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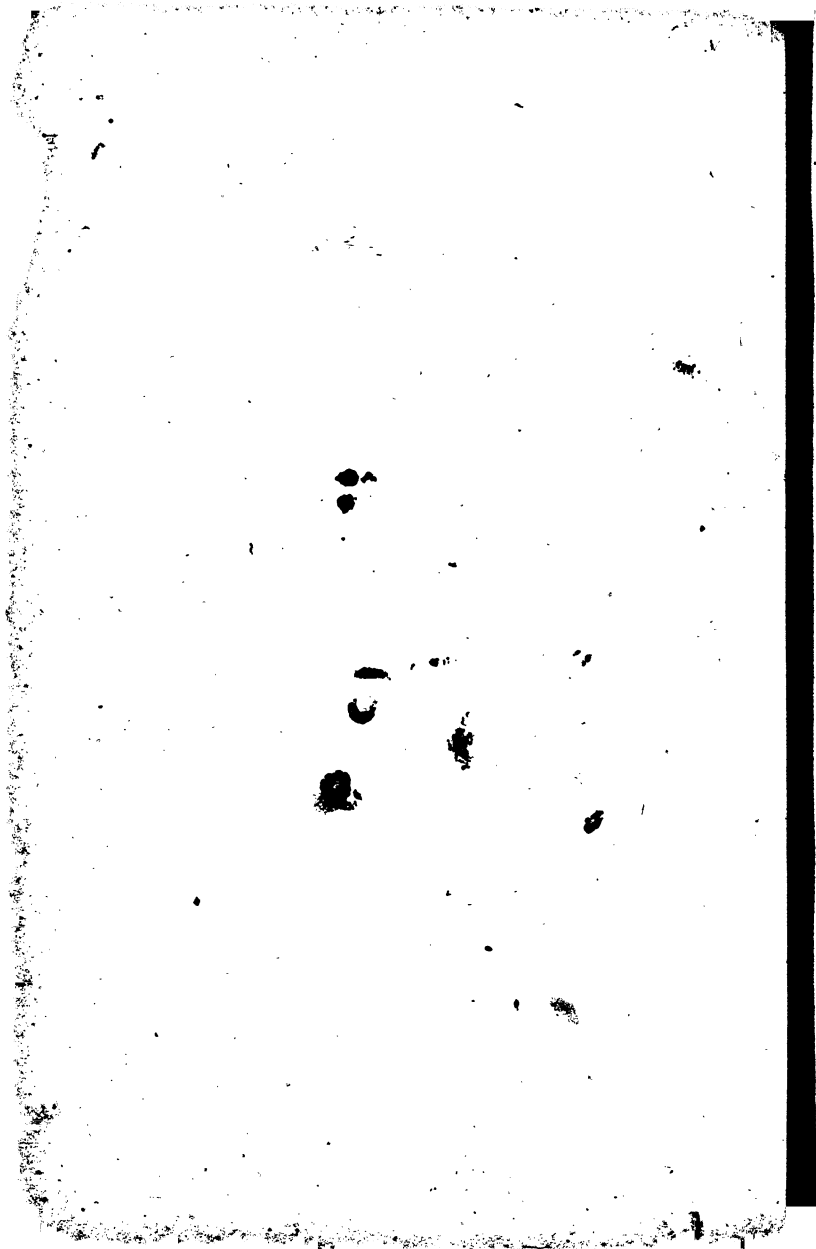
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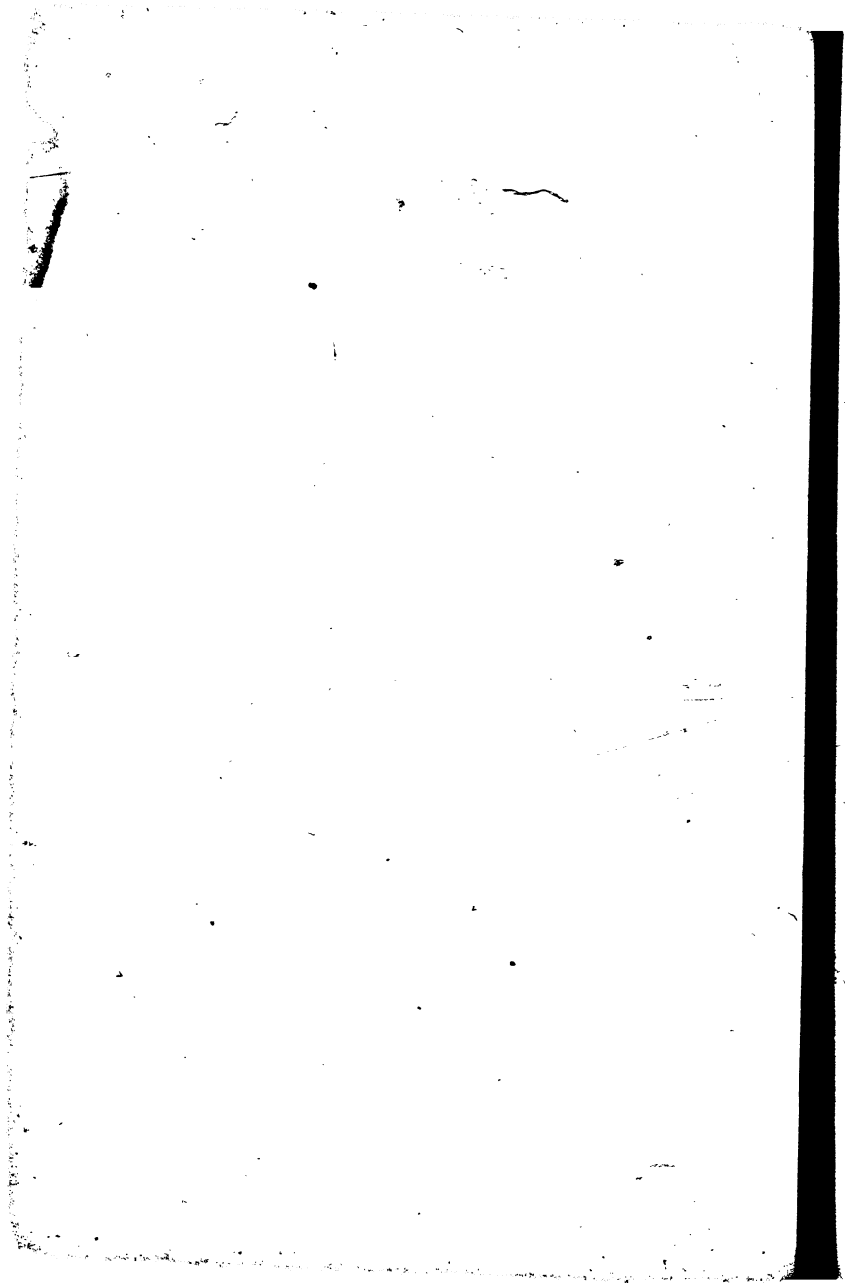
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TALES, SKETCHES AND LYRICS.



TALES,
SKETCHES AND LYRICS.

BY THE

REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

"From grave to gay."

TORONTO:

A. H. ARMOUR & CO.; JAMES BAIN; WM. CAVERHILL;
J. C. GEIKIE; MACLEAR & CO.; H. ROWSELL; THOMPSON & CO.
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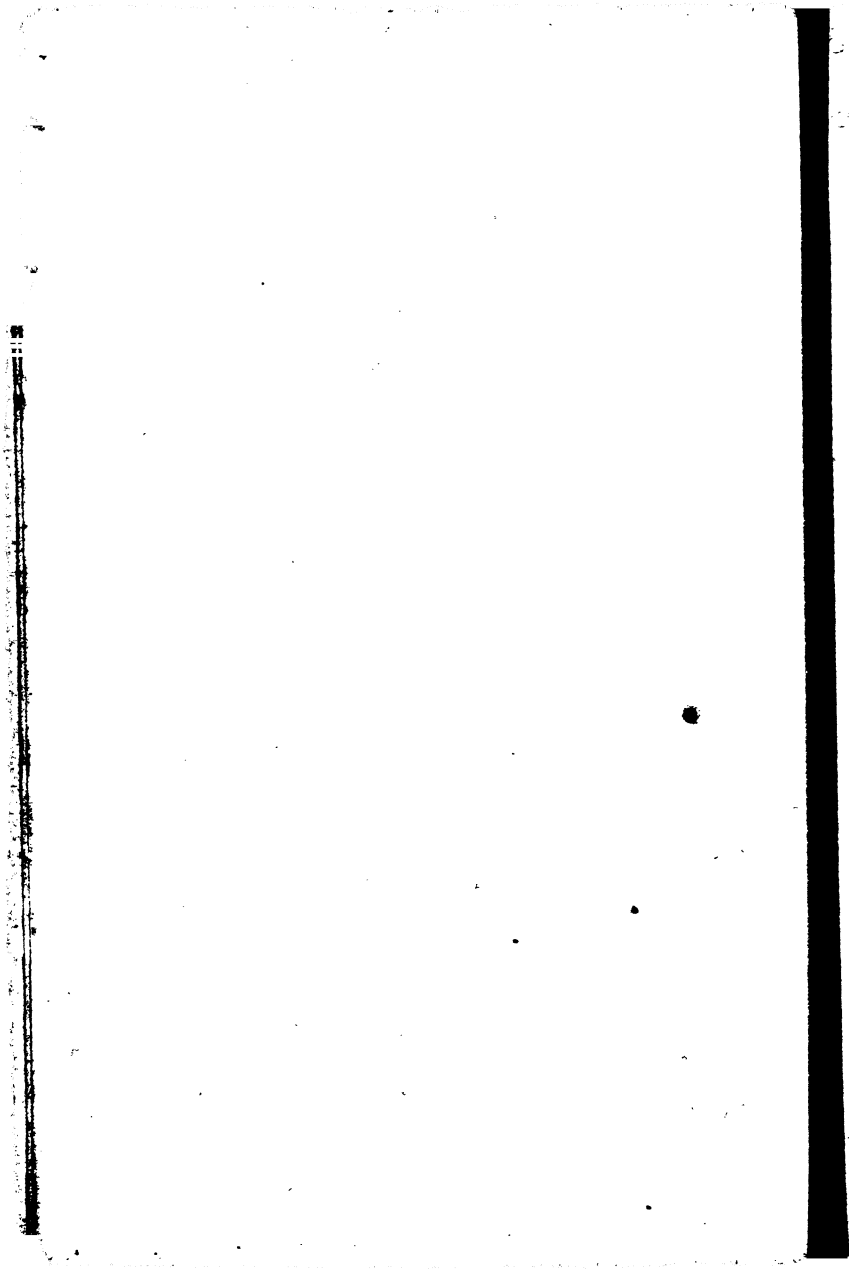
PREFACE.

Good wine requires no bush ; and the most luxuriant foliage would fail to add zest to an indifferent vintage. Hence any thing by way of prologue to the following discursive pages could only be regarded as an act of supererogation.

The author would simply crave license to observe in reference to the tale of "Count or Counterfeit," that its object is to ridicule the inordinate lust for the perusal of slip-slop romances, which so signally prevails at present in "this Canada." Truly alarming is the

extent of the epidemic, and unless checked, it cannot fail to visit the rising generation with psychologic emasculation and discrepitness.

LEGEND OF BETHLEHEM.



A LEGEND OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

It chanced on a Friday of the month of April, in the year of our Lord and Redeemer thirty-three, that an aged man was slowly ascending the hill, on the ridge of which the city of Bethlehem is situated. His worn, dust-soiled raiment indicated that he had been for some time a wayfarer; and it was equally plain, from the fashion of his garb, that he had journeyed from some far-distant land most probably the country of Mesopotamia. It appeared, however, that the scenery around him was by no means beheld for the first time. On the contrary, he surveyed the leading features of the landscape, with the fond interest of one who had been familiar with them in by-gone years; and the tears which began to course down his furrowed cheek, demonstrated that old events and early associations were fast being reproduced from the unfathomable store-house of memory.

II.

The locality, indeed, exhibited much that was calculated to arrest the attention, and excite the imagination of all who were conversant with the annals of the children of Abraham. Here was the field in which the gentle Moabitess Ruth, humbly gleaned after the reapers of Boaz. Here, likewise, was the fountain, for which David, when he was in an hold, longed, and said: "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

III.

With special intensity did the ancient traveller gaze upon a fair green meadow, situated beneath the bold rocky terraces of the "City of Bread," and in which sundry groups of shepherds were engaged in their quiet and peaceful occupation. And in the expression of the beholder's countenance, one—even though ungifted with strong fancy—might read, that he had once himself wielded a crook in that sequestered and singularly beautiful plain. It was even so. Isaac the Bethlehemite, after an absence of more than thirty long summers in the far East, was returning to the city of the pastoral king, where his first, and freshest, and happiest days had been spent.

IV.

One thing the pilgrim specially noted, and that was the unusual stillness which pervaded the scene, at least more immediately in his vicinity. Almost deserted were the thoroughfares leading to Bethlehem—small appearance of life being presented, save by the guard at the gate, who stood listlessly leaning on their spears, or sat burnishing their mail in dreamy mood. Another thing arrested the attention of Isaac, equally with the unwonted desertion of the city. From the eminence on which he stood, he could descry vast multitudes of people thronging towards Jerusalem. He knew, indeed, that it was the season of the Passover, when the holy city was wont to receive many visitors, from all quarters of the world, but he never remembered on any former occurrence of the festival, to have seen such hosts of devotees bound for the seat of Jehovah's sacred Temple.

V.

Standing thus in thoughtful contemplation, the returned Bethlehemite was startled by a deep and sorrow-laden groan—expressive of some stern and tragic weight of misery, if not of absolute despair. On looking round to the quarter from whence the sound of woe proceeded,

he beheld a sight which at once excited his wonder and compassion. Seated on the ground, between two graves—which, judging from their respective dimensions, were those of an adult and a child—was a wild, gaunt, spectre-visaged being, whose restless eye with feverish activity rolled restlessly around like that of a famished hyena. His scanty and negligently-arranged dress was composed of skins in their natural condition; and head-gear he had none, save his own matted unkempt hair, which hung over his weather-bronzed visage, like the mane of an untamed steed of the desert.

VI.

For a season, Isaac was filled with no small alarm at the sight of this mysterious creature. He conceived that perchance he might be one of those strangely afflicted demoniacs then so rife in Palestine, and who, in their hours of special possession, frequently wrought sore harm to any who had the evil chance to light upon their lairs. His apprehension, however, was but of brief duration, for he soon discovered that the solitary sorrower belonged not to the tormented vassals of Satan, and that in his blood-shot eye the light of reason still continued to burn, though dim and flickering as a torch in the winter's sleet-charged wind.

VII.

Glaring vacantly on the clear, blue sky, that eremite spoke aloud the thoughts which welled from his troubled and fever-vexed brain. "No," he exclaimed, "the Sadducee was right! The soul is mortal, and the bodily resurrection a dream of drivelling dotards. My sweet Judith! never more can I behold thy liquid black eye—never more be thrilled through each nerve with thy smile, discoursing love unspeakable. And my darling Benjamin! my noble, peerless child, what art thou but a delicious vision, fled, woe's me, and vanished for ever. Never again wilt thou nestle thy fair silken-haired head in my bosom, nor lisp my name in staggering half-uttered words, more musical by far than sounds of the most cunningly played dulcimer. Ye are vanished and gone, like a streak of morning mist—like a foam-bell in the mountain stream.

VIII.

"Once, indeed, I could have thought after a different fashion. Time was, when I cherished the hope, that beyond the dark tomb, in a brighter and tearless state of existence, I would meet with both of you again, never more to experience the sharp agony of parting. But

that is past—all past. Caiaphas the Sadducee taught me my error, and convinced me that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit. Oh! cursed be the cold, blighting knowledge which that sneering, ungenial philosopher bestowed upon me. Dream as my belief was, it was a bright and surpassingly soothing dream. Since it was dispelled, life has been to me nought save a simoom-blasted desert—a dry and thirsty land, wherein is no water.” And with that the heart-sick one threw himself madly upon his face, and dug his long, vulture-like nails into the twin funereal-mounds, between which he writhed like a crushed and convulsed snake.

IX.

Isaac of Bethlehem could not behold unmoved this pitiable abandonment of grief. Approaching the sufferer, he spoke to him in soothing tones. With gentle hand he uplifted him from the hard and churlish earth; and tenderly as a young mother handles her first-born, he wiped the clammy sweat from his forehead, and the dust-mingled foam from his parched and quivering lips. These kind offices had the effect of restoring comparative composure to the hermit of the graves, and after a season he thus discoursed to his benefactor.

X.

“Gentle stranger! if thou hadst known my Judith and our child, you would not marvel at the big agony which at times masters me, as it has done even now. But I will not essay to describe their matchless beauty, or my surpassing happiness. As well might I describe to you the colours and scent of a rare and fragrant flower, the sight or odour of which you never experienced.

XI.

“Our world is more than thirty years older since, with my loved and lost ones, I dwelt in a cottage which stood on yonder grassy mound. It was a tabernacle of unalloyed delectitude. Not a care disturbed our quiet days. Not an anxious thought marred or wrinkled the sabbaths of our peaceful nights. Sorrow was a strange tale to us. Every new sun-rise brought fresh sources of unadulterated delight. * Each evening the moon and stars smiled in their courses, at the vision of our unsurpassable enjoyment. My home was heaven. Seeing that there is no heaven hereafter, I am now amidst all the bitterness of hell.

XII.

“Of passing events we knew almost nothing. Seldom did I visit either Jerusalem or Bethlehem, and then only

on urgent and unavoidable occasions. My business despatched, I was too eager to return to my paradise, to bestow much attention upon the themes which interested and engrossed the men of active life. On one occasion, I remember, we heard tidings of a strange and mysterious child which had been born in our city, and to visit which certain sages had come a long, and perilous, and toilsome journey. But we had ourselves a babe, fairer, we deemed, than ever had sprung from the loins of our father Adam; and Judith and myself had neither care nor affection to lavish upon any other. Alas! our aroma of life was soon to be dissipated for ever—and oh how sharply and how sternly!

XIII.

“On my way home from Jerusalem, one calm but murky night, I met with a plain man journeying together with his wife and a young child, the two latter being seated upon an ass. He enquired of me concerning the most direct road to Egypt, and seemed in haste to proceed, tarrying no longer than to obtain such information as it was in my power to afford. In answer to a question which I incidentally put, he told me that his name was Joseph—that his native place was Nazareth in Galilee—

and that his spouse was called Mary. On parting he said something about the tyranny of Herod, and put up a prayer on behalf of all who had the care of young children. But for this latter incident the occurrence would have left no impression upon my memory. As things have eventuated it has remained there, graven as with a pen of iron.

XIV.

“Shortly after the event just mentioned, I chanced to be sitting with my beloved ones, on a bright morning, in the vine-shaded porch of our dear cottage. I reclined with my head pillowed upon the kindly bosom of my gentle Judith; and as our adored little Benjamin sported and frolicked around, we speculated fondly upon his future lot and destiny. A stirring and honourable career did we fashion out for him, and sanguinely anticipated the time when by his virtue, wisdom, and prowess he would add new fame to the chivalrous tribe of his fathers.

XV.

“Two armour-clad men—soldiers of Herod the king—came upon us or ever we were aware of their advent. Fatigued with walking in the heat of noon-day, they

craved our hospitality, which was at once, and frankly, conceded, as no stranger was ever turned faint and hunger-smitten from our door. After they had partaken of a repast, the sterner looking of the twain cast an eye upon our precious boy; and with a sinister expression, which will haunt me on my dying bed, should I come to number the years of Methusela, interrogated his mother what might be his age. His comrade, who seemed to be of a milder spirit, made on this, an anxious and significant sign to my Judith, and prompting her, as it were, said 'Of a surety the child is more than two years old!' But my loved one, with all the eager pride of a mother, exclaimed, 'Indeed, indeed you are in error. Our Benjamin will not reach his eighteenth month till the second ensuing sabbath. Is he not, good sir, a noble and likely boy for his age?'

XVI.

"No sooner had she thus delivered herself, than both the men of war arose, the kindlier one with a heavy and rueful sigh, and told a tale which was almost incomprehensible on account of its surpassing and measureless horror. Even at this distant period, I can scarce realize the demoniac bitterness which it embodied and adumbra-

ted. Suffice it to say, the mercenaries informed us, that our only child—the silken-haired, glad-eyed Benjamin—was doomed to death by decree of the infernal Herod. And, oh! what madness to a mother! that the certification of his age, had been virtually the warrant of his execution! Had my Judith but preserved silence as to the period of his birth, she would have saved our blessed babe.

* * * * *

XVII.

“ Nothing do I remember of what then took place. When my recollection returned, I found myself lying over the ghastly corpses of my Judith and my Benjamin. The mother had been ruthlessly slain in striving to shield her pet lamb, as she was wont to call him, from destruction. I was alone in that once happy, gleesome chamber, and the cold night breeze, as it stirred my moist hair, sounded as if the destroyer death were whispering in my ear that his victory was full and complete. I writhed under his terrible sting, and crouched slave-like before the gory wheels of his triumphant chariot.

XVIII.

“ For a space I cherished the marrowless hope that the patriarch Job spoke truth, when he declared that after

worms destroyed the body it should live again, and that with the same eyes with which we had gazed upon the sun and moon, we should see our Father God, and each other. To the doctrine—faintly held, it is true—of a resurrection of the human frame, I clung as a drowning wretch clings to a straw; and I lived in hope that after this chequered life ended, I should once more meet and embrace my lost ones in that fabled land, where sorrow and sighing are strange and unknown words, and where there are pleasures for evermore.

XIX.

“ My kinsman Caiaphas, the present High Priest of the Jews, strove to rouse me from my melancholy torpor, as he called it. He told me that the idea of a future state was a fond imagination—a baseless fable. Angels and spirits, he said, were but the creatures of an idle fancy; and that our substantial wisdom lay in making the most of the present moment. ‘ Eat, drink, and be merry,’ he concluded, ‘ every thing else is but vanity, vexation and folly.’

XX.

“ Right cunning and plausible were the arguments which this accomplished sophist brought forward to prove

his position. They convinced me, but destroyed my slender remains of hope, and consequently of comfort. The future became as midnight—the present was left as dark and chill as ever. With my crushed heart could I take pleasure in the feast or in the revel? The bloody visages of my slain ones glared upon me through the festoons of flowers which decorated the Sadducee's sensual board. I flew from the converse of my kind as from a pestilence; and here have I dwelt between these two graves where the desires of mine eyes are sleeping the dreamless slumber, without a motive and without a hope—wary and heart-sick of life, and yet deriving no comfort from the anticipation of the dark, blank future."

XXI.

Soothingly did Isaac of Bethlehem press the hot, trembling hand of the thrice-hapless recluse; and his eye lovingly glistened as if with the consciousness that it was in his power to impart consolation to the mourner, at once fitting and substantial. In tones tinctured with chastened cheerfulness, he spoke after the following tenor:

XXII.

"You tell me you were taught to hold that there is no hereafter, and that spirits and angels are but airy legends"

or coinages of the designing. Credit it not, thou man of sore bereavement! Of all spots on the round world this is not the one for cherishing such gloomy and contracted dogmas. Of all the creatures of Jehovah, an unbelieving Israelite is the one most without excuse, seeing that his nation has been nursed and cradled, so to speak, amidst the wonders and mysteries of the unseen and eternal state. Listen to the strange tale I am about to recount, of matters which fell under the scope of my own ken, and then tell me whether Caiaphas can be regarded as speaking the words of truth and soberness.

XXIII.

“Thirty-three years ago, I was a shepherd of Bethlehem, and on yonder plain have kept many a vigil, tending the flocks committed to my care. One evening towards the close of the year, several of my comrades and myself were thus engaged. The night was wooing, and though the moon was absent, darkness did not prevail, for the sentinel stars in their silver mail, kept watch and ward on the battlements of Heaven. Right well do I remember our communing on that memorable and most eventful night. Our minds were in a serious and solemn mood, and we discoursed concerning the great things

which the I AM had in store for His people. Especially did we make mention of the Messiah, whose coming was confidently looked for by all who had carefully and with prayer studied the prophets of our nation. We remembered the promise conveyed through the seer Malachi, '*Unto you that fear my name shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings.*'

XXIV.

“In one instant our vision was blinded by a flood—I should rather say an ocean—of light, so intense as infinitely to surpass ought I had ever experienced, or conceived of. It was neither glaring nor scorching; but a thousand suns in their noontide strength could never have shed such a wondrous mass of supernatural brightness. For a season we were constrained to close our eyes against the overpowering and unbearable glory; but at length we were enabled to gaze upon the miraculous spectacle which was vouchsafed to our view. The curtain of sky which separates us from Heaven seemed as if rolled aside by an invisible hand, and a being, whose majestic beauty no words can describe or image forth, appeared in the midst of that new and glorious atmosphere, if I may so speak. Rays, such as diamonds of price shed, darted

from every pore of his person, and his raiment was soft and feathery, like the fleecy clouds, which sometimes of a midsummer's eve weave themselves lovingly around the full-orbed moon.

XXV.

“Need I say, that at this strange appearance our hearts sunk within us, and we became sore afraid? But the beautiful seraph spoke soothingly unto us, and revived our fainting souls. Freshly do I recollect his every word; for who could ever forget the ecstatic syllables which dropped from that sublimely sweet voice, full-toned and musical, like the sound of pebbles plunged into a deep, rock-encircled pool. Thus ran his spirit-entrancing communication: *‘Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.’*

XXVI.

“Hardly had the celestial herald concluded, than lo yet another marvel! The whole space which our vision could embrace, was forthwith filled with angelic choris-

ters, in fashion like unto the proclaimer of Emanuel. Their numbers were far beyond the scope of humanity to reckon up. Millions upon millions of shining ones floated upon the sea of light, stretching upwards and backwards till the brain was dizzied and bewildered, crazed almost, with the impression of their seemingly countless and limitless extent. And they sung a new song, so mighty in its concerted swell that it must have, been heard, methought, in the remotest planet and star: '*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*' And then the sounds died away, like the gentle sighing of a summer's zephyr breeze, which scarce ruffles the leaf of the timid aspen, and all was still and lonesome as before.

XXVII.

“When we regained the power of speech, which had been clean suspended during these passages, we whispered solemnly to each other: '*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.*' So we rose up, and girded ourselves, and came with haste to the city. We were guided by a star-like meteor, which, as it were, beckoned us on, till we came to the stable of the principal caravanserai. There we found a goodly young child, lying

in a manger, with his father and mother as his sole attendants, and meanly attired in the scanty rags of penury. Ere we could say aught, the coming footsteps of other visitors were heard, and forthwith there entered a company of Magi; Eastern kings and sages, who had come from their distant dominions to render homage to this humbly cradled infant. Grave and thoughtful men they were and from their conversation I gathered that it had been revealed to them by the Ancient of Days, that in that simple babe, for whom there was no room in the inn, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

XXVIII.

“It will not interest you to be told, how I agreed to accompany one of those devout pilgrim princes to his own far land, or how I fared in that foreign region. Enough to say that some months ago my patron was gathered to his fathers, and on his death-bed charged me to return to Judea, as the completion of the Messiah’s work was about to take place. It behoved me, he said, as one specially favoured by Heaven, to be present at Jerusalem on the coming Pentecost.

XXIX.

“Thus, oh stricken and mourning one, you perceive

how mighty your error, how entire your delusion as regards the future state of being! No angel, no spirit, said you? The air teems with them. Not a sunbeam but bears legions of them on some God-directed mission of mercy or of judgment."

XXX.

Sadoc (for so was the widowed solitary named,) had listened with thirsty ear to the ancient shepherd's narration, and on its conclusion remained for a while absorbed in thought. It seemed as if the long-brooding cloud of despair was beginning to pass away from his care-furrowed brow. Anon, however, he sunk back into his pristine mood, and wrung his hands as despondingly as ever. "No, stranger," he cried, "your words minister to me not one atom of comfort. Something of the event which you describe I have heard before, but, without impugning your veracity, I cannot hesitate to regard it as belonging to the fancies which imagination often delights to fabricate for the bewilderment of man. At any rate, presuming the vision of angels to be real, it proves nothing as to the corporeal resurrection of Adam's frail children. Oh no! no! no! There is, there can be no hope for me, of all men the most miserable. My murdered ones, never more shall I behold you! never more hear the low sweet

tones of your forever hushed voices! My lot may indeed be called MARA, for it is bitter exceedingly!"

XXXI.

At this moment the warders on the towers of Bethlehem proclaimed THE SIXTH HOUR.

XXXII.

Hardly had the sound of their voices ceased to echo among the cliffs, ere it became darker than the darkest midnight. The murkiness, like that which plagued the Egyptian oppressors, might be said to be felt, so dismal, so frightfully sable the pall which was drawn over the whole expanse of the sky. Thunder, too, of a deeper bass than ever before had been uttered, rolled and crashed in incessant peals. It seemed as if the elements had been imbued with reason, and were with frenzied voice protesting against some unparalleled and utterly intolerable deed of reprobation and blasphemy. Over Jerusalem forked bolts of lightning hissed and darted like serpents vomited from the pit of perdition, and lured to the city by some horrid fascination there existing. In particular they seemed to concentrate upon the spot where stood the Temple of the Lord God of Hosts. And the earth shared in the mighty and most

mysterious excitement, and reeled, and heaved, and tossed, and quaked, as if its erst firm foundations now rested upon the waves of a tornado-vexed ocean.

XXXIII.

In the midst of this wild and soul-paralyzing turmoil, a soft, violet-tinted light began gradually to pervade the region where stood the pilgrim shepherd and the world-wearied Sadoc. As it increased, it was evident that a radical change had occurred in the locality during the sullen reign of darkness. The twain graves were discovered to be open, the fresh earth being scattered around, and the huge stones which had covered them lying at some distance, as if removed by some gigantic, but silent power. And closely adjoining these disturbed mansions of mortality, there stood two forms clad in the livery of the dead. One of them was a female, and the other a child, who grasped her hand, and looked fearlessly and confidently in her face, undismayed by the mad war of the elements which rioted and raged around.

