

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE  
ANGLO - AMERICAN  
MAGAZINE.

---

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1854.

---

VOL. V.

TORONTO:  
MACLEAR & CO., 16 KING STREET EAST.  
1854.

PART  
1  
5  
155

TORONTO:  
PRINTED BY MACLEAR, THOMAS & CO.,  
16, KING STREET EAST.

# Contents of Volume the Fifty.

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>A.</b>			
ADVENTURES of a Correspondent off Gallipoli .....	42	Governor-General's Speech .....	98
A Story of the Great Blockade.....	49	Provincial Parliament.....	98
A Ineligible Suitor.....	65	Items for the Month.....	201
America Painted "Couleur de Rose".....	66	<b>CHESSE:—</b>	
Arab Courtesies .....	87	Problem No. 8. By an Amateur of Guelph	103
An Organic Remain.....	87	Do. No. 8. By a Canadian Amateur	207
August, Thoughts for.....	121	Do. No. 10. By A. M. S., Toronto...	311
A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings.....	139	Do. No. 11. By Mr. Grimshaw.....	415
Allied Sovereigns.....	150	Do. No. 12. By the Editor.....	519
A Tartar Inn .....	152	Do. No. 13. By A. M. S., Toronto...	615
A Syrian Legend.....	159	Enigmas.....	103, 207, 311, 415, 615
A Greek Girl.....	163	Games—Algaier Gambit.....	104, 207
Applying the Scale.....	167	Centre Gambit .....	208
A Silent Witness.....	184	Counter Gambit in K. Kt.'s Opening...	208
Anecdotes and Legends of Transcaucasia..	230	Evans' Gambit.....	103, 104, 208, 312
A Student Tramp to Niagara Falls.....	345	Games at Odds.....	416, 616
A Legend of the Hebrides .....	361	Irregular Opening .....	616
An Extraordinary Angling Adventure.....	446	King's Bishop's Gambit.....	312
A Peep at Secrets .....	464	King's Knight's Gambit.....	104, 520
Adventure in a Tunnel .....	465	Two Knight's Defence.....	416
As Luck would have it.....	467	To Correspondents... 103, 207, 311, 415,	519, 615
Annie Livingston.....	489	Impromptu by a Gentleman to his Nieces	103
Adventures of a Night.....	553	Statu-Quo Chess-Board .....	207
Alma, Battle of the.....	546	Remarkable Discovery of M.S.S. on Chess	311
<b>B.</b>			
BRITISH JEWS .....	39	Chess Problem Tournay.....	415
Beautifying by Arsenic.....	168	The late Elijah Williams.....	519
Blackwood on Upper Canada.....	330	Anecdotes of Chess-Players .....	615
<b>C.</b>			
CANDLEMAS, .....	47	<b>D.</b>	
Curran .....	47	DOCTOR PABLO.....	75
Cedar Rapids.....	48	Diamond, the.....	146
Clerical Apathy.....	48	Distances of Heavenly Bodies.....	148
Charity or Love.....	190	Diamond Dust.....	128, 153
Cronstadt.....	339	Dog Trusty's Letter.....	191
Cotton, Slaves, and Slavery.....	450	December, Thoughts for.....	537
Christmas Tale.....	584	<b>E.</b>	
COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT:—		EARL OF ELGIN.....	46
The Solar Eclipse.....	97	Earthquake in India.....	288
		Extraordinary Angling Adventure.....	446
		Emily Morton, a Tale of Pride.....	577
		Education.....	598

	PAGE.	PAGE.
EDITOR'S SHANTY:—		
Quack Doctors.....	88	Georgiana the Actress..... 185
The Queen's Birth-day.....	90	Grace Marks..... 598
Death of Montgomery.....	95	GATHERINGS, MRS. GRUNDY'S:—
Sandford's Opera Troupe.....	96	Slippers..... 205
Tobacco.....	193	Wax Modelling..... 205
Militia Training.....	194	Recherche Dinner Costume..... 310
Election for County of Pork.....	296	Carriage Costume..... 411
Letter from Harold Skimpole.....	298	Thoughts on Mourning..... 412
Bell Ewart—the Laird Famished.....	400	General Observations on Fashion and Dress..... 102, 310, 413
Tacon's Governorship.....	404	Mother of Pearl..... 414
The Laird's Uncle.....	509	Trimmings..... 414
Macallister.....	511	Autumn Fashions..... 516
Books.....	512	Novelty for Ladies..... 518
Christmas and Duns.....	605	Description of Plates 101, 204, 309, 516, 614
Slave-dealer's Advertisement.....	609	Paris Correspondence..... 412, 518, 614
Bayard Taylor.....	610	To Wash Black Lace..... 614
F.		II.
FIRST Grenadier of France.....	181	HINTS to those who Attend Soirees..... 242
Fitzgibbon, Col. James.....	218	Horse Trade, my First..... 356
Fortifications and Siege Operations.....	224	Her Majesty's Printers..... 363.
First Statue of Canova.....	343	
FACTS FOR THE FARMER:—		I.
Value of Live Stock.....	203	INNOCENTS' Day..... 80
The Bone Question.....	203	Important from the Seat of War..... 265
Agricultural Exhibition.....	203	"I Told you so."..... 282
Bad Air.....	204	"It Can't be Helped."..... 463
The Garden.....	304	
The Grape.....	304	J.
Suburban Residences.....	305	JULY, Thoughts for..... 17
What Time shall we Cut Timber?.....	307	Justice by Judge Jefferys..... 154
Plaster for Potatoes.....	308	Japan and the Japanese..... 341
California Wheat Crop.....	308	
Adulteration of Guano.....	308	K.
Canada Thistles.....	309	KEEPING up Appearances..... 482
Meat Market Supplies.....	408	
Culture of Buckwheat.....	408	L.
Whey for Pigs.....	409	LAMANSQUE Ceremony..... 141
Fattening Animals.....	409	Life in the Desert..... 152
Feeding Cows.....	409	Luck in Odd Numbers..... 289
Apples for Milch Cows.....	410	London Reformatory..... 397
The Pear Blight.....	410	London, Canada West, Exhibition at..... 438.
Plan for Farm Buildings.....	410	
Windmills.....	411	M.
Mechanical Conveyance of Manure.....	513	MOON, the..... 48
Flax Culture.....	514	Metcalf Baron..... 147
Scratches in Horses.....	515	Musical Instruments..... 229
Degeneracy in Breeding.....	515	May Day..... 243
A Symmetrical Cottage.....	613	Manners and Fashion..... 273
Wintering Verbenas.....	613	My First Love..... 278
		Modern Turks..... 344
G.		My First Horse Trade..... 356
Gold Diggings, a Lady's Visit to.....	138	

CONTENTS.

v.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Murillo .....	382	The Greenwood.....	330
Moustaches and Ladies' Bonnets .....	403	The Warrior's Sword.....	332
Metcalf, Life and Correspondence .....	538	Rosy Childhood.....	357
Measure Meted out to Others, &c.....	590	To-morrow .....	370
N.			
NIAGARA Falls, a Student Tramp to.....	345	The Bed of Death.....	392
November, Thoughts for .....	433	The Blind Girl's Song in June.....	396
NEWS FROM ABROAD :—			
War in the East .....	99	Contentment.....	403
Black Sea and Baltic Fleets.....	100	Lines by James McCarroll .....	447
Bombardment of Silistria.....	100	War .....	447
Reciprocity Treaty.....	101	Stanzas .....	459
News from the East .....	202	The Horse.....	462
O.			
ONE of our Legal Fictions .....	61	Woman.....	464
Ottawa, the Upper.....	230	A Winter Hour.....	482
October, Thoughts for.....	329	Constantinople.....	506
P.			
PLURALITY of Worlds.....	45	Damötas and Phillis .....	540
Point of View .....	48	She has gone to Rest .....	552
Peep into the Rouel Tan Pits.....	169	Dirge of an Infant.....	560
Prayer Barrels.....	180	A Jewish Tale.....	576
Plough Monday.....	180	Midnight at Sea .....	583
Paul Pry on the Upper Ottawa.....	231	Wake, Lady, Wake.....	589
Pompeian Court of Crystal Palace.....	240	Q.	
Punctuality .....	242	QUEBEC, Narrative of the Siege of.....	548
Poe, Edgar A.....	243	R.	
Put Everything in its Right Place.....	292	RUSSIA, No. II.....	18
Paganiniana .....	358	Romance in Real Life.....	148
Photographs of London Business .....	383	Rouel Tan Pits, the.....	169
Provincial Exhibition .....	438	Requisites for a Governess.....	582
Paris, the Town of .....	447	REVIEWS :—	
Purser's Cabin..... 27, 123, 219, 333, 434,	541	The Flush Times of Alabama.....	91
POETRY :—			
Lines to America.....	26	Africa and the American Flag.....	93
Sin and Love.....	32	The Lamplighter.....	95
To a Beloved One .....	47	Dodd Family Abroad.....	95
The Early Blue Bird.....	65	The Klout and the Russians.....	95
My Old Schoolmaster .....	80	Autobiography of Hugh Miller.....	96
To Spring.....	87	Aubrey.....	195
Impromptu by a Gentleman .....	103	Twenty Years in the Philippines.....	195
"I Leave thee for a while, my Love." .....	138	Ballad of Babe Christabel .....	198
Freedom and the Right.....	146	Sir Jasper Carew.....	301
The Bee.....	152	Utah and the Mormons.....	302
Roliga.....	153	Wearyfoot Common.....	303
At thy Peril.....	181	Behind the Scenes.....	400
The Suffolk Miracle.....	223	Ticonderoga.....	401
The Skylark.....	231	History of Cuba.....	402
The Spirit of Labour .....	243	Party Leaders. ....	507
Summer .....	257	Captain Canot.....	509
Fancy's Sketch.....	288	Periscopies .....	510
Faith, Hope, and Charity.....	296	Donna Blanca .....	511
		Life & Correspondence of Lord Metcalfe..	538
		Thoughts and Things.....	608
		The Ride for Life.....	609
		Emmanuel Philiberts.....	610
		Poems of the Orient.....	610
		Afraja .....	615

	PAGE.		PAGE.
S.		The Man with One Idea and the Man with Many.....	393
Southern States.....	129	Tacon's Governorship.....	404
Stars, the.....	154	The Man who was Blessed with a Compe- tency.....	449
Society.....	154	The Tombs of St. Denis.....	475
St. John Baptist.....	192	Thoughts for the Month, 17, 121, 217, 329, 433, 537	
September, Thoughts for.....	217	The Purser's Cabin, 27, 123, 219, 333, 434, 541	
Saturday Night.....	237	The Adventures of a Night.....	553
Secretary's Tour.....	459	The Mother's Tomb.....	573
St. Arnaud, Marshal.....	547		
Sebastopol.....	547		
T.		U.	
The Green Ring and Gold Ring.....	33	Upper Canada, Blackwood on.....	280
The May Flower and its Blight.....	70		
To-morrow.....	74	V.	
The Way they make Converts in Russia....	81	VISITATION.....	45
The Southern States.....	129	Vanity, a Lesson for.....	244
The Evening before the Wedding.....	142	Value of a Penny.....	264
The Two Angels of the City.....	165	W.	
The First Grenadier of France.....	181	WONDERS of Arithmetic.....	264
The Cankered Rose of Tivoli.....	187	War of 1812, '13, '14—1, 195, 201, 315, 417, 521	
Transmigration.....	192	War in the East.....	99, 546
The Suffolk Miracle.....	223	Woman.....	583
The Sad Mistake.....	257	Y.	
Tartar Delicacy.....	265	YOUTH, Manhood, and Age.....	328
The Merchant of Platova.....	268	Yezid, the Woodman of the East.....	442
The Fortune of Law.....	290		
The Cave of Eigg.....	361	Z.	
The Superfluous Man.....	371	ZELINDA, or the Converted One.....	498, 561
The Green Lane.....			

## Illustrations.

---

---

THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE.....	46
CEDAR RAPIDS—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.....	48
FASHIONS FOR JULY, PLATE I. ....	101
FASHIONS FOR JULY, PLATE II. ....	102
BARON METCALFE .....	147
THE BELLIGERENT POWERS OF EUROPE.....	150
FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, PLATE I.....	204
FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, PLATE II. ....	205
COLONEL FITZGIBBON .....	218
PLAN AND FORTIFICATIONS OF SILISTRIA.....	224
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, PLATE I. ....	309
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, PLATE II. ....	309
CRONSTADT .....	341
PLAN OF FARM BUILDINGS .....	410
FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER .....	411
PARIS, CANADA WEST .....	447
FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, PLATE I. ....	516
FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, PLATE II. ....	516
SEBASTOPOL .....	547
VIEW AND PLAN OF A SYMMETRICAL COTTAGE.....	613
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.....	614



THE  
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

~~~~~  
VOL. V.—TORONTO : JULY, 1854.—No. 1.  
~~~~~

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

—  
CHAPTER XVIII. CONTINUED.  
—

It will be as well, before giving Sir James Yeo's official account, to make a few observations on the American version of the descent on Oswego. It is worthy of remark, that Gen. Drummond distinctly states, that the vessels anchored at long gun shot of the batteries, and that the reconnoissance of the morning was only intended as a feint to enable him to discover where the enemies' batteries were, and what was their force; this effected, Sir James Yeo would then be enabled, on the withdrawal of his gun-boats, to place his vessels in the most commanding situations. This retirement of the gun-boats, however, appears to have afforded General Armstrong and others an opportunity of palliating the defeat, by claiming a sort of victory on the first day. The General says, "The larger vessels took a position for battering the fort, and soon after, opened upon it a heavy fire; while fifteen boats, crowded with infantry, moved slowly to the shore. When arrived within the range of Mitchell's\* shot, a fire upon them was com-

menced, which in a few minutes compelled them to withdraw. A second attempt, made in the same way, was not more successful; when ships, boats, and troops retired *en masse*, and stood out of the harbour."

It will be seen by this extract, that the ships were not within reach of the American guns, why then did General Armstrong omit to mention the cause which compelled the British vessels to withdraw? and why does he contradict himself by leaving it to be inferred, that the withdrawal was occasioned by the fire, and should therefore be considered in the light of a repulse.

Again, too, the General states that, on the occasion of the second landing, "every foot of ground was well contested with the head of the British column, for half an hour, after which no farther annoyance was given to the retreat, which was effected with coolness and courage."

We do not exactly understand how the General could have been so rash as to claim for the defendants at Oswego either coolness or courage, when one of the American officers, who was in the action, in a letter dated "Oswego Falls," writes thus:—"The militia thought best to leave us, *I do not think they fired a gun.*" James mentions this same letter, which he speaks of as having been published in the newspapers of the day.

Another circumstance, which occurred that same afternoon, afforded also great cause

\* The Commander at Oswego.

for self laudation on the part of the Americans. The British fleet found it necessary, in consequence of a heavy gale from the north-west, to claw off a lee shore, without delaying to hoist up all their boats, some of which were cut loose, and drifted on shore. This was done to prevent getting embayed; and to every one, who may remember the situation of Oswego, the necessity of this will be apparent, especially when it is farther borne in mind, that a lee shore, on these lakes, even in a moderate gale, is so much dreaded, that, even at the present day, despite the superior build of vessels, and increased skill in seamanship, vessels are sometimes compelled to leave their anchorage twice or three times, and that it often takes a fortnight, or perhaps longer, to take in a load which a couple of days in fair weather would be sufficient for. The American

writers represent these boats as prizes. Smith, O'Connor, and Thompson, all mention the retreat of the British fleet, but not one of them had the honesty to state the cause.

Another point to be commented on is the discrepancy as to numbers. General Brown declares, that over three thousand were landed; Mr. O'Connor reduces this number to two thousand; Smith states the numbers at between two and three thousand. Mr. Thompson only mentions seventeen hundred; and the American officer, whom we have already mentioned, estimates the number at twelve hundred. Armstrong eschews numbers, and merely mentions fifteen boats crowded with men.

These same writers have been quite as determined to reduce their own, as to swell the numbers of their opponents; and appear accordingly, one and all, to have carefully omitted in their list of combatants the militia, and to have confined their statement as to numbers to that of the regulars alone. We accordingly find that three hundred men, and no more, formed the heroic band who, for half an hour, resisted, according to General Brown, the onslaught of more than three thousand men. The same policy was observed with regard to the captured articles, and the government organs were

most assiduous in their attempts to represent the amount of loss "as most trifling." This proceeding afforded an opportunity to the opposition or federal papers of the day to tax government with wilfully deceiving the people. We have already shown what really was captured, and will now give in contrast the American accounts.

Mr. Thompson says:—"The enemy took possession of the fort and barracks, but for the little booty which he obtained, consisting of a few barrels of provisions and whiskey, he paid much more than an equivalent." Smith declares that we captured "nothing but a naked fort." O'Connor admits eight pieces of cannon, and stores worth *one hundred dollars*.

The returns made by the British are borne out by an American writer from Onondago, who estimates the amount at over forty thousand dollars.

The last point worthy of note is that, although the British troops remained for nearly 24 hours in the place, we do not find any complaint against them on the part of a single American writer. This was highly creditable to the troops, marines and seamen, and affords a very marked contrast to the behaviour of some Americans in an affair at Long Point, which we shall shortly have to relate. We will now give Sir James Yeo's version of the affair, and in our notes will be found\* the general order issued by the American commander, General Brown.

\* *American General Order.*

Head quarters, Sackett's Harbor,  
May 12, 1814.

Major General Brown has the satisfaction to announce to the forces under his command, that the detachments stationed at Oswego, under the immediate orders of lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, of the third artillery, by their gallant and highly military conduct, in sustaining the fire of the whole British fleet of this lake for nearly two days, and contending with the vastly superior numbers of the enemy on the land, as long as the interests of the country, or the honour of their profession required; and then, effecting their retreat in good order, in the face of this superior force of the enterprising and accomplished foe, to the depot of naval stores, which it became their duty to defend, have established for themselves a name in arms, worthy of the gallant nation in whose cause they fight, and highly honourable to the army.

*From Sir James L. Yoc to Mr. Croker.*

Sir,—My letter of the 15th of April last will have informed their lordships, that his Majesty's ships, Prince Regent and Princess Charlotte, were launched on the preceeding day! I now have the satisfaction to acquaint you, for their Lordship's information, that the squadron, by the unremitting exertions of the officers and men under my command, were ready on the 3rd instant, when it was determined by lieutenant-general Drummond and myself, that an immediate attack should be made on the forts and town of Oswego: which, in point of position, is the most formidable I have seen in Upper Canada; and where the enemy had, by river navigation, collected from the interior several heavy guns, and naval stores for the ships, and large depots of provisions for their army.

At noon, on the 5th, we got off the port, and were on the point of landing, when a heavy gale from the N. W. obliged me to gain an offing. On the morning of the 6th, everything being ready, 140 troops, 200 seamen armed with pikes, under Captain Mulcaster, and 400 marines were put into the boats. The Montreal and Niagara took their stations abreast, and within a quarter of a mile, of the fort; the Magnet opposite the town, and the Star and Charwell to cover the landing, which was effected under a most heavy fire of round, grape, and musketry, kept up with great spirit. Our men having to ascend a very steep and long hill, were consequently exposed to a destructive fire. Their gallantry overcoming every difficulty, they soon gained the summit of the hill; and, throwing themselves into the fosse, mounted the ramparts on all sides, vying with each other who should be foremost. Lieutenant Laurie, my secretary, was the first who gained the ramparts; and lieutenant Hewitt climbed the flag-staff under a heavy fire, and in the most gallant style struck the American colours, which had

been nailed to the mast. My gallant and much esteemed friend, captain Mulcaster, led the seamen to the assault with his accustomed bravery; but I lament to say, he received a dangerous wound in the act of entering the fort, which I apprehend will, for a considerable time, deprive me of his valuable services. Mr. Scott, my first lieutenant, who was next in command, nobly led them on; and soon gained the ramparts. Captain O'Connor, of the Prince Regent, to whom I entrusted the landing of the troops, displayed great ability and cool judgment; the boats being under a heavy fire from all points.

Captain Popham, of the Montreal, anchored his ship in a most gallant style, sustaining the whole fire until we gained the shore. She was set on fire three times by red-hot shot, and much cut up in her hull, masts, and rigging; Captain Popham received a severe wound in his right hand, and speaks in high terms of Mr. Richardson, the master, who, from a severe wound in the left arm, was obliged to undergo amputation at the shoulder joint.

Captain Spilsbury, of the Niagara; Captain Dobbs, of the Charwell; Captain Anthony of the Star: and Captain Collier of the Magnet, behaved much to my satisfaction. The second battalion of royal marines excited the admiration of all; they were led by the gallant Col. Malcolm, and suffered severely. Captain Holloway, doing duty in the Princess Charlotte, gallantly fell at the head of his company. Having landed with the seamen and marines, I had great pleasure in witnessing not only the zeal and prompt attention of the officers to my orders, but also the intrepid bravery of the men, whose good and temperate conduct, under circumstances of great temptation, (being a whole night in the town, employed loading the captured vessels with ordnance, naval stores, and provisions) most justly claim my high approbation and acknowledgment. And I here beg leave to recommend to their lordships' notice the service of my first lieutenant, Mr. Scott; and of my aid-de-camp, acting lieutenant Yoc, to whom I beg leave to refer their lordships for information; nor should

Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell had, in all, less than 300 men; and the fosse of the enemy, by land and water, exceeded 3000.

R. JONES, assistant-adjt.-gen.

the meritorious exertions of acting lieutenant Griffin, severely wounded in the arm, or Mr. Brown, both of whom were attached to the storming party, be omitted. It is a great source of satisfaction to me to acquaint their lordships, that I have on this and all other occasions, received from Lieut-Gen. Drummond that support and attention, which never fail in securing perfect cordiality between the two services.

