

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN
MAGAZINE.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1855.

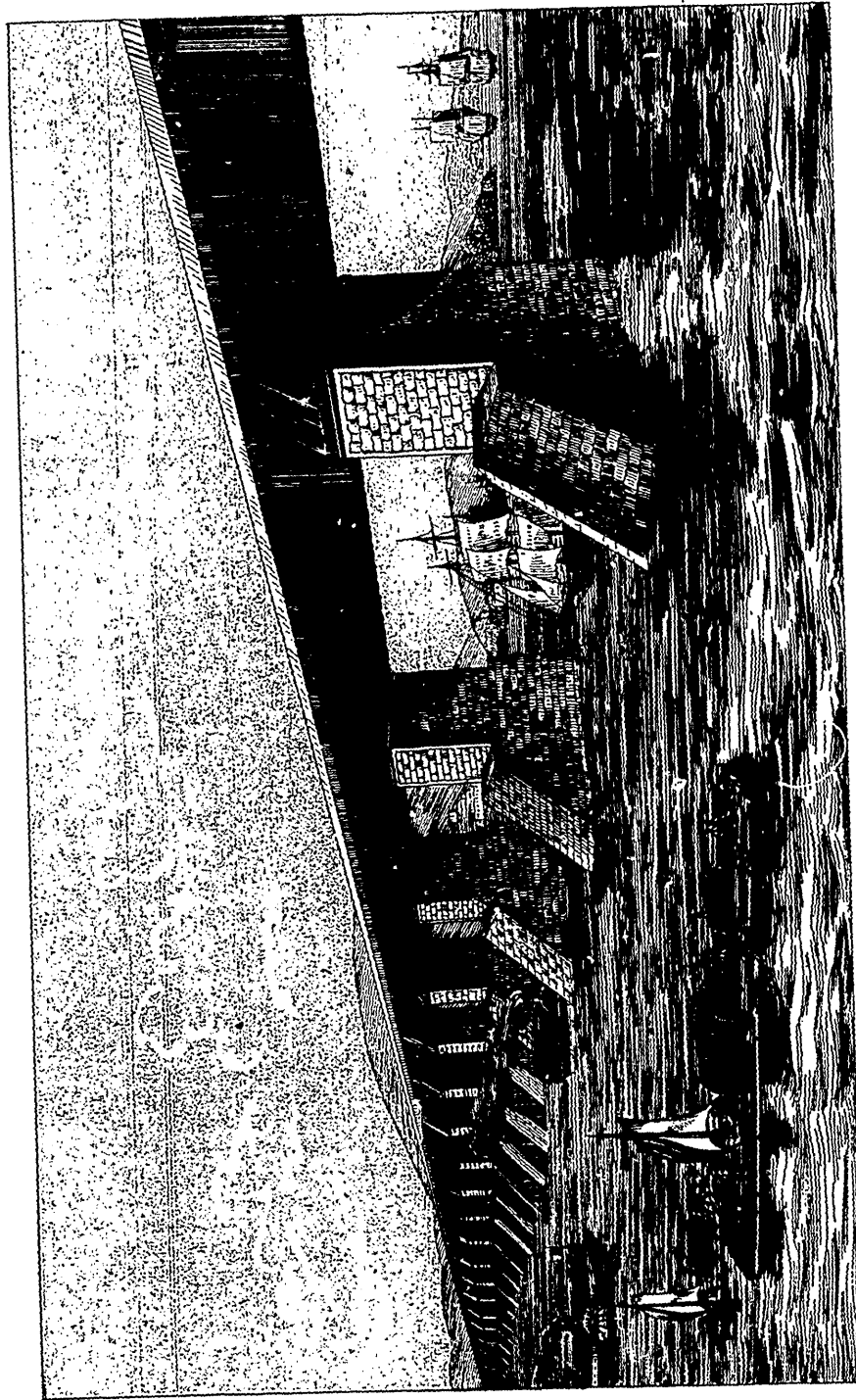
VOL. VII.

TORONTO:
MACLEAR & CO., 16, KING STREET EAST.
1855.



ROBERT STEPHENSON Esq.,
ENGINEER OF THE MENAI STRAITS BRIDGE.

Harley & Co Lith. Toronto.



THE TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE

Maclean & Co. Lith. Toronto C.W.

Contents of Volume the Seventh.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A.			
A Tale of the Red River.....	44	“ Household Words.”.....	157
A Tale of the French Revolution.....	287	Tall Writing	159
A Dramatic Scene.....	328	An Hour on the Welland.....	159
A Chess Sketch.....	365	J. S. Buckingham.....	161
A Game for an Heiress.....	449	“ Ayont the Roaring Sea.”.....	168
A Vision of Past Times.....	488	The Laird in Sailor Attire.....	239
B.			
Boar Hunting in India.....	331	His Early Dreams.....	241
C.			
Castle Building	233	Bennett, the Horse Doctor.....	245
Captain Todleben.....	202, 778	Journey to Kingston.....	342
Chess.....	75, 173, 269, 365,	Mr. Doolittle's History.....	344
Collections and Recollections.....	111, 194	“ Gang Back the Gate ye Cam' !”.....	348
Cousin Letty	212	A Birth in the Trenches.....	351
Charades.....	32, 141, 327, 406	P. P. Pyper's Letter.....	359
Case of Clairvoyance.....	409	The Laird's Dream.....	360
Calendars and Almanacs.....	460	Its Conclusion.....	365
D.			
Divinities of Fable.....	199	Percy's Reliques	499
E.			
Emily, or the Unexpected Meeting.....	320	Ludovic Cranstoun.....	500
EDITOR'S SHANTY:—		The Ploughman.....	504
The Laird Holds Forth	55	Dr. Cummings.....	511
The Lily of the Valley.....	57	F.	
High Prices	60	FACTS FOR THE GARDEN, &c. :—	
Bachelor's Song	61	Bouquets and Floral Ornaments.....	77
Female Colleges	62	Planting Shrubberies	168
Sketching from Life.....	66	Gas Tar.....	264
Cucumber Lake.....	67	Wellingtonia Gigantea.....	170, 266
Little Kate.....	74	Hedge Plant.....	268
Spiritualism.....	75	Butter.....	315
Mungo McGruther's Letter.....	76	G.	
St. Swithen's Day	77	Gossip.....	171
The Laird's Feast.....	152	H.	
London in Time of James I.....	154	“ He will Come To-morrow !”.....	117
The Doctor Sold.....	154	How to Walk.....	365
Duel between Laird and Doctor.....	155	J.	
L.			
		Jack Trainer's Story.....	25, 88
		L.	
		Literary and Artistic Celebrities....	1, 271, 367
		Lady Amber Mayne.....	385

	PAGE.		PAGE.
		M.	
Midwatch in a Merchantman.....	414		Castle Buildings..... 76
		O.	Guide to the Falls..... 77
Othello.....	313		Moredun..... 153
		P.	Memoirs of Sydney Smith..... 157
Patty Morrice.....	220		The Pride of the Mess.. 162
POETRY:—			Family Feud..... 162
Miss Nightingale.....	13		The Conscript..... 163
The Lay of the Brave.....	24		The Heiress of Haughton..... 246
The Twofold Victory.....	33		Memoirs of T. G. Bennett..... 252
A Lover's Farewell.....	33		Waikna..... 253
What Life's Lessons should be.....	43		Prize Essays..... 261
Stanzas.....	87		Abbott Lawrence and the "Globe"..... 261
The Watcher.....	96		Maud..... 262
A "Thousand Island" Lyric.....	111		The Unsentimental Towney..... 348
To M—— R——.....	141		Land, Labour and Gold..... 351
The Rose Without a Thorn.....	202		The Newcomes..... 360
Earth to Earth and Dust to Dust.....	220		Sir Amyas Leigh, Kut..... 361
Persian Poetry.....	225		Crotchets and Quavers..... 505
Laughing Gas.....	233		The Yellow Frigate..... 512
Lament for May Day.....	238		T.
A Parable.....	287		The Price of Blood..... 33,
The Wind's Message.....	298		The Court at Tunbridge in 1664..... 49
Stanzas to Madeline.....	320		The Indian Cabin..... 15, 88
St. Michael's Mount.....	331		The New Gauger..... 15, 96,
Song.....	338		The Miser's Secret..... 129
To a Physician.....	397		The College of La Greve, 1703..... 186
King Stephen's Oath.....	398		The Watcher of the Dead..... 141, 193
At Treveetho.....	419		The Pacha's Vow..... 226
Dirge.....	419		The German and his Child..... 298
I miss Thee always.....	425		The Night Watch..... 378
Temperance.....	425		The Maid of Honour..... 390
Christmas.....	434		The Changeling..... 393
Many Happy Returns of the Day.....	449		The Samphire Gatherer's Story..... 406
Bye-Gone Days.....	481		The Under Teacher..... 420
The Miseries of Poverty.....	481		The Mariners of Pollet..... 425
Poor Man's Evening Hymn.....	481		The Blind Reefer Adrift..... 434
The Toy of the Giant's Child.....	487		The Gambling Rooms at Baden..... 457
A Winter Hour.....	496		The Mother's Love..... 458
			The Genoese Mask..... 466
		R.	The Fatal Mark..... 476
Recollections of Mrs. Hester Taffetas.....	385		The Schoolmaster's Dream..... 482
Recollections of a Portrait Painter.....	420		The Old Year and the New..... 496
REVIEWS—			U.
The History of Turkey.....	57		Union of the Colonies of B. N. A..... 79, 175
Nature and Human Nature.....	62		V.
Men of Character.....	70		Victoria Bridge..... 54
			Vicissitudes of a Lock of Hair..... 390

THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—TORONTO, JULY, 1855.—NO. I.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES.

No. V.

JOHN WILSON.

In the year of grace 1829, the writer of these sketches, who had then a goodly number of his teens in prospective, visited for the first time the great hall of the Parliament House of Edinburgh. This structure, as our North British friends require not to be informed, has since the Union been devoted to judicial instead of legislative purposes, and under its roof the Supreme Courts of Scotland, civil as well as criminal, hold their sederunts.

During "Session" time, nothing can be more animated than the appearance of the aforesaid hall. The floor is thronged with hosts of lawyers of all degrees, and clients of every class and description. It may be characterized as the national forensic exchange, where fortune and credit are the articles traded; an occasional "hazardous risk," in the shape of a capital felony, giving zest and piquancy to the more prosaic proceedings.

At the period of which I am speaking, all Scotland—I might almost say, the greater bulk of Europe—was agitated by the Burke and Hare murders, which had just been developed. In the very core of a Christian city, men and women had been strangled by the dozen, to furnish material for the dissecting-room, and that with all the system and method of a legitimate calling.

The actors in this wholesale wickedness

had been apprehended, but strong doubts existed as to whether a sufficiency of proof could be obtained to insure their conviction. Rumours prevailed that unless some of the Thugs turned King's evidence, the entire fraternity would, almost to a certainty, weather the gallows, and be left free to practice their ghastly trade with impunity. One thing was patent to all, viz., that the Crown officers were in frequent communication with diverse most suspicious-looking characters, who were supposed to have an inkling of the facts of this case of gigantic turpitude.

Whilst listening to the descriptions which an obliging cicerone was giving us of the more remarkable personages who replenished the "Outer House," our attention was emphatically arrested by an individual engaged in close, and apparently confidential communing with the Lord Advocate. The last-mentioned functionary, who possesses a power and an influence which no English or Irish official of the same order can boast of, was attired in the full and imposing robes of his rank, and exhibited an air of severe dignity well calculated to make the "profane vulgar" keep a respectable distance.

The companion of "the Advocate," as his lordship is usually styled, was a carelessly-dressed man, standing more than six feet high, and whose person was enveloped in a garment of brown cloth, which might be described as a compromise between the great-coat and the surtout. From beneath his broad-brimmed and somewhat rusted hat, there straggled a profusion of long, unkempt,

yellow hair, which hung about his neck like the mane of a lion. Strongly suggestive of an eagle's beak was the curved nose of the unknown, and there was a restless energy in his blue, Scandinavian-looking eyes, which seemed to be familiar with no repose.

"Who can this strange man be?" we inwardly queried; and the response which we at once returned was, that he could be none other than the chief of the North British Thugs, revealing to Justice the bloody secrets of his tribe!

Far-fetched as this hypothesis may appear, it at once assumed all the force of an established fact, and the more we observed the more we were confirmed in our belief. Tho' we could not hear the words which the yellow-haired one poured forth, his pantomime was indicative that something wild and savage furnished the themes of discourse, and ever and anon he grasped the Advocate's silken robe with his long-nailed fingers, as if he had been describing the process of manufacturing pabulum for anatomical demonstrations!

After a season, however, the soundness of our faith sustained a severe shock. At the close of a long sentence, the supposed Thug stopped short, administered a far from gentle clap to the shoulder of the legal magnate, and broke forth into a merry laugh, which made the oaken roof of the Parliament House ring again. What seemed stranger than all, the minister of justice took this outrè familiarity in non-irate part, and heartily joined in the cachination.

"In the name of wonder," we exclaimed to our guide, "what is the meaning of all this? Does the Lord Advocate thus publicly consort with murderers, and, in the glare of noon-day, greet them with a 'hail, fellows, well met?'"

"What puts murders in your head, silly gawk that you are?" was the rejoinder. "No homicide did that genius ever perpetrate, except, perchance, extinguishing some scores of Cockney poetasters! That's the Professor, man! John Wilson, ye ken! The immortal Kit North of *Blackwood's Magazine!*"

Such was our primary vision of one of the most gigantic of the literary Anaks of the current century. The incident may be

"written down" as trivial, and perchance some may blame us for thus recording the day-dreams of boyhood. In exculpation, we must plead the extreme vividness of the impression then and there engraven upon the tablets of our memory. Perchance we will be permitted to add, that the narrative of that impression may give to many, a more definite idea of the subject of this paper, than could be communicated by an ambitious and elaborated portraiture.

Paisley was the natal place of John Wilson. He there enunciated the wailing prologue to life's chequered drama on the 19th of May, 1785.

Touching his father, who died whilst our author was still a boy, we may simply state that he was a manufacturer in the above-mentioned town, and that by shrewdness and energetic habits he managed to realize a considerable fortune. His mother (after whom he took in many respects) was a woman of more than ordinary mark. Possessing natural abilities of no mean calibre, she had cultivated them by extensive and somewhat out-of-the-way reading, and was in the habit of expressing herself after a fashion which in these latter days would be termed "strong-minded." Let it not, however, be inferred that she had the slightest tincture of the abominable and unfeminine Stone heresy. In everything that becomes a woman she was all that a lady and a matron ought to be.

Mrs. Wilson belonged to a family which produced, at least one member whose name is familiar in the Republic of Letters. We have reference to Robert Sym, a writer to the Signet, or Solicitor, John's maternal uncle, and the Timothy Tickler of Blackwood. He contributed several able papers to *Maga*, chiefly relating to questions bearing upon politics, and the legal profession, and, generally speaking, answered to the pictures given of him in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. More than once we had the good fortune to meet with the redoubtable Timothy, and can testify that nothing could be more characteristic than the following off-hand sketch of the senior, which his nephew puts in the mouth of James Hogg, at the table of Ambrose's *Snuggery*. North, we may premise, has just

intimated, that Tickler had consented to be his "Best Man," at his nuptials with Mrs. Gentle:—

"*Shepherd*.—Capital! capital! I see him,—look, there he is, wi' his speck-and-span-new sky blue coat wi' silver buttons, snaw-white waistcoat wi' gracefu' flaps, licht casimer knee-brecks wi' lang ties, flesh-coloured silk stockings wi' flowered gushets, pumps brushed up to a perfect polish a roun' the buckles crystal-set, a dash of powther in his hair, e'en bricht as diamonds, the face o' him like the verra sun, chin shaven smooth as satin, mouth—saw ye ever sic teeth in a man's head at his time o' life—mantling wi' jocund benisons, and the hail figure o' the incomperable fellow, frae top to tae, sax feet fowre inches, and a half guide measure."

His father, as we have intimated having died early, John was sent as a boarder to the Rev. Dr. McIntyre, the parish minister of Glenorchy, in the Western Highlands, with whom he remained till the age of thirteen. The Doctor was precisely the kind of tutor to develop the peculiar talents and instincts of the future poet and essayist. A much superior classical scholar to the majority of his ecclesiastical confreres, he conscientiously took order, that the lad should thoroughly study his daily tasks, and at the same time, did not stint him in the enjoyment of the wild charms of nature. To quote Shelton Mackenzie, the Doctor "rather encouraged his pupil's strong desire for wandering among the mountains and valleys of his native land; was delighted with his remarks upon what he had seen in these adventurous excursions; and used generally to wind up with the encouraging remark '*my man, you should write story-books!*'" Like many of the Scottish "Mess Johns" of that era, McIntyre was a warm patron of, and participator in the athletic sports and exercises of rural life, and thought it only natural and fitting that young Wilson should relish them as keenly as himself, "and" in the words of the last cited authority, "was as proud, almost, of his proficiency in leaping, wrestling, curling, boxing, running, and swimming, as of his proficiency in Greek and Latin."

Having been well grounded in his *humanities*, as the classics are denominated in

Scotland, our author became a student of the University of Glasgow, and went through the ordinary curriculum of education in that institution. He had the good fortune to be an inmate of the family of Mr. Jardine, the Professor of Logic, a gentleman who possessed to a remarkable degree the faculty of communicating knowledge, and developing the peculiar talents of all who had the good fortune to be his pupils. Alluding to Wilson, the Professor observes: "during my whole experience I never had a pupil who discovered more genius, more ardor, or more active and persevering diligence."

From Glasgow, Wilson proceeded to Oxford, and became a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College. Here he gained a reputation at once for mental and physical powers. He carried off the Newdigate "verse prize" of fifty guineas, the subjects of the ode that year being Painting, Poetry, and Architecture. This "composure" he never deemed worthy of publication, but his contemporaries speak highly of its merits.

Anent matters physical, he carried to Oxford the athletic habits which he had acquired in Glenorchy. Steeple-chasing, hunting, rowing, and occasionally fighting, were the relaxations of his "unbent hours." At that time there were frequent combats between the "commons" of Oxford, and the more youthful students of the University, and in these civic and academic duels Wilson sustained a prominent part. "There remains even yet," says one of his biographers, "an Oxford tradition of a gigantic shoemaker, the champion of the *Town* combatants, who repeatedly had encountered and defeated Wilson. This happened three years consecutively. In the fourth, Wilson was the conqueror, and, when the shoemaker confessed that he had found his match at last, Wilson shook hands with him, and having discovered shortly after that the man was very poor, privately visited him, and insisted on his accepting £20, which, he said, would put him even with the world once more!"

Leaving the "nursery of Toryism" our author directed his course towards the capital of his native country, where his mother had for some time resided. Despising the

usual prosaic modes of locomotion he performed the journey on foot, though the distance was more than three hundred miles. We have heard many stories concerning his adventures on this pilgrimage, and amongst others, of his falling in with a band of gypsies, with whose erratic habits he became so much captivated that for more than a month he shared in their wanderings, and assisted in their multiform devious devices to procure a living. During this period of probationary vagabondism, the ex-Oxonian was ripely initiated into all the mysteries of fortune-telling, poaching, and the abduction of barn-door fowls, and so much did he gain upon the affections of his swart associates that it was with sincere regret they parted with him at the Border.

In addition to this expedition, Wilson had on previous occasions "made his legs his compasses" to use the expression of the elder Scriblerus, and traversed, in pedestrian fashion, large sections of England, Scotland, and Wales. It cannot be questioned that these "exercises" largely tended to indoctrinate him with that knowledge and love of nature in all its multiform aspects, which shed such a lustre over his literary engenderations. No mere bookman, however sterling his genius, could have written "Christopher on the Moors," or the aforesaid Kit in his "Sporting Jacket." Every page of these matchless prose poems is redolent of an aroma derived directly from mountain, loch, and glen. Hence, likewise, the unsparing, and almost savage vim, with which North constantly "knouts," all the attempts of "city lubbers" to describe the doings of rural life. To hear a Cockney, bred and nurtured within the sound of Bow bells, "babbling of green fields," agitated the deepest pools of the sage's bile, and urged him to untruss the delinquent's points, and birch him to within an inch of his life! This is the key to the truculence of much of the "rasping criticism" with which the *Noctes* abound. The genial-hearted senex of "the crutch" did not love the Cockneys less, but he loved dame nature more!

Our author resided at Edinburgh during the years 1809—10, "hanging loose upon

society," as Sam Johnson hath it, but regarded by the "knowing ones," as a genius who was destined either "to make a spoon, or spoil a horn." Even at that early period the keen and discriminating eye of Walter Scott discovered the mine of his intellectual wealth, and expressed a conviction that it would yet dazzle and delight the world.

About this time, Wilson, whose patrimonial means, though not opulent, amounted, in the language of mercantile slang, to a respectable "figure," purchased a romantic estate called Elleray, situated on the banks of the Lake Windermere, in Westmoreland. He was induced to choose this "location" on account of the brilliant literary society which the district was enriched with, including Wordsworth, Southey, and a galaxy of other stars, less in magnitude to these "bright particular planets," but still of more than average lustre. To this beloved nest he clung during the remainder of his life, and there most of his happiest days were spent.

In the Lake county he fell in with the woman who was destined to be his helpmate.

"As might be expected from his ardent temperament (says the writer from whom we have before drawn)—it was a love-match. The lady was an English heiress of considerable beauty. Among the many anecdotes of his courtship is one, which has been generally believed,—of his having accidentally met the lady while she was on a tour; of following her in the disguise of a waiter, to various inns at the Lakes; of her father noticing, at last, that wherever they went, there was the self same attendant; of his demanding an explanation; of Wilson's revealing his name and condition; of his obtaining leave to woo the lady; and of his immediate success when he addressed her. Her only stipulation was that he should abandon a favourite project of making a tour of discovery into the interior of Africa. The required promise was given and kept, the Marriage followed, and bride and bridegroom instead of loitering through the honeymoon in silken and luxurious ease, spent the bright summer in a pedestrian journey through the Highlands."

Happiness such as rarely falls to the chequered lot of man, was the fruit of this

union, so romantically brought about. The poet had met with that scarce prize in the wheel of fortune, "a poet's fitting bride." From personal knowledge we can bear witness, that not a word in the subjoined sentence is tinged with exaggeration: "Whatever was rough and untoward in Wilson's manner and character, this gentle creature softened and subdued. In her he had that greatest wealth which man can possess—a wife at once loveable and lovely; the charm of his home; the friend of his friends; the calm and affectionate counsellor and companion; the joy and comfort of his heart, whether in sunshine or sorrow; the fond mother, lovelier in her matron beauty than in her fair maidenhood; in a word, the one being out of all others, who could make him happy, and be happy herself in making him so."

Shortly after his nuptials, Wilson made his first public appearance as an author by giving to the world some very graceful elegiac stanzas, on James Grahame, the amiable "Sabbath bard." These were followed, at a brief interval, by the "Isle of Palms," perhaps the most successful of his lyrics, and which at once made him a freeman of the corporation of "makers."

We may here remark once for all, that Wilson's popularity as a metrical poet, has been by no means proportionate to the abiding fame which his prose writings have won for him. Perchance the reason which Lord Jeffrey gives for this state of matters is the correct one. In a review of our author, that shrewd critic observes: "Almost the only passions with which his poetry is conversant, are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillizing sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which, to those who read poetry for amusement merely, will be apt to appear like dulness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day."

The following passage from "Isle of Palms," though presenting many inequalities, contains some striking and stirring lines:

"THE SHIPWRECK.

But list! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it called the ship along.
The moon is sunk, and a clouded gray
Declares that her course is run,
And like a god who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious sun.
Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she; her giant form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast,
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is
her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down comes her mast with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are dragged in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral-rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.
Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child,
Returned to her heart at last.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;
The whole ship's crew are there!
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.

* * *

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye,
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour
 dull

Bedims the waves so beautiful:
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

Wilson in the year 1814 "passed Advocate," or in other words was admitted to the Scottish Bar. Like his literary brother in arms, Lockhart, however, he never made any figure as a lawyer. It would have been passing strange, indeed, if he had, when his antecedents are taken into account. As easily could you conceive Rob Roy subsiding into the prosaic jog-trotting of a weaver's life, as the idealic athlete mooring himself to statutes, and cramping his energies by "the drag-chains of dull precedents."

In 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was born, one of the most important nativities which occurs in the calendar of periodicalism.

For sometime previous to its appearance, the *Edinburgh Review* had exercised a most despotic sway in the "land o' cakes." One of the leading organ's of the Whig party, it stringently, and often with small scruple, attacked all who did not cry Amen to the creed of its constituents.

William Blackwood, though a dissenter from the Established Kirk, was an ardent and uncompromising Tory, and though, unquestionably, mercantile motives prompted him to a considerable extent to establish a monthly serial, there can be no question but a desire to check what he termed "the baneful progress of dogged democracy," largely influenced the undertaking.

Every one knows how signally that undertaking was crowned with success. Like Minerva did *Maga* spring at once into vigorous existence, and for upwards of thirty years it never had a rival worthy of the name. Right speedily did the "blue and yellow" Review discover that it had met with its match, and something more! The leading weapons of Jeffrey and his associates had been personality and sarcastic wit, and they were now assailed by the "adverso faction" with showers of cognate darts, but

presenting keener points, and more elastic metal.

It does not fall within the scope of our province to chronicle the progress of this famous periodical. We have to do with it only in connexion with the subject of our sketch, and sooth to say that connexion was of the most intimate and influential nature.— Though Blackwood (who was virtually his own editor) had the tact to select, and the liberality to retain the leading talent of the day for his miscellany, it cannot be disputed that Wilson was his most prominent and telling "card."

To give the most cursory bird's-eye view of the periodical lucubrations of *Christopher North* would far exceed the limits of this sketch. We shall content ourselves by extracting the following passage from the second portion of Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," which in no one point exhibits the language of exaggeration, or undue panegyric :

"Wilson, as the leading contributor for a long series of years to *Blackwood's Magazine*, has brought more vigour and genius into the field of periodical literature than any of his contemporaries. His mind is essentially poetical. The inspiration of genius is apparent in all his writings. Ardent in feeling, warm in temperament, impassioned in thought, he wants the calm judgment, patient research, and laborious industry requisite for success in political or historical literature; his fancy wheels in aerial flights through the heavens, without alighting or caring for the concerns of a lower world. He dwells in the regions of imagination, and there he soars on the eagle's wing. The whole literature of England does not contain a more brilliant series of critical essays than those with which he has enriched the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and what is rarer still, the generosity of feeling by which they are distinguished equals their critical acuteness and delicacy of taste. Himself a poet, and endowed with the very highest gifts of the muses, he is entirely destitute of that wretched jealousy which so often, in persons of a similar temperament, mars the greatest endowments, and disfigures the brightest genius. If his criticisms have any imper-

fections, it is that they are too indulgent. He is justly alive to faults, and when obliged to notice, signalizes them with critical justice; but the generosity of his nature leads him rather to seek for excellencies; and, when he finds them, none bestows the meed of praise with more heartfelt fervor. He is one of the most striking examples that ever existed of the important truths, that simplicity of thought and generosity of feeling are the surest characteristics of the highest class of intellect; that true taste is to be evinced by the appreciation of beauties, rather than the detection of blemishes; and that none are fitted really to criticise merit but those who could have rivalled it."

There is one portion of the above recited dictum of Alison, which we cannot subscribe to. Whilst conceding that Wilson's ideal temperament unfitted him for the successful cultivation of political or historical literature, we deny that he was indifferent to "the concerns of a lower world." He is never so truly great as when dealing with matters of flesh and blood. With what glowing zeal does he grapple with questions bearing upon the virtues and vices, the joys and the sorrows, the aspirations and prospects of "the million!" What a Wilkie-like reality pervades his pictures of sporting life! How full of matter of fact, and yet at the same time how redolent of the essence of poetry, his chronicles of the moor and the cream! No, no, Sir Archibald! North might have made but an indifferent historian of Europe, but he would have beat you hollow, any day, in hooking and landing a salmon, and describing the *modus operandi* of the process!

Perhaps the finest things which Wilson produced are to be met with in that glorious series of papers the *Notes Ambrosianæ*, the greater portion whereof emanated from his pen. "In one number," to quote the words of a contemporary, "you would meet with philosophy as deep as the Stagyrte's, wit as lively as Sheridan's, pathos as tearful as Scott's, and sociality as genial as that of Captain Morris. It seemed as if he could play upon every instrument in the vast orchestra of thought."

We regret that our "meted space" pre-

cludes us from drawing to any extent upon the ever fresh treasures of the *Notes*.

There is wondrous truth in the following limning of

A SCOTTISH KIRK.

North.—It requires that a man should have a strong mind, James, to get into a pulpit every seventh day, and keep prosing and preaching away either at people in particular, who are his parishioners, or at mankind at large, who are merely inhabitants of the globe, without contracting a confirmed habit of general insolence, most unbecoming the character of a gentleman and a Christian.

Shepherd.—Especially ministers that are mere callants, little mair than students o' divinity—fresh frae the Ha'—and wha, even if they are rather clever, canna but be verra ignorant o' human natur, at least o' its warst vices, it is to be hoped; yet how crouse the creters are in the poopit! How the bits o' bantams do crow!

North.—The spectacle is more than disgusting.

Shepherd.—No sir; it's neither less nor mair than disgustin'! Disgustin's the verra word. Nae doubt a weak mind, over sensitive, micht ca' the creter's impudence profanation; but it's no in the power of a bit shallow, silly, upsettin' creter, wi' an ee-glass dangling at the breast o' him, though he's na mair blin' than I am, except, indeed, to his ain insignificance and presumption, and to his character and reputation, baith wholesale and retail—wi' his starched neck-cloth proppin' up the chouks o' him, as stiff as a black stock—and the hair o' his head manifestly a' nicht in papers—sae that when you first see him stannin' up in the poopit, you can scarcely help lauchin' at the thought o' a contrived eemage risin' up out o' a handbox; it's nae sae easy, I say, sir, for a creter o' that kind to profane a kirk.

North.—How so, James, I scarcely fathom you.

Shepherd.—The sanctity o' a sma' kirk is strang—strang, sir, whether it be on a dark day, when a sort o' gloamin' hangs aboon and below the laigh galleries, soberin' and tamin' the various colors o' the congregation's sabbath-claes, and gi'en a solemn expression to a' faces, whether pale and wrinkled, or smooth, saft, and shinin' as the moss-roses when bloomin' unseen, a' left alane to their bonny sells, in the gardens o' the breathless houses sprinkled in the wilderness, and a' stauuin' idle during the hours o' divine worship.

North.—God bless you, James. I feel the Sabbath silence of a thousand hills descending upon my soul and senses. Never is your genius more delightful, my dear Shepherd, than when

Shepherd.—You're a real gude, pious auld man, Mr. North, wi' a' the unaccountable perversities o' your natur. Or, haply, when after a wee bit cheerfu' and awaukening patter o' a hasty simmer shower on the windows lookin' to the stormy airt, the sun bursts out in sudden

glory, and fills the humble tabernacle wi' a licht, that is felt to be gracious as the smile o' the all-seeing God!

North.—Happy Scotland—thrice happy in thy most simple Sabbath-service.

Shepherd.—The bonnie lassies—a' dressed like verra leddies, and yet, at the same time, for a' that, likewise just like themselfs; and wha wadna wish to see them arrayed on the Sabbath like the lilies o' the field? Their sweethearts, perhaps, or them no quite their sweethearts yet, helpin' them to turn ower the leaves o' their Bibles at every reference to scripture till the hail kirk rustles wi' religion.

North.—Even like the very sycamore shading the porch, when the only breeze in all the air visits for a minute its sacred umbrage!

Shepherd.—Just sae, gie me your haun.* Let me fill your glass. This jug's sweeter nor usual—and what's strong, should aye be sweet. Every here and there an auld gray head o' grandfather or great-grandfather, wi' an aspect amainst stern in its thochtfulness, fixed wi' dim yet searchin' een on the expounder o' the Word—and matrons, wi' sweet serious faces, fair still, though time has touched them, in the beauty o' holiness—and young wives sae douce, but no sae douncast, who in early spring, and yet 'tis simmer, were maidens, and as they walk'd amang the braes pu'd primroses for their snooded hair—and, sprinkled up and down and, sprinkled up and down the pews, gowden-headed weans, that at school are yet in the Larger or Shorter Catechism, some o' them listenin' to the discourse like auld people, some o' them doin' a' they can to listen; some o' them, aiblins, when their pawrents are no lookin', lauchin' to ane anither wi' silent jokes o' their ain, scarcely understood by themselfs, and passin' awa aff their faces in transitory smiles, like dewy sunbeams glittin' frae the hare-bells—or wearied wi' their walk, and overpowered by the slumberous hush o' the place o' worship, leanin' their heads on the shoulder of an elder sister, wha stirs not lest she disturb them—heaven forgive and bless the innocents—fast, fast, and sound, sound asleep!

North.—The “contrived ecmage,” James, as you called him, with his eye-glass, stiff starched stock, and poll of ringlets, has disappeared into his handbox—on with the lid upon him—and let him rest within the pasteboard.

Every sentence in this picture is impregnated with truth, and the whole scene is as plain to the mind's eye, as if we had been present in the sanctuary. Yet Wilson, forsooth, was blind to the features and characteristics of the “lower world!”

Here is another graphic, and thought-engendering passage.

GRIEF OF RICH AND POOR.

North.—There is something most affecting

* *Snood*,—a young woman's maiden-sillet for tying round her head—M.

in the natural sorrows of poor men, my dear Shepherd, as, after a few day's wrestling with affliction, they appear again at their usual work—melancholy, but not miserable.

Shepherd.—You ken a gude deal, sir, about the life and character of the poor; but then it's frae philosophical and poetical observation and sympathy—no frae art-and-part participation, like mine, in their merriment and mescery. Folk in what they ca' the upper classes o' society, a' look upon life, mair or less, as a scene of enjoyment, and amusement, and delight. They get a' selfish in their sensibilities, and would fain make the very laws o' natur obedient to their will. Thus they cherish and encourage habits of thocht and feeling, they are maist adverse to obedience and resignation to the decrees o' the Almighty—when these decrees dash in pieces small the idols of their earthly worship.

North.—Too true, alas! my dearest Shepherd.

Shepherd.—Pity me! how they moan, and groan, and greet, and wring their hauns, and tear their hair, even auld folk their thin gray hair, when death comes into the bed-room, or the verra drawing-room, and carries aff in his clutches some wee bit spoiled bairn, yaummerin' amang its playthings, or keepin' it's mither awake a' nicht by its perpetual cries!

North.—Touch tenderly, James, on—

Shepherd.—Ane wad think that nae parents had ever lost a child afore, yet hoo many a sma' funeral do you see ilka day pacin' along the streets unheeded on amang the carts and hackney-coaches!

North.—Unheeded, as a party of upholsterer's men carrying furniture to a new house.

Shepherd.—There is little or naething o' this thochtless, this senseless clamor in kintra houses, where the cloud o' God's judgment passes ower them, and orders are gien for a grave to be dug in the kirkyard. A' the house is hushed and quate—just the same as if the patient were still sick, and no gaen awa—the father, and perhaps the mother, the brothers, and the sisters, are a' gaugin' about their ordinary business, wi' grave faces, nae doubt, and some o' them now and then dichtin' the draps frae their een; but, after the first black day, little and audfble greetin', and nae indecent and impious outcries.

North.—The angler calling in at the cottage would never ken that a corpse was the cause of the calm.

Shepherd.—Rich folk, if they saw sic douce, composed ongoings, was doubtless wonder to think hoo callous hoo insensible were the poor! That natur had kindly denied to them those fine feelings that belong to cultivated life! But if they heard the prayer of the auld man at nicht, when the survivin' family were on their knees round the wa', and the puir wife neist him in the holy circle, they wad ken better, and confess that there is something as sublime, as it is sincere and simple, in the resignation and piety of those humble Christians, whose doom it is to live by the sweat o' their brow, and who are taught, almost frae the cradle to the grave, to

feel every hour they breathe, that all they enjoy, and all they suffer, is dropt down from the hand o' God, almost as visibly as the dew or the hail,—and hence their faith in things unseen and eternal, is firm as their belief in things seen and temporal—and that they n' feel, sir, when lettin' doon the coffin into the grave!

At once grotesque and grisly is this vidimus of

● MODES OF EXECUTION.

Shepherd.—As to being hangit, why that's a matter that happens to mony a decent man, and it's but a spur! or tway, and a gaspin gurble, an' ae stour heave, and a's ower; ye're dead ere a body's wheel certified that the board's awa' from behind you—and the nightcap's a great blessing, baith to you and the company. The gilliteen, again, I'm tauld it's just perfectly ridiculous how soon that does it's turn. Up ye come, and tway chieles ram your head into a shottle in a door like, and your hands are clasped ahint ye, and swee gangs the door, and you upset head foremost, and in below the axe, and hangie just taps you on the neck to see that it's in the richt nick, and whirr, whirr, whirr, touch the spring, and down comes the thundering edge, loaded wi' at least a hunder weight o' lead—your head's aff like a sybo—Tuts, tha'ts naething—ony body might mak up their mind to be justified on the gilliteen.

Odoherly.—The old Dutch way—the broadsword—is, after all, the best; by much the easiest and genteelst. You are seated in a most comfortable arm-chair with a silk handkerchief over your eyes they read a prayer if you are so inclined—you call for a glass of wine, or a cup of coffee—an iced cream—a dram—any thing you please, in fact—and your desires are instantly complied with—you put the cup to the lip, and just at that moment swap comes the whistling sabre.

Shepherd.—Preserve us! keep your hand to yourself, Captain.

Odoherly.—Sweep he comes—the basket is ready—they put a clean towel over it—pack off the cold meat to the hospital—scrub the scaffold—take it to piccos—all within five minutes.

