinences* (as Cervantes would have said), in the volume which I hold in my hand. The writer tells what he saw, and leaves the moralizing to the reader!

LAIRD.—He must be a sensible lad! Let's hae a sample o' his wares.

DOCTOR.—Here is an adventure in Cairo, equal, in its way, to some of the “high jinks” we read of in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

Defterdar Bey; that pious member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and his daughter. Among the many stories told of the ferocity of

this wild beast in human shape, not the least interesting are those of the tamed tigers he kept on the divan beside him, and which frequently amused themselves in devouring his Nubian slaves. His daughter lived upon the west side of the river in her palace, and it was her common amusement to walk through the streets of Cairo, and if she saw a young Frank who attracted her attention, she would send her eunuch to bid him follow her. Were he unfortunate enough to do this, he never returned from her house. One young Frenchman, upon whom she thus cast her eyes, was thus bidden by a eunuch, and not daring to disobey the summons from such a powerful person, took the precaution of arming himself with pistols. After passing the night in her harem, in the morning she parted with him most affectionately, and giving him presents to disguise her intentions, as she had doubtless done frequently to her previous lovers. He left the harem and two of the eunuchs accompanied him to the top of some stairs, which he perceived led rather mysteriously down a dark passage. Suspecting foul play, and observing both of the eunuchs had their hands on their sword-hilts, he pulled out both pistols, and ordered them to lead the way. This they did, and on arriving about half way down, he perceived a sort of landing-place, or trap-door, which was raised, and below ran the river. Here the eunuchs paused, and drew their swords; but he cocked his pistols, and placing one to the ear of each, ordered them to proceed. Upon reaching the bottom, he leaped from the steps, while they ran back to get assistance. He was unable to cross the river, and, as it was scarce day-light, succeeded in getting into the outskirts, and concealed himself in the straw in an old hut of a ruined village about a mile up the river. He heard the voices of several of the black eunuchs, who had traced him through the villages by the barking dogs, but remained quiet till night, when, proceeding further up the river, he crossed there in a boat; and going to the Mokaattam mountains, arrived at Cairo on the other side next day, having not dared to enter a village for food. He went immediately to the French Consul, and told his story; but what would his protection have been to one who had the character and secret of the daughter of Defterdar Bey in his hands? and any “dog of a Christian” would be easily disposed of. So, upon the advice of the Consul, he left Cairo, and went to Alexandria, where he took passage for France. The disappearance of many young and handsome Franks, more adventurous than prudent, was thus accounted for; and this was the last instance known of one who had been in danger of being sacrificed to gratify the passion and save the reputation of this Egyptian “*Lucrezia Borgia*.” Franks in Egypt were not protected as now, and the despotic and ferocious will of the daughters and sisters of the Beys and Pachas, particularly under the Mamelooks, caused many a parallel circumstance.

MAJOR.—You surely do not mean Dr. to endorse all the nursery stories that have been so long current with the opera going public, respecting *Lucrezia Borgia*?

DOCTOR.—By no means, the words are not mine. I know as well as you do that the

Lucrezia Borgia of history, if we may credit contemporaneous authors, is a very different person from the monster Victor Hugo has made her. She is represented by them to have been an amiable and accomplished princess, a lover of poetry, a munificent patron of the arts, and to have been distinguished for piety and charity.

LAIRD.—And what in the name o' a' that's wonderful has made folk raise sic like evil stories against the guid woman.

MAJOR.—She had the misfortune of being sister to the infamous Cesar Borgia, and to that may be attributed all the horrible charges brought against her. It has been fully proved that she was no party to the assassination of her husband Alfonso Biscaglia, nor to any of her brother's atrocious acts. Her last husband, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, was wont to consult her in the most important affairs of state, and never had cause to regret the confidence he reposed in her. The horrible and appalling incidents to be found in Victor Hugo have been most unparadonably introduced for effect, and Donizetti, in his opera, has of course availed himself of these effects to harrow up our very nerves with the fearful scenes he has put on the stage.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, taking for granted that a' you say is correct, at any rate I am safe in calling this other Jezebel a brazen-faced, bluid-thirsty randy! A tar barrel and a cord o' dry pine would hae been weel bestowed upon her! The Frenchman, I would wager a groat, was mair select in his company ever after!

DOCTOR.—I see, Major, you have been glancing over Miss Catherine Sinclair's new novel of "*Modern Flirtations*;" pray what is your verdict touching its merits?

MAJOR.—I would strongly advise you to procure a copy. In an economical point of view, it would form a most desirable addition to the stock of a thrifty, small annuitant like yourself.

DOCTOR.—Pray expound! I never was an adept at solving riddles!

MAJOR.—There is no riddle in the matter. The owner of the work need never invest a copper in the purchase of opium. If ten pages of Miss Sinclair's production does not send him into the land of Nod in as many minutes, never call me conjurer!

DOCTOR.—Indeed! Some of the newspapers speak highly of the affair!

MAJOR.—Most verdant of Medicos! Hae you reached the years of discretion, and yet gravely quote the opinion of any of the "we" tribe upon the merits or demerits of a new publication? Why, you will be professing your belief some of these fine days in the Philosopher's stone, or the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian!

DOCTOR.—As a general rule, I agree in the estimate which you take of the critical pretensions of the *fourth estate*, but there is no

rule without its exceptions. In more than one of our broad sheets, you may meet with well digested, and well expressed notices of the literature of the day. The Canadian press exhibits a marked improvement in this respect, during the last few years.

LAIRD.—There was muckle need o' reformation!

DOCTOR.—But to return to "*Modern Flirtations*," is the production really as mouldy as you describe it?

MAJOR.—Right sorry would I be to exaggerate faults, or "set down aught in malice" when a lady is concerned; but certes Catherine is enough to convert a Chesterfield into a bruin! Her narrative runs along with all the dull and dogged deliberation of a stream of muddy ink, emerging from a bottle, the mouth of which is incrustated with some liquid glue! A gouty fly would progress with as much celerity through a pot of the last mentioned commodity, as the reader does through this pestilently yawn-provoking collection of common place!

LAIRD.—Oh, but the body's bitter to-night! I wonder if he fell in wi a beetle in his porridge this morning? If sae, he is muckle to be pitied, and the lassie Sinclair into the bargain!

DOCTOR.—Parce, Laird!

LAIRD.—Nae mair *Parsee* than yourself; honest man! Na, na! The sun furnishes sma' temptation for ony ane to worship his bleezing face in sic weather, let alane a douce ruling elier like your humble servant!