XXXIV.

But who could shadow forth the surpassing beauty, not so much of feature (though that was great,) as of expression, which beamed in the visages of that meek

and silent pair? Its main characteristic was peace,—peace, passing all understanding—peace, such as the cold, churlish, sordid world could never give, nor, with all its manifold vicissitudes, ever take away.

XXXV.

Isaac was the first to mark this addition to their company, and he mutely directed the attention of Sadoc to the strangers. Slowly and listlessly did the heart-sick hermit turn himself round; but no sooner did he behold the new-come pair than it seemed as if an electric flood had rushed through his entire frame. Every muscle quivered. Every vein swelled. Every particular hair stood stiff and rigid. He drew his breath in laboured, convulsive gasps, and his eyes appeared glazed by the all-absorbing intensity of the glare with which he regarded the innocent, saintly group before him. One precious, precious smile from them—a smile concentrating the rich happiness of years, brightened and made warm, the dark, cold places of his heart. His ears thrilled with the long unheard words "HUSBAND! FATHER!" And with a sobbing, choking exclamation: "GOD OF PITY! MY JUDITH! MY BENJAMIN!" he staggered forward, and encircled them both in one mighty, wild, hysteric embrace. The carking recollection of more than

thirty bleak years of anguish and despair was in one moment blotted out and obliterated, never, oh never more to return. Their agonies were forgotten like the fitful dream of a single night.

* * * * *

XXXVI.

“Sadoc, dearest, dearest Sadoc! come on, and tarry not to converse of such matters. Have we not a glad-some eternity before us? The city must be reached before the NINTH HOUR. Legions upon legions of angels are flocking thither, even as I am now speaking. Oh haste thee, my beloved! HE is dying for us!”

XXXVII.

At that heaven-chronicled hour—the most tragically august that time or eternity ever witnessed—shepherd, husband, wife and child, were humbly kneeling on the summit of the mount called Calvary. Before them scowled three gaunt, blood-stained crosses, illumined by the lightnings which flashed and twisted around. And they were in time to hear the calm, majestic, pale-visaged, thorned-crowned BEING who hung on the centre tree, exclaim with a full, sweet, clear voice: “IT IS

FINISHED! FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMIT MY SPIRIT!" Having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

XXXVIII.

In the writhing and pain-fevered wretches who were nailed to the other two crosses, Sadoc recognised the soldiers who had slain his loved ones. He specially noted, however, that the countenance of the one who had manifested ruth and pity, bore marks of resignation, and humble but well assured hope. And a weeping woman, who was present, testified that the King of the Jews, whose diadem was a circle of brambles, had said unto him: "VERILY I SAY UNTO THEE, TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."

XXXIX.

Isaac and Sadoc were among the number of those who met together on the day of Pentecost. They gladly received the word of Peter, and were baptised, and continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

RHYMES SACRED.



RHYMES SACRED.

BARTIMEUS.

I.

“ Oh lone and lorn my lot!
To me the sunbeam is a joy unknown;
In vain earth's lap with rarest flowers is strewn—
I crush but view them not.

II.

“ The human face and form,
So glorious as they tell, are all to me
A strange and unimagined mystery,
Dark as the midnight storm.

III.

“ Winter's sharp blast I prove,
But may not gaze upon the mantle white
With which the widowed earth she does bedight
In rough, but honest love.”

IV.

Sudden a mighty throng,
Tumultuous passed that beggar's muddy lair.
And listlessly he asked in his despair
Why thus they pressed along?

V.

A friendly voice replied,
"Jesus, the man of Nazareth is here."
The words with strange power fell upon his ear,
And eagerly he cried :

VI.

"Jesus! our David's son,
Have mercy on me for Jehovah's sake;
Pity Emanuel—pity do thou take—
'Mid thousands I'm alone!"

VII.

The multitude cried—"Cease!
The Master will not pause for such as thou;
Nobler by far his purposes, we trow,
Silence thou blind one—peace!"

VIII.

But bold with misery,
He heeded not the taunt of selfish pride,
More eagerly and earnestly he cried,
“Have mercy, Christ, on me!”

IX.

The ever open ear
Heard—and heard not unmoved that quivering voice.
“Come hither!” Hundreds now exclaimed—“Rejoice!
He calls; be of good cheer!”

X.

How rare—how passing sweet
Sounded those words of hope. He cast away
His garment, lest its folds his course might stay,
And fell at Jesus' feet.

XI.

“What would'st thou?” Wondrous bright
The beggar's visage glowed. He felt right sure
That voice so God-like, straight would speak his cure.
“Lord, that I may have sight!”

XII.

He never knew suspense.
"Receive thy sight, thou dark one for thy faith!"
And lo! convulsively he draws his breath,
Entranced with his new sense.

XIII.

Did Bartimeus seek
Once more his ancient nook of beggary?
Oh no! He felt that he could gaze for aye
On Jesus' face so meek.

XIV.

Love would not let him stay.
His darkened soul was lightened like his eyes,
And from that hour the Lord whom he did prize
He followed in the way.

THE INDIAN LOG CHURCH.

Rude forest temple! little canst thou show
Of architect'ral pomp or blazonry ;
But to my heart thy meek simplicity
Speaks deeper toned than prouder forms can do.
Emanuel's pioneer in a wild land,
For ages buried in the gloom of night,
Thou first didst beckon with beseeching hand,
To Gospel liberty, and Gospel light.
Within thy walls, first, in this region, swelled
The choral hymn of praise to Israel's God ;
Here first the wandering Indian beheld
The entrance to immortal life's straight road,
And, nothing doubting, heard with glist'ning eye,
That he was heir with Christ, of wealth beyond the sky.

“WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?”

Most churlish question, when the husky cry
Of gnawing famine falls upon the ear.
Can there be creed or sect in misery?
Or party in the pain-extorted tear?
“Who is my neighbour?” Cold one wend thy way
To Calvary’s mount, and gaze upon the face
Of Him who bled to free our common race
From death’s sharp sting, and sin’s polluting sway.
The kind Lord died for all. Yes, e’en for those
Whose torments wrung his flesh with nameless throes.
Blush for thy selfishness, and learn to see
A neighbour in each child of Adam’s family.

CHRIST MOURNING OVER JERUSALEM.

I.

Like royal maiden sleeping gracefully,
Jerusalem lay cradled in the sun ;
Scarcely was heard the pilgrim zephyr's sigh,
As though heaven's azure field it glided on.
Our earth, save Eden, ne'er disclosed a scene
So freshly fair—so beautifully serene.

II.

On Olive's mount reclined an humble band,
From whom the sons of pride would shrink in scorn ;
Way-faring ones, whose robes the churlish hand
Of penury had sorely moiled and torn,
Plain might you read in each care-wrinkled face,
That here they had nor home, nor resting place.

III.

But in that mean and friendless brotherhood
Was one, whose grandeur angels could not plumb,
The ever-welling source of all that's good—
By whom all things consist—from whom they come.
Yes, Dives! Him you turn from in disdain,
The heaven, and heaven of heavens cannot contain.

IV.

Who but Jehovah could the task essay
To scan the thoughts which through the God-man's soul
Like spectres flitted, as on that fair day
His saddened eye did o'er the landscape roll!
To human ken, how bright the scene appears—
Emanuel's sight it dims with scalding tears.

V.

Perchance the Past was then before His view—
The blood-stained story of His chosen nation;
Though highly favored, thankless,—never true—
Rebellious, stiff-necked, prone to provocation,
Killing the prophets—stoning heralds given
To point their way to holiness and heaven.

vi.

Sure as He gazed, there vividly appeared
The ghastly scenes of His deep tragedy ;
In dark relief He saw the cross upreared,
He heard the heartless blood-shout "Crucify!"
Forebodingly He felt the Roman lance,
The shrouding of His Father's countenance.

vii.

Next that false nation's dread catastrophe—
So long predicted—gloomed before God's Son.
Like dream of night the temple passed away,
Remaining on another not one stone—
Whilst, carnage-gorged, the eagle hoarsely yelled
That Heaven's last curse was sternly now fulfilled.

viii.

Small marvel, then, that in His tender pity
He, who was love itself, wept like a child,
When gazing on that fair but wayward city
Which from His open arms was self-exiled ;
Small marvel that He cried with yearning moan,
"Jerusalem ! Oh, if thou hadst but known !"

IX.

Pray we, that soon the glorious time may come,
When the poor outcast Jew shall know his God ;
And, after all his wanderings turn to home,
Weaned from rebellion by the chast'ning rod ;
And nestle, chicken-like, beneath the wing
Of Christ his loving Prophet, Priest, and King.

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU."

Oh world, false and cold, I turn from thee,
All thy allurements fail to chain my heart :
Misfortune's sharp, but kindly God-sent dart,
Hath broke the meshes which imprisoned me.
The dream was beauteous, yea exceeding fair :
Bright was the glamour which it threw around :
But soon there came the chill mist of despair,
Rising like vapour from a charnel ground.
Then I essayed to lift my sickened gaze
To the blest mount where Jesus shed his blood—
When first the mighty truth I understood,
That there alone true happiness is found.
Dear Lamb of God ! from Thee doth well a balm
To cheer the sin-sad soul, and passion's tempest calm.

SIN AND LOVE.

I.

What is sin? On Calvary
Seek the answer! With moist eye
Gaze upon the thorn-crowned One,
Not now on the Triune throne,
But writhing on the cross of shame,
Though in him was found no blame.

II.

Why does blood His fair limbs stain?
Wherefore broil His nerves with pain?
Whence the mystic, lonesome cry,
"ELI LAMA SABACHTHANI?"
A world's guilt His soul doth wring!
A world's guilt lends death its sting!

III.

What is love? Oh, can you ask!
What urged the God-man to His task?
Why did he grasp the cup, nor shrink
The dregs of Heaven's wrath to drink?
'Twas for your sake—that you might prove
Immortal joys. This, this is love!

IV.

Saviour, Christ! let all adore Thee!
Saviour, Christ! we bend before Thee!
Mid Thy darkest agony
We behold Thy deity!
Ransomed souls with one accord,
Hail Thee universal Lord!

CRANMER.

When he began to speak more of the Sacrament and the Papacy, some of them began to cry out, yelp, and bawl; and specially Cole cried out upon him, "Stop the heretic's mouth, and take him away." Then was an iron chain tied about Cranmer. And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable (saving that once with the same hand he wiped his face) that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. He seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound. His eyes were lifted up unto heaven, and oftentimes he repeated, his "unworthy right hand," so long as his voice would suffer him. And using the words of Stephen, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

Fox's Acts and Monuments.

I.

Within a dark and dreary cell,
Paved and o'er-arched with stone;
There sits upon a couch of straw
An aged man alone;
And ever and anon he breaks
The silence with a groan.

II.

A groan of sharpest misery,
Of measureless despair ;
And wildly gleams his grief-bleared eye,
As if in that sad stare
He tracked some grisly fiend's course,
Athwart his prison lair.

III.

No peace hath he by day or night,
One sick'ning now of sorrow
Is his ; he longeth not to hail
The gairish smile of morrow,
Nor hopes he from the dewy eve,
Refreshing rest to borrow.

IV.

To pray he often bends the knee,
In that mirk solitude ;
'Tis vain ! his trembling right hand seems
To scare away all good,
That hand he gazes on with dread,
As if 'twas bathed in blood.

V.

Change we the scene. That old man stands
Thoughtful, yet calm his eye,
Within an ancient church, where swells
The *Misereri* high.
Its strain he never more may hear,
Ere sun-down he must die.

VI.

But first before the multitude
His sins he must confess,
And for his treason 'gainst the Pope,
Due penitence express.
So that the priest before he goes
To death, his soul may bless.

VII.

A bitter homily was preached
To warn the people well,
That heresy they should eschew
As they would hope to dwell
At God's right hand, and never prove
The grewsomeness of hell.

VIII.

“And here stands one”—the Friar said—

“Who fain would warn you all
Ere he goes forth to fiery death
To profit by his fall.”

And then a breathless silence reigned
In that old Gothic hall.

IX.

Few words the great Archbishop said,
But they were words of might,
His eyes no longer dully glared,
But sparkled clear and bright,
As nervously he charged them all
'Gainst tyrant Rome to fight.

X.

And aye to guard their native Church
From foreign prelate's yoke,
Built as she was on Jesus Christ
Her firm foundation rock.
Like storm-bent reeds, the scowling crew
Trembled as thus he spoke.

XI.

For a brief space their craven hearts
Before his speech did quake,
And then like tiger fierce they yelled
And hissed like coiling snake,—
“Down with the cursed heretic,
And drag him to the stake!”

XII.

They bound him to a blackened post
Fast with an iron chain,
And fired the fagots, while he stood
Like one that scorned pain ;
But as he gazed on his right hand
The salt tears fell amain.

XIII.

“Good people, by the love of Christ,”
He cried to all around,
“Take heed lest urged by flesh and blood
Your consciences you wound.
Since this right hand has played me false
No comfort have I found.

XIV.

“Satan prevailed, and so it signed
Words I recall with shame,
Tenets of error which my soul
Did loathingly disclaim,
And therefore, traitor hand, thou first
Must taste the blistering flame.”

XV.

Thousands intently watched his face,
But none could there espy
One shrinking muscle, as the fire
Raged in its mastery.
Upon the blazing hand he gazed
With firm unblenching eye.

XVI.

And as it crackled and consumed,
A flood of radiance spread
Over his visage, as a babe
Smiles in its quiet bed.
“Lord Jesus, now receive my soul!”
And then his spirit fled.

THE EMIGRANT'S FUNERAL.

Strange earth we sprinkle on the exile's clay,
Mingled with flowers his childhood never knew ;
Far sleeps he from that mountain-top so blue,
Shadowing the scene of his young boyhood's play.
But o'er his lonely trans-atlantic bed
The ancient words of hopeful love are spoken,
The solitude of these old pines is broken
With the same prayers, once o'er his fathers said.
Oh precious Liturgy ! that thus canst bring
Such sweet associations to the soul,
That though between us and our homes seas roll,
We oft in thee forget our wandering,
And in a holy day-dream tread once more,
The fresh green valleys of our native shire.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I.

Sound the trump of Jubilee,
Let its note creation fill ;
Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, to man good will ;
Victory from Hell is torn ;
Hallelujah ! Christ is born !

II.

Seek not for the King of Kings
'Mong the palaces of earth ;
Though the Maker of all things
In a stable is his birth.
By his mean nativity
Christ doth teach humility.

III.

Lo! the Magi humbly bending,
Homage to Emanuel pay ;
From their learned pride descending,
For His wisdom meek they pray.
Heaven-enlightened they confess
With God their wisdom's foolishness.

IV.

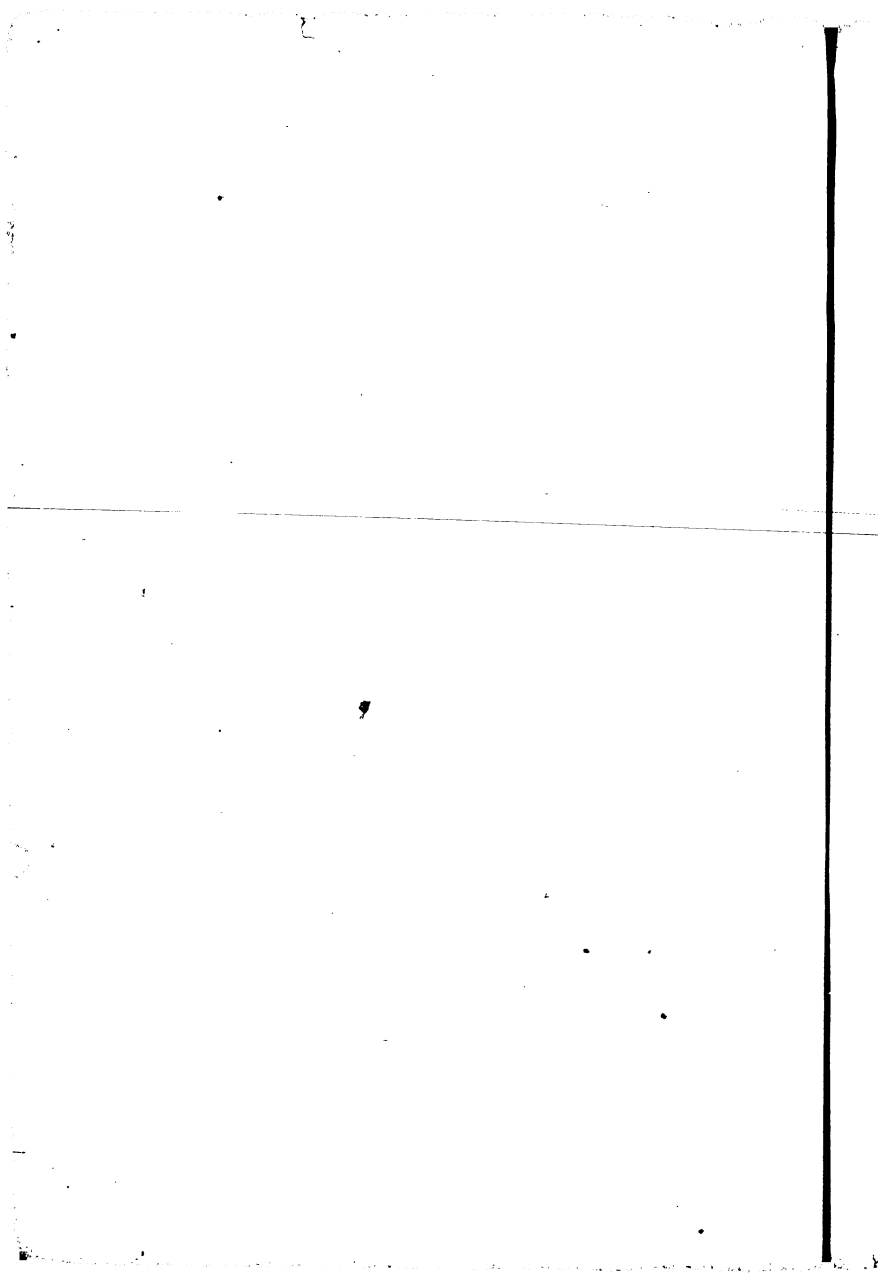
May we be like Thee, dear Lord,
Lowly as a little child ;
Walk obedient to Thy word,
And, with garments undefiled,
Trace Thy foot-prints prayerfully
From Bethlehem to Calvary.

V.

Sound the trump of Jubilee
Let its strain triumphant swell ;
Sin is vanquished, we are free,
God, made flesh, with man doth dwell.
Hallelujah ! On this morn
Christ our Lord and King is born.

COUNT OR COUNTERFEIT.

A TALE OF LAKE ONTARIO.



COUNT OR COUNTERFEIT.

CHAPTER I.

During one of the trips of the Mail Steamer, in which I officiate as Purser—and whose beat, it may be stated, is between the head of Lake Ontario and Kingston—we had as passenger a fine, hale, hearty old gentleman, from the vicinity of the ambitious and stirring little city of Hamilton. He had been one of the earliest settlers in that quarter of Her Majesty's North American dominions, and, without laying any great tax upon his memory, could recollect the time when the aforesaid city consisted merely of a farm house and a log tavern.

Mr. Nicholas Newlove—for so was the senior called—dilated to me with pardonable pride upon the progress which Hamilton had made during the last few years, but

qualified his commendation by censuring the bad taste of conferring upon it the name of an old country town.

“Can any thing be more idiotically preposterous”—said he, discharging clouds of protesting smoke from the clay tube with which I had accommodated him—“than such a practice, which is becoming calamitously common in Canada? Some people defend the usage on patriotic grounds, urging that it tends to keep fresh the recollection of the land of our forefathers. To me, however, it assumes an aspect diametrically the reverse of all this.”

“How so, sir?” I ventured to interject.

“The matter, I think”—rejoined Mr. Newlove—“is abundantly plain. Why do we not find a plurality of Edinburghs in Scotland, or Dublins in Ireland? Because such repetitions would be simply ridiculous. As well might you have a brace of Johns or Andrews in one family. When, therefore, a Canadian dubs the village which he has called into existence, after an old country town or city, I cannot help concluding that he contemplates this colony becoming a separate and independent nation. It is only upon such a treason-teeming theory, that you can find any glimmering of rationality in the custom which I am denouncing. Hamilton—as doubtless you know—is a town in the county of Lanark; and as Canada is as much a component part of the British

empire as Lanarkshire, why should it contain a duplicate Hamilton, except on the supposition that the sacred bond connecting us with the parent island is destined to be snapped by godless hands?"

This reasoning appeared to me to be rather far-fetched, and though I said nothing, the expression of my countenance, doubtless, indicated that such were my sentiments.

"I can see with half an eye"—continued Squire Newlove (for I may mention that he wrote himself J. P.)—"that you think me an old dreamer. One thing, however, you must admit, that in a practical point of view, the tantological custom which I condemn is at once absurd and inconvenient.

"For instance, if in directing a letter to our Provincial Woodstock, you omit the supplementary initials C. W., the chances are great that the Mercuries of the Post Office will convey the missive to the locality where the fair but frail Rosamond Clifford was 'done to death' by the jealous better half of Henry II.

"Again, we shall suppose the case of a monied Cockney visiting Canada for the purpose of fixing upon a place of residence. Attracted by the familiar name of London, he directs his steps to that quarter of the colony, and what is the very probable upshot? The pilgrim's mind being impregnated with the idea of the British

capital, he cannot well avoid associating London minor with London major. And hence it eventuates that when he beholds nothing more epic in the former than a decent well-to-do country town, which has but recently doffed the bib and swaddling bands of a village, he turns from the clearing in a huff, and pitches his tent in Streetsville or Toronto, or some other 'clachan' where the laws of association are not so outrageously violated."

There was so much truth in this division of the old gentleman's discourse, that I was not prepared to controvert it, and accordingly, for lack of something better to say, I invited him to partake of a "horn" in my cabin. The Squire urged no objection to the proposition; but as he was mixing the fluids, he observed that his sederunt could not be long, seeing that he had to look after his daughter and her aunt, who were both voyagers in the "vapour ship."

This intimation paved the way to my making some inquisition touching the "women-kind" referred to, and my guest freely favoured me with the information which I now proceed to impart to the patient perusers of these pages.

The wife of Nicholas Newlove died within one short year after her nuptials, having previously given birth to a female child. So greatly shaken and unhinged was

the widowed man by this calamity, that for a season he found it altogether impossible to pay any efficient attention to the government of his household, and accordingly was fain to secure the services of the sister of his deceased helpmate, as plenipotentiary in kitchen and hall.

Miss Laura Sophonisba Applegarth—to which designation the lady responded—was a devoted member of the sisterhood of novel readers, and as such profoundly tinctured with the essential oil of romance. For every thing in the shape of common-place or prosaic, she cherished a generous contempt; and would rather have tramped bare-footed through the world's viaducts with a knight errant of the orthodox olden school, than have succumbed to the degradation of wedding an unpoetical agriculturalist, whose only crusades had been against the thistles which invaded his acres, or the foxes which depopulated his hen roosts.

When we take two things into account—first, that this Canada is somewhat lacking in the article of “chivalry,”—and next that Minerva had been more bountiful than Venus, in her benefactions to the high-souled Applegarth,—there will be slender difficulty in solving the problem, how it eventuated at the mature age of forty and “a bittock,” the lady was still possessed of the fundamental characteristics of maidenhood.

Guided by the "choice" of the excellent and venerable "Hobson," Laura Sophonisba had resolved to emulate good Queen Bess, in refusing to become the recipient of a plain gold ring; and as her income hardly amounted to that of Baron Rothschild, she made little scruple in accepting the invitation of her bereaved brother-in-law. Accordingly she flitted her personal effects to Newlove Grange, and was formally invested with the keys and control thereof.

To the upbringing and psychologic culture of her niece Fanny Newlove, did the virtuously idealic Applegarth devote the whole of her enthusiastic energies. With zealous assiduity she guided the not-unwilling nymph into the flowery paths of poesy, and inoculated her with the love of the "romantic" and the "sublime." Ere the girl had reached her tenth natal anniversary, she was on confidential terms with every hero whose acquaintance was worth cultivating. Sir William Wallace (as limned by the transcendental Jane Porter,) enjoyed a large slice of her regards. Baron Trenck she could have hugged despite his ton of fetters. And had Rob Roy been extant and a widower, she would have required little coaxing to step into the abdicated shoes of Mrs. Helen McGregor, *alias* Campbell.

Nicholas Newlove had not the remotest inkling of the

state of matters above set forth. Having himself no pretensions to literary endowments, he never dreamed of questioning the soundness of his daughter's literary studies. Ripely satisfied was he to notice that she manifested an appetite for reading, holding that whatever its contents might be, "a book was a book," from which mental nutrition must inevitably be derived.

At the age of seventeen, the fair Fanny was one of the most captivating specimens of feminine humanity, to be met with between Toronto and London the less. Miss Prudence Pernicketty, the accomplished dress maker of Wellington Square, used frequently to liken and compare her to one of the coloured effigies in the "Magazine of Fashions"—no microscopic compliment, coming as it did from such a quarter. For be it known to all men by these presents, that Prudence regarded the meanest and most homely of these similitudes as superior in grace and pulchritude, to the Venus de Medici, or the Sleeping Beauty of Canova.

When to all this we add the fact, that Squire Newlove bore the far from apocryphal reputation of being the richest man in his vicinage, it will not be deemed strange that clouds of "braw wooers" began to float around his buxom child and heiress. At "kirk or market" she was constantly escorted by a train of devoted admirers, who

all diligently strove to gain a footing in her affections. The muster-roll of the maiden's "bachelors" embraced clergymen, lawyers, medicos, bucolics, and shop-keepers, (or more grandly speaking, "merchants")—and as many sighs were periodically disbursed around Newlove Grange, as would have gone far to keep a windmill in constant operation.

To none of these suitors, however, did Fanny "seriously incline." The most "likely" among them was, by a million degrees, too rapid and every-dayish for her exacting and highly spiced fancy. Not one in the entire squad would have been deemed worthy to flourish in a novel or drama—at least in the novels and dramas which she thought worthy of patronage. One of her clerical adorers, it is true, might have passed in a crowd for Parson Adams, or Dr. Primrose the late incumbent of the vicarage of Wakefield, but what heroine, who *was* a heroine, would link her destiny with a foggy of that class?

Thus it came to pass, that the number of Miss Newlove's admirers waxed "small by degrees, and beautifully less," till at length she had nearly as few beaux as her virtuous aunt, whose solitary suitor was a contiguous son of Hippocrates, rejoicing in a timber leg, and a wig engendered from flax.

Though honest Nicholas had no desire that his unit

olive branch should live and die a vestal, he did not take greatly to heart the negatives which she returned to popped interrogatories. The ungarmented truth was that he had had a husband for Fanny in his optic, almost from the era of her birth; and though nothing could have induced him to impose any restraint upon the young spinster's affections, he felt as if his mundane felicity would be climaxed, if her wishes could be made to harmonize with his own.

The individual whom he had mentally selected for his son-in-law, was a young gentleman named Cornelius Crooks, the only issue of one of his oldest and most esteemed friends, an extensive trader and ship owner in Montreal. Newlove and Crooks, senior, had been denizens of the same town in Yorkshire, and, though no relations, had grown up with the warmest regard for each other. Emigrating contemporaneously to Canada, the one had remained in the city made immortal by its unsound eggs, whilst the other, through a train of circumstances, was led to push his fortune in the west.

Though thus geographically separated, the twain ever maintained a regular and confidential correspondence; and the idea of drawing the cords which united them more closely together, by the union of their children, had always been their cherished day dream.

Young Cornelius was intended for the forensic profession, and as his assiduity and abilities were far above the average mark, he was called to the bar on the attainment of his twenty-second year.

Before entering upon practice—or “plucking,” as it is sometimes called—it was arranged that the young lawyer should pay a visit to Newlove Grange; and his father hesitated not to certiorate him, that if he returned with Fanny as his helpmate, it would consumedly gladden the heart of his ancestor. As Cornelius had only seen the lady once, and that when she was just budding from a child's estate into girlhood, he was not prepared to give any definite pledge on this subject. “All I can promise you sir”—quoth he at his departure—“is, that if I find the lady to my fancy, (which is free as air) I shall do my best to win her for your sake, as well as for my own.” And having thus said, he girded up his loins, and passed on his way.

Now it is fitting here to mention, that the freshly-fledged pleader possessed every physical and mental attribute calculated to make a favourable impression upon a young maiden's plastic heart. He was tall, well-shaped, with a kindly-discoursing eye, and a classically traced contour of countenance. His temper exhibited that admixture of firmness and amiability which so well becomes

a man ; and as his studies had extended far beyond the range of Blackstone and Chitty, he could bear himself excellently well in general conversation.

But ever alas ! all these recommendations failed to effect a breach in the citadel of the wayward Fanny Newlove's affections.

Almost at first sight, was Cornelius smitten with love for the handmaiden, and he put forth the utmost potency of his endeavours to render his suit acceptable. With the majority of Eve's daughters, he would have indubitably succeeded, but Fanny was an obstinate exception to the general rule. She had all her life been erecting an ideal and sublimated standard of excellence, and poor Crooks could not reach even to the knees of the mystic idol. He was infinitely too humdrum for her stimulated fancy. There was a dreary amount of plain common sense about him, which the pampered minx could not away with. And then his odious calling ! What girl of spirit could match herself with a lawyer ? A fellow who could boast of no better lance than a grey goose quill,—no more heroic buckler than a fusty brief, or a musty tittle-deed ! Who, in the wide world, ever heard tell of the Lady Crinoline, or the Countess Slipslopina, or any other heroine worth touching with a pair of tongs, committing matrimony with such an abomination ? Once more, the

crushing and unfathomable plebeianism of the name Crooks! As well be called Hunchback at once, and be done with it! No! no!—the thing was utterly and teetotally out of the question!