Before dismissing the subject of Wilson's connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine*, it may not be uninteresting to cite the following description which he gives of the facility with which his compositions were produced:

“We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away, an hour or two at a time, at one article for weeks. So, off with our coat, and at it like a blacksmith. When we once get the way of it, hand over hip, we laugh at Vulcan and all his Cyclops. From nine of the morning till nine at night, we keep hammering away at the metal, iron or gold, till we produce a most beautiful

article. A biscuit and a glass of Madeira, twice or thrice at the most,—and then to a well-won dinner. In three days, gentle reader, have we, Christopher North, often produced a whole Magazine—a most splendid number. For the next three weeks we were as idle as a desert, and as vast as an antre—and thus we go, alternately labouring like an ant, and relaxing in the sunny air like a dragon-fly, enamoured of extremes.”

Though, most probably, there is a “poetical license” in the assertion that our author ever “produced a whole Magazine” in three days, it cannot be questioned that his rapidity of creation must have been remarkable, particularly when the sterling quality of the articles are taken into account.

Wilson in 1817 published the only other poem of any length which he gave to the world. It is entitled “The City of the Plague,” and though not a play, in the strict acceptation of the word, is in a dramatic form.

This production, though well received upon the whole, did not make any very palpable hit.” The subject was too revolting, and beyond the “surgery” of lyric skill to render palatable. It is thickly dotted, however, with fine passages, of which one of the most striking is the description of a train of spectral funerals passing over the doomed, pest-smitten city. Hundreds of gigantic hearses swell that ghastly procession, and whilst hardly a breath of wind is felt below, a wild tempest rages aloft, its existence being manifested by the tossing of the mortuary plumage.

According to our apprehension, Wilson's fame as a lyrist will rest upon his minor metricalities. Of these, Lockhart thus writes in *Feter's Letters*:—“In many of his smaller poems, conceived, it is probable, and executed at a single heat—I see everything to be commended, and nothing whatever to be found fault with. My chief favorite has always been the Children's Dance—the Address to the Wild Deer seen on some of the Mountains of Lochaber—and, best of all, the Scholar's Lament. This last poem is, indeed, a most perfect master-piece in conception, in feeling, and in execution. The flow of it is entire and unbroken in its desolate

music. Line follows line, and stanza follows stanza, with a grand, graceful, melancholy sweep, like the dirges of the bough of some large weeping willow bending slowly and sadly to the night breeze, over some clear, classical streamlet fed by the tears of Naiads."

North says he received the following from a friend in Upper Canada, and that it was there sung in Gaelic.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars :

Chorus.

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods
are grand;
But we are exiles from our father's land*

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is High-
land,

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides :

Fair these broad meads &c.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'twixt the dark hills creep the small
clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:

Fair these broad meads &c.

When the bold kindred, in the time long van-
ish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep:

Fair these broad meads &c.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaugh-
ter!

O then for clansmen true, and stern clay-
more—

The hearts that would have given their blood
like water,

Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar ;

Fair these broad meads &c.

Though Wilson had been blessed with a larger modicum of mammon than usually falls to lot of the "irritable race," his expenditure had gradually been shooting a-head of his income. The expenses of two establishments, one at Ellerray, and the other in "Auld Reekie," made serious drains upon his exchequer; and "a braw cleckin' o'

bairns," as James Hogg expressed it, did not render more easy the task of making the two ends meet. In one word, our author, though he did not literally "come to be in want," found it necessary to look around him for "metallic" fuel wherewith to cause the pot to boil.

When matters were in this anxious position, the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, in 1820, caused a vacancy in the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and, along with a cloud of other competitors, Wilson became a candidate for the chair. Politics at that time were running bitterly strong, and, as might have been expected, our author's intimate connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine* had the effect of directing against him all the vim of the Whig party. This circumstance, however, did not operate to his prejudice with the Town Council of the Scottish capital, in whom the appointment was vested; and Wilson, being backed by the powerful influence of Lord Melville, succeeded in the object of his aspirations.

Able and with unflagging zeal did the new Professor discharge the duties of his office. He concentrated his whole soul upon them, and constructed a course of lectures which, though frequently exhibiting daring digressions from the beaten course of Scottish metaphysics, were marked by genius of the purest water. In his prelections Philosophy and Poetry formed a most graceful union, and the class which was wont to be regarded by tyros as being "dry as dust," came to be esteemed as the most appetizing in the academic curriculum. As a teacher, he was signally successful, arresting and retaining the attention of his pupils, and communicating to the most obtuse a portion, at least, of their preceptor's enthusiasm.

Two or three years after his appointment to the Chair of Moral Philosophy, appeared Wilson's first prose work, "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." As its title indicates, this volume consists of a series of tales professing to illustrate the peculiarities and manners of the people of North Britain. It abounds with eloquence, pathos, and poetry, and is ennobled by a high and undegenerating moral tone. We are constrained to add,

however, that the stories are sadly destitute of *reality*, and that the atmosphere which pervades them would be more appropriate for Arcadia than Scotland. They might have been written by an idealic Hindoo, who, though geographically familiar with the "Land o' Cakes," had never come in contact with one of its inhabitants.

The "Lights and Shadows" were followed in 1823 by a novel, entitled "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay."

Simple and plain is the plot of this excellent story, excellent both in an artistic point of view and in reference to the lessons which it inculcates.

The heroine, who is no unmeet companion to Jeanie Deans, passes through much tribulation, and issues from the ordeal bright as refined silver. She is wedded to a man who was the husband of another wife, and adopts his child after the death of its mother and the flight of its sinning father. After a season the prodigal returns, and once more she becomes his spouse, convinced as she is of the sincerity of his contrition, and never having ceased to love him.

Out of these materials the author has constructed a narrative of surpassing freshness and power, and which is entitled to occupy a high position in the department of literature to which it belongs. The more serious scenes of the drama are relieved by passages of quaint humour, as the following quotation will demonstrate:—

THE SUITORS OF MARGARET LYNDSEY.

Before many months had elapsed since her uncle's death, Margaret had her wooers, although the two first on the list were not such as to represent the passion of love as any thing very tragic. Duncan Gray, portioner in Muirhouse, a young man of good morals, and not very bad manners, and supposed to be worth not far off a hundred pounds per annum, was the swain who took time by the forelock, and first hinted the modest request of Margaret's heart and hand. Some persons make wonderfully little account of such a request; and hold themselves entitled, after two or three times receiving a piece of short-bread, and a glass of elder-flower wine, to ask the lady who has given them such refreshment in marriage. The stride of transition seems long and violent; and in Duncan's case it was no sooner taken, than he saw in Miss Lyndsey's involuntary smile that he had made himself rather ridiculous. At the same time, there was some little excuse for Mr.

Duncan Gray of Muirhouse. He had a soul for music framed; and, rejecting other everyday instruments of stop or string, he selected the Great Highland Bagpipe. On it he poured forth not from his breast, but from beneath his arm, the loudest, longest, sighs, con amore and affettuoso. All the while he thus gave vent to the "windy suspiration of forced breath," he was in the practice, at tea-parties, of keeping his blown-up cheeks and staring eyes straight upon the countenance of Margaret Lyndsey; and, in the enthusiasm of the hour, he beheld her yielding to the voice of passion. He had mounted new ribands on the drone of his pipes, red as the rosy visage that puffed below; and, pity the delusion of the fond youth, if he felt himself and his chanter to be irresistible. But Duncan Gray was a stout young swain, who lived in a high latitude, and had an excellent appetite; so, when he found that Miss Lyndsey preferred a single life, he had recourse to corn-beef and greens, and it was not thought generally over the parish that he lost a single pound of flesh on his refusal. That refusal—in whatever words conveyed, and no doubt it was in Margaret's gentlest manner; for it is said that no lady is absolutely angry with the very absurdest offer—was it appeared decisive. Mr. Gray thenceforth played less outrageously on the bagpipe at parties where Margaret was present and put his hand to his hat, on her appearance, with rather a hurried and abrupt demonstration; but otherwise, he was very much the same man as before and began to pay frequent visits to Thomas Carstairs of the Haugh, whose daughter Rachel was, though no beauty, by no means contemptible either in talk, tidiness, or tocher.

The next on the list was one more likely, according to public opinion, to have been a thriving wooer—the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart of Drumluke. He was considered by himself and some others to be the best preacher in the synod; and, since Daniel Craig's death, had contrived to hold forth more than once in the kirk of Casterton. He was very oratorically disposed; and had got the gold medal at "Glasgow College" for the best specimen of elocution. This medal he generally carried in his pocket, and he favored Miss Lyndsey with a sight of it once in the Manse, and once when they were alone eating gooseberries in the Garden of Nether-Place. The only thing very peculiar in his enunciation was a burr, which might, on first hearing, have subjected him to the imputation of being a Northumbrian; but then there was an indescribably ascending tone in his speech, running up eagerly to the top of a sentence, like a person in a hurry to the head of a stair-case, that clenched him at once as a native of Paisley, born of parents from about Tynedrum, in Breadalbane. Mr. M'Taggart was a moral preacher, and he had one Sermon upon Sympathy, which he had delivered before the commissioner, wherein were touches equal, or indeed superior to any thing in Logan; and no wonder, for they were in great measure attributable to Adam Smith. This celebrated sermon did the pious Æneas pour forth, with mixed motives, to the

congregation of Casterton; and ever and anon he laid his hand upon his heart, and looked towards a pew near the window beneath the loft, on the left hand side of the pulpit.

A few days after this judicious and instructive exhibition, Mr. M'Taggart, with both medal and sermon in his pocket, rode up to the door of Nether-place, like a man bent on bold and high enterprise. Mysic was half afraid to lead his steed to the stable—for he was an exceedingly formidable looking animal, greatly above the usual stature of horses in that part of the country—as indeed well he might, for, during several years, he had carried an enormous Black, light Cupid Congo, kettle-drummer to that since highly-distinguished regiment the Scots Greys. However, he was not so fierce as he looked; but, prophetic of provender, allowed Mysic to lead him away like a lamb into a stable which he could not enter till he “had stooped his anointed head.” Meanwhile, the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart was proceeding to business.

The young divine took his place, after a little elegant bandinage, on the parlour hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his coat flaps opening behind, and gathered up each below an elbow—the attitude which, of all others, makes a person appear most like a gentleman. “Pray, ma'am, have you ever read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments?”—“No, sir, I never have; indeed, from what I have seen said of it in other volumes, I fear it may be above the comprehension of a poor weak woman.”—“Not if properly explained by a superior mind, Miss Lyndsay. The great leading doctrine of this theory is, that our moral judgment follows, or is founded on, our sympathetic affections or emotions. But then it requires to be particularly attended to, that, according to Dr. Adam Smith, we do not sympathize directly with the emotions of the agent, but indirectly with what we suppose would be the feelings which we ourselves should entertain if placed in his situation. Do you comprehend ma'am?”—“It would be presumption in me, Mr. M'Taggart, to say that I do perfectly comprehend it; but I do a little, and it seems to be pretty much like what you illustrated so eloquently in your discourse last Sabbath.”—“Yes, ma'am, it is the germ, which I unfolded under the stronger light of more advanced philosophy. You will observe, Miss Lyndsay, that often a man is placed in a situation where he feels nothing for himself, but where the judicious observer, notwithstanding, feels for him—perhaps pity, or even disgust”—and with that he expanded himself before the chimney, not unlike a great turkeycock with his fan tail displayed in a farm yard. Margaret requested him to have the goodness to take the poker and stir up the fire. “Certainly, ma'am certainly—that is an office which they say a man should not take upon himself under seven years' acquaintance; but I hope Miss Lyndsay does not look upon me as a stranger.” Therewith he smashed exultingly the large lump of coal, and continued, “Then, ma'am, as to the sense of propriety”—but here

Mysic opened the door, and came in with a flourish. “My conscience, Mr. M'Taggart, that beast o' yours is eating the crib—it'll take James Adams a forenoon job with his plane to smooth aff the splinters—he's a devil o' a horse yon, and likes shavings better than last year's hay.” This was an awkward interruption to the “young man eloquent,” who was within a few paragraphs of putting the question. But Mysic withdrew—and Mr. M'Taggart, forthwith declared his heart. Before Margaret could reply, he strenuously urged his suite. “The heritors are bound to build me a new manse—and the teinds are far from being exhausted. I have raised a process of augmentation, and expect seven additional chawder. Flay Campbell is the friend of the clergy. The stipend is £137, 17s, 6d. in money—and likewise from the Widows Fund you will be entitled, on my decease, to £30 per annum, be it less or more—so that”—Margaret was overwhelmed with such brilliant prospects, and could not utter a word. “Give me, ma'am a categorical answer—he composed—be quiet—I respect the natural modesty of the sex—but as for Nether-Place, it shall be settled, as you and our common friend Mr. Oswald shall fix, upon our children.”

A categorical answer was one which Margaret did not very clearly understand; but she instantly felt that perhaps it might be the little expressive word—“No;” and accordingly she hazarded the monosyllable. Mr. M'Taggart, the Man of the Medal, was confounded and irritated—he could not believe his ears, long as they were; and insisted upon an immediate explanation. In a few minutes things were brought to a proper bearing; and it was felt that the sermon on Sympathy had not produced the expected effect. It is grievous to think that Æneas was barely civil on his departure; and flung his leg over old Cromwell with such vehemence, as almost to derange the balance of power, and very nearly to bring the pride of the Presbytery to the gravel. However, he regained his equilibrium, and,

“With his left heel insidiously aside,
Provok'd the caper that he seem'd to chide,”

til he disappeared out of the avenue, from the wondering eyes of Mysic, who kept exclaiming, “Safe us—he's like a rough-rider! Look now, the beast's funking like mad, and then up again wi' his forelegs like a perfect unicorn.”

Another novel from Wilson's pen headed “The Foresters” issued from the press in 1825. It is very unequal in interest and point to the one immediately before alluded to, and though by no means still born, never met with much favour from the reading *hoi polloi*. Adorned with many beauties, “The Foresters” is marred by the rich but unnatural coloring with which “The Lights and Shadows” are so signally over laden.

As an orator John Wilson was possessed of powers far above common, and if the

addresses which he enunciated on various public occasions had been preserved and collected, they would have formed a volume of peculiar interest and mark. Some few specimens of his ability in this walk have been rescued from oblivion, from one of which we make an excerpt. The passage forms part of an oration delivered at the Burns' Festival held at Ayr in 1844.

"For many a deep reason the Scottish people love their own Robert Burns. Never was the personal character of poet so strongly and endearingly exhibited in his song. They love him, because he loved his own order, nor ever desired for a single hour to quit it. They love him because he loved the very humblest condition of humanity, where every thing good was only the more commended to his manly mind by disadvantages of social position. They love him, because he saw with just anger, how much the judgments of "silly coward man" are determined by such accidents to the neglect or contempt of native worth. They love him for his independence. What wonder! To be brought into contact with wealth and rank—a world inviting to ambition, and tempting to a thousand desires—and to choose rather to remain lowly and poor, than to seek an easier or a brighter lot, by courting favour with the great and rich—was a legitimate ground of pride, if any ground of pride be legitimate. He gave a tongue to this pride, and the boast is inscribed in words of fire in the manual of the Poor. He stood up not for himself only, but for the great class to which he belonged, and which in his days—and too often in ours—had been insulted by the pride of superior station, when unsupported by personal merit, to every bold peasant a thing of scorn. . . . In the mine, in the dungeon, upon the great waters, in remote lands under fiery skies, Burn's poetry goes with his countryman. Faithfully portrayed the image of Scotland lived there; and thus she holds, more palpably felt, her hand upon the hearts of her children, whom the constraint of fortune or ambitious enterprise carries afar from the natal shores. Unrepining and unrepentant exiles, to whom the haunting recollection of hearth and field breathes in that dearest

poetry, not with home sick sinkings of heart, but with home-invigorated hopes that the day will come when their eyes shall have their desire, and their feet again feel the greensward and the heatherbent of Scotland."

It was in 1835, (if we mistake not) that Wilson sustained his first great blow, in the death of his most loving and beloved wife. To a man of his complexion the trial was for the time overwhelming, and though after a season his spirit partially rallied, he never regained his pristine elasticity of mind.

"When Wilson first met his class in the University, after his wife's death"—says Mackenzie—"he had to adjudicate on the comparative merits of various essays which had been sent in on competition for a prize. He bowed to his class, and in as firm a voice as he could command apologized for not having read the essays,—"*for*" said he—"I could not see to read them in the darkness of the shadow of the Valley of Death." As he spoke, the tears rolled down his cheeks; he said no more, but waved his hand to his class, who stood up as he concluded, and hurried out of the lecture-room."

Rallying after a protracted interval from the stunning effects of this dark visitation, our author resumed his wonted pursuits, and contributed a variety of papers to his much cherished Magazine. Of these the most prominent were the series entitled "*Dies Boreales*," which may be regarded as a sort of supplement to the "*Noctes*". Even a stranger to the writer's history would at once gather from these essays, that some chilling change had come over "the spirit of his dream." Though betraying no lack of critical acumen, or power of ratiocination, they palpably want the warmth and fire of his earlier compositions. The mountains of thought remain, but they are devoid of the genial glory of the sun of "life's glad morn." Compared to the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*"—as has been aptly remarked—the "*Dies Boreales*" were but as the days of Shetland in January, compared with the nights of Italy or of Greece in June.

We shall give a specimen or two of these the last intonations of a noble lyre :

THE VANITY AND ENVY OF POETS.

"As to excessive reflection upon and admiration of their own intellectual powers, while we rightly condemn it, we should remember that the Poet is gifted, and in comparison with the most of those with whom he lives, is in certain directions far abler; and more delicate apprehensions he probably has than most or all of them—at least of such apprehensions as come under the Pleasures of Imagination. And when he begins to call auditors to his Harp—then, well-a-day!—then he lives and feeds upon the breadth of praise—and upon the glow of sympathy—a flower that opens to the caress of zephyrs and sunbeams, and without them pines. Then comes envy and spiritual covetousness. Others obtain the praise and the sympathy—others who merit them less, or not at all. What a temptation to disparage all others—*alive!* And to the Poet, essentially plunged in the individualities of his own being, how easy! For each of his rivals has a different individuality from his own; and how easy to construe points of difference into points of inferiority! Easy to him whom pain wrings more than it does others—to whom disagreeable things are more disagreeable.

Authors are proverbially improvident, and thus writes *our author* of that failing:—

IMPROVIDENCE OF AUTHORS.

"This carelessness about the goods of fortune," says Mr. Stewart, "is an infirmity very naturally resulting from their studies, and is only to be cured by years and experience, or by combination (*very rare indeed*) of poetical genius with a more than ordinary share of that 'home-ly' endowment called *common sense*.' And wherefore any infirmity? Why not have portrayed rather—or at least kindly qualified the word—in winning hues, or in lofty shape—the delicious or magnanimous UNWORLDLINESS of the poetical character? That most ennobling, and most unostentatious quality, which the dear and great Goddess—in lovingly tempering a soul that from its first inhalation of terrestrial air to the breath in which it escapes home, she intends to follow with her love—commingles in precious and perilous atoms that, in consecrating, destine to sorrow."

The biographer's task now rapidly draweth to a close. In 1851 Wilson was seized with paralysis of the lower limbs, which incapacitated him from the duties of his Professorship. He accordingly resigned the chair of Moral Philosophy in the following year, receiving from the Crown a retiring pension of £200 per annum. Still, however, did he cling to his pen, and two of the "Dies," equal to any of their predecessors were produced when his physical energies were in this shattered condition. Surely the follow-

ing passage betokens, that crippled though the writer's body was, the "cramping fingers of paralysis" had not reached his brain.

THE TEACHING OF PARADISE LOST.

If it should appear necessary to vindicate expressly and at length the character which has been affirmed as one main character of the *Paradise Lost*, namely, that it is an *Ethico-didactic* Poem, the proofs offer themselves to the hand more thickly than they can easily be all gathered.

They are *Implicit* and *Explicit*. The *Implicit* or inferential Proofs—Proofs involved in the tenor of the displayed History, and which are by reflection to be drawn out and unfolded—are of several kinds, and, in each, of the highest description.

Thus, the Main Action of the Poem, or the *Fall of Man*, teaches us that the Goodness and Happiness of the Creature subsists in the inviolable conformity to the Will of the Creator. Thus again:—The great Action is *inductive* to this Main Action—that is to say, *The Fall of the Angels*, which, by an easily-springing sequence of Moral Causes and Effects, brings on the Temptation, and, too easily, the Seduction of Man—as loudly inculcates the same sublime and all-comprehending Ethical Truth. And thus again:—That Third *highest* Action, which is incorporated into the Main Action—*The Redemption of Man*—provided, in the Counsel of God, as remedial to the fatal Catastrophe of the Fall, and, according to the reverently-daring representation of the Poet, as undertaken in Heaven even ere the need that asks for it has befallen in Paradise upon Earth—this awful Mystery of the Divine interposing Grace irresistibly preaches the same solemn doctrine. Hell, and Earth, and Heaven proclaim with One Voice:—"Cleave, Oh Child of dust and heir of Immortality, cleave and cling inwardly, by thy love—by thine obedience, outwardly—to the all-wise and all-righteous Will, which has called the Worlds and their Inhabitants into Being, and has imposed upon the worlds, and upon those which inhabit them, its bountiful and upholding Laws!—O cling and immovably cling to that holy and gracious Will, which the Angels forsook and they fell!—which Man deserted and—He fell!—which the Son of Man fulfilled, and—He lifted up fallen and lost, but now restored Man to the peace of God upon this Earth, and to the bosom of God in Heaven.

In the first morning hour of April 3, 1854, John Wilson expired at Edinburgh. Surrounded by devoted and affectionate children the wearied man quietly fell asleep without a struggle or a groan, and a throeb went through the heart of the intellectual world at the removal of one of its noblest and best beloved denizens.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Where flashes the warrior's glittering crest
On the blood-red field of gloom,
Where the cannon pours its deadly hail,
And fiercely gleams the sword of doom ;
With fearless heart thy angel form,
Where wounded and crushed are lying
Strewn o'er the battle's gory bed,
Is hovering 'mid the dying.

The great heart of England a blessing wafts
Across the wide billowy sea ;
Wives, mothers and sisters, murmur in dreams
Thy name, and their deep love for thee.
When brave men went forth, at duty's stern call,
Wars dangers and toils to endure,
Like a timid bird thou didst not remain
In thy fair Island home secure.

But, true to the impulses noble and high
Of thy gentle womanly soul,
Thou didst go forth to aid the brave distressed
Where the war bugle's dread blast roll ;
To wipe the death-damps from the brows of those
Who freely their life blood had shed—
Bring cooling draughts for the fevered one's lips—
Soothe to peace the dying bed.

This thy pure mission—a holier meed
To woman was never given ;
God's angels watch o'er thy glorious path
From their radiant homes in Heaven.
Proud names are enroll'd on Briton's bright fame,
And a great nation holds them dear,
But none can be loved with a warmer love
Or a homage more sincere.

High hearted one, thou hast left thy fair home,
To dwell amid war's wild alarm,
And we pray that the God who ruleth above
May protect thee from every harm ;
The devotion of thee and thy sister band
Adds fame to thy nations glory,
And long after war's fierce tumults are over
Will be blazoned in song and story.

Thy heroic daring, though woman thou art,
Has won for thee world-wide renown,
And a chaplet of honor encircles thy brow
More precious than diamond-gemmed crown ;
Thy deeds will be told with the glorious charge
At Alma and Inkermann made,
And upon the proud pages which history writes
Of the gallant-souled Light Brigade.

NELLY WILDWOOD.

Fon Du Luc, Wisconsin.

THE INDIAN CABIN:

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE,

FOR THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE,

BY EYRE MASSEY SHAW, A.M.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

About thirty years ago, a society of learned Englishmen was formed at London, who undertook to go and seek in different parts of

the world for information on all the sciences, in order to enlighten men and make them happier. The expenses were defrayed by a company of subscribers of the same nation, composed of merchants, lords, bishops, universities, and the royal family of England, besides some sovereigns of the north of Europe. These savants were twenty in number; and the Royal Society of London had given to each of them a volume, containing particulars of the questions of which they were to bring back the solutions. These questions amounted to three thousand five hundred. Although they were quite different for every one of these savants, and suited for the several countries in which each was to travel, yet they were so connected together, that the light shed on any one should necessarily extend to all the others. The President of the Royal Society, who had arranged them methodically for the assistance of his colleagues, had wisely thought that the explanation of a difficulty depends frequently on the solution of another, and that on a preceding one: which leads, in the enquiry after truth, much further than some imagine.

In short, to use the same expressions employed by the President in his instructions to them, it was the proudest encyclopædian edifice that any nation had ever raised for the advancement of human knowledge; which, added he, clearly proves the necessity of academic bodies, to bring together the truths dispersed over all the earth. Each of these learned travellers had, besides his volume of questions to be resolved, a commission to buy on his journey the most ancient copies of the Bible, and the rarest manuscripts of every sort, or, at least, to spare nothing in procuring good editions. For this purpose the subscribers had procured for them all letters of recommendation to the consuls, ministers, and ambassadors of Great Britain, whom they should meet on their travels, and what was still better, good letters of credit endorsed by the most famous bankers in London.

The most learned of these savants, who knew Hebrew, Arabic, and Hindoo, was sent by land to the East Indies, the cradle of all the arts and all the sciences. At first he passed through Holland, and visited in suc-

cession the synagogue at Amsterdam and the Synod of Dordrecht: in France, the Sorbonne and the Scientific Academy of Paris; in Italy, a great number of academies, museums, and libraries, amongst others the Museum of Florence, the library of Saint Mark at Venice, and at Rome that of the Vatican. Being at Rome, he hesitated whether, before directing his steps towards the east, he should go into Spain to consult the famous university of Salamanca; but, through fear of the Inquisition, he thought it better to embark direct for Turkey. He went then to Constantinople, where for his money, an Effendi permitted him even to peruse all the books of the mosque of St. Sophia.

Thence he went into Egypt, among the Copts; then among the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, and the monks of Mount Carmel; thence to Sana, in Arabia; after that to Ispahan, Kandahar, Delhi, and Agra; at last, after three years' travelling, he reached the shores of the Ganges, at Benares, the Athens of India, where he conferred with the Brahmins. By this time his collection of ancient editions, original books, rare manuscripts, copies, extracts and annotations of every sort, had become the most considerable that any individual had ever made. Suffice it to say, that it consisted of ninety bales, weighing altogether nine thousand five hundred and forty-five pounds troy weight. He was on the point of embarking for London with so rich a cargo of knowledge, full of joy at having surpassed the hopes of the Royal Society, when a very simple reflection began to overwhelm him with grief.

He thought that, after having conferred with the Jewish rabbins, the Protestant ministers, the Superintendents of the Lutheran churches, the Catholic doctors, the academicians of Paris, Della Crusca, the Arcades, and twenty-four others of the most celebrated academies in Italy, the Greek papas, the Turkish molhas, the Armenian verbiests, the Persian seidres and casys, the Arab scheiks, the Parsees' elders, and the Indian pandects, that far from having elucidated any of the three thousand five hundred questions of the Royal Society, he had contributed only to involve them in greater doubt; and as they were all

bound one with another, it followed, contrary to what his illustrious President had thought, that the obscurity of one solution obscured the evidence of another; that the clearest truths had become altogether problematical; and that it was even impossible to unravel any from this vast labyrinth of replies and contradictory authorities.

The doctor formed this judgment by a simple reasoning. Among these questions there were two hundred to be resolved on the theology of the Hebrews; four hundred and eighty on the doctrines of the various communions of the Greek and Roman Churches; three hundred and twelve on the ancient religion of the Brahmins; five hundred and eight on the Sanscrit or sacred language; three on the actual condition of the Indian people; two hundred and eleven on the commerce of the English to India; seven hundred and twenty-nine on the ancient monuments of the islands of Elephanta and Salsette, in the vicinity of the Isle of Bombay; five on the antiquity of the world; six hundred and seventy-three on the origin of ambergris, and on the properties of different kinds of bezoars; one on the hitherto unexamined causes of the course of the Indian Ocean, which flows six months towards the east, and six months towards the west; and three hundred and seventy-eight on the sources and periodical inundations of the Ganges. In connection with this, the doctor was requested to gather on his journey all the information he could concerning the sources and inundations of the Nile, which had occupied the attention of European literati for so many ages.

But he considered this matter sufficiently discussed, and, moreover, foreign to his mission. Thus to each of the questions proposed by the Royal Society, he brought, one within another, five different solutions, which, for the three thousand five hundred questions, gave seventeen thousand five hundred answers; and supposing that of his nineteen colleagues each on his part brought back as many, it followed that the Royal Society would have three hundred and fifty thousand difficulties to resolve, before being able to establish any truth on a solid foundation.

Thus their whole collection, far from making each proposition converge towards a common centre, according to the tenor of their instructions, would make them, on the contrary, diverge one from the other, without any possibility of uniting them again. Another reflection was still more painful to the doctor, namely, that although in these laborious researches he had employed all the sang-froid of his country, and a politeness which was peculiar to him, he had nevertheless made implacable enemies of the greater number of the savants with whom he had argued.

"Where, then," said he, "will be the peace of my fellow-countrymen, when, in place of truth, I shall have brought them back in my ninety bales new subjects for doubting and disputes?"

He was just about to embark for England, full of perplexity and enmity, when the Brahmins of Benares apprised him that the superior Brahmin of the famous pagoda of Juggernaut, or Juggernaut, situated on the coast of Orissa, on the sea shore, near one of the mouths of the Ganges, was alone capable of resolving all the questions of the Royal Society of London. He was, in short, the most famous Pandect or philosopher, that had ever been heard of, and was consulted by persons who came for that purpose from all parts of India and many kingdoms of Asia.

In hot haste the English doctor started for Calcutta, and addressed himself to the Governor of the Indian Company, who, for the honor of his nation, and the glory of science, gave him, for the journey to Juggernaut, a palanquin with an awning of crimson silk adorned with golden tassels, and two relays of vigorous coolies or porters, consisting of four men each; two luggage-bearers; a water-bearer; a bearer of gargoulette to refresh him; a pipe-bearer; a bearer of an umbrella to shelter him from the sun by days; a malsachi or torch-bearer for night; a hewer of wood; two cooks; two camels and their conductors to carry his provisions and heavy baggage; two pions or couriers to announce him; four rajahpoutees or sepoyes mounted on Persian horses to escort him, and a standard-bearer with his banner emblazoned with the British arms.

Vol. VII—2.

With his splendid equipage the doctor might have been taken for a commissioner of the Indian company. There was, however, this difference, that the doctor in place of receiving, was charged to make presents. As no one can appear with empty hands in India before persons constituted in authority, the Governor had given him at the expense of his nation, a beautiful telescope, and a Persian carpet for the chief of the Brahmins, superb dresses for his wife, and three pieces of Chinese taffeta, white, and yellow, to make scarfs for his disciples. The presents being duly loaded on the camels, the doctor started in his palanquin, with the book of the Royal Society.

On his journey, he meditated by what question he should commence his conference with the chief of the Brahmins of Juggernaut, whether he should begin by one of the three hundred and seventy-eight, which had reference to the sources and inundations of the Ganges, or by that regarding the alternating and semi-annual course of the Indian Ocean, which would serve to reveal the sources and periodical movements of the ocean all over the globe. But, although this question was of infinitely greater interest to natural philosophy, than all those which had been asked during so many ages, concerning the sources and even the overflowing of the Nile, it had not yet attracted the attention of European savants. He preferred then, to interrogate the Brahmin on the universality of the deluge, which has excited so many disputes; or, going back still further to ask whether it was true, that the sun has changed his course several times, rising in the west and setting in the east, according to the tradition of the Egyptian priests related by Herodotus; and even to question him on the epoch of the creation of the world, to which the Indians give many millions of years of antiquity. Sometimes he thought it would be more useful to consult him on the best sort of government to give to a nation, and even on the rights of man, of which there is no where a written code; but these latter questions were not in his book.

"Meanwhile," said the doctor, "before all these, it seems to me an appropriate question to enquire of the Indian Pandect,

by what means truth can be discovered: for, if it be with reason, as I have endeavoured to find it hitherto, reason varies with all men; I should ask him also, *where* it is right to seek truth: for, if it be in books, they all contradict each other; and lastly, if it be right to speak the truth to all men; for, from the moment it is made known to them, they are at variance one with another. Here are these introductory questions, which our illustrious President never thought of. If the Brahmin of Juggernaut can resolve me these, I shall have the key to all the sciences, and, what is still better, I shall be in peace with all the world."

It was thus the doctor reasoned with himself. After ten days' march, he arrived on the shores of the Gulf of Bengal; he met on his journey a great number of persons returning from Juggernaut, all delighted with the chief of the Pandects, whom they had just consulted. On the eleventh day, at sunrise, he perceived the famous Pagoda of Juggernaut, built on the shore of the sea, which it seems to command with its great red walls and galleries, and its domes and towers of white marble. It rises from the centre of nine avenues of trees, which are always green, and diverge towards the same number of kingdoms. Each of these avenues is formed of a different species of wood—arrack trees, teak wood, cocoa-nut trees, mangoes, palms, camphor-trees, bamboos, banana-trees, and sandal wood; and they point towards Ceylon, Golconda, Arabia, Persia, Thibet, China, the kingdom of Ava, that of Siam, and the Isles of the Indian Ocean. The doctor arrived at the Pagoda by the avenue of bamboos, which runs along the shore of the Ganges and the enchanted isles at its mouth. This Pagoda, although built on a plain, is so high that, although he saw it in the morning, it was almost evening before he reached it. He was indeed struck with admiration when he got a nearer view of its magnificence and grandeur. Its gates of bronze were glittering with the rays of the setting sun, and eagles were hovering round its pinnacles, which were lost in the clouds. It was surrounded with immense basins of white marble, which reflected its domes, and galleries, and gates in the depths of their transparent wa-

ters: all around reigned vast courts, and gardens surrounded with great buildings, where the ministering Brahmims lived.

The couriers of the doctor ran forward to announce him: and immediately a troop of young bayaderes, or dancing girls, came forth from one of the gardens, and went before him, singing and dancing to the sound of tambourines. They had for necklaces bands of mougri flowers, and for girdies they had garlands of red jessamine. The doctor, surrounded by their perfumes, their dances, and their music, reached the gate of the Pagoda, inside which he perceived, by the light of several gold and silver lamps, the statue of Juggernaut, the seventh incarnation of Brahma, in the form of a pyramid, without hands and feet, which he had lost in the desire to carry off the world and save it. At his feet were prostrated, with faces towards the ground, several penitents, some of whom promised, with a loud voice, to hook themselves, on the day of his festival, to his ear by their shoulders; and others to cause themselves to be crushed under his wheels. Although the sight of these fanatics, who uttered deep groans in pronouncing their horrible vows, inspired a sort of terror, the doctor prepared to enter the Pagoda, when an old Brahmin, who guarded the gate, stopped him, and inquired what the business was which brought him there. When he had been informed of it, he said to the doctor that "in consequence of his condition of 'frangui,' or impure, he could not present himself either before Juggernaut or his High Priest, unless he had been washed three times in one of the lavatories of the temple, and had nothing on his person made of the hide of any animal, but, above all, neither the hair of a cow, which is worshipped by the Brahmims, nor that of a swine, which is held in abhorrence by them."

"What shall I do, then?" said the doctor, "I have brought as a present to the chief of the Brahmims a Persian carpet made of the hair of an Angola goat, and some Chinese materials, which are of silk."

"All things," replied the Brahmin, quickly, "offered to his temple of Juggernaut, or to his High Priest, are purified by the gift itself; but it cannot beso with your apparel."

The doctor then had to take off his coat of English wool, his kid skin shoes, and his beaver hat. Then the old Brahmin, having washed him three times, covered him with a cloth of sandal-coloured linen, and conducted him to the entry of the apartment of the chief of the Brahmins. The doctor was just preparing himself to enter, holding under his arm the book of the Royal Society, when his introducer asked him in what way this book was covered.

"It is bound in calf," replied the doctor.

"What!" said the Brahmin in a rage, "did I not warn you, that the cow is adored by the Brahmins? and you dare to present yourself before their chief with a book covered with the skin of a calf!"

The doctor would have been obliged to go and purify himself in the Ganges, if he had not cut short all difficulties by presenting some pagodas, or pieces of gold, to his introducer. He left the book of questions, then, in his palanquin, but inwardly consoled himself for it by saying, "After all, I have only three questions to put to this learned Indian. I shall be content if he teaches me by what means truth should be sought, where it may be found, and whether it be right to communicate it to men?"

Then the old Brahmin introduced the English doctor, clothed in his linen cloth, with bare head and naked feet, to the High Priest of Juggernaut, in a vast saloon supported by pillars of sandal wood. The walls were of green stucco, so brilliant and so polished, that they appeared like mirrors. The floor was covered with mats of the finest texture, six feet long by as many broad. At the further end of the hall was an estrade or raised floor surrounded by a balustrade of ebony, and on this estrade might be seen, through a trellis of Indian cane varnished with red, the venerable chief of the Pandects with his white beard, and three folds of cotton passed like a scarf over his shoulder, according to the custom of the Brahmins. He was seated on a yellow carpet, with his legs crossed, and in a state of immobility so perfect, that he did not move even his eyes. Some of his disciples chased away the flies from him with fans made of peacocks' tails; others burned perfumes of wood of aloes in silver

censers; and others were playing cymbals in a most delicious manner. The rest, in large numbers, among whom were Fakirs, Joguis, and Santors, were ranged in several rows on both sides of the hall in profound silence, their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms crossed on their breasts.

The doctor was going at once to advance to the Chief of the Pandects to pay him his respects, but his introducer withheld him at a distance of nine mats from him; at the same time informing him that the Ourahs, or grand seigniors of India, did not go further; that the Rajahs, or sovereigns of India, only advanced within six mats; the Princes, sons of the Mogul, within three; and that to the Mogul alone was granted the honor to approach as far as the venerable Chief, and kiss his feet.