MAJOR.—Shut up, and be hanged to you! If I had the joint stool of your countrywoman Janet Geddes, conveniently at hand, I would try whether it or your skull possessed the greater powers of resistance!

LAIRD.—The man's in a creel! Sarely he has popped the question to Mrs. Grundy, and got a begunk!

DOCTOR.—I really begin to fear, Crahtree, that I must feel your pulse, and prescribe a course of sedatives! The uncalled for energy which, more than once you have exhibited to-night, makes me suspect that there is a screw loose somewhere about your system.

MAJOR.—Pardon *amico mio*, and Laird, I crave you to forget and forgive! The truth is that I was put out of sorts this forenoon, and that has made me a trifle more fractious than I ought to have been.

DOCTOR.—Where did the shoe pinch, an' it be a fair question?

MAJOR.—You know I came from Hamilton this morning per steamer. Well, hardly had the craft become stationary at the wharf, than "a band of fierce barbarians" in the shape of waiters, carters, cabmen, thieves and pick-pockets, boarded her decks, and commenced a concert of shouting enough to drive a Stentor frantic. The squalid ruffians almost seized their helpless victims—the passengers to wit,

by the throats, and I verily believe, that but for the pregnant use which I made of my black thorn staff, I would have been carried, body and soul, into one of the locomotive arks, which blockaded the pathway. One abominable Milesian, a lineal descendent, I'll be sworn, of the founder of the Rapparees, trampled with his iron-shod hoof upon my grouty toe, and caused me to yell forth something more akin, I fear to an *auathama* than a *benedicite*!

LAMB.—Heeh sirs! Sma' wonder that ye hae been a thocht fractious, after sic a visitation!

MAJOR.—But that is not all. When I reached the wharf I had to thread my way with fear and trembling through a perfect wilderness of vehicles of every description, dreading at every moment that I would be visited with the fate of a pilgrim who has a partiality to be pulverized by the car of Juggernaut! Can you now blame me for being not in the most genial of humours?

DOCTOR.—Not I, for one! Why Timon of Athens could not plead such a valid excuse for misanthropy as you have advanced!

LAMB.—Oh I wish that I were only the Grand Turk for half a day! I would bring the Corporation to book in double quicktime, for the shameless carelessness they show in the matter! In the name o' wonder what come o' a' the taxes, when the powers that be canna afford to pay a couple o' stout officials to protect the travelling public, by pitching their tormentors into the lake!

DOCTOR.—You were speaking, Major, of a dull novel; I have just finished the perusal of one of a very different description. I allude to *Agatha's husband*.

LAMB.—Who is it written by?

DOCTOR.—By the authoress of "*the Orphans*," and "*the Heel of the Family*," two fictions which, in my humble opinion, rank second to few we have been favoured with since the Waverley era.

MAJOR.—I would be half inclined to predicate from the title, that the production belongs to the namby pamby school. It is suggestive of a series of domestic sketches decently dull as the moralizations of Mrs. Ellis, or the respectable twaddie of mother Hoffman!

DOCTOR.—Tut, tut man,—you are a thousand miles out of your reckoning in this instance! *Agatha's husband* is replete with nerve and sinew, and exhibits a knowledge of the human female heart which would have done no discredit to Massinger or Joanna Baillie.

LAMB.—What kind of a lad is the guidman o' Agatha?

DOCTOR.—A person in every respect worthy of the excellent wife to whom he is united, who fully appreciates her numerous good qualities, and whose utmost ambition is to contribute to her happiness.

MAJOR.—My dear fellow you are confirming the impression which I had formed of the work. The details of the loves of such a pair must of necessity be as insipid as a goblet of sugar and water to a *bon vivant* of the olden school, like our mess mate Bonniebraes!

DOCTOR.—Hear me to atone. Circumstances, simple and rational enough in themselves, combine to give Agatha's husband the appearance of a sordid, selfish, exacting tyrant, who, without ruth or pity, outrages at every turn the feelings of his gentle help-mate. Some of the situations thus produced have all the thrilling vigour of the best of our old English dramatists.

MAJOR.—I must read the affair of which you speak so highly. Can you favor us with a specimen of the manner in which the fair writer handles her tools, without revealing the secrets of the plot?

DOCTOR.—Here is Agatha's first visit to an invalid sister-in-law:

At first, Agatha thought the room was empty, until, lying on a sofa—though so muffled in draperies as nearly to disguise all form—she saw what seemed the figure of a child. But coming nearer, the face was no child's face. It was that of a woman, already arrived at middle age. Many wrinkles seamed it; and the hair surrounding it in soft, close bands, was quite grey. The only thing notable about the countenance was a remarkable serenity, in which youth might have conveyed that painful expression of premature age often seen in similar cases, but which now in age make it look young. It was as if time and worldly sorrow had alike forgotten this sad victim of Nature's unkindness—had passed by and left her to keep something of the child's paradise about her still.

This face, and the small, thin, infantine-looking hands, crossed on the silk coverlet, were all that was visible. Agatha wondered she had so shrunk from the simple mystery now revealed.

Nathanael led her to the sofa, and placed her where Elizabeth could see her easily without turning round.

"Here is my wife! Is she like what you expected, sister?"

The head was half raised, but with difficulty; and Agatha met the cheerful, smiling, loving eyes of her whom people call "poor Elizabeth." Such thorough content, such admiring pleasure as that look testified! It took away all the painful constraint which most people experience on first coming into the presence of those whom Heaven has afflicted thus; and made Agatha feel that in putting such an angelic spirit into that poor distorted body, Heaven had not dealt hardly even with Elizabeth Harper.

"She is just like what I thought," said a voice, thin, but not unmusical. "You described her well. Come here and kiss me, my dear new sister."

Agatha knelt down and obeyed, with her whole heart in the embrace. Of all the greetings in the family, none had been like this. And not the least of its sweetness was that her husband seemed so pleased therewith, looking more like himself

than he had done since they entered his father's doors.

MAJOR.—I like the twang of that passage; let us have another.

DOCTOR.—The husband, who is about to leave his wife for a season, is standing at her bed side. You will be able to account for his demeanour and emotions from the hint which I have before given you.

And still she was sleeping—sleeping at the very crisis of her fate. Her face was composed and sweet, though her hands were still clenched, and one of them almost buried in her loose hair.

