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THE

Ladies' Benevolent and Industrial

SALLYMAG SOCIETY,

BEING A SERIES OF COMIC CHAPTERS, TAKEN
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL;

WRITTEN BY

L. S.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

—ALSO—

A CONDENSED ACCOUNT OF

A SOUTHERN CAMPAIGN,

Written by the late

S. WENTWORTH STEVENSON,

FORMERLY OF H. B. MAJESTY'S SERVICE, 6TH DRAGOON
GUARDS, CARBINIERS, AND SUBSEQUENTLY OF THE
CONFEDERATE ARMY, AMERICA.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

PRINTED BY W. H. BREMNER, KENT STREET.

1868.

Prince Edward Island.

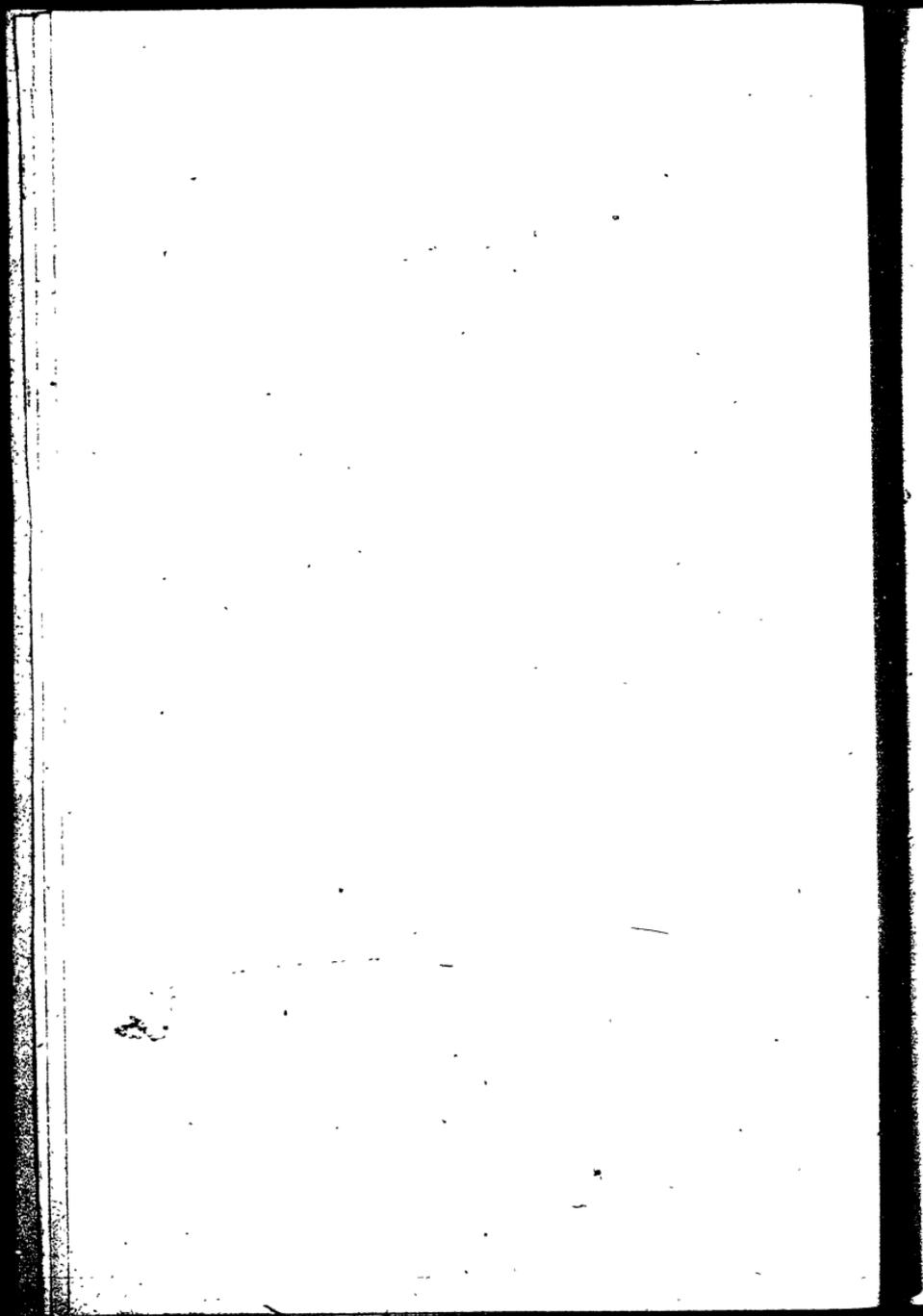
Be it remembered, that on the Sixteenth day of September, Mrs. S. Wentworth Stevenson, of Charlottetown, has deposited in the Office the Title of a book, the copyright whereof she claims, in the following: "The Ladies' Benevolent and Industrial Sallymag Society, a series of Comic Chapters, taken from an unpublished Novel, written by Mrs. S. Wentworth Stevenson, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. a condensed account of a Southern Campaign, written by the S. Wentworth Stevenson, formerly of H. B. Majesty's Service, 6th Dr. Guards, Carbiniers, and subsequently of the Confederate Army, An Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Printed by W. H. Bremner Street, 1868."—in conformity with the Act for the protection of Copyr

JNO. WM. MORRISON,
Asst. Colonial Sec

The

Ladies' B. J. Sallmag Society,

By L. S.





TO

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Albion Fellowes,

OF BINSTEAD,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, B. N. A.

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

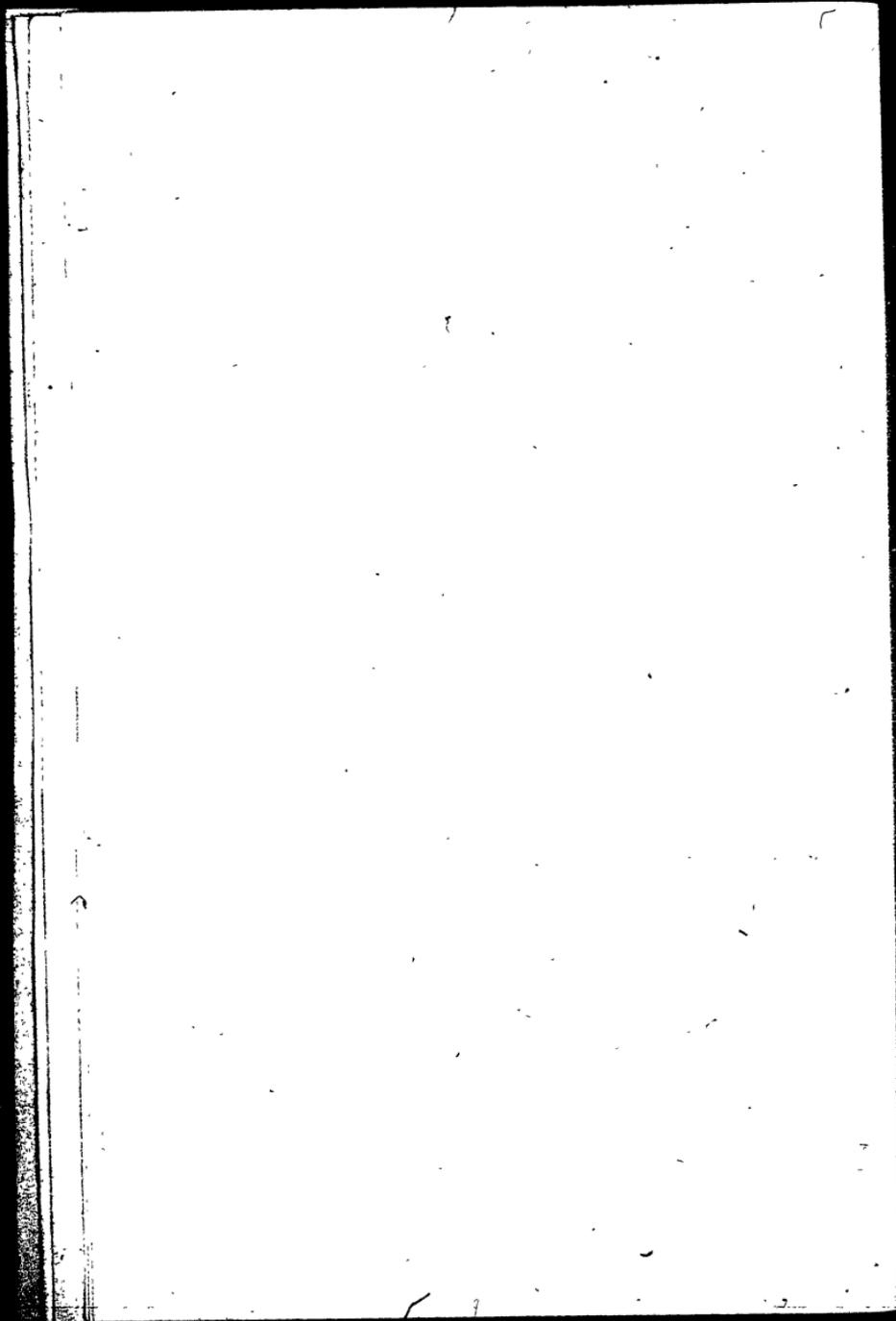
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INTRODUCTION.

As the following Comic Chapters are but a sort of journal of events (which any person who ever undertook to get up an amateur Concert, can testify to,) I do not give them the importance of a book, therefore they require no Preface. The only one necessary, in my opinion, is a note of thanks to the printer, Mr. W. H. Bremner, for having printed this book in great haste, in order to finish it before the closing of the navigation. This necessary haste will explain a few typographical errors, the principal of which are pointed out in the page of ERRATA." I am gratefully indebted to David Laird, Esq., and others, for the use of several works on the "Rebellion," from which I have given notes throughout the "Campaign;" and am especially under obligation to the gentleman who has so kindly performed the arduous task of revising and correcting, &c.

L. S.



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ERRATA.

- For "boils," read "broils," page 31, 3rd line.
Omitted, the word, "which," after "as the ground upon," page 45, 4th line.
Comma after "matter at all," instead of after "for that," page 45, 24th line.
Substitute the word "keeping," for "preparing," page 52, 20th line.
Substitute the word "in," for "on" the streets, page 63, 9th line.
Chapter X, page 65, should be Chapter XII.
Chapter XII, page 70, should be Chapter XIII.
Substitute the word "continues," for "continued," page 70, 29th line.
Chapter XII, should be Chapter XVII, page 81.
Omit the word "has," 1st page of Campaign, 19th line.
Page 6, 2nd page of Campaign, to be page 108.
Omit word "with," page 116, 10th line.
For "resuming," read "reserving," page 120, 6th line.
For "proceeding," read "preceding," same page, first line of marginal note.
For "there," read "thence," page 124, third line of note.
For "to have seen," read "to see," page 128, 19th line.
For "most," read "much," page 130, 6th line.
For Street called "St. Charles Boromeo Street," read "Baronne Street," page 130, 6th line of note.
French and German accents left out throughout, it having been impossible to procure them.

THE LADIES'

Benevolent and Industrial Sallymag Society.

CHAPTER I.

At the same time that Sir Vincent's interview was taking place with Mr. Ishmael Isaacs, the London Jew money lender, a number of Ladies belonging to the "Ladies' Sallymag Benevolent and Industrial Society" were seated in the breakfast room at the house of the Lady President, Mrs. Hargrave.

I have given the scene of the following incidents the name "Sallymag" for obvious reasons, which will explain themselves. It may be as well, however, to state here that the old Bull has generally bestowed the name of "Sally-Mags" on talkative and "fussy" old women, who employ their hours of idleness in promulgating all the "I heards" and "they says" of female gossip.

Sallymag then was a small Village some twenty miles from the good old Town of Shrewsbury, in the county of Shropshire. Like many other small towns, Sallymag boasts of an unequal population; the female portion of it having by at least three-fourths the advantage. Sallymag owns a Female "Seminary," several female Societies, of the Missionary, Dorcas and Tract Society order; a "Literary Institute" and "The Sallymag

Ladies' Benevolent and Industrial Society;" the Lady President and certain members of which society were on the present occasion, holding a meeting to the accompaniment of tapes and buttons, hooks and threads, needles and scissors, the latter articles perhaps intended to assist some of the ladies present in their very pointed and cutting remarks. The meeting was convened for the purpose of discussing the best means to be adopted in raising Funds for the Society. Five of the most prominent ladies of the Society were engaged in animated conversation in the above named breakfast room, which opened with folding doors into the dining room, where a number of young ladies were employed (or supposed to be) sewing, but it was plain that the little "bees" were not quite so busy with their fingers as they were with their tongues, a thing not at all unusual with gushing young ladies whose ages vary from sweet sixteen to sweeter twenty-three. There was one young lady (that is, "spinster") amongst them however, who, although much older than the others, was by far the most noisy, and having a peculiar way of claiming a relationship with everybody, everybody called her "Cousin."

Cousin Bella Pinkem had reached that very alarming period of female existence, called "old-maidism." She said she was twenty-five, and certainly did not look more, but people said (and people *will* say such unkind things,) that she had waged war with time, at least ten years longer, but I do not believe it nor do I believe half the unkind things they say of women who do not happen to have been a party to the dreadful "*catastrophe*," known as matrimony. Cousin Bella was a contradiction to the usual accusation brought against old maids and did not possess any of the attributes common to the species. As a proof, everybody liked Cousin Bella, and

Cousin Bella in return liked everybody; no one ever thought giving a pic-nic or pleasure party without inviting her, and, in fact Cousin Bella Pinkem was looked upon as a great institution." It is not necessary to individualize the rest of the young ladies in the dining room; I will only mention another young lady: age, twenty-three, constitution delicate, height, five feet seven, figure slim, talents varied, from "blue stockingism" to heroics; hair dark, complexion ditto, virtues, sensibilities, blighted hopes, unrequited love and unappreciated genius; all *ad lib.* Her only property at present—which she hopes soon to double—is her name; not however, as her godfather and godmother gave it her, for when she would have been called Dora Smith, but her name she called herself "Eudora Dolores Smythe," for she considered Smith without the final E plebeian and vulgar for such a literary genius as she claimed to be.

Returning to the breakfast room, we will make the acquaintance of Mrs. Hargrave, (Lady President of the L. S. B. I. Society,) Mrs Dr. Muddlewig (Secretary,) Madame Angelique La Tournebroche, (Translator and Foreign Correspondent,) Mistress David McAllister, (Treasurer,) and Mrs. William Watts, (District Visitor.) These five ladies managed the entire business of the Society.

The meeting having been opened with very appropriate remarks by the Lady President, while inserting a three lined gusset in a child's pinafore, Mrs. Hargrave informed the ladies present of what she thought it probable they did already know, *id est* that "Charity" was "one of the great virtues which all Christians should emulate," &c., &c., and concluded a long preamble about nothing particular with the following remarks.

"And as I have often told you, my dear Mrs. D. Muddlewig, these are matters which I cannot, as lady President of this Society, allow to continue. We are a wicked people, and too-prone to a free indulgence of those tastes and habits which do not instruct, and much less edify us, and I must set my face against a repetition of the scandalous proceedings on the occasion of the last soiree for the benefit of the Society's Funds. I was absent, but how you, Mrs. McAllister could allow dancing on the green, I cannot understand!"

"Mairs the Peety," returned that lady, "for ye ken dear though I wudna be sae indiscreet to dance, (for thanks be to a maircifull Providence I'm oer stoot to do the like,) yet, dinna see the harm in a wee bit skeertin about, among the lasses, espeeially whin ye tak into conseederation that as they couldna dance wi-oot a fidler, they had to pay sax pence extra, which the puir fidler didna tak, so that we made just five pounds fifteen shillings and a few Baabees mair out of the transaction."

"Oh indeed," replied Mrs. Hargrave, "I didnt know that before; that entirely alters the case."

Here a loud laugh was heard in the adjoining room, and Mrs. Hargrave called out, "young ladies; young ladies, are you not aware this is a serious meeting?"

"Of course we are," replied Cousin Bella, "and that's the reason we laughed; it is such fun to see a parcel of women sitting together, doing nothing, and trying to be serious over it."

And here another peal of laughter came ringing through the air, as if the Goddess Hebe had sent it to remind the old ladies that youth would not be made venerable before it

me. "I was not addressing you, Miss Pinkem, said Mrs. Hargrave with sarcasm; "I spoke to the *young ladies*;" laying a particular stress on the "young," forgetting (as some women occasionally do,) that the victim of her sarcasm was just about her own age.

"That's very proper of you, Mrs. Hargrave," replied good-naturedly Cousin Bella, "for you know it always behoves the aged to admonish the young." And the girls all giggled and laughed again.

"Eh toot toot, lasses," began Mrs. McAllister, "dinna ye ken its not becoming or discreet to mak sich an a freevolous bairn as this; but ye see Meestress Turnybush, (appealing to Madame de La Tournebroche,) bairns will aye be bairns and ye ken its no sae sure they'll hae a chance to laugh a' their days, ~~put~~ wee things."

"I really am ashamed of you all, young ladies," now chimed Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig, "you ought to know better; do you not know that 'He that winketh with the eye, causeth sorrow,' and we were not told in Jeremiah, 'Thou art my battle axe and weapons of war, and with Thee will I break in pieces the horses and the riders.'"

These quotations may appear rather incongruous to the subject, but Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig, whose memory was rather faulty, invariably had a scriptural phrase ready as she thought to suit the occasion, and to give effect to her arguments, the only drawback was, that she had repeated them so often; that it had become a habit with her to throw them in quite indiscriminately; and as she was not a very well informed person in other respects, the result of her Biblical contributions was sometimes rather more amusing than instructive.

Mrs. William Watts, (of the "Woman's Rights" order,

and given to Latin,) here added her moiety of reproach to the young ladies, and informed them that their conduct was, to say the least of it, "*contra bonos mores,*" adding, "I am not an advocate for the *Cacoethes Loquendi,*" but I cannot help saying that you should bear in mind the maxim, "*audire multa sed loquere pauca,*" which she informed them, translated meant, to do a great deal of work and not interrupt the conversation of others, and it is presumed the young ladies were quite satisfied with this not too literal translation.



CHAPTER II.

"We will proceed, if you please," said Mrs. Hargrave, with the business of the meeting, which is convened for the purpose of considering the best mode of raising the sum of £8, to pay the balance of a debt incurred in various ways for the Sallymag Free School. "Now ladies," (she continued,) "you are aware that our Society has been organized some three years; its existence in fact dates from the time when I received that anonymous donation of fifty pounds to be devoted to a charitable purpose. You remember I thought it advisable to institute a free school in connection with our Benevolent Industrial Society, and that I obtained permission to set about purchasing the necessary land and schoolroom. First there was the purchase of farmer Hodge's grainery, for the schoolroom, £25; then Mr. Fairplay the ground, £30; then Mr Jones's bill for sundries, £8; then Mr. Plain-rule's bill for carpentering and fitting up, new framing, new flooring, new windows and doors, new slating the roof, and new lath and plastering the inside, which in all amounted to just £135, and do you know ladies, he asserted after it was done, that we had been sadly taken in by Farmer Hodge, for the whole building was rotten from beginning to end, and that he would have made up an entirely new building for £100, by which we should have saved besides Mr. Jones's bill, the £35 and the £25 for the old grainery, coming in all, £68 9s. 4d., we might have saved; but then I know ladies, I could not foresee these events." Mrs. H. her own peculiar method of reckoning.

“ Ah ! a sad waste o' siller,” said Mrs. McAllister, shaking her head wisely. “ May be it wud hae dune some pair bod gude, had it been handed o'er till the meenister to give o' accordin' till his ain discretion ;” adding aside, “ Meestres Hargrave is just a pairfect wonder at figures.”

“ Doubtless,” replied Mrs. Hargrave, “ but I am not stating what *might* have been done, I am simply stating what *was* done ; and I cannot see that what was done requires any comment from you, Mrs. McAllister.”

Here Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig seeing matters were likely to become serious, came to the rescue as usual. “ Now my dears pray don't let us have another such misunderstanding as we had at the last meeting ; try and remember that “ a woman who weareth any of the apparel which appertaineth unto a man, is an abomination.”

“ I cannot see the aptitude of your quotation, Mrs. Muddlewig,” impatiently interrupted the lady President, as she continued. “ The expenditure for ground, building, &c. &c. has been just £198. Miss Brown's salary for teaching in the school, during the last three years, £36. This is, as you are aware, ladies, a very large item in the expenses ; and I have to propose that as she only teaches some 70 or 80 children, to read, write, cipher, in fact gives quite a plain education, which includes grammar, geography, French, Book-keeping, plain sewing and sacred singing in the Sunday School, that her salary be reduced to £10 a year instead of the enormous salary she now receives. There are many well informed respectable young persons in Sallymag, who would be glad of the situation, and really the advantages are very great, where a young girl can have the benefit of good pious instruction at

the Sunday School, where her regular attendance would of course be expected also."