To make a long story short, Cornelius having formally made a tender of his heart and hand, was civilly but pointedly rejected, and re-wended his way to Montreal, bearing, instead of a bride, the "mitten" which had been bestowed upon him.

So sorely did the Flamen of Themis take to heart the discomfiture of his primary cause in the Chancery of Cupid, that he found it impossible to settle down at once to the details of business. Accordingly two years ago, (bear in mind that I am giving the substance of Squire Newlove's narration) he set sail for the old world, hoping by travel to dull the edge of his carking dolorosity.

As for Fanny, who, as it afterwards appeared, was backed in her rejection of Cornelius by her Aunt Applegarth, she got, like the fox's whelp, "the longer the worse." Some indiscreet gossip having sent her a portrait and memoir of Kossuth, she made a solemn declaration that she never would wed any one who had not "fleshéd his sword" for Hungary, or some other down-trodden and oppressed pendicle of the globe. Not much did she appear to care touching the clime, tongue, or co-

lour of her undeveloped lover, though, upon the whole, she seemed to evince some slight objections to Africa. These objections, however, as she sometimes told her bosom friend and confidant, Laura Matilda Mucklejohn, of Port Credit, were not absolutely insuperable, but might be dispensed with, other things being equal, and according to Cocker.

“In fine”—said poor Mr. Newlove, as he proceeded to wind up his domestic chronicle—“my child, instead of being the solace and pleasure, is at once the plague and anxiety of my life. Often am I tempted, in bitterness of soul, to sing with the fellow in the *Beggar’s Opera* :

“ My Fanny is a sad slut,
Nor heeds what I have taught her;
I wonder any man on earth
Would ever have a daughter !”

I am living in a kettle of hot water, from a never-ending anxiety lest the girl should take it into her foolish head to make a moonlight flitting with some crafty and designing scamp, who knows how to take the measure of her foot.

“ During the last six months, she has made half a dozen attempts to unite her fortunes, as she expresses it, with some of the noble but unfortunate ones of the world.

“ For instance, being in Hamilton last January, the crazy thing chanced to fall in with a strapping, raw-boned Highlander, dressed in his native chequered petticoat, and standing within a fraction of seven feet in his stocking soles—always presuming that the unkempt knave did sport stockings, a fact of which I am by no means certain.

“ How this breechless loon contrived to get into speaking terms with my child, I know not, but certain it is that before long the pair were as thick as pick-pockets. As it subsequently turned out, the McBrose—for so the reprobate Celt called himself—made frequent visits after nightfall to Newlove Grange, and told as many lies as are contained in Macaulay’s History of England.

“ He declared that he was the rightful lord of Dumbarton Castle, and of all the country which could be seen from the highest point and pinnacle of that ancient fastness. Even when dining in the most private manner, and merely upon ‘pot luck,’ he never sat down at table without being serenaded by two hundred and fifty pipers, who marched round the hall playing pibrochs and coronachs, the melting melody whereof required to be heard, ere it could be properly comprehended.

“ In order to account for his presence in Canada, the McBrose went on to detail that he was the legitimate re-

presentative of the royal race of Stuart, and consequently entitled to wield the sceptre of the United Empire of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. This fact he had kept snug, intending that it should not be unearthed till his Hibernian cousin, the illustrious John Mitchell, was in a condition to back his pretensions by a force which he was raising in the populous bogs of Ballinafad.

“Unfortunately, however, at this juncture, Queen Victoria became a convert to table-rapping, and in the course of her confabulations with the pine-inhabiting spirits, discovered the plot which was hatching against her usurped authority. The consequence was that Lord John Russell was instantly despatched with an army of five hundred thousand men to Dumbarton, his peremptory instructions being not to return without the head of McBrose, failing which his own would be inexorably amputated.

“A faithful retainer of the persecuted scion of Scotland’s royal line, who was providentially endowed with the second sight, gave his Thane a timeful inkling of what was going on. He was enabled to ship himself off in one of the Cunard steamers; but so ill provided with means in consequence of the hurry of his exodus, that he had nothing in the shape of reversion except the drapery on his back.

“As may well be imagined, great was the consternation and disgust of Lord John Russell, when, after searching every nook and crevice of Dumbarton, no trace of his intended victim could be found. A little creature at best, he dwindled down with sheer terror into the small end of nothing, as the imaginative Yankees would express it.

“The shrewd and sharp-witted Palmerston, however, who accompanied the expedition, devised a plan which made matters all square. At his instigation one of the Dumbarton bailies was invited to sup with the quaking Commander-in-chief, and after the civic official had been pretty well ‘corned,’ the two noblemen quietly cut off his sconce with a carving-knife, and carried it in a pillow-slip to London. The bloody trophy was presented in due form to her Majesty, by the Archbishop of York, as the head of her Highland rival, to the boundless delectation of that Nero in petticoats. She kept it in her bed-chamber for more than half a day, amusing herself by making mystical signs thereat with her fingers and thumb, the latter member of the royal person being placed on the tip of the royal nose.

“All this dreary stuff and balderdash did the most atrocious son of the mist cram down the throat of my unfortunate daughter, as I learned from an open letter lying upon her desk, which she was inditing to my sister-

in law, who at that time chanced to be on a visit to Oakville.

“It was, indeed, high time for me to make the discovery, seeing that Fanny was the very next day to have accompanied McBrose to Grimsby, in order to become the Duchess of Dumbarton, with the chance of ultimately wearing the crown of England.

“Upon inquiry I found out that the mendacious scoundrel was porter to a wholesale dry-goods establishment in Hamilton, and that having a turn for the sock-and-buskin he occasionally strutted and fretted among a gang of stage-struck apprentices, who had dubbed themselves the ‘Histrionic Society.’ This fact accounted for the facility with which the red-haired vagabond raved and recited to the bewitchment of my vision-weaving child.

“The following forenoon I made Fanny go with me to the mercantile emporium where her admirer was employed. On entering the door, who should we behold but the royal-blooded magnate sweeping the premises, and attired, instead of the Stuart tartan, in a costume fabricated of homely Canadian grey cloth. This prosaic apparition, as I need hardly say, brought Miss to her senses for that bout, and so enraged was she at the trick which had been attempted to be played upon her, that I

had some difficulty in preventing her from wrenching the broom from McBrose, and testing its strength across his shoulders."

"It seems strange to me, Squire,"—I could not here refrain from observing,—“that the very extravagance of the Highlander's narrative, did not at once convince Miss Newlove, that the whole was a mere cento of lies.”

“Why, my dear fellow,” returned the gentleman, “you must bear in mind the unfortunate manner in which the girl had been brought up, and of which I only became ripely cognizant after the above-recited adventure. Her idiotic aunt had trained her to read nothing more solid or substantial than novels and romances, and consequently, even at the present moment, the hapless thing knows nearly as little of the world and the world's history, as she does of the form of government which prevails in the moon. It would be a blessed and a gracious dispensation for poor humanity, if the whole of these pestiferous productions could be gathered together in one heap by the congregated hangmen of creation, and the authors, printers, binders, and publishers thereof burned to ashes with their felon pages. Right willingly would I walk fifty miles barefooted, or with unboiled peas in my boots in order to assist at such a righteous *auto da fe*.”

"Holding these views," quoth I, "it strikes me that it would be your duty to commence agitating for the enactment of a MAINE NOVEL LAW."

"And such an agitation I would undertake without delay," he responded, "only that I lack the attributes of a reformer. Quite as many arguments could be adduced in condemnation of the fictions which so rifely prevail at the present day, as of whisky or rum. There is not a logical reason which you could bring forward for the shutting up of a tippling shop, tho' might not be paraded as a warrant for closing the doors of every mart where typographic stimulants are vended to the unwary. Are distillers and publicans who merely debauch the body to be stringently pulled up, whilst compounders of unvernacities which debauch and emasculate the mind, ply their occupation without let or hindrance? You may make a law to such an effect, but beyond all question it would require a superlatively powerful magnifying glass to discover its justice."

Though cherishing a suspicion that some spice of fallacy lurked in this train of ratiocination, I did not feel myself competent to play the detective thereto. Consequently, by way of giving the subject the go by, I ventured to precognosce the senior touching the nature of his present motions.

"We are now," said the Squire, "on our way to Montreal, to make out a long threatened visit to my old friend, Crooks. I would much rather have left my precious sister-in-law behind us, but Fanny, who at times is frequently obstinate as the foul fiend himself, protested that she could not, and would not budge one inch without the baggage. The old fool has got such a hold upon the young ditto, that they are as inseparable as the Siamese twins, or a bailiff and attorney. Happy would I be to cut a connection which already has been productive of such a mint of mischief, but it is too late to think of that now, and as the old proverb inculcates, what cannot be cured must be endured."

"Old Crooks," continued Newlove, "was very urgent upon me to beat up his quarters at this time. He is expecting his son home some of these fine days, and we both nurse a fond hope that when Fan sees him, fresh and elastic as he must be from his tour, she may be induced to change her mind, and listen favorably to his suit."

"Far be it from me," I interjected, "to throw cold water upon your aspirations, but are you not counting your chickens before, haply, they are hatched? Miss Fanny may be willing to 'take a thought and mend,' but it is likely that Mr. Cornelius will be inclined to renew

his rejected addresses? Are not the probabilities considerable, that mixing with the fair of the old world, he may have parted with his heart on the other side of the big herring pond?"

"On that score," cried my guest, "I have not even the ghost of an apprehension. Every other month both the young man's father and myself have received letters from him, assuring us that his love for the maiden is as vivid and ardent as ever. In fact, if his epistles are to be credited, it reaches almost to the boiling heat of frenzy. Romeo himself could not have said stronger things touching broken hearts, and blighted affections, and perennial constancy, and love in a shanty, than what the fond swain periodically enunciates in his missives. Between ourselves, he is as mad as a March hare—admitting, for the sake of argument, the annual dementation of that quadruped.

"When I found out the particulars of the romance-fever with which my silly child is affected, I deemed it right, as a man of honor, to tell the lad fully and honestly how the land lay. The information, however, made not the slightest change in his resolution. On the contrary, he assured me in his last communication, that with all her faults he loved her still, and was willing to take her, if he could get her for better or for worse."

Here Mr. Nicholas Newlove began to betray palpable tokens of sea-sickness, and, indeed, not without good cause. The wind for sometime had been adverse and blustering, and the craft pitched and rolled like the ill-starred Sancho Panza when exercised in a blanket. All this was pestilently trying to a landsman, and, as might have been anticipated, the Squire began to wax white about the gills, and to give demonstration that he was preparing to "cast up his accounts."

Seeing how things stood, I lost no time in making an *ex tempore* couch in my cabin for the distressed pilgrim, and otherwise administered to his necessities. Filling out a fresh cornucopia of pale brandy, I added thereto some thirty or forty drops of laudanum, and having made him imbibe the mixture, counselled him to lie down and compose himself. Within reach I placed the bottle containing the narcotic, in order that the patient might increase the dose in case he found such a step to be necessary. Doctors may differ as to the remedy I dispensed, but I have generally found it to be attended with the most beneficial results.

As the vessel was, by this time, close upon Darlington, where some passengers and cargo had to be landed, I intimated to the prone Squire that I would require to leave him for a season to his meditations. Just as I was quit-

ting the chamber, he addressed to me a few parting words.

“You may think it somewhat strange,” said he, “that I have been so communicative regarding my family affairs, but the truth is I wish to bespeak your good offices in looking after my wild-goose daughter. That task I am wholly unfitted for performing, and for hours I have been apprehensive of the catastrophe which has now befallen me. There is so much insubordination in my inner-man, that ere fifteen minutes have elapsed I shall be useless as a rifle without powder, or a Hebrew harp minus a tongue. If, therefore, you can spare an occasional glance at Fanny and her aunt, especially if you notice any suspicious characters on board, I shall be eternally your debtor.”

As a matter of course, I cordially promised to comply with the honest gentleman's request, and then proceeded to the discharge of my duties upon deck.

CHAPTER II.

After landing at Darlington the "notions" entrusted to my curatorship, I lost no time in directing my attention to the fair Newlove and her idealic aunt.

Verily, and beyond all dubitation, the circumstances in which I found the brace of spinsters demonstrated that the junior one, at least, clamantly desiderated the supervision of an Argus.

Miss Applegarth was seated alone in the upper saloon, busily employed in masticating the contents of a yellow-coated fiction, seemingly fresh from the teeming press of the contiguous republic. The title of this production, which I had small difficulty in mastering at a glance, was peculiarly appetizing, being "HORROR UPON HORROR; OR, THE QUADRUPLARTITE QUAKER, AND THE MANICHEAN MONK!" If one could interpret aright the expression of wrapt terror which reigned in the staring gray eyes of the vestal student, the legend in question

must have belonged to the raw-head and bloody-bone department of literature. Ever and anon she uplifted her skinny hands, as if deprecating some deed of extra-infernal turpitude which came under her ken; and an occasional groan, extorted, most probably, by the goings on of the unorthodox ecclesiastic, testified how profound was the interest which she took in disembowelling the mysterious tortuosities of the plot.

Fanny was occupied in a manner somewhat different from her aunt, but apparently no less engrossing.

And here, before proceeding further, it is fitting to state, that I had made sure of the identity of the gentle voyagers, by interrogating them touching their names. Of course, in my capacity of Purser, I could do so without laying myself open to the charge of irregular or impertinent curiosity. Gentlemen of my cloth, like the black brigade of jurisprudence, have the privilege of catechizing the peripatetic million at pleasure. 'Tis part of our vocation, Hal.

Returning to the pulchritudinous Fanny Newlove, she was reclining on a settee, listening with all her ears to the outpourings of a personage, whose appearance at once arrested my attention as indicative of any thing except the "clean potato."

As far as person went, he was passable enough, being well built and of goodly stature. His countenance, moreover, might have been unexceptionable, had it not been shrouded by the densest and most impenetrable jungle of hair that ever grew upon mortal face. I speak within bounds, and with all sobriety, when I affirm that it was impossible to define, with any approximation to accuracy, one of his features. The mouth of the hirsute one was a matter of pure speculation and hypothesis. It might have been large or small, melancholic or hilarious, loving or cannibalistic, profane or devotional, so far as a beholder could expiscate. That botheration of quidnuncs, the man in the iron mask, did not exhibit a greater amount of physiognomic mystery. Even a London detective would have given up the perusal of that mouth as an utterly hopeless job. One might as well have attempted to square the circle, or denude a newly caught Tobermory Celt of inexpressibles.

This perplexing unknown was dressed after a pestilently exaggerated and theatrical fashion. The braiding which smothered his "pardessus"—as surtouts are now poetically named—fell to be computed by the mile, instead of the yard. Regarded as a whole, his costume presented a counterpart of that usually worn by the chivalrous gent who officiates as master of ceremonies

to the arena of a circus. Such of my readers as may have been blessed with the vision of the glorious and immortal Widdicomb, that perennial flower of Astley's, will have no difficulty in realizing my meaning.

With a volubility which the most "glabber"-tongued auctioneer, who can enunciate "two-and-six" fifty times in a couple of seconds might have envied, this son of Orson was holding forth to Miss Newlove, as I entered the apartment.

Very obvious was it that the narrative he was emitting possessed a special interest in the nymph's estimation. She kept her eye intently fixed upon the narrator, and her colour came and went, like the hues of an expiring dolphin, in unison, apparently, with the fluctuations and ups-and-downs of the story.

Under ordinary circumstances I should never have dreamed of making more than a passing overhaulment of the pair. Not oblivious, however, of my plighted promise to the Neptune-vanquished Squire, I determined to find out, if possible, how the land was lying. Accordingly, having watched my opportunity, I managed to slip unobserved into the state room, in front of which Fanny and her new acquaintance were seated, and was thus enabled to play the part of a not dishonourable eaves-dropper with the most perfect impunity.

Count Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein (for so did the profusely be-whiskered incognito designate himself,) was detailing some epic incidents connected with his struggles on behalf of Hungary, whereof, as it would appear, he was a native.

“And so, fairest lady,”—quoth he—“I was overpowered by overwhelming numbers, and constrained to render up the trusty sword, which in the course of that bloody and disastrous day had sent hundreds of my detested foemen to purgatory, or, perchance, a stage further.

“When the haughty and diabolical Austrian, Cloutz-mahoun, had got me fairly in his power, the vindictive malice of the monster knew no bounds. He dragged me, barefooted as I was, at the tail of his steed, for eight wearisome miles, and having loaded me with chains, threw me into a dark and pestilential dungeon two hundred and thirty-nine feet beneath the level of the indignant ocean.

“For six long days, divinest of thy sex, I tasted neither food nor drink—or *progst* and *lusht* as we call these necessaries in beloved Hungary. Regularly, at noon, the truculent vagabond used to enter my cell, followed by a long train of mercenary minions, to whom his slightest wink was law. These white-livered serfs

bore upon their unkempt heads chargers replete with the most savoury and tooth-watering viands, such as Caledonian collops, Cambrian rabbits, Anglican steaks, and Hibernian stews, all piping hot from gridiron, spit, pot, and pan. Other slaves were in attendance, laden with massive tankards, foaming, like the tempest-vexed main, with wealth of porter, ale, cider, and half-and-half, freshly drawn from the tap.

“These delicacies were ranged upon the floor, about two feet—or it may be two feet and a half, for I cannot be accurate to an inch—beyond the reach of my chain. That being done, proclamation was made to the effect, that this prodigality of gustatorial wealth was all at my command and devotion, if I would only consent to spit upon the portrait of the adorable Kossuth, and denounce the original as a thimble-rigger and cheat-the-gallows.”

“Did you! Oh! did you give way?”—exclaimed the enthusiastic and tearful Fanny Newlove, grasping the Count’s hand in the overwhelming ardour of her interest.

“How can you ask such a derogatory question?”—returned the Hungarian Widdicomb, with something like indignant reproach in his accent. “No! I spurned the savoury bribe, as a lawyer would a feeless brief, preferring starvation and wershness (what you would call ‘sixpence-spitting,’) to dishonour.”

"Noblest of noble men!"—faltered forth the much-sobbing heiress of Newlove Grange. "Hasten hither, dearest aunt, and listen to a recital of sufferings equal, if not greater, to what were endured by good Earl Lackaday, in that deliciously pathetic romance, 'The Castle of De Greetandgirn.'" "

Thus strenuously abjured, Miss Laura Sophonisba took a seat alongside of her impulsive niece, and having laid aside the "Quadrupartite Quaker" for a season, prepared to hearken to a story of "real life."

I could discover with, literally, half an eye, through the key-hole of my lurking-den, that the gallant Count Blitzen did not relish over much, this addition to the sederunt. There was no help for it, however, and accordingly he continued his tragic narration with the best grace he could command.

"Where was I?"—said the hero, musingly tapping his forehead. "I vow and protest, that since my misfortunes, this memory of mine would be assessed beyond its value at a counterfeit copper."

"I think,"—gently suggested the more juvenile virgin—"that you were at the collops and porter."

"In other words"—cried Von Hoaxenstein—"I was wishing that I was at them."

"For five horrid, ghastly, fevering days, did this Lenten torture continue, but my agony, though gigantic, was doomed to be still more exquisitely aggravated."

Here the weeping Newlove episodically remarked, that she could not comprehend how one solitary stone could have been added to the already altitudinous "cairn" of the count's misery.

"Listen, maiden,"—continued the beard-cultivating warrior,—“and your pardonable skepticism will vanish, like a nimble-footed debtor at the apparition of a sheriff's officer.

"Just as the strong-lunged warder, on the climax of the donjon keep, proclaimed that the sixth day of my penance had reached its meridian, the door of the den flew open as usual, and in marched the reprobate Cloutz-mahoun, with his wonted train of ministering demons.

"This time the trial assumed a new aspect. The dishes, which the sneering scoundrels bore, contained a fresh aliment. Oysters formed the staple of the temptation.

"There were raw oysters, scolloped oysters, fried oysters, pickled oysters, stewed oysters, curried oysters, oyster soup, and oyster patties—oysters in every shape, phase, and form, which the diabolical ingenuity of fallen man could by any possibility devise. I verily believe

that if Ancient Plunder—vulgarly nomenclatured Old Booty—had officiated for that day only as cook to my incarcerator, he could not have added a single additional item to this excruciating bill of fare.

“Now, noble ladies, you must know that the above-mentioned description of bivalves, had been one of my fondest and most cherished solacements. Even since the days of my sunny childhood, I could have lived on oysters from the matins of January to the vespers of December, without once seeking or sighing for change.

“This weakness I had unconsciously betrayed in the ravings of a troubled slumber, to a skulking spy of a turnkey, who failed not to enlighten his chief on the subject. Being thus ‘put up to the dodge,’—as Milton hath it—the viper engendered this fresh trial, to which the faith and firmness of your humble, obedient servant was now exposed.

“Oh! my sultanas, words the most vivid are all too dull to adumbrate the crushing misery which my stomach endured in the course of this frightful ordeal. To a wretch squirming under a six days’ fast, North British collops were dementation, but oysters constituted a concentration of the horrors of Tartarus itself!

“There lay the maddening messes, ranged, like the far-famed two dozen violinists, ‘all in a row.’ Every

one of them appeared to be gifted, *pro re nata* with speech, and to intone, 'come, eat me! come, eat me!' To this blessed hour I marvel hugely, that confirmed lunacy did not immigrate into my horrifically anguished brain. And there stood the Austrian oppressor, repeating his thrice-infamous propositions, and, between hands, singing forth the praises of the too, too captivating natives. Jupiter Tonans! where then slumbered thy thunderbolts, that they did not strike the malevolent monster into merited perdition?"

Here aunt and niece simultaneously exclaimed in sympathetic chorus,—“Where, indeed!”

“For a season,”—the Count went on to say,—“I managed to preserve my self-command; but at length the trial became too tremendous for frail flesh and blood to bear.”

“What!”—shrieked the greatly alarmed Fanny,—“did you consent to heap odium on the honoured head of your father-land’s idol, for the sake of a few paltry shell-fish, which can be purchased for five York shillings a can?”

“No, beloved!”—was Widdicomb’s response—“Olympus be praised, I was preserved from such an abyss of turpitude. As I remarked before, however, I could no longer bear up against the test to which my frenzied

appetite was subjected. With a yell which might have caused the ears of a marble statue to tingle, I started to my feet, and by a mighty, spasmodic effort, burst my fetters as if they had been threads of a spider's manufacture.

"Ha! ha! ha! how I laughed, and shouted, as I darted slap dash, pell mell, at the congregated children of the deep! At one absorbing gulp I drained off the soup, though it was hot as the liquid lava of Mount Etna, or the limb of an intensely devilled turkey. Ere you could invoke the name of Saint John Robinson, I was pegging away at the balance of the dishes, and in the twinkling of an optic they were clean as if they had been subjected to the manipulation of a scullion. Speedy as the levin-bolt, I next clutched a hoary headed measure of XXX, and before the world was a minute more ancient the bottom thereof was dry as a long winded essay on ethics. I did not even take time to ejaculate the customary orison of 'here's luck!'"

"But, by your leave, Sir Count,"—interposed Laura Sophonisba,—“what was the odious Cloutzmahoun doing during your hasty lunch?”

"He and his myrmidons,"—returned Blitzen,—“were fairly squabashed and palsied with astonishment and surprise. So soon, however, as their presence of mind

was restored, the biped scorpions rushed upon your unfortunate servitor *en masse*, and bearing me to the earth, once more fixed the cramping gyves upon my limbs.

“And now, ladies, I am arrived at the most marvellous portion of my strange, eventful history. If you harbour the slightest suspicion of my veracity, please say so at once, and I shall remain eternally silent. A million times rather would I be torn to vulgar fractions by wild horses, than be deemed capable of drawing that warlike but immoral weapon, the long bow!”

With many passionate protestations the gentle auditors assured their knight, that he enjoyed their entire and unadulterated confidence. Indeed, Fanny declared, with something approximating to a zephyr-like oath, that she believed the passages under recital quite as religiously as if she had beheld them enacted.

Whereupon the bearded Hungarian ventured to osculate the not-unwilling hand of the maiden, in token of his appreciation of her flattering faith, and then went on to unwind the clew of his discourse.

“That very night,” quoth he, “as I was reclining in a delightful snooze, induced by the generous and unwonted refection which had fallen to my lot, a bright and gracious apparition was vouchsafed to me.

“Lo and behold! a lady, young in years, and beautiful exceedingly, stood at the side of my touch of sordid straw, and in tones more dulcet than the bag-pipes of Fingal, asked me whether I lusted to behold once more the green earth and the blue sky?”

“Need I say that I jumped at the offer which the interrogation plainly enshrouded—jumped at it even as the Oar of Hens jumpeth to ravish the charms of a ripe and luscious goose-berry? Surely, oh surely, it is altogether unnecessary for me to say such a thing!

“The lovely vision then informed me, that on one condition she would put me in the way of giving leg bail to my vindictive and sanguinary oppressor. It was to the effect that I would never wed any daughter of our common ancestress Eve, except herself. Without one moment’s hesitation I pledged myself as required, and the phantom, after pointing to a particular quarter of my bed, vanished in a shower of rose-coloured fire.”

At this epoch of the story, Miss Newlove was smitten by a sudden attack of all-overishness, and it required the administration of a modicum of sherry and water, to enable her to regain her pristine equanimity.

“Starting up from my slumber,” resumed the Count, “I made diligent search amongst that portion of the cubicular straw indicated by the vision, and found—

"What?" eagerly gasped both the ladies.

"A bunch of keys," replied the narrator, "which evidently had been dropped by one of the vassals, in the confusion consequent upon my oyster onslaught.

"With the aid of these precious appliances I managed, not merely to free myself from the darbies which decorated me, but to gain the exterior, from my grewsome bastille. Most fortunately a railway train was snorting past at that identical moment, and securing a first-class passage to Paris, I was soon far beyond the reach of all pursuit.

"Not long afterwards I had the satisfaction of reading in the public prints, that the rascal at whose hands I had suffered so much, had met with his most righteous deserts. Enraged beyond measure at my escape, Clootzmahoun cut the throats of all his retainers with one of Mechi's razors, and then expired in a fit of indigestion, induced by supping upon sixteen maturely grown lobsters. I could not but admire the aptness of that retribution, which made crustaceous fish the medium of this matchless wretch's punishment. Never was there a more admirable instance of pure, unadulterated poetical justice.

"And pray, noble sir," queried Squire Newlove's daughter, "if it be not an indelicate and impertinent

question, did you ever chance to fall in with the damsel who visited you when in the embrace of Somnus?"

"Never," returned the hairy man, "till this memorable and never-to-be-forgotten day, Oh most peerless and transcendental of maidens!" cried he, convulsively laying hold of the agitated Fanny's hand, and looking round to see that there were no obtrusive on-lookers, "it was thy thrice-blessed form which illumined the gloom of mine Austrian dungeon. Behold I lay myself, my heart and soul, my title and my fortune at thy feet, imploring and beseeching thee to make me the most felicitous of extant mortal men!"

Poor Fanny, as might easily be conceived, was struck dumb by a host of conflicting emotions, but her aunt was not backward in responding on her behalf. She roundly asserted that even a blind man could see the finger of fate in the affair, and that it would be the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness to fight against the developed decrees of destiny.

Emboldened by this hearty backing, Von Hoaxenstein ventured to suggest, that to guard against accidents the nuptials should be celebrated "right away," as the Yankees translate *quam primum*, and in the first parson-containing town which the steam vessel might touch at.

"My father," faltered forth the dizzied and sore perplexed girl, "will never, never give his consent!"

"Of course he won't," struck in the prompt and energetic Applegarth, "Of course he won't, and consequently there is no earthly use in trifling and shilly-shallying about the matter. My brother-in-law, if the truth must be told, is an old, obstinate, pig-headed fool, who would sooner see you wedded to Gabriel Goose, the squinting tailor, than any foreigner, however noble in birth or chivalric in deed. The illustrious Count is perfectly right, as heroes invariably are when affairs of the heart are concerned, and you cannot do better than act upon his suggestion. In a short time we shall be at the classic town of Cobourg, when, by playing our cards prudently, we may land unperceived by the Squire, and then I shall be plain sailing."

"Yes," added the eager and enamoured Blitzen, "and I have reason to know that we can procure a license this very evening, and so the ceremony—"

Here the trio broke up the confabulation, for the purpose, as I opined, of getting their traps together, and I was left to chaw the cud of reflection upon what I had seen and heard.

Of course I had no option but to inform Mr. Newlove of how the game stood, and that ~~without~~ delay. To my

apprehension it was plain as a pike-staff that the so-called Count was an impudent, unscrupulous adventurer, ready at a moment's notice to speculate in any thing, from contraband tobacco up to clandestine matrimony. Beyond doubt he had become acquainted with the dominant weakness of the Squire's daughter, and the wealth of her sire, and made his calculations accordingly. Evidently did he deem that if he could only contrive to wed the silly minx, the old gentleman, though probably enraged at first, would in the end come to terms, and, making the best of a bad bargain, receive the pair into favor.

I the more readily drew these deductions, because I had known cognate games played before.

CHAPTER III.

Entering my cabin, I found the senex in a predicament pestilently perplexing, when all the circumstances of the case were taken into account.

As stated in a former portion of this veritable chronicle, I had left the Squire copiously supplied with laudanum and brandy, wherewith to resist the onslaughts of the monster malady of the main. Unfortunately my prescription had been followed but too faithfully. Not to circumambulate the bush, Nicholas Newlove was as hopelessly and helplessly drunk, as the far-famed inebriated sow of David.

In vain did I shout fire! and murder! and robbery! in his ear. All in vain did I pull his whiskers, tweak his nose, and moisten his poll with copious libations of cold water. I might as well have experimented upon the figure-head of the steam-motived ark wherein my lot was cast. The only harvest which I reaped from

my manipulations was a cento of thickly articulated chidings, coupled with a command to make an immediate pilgrimage to the domain of the Prince of Darkness.

What was to be done?

This was one of the numerous category of interrogations, which, though propounded with ease, are consumedly difficult to answer. In the bitterness of my perplexity I cursed the hour in which I had accepted the Squire's confidence, and, by way of clearing my misty wits, drained off a poculum of brandy and water, which stood ready mixed at the side of the slumberer.