I herewith transmit a list of the killed and wounded, and of the ordnance, naval stores, and provisions, captured and destroyed by the combined attack on the 6th instant.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES LUCAS YEO,  
Commodore and Commander in Chief.

J. W. Croker, Esq., &c.

A list of officers and seamen, of his Majesty's fleet on Lake Ontario, killed and wounded at Oswego, on the 6th of May, 1814.

Three seamen, killed; 2 captains, 1 lieutenant, 1 master, 7 seamen, wounded.

Total—3 killed, 11 wounded.

A statement of ordnance, naval stores, and provisions, brought off and destroyed in a combined attack of the sea and land forces on the town and fort of Oswego, on the 6th May, 1814.

*Ordnance Stores brought off*:—Three long 32-pounder guns; four long 24 pounders.

A quantity of various kinds of Ordnance Stores.

*Naval Stores and Provisions*:—3 schooners; 300 barrels of flour, 500 barrels of pork, 600 barrels of salt, 500 barrels of bread.

A quantity of large rope.

*Destroyed*:—Three long 24-pounder guns, one long 12-pounder gun, two long 6-pounder guns.

One schooner, and barracks and other public buildings.

J. L. YEO,  
Commodore and Commander in Chief.

The statement of stores captured, given by Sir James Yeo, corresponds pretty closely with the returns made by the other officers; and, as all the articles enumerated in the lists would have to be accounted for, it is

not very likely that any addition to them would have been made, which could only result in heavy expenses to the parties thus increasing the honour of their exploits by a direct taxation on their pockets.

The British loss at Oswego was severe—eighty-two killed and wounded. That the Americans, however, were not suffered to retreat quite so coolly as is represented, may be inferred from the fact that their own accounts return sixty-nine killed and wounded, while sixty prisoners were captured.

The style in which Armstrong winds up his account of this affair is very amusing, especially when taken in contrast with his version of another occurrence which happened shortly after. "On the morning of the 7th, having collected the small booty afforded by the post, and burned the barracks, the fleet and army of the enemy abandoned the enterprise, and returned to Kingston." One would scarcely imagine that the enterprise thus carelessly spoken of had cost the Americans forty thousand dollars, besides a heavy loss both of life and in prisoners.

The other occurrence alluded to above took place on the 30th May, and strikingly illustrates General Armstrong's unfair mode of writing history.

By the capture of a boat, Sir James Yeo learned that eighteen other boats, each armed with two guns, twenty-four pounders, were waiting at Sandy Creek for an opportunity of reaching Sackett's Harbour. Sir James accordingly despatched Captains Popham and Spilsbury with one hundred and eighty seamen and marines to intercept them or cut them out. The party having reached the creek where they had ascertained that the enemy were, commenced the passage up, but were attacked from the shore by a large party of riflemen, one hundred and fifty in number, besides militia, infantry, and cavalry, mustering some two hundred strong. The British were here fairly caught in a trap, and all that remained for them was to fight their way back; and to do this, parties were landed on both banks, in order

to drive back the enemy from a situation commanding the passage of the boats. This attempt was gallantly made, but numbers prevailed, and the result of the affair was the destruction or capture of the whole party. As a proof, however, of the resistance, it will suffice to state that the killed and wounded amounted to more than one-third of the party. That the Americans must have had Indians as their allies, is evident from the conclusion of Captain Popham's official despatch:—"The exertions of the American officers of the rifle corps, commanded by Major Appling, in saving the lives of many of the officers and men, whom *their own men and the Indians were devoting to death*, were conspicuous, and claim our warmest gratitude."

Armstrong begins his statement of the affair by styling it an "achievement" accomplished by Major Appling and one hundred and thirty-two men, omitting all mention of either militia or Indians, and he declares that the whole British party fell into the hands of the Americans without the loss of a single man of their party. The probability of this the reader can judge of, when it is borne in mind that a hand-to-hand conflict occurred on both banks of the river, and that the British were only overpowered by numbers. The same disregard of truth, however, which caused Armstrong to suppress all mention of the militia and infantry, would doubtless prompt him to conceal the American loss, whatever it might have been.

An occurrence on the shores of Lake Erie, to which we have already alluded, does not reflect quite so much credit on the national character as did Major Appling's and his officers' conduct. Early in March, General Drummond had quartered at the inconsiderable village of Dover a small body of dragoons. This was done by way of establishing an outpost, so that the Americans might not be enabled, having the command of the Lake, to land, without opposition or notice, troops, at a post so close to Burlington heights, the grand centre of the British position, and the depot for the troops on the Niagara line.

Fear of another attack on the part of the

British had induced the American commander to concentrate about Buffalo and Erie (where the fleet lay) a large body of troops. One of the American officers, a Colonel Campbell, judging, doubtless, that it was a pity so many men should remain inactive, saw, in the occupation of Dover, an opportunity of distinguishing himself and benefiting his country. Taking, then, full five hundred United States infantry, he crossed over from Erie on the 13th May, and, the British troops retiring before him, destroyed the mills, distilleries, and houses in the village. Mr. Thornton says: "A *squadron* of British dragoons stationed at the place fled at the approach of Colonel Campbell's *detachment*, and abandoned the women and children, who experienced humane treatment from the Americans."

If the burning of stores, barns, and dwelling houses of peaceable and unresisting inhabitants be included in Mr. Thornton's category of humane treatment, we should like to be enlightened as to what would be considered harsh treatment. As a proof, however, that even the Americans were ashamed of the transaction, we have only to mention that a court of inquiry, of which General Scott was president, was instituted to take the facts into consideration, and that their decision was, "that in burning the houses of the inhabitants, Colonel Campbell had greatly erred; but this error they imputed to the recollection of the scenes of the Raisin and the Miami, in the Western territories, to the army of which Colonel Campbell was at that time attached, and to the recent devastation of the Niagara frontier."

The court appears to have had most convenient memories, or they could scarcely have forgotten that an act very similar to the present had alone caused the destruction along the banks of the Niagara. We learn from the transaction, that the American military tribunals of that day looked upon pillage and destruction of private property, only a "a trifling error." We will have occasion to notice in what light the destruction of the public buildings at Washington was regarded, and whether the course of the British Generals is so lightly considered.

Early in April an expedition was organized, having for its object an attack on a new post established at Matchadash, and the recapture of Michilimackinac. The expedition, however, in consequence, says Armstrong,\* of a discrepancy in the Cabinet

Expeditions against Michilimackinac and Matchadash.

\* *Letter from the Secretary of War to the President.—April 31st, 1814.*

SIR: So long as we had reason to believe that the enemy intended and was in condition to re-establish himself on the Thames, and open anew his intercourse with the Indian tribes of the west, it was, no doubt, proper to give to our naval means a direction which would best obstruct or defeat such movement or designs. An order has been accordingly given by the navy department, to employ the flotilla, in scouring the shores of the more western lakes, in destroying the enemy's trading establishment at St. Joseph's, and in recapturing Fort Michilimackinac. As, however, our last advices show, that the enemy has no efficient force westward of Burlington bay, and that he has suffered the season of easy and rapid transportation to escape him, it is evident that he means to strengthen himself on the peninsula, and make Fort Erie, which he is now repairing, the western extremity of his line of operation. Under this new state of things, it is respectfully submitted, whether another and better use cannot be made of our flotilla?

In explaining myself, it is necessary to premise that, the garrisons of Detroit and Malden included, it will be practicable to assemble on the shores and navigable waters of Lake Erie, five thousand regular troops, and three thousand volunteers and militia, and that measures have been taken to produce this effect on or before the 10th day of June next. Without, however, the aid of naval means, this force will be comparatively inoperative, and necessarily dispersed, but with such aid, competent to great objects.

Lake Erie on which our dominion is undisputed, furnishes a way scarcely less convenient for approaching the heart of Upper Canada than Lake Ontario. Eight, or even six thousand men landed in the bay between Point Abino and Fort Erie, and operating either on the line of the Niagara, or more directly [if a more direct route is found], against the British post at the head of Burlington bay, cannot be resisted with effect, without compelling the enemy so to weaken his more eastern posts, as to bring them within reach of our means at Sackett's Harbour and Plattsburgh.

In choosing between this object and that to which the flotilla is now destined, there cannot, I think, be much, if any, hesitation. Our attack, carried to Burlington and York, interposes a barrier, which completely protects Malden and Detroit—makes doubtful and hazardous the enemy's intercourse with the western Indians, reduces Mackinac to a possession perfectly useless, renders probable the abandonment of Fort Niagara, and takes from the enemy half his motive for continuing the naval conflict on Lake Ontario. On the other hand,

at Washington, was not despatched until the 3rd of July, at which time a detachment of regular troops and militia, under the command of Colonel Crogan, was embarked on board of the fleet, which sailed soon after from Detroit for Matchadash.

The idea of attacking Matchadash was very soon abandoned, in consequence of sundry impediments, writes Armstrong, "arising from shoals, rocks, dangerous islands, perpetual fogs, and bad pilotage," and the safer and easier plan of an attack on the North-West Company's settlement at St. Mary's substituted. This part of the expedition was entrusted to Captain Holmes of the United States Army, and Lieutenant Turner of the United States Navy, and very effectually the work entrusted to them was executed, as every house at the post was destroyed, no public buildings of any description being there to warrant this atrocious outrage. The horses and cattle were killed, and even the provisions and garden stuff, which could not be removed, were destroyed, with a view of thoroughly ruining the post.

Messrs Thomson and Smith are particularly reserved as to the conduct of their countrymen at St. Mary's, but Mr. O'Connor boldly declares that "the property destroyed was, according to the maritime law of nations, as recognized in the English courts, good prize, as well as because the Company's agent, Johnson, acted the infamous part of a traitor, having been a citizen and magistrate of the Michigan territory, before the war, and at its commencement, and now discharging the functions of magistrate under the British Government."

This position of Mr. O'Connor's, that *merchandise on shore as well as afloat is good prize*, must not be lost sight of, as the same writer will be found laying down a very different interpretation of what constitutes "good prize," when the proceedings of the British in the Chesapeake are under his consideration.

take Mackinac, and what is gained, but Mackinac itself.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed,) JOHN ARMSTRONG.

What, too, could the American Government have thought of the monstrous position laid down, that a man, who deserted, "played the infamous part of a traitor." What a bitter satire is this of Mr. O'Connor's on the whole American Government? and even more particularly direct does his shaft fly against the commanders of the vessels who had captured, either in merchantmen or vessels of war, British subjects, and who had employed every means short of death to force them to abandon their national flag.

It must not be forgotten that there was not a military or naval man of any description at St. Mary's, to warrant this conduct on the part of the Americans; and there is very little room for doubt but that the course adopted was in revenge for the failure of the principal object of the expedition, which was to get hold of the North-West furs, which scheme was, however, happily frustrated.

"This service," says Armstrong, "being soon and successfully performed, the fleet sailed for Michilimacinae, and, on the 26th, anchored off that island."

The laboured attempt of Armstrong to invest this post with all the defences that citadels like Quebec possess, is so ludicrous, that we are tempted to transcribe the whole passage:—

"After a short reconnoissance, and a few experiments, three discoveries, altogether unlooked for, were made—

1st, That, from the great elevation of the fort, its walls could not be battered by the guns of the shipping.

2d, That, from the steepness of the ascent, any attempt to carry the fort by storm would probably fail.

3d. That should this mode of attack succeed, it would be useless, inasmuch as every foot of its interior was commanded by guns placed on higher ground.

These facts, leaving no hope of success but from an attack of the upper battery, the troops were landed on the 4th August, and conducted to the verge of an old field; indicated by the inhabitants as the position which would best fulfil the intention of the movement, when, to Croghan's surprise, he

found himself anticipated by the enemy; and in a few minutes, assailed in front from a redoubt mounting four pieces of artillery, and in flank, by one or more Indian attacks made from the surrounding woods. Succeeding, at last, in repulsing these, and in driving the enemy from the cleared ground, it was soon discovered that the position was not such as was at all proper for a camp of either siege or investment, being of narrow surface, skirted in the whole circumference by woods, intersected by deep ravines, and furnishing only a difficult and perilous communication with the fleet. Croghan, at once and wisely, withdrew to the Lake shore and re-embarked the troops. Our loss on the occasion was not great, numerically considered; but became deeply interesting by the fate of Capt. Holmes, a young man of high promise, universally respected and regretted."

All this reads well, and doubtless produced the desired effect; but what were the real facts? That the Americans made a feint of landing in one quarter, in which direction the British troops hastened, the real landing having been effected elsewhere almost without opposition. A short time, however, after the landing, the Americans were attacked by a body of Indians, and compelled to retreat, the British troops having no share in the action, the whole credit of which belongs to the Indians. Had the garrison been present to co-operate, there is no doubt but that the whole party would have been captured or killed. The savage and ruthless Holmes, the author of all the ravages at St. Mary's, met a well-deserved fate, being shot during the skirmish.

Armstrong and others have done their utmost to gloss over this repulse, by representing Michilimacinae as an isolated post, having no influence, direct or indirect, on the war. This sort of argument is very convenient *after* defeat, but the question naturally arises, why did the American Government despatch one thousand troops (for such was the number, and not five hundred, as represented by Armstrong and others,) against so unimportant a post?

In Lieutenant-Col. Macdonald's despatch to Sir George Prevost, it will be found that

the Indians did not receive the credit to which they were entitled, but both Veritas' Letters, and Sketches of the War admit that the repulse was effected by the Indians.

Colonel Macdouall's despatch states:—

*From Lieutenant-Colonel M'Douall to Sir George Prevost.*

*Michilimacinec, August 14, 1814.*

SIR,

I have reported to lieutenant-general Drummond the particulars of the attack made by the enemy on this post on the 4th instant. My situation was embarrassing. I knew that they could land upwards of 1,000 men; and after manning the guns at the fort, I had only a disposable force of 140 to meet them, which I determined to do, in order as much as possible to encourage the Indians, and having the fullest confidence in the little detachment of the Newfoundland regiment. The position I took up was excellent, but at an unavoidable and too great a distance from the forts, in each of which I was only able to leave 25 militiamen. There were likewise roads upon my flanks, every inch of which were known to the enemy, by means of the people formerly residents of this island, who were with them. I could not afford to detach a man to guard them.

My position was rather too extensive for such a handful of men. The ground was commanding, and, in front, clear as I could wish it. On both our flanks and rear, a thick wood. My utmost wish was, that the Indians would only prevent the enemy from gaining the woods upon our flanks, which would have forced them upon the open ground in our front. A natural breastwork protected my men from every shot; and I had told them that, on a close approach of the enemy, they were to pour in a volley, and immediately charge; numerous as the enemy were, all were fully confident of the result.

On the advance of the enemy, my 6-pounder and 3-pounder opened a heavy fire upon them, but not with the effect they should have had: being not well manned, and for want of an artillery-officer, who would have been invaluable to us. They moved slowly

and cautiously, declining to meet me in the open ground, but gradually gaining my left flank, which the Indians permitted, without firing a shot. I was even obliged to weaken my small front, by detaching the Michigan fencibles to oppose a party of the enemy, which were advancing to the woods on my right. I now received accounts from Major Crawford, of the militia, that the enemy's two large ships had anchored in the rear of my left, and that troops were moving by a road in that direction towards the forts. I, therefore, immediately moved, to place myself between them and the enemy, and took up a position effectually covering them; from whence, collecting the greater part of the Indians who had retired, and taking with me Major Crawford and about 50 militia, I again advanced to support a party of the Fallsvine Indians; who, with their gallant chief, Thomas, had commenced a spirited attack upon the enemy; who, in a short time, lost their second in command and several other officers; seventeen of whom we counted dead upon the field, besides what they carried off, and a considerable number wounded. The enemy retired in the utmost haste and confusion, followed by the troops, till they found shelter under the very powerful broadside of their ships, anchored within a few yards of the shore. They re-embarked that evening, and the vessels immediately hauled off.

I have the honor, &c.

R. M'DOUALL, lieutenant-colonel.  
His Excellency Sir George Prevost, &c.

Mr. Thomson, in Sketches of the War, does not use his own language, but quotes from Captain Sinclair's letters the following passage—"Michilimacinec is, by nature, a perfect Gibraltar, being a high inaccessible rock on every side, except the west; from which, to the heights, you have nearly two miles to pass through a wood, so thick, that our men were shot down in every direction, and within a few yards of them, *without being able to see the Indians*, who did it. \* \* \*

Several of the commanding officers were picked out, and killed or wounded by the savages, without seeing any of them. The men were getting lost and falling into confusion, natural under such circumstances; which demanded an immediate retreat, or a



total defeat, and a general massacre must have ensued." This was conducted in a masterly manner by Col. Croghan, who had lost that *valuable and ever to be lamented officer*, Major Holmes, who, with Capt. Van Horn, was killed by the Indians."

It is worthy of remark that to the Indians is here given the credit of this repulse, and had this really not been the case, there is no doubt but that Mr. Thomson would gladly have swelled the roll of difficulties which the Americans had to contend against. As it is, Mr. Thomson declares "that the Indians alone exceeded the strength of Col. Croghan's detachment, and that this intrepid young officer was compelled to withdraw his forces after having sustained a loss of sixty-six killed and wounded."

There were but fifty Indians on the island at the time of the attack, so that Mr. Thomson's "*intrepid young officer*," the hero of Sandusky, did not cover himself with laurels on the occasion.

Shortly after the arrival of Col. McDouall at Michilimacinae, he

Attack on the post of  
Prairie du Chien.

was joined by so many of the Western Indians, that he felt warranted in despatching a party to attack the late Indian post of Prairie du Chien, some four hundred and fifty miles from Michilimacinae, on the Mississippi, which had been lately taken possession of by Gen. Clark. A St. Louis paper states that "every attention was directed to the erection of a temporary place calculated for defence, that a new fort was progressing, and that the defence was entrusted to one hundred and thirty-four dauntless young fellows from the country." Besides these dauntless young fellows, we know that sixty rank and file of the 7th regiment were present. All this preparation shows the importance attached to the post, and makes it the more strange that no American author should have alluded to the expedition despatched against it.

The object in making this attack was to remove the possibility of an unexpected attack on Michilimacinae from the rear. Col. McKay's dispatch to Col. McDouall will be found sufficiently explanatory without further comment from us.

*From Lieutenant-Colonel McKay to Lieutenant-Colonel M. Douall*

*Prairie du Chien, Fort McKay.*

July 27, 1814.

SIR,

I have the honour to communicate to you, that I arrived here on the 17th instant at 12 o'clock; my force amounting to 650 men: of which, 150 were Michigan fencibles, Canadian volunteers, and officers of the Indian department, the remainder Indians.

I found that the enemy had a small fort, situated on a height, immediately behind the village, with two blockhouses, perfectly safe from Indians, and that they had 6 pieces of cannon, and 60 or 70 effective men, officers included. That, lying at anchor in the middle of the Mississippi, directly in front of the fort, there was a very large gun-boat, called Governor Clark, gun-boat No. 1, mounting 14 pieces of cannon, some 6 and 3 pounders, and a number of cohorns, manned with 70 or 80 men with muskets, and measuring 70 feet keel. This floating blockhouse is so constructed, that she can be rowed in any direction, the men on board being perfectly safe from small arms, while they can use their own to the greatest advantage.

At half-past 12 o'clock, I sent captain Anderson with a flag of truce, to invite them to surrender, which they refused. My intention was not to have made an attack till next morning at day-light; but, it being impossible to control the Indians, I ordered our gun to play upon the gun-boat, which she did with a surprizing good effect; for, in course of three hours, the time the action lasted, she fired 86 rounds, two-thirds of which went into the Governor Clark. They kept up a constant fire upon us, both from the boat and fort. We were an hour between two fires, having run our gun up within musket-shot of the fort, from whence we beat the boat out of her station. She cut her cable and ran down the current, and was sheltered under the island. We were obliged to desist, it being impossible, with our little barges, to attempt to board her, and our only gun in pursuit of her would have exposed our whole camp to the enemy; she therefore made her escape.

On the 19th, finding there were only six rounds of round shot remaining, including three of the enemy's we had picked up, the day was employed in making lead bullets for the gun, and throwing up two breast-works: one within 700 yards, and the other within 450 yards of the fort. At six in the evening, every thing being prepared, I marched to the first breast-work, from whence I intended throwing in the remaining six rounds. At the moment, the first ball was about being put into the cannon, a white flag was put out at the fort, and immediately an officer came down with a note and surrendered. It being too late I deferred making them deliver up their arms in form till morning, but immediately placed a strong guard in the fort, and took possession of the artillery; From the time of our landing till they surrendered, the Indians kept up a constant but perfectly useless fire, upon the fort: the distance from whence they fired was too great to do execution, even had the enemy been exposed to view.

I am happy to inform you, that every man in the Michigan fencibles, Canadian volunteers, and officers in the Indian department, behaved as well as I could possibly wish; and, though in the midst of a hot fire, not a man was even wounded except three Indians; that is, one Puant, one Fallsvine, and one Sioux, all severely, but not dangerously.

One lieutenant, 24th U. S. regiment; one militia captain, one militia lieutenant, three serjeants, three corporals, two musicians, 53 privates, one commissary, and one interpreter, have been made prisoners, One iron 6-pounder, mounted on a garrison carriage; one iron 3-pounder, on a field carriage; three swivels, 61 stand of arms, four swords, one field-carriage for 6-pounder, and a good deal of ammunition; 28 barrels of pork, and 46 barrels of flour: these are the principal articles found in the fort when surrendered.