"Certainly" said Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig, "and she would thus learn 'that a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and that the early worm picks up the bird,' as Lord Dundreary says."

"*Pauvre Enfant,*" thought our French lady, "*Elle devient riche.*"

The Lady President continued, "The entire amount collected, and now in the Society's hands, is just £150; so that the expenses have been £198, there is a debt against us of £48, 10s. 6d.; and it is to consider the best way of raising this amount, that I have called this meeting. We are also in debt, some £25, for books, copy books, slates, pencils, tracts and hymns at the Stationer's Shop; but that can stand over; and some of us" (and she smiled graciously on Mrs. Muddlewig) "who have the power of eloquent persuasion, may in due course of time, be able to convince Mr. Blotting, the Stationer, that it will be a good and Christian act, to give us a receipt in full for the amount of his bill, as a donation to the Sallymag Free School."

"Of course," added Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig. "I'll talk him over. I'll remind him that 'Charity begins at home.'"

By the manner in which the ladies exchanged looks, they seemed to be in doubt as to whether her proposed mode of attack would be productive of any very favorable results. And Mrs. Hargrave said, "don't you think my dear, you mean to tell him that 'Charity covers a multitude of sins?'"

"Oh! yes," replied Mrs. Muddlewig, "I'll say that too; I'll never be able to get over *both*."

"Well, ladies," continued Mrs. Hargrave, "as we are in

debt, just £73, 2s. 6d.; what do you propose to do; can any of you suggest anything by which we may get the amount?"

"I have it," exclaimed Cousin Bella, who had been leaning against the door listening, "I'll get up a Concert."

"Nonsense!" said Dora Smith—beg her pardon—Eudora Dolores Smythe. "Concerts don't pay now a days, there are too many; I'll give a reading, that's sure to pay; I'll read one of my new novels; now I think of it, I have half a dozen different novels commenced; could'n't I put them all together to make one GRAND SENSATIONAL NOVEL, with no end of murders, narrow escapes, fires, railway accidents and all those sort of things; sensation is all the rage now; and if a reading would not do, I could go round and get subscribers myself. I am sure I should get a great many, for not a few of my productions have appeared in the Sallymag Journals. Cousin Bella, did you ever read my tragic Poem, entitled 'THE WEEPING SNOWDROP, OR THE REVOLT OF THE CROCUSES?'"

"Yes I did," replied Cousin Bella, "and I thought it very like '*Mi hi Beate Martine*,'" looking at Mrs. William Watts who seemed to be the only one present who understood her.

"I never tried to copy anything," said Dora, "and have always been considered quite original in my style."

She did not see that Cousin Bella had stolen a bit of wit from an Author who has thus whimsically interpreted the old saying of "My Eye and Betty Martin!" "Your murder of 'Gonzalez,'" continued Cousin Bella, "is very well managed in the Poem you mention, and it puts me in mind of Dryden's Lines, 'The dagger and the bowl are always at hand to butcher a Hero, when a Poet wants the brains to save him!' and really," she continued, "your writings are so full of delicacy

at the Muses must have fed you on Blanc Mange and chicken
both!"

"Oh! Cousin Bella, what a pretty compliment," exclaimed
the delighted Dora; "and what a very original idea; I must
take a note of it;" and she searched for her tablets.

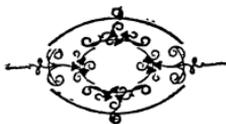
"Oh, it's not original," said Cousin Bella. "The 'com-
ment' as you call it, was paid by Scarron to a celebrated
writer of his day."

"After all," said Mrs. Hargrave, much to Dora's chagrin,
"I think a concert would be the best thing; people are al-
ways ready for amusement, so I think we'll decide on that,
and you will undertake the management of a Sacred Concert,
Miss Pinkem."

"But ye ken, Meestress Hargrave," here ventured our
Scotch Lady, "the public is nae sae gude as a' that.
There's just a chance o' the people being o' opeenion that
there wud be nae harm in just a wee bit sang or twa, and I
did mysel' just cast a glint at the probabeelity o' its bein' mair
 prudent to leave the Psalms and Hymns o' David till the
 Kirk, and no till a Concert Room. It doesna seem a Christ-
 thing to mysel', to pay three shillin' for a ticket o' admission
 to gae and hear and criticeese ithers singin' to the praise o'
 mercifu' Providence. A Kirk is the hoose o' worship,
 and a Music or Concert Hall is nae sic an a place at a', and
 far fit for 'Scot's wha hae,' than the Psalms o' David."
 Now as Mrs. McAllister was always thought (and justly) the
 best of the Society, her word was sure to be taken.

"I think you are right," said the Lady President, "and
 we will decide at once on a Secular Concert, under the
 care and sole management of Miss Pinkem."

This discussion concluded the business of the meeting, and the date was fixed at three months hence, to give ample time for the necessary preparations.



CHAPTER III.

The news soon spread into the other room, and as Cousin Bella left Mrs. Hargrave's house after the meeting was concluded, she was assailed with the following questions, made nearly all at once: Oh Bella, where is it to be? Who is to sing? When will it be? Who is to be the Pianist? What shall we wear? Will Captain Bellow sing? Shall we have a Military Band? and a hundred such questions.

Fortunately for poor Cousin Bella, she was a good runner, she took refuge in her heels, till having got rid of her pursuers, she arrived at her own house, and exhausted, sat down to contemplate the awful responsibility she had taken upon herself, in consenting to manage and get up an AMATEUR CONCERT. Talk not of the difficulties of a diplomatic life, of conquering a Nation, of putting down Mormonism, or ascending Mont Blanc; these and many other such feats are easy, and fewer difficulties would present themselves, did some young gentleman propose to get up a game of Billiards, with Mount Vesuvius, as it now stands, for the "table," than if an Amateur Concert were proposed to take place in a Parish Schoolroom! With Amateurs, many difficulties often arise from the fact that they forget the old adage, "too many cooks spoil the broth." First, Mrs. Smith thinks Monday night is the best night to fix on, because the working people have perceptibly spent all their money on Saturday night.—Mr. Jones thinks Tuesday is bad, because it is the Debating night.—Mr. Thompson thinks Wednesday ditto, because it is a church night.—Mr. Thompson thinks Thursday ditto, in regard to the Me-

thodist meeting night,—Friday, suggests Mr. Robinson, the room is used by the “ Young Mens’ Learyoanthroposwilling Association; and Saturday, says Mr. Green, is the Choir practice night in all the Churches. Mrs. Brown wishes her daughter to sing, and Mrs. Jones wont let her daughter sing if she does; Mr. Tunemup wants twenty-four pieces in the programme, nine of which are to be solos on the Trombone by himself! Mrs. Singsharp thinks that no other ladies ought to be in the programme, if she and her three daughters sing. Miss Quaverflat wishes to play three solos, (one of which is the College Hornpipe, with gigantic variations) on the Harmonium, (since no one will lend a Piano,) and Miss Yellwell wont sing at all, unless Mr. Thumpem can transpose the song of “ Ever of thee ” into the key of B flat so that she can make a long Cadenza, commencing on the high note B, which is the best note (or scream) on her voice, and enable her to inform her audience in a style of *abandonatemente*, that she is still, though wide awake, “ Fondly drea-e (pause on B flat e-e-e-e-e-e-e-eming, fondly drea-he-ming of ” the banker clerk!

These are only a few of the many difficulties lying in wait for poor Cousin Bella; they are as a drop in the ocean of innumerable annoyances. That night she layed awake for hours picturing to herself all she would do; she had it all nicely and methodically arranged in her poor little head, and towering above all the rest of the leaves in the wreath of Laurel she mentally wove, was the certainty of the exact amount which would be realized; and her tired imagination having won the race it had been running with songs, pianos, tickets, newspapers, bouquets and white muslin, finally gave itself up to sweet, balmy Sleep, that greatest of all Earthly Blessings.

Dear peace to the anxious mind, the wearied brain; dear oblivion for a time, to all care, toil, planning and scheming! Dear harbinger of that Blessed peace that will have no ending; dear "beacon of hope" to that "citadel of safety;" for will not sleep often bring us glorious visions of Heavenly joys in our dreams; and who shall say that, *deserving them*, we shall not enjoy those visions.

How often will good and holy inspirations come to us in the land of dreams, which may, on our awakening, influence our thoughts and actions, and incite us to good. The very thread of life sometimes hangs on a sound and undisturbed sleep. Even the criminal about to expiate his crime on the scaffold has not denied the blessing of sleep, on the very eve of meeting his offended God!

See that fair golden-headed child, sleeping on its widowed mother's breast. What a subject for an artist it would make, for a picture of SLEEP: the one face beaming with innocent smiles, and even in sleep, so full of life, that to look at it, recalls to one's mind those beautiful lines:—

" For I know that the angels,
Are whispering to thee."

What a contrast those bright fair features form to that poor, careworn face, haggard beyond its years! Watch them for a time, and you will see even the mother's face light gradually with a sad smile, that struggles for a moment to break those dreadful lines encircling the once pretty mouth. It is in vain! It is too late. Even a vision in her dreams of all the earthly happiness that might be hers, and *never can* cannot loosen those rigid lines; and the faint mockery of a smile dies away again with all her hopes of happiness. They are as certainly and for ever there, as the Cross she bears.

Ah! if all her daily longings for night to come and bring her blessed sleep and oblivion, could but be added to the picture, it would indeed be "life like."

And yet, how few there are of us who ever think of thanking Almighty God for this His greatest blessing; how many of us neglect adding to our daily prayers the outpourings of a grateful heart for having been refreshed the past night with Sweet, Balmly Sleep, which gives us new life, new vigour, new energy, new strength of mind and body, to meet and fight successfully the great Battle of Life!

As the sun sinks to rest in the golden horizon each day glorifying its Creator, so should our souls and bodies accept the gift of SLEEP each night. So may we at length sink to eternal rest in our *last* sleep on earth, and awake gloriously hereafter to eternal bliss.

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* * * * *



CHAPTER IV.

As usual, for about ten days after the Concert had been proposed nothing else was talked of. It would be quite an event for Sallymag, especially if the *dear* Hussars, or the 37th Regt. happened to be stationed at Shrewsbury, at the time, for of course the Colonel would put half the battalion under marching orders for Sallymag on the day of the Concert and it was only twenty miles, and would'nt it be grand if he could only be persuaded to allow the Band of the Regt. to play, and what a lot of money they would make by it, far more than they wanted, but of course, whatever was made over and above the sum required would be devoted to some other charity, &c., &c.

By degrees Dame Gossip grew tired of talking of the Concert, and people at last got so apathetic about the "great event" that they began to ask each other in the street if it was really going to come off, as they had heard that the idea of it had been given up, and that there was to be no concert after all.

"Who says so?" indignantly asked Cousin Bella, who one day, nearly a month after the Concert had been decided on, heard some one in the street make the observation.

"Oh! they say so," replied the lady.

"Do they? then all I have to say is that *they* (whoever they may be) tell a—that is, they make a mistake, I should like to know who your 'they' was, that said so; I don't believe any body said so, there now; I believe that half the people, if not all, who tell you 'they say' so and so, could

spell the person's name who said so, with one little letter and a dot over it. Do you suppose that I would undertake anything I could not carry out?"

"Well my dear, that may be all very well, but you know here are more than three weeks gone and nothing done yet; so of course they say, that is, I heard—"

"Oh, hang your 'they says' and 'I hears,'" replied Bella, impatiently, "what's the use of having a Concert ready this week, if it's not to come off for six or eight weeks; there's lots of time, in fact, I think I shall propose that we fix it for a month hence. The ladies of the Society must have forgotten that if we wait so long, we shall be giving it just when everybody is off to the sea-side. I'll get the date altered to a month sooner."

"Well, if you do, I hope you'll be ready, that's all, my dear," added Mrs. William Watts, who was present during the above conversation.

"Why, of course I shall be," said Cousin Bella, "what should prevent it?"

"Oh, nothing particular, dear; but you have heard about 'procrastination being the thief of—'"

"That's just what I was going to say to Miss Pinkem," said Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig, as she came up to them; "for you know, my dear," she added seriously, "'as vinegar is to the teeth, and tobacco-smoke to the eyes, so is the buzzard to them that sent him.'"

"*Sluggard!* Mrs. Muddlewig, sluggard; your memory is really very bad," said Mrs. W. Watts.

"Well yes, it is, sometimes, Mrs. Watts; but you know what I mean, if I do make a mistake; though my memory, I'm ashamed to say, is more true to Shakespeare than to Scrip

ture: for, the other evening, at Mrs. Clark's literary meeting, I recited from memory that lovely scene from Hamlet, where Richard III. says, 'Double, double, boils and trouble;' and to you know, the ladies all laughed."

"I should wonder if they hadn't," said Cousin Bella, who laughed so immoderately, that she seemed to forget all about the Concert.

"I shouldn't wonder if Mrs Muddlewig has been studying for the stage, *sub rosa*," said Mrs. Watts.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Watts; I never studied the character of 'Rosa.'"

"Qu'elle bonheur!" remarked Cousin Bella aside to Mrs. Watts; then turning to Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig, she said, "Mrs. Watts did not mean you were studying any particular character, but several characters for the stage, *sub rosa*; that means, under the shamrock, or rather, on the sly. But, dear me, here we are gossiping, when there is so much to be done about the Concert. Good bye, ladies; I must be off to remind everybody that 'Music hath charms—'"

"Oh yes, I know," said Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig, finishing the sentence, "Music hath charms to smoothe the savage beast."

"That's it," said Bella, as she ran off laughing, and shouted as she went, "I should say music would smoothe much better if it had a box iron to put the beast in, eh, Mrs. Watts? ha! ha! ha!" And away she went, carrying the music of her laugh with her. Apologizing for leaving the other ladies alone in the street, we will follow her.

After her merriment had somewhat subsided, she began to reflect on her recent wrongs. "What a shame," she muttered, as she walked on towards the house of our literary friend, Bella—that is, Eudora Dolores Smythe—"what a shame to

accuse me of having done nothing yet. Why, haven't I Mr. Lutes' promise to sing? though to be sure he offered, or I shouldn't have asked him, for he's an awful bore, with his old-fashioned notions and fussy ways; and I'm sure everybody is tired of his one song!"

Bella was right; for as is often the case, Mr. Lute had a much higher opinion of his own musical qualifications than the audience were likely to have. He prided himself upon singing the "Bay of Biscay" to perfection; and although the Bay and Song had become identified with himself at every party, reunion, dinner or picnic that had taken place in Sally-mag during the last fifteen years, yet he fondly imagined that this particular song had become a sort of musical necessity, which could not be dispensed with. If Mr. Henry Lute was at a party, no one ever thought of asking him what he would sing, or to sing a song. The usual "anything" (which generally means everything you know, by the time you have finished) for it was well known that he never sang anything else but the "Bay;" and people sometimes facetiously remarked that his "Bay"—ing was much more like "Bray"—ing.

"Well, now that I think of it," soliloquized Cousin Bella, "it is a pity that three weeks have gone by, and nothing done towards the Concert except the securing of old Lute. Never mind, I must make up for lost time; especially if I arrange to have it a month sooner than we intended at first. I'll see what Dora thinks I'd better do first; she's a sensible girl though she does scribble such rubbish about 'moonbeams and balmy zephyrs;' then I'll take a couple of days to call on all the most sensible girls I know, and hear all they have to say on the subject; and then I'll settle in my own mind whose is the best advice."

"Ah, Dora dear, I'm just in time. Now go back, there's a dear girl; I've come on purpose to talk to you about the Concert; so you must not go out."

"But my dear Bella, I was going to correct the proof of my 'Daffodill's appeal to the Sunflower.'"

"Oh, never mind the Sunflower, I dare say its all moonshine," interrupted Bella; "that is, I mean, when I say moonshine, I mean sunshine; do you see, dear? Sunflower, sunshine, and all that sort of thing, I dare say is very pretty, but the fact is, I am so full of business that I cannot even allow you time to see the pretty compliment I paid you—quite important, you'll observe; so come along and be satisfied that I regards the correcting of your 'proof,' as Mrs. Dr. Mudgwick would say, 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating;' not that I would compare your poems to anything so soft as pudding, dear; but you know what I mean."

And having thus cleverly got over the allusion to "moonshine," she talked the literary young lady not only into the sea that she had been paying her a great compliment, but into her literary sanctum.



CHAPTER V.

Bella was so afraid that Dora might have time to reflect on the "moonshine" already alluded to, that she began at once, the moment she had entered the room.

"Well, Dora dear, now don't talk, but listen to me," she said; "but pray let me sit down, for I have walked so fast I am quite tired;" and she looked round for a chair, but none she could see; that is, there were plenty in the room—six or eight—and a couch besides, but still not an available spot presented itself whereon poor Bella could, as she said, rest her weary limbs. Every chair, table, shelf, bracket, mantel-piece, and even the very floor, was covered with books, manuscripts, foolscap, "outsides," blotting-paper, pencils, desks, pen-knives, pen wipers, &c.; in fact, all the paraphernalia which Miss Eudora Dolores Smythe thought would give her room the appearance of litter-ary confusion. She imagined that to be an authoress, it was quite necessary to have her fingers always covered with ink, and her room in the state which has been described; how else would people know what a genius she was?

Miss Eudora Dolores Smythe considerably cleared a seat for Cousin Bella, saying, "you see, dear Bella, I am so busy with my new novel, that I cannot help my room being untidy. Well, I suppose there's something wrong about the Concert what is it? Yet stay; just wait until I put in my MS. a sublime sentiment I had just thought of as you came in. If you don't write it in at once when I think of it, I am apt to forget it; you know we poor authoresses have sometimes such

memories; we have so many great ideas overcrowding our too-
 ered imaginations. Do you know, Bella, I often forget
 the entire plot of the story I am writing, and often have had
 to invent one as I went along; taking an idea from one and
 from another of the many unfinished stories I have by me;
 and really sometimes a story made up in this way of a little
 of this, and a little bit of that, is far more interesting than
 I had stuck to the original plan."

"Oh, I've no doubt of it," said Bella, "and I dare say is
 quite as intelligible."

"Oh, quite," replied Dora, "for I'm very concise, and
 write very clearly; let me read you this little bit from my last
 book; you will be struck with awe at the depth of mean-
 ing contained in so few words." She then opened her
 manuscript and continued, "I must tell you, Bella, that my
 heroine is the victim of a misplaced affection—you know hero-
 inesses generally are—and mine is contemplating which is the
 best and most agreeable method of putting an end to her
 wretched existence."

Here Miss Eudora Smythe gave a sudden start into the
 middle of the room, and seized the antimacassar from off the
 top of the couch.

"Goodness gracious, Dora," exclaimed Bella, "what's the
 matter?"

"Oh nothing; be still," said the Authoress, "It's only my
 literary muse bursting forth in all her gigantic and radiant
 glory."

"Bless me," said Bella, "is all that in the story?"

"No," resumed Dora, "but now I think of it, it's not a
 good idea. I'll pop it down for fear I forget it. Let's see;
 what was it? Oh, I know;" and taking out her pocket

book, she began to write in pencil, "yes, that's it, *gigant and radiant glory*; that's well expressed, isn't it, Bella I may find it useful. Let me see now, where did I leave off?" she continued, turning over the leaves of her MS.

"I don't think you had commenced," said Bella.

"Oh, I remember now," continued Miss Smythe, "I was about to throw a bridal veil over my head; this antimacassar will do admirably, for my heroine is robed already for the ceremony, but the bridegroom comes not! I must tell you, Bella, that my story is to be called—that is if I don't alter its title again, as I have found it necessary to do three times—it is now decidedly to be called, 'THE FELON'S BRIDE AND THE WAIL OF DEATH; OR, THE HAWK-EYED BRIGAND OF THE SWAMP.' My heroine, a Russian Princess, who cannot speak a word of English, exclaims in her agony of mind 'And has it come to this? Witness! oh ye heavens—ye stars that be-spangle the sun's bright rays; witness, ye majestic trees and roving blades—ye balmy zephyrs and seraphic clouds; witness, I say, that this my death shall be avenged by my own act and deed! Nor can I decide whether I shall put the fatal cup to my parched and fevered lips, or whether this, the friendly dagger, shall pierce my heart of hearts! And if I precipitate my wretched misery over this fearful precipice, my too sensitive nature will shrink from the awful appearance my mangled remains will present to my view for ever after!' There Bella, what do you think of that for despair?" said the proud authoress.