As I had afterwards occasion to learn, this unlucky draught was copiously impregnated with tincture of opium, and consequently it is not to be wondered at that ere many minutes had elapsed, I was snoring as musically as the chief of all the Newloves.

I was torn from the arms of Morpheus by the chief mate, who, shaking me by the shoulders, proclaimed with a shout which might have raised the dead, that the vessel had been for some time at the Cobourg wharf, and that my absence was creating no small confusion and inconvenience.

Springing up in a panic, my first attention was directed to the fair but thoughtless Fanny. Alas! the bird had flown! She, together with her aunt and Count Blitzen

Von Hoaxenstein had left the ship the instant it had been moored. This I ascertained from one of the Ethiopian waiters, upon whom the party had conferred a liberal honorarium for aiding in the unshipment of their baggage.

Pursuit, of course, was altogether out of the question. Even if I could have abandoned my post, I possessed neither warrant nor authority to apprehend and bring back the fugitives. With old Newlove alone rested the power so to do, and he was a *pro tempore* denizen of the far off land of Nod.

How heart-rending the tidings which I should have to break to the hapless parent, on his return to the region of realities and care! Most willingly would I have parted with my year's stipend, to have been released from the cruel task. With what bitter vim did I call down comminations upon all stimulants and narcotics, and the engenderers, importers, and hucksters of the same! If at that moment a Canadian Maine Law rested upon my casting vote, the aquarians would have triumphantly carried the day. The reign of King Alcohol would have instantly ceased and determined for ever and a day.

Sound as a top slumbered the deserted paterfamilias almost till the period of our arrival at Regiopolis; and

as soon as he became cognizant of current events I indoctrinated him with the lurid state of matters.

Gentle reader, did you ever witness the mimic Macduff's paroxysm of grief, when informed that all his "fair chickens" had been torn from him at one "fell swoop," by the "hell-kite" Macbeth? If so, you can form some conception of the storm of anguish which desolated the lord of Newlove Grange, as my sorrowful words fell like drops of molten lead upon his ear. I will not attempt to describe the scene, but follow the example of the Grecian artist, who, in painting the sacrifice of a maiden, drew a veil over the face of her sire, as being unable to depict his fathomless misery.

"Oh!"—cried he, after the primary burst of grief had in some measure subsided—"Oh that I beheld Fanny stretched stiff and stark in her coffin! I saw the incarnate rascal with whom she has eloped, and can have no doubt as to his real character. Beyond all controversy he belongs to the tribe of Lublin,—nay, for any thing I can tell he may be Lublin himself, disguised under a wilderness of hair! Miserable child of a most miserable father, what a life of degradation awaits you! The next time you visit Toronto with your husband, you will behold him inexorably torn from your grasp by the Jew-hunting inquisitor of that city, and consigned to merited

bonds and imprisonment. I could have reconciled myself to the idea of your being wedded to the poorest of my farm servants, but there is frenzy in the consideration that your fortunes are irrevocably linked with those of a dealer in antiquated raiments, who, most probably, has already as many wives as Blue Beard or the Great Mogul!"

By this time the vessel was expectorating her pent up steam at Kingston, and amongst the first who bearded her was a portly, well-to-do looking gentleman, who, singling out the Squire grasped his hand, and shook it as if he had been experimenting upon a pump.

"Glad, right glad to see you, my honest old chum!"—he exclaimed. "Here have I been kicking my heels for the last hour, in a night cold as charity, waiting for your arrival. However, all's well that ends well! Where are the ladies? I long to give my little pet duck Fanny a rousing kiss."

Poor Newlove shook like a reed under this torrent of gratulation.

"Oh, Crooks! Crooks!"—he stammered forth—"what ill-wind has blown you here at this unhappy moment?"

"Ill-wind, man!"—cried Crooks the elder (for the stranger was that personage). "In the name of wonder what do you mean? Did you not receive my letter,

stating that Cornelius had returned by the last Atlantic steamer, and had telegraphed his intention of meeting me in Toronto? Suspecting that my communication might not reach you in time (as our Canadian mail is not always immaculate), I took foot in hand for the purpose of intercepting you here, and here I am accordingly. But come, come, where is the coy puss who, I fondly trust, is soon to bear my name? Corny informs me that he entertains sanguine expectations of at length gaining her affections, and sincerely do I trust that on Christmas day, at the very latest, we shall drink her very good health as Mrs. Crooks."

Every word uttered by his friend, seemed to pierce the miserable Squire like a knife, and finding himself utterly incompetent to recapitulate the real state of matters, he transferred the task to my shrinking shoulders.

Though Crooks senior was greatly taken aback by the intelligence, he exhibited much more self-possession than the harried father, and at once began to plan and suggest what ought to be done in the circumstances.

After debating all the *pros* and *cons* of the case, it was finally resolved that an electric communication should be made to the police authorities of Cobourg, instructing them to apprehend the delinquents if still in that town, and keep them safe till called for. This was done in the

course of the morning, and an answer was duly returned that the business would be properly and promptly attended to. It was next decided that Messrs. Newlove and Crooks should proceed to Cobourg by the vessel on her return voyage to Hamilton, (the railroad was not then a completed fact), and that the reader's humble servant, having provided himself with a deputy, should accompany them, in order to bear testimony against Fanny's infamous deceiver.

Small interest would the students of these pages derive from a detail of the incidents which occurred during that upward trip, suffice it to say that about midnight we reached Cobourg safe and sound.

Late as was the hour we found the chief constable awaiting us, from whom we learned that in pursuance of instructions, he had succeeded in capturing the parties recommended to his hospitalities, but not before the younger lady and the hirsute gent had been united in the tough bonds of wedlock. It appeared that the Count had been in possession of a blank license. This he had filled up in proper form, and got a clergyman (not belonging to the place), who chanced to be staying in the hotel where he put up, to perform the ceremony, on the same evening the exodus had taken place from the steamboat.

Though Mr. Newlove was more than half prepared for such a catastrophe, the certainty of the misfortune almost weighed him to the ground, and it was with no small difficulty that the constable and myself could support him to the caravansary where the delinquents were domiciled.

Arrived there, the officer of the law ushered the two gentlemen and the purser into a parlour, and going out speedily returned leading in triumph the female captives; the "nobleman" remaining, meanwhile, in the apartment where he had been deposited on his apprehension.

No sooner had Fanny, or, as I should rather call her, the Countess Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein, beheld her progenitor, than she uttered a shrill scream, and fell at his feet in an agony of weeping. She vowed and protested that love alone of the most resistless description could have urged her to wed in opposition to the will of the dearest of fathers. The deed, she added, was now done, and earnestly did she implore pardon for herself and the noble-souled exile with whom her destiny was now for ever united.

Without replying to this objugation, the Squire turned fiercely around to his sister-in-law, and demanded what she now thought of her handy-work.

"This is the upshot,"—said he,—of your confounded philandering and romance. A pretty kettle of fish you have indeed made of it! It is bad enough, in all conscience, for a chit of a girl to be taken up with such nonsensicalities, but for an old woman with one foot in the grave, and a squint that might frighten Medusa, the thing is beyond all toleration."

The allusion to her ripe years, and the optical flaw under which she laboured, was infinitely more than the irritated Laura Sophonisba could stomach or away with. In an ecstasy of anger she denounced her relative as the cream and quintessence of everything that was base, reprobate and tyrannical. She likened and compared him to the most ungainly and repulsive male monsters to be met with in the wide range of fiction, not excepting the outre engenderation of Frankenstein. And she climaxed her outpouring by protesting that he was not worthy to officiate as henchman to the illustrious and chivalric personage who had condescended to become his son-in-law.

During this scene, Mr. Crooks accompanied the constable to the room where the Hungarian fugitive was detained in durance vile, for the purpose of precognosing that individual touching the illicit hymeneal game which he had been playing.

As for myself, feeling that my exhausted energies required some stimulation, I piloted my way to the bar, where I succeeded in obtaining a modicum of creature comforts, both of a liquid and solid description. In this agreeable pastime I was speedily joined by the tip-staff, who stated that his company had been dispensed with *pro tempore*, up stairs.

After a season I was summoned by Mr. Newlove, who wished me to be present when his daughter was confronted with her betrayer. With this requisition I promptly complied, leaving Mr. constable to solace himself with a hygean compound which he denominated his "bitters." Whether the aforesaid admixture could be met with in the Pharmacopœias, either of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, is a question which I frankly profess my inability to resolve.

On regaining the parlour, I found the "Countess" and her aunt seated upon a sofa, the former sobbing after a heart-breaking fashion, and the latter looking poignards and poison-cups at her masculine connexion, who returned the compliment with compound interest. The individual who could have affirmed that there was a particle of love lost between the pair, must have been signally lacking either in observation or candour.

“I have had a long and searching conversation”—said Crooks (who was likewise present,)—“with the person calling himself your husband, Fanny, and ——”

“Calling himself my husband!”—exclaimed the young lady—“He *is* my husband!—my own dear, beloved, true husband, and I will follow him barefoot, if necessary, to the end of the world.”

“That’s right, child!” cried Miss Applegarth. “Show these ruthless, and case-hardened anthropophagi, that you have a will of your own, and scorn their malevolence and mendacities. Old and squinting, indeed! ha! ha! ha!”

Nothing moved by the respective outbreaks of niece and aunt, the imperturbable Crooks, who manifested all the proverbial coolness of the cucumber, thus proceeded:

“Hear me out, Fanny, and that calmly. The Count is not what he pretended to be.”

“Vile calumniator!”—was the prompt and indignant response,—“I would believe his simple word, in preference to the Bible oaths of all the Crooks’s in Christendom. My Blitzen is the very pink of honour, and would not coin a lie, to save himself from annihilation.”

“Be that as it may,”—continued the Montreal trader, —“I have the best of all proof that what I assert is the case. He has just confessed to me——”

“Confessed what?”—cried Fanny, and Laura Sophonisba in a breath.

“Why, that he is no more a Hungarian big nob, than he is Pio Nono, or the Receiver General of this Canada! Nay more, he has candidly consented to make that avowal in your presence.”

“Oh wretch of all wretches!”—yelled forth the excited new made wife,—“you have been torturing my beloved, and constraining him in his agony to say whatever you had a mind to.”

“Altogether a mistake, my dear,”—returned the methodical merchant. “The tortures have no existence, except in your own foolish little imagination. During our interview the Count (so called) experienced no other pains than the twinges of his own conscience.”

Here the Squire could not refrain from putting in his oar!

“Conscience indeed! Preciously small trouble that would give the blackleg. I will go bail that it is tough as the steak which we had for dinner to day, and that is saying no small thing.—Conscience, quotha! An old clothesman’s conscience! What *will* this crazy world come to?”

“Listen to me, sir, listen father, listen all of you,”—cried Fanny. “Not one pin’s head do I care what my

husband has acknowledged, or whether it be true or false. His blood may be ancient as the pyramids, or new as the latest fashioned mantalet. Famous may his name be in story, or unknown as that of the adventurer who first swallowed an oyster. These things weigh not one atom of thistle-down with Fanny Newlove, or Von Hoaxenstein, as I should rather say. Blitzen, or whatever else he is called, is my husband, and what is more, the sole and supreme lord of my affections. For better and for worse I took him, and through good report and evil report, in storm and sunshine, life and death, I will be his devoted and loving wife! Amen! So help me all the powers of constancy!"

Blinded with a dense mist of tears, the enthusiastic Fanny climaxed her oration by grasping and bussing the first book upon which she laid hands. This volume, (I may mention in passing) was the "Lyrics" of our provincial bard Alexander McLachlan. Whether that fact detracted from the value of the lady's declaration, must be determined by lawyers and theologians. The Purser is too little of a casuist to solve the problem.

When Newlove's daughter had "shut up," Mr. Crooks addressed himself to her wrathful and astounded parent.

"In my honest opinion, neighbour,"—observed he,—
"I think that we must e'en permit matters to take their

course. When a woman speaks in such a dogmatic manner as that in which our fair friend has just done, there is no use in trying to thwart her. Besides, the mischief is perpetrated past all hope of cure. If the parson had not got his paw in the pie, we might have sent the spark to the Penitentiary, and been done with it. All the blacksmiths, however, who ever smote anvil, from Vulcan downwards, could not unrivet that little plain gold ring, which encircles the fourth finger of your daughter's left hand. There has been a wedding and a bedding, and we should now have a conciliatory breakfast. Poor as I am, I will consent to liquidate the score for the champagne."

Old Newlove listened in breathless astonishment to this address, and for a protracted period was unable to return any rejoinder thereto, so stunning was his amazement and dumbfounderment.

"Oh, Crooks! Crooks,"—he at length intoned, when the faculty of speech was restored to him,—“little did I expect to hear such counsel from mine ancient and long-tried friend! What! receive as a son-in-law this scape-the-gallows, who has confessed his diabolical duplicity! Shame! shame on you man! I thought that you had known Nicholas Newlove better, than to suppose him guilty of such crawling—such unutterable baseness. Breakfast and champagne,”—said he!—“The first mor-

sel of toast would choke me—the sparkling beverage would drench my brain with dementation. No! no! If ~~Fanny is determined~~ to keep to her black bargain, she shall cease to be child of mine. She can swear, it seems—brazen baggage that she is—but more than one can play at that game!”

Thus delivering himself, the Justice of the Peace fell plump upon his knees; no slight undertaking, when it is considered that his bulk qualified him for Aldermanic honours.

Just as he was proceeding to enunciate a crushing and irrevocable vow, Mr. Crooks impressed a hand upon his mouth, and stemmed the forthcoming cataract of vocables.

“Hold hard for one moment!”—said he,—“Oaths are like promissory notes, much easier executed than satisfied. Keep where you are for a brief space, like a good fellow, till I bring this same slippery customer into your presence. Bear in mind that you have not heard the fellow plead his own cause, and even if he was Lublin, or the Wandering Jew, for that matter, it would be a shame to condemn him ere he had an opportunity of speaking for himself. Fair play, as we used to say in Yorkshire, is a jewel all the world over.”

“Be it as you will,”—retorted the kneeling Squire,—“but see that you be quick about it. My old stiff joints

are unused to this position and feel far from comfortable ; but hang me if I stand upright before speaking all that is on my mind. Ere you go, however, fill me out a glass of something stronger than the pump affords. My throat is parched and dry as a lime-kiln, and I wish to utter what I have got to say with such distinctness, that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake about the matter."

In obedience to this appeal Mr. Crooks concocted a draught which would have caused Padre Matthew's hair to stand stiff on end with horror, and placing it in Newlove's hands he evacuated the chamber without delay.

Altogether the scene was immensely dramatic, and might have furnished a play-wright with some serviceable wrinkles.

Newlove, senior, was a pretty fair study for King Lear, calling down left-handed benedictions upon the offspring who had sent him to pass a "naughty night" upon a heath. His child, at one end of the sofa, would have made a very respectable personification of Desdemona, Juliet, Lucy Ashton, or any other lachrymose young lady with red eyes and withered affections. Whilst Miss Laura Sophonisba, still frying under the treason perpetrated against her "balls of light," as Collins hath it, was aptly suggestive of the ill-conditioned heavy-tragedy

old women, who have always some throat to cut, or some rankling injury to avenge.

After a brief interval the sound of footsteps was heard in the passage, and the door being opened, Crooks became manifested, leading, or rather dragging the banished magnifico of Hungary along with him, the face of the latter being buried in the capacious drapery of a full-grown pocket handkerchief.

No longer did the youth sport a costume *à la* Widdi-comb. The be-furred and be-frogged surtout had given place to a prosaically unpretending black coat, and in vain did I strive to discover the masses of jewelry which had bedizened the person of the foreigner on board the steamboat. The Count had evidently descended several degrees in the direction of every day jog-trot existence.

"Show your ugly mug, you vagabond!"—roared Nicholas, his choler materially enhanced by the goblet which he had drained. "Look at an honest man for once in your life, when he is about to tell you a bit of his mind."

Being thus invited to exhibit his frontispiece, Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein dropped the handkerchief, and stood fully patent to the ken of friends and foes.

But what a change and, I may add, what a change for the better, did that same frontispiece present. The suspicious forest of hair had nearly all disappeared, like

pinces from the surface of a cleared farm. Imagination was no longer left to run riot upon the shape and hue of mouth, nose, and chin. None of the mystery which first invested the incognito continued to cleave to his features. They were just as nature had moulded them, brought to light by the magical touch of a keen-edged, thorough-going razor.

Whilst cogitating upon the metamorphosis which had taken place upon the external attributes of the adventurer, I was suddenly arrested by the effect produced by the apparition upon Newlove *père*.

He emitted a shout, expressive of a large assortment of emotions, in which astonishment, incredulity, and satisfaction, were blended in pretty equal proportions. His eyes were fixed upon the Count with a glow, as if they had been fascinated by a basilisk; and ever and anon he furbished them up with the cuff of his coat, doubtful, seemingly, that they had become treacherous by the operation of some sudden glamourie.

Hugely appetitive, to all appearance, was this scene to the mercator of Montreal, who, after a season, came up to the kneeling wonderer, and exclaimed, with a slap upon the shoulders sufficiently potent to have disturbed the equanimity of a rhinoceros:

"Man alive! are you going to keep us here all the morning? Why don't you curse the Hebrew huckster of superannuated pantaloons, and be done with it?"

This laconic speech, together with its fistic accompaniment, had the effect of restoring the astonished Squire to his pristine self-possession. Assuming a perpendicular position, and that with almost preternatural agility, considering his weighty capital of flesh, he made one bolt at Widdicomb, and grappling him bear-fashion, roared out with the stentorosity of a gross of town criers,

"CORNELIUS CROOKS!"

* * * * *

It would be at once pedantic and impertinent to bore the excellent peruser of these lines, with any explanations of the passages above chronicled. Being madly enamoured of the heiress of Newlove Grange, Crooks the younger, who had discovered the foot whereon she halted, made a bold stroke for a wife, and gained as the bogus Count, what he had been denied as the sterling advocate.

* * * * *

If a merry symposium was not enjoyed in Cobourg that blessed morning by a certain nuptial party, write the Purser down as a promulgator of unveracities. The fusilading of corks was a caution, and healths, pottle deep,

were dedicated to the prosperity of the united dynasties of Newlove and Crooks.

The only malcontent at the banquet was the erudite Laura Sophonisba. This mature spinster was rendered misanthropical, not merely by the mean estimate taken of her charms, but from the fact that her niece had not wedded a romantic and titled mate.

“Here’s health, wealth, and happiness to you, Fanny,”—said she, during a lull in the joviality,—“but it vexes me to the soul, that after all the trouble I have had with your education, a commoner’s lot has fallen to your chance. Heigh, ho! I thought to have seen a coronet on your carriage and table spoons, before I had shuffled off this mortal coil of ropes, as William Shakspeare says, but the Parks (Parcæ were probably intended,) have otherwise decreed!”

“Let not that fret you, aunt of mine,”—rejoined the happy bridegroom. “My Fanny *is* entitled to stitch Baroness to her name, whenever she feels inclined so to do. When in Germany this summer, I purchased a patent of nobility for a mere song, from a Grand Duke who chanced to be slightly out at the elbows, and if we visit Baden Baden in the spring, my wife may take precedence of all the commoners in Christendom.”

SUMMER AND WINTER.

I.

One balmy morn, in laughing May,
I sat by Bothwell's ivied wa'.
The blackbird and the linty gray
Sang sweetly 'mid the birken-shaw.
Beside me sat upon the green
The fairest maid in the west countrie.
The brightest diamond-flash, I ween,
Shone dim before her hazel ee.

II.

I broke my love—she said na' nay.
We pledged our vows—it seemed a dream ;
The sunny hours fled swift away
As foam-bells on the whirling stream.
Earth was a new-born paradise,
A fairy-land of wild delight ;
We spoke not—in each other's eyes,
Our every thought we read aright.

III.

Time's stayless chariot rolled along,
Again I sat by Bothwell's ha',
But nae mair came the linty's song,
The summer's balm had passed awa'.
Cauld was the gloaming hour ; and loud
December's blast swept o'er Clyde's stream,
Bearing along with sleety cloud,
The screech-owl's eldritch, boding scream.

IV.

Oh, welcome winter, for to me
The gairish summer brings no gladness,
And songs of birds fall jarringly
Upon the heart oppress'd with sadness.
But blow ye winds, it likes me well,
To hear you hoarsely round me rave,
Henceforth 'mong you I'd ever dwell,
Dirges ye howl o'er Mary's grave.

CORIOLANUS.

SONNET I.

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

SONNET II.

Thoughtful at twilight's hour before his tent,
The Roman leader of Rome's foemen stood,
While clad in sackcloth and funereal hood
A tearful female train before him bent.
His heart is strangely stirred! A voice he hears
'Mid that sad matron band, ne'er heard unloved—
His mother's gentle voice! Bright guileless years
Return, long banished, at the sound. Unmoved
He saw a nation's agony!—but now
His wrongs are all forgot—ambition dies—
The fever leaves his brain—the cloud his brow—
Veturia smiles—“The victory is won!”
He clasps her in his trembling arms and cries,
“Sweet mother!—Rome you've saved—but lost your
son!”

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I.

I ask not for riches,
I care not for power,
I seek not to dwell
In wealth's glittering bower.
For heartless the mirth
Of the gem-spangled throng,
As the laugh of a demon
Or maniac's song.
Give me the sweet smile
Of my bonnie young bride,
And the calm blithesome blink
Of my ain fireside.

II.

When the cloud of misfortune
 Glooms over my path,
When friendship is cold
 As the ice-trance of death,
When life seems a desert,
 All sterile and wild,
And the night-shade springs rankly
 Where roses once smiled,
What beacon my wandering
 Footsteps shall guide?
The calm blythesome blink
 Of my ain fireside.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND.

I.

Last night, in yonder hawthorn dell,
There came o'er me a wondrous spell ;
The moon shone bright on cliff and stream,
And a fairy rode on every beam.

II.

The Queen sat on a hazel bough,
And merrily danced the elves below ;
Their music the love-lorn zephyr breeze
Kissing the coy-leaved aspen trees.

III.

And there were arch-eyed beauties flying,
And tiny lovers round them sighing,
And knights in tourney strove, I ween,
To win a smile from the elfin Queen.

IV.

The squirrel their mossy table spread
With the filbert brown and the strawberry red,
And mystic healths in the sweetest dew
They quaffed from cups of the harebell blue.

V.

A fair fay took me by the hand,
"Come, mortal, join our merry band,
Flowers ever fresh for thee we'll twine,
For thee shall flow our rarest wine."

VI.

And as she spoke a dreamy calm
Stole o'er each sense like sleep's sweet balm,
But just then broke the morning grey,
And the pageant swept like mist away.

THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

I.

Fair are thy father's wide domains,
None fairer in the north countrie ;
There wealth abounds and pleasure reigns,
But you have left them all for me.
Strong in love's faith, your lot you've cast
With mine, for grief or happiness—
Come fortune's smile, or care's cold blast—
My own, my winsome Bess.

II.

With thee, my soul's pulse every day
Will yield its meed of fresh delight ;
The fleet-winged hours will glide away,
Like brook o'er gold-sands purling bright.

My only thought—my chiefest joy—
Will be, how best I can express
The love which glows without alloy
For thee, my winsome Bess.

III.

Rude is our forest cot ; but thou,
Like flower transplanted to the wild,
Will shed around all things, I trow,
Refinement's bloom, and odour mild.
No task can ever irksome be,
If sweetened by thy kind caress—
Labour will seem but pastime free,
With thee, my winsome Bess.

IV.

In Indian-summer's dreamy haze,
The Humber's banks we'll oft explore,
And people them with troops of fays,
By fancy conjured from our shore.
The kelpie shall brood o'er the pool,
The mermaid comb her dripping tress—
Each grove with weird-shapes shall be full—
My own, my winsome Bess.

V.

When winter brings long nights and dear,
And blythely glows our pine-lit hearth,
Thou'lt sing the songs I love so dear—
The songs of our romantic North.
The lays will waft us o'er the main—
Once more Ben-Lomond's heath I'll press—
Pull Cowden-Knowes' gold-broom again—
With thee, my winsome Bess.

VI.

And I will tell thee many a tale
Of fortress gray, and war-famed ground—
Legends, which erst in Liddesdale,
Thrilled our young nerves like trumpet's sound.
How moist thy clear blue eye will turn,
At Mary Stuart's sad duress—
How flash at name of Bannockburn!
My loyal, winsome Bess.

VII.

Thus gladly our quiet years
Will flit away with scanty care;
Our sun undimmed save by the tears
Which fall to every mortal's share.

Cheered by the Gospel's genial ray,

Death's hand shall lightly on us press :

We'll part, but only for a day,

My own, my winsome Bess.

THE PIRATE.

I.

“Quick, hoist the sails, my merry, merry men,
The breeze blows fresh and fair,
And spread the red flag to the gale,”
Quoth Hildebrand Saint Clair.”

II.

“For yonder is a gallant ship,
Full stately doth she ride ;
Before the sun his course hath run
I trow she'll doff her pride.”

III.

The pirate's bark with dart-like prow
Cut swift the curling wave ;
“Now yield thee,” cried proud Hildebrand—
“Or fill an ocean grave.”

IV.

Then up and spake a belted knight,
An angry man was he,
"We'll try our might, this day in fight,
Before I yield to thee."

V.

They fought with bow, and spear I trow,
Six hours upon the main,
Till the knight and all his trusty crew
Were by the pirate slain.

VI.

Saint Clair he raised the dead man up
To cast him in the sea,
The corslet from his breast he took,
The plumed casque from his bree.

VII.

He laid him on the blood-red deck,
And washed away the gore;
His locks, black as the raven's wing,
His ivory brow hung o'er.

VIII.

Then the pirate screamed a terrible scream,
When he saw what he had done,
It was his son from Palestine,
His only, darling son.

THE TYROLESE WANDERER'S RETURN.

I.

Long, long, sweet native vale have I
A stranger been to peace and thee ;
All hail ye proud cliffs towering high,
All hail each well-known crag and tree.
I've wandered 'mid the groves of France,
I've trode Italia's classic strand,
But aye my pensive eye did glance
Towards mine own—my native land.

II.

See ! yonder is the pine-tree dell,
Where oft enraptured I have strayed,
When calmly bright the moonbeams fell,
With thee, my blue-eyed Tyrol maid.

Is she still true? Away, away
Ye dark suspicions from my mind,
If she be false, then constancy
Is but a dream—a breath of wind.

III.

Beneath this tree we pledged our love
That night I left my native vale—
The brook beneath, the stars above,
Alone bore witness to the tale.
But hush! a fairy form appears
Beneath the dark wide-spreading shade,
My name is breathed! how vain my fears,
It is my own, my Tyrol maid.

ANACREONTIC.

I.

The other night when half asleep,
I heard without a young one weep,
"Oh, let me in!" exclaimed the child
"The night is dark, the storm is wild,
The moon has fled before its frown,
The rain in torrents rushes down,
My limbs like palsied age do shake,
Open, kind sir, for pity's sake."

II.

I drew the bolt, and in there came
An urchin—Cupid was his name ;
A quiver o'er his back he wore,
A stout bow in his hand he bore,
His hair was black, his visage mild,
In truth he was a winning child.

III.

I chafed his limbs—I spoke him fair—
And wrung the moisture from his hair,
I wiped the tear-drops from his eye,
And sung him many a lullaby.
Soon all his fear and shyness fled,
And smiling roguishly he said :

IV.

“The rain my shafts has sorely moiled,
My bow I fear is sadly spoiled,
But by your leave, mine host, I’ll try.”
He spoke, and let an arrow fly,
Which pierced me deeply in the heart,
Whilst Cupid laughed to see me smart,

V.

“Victoria!” the traitor cried,
“The youth who love so long defied,
Compell’d to own at length his power,
No more shall shun his Fanny’s bower—

Partaker of a kindred pain
No more he'll treat her with disdain.
Farewell, farewell, your sharp pangs prove,
That Pity opes the door to Love."

THE CRUSADER'S SERENADE.

I.

Wake, and come down, my lady love,
The night is calm and still ;
The cloudless moon shines gladsomely,
O'er forest, lake, and hill ;
And from yon hawthorn shaded vale,
Sweet sings the minstrel nightingale.

II.

Come down, my love ; no one is near,
The warder is asleep,
The sentinel on yonder tower
A drowsy watch doth keep,
And never opes his leaden eye
Save when the screech-owl whirreth by.

III.

Come down, and I will tell thee how
I left my native land
To win my spurs, and break a lance
Against the Moslem band ;
And round thy neck the chain I'll twine
I gained for thee in Palestine.

IV.

I'll tell thee how the Pagan smote
The Christian chivalry,
And how before Jerusalem's walls
Our bravest knights did die,
And how thy Hugo lingered long
In Paynim dungeon, dark and strong.

V.

Till at the last a Moorish maid
Proffered sweet liberty,
And boundless wealth, so she might share
My lot beyond the sea.
How dark that damsel's forehead grew
When I spoke of plighted vows, and you !

VI.

And how at midnight's stilly hour
She freed me from my chain,
And prayed that you, my peerless Maude,
Might never dree her pain,
Or prove the grief tongue cannot tell
Bound up in that dread word—farewell!

VII.

But haste thee, love, the moon has set,
Methinks the warder stirs;
The morning breeze already shakes
The tops of yonder firs;
And when the day has dawned, I ween,
I may no longer here be seen.

THE AULD WIFE TO HER CATS.

I.

Snell blaws the winter wind round my auld shanty,
But heartsome the blink o' my log fire sae canty.
What boots it to me though it rains, hails, and snows,
I canna' be eerie wi' Bowley and Brose.

II.

Wi' false, fleechin stories they never deceive me,
Never wi' yaumerin maunerins deave me :
Content wi' whatever their mistress bestows,
I've aye a kind purr frae my Bowley and Brose.

III.