I will now take the liberty to request your particular attention to captains Rollette and Anderson; the former for his activity in many instances, but particularly during the action. The action having commenced unexpectedly, he ran down from the upper

end of the village, with his company, through the heat of the fire to receive orders; and before and since, in being instrumental in preserving the citizens from being quite ruined by pillaging Indians; and the latter, for his unwearied attention in keeping everything in order during the route, and his activity in following up the cannon during the action, and assisting in transporting the ammunition. Lieutenant Portier, of captain Anderson's company; lieutenants Graham and Brisbois, of the Indian department; captain Dean of the Prairie du Chien militia; and lieutenant Powell, of the Green Bay, all acted with courage and activity, so becoming Canadian militia or volunteers. The interpreters also behaved well, but particularly M. St. Germain, from the Sault St. Marie, and M. Rouville, Sioux interpreter: they absolutely prevented their Indians committing any outrage in the plundering way. Commissary Honoré, who acted as lieutenant in captain Rollette's company whose singular activity in saving and keeping an exact account of provisions surprised me, and without which we must unavoidably have lost much of that essential article. The Michigan fencibles, who manned the gun, behaved with great courage, coolness, and regularity. As to the serjeant of artillery, too much cannot be said of him; for the fate of the day, and our success are to be attributed, in a great measure, to his courage, and well-managed firing.

Since writing the foregoing, a few Sanks have arrived at the rapids, at the Rock river, with two Canadians, and bring the following information: On the 21st instant, six American barges, three of which were armed, were coming up and encamped in the rapids; that, in the course of the night, the party of Indians having the four bags of gunpowder I sent from this on the 17th, reached, them. The barges being encamped at short distances from each other, they, on the 22d, early in the morning, attacked the lowest, and killed, about 100 persons, took five pieces of cannon, and burnt the barge: the other barges seeing this disaster, and knowing there were British troops here, ran off. This is, perhaps, one of the most

brilliant actions, fought by Indians only, since the commencement of the war.

I have, &c.

W. M'KAY, Lieutenant-colonel.  
Lieutenant-colonel M'Douall,  
commanding at Michilimacinae.

This notice of the Indians would have come with a better grace from Col. McKay, had he not previously stated that the fire incessantly kept up by them was perfectly useless, from their being *so far off*, while, in the very next paragraph, he admits that not a man, except *three Indians*, was wounded. How is this reconcilable with the respectful distance which they observed? and did it not occur to Col. McKay, when stating that his red allies got wounded, that he was thereby admitting the fact of their being under fire?

Attack on and destruction of the Nancy at Nottawasaga.

Captain Sinclair after the repulse at Michilimacinae, thinking, we presume, that it would not answer to return empty-handed, and having missed the furs at St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, determined to make a third attempt to acquire laurels and booty by a descent on a block house, two miles up the Nottawasaga, situate on the south-east side of the river, which here runs parallel to, and forms a narrow peninsula with, the shore of Gloucester Bay. The success of the expedition was complete, so far as the destruction of the block house, but neither the Nancy, her men, nor the furs rewarded the prowess of captain Sinclair and his party, as lieutenant Worsley, who commanded, burned the Nancy, a small trading schooner belonging to the North West Company, to prevent the enemy taking possession of her, and, as the block house had been set fire to by a shell, he himself retired with his party up the river. The whole of the North West Company's valuable furs had been previously despatched up the French river, so that the sole reward reaped on the occasion was the destruction of a log block house, and the destruction of a schooner some eighty or a hundred tons burthen. Although no benefit was reaped by the Americans in this affair, it was productive of ultimate good to the British, as,

when captain Sinclair departed for Lake Erie, he left the two American Schooners, Tigress and Scorpion, to blockade the Nottawasaga, hoping thereby, as it was the only route by which provisions or supplies of any description could be forwarded to Michilimacinae, that he should be thus enabled to starve out a place which had successfully resisted an attack by arms. In obedience, probably, to orders, the schooners took a trip to the neighbourhood of St. Joseph's, and were discovered by some Indians, who disclosed the fact of their presence to lieutenant Worsley, with the additional information that they were fifteen miles apart. Acting on this information, lieutenant Worsley proceeded to take the measures which will be found detailed in the following despatch:—

*From Lieutenant Bulger to Lieutenant-Colonel M'Douall.*

*Michilimacinae, September 7, 1814.*

SIR,

I have the honor to report to you the particulars of the capture of the United States' schooners, Scorpion and Tigress, by a detachment from this garrison, under the command of Lieutenant Worsley, of the royal navy, and myself.

In obedience to your orders, we left Michilimacinae on the evening of the 1st instant, in four boats, one of which was manned by seamen under Lieutenant Worsley, the others by a detachment of the royal Newfoundland regiment, under myself, Lieutenants Armstrong, and Radenhurst. We arrived near the Détour about sun-set on the following day; but nothing was attempted that night, as the enemy's position had not been correctly ascertained. The troops remained the whole of the 3rd instant concealed amongst the woods, and, about 6 o'clock that evening, began to move towards the enemy. We had to row about six miles, during which the most perfect order and silence reigned. The Indians who accompanied us from Macinae, were left about three miles in the rear. About 9 o'clock at night we discovered the enemy, and had approached to within 100 yards before they hailed us. On receiving no answer, they opened a smart fire upon us, both of musketry and of the

24-pounder. All opposition, however, was in vain; and in the course of five minutes, the enemy's vessel was boarded and carried, by Lieutenant Worsley and lieutenant Armstrong on the starboard-side, and my boat and Lieutenant Radenhurst's on the larboard. She proved to be the *Tigress*, commanded by sailing-master Champlin, mounting one long 24-pounder, and with a complement of 30 men. The defence of this vessel did credit to her officers, who were all severely wounded. She had three men wounded and three missing, supposed to have been killed and thrown immediately overboard. Our loss is two seamen killed, and several soldiers and seamen slightly wounded.

On the morning of the 4th instant the prisoners were sent in a boat to *Macinac*, under a guard, and we prepared to attack the other schooner, which we understood was anchored 15 miles further down. The position of the *Tigress* was not altered; and the better to carry on the deception, the American pendant was kept flying. On the 5th instant, we discerned the enemy's schooner beating up to us; the soldiers I directed to keep below, or to lie down on the deck, to avoid being seen. Every thing succeeded to our wish; the enemy came to anchor about two miles from us in the night; and, as day dawned on the 6th instant, we slipped our cable, and ran down under our jib and foresail. Every thing was so well managed by Lieutenant Worsley, that we were within ten yards of the enemy before they discovered us. It was then too late; for, in the course of five minutes, her deck was covered with our men, and the British flag hoisted over the American. She proved to be the *Scorpion*, commanded by Lieutenant Turner, of the United States' navy; carrying one long 24-pounder in her hold, with a complement of 32 men. She had two men killed, and two wounded. I enclose a return of our killed and wounded, and am happy to say that the latter are but slight.

To the admirable good conduct and management of Lieutenant Worsley, of the royal navy, the success is to be in a great measure

attributed; but I must assure you, that every officer and man did his duty.

I have the honor to be, &c.

A. H. BULGER,

Lieutenant Royal Newfoundland Regiment.  
To Lieutenant-Colonel Mc'Douall, &c. &c.

Return of killed and wounded of the troops, employed in the capture of the United States' schooners, *Scorpion* and *Tigress*, on the 3rd and 6th of September, 1814.

*Royal Artillery*;—1 rank and file, wounded.

*Royal Newfoundland Regiment*;—1 Lieutenant, 6 rank and file, wounded.

Officer wounded.

Lieutenant Bulger, slightly,

N.B. Three seamen killed.

Lieutenant Bulger does not mention in his despatch anything relative to the value of these schooners, which were appraised shortly after, by the proper officers, and valued at sixteen thousand pounds sterling. As all mention of force is also omitted, it will be as well to state that the party consisted of lieutenant Worsley, one midshipman, one mate, and seventeen seamen, with lieutenant Bulger and fifty rank and file. Besides this number, there were forty-one others taken from the Indian department, the commissariat, &c., besides three Indian chiefs. The American versions of this affair, which was made the subject of a court of investigation by their government, fully sustain their character for fertility of invention. Before the court, the British force was made to consist of three hundred soldiers, sailors and Indians. Mr. Thomson supplies lieutenant Worsley with two hundred and fifty Indians, a hundred and fifty sailors, and a detachment of the Newfoundland regiment. Mr. O'Connor mentions no numbers, but introduces instead the following statement.

“ Captain Arthur Sinclair, commanding the United States' naval force on the upper lakes, states in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, on the authority of sailing master Champlin, that ‘ the conduct of the enemy to their prisoners (the crew of the *Tigress*), and the inhuman butchery of those who fell into their hands, at the attack on *Michilimacinae*, has been barbarous beyond

a parallel. The former have been plundered of almost every article of clothing they possessed; the latter had their hearts and livers taken out, which were *actually cooked and feasted on* by the savages; and *that too in the quarters of the British officers, sanctioned by Col. McDouall.*”

It is only necessary to remark on this extraordinary fabrication of Mr. O'Connor's, that there were no prisoners taken at Michillimacinae, and that in the proceedings, as reported by American journals, of the court of enquiry that tried the officers and crew of the *Tigress*, no such proceedings were even hinted at. Is it probable that such conduct, had it occurred, would have been passed over in silence, affording, as it would have done, such an opportunity of stigmatizing the British? The answer is obvious, yet we find that Mr. O'Connor's book, with the atrocious statement uncontradicted, has passed through many editions, and is even now a class book of history in the United States.

In regard to the numbers, the statements furnished by authorities who wrote on the subject at the time, have enabled us to disprove the American exaggerations, by giving the correct numbers.

Naval proceedings. We must now pass, for the present, from the operations by land, and take a glance at the occurrences that had taken place during the last few months. We must not omit, however, to notice one statement of Ingersol's relative to the capture of the *Argus* by H. M. Brig the *Pelican*, which we have already touched upon.

In extenuation of the loss of the *Argus*, Ingersol states “that on the 13th August, the *Argus* captured a vessel loaded with wine, of which too free use was made by the American crew, soon after which her flag was, not ingloriously, struck, after an engagement with the English brig of war *Pelican*, Capt. Maples.”

Now what inference is to be drawn from this passage? Is it to be construed into a confession that the American captain resorted to an attempt to give his crew what is commonly styled Dutch courage, or should it be taken as a very severe reproof upon the

discipline of the crew of the *Argus*? Ingersol knew full well, when he attempted this ridiculous excuse, that when a merchant vessel is taken by a man of war, that, should she not be destroyed, a prize crew is put on board of her, and she is despatched to the nearest port; had he, therefore mentioned as a reason why the prize was recaptured, that the prize crew got drunk, it would have been of no unusual occurrence. Again, how were the crew of the *Argus* to have got at the wine; the prize was not taken by boarding, but by a gun fired across her bows, and so soon as a boat's crew was put on board of her, the *Pelican* being discovered, the boat's crew were recalled, and the brig set on fire. Is it probable that the captain and officers of the *Argus* would be so remiss in their duties as not to notice the boat's crew bringing back from the prize so much wine as to intoxicate a whole crew, and keep them in that state for twenty-four hours, the time that elapsed between the capture of the brig and the going into action. The whole idea is absurd, and only furnishes another instance of what American writers will resort to in order to bolster up any national dishonour or defeat.

On the 24th of May Commodore Decatur, commanding the United States forty-four-gun frigate, with the *Macedonian*, thirty-eight, and the *Hornet*, eighteen gun sloop, started for the East Indies from New York. By the 1st June, the American squadron had got through the intricacies of Long Island sound, by which passage they were forced to endeavour to get out, Sandy Hook being blockaded, and they stood out to sea. At nine a. m., however, they were discovered by H. M. ship *Valiant*, seventy-four guns, in company with the eighteen-pounder, forty-gun frigate *Acasta*, and immediately chased. Here was a glorious opportunity for Commodore Decatur; he had been thirsting for an opportunity to tackle single-handed to a British seventy-four; and as according to American accounts the *Macedonian* was as fine a frigate as the British had ever built, the *Acasta* was just her match, and if any slight make-weight might have been required, it was amply

supplied by the Hornet. What then did Commodore Decatur do? He ran back to New London, being compelled to start a great part of his water, and throw his provisions overboard, to escape capture. The Commodore did not attempt to increase the force in pursuit, but the American papers did; and it was, accordingly, circulated through the Union, that three vessels had chased, a razee being added to the real number.

An attempt was made a short time after the chase of Decatur and the Ramilies, at Fisher's Island, to blow up the squadron, to blow up the Ramilies, seventy-four, then at Anchor at Fisher's Island. James gives the following account of this occurrence.

Two merchants of New York, encouraged by a promise of reward from the American Government, formed a plan for destroying the Ramilies, Captain Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy. A schooner named the Eagle was laden with several casks of gunpowder, having trains leading from a species of gun lock, which, upon the principle of clock-work, went off at a given period after it had been set. Above the casks of powder, and in full view at the hatchway, were some casks of flour, it being known at New York that the Ramilies was short of provisions, and naturally supposed that Captain Hardy would immediately order the vessel alongside, in order to get the ship's wants supplied."

"Thus murderously laden, the schooner sailed from New York and stood up the sound. On the 25th, in the morning, the Eagle approached New London, as if intending to enter that river. The Ramilies dispatched a boat, with thirteen men, under lieutenant John Geddes, to cut her off. At eleven, a. m., lieutenant Geddes boarded the schooner, and found that the crew, after having let go her only anchor, had abandoned their vessel and fled to the shore.

The lieutenant brought the fatal prize near the Ramilies, and Sir Thomas ordered him to place the vessel alongside of a trading

sloop, which had been recently captured, and lay a short distance off.

The lieutenant did as he was ordered, and at 2 h. 30 m., p. m., while he and his men were in the act of securing her, the schooner blew up with a tremendous explosion. The poor lieutenant and ten of the fine fellows, who were with him, perished; and the remaining three men escaped only with being shockingly scorched.

Both James and Brenton are very severe in their animadversions on this head, and James declares that he fully concurs with Brenton in the following remark:—

"A quantity of arsenic placed amongst the food, would have been so perfectly compatible with the rest of the contrivance, that we wonder it was not resorted to. Should actions like these receive the sanction of Government, the science of war, and the law of nations, will degenerate into the barbarity of the Algerines; and murder and pillage will take the place of kindness and humanity to our enemies."

We confess we are not of this opinion. We see in this transaction nothing more than the modified use of fire ships, and cannot see the difference between this scheme and the Emperor of Russia sinking submarine charges to blow up vessels attempting the passage to Cronstadt. Some eminent writers on the subject, such as Wolf, &c., have asserted that war legalizes any violence, and that fraud and poison may be employed against enemies; Grotius, Vattel, and other authorities have defined the legitimate mode of war to be the employment only of such force as is necessary to accomplish the end of war—rather an ambiguous definition. Leaving, however, this nice point to be settled by the peace congress, we would direct attention to Ingersoll's inconsistency on this subject. He is very eloquent on the employment of the Indians by the British, and declares that "God and nature put no such means in men's hands; shocking to every lover of honorable war. In vain has religion been established if these acts of cruelty are permitted."

Now surely the employment of Indians was no more shocking to every lover of honorable war, than the attempt to blow up the Ramilies. Yet we find Ingersol repro- bating the one and passing over the other.

We are more honest than Ingersol, and can find no difference between a shell thrown into Odessa, and a fire-ship sent into Cron- stadt or Sebastopol. Every Christian must deplore war as a calamity, but so long as the necessity of a thing, so opposed to every Divine law as a state of warfare, is recog- nized by nations, we cannot see how it is to be regulated by Christian rules.

Perhaps one of the most signal instances of unblushing effrontery occurred in the case of the President, Commo- dore Rodgers. The President was on her return from her third cruise, and having passed the Delaware was standing for New York, "when," says the Commodore, "I saw nothing until I made Sandy Hook, when I again fell in with another of the enemy's squadrons; and by some unaccount- able cause, was permitted to enter the bay, although in the presence of a decidedly superior force, after having been obliged to remain outside, seven hours and a half, wait- ing for the tide."

This assertion of the Commodore's was not sufficient for the officers of the Pre- sident, who improved on the story, and asserted that seeing a large ship to wind- ward they "backed the maintopsail and cleared for action. The strange sail came down within gun-shot, and hauled her wind on the starboard tack. We continued, with our maintopsail to the mast, three hours, and, seeing no probability of the seventy- four gun ship's bearing down to engage, the President gave her a shot to windward, and hoisted our colours; when she bore up for us reluctantly. When within half gun-shot, backed her maintopsail. At this moment, all hands were called to muster aft, and the Commodore said a few but expressive words, though it was unnecessary; for what other stimulant could true Americans want, than fighting gloriously in the sight of their na-

tive shore, where hundreds were assembled to witness the engagement."

"The commander of the seventy-four," adds the writer of this veracious document, "had it in his power, for five hours, to bring us at any time to an engagement, our maintopsail to the mast during that time. It was afterwards ascertained that the ship which declined the battle with the President, was the Plantagenet, seventy-four, Captain Lloyd. The reason given by Captain Lloyd for avoiding an engagement was that his crew were in a state of mutiny."

One would almost think that this was inven- tion enough to put forth on an imaginary sub- ject; not so, however, as another American writer declares that "Captain Lloyd after returning to England had several of his sailors tried and executed on this charge."

Unfortunately for the truth of these state- ments, the Plantagenet, on the day that Commodore Rodgers was off the Hook, was off Barbadoes, at least sixteen hundred miles distant. Again, the crew of the Plantagenet was one of the finest in the service, and no such trials took place on her return home. The vessel that was magni- fied into a seventy-four by the diseased imag- ination of Rodgers and his officers, was the thirty-eight gun frigate Loire, Captain Tho- mas Brown, and his reasons for not bring- ing the President to action were, that he had seventy-four men away in prizes, and forty in sick bay, thus leaving out of three hundred and thirty two men, only two hun- dred and seventeen to go into action with a vessel carrying four hundred and seventy.

We have lost sight of the Essex, thirty-two gun frigate, Capt. Por- ter, who sailed towards the end of 1812, on a cruise to the Pacific. The Essex was to have made this cruise in company with the Constitution and Hor- net, but not meeting with these vessels at the rendezvous, Captain Porter proceeded alone, and on the 14th of March, having captured the British packet Norton, with eleven thousand pounds sterling on board, arrived at Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili.

American boastings in reference to the course of the President.

Having victualled his ship, Capt. Porter stood over to the Gallipagos, where he captured twelve whalers. Two of these the American commander arrived and manned as cruisers, the manning part of the operation being completed by inducing several of the crews of the whale ships to desert, and by taking several Americans out of a Peruvian vessel. The larger of these vessels, newly christened the *Essex Junior*, was armed with twenty guns (ten long sixes, and ten eighteen pound carronades) and a complement of ninety-five men.

It does not appear that Capt. Porter was very successful between this time and the beginning of 1814, when we find him still in company with the *Essex Junior* in Valparaiso.

On the 8th of February the British thirty-six gun frigate *Phoebe*, Captain Hillyar, and the eighteen gun sloop, *Cherub*, Captain Tucker, long in pursuit of Captain Porter, discovered his vessels at anchor with two of the prizes, stood into and anchored in the port. With the usual policy of his country, Captain Porter began to tamper with the British seamen, by hoisting at his fore-top-gallant mast head a white flag, with the motto, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." This was answered by Captain Hillyar, who ran up a St. George's ensign, with the motto "God and Country; British Sailors' Best Rights; Traitors offend both." Three or four days after, Captain Porter returned to the attack by hoisting a flag, on which was inscribed "God, our Country, and Liberty; Tyrants offend both."

After remaining sometime in harbour, and making several ineffectual attempts to escape from his watchful antagonist, Capt. Porter, on the 27th of March, was blown out of the Harbour, followed immediately by both British vessels, and, after an attempt to run his vessel on shore, easily captured; the *Essex junior* having been secured also. Captain Porter and part of his crew succeeded in escaping to shore, taking with them part of the specie. This, however, was only partially effected, from their boats having been much cut up by the fire of the *Phoebe*. The loss of the two British vessels was five killed and

ten wounded. Captain Porter asserted that he had fifty-eight killed and sixty-six wounded, and there is no means of disproving the assertion. "The battered state of the *Essex*," declared Captain Porter, "must prevent her ever reaching England." In spite, however, of the assertion, she was safely anchored in Plymouth Sound. The superiority was decidedly in favour of the British (not more so, however, than in the three first actions of the war, the advantage was the other way), so there is no room for further observation on the matter, than to examine what became of the prizes taken by the *Essex*. The *Essex junior*, we have just seen recaptured; another, the *Georgiana*, armed with sixteen guns, and a prize crew of over forty men, was fitted up with spermacetti oil taken from the others, and despatched to the United States; her passage was cut short in the West Indies by the *Barossa* frigate. The cargo was valued at one hundred thousand dollars. The *Policy* and *New Zealander* were filled with all the oil from the other ships, and sent home. They were, however, both recaptured, with their prize crews—the first by the *Loire*, the second by the *Belvidera*. The *Rose* and *Charlton* were given up to the prisoners; the *Sir Andrew Hammond* was taken by the *Cherub*; the *Hector*, *Greenwich*, and *Catherine* got burned, and the *Seringapatam* was run away with by her crew, who delivered her to her owners in payment of salvage. It will thus be seen that, a balance being struck, the result would not be very favourable to the American Government, the loss of the *Essex* being taken into consideration; not to speak of the valuable services of Captain David Porter, of whose talents as a despatch-writer we will furnish the reader with an example in our next chapter.

—  
 ASCENSION DAY, HOLY THURSDAY.—A commemoration of the Ascension of our Lord. The day before on which the Doge of Venice solemnly embarked in the *Bucentaur* to wed the Adriatic. This pompous ceremony took its rise in 1173. Pope Alexander having been rescued from the fury of the *Barbarossa* by Ziani, the doge, he presented the latter with a ring, in token of the subjection of the sea to the Venetian republic.



## THOUGHTS FOR JULY.

"The voice of thy thunder was in the Heaven; the lightning lightened the world." PSALM LXXVII. 18.

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof."

ECCLESIASTICUS XLIII. 11.

The summer sun has at last asserted its full power, and under its influence the plants, whose growth a wise provision had hitherto partially checked, have now attained their full size. Meadows and gardens are, on every side, in luxuriant blossom, and already the early curiant and gooseberry peep invitingly from amid the thick clusters of leaves which surround them.