Poor Cousin Bella could hardly keep her gravity; but turning aside to hide her twinkling eyes, said, "very well expressed, indeed, dear; but what is it all about?"

"Ah, I'm glad you've asked that," said the authoress.

that's just what I expected—but that's *the secret*, and must remain a secret till the end of the ninth volume—its in fifteen. Another of my heroines I make quite a romantic character. She corresponds with her lover in the language of flowers, and writes him such a beautiful letter, reproaching him for neglect. Just listen.

“Dear Yellow Acacia, I am Globe Amaranthe as ever, and Garden Anemone by you, surely you have an Apple Blossom for some Party Colored Daisy, whose Day Lilly proves she is Lettuce. You have caused me Garden Marigold, and though I am ashamed of my Crowfoot Musk in avowing my returning Bride I still have the Poplar to express my Whin and Yellow Pink. Spruce Pine! and Oh, William, may Hemp be more kind to you than to your Yellow Crysanthemum EMMELINE. P. S. I shall always associate you with Blue and White Periwinkle.’ Now isn't that pretty, Bella?”

“Very,” remarked the lady appealed to, “almost as good as your ‘roving blades,’ and that allusion to hemp is particularly expressive, but what is the letter about?”

“What!” said Dora, “don't you understand the language of flowers?”

“No indeed I don't,” replied Bella; “and I question much whether any of your readers will, either.”

“Dear me,” said Dora, “I never thought of that; what a pity, for you lose all the beauty of Emmeline's reproach to William; never mind, I'll put a translation of it at the end of the fifteenth volume, and then that will satisfy all parties.”

“Couldnt you translate it to me now, Dora,” asked Bella, “I'm awfully anxious to know what William did with the

periwinkles, and whether he benefited by the 'hemp' affair all."

"So I will, dear," obligingly responded Dora, as she commenced to read the letter over again, but this time in plain English. "'Dear Secret Love, I am unchangeable as ever, tho' forsaken by you; surely you have a preference for some beauty, whose coquetry and treachery prove she is heartless. You have caused me uneasiness, inquietude and grief, and tho' I am ashamed of my weakness in avowing my unfortunate attachment, I still have the courage to express my anger and disdain. Farewell! (that's Spruce pine, you know, Bella) and Oh, William, may fate (that's hemp) be more kind to you than to your slighted love, EMMELINE. P. S. I shall always associate you with pleasurable recollections,' (that's periwinkle.)"

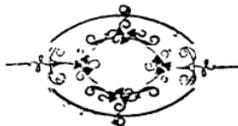
"Is it," remarked Cousin Bella; "well, all I know is, that my 'periwinkle' recollections are anything but pleasurable for I remember I was very fond of them when I was a little girl, and my brother Tom always stole my share, and invariably made me stick the pin into my fingers instead of the shell. But joking apart, that letter is really very clever, Dora; especially the 'hemp,' which suggests a much higher destiny for William than he expected; upon my word, dear, I never heard hanging so poetically and romantically described before. You really are very clever, Dora; your literary talents show great promise; you will rise in the world, dear, depend upon it, but not as your hero 'William' did, it is to be hoped. But now really Dora you mustn't be offended, but we will defer the great pleasure of discussing your new novel for another business that brought me here."

"Oh yes, to be sure," replied the disappointed authoress, "you can't find time to hear me read extracts from it to-day, you must postpone it; though really, Bella, you must excuse me for saying that you are certainly not an enthusiast in literature. Well, what is it? you have had a month already to prepare for the concert; what have you done?"

"Nothing," replied Cousin Bella.

"Nothing?" exclaimed Dora.

"I repeat it," quietly replied Bella. "I have done absolutely nothing—for though I have secured (without the asking) Mr. Lute's 'Bay of Biscay,' I have done nothing else: before as he counts for nothing, I have done nothing as yet." And Cousin Bella spoke truly. Here was nearly one month and three gone, and nothing done towards the great event of the season. The two ladies talked for some time, and finally both started out, as they said, to "hunt" up all the musical people. For the present we will not join in the chase, though we certainly intend to go to the "meet" of the amateurs, and mean to be "in at the death" of the Concert!



CHAPTER VI.

It will be remembered that the Sallymag Concert had originally been arranged to take place three months after the ladies of the Society had decided on having a Concert; and that Cousin Bella, to whom the entire management had been given, thinking that three months later in the season would bring it to about the time when everybody would be leaving for the seaside, thought of suggesting to the lady President and other ladies of the Society, that the Concert should be given a month sooner. Unfortunately, poor Cousin Bella did not make the suggestion until a month after the Concert had been proposed; at which time, it will also be remembered nothing had been done towards the Concert, except the securing of old Mr. Lute's services in regard to the "Bay of Biscay."

The ladies having consented to change the date to a month sooner, and the first month having imperceptibly gone by, leaving only one month for preparation. The awful fact dawned upon Cousin Bella a few days after her meeting with Dora—already described in the last chapter, when we left the ladies just starting on a musical hunt. They agreed to start in different directions, and promised to call at each other's houses and detail the result of their expedition as often as possible.

Up to the present time no advertisements had appeared, and no tickets had been printed,—that is, five hundred had been printed almost immediately after the Concert had been decided on, but Bella had wisely kept this to herself; for the re-

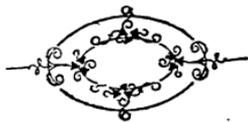
next day after the meeting, which happened to be on the 18th of March, she had written a copy of the tickets on the back of some of her visiting cards, with no end of directions as to size, colour, &c.; and, in her anxiety to have everything, as she said, "clearly understood," had ordered the date (forgetting the name of the day,) to be put on the tickets—18th of June, in large letters; that date being exactly three months from the date of the recent meeting. The tickets were printed and sent home, when some one discovered that the 18th of June would fall upon a Sunday!

It never occurred to poor Bella to give out the tickets in copies to different people, and get them to alter the date in ink, but, begging the person who made the discovery not to say anything about it, she burnt the tickets and paid the money for them out of her own pocket; not even knowing, or daring to ask any one whether she ought to do so, or whether the printer had a right to share the loss or not. Then she had another five hundred tickets printed with the proper date; and these had by common consent made way for another five hundred as soon as the concert had been arranged to take place on the 23d of May, instead of a month later.

A few days after the interview between Cousin Bella and Maria, the latter young lady was as usual en deshabille, with her fingers black to the first joint in ink, her hair rolled up to the very top of her head in most admired confusion, (which, were I writing of the present day, instead of a few years ago, would have been rather fashionable!) She looked dreadfully sorry, as she sat surrounded with the implements of her "writing," "ould be" calling, with her left elbow on the table, the fingers of which hand and arm were outspread and driven

seperately into the very roots of her hair, as if she were searching *on* her head for ideas she could not find *in* it!

As Cousin Bella's well-known "can I come in?" was heard at her door, her look of utter despair, as she almost groaned, "Oh yes, come in," would have been a study for Vandyke. To reduce it to a more common face, it said plainly, "I suppose I must be civil and see you, but I wish you had been at the bottom of the sea, before you thought of interrupting me in the sublimest sentiment I ever wrote."



CHAPTER VII.

Dora was not deceitful, and could not help showing that she was not too overjoyed at seeing Bella just at this particular time; so she said, rather ungraciously, "I am glad it's only you, Bella, for it's a great nuisance not to be able to get a moment to oneself, without being pestered with visitors. I can't stand on ceremony with you, so please excuse my dressing-gown. I meant to have a long day to myself and the ladies; and would not even go down to luncheon. Well, what's the matter; anything gone wrong with the Concert?" And at last she handed poor Bella a chair.

"Oh, Dora dear," exclaimed Bella, "I am really exhausted. I have been trotting round to all the singers, to tell them that the practice is to take place here to-night; for my father has a few county people coming to dine with him to-night, so we can't have it at our house,"

"Good gracious, Bella, why on earth didn't you tell me; not an hour since I sent notes to them all, as you told me yesterday, saying that the practice this evening would be held at your house, or in the school-room, I wasn't sure which. What will you do?"

"Goodness knows," said poor Bella, "I can't go to them again; they must take their chance; only I know if they come to our house, my father won't be very gracious to them, he's not a bit pleased at the hard work I'm getting; he wouldn't allow it, if it was not reducing me, as he is, without the aid of Banting! But now, let me tell you what I've done since I saw you. I went to Mrs. Banghard, the

music teacher, but she refuses to do anything unless she has entire management of the Concert, and this is out of the question you know, dear, because she would allow no one in the programme but her own pupils; and you know people want to hear something besides a lot of children singing, 'In my cottage near a wood,' and 'Gaffer Green.' Then I went to our Organist, and he says that it ought to be a Sacred Concert in the Church, I suspect that is because he wishes to play a Voluntary and Fugue on the organ. Well then, I went to the Jones's, and you know they are all musical, but they don't seem inclined to assist unless the Concert is announced and advertised as given by the 'Jones family,' though I think I half persuaded Lizzie to play the accompaniments. Then I saw Mr. Screwjaw; he, I think would be willing to be one of our tenors if I asked him, but then I don't mean to, if I can help it, for you know how every one laughed at him the last time he sang, for he puckered up his mouth and looked just as if he was whistling instead of singing. Well then—"

"Oh!" interrupted the Authoress, "I see; you needn't go on, you'll have to come to me for a reading after all. I shall have to give a few selections (say six or eight) from my 'Felon's Bride.'"

"We'll see, dear," said Bella, dreading the necessity of having to allow the infliction; and for fear Dora should be trapped into giving her consent, she continued hurriedly, "well dear, as I was just saying, I had a letter from the President of the St. Andrew's Society, volunteering the Society's patronage, providing I allowed the President to make an address which would not occupy (he says) more than three-quarters of an hour (?), and requested that seats may be pro-

ded on the platform for the principle members of the Society—thirty in number—and after I had consented and thanked the President, I was waited upon by the President of the Irish Society, and he said that, as the ground upon the Sallymagree School was built, had originally belonged to a Mr. O'Brien, descended from the great O'Brien on the mother's side, that the Irish Society, representing as it did the Irish Protestants of Sallymag, had a greater right to be associated with the present charitable Concert, than the St. Andrew's, or any other Society; and he added that if I did not give up the platform to the members of his Society, that not an Irishman would go to the Concert."

"Well, I declare!" said Dora, who began to be interested; "well, and which did you decide on?" she asked.

"Both," replied Bella, laughingly.

"What!" exclaimed Dora, "two Societies on the platform divides all the singers! why, the platform won't be half large enough."

"Oh!" said Bella, "just wait 'a wee,' as Mrs. McAllister says; don't be in too great a hurry and you'll hear how splendidly I have managed it all. First, I asked the St. Andrew's Society where they wished to sit, and they said on the right; then I asked the Irish Society, and they said it didn't matter at all for that, as every one would know they had the best right there, they would just sit where they could, stand where they couldn't; so I have arranged their seats on the left; and as there are thirty-five of them on the left, and thirty of the others on the right, I am having an extra circular platform added to the others, which will extend some twenty feet further down the room."

"But won't that take away from the auditorium, and cost a great deal," said Dora.

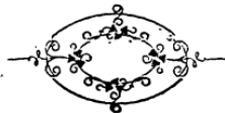
"Can't help that, dear; the Concert can't be ruined for the sake of such trifling considerations as those. Now don't interrupt. Well, as I was telling you, the two societies are to sit at the two sides, (for which I have borrowed some lovely velvet arm chairs;) and the centre is reserved for the performers. The only difficulty I see at present is, that the two Presidents wish to make the opening address; and really I don't know how to manage, for if one speaks for three quarters of an hour, as I have promised to let him, the other is sure to want an hour, and I don't think I can spare quite so much time."

"Make them both talk at once, dear," said Dora.

"That would be a good idea," replied Bella, "but I'm afraid they won't agree to that."

"I'll tell you how to manage it," said Dora; "tell President No. 1 that President No. 2 intends to speak the address in spite of him, and tell President No. 2 the same of President No. 1: they are sure to go into opposition rhapsody at each end of the platform, which would be a rather amusing addition to the programme."

"So it would, I declare I'll do it; 'pon my word, Dora dear, you're a genius," exclaimed Cousin Bella.



CHAPTER VIII.

Just at this moment there was a gentle tap at the door, and a girl's bright face with large and brilliant Irish eyes was looked in at the door, as if it were against the law to admit the body it belonged to.

"If ye plaze ma'am, there's been a man at the door."

"Well come in, Bridget," said Dora; "don't stand outside shouting like that; what is it?"

"Is there anny one here?" enquired Bridget, still calling at the door, and not seeing Bella, who was seated out of sight as the door opened.

"Of course," replied Dora, "Miss Pinkem is here."

"Och sure, thin, I'll come in," said the re-assured Abigail, as she entered.

"And why would you not come in if I were not here, Biddy?" said Cousin Bella.

"Whoy, is it?" returned Bridget "whoy, becasse its frighted I am o' Miss Dora, whin she gets them play actin' fits; there annythin' could cure them, Miss?"

Both ladies burst out laughing.

"Och! Bedad, ye's kin laugh," said Bridget, "but if ye'd seen her the other night, rushin' an tearin' through the house with a bed-ground on over her dthress, and a big bunch o' straw round her head, and a basket o' green pays, I was jist after pickin', ye wudn't a laughed, I can tell ye, Miss Biddy, and afther the fright she gave me, she says, says she I can't be frightened, Biddy, sure its only actin' O'Phelim I

"Nonsense, Biddy," said Dora, still laughing; "I told you *Ophelia*, not O'Phelim, but come, come, don't let us waste any more time; who was it at the door, you mentioned?"

"Oh sure I forgot," said Bridget, "there was a man came to the door an hour ago, only ye see I was bastin' the fowl for the cook, out o' compliment to her, in regards to her lettin' me have her Sunday out, as well as my own, she was thinking of Rooney, an' says she to me, says she—"

"Never mind what she said," replied Dora, impatiently "what did the man say?"

"Sure ain't I comin' to it, Miss; he said, says he, that he came from one o' them singers for the concert, to know when the divil—savin' y'r prisince, ma'am, dear—the practice was to-night; and as I knowed you were not wantin' to be bothered wid the loikes o' him, I towld him it was to be in the Church, an' the best place for it any how;" and off went Biddy before either of the ladies had time to expostulate with her.

"Well dear, it can't be helped," said Cousin Bella, who was one of those blessings to Society, who are always disposed to make the best of every thing, "we must only be patient and let them all know before to-night; I dare say they will tell each other."

"Oh, yes," added Dora, "I really don't see the necessity of fagging yourself to death, to go round to them all, and when the worst comes the worst, you can fall back on my 'Fellow Bride,' you know." (Here Bella began to fidget as if to leave.) "By the by, Bella," continued Dora, "I forgot to tell you about my little sister Jemima; she's a sweet singer; she's just learning to sing, and has had a whole quarter's tuition."

mamma thinks her singing perfection, though I should scarcely think she can be such a wonder after a quarter's instruction: though to tell you the truth, I know very little about it, for my talents, as you know, dear, soar higher; they lie in my fingers. I'll speak to mamma about Jemima, and you can hear her sing at the practice this evening; she sings a very pretty song about a little bird, or a bird's nest, or perch—quite simple, but pretty in its way. Oh, dear, I forgot about Cousin Alfred," she said, as she jumped up; "I'll dress and go and fetch him at once. He's a wonderful performer on two instruments at once! He plays the concertina with one hand, by means of a strap attached to his foot, and the harmonium with the other; how stupid of me not to have thought of it before, really my mind is so engrossed. Come along, Bella; go up to my room, and tell me which is my prettiest bonnet. I had better go at once. I don't think he'll refuse if I tell him it is to oblige me."

She said this with such a meaning tone, that Cousin Bella went at once that Miss Eudora Smythe's cousin Alfred and herself were on terms commonly called "spoons," but better described as "spooney."

By the aid of Cousin Bella's excellent taste, selecting her most becoming attire, the two ladies started out again; one to secure Cousin Alfred, the other to rectify the several mistakes as to where the practice was to be; poor Bella could not, however, manage to go to more than two or three persons; and those persons on whom she called did not intend, as she said, to attend that night, as there was a Temperance meeting they were going to; the other unfortunates went wandering about from one place to the other, and as it was nine o'clock before they all met together at Mrs. Smith's, that

lady thought it too late to begin a practice ; and so it was off to another night.

Chas Taylor
1874

CHAPTER IX.

it was
it was now exactly three weeks to the date of the Concert. Grand practice was to come off on the evening of the preceding day. They had had many practices, but as yet, all the performers had never met together; and those who seemed to be in turn to be absent, invariably stated to Cousin Bella that she would remonstrate with them, that she "needn't worry," they would be "all right if the rest were;" and so things went on, till poor Bella began to despair of ever getting twenty-five performers all together. Never more than a dozen had as yet attended the practice, and Bella began to think of having changed the original date of the Concert to a later one. It so happened that the practice on the present occasion was arranged to take place at Mr. Smith's at half past seven o'clock, *punctually*; and as the piano was placed in the dining room, and the family dined at six, Eudora expected a little *tete-a-tete* with Cousin Alfred, (of course before the Concert,) was getting very fidgetty long before dinner was over. As soon as she could, she begged to be excused from the table, for, as she said, she had so much to get ready for the practice at half past seven, and it was a "quarter of seven now," she added, as a gentle hint that they had better follow her example. She had never till now realized what a waste of time an English dinner is, even without guests. A dozen times she came into the dining room, and with a series of shrugs and sidelong glances seemed to say, in general, "what! not finished yet?" At last, to her great delight, the cloth was removed, and the family disbanded; when she entered the last time, she look-

ed at her watch; exactly a quarter past seven. She opened the piano, placed Bella's music all ready, and just as she began to turn over the leaves, a rat-tat-tat-tat was heard at the street door.

"Ah, there he is," thought she, "that's Alfred; I know his knock; and he's always so punctual." Just as she turned as she thought, to meet him, the servant announced Mr. HENRY LUTE. I wonder if it ever occurs to a young lady that if she says audibly to a man, when he enters her royal presence, "*Oh Bother!*" that, that man is not likely to take it as a compliment, however vain he may be. Mr. Lute, who distinctly heard the remark, did not take it as such, and was about to retire in softest confusion, when another knock was heard, and a person was ushered in, to whom Miss Dora did not say "*Oh, bother,*" nevertheless it was not Cousin Alfred, but Cousin Bella.

Dora escorted her to her room to take off her bonnet, for as Bella was to assist in the choruses, she could sing so much better without it. Whether however Dora had other reasons for marching Bella upstairs and preparing her there for some time, or not, is doubtful; at all events, they did not come down for some time; they sat at the window chatting, and watching each person who came up the garden to the house, and did not think it at all necessary to go down and entertain the immense number of visitors, who had come by Mrs. Smith's invitation, to hear the practice.

Before long, Mrs. Smith's dining room was crowded, but not by the singers.

"Really, ladies," said Mrs. Smith in confusion, "I am afraid that when the singers all arrive, I shall have to take some of you into the drawing room, but I dare say you will be able to

hear the music, quite as well there as here. Now, Jemima dear, are you *quite* sure you are perfect in your song? because you know, you will have to sing it before all these ladies to-night, and you must try and not be nervous. Come dear, your grandmamma has never heard you sing yet, and you know there's an excellent judge, for she has often, when she was young, heard the great Pasta, so of course she can tell what good singing is. Now go, like a good girl, at once; there's the piano open. Grandmamma, sit here by me, near the piano; for, as you are deaf, you can hear better."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Smith's maternal relative, "I do hear better. I think it was the jolting of the carriage made me feel so dizzy."

"Now, Jemima dear, begin," resumed Mrs. Smith; "you must not expect too much, Mrs. Muddlewig. Now, dear, remember that you will have to sing before a lot of people—perhaps five or six hundred! so just try and fancy you are before the public; do your best, and we'll sit all round and stare at you just as the audience will; and then, you know, we'll be used to it. Now, ladies, draw your chairs round."

Poor Jemima, who was only fourteen years of age, had been so terrified about the Concert ever since she had been asked to sing. She however saw that there was no help for it, so she went like a martyr to the piano, and commenced a very decent little symphony to a still more innocent song; something about a bird on a "bough—ow-ow." Just as she began (very properly) to count her usual one, two, three, to the symphony, "grandmamma" appealed to her daughter:

"What does she say, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing as yet," returned the lady.

As the symphony concluded, grandmamma suddenly sprang

nearly from off her chair, calling out, "bless us and save us! what is the matter; has she hurt herself?"