Her husband stood and looked at her, trying long to keep himself firm and self-restrained, as though she were aware of his presence. But at last the holy helplessness of sleep subdued him. From standing upright he sank gradually down—down—till he was crouching on his knees. Shudder came over him—sigh after sigh rose up and was smothered again in his breast. At last even the strong man's strength gave way, and there fell a heavy, silent, burning rain.

And all the while the wife slept, and never knew how he loved her!

After a while the fiery dews ceased. Nathanael opened his eyes and tried to look once more calmly on his wife. She stirred a little in her sleep, and began to smile—a very soft, meek, innocent smile, that softened her proud lips into infantine sweetness. She was again Agatha, the merry Agatha, as she had been when he first saw her, before he wooed her, and shook her roughly from her girlish calm into all the struggles of life. He could have cursed himself—and yet—yet he loved her!

Kneeling, he stretched his arm over her neck. Another moment and he would have yielded to the frantic impulse, and snatched her to his heart one—just one embrace—heedless of her waking. But how would she wake? only to hate and reproach him. He had better leave her thus, and carry away in his remembrance that picture of peace which blotted out all her bitter words, all her cruel want of love—made him forget everything except that she had been the wife of his bosom and his first love.

He drew back his arm, gradually and noiselessly. He did not attempt to kiss her, not even her hand, lest he should disturb her; but kneeling, laid his head on the pillow by hers, and pressed his lips to her hair.

"I am glad she sleeps—yes, very glad! She is quite content now, she will be quite happy when I am gone. God love thee and take care of thee—my darling—my Agatha.

With this sigh on his heart, though his lips scarcely stirred, he kissed her hair once again, rose up, and went softly away.

As he departed, the first sunbeam came in and danced upon the bed, showing Agatha fast sleeping still. She never woke until it had been broad day for a long time, and the sun creeping over her pillow struck her eyes.

Then she started up with a loud cry—she had been dreaming. Tears were wet upon her cheek. She called wildly for her husband. It was too late. He had been gone at least three hours.

LAMB.—Rax me the book Doctor, I'll tak

it oot to Girzy, and ye can get another copy frae Maclair.

DOCTOR.—If you were not such a red hot and unmitigated Jacobite, oh Crabtree! I would commend to your perusal this slim green-garmented volume.

MAJOR.—You can at least introduce your friend.

DOCTOR.—"*Notabilities in France and England*," by Philarete Charles, Professor of the Paris Institute. It is a translation from French, and is issued by Putnam & Co.

MAJOR.—Does the Professor deal much in democratic politics, that you mention him so gingerly to me?

DOCTOR.—Far from it. He is deeply tinged, it is true, with what you would term the *virtus* of liberalism, but still he is rather a *describer* than a *theorizer*. He professes to be an admirer of contemporary talents, whilst at the same time he "follows no school, bows before no idol."

LAMB.—Let the Professor say a word for himself! A man can aye best tell his ain story.

DOCTOR.—There is something very striking in the following sketch of

AMAR, THE SWEDENBERGEAN.

When the allies entered Paris, and the return of the Bourbons was announced as probable, a great panic seized those families who had cause for fear, or thought they had. My father and I had frequent intercourse with some of his ancient colleagues. It was at that time I became intimately acquainted with him who had been styled the ferocious Amar, and he was to me a subject of curious study.

There could be nothing more pleasant or courteous than this so-called tiger; his ancient habits, as king's treasurer and man of the world, were clearly visible in his language and manners. He spoke low; a large diamond ring which he wore, and which was sometimes, I thought not unwittingly displayed, betrayed the financier; the finest and whitest of linen, with ruffles and bosoms embroidered and plaited in the handsomest style, with his other vestments of clear and modest shades but not mournful, were all in keeping. At first sight, all who recollected or had studied the eighteenth century would have taken him for an economist of the sect de Quesnay. Nevertheless, his large pale face, his fair hair becoming grey, his head inclined, which seemed hesitating between reverie and calculation, his rayless blue eyes, which seemed to view nothing exterior, but gazed inwardly, impressed one with solemnity and almost with fear. Here was evinced an intellect more profound but less complete than that of Vadier. The last was possessed of an intellect keen and cutting, of which you soon took the gauge; but you knew not what force and depth were concealed beneath the calm, gentle, and meditative exterior of Amar. Some expressions of his which seemed mysterious, that were engraved on my memory in childhood, I now comprehend.

I have always remarked that the dwelling of a man has a peculiar analogy with his dispositions

and tendencies. One must be a mystic or philosopher to love an extended horizon, overlooking vineyards and groves, meadows and gardens; such aspects of nature have a peculiar charm for meditative spirits, whom great cities with their eternal bustle weary and oppress.

In the third story of a house in la rue Cassette, the ancient treasurer of the king, become republican, had selected a retreat, which offered a perspective of this description. The greatest simplicity and the most perfect order prevailed within; I recollect the windows of his study opened upon one of the most beautiful views in Paris. When a child, I was frequently sent to his house, and the sweetmeats and cakes with which he treated me could not fail to render these errands agreeable. The impression he made on me was that of a timid recluse, who had, contrary to his tastes, left the region of abstractions, and descended into the world of realities. He manifested his emotions only by a slight and sudden blush, and a certain dilation of the pupils of the eye. This great calm, sad and gentle, could not exist with many ideas; surely such as were concealed under such an envelope should be profound and ineffaceable. Shortly after the entrance of the allies into Paris, I went to see him, and found him more agitated than was usual with him; he was at the same time more dressed. He was arrayed in a bright chocolate suit, with a white dimity vest, which shone in the sun. It was a suit that he wore in his youth. The window of his study was open, and a ray of light fell upon an ebony representation of Christ. Upon the bureau, opposite the two little windows, an enormous volume was opened.

As to the dweller in the cabinet, or rather cell, I met him, his head bent forward a little, his arms crossed behind, pacing the room with quick steps; when I entered he looked at me with a peculiar smile, which seemed expressive of commiseration for my youth. Leaning upon my shoulders with his two heavy hands, his rose-tinted nails as carefully cut as those of a lady, he looked at me fixedly, as a magnetizer contemplates his subject.

"Poor little one!" cried he. "Poor soul!"

Then with a mysterious air he closed the door, and bolted it. I felt an undefined alarm in presence of this singular person; it was not his reputation that awed me, it was he himself.

"Come along, child," said he; "seat yourself by this bureau, and read."

I obeyed him.