Before the intense heats of the latter part of the month set in, nothing can be more delicious than an early ramble. The eye literally feasts on the varied hues and forms of the flowers and shrubs, and, when overpowered by the heat, a refuge is sought in the woods, there, in happy contrast, do we find strength and vigorous life manifested, and, screened from the fierce beams of the sun, we are content to loiter till

"The bright planet of the night  
Wanders o'er the blue sky free."

Pleasant, however, as these rambles are, they are not unattended with "chances of change," as in this and the following month it is almost impossible to reckon with confidence on the most beautiful morning not ending either in rain or a thunder-shower. It is not, however, to the ramble that the uncertainty of the weather brings the greatest inconvenience, as the season of hay-making generally commences towards the end of the month, and many a sweet-smelling swathe, or haycock, has, again and again, to be turned or spread ere the labours which, "with regular strokes and a sweeping sound," lay low the sweet and flowery grass, are crowned with success. Sorely indeed is the patience of the mower too often tested, and with us, even as in our dear fatherland, it is often midnight "ere," as Howitt writes, "the fragrant ricks rise in the farm-yard, and the pale, smooth-shorn fields are left in solitary beauty."

A marked difference, too, will be noted by

"Him who seeks the dawn,"

as with us it is not as in merrie England, when the mowers are afield long ere the sun glances above the horizon.

This early work is quite impossible in our climate, where the dew loves to linger long after the sun has shown himself above the horizon, and from dawn till an hour after sunrise, our fields remain unenlivened by "hay-makers tossing the green swathes to the sun."

VOL. V.—B.

It is during this month, too, that the farmer most anxiously watches his wheat-fields. The filling of the ears—violent storms, which break or lay flat the stalks—the rust, that mysterious disease so fatal to the hopes of the husbandman, are all sources of anxiety to him. With all these causes of anxiety, however, he whose lot is cast in cities, far from the genial aspects of Nature, is sincerely to be pitied during this period of the year. After the early summer rains, all Nature seems revived, and the sun appears to shine with additional brilliancy. In a little work entitled, "*The Hand of God manifested in his Works*," the author, when describing the emotions of David, "the anointed of the Lord, and the sweet psalmist of Israel," represents him as "singing with prophetic inspiration the praises of the Rock of Israel, influenced by the beauty of Nature under such sweet summer aspects. The same author also quotes the well known lines:—

"The softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense and every heart is joy.  
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;  
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
And oft at dawn, deep morn, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales."

We have already pointed out how wonderfully during the early months of the year the evidences of Divine benevolence were manifested, and now that the fruition of all the intentions of Providence draws nigh, we daily find some new proof of his goodness. "The provision of food, the maturing of plants and animals, the development of seed for the reproduction of vegetable life in the following spring," have all in turn been unrolled from Nature's page for the benefit of the poet, the naturalist, or the Christian. It will be well, however, to remember "that the lessons of summer will, no more than those of spring, reconcile all difficulties, or illuminate to us what is mysterious, obscure, or incomprehensible in the ordering of Nature, and the dealings of God with man; but in so far as these lessons are clearly expressed, they point with no less distinctness to the same conclusions, and show us that the God of Nature is a God of love."

William Howitt's lines on "Summer and the Poet" will be found very appropriate, as showing what ought to be the spirit in which we should regard all the manifestations of Providence through the great book of Nature, and how prone is humanity to murmur, even while the choicest blessings are being showered on him. Howitt thus sings:—

## POET.

Oh! golden, golden summer,  
 What is it thou hast done?  
 Thou hast chased each vernal roamer  
 With thy fiercely burning sun.

Glad was the cuckoo's hail,—  
 Where may we hear it now?  
 Thou hast driven the nightingale  
 From the waving hawthorn bough.

Thou hast shrunk the mighty river;  
 Thou hast made the small brook flee;  
 And the light gales faintly quiver  
 Through the dark and shadowy tree.

Spring woke her tribes to bloom,  
 And on the green sward dance;  
 Thou hast smitten them to the tomb  
 With thy consuming glance.

And now Autumn cometh on,  
 Singing 'mid shocks of corn,  
 Thou hastenest to be gone,  
 As if joy might not be borne.

## SUMMER.

And dost *thou* of me complain?  
 Thou, who with dreainy eyes,  
 In the forest moss hast lain,  
 Praising my silvery skies?

Thou, who didst deem divine,  
 The shrill cicada's tune,  
 When the odours of the pine  
 Gushed through the woods at noon?

I have run my fervid race,  
 I have wrought my task once more;  
 I have filled each fruitful place  
 With a plenty that runs o'er.

There is treasure in the garner,  
 There is honey with the bee;  
 And oh! thou thankless scomer,  
 There's a parting boon for thee!

Soon as in misty sadness,  
 Sere Autumn yields her reign,  
 Winter with stormy madness  
 Shall chase thee from the plain.

Then shall these scenes elysian  
 Bright in thy spirit burn,  
 And each summer thought and vision  
 Be thine till I return.

THE BIBLE.—In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible, neatly written, was about £30, equal to about £200 of our money.

## ON RUSSIA.

## No. II.

BY REV. R. F. BURNS, KINGSTON.

To render more complete the view presented, in last article, of the military resources of Russia, it will be necessary to say something regarding the Cossacks, of whose valour she boasts, and on whose assistance in times of need she specially depends. Their origin dates from the period of the Tartar invasion, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The barbarous retainers of Genghis Khan rushed down, like an avalanche, from the cold regions of the North, on the plains which Ruric had conquered and colonized. Though their rule ultimately did not prove as oppressive as was feared, for a considerable time devastation and death tracked their footsteps. The sky was reddened with the glare of blazing villages. The soil was saturated with the blood, and whitened with the bones, of countless victims. They resembled an army of locusts, with a garden in front and a desert behind them. Many of the settlers in the vicinity of Kiow and part of the extensive region known as Little, or Southern Russia, fled from their homes, and found shelter in an unfrequented strip of country bordering on the Don and stretching towards the banks of the Dneiper and the shores of the Black Sea. At intervals they were joined by malcontents from different tribes. Together they formed a motley mass, united in the love of that liberty they claimed for themselves, and in the lawless incursions they made on others. They partook of the character of the brigand or freebooter, rather than of the soldier or civilian. In boats, little better than our Indian canoes, they pursued on the Black Sea a course similar to that which their Varangian ancestors had done upon the Baltic, and performed deeds worthy the palmy days of Rob Roy or Robin Hood. The modern Cossacks possess the general features which marked their predatory sires. War is their native element. They leave to women and serfs the culture of the land and the practice of the industrial arts. In periods of peace they may fish or hunt, look after their horses, or loiter about, decked out in a blue jacket, lined with silk and edged with gold lace, silk vest and girdle, ample white trousers and a large cap of black wool with a red bag floating behind. But they are never truly contented, save when brandishing their ponderous spear, or coursing with lightning rapidity on their faithful steeds over

the fertile steppes of the Ukraine, or beneath the frowning shadow of the Caucasus.

There are two leading classes—those of the Ukraine; and those of the Don. The Ukraine is a district where the soil is rich and loamy and the sky is bright and clear. The Cossacks here have a government of their own, thoroughly independent; military law prevails and is administered with great strictness. In cases of murder for example—the murderer is buried alive with his victim. In the matter of love they reverse the customary order, establishing a perpetual leap year, by leaving it to the female to undertake the delicate task of popping the question, a privilege which some modest swains would willingly concede to her. Whenever a young woman falls in love with a young man, she undertakes a pilgrimage to the house of his parents, and sitting down on the ground makes this pathetic and irresistible appeal: "Ivan, the goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of ruling and loving a wife, and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good gospodar (husband or master). It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come and beg you, with all due humility, to accept me for your spouse." A similar appeal is then addressed to the parents. Should a refusal be given, she is nothing daunted, but simply states that she will not leave the house till she have secured the object of her attachment. In the generality of cases, these strong-minded women carry their point. While *they* are thus assiduous at the shrine of Venus, the men are equally devoted to the interests of Mars. Their delight is in the din of battle and the shock of arms. This holds especially true with regard to the Cossacks of the Don, who, for a lengthened succession of years have been constantly on duty. In consequence of their proximity to the great Caucasian range they have been the principal actors in that protracted contest with the brave Circassians, which has done not a little to wound the pride of Russia and take from the prestige of her power

A glance at this contest may not be uninteresting, while it will serve to exhibit the character of the Cossacks, and to establish our former position that the military strength of Russia is by no means so formidable as has been represented.

The Caucasian mountains separate Russia from Turkey on the one hand, and Persia on the other. Their length is six hundred and

forty-six miles; their height in some points is close on 18,000 feet, exceeding the loftiest of the Alpine peaks. "By this chain of heights the passage between the Euxine and the Caspian Seas is guarded as by a sleepless host of invincible sentries, and its verdant vales and rugged ridges form the natural fastnesses for a race of mountaineers, where they may maintain the character for indomitable endurance which has marked the highlander of every age and country." The territory scooped out between these two seas and fenced in on one side by this gigantic wall of nature's construction embraces an area of 100,000 square miles. In this "land of the mountain and the flood" the Circassians were cradled—a people who, for a quarter of a century, have held the Russians at bay, and who, in their bold strugglings for liberty, have proved themselves not unworthy of being placed near those who fought beneath the banner of the patriot Tell and the Bruce of Bannockburn.

To the influences that are associated with highland scenery the Circassian is peculiarly open. Reared in a region where the sublime and beautiful in nature are exquisitely blended, his choicest affections gather round it. Breathing the air of liberty as it sweeps fresh and keen from snowclad heights, accessible only to the eagle or the chamois, he spurns the chains of the oppressor; he dares to be free.

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms,  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast.  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more."

By the treaty of Adrianople in 1829, which terminated the last general war between Turkey and Russia, Circassia, which had a nominal connexion with the former, was ceded to the latter. The high spirited Circassians however regarded the treaty as a piece of waste paper, and therefore Russia directed her entire energies to the task of compelling their obedience. First an army of 100,000 was dispatched; then another of 150,000 in addition to the Cossack Cavalry; forts were built, roads constructed, every conceivable engine of destruction was put in requisition. The most able and accomplished Russian Generals were employed. Proclamations similar to those with which we are familiar, were issued. But all in vain. The Caucasus teems with Thermopylae and the invincible Schamyl has proved another Leonidas. The Cossack has been no match for the Circassian. The flower of the Russian army has fallen beneath the unerring rifles of these invisible marksmen. With 30 deter-

mined followers Schamyl cut his way through the serried ranks of the entire Russian host, and brandishing the blade that was bathed in the blood of multitudes, flew like a bird to his nest in the mountains. And now he has lent his sword to the Sultan, and on a wider field will face his former foe. If for twenty years he, single handed, faced him so successfully, what may we expect when Russia removed from all extraneous sympathy and support, and left alone in her shame, has to face an indignant universe.

This Circassian campaign strikingly reveals the inherent weakness of Russia; and when we consider that during its entire course the Cossacks have been Russia's most effective instruments, we need not fear the result in connection with the present struggle. But, in point of fact, even on them she cannot fully rely. So independent are they in spirit, and so jealous of their rights, that it would not take much to make them desert their colours. They have done so repeatedly already. We find them allied successively with Poles, Swedes, and Tartars. Peter the Great and Catharine II. felt that their fidelity could not be trusted, and had recourse to various expedients in order to overawe them. The terms and mode of their service were both wont to be peculiar. It was voluntary, not compulsory. Hence the very name *Cossack*, which is identical with freeman. When they made a charge, it was not like the regular army, in a united phalanx, but in a loose and separate form. They advanced not with the measured step and unbroken line of the ordinary troops, but like our own Highlanders, in the days of old, they bore down promiscuously on the foe with the impetuosity of the whirling tornado, or the sweeping blast. For several years their tactics have been completely changed. Nicholas has been doing all in his power to introduce among them his favourite idea of uniformity. They are now regularly distributed into upwards of 160 regiments, and differ little, if at all, from those which are enlisted by compulsion, and advance in concert. There is strong ground for suspecting that these changes have not been palatable to the Cossacks, who are jealous of innovations, and sensitive in regard to their ancient distinction. Who knows but that advantage may be taken of the present war for bursting the bonds wherewith they have been girt round, and that Russia may find them a source of weakness rather than of strength?

A word on the *naval* resources of Russia may be a fitting sequel to what has been advanced on the military. Here, however, we need not delay or enlarge, as even the warmest partizans of Russia have been constrained to confess her deficiency. 'Tis true that she has several large ships-of-the-line and powerful frigates, and that in the practice of gunnery some of her seamen are tolerably skilled. But to cope with the combined navies of the two greatest maritime powers in the world is beyond her ability, notwithstanding all the bustle in the dockyards of Cronstadt. The defeat at Sinope will be returned with interest at Sebastopol. Who can tell but that another Navarino?—with this difference, that whereas in 1827 England and France joined with Russia to destroy the Turkish navy, England and France now join with Turkey, to destroy the Russian.

"Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind,  
Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the wind,  
And the flower of her brave for the combat combi'd  
Their watchword, humanity's vow;  
Not a sea-boy that fights in this cause but mankind  
Owes a garland to honor his brow.

But we must hasten from the weapons of the warrior and the garments rolled in blood, to those peaceful fields where industry and intelligence win their bloodless trophies. Since the period of Peter, Russia has made no inconsiderable progress in those useful arts which lie at the foundation of a country's material prosperity. Catharine II., by inviting to her court men of literary distinction, and holding out premiums to superior merit in the different departments of the fine arts, did not a little to polish the rugged surface of her country, and to produce amongst her subjects a taste for elegant accomplishments. The settlement of foreign artisans and artists has been encouraged. To such the highest rate of wages is given. As generally the most enterprising are most ready to emigrate, captivated by such golden baits, it is not surprising to find articles manufactured in the industrial establishments of St. Petersburg not inferior to the best that Paris or London can supply. *Cabinet-work*, for example, has been carried to a high state of perfection. In the Academy of Science there is a writing-desk, which is a perfect gem of its kind. The carrying is the most exquisite that can be conceived. It is partitioned off into a variety of compartments, and can be applied to a variety of purposes. On opening it you are met by a beautiful group of figures in bronze, superbly gilt.

Gently pressing a secret spring they vanish in a moment, and the place for writing, with the receptacles for writing materials, appear. Immediately over this is a row of drawers for valuable papers, none of which can be opened without the flowing forth of a stream of melody from an invisible musical apparatus—melody so loud as would be sure to lay an arrest on any bold intruder. The ingenious mechanic received upwards of 20,000 dollars from his sovereign, and his elaborate piece of work was honoured with a place in the great National Museum.

The Russians possess amazing powers of imitation. Birmingham used to be famed for its imitations of jewellery and precious metals; but it must yield the palm to Moscow. Give the Russian only the copy, and it will be reproduced to the minutest particular. This faculty for imitating is shown in almost every department. There have proceeded from the hands of a single Russian workman copies, whose originals required the combined efforts of the most expert mechanics in the world. A Russian peasant produced a portrait of the Emperor worthy of a high place in any collection. In low cellars slaves have been detected painting in enamel, in a style that would do no disgrace to a Rubens or a Wilkie. In *manufactures* Russia is advancing. There are factories, governmental and private. The materials are such as cotton, silk, wool, leather, paper, glass, gold and silver, tobacco, clay, and wax. The tapestry, porcelain, wool, and leather establishments have a high reputation. The trading spirit is carried to a great extent. Even the serfs often obtain passports, or tickets of leave from their masters, and by a course of peddling amass a small fortune, on which a tax is levied. The common way for a man who aims at being a merchant is to begin as a *rasnoschik*, or street hawker. Then, when a little is collected a *lavka*, or small store, is taken. By dint of parsimony and perseverance he gets up the ladder step by step, till he becomes a man of considerable consequence, and dies, like Sava Yacovloz, worth several million rubles. The commerce of the country is carried on principally through the agency of foreigners resident in the metropolis. The business of commission agent is therefore a lucrative and important one. The English, Dutch, Danish, French, and Germans are the principal parties in connection with this branch. To them the country merchants dispose of their goods, receiving generally

the cash in hand, while the imports are given in return to them, generally on credit.

The leading Russian ports are Cronstadt on the Baltic, and Odessa on the Black Sea. Cronstadt lies on the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland, a few miles from the great metropolis. It is difficult and dangerous of access, the channel being shallow and confined. Vessels drawing more than eight feet of water have to stop and unload. Here congregate crafts of every description from every nation under Heaven: while the goods, transferred into light pinnaces, creep slowly up the Neva, in opposition to the mighty current that constantly sets in from the mighty Ladoga.

Odessa, sixty years since, was an obscure Tartar village. It is now a populous and wealthy city, rivalling the metropolis itself. Many prefer it on account of living being so much cheaper. The magnificent esplanade that lines its harbor often presents a spectacle as gay as the parks of London or the Boulevards of Paris. The genius of Catharine II. selected it as being near the centre of the empire, and having the command of the recently acquired provinces in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea.

Eleven years after being founded we find 530 ships at its wharves. In 1795, the exports and imports together did not exceed 68,000 rubles a year. In 1835, or forty years after, we find them rising to upwards of forty-one millions. In this latter year the number of merchants, divided into three guilds, throughout the country generally, exceeded 32,000. The peasants having permission to trade were about 5000. There were upwards of 6000 manufacturing concerns, and the workmen in connection with them nearly 200,000. The exports and imports exceeded 300,000,000 rubles. There has, of course, been a considerable increase since the above period, but not by any means on a scale commensurate with the extent of the country or the resources it contains.

Commerce and agriculture are twin sisters. They must either mutually assist or retard each other. In a country marked here and there, as we have seen Russia to be, by extensive and fertile plains, we naturally look for agricultural as well as commercial progress. Nor are we altogether disappointed. The crops correspond very much with our own. Rye prevails in the north, wheat in the middle and south, and this, as with us, is the staple produce. The Russian wheat

has challenged competition with the world. The only specimen, we understand, that divided the honor with it in the Crystal Palace, was that from Mr. Christie's farm, near Brantford. They also resemble us in having spring and fall crops. Potatoes yield from thirty to fifty-fold in the chilly region of Archangel, where other crops fail. Flax, hemp, and silk are also assiduously cultivated, and since 1763 tobacco has been introduced. In the gardens cabbages abound, which are consumed principally in the production of that familiar dish "sour kraut." The orchards of the south are stocked with some of the finest fruits of the tropics, which grow in rich luxuriance in the open air, and with hardly the necessity of culture. The green pastures in both the north and south are covered with flocks, whose wool is highly prized, and forms an important article of commerce. The implements of husbandry are in general somewhat primitive in their construction. And it cannot be said that the peasants are models of diligence. But the native richness of the soil compensates for all deficiencies.

St. Petersburg is a standing evidence that in regard to *architecture* Russia falls not behind. It is a wonder in itself, and illustrates most strikingly the indomitable perseverance of its founder. Between Lake Ladoga and the Baltic, where the Neva divides itself into four branches, forming as many small swampy islands, lay a marsh, on which, little more than a century and a half ago, squatted a few wretched cotters, and from which issued a pestilential miasma. As if to show what an iron will and a pure despotism could accomplish in the face of the most formidable physical obstacles, the eccentric Peter selected this as the site of his future capital. Preparations are made on the most gigantic scale. Thousands of workmen are assembled, Russians, Cossacks, Calmucks, Tartars, Finlanders. There was not a stone to be had in the whole country round. Peter decrees that every large vessel should bring thirty stones every voyage it made, those of smaller dimensions ten, and every cart or waggon three. Upwards of three hundred nobles were commanded to leave Moscow, the old capital, and to erect as many palaces of solid masonry, in this unpropitious atmosphere and on this treacherous soil. The erection of stone houses in any other section of the empire was strictly forbidden, till the new city got a fair start. The workmen had no shovels, or

pickaxes, or conveyances, and had to carry stones, sand, and other materials in bags or the skirts of their garments. Fully 100,000 in all fell victims to the climate. Despite such difficulties, which would have shaken the resolution of any ordinary man, the indomitable Peter pushed on till, in an incredibly short time, there rose, as if by magic, from the marsh, a magnificent metropolis. The public works, government buildings, and private residences of the nobility are composed of massive material, and marked by the most costly and elaborate architectural adornments. The immense wharves of solid granite, the gorgeous imperial palaces, the imposing facade of the Admiralty, the towering colonnade of the Church of Cajan, and the glittering dome of the great cathedral of St. Isaac, with its stately pillars, upwards of two hundred in number, below and above—attract the attention and extort the admiration of every spectator. Nor, when speaking of the new, can we altogether lose sight of the old capital, which has twice risen like the Phoenix from its own ashes, and in its present form has lost none of its ancient splendour. Here Europe and Asia seem to meet, though the manners of the population and the general aspect of the buildings partake more of the East than the West. Moscow is the pride of the old nobles, who, in many instances, have been compelled to surrender to a race of upstarts the sunshine of the Court and the smiles of the Czar. They exchange without regret the mushroom metropolis, for that which they have ceased not to regard as the only true one; around which cluster their most cherished associations, and within which they can keep up, in semi-barbaric magnificence, without risk of imperial intrusion, the time-honored customs of their ancestral halls.