The poor old lady might well make such an exclamation: the matter was, that the song chosen by Jemima commenced on a very high note; and, in her fright, Jemima had entirely lost sight of the key she was playing in; and, as if the high note were not sufficiently effective in the key set down for her, she had nervously pitched it at least two notes higher still. Finding that something was wrong—she did not exactly know what—she cleared her throat, and began again, this time higher still; seeing which, she went on bravely to the last note of the first verse; and in the second, third and fourth verses, came a trifle nearer to the proper key, till at last she was safely landed on the tonic! At the conclusion of her musical flight in unknown regions, everybody declared of course that it was "charming," "lovely," "very pretty;" and, as usual, though everybody had been talking loudly throughout the song, every one asked "who is it by?"—had any one answered "Snooks," the information would have been quite satisfactory; although Mr. Lute, who really was about the best judge present, said to a lady, confidentially "Really, my dear madam, I believe that such trash as that never was composed; like poor Topsy, I suspect it grewed." And he was about right.

He knew that as an acknowledged musical critic he was expected to compliment the young lady; so he gently patted her on the head, and said, in a very patronizing way, "very good, little girl, very good indeed; with a little cultivation and solfeggio training, we shall do very well some day."

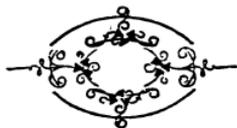
"Some day?" indignantly ejaculated Mrs. Smith; "what my daughter has been learning for a whole quarter, Mr. Lute

under Madame Sharp, and I can assure you she is considered quite a proficient by most judges."

"Ah, my dear madam, you would have considered her quite a novice in the good old days of Braham, Phillips, and Macledon; then, a pupil was kept at solfeggio for at least a year before a song was allowed to be even thought of; nothing like the old school, ma'am, depend upon it."

"Well, for my part," returned Mrs. Smith, "I cannot see what good a girl is going to derive from singing 'Fa, La,' all day. Jemima, dear, sing Mr. Lute 'Rise, gentle moon;' he may like that better; and try and not lisp so much, dear, for you know people are sure to laugh at you if you do."

"Very well then, ma," said the poor child, whose eyes were already brim full. "If I thing tho badly ath Mr. Lute sayth I do, I better not thing at the Conthert;" so, lisping poor Jemima left the piano, and as soon as possible retired to her own room to have her cry out.



CHAPTER X.

It was now a quarter to eight, and no one arrived yet but Mr. Lute. Just as he was going to favour the ladies with the "Bay of Biscay," in came Cousin Bella, followed by Dora, who has helping her to carry an immense parcel which had been brought to the dining-room door by two servants.

"Good gracious, Bella!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "what on earth have you got there."

"Programmes," answered Bella, with a self-satisfied air.

"Programmes!" ejaculated Mr. Lute, smiling; "why, they look more like posters, giving notice of a Sheriff's sale! how many are there?"

"Only five thousand," answered Bella, "but the printer is to print another thousand for the Hall the day of the Concert, so I dare say these will be enough for the present."

"Oh! are you quite sure there are enough?" sarcastically asked Mr. Lute. Bella was going to reply that she would try and make these do, when she just caught sight of Mr. Lute's face; there was no mistaking its expression: she saw at once he was quizzing her, and asked him what he meant.

"Oh, nothing," he replied; "only that as I don't think we have more than a thousand inhabitants in Sallymag, six times as many programmes seems rather an unnecessary expense; to be sure, each person can have six, and it's as well to do the thing handsomely while you are about it."

"Mr. Lute, I think you are a great bear to make such ill-natured remarks," replied Bella, who could not stand chaff at all. "How are people to know there is to be a Concert at all, if we don't advertise properly; I suppose you'd say next

did wrong to advertise in the principal papers in Shrewsbury!"

"Most decidedly," he replied, "seeing that we are at least twenty or thirty miles from Shrewsbury, and really the Shrewsbury people hardly know there is such a place in the whole Shropshire county as Sallymag! and if they did, do you suppose they would drive twenty miles to and from a concert? For the trains do not condescend to come within fifteen miles of us."

"Certainly they would," exclaimed Bella, "for my aunt, Mrs. Balfour, is coming; she wrote and told me so three weeks ago: just a week before I sent the advertisements to the papers in Shrewsbury."

"Good again," coolly remarked Mr. Lute, "where was the necessity of paying ten or twelve shillings to inform your aunt through the newspapers of what she already knew, when she could only pay three shillings for her ticket; and, besides, through your aunt, it's possible she may go in free."

"Pon my word, Mr. Lute," said Bella, getting angry, "I think you are very rude; pray are you managing this Concert, or am I?"

"It seems to me, Miss Pinkem, that neither of us is managing it; and that one of us is miss-managing it!"

"Indeed! well, all that I can say is, that neither you nor your astounding wit, is wanted any more than your 'Bay of Biscay' to ensure the success of the concert, Mr. Lute," said Bella, now really angry.

"Goodness me!" here exclaimed Mrs. Muddlewig, who came to the rescue, "do look at the time! why it's actually past eight, and none of the singers arrived yet; really I wonder they are not more punctual, but there, ladies, it's

always the way with musical people ; they never seem to realize that ' the mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom, but the froward tongue shall—' let me see ; ah yes, ' shall grow apace.' ”

“ Dear me ! ” said Dora, who felt very disappointed, for reasons which the continued absence of Cousin Alfred will explain ; its very annoying to wait this way ; it was just the same the last practice ; so Mr. Lute advised Bella to put up a notice in the hall, saying that all those who were in future absent or late at the practices, should be taken out of the programme ; you'd suppose they would all be here in time after that.”

Here a loud knock was heard at the street door—Ah, there he—there they are,” said Dora, correcting herself ; “ now we shall be all right.”

And she went down to the door to see who it was had arrived. Biddy met her at the dining room door, and poked a note in her hand. “ What's this, I wonder,” said Dora, Oh, some excuse, I suppose, as usual, for not attending the practice.”

“ More likely to be somebody, or everybody, backing out, as usual at the last moment,” consolingly suggested Mr. Lute.

“ Oh, yes, that's very likely, isn't it Mr. Wisehead, now that the music is nearly all ready,” doubtfully remarked Bella, who seemed to take a delight in snubbing the unfortunate Mr. Lute.

“ Well,” returned that gentleman, “ it wouldn't surprise me ; but you had better see what the note contains. I think it's from Jones ; I heard him say he was going fishing and couldn't be bothered with the practice.”

“ Good gracious,” said Bella, who had received the note

from Dora, and opened it; "it seems full of names; perhaps it's a vote of thanks to me for all my exertions."

"I shouldn't wonder," dryly added Mr. Lute. He would have added something else, but a groan from Bella was the signal for a very general inquiry, as to what was the matter.

The matter will be explained by the following note, which poor Bella held open and read in a trembling voice.

"May 7th,

"Sallymag.

"We, the undersigned ladies and gentlemen, originally intending to take part in the proposed Concert, feel ourselves so slighted—to say the least of it—by the very offensive notice which was put up in the passage, on the occasion of the last practice, that we, one and all, beg most respectfully to withdraw our services for the occasion; and, in doing so, trust that the step we feel obliged to take will not put Miss Linkem or the ladies of the S. I. and B. Society, to any inconvenience. Signed, R. Jones, F. Jones, M. Jones, G. Jones, Fanny Brieve, Rebecca Gamut," &c., &c., &c.

Of course, Bella was in despair, and everybody ready to declare at once, that "of course there would be no concert now?" "Oh, what shall I do?" said Bella; "I'll never get another concert as long as I live! it's all your fault, Mr. Lute; you advised me to put up the notice. Perhaps as you got me into this scrape, you'll get me out of it."

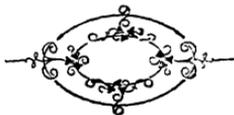
"Well, I'll try," said Mr. Lute; "I've an idea;" and he went out.

"I shouldn't have thought it," said Bella; now he's gone to make matters worse! What on earth is to be done? I shall go mad, I believe!"

“ Oh, nothing can be done to-night, dear,” said Dora, I'd advise you to take a good night's rest ; get up early, and go and see if you can't find an opposition choir somewhere ; there's nothing like opposition, dear, depend upon it.”

“ Oh, indeed, my dear, you are right,” said Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig, “ for you know it is said ‘ Behold ! the people shall rise up as a great lion, ’ and as to going mad, my dear Bella, that's all nonsense ; you shouldn't give way to such ideas. I often used to hear the late Dr. Muddlewig talk about it ; and he used to say he believed madness was just as catching as a fever ; indeed I believe it, for once, long before I was married to him, after he had been sitting up with a man that had ‘ D. T's. ’ as he used to call it, he was subject to the same kind of mad fits himself ; and do you know, ladies, it's always been my opinion that the poor dear was mad when he married me ! ”

“ Dont doubt it, in the least,” said Bella to Dora ; and this rather amusing climax to the evening's disappointment put them all into such good humor, that before poor Bella retired that night she managed to entertain a hope that all would perhaps, turn out successful ; and she determined to hope on and see what to-morrow would bring forth.



CHAPTER XI.

The next day, of course, there was a general consultation held between the ladies who were present the evening before, when the ladies and gentlemen who were to sing had declined. While they were discussing the probable failure of the Concert, came Cousin Alfred, much to Eudora's delight.

"Well, Bella," said he, "here's a pretty kettle of fish! where's Lute?"

"Gone to prevail on the Jones's to sing. He says that if they let them think that the Concert can't be given without them, they are sure to sing."

"Ah, I am sorry for that," replied Alfred, "because I find there is another reason besides the notice you stuck up, for backing out. I've just seen the Philipses, and they told me in confidence that they would not sing because the Joneses were in the programme; and after all I think the three Philipses would have been enough, with the other nine solo singers, without the five Joneses, for twelve of us would be enough to sing the quartette of 'The Fox jumped over Carson's gate.' I'll risk it; I'll go and tell them the Joneses are not to sing, and show them the letter with their signatures, so I hope old Lute won't go and get them to sing. Don't fret Bella, dear, it's all right; I'll soon be back."

When Dora heard the "Bella dear," she seemed to have a thought in her own mind, as to whether it was "all right," it was all to her all wrong, and she had just commenced to immerse herself one of her own Heroines—a victim of misplaced affection—when Mr. Lute came running in.

"There, ladies, I've managed it; thought I should. I've talked the Joneses over nicely, and the whole five are going to sing, that is, if the Philippses do not sing, for, *entre nous* they were not offended at the notice, but did not wish to sing when they heard the Philippses were in the programme."

"Worse and worse, Mr. Lute," said Dora; "for the Philippses backed out for the same reason; you know they are out of position Choirs. Bella, you had better settle on a reading."

"Oh, don't mention it; I really am bewildered; I am worn to a shadow; I believe there will be nothing of me left soon, if this goes on much longer; and just fancy, all those pieces that were settled on, for the programme! why, I set for over fifteen shillings' worth of music from Shrewsbury at the suggestion of the different singers, and I don't believe one of them will be sung now, although I am sure more than fifty have been settled on and then abandoned as too long, too short, too lively, too serious, or to something; and here we are with all the programmes printed according to the selections originally decided on, and only two of the whole likely to be sung! the 'Bay of Biscay,' and Jemima 'Bobem Linkum;' there's a fine programme to entertain an audience with for two hours."

"Oh, but you may count my song as two," said Mr. Lute. "for you know I am sure to be encored, and then I shall respond with the 'Death of Nelson.'"

At this moment Alfred came running back. "I told you it would be all right, Bella; I have seen Ned Philipps, and he says they will sing since the Joneses don't."

"Ah, but they do," said Mr. Lute.

"Then the Phillippses won't."

"Stop! for gracious sake," cried poor Bella; now the

I want us understand this clearly. Let me see now,"—and she began to count her fingers—"first, the Joneses won't if the Phillipses will, and the Phillipses and the Joneses will if the Joneses won't; and the Phillipses—no, the Joneses—I mean the Phillipses; oh dear me, Dora, I don't know what I mean! Will anybody tell me what I mean!"

"I'll tell you, dear," here ventured Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig; "you mean that the Joneses forget that 'their face is made thicker than coal dust, and that they are not known on the streets, that their skin hath stuck to their bones, because it is peeled up, and as hard as wood.'"

"I didn't mean anything of the kind, Mrs. Muddlewig; no one would think you imagined they were going to do the rusty Minstrel business when you talk of blackening faces! Before Mrs. Muddlewig had time to reply, the servant entered with two notes. Bella opened them one after another; one was almost a fac-simile of the other, and ran thus:

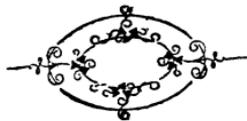
The matter of the notice having been satisfactorily explained to Messrs. and Miss Jones, they beg to assure Miss Muddlewig of their willingness to assist at the Concert, and will attend the practice this evening."

The letter from the three Phillipses was to the same effect. "That's all right then," said Bella; "at any rate we are not afraid of one or the other, so we will call a practice here for to-morrow night. What on earth should we have done if both parties had refused?"

"Done, my dear," said Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig; "why, we should have had to make an apology to the audience, (Mr. Jones could have made it) and reminded them that 'they had shut the door in the street, when the organ-grinder's

voice shall be low, and they should rise up at the voice of the blackbird, and all the daughters of music should grow deaf thereat.'"

"I have no doubt they will be deafened with some of the music as it is," said Cousin Bella, smiling; and having concluded the consultation by calling the practice at seven o'clock punctually, she and Dora started off to tell the singers.



CHAPTER X.

At about half-past seven, the following performers had arrived at Mrs. Smith's: four Philipases, and their sister Amanda, of St. Anne's Choir; Alfred Barker, Mr. Henry Lute, and Professor Banghard, pianist. Cousin Bella and Jemima Smith were the only ladies so far, besides Amanda Phillipas. The Joneses of St. James' Choir had not yet arrived, and therefore St. Anne's Choir perched itself up on the wall of its own superiority, and crowed in triumph for itself, and in triumph for the St. James' Choir!

This being one of the last rehearsals, most of the ladies of the L. S. B. I. Society were present, and much time having been wasted in talking, Mrs. William Watts suggested that as Cousin Bella was "*Arbitur elegantiarum*," she ought to get them all begin business at once.

"Yes indeed, I think it is high time," said Bella. Now, we see, what is first on the programme."

Professor Banghard, (rather moodily; cause, no piano solo on the programme.) "For my part, I never saw a worse programme. Who ever heard of commencing a concert which is always supposed to be entirely vocal, with an address the length of my arm!"

Bella. "Well, I can't help that; it is quite unavoidable."

Mr. Lute. "And I see you have placed my song almost the last thing in the programme. I didn't want to begin the concert, but I don't care about having to wait all night for my solo, after shouting in all the Choruses."

Bella. "Well you see I wanted to bring your song in about

the time when I thought everything would be getting dull and that your song would enliven the people up again."

Mr. Lute, (quite satisfied.) "Oh—ah—yes, that did not occur to me."

Miss Amanda Philips, (looking over Bella's shoulder.) "What's that? why you surely have not put my song first after the address!"

Bella. "Yes I did, dear; for you know your voice will be so much fresher for your solo, 'The light of other days faded' early in the evening."

Miss Amanda Philips. "I don't care for that, but I'm certainly not going to sing before any other lady."

Bella. "Well, but dear, there is no other lady besides you, for of course you don't count *Jemima*."

Jemima. "And I'm thure I thant thing the thecond thour after the addreth; thall I, ma?"

Mrs. Smith. "Well, I don't think it could be expected of you, my dear, taking all things into consideration; but perhaps *Miss Pinkem* will have enough on the programme without your song; and I am sure I am not at all anxious that *Jemima* should sing, *Bella*." And yet *Mrs. Smith* would have broken her heart had *Jemima* been taken out of the programme; it is only a little way some women have of saying exactly the reverse of what they think!

Messrs. Philips, (all at once.) "Well, by Jove!"

Bella. "What's the matter now?"

Messrs. Phillips, (as before.) "Oh, nothing particular only—"

Bella. "Only what?"

Mr. G. Phillips. "Oh, it's not of the slightest consequence," (with sarcasm) "it's only us!"

Mr. J. Philips. "Really, it's too contemptible to notice."

Mr. W. Philips. "And I dare say the audience will find it out." (With a self-satisfied air.)

Bella. "Will you gentlemen be so good as to explain what you mean?"

Miss A. Philips. "I should advise them to do nothing of the kind, Miss Pinkem; they cannot be of sufficient importance to make a fuss about, since their names are in small type, while Mr. Lute's name is in letters the size of his hat!" (With indignation, depicted a la Ristori.)

Bella. "Good gracious! what a stupid man that printer is! I declare he is always making mistakes. I knew nothing of the difference in the type; it is quite a mistake, I assure you, gentlemen."

Messrs. P. "I've no doubt;"—for which read,—“I don't believe it,”—another phenomenon of affinity between thought and expression peculiar also to lords of the creation.

Mrs. McAllister. "Eh, laddie, I'm thinkin' yer unco creetive! Hae ye ony mair brithers that wudna' be wastin' time in this fashion, an' wha wud be for singin' instead o' bickering about just naethin' at a' but a wee bit letter; may be if they wud just come here an' sing us 'Jock o' Hazel,' or 'My boy Tammie,' or some ither bonnie merry sang."

Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig. "Yes, or 'Down among the dead'—that's a lively song."

Mr. Lute, (with pity.) "But, ladies, as neither of those charming selections is in the programme, we cannot sing them to you."

Mrs. McAllister. "Mair's the peety, for they're right bonnie songs, and worth just fifty of yer Italian screechin'. Eh ma' bairn, I do be thinkin' whin I gang o'er to Shrewsbury

and hear some o' yon great singers, that they'd ding the de'il himsel' daft, if his majesty just went near eno' till them! Aweel! if ye're no for singin' the night, I'll just gang hame and—"

Bella. "Oh, don't go yet, Mrs. McAllister; we are just going to commence."

Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig. That's right, dear. 'Leave off your ugly faces and begin,' as Milton says to King John.

Mrs. Smith. Well then, Jemima, if you are to sing, begin: let's hear if you are less nervous than you were before. Now come, go to the piano, and now mind how you play your accompaniment, and Mr. Banghard will stand by the piano and see if you play the right notes. Come now, begin at once."

Jemima sings, Mr. Banghard's eyes going through her poor little fat hands like gimblets, causing the fingers to play a succession of wrong notes.

SONG, "LITTLE BOBEM LINKUM."

"Don't you thee me coming, coming, coming, right along;
Here'th the little grathy medow where I thing my thong.
I've been winking, thinking, blinking, ever thince the morn,
Waiting for the men to go and leave that field of corn,
Yeth! yeth!! yeth!!! don't you thee me, &c.,
I'm little Bobum Linkum, that I thpothe you know;
Bletthy-needle ith my wife, she'th in the grath below;
Yeth! yeth!! yeth!!!" &c.

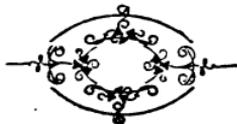
At its conclusion, the singers exchange glances, which mean "what trash." Mamma and visitors all applaud vociferously and vote it "charming," "beautiful!"

Mrs. Watts. "My dear, you have not the right tempo for that song."

Mr. Lute. "You play the accompaniment too loud."

Miss A. Philips. "On the contrary, I don't think she plays loud enough."

Mr. Banghard. "Not enough force."



CHAPTER XII.

Bella. "Now, Amanda dear, for your 'Light of other days.'"

Miss A. P., (clearing her throat.) "He—hem! Oh, dear what a cold I have. George, did you get me those six boxes of Troches? oh, that's right; no never mind, they will do by and bye; I have two boxes in my pocket. Now, Mr. Banghard, I hope you won't play this too fast."

Mr. Banghard. "I shall play it in the time it is written I dare say. Go on." (patronizingly.)

Miss A. P. "But I'm waiting for the symphony."

Mr. Banghard. "Oh, never you mind that; I'll attend to that; that has nothing to do with you. I'll play something of my own instead; go on."

Miss A. P. "But, how am I to go on, when I don't know what you are going to play?"

Mr. Banghard. "Oh, nonsense! dear me, how fussy you are. I'll carry you through, don't be afraid. Well, all right here's a symphony for you, if you can't get along without one."

Mr. Banghard commences a grand vivace prelude, which continued about twice the length of the whole song, and finally ends with the orthodox bing-bang, or "papa," in the treble and "mamima" in the bass!

Miss A. P. But that's not in the proper key, Mr. Banghard."