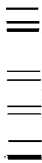
It's mony the fair-weather friends I hae seen,
Whose smiles were na' wanting when life's tree was green ;
Like vapour they vanished when sorrow's blast rose,
And left me alane wi' my Bowley and Brose.

IV.

When lanesome the pair body creeps to her bed,
Ane streaks at my feet, 'tither dens at my head,
And dreaming o' langsyne I sink to repose,
Lulled by the croonin' o' Bowley and Brose.

V.

Let other folks hanker for acres and gold,
For nowte in the byre, and sheep in the fold,
Gie me but content, a guid pinch to my nose,
And my black and grey baudrons, Bowley and Brose.



A SLIP OF THE PEN.



A SLIP OF THE PEN.

Gamaliel Graywawkie commenced his curriculum as a general merchant in Peterhead, Scotland, with a small capital, and consequently with a small stock in trade. He dealt in groceries, hardware, candles, stationery, and haberdasheries, and though his shop was the first open in the morning, and the last which was closed against the public at night, he found it a hard matter to make the two ends meet. The denizens of Peterhead though on the main good customers enough, were pestilently costive in their payments, and the ink of many an account in the worthy dealer's ledger waxed dim and faint through age, ere the welcome word "settled" was endorsed at the bottom thereof.

It may be here proper to mention that the education of Gamaliel had not been of such an excellence as would

have fitted him for a university degree, except in the "free and enlightened" United States of America. He was blessedly ignorant of the heathenish dead languages, and could not read with peculiar fluency even the living Anglo-Saxon tongue. As for writing, he thought it enough if he could make his ideas tolerably intelligible on paper; and concerning orthography, he generally wrote words as he pronounced them. "I had nae hand in the brewin' o' dictionaries," he would sometimes observe, "and, of course, am not bound to tak' them as my guides and authorities."

Having contrived by hook and crook to scrape together a few extra pounds, Mr. Graywawkie determined to see if he could not increase his capital by a speculation. At that time copper gave indications of rising in the market, and the honest man, after serious deliberation, resolved that in this metal he would invest his hard-won savings.

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

Much did Gamaliel churn his brains to divine the meaning of the paragraph above quoted, but he churned in vain. By no possible theory could he account for the fact that there should be any difficulty in making the investment on which he had laid his heart. From the metropolitan journals, which from time to time met his eye, he learned that whole ship loads of copper were changing hands every day, and how, therefore, there should be the delay of an hour in procuring ten poor tons of the commodity, fairly passed his comprehension.

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

At length Gamaliel could bear the torturing suspense no longer. He entrusted his shop to the *pro tempore* curatorship of an acquaintance, and set off for London, determined to find out at once the worst of the matter.

It was, indeed, a perilous crisis in the history of his fortunes. Small as the adventure might be to a "warm" man, upon its issue depended whether his name should preserve its fragrance in the money market, or be consigned to the rankness and putridity of the bankrupt's department of the Gazette.

When the mail coach, (these events happened before the foaling of the iron horse,) which was conveying the person of the half demented Graywawkie, stopped at York, in order to allow the passengers to go through the process of sustentation, our hero entered the supper-room with his companions, infinitely too jaded, however, to swallow a solitary morsel. Everything, meat, bread, and pickles seemed encrusted and impregnated with copper, and like the "amen" of Macbeth, stuck pertinaciously in his throat.

As he was draining in semi-rabid desperation, a stiffish glass of brandy and hot water, the only thing in the shape of nutriment which he could imbibe, Gamaliel heard his not very common name pronounced by a Cockney commercial traveller, or bagman, who was seated with a *confrère* at an adjacent table. Wearied and fagged out as he was, he could only make out a few words here and there of the conference, but these were suffi-

cient to drive him to the culminating point of wonder and distraction.

“Wonderful fellow that Graywawkie must be, to be sure! Prodigious order! Ten whole tons! Why, the man must be either mad, or have the Bank of England at his command! I shall make it a point to give him a call when I reach the north! Hope to book him for a few thousands!”

At this moment the horn of his Majesty's mail sounded a retreat, and Graywawkie dashing down the price of the meal which he had not tasted, rushed out to his locomotive “convenience,” like an opium-drugged Malay running a muck.

Arrived in London, the Peterhead shopkeeper lost no time in seeking the counting-room of his correspondent, and having stated his name to the underlings, requested an immediate audience of the riddle-engendering Brummagem. The clerks, who seemed to regard him with a look of respectful wonder, speedily announced his arrival to their principal, and in a few pulsations of time Mr. Graywawkie and his correspondent stood face to face in the flesh.

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

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

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

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

"If I might make so bold," he said, "I would suggest that you should sell out forthwith. The market is now as bare of the article as a Surgeon's-Hall skeleton is of flesh. Our grocers are clamorous for a supply, and I cannot walk the streets without being waylaid by scores of 'em. You can make your own terms, by jingo! and

I question not could clear thousands by mid-day, if you would release your hold. Think well about it, dear Mr. Graywawkie, and pray consider the lamentable condition of the eating world. Why, I hear that there have not been half a dozen legs of mutton boiled within the city for nearly a week!"

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

"Not exactly, my excellent sir," was the rejoinder, "but *capers*, you know, are generally necessary for that favourite dish."

* "Do you mean to insult me, you scoundrel?" yelled the unhappy native of Peterhead, who had by this time fairly passed the rubicon of sanity. "What have I to do with all, or any, of the plagued capers in the universe? Speak, miscreant, or I shall save the hangman the trouble of throttling you!"

"Ha! ha!" blandly interposed the smiling Brummagem, "I see it all! Cold morning—long drive—overly strong potation at the last stopping place! These things *will* happen at times to the best of us! No man is a

saw pit at all hours, as we used to say at school! Here John! Fetch me Mr. Graywawkie's order. Perhaps a sight of the document will restore your recollection."

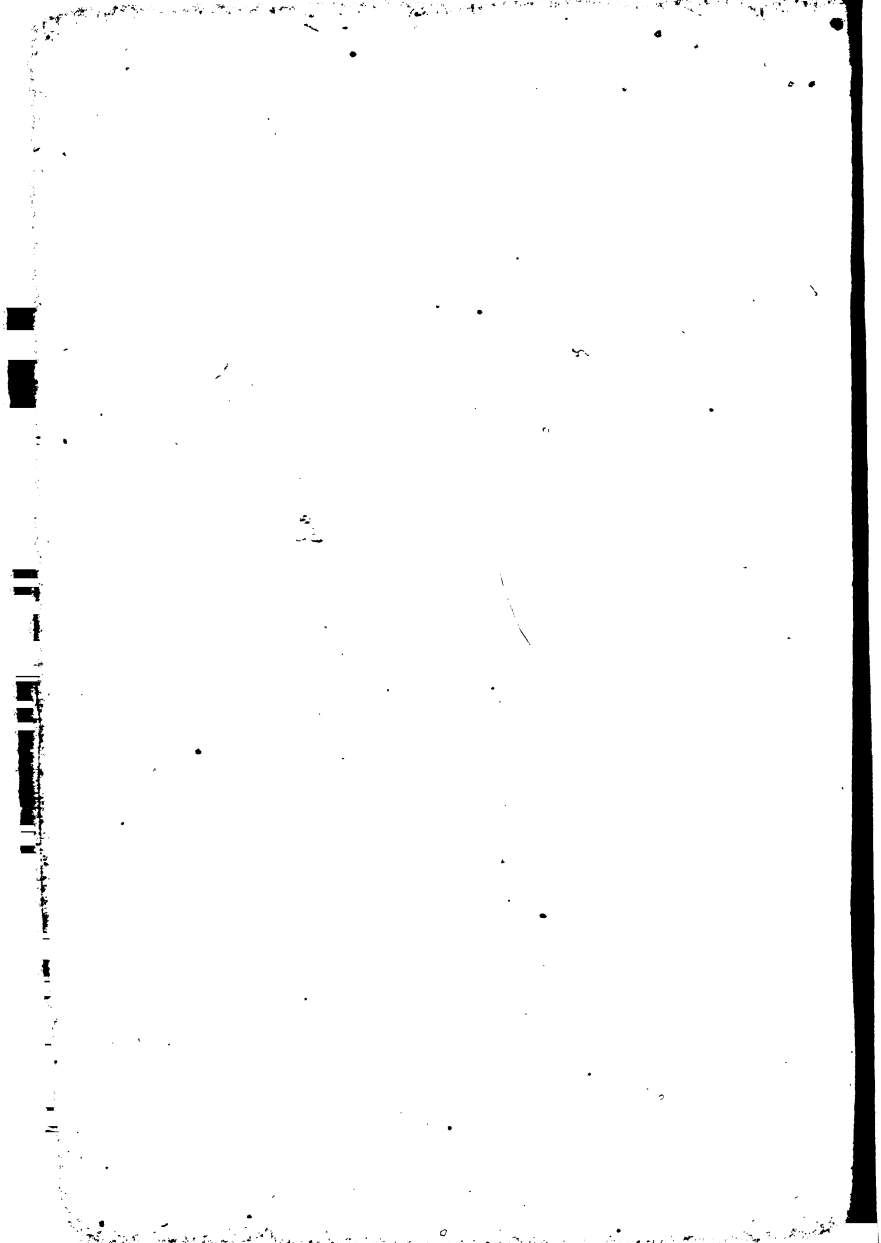
The missive was brought, and the broker unfolding the same, began to recapitulate its contents. "Hum—just so—plain as a pike-staff—ten tons of capers—nothing could be clearer. Let me again advise you to sell out on the nail. Never will there be a better chance."

Slowly but surely did the light now begin to dawn upon the muddled brain of the North British huckster, till at length he was enabled to tackle the real state of the case.

Prudently concealing the fact that he had by mistake written "capers" for "copper," Gamaliel, with a faint laugh, begged pardon for his recent outbreak, and hinted something about the heady effects of London gin when taken before breakfast.

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

TRACE OF A PAST CELEBRITY.



TRACE OF A PAST CELEBRITY.

When passing through a village in the Township of Toronto, some two summers ago, we chanced to enter into communing with a rough-spun, stalworth, sun-bronzed English yeoman, who was engaged in excavating a well. At once unsophisticated and intelligent was the character of the man's countenance, and the impression thus created suffered no refutation from the tone and bearing of his observations upon the subject matters handled in our brief colloquy.

Leaving the well-digger for a season, let us call to remembrance an ill-starred ecclesiastic, whose name formed a prominent item in the criminal annals of the last century.

William Dodd, the son of a Devonshire clergyman, was born in 1729, and educated in Cambridge. Having married when destitute of the means of support he obtained holy orders in 1753, and being gifted with considerable rhetorical powers, soon became one of the most popular pulpit orators in the Anglican metropolis. All the rank and fashion of the day were found amongst the parties who stately attended his prelections, and even royalty was to be met with occasionally in the chapel where he officiated. Wealth swelled the coffers of the fortunate preacher, to which professional honours lent an odorous garnishment, he being placed upon the list of His Majesty's Chaplains in 1764.

It requires a steady hand to manipulate a full cup, and such a hand Dr. Dodd could not boast of. The transition from comparative poverty to a plethora of income shattered the man's moral equilibrium, and plunging recklessly into the *mare magnum* of extravagance, he soon, like the prodigal son, "began to be in want." Deeply involved in the meshes of debt, he offered a bribe to the spouse of the Lord Chancellor if she would procure his nomination to a valuable rectory which then chanced to be vacant. He had reckoned, however, without his hostess, and the lady informing

her liege lord of the matter, the name of the simoniac was struck from the list of Court Chaplains.

Ruined at once in character and purse, Dodd sought refuge at Geneva, where in an evil hour, as it so eventuated, he fell in with that Napoleon of "deportment," the Earl of Chesterfield, whose tutor he had been. This nobleman presented his ex-mentor with a small living, utterly inadequate to feed the cravings of the incumbent's fashion-vitiated tastes. 'Ere long the grewsome tide of debt surged wildly round him as ever, and driven desperate by duns, the unfortunate divine committed a forgery upon his patron by which he obtained a considerable sum of money.

There is pregnant reason to conclude that Dodd honestly purposed to replace the sum thus fraudulently got, but before he could do so the delict was discovered, and the Earl, with constitutional callousness, prosecuted the offender, who was convicted and sentenced to the gallows.

Much interest was employed to procure a mitigation of punishment, particularly by Samuel Johnson, then in the zenith of his fame, who composed the petition addressed by the criminal to the King. All these efforts, however, proved abortive, and the man upon

whose lips the most illustrious had erst hung entranced was conveyed in a hackney coach to Tyburn, and strangled by the hands of the common executioner. "He died," says a contemporary journalist, "with all the marks of sincere contrition for the crime he had committed, and the disgrace he had brought upon his profession."

Return we now, after this seemingly "impertinent" episode of Newgate Calendar history, to our spade-and-mattock-wielding acquaintance of Toronto Township.

"I suppose, sir," quoth he, during the currency of our confabulation, "I suppose, sir, you do not know me?" To this interrogation we were constrained to return a response in the negative.

"Well sir," continued the man of manual toil, "I am the great-grandson of the old Doctor."

"What old Doctor?" was our not unnatural exclamation, unable as we were to make any thing of this wide-margined and ultra-general item of intelligence.

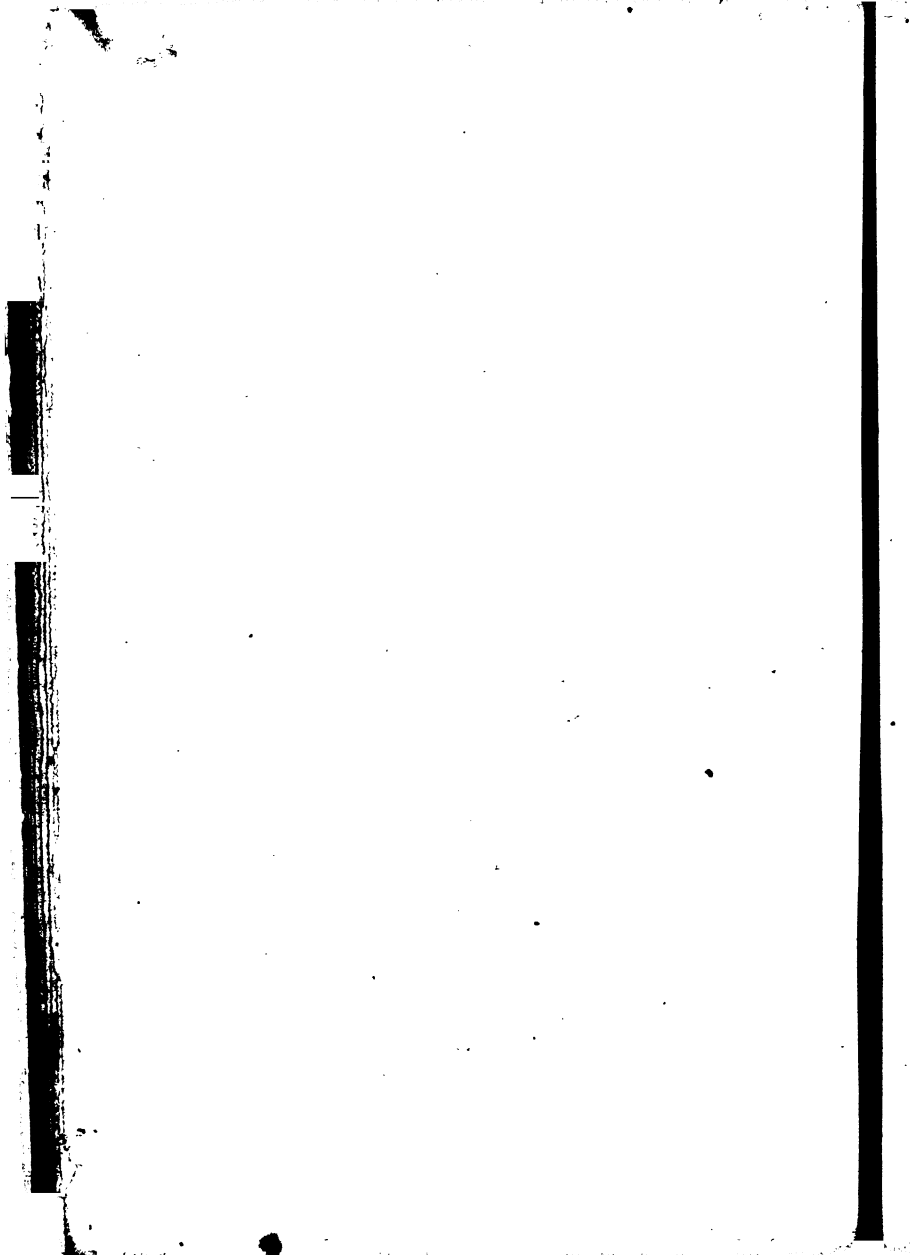
"Why, Doctor Dodd, to be sure, Him as was hanged long ago in London for forgery. I thought every body had heard tell of the Doctor!"

Subsequent enquiries resulted in our being certiorated that matters really stood as above represented, and that

we had chanced to light upon the lineal heir of one who in his day and generation had enjoyed so large a share of fame and notoriety. It might have been merely a caprice of imagination, but in the tanned visage of the Canadian well-digger we fancied that we could trace a resemblance to the well known portraits of the accomplished and thrice hapless author of "Prison Thoughts."



A LEG DUEL.



A LEG DUEL.

Not long ago there was celebrated in the New York Astor House, the annual gaudiamus, or supper, of a chess club, the members whereof are of an exceedingly diversified texture. Its muster-roll embraces the names of "fast" men about town, and slow but sure cultivators of business. The three learned faculties have their representatives in the confederation, and more than one of the drab-garmented disciples of Fox and Penn swell the numbers of the many-complexioned brotherhood.

During the currency of the evening to which our narrative has reference, the amenity of the proceedings was signally moiled by the factious escapades of a youthful sprig of the "Southern chivalry," answering to the name of Hannibal Hamilcar Snoeks. He was not a member

of the club, but had been introduced as a visitor for that night only, by one of the initiated.

Without stint did Hannibal imbibe of the "wealth of vintages," under which the board groaned, and when "the malt got fairly above the meal," as the denizens of North Britain quaintly express it—his bearing waxed utterly intolerable. He interlarded his discourse with "strange oaths," which could hardly have been out-climaxed by uncle Toby's unorthodox military confrères who "swore so terribly in Flanders;" and the most experienced "nymph of the pave" would have blushed at some of the meretricious expletives to which he gave birth.

Silently, if not with patience, did the company submit for a season to this infliction. Few, perchance none of their number were "cunning at fence," and Hannibal H. enjoyed the reputation of being a "dead shot," who in his day and generation had, in the words of Dan Homer, "despatched many souls prematurely to Hades."

At length one of the social synod, a worthy Quaker denominated Aminadab Dry, (who was likewise a guest of the club) fairly became bankrupt of endurance, and stringently tackled the foul-mouthed son of the South. He denounced him as being a disgrace to civilized society, and only fit to herd with the scum and offscourings of

creation. "If the rod," said the much indignant Dry, "were made familiarly acquainted with thy back, it might be better for thyself, and for all who have the evil fortune to be plagued with thy companionship."

Hardly necessary is it to remark that this rebuke had the effect of driving Snooks more than half demented with rage. Torrent after torrent of blasphemous combinations did he heap upon the head of his admonisher, and at the close of the satanic litany he challenged the Quaker to fight him then and there with pistols, under pain of being published to the universe as a scoundrel and a coward.

"Though a man of peace," replied Aminadab, quietly knocking the ashes from the tip of his cigar, "and as such precluded from shedding thy bad blood, I feel well assured that my stock of the carnal commodity called courage is, at least, as good as thine own."

"All precious fine!" cried the broiling Hannibal Hamilcar. "All precious fine, you confounded old humbug! but I should like to see some proof of your pluck. Deeds and not words, is the motto for my money."

"That sentiment," quoth Dry, "likewise meeteth with my approbation, and I am prepared to act upon it without delay. If I be not the more mistaken, the laws of honour, as Philistines like thyself term the rules of

throat-cutting, leave the choice of weapons to the challenged party. Now, friend, let us forthwith order into the chamber two tubs replenished with boiling water, as hot as fire can make it. I shall place my right leg in one of these vessels, thou following my example with the other, and he who first giveth tokens of discomfiture shall be esteemed the least valorous of the twain."

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Snooks might have demurred to this novel joust, but being hot with stimulants, and fevered by marginless rage, he at once proclaimed his willingness to accede to the proposition. Accordingly the tubs, steaming with calorific fluid, were promptly produced, into which the combatants plunged their dexter locomotive appliances without a moment's hesitation or delay.

With all the phlegm of the aboriginal Dutchman, did friend Dry submit to the self-imposed infliction. Not for one solitary second did he intermit the process of smoking the narcotic herb the virtues whereof were revealed to Christendom by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the most indomitable North American "brave" might have envied the stolid stoicism which the broad visage of the patient presented. Every muscle remained in the most profound and unruffled repose.

Widely different was the state of matters so far as Hannibal Hamilcar Snooks was concerned. Ere two minutes had been added to the age of the world, big globules of the perspiration of agony burst from his temples, and curses "not loud but deep," demonstrated the ecstasy of suffering which he was undergoing. Not long did the seething struggle last. Worn out nature succumbed under the ordeal, and with a yell which was heard in the attics and cellars of the caravansary, the Southern withdrew his limb from the torturing cauldron, and fell prone upon the floor in a swoon.

When the vanquished knight had been duly conveyed to a bed chamber in order to have the benefit of leechcraft for his dolorosities, the residual company turned their anxious attention to the Quaker, who still preserved his attitude of statue-like repose.

"Thee needest not put thyself to any trouble, friend," was the quiet remark which Aminadab made to the Ethiopian attendant, who was officiously offering to solace the sodden limb with oil and other emollients. "Nothing do I require at thy hands, save and except a dry shoe and stocking."

Long and loud were the protests which this monster disregard of relief called forth, but Mr. Dry philosophi-

cally continued the process of dissolving tobacco into vapour.

"There is no necessity," he at length observed; "for saying anything more about the matter. **THE LEG IS MADE OF CORK!**"

WARMING A TOMB.



WARMING A TOMB.

About ten years prior to the commencement of the current century, the convivial usages of Scotland had assumed a peculiarly aggravated and reckless character. Intoxication, so far at least as the upper classes were concerned, instead of being deemed a vice or even a blemish, was looked upon as a mark of aristocratic virility and good fellowship. Almost any gentleman would as lief have been called a liar or a coward as a milk-sop ; and he who with the ripest impunity could put the greatest number of bottles "under his belt," was, *de facto*, regarded as "cock of the walk," and "prince of good fellows." The dinner hour being early, at the period in question, it was no uncommon thing to witness well-dressed men staggering along the streets during broad

day-light, in a state of mellow elevation. If such phenomena elicited any comment from passing critics, it was merely to the effect that Sir John this, or the Laird of that, had been at a party. As for the police or the ecclesiastical authorities taking cognizance of such escapades, the thing was infinitely too preposterous even to dream of. So long as the toppers gave a wide berth to murder or manslaughter, the propriety of their conduct never was called in question.

At the epoch under manipulation, Bacchus was no where more religiously worshipped than in Dumbartonshire, in the West, of Scotland. Indeed the bibulous prowess possessed by the landowners of that district of North Britain, had long been matter of proverbial notoriety; and people used to talk of Dumbartonshire Lairds as types of everything that was commendable and chivalrous, so far as unstinted devotion to the wine-cup was concerned.

There dwelt at the time to which our narrative has reference, in the vicinage of Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde, a landowner named and designated Mungo Mills of Caldercruicks. The aforesaid village, it may be stated in passing, is famed as being the reputed birth-place of the Saint, to whose special tutelage Ireland is by popular voice consigned.

Mills took it into his head to erect in the church yard of Kilpatrick a mausoleum or family tomb of ambitious dimensions ; and indeed no mortuary hotel in the United Kingdom could challenge any comparison with it, so far at least as extent was concerned. It more resembled a villa than a haven for the departed, and the fame thereof spread far and wide even before the completion of the same.

The Thane of Caldercruicks belonged to the brotherhood of whom mention has been made above, and the merits and progression of the tomb formed pregnant subjects of conversation at the various reunions at which he was wont to assist. Thus it came to pass that when the structure was on the eve of being finished, a waggish co-wassailer gravely proposed that Mills should inaugurate the same by entertaining therein a select party of his friends and boon companions. None of the brightest were the intellects of honest Mungo owing to the liquifactions which they were constantly receiving, and accordingly the suggestion appeared to him perfectly orthodox and reasonable. Without delay he issued invitations to as many of his convivial confreres as the sepulchre could accommodate, and set about preparing for their entertainment in this novel hospitium.

At the day appointed some dozen of the most devoted and enthusiastic "cup-crushers" which the country could boast of, made their appearance in the kirk-yard of Kilpatrick, and were received with open arms by the hospitable Caldercruicks at the door of his unique monster tomb.

This sombre *pro re nata* caravansaray had been rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Not being endowed with windows a lamp hung suspended from the vaulted roof, which was missioned to burn night and day during the continuance of the Plutonic revel. Within a species of hall or porch was paraded the carcass of a choice ox, slaughtered for the nonce, and in the same locality appeared developed a *pro tempore* cooking apparatus, the management of which was intrusted to the major domo and factotum of the host.

Instead of a carpet, the floor of the tomb was spread with mattresses, and the compartments in the walls designed for the reception of coffins were plentifully garnished with liquor-replenished vessels. A hogshead of claret did duty as sideboard at one end of the chamber, and was kept in countenance at the other by a cognate ark filled with transcendental brandy. Of nothing in the shape of chairs did the room boast, but substitutes for such appliances were found in the shape of divers

kegs of whisky, the aboriginal virtue whereof had never been sullied by the profane touch of exciseman's gauging rod.

The lamp being lighted, and the company having assumed their seats, or rather we should say their kegs, the door of the sepulchre was closed, and business commenced in right good earnest. No one in these our degenerate days would credit the amount of liquid stimulants which were consumed with comparative impunity by those devoted disciples of the vine-crowned god. Where puny microscopic glasses would be employed now, "bickers" capacious enough to hold pints were drained to the honor of the Caldercruicks place of sepulture. Brother Gough in his most imaginative moments never pictured such a purgatory of anti-tectotalism.

For three long days and nights did these wild outre orgies continue without stint or intermission. Sometimes, it is true, one of the party would drop from his perch upon the ready-spread couch, but a very brief modicum of repose enabled him to resume his part in the jollification. If, in the estimation of his associates, the slumbers of such a one was unreasonably long protracted, a copious libation of cold water speedily recalled him from the domains of Somnus to the business of real life.

During this period the office of the butler was far from being of a sinecure nature. Hardly an hour elapsed in which he was not called upon to put his culinary gifts in requisition, and short were the intervals during which the echoes of the mausoleum were not made vocal by shouts for steaks and devils.

The charnel house gaudiamus eventuated in midwinter, and passing strange was the effect of the uproarious, roistering chants which issued from the womb of the structure, chorussed as they were by the sleet-charged winds. Many a midnight way-farer travelling along the Glasgow and Dumbarton viaduct, felt his hair stand erect, and the cold perspiration rain in torrents from his brow, as he listened to the untimous and unearthly cantations which came surging from that wierd "howf" of mortality. Not a few sceptics in the creed of popular superstition were weaned from their infidelity by the vocalization of the tenants of the Caldercruicks tomb.

There was one incident connected with the doings of that extraordinary convention which merits to be specially recorded.

The capricious appetites of some of the guests having craved for a mess of oat meal porridge, the cook proceeded to concoct the same accordingly. To all appearance the hasty pudding was canonically prepared,

but when placed on the board the most sharp-set of the revellers could not manage to swallow a mouthful of the same. There was something unpalatably peculiar in the gritty viands which they could not away with, and by common consent the manufacture was ordered to be cast out of the door, a sentence which was carried into immediate effect.

Some hours after this had been done, the inmates of the tomb were startled by a most extraordinary combination of sounds proceeding from the exterior of the building. On going out to investigate the nature of the concert, a strange sight was presented to the view of the expiscators. Sundry pigs, and geese beyond number were discovered, some lying and others staggering, manifesting all the tokens and signs of intoxication. The cries which they emitted were undeniably of an unsober complexion, and the most casual observer could not fail to gather that the quadrupeds and feathered bipeds were quite as drunk as their "betters."

What could be the meaning of all this?

Certain of the more chicken-hearted of the synod concluded that Providence had made the beastialities tipsy, in order to read the feasters a practical and impressive homily on the enormity of their delicts. This theory was probably suggested by the sage practice of the an-

cient Greeks, who occasionally "corned" their bondsmen, to the end that their insensate antics might impress the rising generation with a salutary "scunner" against excess in using the juice of the grape.

On enquiry a more material key was found wherewith to unlock the apparent mystery. In manufacturing the porridge the artist had moistened the meal with "mountain dew," instead of the unsophisticated beverage of our primary ancestors.

It is hardly necessary to add that when the mystery evaporated so did the moral, and that the incongruous junket proceeded as before with undiminished vim and glee.

A circumstance luridly apposite, marked the conclusion of this grim saturnalian "warming" of death's cold message.

One of the party, named Bankier of Bonhill, was a peculiarly stolid looking personage. In obesity he might have competed with Shakspeare's "fat knight," and there was an oily stupidity about the general expression of his countenance, which closely verged upon the sublime. Whenever his intimates detected the slightest inkling of intelligence in his visage, they at once concluded that something extraordinary was on the *tapis*, and "looked out for squalls" accordingly.

During the grisly sederunt, Bankier had hardly ever abandoned his seat. He appeared to consider it a solemn religious obligation to imbibe the greatest possible amount of liquor, and so absorbed was the zealot by this duty, that he seldom permitted himself to join in the secularity of conversation. Bacchus seemed perennially looming before his psychologic optic, and he palpably looked on every moment as lost which was not devoted to the worship of the humid myth.

At the fag-end of the third day's session, one of the guests plucked his host emphatically by the sleeve and directed his attention to the appearance which Bonhill presented.