The large volume of which I have spoken was before me, bound in black, ornamented with marks of all colours. This precious book, much read, and filled with notes, was no other than the "New Jerusalem" of Swedenborg, the most mystic of all mystical books, as is well known. At the moment when I began reading chapter fourth, he, continuing his walk, stopped before me, and laying his hand extended over the page, which was concealed, he exclaimed, "This is the great book, young man; this is the teacher. The present generation comprehend it not. Happy our children if they will hearken. It is this which has directed my life; it is the only interpreter of the Christian mysteries; it is the grand revolutionizer."

Thus the ferocious Amar was a Swedenborgian mystic; this was the *primum mobile* and secret source of all his conduct. He willed, as Robertspierre and Cloutz, to regenerate humanity in spite of herself. During half an hour, concealed in the depths of a large embroidered easy-chair, which would have figured in the saloon of the treasurer of the king at Angers, he listened, smiling, and with his eyes cast upwards, to my reading of the third heaven, and their life, such as Swedenborg has revealed it upon his faith as an eyewitness.

"Ah!" cried he at length, rising with a quick and impetuous movement, not common in him, "see what men would have become if we had persevered to the end; if we had dared! But," added he, lowering his tone, and speaking with a cold conviction that made me tremble, "we have not done enough; and I ask pardon of God." He wept.

LAIRD.—Maist powerfu' language yon, but there is something e'en now in my wame that speaks to me still mair forcibly, and whispers softly to me that supper maun surely be ready.

DOCTOR.—Heard ever man the like! Oh, you Goth, you deserve to be fed on cold kale made of nettle tops for a month,—however, let's to work, that the Laird may have his supper. Your Facts, most worthy agriculturist.

LAIRD.—Faith, I have got a screed of them, you're sic a deceiving chiel that I have tried to make up for the scant room you gave me last time. (*Reads.*)

A FEW HINTS ON FARMERS' HOUSES.

It is a little strange that in this State not one farmer's yard in five hundred has more than half a dozen ornamental trees in it; and in the greater number there are no trees at all. The farmer ventures upon the outlay of a few dollars in the purchase of well-selected ornamental trees, and evergreens especially, is quite sure to find that at least every third passer points at them as something very select—something, though very pretty, not exactly appropriate in the demesne of the man who gets his living by growing wheat or wool, or by making butter. Why not? Only because the thing hasn't its precedents among common farmers. Even Johnny Slattern and Bill Carenought, untenanted as their minds are with anything of a Georgic nature, wish that some of those pretty trees at whose beauties they give a passing look in their way through High Street or Suburban Road on their way to market, were their own. But these men want the example of their own class. There are their neighbors Broadbrim and Leannoney whose farms are the pink of neatness—their fields without a thistle or other noxious weed; their fences of the best; their wheat well drilled; their orchards trim and productive; their houses commodious enough; and, maybe, each keeps his carriage. *They* are the men to whom the neighboring farmers look for examples. Farmer Broadbrim thought, when he laid out his door-yard, that he had got it about right. Before he built, and when he lived in the log house, the front fence was a rail fence, and the door-yard was the whole farm that the house and barn didn't cover. So, when the new house came to be built, in order to a greater certainty of

metes and bounds—"a clear manifestation of visible things." Consistence Broadbrim runs a bee-line from each front corner of his new-built house, whereupon shall stand, as well upon the street, a picket fence. His well-kept farm has thus far engaged his whole attention, for from its proceeds he has had a large family to maintain; but now, as the farm is in good culture, and the children married and out of charge, he thinks he will decorate a little; hence that front yard within that picket fence. Consistence says that good Rebecca, the wife, shall plant it. Thereupon she sets her wits to work for the most feasible and economical way of doing it. A neighbor's blush rose needs the trimming, and she gets the offshoots. She remembers that her cousin Patience Growrursty's yard, in town, has an old lilac bush, whose uncared-for roots had thrown up a multitude of suckers; so the first time she goes to town, some of them are got. With these, and the posy bed on either side of the walk from door to front gate, the sum of her decorative art is well nigh exhausted. Consistence is an indulgent man, and looks quietly on all this transforming process in a way which reads unmistakably—"what's the use?"—"extravagant!" She has a want or two unsatisfied yet. Passing their friend Benjamin's well-kept nursery on a fine spring morning, she would fain thin it a little for the good of her yard; but her good Consistence has been quite a long time making his money, and has no mind to spend much of it for show. She is easily persuaded, though an *Elton* or a *Bartlett*, costing little more than one of the hundred apple trees in her husband's orchard, would have combined beauty and utility. The pretty Norways, pines, and spruces, that stand out so vividly in the nursery rows, and which, transplanted to their own door yard—small as it is—might add greatly to its beauty, as well as keep off the hard winter winds, fail to entice them. The little yard, with its rose and lilac bushes, and its two flower beds, has not the elements for knowing better. It was *made* long ago.

Now, Consistence is but a type of a large class of farmers whose strivings to be tasteful are as uncertain as the flesh. What I especially wish to call attention to in his case is this, that possessing, as he does, quite his share of acres, he should so grudgingly *set off* (as though it were a dangerous associate of the rest of the farm) only that stunted little enclosure he designates "front yard." The few square rods of ground favored (?) by this exclusiveness, give a stiffness and prudish air to the farm. The fence enclosing it draws attention to what should always be the best ornamented part of a farmer's grounds—the part which *all* members of the family, as well as passers, must look at the oftenest. The mistake made by Consistence involves a point in decoration in which nine in ten stumble in making their improvements—that all fences not really required for purposes of division, should be studiously avoided either on village lot or farm. A fence should be as much out of the vision as possible. With the greater number a handsome fence is of higher moment than the shrubs and trees surrounding the house, and too often answering the place of them. What more provoking than when passing a good collection of shrubbery in town,

to have your view of it cut off by a fence nearly twice as tall as there is any necessity of? a boarded barrier that the owner thrusts upon you as the greater beauty, but which you consider sheer snobbery. In villages there must be fences between the grounds of adjoining proprietors, if not neighbors in the true sense; but far prettier a neat fence of osage orange, privet, or arbor vite, to mark the line. On the front, so long as the laws are not enforced against marauding cattle, carpentry must generally be used; but it should always be as low, light, and open, as strength will permit. Much display in ornamental fencing is quite inadmissible about a farm-house; more than in the town we expect trees, shrubs, and green vines, and grass to look at, and don't so much need the plane and saw to make beauty. The greatest breach of good taste in a house yard on the farm, is stinginess of size—adopting as a *choice* in the country which is only a *necessity* in the city. Half an acre, or even an acre, no farmer should grudge for his yard; especially as no part of the farm can be made to pay better. The writer has found that two acres that he has mostly planted with forest and evergreen trees, made a better return of grass than twice the number of acres of meadow elsewhere. As breadth and magnitude, rather than elaborate decoration, belong to the farm, a horizontal fence is most appropriate to the yard. Picket fences, so common in front of farm houses, should never occupy that position. A horizontal ten foot rail, made of some hard wood free from knots, to connect the posts, makes a cheap, strong fence, obstructs the vision as little as any, and looks well.