Mr. B. "Isn't it? oh well, never mind; go on. One, two, three, four; come now, go on."

Mr. G. P. "Come, I say old fellow, how is she going to pitch the right key, if you are going to perambulate all over the piano in that way?"

Mr. Banghard. "Just keep your perambulating remarks to yourself, young man, if you please; I don't want you or any other duffer to teach me my business. Do you suppose I am going to sit here all night without ever a pianoforte solo in the programme, and do nothing but play your blessed old accompaniments as they are written? Not if I know it. Come, go on please, Miss."

Miss A. P. But I tell you I can't, and what's more, I can't, there now, till you play the proper symphony." And she dashes a book on the piano.

Mrs. Smith, (aside to *Mrs. Watts.*) "There was none of this fuss with my *Jemima*; some girls put on such ridiculous airs and graces."

Bella. Well, if it can't be properly done, take it out of the programme."

Mr. J. P. "Oh, rather than that, I will play the accompaniment for my sister."

Mr. Banghard. In that case, I had better retire, Miss. I am sorry to see them; I could see all along that I was not wanted here," (with a sneering look at Messrs. P.) "but genius will triumph yet, and my words. Good evening, ladies. I beg to withdraw my services, which after all could not have been very valuable, as I could not command two or three pianoforte solos in the programme, but was expected to sink ignominiously into the accompaniments." Exit *Mr. Banghard.*

Bella. "There now, what are we to do?"

Lute. Do? why, do without him. I will play some of the songs, and those I can't manage must be changed."

Bella. But that changes the programme altogether."

Lute. "Oh never mind that. Come; what's to be

done now; ah, No. 3—Glee: 'The Chough and Crow;' now where's everybody?"

Jemima. "I thing all the tholos in that."

Enter the Joneses, with an apology for being late. Surprise on the part of the Joneses, and disdain on the part of the Phillipses, impossible to describe.

Messrs. Jones. "So you *do* sing after all!"

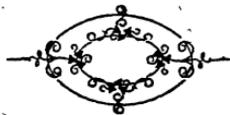
Messrs. Philips. "We do." (Proudly.)

Messrs. Jones. "Then we don't." Exeunt Joneses.

Messrs. Philips. "Not wishing to deprive you of such exquisite talent, Miss Pinkem, we think it best to retire from the field." Exeunt Philipses.

Alfred. Well, upon my word! I have not said much, but have been an impartial judge, and I must say—hullo, what the matter now?"

Enter Jemima's brother Ned.



CHAPTER XIV.

When Ned (a boy of sixteen) entered, all eyes were turned to him, for when he first came in he seemed in convulsions, and staggering, fell into the nearest chair he could find. Mrs. Smith was at first terribly alarmed, until it became evident that her son was in no immediate danger, for he was only convulsed with laughter. At last having settled his features sufficiently, he took a look at them all round the room, and broke out again into a perfect roar of ha! ha! ha's!

Mrs. Smith. "Ned, I do wish you would leave off your laughing, and explain yourself. I never saw such a boy! you are always laughing at something."

Master Ned was (like a great many other young gentlemen of his age) amazingly fond of a joke, when the joke was not at his own expense.

Ned. "Ha! ha! ha! Well, the more I think of it the funnier it seems. What a jolly lark! Ha! ha! ha! Haven't you heard the news?"

Mrs. Smith. "What news?"

Ned. "By George, it's the best joke I ever heard! Ha!"

Bella. "Ned, for gracious sake tell me what you mean."

Ned. "Why, the walls all over town are covered with posters and bills the size of a house, about—I say, Bella, when our blessed old Concert shine coming off?"

Bella. "Next Thursday."

Ned. "Don't you wish you may? My eyes, what a lark! These posters and bills are all about a Concert!"

Bella. "Yes, I know: our Concert."

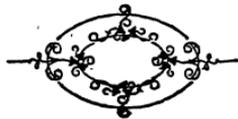
Ned. "Deuce a bit! Ha! ha! ha! The bills are informing the Sallymagonians that next Wednesday night—that's the night before your shine—the great big celebrated Mad-dermerzell something, who is turning the heads of all the London people, is going to give a grand concert, assisted by no end of singers! It says she's a Prime-doer, and besides her, there's to be a Signor Trillerini, who's a Tender Rumbustico, and a Signor Podgerini, who's a Bass 'Buffer.'"

Mr. Lute. "What rubbish are you talking? you mean Prima Donna, Tenori Robusto, and Basso Buffo."

Ned. "Well, didn't I say he was a Bass Buffer? anyhow it's all true, and they're going to give 'Jims' from an 'uproar.' My eyes! won't I go and hear it? why, do you know, the tickets are to be five shillings each, and they are now selling like Everton toffy; isn't that jolly, Dora? And I say, girls, it's to be all full dress! there's a chance for you to dress up, eh?"

Jemima here clapped her hands and cried out, "Oh! won't that be thplendid! I'll wear my new thummer cloak and my new black thatin thoes!"

Here poor Bella sat down on the sofa, the picture of despair, exclaiming, "well, what's to be done now, I wonder?"



CHAPTER XV.

Here Mrs. McAllister ventured to give her opinion. "Dinna ye fash yersel', Cisin Bella; yon's just naethin' but the result of a want of mature deleeboration. I hae been conseederin' the circumstances, an' if I wudna be conseedered o'er forward in ge'in my openion, I wud hazard the impression made on my ain mind by yon whippersnapper. (No offence to ye, Meestress Smith, for he's yer ain bairny;) I dinna see that the misfortunes o' ithers is a matter for any sich unseemly mirth ava.

"By yer leave, leddies, we'll just weigh the probabeelity of the Concert bein' a failure as regards the sangs, against the prospects in a monetary or mercantile point of view. It seems to mysel' that a proposal o' an advantageous character to both parties, (espeecially favoring our ain cause) might be made to this great singer. Could ye no offer her—cautiously ken, as if we had her ain interest at heart—a sma' share of the proceeds, if she would sing for the Sallymag Concert as well as her ain, providin' the Sallymag Concert were given at all. There's nae doot she's a charitable body—singers are like that—an' maybe if ye tell her that it will be made public that she gives her gratuitous services for the Sallymag Concert, she will be mair likely to consent. I dinna ken yon 'prime singer,' as they ca' her, but I ken human nature, and she'll nae lang sin' come to the knowledge that maist charitable folk like their charities made public;—mair's the sin!"

"That's a capital idea of yours, Mrs. Mac.," here chimed Cousin Alfred.

"I'll thank ye to remimber, young mon, that takin' into

conseideration the respect due till the gentleman wha gaed me his name, that I wud prefer bein' designated by my ain an' his ain name o' McAllister," replied the lady with dignity.

Cousin Alfred. "Oh, I beg your pardon. Really meant no offence. I was just going to express my admiration of your good sense. I think that proposal to the young lady in question an admirable idea."

Eudora Dolores. "How do you know she is young, pray?"

Cousin Alfred. "Oh, I take it for granted. Singers, you know, are proverbially young for ever; they never do grow old; always young and lovely—at least so managers and the papers say—but I will call on the Prima Donna as soon as she arrives, and make a proposal."

Eudora Dolores. "I do not see the slightest necessity for your taking the trouble to do so. You are are not Major Domo in the getting up of our Concert. I think Ned had better see her."

Ned. "Oh, but Dora, I'm a minor. Ha! ha! Why, you don't laugh; don't you see my wit—major and minor! Come, I do know that much about music, for I hear Jemima at times often enough, but for all that I shan't go and see the Prima singer. Mother, you had better go, for I know I should burst out laughing in her face if I thought of Tenor Rumbunctico and the Base Buffer."

Cousin Bella. "I should say that as it is Mrs. McAllister's own suggestion, she would be the best person to see the lady."

Mrs. McAllister, in amazement. "Maircy on us! An' what is my ain sel' ye wud place in sic an awfu' poseetion? Eh, ma conscience! but I niver convaresed wi' an operatic singer in a' my days! An' mair, I niver had much coorage to face any great danger since I was skeerit by the spotted leopard."

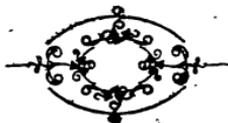
who made his escape at the Zoological Gardens ain day whin I was standin' by; an' hoo then wud I hae the nerve to face sic an' a danger the nco?"

Cousin Bella. "Well, I am not afraid of anything. I'd face a pack of wolves, I think, rather than see the Concert I have undertaken turn out a failure. If I go, will you go with me, Mrs. McAllister?"

Mrs. McAllister. "Aye, will I; an' may be the leddy wud like a pot o' Scotch marmalade, so we will just tak Janet wi' us to carry it." (*Aside*) "Maircy on me! What'll become o' me."

Cousin Bella. "Very well then, we will call on her to-morrow, and see what can be done."

With this resolve they all separated, except Cousin Alfred and Dora. These two had long since made up their minds to have matters clearly understood "before Aurora should again spread her golden wings o'er the glowing light of another day," as Eudora said to him. It is not at all necessary to detail all the lovers said. Everybody knows (or, if everybody does not, everybody ought) what lovers' quarrels are. They are all much alike; the same outline to different pictures; but there is always the fancied wrong in the foreground, with the usual "faithless she" or "fickle he" in the background, the whole relieved by the ever watchful "green-eyed monster" in the horizon, with little master Cupid perched on a tree grinning as he takes aim at his votaries, and contemplating the blissful recon (silly) ation!



CHAPTER XVI.*

"Mademoiselle Viola de Valois," was talked about by everybody. Did any one know her? Had any one heard her sing? Was she young? Who was she! Where did she come from? and many more such inquiries were being made about the pale-faced lovely little brunette, who sat perusing and re-perusing a crumpled soiled letter, whose characters seemed almost obliterated by time, and no wonder, since the letter was twenty years old!—exactly her own age. To watch her, as she kisses the old letter and bursts into tears and involuntarily exclaims "mother! dear mother!" brings "Mademoiselle" to us as little Adelle; and although only five years have elapsed since she tried to accomplish that which is to be the great object of her life, she looks at least ten years older. It seems hard at her age to have one thought, one sole object in life, which, till obtained, should she live the longest life must give place to all else—all that might make life dear. How tired she was of all this masquerading. What if people should recognize her as the pretty little girl who stood by the furnace for two months, lacquering brass ornaments in the large factory of Messrs. R——, at fifteen shillings a week while her private purse would have produced as many weekly pounds! Supposing she should be recognized as the waitress at the Hotel,—Isle of Wight—and, in contemplating the danger of recognition, she began to fear for her present step. To be sure nature had given her a fine voice, which had been cultivated to a certain extent, but when she had

* In consequence of the Comic Chapters having been taken out of the story of "REDEEMED," it is necessary to give this chapter complete.

exhausted her very limited repertoire, the question would arise amongst the critics "where has she studied?" Again, she saw now it was too late, that it was madness, immediately after a London triumph, to go to such an out of the way place as Sallymag. In her own anxiety to carry out her plans, she had overlooked this. No matter; her future plans were even now partly arranged, and Mademoiselle Viola,—the Prima Donna a month hence would be many many miles away in a strange land, still continuing her self-imposed pilgrimage. She had thus travelled during the last five years all through the English counties; through Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, and so far had failed.

Adelle, (or rather Madmoiselle Viola, as we must for the present call her,) had been so absorbed in reading her letter, that she had not noticed a gentle knock at her room door, until it had been repeated; upon hearing which she called out "Come in," and hastily put away the letter. Two ladies gently opened the door, and the following conversation took place.

Cousin Bella, (evidently surprised a Mademoiselle's gentle appearance) "Oh—I beg your pardon, Miss, there must be some mistake. I think we have come to the wrong room."

Mdlle. V. "Who do you wish to see, ladies?"

Cousin Bella. "Madmoiselle Viola; but I fear we are intruding."

Mdlle. V. "Oh, not at all, I am Viola."

Mrs. McAllister and Cousin Bella. (with astonishment,) "What!"

Mrs. McAllister. "Weel! weel! Is it possible that yon little wee bit lassie is a great singer! I've always thought y were aye sae stoot,"—(aside to Bella.)

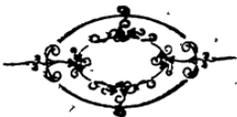
Cousin Bella, (addressing *Mademoiselle*) "and do you speak English instead of French?"

Mdlle. V. "Yes, I only speak French when in France or travelling on the continent. Pray take a seat, ladies."

Mrs. McAllister, (looking again at *Mdlle.* as if to re-assure herself, and then aside to *Bella*.) "I think, deary, there will be nae use in keepin Janet frae her work, an' so we better send her hame, eh?"

Cousin Bella. "I think so too, especially as she forgot the marmalade. Will you excuse me a moment, *Mademoiselle*, while I send a message by my maid."

And she went off to Janet. Having sent her home, she returned, and the two ladies having gained courage to come to the point, commenced to explain the object of their visit.



CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. McAllister. "Well, Miss Pinkem, I suppose we may as well just tell the leddie what we called to see her about."

Cousin Bella. "Oh, certainly. The fact is, Mademoiselle, we have come as deputed by the ladies of one of our most influential—"

Mrs. McAllister. "An' largest an' maist respectable societies—"

Cousin Bella. "In Sallymag, to tell you that having decided on giving—"

Mrs. McAllister. "A Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concert, in which the Psalms o' David will not hae a pairt—"

Cousin Bella. "On Thursday next, (and this is Tuesday,) we heard that you intend to give a Concert on next Wednesday night; in which case we fear—"

Mrs. McAllister, (quickly.) "That our ain Concert, which for excellence is no to be surpassed, an' we hae gotten a' the best singers, will ruin the success o' your ain Concert the night before; for ye ken what the public is, (especially the Sallymag public.) The people'll aye serve their ain, an' may ye wudna' hae mair than twenty folks go; an' it wud be an' a peety to disappoint sic a bonnie lassie as yersel'! Is there onythin' we could do for ye, deary? for we canna be feelin' sorry for a puir wee thing like ye are amang strangers, an'—Bella, dear, is there naething we can do for her?"

Cousin Bella, (considering.) "Well, I don't know, let me

Mrs. McAllister. Could we no gie her a share oot of the

profits of our ain concert, if we permitted her to sing for the Sallymag concert; instead of her ain, deary?"

Cousin Bella. "Well, really I don't know whether we have room for another solo in the programme, but I will do what I can do."

Mdlle. V., (highly amused.) "You are very kind, ladies, but the fact is, I had no idea that Sallymag was so small a place, or I should not have come here at all. I think it quite probable that my own Concert will not take place at all."

Mrs. McAllister and Cousin Bella exchanged glances. They would never do, they seemed to think.

Mrs. McAllister. "Yes, there's nae doot, Sallymag is a sma' place, but then we hae a rich community, and we're aw ready for amusement, good singin' especially, and maybe we wud pay you, Miss, after a' to gie a concert, besides takin' share in our proceeds."

Mdlle. V. "What share will you give me?"

Mrs. McAllister, (to Bella.) "Aye, what share could we afford to gie? Wait a wee, wait a wee. Let me see, nae that I come to conseeder, I dinna see that we are able to do that; but, I'll tell you what we might do, if you gie your concert first; we will tell a' our freends, and I'm sure they will patronize your concert, and crowd the hall if it were known that ye would just gie us a sang or twa the next night; and if our ain concert turned oot a' that we expect, we might maybe gie a present, but I wudna like to promise onything mair, it might na be prudent, ye ken."

Mademoiselle Viola began to see the drift of the ladies' policy. As her object was not to make money, (fortunately for her) Mdlle. foresaw that if she consented to the proposal she would at least have a little amusement, if nothing else,—

“I think I understand, ladies. If I remain, I shall be at your service for your Concert, which I suppose is for a charity.”

Cousin Bella. “Yes; oh, thank you, you are very generous indeed. I assure you we did not expect it of you. I do not know how to thank you. How would you like your name announced in the programme?”

Mlle. V. “Oh, merely state that you have engaged my services for the evening.”

Cousin Bella. Well but they won't know you are volunteering so kindly; it will look as if you were to be paid—on me—to sing.”

Mlle. V. “What of that? What people think will not be the Charity, will it?”

Cousin Bella. “No, but people won't know how generous you are.”

Mlle. V. “I prefer that they should not, if simply doing this is my duty is being generous. I like to do what little I can for the sake of itself, not for the opinion of the world, which I do not value; so we may consider this business settled, I suppose, ladies. Under the circumstances, I will not give my own concert, but will sing instead for yours, and I wish you every success. Good morning.”

Two ladies retired rather abashed. Mrs. McAllister returned, as soon as she was in the street, “Aweel! had I not said what a bonnie gude lassie she was, I wudn'a hae in her wi' a' that trickery and chicanery o' mine the noo!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

The long looked for day had at last arrived. Sallyma was in great commotion; Mademoiselle Viola de Valois the great Prima Donna was to sing at the concert that night. Opera cloaks, opera glasses, kid gloves, bouquets, &c., were in the ascendant, and poor Mr. Blotting, the stationer and bookseller, who had the plan of the seats, and sold the tickets, was fairly beside himself. A full dress concert at five shillings a ticket, with a real Prima Donna of celebrity had never been heard of before in the quiet little town of Sallymag, and at this was the first time there had been a plan of reserved seats. Some of the people seemed to think it necessary to give poor Mr. Blotting as much trouble as possible, by changing the seats chosen, at least six or eight times. First, Miss So and so would like that seat, near to the W——'s seats, with an eye to a probable tete-a-tete, during the concert, with your Capt. W——, who was home on a six-weeks leave of absence. He was such a dear fellow, and besides his pay, had six hundred a year. Then, the G——'s would like those seats behind the Mayor's seats, because an occasional appeal to the Mayor concerning the music, would be sure to be seen by the entire audience, and show the public that they were on the most intimate terms with the Mayor of Shrewsbury, who had promised to attend. Then the R——'s would like those seats near the platform, so that they could hear the words better. Vain delusive hope! As if anybody in their senses would ever expect to hear what an operatic singer says in his vocal perambulations. Why the thing's absurd; especially

she sings in English; for if she takes an airy flight of eight ten bars on "brea - - - - -," and finally sits on "king," how is she going to convey to you, except lifting her eyebrows up and down, and placing both hands on her left side with perceptible jerks and sways of her entire frame from right to left, that her heart is breaking!

Later in the day, it was made known that the Mayor was going to the Concert after all; so the seats were all changed again, and in return for his immense trouble, poor Blotting had the extreme privilege of paying for his own seats; besides, being subject to the usual remarks, that "Mr. Blotting really did not understand his business;" and that he was "very disobliging," when he refused to change the seats more than six times.

He wanted now but one hour to the appointed time of the concert.

Strange to say, as soon as it was known that Mademoiselle Bella was to sing, the whole of the musical rebels had re- turned to their allegiance, and insisted on singing almost anything that had at first been condemned! All the animosity between the St. Ann's and St. James's choirs, had miraculously given place to the most affectionate demonstration of friendship. It seemed as if two hostile nations had become allied armies to defeat a common foe; for they looked on the Prima Donna as quite an intruder, to prove which they settled amongst themselves that the public would be quite satisfied with one solo from her during the entire evening, and the amateurs were to give the other twenty-eight pieces to be sung.

The two presidents of the several societies had been induced to withdraw their valuable services by Cousin Bella, who be-

gan to see the impossibility of allowing them the time each required for an address; so that the extra platform she had placed in front of the old one, to accommodate the two societies, had to be taken down again, the expense of fitting up, and unfitting of which cost just three pounds, fifteen shillings.

Everything at the different houses where the singers were each preparing for the Concert, was in the most sublime confusion. A peep into one or two of them will not be out of place. We will call on Mrs. Smith first.



CHAPTER XIX.

SCENE AT MRS. SMITH'S.

Jemima. "Mamma, I thay; Ma-a-a, (calling at the top of her voice,) "have you theen my thatin thoeth anywhere. Oh, dear, I declare if I have to theeam in thith way, I than't able to thing a note. Bridget, Dora!"

Mrs. Smith. "Good gracious, child, what on earth are you making such a noise about, what is it?"

Jemima. "Why, my black thatin thoeth, ma, where are they?"

Mrs. Smith. I don't know, my dear. Come, you better make haste, the carriage is now at the door. Why, I declare you are not half dressed."

Jemima. "Can't help it, ma, I can't find my thoeth,"—and out goes everything out of her drawer into the middle of the floor, and over tumbles a bottle of Roland's Macassar hair oil off the top with the jerk, and down trickles the oil all over the front of Jemima's new blue glace silk, which cost three guineas for the occasion!

Jemima. "Oh dear! Oh dear! there now; thereth my dress all thpoilt."