The facilities of communication in Russia are rapidly on the increase. At the commencement of the present century a miserable corduroy road stretched over the dreary interval of 500 miles that separated these two cities from each other. Now there is a splendid macadamized road, with comfortable resting-places at convenient stages. This has been recently superseded by a railway, for which Russia is indebted to English and American enterprise, so that now the distance can be described in as many hours as it was wont to require weeks. The old Russian travelling carriage is most comfortable and commodious. It is a moving house, and one may live in it during the most protracted jour-

ney without needing to have recourse to a tavern. The carriages of the aristocracy are slavish imitations of the continental. The Nevsky, which is the Broadway or Boulevard of St. Petersburg, is crowded with them on the lovely summer afternoons. The scene is at once gaudy and grotesque. There is every conceivable variety of costume, and the colours of the equipages vie with the rainbow. Rank is judged of by the number of horses driven. Three or four are sometimes driven abreast, and six for a nobleman is a common occurrence. The ordinary vehicles are the sledge in winter, and the drosky in summer. The former is much the same with what we are used to. The latter is a complete curiosity. "A low narrow seat, covered with leather, and bearing some resemblance to the dismembered trunk of an old hobby horse, is placed lengthways across the axles of four small vehicles, between the two foremost of which is a seat for the driver. On this the passenger mounts astride with his feet placed in a pair of stirrups or metal steps, which hang within an inch or two of the ground. When there is rain the traveller is sure to be soaked; when there is mud he is defiled to the eyes; when there is dust he is choked; and when there is sun he is roasted." It is about as bad as the sedan chair, wanting the seat. And yet, notwithstanding the tendency of the Russian to mimic every foreign improvement, he is passionately fond of this apology for a conveyance, and cannot be reasoned or ridiculed out of it. The example of driving fast is set by the Emperor, and universally followed. Considering the nature and number of the conveyances, frequent collisions and upsets might be anticipated. But it is quite the reverse; which may in part be explained by the fact that, in cases of accident, by an imperial edict, both horses and vehicles are summarily confiscated.

We have adverted to the *Neva* in speaking of St. Petersburg. It may be said to constitute the great artery along which the stream of Russian life as well as commerce flows. It is to the Russian what the Nile is to the Egyptian, or the Ganges to the Hindoo. He idolizes it. It is to him a source at once of pleasure and profit. It is spanned by bridges of the pontoon cast, which are being constantly removed. For fully half the year it is bound in icy chains. Business is suspended, and the Russian gives himself up to unrestrained indulgence. There is something peculiarly dismal in the Russian winter's approach. "The leaves have all wi-

thered, the air is sharp, the sky looks gray and dull. The south-west winds begin their wailing accents. The Neva joins in with mournful murmurs, and all nature sighs with seeming sadness over the early grave of summer. Clouds of dust sweep through the great avenues, and penetrate the crevices of every door and window. Colds and asthmas prevail. Strangers prepare to leave. Housekeepers are engaged in putting in double window sashes and lining the doors with felt, and every one who is able flies from a country that Randolph of Roanoke, after an experience of twenty days, described as 'cursed with all the plagues without possessing the fertility of Egypt.'\*\*

But when winter sets fairly in, it is by no means so disagreeable. "The nights of Russia, when millions of stars tremble in the cold clear firmament, and the moonlight sparkles on the crusted snow, are very beautiful. The woodland hung with white drapery, the pine boughs tipped with icicles, the surface of the ground clear as crystal, and the air echoing the melody of merry voices and tinkling sleigh bells, excite the most pleasing sensations." It is sad to think that the time which hangs heavy on Russian hands is too generally devoted to miscalled pleasures, which tend to enfeeble rather than invigorate the constitution, and to besot rather than elevate and expand the mind. Throwing duty and devotion to the dogs, and the reins on the neck of passion, the Russian too often indulges in the soliloquy, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," as if he had no mind to be cultured or soul to be saved. The return of that sun which will loosen the icy chains of the Neva, is awaited with impatience. Its arrival is hailed with the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. A jubilee is proclaimed.

In speaking of the winding Neva as a source of pride and profit, we must not forget that it is a source of weakness and apprehension too. Perhaps, indeed, the respect had for it is more on the principle which prompts the Yezides to worship the devil, in order to ward off dreaded danger. The Neva, like the Nile, is apt to rise, overflow its natural banks, and burst its artificial barriers, and St. Petersburg, from its low situation, runs a great risk. By one of these periodical inundations (in 1824) 8000 souls and six million pounds were swept away in a single night. When such floods occur, should the wind blow long in a particular direction, no

\* Maxwell.

power on earth could save the city. Soon would the wooden foundation on which it rests be sapped, the stately edifices crumble into ruins, and the magnificent metropolis become a miserable swamp!

In contemplating the condition of the Russian people the benevolent mind finds much more to pain than to gratify. We may mourn over the three millions on the adjoining republic, whose clanking chains grate on our ears, and whose piercing cries rise to heaven from the fat plantations of the south. But in Russia we find forty millions who are in a state little superior. For nearly three centuries the Russian serf has been bound to the soil, and bought and sold along with it. The value of an estate is estimated by the number of serfs upon it. Some estates of prodigious extent have as many as 100,000. The serfs are equally divided between the nobles and the Crown—20,000,000 belonging to the former, and the same number to the latter. Prior to 1593, they were free to move from one locality to the other, and could hire their services for a set term. In that year Boris Gudénof, wishing to employ the nobles as a ladder to the throne, did all in his power to curry favour with them. So soon as the golden object of his ambition was reached, he rewarded their services by giving over to them the serfs, bound neck and heel. Their labour is light. Their habits are lazy. If their work be over (as is generally the case) by noon, the rest of the day is frittered away in idleness, while the wife looks after the garden and the loom. They dare not marry without permission of the lordly superior, and should the intended belong to a different property, considerable negotiation is required before the exchange is effected. When a serf is savagely beaten, should he die within three days, the master is liable to be fined; should he die after that, the master goes scot free. All runaways are advertised; and when not claimed, are immediately sold off. There is one feature in which Russian bears a pleasing contrast to American slavery—the conjugal tie is respected; family disruptions are not allowed. Husband and wife, parent and child are not inhumanly separated. We meet not such harrowing scenes as those depicted in the pages of Uncle Tom. We might search the wilds of Siberia, the shores of the Baltic, or the steppes of the Ukraine, and not find the equal of Legree.

The huts of the serfs are in clumps. They have been described as "resembling the miser-

able chalets of the Upper Alps. The better class have rudely carved and painted gables upon the road, and a long roof that runs back, and covers house, and barn, and stable. They are all built of pine logs, neatly dovetailed into each other at the angles, and filled in with a layer of moss. If the building is of two stories, the upper room, which is generally fifteen or sixteen feet square, and six or seven feet high, is used as the family apartment. A stair or ladder conducts to this chamber. A small window admits the light. Long wooden benches are placed round three sides of the room, and the peetch, or stove, occupies the fourth side. A table, two or three stools, a few bowls, plates, and wooden spoons, earthenware dishes, old sheepskins, spinning wheels, flax and hemp hanging in bunches, and an image of the Virgin suspended in a corner, constitute the sum total of the utensils and furniture." There are no beds, indeed these are hardly known even in Russian palaces, for oriental customs have not died out. In summer they lie on the benches or floor; in winter they lie on the stove, which resembles a baker's oven, with a broad flat top.

Strictly speaking, there is but one order of nobility in Russia, though it be divided into different grades. The old title of *Boyard* has given place to such as Prince, Count, and Baron. Plain though he was to a degree in his own personal habits, Peter the Great was a mighty stickler for ceremony, and introduced a new style of court etiquette. Before his time, the Quaker fashion of giving the simple name was adopted. But Peter decreed that the highest of the nobility should be addressed as "Your high brilliancy;" the second as "Your brilliancy;" the third as "Your high excellence;" the fourth as "Your excellence;" the fifth as "Your high good birth;" and the lowest as "Your respectable birth." Certain privileges from time immemorial have been ceded to the Russian nobles. They can tax their serfs without asking leave from the Crown. They are under no obligations, in ordinary cases, to supply recruits or military accoutrements and accommodation. They can erect manufactories and open up mines, without being liable to be taxed. Their persons and landed property are also free from taxation. Like Dives, they are clad in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. In their palaces there is the most gorgeous display of glittering plate and costly furniture. On their tables are spread the most epicurean dainties. On festive occasions, espe-



cially when the Emperor is entertained, no expense is spared. The consequence is, many of their estates are drowned in debt, and are fast passing out of their hands. They borrow money at an exorbitant rate of interest, which they must refund by a specified time. Should it not then be forthcoming, one per cent. for every month thereafter is charged; and after the expiry of a few months, before they are well aware, they are beggared. Thus the Czar has been erecting his throne on their ruins, increasing his power at their expense. A new set of nobles, like gaudy butterflies, flutter about the Court, dancing in the light of his countenance. Between them and the old nobility no kindly feeling exists. There is no saying but that the latter, smarting under a keen sense of undressed wrongs, may rouse the slumbering spirits of their crouching dependants, and either cause the Emperor to share the fate of his father Paul, or the empire to fall to pieces through intestine strife.

With respect to *literature* and *education*, progress is being made. The Russ language is a member of the great Gothic family, has thirty-six letters, and in some of its features resembles the Greek. Catharine II. did much to encourage literature, by gathering round the Court some of the most illustrious literati. But Paul (who placed under a ban a certain species of dog, known as the pug-nosed, because it resembled himself), did all in his power to undo what his predecessor had done. During his reign, "ignorance was bliss, 'twas folly to be wise." The possession of talent only smoothed the pathway to Siberia. To write a book in which anything like freedom of thought was displayed, was sure to invest a man with a title to the mines or a life's lease of some vast wilderness. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the literature of Russia is in its infancy. Poetry, which generally forms the first step in the scale of a nation's mental development, is almost the only branch in which she has attained to excellence. The Finnish melodies resemble the wild and wailing strains of Ossian. The Academic Library contains 3000 Russian works, of which more than 300 are romances, many of which are crammed with silly and superstitious legends. Karamsin is almost the only name that stands out prominently on the page of Russian literature. He is the Gibbon of Russia. Monthly reviews are in high favour, and steadily on the increase. But the press is gagged. There is only one regular paper that is not directly

under the patronage of the Crown—that is not, in other words, strictly official. It is called the "Northern Bee," and is described as "floundering in a slough of low vulgar polemics, feasting itself on the vile flatteries addressed to the Russian Government, and tormenting itself to bar the road against all intelligence which deviates from its own ruts, against every free spirit and against every heart that has the least independence."

Increased attention is now being paid to education. A Minister of Public Instruction has been appointed, who ranks as a member of the Imperial Cabinet, and whose duty it is to overlook the entire educational machinery. There are four classes of institutions—parochial and district schools, gymnasias and universities. The parochial schools are for the masses. The district, for the children of mechanics and tradesmen, to qualify them for some useful pursuit. The gymnasias resemble our grammar schools, and are intended as preparatory to entering college. It affords one, however, a melancholy picture of the low state of education, when we are informed in an official statement that in 1835 only 85,707 attended all the public schools in the empire, and 1985 the universities; hardly 88,000 out of a population of more than sixty millions. There are private, military, and ecclesiastical schools besides, but even throwing them into the scale, the inequality is immense.

The religious element (such as it is) enters largely into the composition of the Russian character. It is not from indifference to it, but rather from a sense of its extent and importance, and our inability to do it justice within the brief space that remains to us, that we must content ourselves with a very cursory glance at this department of our subject. The prevailing religion is that of the Greek Church, to which fully nine-tenths of the population adhere. In regard to image-worship and certain trivial ceremonies it differs from the Roman, but in their great essential features they are very nearly alike. Till the time of Peter the Great, the Patriarch of Constantinople was acknowledged head; but that eccentric monarch, not being able to brook a rival, mounted the ecclesiastical as well as the civil throne, and unseated the grand worthy Patriarch. The Czar is therefore now the head of the Church and State together. There are 3 metropolitans, 49 bishops, and 52,000 priests, or Popes, as they are called. The supreme

court is the Holy Synod, which meets periodically, presided over by the Emperor or his commissioner, and composed of the 3 archbishops, 4 bishops, and a number of priests. The priests are divided into two classes—the secular and the monastic. The secular are allowed to marry, wear broad-brimmed hats, loose flowing robes, and Jewish beards, and derive their principal support from lands (resembling our Clergy Reserves) set apart by imperial authority in the 13th century. The monks wear a high conical cap, black gown, and long veil, and are bound by rules and vows peculiarly stringent. Amongst the regular clergy there is a graduating scale of seven steps, up which a slow ascent is made, according to the merit of the candidates. Fasts and feasts prevail to a great extent. Easter is the most prominent, during which "all Russia breaks out into an Oriental exuberance of kisses." Then, the highest lady in the land cannot and will not refuse a kiss from the obscurest peasant, if he only approach her with an egg in his hand, and exclaim, "*Christoh Voshkress*" (Christ is risen). While the Russian repudiates idols, he puts pictures in their room. The prominent feature in his religion is making the *sign of the cross*. Coming out in the morning he crosses himself—before and after each meal he crosses himself; he cannot hear a bell, or pass a church, or strike a bargain, or change horses on a journey, or even be spat upon by an enraged countryman, without making the mystic pass of the hand from brow to breast. If any Russian apostatizes, he is sent off to Siberia. This is the religion round which the Czar has thrown the shield of his protection. Of this faith he professes to stand forth as the defender. The Orthodox against the Infidel—this is his plea. "For God and the Empire"—this is his watchword. Sooner than he is aware, he may find to his cost that he has roused a spirit he cannot allay. There are combustible elements in his own nation, as well as scattered all over the Continent of Europe, which the firebrands he showers around him may kindle into a conflagration that may convert into a heap of smouldering ashes the bulwarks of despotism. The cry he has raised falls as music on the ears of crushed Poland and bleeding Hungary. Imprisoned patriots hear it, and dance in their chains. Exiled Liberty hears it, and lifts up her head. The country which bound to a rock the modern Alexander, will not quail before the modern Alaric. Let us, in view of this tremen-

dous struggle, claim for her the especial protection of Him who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. Except the Lord keep our country, the watchmen watch in vain. While some, then, trust in chariots, and some in horses, let us remember the name of the Lord our God. If we are not called upon to wield the carnal weapons, let us wield those forged in the armory of Heaven. "Arise, Lord, let thine enemies be scattered, and them that hate thee flee before thee. Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man. Through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that shall tread down our enemies."

LINES TO AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

Is *this* the Land of Freedom? O my brothers!  
And are these Liberty's proud boastful sons,  
That tear the helpless children from their  
mothers,  
And trample on the poor afflicted ones?  
And are they *Christians*? Can you call them  
*human*,  
That cramp their brother man with chains  
and gyves,  
And lacerate the flesh of feeble woman,  
And make a trade of human creatures lives?  
Oh, freeborn citizen! in this thy nation  
Are there not thousands—flesh and blood,  
like thee—  
Toiling in ceaseless, hopeless degradation,  
Groaning beneath the curse of slavery?  
Are they not daily like dumb cattle barter'd?  
Is not their wailing heard throughout the  
land?  
Have not the forest-trees beheld them slaugh-  
ter'd?  
Do not their bones lie bleaching on the sand?  
Is not the young wife from her husband riven?  
The infant stolen from its mother's knee?  
Canst thou, then, stand beneath God's broad  
blue heaven,  
And *dare* to tell me that thy land is FREE!  
And you, ye stiff-neck'd viper generation,  
That call yourselves the "*Shepherds of the  
Lord!*"—  
That strive to justify your tyrant nation,  
By straining texts of God's most holy Word!—  
That walk the earth in purple and fine linen—  
That rob the poor, and in the pulpit pray!—  
There's One above that doth behold your sin-  
ning:  
How will you meet Him in the judgment-day?  
Oh, land of base injustice and oppression!  
Oh, land of groans, and tears, and human  
blood!  
Heaven surely will not pass thy great trans-  
gression,  
No! thou shalt one day feel the curse of God!

## THE PURSER'S CABIN.

## YARN I.

*Wheruin the Purser overhauls the log-book of his life.*

It cannot materially benefit my readers to learn the name of the steam-vessel in which their humble servant fills the responsible office of Purser. Enough to say that she is one of the swiftest, and most sea-worthy of the "vapour ships," which navigate the waters of Lake Ontario, and that as such she stands high on the good books of Insurance and Express Companies.

As regards myself, it is but reasonable that I should speak somewhat more specifically. Every one likes to know something of the person who entertains him with a periodical mess of gossip, especially in an age like the present, when so many are to be found sailing under false colours. Since the beard movement has prevailed in "this Canada," nothing is more difficult than to discriminate between the different orders and degrees of the great Adamic family. After hobbing and nobbing for hours with some hirsute personage, under the firm persuasion that, at the most moderate reckoning, he is a Colonel of the Horse Marines, you are rendered misanthropical by the discovery that he is a peripatetic agent of the great sartorial establishment of Von Snip De Cabbage & Co., London! With all my experience and knowledge of the world, I have more than once been thoroughly "sold" after this fashion, and must own that I felt consumedly cheap, at the close of the transactions!

In order, therefore, that we may commune with mutual confidence and upon the square, I purpose to *insinse* you (as Paddy would say) with some particulars concerning my "story's history," up to the period of the opening of these yarns. Be so good then as ignite your cigar, if a gent, or replenish your tea cup if one of the gentler gender, whilst the Purser proceeds to admit you into his confidence. I never can converse with fluency except I behold every one sociable and at ease around me.

I am a native of North Britain, having emitted my primary *squall* in the manufacturing town of Paisley, of the barracks whereof my paternal ancestor was master. Lieutenant Stobo (for so was *mon pere* designed and named) had assisted at most of the bickerings which took place in the Peninsula, from the commencement of the present century, to the monster shindy of Waterloo. If his name is not remembered at that locality and Badajos the fault cannot be charged to him, seeing that at the former he left an arm, and at the later an eye by way of *souvenirs*.

Having nothing but his pay wherewith to sustentate and rear a baker's dozen of olive branches, it can readily be imagined that the Lieutenant had no small difficulty in making the two ends meet. The greater proportion of his existence as *pater familias*, was spent in a chronic wrestling bout with poverty, and candour constrains me to own, that in nine cases out of ten, he came off only second best. Right seldom was the gaunt wolf absent from the door of the Stobo shanty.

Matters being thus situated it became an abstruse problem with my father what he should make of me, when I had numbered seventeen summers. His pride militated against the idea of devoting his heir apparent to a mechanical destiny, whilst the *res angusta domi* interposed a stern veto to my pursuing a more aristocratic career. I had received the best education Dominic Peddie, of the high school, could flog into me (these were not the empirical days of moral suasion!) but the means were lacking for continuing my studies in the University of Glasgow. Often and often did the barrack-master declare, whilst discussing "a foot of clay," that mounting the breach of Badajos was a mere flea bite compared with the bother which my settlement in life gave him.

Providence, however, put an end to the perplexing dilemma, at a moment when it was at its most bewildering climax.

My mother's only brother, Denis Lynch, who had spent forty years of his mortal curriculum in the East Indies, as a medical servant of "John Company," returned to the *ould country* (as he had ever called it) at the crisis to which I have been referring. Denis, who, (as might be predicated from his name) was a native of the viperless island of saints and potatoes, steered his course in the first instance to Cork, the city which claimed him as a son. Not long, however, did the ancient medico remain in that convivial quarter of the "first gim of the say." All his acquaintances had paid the debt of nature or emigrated a quarter of a century antecedent to his return. Not one "old familiar face" was left on the "sky-side of the church-yard," to use his own expression.

Thus circumstanced Doctor Lynch bethought him of the land o' cakes. In that section of the United Kingdom all his kindred that were "to the fore," resided, and he experienced a yearning for the companionship of flesh and blood. Two scions of the Lynch tree flourished in Scotland—viz: Cuthbert his brother, who carried on business in the provision line at Glasgow, and my mother the *placens uzor* of the Paisley barrack boss (as Canadians would express it).

The dealer in mess pork, a widower with one son, had never occupied an altitudinous position in

the regards of the East Indian son of Æsculapius, because, in his opinion, that personage had tarnished the fair fame of the family by adopting an occupation so closely allied to that of a *carنيفex*. And here it is proper to mention that the Lynches belonged to the genuine "ould Milesian stock," no fewer than ten kings, besides bishops beyond the range of arithmetic to compute, having given dignity to their genealogical muster-roll. When, therefore, Cuthbert Lynch betook himself to the purchase and venditure of smoked hams and sides of bacon, he was regarded by the clan as having committed an act of self-excommunication, and all intercourse with him was broken off.

Hence it came to pass that the Doctor on leaving Cork, directed his steps to Paisley instead of Glasgow, and became a welcome inmate of Lieutenant Stobo's domicile.

Ere long it became a matter of notoriety that I had been fortunate enough to acquire the especial good graces of my uncle. Doubtless the circumstance that I had been named after him at the baptismal font, tended to bring about this fortunate state of things. Be that as it may, the Doctor, before six months had elapsed, proclaimed his intention of making me his heir, on condition that I should reside with him, and dutifully conform to all his requirements. As it was notorious that the medico had realized a snug competency of some thirty thousand pounds, no objection was made to the terms with which the offer was qualified; and my uncle, to whom Paisley was rather a dull locality, having, in the language of Jonathan, "elected" to reside in Glasgow, I accompanied him to that city.

Doctor Lynch was a great enthusiast in his profession, looking upon the healing art as the noblest subject which could engage the attention of man. Accordingly we had not long been settled in our new quarters before he insisted—I use this word because the old gentleman was peremptory as Nicholas himself—that I should begin forthwith to fit myself for obtaining a degree in medicine. To quote his own words, if he could only live to see me write M.D., at the stern of my name, he might be waked thereafter with all convenient despatch.

Now, of all occupations in this industrial planet, the one which from boyhood had been most distasteful and revolting to me was that of a leech. To my mind it suggested associations which did not present a single redeeming feature. At an early period of my history I had been afflicted with an obstinate and protracted illness, rendering a frequent and copious administration of nauseous drugs a matter of necessity. Hence originated a dislike to the entire pharmacopœia which grew with my years, and strengthened with my strength. The

bare sight of an apothecary's huxtery filled me with disgust, and if left to myself I would sooner have perished by inches than imbibe a curative draught, whether white or black.