A few words as to the selection of trees. I assume, before making any list of ornamental trees for the decoration of the grounds of a well-to-do farmer, that he is not restricted in room. There is no necessity for crowding his trees too closely, as nine-tenths of lot owners in villages are sure to do; but, selecting his trees judiciously, he may give each its proportionate and necessary area, so that its distinguishing beauties shall be best brought out. Let the farmer devote two acres—at least one—to trees and lawn. On two acres he may get all our native forest trees, a complete collection of hardy evergreens, and besides, a good variety of the best pears and cherries. The pear and the cherry are the only fruit trees fit for the yard. From them, varieties may be selected combining the greatest excellence of fruit and all the beauties of form and thrift. The peach and the apple do not sufficiently combine beauty and utility to admit their presence nearer than the orchard.

It need not be objected that the portion of the ground devoted to forest trees is to yield its sole profit in the grass which may grow beneath them. Why not have your hickory nuts grown at home, instead of spending time and legs in roaming the woods or your neighbor's fields for them? And there is as much difference between such nuts as you might have by a proper choice, and the average of wood-grown nuts, as would amply compensate for the pains. How few trees equalling the Chestnut as a lawn tree, and how good the nuts! I saw young Chestnut trees last summer in the nursery of a friend, whose crop of fruit quite astonished me. The seed from which they sprung

was planted at the same time with nursery apple trees growing near them. The latter had not commenced bearing. The Black Walnut, too, grows rapidly in the proper soil, and produces one of the best of nuts.

From the large variety of evergreens to be found in the nurseries, fifteen kinds will embrace all the *well-tried*—all that are certain to withstand the irregularity of northern winters without protection. Foremost among them, all things considered, may be placed the Norway Spruce, Hemlock, and black Spruce. They are all beautiful specimens of true architecture, and complete types of the two kinds of character in evergreens. For too little has been said in praise of the Black Spruce, owing partly to the fact that it has been little cultivated as yet. Its growth and size are about equal to the Norway Spruce; but it has a much denser foliage, and, with the Norway, the same association of color is attained as *verdigris* and French green afford. Its depth of coloring sometimes gives it rather a sombre expression. To me that very dark green is especially pleasing in the melting days of summer. In the yard of some of my friends there are specimens, the tallest of which is, perhaps, thirty feet high, with a close, unbroken foliage. They have been universally admired by tree connoisseurs. Some specimens transplanted into my father's grounds in—eight years ago—trees twenty years old from the seed—are almost always the most admired in a collection of ten or twelve evergreens. Beside them the much overrated Balsam Fir shows thin and lank. The Black Spruce has been sadly prejudged by those who have gone the wrong way to work to get it. Like the Hemlock, you greatly mistake its domesticated character by judging it, from its appearance in the close forest, or by specimens taken from the forest. Like most evergreens, too, it must be a thin, slow growing tree for many years, if transplanted from its native wilds: while, if taken from thrifty nursery collections, it is sufficiently thrifty, and grows thick and compact. Then there is the Red Cedar, a tree that no good collection should be without. It is often scrawny in its wild, native retreats; but it is not often so with good care in open culture.

THE PEACH YEAR.

The destruction of the peach tree this year was unusual in degree, and occasioned by an unusual cause. The hard frosts of December 17th previously had, apparently, destroyed most of the fruit buds. The winter, though unusually cold, was favorable to the health of fruit by its great uniformity. Apple trees and healthful plums passed through it safely, while plum trees that had been injured during the summers of 1850-51 by the mildew of the leaf, (in consequence, I think, of hot, damp weather,) were killed.

On the 14th of April I passed through all my peach trees, and removed such trees as I have found uniformly yielded late and poor fruit. On that occasion I was pleasantly surprised at the healthful state of the wood and the proportion of fruit buds yet alive, especially those situated about the base of the limbs. Certainly, there had been no winter of the eight during which I had cultivated the peach, more congenial to its health. April 26th the temperature rose to 68°, there hav-

ing been but two or three days as high as 54° previously. At this date I deemed my peach trees in a fairly hopeful condition, with the exception of the large loss of fruit already noticed.

April 27th to 30th, inclusive, were four bright days, with a brisk wind, which was cool except during the last of them. These four days were undoubtedly the turning point in the health of the peach. At the conclusion of them, much of the young wood was shrivelled and drying up, even to the eye, and much more to the test of the knife. The change was so sudden and extreme as to leave no room to doubt, even on the most cursory observation. The sun and wind combined seemed to have annihilated the sap of the young wood—the weather previously having been too cool to excite the roots to action.

Gooseberries were now slowly coming into leaf; pie-plant was partially expanding; peach, but especially cherry buds, were here and there swelling. May 1st there was rain copious enough to make the Mohawk overflow its banks. May 3d to 6th were four frosty nights. From the 6th to the 9th, inclusive, were four hot days—the temperature on the 7th reaching 83°, and on the 8th it was probably as high, though the indication was not reached. The peach broke into flower slowly and irregularly from the 15th to the 22d, when it was about in full flower. This was just ten days later than usual, it ordinarily being in full flower on the 12th. While these were coming into flower they encountered three November days from the 18th to the 20th, which resulted in frost on the morning of the 31st. By this time it was evident, that of some five hundred trees that had exhibited apparently fair health less than one month before, full one-half were substantially ruined—some being dead (as the result soon after showed), root and branch, others killed to the ground merely, and others still having here and there a live limb. The remaining half were injured less in various degrees. Soon after flowering these was a considerable development of the curled leaf malady, though I think it was less than in 1851. It deserves to be noticed that trees that stood in the grass, and so had made less succulent wood the preceding year, were less injured. I have read several general statements of the death of the peach during the last severe winter. It would be gratifying to know whether this destruction was occasioned by an influence acting strictly during the winter, or whether, as in my own experience, it was, more properly, the influence of an irregular spring. I closed my note book a year ago, when writing on the curled leaf, in a tone of considerable confidence in the possibility of cultivating the peach somewhat successfully, even in Oneida county; but the experience of 1852 is, I acknowledge, not a little discouraging. Others about me, with a few trees, on a heavier and less excitable soil, have suffered less than myself. A tree of mine, also, that is budded on a plum tree, has been vigorous. But it is sufficiently obvious that, in a climate with such liabilities, the cultivation of the peach must ever be precarious.