Mrs. Smith. "You stupid child,—now what's to be done; are you not more careful, why could you not see what you are doing. I never saw such a careless girl. Of course you can't go at all, now. Here, Dora, come here; for goodness sake, and see what's to be done. Dear! dear! and her muslin is not clean; what is to be done? Dora, we must

run a tuck in one of your dresses for her. You stupid girl, I've a great mind to give you a good shaking."

Jemima, (crying.) "But what am—I—to—do—for—
tho-o-eth?"

Mrs. Smith. "Hang your shoes!"

Jemima, (still crying.) "But the Conthert can't possibly take plathe, Ma, if I can't find my thoeth!"

Mrs. Smith. "Nonsense! go in your boots."

Jemima. "Tho I can."

Ned, (calling.) "Mother, mother—Dora—Bridget, here, why the deuce don't some of you put buttons on my?"

Paterfamilias Smith, (calling). "Mary, my dear, have you seen my white cravat I put on the table just now? declare we shall be late for the concert."

Bridget, (calling up the stairs.) "If ye plazé, ma'am, there's a man eomed to see if Miss Jemima is going to sing to-night; for the singers is all waitin', and sure, there's a power of folks as can't get in at all at all, and he says there's a power got in free, more power to thim, for, hedad, its myself wud be the like, if I had the chance. Are ye eomin', miss; sure its past eight."

SCENE AT SQUIRE PINKEM'S.

Squire Pinkem. "Hang that bell and all concerts, what the house is turned upside down; I'd invite fifty of our countrymen, hunters, hounds and all in to dinner, and have less fuss about it, and I'll be hanged if the music of a well-trained party wouldn't be more acceptable to the audience, than the yelp they will hear to-night. Now what's the matter?"

Enter *Mr. Lute*, in great haste.

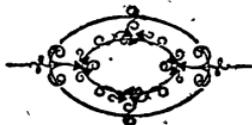
Mr. Lute. "Ah, I beg your pardon, sir, but I wish to

Miss Pinkem; the fact is, she has forgotten to appoint a person to take the money, and in consequence, at least a hundred people have got in free!"

Squire P. "Then turn them out again, or let everybody on the same terms; anything, rather than turn my house into an agency office for public concerts; I'd sooner see it turned into a kennel, at once. The fact is, you've nearly ruined my poor Bella to death amongst you; I would sooner see her turn whipper-in, or trainer, than managing man at another concert, and be —— to it!"

Mr. Lute. "But, my dear sir, what's to become of the concert if Miss Bella deserts us at the last moment?"

Squire P. "Send for me, my dear sir, if the music goes wrong, and I'll give them a 'view hullo,' that shall gladden their hearts more than all your 'Sad sea waves' and 'Bay of Biscays' put together." Exit Mr. Lute. suddenly.



CHAPTER XX.

THE CONCERT.

The audience was now assembled, and the room quite full. To be sure, over a hundred people had got in free, but that could not be helped; and now Bella was in great glee at the probable success of the concert, for she had now arrived and so had all the singers. To be sure, it was half an hour past the hour at which the concert was advertised to commence, but that could not be helped. The addition of Mademoiselle's selection to the programme, together with the sudden return of the Joneses and Philipeses, had of course rendered the last programmes printed quite useless, so there were no programmes, that is, no correct ones, but that could not be helped.

The plan of seats appeared to be in a grand state of confusion; nobody got their seats according to the numbers on their tickets, and on examination, it was found that the highest number on the plan had been 150, while the seats in the room were numbered up to 230, and in some cases two tickets were numbered with the same figures, which would entitle two persons to one seat, and left no alternative that would be at all practicable, under the circumstances; but that could not be helped.

"Come now," said Cousin Bella, "I am sure it must be time to begin; what is first on the programme? let's see—where is the programme?"

Mr. Lute reminded her that there were no correct programmes; and it was finally agreed, while the audience wa

getting impatient, that Mr. Birchby, the schoolmaster, should give out the selections.

No. 1, decided on as the opening piece, being a Solo, everybody thought it necessary to go out on the platform and arrange themselves on the chairs, round it. There would have been some excuse for this, had there been no retiring room, but there was one, and because there was one, the performers seemed to think it was only to be used to hold a jug of cold water for the use of the singers.

Mr. Birchby not having concluded his duties as usher, had requested a young man to do duty for him on the platform while he could attend himself; and that young man came forward and informed the audience that "The Henglishman" would commence the programme; and after everybody had been informed that

"'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words, 'I'm an Englishman,'"

No. 2 (quite new) told them in chorus what they were no doubt very glad to hear, (for the first time of course,) that there was "a good time coming," if in the consoling words of Mr. Hassel, they would but "wait a little longer."

After this, Mr. Birchby having seen the ladies comfortably packed in their several places, jumped up on the platform in the most sprightly manner, and having concluded a somewhat lengthy though "mezza voce" conversation with Miss Mimma Smith, came forward in a very pompous style, and announced No. 3, informing the audience that the young lady would favor them with the song of "Little Bobby."

"Good gracious, Mr. Birchby," whispered poor Jemima, and making signs to him to come nearer. He did so, and she

whispered again; after which he went forward again, smiling as if to convey the idea that Miss Smith was very stupid; and then said that Miss Smith would sing "Little Bobum Linkum" and "Somebody's coming."

"No! no! no!" again called out Jemima; adding, almost loud enough for the audience to hear, "I didn't mean to thing both the thongs now, Mr. Birchby; I only meant I would thing 'Thomebody's coming' if they wanted me to thing the other thong twithe."

Mr. Birchby then led her to the piano, and told her to be sure and do her best, and not to be afraid of the great Star, Mademoiselle Viola.

Poor child! In the novelty of the whole thing, she had even forgotten all the injunctions laid upon her by her mother and sister, and was not at all nervous; but now, in a moment, she stood trembling from head to foot. Mademoiselle having remained in the side room, she had forgotten the great "Star," till thus cruelly reminded of her presence just as she was going to sing. In a moment her throat became dry, her tongue seemed to stick to the roof of her mouth each time she tried to commence, her knees trembled perceptibly as she sat down; and when her poor little hands seemed stubbornly to refuse to play, her mute look of despair at every one on the platform, which seemed to implore some one to take her away, was really painful to witness.

In another moment she would have fainted, when suddenly Mademoiselle Viola walked up to the platform with a glass of water, handed it to the poor child, and said, encouragingly "here, darling, moisten your lips; you will soon be all right." Then turning round to the people, said in the sweetest voice "the young lady is a little overcome by the heat of the room."

she will be better directly;" and then pressing and rubbing, unseen by the audience, the poor little cold clammy fingers, said, "don't be afraid, dear child; come, I'll play the accompaniment for you—I know the song. Trust to me and I'll get you along nicely."

The effect on the audience of this little scene was extraordinary; still more so on Jemima. She began to laugh, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered herself, and sang her song as she had never sung in her life; for, so judiciously had Adelle blended her voice with hers in unison, that she kept her in perfect tune throughout. When the two retired from the platform they were literally cheered.

When No. 10 in the programme came, and Adelle returned to sing her only solo, the enthusiasm which greeted her appearance can scarcely be described. At length the applause subsided, and Mr. Birchby, placing his two thumbs in the arm-hole of his white waistcoat, (a favorite position of his when he felt he was about to say something of importance) walked forward and informed the people that the lady was going to sing them "A Virgin glad with Creation."

An audible titter amongst the musicians caused him to turn round, when he caught sight of Mademoiselle Viola, the great star, laughing immoderately. This, of course, set the audience laughing, and when, having received the copy of the song from Adelle, he read from the title-page, "'With Ver-dure Clad,' from the 'Creation,'" a perfect roar of laughter was the result, as soon as his mistake was observed; at which, Mr. Birchby gave a withering look at the lady in question, as it was entirely her fault, and indignantly retired.

Adelle was of course vociferously applauded. She retired to her Hotel as soon as her solo was concluded.

To enumerate the whole of the twenty-eight pieces would be impossible; so, suffice it that it was now after eleven o'clock, and there was yet Mr. Lute's "Bay," "All's well," by the Brothers Jones, "What are the wild waves say—bay—ing," by the Misses Phillips and Jones, and "When the bosom heaves a sigh," by Mr. and Miss Amanda Phillips; and, to use the words of the latter duet, the audience seemed likely to be kept in the Hall,

"Ti-i-i-i-il the su-u-u-n be-e-e-nial ra-ay,
Cha-a-a-a-a-ase the heavy dew a-wa-hay."

The audience began to show unmistakable signs of weariness, and by degrees began to grow gradually and beautifully less, until just before Mr. Lute's song was to come off, not more than twenty or thirty persons were left in the room, and amongst those there were no ladies.

Mr. Lute had requested that his song should not be placed too early in the programme, as he was generally, as he said, in best voice about ten o'clock. At last, while he was suggesting that it was time he sang his song, some one went on and took his place. This occurred several times, till at last he began to think there was a regular league against him.

At last, when he was permitted by the Jones' and Phillips faction to go on, he threw his head back—drew himself up with much dignity—took a roll of music in one hand—placed the thumb of his right hand in the third button-hole of his waistcoat—cleared his throat—and went on. He waited for a reception; instead of which, some mischief-loving boy (perhaps our young friend Ned) exclaimed, "go on, old fellow!"

Mr. Henry Lute then addressed the audience. "Hem ladies and—that is, gentlemen, (since I see the ladies have re-

ired,")—and he gave a sneering glance at the empty benches
 —“I do not address myself to those who are present, but to
 those persons who have shown the bad taste to retire before
 the conclusion of the programme. I have been associated for
 the last twenty years with musical amateurs, but I must say,
 ladies—that is gentlemen—that never, in the whole course of
 my musical career, have I been treated with the marked dis-
 respect which has characterized this whole evening's proceed-
 ings.”

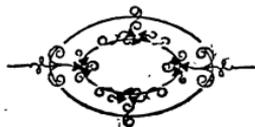
“Hear! hear! hear!” exclaimed the same voice.

“You are aware, gentlemen, that though it is now going on
 at twelve o'clock, my ‘Bay of Biscay’ has not been given
 yet!”

(Cries of “hear! hear! hear! out with it, old fellow; let's
 give it now.”)

“I regret, gentlemen, that as far as I am concerned, the
 programme must remain unfinished, and I assure you, gentle-
 men, it is with the most profound and heartfelt regret that
 my self-respect obliges me thus for the first time in my life,
 to disappoint the British public!”

Exit Mr. Lute amid shouts of “what's the price of biscuits,
 old boy,” (ah! cruel allusion to his vocation: he kept a con-
 ceptioner's shop); “one a penny, two a penny, hot cross
 buns,” &c.; and it was not until Mr. Banghard struck up God
 save the Queen, that the few *gentlemen* comprising all that
 was left of the audience could be quieted. At last they re-
 turned singing the Chorus.



CHAPTER XXI.

The audience dispersed, and some of the ladies of the Society having entered the ladies' retiring room, all now crowded round Cousin Bella, to congratulate her on the success of the Concert.

"Well dear, said Mrs. Smith, "I am very glad to be able to congratulate you; for do you know, Bella, at one time I never thought you would be able to manage the Concert at all; and poor Jemima too came very near breaking down. I suppose you have made fully £50, dear, over the expenses."

Cousin Alfred. "Well, I don't know; you see, there were considerably over a hundred persons got in free, before a person had been appointed to take the money. I don't think you will clear much over £40, Miss Pinkem, but even that is very good; and you would have made much more, had the room been larger."

Cousin Bella. "Oh, indeed, I am quite satisfied with the result; I am really very sorry, Mr. Lute, that your song was crowded out, but I assure you I was in such confusion the whole evening, I scarcely knew what was going on."

Mrs. McAllister. "If I wudna be conseedered o'er meddle some, ladies, I wud propose that ye suld endeavour to ascertain wi'oot ony delay how much siller has been taken at the door."

Cousin Alfred. "By all means. Where's the ticket taker?"

Dobbins. Here, Sir."

Cousin Alfred. "Oh they got you, did they, Dobbins

that's right, you're an honest lad, I know. Well, are those all the tickets you took?"

Dobbins. "Yes sir. There were very few tickets taken at the door—only these 45, sold by Mr. Blotting. It was mostly money as was took, sir."

Cousin Alfred. "That's all right. Fetch it out."

Dobbins. "Fetch what out, sir?"

Cousin Alfred. "Why the money, to be sure."

Dobbins. "Oh, but I didn't take the money, sir; I only took the tickets."

Cousin Bella. "Well, how much was there in, Dobbins?"

Dobbins. "I'm sure I don't know, Miss; but I suppose you can tell by counting the tickets and the money."

Cousin Alfred. "Of course we can. Come, let's count the tickets and the money by all means." Everybody looked round.

"Well," said Cousin Bella, "where is the money?"

Dobbins. "I suppose the money taker has it, Miss."

Cousin Alfred. "Undoubtedly. Where is he?"

Dobbins. "I don't know, Sir."

Cousin Alfred. "Then as a matter of course you can't tell us; but somebody must know; I suppose you appointed some trustworthy person, Miss Pinkem, eh?"

Cousin Bella, (confusedly). "Well, the fact is, I thought some of you gentlemen would look after that for me."

Mr. H. Lute. "How could we? as you were managing the whole Concert, we did not like to interfere in anything, as we thought you would like to appoint your own officers."

Cousin Bella. "Oh that's nonsense. I did not mean to have anything to do with that part of it."

"Indeed, Miss!" mysteriously exclaimed Dobbins; "then it's my opinion that all ain't right, Miss."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Bella, "I wish he'd come."

"Who come," said Mr. Lute.

Cousin Bella. "Why, the man who took the money."

Dobbins. "Well, Miss, if I may make so bold, I has my doubts about his comin'."

Cousin Bella. "Oh! coming to-night. Well, we shall only have to wait until to-morrow, that's all."

Dobbins. "No, Miss, I has my doubts about his ever comin'."

"WHAT!" exclaimed everybody, much in the same stereotyped manner in which the dramatis personæ in a modern play exclaim "Ah!" and "What do I hear!" when that part of the play has arrived, which sets their minds, one's own mind, and everybodys' mind at rest, for the 20th time, as to who it was that perpetrated the "terrible and diabolical deed," or who it is that turns out to be grand aunt to his own wife's husband's *chee-ild!*

"Well, miss," nervously stammered out poor Dobbins, as he twisted his cap round and round, "I don't wish to cast any aspirations on the party as took the money, but it's my opinion, Miss, as them as took it means to keep it; for just afore I went into that ere ticket box, I seen a party as I didn't much like the looks on, place himself at the door of the stairs, and a shoutin' to the people as went in, 'Pay here, ladies and gents;' and knowin' he wasn't the sort of chap I'd trust my cotton umbrella with, I went right up and axed who sent him to take the money, and he turned reglar crusty, and told me to mind my 'optics,' and my own business, for that you had placed him there, Miss, to take the money."

Here Mrs. McAllister exclaimed, "Eh!" ma conscience, ye're just a' daft thegither! Yon siller's a' gane, to a certainty, an' ye'll see nae mair o' it! Did I no-ken better, I should just think yon skeerlin', smock-faced jock-a-dandy, Meester Phillips, might hae seen to the siller himsel', but I ken varry weel he could do naethin' ava, for I could see plainly he had a drap in his ee!" Mrs. McAllister was determined to abuse some one, so, as Mr. Phillips had long since retired, it was some consolation to be able to abuse him.

Poor Bella gave an awful groan, and fell into the nearest chair; while Dobbins continued, "I knowed he was a suspicious character, Miss; and, once or twice, I thought I'd go to see you, Miss, but I could not leave my post; and so I thought I'd keep my eye, or 'optics,' as he called them, on the door going out; but the crush was so great when the folks began to go out that I couldn't tell whether he went out or not, Miss."

"What was his name?" said Eudora.

"Joe Ridley, Miss."

"Any relation to Bob Ridley?" here asked Ned Smith; which Bella started up in a fury. "I think it very unfeeling of you, Ned," she said, "when we are in such a state of tight, to indulge in any of your chaff. You had far better try and discover where the man Ridley is to be found."

"Don't you wish you may get it," he replied. "For my part, I think the whole thing is the jollies tlarck I ever heard of."

I can only tell you that Joe Ridley was had up only six months ago for stealing Farmer Hodge's three sheep! Why, he's the greatest thief in Sallymag! How did you come to point him?"

"I didn't appoint anybody," replied Cousin Bella.

"Ha! I see," said Ned; "he saw that the people were getting in free, and very considerably appointed himself to take the money and bolt with it! Well done, Cousin Bella, I congratulate you on your Concert; what a blessed muddle you have all made of it, by Jove! It's the jolliest lark! Ha! ha! why, it's better than the old Base Buffer!"

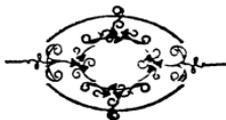
It was all too true. Mr. Joseph Ridley, of sheepstealing notoriety, discovering that his purse required replenishing, happened to be lounging round the door when the Concert was to commence, and seeing that a money-taker had been forgotten, came to the conclusion that he would follow the advice of Iago, and put money in his purse, with which he decamped at about half past nine o'clock, and had galloped away to B——, where trains were continually leaving at all hours of the night and day! The next day of course the police were at work trying to find Mr. Joseph. But though the search continued for many months, Mr. Joseph was never found.

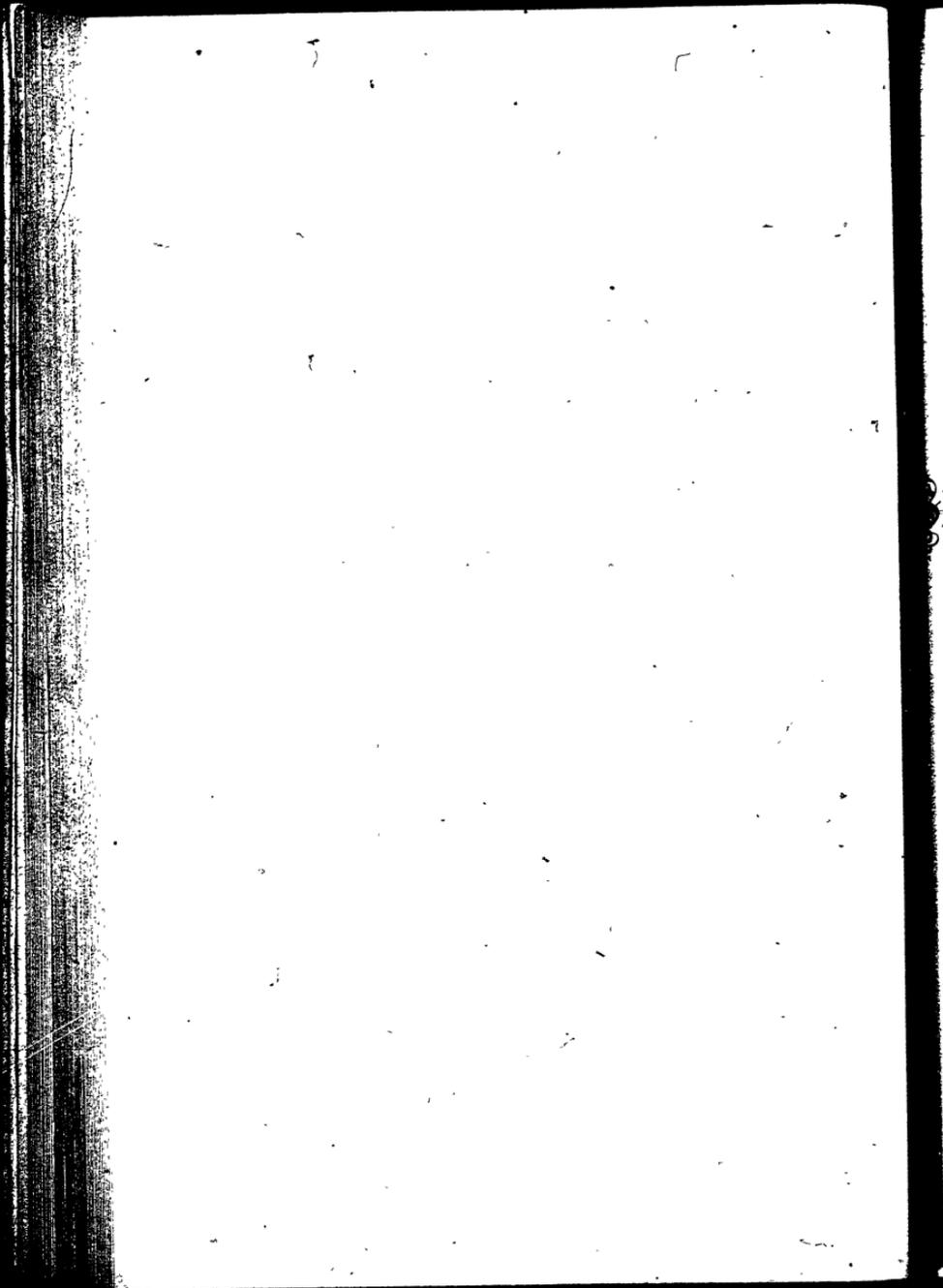
The whole affair was a standing joke against poor Bella, who invariably replied, goodnaturedly, "ah well—never mind we *should* have made £50 by it, if that horrid man had not run away with the proceeds. But there! I'll never get up another concert as long as I live; for I actually lost four or five pounds out of my own pocket by it, besides all my exertion, and the ladies of the Society actually attribute the breaking up of the Society to my mismanagement of that Concert."