However, as the old proverb inculcates, men must needs progress when impelled by a certain unorthodox personage. I had seen enough of my avuncular relative to be convinced that any opposition to his behests would be followed by my dismissal with empty pockets. With a self-denying resolution therefore, which would have sufficed for a stoic or a North American Indian, I professed my willingness to embrace the *pistillum et mortarium*, and was bound apprentice to Dr. Corkindale the surgeon of the jail.

On the day when the indenture was executed my uncle, as we were sitting at dinner, showed me a deed subscribed by himself, which he informed me was his will. "When I am dead and gone, my boy," said he, "you will find something here quite as interesting to read as a new novel." "Far distant be the day," was my answer, as the tears dropped from my eyes, for I loved the old man with all his Bashawism, "far distant be the day, on which I shall be so interested. Without exaggeration, I can say with the Persians, may you live a thousand years." The Doctor, who loved his joke, rejoined, "If you had been a full bred Irishman, Denis, you would have said for ever and a day longer! But fill up your tumbler, it will be time enough for me to think of dying when you are entitled to feel my pulse as one of the faculty!"

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I made but slender progress in my uncongenial studies. The more I attempted to grapple with them, the more repulsive did they become, till at length I merely preserved the appearance of pursuing them. Instead of attending the dissecting room or hospital I wandered by the banks of the Clyde or the Kelvin, and though I showed face in the lecture halls, some volume of belles lettres was the text book which lay on the desk before me, in place of Bell's Surgery.

One of the most diligent and laborious of my fellow students was Phelim Lynch, the son of my ham curing uncle. Though my own cousin, I must candidly say that a more disagreeable looking specimen of humanity could not easily be met with during the currency of a mid-summer's day. He was low in stature, carried a hunch on his back which would have fitted a camel, and one of his eyes uniformly pointed north when scrutinizing an object situated in the south.

With all these physical drawbacks, however, my cousin Phelim had a wonderfully insinuating manner. His powers of *blarney* and *soft sawdler* were very great, and he possessed the art of adapt-

ing himself to the tastes and predilections of all sorts and conditions of men.

For a long period but little intimacy existed between us. We were on civil speaking terms, but that was all. Doctor Lynch had never recognized the existence of his brother, and consequently was hardly cognizant of the existence of Phelim. Of course it was neither my interest nor my desire that a more cordial state of matters should prevail, and consequently I never invited my cousin to visit us, nor ever hinted to our uncle that I was daily in the habit of seeing him.

By degrees, however, Phelim insinuated himself into my confidence. He was assiduous in paying me little marks of attention which gratified my vanity, causing me to look upon him with complacency, if not with esteem. Finding out that I possessed a literary turn of mind, and sometimes gave way to the weakness of verse manufacturing, he prevailed upon me to show him some of the efforts of my *unfledged* muse. These he praised with an ardour, which I am now convinced must have been altogether simulated. No man of sound judgment could have lauded *ex animo* such miserable abortions, and with all his faults, my cousin could not be charged with lack of taste or sense.

After a season the wily schemer proposed that I should send certain of my crazy rhymes to the *Chronicle*, at that period the literary cess pool, or *jaw box* of Glasgow, where trash of every description was certain of insertion, if not violating the first canons of grammar. In an evil moment I followed the tempting advice, and my offering being inserted I became flushed, so to speak, with the typographical fever, and fell an unresisting victim to the *cacoethes scribendi*.

The upshot may be readily anticipated. My proper studies were neglected more than ever, and my utmost ambition was to be esteemed a man of letters. Alas! how many thousands are constantly making shipwreck of their fortunes upon a similar rock.

Thus years sped away, and the period at length drew on when it behoved me to undergo the examination for my degree.

Being a member of the profession, Doctor Lynch, who naturally felt a deep interest in the ordeal to which I was to be subjected, easily obtained permission to be present on the occasion.

With a heart prophetically heavy, I accompanied him to the inquisitorial hall on the appointed day. How bitter were my sensations as I ascended the steps which led to what I justly regarded as my torture chamber. Vividly there passed before my mind's eye a retrospect of dissipated time, and neglected opportunities. At that moment I would willingly have parted with a limb if I could only

have sailed up the river of my existence for three years, and thus been enabled to make the downward voyage in a more sane and profitable manner.

In a species of stupor I sat in the ante-room, till my turn for examination came round. One by one my companions were summoned till at length Phelim Lynch and myself alone remained. After a while he likewise was called upon by the janitor, and for a season, which seemed a dismal age, I sat in solitary misery.

Like a blast from the archangel's grave-rendering trumpet, I heard my name pronounced by the attendant! I felt as if I could have strangled the fellow where he stood. There was something diabolically aggravating in the contrast which the cool, matter-of-fact tones of his voice presented to the wild hurricane of despair at that moment raging within me.

There is no necessity for my recounting the events which the next quarter of an hour witnessed. Though my judges, I believe, were lenient, as much so probably, as was consistent with their duty, the answers which I gave fell far short of the meanest standard which they could recognize. In their looks I read my fate, long before their tongues gave it utterance. One glance at the stern, indignant, and yet sorrowful countenance of my uncle added the crowning drop to the cup of my measureless misery. I staggered from the hall in an agony of shame, and falling headlong down the stairs was wrapped for, I know not how long, in the merciful mantle of dreamless oblivion.

It was on a quiet, sunny, summer evening that I again became a conscious denizen of this earth. Near the bed on which I reclined was seated my cousin Phelim Lynch, evidently now a regular inmate of the house. At the table stood the Doctor engaged in burning some dismembered sheets of paper by means of a lighted taper. Weak and dim as were my eyes they were still able to make out the large round text backing which appeared upon the last incriminated fragment. The old man had destroyed his will.

From that time forward my cousin and myself resided with our uncle, and verily we were a joyless and most uncordial family. The Doctor at first drew greatly to Phelim, with whom he loved to converse on medical topics, but gradually, I could perceive, his regard suffered a declension. There was something selfish and calculating about my rival, which the Doctor could not away with, so foreign was it to his own frank, though eccentric, disposition, and I began to cherish sanguine hopes that I would once more regain a footing in his affections.

The marriage of one of my sisters took me to

Paisley, and after the wedding I protracted my stay for some weeks. At length I received a communication from Dr. Lynch, stating that he had been attacked with apoplexy, and requesting my immediate return, as he dreaded another blow, which, in all probability, would prove fatal. The scrawling manner in which this missive was written sufficiently demonstrated the shattered condition of the writer, and without a moment's delay I hurried to his dwelling.

Quickly as I travelled, and short the distance which had to be overtaken, I came too late. A second time had the marble-armed messenger of death smitten the old man, and though still alive and conscious when I entered the chamber he was speechless, and just drifting into the unfathomed gulph of eternity.

The only individuals who watched the bed of the dying man were Phelim and his father. Great was my astonishment at finding this last alluded to personage in such a locality. I well knew that the Doctor could never bear even to hear mention made of his name, and I could not comprehend, consequently, how he had come to invite his presence at this season.

One thing was very obvious, that it was not affection which had impelled the dying man to seek, at the eleventh hour, an interview with one who, during the currency of life, had been so utterly distasteful to him. From his couch of unrest he glared at the mean, sinister looking huxter, with an expression which spoke as plainly as words could do, that that he regarded him as an unwelcome and abominated intruder.

When my fast expiring uncle became cognizant of my presence this silent language became more emphatic and significant. Feeble, and more than half dead as he was, he made a desperate effort to raise himself from the bed, and clutch the pale and shrinking caitiff, as if for the purpose of constraining him to give up some precious article which he had unlawfully become possessed of. The exertion was all in vain. Disease had effectually manacled its captive to permit the slightest exercise of his physical powers.

Never, to the latest moment of existence, can I forget the varied expressions which continued to flit athwart that distracted visage, as long as life's flickering taper remained burning. Anguish, rage, remorse, and hatred succeeded each other like the tints of the dying dolphin. It might have been imagination on my part, but, I could not help thinking that whenever the poor Doctor looked upon me the pantomimic emotions which I have above detailed, gave place to the tenderest pity. He seemed to be realizing and foreseeing the hardships which awaited me on my future pilgrimage.

Often have I thought over the matter, and the more I have mused the stronger has become my conviction, that I had read his facial speech correctly.

The sad scene was not long protracted. With the futile earnestness of a Titan, seeking to throw off the Etna which crushed him to the earth, Denis Lynch made one more attempt to give his wishes voice. Looking first at me he turned to his brother and succeeded spasmodically in stuttering forth the single word WILL! Ere the lapse of two more seconds, death had struck him dumb for ever.

After the funeral, the legal agent of the deceased produced a testament regularly drawn, and duly executed. By this deed, which was dated a few days after the miserable catastrophe of my examination, Doctor Lynch, after bequeathing to me the sum of five hundred pounds, left the entire residue of his means and estate to my cousin Phelim. It was added by way of reason for this disposition of his property, that the aforesaid Phelim Lynch had demonstrated an enthusiasm for the medical profession which highly gratified him, while, on the other hand, his other nephew and name-sake had unfortunately evidenced a disposition diametrically the reverse.

Prepared, as I was in no small degree for this upshot, it came upon me with stunning bitterness. My mind could with difficulty realize the fact that the bright and sunny castles which for years I had been building in the air, had vanished like the thin mist of a mid-summer's morning. Though not left a beggar, by any means, the sum at my command was a pitiful pittance compared with the fortune which I had deemed my own; and listless and apathetic I wandered upon the face of the earth, crying *ichabod*, and *well-a-wa*, over ruined hopes and blighted expectations.

Cuthbert Lynch, and his fortunate son, had never dwelt together in a very affectionate or harmonious manner. The young man, who despite his unprepossessing exterior had much of the fop in his composition, conceived at an early age a feeling of shame against the ungainly and unkempt senior. He regarded him as a drag chain in his efforts to attain a position at society's table *above the salt*, and so far as in him lay gave him a wide berth.

In these circumstances, which were patent to all who were acquainted with the pair, it was naturally anticipated that but slender intercourse would exist between them after the accession of Phelim to fortune. Different far, however, was the result. When young Lynch removed to a fashionable demicille in Blythswood square, his father gave up business and accompanied him thither. At his most ambitious and showy parties the uncouth ex-pork dealer was always to be found, though it was

plain that he was regarded by the owner of the mansion as an intruder whose absence would have been deemed a relief. There he sat apparently for no other purpose than to play the part enacted by skulls at the banquets of the ancients. He was a perennial memorial that his aspiring son was sprung from a non-aristocratic and most plebeian sire. So far as I can learn, this perplexingly mysterious state of things still continues. Whether time, that reader of so many riddles, will furnish a solution of the problem remains to be seen.

When my powers of volition and of action were in some measure restored, I fell seriously to consider what my future course of life should be. Inexperienced though I was in matters of business, it was impossible for me to be ignorant that five hundred pounds, if merely put out to usury, would go but a small way towards my sustentation. Having no knowledge of trade, and being unfitted for the practice of any profession, emigration appeared the only resource which lay at my option. Accordingly having made the necessary preliminary arrangements, I sailed from Greenock for Canada in the good ship *Caledonia*, commanded by skipper Allan, and after a pleasant voyage reached Toronto sound in wind and limb. Parties, who may be curious to ascertain with accuracy the narrator's identity, will find my name recorded in the bar-register of the North American Hotel for the month of August, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that, like the majority of adventurers similarly situated, my primary and absorbing desire was to become a lord of the soil. Alexander Pope ("the little crooked thing that asked questions") informs us that

"Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't!"

Even so to a raw, unfledged "old countryman," there is something superlatively intoxicating in the idea of acquiring landed property. In the estimation of such a one "a farm's a farm," although it should be barren and unproductive as a guinea imprisoned in the chest of a miser.

Happily, therefore, had I recovered from the fatigue of my trans-atlantic expedition, than I set about the task of transmuting my gold into clay, thus reversing the process of alchemy! Verily had I been one of the dreaming "adepts" I could not more effectually have translated the means and substance which I possessed, into dross and ashes!

A crafty and insinuating "agent," whose acquaintance I made at the hospitable bar of the Wellington, and who took the exact measure of my foot in some fifteen minutes, persuaded me that he had a lot to dispose of, which was the identical thing I desiderated.

And here it is necessary for me to state, that during the discussion of sundry schemes I had indoctrinated Mr. Wood Nutmeg (for so was the aforesaid "agent" named,) with the fact that I was a passionate admirer of fine scenery. "Give me," said I, "hill and dale, leafy bank and flowery brae, and I will make you welcome to the residue of creation."

As I uttered these enthusiastic words, I could detect a tear stealing into the eye of Mr. Nutmeg—the gent, it may be stated, had lost its mate by the process of gouging! Grasping my hand, he exclaimed—"Them's my sentiments to a hair! The *pic-tooresque* is the only thing worth living for! I have got a *ter-restrial* paradise to dispose of, which is the very *par-ticular* ticket you want; and to-morrow morning, please the fates, I shall take you to see it!"

Of course I was no match for such a "smart man" as Squire Wood Nutmeg. Though the "paradise," which was the theme of his laudations, was a mere cento of marsh and sand, situated (I like to be specific) between Toronto and Port Credit—he persuaded me that it was one of the most desirable lo-cations in British North Amerikay. Before sunset, an additional proof was furnished to the orthodoxy of the proverb which declares that "a fool and his money are soon parted,"—and the next day I dated a letter to the barrack-master of Paisley from my estate of Mosquito Swamp!

Surely I need not detail the events of the ensuing six years? Cognate stories are being told every day, and the most unobservant runner can hardly fail to read them!

A romantic young couple, whose knowledge of agriculture was derived from bucolic poems, and "domestic melo-dramas," would most probably have cottoned hugely to my domain, especially when viewing it from the road in summer time! If, however, the Damon and Phyllis had calculated on keeping even an oatmeal porridge pot boiling from the product of the soil, they would have found themselves consumedly off their eggs! Even an experienced Cuddie Headrigg, who

"From his salad days had lisped of crops,"

would with difficulty have maintained the union between soul and body, on such a clearing!

Utterly unacquainted with the simplest operations of husbandry, I had to depend upon "hired men" for every potatoe and grain of wheat which was engendered upon the farm. Thus it naturally and necessarily fell out that with me debts accumulated with a million fold greater fecundity than did grain, till at length the hounding the wolf from the door, would have shrewdly taxed the pith and bottom of Hercules himself!

If I followed the example of many of my Canadian compatriots, I should here break forth into a series of maledictions against this "abominable country!" Instead of doing so, however, I shall put a *per contra* case.

An honest Esquering farmer takes it into his noddle to emigrate to England, and pitches his tent in the metropolis thereof. Though an ignorant of the mysteries of shopkeeping, as I was of ploughing and chopping, he sets up as a dealer in muscovado, blacking, green tea, and brown soap. What would be the almost inevitable result? Why, ere the world had become six years more ancient, the name of poor Mush Maple would swell the muster-roll of insolvency, and the white-wash brush of a Commissioner of Bankruptcy would be required to obliterate the consequences of his dementia!

Now what estimate would people form of the fairness or sanity of Mr. Maple, if he should put forth a history of his mercantile mis-adventures, written so as to convey the impression that they furnished a fair sample of the huxtering capabilities of London? I leave the soured and misanthropical amateur agriculturists of this noble, but too often, idiotically maligned colony, to answer the question!

In process of time it became the duty of the Sheriff to investigate the state of my affairs, and, finding I could make nothing out of Mosquito Swamp, that considerate functionary disposed of it to another. May my successor be more fortunate than I was, is the heartfelt orison of the spinner of these yarns!

Once more—

*"The world was all before me where to choose."*

How I spent my time antecedently to my obtaining the berth which I now hold, it is not my intention at present to record. At some future period I may narrate my experiences as clerk in a country store—a common school teacher—and a pettifogging practitioner before the District Courts. All these gradations of misery I passed through; and if ever a sinner served out his purgatorial probation on this earth, I am the man!

At length I was appointed Purser to the——; I was almost blabbing the name of the vessel! In this employment my hours glide away, if not in a very aristocratic, at least in a comparatively happy manner. My duties are light; I have the run of a good table; and the varieties of character which are constantly coming under my ken, furnish me material for observation and amusement.

When the labours of the day are over, it is

*"My custom of an afternoon"*

to invite into my cabin some passenger, whose appearance or manner has struck my fancy. As the man in the play says,

*"The crib is convenient,"*

affording room for two to take as much ease as if they were in an Inn. Here, under the genial influence of a mild cigar, and a glass of "cold without," or lemon syrup, according as the guest swears by Bacchus or Father Matthew, sundry narrations are periodically delivered by the parties who enjoy my hospitality.

The editor of the *Anglo-American* recently spent a few hours in my den, and at his request I have commenced this series of papers. They will consist of the more interesting confessions or legends detailed to me by my guests, and, as a general rule, will be told in the *ipissima verba* of the narrators.

With one cautionary remark, I wind up this preliminary yarn. If any pilgrim who makes a voyage in that crack steamer the —— has a repugnance to beholding his name and adventures in print, let him, by all means, avoid

THE PURSERS CABIN!

## SIN AND LOVE.

BY THE REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

### 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?  
Wherefor 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!



## THE GREEN RING AND THE GOLD RING.

The story I have to tell, occurred less than eighty years ago, in the days of powder and pomade; of high heads and high heels; when beaux in pea green coats lined with rose-colour, attended on belles who steadied their dainty steps with jewel-headed canes; and when lettres-de-cachet lay like sachets-à-gants on toilet tables among patches and rouge. Less than eighty years ago, when the fair Queen of France and her ladies of honour wielded these same lettres-de-cachet with much of the ease with which they fluttered their fans. Less than eighty years ago, when the iron old Marquis de Mirabeau was writing to his brother the Commandeur de Malte those fearful letters, wherein the reader of the present day may trace, as in a map, the despotic powers then exercised by the seigneurs of France over their sons and daughters, as well as over their tenants and vassals. Hard, short-sighted Marquis de Mirabeau! Little did he reckon when he wrote those letters, or when he consigned his son in the flush of youth, and hope, and love, to a prison-cell and to exile—that the family-name was to be indebted to the fame of that vituperated son for its salvation from obscurity, or that the arbitrary powers he used so vilely were soon to be swept away for ever.

Less than eighty years ago, then, before the Revolution was dreamed of in that part of France, there stood, in a long, straggling, picturesque village of one of the southern provinces, a stone-and-mud cottage, less dirty and uninviting than those by which it was surrounded. There was no dirt-heap under the solitary window, no puddle before the door; which, unlike every other house in the village, possessed the luxury of an unfractured door-step. No tidy cottage-gardens gave cheerful evidence of the leisure or taste of the inmates; for in those days the labouring population of France were too thoroughly beaten down by arbitrary exactions to have spare hours to devote to their own pursuits; but round the window of this particular cottage a nasturtium had been trained by strings; and, through its yellow and orange flowers

VOL. V.—c.

one could, now and then, catch a glimpse of a pair of lustrous eyes.

The superior cleanliness of this little dwelling, the flowers, the decency of the family, were the work of one pair of hands belonging to a young girl named Alix Laroux, whose industry was the support of a younger brother and sister, and of a bear-eyed grandmother.

Now, Alix was a pretty, as well as a hard-working girl, yet it was neither to her beauty nor to her industry that she was indebted for becoming the heroine of our tale, although her success in finding work, when others could find none, had made envious tongues gossip about her. Village scandal is very like town scandal; as like as a silken masquerade costume is to its linsley-woolsey original; the form is the same, the texture alone is different; and at the well of Beauregard, from which water was fetched and where the salad for supper was washed, it was whispered that Alix was a coquette, and that the remote cause of her prosperity was the influence which her bright eyes had obtained over the strong heart of the Bailiff of Beauregard. Every one wished that good might come of it, but—

But in the meanwhile, good did come of it; for, thanks to the large black eyes that looked so frankly into his, and to the merry smile of the village beauty, Monsieur Reboul had come to the knowledge of Alix's cheerful steady activity; and a feeling of respect had mingled with his early admiration when he discovered that, while no one was more particular in the payment of lawful dues than the hard-working girl, no one resisted more strenuously any illegal exactions. At length the stricken bailiff—who, by-the-by, was double Alix's age—testified the sincerity of his feelings towards her by taking her brother Jean into the household at the castle, and even offered to have Alix herself admitted among the personal attendants of one of the young ladies of Beauregard: whose marriage had lately been celebrated with great magnificence in Paris.

But Alix shook her pretty head, and said, "No, she thanked him all the same," with a smile that showed her pearly teeth; and what man in love—though a bailiff—could

resent a denial so sweetly accompanied? Monsieur Reboul was, indeed, for a moment cast down, but his spirits were soon revived by some of those wonderful explanations which men in his predicament generally have at their command; so he left the cottage with a friendly adieu to the smiling girl, and without a suspicion that Alix had any private reasons for her dislike to leave the village, or that the daily greeting of Francois the stone-cutter was a matter of more moment to her than the prettiest compliments of the Bailiff of Beaugard.

The next day was market-day at Maillot, a town about two leagues distant from the village, whither, for four years, Alix had been accustomed to go once a week with poultry and eggs; her great resource for the rent of her grand-dame's hut. It was a matter of rivalry among the young women of the neighbourhood to be first at market; and Alix, who greatly enjoyed supremacy in everything, had endeavoured in this, as in all else, to surpass her companions. This however, was not very easy, for others could rise betimes, as she did herself. A few months before, an accidental discovery of her brother Jean had at length secured for her the envied privilege. Jean like other idle lads of his class, was necessarily a poacher, and, on one of his secret expeditions into the forest which lay between Beaugard and Maillot, had chanced to fall upon a path by which the distance was shortened by at least a third. This discovery he confided to Alix; and ever since, under his guidance and escort, she had availed herself of it to reach Maillot earlier and with less fatigue than her companions. She had found the walk very pleasant when Jean was with her to carry her basket, and with his boyish sallies to prevent her from dwelling on the superstitious terrors with which tradition had invested the forest; but now that she must tread its tangled paths alone, she hesitated, and was half tempted to relinquish the daring project. Still she felt unwilling to yield the honour of being first, without a struggle. Besides, her companions had always given her a reputation for courage, and although she had a secret conviction that she owed it solely to her young brother's reflected bravery, it is a reputation which young girls prize so

highly, that, rather than forfeit it, they will rush recklessly into real dangers, from which, if they escape, it is by their good fortune, and not by their boasted courage.