"Caldercruicks!" quoth he, in a tone of maudlin solemnity: "do you not think that Bankier is looking consumedly gash?"

Presuming that our reader has the misfortune not to be a Scotsman, we may explain, episodically, that "gash," and ultra-intelligence, are, as nearly as possible, synonymous terms.

For a season Mungo Mills essayed to silence his interrogator by a series of winks, elbowings, punches in the side, and treadings upon the toes. At length,

when all these pantomimics failed to produce the desired effect, he exclaimed, in a smothered whisper,—

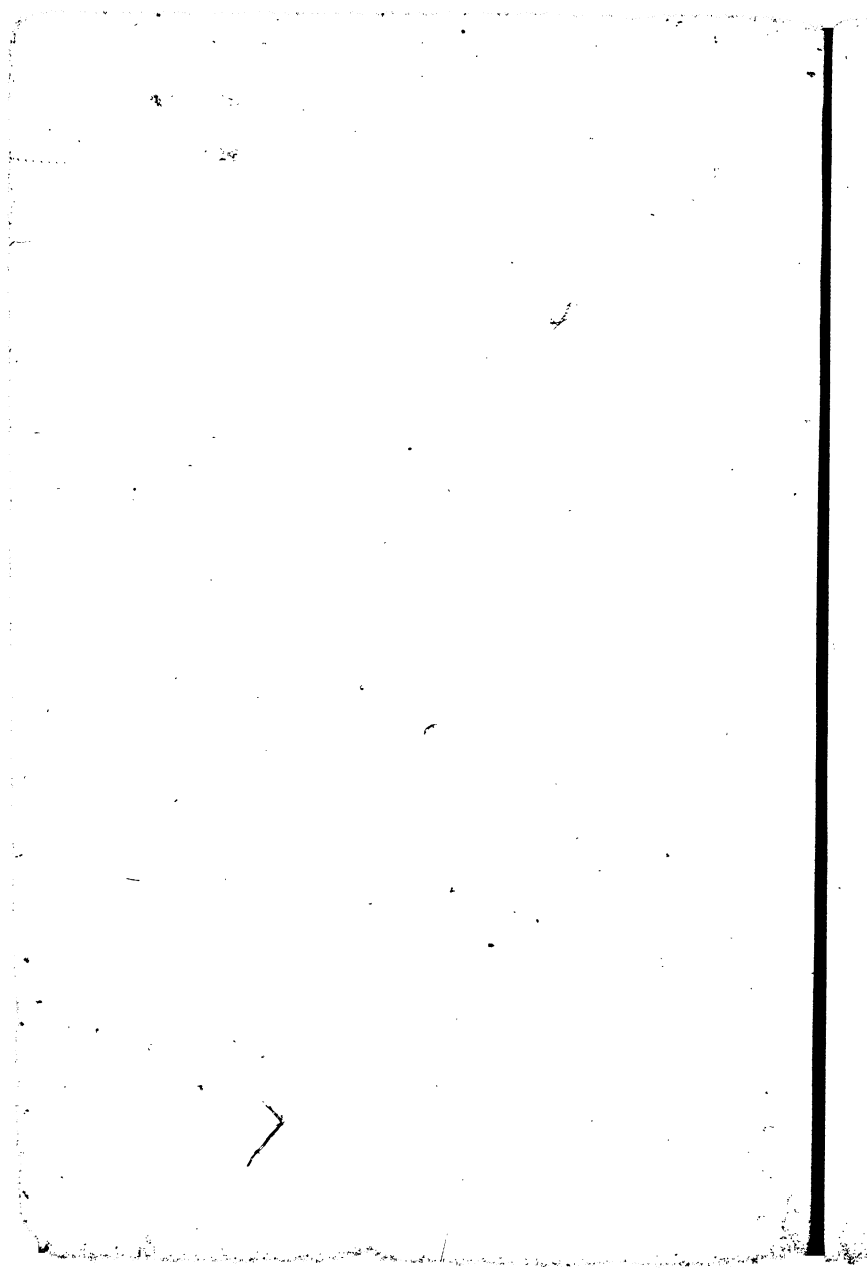
“ Hold your tongue, sir! Makoun thank the creature for looking gash! He has been with his Maker for the better of two hours!”

Such was the literal fact. In the midst of “ quip and crank,” and jest and song, the hapless Laird of Bonhill had been noiselessly called to his last account. The catastrophe had been patent to the landlord alone, and he had not deemed the event sufficiently important to mar the conviviality of the conclave by its promulgation.

THE THIRSTY WITCHES

OF

FRASERBURGH.



THE THIRSTY WITCHES OF FRASERBURGH.

Near the ancient town of Fraserburgh, in the North of Scotland, there flourished during the reign of James III. a landed proprietor called Neil Badenoch, more commonly styled Ardlaw, from the name of his estate.

This worthy had only two failings calling for special mention.

In the first place, his curiosity was so itching and unsatiable, that to learn a secret, however trifling and unimportant it might be, he was willing to run any risk, and put himself to the most signal inconvenience. Many a time, and oft did he regret that he had not become a priest, in order that he might have been privileged to hear confessions. Nay, it was currently reported that he actually would have assumed the sacerdotal vows and

habit in his riper years, had an unlucky accident not intervened.

Passing through Fraserburgh one evening, his attention was arrested by certain wrathful sounds proceeding from the domicile of a tailor. Desirous to expiscate the cause of the "difficulty," he put his eye to the key-hole of the door, when he discovered the fabricator of raiment kneeling before his helpmate, who was administering to her lord *de jure*, though not *de facto*, a curtain lecture, enforced at intervals with a practical application of the tongs. The outreusness of the sight caused Neil to titter, and the snyder waxing cognizant of the risible sound became suddenly impregnated with courage, and starting up from his ignoble position made a stealthy inquisition into the matter. Suspecting shrewdly that the domestic treason had been viewed by some eaves-dropper, and all the windows of the establishment being closed, the indignant fraction jumped at once to a correct solution of the problem. Heating, accordingly, one of his longest and sharpest needles, he suddenly thrust it through the key-hole. A loud and bitter yell was the upshot, and Ard-law rushed from the unlucky message with only one eye to guide his homeward steps. Thus mutilated, mother Church, as a matter of course, would have nothing to say

to the monops, and the confessional was closed against him, for ever and a day, as a listener.

The second frailty which characterised our hero was one which, perchance, is not yet utterly extinct upon earth.

Without being what severe moralists would call a sot, Neil Badenoch never scrupled to own his decided preference for strong cordials, over the less exhilarating fluid which tradition indicates as the sober beverage of our primary ancestor. A stoup of generous and maturely aged wine, possessed attractions in his eyes, (or rather, we should say, his eye,) scarcely inferior in zest to a morsel of fresh gossip. He even went the length of selecting as his tutelary saint the mitre-adorned blacksmith, Dunstan, because the image of that Baal-blistering tenant of the calendar resembled, in its rotund proportions, the artistic adumbrations of Bacchus.

In the close vicinage of the bibulous and inquisitive Laird of Ardlaw, there resided an elderly dame, touching whom rumour had many mysterious things to whisper. It was said, *inter alia*, that strange, unwholesome-looking customers frequented the mansion, and that lights had been seen burning in the apartments thereof, when all honest people ought to have been snoring in bed. This latter circumstance would not, perhaps, have been so

noteworthy, but for the fact that Lady Sproul (as she was "captioned") made a perennial boast of never seeing company, or either giving or receiving invitations to saturnalian re-unions. Altogether there was something pestilently mouldy about her reputation; and matters were not bettered by the fact that she had not manifested herself at mass within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant."

It can readily be imagined that honest Neil was continually on thorns, to find out if there was anything more than common in the walk and conversation of the anomalous matron. For years he tried to gain admittance to her dwelling by various extemporized pretexts; sometimes calling to make inquisition regarding the health of his worthy neighbour, and at others seeking to get in at the back door, on the plea that he wanted to see the shape of the spit as a pattern. All in vain, however, were the dodges of the thirster after knowledge; the bow-legged blackamoor, who was the only servitor in the establishment, ever managing to render abortive his best laid schemes.

Accident at length enabled the solely tantalized Neil, to quench to the uttermost the craving drought of his curiosity.

Being out after "elder's hours," on one mirk All-hallow Even, when there was neither moon nor star in the "lift," he noticed a number of persons, both male and female, stealing singly into the tenement which he so sorely wished to explore. Each one was enveloped in a flowing green mantle, capacious enough to conceal the wearer from head to foot; and the possession of this garment seemed to insure instant and unquestioned admission to all who were decoyed with the same.

A bright thought struck the ingenious Badenoch.

Posting home hot foot, he hunted up a cloak of cognate pattern and complexion to those draperies which appeared to win such favor in the Sproul establishment, erstwhile the property of his deceased grandmother. Wrapt up in this toga he sought the tabooed mansion, knocked, and obtained ingress without any interrogatory, pertinent or impertinent, being propounded for his solution.

Following a guest who had entered at the same time as himself, the venturous Laird ascended a steep turnpike stair, and speedily stood in a large chamber, which was profusely replenished with company.

Such a "gousty" and weird-looking scene as there was presented to his ken, he never witnessed before or after.

Instead of candlesticks or chandeliers, the walls were garnished with grinning skulls, containing blue coloured lights, which cast a flickering and gruesome glare upon the green-draped convocation. The only seat in the room was planted at the opposite extremity from the door, and occupied by the hostess. It was shaped like a bishop's throne, but in lieu of a mitre, the back thereof was garnished with a pair of truculent-looking horns, supported by bat-winged demons *vice* canonical angels. Lady Sproul, whose verdant mantle lay at her feet, rejoiced in a costume not quite in harmonious keeping with her sex. On her head was something between a turban and a helmet, adorned with the plumage of hawks, vultures, crows, and such like rapacious specimens of ornithology. The conventional gown was altogether dispensed with; she wore a huntsman's doublet, and a stout pair of leather unmentionables usurped the place of the petticoat. Had Mrs. Bloomer been then a tenant of earth she would have hailed the mysterious matron of Fraserburgh as a sister.

Whilst Neil was in the middle of his observations, her ladyship called the synod to order by rapping upon the table with a human thigh bone, and presently her negro chamberlain made his appearance, bearing upon his humped back a huge black coffin. Having set

down this casquet of mortality, he proceeded to open the same, when it turned out to be filled with branches of broom, and bundles of white night-caps. These were duly distributed amongst the company, including Ardlaw, who, following the general example, tucked the broom under his arm and drew the cap upon his head. He marked that this latter item had an odour strongly suggestive of brimstone, but as there was a sulphur spring in the neighborhood, he logically enough concluded that it had been last washed therein.

Up to this act in the drama not a single word, good, bad, or indifferent had been spoken. When the above-mentioned arrangements, however, had been duly completed, lady Sproul cleared her throat, and having assumed the cap and cloak, and grasped a silver-mounted broom-stick shaped like a crosier, proceeded to chant the following stave :

“Wha would be drouthy on Hallowe'en,
When wine is rife in London town?
The Lord Mayor's cellar is stocked, I ween,
With claret red, and sherry brown.
Hocus pocus! Fee-fa-fum!
Follow your leader up the lum!”

Suiting the action to the word, the vocalist, at the conclusion of this convivial canticle, bestrode her vege-

table charger, and exclaiming, "move along, my cripple!" vanished up the yawning chimney.

The example thus set was adopted without hesitation by the congregated throng, all of them joining in the chorus as they took wing.

For a brief season Laird Ardlaw was somewhat timorous to ride in such a company, and over such an unusual viaduct as a sky macadamized with clouds. His two master passions, however, caused his dubitation to be but of short continuance. He was dying with curiosity to expiscate the issue of the adventure, and his constitutional thirst was aggravated almost to dementation by the inkling which he had received anent the convivial object of the novel expedition. Accordingly dealing his branch a smart blow, he sung out with might and main :

"Hocus pocus! Fee-fa-fum!

I follow my leader up the lum!"

Often did Neil Badenoch say, that for the first ten minutes, or, perchance, quarter of an hour, he had no defined or distinct apprehension of what he was doing. That he was progressing swiftly through the firmament, he could indeed tell, but the novelty of the situation, and the perilous height at which he was removed from

the earth, sorely conglomerated his wits. He felt as if laboring under the domination of a feverish dream, brought on by the vesper discussion of an extra pound, or so, of Scot's collops.

As soon as he could fairly call himself lord of his senses, Ardlaw beheld the wizard troop tending southward like a regiment of wild geese, Lady Sproul keeping about a hundred yards in advance. She acted as their leader and pilot, and when any of the hindermost of the procession, failing to descry her for a moment, inquired regarding the whereabouts of the dame, they were answered by those in front with some such rhyme as the annexed :

“She is up in the air,
On her bonnie green mare,
And we see, and we see her yet !”

Passing over the traditionary accounts of what Neil saw on his journey, we shall only state that in the course of only three hours, as closely as he could calculate, the deputation from Fraserburgh lighted safe and sound in the wine cellar of the Lord Mayor of London.

It was, indeed, a goodly place for a substantial carouse. In dimensions it more resembled a cathedral,

than the contracted coal-holes used by the degenerate toppers of our milk and water times to hold their vintages. A solid oaken table occupied the centre of the hall, and stout settles of the same national timber were plentifully dispersed in all directions. This account agrees with what antiquarians record touching the anti-Maine habits of the ancient Anglican aristocracy. When these worthies wished to "make a night of it," they frequently adjourned to the wine-teeming vault, in order that their tastes, rendered capricious by variety, might be the more promptly gratified.

Mother Sproul was voted into the chair by acclamation, and at a wave of the thigh bone, which she still grasped, the guests denuded themselves of their caps and mantles. The latter they folded up to supplement the lack of cushions, and the former were carefully deposited in their pouches.

When Neil beheld the faces of his companions, he was smitten speechless with overmastering astonishment.

Instead of a clanjamphry of shabby, doited old women, he discovered some of the leading characters, both male and female, of his day and generation. There were barons, monks, medicos, and lawyers, the latter class greatly preponderating. To give variety to the

olio, some of the prettiest damsels in "broad Scotland," many of them of no mean degree, were interspersed, like violets between cabbages and kail. Altogether a more goodly turn out could not have been witnessed, even in Holyrood House itself. As a proof that the Laird was not drawing upon fancy at this part of his recital, we have the testimony of the criminal annals of North Britain, that many fair, and titled, and learned personages were "done to death" at the stake for escapades corresponding to the one under narration.

That wine prevailed in abundance was evident from the sumless ranges of casks which stood around, but nothing in the shape of flagons or drinking cups could be discovered. This hiatus, however, was speedily supplied. The aforesaid Ethiopian, who, we may state, was rigged out in a kilt and top boots, drew from his spleuchan several handfulls of cockle shells, which he distributed to the thirsty throng. When this was done, a jolly visaged personage who officiated as croupier, and in whom Badenoch became aware of his Right Reverend neighbour, the Abbot of Deer, repeated a *pater noster* backwards, and presto! the shells were translated into "quaichs," their only peculiarity being that they were shaped like hoofs.

The wassail then commenced in right good earnest, and of a surety the quantity of stimulants discussed, would have terrified a modern Rechabite out of a year's growth.

"Our monarch down below," was the first toast, a sentiment which our hero being an orthodox "Catholic" would fain have shirked doing honour to, had not the chairwoman, who refused to tolerate "heel tops," insisted upon the revellers turning their "hoofs" upside down, before joining in the hip, hip, hurrah." Now it so chanced that Ardlaw's cup was charged with malvoisie of a peculiarly generous brand, and as he could not bring himself to spill the "mercies" upon the floor, he e'en drained the same to the health of the above mentioned more than questionable personage.

For a season Neil, who felt sheepishly conscious that he was an intruder, kept himself as quiet and as much concealed as possible. As the night waxed old, however, the wine which he was copiously imbibing dispelled at once his bashfulness and prudence, and excited by the ripe charms of a debonair damsel who sat beside him, he clasped her around the waist, and inflicted upon her an emphatic kiss, which might have been heard at the Tower.

Quick as lightning lady Sproul, who was a perfect model of propriety and "deportment," started to her

feet, and recognizing the delinquent, exclaimed in a red hot rage :

“By our master's tail, I swear,
That prying dyvor Neil is here!
Such a pest was never seen!
We'll finish our ploy in Aberdeen.
Hocus pocus! Fee-fa-fum,
Follow your leader up the lum!”

Hardly had the last words of this anthem been intoned, than the cellar became dark as midnight, and silent as the grave. Badenoch was the only inhabitant of the place.

Confused and alarmed he tried to find his magical head-gear, but all in vain. Our toper had deposited it in an almost bottomless pocket, containing a miscellany of articles so numerous that the recapitulation thereof would have exhausted a folio skin of vellum. After much fumbling, consequently, he was necessitated to give up the attempt in despair. The strong drink which he had quaffed, rendered his hand too unsteady effectively to pursue the search. Muttering a malediction upon all witches, from the hag of Endor, downwards, he accordingly resigned himself to his destiny, and in a few minutes he was slumbering upon the paved floor, as pro-

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foundly as if he had been pressing his own feather bed at Ardlaw.

On regaining possession of his seven senses the ill-starred Neil found himself a manacled captive, in the awful presence of the civic potentate of whose hospitality he had been so illegitimately a partaker. The butler, in going down to the vinous vault at daybreak, to draw a measure of canary for his satrap's matin meal, had discovered the somnulent native of the north, and procuring the aid of a couple of wardens had him transported, all unconscious of his capture, to the audience chamber of the plundered official.

The examination was a brief one. Having been caught, so to speak, in the very act, Neil, according to the summary procedure of those unsophisticated times, received sentence of strangulation on the spot, and being stripped of his velvet doublet and silken hose, was consigned to the solitude of the condemned "hold."

At first he thought of confessing how matters had actually occurred, but on second consideration resolved to keep his thumb on the real facts of the case. When sober, Badenoch was by no means devoid of common sense, and he sagaciously argued that as a burglar he could only have his neck twisted, whilst as a warlock, faggots and a tar barrel would be his inevitable doom. Of

two evils, he accordingly elected the least, and, to employ the vernacular of John Highlandman, "kept her wheesht to her mother's son's nainsel'!"

Only one attempt he made to escape a felon's exit from this mundane stage.

Having obtained a second audience of the Mayor, he represented that he was a Scottish landed gentleman, who by a mere frolic had been led into the scrape for which he was appointed to suffer. His lordship, who had some glimmerings of justice and humanity, wrote to Fraserburgh to ascertain what credit could be reposed in this statement, and the response which he received sealed most effectually the fate of the offender. Scores of witnesses made deposition that on the Hallowe'en referred to, Badenoch had been seen in the streets of his native town, and consequently that the person who had been caught in the Mayor's cellar on the ensuing morning, could by no possibility be the same individual. As the certificate which set forth this fact was countersigned by the Abbot of Deer and Lady Sproul, who were peculiarly officious to render their testimony, the case was considered to be clear beyond the ghost of a doubt, and an early day was fixed for Neil's excursion to Tyburn tree.

On the morning of his "justification," the poor laird, dressed in the garments which had been taken from him

at his trial, was placed in a cart, and conveyed to the scene of his final sufferings.

It was one of those gladsome and winning days which make a man quite in love with earth, more especially if he is called upon to quit it in an abrupt and untimely manner. Sitting upon the bottom of the ignoble chariot which was bearing him to the gallows, Neil mused with swelling heart and moistened eye upon the well remembered banks and braes of fair Fraserburgh, and a quantity of broom twigs upon which he reclined, tended to bring more vividly to his recollection the beloved sylvan haunts he was destined never more to witness.

Abstractedly he began "crooning" the ancient ballad :

" Oh the broom! the bonnie, bonnie broom!"

when all of a sudden a new born thought flashed upon his mind, causing his visage to brighten like the sun at the withdrawing of an envious curtain of mist. So marked was the change in our hero's demeanour, that his confessor half opined that he had made up his mind to leave something handsome to the Church for the benefit of his soul, and actually prepared his writing materials in order to make out the requisite document.

Badenoch, however, said never a word, but continued to hum at intervals,

“Oh the broom! the bonnie, bonnie broom!”

As this was taken to be some Caledonian hymn, the hangman, who was a serious man, became highly captivated with his patient, and resolved to allow him every reasonable indulgence at the closing scene of the tragedy.

Arrived at Tyburn, Ardlaw, according to use and wont, delivered his “last speech and dying words,” which was universally admitted by the best judges to be a very superior and edifying composition. He declared that “company, villanous company had been his ruin,” and charged his auditors to avoid “putting an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.” The oration was long remembered, and Mr. William Shakespeare, a cleverish man, though a poacher, afterwards incorporated sundry of its expressions in some dramas which he wrote.

Jack Ketch now prepared to bind the hands of the malefactor, previous to which operation Neil announced that he had a special boon to crave. He stated that, being a man of regular habits, he never could sleep comfortably except in a particular night-cap, and, by the rule of three, had no prospect of making a comfort-

able end, unless his face was covered with that identical cowl.

Though the request was somewhat singular, the finisher of the law took it upon his own responsibility to implement the same, and Badenoch, after anxiously exploring the voluminous pouch of his doublet, lighted joyfully upon the desiderated article which he had obtained from the sable servitor of Lady Sproul.

Without a second's delay he drew it firmly on his sconce, and grasping the stoutest branch of broom which he could select, exclaimed, in an exulting tone, that he was now ready for the long trip! Just as Mr. Ketch was removing his ruff in order scientifically to adjust the halter, Neil placed the branch between his legs, and sung out, with all the energy of a town erier,

“Hocus pocus! Fee-fa-fum!

Catch me who can, I am off for home!”

Need we tell the result? The Laird shot up into the air like a sky rocket; and to his dying day he used frequently to laugh till his sides were sore, at the remembrance of the idiotical looks of wonder with which hangman, sheriff, confessor, and “the million” gazed after him as he disappeared in a northerly direction!

One of the first things which Badenoch did when he found himself at his altar and fireside once more, was to reveal to his spiritual director the transaction in which he had been concerned. That personage strongly enjoined his penitent to lay the whole case before the public authorities, an advice which the priest gave the more readily that he had an ancient grudge against the unorthodox Abbot, and looked forward to being his successor in office. Neil, accordingly, made a clean breast to the sheriff of the county, who lost no time in paying his respects to lady Sproul, her ebony-complexioned henchman, and the head of the Abbey of Deer. After a fair and impartial trial, during the currency of which the accused had every justice rendered them in the application of thumb-screws, heated pincers, and other legal formularies, they fully confessed their guilt to save further trouble, and were comfortably burned, to the marginless edification of the lieges of Fraserburgh.

Point blank, however, did the Laird of Ardlaw refuse to tell the name of the maiden whose lips he had so vigorously saluted in the Lord Mayor's wine repertory. The truth, between ourselves, was, that the virgin, besides being of a comely person, was a well endowed heiress, and Neil deemed that she might be put to a

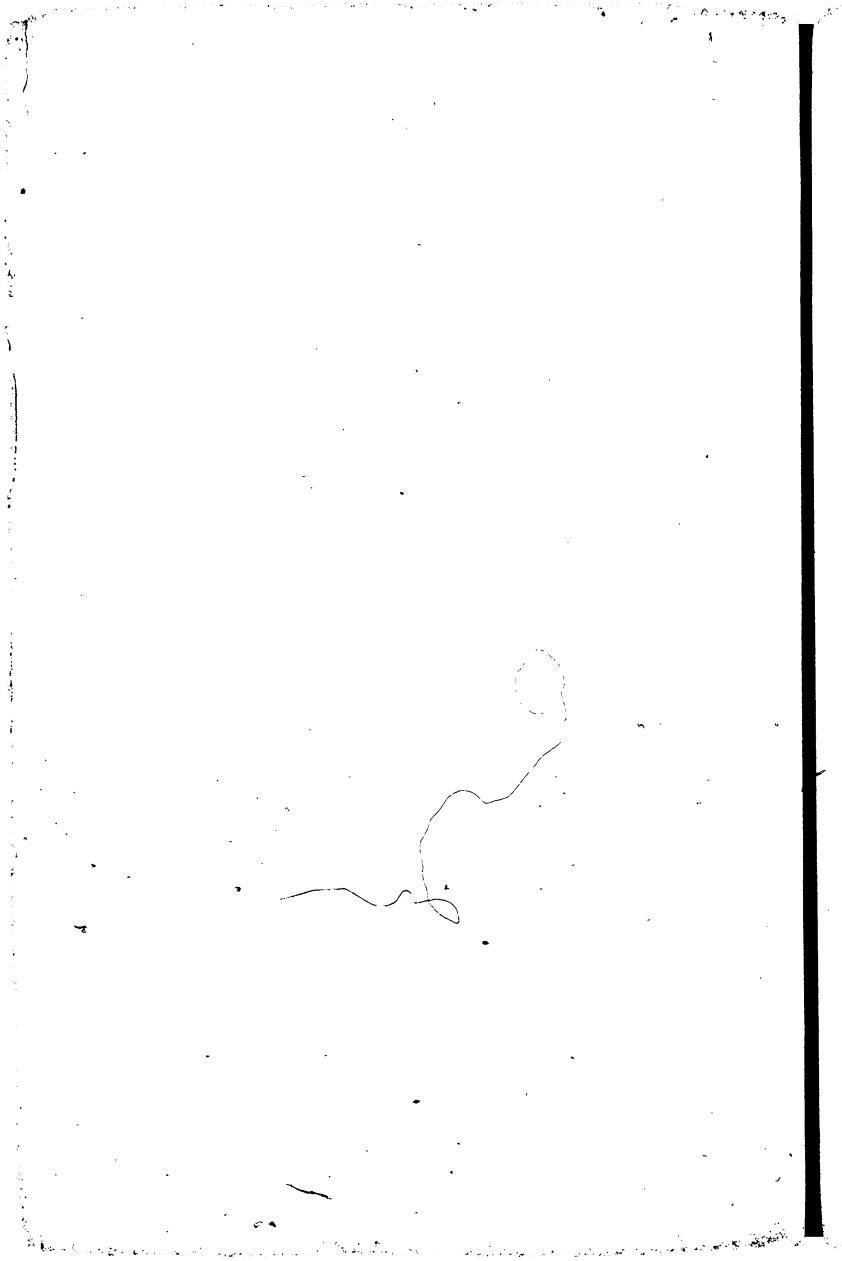
better use than being grilled like a chop or red herring.

Accordingly he popped the question to her in due form, and though she had thrice before dismissed him with a peremptory "nay," it was "Hobson's choice" with the minx this bout. The shackles of matrimony were rivetted on the pair by the new Abbot of Deer, and some hundreds of fruitful acres became annexed to the Ardlaw estate through the operation.

WHAT HAPPENED

AT THE

YORK ASSIZES.



WHAT HAPPENED AT THE YORK ASSIZES.

“A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!”

Merchant of Venice.

It was on a genial autumnal morning, the precise epoch of which we cannot indicate, seeing that, like the respected ghost of Hamlet's father, we keep but an indifferent “note of time,” that their honours the judges entered the fair city of York, for the philanthropic purpose of thinning the jail, and obligingly settling disputes between contending neighbours.

Leaving the procession to find its way to the “castle,” half smothered with dust, and wholly deafened by the music, so called, dispensed by a brace of broken-winded trumpeters, let us conduct the reader to the hall of justice, and make him acquainted with the personages more

immediately interested in the investigation about to be made.

On yonder bench, immediately beneath the oriel window, you may observe a sightly young couple, attired in the sombre-hued raiment which indicates the recent decease of a near relative or beloved friend.

Their names (we copy from the record of the cause) are Hubert Howard, gentleman, and Maude Howard, spinster, bearing the relationship of cousins-german; and aged, Hubert aforesaid, twenty-one years, and the said Maude eighteen summers or thereby, be the same more or less. It does not do to be overly specific when condescending upon the age either of a lady or of a donated horse.

We must proceed a little faster, however, with our preliminary explanation, else the Court will be constituted ere we have said our say.

The Howards were orphans about as little burdened with mammon as a mendicant who has newly commenced his peripatetic trade, and their whole dependence for the future lay upon a maiden aunt, Miss Griselda De Coverly, whose bank account was more attractive than her personal charms. Her only surviving kindred were the couple above mentioned, and she had ever led them to believe that when she had "hopped this mortal twig,"

as one William Shakespeare says, or at least might have said, their names would occupy a fructifying position in a certain interesting document which need not be more particularly referred to. So the lovers, for lovers they were as well as cousins, continued to dwell with the chaste Griselda, having no anxious thought about anything, save the speedy advent of the day when a plain gold ring would perform certain evolutions in the Minster of York to wit.

About a twelvemonth preceding the period anent which we are now treating, it so chanced that the excellent De Coverly had a grievous falling out with one the canons of the cathedral, who for half a century had been one of her choicest bosom friends. The bone of contention was too microscopic for the muse of history to take the trouble of picking up. We may simply hint that it hinged upon the expediency or non-expediency of trumping a certain card in a contest at whist. Trifling, however, as was the seed of the feud, its fruit was of calamitous magnitude, inasmuch as the direfully offended Griselda, from being an out-and-out supporter of church and state, became from that hour translated into a zealous advocate of "the rights of man." The peccant canon was Tory to the backbone, and consequently his fair adversary was determined to pitch her tent at as

great a distance from his as circumstances would permit. From thenceforth she avowed her cordial sympathy with the angelic cut-throats of beautiful France, and sported a brooch fashioned after the similitude of that ingenious machine which advanced the cause of universal brotherhood by chopping off the climaxes of its opponents.

At this juncture the leading "friend of the people" in York, was Mr. Jeremiah Iscariot Scrowdger, the very peculiar looking gent who is sitting opposite you, a little to the left of the jury box.

We opine you will agree with us, honest reader, that nature has turned out more sightly productions from her workshop. The fact of Jeremiah's hair being of a vivid red, admits but of slender argumentation. The ground for debate as to whether he "looks two ways for Sunday," as the vulgar describe an optical tortuosity, is quite as limited. And that his nose comes to be ranked under the category of "snub" may safely be asserted with the confidence of an axiom.