It was true. The Society had broken up, and was a thing of the past, and in alluding to it afterwards, Mrs. Dr. Muddlewig was heard to exclaim—"I always thought our Society would go to smash, for the ladies as I used to tell them never remembered that 'as if a thorn should stick in your thumb,

so is a parable in the mouth of fools!" Her hearers thought
so too.

THE END.





Sketch of a Southern Campaign.

BY S. WENTWORTH STEVENSON.

FORMERLY OF H. M. S. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

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PREFACE.

By L. S.

In publishing the following account, which was originally written in Canada for the Toronto "Leader," but never appeared, (as the writer was prevented by sudden illness from finishing it,) I have thought it best to condense the original account, wishing to save his friends the pain of knowing all he suffered. I have also to explain an abrupt breaking off towards the conclusion. In the year 1864, a friend of the Writer told him he had received a book written on the American War, which he would like him to see, as he would be able to judge—having been engaged in it—whether the account of some particular battle was a faithful one or not: for this purpose he took his friend six pages of his own manuscript to compare with the other account, and it was not until after I had advertised the publication of the following short sketch, that I discovered the six pages had not been returned.

I have added a few marginal extracts throughout, taken from J. T. Headley's "HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE U. S.," and from Mr. Pollard's "SOUTHERN HISTORY OF THE WAR," also from a new English work, entitled, "THE OPERATIONS OF WAR," by Lieut. Colonel Bruce Hamley, Royal Artillery, Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

L. S.

October, 1868.

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A SKETCH OF A SOUTHERN CAMPAIGN.

Toronto, January 20th, 1863.

To the Editor of the Toronto Leader;

Mr. Editor;

Dear Sir;

Since my return from an eighteen months' Campaign in the Confederate service, I have been asked to publish an account of it; but I regret that my health, being much impaired, will not permit me just now to give more than a brief sketch through the columns of your journal, (if in doing so I am not intruding on your valuable space;) and at some future time I trust to be able to give a more detailed and interesting account.

It will not be necessary to descant on either the cause or effect of the present sad rebellion; all that need be said on the subject has already been said and written by politicians and those taking a lively interest in the cause on both sides; I will only give my own humble opinion, that as far as I have been able to judge, residing as I was in a very central part of the States when the war commenced, the question of "Slavery" has had nothing whatever to do with the unfortunâte outbreak, although it has been very generally believed to have been the sole cause of it.*

* In allusion to the cause of the Rebellion, Mr. J. T. Headley says in his preface, "Like all civil wars in Republics, it sprung from a faction who sought only political power;" and on the same page, in contradicting the

Before entering further into the account of my recent Campaign, I feel it my duty as a British subject and soldier, (formerly of Her Majesty's Service) clearly to prove that circumstances obliged me to volunteer in a cause which in all probability I should have espoused on the Federal side, had I been residing in the North at the time of the outbreak. I was residing certainly in a very central place, (St. Louis, Mo.) but I had been offered an appointment in Memphis, Tenn., and after arriving there—running the blockade—found it impossible to return or to communicate with my friends, either in Canada or in the North. The "appointment" turning out a myth, I had no alternative but to join the Confederate Army. Had I been similarly situated in the North, it is quite probable I should have joined the Federal Army.

For some two years and a half before the breaking out of the War, I had been residing principally in the South and Southwest; and in July, 1861, being unable to return to St. Louis, or remain in Memphis, I joined one of the best Regiments in the Confederate service, the 1st Regiment of Missouri Volunteers. A braver, more soldierly, and well-disciplined body of men I have not seen in the Confederate service, although as a hastily organized Corps, they laboured under many difficulties, regarding drill, outfit, arms, &c.*

assertion that Slavery had anything to do with it. he says, "Slavery was used as a means to an end, a bugbear to frighten the timid into obedience, and a rallying cry for the ignorant, deluded masses. * * * * * The great moving cause was the desire of power, Slavery the platform on which they" (the politicians) "worked their diabolical machinery."—*L. S.*

* In allusion to the troops engaged at the battle of Shiloh, Mr. Pollard says in his account of it, "the behaviour of these troops has given us additional reason for the pride so justly felt in Southern arms, and Southern prowess. * * * * * Battles are won, by each soldier feeling that the day depends upon his own individual efforts, and on the field of Shiloh, this spirit was displayed."—*L. S.*

I must go back, however, to a few weeks prior to my visit to Memphis, from which I was not destined to return till eighteen months later. Early in the summer of 1861, in St. Louis, people were scarcely aware that the Rebellion had already gained ground; in fact, the City appeared to be the scene of unusual gaiety. There were picnics, parties, excursions, processions, &c.; and, indeed, up to the very "Camp Jackson" tragedy, those who were not absolute politicians, or who did not read the papers, scarcely knew how serious matters were really becoming. Many persons seemed to think it only a little misunderstanding, which would soon blow over.*

This perfect callousness as to what was going on continued up to the day of the Camp Jackson Riot. The sons of the celebrated pistol shot, Captain P——l, with whose family we were most intimate, had invited their family circle, with my wife and myself, to join them that afternoon; in fact, a number of ladies were asked to the camps of their different friends, where on this particular day they were invited to take camp dinner. It was a lovely day, and we were preparing to go, when some event happened to prevent our doing so. While we were even still contemplating the probability of going later in the day, we heard the most frightful screams

* The New York Times, (says Mr. Pollard) suggested that the people should not fall into the error of mistaking a local commotion for a revolution; and I remember, while we were travelling through Louisiana and Missouri in April, hearing a politician, at the public dinner table at the hotel in a small town called Mexico, say, "Well, gentlemen, there appears to be a great fuss about this Union and Secesh business;—but hold on—'Secesh' is only a spoiled and petted child, that thinks he knows better what's good for him than his parents; but after a whipping or two, will be very glad to cry out, 'very sorry; won't do so any more; 'kiss and be friends fashion;' eh, gentlemen?"—*L. S.*

in the street, though at first in the distance. By degrees the distant buzzing became louder and more distinct, till we soon distinguished that the sounds of distress came principally from women and children. Before many minutes, the street was crowded with women rushing about bare-headed. Even handsomely dressed ladies had run out of their houses, and were asking, "Have they taken the visitors also?" As soon as I heard that Lyon had unexpectedly surrounded Camp Jackson, and taken the whole of the troops stationed there by Jackson and Price, I hastened off to see if I could be of any use to Captain P——l's sons. I learned that one was taken prisoner, and the other had made his escape.

It seems that the enraged mob became so infuriated, that they pelted some of the troops with stones and bricks, and gradually the soldiers retaliated, and fired indiscriminately on the crowd, shooting women and children down. Amongst the visitors killed was a poor girl of fourteen years of age—the only daughter of a Naval Officer. Her body was found literally bayoneted to a post. An immense number of people were killed, and the next day, as the troops were passing one of the large churches, a little boy of nine or ten was standing on the steps, playing with a pop-gun, which he levelled at the troops as they passed, saying, "I'll shoot! look out!" and immediately a man from the ranks took deliberate aim at the child—fired—and the boy rolled down the steps, dead!

It is only just, however, to state that the man who fired said he thought the child had got hold of a loaded pistol, and that he only acted in self defence. I believe the man was punished by order of the Government authorities. Many people thought that there was some excuse for the man, as the troops were so hated by the populace, that they

had been repeatedly fired on, even by women, from open windows.

Not long after this, the city was placed under martial law, and a gloom, such as accompanies a plague or epidemic, seemed to spread over the usually gay and brilliant City.* Shots were heard in the dead of night; and, sometimes, if a shot was heard after dark, people would say, quite coolly, 'There goes another Dutchman.' A thankful office, truly, to risk one's life in a foreign cause, (as the Germans nobly did) and receive nothing but abuse and insult in return! Perhaps it was well for the City that the troops were composed principally of "Dutchmen," for probably the patient endurance of these men, as they marched through the streets, hooted and yelled at, together with their seeming indifference to it all, did far more towards softening down the bitterness of feeling on the part of the people, than the excitable fury of enraged American troops would have done. I believe that the

* In naming the above events, Mr. Pollard writes.—"The riots in St. Louis were the inaugurating scenes of the revolution in Missouri. On the 10th of May a brigade of Missouri Militia encamped under the law of the State, for organizing and drilling the Militia at Camp Jackson, on the western outskirts of St. Louis, had been forced to surrender unconditionally, on the demand of Capt. (afterwards General) Lyon. In the riots, numbers of citizens had been murdered in cold blood. A reign of terror was established, and the most severe measures were taken to keep in subjection the excitement and rage of the people." The Northern account of the same riots, is given in Mr. Headley's account of the war, as follows: "In May, Captain Lyon, of the regular army, refused to obey the order of the Police Commissioners of St. Louis, to remove all the United States troops outside the grounds. Governor Jackson, with General Price, took the field against him, and established a Camp at Jackson, near the City. Lyon, by a sudden movement, succeeded in surrounding it, and taking the whole force, six hundred and thirty-nine, prisoners. A great mob followed the troops back to the Camp, saluting them with yells and volleys of stones. One company receiving orders to fire, poured a volley into the crowd, killing twenty and wounding many more, which caused the most intense excitement."—*L. S.*

wonderful power of endurance of these men saved the City of St. Louis much bloodshed.

I remember, at this time, hearing the troops marching about one entire night; and the next morning a friend called on me, and said, "Well, Stevenson, they've seized and taken some one worth while now; they were at it all night and they've got him safe enough. "Who?" I enquired; when he replied, "the Devil himself! Over at ——'s Printing Office. They seized the paper, type, Editor, Devil and all."

I may here mention, that if I witnessed the cool courage of the troops alluded to, I had also an opportunity afterwards of noticing the—(to use an appropriate Paddyism)—genuine English pluck of the Irish Soldier. If in some cases, a troop was getting discouraged, at the prospect of a defeat, it wanted but the rollicking fearless shout of one Irishman, to stimulate and encourage a whole troop. On one occasion, just before a fierce contest with the enemy, I heard an Irishman shout to the men, "At them, boys! at them! for the honour of old Ireland." The men all burst into a roar of laughter, at the idea of its being for "Old Ireland," and seemed to rally all at once under the influence of his bravery. Poor fellow! not long after, I saw him lying dead with a smile on his face, which seemed to recall vividly his last words.*

I must also preface my brief Journal with the remark, that every Englishman, Civilian or Soldier, will understand why

* Mr. Pollard gives honour where it is due, for he publishes in the second years' account, in the Appendix, (page 314,) contributed by a Prussian Officer in the confederate army, the following:—"The Irish held their position with a determination and ferocity, that called forth the admiration of our own Officers," and on page 333, an English Officer in his diary, says, "I have always observed that Southern Irishmen make excellent 'Reb's.'"L.S.

on each occasion I refused to take command; the laws of neutrality rendered my doing so out of the question, although I had many opportunities of accepting a prominent and responsible position, had I felt inclined. As a soldier, I will not deny that I should have accepted. As an Englishman, I could not conscientiously do so.

After I had joined the Regiment I have named, we remained at Memphis some couple of months, drilling five and six hours a day, and at the end of that time we left for a place called New Madrid.* Our stay there was a very short one; pro-

* New Madrid is described in Mr. Headley's account, as being the scene of the following almost miraculous escape of the Federal Gunboat Carondelet, while endeavouring to run the gauntlet of the Confederate Batteries. "Everything being ready, she was cast loose about ten o'clock at night, and started on her perilous voyage. As if on purpose to give success to the undertaking, by affording more perfect concealment, a terrific thunder storm burst over the river and shores at this moment, making the night one of cimmerian gloom. "The rain came down, not in a pouring shower, but in solid masses of water. * * * * After rounding heavily to, with her cumbersome barges, the Carondelet put her bow down stream, and steering straight for the batteries, disappeared in the gloom. * * * * Suddenly the soot in the chimneys caught fire, and a blaze five feet high leaped out from their tops, lighting brightly the upper deck of the vessel and everything around. The word was instantly passed to the engineers to open the flue caps, when the flames subsided, but not till the Rebels had the fairest opportunity to discover our approach: This was a fearful mishap, for no signal, even if arranged beforehand, could more completely disclose our purpose. Those on board expected to hear the drum beat to quarters, and see the signals flash from battery to battery along the heights; but, strange to say, the blaze was not seen, either on account of the blinding storm, or its sudden appearance and disappearance in the darkness so bewildered the guard, that he did not know whether it was near or distant. They were congratulating themselves on their almost miraculous escape, when, as if on purpose to secure their destruction, the treacherous chimneys caught fire again, and blazed like a flaming torch, right in the face of the foe. This time they could not escape detection. Suddenly the report of muskets of the guard broke the stillness. * * * * From shore and bluff, cannon and muskets opened on the devoted boat. * * * * There was great danger in the pitchy darkness of getting out of the channel, and running aground within range of the enemy's guns, when

ceeding thence to Fort Pillow, Columbus, and towards November, encamping at a place called Camp Beauregard, Ky., distanced about fifteen miles from Columbus, and some thirty-five or forty miles from Paducah, at which latter place the Federals were in strong force.* This Camp being only one mile and a-half from a small town of the name of Feliciana, we had every little variety in the way of chickens, eggs, &c., which could be got at a very low price; and as the country people constantly brought waggon loads of provision, we had a very jolly time of it while there. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, the long roll would wake up every man out of a

their destruction would have been certain. Once, in a longer interval of the flashes of lightning, the current had swung the boat so that she was heading straight for shoal water. The next flash, however, revealed the danger, and "Hard aport," fell from the Captains lips as calmly as though they were running into a harbour, instead of rushing on to destruction; and the boat swung back into the channel. * * * * The Captain had taken his vessel close under the enemy's guns, on purpose to deceive him, and render it difficult to depress them, so as to cover his vessel. At length she passed out of range, when the ports were thrown open, and the guns run out to fire the signals agreed upon, both to notify those above the Island of their safety, and those at New Madrid, that friends, and not enemies were coming. The dull echoes, as they rolled over the distant fleet, caused cheer after cheer, to go up from the crowded decks, while the shore at New Madrid fairly rocked, under the wild hurras of the army, as they saw the gunboat come up unharmed to the wharf. Rushing down, the soldiers seized the sailors in their arms, and bearing them upon their shoulders, carried them up the bank to the nearest hotel."—*L. S.*

* Mr. Pollard mentions this fact (page 236) in the following words: "A large force of the Federals had been collected at Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, with a view to offensive operations on the river." On page 252, in alluding to this locality, he says: "The work of putting the Mississippi River in a state of complete defence, had been entrusted to General Beauregard. On abandoning Columbus, he had taken a strong position about forty-five miles below it, at Island No. 10. * * * * The Island was thought to be impregnable. It was flanked on the Missouri side, by an extensive swamp, and on the other side, by a lake of several miles extent, which rendered it impossible for the enemy to approach it by land."—*L. S.*

comfortable sleep, and we would have to tramp fifteen or twenty miles in the vain hope of meeting the enemy; but we were always disappointed, and had our march for nothing. We at last made up our minds that our Regiment would never get into action.

In spite, however, of this life of inactivity, it was not without regret that we received the order to march to Bowling Green, Ky.,* for we had built comfortable log houses, and were snugly settled, as we thought, for the winter.

We reached Bowling Green about the 1st of January, and remained there for a month or over; when, finding that the Federals were advancing on us in an overwhelming force, the evacuation of Bowling Green was ordered; † and here, I may say, commenced our first hardships of the Campaign, for

* Mr. Pollard's account corroborates this. On page 235, he says, of this period: "The unequivocal demonstrations of the Federals for an advance upon Tennessee, through Kentucky, urged the Confederate Government to send all the disposable forces at its command to strengthen the army of the South-western Division. Near the close of the year 1861, the Floyd Brigade, and several regiments belonging to Tennessee and other Confederate States, were sent from Virginia to Bowling Green, in Southern Kentucky, the principal strategetic point of the South-Western Army. The command of that Army was given, as we have seen, to General Albert Sidney Johnson."—*L. S.*

† In allusion to the above, Mr. Pollard says:—"For some weeks thereafter," (alluding to the Confederates having had to fall back in the direction of Bowling Green,) "the whole South was excited with reports, to the effect that the Federals were advancing upon Bowling Green, in three columns of 20,000 each. But the anticipated success of the Federals, in two important movements, at other points, within the department of General Johnston, enabled them to accomplish their object, without an attack on Bowling Green, and forced upon the Confederates the necessity of evacuating that post." Mr. Headley also alludes to the above evacuation. He says: "Could these points," (meaning Fort Donelson and Fort Henry,) "be forced, both Bowling Green and Columbus would be effectually turned, and their evacuation become a necessity."—*L. S.*

up to our leaving Bowling Green we had seen the smooth side of soldiering.

* * * * *

(Condensed here by L. S.)†

MS. CONTINUED :

I cannot remember exactly the distance of the entire march, but believe I am right in saying it was over three hundred miles, through all sorts of roads and weather; sometimes for days we would be marching in mud and water knee deep, and shivering over a camp fire at night.

However, every hardship was gone through with with the utmost cheerfulness, and yet at the same time the strictest discipline was enforced, with of course a constant care and attention to the comforts of the men. Some few, of course, on a march of from fifteen to twenty miles a day, with knapsack, blankets, and forty rounds of ammunition, would break down; for many, many of the noble fellows had never seen a day's hardship in their lives before this Campaign; but through everything, no gloomy face was to be seen. Every one looked bright and happy, and young boys of sixteen or seventeen, who never perhaps before this war had left their homes for a day,

* Although I have omitted some twenty lines here, the following allusions to the distress of the troops on different occasions, taken from Mr. Pollard's account, as occurring about the same time as the above, will supply the place of what I have taken out. An officer Mr. Pollard mentions says: "We reached M—— at night, and while there were threatened with starvation—an enemy far more formidable than the one we left beyond the river. Since Saturday night we had had but an hour of sleep, and scarcely a morsel of food. For a whole week we have been marching, under a bare subsistence; and I have at length approached that point in a soldier's career, when a handful of parched corn may be considered a first-class dinner. * * * * The sufferings of the men from the want of the necessaries of life, of clothing, and of repose, have been most intense; and a more melancholy spectacle than this solemn, hungry, and weary procession, could scarcely be imagined."—L. S.

seemed to forget (in the stern sense of duty, and in the noble cause for which they thought they were fighting) they had not reached their full strength of manhood; and tramped on, undergoing unheard of hardships and fatigue, as cheerfully as the stoutest men.

All marches are pretty much the same, there being very little to vary the monotony; suffice it to say, that we marched through Nashville, arriving there the morning after the fall of Fort Donelson.*

The regiment I was in was chosen to guard the City during the march through of the Confederates, for it was decided, after a Council of War, not to make a stand at this place, as the Federals had their gunboats, and we could have done no good by attempting to hold the City against them.* It was therefore resolved to burn the bridges that connected Nashville with the other side of the river. This was done about midnight, and was one of the most beautiful sights (although a melancholy one) I ever saw. It had to be done, however, to check the advance of the enemy, who had, now that Fort Donelson was taken, nothing to stop him; and it was therefore necessary to take this step to gain time for the Confederate Army to fall back from Nashville.

During our stay in this City, we received the greatest hospitality; and there was not a man in the Confederate Army who did not feel sad at having to leave it.