Alix could not endure to allow to others that she was afraid. No, no, she must not permit that to be said, nor must she expose herself to jeers and laughter of those who would delight to hear that she was not first at market. She must go by the wood-path, and must go early. And so thinking, she laid her down to rest.

The part of France in which Alix was born and brought up is full of historical remains, and therefore abounds with traditions, the more mystical and terrible from the dash of paganism with which they are mixed up. Not a forest, ruin, or grotto, is without some picturesque legend, which the young listen to from the lips of the aged with shuddering delight; and all that Alix had ever heard of the forest of Beaugard, or of any other haunted wood in the province, rose with disagreeable tenacity to her memory on this particular night. She remembered the darkness and gloom of the old trees, the thickness of the brushwood, and shuddered as she thought of the possibility of meeting the Couleuvre-Fée—the Melusina of Provence—or the Chèvre d'Or, who confides the secret resting-place of hidden treasures to the wandering traveller, only to afflict him with incurable melancholy if he prove himself unworthy of riches. As the dread of these supernatural creatures increased upon her with the silence and darkness of night, she hid her head beneath the counterpane, and wisely resolved to dare all that human beings could do to vex her, rather than encounter the tricks and temptations of those unearthly ones,—and then she slept.

Light to see, however, is nearly allied to courage to dare, and when Alix arose at early dawn, her perturbations and tremblings had vanished, and her midnight decision was overturned by the impulse of the morning. She dressed herself, quickly, but carefully, in her most becoming attire; and a very fine specimen of the women of the province she looked—noted though they are for the regal style of their beauty—when equipped in her plaited petticoat; her bright fichu, not pinned tightly down, but crossing

the bosom in graceful folds, and fastened in a knot at the back; her thick glossy bands of black hair contrasting well with the rich glow of her cheek, and with the Madras silk handkerchief which covered without concealing the luxuriance of her long hair. Holding in her hand her large market-basket, not unlike in shape to a coal-scuttle or a gipsy bonnet, with a majestic rather than a tripping step, Alix began her walk; looking more like one of the Roman matrons from whom tradition tells that her race was descended than a poor peasant girl.

As she reached the turn from the high-road to the wood she quickened her steps, and resolutely took to the forest path; while, as if determined to prove to herself that she was not afraid, she ever and anon gave forth a snatch of song, in a voice as clear and shrill as that of the birds twittering in the branches overhead, to join the common hymn of praise with which the denizens of earth and sky salute the new-born day.

The morning was unusually sultry and oppressive, although the sun was but newly risen. Alix felt herself overcome with fatigue when scarcely half way through the forest. She was so fatigued that she found it necessary to sit down; but, just as she had selected a seat in a quiet shady nook which promised to be a pleasant resting-place, she discovered that it abutted closely on the opening to one of the grottos that tradition had marked out as the former habitation of hermits or saints whose spirits were still believed to haunt their old dwelling-places. She no sooner became aware of the grotto's vicinity than she rose hastily; and, snatching up her basket, set off down one of the alleys of the forest, without taking time to consider where she was going; when forced to pause to recover her breath, she found herself in a spot she had never been before, but one so lovely that she looked around with surprise and admiration.

It was a little glade, in form almost an amphitheatre, carpeted with turf as soft and elastic as velvet; its bright green, enamelled with flowers; and on each petal, each tiny blade of grass, dew-drops were sparkling like tears of happiness, in welcome to the sun's returning rays. Around this little circle, mighty old trees, gnarled and rugged,

the fathers of the forest, were so regularly ranged as to seem the work of art rather than of nature, and this impression was strengthened by the avenue-like alley that spread from it towards the north. Immediately opposite to this opening, on the southern side of the amphitheatre, rose a rampart of grey rocks, marbled with golden veins, from whose hoary side sprung forth the rock rose or pink cystus, and under whose moist shade the blue aster, one of the fairest of earth's stars, flourished luxuriantly. As Alix's eyes fell on the trees, and grass, and flowers, she set her basket down carefully at the foot of a fine old oak, and, forgetting fatigue, heat, and superstitious terrors, busied herself in gathering the dew-gemmed flowers, until her apron was quite full.

Then, seating herself under the oak, she began with pretty fastidiousness to choose the most perfect of her treasures to arrange into a bouquet for her bosom, and one for her hair. While thus engaged she half-chanted, half-recited her *Salve Regina*:—

Hail to the Queen who reigns above,  
Mother of Clemency and Love!  
We, from this wretched world of fears  
Send sighs and groans unto thine ears.  
Oh, thou sweet advocate, bestow  
One pitying look on us below!

The hymn and toilet were concluded together; and then, but not till then, Alix remembered that there was a market at Maillot, at which she must be present, instead of spending the day in such joyous idleness. She sighed and wished she were a lady—the young lady of Beauregard, of whose marriage Monsieur Reboul had told her such fine things—and, as she thought thus, association of ideas awoke the recollection that this day was the twenty-third of June, the vigil of St. John; a season said to be very fatal to the females of the house of Beauregard. She shuddered as the terrors of that tradition recurred to her memory, and wished she were not alone in the haunted forest on so unlucky a day. Many and strange were the superstitions she had heard regarding St. John's Eve, and many the observances of which she had been the terrified witness; but that which had always affected her imagination the most, was the ancient belief that any one who has courage to hold a lonely vigil in a church on St. John's Eve, beholds passing in procession all those who are fated to die within

the year. It was with this superstition that the legend of Beaugard was associated; for, it was said that in old times a certain lady of the family had, for reasons of her own—had reasons of course—held such a vigil, had seen her own spirit among the doomed, and had indeed died that year. Tradition further averred, that since then, the twenty-third of June had been always more or less fatal to the females of her house; and as Alix remembered this, she was content to be only Alix Leroux, who, though possessed neither of châteaux nor forests, and forced to work hard and attend weekly markets, had no ancestral doom hanging over her, but could look forward to a bright future, as the beloved mistress of a certain stonemason's comfortable home; of which stonemason's existence Monsieur Reboul was quite unconscious.

Her thoughts of François, her young warm-hearted lover, of the two strong arms ready at a word from her to do unheard of miracles, dimpled her cheeks with smiles, and entirely banished the uncomfortable cogitations which had preceded them; taking up her basket, she arose; and, looking around her, began to consider which path she ought to follow, to find the most direct road to Maillot.

She was still undecided, when a whole herd of deer dashed down the north alley towards her, and broke forcibly through the thick covert beyond, as if driven forward by intense fear. She was startled by the sudden apparition, for a moment's consideration convinced her that what had terrified them might terrify her also, and that the part of the forest from which they had been driven was that which she must cross, to reach Maillot. Timid as a deer herself, at this thought she strained her eyes in the direction whence they had come, but could see nothing. She listened; all was still again, not a leaf stirred,—and yet, was it fancy, or was it her sense of hearing excited by fear to a painful degree of acuteness, that made her imagine that she heard, at an immense distance the sound of muffled wheels and of the tramp of horses' feet? She wrung her hands in terror; for, satisfied that no earthly carriage could force its way through the tangled forest paths, she could only suppose

that something supernatural and terrible was about to blast her sight; still, as if fascinated, she gazed in the direction of the gradually increasing sounds. Not a wink of her eyes distracted her sight as she peered through the intervening branches. Presently, a huge body, preceded by something which caught and reflected the straggling rays of sunshine that penetrated between the trees, was seen crushing through the brushwood. Nearer and nearer it came with a curiously undulating movement, and accompanied by the same strange, dull, inexplicable sound, until, as it paused at a few hundred paces from her place of concealment, she perceived to her intense relief that the object of her terror was nothing more than an earthly vehicle of wood and iron, in the form of one of the unwieldy coaches of the day, drawn by a team of strong Flanders horses; and that the strange muffled sound which accompanied it, arose solely from the elasticity of the turf over which it rolled having deadened the noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs. The relief from supernatural terrors, however, rendered Alix only the more exposed to earthly fears; and, when a second glance at the carriage showed her that the glistening objects which had caught her eye at a distance were the polished barrels of mousquetons, or heavy carbines, carried by two men who occupied the driving seat, she slipped from her hiding-place behind the large oak tree, and carefully ensconced herself among the thick bushes that overshadowed the rocks.

Scarcely had she done this, before one of the armed men got down from the box, and walked around the circular glade, scanning it with a curious and penetrating glance. For a moment, he paused before the old oak, as if attracted by some flowers Alix had dropped; but, another quick searching look seeming to satisfy him, he returned to the carriage and stood by the door, as if in conference with some one inside.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Alix, "he sees that the carriage cannot pass further in this direction; I shall not, therefore, be kept here long;" and her curiosity as to what was next to be done, gaining predominance over her fears, she again peered eagerly between the branches. A gentleman got out

of the carriage, and examined the little glade as carefully as his servant had done.

"What a handsome man!" thought Alix. "What a grand dress he has; all silk velvet!" She fixed an admiring glance on the tall, noble-looking figure that stood for a moment silent and still, in the centre of the amphitheatre.

"It will do, Pierre," he said at length, as he turned on his steps; "begin your work."

Pierre bowed, and, without speaking, pointed to a little plot of ground, peculiarly bright green, with a dark ring around it—a fairy ring, in short, so named in all countries—which lay almost directly opposite to Alix's hiding-place.

"Yes," was the brief answer. "Call Joseph to help; we are at least an hour too late."

The strong rigidity of the speaker's countenance caused Alix to tremble, although she did not know why, unless it was in her dread of falling into his hands as a spy of his secret actions, whatever they might be; for he was evidently not a man to be trifled with.

Pierre went back to the carriage, from which the other man had already descended, and together they took from the hind boot, a couple of pickaxes and spades, with which they speedily began to cut away the turf of the green-ring, for a space of some six or eight feet in length, and half as many in breadth.

She could distinctly see Pierre's face, and perceived that it was not one she had ever seen before. That of Joseph was concealed from her, as he worked with his back towards her; but there was something about his dress and appearance which seemed familiar to her, and which was very different from that of Pierre. But what strange kind of hole was that they were digging?

"Holy Mother of mercy, it is a grave!"

As this idea occurred to her, her blood ran cold; but the sudden thought underwent as sudden a change, when the second man turning his face towards her, she recognised, to her amazement, the countenance of her admirer, the old baliff.

The sight of his familiar face dissipated her gloomy suspicions, and she speedily persuaded herself that instead of a grave to

hide some dreadful deed, they were digging for some of the concealed treasures which everybody knew were buried in the forest. Monsieur Reboul has often told her that he had heard of them from his grandmother, so it was natural enough he should be ready to seek them. How she would torment him with the secret thus strangely acquired!

From her merry speculations she was roused at length by the re-appearance of the tall man, carrying in his arms something wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and followed by another and younger figure, bearing like himself, all the outward signs of belonging to the highest class of the nobility, though on his features was stamped an expression of cruelty and harshness.

"Going to bury a treasure, rather than seek one," thought Alix, "Very well, Monsieur Reboul, I have you still!"

The tall man, meanwhile, had placed his burden on the ground. Removing the cloak that covered it, he displayed to Alix's astonished eyes a young and very lovely lady. For a moment the fair creature stood motionless where she was placed, as if dazzled by the sudden light; but it was for a moment only, and then she flung herself on the ground at the feet of the elder man, beseeching him to have mercy upon her, to remember that she was young, that life, any life, was dear to her!

The man moved not a muscle, uttered not a word save these, "I have sworn it."

The girl—for she looked little more than sixteen—pressed her hands on her bosom, as if to still the suffocating beating of her heart, and was silent. Such silence! Such anguish! Alix trembled as if she herself were under the sentence of that cold-cruel man. But, now the grave was finished; for grave it seemed to be, and one too, destined to enclose that living, panting, beautiful creature. The old man laid his hand upon her arm and drew her forcibly to the edge of the gaping hole.

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp; and, with a wild thrilling shriek, rushed to the young man, clung to him, kissed his hands, his feet, raised her wild tearless eyes to his, and implored for mercy, with such an agony of terror in her hoarse broken voice, that the young man's

powerful frame shook as if struck by ague. Involuntarily, unconsciously he clasped her in his arms. What he might have said or done, God knows, had the old man allowed him time; but already he was upon them, and snatched the girl from his embrace. The young man turned away with a look so terrible that Alix never recalled it, never spoke of it afterwards, without an invocation to Heaven.

"Kill me first," shrieked the poor girl, as her executioner dragged her a second time to that living grave. "Not alive, not alive! Oh my father, not alive.

"I have no child, you no father!" was the stern reply. The young man hid his face in his hands, and Alix saw them thrust their victim into the grave; but she saw no more, for, with a cry almost as startling as that which the murdered lady had uttered, she fled from her concealment back to the village. Panting, she rushed on without pause, without hesitation, through unknown paths; her short quick cries for "Help! help! help!" showing the one idea that possessed her; but she met no one until she stopped breathless at the first house in the village that of the curé.

"Come, come at once; they will have killed her!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter my poor girl?" he asked in amazement, as, pushing back his spectacles, he raised his head from his breviary.

"Oh come sir! I will tell you as we go. Where is Francois! He would help me! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Come, do come!"

There was no mistaking the look of agitation in her face; the curé yielded to her entreaties and followed her. As they quitted the house they met some labourers with spades in their hands, going to their daily work.

"Make these men come with us," Alix said, "and bring their spades!"

The curé did so, and in an incredibly short space of time the little party reached the green-ring. The spot was vacant now, as formerly—carriage, horses, servants, executioners, and victim, all had disappeared as if by magic; and in the quiet sylvan solitude, not a trace save the newly-turned soil

was perceptible of the tragedy enacted there so lately. But Alix staid not to glance around her; going up to the fatal spot, she gasped out, "Dig, dig!"

No one knew why the order was given, nor what they were expected to find; but her eagerness had extended itself to the whole party, and they at once set to work, while she herself, prostrate on the ground, tried to aid them by tearing up the sods with her hands. At length the turf was removed, and a universal cry of horror was heard, when the body of the unhappy girl was discovered.

"Take her out; she is not dead! Monsieur le Curé save her; tell us how to save her!"

The labourers gently raised the body, and placed it in Alix's arms, as she still sat on the ground. They chaffed the cold hands, loosened the rich dress—the poor girl's only shroud—but she gave no sign of life.

"Water, water!" cried Alix.

No fountain was near, but the rough men gathered the dead leaves strewn around, and sprinkled the pale face with the dew they still held. For a second they all hoped; the eyelids quivered slightly, and a faint pulsation of the heart was clearly perceptible.

But that was all. They had come too late, the curé bent over the dead and repeated the solemn "De profundis clamavi ad te. Domine," and all then joined in the hymn of death "Dies iræ, dies illa!" as they gently bore the corpse from the place of its savage sepulture, to holy ground. For several days, the body was exposed in an open coffin in the little village church of Beaugard, and every effort was made to track the perpetrators of the dreadful deed. But in vain; no trace of them could be found. An innate dread of some personal misfortune sealed Alix's lips with respect to her recognition of the Bailiff, and all inquiries as to the passing of a carriage such as she had described, between Maillot and Novelle, were made unsuccessfully.

The dress of the young lady was carefully examined, in hopes of the discovery of her name by means of cyphers or initials on her linen; but there were none. The satin robe, the jewels she had worn on her neck and arms, and the delicate flowers twined in her hair, gave evidence that she had been carried away from some gay fête. From the ring on her marriage finger they augured she was a

wife; but there all conjecture ended. After her burial in holy ground her gold ring and other ornaments were hung up in the church, in the hope that some day a claimant might arise who could unravel the strange mystery; and close by them was suspended an ex voto offering by Alix, in gratitude for her own escape.

The story was never cleared up. Monsieur Roboul was never seen again, and Alix had so lost her boasted courage that she never afterwards dared to take a solitary walk; especially near the fatal green ring in the forest. Perhaps it was this dread of being alone, or perhaps the mysterious disappearance of Monsieur Roboul, which tempted her soon afterwards, to follow the advice of her neighbours, and become the wife of Francois, the stonecutter. The marriage was a happy one, and a time came when the remembrance of that fatal Eve of St. John was recalled more as a strange legend to be told to her children and her grandchildren than as a fearful drama in which she had herself taken part.

In the revolutionary struggles which followed, the ornaments of the murdered girl were, with other relics of the old régime, lost or removed from the little village church, yet the story lingers there still, and, like many another strange story, it is a true one.

### THE BRITISH JEWS.

The word "Jew" is a term familiar enough in the daily talk of the world, and there are various recognised though dissimilar ideas attached to it. Most of us know something of the ancient history of that people as recorded in the Scriptures; all of us have heard of the parliamentary efforts made for the last few years to give the British section of them the full privileges of citizens. Of their sufferings during the dark ages and the feudal times the popular knowledge has been generally gained in the school of historical romance, through such works as Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. We are accustomed to say "as rich as a Jew." There is a picture of a hooknosed man with a bag on his shoulder, crying, "Old Clo'," which rises up in many minds when the children of Israel are spoken of. It is a prevalent

notion that a Jew is a sharp, trafficking, trader, with whom it is necessary in business matters to be very cautious. Usurer and money-lender are intimately connected in the opinion of thousands with the worshippers of the Synagogue. *Punch* draws them in his cartoon caricatures as the seducers of shopboys from the paths of honesty; as filling the post of sharp attorneys, gruff bailiffs, and relentless sheriffs' officers. The prejudice handed down by Shakspeare is nearly as prevalent and quite as strong, though differently expressed, as it was when "Shylock" was drawn. In fact the popular notions of the Jew present a very uncertain and confused condition of knowledge. Not one in a thousand probably knows the facts respecting the social state of that community which, living among us, is not of us. A small volume which was published last year, entitled, *The British Jews*, by the Rev. John Mills, contains a great deal of trustworthy information upon this subject; and partly from that and partly from personal knowledge, we gather the materials for such a slight sketch as our space enables us to give of the Jewish community.

When we first took up the book we hoped, that though its title connected it with the British Jews only, we should have had some glimpses of the Jews abroad. Scattered and dispersed as that people are among all the nations, it is impossible to treat of them satisfactorily except as a nation. On the continent, in Germany especially, the Jews have reached an intellectual eminence which puts them at least upon a par with the descendants of the Teutons by whom they are surrounded. Jews are there to be found in every university, and not unfrequently they are at the head of the schools. They lay claim to some of the very greatest names in the world of music. The greatest of German modern painters are said to belong to their ranks. Their physicians are in very high repute; and the legislature of the last few years owes something to the influence of lawgivers of Hebrew blood. The continental Jews are, it would seem, the brain of the Jewish people, and of them we find little or nothing in the work of Mr. Mills. It restricts itself to the subject indicated by its title; and we must wait for

some other opportunity of testing the pretensions of the foreign brethren. Some novels, such as those of Mr. Disraeli and Charles Auchester, claim for the Jews an artistic and intellectual pre-eminence, the reality of which deserves to be investigated. Possibly the promised Life of Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, the great Jewish composer, will furnish more trustworthy grounds than novels, however clever or brilliant. For ourselves, we confess that intellect does not seem the distinguishing characteristic of the Jews as a people. The distinguishing feature of their mental character, both in ancient and modern times, as we read it is Faith. By Faith the tribes were held together when they inhabited Palestine; by Faith they have retained the unity of a people in their dispersion. There is much truth in the remark which has been made, that the Jews are *the* ecclesiastical race. When they are anything else it is rather an effect springing from the circumstances of their condition than the result of their true mental character. They are scientific and artistic in scientific and artistic Germany; commercial and money-getting in shopkeeping England: but if, as ancient prophecies tell us, they should ever be gathered together again, the tendencies of the race may be expected to crop out, and their minds to take an ecclesiastical direction.

If any one takes a ride in one of the omnibuses proceeding eastward which leave the neighbourhood of the Strand after the theatres are closed on Saturday evening, he is tolerably certain to hear the accents of the Jewish tongue. Men with prominent features, and a more than Christian display of jewellery, and women dressed in brighter colours than would become the children of our cold, grey, neutral-tinted northern clime, but which are in admirable keeping with their bright complexions and vivid black eyes, crowd the vehicle. There is no mistaking them. Meet them in any corner of the world, and by that indescribable distinction which marks the race, you would know them for Jews. You will find them in the course of your ride good-tempered and hilarious, freer and more talkative than the taciturn English, but with just the slightest

sprinkling of Oriental reserve tinging their animation. When you reach the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street, some of them will leave and take their way towards Shoreditch; another batch will go at St. Mary Axe, more 'at Mitre Street, leading out of Aldgate; and the conductor of the "late bus" will be apt to grumble at other stoppages at Duke Street, Houndsditch, and the Minorities. Farther down Whitechapel, at Petticoat Lane, the last of the tribes will leave the carriage to the Christian passengers. If you feel any curiosity about these people, and will take a stroll in the direction indicated by these points of departure, you will learn more about certain classes of the British Jews than you can find in any book we know of. Let us go in company—say down Mitre Street, Aldgate. It is a narrow street, dirty and dingy, and as we go down our noses are saluted with a smell of decayed vegetable matter. No wonder. See the fronts of the ground floors of some of the houses are taken out, so that they stand open to the street, and look more like the stalls of an Oriental bazaar than European shops. Inside is piled foreign fruit in heaps. Oranges are there in plenty, giving forth their peculiar odour; and if you are not a snuff-taker, and your olfactory nerves are in good order, you may distinguish amid the odour of the healthy golden globes the smell of the speckled and diseased ones, which that Jewish girl is picking from the rest. Look a little closer, and you may recognise an acquaintance. Despite the dingy cotton frock, with tucked up sleeves and the soiled hands and face, there are the prominent nose, the bright black eyes, the sanguine complexion of the lady, who, in blue satin and crimson bonnet, was your omnibus *vis-a-vis*; and yes, there, in fustian jacket, worn and greasy, or shirt-sleeves of doubtful hue, unpacking a chest of oranges, is the gentleman her companion, whose brilliant shirt-studs, and conspicuous waistcoat, and massive guard, attracted your attention. Stay one moment, delicate of nose though you be, and put up with the effluvia from decaying leaves and rotting fruit beneath your feet, and you shall see a contrast. A man with a basket at his back, a stout stick in his hand, and a short black pipe twisted



into the band of his dingy hat, has stopped, and a dialogue is going on between the bright-eyed girl and him. You see at once that they are of different races. The sharp grey eye, the nose with a tendency to turn up, the wide mouth, the projecting chin, and the brogue, proclaim him a denizen from the west or south of Ireland; and you learn he is a hawker. Perhaps he is a descendant of the ancient kings of the Green Isle; perhaps the blood flows in her veins of the princes of Judah; and there they stand chaffering about a heap of specked oranges! Now we will go on, and as we go, let us mark what we have learnt so far. We have got a characteristic of the British Jews. They are fond of amusement, and set a high value on appearances. They will toil in that dismal hole from Monday morning till Friday sundown, living scantily, wearing mean clothes; then, on the busiest day of the Christian world, with a conscientiousness rare in any race but theirs, they keep their Sabbath, and in the evening, dressed expensively and showily, they compensate themselves for a week of privation by a night of amusement.