If, leaving the outer man, we extend our researches to the inner, the harmony of the picture will stand little risk of being marred. Ungainly was Scrowdger in mind as in body,—and, if all tales be true, (as who doubts that they are ?) took on every occasion a special and affectionate care of the mystical "number one,"—never

standing on ceremony, or fossil scruples of conscience when the aggrandizement of that beloved numeral was concerned.

To hasten on with our story, (as we fancy we hear the intonations of the forensic clarions,) Miss De Coverly, ere long, was as intimate with Mr. Jeremiah, as spreaden butter is with the bread to which it is wedded. She made a point, rheumatism and the elements permitting, of attending, pilgrim-like, at the various shrines where he held forth on the enormities of crown-capped despotism; and her name unfailingly appeared at the top of all the subscription papers which the benevolent Scrowdger originated, in aid of current schemes for the upweeding of thrones, and giving everything to everybody.

A termination, however, was speedily to be put to the transcendental Griselda's charitable career. Going out one moist evening to attend a prelection of her favourite, commendatory of the strike of the journeymen tailors of the Cannibal Islands against their aristocratic employers, the damp seized upon her feet, and progressing from feet to chest fairly "floored" her, to employ Homer's suggestive expression. She took to her couch, from which she was never destined to rise till enfolded in

the mercenary embrace of Hercules Hatchment the undertaker.

Well and kindly did the orphan cousins minister to the requirements of their expiring aunt. Everything that warm, though inexperienced affection could suggest, was performed on their part to smooth and cheer her fast fleeting moments, but all in vain. Ere a fortnight had elapsed, the "well-plumed hearse" conveyed the mortal balance of Griselda to the tomb of all the De Coverlys, where a ponderous tablet surmounted by an obese cherub, discoursed as if all virtue and goodness had absconded from our planet at her decease.

Before this we should have recorded, that during the confinement of the mature maiden, Mr. Scrowdger was ultra-officiös in his *devoirs*; and often did he implore the much-wearied Howards to glean a brief repose, whilst he kept watch and ward beside their departing patroness. His devotion, indeed, was beyond all praise, being so perfectly pure and disinterested.

This latter fact—of the good man's disinterestedness, to wit—was substantiated beyond the shadow of a cavil, when the last will and testament of the lamented defunct came to be read. That document, so interesting amidst all its prosaic repetitions, after bequeathing one hundred pounds to each of the aforementioned Hubert and Maude.

Howard, directed that the residue of her means and estate should be paid over to her much esteemed and dearly-beloved friend Jeremiah Iscariot Scrowdger, to be by him disbursed as his judgment might dictate, in aid of suffering insurgents all the wide world over.

Now, though no one expressed more utter amazement at this upshot than did the self-denying Scrowdger, such is the ingrained depravity of human nature that there were not lacking many who unblushingly affirmed that there was more in the affair than met the eye. Certain unbridled tongues were even found who hesitated not to affirm that the will would not stand the ordeal of a jury. It was paraded by these Philistines in proof of their averments, that the document was prepared, not by the wonted solicitor of the departed, but by Flaw O'Fox, a Hibernian tool of the maligned legatee. Nay more, Timothy Text, a short-sighted writing master, professed himself ready to depone upon oath, that the leading signature attached to the instrument was the autograph of the hermit in the moon, or the wandering Jew, or any one in short except that of the never-enough-to-be-mourned Griselda De Coverly.

Fortified by these opinions and conjectures, a committee was speedily organized for the purpose of testing

the validity of the will, for the benefit and behoof of the parentless heirs at law.

Thus, most debonair reader, we have indoctrinated you with the leading features of the case, which, on a winning autumnal morning, was to exercise the acumen of twelve good men and true, hailing from the ancient county of York.

The court was constituted in due and orthodox form. That is to say, the judges had gigantic bouquets of flowers placed before each of them. The pury, plethoric high sheriff disposed his official cushion, so that he could slumber in peace, and dream serenely of the next coursing match. The trumpeters adjourned to the Goat-and-Compasses in order to damp their over-dried clay. The usher prepared to impress restless clod-hoppers with a due sense of the dignity of the "bed of justice," by dealing raps upon their sconces. And a dozen incorruptible tailors, brewers, and general hucksters, were sworn to do justice in the cause about to be tried.

Hopelessly did the opening counsel for the plaintiffs throw into the shade the classic reputation of Demosthenes and Cicero, by his prologue. It would have roused the indignant sensibilities of the mummy of an Egyptian stoic to have listened to his denunciations of snakes in the herbage, and wolves in the garmenture of

sheep. Even the somniferous high sheriff awoke with a start, as the orator in his wind-up thumped poor Hubert upon the poll, and devoted to the infernal gods (if there were any such personages) all who would seek to wrench the patrimony from his orphan hand.

But alas! and alack a day! the case for the hapless Howards had little more to recommend it than the nostrum of the old heathen spouter, viz: "action, action, action!" The witnesses who occupied the testifying stand could say as little to the purpose, as the convict who yesterday pled guilty to the charge of murder, could do in response to the somewhat needless interrogation, why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. The evidence of the purblind professor of calligraphy was laughed to scorn on account of his transparent optical shortcomings, and already the sore persecuted Scrowdger breathed freely in anticipation of a favourable verdict. He even went the length of engendering a few episodal groans at the reprobacy of those who had called his fair-dealing so truculently in question.

The forlorn hope of the prosecution now concentrated upon what might be elicited from Flaw O'Fox, by the screw of a scorching cross-examination. Here, however, as before, their aspirations were destined to be blighted root and branch. The Milesian attorney was bomb-proof

against the best directed assaults of his Saxon assailants. Not a hole could be made in his testimony. Not a solitary trip did he perpetrate, though the most subtle obstructions were thrown in his pathway. With all the teeming circumstantiality of truth, the man of parchment and red tape detailed the instructions he had received from the sainted Griselda, touching the disposal of her carnal dross. Specifically did he describe the mode in which she adhibited her vestal name to the document, and most pointedly did he depone to her entire soundness of mind, and the knowledge she possessed touching the act she was performing. In utter despair, Mr. Sergeant Hooky Walker wiped the perspiration from his aching brows, and darting a look of the most intense chagrin at his junior, was about to permit the attorney to convey his person, by an *auto habeas corpus*, from the platform where he had been morally impaled for the last six hours, or thereby.

As it so chanced, the aforementioned junior was one of those unlucky whelps who for years had pined in vain for the nutritious morsel of a brief; and as the present was the primary treat of the kind which he had ever enjoyed, he was determined to make the most of it.

He therefore enjoined O'Fox to continue on his eminence of little rest, and taking up the disputed "evident,"

which lay on the table all unconscious of the "coil and pother" it was creating, he scanned the same as if he had been perusing his matrimonial license, or death warrant. An on-looker would have predicated that he was analysing every hair stroke, and reducing the dot on each i to its native chemical-composing particles, so earnestly did he brood over that sheet of stamped paper.

At length, when judge, jury, witness, high sheriff, trumpeters, and the *plebs* had fairly parted company with patience, and even Sergeant Hooky Walker, was casting longing yearnings after the turtle and haunch of venison which were to form the staple of his vesper repast, Mr. Broom, (for so was the junior nomenclatured) began to open his masked battery upon the worn-out, and, by this time, misanthropical O'Fox.

He first plied him with an infinitude of questions, each of them, to all human apprehension, removed a thousand miles and a "bittock" from the point at issue.

"At what period of the year," he inquired amongst other things, "was this so-called testament executed?" "It was," whined out the unctuous Flaw, "in the gracious month of July, and a sweet and balmy day it was! Hum-hum-ho-hum!" "And what hour was it," questioned Broom, "when the deceased lady subscribed her name to the deed?" Two o'clock in the afternoon,

by *virtue* of my sacred oath," responded O'Fox, looking upwards as if appealing to an angel, or tracking the peregrinations of a spider athwart the ceiling of the Court-house. "Then, of course," continued the inquisitor, "then there was no fire in the sick-chamber at the time?" "Certainly not!" quoth Flaw, "the day was too warm for such a thing; besides the dear blessed sufferer was a trifle *faverish*, and required to be kept as cool as possible."

"Where then" demanded the younger son of Themis, "did you procure a light, wherewith to melt the wax on which Miss De Coverly impressed this seal, opposite to her signature?"

Without a moment's hesitation, O'Fox replied, "I myself went to the kitchen, procured a burning candle, and brought it to the sick bed."

"You swear this, do you?"

"Most solemnly I swear it! I remember more distinctly my doing so, than I do anything else about the transaction; and also of giving the lady her seal, and handing her the wax on which she made the impression. Do you want to know anything more?"

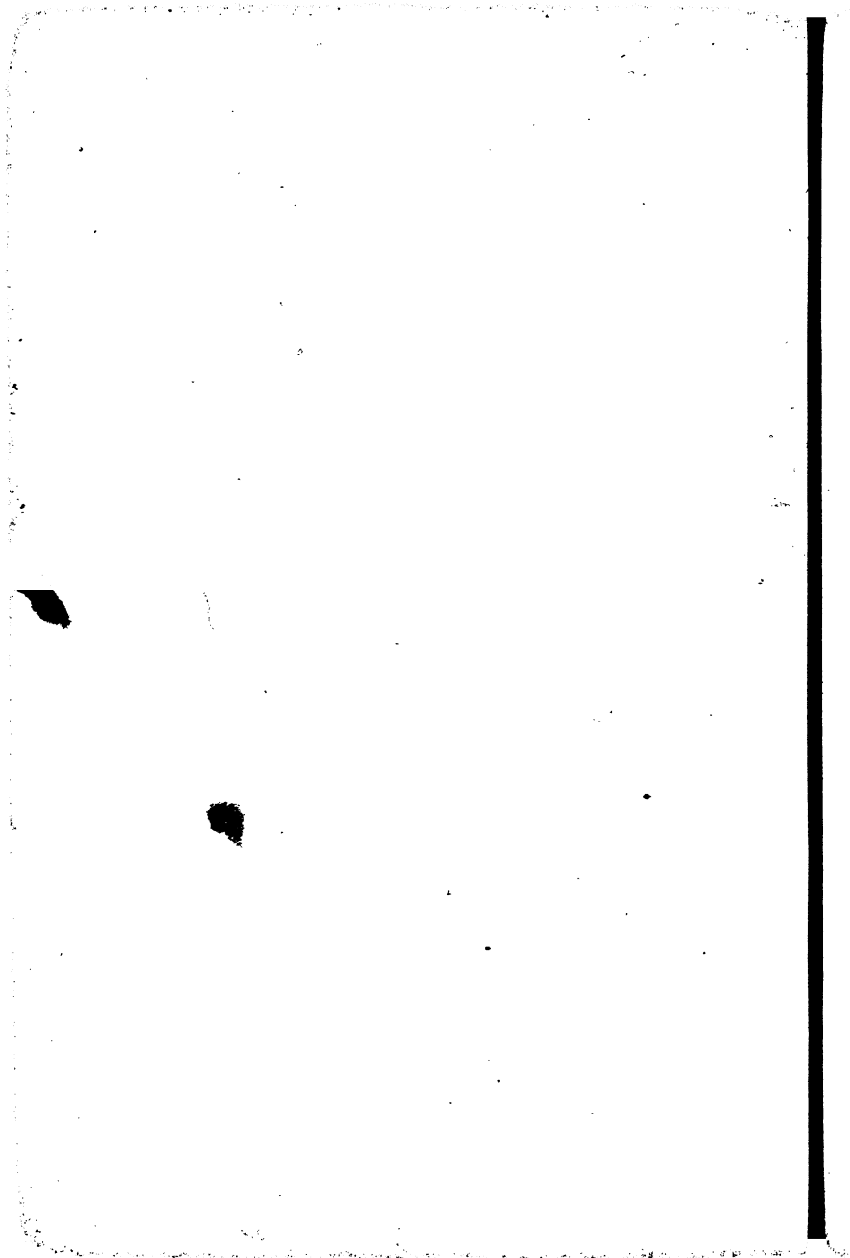
"No sir!" cried Broom, while a flash of exquisite triumph illumined his little gray eye. "That will do! You have said enough for yourself and all of us. My

Lord, and gentlemen of the "jury," he exclaimed with a sort of hysterical shriek, fluttering at the same time the will before them in jubilant tremulousness, "mark well! There is not a particle of wax on the deed! The seal is imprinted upon a WAFER!"

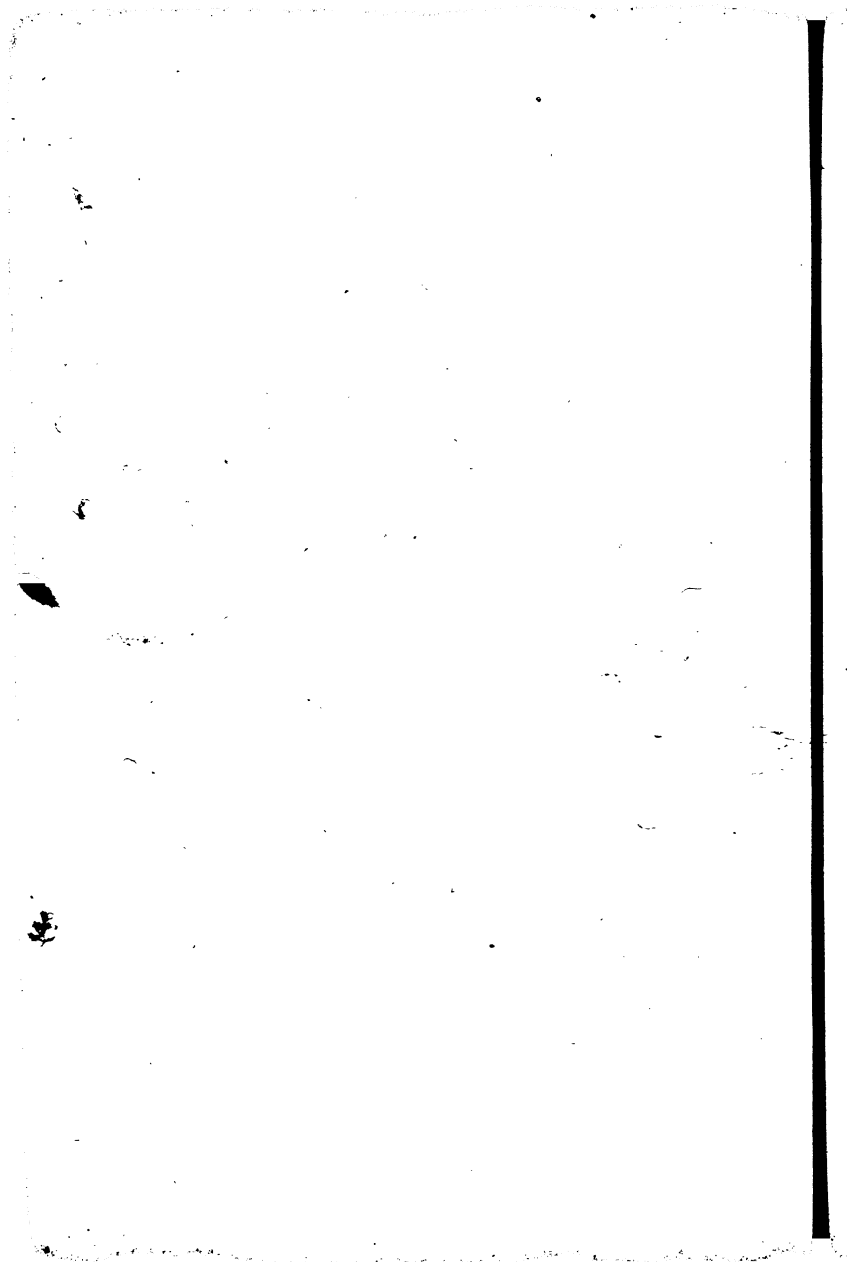
* * * * *

A fortnight posterior to the events we have been reciting, Hubert placed an unadorned circle of gold upon the fourth finger of cousin Maude's left hand, in presence of their deceased aunt's ancient gossip, the canon.

On leaving the cathedral, (where this transfer of precious metal, took place) the happy couple were somewhat obstructed in their homeward progress. The obstacle was an excited synod of the *hoi polloi*, who were giving vent to their feelings by pelting with eggs, not laid yesterday, Messrs. Jeremiah Iscariot Scrowdger and Flaw O'Fox. These virtuous individuals stood contemplating their assailants through a couple of timber frames which constrained them to receive without flinching the somewhat stale compliments poured upon them.



SKETCHES.



TOUCHING TAILORS.

Incontinently do we wish that some erudite antiquarian would apply himself to the task of expiscating the cause, why tailors have from time immemorial been amenable to the sardonic ridicule of the million. The text is a curious one, and our marvel is great that in an age of restless and poking research, like the present, it has not been thoroughly tackled and investigated ere now.

Not presumptuous enough are we to imagine for a moment that we are capable of rightly manipulating the theme above condescended upon. In hopes, however, that some fitting historian of snyderism will soon become developed, we shall proceed to jot down a few bits and scraps bearing upon the subject, which we have raked

together, and which may be of use to the foresaid annalist when he maketh his much longed for appearance.

The erudite Quevedo, in his racy and most suggestive "Visions"—a work which the capricious world has unaccountably laid upon the shelf—makes divers allusions to the garment-producing tribe. These are of a complexion which demonstrates that the knights of the needle were held in but sorry esteem by the Spaniards, prior to the seventeenth century.

We are informed, *inter alia*, by the witty Don, that when wandering in one of his trances, between Olympus and Tartarus, he fell in with a vast troop of disembodied snyders on their road to the first indicated locality. Being inexorably denied admittance by Jove's warder, the band had no option but to trudge to the more gloomy domains of Pluto. In vain, however, did they knock at the adamantine gate of Pandemonium. Cerberus admonished the applicants to make off in double quick time, intimating that the Inferno was already glutted with tailors, and could not by any possibility accommodate more.

On another occasion, Quevedo meets with a demon having a "marvellously crooked back." Questioning the imp touching the cause of his physical flaw, the author is informed that the dorsal deformity had been

occasioned by "the preposterous burdens of doublet-stitchers," which he (the demon) had been constrained to carry from earth to the realm of Baal Nebo.

Coming from Spain to England, we find the confraternity enjoying there a cognately left-handed reputation.

A writer who flourished in the reign of Charles II., after dwelling upon "the lack of virility manifested so generally by the fashioners of male raiment," thus goes on to observe:—" 'Tis the opinion of our curious virtuosos that this paucity of courage ariseth from their immoderate eating of cucumbers, which too much refrigerateth their blood."

The same last cited sage winds up his dissertation after the annexed tenor:—"However, to their (the tailors) eternal honor, be it spoke, that they have been often known to encounter a sort of cannibals, to whose assaults they are perennially subject, not fictitious, but real man-eaters, and that with a lance but two inches long: nay, and although they go armed no further than their middle finger."

We have become cognizant of two legends, explanatory of the popular adage, that "nine tailors make a man."

In the "British Apollo," a curious serial published between the years 1708 and 1711, we are thus instructed:—

"It happened ('tis no great matter when) that eight tailors having finished considerable pieces of work at a certain person of quality's house, (whose name authors have thought fit to conceal,) and receiving all the money due for the same, a virago servant-maid of the house, observing them to be but slender-built animals, and in their mathematical postures on their shop-board, appearing but so many pieces of men, resolved to encounter and pillage them on the road.

"The better to compass her design, she procured a very terrible great black pudding, which (having waylaid them) she presented at the breast of the foremost. They, mistaking this prop of life for an instrument of death, at least a blunderbuss, readily yielded up their money; but she, not contented with that, severely disciplined them with a cudgel she carried in the other hand, all of which they bore with a philosophical resignation.

"Thus, eight not being able to deal with one woman, by consequence could not make a man, on which account a ninth is added."

More honorable to the cadets of the shaping and sew-

ing clan, is the other story advanced as the origin of the above quoted fractional proverb.

During the sway of James, the second British sovereign of that nomen, there dwelt (as Joseph Strutt indoctrinates us) in Mark Lane, London, a poor but honest dealer in tapes and similar small-wares, named John Pallister. Though sober and industrious, John experienced the greatest difficulty in maintaining a union between soul and body, and seldom did a day pass which witnessed not a profanation of the sanctitude of his message by catch-poles, bum-bailiffs, and kindred excreciators of insolvent humanity.

When thus painfully buffeting with the bitter waves of adversity, poor Pallister was fortunate enough to win the sympathies of nine tailors, who followed their "mystery" in the near vicinage of his dwelling. These sewing Samaritans made a point of purchasing from him the needles, thread, and thimbles which they required for their calling, and microscopic as the amount of this custom was, it proved sufficient to place their client's fortunes upon a more genial and sustentating footing. In process of time, the petty huckster became a thriving haberdasher, and finally he attained to the august status of Alderman.

Not oblivious was the civic magnate in the sunny days of his prosperity, of the humble patrons to whom he had been indebted. Once every year, he entertained them "after a goodly sort," and recapitulated to the balance of the guests the incident above detailed. Invariably on such occasions did the Alderman conclude with the declaration, that in his case "nine tailors had made a man."

This saying, observes Strutt, "having gone abroad, became, in course of time, disconnected with the matter to which it had reference. Hence it chanced that what was originally spoken in praise of tailors, degenerated into a sneering satire, the drift whereof went to excommunicate them from the pale of manhood."

CONCERNING CORDWAINERS.

Not much is known touching St. Crispin, and St. Crispinian, who, for more than fifteen hundred years have officiated, or at least been recognized, as the patrons of "the gentle craft."

According to that veracious chronicler Alban Butler, the personages in question came from Rome, about the middle of the third century, to preach at Soissons in France. Having no fortune, though nobly born, they supported themselves by making shoes during the night.

After converting many of the heathen, the brothers (for such was their relationship,) fell under the ban of Rictius Varus, a most rabid enemy of the Christians, who had been appointed Governor by the Emperor Max-

imian Hercules. By this ethnic skunk they were put to death by the sword, on the 25th of October, 287.

Up to a very recent period—(if, indeed, the usage does not still exist)—the cordwainers of the United Kingdom dedicated flowing libations on the day above mentioned, in honor of their cherished Saints. Many of our North British friends must remember a popular rhyme, which thus ran :

“ On the 25th of October,
There's no' a souter sober.”

So late ago as thirty years, likewise, it was customary for the “foot-clothing” fraternity to hold occasional “coronations” of Crispin, though how they came to associate his Saintship with royalty, is more than we can discover.

The last of these solemnities, enacted at Glasgow, was a very magnificent affair, as we are certiorated by one who was witness of the same. Knights, heralds, archbishops, Turks, and ermined judges swelled the train of the peg-driving monarch. A troop of circus-men, who with their steeds were specially retained for the occasion, played the parts of cavaliers in the pageant, which extended for upwards of a mile.

Our lamented friend William Motherwell, informed us that on the morning of the “parade” above referred to,

he heard one "souter's" spouse thus address another in the Salt-market:—"I say, Maggy, can you lend oor Tam a clean sark, as he is to be a Lord this day?"

In Brussels there prevailed a bitter feud between the shoemakers and the cobblers, the former regarding the latter with contempt, and striving on all occasions to elbow them into the gutter as an inferior and contemptible race. This treatment the renovaters of decayed shoes had no means of adequately resenting, seeing that their rivals were protected by charters and imperial edicts, which conferred upon them sweeping and exclusive privileges.

The Emperor Charles V., was in the habit (like the Commander of the Faithful,) of going about incog, for the purpose of learning the sentiments and feelings of the million.

One night when thus cruising through Brussels, Charles discovered that his boot required immediate repair, and sought out the emporium of a cobbler for the purpose of getting the needful done.

As ill-luck would have it, however, it happened to be St. Crispin's anniversary, and the artizan, whose name was Ridicaci Garasse, refused point blank to manipulate bristle or wax on such an occasion. "Was it Charles himself"—exclaimed he—"I'd not work a stitch for him

now ; but if you'll come in and drain a cup in honor of Crispin, do so and welcome. We are as merry as the Emperor can be !”

Thus invited, Carolus entered the convivial cell, where he found a synod of thirsty souls striving illogically to extinguish the sparks which glowed in their throats, with draughts of the fluid which had ignited the same.

“ Fill a bumper, stranger ”—cried Ridiacci—“ to the health of Charles the Fifth !”

“ Then you love Charles ? ”—observed the incog potentate.

“ Love him ! ”—responded the son of Crispin—“ ay, ay, I love his long-noseship well enough ; but I would like him much better would he tax us a fraction less !”

After a short stay, the Emperor departed, and next forenoon his host was summoned to court. Great was the poor cobbler's consternation when in the mighty sovereign he recognized the guest of the preceding evening. Fully did he calculate that his profane reference to the dimensions of the royal proboscis would be visited with an instant and terrible death.

More genial, however, was the fate reserved for Ridiacci Garasse. The Emperor, instead of consigning him to the headsman, thanked him for his hospitality, and bade him ask for what he most desired.

Now the knight of the awl had nothing so deeply at heart as the honor of his calling, and accordingly he petitioned that the cobblers of Flanders might be permitted to bear for their arms a boot with the imperial crown upon it.

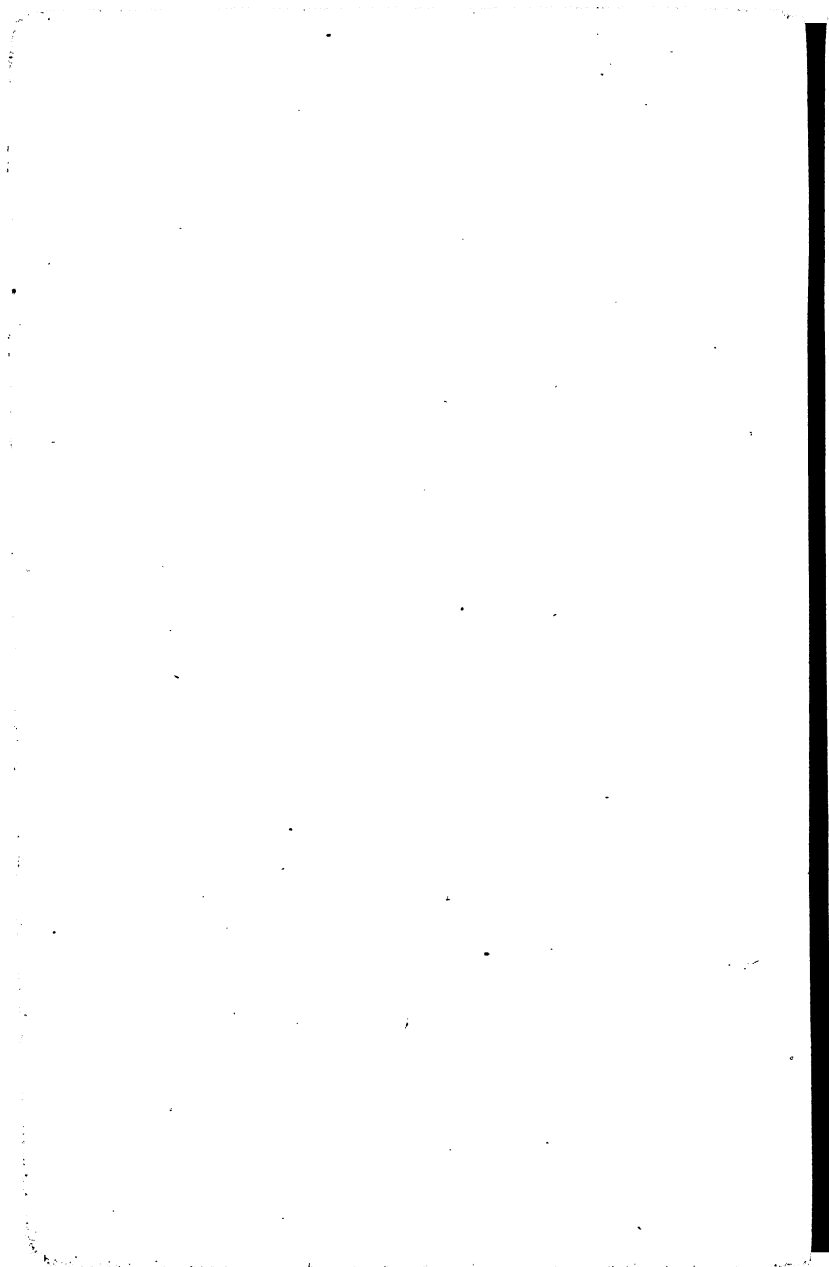
Promptly was the request granted, and as it was so moderate, Charles licensed him to proffer another.

"If"—cried Garasse—"I am to have my utmost wishes gratified, command that for the future the company of cobblers, shall take precedence of the company of shoemakers."

It was accordingly so ordained, then and there; and to this very day there is to be seen a chapel in Brussels adorned with a boot and crown; and in all processions, the "guild" of the cobblers, precedes that of their humbled rivals.

There has been preserved by that "fine, fat, fodge-wight," Captain Grose, the fragment of a canticle supposed to be intoned by Crispin and Crispinian, when engaged in the cutting and stitching of leather. With one of the stanzas of this lyric, we taper off our prelection:

"Our shoes were sewed with merry notes,
And by our mirth expelled all moan;
Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats
Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown:
The Gentle Craft is fittest then
For poor distressed gentlemen."



AMATEUR HISTRIONICS.

We learn that an appetite for private theatricals is beginning to manifest itself among the rising generation of Western Canada. Such a development cannot be too deeply deplored, or too emphatically protested against.

Universal experience demonstrates that the amateur stage is one of the most patent and direct *roads to ruin* with which this world is cursed. The police annals of London (and we doubt not of most large cities,) swarm with proofs to this effect. The man who denies the truth of our assertion can have paid very little attention to the dismal statistics of *Bow street* and the *Old Bailey*. Of the ill-fated culprits, who yearly appear before these tribunals, belonging to such classes as clerks or shop-

keeper's assistants, a very large proportion date their downfall to a craving appetite for the sock and buskin.