Meanwhile several Brahmins brought, as far as the foot of the estrade, the telescope, the dresses, the pieces of silk, and the carpet, which the doctor's attendants had deposited at the entry of the hall, and, the old Brahmin having cast his eyes on them without giving them any sign of approbation, they were carried into an interior apartment.

The English doctor was about to commence a very splendid discourse in the Hindoo language, when his introducer informed him that he should wait until the High Priest interrogated him. Then he made him sit down on his heels, with his legs crossed like a tailor, according to the custom of the country. The doctor murmured within himself at so much formality; but what will not one do to discover truth, after having gone to India to seek it?

As soon as the doctor was seated, the music ceased, and, after a few moments' of profound silence, the Chief of the Pandects desired them to ask him why he had come to Juggernaut?

Although the High Priest of Juggernaut had spoken in the Hindoo language sufficiently distinctly to be heard by a part of the assembly, his words were conveyed by a Fakir, who gave them to another, and this other to a third, who repeated them to the doctor. The latter replied in the same language, "That he was come to Juggernaut to consult the Chief of the Brahmins, in

consequence of his great reputation, in order to learn of him by what means truth may be known."

The old Chief of the Pandects, after having meditated a moment, replied, "Truth cannot be known except by means of the Brahmins." Then all the assembly bowed themselves down in admiration of their Chief's reply.

"Whither is it necessary to go in search of truth?" returned the doctor, with some vivacity.

"All truth," replied the Indian wise man, "is contained in the four Bets, written one hundred and twenty thousand years ago in the Sanserit language, of which the Brahmins alone have knowledge."

At these words the whole saloon resounded with applause.

The doctor, resuming his sang-froid, said to the High Priest of Juggernaut, "Since God has shut up the truth in these books, the knowledge of which is reserved for the Brahmins alone, it follows, then, that he has interdicted the knowledge of it to the greater part of mankind, who do not know even of the existence of the Brahmins: and if that were so, God would not be just."

"So Brahma willed it," replied the High Priest, "no one can in anything oppose the will of Brahma." The applause of the assembly was redoubled.

When it was suppressed, the Englishman proposed his third question, "Is it right to communicate the truth to men?"

"Often," said the old Pandect, "it is prudent to conceal it from all the world; but it is a duty to tell it to the Brahmins."

"What!" cried the English doctor in a rage, "it is right to tell the truth to the Brahmins, who do not tell it to any one! Truly the Brahmins are very unjust."

At these words a fearful tumult arose in the Assembly. Without a murmur they had heard God taxed with injustice; but it was by no means the same thing when they heard this reproach applied to themselves. The Pandects, Fakirs, Santons, Joguis, Brahmins, and their disciples, were going to argue all at the same time against the English doctor; but the High Priest of Juggernaut caused the noise to cease by clapping his hands, and

saying in a very distinct voice, "The Brahmins do not argue with the doctors of Europe."

Then rising, he withdrew amid the acclamations of the whole assembly, who murmured loudly against the doctor, and would probably have done him some ill turn, but for their fear of the English, whose credit was very powerful on the shores of the Ganges. When the doctor had gone out of the saloon, his introducer said to him—

"Our most venerable father would have caused sherbet, betel, and perfumes to be presented to you, according to custom; but you have displeased him."

"It was for me to be displeased," replied the doctor, "at having taken so much trouble for nothing. But of what has your Chief to complain?"

"What!" replied the introducer, "you wanted to dispute with him. Do you not know that he is the oracle of India, and that every one of his words is a ray of intelligence?"

"I should never have suspected it," said the doctor, as he took his coat, and shoes, and hat.

A storm was raging, and he asked permission to pass it in one of the apartments of the Pagoda; but they refused to allow him to sleep there, because he was a "frangui." As the ceremony had made him very thirsty, he asked for something to drink. They brought him some water in a gargoulette, which they broke as soon as he had drunk, because, as a "frangui," he had rendered it impure by even drinking out of it. Then the doctor, greatly piqued, called his attendants, who were prostrated in adoration on the steps of the Pagoda, and having re-mounted his palanquin, started again by the alley of bamboos, along the sea-shore, at night-fall, and under a sky covered with clouds. On his way, he said within himself, "The Indian proverb is very true; every European who comes to India acquires patience, if he has not any, and loses it, if he has. As for me, I have lost mine. What! I shall not be able to ascertain by what means truth may be discovered, where it should be sought, and whether it is right to communicate it to mankind. Man is then

condemned in all the earth to errors and disputes; it was well worth the trouble to come to India to consult the Brahmins!"

While the doctor was reasoning thus in his palanquin, there came on one of those hurricanes, which they call in India a typhoon. The wind came from the sea, and, causing the waters of the Ganges to flow back, broke them in foam against the islands at its mouth. It heaved up from the shore columns of sand, and from the forests clouds of leaves, which it carried pell-mell across the river and the fields, and even to the heights of heaven. Sometimes it was engulfed in the alley of bamboos, and although these Indian reeds are as lofty as the largest trees, it shook them like the prairie grass. They saw, across the whirlwind of dust and leaves, their long avenue all undulating, one part bending down on right and left, even to the ground; while the other, with a moaning noise, rose up again. The doctor's attendants, in fear of being crushed by it, or submerged by the waters of the Ganges, which already overleaped their banks, took their way across the plains, directing their steps at hazard toward the neighbouring heights. Meantime the night came on; and for three hours they walked on in the most profound darkness, not knowing which way they were going, when a flash of lightning struck the clouds, and brightened all the horizon, showing them far away on their right the Pagoda of Jugernaut, the islands of the Ganges, the foaming sea, and close by, in front of them, a little valley and a wood between the two hills. They ran to take refuge there, and already the thunder had made its mournful booming heard, when they arrived at the entrance of the valley. It was flanked with rocks, and filled with old trees of a prodigious size. Although the tempest bent their tops with horrible roaring sounds, their monstrous trunks were unshaken as the rocks which were around them. This portion of the ancient forest appeared the asylum of repose, but it was difficult to penetrate it. The rattans, which wound about in the skirts of the wood, covered the foot of these trees, and the bind-weed, which shot from one trunk to another, presented on all sides a rampart of foliage, where there

seemed to be some caverns of verdure, to which, however, there appeared no entrance from any point. The rajahpoutes, however, opened a passage with their sabres, and all the attendants of the suite entered with the palanquin. They thought themselves in shelter from the storm there, when the rain, which was pouring heavily, formed on every side of them a thousand torrents. In this perplexity they perceived beneath the trees, in the narrowest part of the valley, a cabin and a light. The malsachi ran thither to kindle his torch, but returned a little after, out of breath, and crying, "Approach not thither; it is a Pariah!"

Immediately the affrighted troop cried out, "A Pariah, a Pariah!"

The doctor, thinking it was some ferocious animal, put his hand on his pistols. "What is a Pariah?" demanded he of his torch-bearer.

"It is," replied the latter, "a man who has neither faith nor law."

"It is," added the chief of the rajahpoutes, "an Indian of so infamous a caste, that it is permitted to kill him, if one is only touched by him. If we enter his house, we cannot for nine moons set foot within any Pagoda, and, to purify us, it would be necessary for us to bathe nine times in the Ganges, and to be washed as many times in cows' milk by the hand of a Brahmim."

All the Indians cried out, "We shall not enter the house of a Pariah."

"How," said the doctor to his torch-bearer, "have you ascertained that your fellow-countryman is a Pariah, that is to say, without faith nor law?"

"Because," replied the torch-bearer, "when I opened his cabin door, I saw that he was lying with his dog on the same mat with his wife, to whom he was offering a drink in a cow's horn."

Then all the doctor's suite reiterated, "We shall not enter the house of a Pariah."

"Remain here, if you wish," said the Englishman to them; "as far as I am concerned, all the castes in India are alike to me, when the question is to get myself in shelter from the rain!"

As he said these words, he jumped down from his palanquin, and, taking under his

arm the book of questions and his travelling bag, and in his hand his pistols and his pipe, he went away all alone to the door of the cabin. Hardly had he rapped, when a man of very sweet countenance came to open the door, and immediately withdrew himself to a distance, saying, "My lord, I am but a poor Pariah, and am not worthy to receive you; but if you think fit to place yourself in shelter in my house, you will honour me highly."

"My brother," replied the Englishman, "I accept your hospitality most heartily."

Meanwhile, the Pariah went out with a torch in his hand, a load of dry wood on his back, and a basket full of cocoa nuts and bananas under his arm, and approached the doctor's suite, who were at some distance off, under a tree, saying, "Since you will not do me the honor to enter my house, here are some fruits, enveloped in their husks, which you can eat without being defiled, and here is some fire to dry you, and keep you in safety from the tigers. May God preserve you." He soon re-entered his cabin, and said to the doctor, "My lord, I repeat, I am but an unhappy Pariah; but, as by your white complexion and your dress, I perceive you are not an Indian, I hope you will have no repugnance to the food that your poor servant will present to you." At the same time he placed on the ground, upon a mat, some mangoes, cream-apples, potatoes cooked in the ashes, grilled bananas, and a pot of rice dressed with sugar and cocoa-nut milk, after which he withdrew to his mat, near his wife and his child, who was sleeping by her in its cradle.

"Virtuous man," said the Englishman, "you are much worthier than I am, inasmuch as you do good to those who despise you. If you do not honor me with your presence on the same mat, I shall consider that you take me for a wicked man, and I shall go out of your cabin this moment, even though I should be drowned by the rain, or devoured by the tigers."

The Pariah then came and sat down on the same mat as his guest, and they both commenced to eat. Meanwhile, the doctor was enjoying the pleasure of being in safety in the midst of the storm. The cabin was

unshakeable. In addition to being in the narrowest part of the valley, it was built under a war, or banyan fig-tree, the branches of which shoot forth roots at their extremities, forming as many arcades, which support the principal trunk. The foliage of this tree was so thick, that not one drop of rain penetrated, and although the hurricane caused its terrible roaring to be heard, intermingled with thunder, yet the smoke of the fire, which issued through the midst of the roof, and the light of the lamp, were not even agitated. The doctor admired the calmness of the Indian and his wife, still more profound than that of the elements. Their child, black and shining like ebony, was sleeping in its cradle; the mother was rocking it with her foot, while she amused herself by making it a necklace of red and black angola peas. The father cast alternately on one and the other a look full of tenderness. In short, even the dog took a part in the general happiness; crouched with a cat before the fire, he opened his eyes from time to time, and sighed as he beheld his master.

As soon as the Englishman had concluded his repast, the Pariah presented him with a burning coal to light his pipe, and having also lighted his own, he made a sign to his wife, who brought and placed on the mat two cups of cocoa, and a large calabash full of punch, which she had prepared, during supper, of water, arrack, citron juice, and the juice of the sugar-cane.

While they smoked and drank alternately, the doctor said to the Indian, "I think you are one of the happiest men that I have ever met, and, consequently, one of the wisest. Suffer me to ask you a few questions. How come you to be so tranquil in the midst of so terrible a storm? After all, you are only covered by a tree; and trees attract the lightning."

"Lightning," replied the Pariah, "has never fallen on a banyan fig-tree."

"Lo! here is something curious, indeed," returned the doctor, "it is doubtless because this tree has a negative electricity, like the laurel."

"I do not comprehend you," answered the Pariah, "but my wife thinks it is because the god Brahma took shelter one day under

its foliage. As for me, I think that God, in these stormy regions, having given the ban-yan tree a very thick foliage and arches to shelter men from the storm, does not permit them to be struck by lightning."

"Your answer is most pious," said the doctor. "So, then, it is your confidence in God that makes you tranquil. Conscience is more comforting than science. Tell me, I pray you, of what sect you are, for you do not belong to any of those in India, inasmuch as no Indian will communicate with you. In the list of learned castes, whom I was to have consulted on my journey, I have nowhere discovered that of the Pariahs. In what canton of India is your Pagoda?"

"Everywhere," replied the Pariah; "my Pagoda is nature; I adore her author at the rising of the sun, and I bless him at its setting. Taught by misfortune, I never refuse my help to one more unfortunate than myself. I try to make my wife happy, and my child, and even my cat and dog. I await death at the end of my life, as a sweet sleep at the end of the day."

"In what book have you imbibed these principles?" asked the doctor.

"In nature," replied the Indian, "I know no other."

"Ah! it is a great book," said the Englishman, "but who has taught you to read it?"

"Misery," replied the Pariah; "being of a caste reputed infamous in my country—not able to be an Indian, I became a man—repulsed by society, I sought refuge in nature."

"But, in your solitude, you have at least some books?" inquired the doctor.

"Not one," returned the Pariah, "I can neither read nor write."

"You are spared many doubts," said the doctor, striking his brow. "As for me, I have been sent from England, my country, to search for truth among the learned men of many nations, in order to enlighten men and make them happier; but after many vain enquiries and grave disputes, I have concluded that the search for truth is a folly, because, when it is found, we know not to whom it may be told, without making numerous enemies. Tell me sincerely, are you not of the same opinion as I am?"

"Although I am but a poor, ignorant man," returned the Pariah, "since you permit me to give my opinion, I think every man is bound to seek the truth for his own individual happiness; otherwise he will be avaricious, ambitious, superstitious, wicked, or even a cannibal, according to the prejudice or the interest of those who have instructed him."

The doctor, who was always thinking of the three questions that he had proposed to the Chief of the Pandects, was enraptured at the Pariah's reply.

"Inasmuch as you think," said he, "that every man is bound to seek the truth, tell me, then, first of all, what means should be made use of in the search, for our senses deceive us, and our reason leads us still more astray. Reason differs with almost all men; it is, I think, at bottom nothing but the particular interest of each of them, and thus it is so variable in all the world. There are not two religions, two nations, two tribes, two families, what do I say? there are not two men, who think in the same manner. With which of the senses, then, should truth be sought, if that of intelligence is of no avail?"

"I think" returned the Pariah, "with a simple heart, the senses may be mistaken; but a simple heart, though it may be deceived, never deceives."

"Your reply is most profound," rejoined the doctor, "truth should first be sought for with the heart, and not with the imagination. All men feel in the same manner, but they reason differently, because the principles of truth are in nature, and the conclusion which they draw from thence, are guided by their own interests. It is then with a simple heart that we must search for truth; for a simple heart has never feigned to understand what it does not understand, or to believe what it does not believe. It does not avail, either to deceive itself, or afterwards to mislead others. Thus a simple heart, far from being feeble, like those of the greater part of men, led away by their own interests, is strong, and such as is suitable for seeking truth, and for preserving it."

"You have developed my idea much better than I could have done it," rejoined the

Pariah. "Truth is like the dew of heaven; to preserve it pure, it must be gathered in a vessel that is pure."

"Honest man, you have spoken well; but the most difficult part remains to be discovered. Where must truth be sought? A simple heart depends on ourselves, but truth depends on other men. Where then shall it be found, if those, who surround us, are led astray by their prejudices, or corrupted by their interests? As for the most part they are. I have travelled among many nations, I have searched their libraries, I have consulted their savants, and I have everywhere found only contradictions, doubts, and opinions, a thousand times more varied than their languages. If then, truth cannot be discovered in the most celebrated depositories of human knowledge, where should it be sought? Of what avail is it to have a simple heart among men, who have a false heart and a corrupted understanding."

"I should distrust truth," replied the Pariah, "if it only came to me by means of men: it is not among them, that truth can be discovered, it is in nature. Nature is the source of everything that exists; her language is not unintelligible and variable, as that of men and of their books. Men make books, but nature makes things. To found truth on a book, is as though it were founded on a picture or a statue, which can only interest one country, and which time alters every day. All books are the art of man, but nature is the art of God."

"You are very right; nature is the source of natural truth; but where is the source of historical truth, if it be not in books? How can we of the present day rely on the truth of a circumstance, which happened two thousand years ago? Were those, who have transmitted it to us, without prejudice, without party spirit? Had they a simple heart? Besides, have not the books themselves, which transmit it to us, had copyists, printers, commentators, and translators? And have not all these more or less altered the truth? As you have well and truly said, a book is but the art of man. All historical truth then must be renounced, inasmuch as it can only reach us by the means of men, who are subjects of error."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY H. L.

Lay of the brave, ring loud and clear,
As organ tone or pealing bell,
The noble mind to glory dear
Not gold but song repayeth well.
Thank God! I can sing and my voice upraise,
To sing of the brave and their virtues praise.

From midland sea the south-wind blew,
And o'er the land drove dark and wet,
Before it gathering rain-clouds flew,
As flocks by prowling wolf beset.
The fields were flooded, the frost disperst,
On lakes and on rivers the ground-ice burst.

From mountain-tops the snow thawed fast,
A thousand streams in torrents fell;
The valley lay a watery waste,
Where Arno's tide did rage and swell.
High rolled the broad billows the course along,
And the shock of the broken ice was strong.

On pillars and broad arches good,
Of free-stone square built from the base,
A bridge across the stream there stood,
With a house upon the middle space.
There dwelt the toll-keeper with child and wife--
O toll-keeper, fly! for your life, your life!
Still beating heavily thereon,
Loud howled the waves and storm's fierce
breath,

The keeper sprang his roof upon,
And on the tumult gazed beneath--
O merciful Heaven! have mercy, Thou!
Lost, lost! is there none to help me now?

The billows rolled with ceaseless shock,
Swung to and fro, from either shore,
The pillars 'neath each arch did rock--
And still the tide rose evermore.
The trembling toll-keeper with wife and child,
His cries rose above the tempest wild.

The billows rolled with ceaseless stroke,
On either end, on every side;
And pillar after pillar broke,
In shattered ruin bursting wide.
Almost o'erthrown to the wind space now--
O merciful Heaven! have mercy, Thou!

High on the further shore a crowd
Of gazers stood, both great and small;
Each wrung his hands and cried aloud,
None moved to aid among them all!
The trembling toll-keeper with wife and child
Shrieked out for help on the storm blast wild.

Lay of the brave! where wilt thou ring,
Like trumpet clang or organ swell?
Awake! whose name, whose fame to sing,
My glorious song, when wilt thou tell?
The torrent has swept to the middle space--
Brave man, O brave man, come forth apace!

An earl came galloping with speed--
In his raised hand what doth he hold--
That noble earl on gallant steed?
It is a purse full stuffed with gold.

"Two hundred pistoles his prize shall be,
Who will rescue these souls in extremity."

Now, who is brave? the earl, is he?

Say on, my gallant song, and show!
The earl, by Heaven! right stout must be!

Yet of a braver man I know!
Brave man, O brave man, delay no more!
The work of destruction advances sore.

And ever higher swelled the flood,
And ever louder blew the blast—
And courage failed, cold ran the blood—
O come, deliverer! come at last!
Pillar on pillar hath burst and broke,
The arches have bent to the thundering stroke.

"What ho! will none the adventure try?"
The earl holds high the costly prize.
All heard, but shrinking fearfully,
Of thousands not a man durst rise.
In vain the toll-keeper with wife and child
Shrieked out for help on the storm-blast wild.

Lo, at the utmost need, a man
There came, a traveller passing by,
In coarsest garb; but you might scan
High worth in fearless mien and eye.
He heard the earl speak and he understood,
And the ravage beheld of the raging flood.

Then boldly sprang he, in God's name,
The nearest fishing-boat within;
Through eddies fierce and storm-waves came
He scathless, other lives to win.
But, alas! for the boat was far too small
At once to rescue and hold them all.

And thrice his little boat he drove
Thro' billows' wrath and storms' alarm,
Thrice came securely thro' the wave,
Till all were rescued by his arm,
Scarce safely to land the last was brought
Ere fell the whole ruin, and sunk to nought.

Who is the brave man? who is he?
Say on, my fearless song, say on!
The peasant laid his life in fee,
But then for gold the deed was done;
Had the earl held back his treasure rife,
The peasant perchance had not risked his life.

"Here," cried the earl, "my gallant friend,
Here take your prize; 'tis fairly due."
Say, was not this a noble end?

The earl methinks was brave and true.
But a heart even nobler, diviner, I read
Had the peasant beneath his russet weed.

"I do not barter blood for gold;
Nor do I want, though I am poor.
The toll-man reft of house and hold,
On him bestow your offered store."
Thus spoke he with cheerful, ringing tone,
Then turned on his way, and straight was gone.

Lay of the brave, thou soundeth forth,
Like trumpet-clang and organ swell;
The mind exalted thus by worth,
Not gold but song repayeth well.
Thank God! I can sing and my voice upraise
To extol the brave with undying praise.

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

BY JAMES McCARROLL.

CHAPTER XV.

When I entered my uncle's house again,
I found poor Mary sittin' by the fire, lookin'
sad enough, but as beautiful, in her sorrow,
as ever I laid my eyes on. When she saw
me, she looked up in my face, with a shiver,
to see what news I had, and when she per-
sented that I was no ways downfallen, she
smiled as well as she could, and stretched
out her fair white hand to me. I gave her a
few words of comfort that brought the blood
leppin' to her face, and tould her that she
wasn't Mrs. Doyle yet, and that that was
somethin' anyway.

"It is Jack darlin'," says she, "but can
you tell me anythin' more?—Where is my
poor father? For I know he loves me, and
thinks that he is doin' all for the best, God
be about him, and it's I that's glad to see
yourself in daylight."

"He's with Father Phelim," says I, "and
what's more he is goin' to ate his dinner
with him to day."

Such a flash of joy and hope, never lit up
a face before. I thought I could see it on
the wall. It surprised me with it's light.
When I saw the way she was affected by the
thrifle that I said, I was strongly tempted
to make her fairly blaze with happiness by
tellin' her all:—but, then, I remembered the
words of Father Phelim, and determined to
keep my own counsel, as he knew best.

"Jack darlin'," says she "you are my own
thruce cousin, and tell me if you have seen
Harry this mornin', or if you think my
father will tare me from him in the way that
he says."

"Throth then Mary, Jewel," says I, put-
tin' her off, and afraid of myself, "that's a
curious question, for you to ax, when you
know well, that I have'nt exchanged a syl-
lable with my uncle these three months."

"That I know," says she, "but about
Harry, have you seen him, and how does he
look and what does he think?"

"He's ravin' about you, from mornin' till
night," says I, "and is lookin' a little
thinner, of course; although he sometimes

says that you are ould enough to think for yourself and run away with him."

"I have been pondherin' over that, all mornin'," says she, "but my poor father is not very firm, and I'm afraid that if I did that it would brake his heart, and then the sin would lie at my doore, and I'd never be able to weed his grave or sit beside, it of a summer's evenin' to give an hour or so to him."

"Well avournieen" says I, thyrin' to laugh, undher such sarehin love, you'll never brake any one's heart if you can help it; but I am detarmined to stay here, at anyrate, until the ould boy comes home, and then I'll take the liberty of givin' him a bit of my mind if he even forbids me the house; so you see, that I'm goin' to have a little to say in this matter."

"Jack," says she, "I did not know myself, until within the last three months, I never thought I was so sinful. When Harry and I spent our evenin's together, and I was endeavurin' to atind to my duty, I thought this heart of mine was quiet and far from bein' ungovernable; but when he was separated from me, oh! what a change. When I prayed before the image of the blessed vargin and endeavoured to keep her meek and holy countenance forninst my eyes, it was all in vain, another loved face would stale in upon it, and blot it out, and lay me a rale idolther. Mornin', noon and night, it was always the same,—the sickenin' thought would come over me, that I was goin' to lose him, and then I would sometimes rush, at dusk, off to the lough, and look down through the wathers and fancy that I saw myself lyin' cowl'd and lifeless below. Then again, when Doyle would approach, I could almost pray that the lightenin' of heaven would schretch him a corpse at my feet. But the worst of all is, that I even had hard feelin's, raore than onst, against my own, dear father; and often almost wished in my heart, that God would take him to himself. Oh! Jack dear, this love is a dhreadful thing.—It althers your whole nature—it makes you a lamb—it makes you a wild bear—it freezes you—it conshumes you with fire that makes your throat hot and dhry; and then thramples upon you as if you were a helpless worm not worth kickin' out of the way."

"Parshuin' to the bit, Mary," says I, when I harde her get on at such a tarin' rate," but if that's the kind of comfort that a body gets out of this same article, your humble sarvant, Jack Thrainer, will keep out of its way, and live and die there below, like ould Ned Miltachon."

"Ah! Jack" says she—and be the powers she was right—"make no rash promises. I was as free as your are now, when, seven years ago, young Harry Thraey, then a mere gossoon, jumped the ditch below, when he saw me chased by Dukey Crofton's bull, that got loose at Lakefield, and made his way, roarin' and tatterin' through the counthry, into that meadow there. My poor mother, rest her sowl, was then alive and lookin' at the act. A whole parcel of boys were hurlin' in the next field, when they all harde the roars of the wild crayture. They rushed to the gap, and saw me flyin' for my life; but, with the exception of one brave fella, not a sowl of them stood their ground. That boy was Harry. No sooner had he seen my danger, than he lepped clane from the back of the ditch, and stood, with his hurl in his hand, betune me and the monsther. Some how or other, he jumped so close to the bull's head, that the animal didn't know what to make of it, and shot off like a bird, in another direction, without harmin' aither of us. I was so frightened that I couldn't say one word, or move an inch; so he led me up to the house, where my poor mother was just recoverin', from a faint, in the arms of Biddy there, and delivered me to her, safe and sound. I often saw him afore, but I never saw him right till then. My poor mother took him in her arms and kissed him; and, ever since that hour, Harry Thraey was my Harry, and I was his Mary. Aye Jack, and what's more, I will tell them at the alther, that I am still his, body and sowl, and that if they take me from him, they are committin' a sacrilege that the red etarnity of hell can never visit with sufficient punishment. Take my word, that I fear myself in this business. Sometimes I am as wake and helpless as a child, but, then, again, I could face a thousand deaths, and never change colour; and all for Harry Thraey."

"What sort of a world is it at all?" she went on, "or what sort of a heart do they

think that God put inside of us? How can we alter the way that our souls are set in? It's up hill work, dear Jack,—everythin' on earth goes along smooth enough, but ourselves. The rose is for the butterfly—the honeysucker for the bee, and what's the reason that Mary Thrainer's heart wouldnt know what's for her?—How could I fill thrawnien on thrawnien with strawberries, beside Harry, for years in the warm summer evenin's, and hear him tellin' me to take care, for I'd miss my feet; and lookin' into my face, and callin' me, "Mary," in a way that I never harde it called afore; and carryin' me over a soft place, and lanin' on the cow that I was milkin', and laughin' me out of my pets and then, "good night Mary darlin', the heavens be about you,"—how could I feel all this, I say, and not love him as I love him now? Jack, you may think it quare of me to be sayin' such things as this to you; but you are, and always have been, as near to me as a broother—we are of the one blood, and I have tould it all over to Biddy so often."

"Doyle is a cut-throat of the blackest kind, for I have harde him, when he was talkin' to my father expressin' his grief that Harry was turnin' out so bad; and, that he liked his former character so much, it was a great pity that it was now gone completely. Oh! but it's he that was in the great sorra. I knew that he was belyin' the noble boy, and tould my father so, but then the poor ould man seemed to take a wrong view of everythin'. Doyle took complete possession of him; and so managed matthers, that that man of his, that's forever prowlin' about here backs every word the traitor says.—You know how it has been with me those three months yourself. Barrin' twice, I never could get an opportunity to say one kind word to Harry; and that was one night when you tould me he was hid in the haggart, and another mornin', when I lost my father as we were comin' out of prayers. Whenever I looked about, I was sure to get a glimpse of one or the other of my persecutors, in some direction. If I went down to the meadow for a can of wather, the man came over to look afther a saplin', or dhrav a bush into the gap. If I stepped out to a

naighbours, Doyle himself was on the look out, or hot foot into the house afther me; so as that I was thraced, like a hare, in every direction, till I was almost wary of my life, and I didnt care what became of me, only for Harry. Now, Jack, dear, you may guess how my days and nights were spent; and, although, I have tould you as much once or twice afore, still you, never knew the whole of it till this moment."

God knows, I pitied the poor crature, but feelin' in my heart, that relief, so far as Doyle was concerned, was at hand, and detarmined to remember the words of Father Phelim, I put a fair face upon the matter and began to talk with her.

"Throth, Mary, honey," says I, "you had, well I know, hard times of it enough, but it strikes me some how or other, that the villian, that you have just spoken about, will never put a ring on your finger, for sure I am that Father Phelim will never tie the knot, and that he is at the ould lad on the subject; or, at laste, will be, as soon as they return from mass. Howsomever, altho' I never mentioned it to mortal brathin' I was detarmined if all came to all, to take this Doyle in hand, and afore he tacked his name to you, thry what sort of stuff he was made of, and put the weddin' off for a month or so anyway, and then see what we could do in the mane time.

"God love you, Jack," says she, "but its you that'll see many a bright day, for that one thought; and well I know that you would make your work good, although the seoundhral is a coward; for he has always avoided both you and Harry—havin' first wheedled my father over at his own house, and made sure that he'd meet none of yees here, afore he commenced his persecution of myself."

"That's what we were wondherin'," says I, "for he never goes out or into town, so as that we never could get a sight at him,—but no matter for that, for sartin I am, that we'll devise some plan of gettin' you out of his clutches, at any rate; supposin' that we are able to do nothin' else."

"The Lord strengthen you," says she "but its you that has given me comfort this mornin'; and, now, that my heart's a little

lighter, and that everythin' is not so dar'- I'll just go in and say a prayer or two, and lave you here for a few moments; for I'm beginnin' to think, that there's some one inthersadin' for me, above.

CHAPTER XVI.

Afther mass, Father Phelim came down off the alther, in his vestmints, and tippin' ould Corney on the shouldher brought him into the sacristy. There they remained, in close confab, for about half an hour; durin' which, Jimmy, Terry, and Harry, with a great many others of the congregation, loithered about the yard until they came out. It was not long howsomever, until his reverence and Corney appeared, and came in among us.

"You'll lend ould Bess, Ned Doolan, to Corney, till evenin', as he's goin' down to my place, this mornin',"—says Father Phelim, as he was about to put his feet into the stirrup.

"With all the pleasure in life, your reverence," says Ned, ladin' up ould Bess, that he litle knew was out the night afore, for Jimmy had her back in good time and in good ordher besides.

As they both mounted and were turnin' out into the lane, Father Phelim says over to Harry:—

You'll ate a bit of dinner at my place to day, Harry. Be down at two and no fail; and, Terry" says he, "I want to see you in an hour or so from this; you're light a foot, and it wont take you long to rache the house, about that time."

Without waitin' for any reply, off both the horsemen started; my uncle lookin' somethin' bewildhered, and Harry, Terry and Jimmy starrin' at aich other, as if the sky fell.

"Come back of the ditch, there attords the fair green," says Terry to Jimmy and Harry, "and I'll give you step that'll lave Barney Irons in prasshough, or else I'll go out of my seven sinses.

Oh! her charmin' faytshures,
Well agrees with natures';
For no stays nor bodkius—"

"Terry, Terry," says Jimmy, are you goin' to desthroy us, apposit the chaple out, with your singin' afore the people are ten yards away from you?—What would the priesht say, if he harde of your goins' on?"

"Grady"—says Terry—fairly burstin' with joy and divilment, when he saw the turn that things were likely to take—"I'll run you from this to Capproch, or wrestle you for a button—thry me your sowl you, I'd give you a fut undher the ancle, afore you went three yards, that would send you into the air in the form of a cue.—Dictatin' to me, indeed, that was edicated undher ould Nat Thrainer of Listaddenen, and dhrank pot-tien, out of an egg shell, afore I was three weeks ould. Sooh! I have a notion that I was intended for a ladher; and that becin' the case, I think I may as well march yees both out of this."

There was'nt much use in desputin' with him, so we all walked, across the fields, down to the road, laden to Father Phelim. Here, he set off, as he had to be at the priests by twelve; and Harry and Jimmy walked over by the spout, and down attords Thubbercendhondaun, until it was time for Harry to make the best of his way to his dinner.

When one o'clock came, Harry shook hands with Jimmy, and left him, tellin' him, that he would not be over a couple of hours, and to wait at Briens, where he could get a dhrop, until he came back; as he would like that they should both walk home together. This Jimmy promised to do; so, afther separation, it was not over long until they were both at their respective places of destination.

As Harry approached the gate of the nate little cottage owned by his reverence, his heart began to fail. He felt sick for he was afraid that the first person he'd meet, when he enthered the door, would be the father of her that he loved dearer than his own life. He hesitated, a moment, afore he plac'd his hand on the latch; but, Father Phelim, ever alive where there was throuble inside or out, caught a glimps' of him as he stood a faltherin in doubt and fear. His arm was wake and his lion's heart was gone. In a moment, the priesht was by his side, and laden him, by the trimblin' hand, along the low boxwood hedge, the next instant they were both in the parlour, standin' afore ould Corney, who was saited lookin' out of the

side windy, muryah, into the beautiful little garden.

"Corney Thrainer," says Father Phelim—while his face glittered again—"here's Harry Thracy come to bid you good mornin' as he was afraid that you were unwell, and has'nt spoken to you for some time. I suppose you'll have no objection to give him the hand."

Ould Corney was another guessed man, afther his escape, from what he was the day afore. He was as meek as a child, and turnin' round at the priesht's words, he riz on his feet and sthrotched out his hand to Harry.

"Father Phelim, you're my priesht," says the ould man, while the tears rowled down his cheeks, "and, now, from what you have touled me this day. I confess before God and you, that I believe I have wronged this poor boy, and been desaved by a villian. Here's my hand for him, if he only can forgive me; for, all that I did, was out of love to her and not out of hathered to him."

When Harry took a houlth of the ould chaps fist, he quivered and shook from head to toe. He stutthered and stammered, so as that the devil a one could make out what he was afther, and ended by makin' a complate fool of himself. Father Phelim was at his elbow, howiver, and helped him along with a word or so; and, by the time dinner was ready, he had so far recovered himself, as to tell Corney, that, as a father and a friend, the like of him was not to be found in the world; although, the evenin' afore, to my sartin knowledgge, he wasn't so clear on that self-same point.

At dinner the priesht made Harry recount the adventures of the night, and laughed often enough when he found there was no harm done, and more particularly, when ould Tom Kelly, as he called the Gauger got off scot free, for says he over to Corney, "altho he's a little givin' to the dhrop, a better fella never broke bread, I first met him in the County Roscommon where I spent many a day's shootin' with him; but I wondher at his bein' over here; for I harde that he was to be shuperanuated, and get a pension. I had'nt time to call on him since he came; but I'll dhrop in, in the course of the day,

and see how it is with him; for it dose'nt take him long to get over a little fit, as I well know."

"I'm ten times better plazed now, your reverence," says Harry "that we were tindhier with him, as he appears to be a friend of yours; but you'll mention no names, I hope, when you call on him as he might get crusty with us, and put us to a thrille of inconvaniance."

"There's no fear of that," says Father Phelim, "for he'll be the first to laugh at the whole affair, or as much of it as he can remember, for I'm no sthranger to Tom Kelly or his kind heart."

About one o'clock Biddy who was out in the yard, came into the house in somethin' of a hurry; and, as Mary was worn out and asleep, in her room, she whispers into my ear:—

"Jack here's Terry runnin' for the bare life, and I am sure he has news; for he never waited at the dyke below but cleared it like a hare."

In a moment I was outside, and throttin' down the field to meet him, when he pulled up afore me with a summerset, bringin' his heels, as they came down, within an inch of my face.

"Will you ever have sinse," says I, "or what's the matther with you, that you are goin' on like a madman through the counthry?"

"Afore I give you any further information, take that," says he,—givin' me a fut that laid me on the broad of my back, afore I was aware of myself.

Throth, I could'nt but laugh at myself, when I saw the size of the onshough that spread me out so nately, so gettin' up again, I gave him credit for the thrip which was a new one to me.

"Jack" says he becomin' a little more carious, "did'nt Biddy tell you that there were geese and turkeys and things killed for Mary's weddin'."

"She did, so," says I, "and I know it to be thru; for I saw them with my own eyes and the wether that is kilt beside, they're all on a bame in the barn."

"Father Phelim, then, sent me to tell you, to see that Biddy gets everythin' dhressed,

out among the neighbours, and to let Mary know nothin' of it; for ould Corney and Harry are down at his house; and you may guess what's afoot," says he.

I never was over five fut nine and a half; but when I harde this, I thought I stretched a couple of inches, and that the hair riz off my head.

"I'll see to that in quick sticks allanah," says I, "but when are they all comin' out?"

"That's in Father Phelim's hands," says he; "and you know he never misses his road; so all you have to do, is to keep Mary in the dark, as he said he tould you; while I have to go off, now, down to Cassidy's with a message to the girls, and allabout in different directions as far as Barney Higgins's."

"That will take you some time," says I, "but what are you goin' to do there?"

"Just to ax them over to spend the evenin' with their priesht and a few friends at Corneys, as Doyle's weddin' has gone to pot, and to help to rejoice at the escape, and ate up all the things that were makin' ready for the thraitor."

"Grand" says I, "and be off with you, and good speed to you; and, tell Barney to be over early, for I harde that he gave Doyle, the murderous thief, a mouthful of blood down in the meadows, for sayin' a light word of Harry."

In a twinklin' he was out of my sight; and, back I turned and tould Bidly what was in the win' givin' her to understand, that, so plazed was the ould boy, at poor Mary's escape, he detarmined to give an evenin' to the neighbours, of all the things that were prepared for the weddin' of the vagabone informer.