* "The fall of Fort Donelson," says Mr. Pollard, "developed the crisis in the West, which had existed. The evacuation of Bowling Green had become imperitively necessary, and ordered before and executed while the battle was being fought at Donelson."—*L. S.*

* In allusion to the guard left at Nashville during its evacuation, Mr. Pollard says, "Col. Forest remained in the City about twenty-four hours with only forty men, after the arrival of the enemy."—*L. S.*

From Nashville we marched to Huntsville, where, I need not say, we met with a very warm reception,—the Citizens turning out in great numbers: the streets and balconies being literally crowded; the Bands playing Dixie and the Southern Marsailleise. Altogether, it was a most exciting scene, and one that I shall long remember. The ladies showered down bouquets on us in great numbers. One beautiful bunch of flowers was thrown to a color-sergeant (a Georgian, a handsome dashing fellow, and as brave a man as ever lived) in my regiment, with a card attached to it, and these few words written on it, (expressing the true feelings of every Southerner,) “We may be exterminated, but subjugated, never.”

But to proceed. Our march, after leaving Huntsville, was through a great many small towns too numerous to mention. I will merely say, that we continued on the move till the month of March, when we encamped near a small town called Boonsville, when we expected to have a fight.

In this, however, we were doomed to disappointment. Towards the end of March, certain rumours reached us that we should have an opportunity of testing the metal of the Federals, and that too, before long. However, this had been told us so often, that we did not place much confidence in it.

About the second or third of April, however, we received orders to march towards Shiloh, which we hailed with great joy, and on the fourth, I think it was, we commenced a forced march. It was a most fatiguing tramp, but every man appeared buoyant and in high spirits; and, after marching two days, on Sunday the sixth of April, it was evident to us all, that before many hours we should be in action.

This was early in the morning of the sixth, and we continued our march, (now distinctly hearing the booming of

annon and the distant rattle of musketry,) until about five miles from the field of battle, (Shiloh) when we received orders to advance at double-quick. This looked like business, and, as if by common consent, every man threw away his overcoat and undercoat, and giving a rousing cheer, rang forward at a steady double-quick. By the way, the enthusiasm of a Confederate shout in the field after a victory, on receiving reinforcements, is almost appalling, and seems to have a wonderful effect sometimes, on the enemy; while some of the Federals express their enthusiasm, by almost screaming "Hi! hi! hi!" as they advance. But this surprised me less than the call for "Tiger!" after a toast, (I believe the ladies,) at a dinner-party I was once at, in New Orleans; it seems to rank with the rather plebeian call for "one over for the buck," and is responded to with a long growl instead of a cheer.*

What to continue.

By about 9 o'clock, a. m., we were on the field, where we waited a few moments, and then receiving orders to advance to the support of another brigade which was heavily pressed and falling short of ammunition, the word was given to advance, and ten minutes after, we were hotly engaged with the enemy.

A Prussian Officer in the Confederate Army says, in the Appendix to Mr. Pollard's account: "Every now and then a caisson would blow up—if a general one, a Confederate yell would immediately follow. The Southern troops, when charging, or to express their delight, always yell in a manner peculiar to themselves. The Yankee cheer is much more like ours; but the Confederate officers declare that the rebel yell has a particular merit, and always produces a salutary and useful effect upon their adversaries. 'A yell is sometimes spoken of as a good yelling regiment;' and Mr. Pollard himself mentions the Federals as having announced to the assembled troops in front of Richmond, and then having called for "three cheers and Tiger" and "Yankee Doodle."—*L. S.*

This was about 10 o'clock on Sunday, (the battle having commenced a little after daylight of the same day). We were exposed to a most galling fire from their sharpshooters who had the advantage of us in arms, and seeing our men dropping very fast, the brigade was ordered to charge, and drive them at the point of the bayonet, resuming our fire till we could get within good range for our guns, which were then principally muskets with rifled barrels.

In this manner we kept driving the enemy before us, and taking their camps one after the other. Towards evening, Prentiss' Brigade (which we had engaged in the morning) had surrendered, and the Federals were in full flight for the river bank, under shelter of their gunboats, which opened upon us with a tremendous fire of shot and shell, but with little effect, for although they evidently had our range, yet, their shot went over us a few feet, and beyond, occasionally killing a man or two, by the explosion of a shell, did very little execution.

After a time their fire slackened altogether, and as we were masters of the field, and had taken possession of all their camps, and were ourselves almost exhausted from the fatigues of a long march, and a day's hard fighting, we received orders at dusk to rest for the night.

Accordingly, we slept in the enemy's camps that night, enjoying a first rate supper, the first meal we had had for nearly two days.*

* Mr. Pollard says: On the Saturday evening proceeding the Sunday fight at Shiloh, there had been considerable skirmishing on our lines. Early Sunday morning, before sunrise, Gen. Hardee, in front of the enemy's camp, made an advance upon it. The enemy was taken completely by surprise, not expecting to be attacked, under any circumstances, by our inferior forces. Many of the men were undressed and in night attire, and the hot breakfasts prepared by the messes were left untouched for the entertainment of our men.—*L. S.*

In the meantime, on the Sunday night, while we were resting quietly, (most of us thinking, no doubt, that the fighting was all over,) the enemy was receiving heavy reinforcements, and on Monday, at daylight, advanced against us with their fresh men and the remnant of their beaten army of the day before.

Our rest, short as it was, had its effect on us. Every man seemed ready again for action with renewed energy. The men were in capital spirits, and scarcely seemed to realise even as yet, the horrors of a battle field.

Such was the seeming callousness of these men, that even when the well known distant murmur told us too plainly that the enemy would be soon in sight, one of them turned to me and said, "I say, Steve," (a way they had of abbreviating my name) "while we are waiting for those d——d Yankees, give us an imitation of Sothern as Lord Dundreary." My feelings had already become pretty well blunted by all I had gone through, but when I reflected that before the day was over, we might both have to face Eternity, a gloom came over me, which even the well remembered eccentricities of this inimitable actor whom I had known and esteemed, could not dispel.

As I have said, the Federals had received heavy reinforcements, and to contend against this immensely superior force, we had only the men engaged in Sunday's fight, less the killed and wounded.

It was therefore decided to fall back to Corinth, which was accordingly done, our brigade being on the reserve, and holding the enemy in check, (in fact, driving him back) and fighting desperately till the afternoon, when we were completely worn out. About three or four o'clock on Monday afternoon we commenced falling back to Corinth. No pursuit

was attempted by the enemy; in fact, outnumbering us even as much as they did, they had evidently had enough of it; and our march back to Corinth, which was commenced on the forenoon of Monday, was not interrupted in any way.

Besides this, the Confederates had left both cavalry, infantry and batteries on the field, to hold the enemy in check, and although the fighting continued for two or three days after, it was more of a skirmishing nature, the battle having finished on the Monday evening. Thus finished the hard fought and memorable battle of Shiloh; the Confederates having it all their own way; being, in fact, a decisive victory on Sunday, and on the Monday a drawn battle; although there cannot be a doubt but that if the Confederates had advanced on Sunday night to the river's bank, they would have taken prisoners, or run into the river the last one of the Federals, for they could not have opened fire on the Confederates from their gunboats without killing their own men.*

In this hard-fought battle, fell one of the greatest generals in the Confederacy—one whose name will ever be remembered by every Southerner with feelings of the greatest admiration, both for his splendid abilities as a general, and his noble qualities as a man—General Albert Sydney Johnstone, who

* Mr. Headly's Northern History of the Rebellion gives the following general account of some of the incidents of the Battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing:—"Had the Rebels known this," (meaning that General Wallace's division, which was to have strengthened the right of the Federal extended lines, had lost its way) "and how weak we were on this wing, they would have driven us into the Tennessee river before nightfall." And in allusion to the second day's fight, he says that even after they had received reinforcements, the squadrons that came up to the rescue "found no unguarded spot where a charge could be made; for the enemy, though acknowledging the day lost, showed no signs of demoralization, but kept his firm formation as he retired, planting his batteries at every commanding point, and hurling destruction on the victorious columns." He adds: "Finding it impossible to throw them into disorder, Buell gave orders to halt."—L. S.

died from the effects of a wound received while leading on one of the regiments composing the Brigade to which I belonged. He was loved and honoured by the troops under his command, and deeply mourned. Above all, he was a good disciplinarian—a quality not so much appreciated in the Confederate Army as might be for the ultimate success they seem to feel so sure of. It seems hard for the men taken immediately from their firesides and homesteads, to understand the absolute necessity of enforcing discipline.* General Beauregard (to whom I acted as aide-de-camp on several occasions) is another good disciplinarian, and seems to have not only a thorough knowledge of Engineering and Fortification, but has a way of concentrating his forces in a manner that almost invariably ensures him a victory.† I have remarked this also with one or two of the Federal generals, although such a campaign as this (with so many and varied disadvantages on both sides, especially as regards the roads,

* The following is an extract on Discipline, taken from Lt. Col. E. Bruce Hamley's work on "The Operations of War." "It is probably unnecessary to insist on the fact that organization and discipline confer vast advantages on an armed force. * * * Discipline, in fact, is a union of very different qualities, each of which is an important element in war. It means cohesion of the units, and suppleness of the mass; it means increased firmness and increased flexibility; it means the most efficient combination of many and various parts for a common end."—L. S.

† The following are the views of Lieut. Col. E. Bruce Hamley, on Concentration: "The commander of an army, that feels the grasp of a formidable enemy on its communications, is not in a position which admits of pause or deliberation. His first step must be to concentrate his forces; till that is effected, he can only attempt to retreat under penalty of sacrificing all the troops that have not joined him; and the more extended his front, the greater will be his danger. * * * Whatever course he resolves on—whether to break through the cordon, or to evade it, it is indispensable that he should operate with his army entire. To divide his forces for any purpose, will be to play the adversary's game."—L. S.

which are in some places almost impassable) affords very little chance for good generalship to display itself.

We now made preparations for——

It is here that the six pages of MS. are missing; and as far as I can remember, they gave an account of the *Entrenching of the Confederates at Corinth*, and their falling back from there; the *Bombardment of Vicksburg* by the Federals; the *Battle of Baton Rouge*, and the *Battle of Corinth*—in all of which the writer was engaged. He mentioned also the great kindness shown him by the Sisters of Mercy when he was laid up for a long time in an hospital from the effects of a sun-stroke. After his recovery, he had again joined his Regiment, and the remainder of the MS. in my possession continues what was a very interesting account of camp life, with many amusing foraging incidents.—*L. S.*

MS. continued:

We took it in turns to be "Maitre de cuisine;" and really Soyer himself could not have beaten us. Our "roasts" were decidedly original; for instance, we would dig a hole in the earth, choosing (when we could get it) clay, which we would make a sort of paste of, cover entirely a turkey feathers and all with it—put it in the hole—dig a sort of ditch round it, and build a tremendous fire over it; and when baked, the clay would come off with the feathers adhering to it, leaving our turkey done to perfection. When we ran short of coffee we burnt rice, and made most excellent coffee of it. When settled in camp for any time, I think the only thing we ran short of was salt. Strict orders had been given concerning all foraging, but sometimes it was impossible to avoid it. On one occasion, I remember seeing a nigger who had been placed in a farm-yard to watch, as a sort of poultry-guard—fast asleep: and, to amuse ourselves, we seized him, and added much to his discomfiture by telling him that, as we could get nothing else, we would make him do for a meal or two, as we were all but starving. He believed us—fell on his knees

—and, trembling from head to foot, exclaimed in piteous tones :
“ Oh, Massa ! for de Lor' sake, don't ye do it, for I's an awful tough nigger ! ” We kept up the joke for some time, and refused to let him off till he had procured us a substitute, in the shape of something less “ tough. ” He brought us a pig, a basket of eggs, and five or six fowls, which substitution we considered a decided improvement. He also made us a quantity of “ corn cob ” pipes, which to us then were sweeter than the sweetest meerschaums.

As regards our uniforms, (I allude in everything only to what came under my own observation) they were of the most servicable kind, being grey jackets, overalls and caps ; the whole of the regiment being furnished in the same uniformity. It is quite a mistake as to the general impression, that the Confederates are without clothing, food, &c. For provision, they have an abundance of everything of the most wholesome kind, except perhaps when the waggons cannot keep up with them on a forced march ; and as for clothing, they have a sufficiency of warm under-clothing, coats and overcoats, &c. ; and I may say, that during my eighteen months' service, except in extreme cases, on a forced march, I never remember going without a meal ; and I certainly always had an appetite to enjoy it.

When, on the occasions alluded to, we could not get provisions, our sufferings were very great ; for we would sometimes literally march our boots off, and continue many miles barefooted, till, exhausted and footsore, we would have to halt for the night, with the prospect of another day's march before we could obtain food. Our marches were sometimes knee deep, in swampy ground ; and with some of us they invariably ended with an attack of intermittent fever.

All our marches were conducted with the most perfect order; so were most of the retreats. The retreat, for instance, from Bowling Green was a most masterly one: it was one of the most splendid movements. To those who do not understand the beauty of the different movements that constitute a masterly retreat, these remarks may appear out of place, but experience has proved to me that a properly conducted retreat should rank almost next to a victory.*

I have not entered into the horrors of a battle-field after a battle, for two reasons. First, I think it one of too awful and solemn a nature to write upon, as even the least that could be written of such scenes as I have witnessed would appear to be written with a view to sensation. Secondly, I leave it to abler pens. I will only state that I noticed one thing particularly, which was that the last words of almost every man I saw fall were, "Oh my God!" And I cannot say that even in one instance (and I saw many brave fellows die) did I ever hear any of the curses and revengeful epithets I find the Confederates are accused of uttering against the Federals in a dying agony. I think there has been much exaggeration on this head; and that on both sides the feeling of

* On the subject of Retreats, Lieut. Col. Bruce Hamley says the following, in his work called "The Operations of War:" "When a retreat becomes inevitable, it is well to conceal the design by partial attacks. The second line relieves the first, which withdraws by alternate battalions, or wings of battalions. The artillery should withdraw by parts not less than batteries, as alternate guns, or half batteries would not command sufficient width of front to open fire after withdrawing, without risk to those that had remained to cover the movement. A rear-guard of the freshest troops available is organised as soon as possible, and the victorious army, which cannot long move in order of battle, but must form columns to pursue, is checked till it can again deploy; the rear-guard performs the functions already described as proper to it; at the first defensible line the retreat is stopped, and the army restored to order, and, as much as possible, to confidence, and again confronts the enemy. Such is the history of a well conducted retreat."—*L.S.*

bitterness is not so much of a personal character as a national one.

In looking over some old letters since my return, I have found one written to a friend by myself while residing in New Orleans, which by some mistake was not posted. As there is much in it concerning the first preparations for this war, I introduce it, as it will explain much in this hurried sketch I may have omitted. The letter is as follows. There is no date, but it was written early in the Spring of 1861.

“NEW ORLEANS,

“1861.

“Dear H——,

“I write you once more from the far-famed Crescent City. If anything, it is even more gay than when I wrote you last from here. We have had the usual Carnival, which this year seems to have surpassed all former festivals, of the kind in magnificence. It is the great Mardi Gras Festival, and although the French population understand it, and know why it is so called, yet the lower order of people, and young urchins strutting about with comic masks and gaudy costumes, made of red, blue, green, and other bright-coloured cotton—seem to know very little about it except that it is a time when all go in for fun and frolic of some sort. You are constantly asked in the street at this time by some dirty little urchin dressed up, for a ‘picayune’ (that’s half a dime) for ‘Muddy Graw.’

“One day I asked a boy what ‘Muddy Graw’ meant; but as I expected, he was quite in a fog as to what the Festival of Mardi Gras was. He considered a little, and finally answered, ‘Why, it means a real good time, and Muddy Graw.’

“ The solemnities of Lent were preceded as usual with a Bal Masque. The ball-room—or rather theatre (for the ball was held in the Opera-house where I told you we had last year sat in the next Box to Stephen A. Douglas and wife) was a most brilliant scene; and, really, with its immense concourse of maskers, all in different costumes, it could well compare with any scene of the kind I have witnessed in Paris. We went as spectators in a private box, accompanied by our dear friends the De B—’s. While we were looking down on the people we heard a scream, immediately under our own box. We soon learned that a masker had been stabbed, during an altercation about Secession. The man having been carried out, the dancing and music (which was led by Carlo Patti, brother to the celebrated vocalist) was continued as if nothing had happened.”

[I recalled the above scene vividly when, while digging at one of the entrenchments during my recent Campaign, I heard some one whistling an operatic air. Turning round, I recognized the Conductor, Carlo Patti. I would have as soon expected to have seen a whole opera troupe there. But to continue my letter.]

“ We have had lately a magnificent procession here; really it was almost as fine as the torchlight procession I described to you which took place in St. Louis at the time of the elections. This one was given by the Fire Brigade. L— worked a very handsome flag for the ‘Hook and Ladder Company.’ Conspicuous among the flags and banners was the ‘Pelican’ banner, worked and presented by Mrs. — and Miss —. When it passed the St. Charles, it received the most enthusiastic cheer I think I ever heard.* The people

* This very flag or Pelican banner seems to be mentioned by Mr. Headle in the Northern account, for in that part of his work which relates to the

are really getting serious I think, about Secession; at least they are making preparation, as they say, to go out of the Union, but I suppose it will all end in smoke. By the way, the device of the pelican feeding her young is on the buttons of a very swell uniform worn by a regiment here that has been got up, called the 'Calhoun Guards.' What a farce! Because the Southerners want to go out of the Union, they think they are going headlong into a sanguinary war. They have even already organized a regiment of juveniles whose ages vary from twelve to sixteen; and people say that the very women are getting up a sort of Amazonian Home Guard.

Really, it seems as if the preparations for defending their rights were a part of the festivities of the season, for we are having balls, parties, operas, theatres, &c., in the very midst of all this excitement. - The 'Calhoun Guards' mean to do great things should a war really break out; and though I of course pretend to see a hero in every man belonging to the Regt. *entre nous*, I think they are playing at soldiering much as they play at dominoes here. The 'block' game of dominoes, by the way, is rather suggestive of this Secession business, for when neither player can go any further, each counts his spots to decide the victory, and the smaller number wins. Mine host, the barber, has given up shaving, and taken to soldiering, to wield a sword instead of a razor.* New Orleans

events which took place about this time, he says: "At New Orleans, the thunder of cannon, singing of the 'Marsellaise,' and the unfurling of the Pelican flag, attested the excitement of the people."—*L. S.*

* A Mr. Huth, a German at whose house we resided. We often heard him addressing his troop in the yard, as his boarders stood on the balconies above, looking on. He had a pet fawn, which became my constant companion in the house, and whose bell I have now in my possession. One day, (the fawn being in the yard at the time,) after Mr. Huth had been thus addressing his company, he concluded with a remark—the exact words of

seems unusually damp this year; indeed, if you put your boots outside your door, in the morning they are quite mildewed——”

The rest of the letter does not apply to the subject in question, therefore it is not necessary to give it in full. On first reading it, I was most shocked at the allusion to the Calhoun Guards, for I hear the regiment has been cut up almost to a man; and some of the lads alluded to proved their valour in the battle-field.

I fear I am trespassing on your valuable space; but I cannot conclude without allusion to the extreme kindness and hospitality I met with without exception wherever I went, on my returning to St. Louis. I left the South in November last, having received a pass through the Confederate lines, upon stating my wish to return home in consequence of my being in ill health. I reached St. Louis late one night, and was arrested and kept a prisoner of war by the Federals three weeks, in the very place I had started from without the least intention then of joining the Confederate service. Owing to the kind exertions of my friend, Mr. De B—r, I was enabled to communicate with my friends here, and he procured my release. I therefore arrived here about five weeks ago; and

which I cannot remember—to the effect that he hoped when they met the enemy, they would do so bravely, as Germans. The fawn had a peculiar way of tossing her head up, and giving a defiant sort of stamp with her fore foot, when anything approached her that she was not accustomed to see. She did so at this moment, strangely enough; and as the troop left the yard, in single file, she headed it, and marched down St. Charles Boromeo Street, (I think it is called) still heading the company, now in double file, to the admiration of every one. It was the prettiest sight I think I ever saw; and any one who was residing in New Orleans at the time, will remember what a sensation Mr. Huth's troop caused, as it marched down the street on this occasion, led by a small fawn.—*L. S.*

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having been advised by General Napier (who did me the honor of calling on me on my return) to——

My husband having been suddenly taken ill, from the effects of large and frequent doses of quinine, taken while in the Confederate service, the above Sketch was never finished. I give it just as he left it.—*L. S.*

In Memoriam.



Died,

In Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, British North America, on the 3rd March, 1865, of congestion of the lungs, Samuel Wentworth Stevenson, Esquire, late of Her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards, (Carbini-ers), aged 30 years. [The deceased served with distinction in the Confederate army, and was engaged in the battle of Shiloh. The hardships which he endured greatly undermined his constitution, and doubtless led to his premature death.—*Editor Canada Freeman.*]

Requiescat in Pace.