Nor is it strange that such should be the case, when we come steadily to look into the tastes and habits induced by such a pursuit.

The aspirant after histrionic distinction, is necessarily thrown into the society of the idle and dissipated. The getters up of a spouting club are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, worthless, unsettled vagabonds; the rolling stones of social life, who never gather the moss of respectability and competence. Every community of any extent can furnish specimens of the creature to whom we have reference. He may be recognized by his headmark. You can tell him by the lounging style in which he shuffles along the leading streets, his face deformed by patches of filthy hair, and his garments cut after a rakish pattern. In bar-rooms and *free and easy* clubs, he is the cock of the walk, and is looked up to as a pregnant authority in all matters connected with the minor stage. He has by heart a list of every farce and melo-drama produced within the last five years, and can tell you all the petty current *on dits* touching the third and fourth rate actors of the day.

It can easily be conceived that the intimate association with such a worthy would have a most pestilent ten-

dency to unsettle the habits of any raw, thoughtless young man. The poor lad, probably fresh from the country, is insensibly led to look up to the loafer as a species of *Sir Oracle* and to ape his characteristics. He comes to regard the stage as the most enviable arena where renown is to be gained, and consequently to view the shop or the counting house in the most unappetizing light. Instead of studying the details of his trade or profession, his mind is continually absorbed by vague longings after the tinsel laurels of the stage; and the desire to realize a decent competence is superseded by a hankering after the *puff paste* gems, and the timber gilt diadem of the mimic monarch.

And when (generally as a great favor, *purchased with loans never to be repaid.*) he is enrolled as a member of the much longed for corps dramatic, the demoralizing process progresses with railroad speed. In place of occupying his spare time with solid and instructive reading, the miserable simpleton is engaged committing to memory the turgid trash for the part of which he has been *cast*. Not only are the most precious moments of his life thus frittered unprofitably away, but his mind is stored with a confused mass of literary rubbish made up of spurious sentiment, and of the lowest ribaldry. He becomes opulent in slang phrases and high-sounding

plattitudes, calculated to bring down a *clap* from admiring galleries, and gain the affections of feather-headed chamber-maids and milliners.

As a necessary result of his miserable training, the hapless youth becomes unfit for really useful and laudable pursuits. Almost never will you detect the name of such a one in the list of a mechanic institute's committee. Far more seldom is it to be met with in the noble bead-roll of Sunday school teachers. We speak from personal and wide-extending experience when we make these assertions. Exceptions may be found, but they only go to prove the rule.

Then again, every public performance involves a series of preliminary rehearsals, and of these a majority take place in some Thespian house-of-call. Of course decency demands that something must be done for the good of the landlord; and, moreover, every one knows that declamation is a thirst-provoking work! The cobwebs require to be washed down! Besides, many of the magnets of the stage loved their glass! Old Kean discussed his quart of neat brandy during the progress of a five act tragedy; and George Frederick Cook required to be half-seas-over before he could *top his part!* These are high authorities to the budding Roscius, and conse-

quently he does as the "star" did, and becomes erudite in the concoction of *slings*, *horns*, and *cocktails*!

Need we say how naturally all these antecedents lead to dishonesty and speculation? The poor witling contracts habits which require more money for their gratification than he can legitimately command. Fatally opportune is the desk or till of his employer, and—but we need not repeat a tale unhappily too common!

Wind we up with a little incident which came under our own ken.

One of our fellow students in the University of —, was a young man of more than average abilities. For the first session or two, John Primrose (as we shall call him) attracted attention by the skill which he displayed in performing the prescribed exercises of his classes, and even succeeded in carrying off more than one premium. John's parents, who, though respectable, were very poor, had pinched themselves, as Scottish parents frequently do, to give him a college education; and they looked forward with hopeful pleasure to the time when, at the bar, or in the pulpit, their beloved boy would "*gild their humble name*," and gladden with competence their pathway to the tomb. Often have we met the old man in his son's humble lodging, when he brought from the country a supply of fresh eggs or butter for the student,

and a finer specimen of the small tenant farmer we never beheld.

Unfortunately, John, who had a talent for elocution, was induced to join a theatrical association, and being of an ardent temperament, he soon gave himself up heart and soul to the allurements of his new pursuit. Gradually his studies became neglected; instead of praises he drew down the sharp rebukes of his professors; and no longer did the name of John Primrose appear in the annual prize list of his *Alma mater*. By and by, his presence became familiar at drinking clubs, where he recited for liquor, and the increasing seediness of his garments demonstrated that he was fast becoming more and more familiar with the purgatorialisms of penury. To cut a long story short, the promising student degenerated into a ruined, aimless, spirit-broken man.

Many years after we had lost sight of our quondam class fellow, we chanced, one afternoon, to take a stroll through the fair of P—. In front of a booth where a melo-drama, a comic song, and a pantomime were dispensed for the fee of one penny sterling, a motley group of Thespians were dancing in order to attract visitors. Guess our feelings when in the midst of these squalid vagabonds (vagabonds by position as well as by Act of

Parliament) we discovered our poor friend John Primrose! He was tricked out as a flaunting tragedy queen (females being at a premium in the corps) and with simulated glee was taking part in a reel, his partner being the clown of the company!

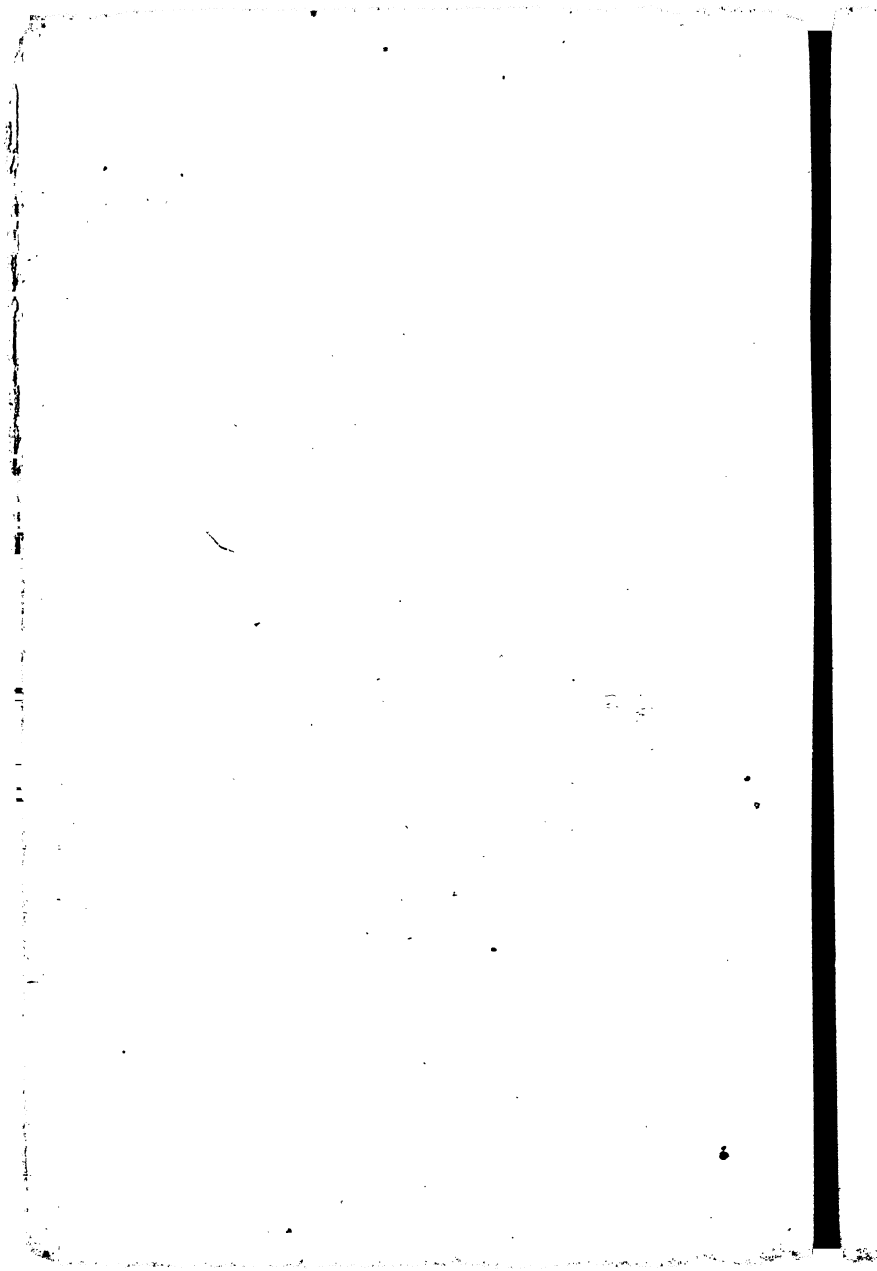
Pained and disgusted as we were, an impulse not to be resisted led us to mount the platform, and address ourselves to the sorely fallen ex-student. Poor soul! he recognized us at once, and cried like a child when we held forth our hand, and enunciated his name in a tone of rueful kindness. Through the strata of coarse paint which incrustated the lost one's face, we could distinctly trace the combined furrows of dissipation and famine; and a short, angry, tearing cough, told plainer than words could do that consumption was busy at work in that exhausted frame!

Just as poor John left us to take his part in the clap-trap drama, and as he pocketed the trifle which we forced upon his acceptance, he directed our attention to a filthy, ragged, drunken old man who was officiating as candle snuffer of the establishment: "*Do you mind my father?*" he hissed forth in accents of indescribable misery and remorse—" *See what I have brought him to! Would you have known the old man again?*"

Let "young Canada" be warned by this lurid beacon,
to steer clear of the shoals and quicksands which it
indicates.

THE SCARLET VEST:

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.



THE SCARLET VEST.

Eugene Labelle was a native of Picardy, and about the commencement of the primary French revolution was just ripening into manhood.

His father was a husbandman and laboured a farm, which, though of small extent, was sufficient to satisfy his wants and aspirations. Being of a pious disposition he kept himself studiously aloof from the flatulent theorists who then agitated the land, and who strove to hurl the cross from its pedestal, and to erect on its ruins the brazen image of the strumpet goddess of reason.

The family of Labelle, the elder, was composed of Eugene, and an orphan cousin of the latter named Marie Dorion. Very comely were the externalities of the maiden, and of cognate pulchritude were her moral attributes.

Gentle, good-humoured, witty, and impulsive, it is nothing strange that she captivated the heart of her youthful relative. After the wonted curriculum of moon-light promenades, vows were exchanged between the parties, and Labelle père having given his consent, it was arranged that the curé should complete the transaction as soon as Eugene had attained the status of majority.

Marie Dorion possessed another admirer in the person of a contiguous agriculturalist called Brodeur Cauchon. Most fitly did the surname of this personage adumbrate his appearance and proclivities. Stunted and gross in person, exhibiting a projecting upper lip, teeth which remained patent after the mouth was closed, and possessed of a cranial thatch which might be more appositely termed bristles than hair, he constituted an ungainly porcine libel upon the "human form divine." When to all this is added the fact, that his tastes were sensual, and his temper cruel, treacherous, and revèngeful, that man would be consumedly unreasonable who questioned his right to the designation of a "little pig."

It is hardly necessary to say that the fair Marie lent no favourable ear to the suit of this bipedal variety of the *sus* tribe. In fact, with all her amiability of nature she could not conceal her repugnance to his person ; and

obtuse as Brodeur was he failed not to mark that the maiden's eye fell with aversion at his advent, and recovered its animation when he took his departure.

As an almost necessary sequence, this state of matters filled Cauchon with rage, both against Marie and her accepted lover. The former he thirsted to possess, if only for the purpose of making her miserable, and the latter he could have torn piece-meal with all the appetite and gusto of a famished hyena.

There was one object which always had the effect of aggravating to boiling heat the worst passions of his ulcerated nature. That was a scarlet vest, embroidered by the fair Dorion's own hands, and presented by her to Eugene on one of the anniversaries of his birth. The sight of this garment had the same effect upon Cauchon that a red rag has upon a wayward bull. It reminded him of the success of his abominated rival, and so lashed him into paroxysms of temporary insanity. He could with equal composure have witnessed the damsel cleaving to the bosom of her betrothed as the piece of dress which she had fashioned.

Things were in this position, when the revolution burst forth like a hurricane of hell, as unquestionably it was. The scum boiled to the surface of the social *caldarium*. Religion, rank, and virtue were trodden

into the mire by democratic hoofs, and murder bedecked itself in the soiled ermine of disinherited justice.

Brodeur Cauchon joined himself to the filthy dominant tyranny, and ere long became a prominent "friend of the people." Never was he so thoroughly in his element as when dipping his heel in the blood of an "aristocrat;" and passing sweet were the roistering draughts of wine which he drained from the desecrated chalice of the parish church. The character of the cup lent an infernal zest to his potations, and supplied it with a relish which only the children of perdition could appreciate.

Amidst the faithless the Labelles were "faithful found." With pious honor they regarded the demoniac scenes which were enacted around them, and as they did not attempt to conceal their sentiments they soon became obnoxious to the champions of the "rights of man."

A series of persecutions, instigated by Cauchon, was raised against the devoted family, which terminated in the sequestration of their little property, and the hounding them forth upon the bleak churlish common of peniless life. This blow was more than the old man could bear up against. Within three weeks from the sale of his paternal acres, the quiet grave received him, and his son and niece removed to Paris, hoping to find there the

employment and security which were denied them in the once peaceful scenes of their nativity.

They had reckoned, however, without their host. Brodeur, whilst revelling chin deep in the luxuries of crime, never lost sight of the ruling lust of his existence. The scarlet vest, like a meteor, beckoned him perennially on, and a short time elapsed ere he followed his intended victims to the capital.

He brought with him from the Province a reputation for "patriotism," which secured him the favour and countenance of the monsters who, for her million transgressions, then ruled the destinies of most miserable France. By these ogres, Brodeur was appointed to a responsible situation in the prison of the Conciergerie, his function being that of lieutenant or deputy-in-chief to the head jailer.

This was a sphere which ripely harmonized with the tastes and inclinations of the wretch. In taunting and domineering over the hosts of noble and virtuous victims which constantly replenished that dismal structure, he experienced a never-ending saturnalia of delight; and he tasked his invention to add poignancy to his own gratification by enhancing their sufferings. Amongst other ingenious devices, he constructed a model of the guillotine, which he exhibited in his jocular moods to the

parties who were destined to fall by that instrument of death, explaining to them its mechanism, and dwelling upon the artistic manner in which its mission was performed. Now-a-days this may seem an exaggeration of cruelty passing belief, but such episodes were far from being uncommon during the golden reign of "liberty" and "universal brotherhood."


No small per centage of his spare time Cauchon devoted to searching for the whereabouts of Eugene Labelle. Though fruitless for a long season his exertions were at length crowned with success, and that in a manner somewhat unexpected.

The young man had found employment in the establishment of a blacksmith, having some knowledge of that craft, and was thus enabled to support himself, and contribute to the comfort of Marie, who pursued the somewhat uncertain calling of a sempstress.

One day Eugene was deputed by his master to repair a lock in the Conciergerie, and whilst thus employed, Brodeur suddenly came upon him. With a yell of mingled hatred and triumph, the discoverer clutched his prey, and ere many seconds had elapsed poor Labelle was a tenant of the cell upon the door whereof he had just been operating.

An easy process it then was to trump up a criminalizing matter against an obnoxious individual. It is a well known fact, that a large proportion of the unfortunates whose blood soured France at the close of the last century, were condemned on grounds frivolous enough to provoke a smile, if smiles could in any way be associated with murder. The discovery of a crucifix upon the person of Eugene, coupled with Cauchon's testimony that its owner was an enemy to the republic, were deemed ample grounds for conviction, and the hapless lad was doomed to follow the gory path which so many illustrious spirits had trodden before him.

On the day preceding the one fixed for his execution, or rather, we should say, his assassination, the heart-stricken Marie Dorion was admitted to take a last farewell of the "beloved of her eyes." Tearful and sad was the communing of the lovers, and yet they sorrowed not as those whose hopes are bounded by this vale of grief. The faith which they had preserved pure and intact amidst the prevailing floods of infidelity, enabled them to realize the glorious celestial monarchy, which can never be vexed by the "madness of the people;" and they spoke of their re-union in that nightless region as a matter of certainty.



Just as she was about to depart, the last kiss having been imprinted, and the last embrace exchanged, Marie unfolded a small parcel, and took from thence an article which caused the eyes of Labelle to wax dim with fresh moisture. It was the well-remembered scarlet vest! That simple garment had been associated with their happiest and most sunny days, and the sobbing girl requested that it might be worn by her lover at the closing scene. Cloddish and gross must be the philosophy which would sneer at that wish as being frivolous or childish. In the hour of sharp and desolating woe, even a withered leaf, plucked when life's sky was blue and sunny, becomes invested with a sustaining magic, strong beyond the faculty of words to express.

As a matter of course, the boon craved by Marie was at once granted, and the twain tore themselves asunder, never more expecting to meet on this side of eternity.

Upwards of twenty fellow sufferers were appointed to accompany Eugene Labelle to the scaffold on the coming morning, and as the hour of slaughter was to be early, it was arranged that for the sake of convenience, they should pass their last night, not in the cells they had hitherto occupied, but in a sort of common hall. Less trouble would thus be occasioned when they came to be assorted and arranged for the shambles. All conversant

with the dark annals of the period to which we have reference, are aware that arrangements similar to the above, were far from being uncommon. The multiplicity of murders to be committed, constrained the slayers to be thrifty of their time.

Eugene having put on the vest, now a million times more dear to him than ever, sat down upon his couch of straw, and began to prepare himself for the solemn and momentous change which he was about to undergo.

Whilst thus occupied, his cogitations were broken in upon by Cauchon, who entered the apartment accompanied by one of the turnkeys of the establishment. He carried a bottle of brandy in one hand, and his flushed visage, and unsteady gait, bore plain testimony that his libations therefrom had been in no respect analogous to the "few and far between" visits of angels.

Coming up to Labelle, who, as the evening was raw, had covered himself with a blanket, Brodeur pointed him out to his subordinate, as an object of special attention.

"Mark well what I say, you thick sculled dunder-pate,"—he exclaimed,—“and see that you do not overlook this rascal, in the hurry of to-morrow morning. Such mistakes have happened more than once of late; but if a blunder is made in the present case, your own

addled head shall pay the penalty. Do you comprehend me, stupid?"

The "citizen" seneschal, who, most assuredly, was by no means a type or model of intelligence, emitted a stolid grunt of assent, and shortly afterwards left the hall, along with his reeling principal.

As the night wore on, the temperature of the room from being chilly, had become oppressively hot, owing to the breathing of so many occupants. Eugene, consequently, denuded himself both of coat and blanket, and by the light of a lamp which hung in the neighborhood of his pallet, perused at intervals his missal, which by some management he had contrived to retain.

Le Brun, the turnkey to whose special attention our hero had been commended, frequently visited the apartment during the nocturnal hours, evidently for the purpose of making himself sure of Eugene's identity. Like his superior officer, he had been palpably paying court to Bacchus, an occupation which by no means brightened his naturally bleared wits. With all this, however, he had not forgotten Cauchon's startling threat, and hence he was anxious to imprint the image of La-belle upon his mind.

The appointed time for execution was seven o'clock, A. M., and just as the deep-toned bell of Notre Dame

had ceased numbering five, Brodeur staggered into the room which contained Eugene and his brethren in tribulation. Having passed the entire night in carousing with some kindred spirits, the wretch was in a state of the most utter intoxication. His blood-shot eyes glared and rolled about with the restless energy of dementation, and ever and anon he uttered shrill and unmeaning laughs as if responsive to the jests of viewless demons.

In the course of a few minutes, the gaze of the frantic inebriate fell upon Labelle, and the sight appeared to add tenfold to his mad furor. With one bound he leaped upon the half-slumbering youth, and proceeded with spasmodic energy to tear the well-remembered and intensely abhorred vest from his person.

“Sacre!”—he hoarsely howled forth,—“and so you have got that infernal love token once more! Would you not like that the dainty fingers which sewed it, were pressing your hands as in the olden time? By Saint Beelzebub, they will soon have an opportunity to wash the darkened blood from your abominated head, if citizen Sanson can be prevailed upon to preserve it as a keepsake for the jilt! I tell you what, however, *mon garçon*, you must not imagine that you are to be permitted to go to the axe in that piece of foppery. Long have I had my eye upon it, and I intend to appropriate

the same for my own special use and behoof. Come! strip you dog, without grumbling, and let your heir take possession of his inheritance. So soon your precious pumpkin has been chopped off and gathered into the basket, I purpose paying my devoirs to the coy Marie, and I have half a notion that when she beholds me figged out in her handywork, all her little scruples will at once evaporate. She will appreciate the delicacy of the compliment, ha! ha! ha! and when once you can tickle a woman's vanity, the battle is more than half gained. Off at once with the rag, or I will strangle you where you lie!"

Poor Eugene was in no frame of mind to resist any requisition, however unreasonable it might be, and accordingly, with a gentle sigh, he denuded himself of the last tangible link which connected him with earthly attachments.

Eager to assume the garment thus coveted, after such a morbid fashion, Cauchon threw off his hat, coat, and doublet, and with wine-palsied hands, adjusted the vest upon his person.

Hardly had the operation been performed, ere nature, so pestilentially outraged by protracted excess, suddenly gave way. A deep and trance-like slumber settled, without even the prologue of a yawn, upon the vinous brute,

and he fell forward against the rugged wall of the dungeon. His face struck upon a sharp projecting stone causing a ghastly mutilation, sufficiently great, indeed, to obliterate all the leading characteristics of the features.

At this instant, a bright and genial beam from the sun of hope, darted athwart the mirkness of Labelle's soul.

Without a moment's delay, he dressed himself in the articles of costume just abandoned by the now senseless Brodeur, who, by the way, was pretty nearly about his own altitude. They fitted him to a hair, and when he completed his toilet by putting on the slouched, broad brimmed hat of the slumbering sub-jailer, it would have required a sharp eye and a close inspection to penetrate the secret of the impromptu masquerade.

We may state here, that during the transaction of the passages above recited, the bulk of the condemned were buried in the leaden sleep which usually falls to the lot of unfortunates on the eve of execution. The few who were awake paid little or no attention to what was going on, scenes of violence and strife being too common in that mundane Tartarus, to provoke either remark or astonishment.

On searching the pockets of his newly acquired coat, Labelle found two articles of priceless value in the present crisis of affairs. The first of these was a master

key, enabling the possessor thereof to leave the prison whenever inclined so to do. The second was a passport, giving license to citizen Brodeur Cauchon to visit any quarter of France on the business of the republic. Brodeur had received a roving commission to search for and apprehend members of the detested aristocrat tribe, and as his routes could not be specifically defined, it was necessary that he should obtain the widest topographical latitude. In addition to the above mentioned windfall, the young man found that he had become the owner of a bountifully replenished purse. Small hesitation had he in resolving to appropriate this lucre to his own exigencies, seeing that the proceeds of what should have been his inheritance, had fallen to the lot of the heavily snoring Cauchon.

Not to protract our narration, Labelle found no difficulty in leaving the precincts of the Conciergerie, unsuspected by any of the custodiers thereof. The dress of the lieutenant was well known to them all, and as Eugene simulated the zig-zag motions of a drunken man, the deception was complete. "Citizen Pig is going to cool down his brandy fever,"—was the only comment which his exodus elicited from the sleepy warders.

Once more at liberty, Labelle's first business was to engage a conveyance for the transmission of himself and

a companion to Calais. By the exhibition of the passport above mentioned, he experienced no trouble in effecting this arrangement, and after being certiorated that the vehicle would be at his devotion in a couple of hours, he set forth in quest of Marie Dorion.

Return we now to the Conciergerie.

When the hour drew near in which the innocent convicts were to be prepared for the knife, the executioner and his horrid train entered the hall so recently tenanted by Eugene. They were ushered on by Le Brun, who, mindful of the monition which he had received, directed their attention in the first instance to the dead-drunk oblivious Brodeur. As before stated, the features of the torpid scoundrel had been mashed out of all distinguishing shape and form, and were covered, moreover, by this time, with a visor of congealed blood. Le Brun entertained not the slightest dubitation as to his man. He had marked well the position of the pallet which he occupied, and chiefly and above all had taken note of the scarlet vest. This was the main spur which jogged his slow memory, and no other beacon was needed to direct his proceedings. Besides, having only recently become an attaché of the prison, he was but slightly conversant with Brodeur's appearance, and consequently it was the

less strange, that he failed to recognize him under existing circumstances.

Every attempt to awake the slumbering brute proved abortive, and so the cropping of his gore-matted hair, and other preliminaries of death, were performed all unknown to the recipient of those grisly attentions. When he was "fairly trussed out for the spit" as Master Sanson, being in a sportive mood, observed, Lebrun determined to make sure certain, carried him forth upon his back, and deposited him in the cart whose destination was the Place de la Revolution, the Tyburn of those diabolical days. As his face was by no means adumbrative of the beautiful, Le Brun, who made some pretensions to taste, covered it with a napkin, and thus, snoring with all the unction of a New England nose-trumpeter, Brodeur Cauchon set forth on his unconscious pilgrimage to eternity.

The humble apartment occupied by the drooping Marie commanded a view of the place of execution, and at the window thereof she was seated on the morning when the events which we are recounting occurred. Her love was stronger than her grief, and though she felt that life might prove the cost of the effort, she was resolved to witness the closing scene of one who was dearer to her than existence itself, and around whom the gentle

tendrils of her affections clung like ivy to the fostering oak.

Earnestly did the forlorn maiden supplicate the favor of heaven for him, who was so soon to fill a premature and bloody grave. With passionate devotion did she ever and anon kiss the little silver crucifix, which he had given to her on that never to be forgotten evening, when he first poured into her thirsty ear the delicious confession of his love. The sight of that sacred souvenir, for a season, transported her back to earlier and happier times. She fell into one of those day dreams, which sometimes will cheat the sorrow-worn heart into a temporary obliviousness of the bitter and comfortless now. Once more she was an inhabitant of dear Picardy. Once more she wandered in girlish joy by the banks of the transparent, vine-fringed stream which laved her native fields. Once more she heard the nightingale pour forth gushes of vesper melody, as the setting sun tinted with purple glory the far off western mountains.

On a sudden, the gladsome vision of Marie was rudely dispelled by the ghoulish shouts of an approaching band of human fiends, yearning and famishing for blood. Trembling in every limb, the miserable maiden rose from her seat, and with an uncontrollable impulse stretched

forth to catch the first glimpse of the marrow-freezing procession.

Too soon the lurid spectacle blasted her grief-inflamed eyes. Too soon did she behold the ghastly cortège, headed, as usual, by troops of unsexed furies, whom it would be profanation to call by the gentle name of woman. Unbridled democracy has had many monster triumphs; but the climax of them all was when she accomplished the translation of mothers, wives, and daughters into vampires, greedy as the horse leech for carnage, and longing to revel upon the agonies of crushed and writhing humanity.

And now the harsh rumbling of the victim-freighted carts, grated upon the shrinking hearing of the watcher. How intensely she strained her gaze to try, if possible, to discover one of the special actors in that deep tragedy. Alas! not long had she to continue her inquisition. A bright "bit" of colouring stood forth with terrible significance upon the living moving panorama. With a shriek, the intensity of which caused the "rascal multitude" to stint for a moment their hellish *jubilate*, Marie recognized the scarlet vest, and in one instant she was smitten down as if by a thunderbolt. Cold and senseless as the marble image of Niobe, she fell into the arms of some one who chanced to be behind her; and the

mort cars grated along, and the she-furies of Paris continued their anthems to the prostitute myth as before.

The consciousness of Brodeur Cauchon did not return till the moment when rude and ruthless hands were binding him to the plank which faced the grooved course of the greedy knife. Providence, as if determined that the unhappy wretch should drain, even on this side of eternity, a full draught of the cup of retributive bitterness, restored to him the entire possession of his senses.

Though, of course, utterly unable to divine the nature of the tide of events which had surged him, so to speak upon the scaffold, he knew with hideous distinctness that upon the scaffold he was, and destined never to leave it except a mass of carrion clay. Frightful was the glare of his eyes, fresh opened, as they were, from the trance of intoxication. Dreadful beyond the power of language to describe, was the hurried avalanche of commingled profanities, and entreaties, and abjurgations which he vomited forth upon the brink of the dark precipice overhanging the unseen world. The very headsmen, familiar as they were with all the varied phenomena of dying scenes, were arrested on their avocation, and looked with a kind of bestial curiosity upon this novel development of terror and despair. It seemed as if the immortal

worm had fastened upon the lost one's soul, and was gnawing it into the spasmodic energy of the damned.

No one recognized in Brodeur, the sub-jailer of the Conciergerie. Once, indeed, it struck Sanson, as if the tones of his voice were familiar him, but the idea was banished as soon as entertained. Even if the maimed and disfigured creature had been identified as Cauchon, it would have made no difference in his fate. During the carneous harlequinade of the Revolution, the tyrant of yesterday was frequently the victim of to-day, and it was not the province of the finisher of the law to interfere with the behests of his employers.

Accordingly the limbs of the scarlet-vested one were strapped tightly to the plank, which speedily assumed a horizontal position. The signal was promptly given, for there was a very large harvest of life to reap, and his tongue still vibrating with a litany of blasphemies, the head of Brodeur Cauchon bounded as if in coy sport from the sharp kiss of the axe.

Long time elapsed ere the spirit of Marie Dorion revived, and chill was the sigh which she breathed when once more the weary, sapless world opened upon her ken.

With a start, as if her nerves had been traversed by electricity, she heard her name syllabled by a strangely familiar tongue.

"It was only a dream!" she said. "Only a dream, but oh! how very like reality it seemed!"

Once more, the precious words "Marie! dearest Marie!" were breathed as if from some bright region beyond the cold grave.

The maiden looked up, and lo! her lover.

"I too, have departed," she solemnly murmured, "and we have met in Paradise!"

A long drawn, burning kiss of human love, convinced her that she was still upon earth.