Its needless to say that on this, Bidly rushed out of the house to hawl and cry where she couldnt be harde, and that, with her face shinin' with joy, she was soon off on her way among the neighbours, sendin' one for a goose, another for a piece of bacon, a third for a turkey, or a quarther of mutton, till the barn, where they were put, was empty enough. There was potticcn, galore, scattered about the fields and hedges, in every direction, so, if we didn't spend a merry evenin' of it, it would be our own fault and nobody else's."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mary slept long and sound. Her poor heart had gathered a thrille of comfort from what I tould her; although she was by no manes sure of her fate; feelin' as she did, that her father's will was a shtrong one. She had now, however, detarmined not to become the wife of Doyle, no matther what the consequinces; and if the ould chap continued to force her into obadience, to appale to the priesht, and refuse to be bound to the thraitor, at the time of the ceremony. It was dead dark night when she awoke; and she was surprised to hear the voice of Father Phelim without; but glad, too, as she knew that she had a faithful friend in him. The house was a large one, havin' been once the residence of one of the O'Briens, but havin' fallen into decay and disuse, it was set, with the few acres about it, on a life lease to my uncle. Mary, as I said, was surprised when she harde the priesht's voice but she was a great dale more so, when she harde the voices of half a dozen girls of the Callaghans, the Cassidys, and the Finnogans, jokin' and laughin' in the kitchen. Not likin' to go out, she called Bidly and axed her what all the clatther was about; when she was tould that it was a few neighbours that came in, as they harde the priesht was there, and that Corney seein' them all together axed them to stay and take a bit of somethin' to ate which was gettin' ready for them; and, that by way of plazin' him, the priesht tould her, to tidy herself and Mary up as nate as could be, for there was nothin' got by bein' too obstinate.

"I'll do anythin' at all," says Mary "to plaze my father and his reverence, although I'm in no great humour for pleasurin', so get a candle and help me for I'm scarcely able to stand on my feet."

With that, Bidly brought a light and assisted poor Mary; fixin' her hair and makin' her put on a gown that ill shuted with the state of her mind. When she was dhressed and had her thin shoes on, she came out to see the girls, so as to give them a welcome; and, sure enough, she was, although a little pale, a lovely lookin' crature. Her black hair, becin' so long damp with grief, threw back the light of the candies, like a lookin' glass; and her eyes, that were half shtruglin

through tears, seemed like a couple of diamonds that were out all night in the jew—there was enough of life in her lip, however, to tell that the blood of her cheek, was not far off, if there was anythin' to call it back. She smiled sorrowful enough, as she gave the hand to the priesht and all about her; and left the kitchen again, as she harde her father at the doore welcomin' Terry, Jimmy, and a few other boys, who said that they just come up, as they harde the girls were afore them, and that Father Phelim was there.

Mary could'nt make out what it was all about, and comminced to thrimble for fear her father repinted of given her a days grace, and was now goin' to surprise her into a marriage with the man she loathed above all others; but, then, knowin' that I and Father Phelim were present, she soon dismissed this idea, and sat down in her own mate and comfortable room, with all the girls about her.

The boys that arrived with Terry, got a whisper from Corney, and went over to the barn that was at the back of the house, and cleared the thrashin' flure which was an immense one, for the barn like the house was built of stone, and was very large. This been done, they proceeded to place a few tables in the cinthre, which they got from the neighbours, and in a very short time, betune boards, laid on the bottom of some creels, and a lot of stools and furrems, they made a very dacent affair of it, where a couple of dozen could sit down, and enjoy themselves at a dacent rate. This been done, Terry was about to send once more for Larry, and Paddy again, when up bowls both my lads, with the pipes and the fiddle, and along with them Barney Higgins, and the remainder of the boys that were at the ould castle, includin' Mick.—There was only one more wantin' and you all know who that was; but, I'll give you my word for it, he was'nt far off, and that he was as anxious to be present, as any one of the whole of them.

When Barney enthered the door, he got many's the shake of the hand, and was taken immediately over to the house, where I was sittin' by the fire, where there was a goose roastin', chattin' to the priesht. The moment

I saw him, up I got, and lookin' at his black hair and eye, I say's over to Father Phelim, "wasn't it a shame of him to put the note undher the Gauger's doore?"

"Jack, jewel," says Barney, given me a hearty squeeze, "sure nobody ever thought that of me?"

"No body that was in their cool sineses," says I, "but when the blood's up, and a dhrop in, people imagine quare things."

"That's throe" says he, "but sure a thrifle of a quarrel betune friends, as Harry and I have been to aich other, should and could never lade to such a thing as that. A stroke, or so, at a fair or patthern, or a fracther of the head or arm, is a very different affair, from goin' in the dead hour of the night, and strikin' a blow in the dark, when there is no one near to show fair play, and when your man may be fast asleep, on the broad of his back, shakin' hands with you, perhaps, in dhreams. Jack dear, sure nobody could think that, or did think that of Barney Higgins?"

"No indeed, Barny," says Father Phelim, "for although I was sorry to hear of your fallin' out with Harry, he tould me, himself that he thought he was in the wrong, and would be glad to make it up with you; moreover when I called at my friend Tom Kelly's the Gauger's to day, I saw the writin' and it was in a strange hand, and not a bad one aither."

"Your friend, Tom Kelly, is it your sayin', your raverence," says I, "or do you mane to say you know anythin' of the Gauger?"

"That I do," says he, "and let me tell you, Jack, that there's many a worse fella than that same Gauger."

"And did you see him to day, Father Phelim," says I, quite astonished at the ould chap's becin' able to hould up his head afther the night."

"That I did," says he, for I made Corney ride on as far as Briens, till I went in and saw him; and I'll give you my word, that you'd think he wasn't out of the house, or had'nt tasted a dhrop for the week."

"And what did he say about the business," says I, fearful laste he should find some of us out."

"He laughed at it, till he was ready to split his sides," says the priesht, "and when he harde what become of the sogers, I thought he would have gone into fits."

"Faith he's the rale stuff" says I, "and we'll send a keg unknownst, the morrow or the day afther."

"Indeed you need be no way sayeret about it," says Father Phelim, "for he got a letter this mornin', shuperanuatin' him, and givin' him a snug pension—a thing he expected long ago, as he has great intherest at head quarters."

"Glad I'm of it" says I, "for the divil a Gauger—savin' your presence—in Ireland would I rather give a dhrop to."

"Come into this room Jack, here," says he, takin' up a candle and walkin' afore me into a small room that wasn't much used in the house," and where he tould me to put a little bundle that he had with him, when he and my uncle rode up to the house.

"Read that says he; pullin' a paper out of his coat pocket," when he closed the doore behind him," and tell me what you think of it."

I opened the paper and saw in a jiffy, as I ran my eye over the headin' that it was a license; but wasn't I fairly bewildhered, when on comin' down to the part that was filled with writin', to find that there stood the names of Harry Thracy and Mary Thrainer—"both of the townland of Toomen in the parish of Mohill, in the County of Leithrim, Ireland—as large as life?"

"May the blessing of God attend you. Father Phelim," says I, "this night, but its you that have brought joy to many an achin' heart; but does my uncle know of it?"

"We got the license together," says he, "and Harry is to be married to night although he's not aware of it; for when Corney and he made up friends at my place, to-day, I had it fixed so as the ould lad axed him over to take a bit and a sup to-night, but not till seven, as we would not be out much afore that time; besides I tould Harry not to attempt to go out side his own doore, until I sent for him, as I wished to have a little conversation with Mary, afore he saw her. And, now, Jack says he, I have a favour to ax of you, and I know you'll grant

it to your priesht, alannah; for he likes to get through with his little plots in his own way."

"Father Phelim," says I, "cut the head off me, and I'll bless you while you doin' it, Is it grant you a favour you mane? Och! then it would be a sore day, that Jack Thrainer would refuse Father Phelim Conlin anythin' that was in his power to give him."

"I know that amock," says he, "but the favour is no small one; howsomever here it is, anyway. I know, well there's no sowl brathin' that has a better right to be Harry's groomsman than yourself, but Jack dear, I have provided a groomsman and a bridesmaid of my own, and you wont feel bad about it; for I have a great intherest in the affair."

"There's my hand to you, Father Phelim," says I, "that I wont; and its what it delights me to see you goin' on this way; for you know well, it won't lay a sthraw betune Harry and myself."

"You're the same ould thing, Jack," says he, takin' a houl't of my hand, "but now take out them vestments, out of that bundle, for I have sent for Harry and the groomsman and bridesmaid will be here, to the succond, at seven?"

I just had the vestments all laid out in order; when Bidy tapped at the door, and said, that Harry was waitin' to see me, and that a strange gentleman and a faymale in a gig, had just dhruven up to the house.

"That's Tom Kelly, and my sister Margrate," says the priesht. "Go out Jack, and bring him and Harry in here, and tell Bidy to show Magrate where Mary is sittin' ith the girls. She knows all my plans and everythin' about them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHARADE.

My *first* in Great Frederick's dominions was law,
As, Trenk, alas! knew to his cost;

My *next*, is a name, that struck terror and awe,
Into Moses and Israel's host.

My *third* you will do, from cold, terror or pain,
As you oft have experienced, no doubt,

My *fourth* will be found on th' embattled plain,
My *whole* is an author of immortal fame;

Now, I hope my charade you'll make out.

THE TWOFOLD VICTORY.—AN ALMA LYRIC.

By the famous Alma River,
Kneit a warrior brave and young,
Through his veins ran death's cold shiver,
On his lips his last breath hung:
Far above him rolled the battle,
Downward rolled to Alma's wave,
Downward, through the crash and rattle,
Came the cheering of the brave.

"Comrades," said he, rising slowly,
Kneeling on one bended knee,
"Comrades," said he, feebly, lowly,
"Is that cheer for Victory?"
"Yes!—they fly!—the foe is flying!"
"Comrades," said he, ardently,
"Cheer for me, for I am dying,
Cheer them on to Victory!"

By that blood-encrimsoned River,
Cheered they with a martial pride,
Death's last shaft had left its quiver,
And the warrior, smiling, died.
Faintly his last cheer was given,
Feebly his last prayer went free,
And his spirit passed to heaven,
On the wing of Victory!

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Kingston, C. W.

A LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Adieu—adieu, lov'd maid to you,
I bid thee now a long farewell,
How hard to part, my loving heart,
O'ercharged with grief—Ah! let it tell.

How keen the pain of my burning brain,
Revolving thoughts of deepest gloom;
From pain and care and grim despair,
I fain would hide me in the tomb.

But yet the fate that would await
My spirit in another state,
Doth e'en deter and make's me bear,
The ills of life however great.

And Time, a balm may bring to calm
My wounded bosom's keenest pain,
May yield relief from pain and grief
And peace of mind return again.

York, 1855.

J. E.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD:

A TALE OF NEW ZEALAND LIFE.

BY FRIEDRICH GERSTACKER.

CHAPTER IV.

The convict's resolution was at the instant taken. To remain longer by his wounded companion's side would be certain death. The greedy shark, probably attracted by the shot, as well as by the victim's yell, was drawing nearer in short circles, and, as soon

Vol. VII. 3.

as it scented the blood, would become a merciless destroyer. Not even the common, and frequently successful stratagem of beating and splashing the sea with the hands and feet, would now keep the monster at bay. Consequently, without replying a syllable to the entreaty of the man who had intrusted himself to his care, he glided away from him, as quickly and noiselessly as he could, and made for the land with long and regular strokes. The crew of the schooner saw his intention, and their fierce shout of execration revealed only too clearly that his design, as well as the reason for it, was perceived on board.

This cry, however awoke the unhappy Irishman to the whole fearful consciousness of his position. A single glance betrayed to him the cowardly flight of his comrade, whom he did not even dare to call to, unless he wished to bring his dreaded foe upon his track. In desperation he now looked back towards the schooner, and essayed the impossible task of swimming to it. In vain! The flood-tide carried him further and further back, and his strength deserted him with the warm bubbling stream of life; his muscles, till now kept in a state of tension by his fear of death, gave way before his superhuman exertions.

Meanwhile, the shark came nearer and nearer. Did it really scent the blood of its victim at such a distance? It still seemed undecided whither it should turn, for the sailors on board the schooner, although the poor fellow was drifting far away, kept hallooing and firing pistols and guns, to distract the monster's attention. The shark, in fact, balked probably by this, described several wide circles, and once even went in the direction of the noise; but, at the same time, it had drawn so near to the canoe, that the ripple it formed carried the scent of blood to the monster. Suddenly it stopped in its course; the fin was rigidly upright, and a beam of hope once more went to O'Leary's heart. Perhaps the shark would go in another direction, and the current would carry him to land. The shark had scented him—it swam backward and forward once or twice, as if trying to discover his actual position—then it stopped again, and remained

motionless for at least half a minute; until, at last, as if sure of its prey, it hastened forward with such terrible velocity, that more than half of the glistening monster was visible between the waves; the next moment it shot with the speed of an arrow in the direction where the unhappy man was still holding the canoe frantically with one hand, and staring rigidly at his horrible foe.

Then he perceived the approach of the messenger of death—saw that now all human aid was vain; and in his last desperate terror, almost deprived of his senses, he turned in impossible, hopeless flight. He swam out into the bay, with his head turned timidly back toward his pursuer; but his strength was exhausted, he could scarcely keep himself above water. Still he did not yield: his head sank, but his limbs continued their movements; and not even conscious of the direction in which he was going, he went to meet his enemy. The monster of the deep bounded forward—its white, silvery belly became visible—a shriek, suffocated by the death-rattle, burst from the breast of the unfortunate man—and a few seconds later, the blood-discoloured sea, and the boiling of the waves, alone revealed this spot where a human being had just perished.

And the flying convict? Did he witness the death of his wretched comrade? No, his eye could no longer see that spot; but the piercing cry of agony reached him, and told him with fearful truth to what danger he was exposed if other sharks were swimming in the bay, and were attracted by the scent of blood. In wild desperation he strove to reach the land, which stretched out at no great distance before him. He no longer tried to look back. Even more than the greedy hyæna of the ocean, he feared the overwhelming feeling which must seize upon him at the mere sight of the enemy, for his salvation lay alone in speed and perseverance. He swam for his life; and when he at length reached smoother water, when the waves seized and bore him in safety upon the sand, his senses deserted him. He had not even sufficient strength left to drag himself to the higher land, and only felt that helping arms raised him and carried him away. He tried to speak, but his voice refused obedience; he

attempted to open his eyes, but he was not able to do so; a giddiness overpowered him, and he sank fainting on the ground.

How long he lay in this posture he was not aware; but when he raised his eyes, after a wild, strange dream, and looked up to the rustling green tops of shady trees, he perceived, also, that he was surrounded by natives, and a tall, majestic islander, with a long, extraordinary staff in his hand, and a pair of falcon's wings on either side of his head, was standing before him, and looking sternly and darkly upon him. Some of the savages, when they saw that he had recovered his senses, began to ask him a multitude of questions; but Ned did not understand their language, and only looked timidly from one to the other, until the man with the feathers, probably the leader of the band, addressed him in good, fluent English, and demanded what he wanted on this coast. The convict, however, was fully prepared for this question; for he naturally conjectured that he must fall into the hands of the natives, in case he followed the coast and tried to reach the nearest European settlement. He had, therefore, prepared a tolerably plausible story, and stated that he had been pressed and frightfully ill-treated in the English schooner lying there at anchor; and being unable any longer to endure such treatment, he had swam ashore at the risk of being devoured by the sharks.

"Is the yellow jacket the sailor's dress on board the English vessels?" asked the chief quietly, when the convict had ended his story.

"The yellow jacket?" repeated the convict, looking up in surprise, and somewhat confused. The chief, however, did not seem to notice it, and merely said, as he pointed to the verge of the forest, where the Ta-po-kai fell into the sea—

"To whom does that boat belong? and where are the men who pulled it ashore?"

Ned hesitated. He thought of the treasure, and did not know whether to claim the chieftain's confidence, by revealing all he knew, or endeavour to find the money. But how?

When he had originally formed his plan, he had calculated on his mate's assistance:

now he was alone. Could he possibly, unarmed, dare to attack those powerful men? No! but perhaps the discovery of it might help him to gain the islander's friendship. So, without meeting the chief's cold and calm glance, he offered to make him a revelation of the highest importance, which would produce him a large amount of money, if his own life were spared.

The islander promised him this; and the convict, rendered bolder, demanded to be removed into his tribe, and protected against the persecution of the white men. This, however, the chieftain angrily refused.

"I promised you your life," he said, gloomily; "but I was not compelled to do that. Love for us did not bring you here, and I do not require your help; for since those men landed, my spies have been following them, and their boat is in my power. If you are true to me, a portion of the booty shall be yours; do with it what you please. The white men wish for money; that must suffice you."

The convict joyfully accepted this proposition, which he had not dared to make, as he had not believed that the savages, when they found the treasure, would ever give up any share of it. He now told them all that he had discovered: that one of the white men—plague on him, he had always treated him like a dog—had landed in a New Zealand dress, and with his face veiled; and that he had a document with him which, according to his own statement, was signed by Heki himself.

The chieftain, who at first scarcely noticed what he was saying, now listened attentively. When Ned had told him all he had heard on board the schooner, he asked him several questions about the figure, appearance, eyes, and features of the man who had landed under the feigned protection of their most sacred law. Ned told him as well as he could, and the New Zealander grinned and nodded his head. At length he withdrew with his comrades, and the convict concluded, from their wild and animated gesticulations, that the subject which excited their limbs, and imparted to their eyes such sparkling and intense fury, was of overpowering interest.

They paid no further attention to him. For hours the warriors lay in the cool shadow of the forest, and the sun had long passed its zenith, while white patches of clouds rose on the southern horizon, and gradually spread athwart the sky.

Suddenly the bushes rustled, and a single warrior, with his dark, tattooed face horribly disfigured by several scarcely healed wounds, sprang from the thicket at the extreme verge of which they were lying. What he reported Ned could not understand. But the news must have been both important and long expected, for other spies immediately returned, and the band, consisting of about fifteen men divided into two parts. One party dispersed among the neighbouring bushes, while the other crept slowly along the edge of the forest, toward the mouth of the Ta-po-kai. The convict remained in charge of two warriors, and was forced to follow the last band; but they seemed to entertain no fear of him, or consider any further precautions necessary, for he was permitted to walk unbound near his companions, whose appearance, however, convinced him that flight, even if he had thought of such a thing, would be perfectly hopeless. He therefore walked rapidly by their side; and when the last man had disappeared in the leafy, shady bushes, the place was again as desolate as if human foot had never trodden it, or human passions disturbed its sacred peace.

The tall majestic trees rustled gently, and intertwined their giant arms firmly together, so as almost to exclude the light of day. It was mid-day. The forest birds nestled cosily in the cool, fragrant shade, and the glistening lizard glided noiselessly along the branches, swinging itself to sleep on the young shoots, or snapping at the insects that flew past.

Gently, too, did the majestic trees rustle round a small solitary clearing, which lay on the grassy declivity of a low hillock, shaded only by a few ragged palms, which had once perhaps been carefully tended. It was a New Zealand pah, the residence and fortress of one of the natives. Like other dwellings scattered over the island, it was surrounded by strong-pointed palisades, and

in the interior divided by low fences into several yards, which, however, all communicated with each other. In the centre lay the low, straggling dwelling-house, with its fantastically-carved wooden pillars, and its cool, airy veranda. Narrow benches ran along the walls, and between two of the pillars was suspended, motionless and empty, a single hammock woven from the fibres of the New Zealand flax. But not a living being could be seen—all appeared desolate and deserted; even the out-buildings were open and empty; the cooking-house was torn down and destroyed; the hammock hung in shreds; and great pieces appeared to have been stripped off the roof of the dwelling; the fences were partly torn up, and those which remained were overgrown with moss. No domestic animal enlivened the yard; and the only living thing visible was a hawk, which had built its nest in one of the deserted rooms: but now it soared upwards, remained stationary for a minute above the spot which had become its home, and then flew, with its head still bent back, slowly toward the coast.

It had scented the approach of man, its foe, and had scarcely disappeared behind the tall, thickly-leaved trees, when a wild-looking form parted the bushes which grew close to the broken-down palisade, and had even covered a portion of it with their flower-laden tendrils. It was Dumfry, who, with his face again closely covered, his rifle, ready cocked, held firmly in his hand, now entered the clearing, and looked cautiously and solemnly on the scene of his former life—for this had been his home. Whither had destiny scattered those who had once shared the solitude of the forest with him? Where were now the dear ones who were able to convert this desert place into a paradise? What soil now received the imprint of their footsteps, and furnished them with food? Or had Dumfry lived here friendless and alone? Was no eye wet when he quitted his new home—did no one affectionately await his return? None knew—he was ever silent about the past, and his recently-formed friends in Sydney gladly avoided any reference to former times. But what feelings must now have overpowered him, when he

saw once more before him all that recalled the past and nearly-forgotten hours!

“Confusion!” he muttered through his firmly-clenched teeth, and stamped angrily and with rising fury on the ground. “What do I care if they avoid the place, and their fanatic laws render it desolate? All the better; for I shall not be watched.”

He hurriedly glided back into the thicket where his comrades awaited him. A sign intimated to them that they should advance. Their path, which had till now led through the wildest and most entangled forest brakes, became smoother. A species of cleared road, apparently not used for a length of time, ran, as Thompson fancied, nearly in a parallel direction with the sea; and they had also quitted the hills, or at least were keeping along the base.

Twice they crossed little foaming streams, and suddenly reached a mound of about twenty feet in height, whose top was decorated with a most extraordinary and peculiar monument. The half of a transversely-divided canoe was raised there, like a sentry-box; its two sides were gaily painted, and the upper part was ornamented with tall waving feathers, such as usually decorated the head of a chieftain or a hunter. More especially could be noticed a few tall, white feathers of the albatross, which formed the centre of the tuft, and a variegated mat, hanging down from the summit, concealed from view the interior of this peculiar erection.

The strangers were able to see the above when they reached the open space; but it seemed a difficult matter to approach it, for tall palisades, firmly driven into the ground, surrounded the mound. The inner space between the stockade and the mound was thickly overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, and it was difficult to decide whether the spot had been formerly cultivated, or that the high wood had been merely cleared away to facilitate the erection of the monument upon the summit.

The men, who had been till now concealed by a little group of palm-like ferns, regarded the solemn scenery around them in speechless admiration, until Van Boon, who began to grow uncomfortable under the tall trees, and before the solitary New Zealand monu-

ment, which seemed, like a sentinel, to guard the penetralia of the forest, whispered—

“Is this, then, the spot which we have come so many miles through thorns and creeping plants to reach, as if the Evil Enemy were at our heels?”

Dumfry nodded his head merely, without uttering a word in reply.

“The entrance will surely be on the other side,” Thompson said, and raised himself on his toes to see us as far as he could.

“Gentlemen,” said Dumfry, in a suppressed tone, but with eyes sparkling with delight, “the time for action has arrived—we have reached the wished-for spot: but all the dangers I apprehended, and indeed firmly expected, have been escaped. The surrounding country is deserted, the distance to the sea and the spot where our boat lies is scarcely a thousand paces from us. There, where you see that bright opening, the stream along whose banks we have been walking, falls into the sea. In half an hour we can get there, then a few strong pulls at the oar will carry us back to our vessel.”

“But why don’t we go to work?” asked Van Boon, impatiently; “confound the thing, I am not comfortable, so long as I feel this cannibal ground beneath my feet; the trees seem as if they were looking at us greedily and hungrily, and would with the greatest pleasure furnish the wood to roast us with. Where’s the entrance to this monument, or whatever it may be?”

“There is none,” Dumfry replied, in a cautious voice; “the palisades run all around in the same fashion. Manawatro’s grave lies under the sacred law of the Taboo, and only when one of his family dies is the prohibition removed. After the appointed season and the feast of the Tangi, the wise men bring the bones hither, and the law again closes the entrance against all.”*

“But how shall we get in?” Van Boon growled. “I suppose we are going to wait here till some one catches us in the act, and then have the whole population upon us.

* In the death of a chieftain, or any Indian of rank, a great lamentation takes place, which the New Zealanders call tangi. The women cut their arms, faces, and breasts, with sharp shells; and the clothes and property of the deceased are then usually laid in his grave, called the *wahi tapu*, and left to perish with him.

Only give them an excuse, and we shall all be impaled this very night on the finest spit they can discover.”

Dumfry turned away from him, glided a short distance through, or rather under the tall fern, which thickly inclosed the stockade, examined some of the palisades with his hand, and soon came to one which was less firmly imbedded in the ground than the rest. Into this he struck his tomahawk with all the strength at his command. The sharp steel went home up to the handle in the wood, which had grown rotten by age; and he thus gained a leverage to seize the palisade, and tear it out of its bed. After a few unsuccessful attempts he managed to effect this, and thus obtained a narrow passage into the interior.

Van Boon, although unaware of the fearful danger to which they were exposed, still felt a certain inexplicable terror on perceiving the precaution and unmistakable repugnance of the usually so dauntless man. Dumfry, who signed to them to remain standing where they were, crawled quickly and cautiously into the dense mass of under wood, and not a sound was again heard, or did he make a signal, until his form became suddenly visible, though further below. He now bore the rolled-up skin of some unknown animal in his arms, and ran rather than walked towards the narrow entrance, through which he forced his way with almost fearful haste into the open space. He had, however, scarcely left the mound, when he laid his pack upon the ground, returned the palisade to its position, and now seemed to shake off with a joyful effort all that had hitherto preyed upon his spirits.

He drew a deep inspiration, and a triumphant, almost demoniac smile played upon his thin lips.

“Now we will be off!” he said, as he quickly raised his load again from the ground; “in a few minutes we shall be on the coast, and then the ship will bear us away to the enjoyment of a happy life!”

“And is that all?” Thompson asked in amazement; “is that all we had to do, after such terrible preparations and consultations?”

“Come! On board our good ‘Casuar’ you shall learn everything; but now to quit

this land, which once more begins to burn beneath my feet."

And without awaiting any further remark, he turned a hurried glance towards the sky (which was now almost covered by the rising mist, so that the sun could hardly pierce through the veil), and hastened into the thicket at such a speed that his companions could scarcely keep up with him. For nearly a quarter of an hour they kept in this direction, leaving the hill further and further behind them. The open country, to which Dumfry had called their attention at the monument, became gradually more distinct; and following a little narrow ridge, which ran towards the coast between two rivulets, they soon reached the sea, not two hundred paces distant from the same spot where they had landed.

CHAPTER V.

Dumfry carefully examined the surrounding scene, but nothing extraordinary or dangerous could be seen; not a living being was visible. In the background, just in front of the glistening white patch of clouds which surrounded the entrance of the bay, lay the "Casuar," like a bird upon the waters.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Thomson, breaking the silence, and looking anxiously towards the southern horizon, which was distinctly visible, "it's high time for us to get aboard, Dumfry. There's a storm rising there: and if it catches us near the reef, we must be prepared for the worst. It would be a joke if we were cast once more on the coast."

"Do those gray clouds mean harm?" asked Dumfry, who appeared to regard them timidly and gloomily.

"No good, at any rate!" the sailor growled. "I only wish we may get off with a black eye."

"The gentlemen intend, perhaps, to drink tea to-night in the forest?" the Dutchman growled, in his impatience. "Are we going to stop here until all you apprehend really takes place? Where does the boat lie?"

"Just over there at the end of the brake," Dumfry replied. "We must make haste—come." And he once more drew the mat over his face, and walked quickly before his

two friends—first along the low strip of sand, which was covered by the waves at flood-tide, and then up a grassy slope which joined the forest, and which, in its verdant brightness, formed a charming relief to the gloomy woods in the rear. But the further they left the forest behind them, the more open became the prospect of the threatening sky; and Thomson stopped when they had reached the middle of the sands, to have a close look at the clouds. His eye was then attracted by some object moving on the edge of the forest, and a cry of surprise almost involuntarily escaped his lips, when he perceived, just at the spot where they had emerged from the brake, several Indians wrapped in their bright parti-coloured mats, and apparently slowly following their trail.

Dumfry and Van Boon turned quickly to him, but the dark forms came out so prominently against the background, that no explanation was necessary. Van Boon was preparing to run away as soon as he noticed the feather ornaments of the chief, but Dumfry seized his arm, and whispered angrily—

"Stop, sir—no precipitation; our boat lies only a few hundred paces from here. If we run, we shall excite their suspicion; but if we walk quietly on until we place the bushes between them and ourselves, we shall either have a sufficient start to be able to pull off, or we have fire-arms enough to render that little band harmless. Slowly, slowly, gentlemen; do you see there in front?—Ha!" he yelled, and raised his gun in terror, for before them too, exactly in the direction their path led, and whither he was pointing, the bushes parted, and seven or eight brown, bold-looking Indians, armed with rifles and war-clubs, and some even clothed with long haired war-mat which Dumfry knew so well, advanced to meet them by the only path which led to the boat.

Van Boon uttered a cry of horror, but Thompson, who clearly saw from Dumfry's behaviour that greater danger threatened them than he would confess, seized his pistols, examined whether the caps were firmly fixed, pulled the hilt of his cutlass a little further forward, and then seemed prepared to await the result calmly. Dumfry him-

self had only been startled by the first surprise, for he had prepared himself for a meeting with the Indians by the dress he had assumed. He now drew the mat more closely over his face whispered, to his companions to keep a stout heart; and then changing his course slightly, walked toward the extreme end of the forest, in order that, in the event of the Indians not having yet discovered their boat, he might not betray its actual position by any precipitation. But if he had hoped that they would be unnoticed by the Indians, he soon found himself undeceived, for the latter also turned as soon as they noticed the alteration in the stranger's course, toward the edge of the forest; and Dumfry, who found by this time he would not be able to escape them, now determined to meet them as dauntlessly as possible. If the New Zealanders regard him, such had been his intention from the outset, as the guide of the white men, and subjected to the Taboo, they had nothing to fear, for these uncivilised tribes had as yet been brought too little into collision with white men, to have quite forgotten the duties of hospitality toward strangers.

They therefore rapidly approached the islanders, who, on their part, quietly awaited the strangers. Dumfry, however, though he had previously been so bold and confident, started when he drew near enough to recognize the features of the chief; and instead of replying to the first salutation of this lord of the soil, he did not utter a word. The savages, on the other hand, who being in the majority, might possibly have expected such an act of politeness, were also silent, until Thomson, at first surprised by Dumfry's behaviour, advanced, and holding out his hand to the one whom he assumed to be the chief, said, in his manly, honest way—

“Good evening, gentlemen; I really don't know if you understand English, but that's no matter. We shall soon be able—”

“Is your greeting meant as honestly as it sounds?” replied the savage, seizing the sailor's offered hand. To the intense surprise of the latter, the savage not only spoke in tolerably pure English, but also with a slight twang of the brogue. The figure of the chief was tall and majestic. His brown face,

animated by sparkling, speaking eyes, was intersected by the regular and almost elegant lines which the tattooer's hand had imprinted on it; his head was adorned on either side by the outstretched wings of a black falcon, and the rough war-cloak hung loosely over his left shoulder, and down his back, so that his right arm was left entirely at liberty. He wore a few white albatross feathers in his ears, and round his neck was suspended the amulet of his tribe, the green Teiki,* with its red sparkling eyes. His hair hung as is usually the fashion on the island, long and smooth down his back, and his feet were covered with gaily-embroidered mocassins—a frequent article of barter with the North American whalers, and which perhaps a young squaw in the prairies of America had embroidered, without imagining that they would eventually decorate the feet of a warrior many thousand miles across the seas.

His companions were all armed with guns; but he merely carried on his wrist the Mirei, carved out of a single piece of that valuable green stone of which the amulet round his neck was cut, while in his right hand the chieftain's staff,† which, with its grotesquely-carved head, parroquet feathers, and tufts of dog's hair, resembled one of the old-fashioned halberts. It was in no way intended for a weapon, but simply indicated the authority of the chieftain.

While the chief offered the European his right hand, he let this staff rest on his shoulder, and only raised it again as he fell

* The New Zealanders, like nearly all savage nations, are fond of ornaments, and especially decorate the head and ears, as well as their arms, houses, and burial-places, with gay, fluttering feathers. The most precious and admired ornament, however, is a little extraordinary figure, called Teiki, which represents a grotesquely-formed man, with huge red eyes. This decoration is cut out of a peculiar green stone, and regarded as an amulet, and consequently as excessively valuable. The possessor of this jewel rarely parts with it; but it is usually handed down from family to family as a precious heirloom.

† This staff is a sceptre-like emblem peculiar to the New Zealand chiefs. It is made of hard wood, and has at one end a grotesquely-carved face, with outstretched tongue, emblematic of defiance. The eyes are made of small pieces of mother-of-pearl, and red parroquet feathers and tufts of dog's hair flutter above it. This staff is carried both in war and at the council-fire, and is given to each chief who speaks. He then holds it upright in his hand; and in the fire of his eloquence, brandishes it in the face of his attentive listeners.

back a step, and kept his eyes firmly fixed upon the pretended Indian, who, ever carried his rifle carelessly in the bend of his arm, though ready for use at any moment, and only turned his head slightly, to see if the other savages had joined them. The latter, scarce a hundred paces off were walking slowly down to the coast. The white men, thus surrounded by the dusky island warriors, could not think of flight. All that was left them was to play out the play they had begun, boldly and seriously.

The New Zealand chieftain first broke the silence. He leaned upon the staff which he held in his hand, and said, as he kept his eye firmly fixed on the pretended Indian, and in the language of the tribe—

“Thy hand is armed, but thy face is veiled. Does the head which is protected by the Taboo require any further defence? does my brother fear that a Maori will brandish his club against him? or is he ignorant of the laws of the country? A Maori is safe!”

“Well do I know the holy laws,” the masked man replied; and the voice sounded hollow from beneath the mat. “I have nothing to fear, and only carry arms as the companions of these white men. No friendly blood stains my hand; and at home in my pah the skulls of my foes are suspended. A Maori is safe!”

“Thou liest, false Maori!” yelled the savage warrior, as he drew himself to his full height, and swung round the staff he held in his hand. “Pale traitor! throw off the holy covering that does not belong to thee. To the earth with thee, McDonald—murderer of thy wife! to the earth—for the hour of vengeance has arrived!”

The detected criminal started back as if struck by lightning, when the first threatening words reached his ears. Lost, irrevocably lost! The blood poured icy cold to his heart—but it was only for a moment; what could he not dare when all was at stake?

“Help! Thompson, help!” he yelled; and the rifle flew up with the speed of light. A moment, and the sharp, glistening flash burst from the barrel. But the bullet whistled harmlessly through the air above the chieftain’s head: for the latter, foreseeing his

enemy’s intention, had struck aside the barrel with his long, heavy staff just at the decisive moment. Thompson, also, drew his cutlass, and raised a pistol in his left hand; but the natives threw themselves upon him, and while the nearest rushed at McDonald, and hurled him to the ground, others seized the sailor and his trembling companion, bound their hands behind their back, and deprived them of their weapons.

McDonald struggled like a madman. He had torn his tomahawk from his belt when he saw that his bullet had missed its mark; and the stroke which he aimed at the chieftain would inevitably have killed him, had not the blow of a patri* hurled him, at that instant, unconscious to the ground.

In falling he clutched at the hide, which had till then been covered by the taboo cloak—but the chieftain’s hand was at his throat; and when the latter tore the mat from his face, and the savage band surrounding him recognised the man whom they had execrated and pursued as their deadly enemy, their shouts of wild triumph rent the air; and their leader was compelled to lay his staff over the victim, lest *she* whom they mourned might be deprived of the solemn revenge which was due to her memory.

Thompson, who during the struggle, and even in his own imminent peril, had not once forgotten the threatening sky, and his poor vessel, still wrestled furiously with those who held and guarded him. The chief, however, when he saw his own enemy safely bound, walked up to him, and laying his hand gently upon his shoulder, said, while the seaman looked menacingly and distrustfully at him—

“Fear nothing, sir. You have not broken the laws of our country, or trampled on them, like that man did. He lied when he told you that he had merely killed a chief who was his enemy, in fair fight. He lied when he declared that he stood under Heki’s protection; for I am Heki, and he has no more furious enemy in the world than me. From the spot consecrated by the law of the Taboo he stole

* The patri is a favourite and terrible weapon among the islanders. It is made of light wood, is about four feet long, and has at the end an excessively sharp edge. The head, like that of the chieftain’s staff, is adorned with feathers and tufts of hair.

the property of his wife, whom he shamefully murdered, and then, like a cowardly traitor, fled from his just punishment. He lied, too, when he declared himself the owner of even a foot of New Zealand ground; that which he claimed belonged to the husband of my sister, and not to her murderer. Only too well did he know our custom; and he would probably have succeeded, under the protection of the belief which he was at the same time insulting, in carrying off his booty safely, had not his Etuc* delivered him into the hands of the avengers. He alone will suffer from our anger. You may soon return uninjured to your vessel; but be careful how you land in New Zealand again."

Thompson, although greatly astonished that the new Zealander was acquainted with all they had talked about on board his own little "Casuar," was too busily engaged thinking of his own vessel's safety to pay more than very slight attention to any other subject.

"Uninjured?" he replied, looking seaward with a troubled face. "Watch the waves rising there, and then tell me again that we shall return uninjured. If the storm surprises our little vessel alongside these reefs, I would not give a shilling for the lives of all aboard."

"If your God designs to punish you for disturbing the peace of this land," said the savage, calmly, "how does that concern me? It was not I who summoned you here." And without bestowing another glance upon his prisoner, he exchanged a few words with his followers and then walked slowly before them into the thicket, whither the band followed him, with the doomed man and his companions in the centre.

The sun had sunk to rest. Light purple patches of mist bedecked the western horizon; but dense impenetrable masses of clouds, which every moment assumed a blacker hue, rose fast and thickly in the south.

The sun sank back into the arms of night as rapidly as he had arisen, and the gray twilight soon enclosed the silent woods in its gray, gloomy, and ominous veil, and sea and

sky faded away into one confused and misty mass. Only the glistening foam of the waves formed a white and spectral contrast to the surrounding gloom; while through the obscure and seething waters the schooner's lights shone plainly, and her signal guns, fired in rapid succession, warned those on land of her imminent danger.

At this moment there glided from the narrow mouth of the Tapokai, between the over-arching and agitated branches, one of the long, sharply built New Zealand canoes, which the natives manage with such masterly skill. Eight men sat at the oars, but with their faces towards the bows, and urged forward the frail vessel; while Heki, with his staff in his right hand, and with the other holding the gaily decorated tiller, stood upright in the stern, and directed the course of the flying boat. At the bottom, and close to the chieftain, lay three dark, bound forms; but not a word passed their lips. Silently they stared at the threatening sky above them, and with equal silence the natives dipped their paddles into the boiling waves over which they were swiftly gliding.