CULTURE OF INDIAN CORN.

As the time for planting corn is approaching, and being myself a practical farmer of some ex-

perience, I have thought it might not be amiss to state to my brother farmers, through the medium of your widely circulating papers, the mode in which I have for many years past been most successful in raising this valuable crop. It is this:—

I take a meadow, or pasture, on which the grass is getting thin; cover it as thick with manure as can well be plowed under; then proceed to plow about six or eight inches in depth, taking care to have every furrow laid completely over. If the ground be uneven, or not well plowed, I follow with a heavy roller, which closes many a crevice, and prevents the grass from choking the young plant, and also prevents the harrow, which immed.ately follows lengthwise the furrow, from disturbing the sod. After completing the field in this manner, if not perfectly mellow and smooth, it is either cross-harrowed or gone over with a two-horse cultivator lengthwise the furrow, which most effectually accomplishes the object.

The ground should be plowed thus deep for two reasons. First, in the spring, after planting, and while the corn is coming up, should the season be wet and cold, the water settles underneath the furrow, which prevents the seed from rotting, or the plant from drowning, as is frequently the case. And second, in the summer, should it be very dry, as is frequently the case after a wet spring, the root of the plant penetrates the deep mellow earth to where the fermentation of the manure and sod creates a moisture that steadily forces the corn on to maturity.

Corn ground, however, should not be plowed so deep as to throw up subsoil, that being of too cold a nature—though for wheat is highly beneficial.

I mark my corn ground both ways, the rows about three feet four inches apart, taking great care to have them perfectly straight, that the cultivator or plow may be less liable to disturb the hills while tending it. In planting, five or six kernels should be put in a hill and covered with mellow earth—dry lumps and stones are hard things for a tender plant to contend with. Some farmers might think six kernels too many; and so it would be if all grew; but they do not always, and if they do, it is easier to pull out than put in. It is well to mix plentifully with pumpkin seed, as they injure the crop but little, and are thought by most farmers to go far to lessen the expense of raising the corn.

When the corn is sufficiently advanced to see the rows, it is passed through twice in a row both ways, with a one-horse, s-tooth cultivator. This destroys the grass and weeds, if any, between the hill, and a few men will soon eradicate what remains in the hills. It is then dressed with about a table spoonful of composition, of equal parts, lime, plaster and ashes, which serves, when sufficiently moistened by rain, to drive the grub and wire-worm from the hill, if any there be, and hasten rapidly forward the plant. In about two or three weeks it is passed through again, either with a cultivator or light plow, both ways, twice in each row. This time, one hand with a hoe to cut an occasional weed or thistle, and to straighten up any hills that may be disturbed by the horse or plow, will do all that is necessary. When it is about, or a short time previous to, its tasselling out, it is plowed one and sometimes both ways,

deep, turning the furrow towards the hill. This, with a little labor with the hand hoe, will cause the stalk to throw out its brace roots higher up, which keep it in a perpendicular position, and aids very materially in facilitating the cutting, should that be performed, or in husking, should it not. It is then left to ripen.

When the ears are about three-fourths glazed, it is cut up near the ground, and from thirty to forty hills put in a shock, and tied securely at the top with a band of straw—not with grass, weeds, or a stalk, as many do—and left to cure.

It may be thought by many farmers, that the period for harvesting which has been mentioned is too early to secure the greatest weight of grain; to which may be said in answer, that the stalk being separated from the root while green, much of its vitality will be drawn by the unripened ear, and bring it to maturity. Consequently, in most cases, a greater gain is realised than when endangered longer by early frost.

Corn raised after the above manner, frequently yields me 40 bushels of shelled per acre; and the stalks are equal for fodder to from one and a half to two tons hay per acre.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.

For several years my potatoes have failed with the rot. In the fall of 1851, I thought I would try my hill land, without manure. I took my team, plough and drag, and measured off 150 square rods of ground, and commenced ploughing as deep as the plough would go, about nine inches. The next May, I dragged it until the top was very mellow. I then took the one horse plough and marked it out three feet square. As seed was hard to be got at one dollar per bushel, I procured three bushels of very small potatoes, and all that I could find that was as large as a good sized hickory-nut, I cut in pieces and put three pieces in a hill. I had one half bushel of quite large potatoes; these I cut and planted by themselves, which made three and a half bushels of potatoes, all told.—These I planted, on 149 square rods of ground. I planted the middle of May. When my potatoes were up about four inches high, I ploughed them out both ways with the small plough, and hoed them very well; I then took half a bushel of unbleached ashes and half a bushel of plaster and mixed together, and put about one large table-spoonful on the side of each hill, except two rows through the middle of the piece, on which I put nothing. In about two weeks I ploughed them out again both ways, two furrows in each row; hoed as before, and then took three pecks of unbleached house ashes and put on the side of each hill as before, except the two rows, and this was all that I did to them. The two rows that I did not put anything on, looked quite sickly and yellow, and the tops were about 12 to 15 inches high. The other tops were very large and rank; some of them three feet long. I commenced digging the fourth week in October, and dug the two rows that I put nothing on first, and got three bushels and a half and three quarts, all told. The next two rows that I plastered and ashed, nine bushels and a half and five quarts, making more than two-thirds difference in the two rows. I dug from the piece, two hundred and fourteen bushels of the best potatoes that I ever dug—not one but

what was sown. The small potatoes that I planted gave as much to the hill as the large ones, but more small ones in the hill. The large potatoes gave me large potatoes again. This is the first of my hook farming. I intend to try again, and will tell you what luck I have.

EXTERMINATION OF WEEDS.