It was ebb tide, and the current bore them directly to their destination. But the chieftain did not steer straight for the light, but left it a little to the right, as if he wished to pass through the narrow channel into the open sea. Thompson must have entertained some suspicion of this, for he raised his head anxiously, and looked across to his vessel. At last he could endure it no longer, and attempted, with a muttered curse, to rise. The islander seated in front of him turned; and the heavy paddle, menacingly raised, only revealed too clearly what awaited him if he did not yield implicitly. Van Boon lay, half dead from fear and horror, by his side; but whom could the third motionless figure in the boat belong to? Had the savages given up their thoughts of vengeance? or, merciful powers! was it really Dumfry's corpse, which—but no; the body moved and stirred, and the seaman was unable to perceive anything more. His attention was too much attracted to the schooner, for the bows of the canoe were suddenly directed towards her.

But the spirits of the storm seemed now to have burst the bonds which had till then

* The evil spirits of the New Zealanders.

enchainèd them; a vivid flash covered the southern sky with a brightness almost greater than that of day: and, while the thunder was hoarsely rolling in the distance, the raging hurricane bounded over the sea, seized as if in sport, the shrinking waves, and whirled their glistening, sparkling foam high into the air.

But through and over the boiling waves the canoe cleft its way with furious speed. A sudden flash of vivid light showed them the outline of the schooner, still riding out the storm, and a minute scarcely seemed to elapse ere they were alongside. In another moment the canoe was fastened to the bows of the vessel; and the sailors who had the watch started in alarm when the dark, spectral forms leaped on board, as if they had emerged from the stormy depths below. Suspecting a surprise on the part of the savages, and terribly alarmed, they seized every thing which could serve as a weapon of attack or defence. But before they were able even to comprehend what was taking place, a sudden, furious shock shook the trembling schooner to its keel; and almost at the same moment a savage, demoniac shout of triumph pierced their ears, and the dark shadow of the graceful canoe flew back from their vessel into the white, hissing tide. The waves curled furiously around it; but silent and motionless, as he had arrived, the tall, dark form of the steerer was visible. The rowers laboured, and the canoe shot, as if borne along by spectral hands, through the awakened fury of the raging elements.

"Help!" groaned Van Boon, who had been thrown by the sudden shock against the bulwarks, and felt convinced that he was overboard—"Help, help!"

The sailors scarcely trusted their senses when they heard the well-known voice; but the shout of their captain soon aroused them from their first surprise.

"All hands on deck!" he shouted—"all on deck! And here, Bill—Ned—Bob—won't one of the scoundrels, then, unfasten us?"

The nearest sailor sprang quickly to his help; and although they could not comprehend what had occurred, and hardly knew how their captain had returned on board, still the peril of the moment left them no

time for inquiry or astonishment. It was necessary that they should act; and they soon released the three prisoners from their bonds. A vivid flash again lighted up the sea. Thompson, as well as all the others, looked curiously at the third figure, which still stood silent and motionless among them; and their surprise may be conceived when they exclaimed simultaneously, "Ned, the convict!"

Although Thompson assuredly did not understand how the convict got on shore, as well as into the boat, still it suddenly struck him that it must have been this villain who had betrayed them, and delivered them into the hands of their enemy. But the anxiety he felt for the safety of his vessel left him for the moment no time to indulge in such reflections.

"Down with the sails!" he shouted. "Plague on it, we are drifting—the villains have cut our cable. Stand by the foresail, my men—stand by, I say, you scoundrels!" and with wildly uttered commands and curses the worthy master himself ran to the wheel, while the sailors, in their own danger forgetting all else, only sought to save the schooner from the destruction that impended over her.

The ebb tide was now coursing out through the narrow rocky passage they had passed through in the morning with the flood; and the heaving vessel, which had been drifting closer to the rocks, scarce felt the pressure of the sail, before it wildly bounded over the next wave; and, favoured by wind and tide, hurried with furious velocity towards the yawning passage. It was scarcely a hundred yards distant from it—they could distinctly perceive the breakers, and it seemed as if the trembling schooner must inevitably rush straight upon the ridge of the rock. The crew stood gazing anxiously from the vessel's bows; the next second must decide their fate, and only a few intervened between them and death. Close in front were the frowning rocks; and the ship—ha! it was falling off—and, heavens! that grating sound, which stopped their breath—it was the side of the "Casuar" rubbing against the rocky wall in her furious passage. In another instant the schooner borne by the

tide, shot out into the open sea. The storm wind filled her sails, and the brave little bark bounded over the heaving, furious waters.

The sailors had not yet recovered their self-possession; but were standing motionless, and scarcely daring to believe that the danger was really passed, for none feared the open sea, when Thompson's voice recalled them to recent events.

"Bind that villain, that Ned, and throw him down into the hold. Here, Bob, take the wheel till I send another of the men to you. Halloo, where's Van Boon? where's the Dutchman? has the fright killed him?"

This was by no means the case; the worthy little man had, in truth, no idea of the extent of the danger which had just threatened them, but had quietly kept his place behind one of the water casks, where he was at least safe from being shaken about by the pitching of the vessel. His whole attention seemed, however, concentrated on a rather large packet which the islanders had placed in his hands, after they had brought their prisoners on board the "Casuar," and whose contents, in consequence of the numerous coverings, wrapped round it, he had been unable to discover; although he fancied he could recognize, by the flashes of lightning, the skin which Dumfry had stolen on the island, and for the sake of which they had undertaken their fearful voyage. As soon, therefore, as he heard Thompson's exclamation he made his way to him, and the latter, after hearing of the existence of the packet, and the difficulty of opening it, quickly drew his knife and cut the cords.

"Captain!" exclaimed one of the sailors, running forward, "Ned has a large quantity of money fastened up in a piece of Indian matting, hanging round his neck, but he won't confess where he got it from. Will you take care of it?"

"Money?" asked Thompson in surprise; "where can that villain have got it from? And this parcel?"

He unfastened the cords, unfolded the skin, and was just going to feel the contents with his hand. At this moment a bright flash burst from the dark clouds above them, and the men uttered a cry of horror,—for, from the midst of the dark covering, fearfully and

terribly illumined by the sulphurous flash, the pale distorted features of the wretched Dumfry glared upon them.

The storm raged wildly—the waves foamed and loiled, and the little vessel struggled the whole night long against the howling fury of the elements. At length day broke; the hurricane was appeased, and the white sails of the "Casuar" were expanded on her homeward voyage. But at the starboard gangway the sailors were standing; and, just as the rising sun diffused its cheering light on the eastern sky, the bleeding head of the murdered man was consigned to the deep, and the Price of Blood was paid.

Years have passed away since the events recorded took place. The supremacy of the white man is acknowledged, the hatred of the dark skin is appeased, and British ships sail peacefully in New Zealand waters.

WHAT LIFE'S LESSONS SHOULD BE.

Forget not—regret not
The joys that have fled;
Though sweeter and fleet
Than fresh odors shed
From the jessamine's cup;
Or the bright chalice hid
From the gaze of the sun,
'Neath the violet's lid.

Forget not—regret not;
Hope ever should burn
The incense of love
In her funeral urn,
Shedding glory and light
O'er the gems of the past,
By time on the altar
Of memory cast.

Forget not—regret not;
Why should we regret,
While one star remains,
That another has set?
And though all may have faded,
Others brighter by far
Through the gloom may arise,
Than the once worshipped star.

Forget not—regret not;
Life's lessons should be
Like the stars that are hung
O'er the limitless sea;
A guide to our path,
Bright links to the chain
To lead us, and bind us
To virtue again.

J. E.

A TALE OF THE RED RIVER.

Having for many years had a great desire to visit the Red River Settlement, I set out in the spring of 1852, with the intention of spending the summer and winter in that region. I do not purpose at present to give you an account of my travels though they were interesting to me, and no doubt from the unfrequented route we took and the many exciting incidents which happened during our journey they might interest your readers. In the beginning of June we reached the settlement of the kind and hospitable Selkirkonians. We experienced no difficulty in getting billeted to our hearts content; as there were continually fishing and hunting parties setting out which we were invariably invited to join, this gave us an excellent opportunity of observing their manners and customs, as well as of becoming better acquainted with the aspect of the surrounding country. During a residence of five months we enjoyed the confidence of our host and his neighbours, and many a tale was told of their early settlement, their hunting parties and great journies, when they would leave for Toronto with a hundred waggons loaded with Buffalo skins and furs of every description, which they would barter for the necessaries of civilized life. Amongst other stories the following was related:

It is now a number of years since the largest hunting party that ever left the settlement was organized—preparations had been made both by the Roman Catholics and Protestants on a grand scale to make it as pleasant as possible, it being a joint hunt of both parties. The authorities took upon themselves the direction of the affair, regulations written in English and French were posted in all public places for the information of those who wished to join it—Marshals to direct and Officers to command the expedition were appointed and never was Carnival more anxiously looked for by the Romans, or military review by the French than was the great hunt of the Red river Settlers. It had been the general topic of conversation for weeks previous to the day on which it was to take place; on the morning of the 15th of September were gathered on a wide spreading plain the motley group that was to compose

the future hunt, the men were dressed in every kind of skin that could be stripped from the wild animals of that region, their garments were of all shapes that utility or fancy could devise. Buckskin, moeassins, Bearskin leggins, and Buffalo hunting shirts seemed the most fashionable attire; the women and children were seated in the back of the waggons amongst huge black kettles that they brought for the purpose of boiling meat and melting tallow, some of the women were nursing their babies, others chatting and laughing, a few of the young girls were walking round with their lovers, while their short Buffalo petticoats coming no lower than their knees showed legs that did honor to the lusty bodies they supported. When the procession was formed every one seemed to know his proper place and fell in with the greatest order and regularity,—more than six hundred waggons were required by the party, each drawn by a yoke of stout oxen driven by a man who was continually waving a long stick over their heads and shouting at the top of his voice to the stubborn cattle.—The company including men, women, and children numbered nearly two thousand. The morning was clear, a gentle bracing breeze came down from the western hills, every thing seemed to promise fine weather, the new moon having set the previous evening with its back downwards, and the smoke from the cottages rising in spiral wreaths high in the air and spreading in gauzy clouds was considered by the old inhabitants of the settlement a sure indication of a dry season; the weathercock on the little church steeple looking towards the West almost seemed to crow whenever a puff of wind turned him on his pivot, and as if to make "assurance doubly sure" no red angry looking sun arose that morning a forerunner of wind and rain, but a clear bright laughing sun infusing into the human heart its own brightness and mirth. The cavalcade moved slowly along the banks of the river for two or three miles in a serpent like tract, some were singing songs, others cracking whips and swearing at their oxen, while the young men and women were coquetting and making love; all was life, activity, and expectation. In this manner they proceeded along the

banks of the river for two or three days until they came to a place suitable for encamping. It was a spot on which nature had bestowed her charms with a lavish hand. From a narrow valley, whose abrupt rocky banks rose to the height of five hundred feet, issued the river into a beautiful lake, two streams beside the main one, emptied themselves into it, one from the East, the other from the West, valleys spread for miles on either side forming extensive flats covered with rank grass, yielding abundant food for the cattle, the bank descending in a gentle slope from the top of the mountain to the waters edge, was covered with flowers and here and there a clump of trees threw their shadows across the lake. From the mountain on the West the prospect was magnificent; as far as the eye could reach hill seemed to rise above hill in endless succession enclosing warm and fertile valleys whose rich pastures were at that time alive with Buffalo. In the lovely spot described the hunters were engaged enclosing with their waggons three sides of ten or fifteen acres of land, the fourth side opening on the lake;—the women were busily employed in arranging their tents which consisted of four poles stuck into the ground and covered with a Buffalo skin; there were hundreds of these within the enclosure, before most of which were hung large kettles gipsy fashion, that is to say, two poles with crotches on their tops were stuck about six feet apart in the earth, across was thrown a strong sapling, an ox chain descending from the middle of this swung a kettle large enough to boil all the broth ever made by Macbeth's witches, tents sprang up like magic and the place that six hours before was an unbroken waste was now occupied by two thousand people. The boys with hook and line arranged themselves along the shore of the lake, while the Oxen spreading themselves over the slopes and flats luxuriated to their hearts contents on grass reaching up to their bellies. The first day of their arrival was spent in forming the camp and getting in firewood,—on the second they set out in search of Buffalo.

These animals were known to be plentiful and fat, and the hunters started on their enterprise in full expectation of being well

rewarded for their trouble. It is a common practice among them if they meet a herd to drive them as near the camp as possible, driving the living animal being far easier than carrying them when shot. Early on the morning of the third day they spread themselves into the magnificent country west of the river. The North-western Pioneer seems to possess the hounds instinct for scenting Buffalo, knowing their favorite retreats, their snug and shady hill side lairs, and the rich pastures upon which they love to feed, they will often in their hunting excursions traverse the country hundreds of miles in search of their favorite amusement, inured to toil from their earliest childhood they grow up strong in body and resolute in mind, no danger is too great to encounter, and though exhausted they are never overcome, after having been on foot for eighteen hours at a time I have known them to carry a deer for five or six miles on their shoulders; of men such as these was the party composed whose adventures I am relating.

About noon a large herd of Buffalo were discovered grazing on the flats of a wide spreading valley, as seen from the hills there appeared to be hundreds of them as fat as could be, their sides rolling in flesh and the hair on their shaggy necks and shoulders hanging down and almost covering their forelegs. At intervals the bulls would bellow out awakening the echoes of the vast rocky solitudes around them, as soon as the hunters perceived them they formed themselves into a semi-circle on the surrounding heights so that the animals had no means of escape but on the side towards the encampment; in this manner they drove them forward now and then discharging a few rifles if they manifested any inclination to be slow in their movements, it requires great skill and experience to drive a Buffalo herd. If the animals become frightened they will start off in a regular stampede breaking down every barrier that stands in their way, if anything of this kind should happen the hunters get out of their path as soon as possible and content themselves with shooting as many as they can while they are passing. In the present instance nothing of this kind occurred, success crowned their efforts, they drove

them within a mile of the encampment into a shallow valley, then surrounding them on all sides the work of death commenced in earnest. Nothing can be conducted with more system and order than a Red River hunting party, every man knows his place, when he should fire, and what part of the herd to aim at; these things are regulated by the laws of the settlement, and these are made by old and experienced hunters, to wilfully break them is considered one of the greatest of crimes. The first volley was deliberately fired and more than one hundred fell, some were killed on the spot and others more or less wounded, the bellow that succeeded this onslaught was tremendous, some of the wounded bulls leaping high into the air shook their shaggy manes and after running a few yards fell to the ground, others rushed wildly up the hill side marking their track with blood until they became exhausted and falling headlong, lay panting in their gore, while the rest stood trembling with fear. In a few minutes another round was poured amongst them, then came the flight of those that remained unwounded, mad and infuriated with glaring eyes and wide spread nostrils they threw up their heels and ran trampling the dead and dying that lay scattered around the plain; as soon as the wounded were despatched, the operation of skinning and cutting off the best of the carcass for meat commenced, and waggons arriving, the skins of one hundred and fifty Buffalo were within the walls of the encampment before sunset. Things went on in this way with more or less success for about two weeks, the piles of skins and heaps of tallow growing larger day by day indicated that the hunt was drawing to a close, the party was out for the last time and in two or three days they expected to be journeying homewards.

Nearly six months previous to this period a misunderstanding had arisen between the Settlers and a large and powerful tribe of Indians inhabiting the neighbouring mountains, angry debates had past between them and threats on the part of the Indians had from time to time reached their ears, but as they had not as yet attempted to put them into execution the matter would have passed from their minds had not the women felt some uneasiness from having seen Indians lurking

about the encampment the last day of their stay, in larger numbers than usual. However, all remained quiet till nearly noon when they again appeared on the heights numbering nearly a thousand warriors, their object was to take the hides and as many oxen as they could drive away while the men were engaged hunting, luckily the cattle had been brought within the enclosure in the morning to be in readiness to bring in the proceeds of the hunt. The Indians having sent a deputation to demand them and being resolutely refused they came down in a body to take them by force; and knowing that there were but few men in the encampment they imagined this would be a matter easy of accomplishment, it however proved otherwise; for as soon as they began to remove the waggons the sharp ring of a hundred rifles was heard, and the rising of light blue smoke showed the volley had come from behind a rising knoll in the centre of the encampment, the Indians being protected by the waggons suffered little injury, but the hiss of a rifle ball passing one's ear is more startling than the hiss of a serpent, the salutation of such a messenger had the desired effect of making them withdraw behind a prominence at a little distance. Here they planned a regular attack and as their blood by this time was pretty well up they were not unlikely to put in execution what they had determined upon with all the savage ferocity of their nature; not half an hour had passed before they were again advancing, moving forward in three divisions intending to attack every side of the encampment at the same time, and at once dislodge their concealed enemy, but ere they could accomplish this a party of hunters who happened to be returning from the chase seeing how matters stood, bore down upon one of the divisions and obliged them to give way, at the same time the party inside firing carried destruction into their ranks, —when it first became evident that the Indians would make an attack the few men who were not out hunting placed themselves with the women behind the knoll above mentioned, and nearly a hundred of these hardy females, armed with rifles, acquitted themselves with bravery.

On seeing their new enemy the Indians

raised their war whoop, every savage, knife in hand, the muscles of his arm swollen to twice their natural size by the tenacity of his grasp and teeth gnashing with rage rushed upon the new comers. 'Tis an awful sight to see savage men, their yellow eyeballs projecting and rolling as if they would break the muscles that bind them in their sockets, their cheeks swollen in coarse folds like the jaws of a mastiff, the thirst of blood depicted upon their features, rushing like the waves of a mighty fire when the winds drive it through a mountain forest. Such were the demons who now came upon the little band of heroes, who numbered about one tenth of themselves. The hunters lost by this attack about one half their number, the remainder managing to get within the walls of the encampment during the confusion that ensued. The Indians now, according to custom, began to scalp and despatch their wounded victims. While engaged in this employment the rattle of rifles was again heard, the smoke rolled upwards and spread itself slowly and calmly over the sparkling lake in long floating lines, as if it were pointing in mockery at the cruelties then being enacted on the shore.

In the meantime, the little party within the encampment held a consultation as to the best means of defence, they resolved to send two of their party in search of their companions and to defend themselves in the best way they could until their return. They looked in each others faces enquiringly, to see who would have the courage to volunteer for so arduous a duty, as it was likely to be a difficult undertaking to escape unnoticed by the foe. At length two brothers of the name of Dixon, who afterwards became famous throughout the settlement for their wonderful adventures and daring pioneer life, offered their services. No sooner was the resolution formed than they put it into execution, proceeding up the lake under the cover of its banks they were rapidly nearing the high rocky precipices that overhung the river where it empties itself into the lake, when they were seen by an Indian whose shriek startled his companions and before a second had passed

away a dozen or more were in active pursuit. The brothers managed to gain the rocks and leaping from crag to crag with the agility of the chamois for a time eluded their pursuers, but two of the savages coming within rifle shot discharged their pieces at them; the balls passed their ears and flattened against the rock not five yards from where they stood and fell harmlessly to the ground. This caused them to be more careful not to expose their persons. The Indians were soon close upon them, on coming to the bottom of the rocks they separated into two parties, the one going round to the top of the cliff so as to intercept the Dixons should they be able to climb the precipice, the other following close behind them; while they, fancying the top of the cliff would be guarded retired into a cleft of the rocks, thinking their pursuers in their eagerness would be more likely to expose their bodies to the fire of their rifles, but they were too wary to do so, knowing full well that their object in leaving the encampment would be frustrated by keeping them in their present position. The Indians having also taken shelter beneath a projecting rock, the two parties were thus but ten feet apart. In this extremity it occurred to the brothers to roll some stones that lay at their feet over the precipice, the plunge into the water below, as they expected, caused the Indians to look over the rock, when immediately the crack of rifles and the death scream of two of their pursuers echoed through the deep gorge, at the bottom of which rolled the river, and reverberated from cliff to cliff sounding like the last agonising shriek from the decks of a sinking vessel, when in one fearful moment the sea engulfs every human form. Not another moment passed before the brothers stood face to face with terror stricken foes, they were all on the edge of the rock, quick as thought two of the savages were hurled headlong into the abyss below; then commenced a fearful struggle between the brothers and the remaining Indians. They were too near one another to use anything but the butt end of their rifles, and the natural desire that in deadly anger man has to grapple with his antagonist caused these weapons to be thrown aside, each

grasped the throat of his foe regardless of the watery grave that yawned beneath and from which they were only separated by the ledge of rock on which they stood. The thought of saving their own lives became a secondary consideration to that of taking the life of their foe, and with this determination they approached the mighty gulf that had already swallowed four of their number. The Dixons as well as the Indians were strongly built powerful men and each though foaming with rage showed the utmost skill in attacking his adversary and defending himself; sometimes they were at the edge of the rock neither daring to give the final push, as the hold they had on one another must have inevitably been the destruction of both, then they would be down upon each other, twisting and gliding from each others grasp like serpents, then knotting together and rising to their feet they would seize one another's throats until their tongues hung from their mouths and the eyes starting from their sockets and resting upon the cheek bones seemed ready to burst with their extreme tension. The Indian, if he has not been victorious in the onset is generally obliged to succumb to his harder rival, it was so in the present instance, the brothers felt their antagonists growing weaker and weaker and after a struggle of about fifteen minutes they each found means to take their knives from their girdles and despatch their foes. In the meanwhile, the scene below had become very exciting, the Indians were advancing upon the encampment as the savage alone can advance, the wild and unearthly war-whoop rose simultaneously from a thousand voices; it is a sound which cannot be imagined by those who are so fortunate as never to have heard it, but once heard it is one never to be forgotten. At the time the war whoop was given, the main body of the hunters were returning to camp, and though two miles distant the yell fell with fearful distinctness upon their ears. The meaning of the well-known sound could not be mistaken and the direction from whence it came told that something was wrong in the encampment; with shot boxes and powder horns well stored with ammunition, knives stuck

in their belts, their rifles primed and loaded, with the greatest care they advanced rapidly, ready to meet the enemy, fully aware that the delay of a few minutes might accomplish the murder of their wives and children. In a short time they reached the heights surrounding the spot that held all that was dear to them, the scene that burst upon their sight was terrific beyond description. The Indians either by design or accident had set fire to the dry thick grass, the growth of former years, which lay about a foot deep like a bed of hay upon the ground. Owing to the inflammability of the material and a brisk wind springing up the fire spread with the greatest rapidity towards the waggons which formed the enclosure, shortly hundreds of them were enveloped in a sheet of fire. The flames leaping into the air the height of a hundred feet, while the smoke rolling in vast clouds across the little lake entirely hid it from sight. Stealthily the flames kept moving forwards, at first in a straight unbroken line, consuming everything in their progress, now and then smouldering for a few minutes, then bursting forth with a dull leaden sound as the wind fanned the thick smoke into a flame. As it spread the elements seemed to partake of its nature, the atmosphere glowed with fervent heat and the lake, when a glimpse of it could be seen, through a break in the smoke, appeared a continuation of the fire. When the hunters appeared in sight, the women and children with their heroic defenders were nearly enclosed by the flames which had already approached within twenty yards of the tents, and the little party were driven by the intense heat toward the lake, the most fearful of all deaths seemed to await them for only one outlet remained by which they could escape, this was at the North-west corner of the enclosure and already guarded by Indians. The ground here swelled into a gentle eminence and its Western slope was shielded from the wind, owing to this the fire progressed but slowly which being observed by the hunters they made for the spot as the only means of escape there they found their foes ready to drive them back into the increasing flames; the position of the party became every instant more critical, the tents had by this time

caught, and thousands of pounds of tallow melted by the heat were ignited and streams of flame like one continued blaze rolled down the ravines spreading in all directions; men, women, and children waded up to their necks in water, and even then the flames would shoot out their forked tongues singing their clothes and hair, a group of mothers with their infant children had gone some distance into the lake, turning their backs to the fire they tried to shield their offspring with their bodies: how holy and sublime is the heroism of woman when her timidity is overcome by maternal love! every eye anxiously watched the progress of the flames. When the Indians saw the booty they expected to have plundered consumed before their eyes, their rage knew no bounds, their attention having been drawn towards the burning property of the hunters they made strenuous efforts to save the immense quantity of skins, but without success and thus for a short time the despairing wretches who seemed now only to have a choice of death were forgotten, but finding themselves defeated in this project they fell upon their victims with redoubled fury, many in their eagerness crossed the burning soil and thus became a prey to the element they themselves had brought into existence. The lives of the poor creatures in the water were not worth a second's purchase, they awaited death in silence; at this moment the hunters who under cover of the smoke had come down from the hills, unexpectedly fell upon the Indians, firing into them a volley that decimated their ranks, and immediately attacked them with the butt end of their rifles and knives.

The Indians tried in vain to withstand the shock of their impetuous adversaries, their skulls were crushed, and the white glittering steel of the knife buried up to the handle in their panting bosoms, and when rifle and knife failed they seized them by the throat and never released their terrible hold until the current of life had ceased to flow, and the red man's soul had ta'en its flight to the celestial hunting grounds.

The savages, unable to resist such an onset, fled towards the river, and plunging into the water, vainly tried to reach the opposite shore, their heads were a sure

Vol. VII.—No. 4.

mark for the white man's gun, every bullic from which sent a corpse floating down the stream, few escaped to tell the disasters of the day to the old men and squaws they had left in the Wigwams.

As soon as the battle was ended the remainder of the hunters gathered themselves together to pay the last sad rites to their companions who had fallen. No act can appeal more strongly to the heart of the brave man than that of interring the friends who have fallen by his side, they felt this in its full force, their broad chests heaved with emotion, tears rolled down their rough and weather beaten features and mingled with the dust of those dauntless men who had died in defending their wives and children from the scalping knife of the savage; it is sad to witness the lamentations of the young and beautiful, but a sadder sight to see the strong man weep, and a halo of glory must ever surround the names of those pioneers of civilization in the far North-west, as bright as that which encircles the heroes of Balaklava, or Inkermann. After burying their dead the hunters made preparations for returning home, and the next day with sorrowful hearts departed. There were few amongst the party who had not some dear relation or friend to leave upon the solitary banks of the beautiful little lake now called the Lake of Blood, and to this day the Indians of the surrounding country believe the river is colored with human gore, from whence has arisen its name "Red River."

THE COURT AT TUNBRIDGE,
IN 1664.

BY MRS. C. G.

The green slopes and beechen groves of Somerhill were basking under the brightness of an unclouded summer sun, and even the gray stone walls of the venerable Hall looked gay and gladsome under its cheering influence. In addition to the innumerable songsters whose melody daily enlivens the flowery thickets by which it is surrounded, there was a swell of sweet and stately music pealing along the trim alleys, accompanied, at intervals, by a measure of harmonious voices, breathing welcome to the fair of the

fairest court in Christendom—*King Charles was feasting at Somerhill!*

The minstrels remained invisible among the entangled garden-bowers; but the gay beings unto whom they addressed their flattering invocations were seen scattered in groups upon the closely-shaven turf, inhaling the rich fragrance of the bursting magnolia-flowers, or glancing from out the green-wood walks—gorgeous, and bright, and many-coloured as the hollyhocks that lifted up their stately heads beside them. Nature, as well as Majesty, had decreed that it should be a *jour de fête*; and smiles, music, and sunshine united to adorn the scene.

Among the gallant cavaliers dispersed over the lawn—some standing uncovered to listen to the prattle of "*la blanche Wetenhall*,"* or the graceful Chesterfield—others pointing out "*les promenades délicieuses du riant Somerhill*,"* to the maidens of the Queen—(a group as bright as the Pleiades themselves) one alone, the favourite—the cynosure—the observed of all observers, was missing. Grammont was there, with his flaunting fopperies—Hamilton, with his air of graceful nonchalance—the ail-conquering Jermyn—the handsome Sydney—Killigrew, in devoted attendance upon the thoughtless Lady Shrewsbury—and old Sir John Denham, following with equal assiduity the footsteps of his giddy wife, into whose willing ear his Highness of York was breathing "sweet honey words" somewhat closely;—but Charles, *Charles* was absent.

"Methinks," said George Hamilton, throwing himself at listless length upon a green bank, on which Sir Harry Brooke, the King's favourite page was already lying in solitary rumination, "Methinks 't is graceless enough in Rowley to abandon our crack-brained hostess, the Princess of Babylon, in this her own particular day and domain, in order to loiter with the mad-cap Stewart, by greenwood tree or mossy dell."

"Hush!" replied Brooke, laying a cautionary finger upon his lips, and glancing toward the thick hedge of bay-trees by which they were shaded. "How know you what birds may build in the neighbouring covert?"

"Tut, man!—the ears thou darest must

be as acute as those of *Fine Oreille* in the story, to render them dangerous. Rowley and his rattlepate ran laughing down yonder green alley, towards the stream in the hollow below; and, my life, to a silver penny! they are even now fishing for minnows with the lady's silken sash and *étui* pin. But thou lookest neither at brook nor dingle, Harry! What seest thou among the distant woods on which to gaze so earnestly?"

"I see the gleam of an ancient stone wall—I see a peaked roof rising above the dark chesnuts."

"And what then?"

"'Tis the roof of Wildinghurst!"

"*Et puis?*"

"Nay! nothing further," replied Brooke, turning away his moistened eyes. "'Twere dull sport, Hamilton, for a gallant like yourself to listen to a tale of poor and unhappy, although, God knows, of honest and faithful love!"

Hamilton raised his eyebrows to the utmost stretch of wonder and admiration, and a significant smile began to illuminate his handsome countenance, when a single glance towards his friend suddenly checked his rising mirth. "Beshrew my heart, Harry," exclaimed he, "I guessed thee not for so stricken a deer! But, since, 'tis thus with thee in sober sadness, speed me thy love-tale, man! the how—the wherefore—the when. Trust me," he continued, extending his hand in friendly cordiality, "I have both sympathy and counsel at thy service. What of Wildinghurst? and who dwelleth beneath yonder peaked roof, Harry, that moveth thee so strangely?"

"One who holds courts and courtiers as equally vile and worthless; the more especially, that he was forced to abandon both the one and the other, through lack of Rowley's good countenance—even old Sir Mark Willoughby."

"And wherefore should the name of a worn-out cavalier—a *frondeur*, whom all the world besides hath forgotten, bring tears into thine eyes?"

"Simply, because he hath one fair daughter."

Hamilton's eyes brightened and his lip curled again.

"My story is as easily ended as begun,"

* Grammont's Memoirs.

quoth the page, reddening angrily. "Grace Willoughby and myself were playmates in childhood—lovers in youth—self-confident—and self-betrothed. But Sir Mark, who hath endured unworthy neglect at his Majesty's hand's would not for the worth of the Exchequer bestow his daughter upon a minion of the court; and he hath accordingly closed his door on my farther visits."

"In order that thou mayest find admission through the casement?"

"No!" replied Brooke, haughtily. "He gave me a fair choice, between his daughter and my loyal service."

"And thou didst gallantly prefer a livery and court servitude, to freedom and the fair Grace?"

"The livery I wear," said Brooke looking down on his embroidered sleeve, "is that of my sovereign; and my *servie* waits upon the noble descendant of a line of princes, to whom that of my forefathers has been devoted for centuries."

"Spoken with right earnest delivery and notable emphasis, like many other fustian rant!"

"In sober English, then," rejoined Brooke, warmly, "I love Rowley. Despite his whimsies and vagaries, there lives not a nobler gentleman—a kinder friend. Born at Cologne, while my parents shared his exile, I have scarcely left his side since I was high enough to buckle his garter; and not even the love of my precious Grace shall tempt me to throw back his favours in his teeth. I have lived *for* him—with him—and I trust to die so."

"Praying that time and our Lady's grace may remove old Willoughby's prejudices. Well, well, I shall marvel no more at the staid gravity of thy demeanour, nor at the philosophical coldness with which thou receivest the bright glances I have seen levelled at thee from behind her Majesty's chair. But we must up and away, Harry, for the hall-bell sounds boardward;" and the two young men, after hurrying towards the stately gallery of Somerhill, in which the groaning tables were sumptuously spread, scarcely reached the upper end in time to assume their posts, as the gay monarch entered from the garden; and by his high-bred

courtesies and cheerful gallantry, soon appeased the wounded pride of his irate hostess—the absurd and far-famed Lady Muskerrey.

It was some days after the festivities at Somerhill that, one evening towards night-fall, two travellers were seen riding at a brisk pace along one of the numerous green lanes between Tunbridge and Knowle. They were habited alike, in sad-coloured suits, and appeared to belong to the class of poorer gentry; while the horses on which they were mounted might have laid claim to a higher pedigree. "Yonder is the house, if my memory serves me," said the elder of the two, as they crossed the high road towards a plantation that appeared to surround a mansion of respectability. The other, immediately dismounting, opened an entrance gate, and as they passed into a small wood, the moon shone out brightly through the thickly interwoven branches, and cast a Mosaic-like reflection upon the wild flowers with which it was carpeted. The weeping birch, that "Lady of the woods," hung garlanding their winding road, while the majestic pines, that rose with a protecting air in the interior of the shrubbery, sent forth a spicy fragrance as the heavy night-dew clung to the "medicinal gums" of their spreading branches. There was not a breath stirring to wave the festoons of wild honeysuckles, that flung their scattered blossoms from bough to bough.

A brighter radiance soon shone through the receding trees; and reaching a second gate, the travellers suddenly came upon an open platform, in the centre of which rose the sequestered Hall of Wildinghurst. It was a low, stone mansion, after the fashion of the early manorial houses—half-castellated—belonging to no order—and boasting few ornaments, save the carved masonry of its porch. The strangers having advanced within the screen of open-stone-work fronting the house, the younger hastened to set the great bell of the Hall in vigorous motion, till its clang broke inharmoniously upon the soft and slumberous effect of the moonlight stillness around. The heavy portal soon swung upon its hinges; and out bounded two gaunt, active blood-hounds, eager to prove their instinctive discrimination of

friend or foe upon the new-comers; closely followed by a decrepit serving-man in a faded livery, who, after receiving with civility the self-announcement of the elder stranger, as Master Hemsworth, of Manorfield, in the marshes of Kent, proceeded to refer his request for a night's hospitality at Wildinghurst, to the superior powers within. The plea of a lame horse, and a pressing representation of the perils of a midnight journey, *with* a well-filled purse, and *without* fire-arms, were judged sufficiently urgent by the old cavalier; who was aware that not a hostel of credit stood within ten miles of his gate; and the gentlemen were accordingly requested to dismount and enter the Hall.

The younger of the two, conscious, perhaps, that the appearance of their horses might controvert the truth of their alleged dilemma, insisted upon officiating in the stable, and having been placed by the staid *maggior-l'uomo* under the guidance of a red-headed savage of a farming-lad, he proceeded with no small awkwardness, to fulfil his self-imposed duties. "Softly, my bonny Bess!" he exclaimed, as he ensconced his mettled steed in one of the forty oaken stalls of the stable, each of which was richly paved, and carved to terminate in the Willoughby crest. "Softly, my dainty dame! Thou wilt have nor master nor mate unto whom to grumble of hard fare and chilly housing, save yonder wheezing padnag, who, I wager a pistole, belongeth to no less a person than the sleek chaplain of the Hall!" The wooden leg of the veteran proprietor suggested, indeed, a ready excuse for the lamentable scantiness of his stud; but there was a general coldness, an air of decay and degradation shed over all at Wildinghurst, that accorded well with the rumours or its family annals.

The young esquire, after loitering over his task, in order to afford an opportunity to his companion of telling their story in his own way, proceeded with some hesitation towards the Hall; but he was quickly re-assured, by the snouts of laughter issuing from the door, and by the familiar attitude in which, on his entrance, he found Master Hemsworth seated at his host's right hand. On the rudely covered board, stood the remains of a pasty

and of a portly sirloin, now rapidly diminishing under the attacks of his comrade, who was cordially pledging his opposite neighbour, the family priest, in a deep cup of nut-brown ale. The two domestics stood gazing with fixed wonderment at the easy assurance with which the unbidden guest commanded their services; and began to augur somewhat suspiciously of the termination of this visit. But Sir Mark, on the contrary appeared delighted with the frank joviality of the elder Hemsworth; and was listening with rapture to his humorous description of the new-fangled pastimes of the courtiers, and of the extravagant fashions of the court-beauties.

"I tarried at Tunbridge," quoth he, "but to bait my horses; yet even in that short space of time, yonder scatter-brains," glancing significantly at his nephew as he entered, "found me time to lose half a year's rent of my goodly hope-grounds, in a game at shovel-board with one of the idlest rufflers of the Wells—a good-for-little varlet of some distinction, named George Hamilton."

Whether something in the countenance or bearing of his guests had hit the fancy of the veteran, or whether the lack of better company, to which he had long condemned himself, had rendered him little difficult to please, certain it was, that he not only graced his hospitality with friendly welcome, but even indulged in an unsuspecting freedom of speech that might have better become a more mature acquaintance. When the attendants had withdrawn, and the lamb's-wool, which in heavy pewter flagons graced the board, had begun its work of mischief upon heads ill-accustomed to such heavy potations, he added to the strictures of his unknown visitors upon the follies of the court, many bitter personalities upon its inmates.

"Ay, gentlemen," said the old man, warmly, "I have, perchance, better reason than ye wot of to curse the new-fangled fopperies. To gild the waste of yonder prodigal, many a fair rood of the Woodlands of Wildinghurst hath been turned into a waste. The proudest oaks of Kent once stretched their lusty branches over the plains whereon ye galloped this afternoon without

finding a twig on which to perch a chaffinch! And why, forsooth, do I dishonour my board with this yeoman's fare, but that old Mark Willoughby scorns to dole out Bourdeaux and Rhenish like a village sutler;—and that, were he to let them flow as they were wont in his father's hall, he might whistle to the waves of the Medway to come and fill his empty cellars! When the exiled Prince, or his parasites, lacked a bag of pistoles, who so ready as the doting dunderhead of Wildinghurst, to mortgage acre after acre—to fell coppice after coppice—in order to teach them that there still beat on loyal heart in Old England? Who more forward to spill his blood in the cause of the Stuarts?—I left a limb, sirs, upon Worcester plain; and, after having been hunted like a beast during the Commonwealth, I dwelt here in solitude, to pinch and spare for the good cause,—and so far I lacked not discretion. But I was fool enough to dream that old claims might avail me something in a new court, and to fancy that a veteran cavalier might find grace in a royal saloon!”

“But surely sir,” interrupted the elder Hemsworth, his eyes glistening and his cheeks flushed, “surely, sir, Charles can know nothing of these claims, of these unrequited services?”

“How should he choose but know?” shouted Sir Mark. “When the warm feelings of my clownish heart urged me to rush, something roughly perhaps, into the presence chamber, that I might gladden my old eyes with a sight of the restored sovereign, whom I loved with the same fondness I bear my own lady-bird—my daughter Grace—I was put back, like a forward child, by a tawdry princex of an usher, who bade me remember—God knows what! I should have smitten the hireling varlet to the earth, but that at the moment I heard young Rochester noting to one of his saucy mates, ‘the boorish breeding of Corporal Stump.’ My anger fell upon prouder shoulders than those of a lackey; and I rushed, cap in hand, to the king, and spoke my indignation in such downright terms, that I was speedily placed in arrest, and in consideration only of my former services—*my services!*—I was permitted to retire to my country seat, to

mend my manners; in order that the minions of Charles Stuart might undergo no further insult.”

“You spoke of your daughter, sir,” said Hemsworth, after a long pause, in which he appeared striving to subdue some painful emotion. “Does yonder lovely portrait represent the Lady Grace?”

“It is her mother's picture,” replied Sir Mark, in a calmer tone; “and although a masterpiece of Vandyck himself, and imaging as fair a creature as ever trod the earth, yet doth it not set forth one-half the loveliness—the heavenly-mindedness of her child! In my days of prosperity, sir, I admired only in my Grace the proud beauty—the accomplished heiress of Wildinghurst; but what is she now, what hath she *not* been, since poverty laid his iron hand upon my household! The soothing comforter of my peevish age; my cheerful, active companion! To serve me with sweet and patient duty, she hath forgotten the sports of her age,—she hath renounced, one by one, the adornments of her lonely existence! She who was born and nurtured in affluence, hath given up state and grace to increase the stock of the old soldier's comforts. Page and bower-maiden,—the palfrey that came neighing to her call,—the jewels that were her mother's bequest—one by one, have all been sacrificed. Those delicate hands that had scarcely moved, save over the strings of her gittern, have laboured for me with the activity of a yeoman's housedame; and more than all—more than all,” continued the old man, in a broken voice, “she hath done this, she hath done more than I can find breath to tell, with a heart that shrunk not from the sacrifice of its own fondest feelings. There is a fair lad among the crew of the laced blockheads ye saw this morning, who would fain take her from her old father's heart, and place her in a station that becomes her; but seeing that my prayers cannot induce him to forsake the King's household, she hath given up the tender affection with which she repays his long attachment, at my bidding. No! although the subdued glance of those bright eyes, the languor of that once light step betray at every moment the sufferings she labours to conceal, Harry Brooke will never

bribe my girl to leave the side of her poor, decrepit, doating father!"

"But may not the health of the Lady Grace suffer under the influence of such feelings?"

"I sometimes fear it," replied Willoughby, dejectedly; "and I even long to call the boy back again, and make them happy before I am too blind to witness their union."

"Nay, then," exclaimed Hemsworth; but what he said, and what Sir Mark replied, and how the visit terminated, the curious reader must guess by the sequel.

"What new frolic is astir this morning," said Harry Brooke to Hamilton, who had entered the apartment of his friend at day-break, and was busily selecting for his toilet the newest of his gala suits.

"Nay, I know not; but we had orders yesternight to be in readiness for some especial ceremony by noon-tide. Some ambassador, perhaps, to deliver his credentials."

"Impossible,—the Spanish envoy's reception hath been remitted until the return of the court to Whitehall. For many days past there hath been a rumour of strangers expected, and of apartments to be prepared in the Queen's own lodging. For whom, in the name of mystery? Nay,—Miss Jennings bewildered me but last night by her description of a wardrobe of exquisite fashion and richness, that hath been secretly collecting by Her Majesty's orders, for a lady of her own person and stature. Read me the riddle, Hamilton—what plot is there?"

"Time will resolve us, Harry. But now that thine outward man hath put on a more goodly seeming, let us to the presence. Stay, thy breast-piece is, even now, a thought too high, and the wave of yonder curl becomes thee not. Cheer thee, man! and put on a brighter countenance, for I predict a day of joy and merriment."

At noon, according to his announcement, Charles entered the circle. A stranger was, indeed, leaning upon his arm—a stranger to all, save Hamilton and Brooke.

"Let me present ye, gentlemen," said the King, looking with dignity around his astonished Court, "my friend and faithful adherent, Sir Mark Willoughby; to whom I am anxious to pay a long and reproachful

arrear of gratitude and affection. I wish it were more frequently in my power to make so worthy an addition to your number."

"I shall shortly, however," continued Charles, smiling, "still further deserve your acknowledgments, by introducing to your courtesies a fair stranger, whom I would name to you as the lovely, the *excellent* Grace Willoughby, but that I shall shortly require your compliments to be addressed to her as—the Lady Brooke."

Sir Harry, casting a single glance towards the *suite* of the Queen, who at this moment entered the chamber, could no longer repress his emotions. Hastily advancing, he knelt to kiss the hand of his benefactor; and before he arose from his knee, the king had led forward a gentle, trembling girl, to whom Katharine was breathing the kindest words of encouragement; and having placed her hand in that of his page, he bade them be happy together, rather with the warmth of a brother, than with the dignity of a monarch.

They were married on that very day; and as the bridegroom left the chapel, King Charles whispered audibly to George Hamilton, "Those who are inclined to blame *Rowley and the rattlepate* as pryers and listeners at Somerhill, must acknowledge that Master Hemsworth of Manor-field repaired their error. Trust me he will never forget those who, *despite his whimsies and vagaries, still love old Rowley!*"

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

As illustrations for the present month we give a view of the great Victoria Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and a portrait of the projector, the renowned engineer Robert Stephenson. If the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits rendered this gentleman famous, the successful carrying out of the Victoria will render him immortal. The object of this Bridge is to afford an uninterrupted Railway communication between Western Canada and the Atlantic ports of the New England States and Eastern British Provinces; thus becoming the great *aorta* through which the whole of the produce of the Upper Provinces and even the Western States will be poured forth to the world.

This Bridge is to be tubular and on the general plan of the Britannia, having, however, only one passage way. It will consist of 25 spans or spaces for navigation between the 24 piers, exclusive of the two abutments for the support of the tubes. The centre span will be 330 feet wide, and each of the other spans will be 242 feet wide. The width of each of the piers next to the abutments will be 15 feet, and the width of those approaching the two centre piers will be gradually increased; so that these two piers will each be 18 feet wide, or three feet more than those next to the abutments. Each abutment is to be 242 feet long and 90 feet wide, and from the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the north abutment there will be a solid stone embankment—faced in rough masonry towards the current—1200 feet in length. The stone embankment leading from the south shore of the river to the south abutment will be 600 feet long. The length of of the bridge, from abutment to abutment, will be 8000 feet; and its total length, from river bank to river bank, will be 10,284 feet—or 176 feet less than two English miles.

The clear distance between the ordinary summer level of the St. Lawrence and the under surface of the centre tube is to be 60 feet, and the height diminishes towards either side.

Each of the tubes will be 19 feet in height at the ends, whence they will gradually increase to 22 feet 6 inches in the centre. The width of each tube will be 16 feet—or 9 feet 6 inches wider than the rail-track. The total weight of iron in the tubes will be 10,400 tons, and they will be bound and riveted together precisely in the same manner and with similar machinery to that employed in the Britannia Bridge.

The piers close to the abutments will each contain about 6000 tons of masonry. Scarcely a block used in the construction of the piers will be less than seven tons weight: any many of them—especially those exposed to the force of the current, and to the breaking up of the ice in spring—will weigh full ten tons each. The total amount of masonry in the piers will be 27,500,000 cubic feet, which at 13½ feet to the ton, gives a total weight of 205,000 tons.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXXVII.

[Major, Laird, Doctor, and Purser.]

LAIRD.—Canada is a great country—there can be nae manner o' doubt about that. We are advancing wi' race-horse speed on the macadamized road o' improvement. The skriech and the skirl o' the iron gelding is heard among swampy forests, that but a year or twa ago were only made vocal by the choirs o' puddocks. Shopkeepers hae vanished frae our villages, and merchants reign in their stead. Our bairns are indoctrinated wi' the mysteries o' the A, B, C by Professors, instead o' the auld-fashioned dominies. And the rod which that antiquated fossil, King Solomon, had sic an exalted notion o', is clean superseded by a Boston notion, answering to the name o' moral suasion. Even the hizzies that teach our lassie weans to shape, and shoe, and work cocks and bulls in worsted

samplers, sport their diplomas like sae many Doctors and Physicians. Nay, it is currently reported, as Mr. O'Squeel tells me, that as there are Bachelors of Arts, so there are to be spinsters of ditto, a great concession to the uplifters o' the petticoat. But wi' a' this—

DOCTOR.—I was morally convinced that a *but* lurked at the bottom of this pit of glorification.

LAIRD.—Will naebody send for a constable, to remove this habit-and-repute disturber o' the peace o' the Queen and the Shanty?

MAJOR.—Never mind him, Laird, but proceed with your prelection.

LAIRD.—As I was ganging to remark, wi' a' their advancements on the social scale, the denizens o' Canada West hae yet to eat their commons in a common-sense manner.

PURSER.—Indeed!

LAIRD.—Yes, indeed, and nae mistake about the matter.

MAJOR.—Tell it not in Toronto the muddy, and Hamilton the ambitious, that the gustful art is at such a low ebb in their borders!

LAIRD.—Dinna rin awa' wi' the harrows, Crabtree, my man! My observation has respect no' sae muckle to the dwellers in fenced cities, as to bits o' farmer bodies, like your humble, obedient servant to command.

DOCTOR.—How polite we are waxing in our declining years!

LAIRD.—If politeness is the only disease that will kill you, your lease o' life must be as languid as that o' the wandering Jews!

MAJOR.—Leaving the locomotive Hebrew, however, let us stick to the main question. Wherein, may I ask, do our agriculturalists fall short in *table gunption*, if I may use such an expression?

LAIRD.—As example is better than precept, I shall give you a case in point.

DOCTOR.—Follow my lead, Sir Purser, if you be wise, and get your smoking tackle in order. Bonnie Braes has planted his tin canister of snuff before him, which is a sure and certain sign that he meditateth a homily long as a chain of sausages!

LAIRD.—It would be a gracious and merciful dispensation if a link o' the aforesaid chain, choked a certain quack salver that shall be nameless!

MAJOR.—Consider the quack salver suffocated accordingly, and proceed in peace.

LAIRD.—Last week I was invited to dinner by my guid auld friend Tummas McQueen, on the anniversary o' his fiftieth wedding-day. The number o' guests didna' fa' far short o' twa score. I'm wrang—there were mair than that. Let me see. First, there was douce Adam Simpson and his gude wife; that's twa to begin wi'. Secondly—

DOCTOR.—Mr. Chairman, I rise to order—

LAIRD.—Sit doon, ye incarnate sorrow! There can be nae order when ye are present!

MAJOR.—For mercy's sake, Sangrado, confine yourself to the process of fumigation, and, Bonnie Braes, be so good as dispense with the muster roll of the revellers at neighbour McQueen's Saturnalian re-union.

LAIRD.—As Tummas and his honest helpmate never were divorced, I canna' see how there could be ony re-union in the case.

MAJOR.—In the words of Dryden—

“Go on, sweet rustic, with thy artless tale.”

DOCTOR.—

And, Purser, let me have the mug of ale.

LAIRD.—

In which you'll dip your lugs, I will go bail!

PURSER.—

Up with the anchor, Laird, and make full sail!”

LAIRD.—To continue my story—although there's little story about it—the grace was said, the covers were removed, and, lo, and behold, there were revealed at the head o' the table four o' the noblest saumon trout that ever blessed the eye o' sharp-set man. There lay the charmers in their virgin beauty, sending up an appetizing reek, mair odorous than a' the sjiees o' Arabia. The very recollection maks me hungry as a hawk!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—Oh Jupiter! Hungry already!

Within the last half hour, a leg of lamb

The knave discussed, and divers pounds of ham!

LAIRD.—Nane o' ye require to be informed that salmon trout, or indeed fish o' ony kind for that matter, must be eaten piping hot, if ye would enjoy them in perfection. I grant that when discussed cauld, wi' the addition o' pepper vinegar—or sauce, as the ignorant Yankees say—they are nae sae bad at a pinch, but in a lukewarm condition they are enough to scunner a Russian.

MAJOR.—Admitting the truth of your culinary strictures, I fail to discover their bearing upon the text.

LAIRD.—Bide a blink. Tummas lost nae time in helping his company to instalments o' the piscatorial treasures; but did each recipient fa' to work like a rational and accountable being, the instant that his share was set before him? Wi' shame and humiliation o' face, I hae to state that the very reverse was the case! The puir idiots sat like stocks and stanes without touching fork or bread, wi' the vivers suffering deterioration every passing moment o' time! It wasna' till the last guest was served (wha happened to be a certain agriculturalist, named Bonnie Braes) that the silly-looking Synod took heart o' grace to tackle the mercies, and even then ilka ane looked to see if his comrade was ready to begin. I was in a frying rage, to see sae muckle guid meat wasted after sic a nonsensical, I may say wicked, fashion, for it is wickedness to abuse the gifts o' Providence! It was a' that I could do, to restrain myself frae gra-ping some o' the louts by the neck, and dabbing their noses into the sair misguided sunkets!

DOCTOR.—Did none of the delinquents belong to your ecclesiastical jurisdiction? A day's fasting, climaxed by a stance upon the cutty-

stool, might have brought them to a sense of their social error.

MAJOR.—I have, on more than one occasion, been cognizant of cognate follies, and fully agree with the Laird that they are blots upon the intelligence, I may add the sanity of our rural population. Let us hope that as the commentaries of the Shanty are widely perused in the bucolic quarters of the Province, the exposure which Bonnie Braes has made of the evil may lead to its correction and cure.

PURSER.—Is it not a feeling of politeness which leads the worthy people under censure, to suffer their pabulum to be so moiled?

LAIRD.—No doubt it is; but are the perpetrators less gowks and generals on that account? I hae read that in some parts in the East—Turkey, I think—when a lover wants to recommend himself particularly to his sweetheart, he maks gashes in his arm wi' a gully knife or razor. That's the perfection of guid-breeding, according to the creature's dim lights, and verily there is as much rationality in the one custom as in the other. For my ain part, I would as soon gie myself a moderately deep cut ony day, as suffer my victuals to wax uncatable, when standing before me. When the table-cloth is removed, I can be as ceevil as a French dancing-master, or a lawyer getting payment o' his score; but business first and politeness after, is the rule by which I mak my way through life!

PURSER.—I have frequently heard it remarked that the "original poetry" which appears in our Canadian newspapers is, generally speaking, of a very inferior quality. In a recent number of the *Cobour Star* I met with a sonnet, which I think must be admitted to be an exception to the rule.

DOCTOR.—Who is the engenderer?

PURSER.—That question I am unable to answer. It simply bears the initials of R. A. P., and thus runs:—

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Oh! beautiful vale Lily! sweet and sainted,
Like a pale nun in holy cloister dress,
Thy graceful bells low drooping, as they fainted
Beneath the weight of their own loveliness;
Shrinking alike from Zephyr's cool wing's ray,
And the hot kisses of the Sun-King's ray,
In modest walk and quiet humbleness,
Blooming unseen the virgin lie away;
The dews steal to thee at the close of day,
(Tears that kind angels weep o'er this world's woe),
And in thy green leaf nests the weary fay,
And cools his hot cheek on thy bosom's snow,
And sleepeth in love-dreams thy pearly domes below.

LAIRD.—Losh, man, but that's bonnie! Here's the health o' the author, be the same lad or lass! Hoot toot! My tumbler is as

empty as a drum, or the purse o' an author! Rax me the materials, Sangrado!

MAJOR.—I have just waded through the primary volume of M. de Lamartine's *History of Turkey*.

DOCTOR.—Is the work so very heavy, that you employ the term wade?

MAJOR.—Heavy is not precisely the word; *cloying* would be more to the point. The author *recites* and *intones*, instead of telling what he has to tell, in the every-day language which historians should ever cultivate. He is always on the high horse, is constantly cramming his miserable reader with figs and honey, so that the victim, *scunnered* (as Bonnie Braes bath it) with saccharine prog, longeth consumedly for a salt herring.

LAIRD.—Or aiblins a cog o' sheep's-head kail.

MAJOR.—Just so.

DOCTOR.—Does de Lamartine tell us anything new, touching my old friend Mahomet?

MAJOR.—Not a scrap. It is the jog-trot tunc which has been ground dozens and dozens of times over, with much greater effect, in many instances, than at present. Washington Irving's biography of the Arab lecher is worth a score of the Frenchman's rhapsodical compilation.

DOCTOR.—I never thought that de Lamartine had any of the leading qualities which go to the formation of a historian. As the *Quarterly Review* remarked of him some years ago:—"He belongs essentially to the dreamy school, and loves the visionary and conjectural more than the real. His style, too flowery and diffuse even in poetry, is always on stilts; and he is the reverse of poor M. Jourdain, for he can never talk prose. He is a painter rather than a narrator, and a painter with whom colour is so primary and almost exclusive an object that it at length becomes discolour."

PURSER.—Just like poor Paddy's model *apple-pie*, which was composed altogether of *quinces*!

LAIRD.—I clean lost a' conceit o' the land-louper, when he made his Jim Crow jump frae Legitimacy to Republicanism.

MAJOR.—The only portion of the volume under notice worth a groat, is the preface. There are some noteworthy enough things in the following passages touching the "difficulty" (to use Jonathan's expression) with Russia:—

Russia, which extends from Poland along to Persia and to China, weighs already far too heavily on the globe. If to this weight were

added the hundred thousand square leagues of the Ottoman territory in Asia and Europe, there would be an end of all balance of political forces in the world. Then would be inscribed upon the whole of our hemisphere and half of the other the famous *finis Polonie*, applied no longer to Sarmatia, but to entire Europe.

Let us hear upon this subject a man who was, unfortunately for France and for himself, the improvident ally of Russia against the Turks.

It is known that Napoleon liked much to discourse and little to reply. He used to say all things, even the truth, in those historical monologues thrown out intentionally to be echoed, and which his familiars used to call his *causeries*. Count de Rambuteau, then chamberlain, since prefect of Paris, where he has left some trace of the first edile of France, was present one night at the Tuileries, on occasion of one of these outpourings. These conversations were kept in memory, not only from the importance of the speaker, but also because of the prodigious current of ideas and images which hurried along the mind in those extemporisations of the great talker. It was in the beginning of January, 1813, a time when fortune had already blasted very many of his illusions; Marshal Davoust and Count de Lobau were, as well as M. de Rambuteau, listening in respectful silence to the funereal anecdotes about the retreat from Russia. Napoleon stopped of a sudden in the recital of his reverses, as if the phantom of the future had first arisen before his eyes. "Alas!" said he, "how the best calculated plans may be frustrated by the most unforeseen circumstances. Placed in 1812 at the head of Europe, disposing of the whole force of the West, I had deemed the moment come for the invasion of Russia; I designed to raise against her a barrier she could never pass; I hoped to at least retard for a hundred years that power, and I in fact have but advanced her a century. If ever she gets hold of Constantinople, leaning on the Baltic and the Bosphorus, she will subjugate Europe and Asia to the same yoke. Ah, if I had known earlier the importance of the Turkish counterpoise at Constantinople!"

Imagine, in fact, a Czar who already recruits his armies among sixty-five millions of men—men whose sole trade it is, as in the steppes of Attila, to die bravely at the master's order; add, moreover, to this formidable power of recruitment, the forty millions of Ottoman subjects, Turks, Greeks, Abases, Armenians, Circassians, Kurds, Arabians, Druses, Maronites, and let us superadd the twenty-five millions of Persians, who already tremble at the vanguards of Russia. One hundred and thirty millions of men in a single despotic hand, for the oppression of one hundred million remaining!

What becomes of the Black Sea, that lake of Europe and of Asia? It becomes the grand dock of Russia, where her military fleets will be constructed and exercised in silence, behind a chain drawn from Asia to Europe, till the day when those countless sails will issue through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, saying to the winds, as the barbarians did: "Blow

where thou listest, whithersoever thou shalt bear us, the land is ours."

What becomes of the Danube, which after having flowed free for six hundred leagues through Germany, will be enchained at its mouth, and will find a Muscovite blockade at its junction with the seas wherein it went to seek the sun and the treasures of the East?

What would become of the Adriatic, wherein Austria began to exercise herself in navigation and commerce through Trieste and Venice, and which Dalmatia, Epirus, Albania, become Russian, will thenceforth close, like a second Black Sea, to the Austrian flag?

What becomes of Constantinople, seated upon two continents, on the shores of three seas and two straits, of whose commercial ports the keys should be in neutral, friendly, and free hands? Constantinople becomes a Moscow of the Bosphorus, of which the Kumlin, raised on the site of the gardens of the seraglio, will pass, like slaves, the vessels of Europe beneath its cannon?

What becomes of the Mediterranean? Either a Russian lake, or a battle-field of centuries between the Russian and the British fleets, keeping the commerce of Europe between two fires.

What becomes of maritime France, in a sea where she possesses neither Malta, nor Gibraltar, nor Corfu? Maritime France becomes the subaltern vassal of the naval power preponderant upon the seas, the English; or else the butt of Russian insults in its very ports. When Russia holds the Dardanelles, the Russian frontier is at Marseilles and Toulon.

What becomes of Germany? Swayed already for some thirty years by Russian diplomacy or intervention, which it was still able to keep in check, so long as the Czar felt in his rear the counterpoise of Turkey, Germany becomes Russian. The confederation of the Rhine, dreamt by Bonaparte, becomes a fact, upon the annihilation of Constantinople by the Czar. Germany, great and small, becomes a confederation of the Danube against France.

At this price Prussia keeps a fragment of Poland and the Rhenish provinces; at this price Austria keeps Italy. and if Italy stirs at the voice of France, a new Szwarrow descends from Illyria into the plains with two hundred thousand Russians to aid as many Germans. Continental France can no longer move upon its own frontiers, without encountering the German vanguards of Russia, or without coming to blows with Russia, the reserve corps of Germany. The treaties of 1815 are curtailed, as against France, by whatever remains unconquered in the East, independent in Germany, and vital in Italy. It is no longer the accidental and passing coalition of 1815, but the perpetual coalition of a single power of Russia, that will dictate the clauses, and give the passwords to entire Europe.

England alone will remain uncizable and free, because no chains can be put upon the winds and the waves. She will be subject to the "continental blockade" of Bonaparte, augmented by the blockade of the East by the Czars. She will wait anxiously the epoch when

a Russian expedition, like that assembling at the present moment on the Danube, will come, like that of Alexander, to give a new master to two hundred millions of men, who now cultivate India beneath her laws.

Such would be, respecting the land and the seas, the consequence of abandoning Turkey to Russia. As to the civilization of the world, the consequences are written in two words—despotism and superstition; a Czar and pontiff in a single man; the religion of nationalities trampled down with their liberty; the servitude of intellect joined to the servitude of races; an immense retrogradation of the genius of the modern world: theologians for philosophers, and Kalmucks for theologians.

LAIRD.—What an awfu' like thing it would be, to see a Kalmuck Mess John expounding in our Kirk o' t yonder, and to witness a ruling elder wi a fur cap like a sugar loaf, and stovin o' train oil, standing at the treasury o' the sanctuary! Girzy keep me, that would be waur than black Prelacy yet!

DOCROK.—Especially if the knout was substituted for the enty-stool!

LAIRD.—I would na' object sae muckle to that substitution, if the hurdies o' somebody got a taste o' the correctional hide!

MAJOR.—Here followeth a graphic account of a visit paid by de Lamartine to Abdul-Medjid:

After passing the desert hills which lie between *Flammour* and Constantinople, we descended on horseback to the bottom of a narrow valley, on the borders of a rivulet, in a bush covered crossway, formed by three or four pathways through the moist sand beneath the brushwood. We were conducted to the left, by the darkest of the pathways, towards an opening, at the bottom of which we perceived a square cottage, flat-roofed, and furnished with a single window, a house not much dissimilar to the parsonage of a poor country cure in our villages of the south of France. A flight of stairs consisting of three steps led from the side of the way to the exterior platform of the house. Some fine fruit trees, planted in the garden in front of this cottage, threw around it their shade. Five or six ancient chestnut trees, which have given its name to this valley, bespread their bows above the roof. In front of the stairerse, an imperceptible jet-d'eau, which sent its waters to a height not exceeding that of the domestic jasmies, tinkled melancholily in falling back into its stone-circled basin, and served to water the flowers and vegetables round it. A kitchen-garden of a quarter of an acre lay below it. The descent to it consisted of five or six steps. A Turkish gardener and his family resided in a rustic hut, at some twenty paces distant from the Kiosk of the Sultan. The gardener and his children went to and fro along the walks, the hoe and the watering-pot in hand, as if they had been in a spot of their own, a thousand leagues from the eyes of their *Padisha*. They paid us

no attention. This was, however, the favourite Kiosk of the Sultan, the palace of leisure and of study of that master of a part of Asia, of Africa, of Europe, from Babylon to the Danube, and all along to Tunis, and from Thebes to Belgrade in Servia. We stood at his door, and might imagine ourselves on the threshold of a poor hermit, living retired upon an acre of the paternal tenement, in front of his valley, on the borders of his wilderness.

Abdul-Medjid had not yet arrived. The peasant keeper of the place threw open to us a wooden gate. He led us, in passing to the garden, in front of the door of the Kiosk. The door was laid open to give ingress to the air, the coolness, and the murmuring of the fountain. We threw, in passing, a furtive glance on the interior. It was merely an empty hall between four walls painted in oil of a grayish tint, a pebble-stone pavement in mosaic, a divan covered with cloth of white cotton around the hall, a large window half-masked by the enormous trunk of one of the chestnuts, a small basin murmuring with the distillations of a jet-d'eau in the middle of a pavement in mosaic. No furniture, no ornaments; the pavilion was adorned but with its solitude, its murmuring waters, and its grateful shade. The Mussulmans born in the mountains and valleys of Asia, the sons of shepherds, have brought with them into their very palaces the memory, the images, the passion of rural nature; they love her too much to bedeck her. A woman, a horse, a weapon, a fountain, a tree—such are the five paradises of the children of Othman.

On entering the Kiosk, I looked around for the Sultan. He was standing almost invisible in the shade between the door and the window, at the corner the least lighted of the room. The Sultan Abdul-Medjid is a young man of from twenty-six to twenty-seven years old, of an appearance rather more mature than his age. His figure is tall, elegant, and slim. He bears his head with that gracefulness at once supple and noble, which the length of the neck gives to the bust of Alexander in his early youth. The features are regular, the forehead high, the eyes blue, the eyebrows arched as in the Caucasian races, the nose straight, the lips well cut and parted; the chin, that foundation of character in the human countenance, is firm and well set; the aggregate leaves an impression rather attractive than imposing; you feel a man who wishes to be loved rather than to be feared; he has the timidity of modesty in his general air, melancholy on the lips, and a precocious lassitude in the attitude; you perceive that this young man has thought and suffered before his time. But the feature that predominates is grave and meditative sensibility. You say to yourself: This man carries something weighty and holy in his thoughts, like the interests of a people, and he feels the weight and the sanctity of the burden. Nothing of youth, nothing of levity in the expression. It is the statue of a young pontiff, rather than a young sovereign. The countenance inspires a certain tenderness of heart. You are haunted with the thought

despite of yourself: that here is a man sacrificed to supreme power, who is young, handsome, all-powerful, who will be doubtless great, but who will be never free, never without care, never happy. You pity, you love him, for amid his greatness he feels visibly his responsibility. Every man in his empire may be happy except himself. The throne has taken him in his cradle.

His apparel was simple, uniform, almost a mourning suit; a tunic of dark drab reaching down to the knees, the neck bare, a loose linen pantaloons over dark-coloured half-boots, a sabre without ornament on the hilt. His countenance alone could have discovered him to the crowd. I felt moved, attracted, affected by that melancholy of his majesty.

While I was speaking to him he turned several times the pommel of his sword, upon which he was leaning, in his hand. He blushed and looked down as if he had the bashfulness of his virtue. We attended him to the examination that he went to make in person of the military youth in an adjoining institution.

What a destiny, perhaps unique in history, said I, on leaving, to my companions, is that of this young man whom we have just seen occupied with the regeneration of a people! How many a prayer in how many a tongue is offered up for him to Allah at each day's end that he thus devotes to his noble duties! How many an invocation to the divine Master of kings and peoples, that it be given to this sovereign to reunite the East to Europe, the Mussulman world to the Christian world, in tolerance and unity, as they are evidently joined in his heart! It is not sufficient to be good and great, said we, without being also king; it is not all to be a sovereign, without being also young; and it is not all to be god, great, a sovereign, and young, without being understood, supported, and loved by one's age. Abdul-Medjid is all that. May heaven bless in him the forty million souls, the continents, the seas, the islands, the mountains, the rivers which are dependent on his sway!

Let us be pardoned this citation. But at a moment when we are going to portray the early Sultans who founded the empire, it was necessary to depict the latest of these sons of the Ottoman line, transformed into a philosopher, in Abdul-Medjid.

LAIRD.—Here's wussing success to the Sultan, honest man! May he be spared to see the claws o' the misbegotten l ar pared close by the razors o' the Allies!

DOCTOR.—Always saving and reserving, that for the sake of the continuance of the altitudinous price of wheat, the aforesaid paring does not take place just yet!

LAIRD.—I'll knock ye down wi' this loaf, you blackguard, if you daur to insinuate that I want to fatten upon the blood o' my fellow-creatures!

DOCTOR.—In that case, as the bread will fall as well as myself, I shall take the visitation with signal resignation!

MAJOR.—Devoutly is it to be wished that some abatement should take place, and that *quam primum*, in the rates demanded for articles of sustentation. The privations which hundreds and thousands of small annuitants are at this moment enduring in Canada West are great, almost beyond the power of language to exaggerate. Members of the clerical profession, in particular (and I have reference to all denominations), experience the utmost difficulty in maintaining a decent appearance, and keeping the bailliff at arms' length. Good cause have they to supplicate with fervour for a speedy termination of hostilities.

PURSER.—Such a state of things is utterly disgraceful, especially in the agricultural districts.

LAIRD.—Farmer though I be, I say ditto to that wi' a' the emphasis that I can command. Disgracefu' as it is, however, there is naething strange or wonderfu' about it. Siller, as we are informed by the highest authority, is the root o' a' evil. It eggs on the midnight thief to dye his hands in the blood o' sleeping victim. Under its thralldom the miser, when up to the oxters in gold, stints himself o' the common necessaries o' life, and whilst able to fare sumptuously every day, like the purple-clad glutton, batters upon a mouldy crust, and a bone that a beggar's cur would turn up its nose at. Siller translates an apostle into an Iscariot, and sae debases the blooming maiden yet in her teens, as to constrain her to break her solemnly pledged, heart-uttered vows, and link herself to toothless, wrinkled, palsied age, at the fearfully desecrated altar o' Jehovah!

MAJOR.—Terrible, but too true!

LAIRD.—Let me ask, hae farmers ony special antidote or amulet to preserve them frae the searing, petrifying effects o' this gigantic and terrific pestilence? Puir, frail, feckless pot-sheerds as they are, in common wi' a' Adam's hairns, is it strange that when money gushes upon them like a winter's spate, they should be carried awa' by the impetuous torrent?

DOCTOR.—Anxiously do I trust, O most candid of plough-compellers that the words you have just uttered, seasoned though they be by the salt of truth, may not find their way into the record of this sederunt.

LAIRD.—And what for no', I would like to ken?

DOCTOR.—Because in such an event, it is to be dreaded that many of our bucolic clients,

would take the pet, and cease to swell the subscription list of the *Anglo American*!

LARD.—Never fash your thumb about that, auld foreeps! wi' a' their faults and backslidings, my brethren in the farming line are no' sae thin skinned that they canna' thole to hear the truth. Besides, I hae a firm and abiding presentiment, that a' the farmers wha support *Maga*, mak' it a point o' conscience to supplement the steepends o' their ministers, in proportion to the rise o' the markets!

DOCTOR.—Nay then, let your strictures go forth, on the far-stretching wings of typography, and shame every churl in the Province, into the semblance, at least, of Christianity!

LARD.—Frae the bottom of my soul I pity pair ministers, in times when corn and high prices abound! The son o' Crispin mak's the cost o' his boots, and brogams keep pace wi' the exaltation o' flour. If tripe the butcher increases the rate of chops to bodkin the tailor, the latter tak's his revenge, when tripe comes to lack a pair o' new decencies. But Mess John canna' stop short when he has propounded his text, and insist upon an addition to his income before he delivereth himself o' his prelection. Na, na! He maun dree his weird in sorrowful silence, and drink the bitter, cauld cup o' poortith, without protest or remonstrance. If, at anorra time he should venture to enunciate a remonstrance, some o' the *serious* and *devout* members o' his flock will tell him with an unctious whine, to live upon the promises o' the Gospel! Yes! within the last three weeks, I heard a sordid wretch, wha had twa stockings hanging at his bed herd, dropsical wi' bank notes, I heard wi' my own lugs, gie the above heartless, and infernally profane response when supplicated on behalf o' his pastor!

MAJOR.—We are a great, and a good people!

LARD.—Are we no'?

MAJOR.—“Live on the promises of the Gospel!” I cannot get that rare, and most savoury morsel of piety, out of my psychological taste!

LARD.—Did ye ever hear ony thing like it? The vagabond spoke as if the reverend gentleman could boil his study Bible like o' dumpling, and serve it up, for the nourishment o' his wife and ten bairns, the auldest o' them being hardly turned o' sixteen!

DOCTOR.—Happy, in such obdurate times, are illuminati like us, who have kept our wrists free from the cramping *darbies* of matrimony.

MAJOR.—The axiom which you have just propounded, remindeth me of a very respectable

ode commendatory of single blessedness, which my scissors excinded not long ago from the *Kingston Chronicle and News*. Here it is:—

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

The day is past, my labor's o'er,
To rest and peace I fly;
When care, tormentor, dare not come,
My bosom to annoy:
Though wife nor children me await,
To greet me with a smile,
Content I live in single state,
Nor comfort loss the while.

Whate'er the times, plenty or scant,
It's all the same to me;
My hostess grants me all I want,
For a sufficient fee.
Her board is daily thrice supplied,
With good and wholesome fare,
Where hunger keen is satisfied,
And plenty yet to spare.

In my neat chamber, lone, I find
A respite from my toil,
Where to improve my barren mind,
I burn the midnight oil;
No noisy beats my brain confuse,
My busy thoughts perplex,
For I have courted but the muse,
And always shunned “*the sex*.”

Sometimes, indeed, my heart relents,
And pants for Hymen's joys;
And then I think of the high rents,—
The little girls and boys,
And find my earnings won't maintain
A wife and children too;
And so my passions I restrain,
Whene'er inclined to woo.

Thus, solitary I pursue
My unobtrusive way,
Nor dread “hard times” as others do,
Who've bowed to Hymen's sway,
Then let all those who'd wish to live
A calm, contented life,
Enjoy whate'er the world can give,
But ne'er enjoy a wife.

LARD.—No sae bad! Are the lines by the editor of the aforesaid print?

MAJOR.—Oh no! My excellent and clever friend Sam, can lay no claim to the beatitude of unital existence. He is qualified to sing with *Sandie* in the play:—

“I have a wee house, and a canny wee fire,
And a bonnie wee wife, to pet and admire,
And a smiling wee bairn on ilka knee,
To cry papa and daddy to me!

LARD.—It's a' vera fine to rant about the pleasures o' celibacy, when we are convened here wi' our pipes, and tumblers, and quart pots, and what not, but the medal, I trow, has got a dark and gousty reverse! When ye are sitting alane, on a cauld, blustering winter's night, wi' nane but the dowg, and the auld, doited, crabbed cat to keep ye company—and

when the untidy looking servant lass has thrown your supper upon the table, wi' as little grace as if she had been administering to the requirements of a stock sow—and when your big tae is clowering at ye frae the hole in your stocking, that has been undarned for the last three weeks, in sic circumstances ye instinctively begin to croon some such lyric as—

“There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses? O.”

“Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.”

MAJOR.—A worthy grocer named Sandy Ferguson, who flourished in Glasgow some six and thirty years ago, and whose elegy was quaintly written by Lockhart in one of the primary numbers of *Edony*, used to chant the song which Bonnie Braes has just cited, at the periodical gatherings of the sugar dispensing fraternity. Sandy, however, on these occasions made a slight emendation upon the words of his author. He intoned—

“What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for *mlasses*, O?”

DOCTOR.—What a wonderful old fellow Judge Halyburton is to be sure. With the frosts of eighty winters upon his head, his sarcasm is as sharp, and his wit as elastic as ever. There is a freshness, and a plethora of fun about *Nature and Human Nature*, which is equal to any thing in the first series of *The Clock Maker*.

MAJOR.—Some wise-acres object to the jocosities of the venerable Judge, as being inconsistent with the dignity and gravity of the Bench.