My thoughts, and to some extent my labors, have been brought into action during a few of the past seasons, for the purpose of devising some efficient method to "kill out" those soil impoverishing weeds, which, by careless culture and thriftless management, have nearly overrun some of the farms with which I am acquainted. It is not uncommon to see whole fields bearing such a crop as *mullens*, for instance, as would have been creditable to the owner, had his ground produced as great a burthen of Indian corn? Nor is the mullein alone entitled to such pre-eminence; for other weeds are occupying the ground, and usurping the nourishment from the soil, which ought to be applied to better purposes.

In my efforts, I have had in view more particularly, that most noxious plant called yellow weed, negro weed, snap dragon, and other "hard names." It is, I believe, considered by farmer's in this region, the greatest *dread* of all the weedy tribe. It commonly grows in thick patches, has a small stalk from twelve to eighteen inches in height, and at its top has a rich cluster of gaudy yellow blossoms. Its seeds are thin and light, like those of the parsnip—small, and of dark color. It is presumed that a smart gust of wind will carry them a fourth of a mile. Thus it spreads.

I do not, however, fear the enemy when he shows his front in the open field; but when he fortifies himself by stone walls, or ledges of rock, or extends his lines along the road side, I admit him to be a formidable foe.

But how to subdue him is the question. My method to extirpate this and other weeds, is to sow buckwheat as early as I dare—on account of frost—and as soon as it become fully blossomed plough it under, and sow with buckwheat a second time, covering the seed with a "bush," lest the harrow should drag out the green crop. If the land is in "good heart," this crop may be harvested at about the usual time; if not, plough under again, and sow wheat or rye. These three successive ploughings, together with the vigorous growth of the wheat, will do as much toward effecting the object, as any method which I have tried. and if the *two* crops of buckwheat are well turned in, will put the land in good condition for winter wheat or rye.

MAJOR.—Let us now send for Mrs. Grundy.
[Enter Mrs. Grundy.]

Mrs. GRUNDY.—Here, gentlemen, are my Fashions and Observations. (Reads).—

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Jupe of checked glacé silk, very long and full. Waistcoat of worked cambric, fastened by small gold buttons. Pelisse à la Polonoise, of violet colored silk; the form is the same as that of a straight coin de feu, with a full skirt sewn on under the bottom edge, and which reaches to the top of the knee; it buttons from the throat about half way to the waist; it is embroidered up the front; a rich silk trimming may be substituted

for the embroidery, or a pattern worked in narrow silk braid; it should be lined with white or pale primrose silk. Wide pagoda sleeves, embroidered; the under sleeves have two deep fills of French cambric, gathered; a broad frill to correspond is worn round the neck. Cap composed of bouillons of tulle crossing the head, with fanchon and strings of broad ribbon, which is edged with a quilling of double tulle illusion, cut on the bias; group of rose buds are prettily arranged at each side.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A few weeks ago, an order was received by a Parisian milliner for a number of dresses and other articles for her Majesty the Empress of Brazil.—The commission, which is now completed, includes a court train of a very splendid description. This train is composed of light-blue moire antique, richly embroidered with silver, the pattern being miniature branches of the cherry-tree and oak, the fruit and foliage of each intertwining. The cherries and acorns are embroidered in high relief, thereby imparting a great degree of brilliancy to the silver. A corsage of the same material, and ornamented in the same manner as the train, is to be worn with it. The corsage has the point in front very much elongated, and is also slightly pointed at the back. The front is trimmed with an *echelle* of ribbon figured with silver. A berthe of silk, embroidered with silver and edged with a row of vandyked blonde, descends in the shawl form to the point in front of the waist. The sleeves are very short, and ornamented with embroidery in silver of the same pattern as that on the berthe and the train. The jupe, which completes this dress, consists of white moire antique, covered with three flounces of Alençon lace, the latter being of the most beautiful and costly description.

One of the ball dresses included in this order consists of cerulean-blue. It has four jupes figured with silver stars, and each finished at the bottom by a hem surmounted with a narrow wreath of flowers embroidered in silver.

Among the other articles ordered by the Empress are two or three mantelets. One is of white silk, and is trimmed with a deep frill or flounce of silk, edged with narrow lace. Along the top of the flounce are placed, at the distance of about two inches apart, bows of narrow therry velvet ribbon, with flowing ends reaching to the lace at the edge of the flounce. The body of the mantelet is also ornamented with rows of the same velvet ribbon, set on flat.

In the category of materials suited to plain, or negligé costume, may be named some of the new Valencias. They have transversal, or horizontal, stripes of the texture of velvet woven in the loom. The style resembles that of the bayadère dresses, but the stripes are much richer, in colour, and are also sometimes sprigged with a cordon or wreath of flowers. Some of the new Alpacas, grey and drab-colour, are ornamented in the bayadère manner, with narrow or dark-blue stripes, sprigged with small flowers of all colours. The same stripes are manufactured on separate pieces of the material employed in trimming the basques and ends of the sleeves.

One or two poplin dresses of dark colours have just been made in the redingote form, and are or-

namented with a front trimming of cut velvet, or with frills of silk of the colour of the dress and buttons of passementerie. The sleeves—which are demi-wide, and have revers turned up at the ends—descend to the middle of the fore-arm, and white under-sleeves are added.

Some of the richer kinds of poplin, of large chequered patterns, are of very beautiful colours. Pink and white, brown and white, two shades of brown, and different shades of green, intermingled with dark blue, are very prevalent colours for chequered poplins. These new poplins are of so thick a texture as to render flounces or any heavy trimming on the skirt unnecessary.

The new foulards make very pretty dresses. Some have the skirts trimmed with two flounces, and others with one deep flounce, reaching from above the knee—a style adapted to suit the new patterns in this material. The corsages are trimmed with ruches of narrow ribbon, or with small loops of narrow mignonette ribbon set on close together, which almost resembles a cordon of flowers. The sleeves are bouffantes from the shoulder to the elbow, where they are terminated by deep frills or ruffles, which being deeper on the outside than in the inside of the arm, droop in the manner of *engageantes*. They are supported by the bouillonné of the under-sleeve, which ought to be very full, and are edged by a double row of loops, or coques of ribbon.