DOCTOR.—Dolts and buzzards! If these stolid gentry were not immeasurably beyond, or to speak more correctly, beneath the operation of argument, it would be easy to demonstrate to them that in certain cases ridicule and satire are the best, if not the only weapons by which popular vices and follies can be effectively attached. John Bunyan was well aware of this when he said—

“A song may find him, who a sermon flees.”

PURSER.—It is indeed a great, but by no means an uncommon mistake, that wisdom and a starched demeanor are as inseparably connected as the Siamese twins. One of England's greatest statesmen, when diverting himself with some youngsters, suddenly intermitted his sport and exclaimed, “Come, boys, let us be grave. *Here comes a fool!*”

LAIRD.—I say, Sangrado, as we a' seem inclined to tak' a blaw at the pipe except yourself, may be you will solace us wi' a slice or twa o' *Human Nature*.

DOCTOR.—I am *convenient*, as our lovite Jack Trainer hath it. Some very appetizing morsels I shall dole out to you from the chapter headed:

FEMALE COLLEGES.

“Mr. Slick said a young lady of about twelve years of age, to me wunst, ‘do you know what gray wackey is? for I do.’

“Don't I?” sais I; ‘I know it to my cost. Lord! how my old master used to lay it on!’

“Lay it on!” she said; ‘I thought it reposed on a primitive bed overlaid by salacious rocks.’

“Silicious is the word, dear.”

“No, it ain't,” said she; ‘and I ought to know, for the presedentess (Professor) calls it salacious.’

“Well, well,” sais I, ‘we won't dispute about words. Still, if anybody knows what gray wackey is, I ought, but I don't find it so easy to repose after it as you may. *Gray* means the gray birch rod, dear, and *wackey* means layin' it on. We always called it gray whacky in school, when a feller was catching particular Moses.’

“Why, how ignorant you are!” said she. ‘Do you know what them mning terms, *clinch*, *parting* and *black* but means?’

“Why, in course I do!” sais I; ‘*clinch* is *marrying*, *parting* is getting *divorced*, and *black* but is where a feller *beats* his wife black and blue.’

“Pooh!” said she, “you don't know nothing.”

“Well,” sais I, ‘what do you know?’

“Why” said she, ‘I know Spanish and mathematics, ichtiology and conchology, astronomy and dancing, mineralogy, and animal magnetism, and German and chemistry, and French and botany. Yes,’ and the use of globes too. Can you tell me what attraction and repulsion is?’

“To be sure I can,” said I, ‘and I drew her on my knee, and kissed her. That's attraction, dear’ And when she kicked and screamed as cross as two cats, ‘that my pretty one,’ I said, ‘is repulsion. Now I know a great many things you don't. Can you hem a pocket handkerchief?’

“No.”

“Nor make a pudding?”

“No.”

“Nor make Kentucky batter?”

“No.”

“Well do you know anything useful in life?”

“Yes I do; I can sing, and play on the piano, and write valentines,” sais she, ‘so get out.’ And she walked away, quite dignified, muttering to herself, ‘Make a pudding, eh! well, I want to know!’

“Thinks I to myself, my pretty little mayflower, in this everlastin' progressive nation of ourn, where the wheel of fortune never stops

turning day or night, and them that's at the top one minute are down in the dirt the next, you may say 'I want to know' before you die, and be very glad to change your tune, and say, 'Thank heaven I do know!'"

"Is that a joke of yours," said the doctor, "about the young girl's geology, or is it really a fact?"

"Fact, I assure you," said I. "And to prove it I'll tell you a story about a Female College that will shew you what pains we take to spoil our young ladies to home. Miss Liddy Adams, who was proprietor and 'Jentess (presidentess) of a Female College to Onionville, was a relation of mother's, and I knew her when she was quite a young shoot of a thing to Slickville. I shall never forget a flight into Egypt I caused once in her establishment. When I returned from the embassy, I stopped a day in Onionville, near her university—for that was the name she gave her; and thinks I, I will just call and look in on Lid for old acquaintance sake, and see how she is figuring it out in life. Well, I raps away with the knocker, as loud as possible, as much as to say, make haste, for there is *somebody* here, when a tall spare gall with a vinegar face, opened the door just wide enough to show her profile, and hide her back gear, and stood to hear what I had to say. I never see so spare a gall since I was raised. Pharoh's lean kine warn't the smallest part of a circumstance to her. She was so thin, she actilly seemed as if she would have to lean agin the wall to support herself when she scolded, and I had to look twice at her before I could see her at all, for I warn't sure she warn't her own shadow."

"Good gracious!" said the Doctor, "what a description! but go on."

"Is the mistress at home?" said I.

"I have no mistress," said she.

"I didn't say you had," said I, "for I knew you hadn't afore you spoke."

"How did you know that?" said she.

"Because," said I, "seem' so handsome a lady as you, I thought you was one of the professors; and then I thought you must be the mistress herself, and was thinking how likely she had grow'd since I seed her last. Are you one of the class-teachers?"

"It bothered her; she didn't know whether it was impudence or admiration; but when a woman arbitrates on a case she is interested in, she always gives an award in her own favor."

"Walk in, Sir," said she, "and I will see," and she backed and backed before me, not out of deference to me, but to the hooks of her gown, and threw a door open. On the opposite side was a large room filled with galls, peeping and looking over each other's shoulders at me, for it was intermission.

"Are these your pupils?" said I; and before she could speak, I went right past into the midst of 'em. Oh, what a scuddin' and screamin' there was among them! A rocket explodin' there couldn't a' done more mischief. They tumbled over chairs, upset tables, and

went head and heels over each other like anything, shouting out, 'A man! a man!'

"Where—where?" said I, a-chasin' of them, 'show him to me, and I'll soon clear him out. What is he a-doing of?'

"It was the greatest fun you ever see. Out they flew through the door at the other end of the room, some up and some down stairs, singing out, 'A man! a man!' till I thought they would have hallooted their daylight out. Away I flew after them, calling out, 'Where is he? show him to me, and I'll soon pitch into him!' when who should I see but Miss Liddy in the entry, as stiff and as starch as a stand-up shirt collar of a frosty day. She looked like a large pale icicle, standing up in its broad end, and cold enough to give you the ague to look at her."

"Mr. Slick," said she, "may I ask what is the meaning of all this unseemly behaviour in the presence of young ladies of the first families in the State?"

"Says I, 'Miss Adam,' for as she used the word Mr. as a handle to me, I thought I'd take a pull at the Miss, 'some robber or house-breaker has got in, I rather think, and scared the young fememine students, for they seemed to be running after somebody, and I thought I would assist them.'

"May I ask, Sir," a-drawin' of herself up to her full height, as straight and as prim as a Lombardy poplar, or rather, a bull-rush, for that's all one size. 'May I ask, Sir, what is the object of your visit here—at a place where no gentleman are received but the parents or guardians of some of the children.'

"I was as mad as a hatter; I felt a little bit vain of the embassy to London, and my Paris dress, particularly my boots and gloves, and all that, and I will admit, there is no use talkin,' I rather kinder sorter thought she would be proud of the connection. I am a good natured man in a general way, when I am pleased, but it ain't safe to ryle me, I tell you. When I am spotty on the back, I am dangerous. I bit in my breath, and tried to look cool, for I was determined to take revenge out of her."

"Allow me to say, Sir," said she, a perkin' up her mouth like the end of a silk purse, 'that I think your intrusion is as unwelcome as it is unpardonable. May I ask the favour of you to withdraw? if not, I must introduce you to the watchman.'

"I came," said I, 'Miss Adam, having heard of your distinguished college in the saloons of Paris and London, to make a proposal to you; but, like a bull—'

"Oh, dear!" said she, 'to think I should have lived to hear such a horrid word in this abode of learning!'

"But," I went on, without stopping, like a bull in a chiny-shop, I see I have got into the wrong pew, so nothin' remains but for me to beg pardon, keep my proposal for where it will be civilly received, at least, and back out.'

"She was as puzzled as the maid. But woman ain't throwed of their guard easily. If they are in a dark place, they can feel their

way out, if they can't see it. So says she, dubious-like:

"About a child, I suppose?"

"It is customary in Europe," said I, "I believe, to talk about the marriage first, isn't it? but I have been so much abroad, I am not certified as to usages here."

"Oh, warn't she brought to a hack! She had a great mind to order me out, but then that word 'proposal' was one she had only seen in a dictionary—she had never heard it; and it is such a pretty one, and sounded so nice to the ear; and then that word 'marriage' was used also, so it carried the day."

"This is not a place, Mr. Slick, for foundlings, I'de have you to know," said she, with an air of disgust, "but children whose parents are of the first class of society. If, and she paused and looked at me scrutinisin',—if your proposals are of *that* nature, walk in here, Sir, if you please, where our conversation will not be overheard. Pray be seated. May I ask, what is the nature of the proposition with which you design to honour me?" and she gave a smile that would pass for one of graciousness and sweet temper, or of encouragement. It hadn't a decided character and was a non-committal one. She was doin' quite the lady, but I conceited her ear was itching to hear what I had to say, for she put a finger up, with a beautiful diamond ring, and brushed a fly off with it; but after all, perhaps it was only to show her lily-white hand, which merely wanted a run at grass on the after-feed to fatten it up, and make it look quite beautiful.

"Certainly," said I, "you may ask any question of the kind you like."

"It took her aback, for she requested leave to ask, and I granted it but she meant it different."

"Thinks I, 'My pretty grammarian, there is a little grain of difference between "May I ask," and "I must ask." Try it again.'

"She didn't speak for a minute; so to relieve, her said I,

"When I look round here, and see how charmingly you are located, and what your occupation is, I hardly think you would feel disposed to leave it; so perhaps I may as well forbear the proposal, as it isn't pleasant to be refused."

"It depends," she said, "upon what the nature of those proposals are, Mr. Slick, and who makes them," and this time she did give a look of great complacency and kindness. "Do put down your hat, Sir. I have read your Clockmaker," she continued; "I really feel quite proud of the relationship; but I hope you will excuse me for asking, why did you put your own name to it, and call it, "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," now that you are a distinguished diplomatist, and a member of our embassy at the court of Victoria the First? It's not an elegant appellation that," said she, "is it?" (She had found her tongue now). "Sam Slick the Clockmaker, a factorist of wooden clocks especially, sounds traly, and will impede the rise of a colossal reputation, which has already one foot in the

St. Lawrence, and the other in the Mississippi.

"And sneezes in the Chesapeake," said I.

"Oh," said she, in the blandest manner, "how like you, Mr. Slick! you don't spare a joke, even on yourself. You see fun in everything."

"Better," said I, "than seeing harm in everything, as them galls—"

"Young ladies," said she.

"Well, young ladies, who saw harm in me because I was a man. What harm is there in their seeing a man? You ain't frightened at one, are you, Liddy?"

"She evaded that with a smile, as much as to say, 'Well, I ain't much skeered, that's a fact.'

"Mr. Slick, it is a subject not worth while pursuing," she replied. "You know the sensitiveness, nervous delicacy, and scrupulous innocence of the fair sex in this country, and I may speak plainly to you as a man of the world. You must perceive how destructive of all modesty in their juvenile minds, when impressions are so easily made, it would be to familiarize their youthful eyes to the larger limbs of gentleman enveloped in pantaloons. To speak plainly, I am sure I needn't tell you it ain't decent."

"Well," said I, "it wouldn't be decent if they wern't enveloped in them."

"She looked down to blush, but it didn't come so natural, so she looked up, and smiled, (as much as to say, Do get out, you impudent critter. I know it's bunkum as well as you do, but don't bother me. I have a part to a play). Then she rose and looked at her watch, and said the lecture-hour for botany had come."

"Well said I, a taking up my hat, 'that's a charming study, the loves of the plants, for young ladies, ain't it? they begin with natur, you see, and—' (well, she couldn't help laughing). 'But I see you are engaged.'

"Me?" said she, "I assure you, Sir, I know people used to say so, afore General Peleg Smith went to Texas."

"What, that scallawag?" said I. "Why, that feilow ought to be kicked out of all refined society. How could you associate with a man who had no more decency than to expect folks to call him by name!"

"How?" said she.

"Why," said I, "what delicate-minded woman could ever bring herself to say *Pe-leg*. If he had called himself Hujacious Smith, or Largerlimb Smith, or something of that kind, it would have done, but *Peleg* is downright ondeacent. I had to leave Boston vunst a whole winter, for making a mistake of that kind. I met Miss Sperm one day from Nantucket, and, says I, 'Did you see me yesterday, with those two elegant galls from Albany?'

"No," said she, "I didn't."

"Strange, too, said I, 'for I was most sure I caught a glimpse of you on the other side of the street, and I wanted to introduce you to them, but warn't quite sartin it was you. My,' said I, 'didn't you see a very *unfashionable* dressed man,' (and I looked down at my Paris

boots, as if I was doing modest,) 'with two angeliferous females. Why, I had a leg, on each arm.'

"She fairly screamed out at that expression, rushed into a milliner's shop, and cried like a gardener's watering-pot. The names she called me ain't no matter. They were the two Miss Legge's of Albany, and cut a tall swarth, I tell you, for they say they are descended from a governor of Nova Scotia, when good men, according to their tell, could be found for governors, and that their relations of England are some pumpkins, too. I was as innocent as a child, Letty."

"Well," said she 'you are the most difficult man to understand I ever see—there is no telling whether you are in fun or in earnest. But as I was a-saying, there was some such talk afore General Smith went to Texas; but that story was raised by the Pawtuxet College folks, to injure this institution. They did all they could to tear my reputation to chitlins. Me engaged, I should like to see the man that—'

"Well, you seemed plaguesy scared at one just now," sais I. 'I am sure it was a strange way to show you would like to see a man.'

"I didn't say that," she replied, 'but you take one up so quick.'

"It's a way I have," said I, 'and always had, since you and I was to singing-school together, and larnt sharps, flats, and naturals. It was a crochet of mine,' and I just whipped my arm round her waist, took her up and kissed her, afore she knowed where she was. Oh Lordy! Out came her comb, and down fell her hair to her waist, like a mill-dam broke loose; and two false curls and a braid fell on the floor, and her frill took to dancin' round, and got wrong side afore, and one of her shoes slipt off and she really looked as if she had been in a indgean-scrimmage, and was ready for scalpin.

"Then you ain't engaged Liddy," sais I; 'how glad I am to hear that; it makes my heart jump; and cherries is ripe now, and I will help you into the tree, as I used to did when you and I was boy and gall together. It does seem so nateral, Liddy, to have a game of romps with you again; it makes me feel as young as a two-year old. How beautiful you do look, too! My, what a pity you is shut up here, with these young galls all day, talking by the yard, about the corrallas, calyxes, and staminas of flowers, while you

"Are doomed to blush unseen,

And waste your sweetness on the desert air."

"Oh," said she, 'Sam, I must cut and run, and "blush unseen," that's a fact, or I'm ruined,' and she up curls, comb, braid, and shoe, and off like a shot into a bed-room that adjoined the parlor, and bolted the door, and double-locked it, as if she was afraid an attachment was to be levied on her and her chattels, by the sheriff, and I was bum-bailiff.

"Thinks I, old gall, I'll pay you off for treating me the way you did just now, as sure as the world. 'May I ask, Mr. Slick what is the object of this visit?' A pretty way to receive a cousin that you haven't seen so long aint

VOL. VII.—No. 5.

it? and though I say it, that shouldn't say it, that cousin, too, Sam Slick the attaché to our embassy to the Court of Victoria, Buckingham Palace. You couldn't a treated me wuss, if I had been one of the liveried, powdered, beddized, be-bloated footmen from 'tother big house there of Aunt Harriette's.' I'll make you come down from your stilts, and walk nateral, I know, see if I don't.

"Presently she returned, all set to rights, and a little righter, too, for she had put a touch of rouge on to make the blush stick better, and her hair was slicked up snugger than before, and looked as if it had growed like anything. She had also slipped a handsome habit-shirt on, ank looked, take her altogether, as if, though she warn't engaged, she ought to have been afore the last five hot summers came, and the general thaw had commenced in the spring, and she had got thin, and out of condition. She put her hand on her heart, and said, 'I am so skarred, Sam, I feel all over of a twitteration. The way you act is horrid.'

"So do I," sais I 'Liddy, it's so long since you and I used to—'

"You aint altered a bit, Sam," said she, for the starch was coming out, 'from what you was, only you are more forrider. Our young men, when they go abroad, come back and talk so free and easy, and take such liberties, and say it's the fashion in Paris, it's quite scandalous. Now, if you dare to do the like again, I'll never speak to you the longest day I ever live, I'll go right off and leave, see if I don't.'

"Oh, I see, I have offended you," sais I; 'you are not in a humor to consent now, so I will call again some other time.'

"This lecture on botany must now be postponed," she said, 'for the hour is out some time ago. If you will be seated, I will set the young students at embroidery, instead, and return for a short time, for it does seem so nateral to see you, Sam, you saucy boy,' and she pinched my ear, 'it reminds one, don't it of by-gones?' and she hung her head a-one side, and looked sentimental.

"Of by-gone larks," said I.

"Hush, Sam," she said, 'don't talk so loud, that's a dear soul. Oh, if anybody had come in just then, and caught us.'

"Us," thinks I to myself, 'I thought you had no objection to it, and only struggled enough for modesty-like; and I did think you would have said, caught you.'

"I would have been ruined for ever and ever, and amen, and the college broke up, and my position in the literary, scientific, and intellectual world scorched, withered, and blasted for ever. Aint my cheek all burning, Sam? it feels as if it was all a-fire; and she put it near enough for me to see, and feel tempted beyond my strength. 'Don't it look horrid inflamed, dear?' And she danced out of the room, as if she was skipping a rope.

"Well, well," sais I, when she took herself off. "What a world this is. This is bumkum learning; girls are taught in one room to faint or scream if they see a man, as if he was an in-

carnation of sin; and yet they are educated and trained to think the sole object of life is to win, not convert, but win one of these sinners. In the next room, propriety, dignity, and decorum, romp with a man in a way to make even his sallow face blush. Teach a child there is harm in everything, however innocent, and so soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see no sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, don't seek it in the inclosures of cant, for it has only counterfeit ones, but go to the gardens of truth and of sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark, open the door and it's off for ever. The bird that roams through the sky and the grove unrestrained, knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself, but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.

LAIRD.—That's a true bill.

DOCTOR.—Equally truthful are the following remarks upon

SKETCHING FROM LIFE.

There is always some interest in natur', where truly depicted. Minister used to say that some author (I think he said old Dictionary Johnson) remarked that the life of any man, if wrote truly, would be interesting. I think so, too; for every man has a story of his own, adventures of his own, and some things have happened to him that never happened to anybody else. People here abuse me for all this; they say, after all my boastin' I don't do 'em justice. But after you and I are dead and gone, and things have been changed, as it is to be hoped they will, some day or another, for the better, unless they are like their Acadian French neighbors, and intend to reman' just as they are for two hundred and fifty years, then these sketches will be curious; and as they are as true to life as a dutch picture, it will be interestin' to see what sort of folks were here in 1854, how they lived, and how they employed themselves, and so on.

Now it's more than a hundred years ago since Smollet wrote, but his men and women were taken from real life, his sailors from the navy, his attorneys from the jails and criminal courts, and his fops and fine ladies from the herd of such cattle that he daily met with. Well, they are read now; I have 'em to home, and laugh till I cry over them. Why? Because natur is the same always. Although we didn't live a hundred years ago, we can see how the folks of that age did; and, although society is altered, and there are no Admiral Benbows, nor Hawser Trunnions, and folks don't travel in vans with canvass covers, or wear swords, and frequent taverns, and all that, as they used to did to England; still it's a pictur of the times, and instructin' as well as amusin'. I have learned more how folks dressed, talked, and lived, and

thought, and what sort of critters they were, and what the state of society, high and low, was then, from his books and Fielding's than any I know of. They are true to life, and as long as natur remains the same, which it always will, they will be read. That's my iden at least.

Some squeamish people turn up the whites of their peepers at both these authors, and say they are coarse. How can they be otherwise? society was coarse. There are more veils worn now, but the devil still lurks in the eye under the veil. Things aint talked of so openly, or done so openly in modern as in olden times. There is more concealment; and concealment is called delicacy. But where concealment is, the passions are excited by the difficulties imposed by society. Barriers are erected too high to scale, but every barrier has its wicket its latch key, and its private door. Natur is natur still, and there is as much of that that is condemned in his books, now, as there was then. There is a horrid sight of hypocrisy now, more than there was one hundred years ago; vice was audacious then, and scared folks. It aint so bold, at present, as it used to did to be; but if it is forbid to enter the drawing-room, the back staircase is still free. Where there is a will there is a way, and always will be. I hate pretence, and, above all mock modesty; it's a bad sign.

I knew a clergyman, to home, a monstrous pious man, and so delicate-minded, he altered a great many words and passages in the Church Service, he said he couldn't find it in his heart to read them out in the meetin, and yet that fellow to my sartin knowledge was the greatest scamp in private life I ever knew. Gracious knows I don't appreciate coarseness, it shocks me but narvous sensibility makes me sick. I like to call things by their right names, and I call a leg a leg, and not a larger limb, a shirt a shirt, though it is next the skin, and not a lincen vestment, and a stocking a stocking, though it does reach up the leg, and not a silk hose; and a garter a garter, though it is above the calf, and not an elastic band or a hose suspender. *A really modest woman was never squeamish. Fastidiousness is the envelope of indelicacy. To see harm in ordinary words, betrays a knowledge and not ignorance of evil.*

MAJOR.—Are you aware that there was published some years ago in Dollardom, an edition of the Bible for family reading?

LAIRD.—Ye hae reference to a family Bible, I presume? I hae ane at Bonnie Braes—guid auld John Brown's.

MAJOR.—You do not apprehend my meaning. The version in question purported to be "purified from all coarse expressions and indelicate passages!"

LAIRD.—Wha ever heard o' sic presumption and wickedness? After that I'll never wonder that some dreary snobs shake their empty pumpkins at the vulgarity o' the Laird!

DOCTOR.—Often have the mishaps of "gen-

tleman settlers" been detailed, but never with more life-like reality than in the chapter entitled

CUCUMBER LAKE.

"Look at that officer at Halifax; he is the best dressed man in the garrison; he is well got up always; he looks the gentleman every inch of him; how well his horses are groomed; how perfect his turn-out looks; how well appointed it is, as he calls it. He and his servant and his cattle are a little bit of fashion imported from the park and astonish the natives. Look at his wife, ain't she a beautiful creature? they are proud of, and were just made for each other. This is not merely all external appearance either; they are accomplished people; they sing, they play, they sketch, they paint, they speak several languages, they are well read, they have many resources. Soldiering is dull, and, in time of peace, only a police service. It has disagreeable duties; it involves repeated removals, and the alteration of bad climates—from Hudson's Bay to Calcutta's Black Hole. The juniors of the regimental officers are mere boys—the seniors great empty cartouch boxes, and the women have cabals—there is a sameness even in its variety; but worse than all, it has no home—in short, the whole thing is a bore. It is better to sell out and settle in the province; land is cheap; their means are ample and more than sufficient for the requirements of the colony; country society is stupid; there are no people fit to visit. It is best to be out of the reach of their morning calls and their gossip. A few miles back in the woods there is a splendid stream with a beautiful cascade on it; there is a magnificent lake communicating with several others that form a chain of many miles in extent. That swelling knoll that slopes so gently to the water would be such a pretty site for a cottage—*orne*, and the back-ground of hanging wood has an indescribable beauty in it, especially in the autumn, when the trees are one complete mass of variegated hues. He warms on the theme as he dilates on it, and sings as he turns to his pretty wife:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

"How sweet to plan, how pleasant to execute. How exciting to see it grow under one's own eye, the work of one's own hand—the creation of one's own taste. It is decided on; Dechamps retires, the papers go in, the hero goes out—what a relief; no inspection of soldier's dirty kits—no parade by day—no guards nor rounds by night—no fatigue parties of men who never fatigue themselves—no stupid court martial—no horrid punishments—no reviews to please a colonel who never is pleased, or a general who will swear—no marching through streets, to be stared at by housemaids from upper windows, and by dirty boys in the side paths—no procession to follow brass instruments, like the train of a circus—no bearded

band-master with his gold cane to lead on his musicians, and no bearded white goat to march at the head of the regiment. All, all, are gone.

"He is out of livery, he has played at soldiering long enough; he is tired of the game, he sells out, the man of business is called in, his lawyer as he terms him, as if every gentleman kept a lawyer, and he does a footman. He is in a hurry to have the purchase completed with as little delay as possible. But delays will occur, he is no longer a centurion and a man of authority, who has nothing to do but to say to this one come, and he cometh; and another go and he goeth; do this and it is done. He can't put a lawyer under arrest, he a man of arrests himself. He never heard of an attachment for contempt, and if he had, he couldn't understand it; for when the devil was an attorney, he invented the term, as the softest and kindest name for the hardest and most unkind process there is. *Attachment for contempt*, what a mockery of Christian forgiveness!

"A conveyancer is a slow coach, he must proceed cautiously, he has a long journey to take, he has to travel back to a grant from the crown, through all the 'mense' conveyances. He don't want a *mean* conveyance, he will pay liberally if it is only done quickly. And is informed 'mense' in law signifies immediate. It is hard to say what the language of law does mean. Then there are searches to be made in the record offices, and the—damn the searches, for he is in a hurry and loses his patience—search at the bankers and all will be found right. Then there are releases and assignments and discharges. He can stand it no longer, he releases his lawyer, discharges him, and assigns another, who hints, insinuates, he don't charge; but gives him to understand his predecessor was idle. He will lose no time, indeed he has no time to lose, he is so busy with other clients' affairs, and is as slow as the first man was.

"But at last it is done; the titles are completed. He is presented with a huge pile of foolscap paper, very neatly folded, beautifully engrossed and endorsed in black letters, and nicely tied up with red tape, which with sundry plans, surveys and grants, are secured in a large dispatch box, on which are inscribed in gold letters 'the *Epaigwit* estate.' It is a pretty Indian word that, it means the 'home on the wave.' It is the original name of that gem of the western ocean, which the vulgar inhabitants have christened Prince Edward's Island.

"But what can you expect of people whose governor call the gentry 'the upper crust of society,' and who in their turn see an affinity between a Scotch and a Roman fiddle, and denounces him as a Nero. But then who looks, as he says, for taste in a colony, it is only us 'Englishmen' who have any. Yes, he calls this place 'Epaigwit.' It has a *distingue* appearance on his letters. He has now a name, the next thing is 'a local habitation.' Well, we won't stop to describe it, but it has an elegant drawing-room, if there was only company to collect in it, a spacious dinner-room for

twenty, and a charming study only awaiting his leisure to enjoy it and so on.

"It is done and the design carried out, though not completed; prudence forbids a further expenditure just now. It has cost five times as much as was contemplated, and is not worth a tenth part of the outlay, still it is very beautiful. Strangers go to see it, and every one pronounces it the prittiest thing in the Lower Provinces. There have been some little drawbacks, but they are to be expected in a colony and among the Goths and Vandals who live there. The contractors have repudiated their agreement on account of the extensive alterations made in the design and nature of the work, and he has found there is law in the country, if not justice. The servants find it too lonely, they have no taste for the beauties of nature, and remain without work, or quit without notice. If he refuses to pay he is sued, if he pays he is cheated. The house leaks, for the materials are green, the chimneys smoke, for the drafts are in the wrong place. The children are tormented by black flies and mosquitoes, and their eyes are so swelled they can't see. The bears make love to his sheep, and the minks and foxes devour his poultry. The Indians who come to beg, are supposed to come to murder, and the negroes who come to sell wild berries are suspected to come to steal. He has no neighbors, he did not desire any, and if a heavy weight has to be lifted, it is a little, but not much inconvenience to send to the town for assistance; and the people go cheerfully, for they have only five miles to come, and five to return, and they are not detained more than five minutes, for he never asks them into his house. The butcher won't come so far to carry his meat, nor the baker his bread, nor the postman to deliver his letters.

"The church is too far off, and there is no school. But the clergyman is not fit to be heard, he is such a drone in the pulpit; and it is a sweet employment to train one's own children, who thus avoid contamination by not associating with vulgar companions.

"These are trifling vexations, and what is there in this life that has not some little drawback. But there is something very charming in perfect independence in living for each other, and in residing in one of the most delightful spots in America, surrounded by the most exquisite scenery that was ever beheld. There is one thing, however, that is annoying. The country people will not use, or adopt that pretty word 'Epaigwit,' 'the home of the wave,' which rivals in beauty of conception an eastern expression. The place was originally granted to a fellow of the name of Ueber, who was called after the celebrated navigator 'Cook.' These two words when united soon became corrupted, and the magnificent sheet of water was designated 'the Cucumber Lake,' while its splendid cataract known in ancient days by the Indians as the 'Pan-ook,' or 'the River's Leap,' is perversely called by way of variation 'the Cowcumber Falls;' can any thing be conceived more vulgar or more vexatious, unless it

be their awkward attempt at pronunciation which converts Epaigwit into 'a pigs wit,' and Pan-ook into 'Pond-hook.'

"But, then, what can you expect of such boors, and who cares, or what does it matter, for after all, if you come to that, the 'Cumberland Lakes' is not very euphonious, as he calls it, whatever that means. He is right in saying it is a beautiful place, and as he often observes, what an immense sum of money it would be worth if it were only in England! but the day is not far distant, now that the Atlantic is bridged by steamers, when 'bag-men' will give place to tourists, and 'Epaigwit' will be the 'Killarney' of America. He is quite right, that day will come, and so will the millennium, but it is a good way off yet; and dear old Minister used to say, there was no dependable authority that it would ever come at all.

"Now and then a brother officer visits him. Elliott is there now, not the last of the Elliotts, for there is no end of them, and though only a hundred of them have been heard of in the world, there are a thousand well known to the Treasury. But he is the last chum from his regiment he will ever see. As they sit after dinner, he hands the olives to his friend, and suddenly checks himself, saying, I forgot, you never touch the 'after-feed.' Then he throws up both eyes and hands, and affects to look aghast at the mistake. 'Really,' he says, 'I shall soon become as much of a boor, as the people of this country. I hear nothing now but mowing, browsing, and 'after-feed,' until at last I find myself using the latter word for 'desert.' He says it prettily, and acts it well, and although his wife has often listened to the same joke, she looks as if it would bear repetition, and her face expresses great pleasure. Poor Dechamps, if your place is worth nothing, she, at least, is a treasure above all price.

"Presently, Elliot says, 'By-the-bye, De-champs, have you heard we are ordered to Corfu, and embark immediately.'

"Dear me, what magic there is in a word. Sometimes it discloses, in painful distinctness, the past; at others, it reveals a prophetic page of the future; who would ever suppose there was anything in that little insignificant word, to occasion a thought, unless it was whether it was pronounced Corfoo or Corfew, and it's so little consequence which, I always give it the go by and say Ionian Isles.

"But it startled Dechamps. He had hoped before he had left the army to have been ordered there, and from thence to have visited the classic coasts of Greece. Alas, that vision has gone, and there is a slight sigh of regret, for possession seldom equals expectation, and always cloy. He can never more see his regiment, they have parted for ever. Time and distance have softened some of the rougher features of military life. He thinks of joyous days of youth, the varied scene of life, his profession exposed to his view, and the friends he has left behind him. The service he thinks not so intolerable, after all, and though regimental society is certainly not what he should choose,

especially as a married man, yet, except in a rollicking corps, it may at least negatively be said to be 'not bad.'

"From this view of the past, he turns to the prospect before him. But, he discerns something that he does not like to contemplate, a slight shadow passes over his face, and he asks Elliott to pass the wine. His wife, with the quickness of perception so natural to a woman, sees at once what is passing in his mind; for similar, but deeper, far deeper thoughts, like unbidden guests, have occupied her many an anxious hour. Poor thing, she at once perceives her duty, and resolves to fulfill it. She will be more cheerful. She at least will never murmur. After all, Doctor, it's no great exaggeration to call woman, that has a good head and kind heart, and the right shape, build, and bearings, an angel, is it? But let us mark their progress, for we shall be better able to judge then.

"Let us visit Epaignit again in a few years. Who is that man near the gate, that looks unlike a servant, unlike a farmer, unlike a gentleman, unlike a sportsman, and yet has a touch of all four characters about him? He has a shocking bad hat on, but what's the use of a good hat in the woods, as poor Jackson said, where there is no one to see it. He has not been shaved since last sheep-shearing, and has a short black pipe in his mouth, and the tobacco smells like nigger-head or pig-tail. He wears a coarse check shirt without a collar, a black silk neck-cloth frayed at the edge, that looks like a rope of old ribbons. His coat appears as if it had once been new, but had been on its travels, until at last it had got pawned to a Jew at Rag-ally. His waistcoat was formerly buff, but now resembles yellow flannel, and the buttons, though complete in number, are of different sorts. The trowsers are homespun, much worn, and his boots coarse enough to swap with a fisherman for mackerel. His air and look betokens pride rendered sour by poverty.

"But there is something worse than all this; something one never sees without disgust or pain, because it is the sure precursor of a diseased body, a shattered intellect, and voluntary degradation. There is a bright red colour that extends over the whole face, and reaches behind the ears. The whiskers are prematurely tipped with white, as if the heated skin refused to nourish them any longer. The lips are slightly swelled, and the inflamed skin indicates inward fever, while the eyes are blood-shot, the under lids distended, and incline to shrink from contact with the heated orbs they were destined to protect. He is a dram drinker; and the poison that he imbibes with New England rum, is as fatal, and nearly as rapid in its destruction as strychnine.

"Who is he; can you guess? do you give it up? He is that handsome officer, the Laird of Epaignit as the Scotch would say, the general as we should call him, for we are liberal of titles, and the man that lives at Cow-cumber Falls they say here. Poor fellow, he has made

the same discovery Seijeant Jackson did, that there is no use of good things in the woods where there is no one to see them. He is about to order you off his premises, but it occurs to him that would be absurd, for he has nothing now worth seeing. He scrutinizes you, however, to ascertain if he has ever seen you before. He fears recognition, for he dreads both your pity and your ridicule; so he strolls leisurely back to the house with a certain bulldog air of defiance.

"Let us follow him thither; but before we enter, observe there is some glass out of the window, and its place supplied by shingles. The stanhope is in the coach-house, but the bye-roads was so full of stumps and cradle-hills, it was impossible to drive in it, and the moths have eaten the lining out. The carriage has been broken so often, it is not worth repairing, and the double harness has been cut up to patch the tackling of the horse-team. The shrubbery has been browsed away by the cattle, and the rank grass has choked all the rose bushes and pretty little flowers. What is the use of these things in the woods? That remark was on a level with the old dragon's intellect; but I am surprised at this intelligent officer, this man of the world, this martinet, didn't also discover, that he who neglects himself, soon becomes so careless as to neglect his other duties, and that to lose sight of them is to create and invite certain ruin. But let us look at the interior.

"There are some pictures on the walls, and there are yellow stains were others hung. Where are they? for I think I heard a man say he bought them on account of their handsome frames, from that crack-brained officer at Cucumber Lake, and shut his eye, and looked knowing, and whispered, 'something wrong there, had to sell out of the army; some queer story about another wife still living; don't know particulars.' Poor Dechamps, you are guiltless of that charge at any rate to my certain knowledge; but how often does slander bequeath to folly, that which of right belongs to another! The nick-knacks, the antique china, the Apostles' spoons, the queer little old-fashioned silver ornaments, the French clock, the illustrated works, and all that sort of thing,—all, all, are gone. The housemaids broke some, the children destroyed others, and the rest were sent to auction, merely to secure their preservation. The paper is stained in some places, in others has peeled off; but where under the sun have all the accomplishments gone to?

"The piano got out of tune, and there was nobody to put it in order: it was no use; the strings were taken out, and the case was converted into a cupboard. The machinery of the harp became rusty, and the cords were wanted for something else. But what is the use of these things in the woods where there is nobody to see them? But here is Mrs. Dechamps. Is it possible! My goody gracious as I am a living sinner! Well I never in all my born days! what a dreadful wreck! you know how handsome she was. Well, I won't describe her now,

I pity her too much. You know I said they were counterparts, just made for each other, and so they were; but they are of different sexes, made of different stuff, and trouble has had a different effect on them. He has neglected himself, and she is negligent of her dress too, but not in the same way. She is still neat, but utterly regardless of what her attire is; but let it be what it may, and let her put on what she will, still she looks like a lady. But her health is gone, and her spirits too; and in their place a little, delicate hectic spot has settled in her cheek, beautiful to look at, but painful to think of. This faint blush is kindly sent to conceal consumption, and the faint smile is assumed to hide the broken heart. If it didn't sound unfeeling, I should say she was booked for an early train; but I think so, if I don't say so. The hour is fixed, the departure certain; she is glad to leave Epaignit.

"Somechow, though, I must say I am a little disappointed in her. She was a soldier's wife; I thought she was made of better stuff, and if she had died would have at least died game. Suppose they have been unfortunate in pitching their tent 'on the home of the wave,' and got aground, and their effects have been thrown overboard: what is that, after all? Thousands have done the same; there is still hope for them. They are more than a match for these casualties: how is it she has given up so soon? Well don't allude to it, but there is a sad tragical story connected with that lake. Do you recollect that beautiful curly-headed child, her eldest daughter, that she used to walk with at Halifax? Well, she grew up into a magnificent girl; she was full of health and spirits, and as fleet and as wild as a hare. She lived in the woods and on the lake. She didn't shoot, and she didn't fish, but she accompanied those who did. The beautiful but dangerous bark canoe was her delight; she never was happy but when she was in it. Tom Hodges, the orphan boy they had brought with them from the regiment, who alone of all their servants had remained faithful in their voluntary exile, was the only one permitted to accompany her; for he was so careful, so expert, and so good a swimmer. Alas! one night the canoe returned not. What a long, eager anxious night was that! but towards noon the next day, the upward bark drifted by the shore, and then it was but too evident that that sad event which the anxious mother had so often dreaded and predicted had come to pass. They had met a watery grave. Often and often where the whole chain of lakes explored, but their bodies were never found. Entangled in the long grass and sunken drift-wood, that covered the bottom of these basins, it was not likely they would ever rise to the surface.