A new mantelet has received the name of Victoria in honor of Her Majesty, for whom one after the same pattern has recently been made. The material is silk of a peculiarly beautiful tint; fawn color with a tinge of gold. This is an entirely new color, and is distinguished in Paris by the name of *aurifere*. The Victoria mantelet is round in form, setting easily on the shoulders, but without hanging in fullness. The upper part of the mantelet is trimmed with several rows of figured silk braid, of a bright groseille color, edged with small points of gold. Attached to the lower row of braid is a deep fringe of the color of the mantelet, having at intervals long tassels of groseille color. At the back, between the shoulders, a bow of silk, having two rounded ends, finished by groseille tassels, gives the effect of a hood. The mantelet is finished at the bottom with rows of groseille-colored braid, and fringe corresponding with that described in the trimmings of the upper part. Dress of striped green silk. Bonnet of fancy tuscan, lined with white. Trimming, white and green ribbon, intermingled with bouquets of roses.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE MISSIONARY.

The following statement appears from the pen of a lady of rank, whose brother is one of "the household," and was an eye-witness:—"Mr. Crowther was at a Church Missionary meeting at Windsor. After the meeting, Lord Wriothsley Russell (brother to Lord John, a pious clergyman, and a member of the Evangelical Alliance) told him that Her Majesty wished to see him at Windsor Castle. When at the palace, he met one of the ladies in waiting, who was collector for the Church Missionary Society, and who addressed herself to him as such, and as one deeply interested in the progress of the Society, and anxious to shake hands with him as her brother in the Lord. He then passed on to a room in which was Prince

Albert, who immediately addressed him most kindly; and they were deep in conversation on missionary subjects, when a lady walked in and joined in the conversation. Mr. Crowther, taking it for granted it was the lady he met in the ante-chamber before, took no particular notice of her further than continuing in most earnest discourse, pointing out places on the map, describing the various stations, &c. At length Lord W. Russell said something apart to make Mr. Crowther aware that he was speaking to the Queen of England. He was a good deal abashed, both at the presence of royalty and the honor conferred upon him. In the gentlest, sweetest manner (like a most loving mother to her people), Her Majesty set him quite at his ease, and continued her close inquiries on the subjects connected with the Church Missionary Society and Sierra Leone. They had not quite light enough at the table where the maps were spread out, and the Queen fetched a light from another table, which Mr. Crowther in turning over the leaves of the Atlas, put out, to his great distress; but the Queen (evidently not wishing the delay and interruption of calling a servant,) immediately lighted it herself, and continued the conversation, asked many questions about the African missions. My brother asked Mr. Crowther what sort of questions the Queen asked. He replied—"A devoted lady-collector could not have asked closer questions on the spiritual wants of the people, and the working of the missions." Her Majesty also inquired about the appointment of a Bishop, and the suitability of Mr. Vidal, recently nominated. In giving his very decided testimony to their need of an overseer, and the peculiar fitness of the Bishop-designate, Mr. Crowther particularised his wonderful knowledge of languages; whereupon Her Majesty turned to the Prince and said with a smile, 'Ah, Albert, you see there are other and good linguists besides Germans?' I need hardly say Crowther was much encouraged by this interview."

THE ORGAN AND THE SINGING IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. JAMES'.

This organ is one of the most convincing proofs yet given to the public of the rapidly-increasing independence of the Canadas in the production of not only mere articles of everyday use but those, also, of a more costly nature. This instrument was built by Messrs. Warren of Montreal, and is worthy of the reputation enjoyed by that firm. Those who are opposed to large organs in churches, lest the voices of the singers be drowned and the words unheard, have nothing to fear with this instrument. The choir, composed of effective and well-trained singers, perform admirably, and their voices blend harmoniously, not a word being lost. In the accompaniment to "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law," which is continually varied, the organ sounds no louder than a flute; and it is hard to believe that it is the same instrument which gives out the burst, "Thanks be to Thee, O God." The Messrs. Warren have performed their task well, and we have been assured by the organist, on whom we may safely rely, that he is satisfied with his instrument.

MILLY MARTIN!

An Ethiopian Melody.

WRITTEN FOR THE "ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE,"

BY G. S. LEE, Esq.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical structure and notation.

The third system introduces the vocal line. The upper staff contains the melody with the lyrics "Not long a - go, a - way down South, in dis here Yankey". The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment.

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The upper staff contains the melody with the lyrics "Na - tion, Dar dwelt de lubliest yal - ler gal in Un - cle Sam's plan -". The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment.

tation; So bright - ly beamed her coal black eye, dat when dey came a

cour - tin De dar - kies swore dar was no gal like

lub - ly Mil - ly Martin! Oh, dear Milly! Oh, lubly Milly

Martin, She's broke my heart, I'm sure she has, She's ^{smashed} my heart for sartin.



Her teeth was like a lot of beans, just open from de shell—
 Or like de rice dat grows down South where Massa used to dwell ;
 And when she cast a smile on me,—to see dem lips a partin',
 Dey looked like *mortar 'tween two bricks*, dem teeth of Milly Martin.
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her hair curled up so natural upon her beauteous head,
 She didn't use no curling-tongs afore she went to bed ;
 She didn't twist no papers in, to give the curl a startin'
 Because the twist was *natural* in de hair of Milly Martin.
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her hands dey didn't need no gloves to keep de sun from scorchin',
 Dey were "*fast colors*" and could stand de sun however sarchin'
 And on her fingers she wore rings, whose brilliancy impartin'
 Dey shone like dimuns in de coal, on de hands of Milly Martin.
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her "*tout an sample*" was sublime, I never shall forget her,
 Although she broke dis heart of mine and caused me to regret her ;
 For when I thought I'd gained de prize and she was mine for sartin,
 She "cut" me, and anoder niger married Milly Martin!
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

The good citizens of Toronto have been without musical entertainments of any description for nearly three months; and we should like to know why. There ought surely to be as much encouragement given to musical talent here as in Quebec or Montreal; yet the Quebeckers and Montrealers have had an opera troupe already amongst them, while this treat still "looms in the future with us." We believe, however, we may now safely promise that such a troupe will be here by the 11th, and that, should arrangements not be made with Mr. Nickinson, costume concerts will be given in the St. Lawrence Hall. We do not exactly see how Mr. Nickinson can spare his theatre; he has been, most deservedly, so warmly supported, that we should imagine he would be rather unwilling to give up a week while in full run of popularity; if he does, it will only be another proof that he is willing to sacrifice his own interest somewhat, for the accommodation of the Torontonians. Devrient Colletti, and several other names of note are spoken of as forming the troupe, and we predict for them, if they get the theatre, houses crowded in every corner, for at least a week.

In the present number will be found a very pretty air "Milly Martin." We give it as it was sent to us by the composer, a young Canadian, but if any of our fastidious readers should prefer other than Ethiopian words we promise, on application, to re-arrange it according to their taste.