"It was impossible to contemplate that fearful lake with a shudder. Oh, had Emily's life been spared, she could have endured any and everything for her sake. Poor thing! how little she knew what she was a talking about, as she broke the seal of a letter in a well known hand. Her life was spared; it never was en-

dangered. She had eloped with Tom Hodges—she had reached Boston—she was very happy—Tom was all kindness to her. She hoped they would forgive her and write to her, for they were going to California, where they proposed to be married as soon as they arrived. Whoever appealed to a mother for forgiveness in vain? Everything appeared in a new light. The child had been neglected; she ought not to have been suffered to spend so much of her time with that boy; both her parents had strangely forgotten that they had grown up, and—it was no use to say more. Her father had locked her out of his heart, and thrown away the key for ever. He wished she had been drowned, for in that case she would have died innocent; and he poured out such a torrent of imprecations, that the poor mother was terrified. Lest, as the Persians say, these curses, like fowls, might return home to roost, or like prayers, might be heard, and procure more than was asked.

MAJOR.—Here is a volume which I am glad the Yankees have had the good taste and the good sense to republish; I allude to *Men of Character*, by Douglas Jerrold.

LEIRD.—I am blythe to hear the news. Many years ago I read the stories "captioned" as Loren said in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and often and often have I wished for a collected copy o' the same. If you are no' wearied, would you read us a bit o' *Jack Runnymede*?

MAJOR.—I shall do so with all my heart. It is necessary to premise that Mr. Runnymede's great boast was that he was an Englishman. Never tired was he of singing forth the praises of Magna Charta, trial by jury, habeas corpus, and other political treasures enjoyed by Britons. Jack, however, finds in the course of his experience that there is a slight difference between the theory and practice of his beloved constitution. Having told the truth of a certain scoundrel, he is criminally prosecuted for libel, and not being permitted to prove his averments, is convicted, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. Hardly has he emerged from durance vile, than he is pounced upon by a press gang, and here Mr. Jerrold shall go on with the yarn:

Jack and his companions were placed on board the guard-ship at the Great Nore, to be distributed to various ships as hands might be required. "Thank God!" said Jack to himself, as he stepped aboard and saw several officers—"thank God! here are gentlemen! They must at once admit the flagrancy of the case—yes,—in another hour I shall be ashore." Jack stood eyeing the officers, making to himself an election of one for the depository of his secret, when he found himself violently, pushed and heard a voice, baying in his ears, "Tower Tender-men all aft!" and Jack, turning with

indignant looks to make a lofty speech to the boatswain's mate, was fortunately hurried on among the crowd of his fellow-voyagers. The list was read, John Runnymede answered to his name, and with his fellows was dismissed. "Why don't you take the bounty?" asked a sailor, whom, from his superior appearance, together with a heavy switch, formed of three pieces of plaited ebony, adorned with a silver top and ferule, under his arm, Jack considered to be a person in authority—the ebony being, no doubt, the insignia of his office. "You may as well have the bounty."

"You are very good, sir, indeed," replied Jack to the boatswain, for it was that intelligent disciplinarian, opening his eyes at the elaborate politeness of the pressed man; "you are very good, sir; but—I have other views."

The boatswain was puzzled; he knew not whether to laugh or to swear. He scratched his cheek in doubt, and Jack, with the greatest civility, again addressed him. "I beg your pardon, sir—but I do assure you, I should accept it as a lasting favour at your hands, if you would have the kindness to inform me, where I can see the captain of this vessel."

There was something in the politeness of Runnymede that quite disarmed the boatswain; he felt himself quite overlaid by the fine manners of the ragged pressed man. Jack paused, and smiled in the boatswain's broad blank face for a reply: he then repeated "the captain of this vessel?" (the vessel being a seventy-four.)

"The captain?—why, you see—he's gone to dine with the admiral—I'm sorry, we can't man a boat for you,"—said the satirical functionary.

"Don't mention it," observed Runnymede, joining his hands, and making his lowest bow.

"Perhaps the first lieutenant will do?" suggested the boatswain. "he's next in command."

"You're very good—very kind, indeed," exclaimed Runnymede, suddenly seizing the hand of the boatswain, who quite unused to such a mode of thanksgiving from such a person, instantly raised his ebony wand to acknowledge it. He was in a moment disarmed by the vivacity of Runnymede—"the first lieutenant—where can I find him?"

"Just now he's at school—in the gun-room," answered the boatswain.

"What! have you a school aboard?" asked Runnymede.

"And nine-pins, and cricket, and everything you like. Here, Splinters, show this gentleman to the gun-room; he wants the first lieutenant." Splinters, looking at the boatswain, knew there was some game to be played to the cost of the pressed man, and, therefore, with great alacrity, conducted Runnymede to the door of the gun-room. What was his astonishment to hear the "evening hymn" chaunted by boy's voices, the school closing every night with that solemnity! Runnymede edged himself into the school-room, and saw standing on each side a desk some half-dozen little midshipmen looking—Mr. Dickson, the first lieutenant, being present—very serious; and

at another desk, boys of the second and third class, with the children of the warrant officers and sailors of the ship. Mr. Dickson very frequently attended the performance of the evening hymn, the master of the ship, a choleric Prussian, whose berth was on the star-board side of the gun-room, as frequently mounting to the deck until the hymn was ended. On the present occasion, however, Mr. Dickson had another duty to fulfil: for, in addition to his official labours, he had taken upon himself the task of watching over the morals, and punishing the transgressions of all the children in the ship; who, although no more than seven or eight years old, were, in common with adults, submitted to the visitation of the cat.

The evening hymn concluded, the punishment was about to commence. The culprit was led in: he was, in the present instance, a pale thin little boy, perhaps seven years old. He shivered beneath the stony eye of Mr. Dickson, who stood with his old bare cocked-hat hugged under his arm—his withered features set with determination—his shoulders slightly bent—the very personification of stern duty in repose. The child begged for mercy, but Mr. Dickson nodded to the boatswain's mate. The boy was tied up; and the first lieutenant proceeded to dilate upon the enormity of the culprit's offence: he had dared to spin his peg-top on the after-deck, and had more than once been detected trying experiments on the temper of the he-goat, that animal we presume, for his great services to his Majesty's fleet, being an object of particular interest to Mr. Dickson. "Now, little boy," said the first lieutenant, and he seemed overflowing with kindness towards the offender, "you will be flogged for these offences; you know, little boy, that peg-tops are not allowed in the ship,"—"I didn't—indeed, sir—I didn't," cried the child—"and you know, little boy, that the goat is not to have its beard pulled. Hem! hem! Boatswain's mate,"—and Mr. Dickson, eyeing the cat, spoke quite like a father—"one tail, boatswain's mate;" and with one cord selected from the nine, the child was taught to eschew peg-tops as long as he was afloat, and to have on all and every occasion a particular respect for the he-goats of his Majesty's fleet.

Jack Runnymede was so confounded by the ceremony—so astonished at the importance which Mr. Dickson threw around the peccadilloes of the boy, and more than all, so disheartened by the appearance of the officer himself—that he did not venture to accost him, but resolved to keep his complaint for the ear of the captain alone. "What—what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Dickson?" Runnymede, purely out of curiosity, ventured to inquire of a sailor who had, as Jack thought, a communicative countenance.

"What sort? Why he messes by himself, and sells his rum," answered the sailor.

"Has he been long in the service?" asked Runnymede.

"You can see that by his coat, for he never had any other."

"And does he attend the—by-the-bye," and the thought suddenly flashed upon Jack,—“if there's a school, I suppose there's a school-master?”

“To be sure; only just now, you see he's in a bit of trouble.”

“On what account?” asked Jack.

“Why, he thought, you see, he was all right, and let his hair grow; but they've docked him again.”

“And is it against the rules of the service that a school-master should let his hair grow?” inquired Runnymede wonderingly.

“You see, he wasn't a regular schoolmaster—he was only on trial. He come down here among a batch of marines—a volunteer, as you may be”—said the sailor.

“I'm a pressed man said Jack' with a sigh.

“It's all the same,” said the philosophic tar. “Well they drills him for a marine, and gives him brown hess, and mounts him on the gang-way. One day, captain coming up the side sees Nankin's hands—for that's his name—‘Dickson,’ says the captain, ‘that marine's either a scholar or a pickpocket.’ You know, he might ha' been both, but the captain wasn't to know that—‘either a scholar or a pickpocket,’ says the captain, ‘he's got such smooth hands.’ Well they wanted somebody to learn the ship's boys, and they tries Nankin, and finds he can read, and write, and sum; and so they promotes him to the gun-room; and bit by bit, he casts his red and pipe-clay, and the blessed impudence to let his hair grow.”

“I see said Runnymede, “he wished to quit the marines?”

“Proud as a mermaid with a new gold frame to her looking-glass,” said the sailor. “Well he gets on—and gets on; and from messing with the carpenter in the fore cockpit, he get's right aft with the masters mate—sings songs to the purser's clerk's wife—wears boots when he goes ashore; and more than all, only yesterday—I heard him myself—ordered the bumbeatoman to bring him off a tooth brush.”

Jack stared as the sailor, with great seriousness, touched on the last vanity of Nankin; then asked, “but what crime has the schoolmaster committed?”

“Why, he got leave to go to Lummun two months ago. Mr. Highropes—he's the flag-lieutenant—was in Lummun, too. Would you think it? The lieutenant going to—I think they call it Fox's-Hall—quite a grand place, who should he see there but the pot-hook marine, Nankin, with a long coat, and a squeeze hat under his arm? Well, when the lieutenant takes out a lady—some 'oman of quality, no doubt—to dance, Mr. Nankin, with no respect to his officer, has the impudence to think of dancing too!”

“And—and was this the only offence committed by the schoolmaster?” inquired the astonished Runnymede.

“And quite enough, aboard a man-of-war, I can tell you,” answered the sailor with a significant nod.

“Why, they never, dared—that is—he was never punished for?”—

“Warn't he? He hasn't got over it yet: directly he comes aboard, captain sends for him; tells him to rig in red again, to mess for'ard, and to give up his truck, that's his head to the barber.”

“Bless me!” exclaimed Jack Runnymede, astonished at the rigorous discipline. “Has a man no command over his own hair?”

“Not a marine,” answered the communicative tar, with great dignity, “we wouldn't stand that. But I think the schoolmaster's beating a little up again.”

“Why—why?” inquired Runnymede, interested for the scholarly victim.

“He hasn't been cropped these three weeks; and, more than that, yesterday he rigged out the blue jacket agin. Poor devil! but for all that, no men aboard a man-of-war has any rig: to—look, mate, there he goes!”

“What! the schoolmaster?—Where?” inquired Runnymede.

“There's his legs, going up the ladder,” and the sailor pointed to a pair of thick, dwarfish limbs, almost bursting through blue worsted pantaloons. The upper part of their owner was unseen by Jack, but he hastily ran from the sailor in quest of it. As Jack ran aft, he was met by a fierce-looking man, who exclaimed, “Hallo! you're not going to dine with the captain, to-day—are you?”

“No,” replied Runnymede, with a simplicity that evidently tickled the fellow, for he growled a laugh like a pleased bear.

“No.”

“I thought not; well, for'ard, if you please,” and he pushed Runnymede before him, who in vain attempted to explain his wishes to the despotic boatswain's mate.

LAMB.—Pair Jack!

MAJOR.—After a season the hapless Runnymede is promoted to the office of fifer, but misfortunes continue to attend him:

In an evil moment did Mr. Nankin present himself to the eyes of Runnymede; for, careless of the wants of the water-drawers, Jack stepped away to address the pedagogue; and heedless of the cry of “music,” “fifer,” “hubber,” from the sailors, sought to secure the services of the scholar. “I trust, sir,” said Jack, taking off all the hat that was left him, “I trust, sir, that my situation as an unfortunate gentleman will be my apology for addressing you?” Mr. Nankin bent his large black eyes very disdainfully on the miserable figure before him, and, endeavouring to brush up the hair which, by the indulgence of the captain, had been suffered to remain three weeks uncropt, was about to turn away: this action of Nankin brought to Runnymede's recollection the peculiar miseries of the school-master. “Ha! sir,” said Jack, staring at Nankin's hair, “they can't do that, sir—they can't indeed.”

"Do what, man?" asked Nankin. "Do what?"

"It's an offence against the person, sir, for a man to cut another's hair against his will. But pardon me, sir,—I was about to say—Oh!" shrieked Jack; "Oh!" and Jack sank doubled to the deck; he then rose, writhing like a snake, and ground his teeth, and his face was purple with pain.

The reader may recollect that, in a by-gone page, we spoke of the boatswain of the guard-ship, and, further, of an implement, his constant companion, formed of three ebony twigs twisted, and bound with metal. Unhappily for poor Runnymede, the boatswain, taking his noon-day walk, espied him absorbed in his address to the schoolmaster, the men vainly calling for "the sifer." Without a word—a syllable—the boatswain, with his huge hand, grasped his weapon, and, as if he would have put the strength of a whole life into one blow, smote Runnymede a little above the hips.

"You want another—do you?" asked the boatswain, shaking the ebony at poor Jack, speechless with pain.

At length, Runnymede was capable of stammering—"You—you—can't do it! You know—you—can't do it."

"What! you want another?" and the boatswain was evidently desirous of a repetition of his peculiar enjoyment.

"Oh! you—you shall suffer for this," cried Jack; "see if you don't suffer for this! I'm not to be struck in this way—for, thank God!"

"What! you will have another?" and never before did the boatswain exhibit so much self-denial.

"You know, you can't do it!" repeated John, as we think, very unnecessarily.

"Come; blow away! Come—rig out your fife! Blow!" and the boatswain held aloft the plaited ebony.

"Oh, life! how terrible are thy changes! Think, gentle reader—think of Jack Runnymede—nursed in comfort—written down gentleman—a man, who had twenty times in his life shown his acute taste by hissing a false note at the opera—think of him a pressed man aboard a guard-ship—his coat lessened to a jacket—the rim rent from his hat—his shirt in tatters—with a vile, cracked fife, in his hand, wherein he is ordered "to blow," for the inspiration of a very mixed company of thieves and vagabonds, and the penalty of his disobedience, a scourging with plaited ebony!

"You won't blow?" roared the boatswain, with rising wrath.

"I—I"—and poor Runnymede, his blood boiling, and his flesh quivering, endeavoured to fern his mouth to the fife, but produced a sound very like that of the wind gasping through a key-hole.

"Well, then, if you won't blow," cried the boatswain, and he brandished his weapon.

"What will—what—what will you have?" inquired poor Runnymede.

"Give us 'Jack's alive,'" exclaimed the boatswain, with unintentional satire.

Again Runnymede vainly whistled in the fife, and again the boatswain threatened. Jack caught the glowing eye of his executioner, and after an effort, burst into full strain.

The required quantity of water being drawn from the hold, Jack hoped that he might be allowed to retire below, and—if he could beg or steal a sheet of paper—dispatch a letter to London. Jack, however, was doomed to disappointed; for, in a few minutes, a cutter, with a large black bull painted in her mainsail, came alongside. Beef, by the half carcass was to be hoisted aboard, and again the music of Jack was to lighten the labour of his shipmates. "If I'm made to play whilst they hoist water and get aboard the beef, I suppose they'll want my fife at their dinner," and then Jack cursed the vanity that made him publish his accomplishments.

"What! you won't blow?" roared the boatswain, as Jack stood with one hand, to his back, the other holding the fife. "You can't ch?" and again the threatened ebony drew music from the pressed man. "I see you can play," cried the boatswain; "so, if there's any hitch, I'll give you double allowance next time."

"It's very well," exclaimed Jack, "but you can't do it: yes, yes—there's *habeas corpus*—you think you have me safe enough, but no—no—thank God! I'm an Englishman."

About a month had elapsed, and still Jack Runnymede remained the Orpheus of the waist. At length he contrived to get a letter put into the post-office; a letter to Mr. Candidus, who was immediately to obtain the freedom of his client by means of *habeas corpus*. Mr. Candidus, however, acting upon his own discretion, thought, under all circumstances, his client would be more certain of a dinner if remaining aboard a man-of-war. Jack had been of great service to Mr. Sidewind, whose party was now in office; nay, Sidewind himself, newly crawled into parliament through not a very open borough, had a small place in the ministry; hence, he was enabled to serve an old constituent. Moreover, he did serve him.

A letter "on his Majesty's service" was received by the captain of the guard-ship, recommending to his notice "an unfortunate person, a very respectable man—a man of superior breeding—named John Runnymede. He was fully competent to the duties of a purser's clerk."

Jack Runnymede was summoned to the quarter-deck, and informed by the captain of his good fortune. He was immediately handed over to the master's mate, Mr. Dark, who took him down to his berth in the after cock-pit, where Jack had the additional advantage of messing with Nankin, the tawny schoolmaster; a person, as he himself averred, of the very highest connexions in London.

Candidus had presented ten guineas to poor Runnymede, with which he was enabled to make a very respectable appearance; although, with strange taste, he refused to purchase the blue worsted pantaloons of the schoolmaster at a few shillings, Mr. Nankin himself having a

great many pair of them, and therefore capable of parting with one sample to a friend at a moderate price.

"Capital fellow, Mr. Sidewind—yes, it was no matter how he voted, I always supported him," said Runnymede. "See what it is to have a vote, sir!" he would exclaim to Nankin. "In some countries 'twould have been of little use; but, thank God! I'm an Englishman."

In a week, Jack Runnymede quitted the guard-ship, being appointed purser's clerk to a frigate.

"No, sir—no—I shall proceed by criminal information." These were the words of a grey-haired gentleman of sixty to a dingy, squab man of the same age. "He has accused me of pecculation!"

"Well, but you know, between ourselves," said the dark man.—

"I know what you are going to say—that he can prove it—never mind that: I won't let him. I may do as I please on that point, for, thank God! I'm an Englishman."

The first speaker was a retired purser in his majesty's navy—and no other than Jack Runnymede. The short black-looking man, Nankin, the schoolmaster; who, discharged at the peace, had somehow swollen himself into an attorney of comprehensive employment.

Jack Runnymede had, with great industry, made himself a fortune. He was, therefore, particularly sensitive to an attack that had been levelled at his character as purser. He was resolved to punish the scandal; no matter whether the charge was true or false—he was the best judge of that. The law gave him protection—for, "thank God! he was an Englishman."

Shortly after this, the retired Runnymede was solicited for his vote. "Pray, sir," he asked the candidate, "what are your opinions on the law of libel as it stands—arrest for debt—and impressment?" And putting his arms under his coat-tails, Mr. Runnymede awaited an answer.

"In its present operation I am opposed to the law of libel—certainly, to arrest for debt—and most assuredly to the infamous and inhuman system of impressment," was the reply of the candidate.

"My service to you, sir," said Jack Runnymede, "you don't have my vote. Your politics may be very well for a garden of Eden, sir, but not for this country. What! change the law of libel? Leave open any man of property to the securility of shirtless vagabonds—create litigation by abolishing imprisonment for debt—and sweep us from the world as a naval power, by doing away with impressment? No, sir; not while I can lift my voice will I consent to this. By losing one or all of these privileges, I should cease to be grateful, as I am, for my country—should no longer bless my stars that I am a Briton—no longer thank God that I am Englishman!"

DOCTOR.—Ha, ha, ha!

LARD.—Ye need na' keckle sac loudly, auld

Clear Grit that ye are! Jack Runnymede is a correct type and sample o' nine-tenths o' the liberal squad. Wi' exceptions few and far between, they become red-hot exclusives and Conservatives before the end o' the chapter—provided always, that they hae got onything to lose!

PURSER.—What a blessing is it that amidst all the thousand and one empiricisms of this quack-teeming age, the spasmodic school of poetry is meeting with no encouragement. Like the filthy "beard movement," it has had its day, and, together with the use of the razor, the *hoi polloi* are fast resuming their taste for lyrical simplicity.

LARD.—I'll wager a plack to a bawbee, that thae remarks are intended as a prologue to some bit screed o' verse!

PURSER.—Warlocks are not yet extinct! My observations were indeed prompted by some stanzas which I met with in an unpretending little volume, recently published, entitled *Rimes and Poems by Robin*. They thus run:

LITTLE KATE.

A winking, blinking little thing,
Full of deep-eyed witcherie;
Full of artless rollicking,
And ever busy as a bee;
Making all the house to ring,
She is very joy to me;
Waking, sleeping, early, late,
My heart is full of little Kate.

She fills the house with such sweet noise
That even a sage could not rebuke:
To listen to her silvery voice
I'd lay aside the wisest book;
And when I'd have my soul rejoice,
Deep, deep into her eyes I look:
I quite forget my day and date,
And lose myself in little Kate.

I hear her voice at break of day,
She's waiting for me when I wake:
And ever, when I go away,
She sobs as if her heart would break.
My darling Kate, I cannot stay,
Or gladly would I for thy sake:
I would the flighty hours would wait,
And let me play with little Kate!

Coming home, I catch her tongue
Ringin' as a little bell,
Joyous as a linnets' song,
Du leet as a woodland well;
At the door I listen long,
Lest my entrance break the spell;
Ah, what a rattling, prattling state
Thy heart is in, thou little Kate!

She gives my days a sunny hue,
She keeps me in a world of light;
She is to me a honey dew
That bathes my soul at morn and night,

And keeps my life so fresh and new,
 'Twill ne'er grow old or suffer blight;
 She's three, and I am twenty-eight,
 Yet feel as young as little Kate!

Ah! would that time might leave us so!
 But she'll grow old, and I'll grow strange;
 Content with loves that round her grow,
 She seeks not yet a wider range,
 But years will come, and years will go,
 And with the changing years she'll change;
 Then through the shifting scenes of Fate,
 I'll look in vain for little Kate.

LAIRD.—Though *Robin* doesna' belong to the first class o' bards, he certainly is free frae spasms. By the way, speaking o' spasms, did ony o' ye hear Maister Brittan preach on the text o' "Spiritualism?"

DOCTOR.—Say "Professor Brittan," if you please!

LAIRD.—"Professor!" Has he a chair in a College or University?

DOCTOR.—Not that I am aware of. But the spirit moves him to tack the handle to his name, and there is no law to prevent him doing so. It is a prevailing weakness with the vagabond tribe. A mountebank who danced upon a rope in front of the Jail, the other month, dubbed himself "Professor" MacFarland!

MAJOR.—Rather an ominous locality for such an exhibition!

"Coming events cast their shadows before!"

The Fates forbid that the "Professor" should foot his last "measure" in that quarter of her Majesty's colonial dominions, with the rope nearer his head than the other extremity!

LAIRD.—But touching Brittan.

DOCTOR.—I was seduced by the Purser's friend, *Billson*, to attend one of his prelections.

LAIRD.—And did he mak' a convert o' ye?

DOCTOR.—Not precisely! Whilst admitting that many of the table-tipping phenomena are curious, I see as little reason as ever to conclude, that spirits have more to do with the matter, than my bitch-hound Nelly!

MAJOR.—Say *slut*, Sangrado, an you love me! Forget not that you live in the golden age of modesty!

DOCTOR.—The "Professor" of his system could hold water, should have given some experimental demonstrations of that fact. If, instead of babbling about mind and matter, he had introduced a select party of recognizable spirits to his audience, it would have been a business-like procedure. It was thus that the claims of Christianity upon the belief of man-

kind were established beyond the shadow of a cavil. The miracles of our Redeemer and his Apostles were not performed in secret chambers, with extinguished lights, but in the glare of noon-day. They were done in the presence of "all the people," and not before hole-and-corner *circles*, with imaginations magnetically predisposed to be cheated by plausible adepts!

LAIRD.—The creature has got a glimmering o' orthodoxy and common sense aboot it, after a'!

DOCTOR.—And then the self-created "Professor" did not grapple, at least to any effect, with what I have ever held to be the most formidable objection to the spirit theory. He failed to account for the floods of wishy-washy twaddle which the alleged denizens of the unseen world are ever and anon evacuating into this planet. The *ghosts* of such worthies as Socrates, and Bacon, and Newton are continually eructating flatulencies which would disgrace a newly breeched school-boy, and justly make him amenable to the discipline of the furla.

LAIRD.—That's the English for *taws*, I suppose?

DOCTOR.—Neither Judge Edmonds, nor his henchman and bottle-holder, the "Professor," have been instrumental in importing from the regions beyond the grave a solitary substantial discovery, moral or physical, bearing upon the present condition or future destiny of man. The cream of all that they have heretofore promulgated, might have been skimmed from *ibid* and Chartist periodicals put forth during the current century. Revelation is treated by them with as little ceremony as a superannuated dish-clout, and nothing worth manipulating with a pair of tongs, is substituted in its room.

LAIRD.—The Judge and the "Professor" put me in mind o' daft Simon Armstrong o' Cowcaddens. Simon, being displeas'd wi' the shape o' his brecks, took them to pieces, for the purpose o' re-constructing them after a main fashionable model. Unfortunately, however, the doited object discovered, when too late, that the tailoring craft does na' come by inspiration. It was easy to dismantlo the decencies, but a widely different thing to restore them to their primitive condition. Sae the lang and the short o' the matter was, that pair Armstrong had to wear the dissected garment as a kilt, for mony a lang and a cauld day!

MAJOR.—"Spiritualism" being thus satisfac-

torily disposed of, let me read to you a communication which I lately received from Montreal.

LAIRD.—Montreal, did ye say? I thought that the *Anglo American* was unknown in the city o' rotten eggs!

MAJOR.—You are mistaken. All the inhabitants of that clachan do not belong to the Clan Ferres, as the letter in my hand will demonstrate. It is to the following purport:—

“MY DEAR *Anglo*,

“During the lang winter nights of the weary year that's awa, I was ance a month, at least, present in the *Shanty*, enjoying the cracks o' the Laird, the Purser, and a'. I mean, of course, that I was present in the spirit. Now that the braw simmer weather has set in, I feel fidgein' fain to get a glimpse at ye wi' my material optics, and hae at least ae merry night wi' sae mony friens. Friens I ca ye, for sorrow tak' me if I dinna' ken ye as well as a beggar kens his howf, and a blyth set ye are. So if ye will just gie me a kindly welcome, I'll tak' the gait some fine morning, and be with you ony day ye set.

“To tell you the naked truth, living down here among Frenchmen and annexationists maks me as sour as sma' yill in simmer, and I ken o' naething that could sweeten me up a bit sae effectually as spending a day or twa wi' the loyal and leal members o' your Social Synod.

“Since I am inviting mysel, I'll no' come empty-handed. There's a chiel here, o' the name o' McEwan, that maks braw *Finnan Haddies*—maist as guid as the genuine Aberdeen article—and I'll bespeak a score o' bunches o' them, to bring up, and we'll send them down wi' a spate o' the swipes that ye speak sae temptingly about.

“This Sebastopol business maks unco drouthy wi' keeping a lad just in a fever o' expectation frae a week's end to the ither—at least frae ae telegraph to the next. I dinna' like thae telegraph despatches, especially them that come through the Yankees. If there is guid news, they give us nane o't, and if bad they make it ten times waur than it is.

“Speaking o' telegraphs puts me in mind o' a sappy incident that took place here no lang ago.

“A leading merchant o' our clearing, named M——, who is blessed wi' mair dollars than brains, got an electric message frae his partner, wha chanced to be at Quebec. Nae sooner did honest M—— peruse the document, than aff he set to the office, and having got a hold o' the operator, swore at him like a Flanders trooper, for sending him such a barefaced forgery. “As if,” said the irate trader, “I didna' ken my ain partner's signature!”

“Ye neena' gang sae far as Dollardom for daft-like non-sequiturs and cognate absurdities. If ye tak a look at the Montreal papers, you'll find a trinitarian firm o' dry-goods huxters, advertizing as great bargains, fifteen cart loads o' ginghams, and sic like vanities, that were

burned at the great fire in their premises! Now can ye tell me what a burned muslin dress would be like? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—as we used to say in *Walker's*. Which adage may be thus translated for the benefit o' Bonnie Braes, “A purser's sark, wi' the tail and sleeves aff!”

“Yours truly,

MUNGO M'GRUTHER.”

DOCTOR.—I beg leave to move that Mr. Mc-Gruther be invited to visit the *Shanty quam primum*.

LAIRD.—I second the motion, which I see is carried unanimously. Mungo, I doubt not is, a decent and a sociable man, but I think that he is a fraction forward. He might hae waited wi' his translation, till I had craved him for the same. Does the body suppose I didna' ken as weel as himself that *nihil* means a *purser's sark*?

MAJOR.—Looking over the *London Magazine* for October, 1736, I found one or two items, which may be interesting to our Maine Law friends. We are informed that when the bill against spirituous liquors was passed, the people “of Norwich, Bristol, and other places, as well as at London, made themselves merry on the death of Madam Gin. Some of both sexes got soundly drunk at her funeral, for which the mob made a formal procession, but committed no outrages. To evade the act, the brandy shops in High Holborn, St. Giles, Tothil Street, Rosemary Lane, Shoreditch, the Mint, &c., sold drams under the names of sangree, tow-row, Cuckoldo's comfort, Parliament gin, Bob, make-shift, the last shift, the ladies' delight, the balk, King Theodore of Corsica, cholic, and pipe waters, &c.”

PURSER.—That nomenclature may be of signal service to our publicans, when cold water becomes the order of the day in Canada.

LAIRD.—What kind o' a book is this, lying beside the grey-beard? I mean the *Castle Builders*, by the author o' *The Heir of Redclyffe*.

MAJOR.—One of the chastest written stories which the press has hatched during the last twelve months. You would call it somewhat *sectarian*, but bating its “High Church” characteristics, it is replete with good sense, sound taste, and a refreshing absence of all clap-trap. If Girzy did not swear by the Solemn League and Covenant, I would ask you to present the volume to her, with my best respects.

LAIRD.—Oo, Girzy, poor woman, is no sae straight-laced, as a' that comes to. Rax me the book, and I shall lay it at the feet of the maiden in your name. But I tell you what will be better still. Let you, and the Purser, and

Sangrado (if he can behave himself) tak' a pilgrimage to my bit biggin, and mak' the offering in your ain person. It's lang since I saw you at Bonnie Braes.

MAJOR.—Many thanks, Laird. With pleasure will I beat up your quarters, but you must let the 15th of July be come and gone first. Next to a smoking house and a scolding wife, wet weather in the country is the most grievous social evil which flesh can inherit.

LAIRD.—Though gleg enough at the uptak', as a general rule, I really am at a loss to understand you.

MAJOR.—Why, man, have you forgotten St. Swithen, and the ancientadage that if it should rain on his day, there will be rain more or less for forty-five succeeding days?

LAIRD.—I mind noo. Does the rule, however, apply to Canada?

MAJOR.—Of course, seeing that it forms a component part of the British empire. Should annexation take place, the saint would, in all probability, withdraw his patronage!

PURSER.—What is the legend upon which this popular fancy is based?

MAJOR.—St. Swithen, Bishop of Winchester, having died in the year 865, was canonized by the then Pope. He was singular for his desire to be buried in the open church-yard, and not in the chancel of the Minster, as was usual with other prelates. The request was complied with, but the monks, on his being canonized, taking it into their heads that it was *infra dig.* for the saint to lie in the open church-yard, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently on that day, and for forty days succeeding, as ha' hardly ever been known. This hint made the worthy ecclesiastics abandon the design as heretical and unorthodox. Bishop Swithen was permitted to slumber, *sub Jove*, without molestation.

DOCTOR.—Gay, in his *Trivia*, has the following allusion to the day:—

"If on St. Swithen's feast the welkin lours,
And ev'ry pent-house streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain."

LAIRD.—Keep mind, bairns, that if the 15th be dry, are a'ye to convene at my tabernacle on the following day. No' a word out o' your mouths! I'll tak' nae denial! A black-faced sheep, rising four years, will be sacrificed on

the occasion; Bauldie Stott will furbish up his pipes; and as cold water potations are the order o' the day, my douce neighbour Leask will aiblins send us oot a gallon or twa o' *mountain dew*, lately received by him frae Balmoral!

MAJOR.—Before you go, Laird, allow me to shew you a *New Guide to Niagara Falls*, and *Traveller's Companion*.

LAIRD.—Right glad am I to see the buik. It's plentifully illustrated!

DOCTOR.—What sort of an affair is it, Major?

MAJOR.—As a guide to the Falls it is everything that a tourist could desire, and perhaps the line of the Great Western Railway, which is also intended to accompany, in its course from the Suspension Bridge to Windsor, is tolerably well described. Touching the other portions of Canada, however, under the head of the Great Northern Route, the writer had better have said nothing than have given the imperfect and meagre description he has done.

LAIRD.—Indeed!

MAJOR.—For instance, Toronto is described as containing *about thirty thousand inhabitants!*

LAIRD.—Hoot! toot!

DOCTOR.—Ha! ha! ha!

[*Excunt Omnes, laughing.*]

FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BOUQUETS AND FLORAL ORNAMENTS.

Having considered, in our last number, the preliminaries which should be observed by those who expect success in the art of making floral ornaments, I now come to the more practical part of the subject, namely, the making or putting together of the bouquet. And first, of the hand bouquet.

As I have already observed, the hand bouquet, should not exceed eight inches in diameter, and if for an ordinary occasion, the flowers may be gathered without regard to colour; but for a bridal bouquet white flowers should predominate, although Violets, Mignonette, and Heliotropes may be added for perfume. For an ordinary bouquet, six or more large flowers are requisite, giving the preference to Camellias and Roses. The Camellias should be cut off close to the calyx of the flower, and an artificial stem provided for it, either by a bent wire which is thrust down through the centre of the flower, between the petals, so as to be entirely con-

cealed, or else by passing the wire laterally through the upper part of the calyx and the lower part of the petals. In the latter case the two ends of the wire should be bent down and twined together. The Camellia is also sometimes cut off with a small portion of the stem, and tied to a small stick or twig. Be very careful in handling the Camellias, as the slightest bruise will impair their beauty. The Roses can either be cut with long stems or tied to supports. The smaller flowers should be arranged in very small bunches, or singly, and also tied to twigs or *whisk*. If the bouquet is of the pyramidal form it should be made on a strong stick, commencing at the top with the smaller flowers, and gradually widening at the base with the larger, taking care to assort the colours, so as to make as much contrast as possible, and to fill in the interstices between the larger flowers with the smaller.

If the bouquet is to be flat, it is not absolutely necessary to have a strong stick in the centre, but I would recommend it on account of its advantages in preserving a symmetrical form. Begin with a Camellia or Rose for the centre, then a circle of small flowers, then say four or more roses or Camellias disposed around the centre, and then another circle of small flowers; and then, if the bouquet is not large enough, another row of Camellias or Roses, and few more small flowers, finishing with a circle of Rose or Oak-leaf Geranium leaves tied singly to whisk straws, and some Arbor Vitæ, Cedar, or other evergreen, below all. To preserve a flat or oval surface to a bouquet, be careful not to tie the stems or twigs too high up on the centre stick, for in that case the flowers would face *outward*, as in a pyramidal bouquet, instead of *upward*.

If you wish a bouquet to be kept for a long time, the interstices between the twigs or stems should be filled with moss, evergreen, or anything that will retain moisture.

It will add much to the grace and beauty of the bouquet to introduce skillfully some handsome green foliage to break the monotonous effect, and some of the smallest and choicest flowers should be allowed to project beyond the surface of the bouquet.

Large bouquets, or pyramids, for table ornaments, are generally made on a frame-work of evergreen. For this purpose, take a number of branches of Cedar, Hemlock, or other evergreen, and bind them in a kind of sheaf, with strong twine, commencing at the top. After it is properly secured, trim off the stems at the base with a knife, so as to be perfectly even, and with a pair of scissors or shears clip the top so as to form a perfect cone. The flowers are to be inserted into this.

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

J. B.—Your problem is still incorrect. What is to prevent Black playing his Kt to K B 4th on his second move? or if to avoid this you play Q to R 2d, with the intention of mating with B on 3d move, Black discovers double ch., and has decidedly a better position.

R. G. S., Cobourg.—We quite agree with you. "The Indian Problem is not at all difficult, when you know how."

C. J. H., Hamilton.—You have made a serious error in recording the game you have sent us. We have tried them, but at the 20th move White is required to play Q B to Q 3d!

Solutions to Problem No. 19, by Amy, G. D., C. J. H., Hamilton, J. B., and a Subscriber, are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last, by G. P., Amy, C. J. H., Hamilton, R. G. S., Cobourg, and Evans, are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XVIII.

White.

1. B to Q B sq.
2. R to Q 2d.
3. K moves.
4. R mates.

Black.

- P moves.
K moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XIX.

White.

1. K to Kt 5th.
2. B takes B.
3. Q to K B 6th (ch).
4. Q mates.

Black.

- K to his 3d.
P moves.
K moves.

(A.)

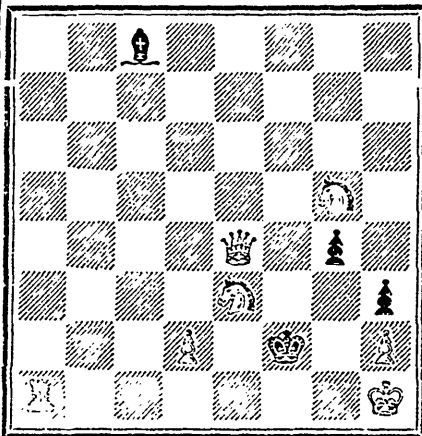
3. B to K Kt 6th.
4. Q mates.

K, or P at Kt 6th, moves.
Anything.

PROBLEM NO. XX.

From a Correspondent.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White forces Black to checkmate him with
Bishop in three moves.

ENIGMA.

No. 54. By M. D'Orville.

WHITE.—K at his Kt sq; R at K R 6th; R at Q R 5th; Kts at K B 6th and Q Kt 5th; P at Q B 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 3d; Q at her 7th; Rs at K R 7th & Q R 5th; B at Q Kt 2d; Kt at K Kt sq.

White to play and mate in three moves.