At the bottom of Mitre Street, running across is another street, which differs only in the odour being stronger, and mixed with the effluvia of fish fried in oil, and presenting a deeper substratum of rotting vegetable matter; but we pass quickly out of that, eastward, into the better portions of the Jewish quarter. Here the shops are more European in appearance. There are butchers like those in other parts of the metropolis, and shops such as you might meet with in any of the meaner thoroughfares; but if you notice, the meat is paler in hue than that sold among Christians. It has been killed according to the Jewish ritual, and drained of its blood. Certain parts are excised, and certain tendons carefully cut away. Officers are appointed by the synagogue to see this done, and to set their seals upon the flesh meat of the community. You notice, too, that there are Jewish names over the doors, and you see as you go along several shops, the proprietors of which deal in scraps of cloth of all sorts and sizes and colours. Tailors who have patches to put on go there to match old garments, and it seldom happens that they cannot find among the

fragments some morsels of the hue and texture they want. Passing on westward toward St. Mary Axe, you see the better houses of this locality. The plates on the doors speak of surgeons and solicitors and diamond merchants. Good-sized houses they are, but dingy and gloomy; and if a servant girl opens a door, the chance is, you see at once she is Irish. Why we know not, but the Jews generally have Irish servants.

St. Mary Axe, and it is four o'clock. Men and women—Jewish men and women—are sauntering down toward Houndsditch. They are the "Old Clo." folk. They have been out gathering the cast-off garments all day. They seldom give money for them. In general they carry baskets of crockery and chimney ornaments, and barter shrewdly with housewives, whose husbands are away at work. They talk as they go. They lean up against posts, and stop at the corners of courts, and speculate with one another upon the value of napless hats and threadbare coats and dilapidated inexpressibles, and make bargains, and exchange with each other. They are going across Houndsditch into Cutler Street, where they have an old clothes market,—a noisy Babel of cast-off garments, where you may fit yourself out with a whole suit for about three half-crowns. In this traffic the Irish again are the rivals of the Jews. There is surely some link bringing together these children of the East and the West.

Perhaps we have seen enough for one stroll. If you want to know more, you may go west to Holywell Street, or east to Petticoat Lane,—the latter a closer, dingier, dirtier, more fried-fish-scented place than any we have seen yet; and then you have seen nearly as much as you can see of the London Jews. There are outlying colonies running out into Shoreditch, and spreading over toward Ratcliffe Highway, but the streets radiating from Aldgate and Whitechapel are the metropolitan home of the great body. Their magnates, too, may be caught in aristocratic Belgravia, but except the unmistakable face and constant accent, we shall not notice anything distinctive in them. These are the London Jews, and the London Jews are the Jews of England. Five-sixth of them live in London. There

is a goodly number in Manchester and Birmingham and the seaport towns, but here is their bulk. It would not be fair to say, "Where the carcase is, there are the vultures gathered together;" but "Where trade is, there will the English Jew be." He does not do hard work; he seldom applies himself to any mechanical occupation; he dislikes to have a master, and he rarely submits to regular employment. He is the Arab of commerce, loving to be independent, and to huckster and barter on his own account. If he grows rich it is as much owing to the Oriental temperance of his habits as to the largeness of his gains. For such a people London and the large towns offer the most opportunity, and in the metropolis some 25,000 out of the 30,000 or less of the English Jews reside.

The British Jew, then, is not scientific, nor literary, nor artistic. He does not make discoveries, nor write books, nor take a high position in the world of art. He is financial and commercial, but not manufacturing nor industrial. Divested of a national unity, he, like his continental brethren, takes his tone from the people among whom his lot is cast; but like them also he refuses to blend with other races, and preserves the base upon which a national unity may be erected.

That national base is the faith handed down to him from his fathers—the faith which Moses taught. The books of the ancient teachers of his race are his—the Bible and the Talmud. The first, perhaps, the Christian knows as much of or more than the Jew; the latter is a book almost exclusively Jewish. This Talmud is the unwritten law. It consists of two parts; the *Mishna*, or Repetition consisting of the decisions of the ancient priests: and the *Gemara*, or Completion made up of later discussions. There are two *Gemaras*,—one the Babylonian, the other Jerusalem, and each of these, with the *Mishna*, makes the Talmud of a school. The most important movement of late years, and one which threatens the Jewish unity, is the foundation of a sect of reformed Jews, who, discarding the Talmud, take the Bible as their authority. We may add, in conclusion, that the Jews have an aristocracy and a democracy;

the first called *Sephardim*, who are descendants of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and trace their lineage to the house of Judah; the latter called *Askenasim*, and made up of the descendants of German and Polish Jews. They have also numerous charitable institutions, and are now making active efforts to spread education—the schools, particularly those of the Reformed Jews, taking a secular aspect. Their latest school is the West Metropolitan in Red Lion Square; and any of our readers who desire to become conversant with the educational efforts of the Jews, will, we are certain, receive every information from the master, Mr. Brooke.

---

#### ADVENTURES OF A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OFF GALLIPOLI.

---

A correspondent at Gallipoli gives a most curious and at the same time thrilling narrative of the adventures that befel one of his brethren on the waters of Gallipoli last Palm Sunday. He had arrived at Gallipoli on the previous Saturday in the Golden Fleece, and not finding himself able conveniently to get into lodgings, slept on board. It is a wise saying that one should never sleep on board a ship when it is possible to sleep on shore. If the correspondent had remembered it he would have been saved much trouble. At midnight a violent gale of wind arose, and the Golden Fleece dragged her anchor and ran down some miles from her moorings to a considerable distance below Gallipoli, on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. At five o'clock in the morning the correspondent was on deck, having been promised a boat to take him ashore, but to his consternation he was told the orders were to take him only to the nearest vessel, as the captain, being eager to make his way to Malta, could not spare a boat to Gallipoli in such a wind and high sea. The morning was bitterly cold and stormy, and the nearest vessel, a stout brig, was only a couple of hundred yards from the Golden Fleece; the white minarets of Gallipoli stood out far away in melancholy distance. The correspondent yielded to his hard fate; the boat of the steamer was with some difficulty got up, and a few minutes brought them alongside the brig. Not a soul

was to be seen. About six feet above the water, and as many from the top of her bulwarks, hung a crazy old boat over the side, and as soon as they had managed to get under her the men hoisted the correspondent's baggage into this boat; he contrived to get in after them, and the jollyboat made way to the Golden Fleece. As the brig's boat held a good deal of water, the correspondent busied himself in arranging his property on the thwarts, and then applied himself to the task of climbing up from the boat into the vessel. The instant he laid hold of the rope to do so, it came slack into his hand—it had been loosed on deck—and at the same moment a villianous face was thrust over the side of the brig, the hideous mouth of which said—"We Greek! No Inglis! You go away! We in quarantin!" The correspondent called out to the officer in charge of the boat of the Golden Fleece, which was struggling against the head wind near the brig, and told him what the man said. He heard, and said he would tell the captain—his men gave way, and as he watched their progress the correspondent was the cynosure of the neighbouring eyes of some half-dozen of the most ill-looking dogs that ever came from the Morea, who peered at him malignantly as he stood shivering in the cold and spray, in the open boat, suspended 'twixt sky and water, over the ship's side, and pitching and tossing as she plunged to her anchors. He watched the boat most anxiously, saw her pull under the stern of the Golden Fleece after a tough row; then came a delay full of suspense to the correspondent, and, judge his feelings when he saw the tackles lowered and the boat hoisted away up to the davits. He still waited in forlorn hope to see the gig lowered away. The shifting of the vessel as she rolled in the seaway hid the Golden Fleece at times from his sight, and each time that she was lost to view he imagined her hands busied in pulling a boat to aid him, but the next lurch showed her with her boats hanging from the davits, her men busied only in preparing for sea. When the Greeks saw the boat hoisted up and the signals of the correspondent disregarded, they became very insulting, putting out their tongues, pointing to the sea, and "making believe" they would tilt their boat into it, and at last they pulled

up all the loose rope and disappeared. This looked very ugly—the cold was intense—the sea water drenching—and so the correspondent shinned up the davit tackle and got on the bulwark. He was stopped there, however, by a sailor in fur cap and sheepskin jacket, who plainly intimated he would not let him on board. As the fellow evidently relied on the assistance of six or seven others who were crouching about the deck, the correspondent saw that force would not avail—his pistols, indeed, were, as they generally are when wanted, in an obscure recess of some unknown portmanteau. Entreaties were all in vain. At last the ruffians asked, "Kew-antey volete darec?" and the tender of a Napoleon for the privilege of leaping on the deck made in reply was accepted, after a delay of some minutes, which seemed hours to the sufferer. The money was given and the donor leaped down on deck, but it was only to find himself in a more threatening position, for the Greeks thronged around him, and with the most murderous grins, intended for civil smiles, pressed lovingly around his pockets and felt the contents as well as they could by furtivo passes, inviting him at the same time to descend by a hole in the deck down into their agreeable *salon* under the forecabin. As there could be but little doubt of the interested nature of their hospitality, these offers were firmly rejected, and the unfortunate "party" proceeded to make a last appeal to "the Golden Fleece" by climbing up on the transport as well as he could in his famished and half frozen state, and waving his handkerchief to the crew. The signal could be, and no doubt was, distinctly seen, but no notice was taken of it. All the time the unfortunate was displaying the little square of white cambric, the Greeks were clustered at the foremast watching whether a boat would be sent off or not. At length a volume of spray flashed up from the stern of the Golden Fleece—it was the first turn of her screw—another and another followed, and the steamer, gathering way shot athwart the bows of the brig, and made right down the Dardanelles for the sea. The Greeks muttered to each other, and one fellow, with a very significant sneer, pointed to the vessel as she rapidly increased her distance,—said "No mind, John—come down—we good men!

Bono! Bono!" Meanwhile they began to finger a deal case which was amongst his luggage. Pillage looked badly, for no one can say where it ends once begun; and so the proprietor descended from his elevated position on the bowsprit, and redoubled his entreaties for a boat to the shore. The Greeks shook their heads, and grumbled and grunted angrily, getting closer around him, till at last one very ill-looking dog, coming close up along side, laid hold of the black leather case of the racing glass, which hung by a strap over the shoulder of their unwelcome visitor, evidently thinking that it contained arms. The correspondent shoved off the fellow with a thrust of his elbow, and as the vessel gave a little heel over at the same time, sent him reeling up against the bulwark. He caught hold of his knife made a rush at the Englishman, swearing horribly as he did so, but one of his companions caught him by the wrist. As there was an evident disposition to take his part among the majority of the crew, our correspondent prepared for the worst. It suddenly occurred to him that it did not seem as if any man of the superior class who could command such a vessel was among the men, and he passed quickly through the crew, and walking aft with an eye well over his shoulder made for the cabin. The crew followed, but as soon as he gained the companion, he dived below, and was greeted by the sight of the captain fast asleep in his berth. As he tried to explain to him the object of his unceremonious intrusion in his best Italian, the correspondent was interrupted by the captain saying, in very fair vernacular, "Speak English, I understand better." He flew into a violent rage on being told the cause of the intrusion—said he was going to sea in half an hour—that he had been driven from Constantinople without papers by the help of the English and French, and might be seized as a pirate by any ship of war—that the English had ruined him and his men, had helped the Turks to murder them and oppress them, and yet called themselves Christians; that he would give no boat to the shore—had no boat to give even if disposed to do so, and that the Englishman might get out of the ship his own way as he contrived to get into it, adding that if he (the captain) was an Englishman, he would sooner die a hun-

dred deaths, or drown in the sea, than board a Greek vessel or ask aid from a Greek sailor. The prospect of being carried out to sea and knocked on the head *en route* to some classically barbarous hole, was now painfully suggested. A few turns of the windlass and the brig would have flown down the Dardanelles like an arrow. Who could prevent it? Who could even tell what had become of the hapless Briton whom the captain of the steamer had sent on board a vessel anchored in the Dardanelles at half-past five o'clock one spring morning in half a gale of wind? As the captain had positively refused to have anything to do with the Englishman, and had gone so far in his rage as to spit on the deck and trample on it, when, in reply to questions, he said he had been in England, "Oh! too often! too often!" There was evidently nothing for it but to "await the course of events." The crew held a consultation among themselves, and one of their number came aft to the captain and had an angry discussion with him. A steamer visible through the haze running down from the sea of Marmora towards Gallipoli was frequently pointed to, and reference was also made again and again to the ships closer in to the town by both captain and sailor, while the crew seemed to watch the result with much interest. The Englishman had not lost sight of the fact that some bottles of his sherry had disappeared from the case, and had evidently been drunk by the crew, and there is no doubt but that he too evinced a good deal of anxiety as to the dialogue. As he was craning his neck to listen, the captain roared out, "Go forward there! what for you listen to me, eh?" This was too much, and so the correspondent, taking advantage of their evident dread of the steamers a-head, said, "Come, come, my good man, keep a civil tongue in your head; remember there are English ships at anchor near," (there was not one), "and that there are English soldiers on shore, and if you insult me it will be the saddest day you ever knew." The steamer from the Bosphorus was all this time coming down closer, and may be supposed to have entered into the calculations of these worthies. After a little further eager consultation the captain returned, and said though he felt the affront of being boarded in that way without his con-

sent by an Englishman, he had prevailed on his men to try and take him in the boat, which was small and bad for such a sea, to an Italian brigantine which lay anchored to leeward, and though he would not touch a penny of money belonging to such a people his men were poor and had no choice but to go if they were well paid. The Englishman said he would give a Napoleon for the service (he would gladly have given ten if put to it at the time), and the Greek seemed to consider it liberal. After a fresh "row" with the men, some of whom absolutely refused to go with the boat, the captain succeeded in persuading four of them to go over the side—the Englishman followed with a heart full of thankfulness, though the boat was indeed small and bad, and the sea ran high, and after a hard struggle the crew pulled clear of the bows, and were battling with the full force of the short thick waves that broke on all sides. It was a fighting for life, but anything was better than the brig and the prowling pirates on board her. Many times the men were about to give up and return to their ship, but the top of the Napoleon and the fear of the shore deferred them, and after tumbling and plunging about for a much longer time than was pleasant the boat ran under the stern, of the Italian brigantine *La Minerva* of Genova. The captain seeing a boat put off from the Greek, manned by four very unprepossessing looking people, shrieked over the taffrail, "Che mandate? Che volete Signori?" The principal signor was too much occupied with the desire to get on board to reply; a rope hung over the side, and seizing hold of it as the boat rose on a wave, the correspondent swung himself off from her, and with desperate energy struggled up the side till he stood breathless before the frightened master and his crew. A few words set all to rights. The good Italian received the stranger with open arms, and saw that instant sters were taken to secure his luggage from the boat. His boat, he said, would not live in such a sea, and indeed he had given the Greeks over several times, though conscious they were especially protected in a certain quarter when he saw them descend into the trough of the sea. He was very indignant when he learned the way in which the Greeks had acted, and taking

down his glass they made out the name on her side, in gilt letters—blank something *Nicholas*. As they were looking the Greek loosed his top sails, flew down the Dardanelles, and was out of sight—round a point of land in a few minutes. In the course of the morning the wind abated, and the sea went down, the boat was manned with six stout Genoese, and the Englishman and good Captain Ogile parted on the deck of the *Minerva* as did only old friends sever, and it was with a thankful heart the correspondent scrambled up on the crazy planks of the beach of the Gallipoli, and sought the hospitality of the English commissariat.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.—According to this hypothesis, which has received the sanction of great minds, from Huygens down to Herschel, all the solar, stellar, and planetary bodies are regarded as the abodes of rational, sentient beings. But there are facts which seem to disturb this hypothesis. A terrestrial man, placed on one of the newly discovered planets, would weigh only a few pounds, whilst the same individual, placed upon the surface of the sun, would weigh about two tons. In the one case, therefore, gravity would scarcely keep the man's feet to the ground, and in the other it would fix them immovably. Moreover, the great attraction of the sun must cause bodies to fall through nearly 335 feet in a second, and, consequently, a man who might accidentally fall prostrate, would inevitably be dashed to pieces. A *man of straw*, or a locomotive bladder of smoke, might walk up with exemplary steadiness and keep his head up, on the sun, and a *lead* dandy might possibly adonize with comparative comfort on one of the recent asteroides. *Seriously*, before we can people the universe, we must discover *species* of the genus *Homo*, physically adapted to the various conditions of all cosmical bodies.

VISITATION.—A festival instituted by Urban VI. to obtain the Virgin's intercession, and in memory of the visit to her cousin Elizabeth. In several parts of France the Feast of the Ass was celebrated on this day. The asinine performer, and his brethren the clergy, repaired to the altar together, and brayed in unison!

## THE EARL OF ELGIN.\*

We have selected as the first of our gallery of portraits the present Governor-General, James Bruce, Earl of Elgin, &c. &c., in the peerage of Scotland, and Baron Elgin in that of the United Kingdom.

Our sketch is taken from that in the *Illustrated London News*, and the accompanying description, with all political applications omitted, is drawn from the same source.

The Earl of Elgin claims common ancestry with the royal family of the same name, so illustrious in the earlier records of Scotland. One of his comparatively later predecessors, Edward Bruce, of Blairhall, was among the Commissioners nominated to witness the nuptials of Queen Mary with the Dauphin, in 1558, and was supposed to have been poisoned—a circumstance but too significant of the long train of disasters that followed that luckless union. His second son, Edward Bruce, of Kinloss, was accredited by James VI. to the Court of Elizabeth to congratulate her Majesty upon the suppression of the commotions excited by the Earl of Essex; and furthered the interests of his royal master so well in this mission, that on his return he was created Baron Bruce of Kinloss, county Elgin; and, on the accession of James to the throne of England, was nominated of the Privy Council, and appointed Master of the Rolls. Thomas, third Baron, was created Earl of Elgin in 1683; but Charles, fourth of that title, dying without surviving male issue in 1747, the family honours reverted to his relative and namesake, ninth Earl of Kincardine, descended from the third son of Edward Bruce, of Blairhall, already mentioned. Uniting the two dignities, his Lordship assumed the title of Elgin and Kincardine; and was succeeded, on his death in 1771, by his eldest son, William Robert, who died a few months afterwards; the Countess surviving him many years, and discharging with great credit to herself the responsible station of governess to the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. His Lordship's honours devolved upon his brother Thomas, who married the only daughter of William Hamilton Nisbet, Esq., of Dirleton, in Haddingtonshire.

This accomplished nobleman filled several important diplomatic appointments, and, while Ambassador Extraordinary in Turkey, formed the design of collecting and transporting to England the invaluable remains of Grecian art (chiefly consisting of decorations from the Parthenon) now in the British Museum, and known as the Elgin Marbles.

Lord Elgin married, in 1810, Elizabeth, youngest

daughter of James Fownshend Oswald, Esq., of Dunnikier, in Fifeshire; of which union the present Earl is the eldest child, being born in Park-lane, in 1811; consequently, he is now in his forty-third year—a very early age at which to date services so prolonged as those he has rendered to his country in exalted and responsible office. He received his education at Christchurch, Oxford; where, in addition to a large development of the hereditary predilection for art, he attained first class in Classics in 1832; and subsequently became a Fellow of Merton College. In 1841 he married Elizabeth Mary, only child of Lennox Cumming Bruce, Esq., of Roseisle, Stirlingshire; and the same year was elected to represent Southampton in Parliament—in the proceedings of which Assembly, however, he scarcely took part, owing to the death of his father, the November following, when he succeeded to the family honours. But though till then untried in public life, his administrative aptitude was discovered by the Cabinet in power at the time, and the result has been alike creditable to their prescience and his capacity. In March, 1842, he was nominated by the Earl of Derby (Lord Stanley), then for the second time Colonial Minister in Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, as Governor of Jamaica, where, singularly enough, he succeeded Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalf, whom he subsequently succeeded in Canada (Lord Cathcart intervening); and higher praise can hardly be bestowed upon Lord Elgin than the fact, that in either sphere he proved himself in every way worthy of so impartial, enlightened, and discriminating a predecessor. For four years, during a most eventful period in the history of the island, while, in what may be called the transition stage of society consequent on recent legislative alterations affecting the staple of the colony, he conducted its affairs with exemplary prudence, and with a degree of satisfaction to the inhabitants of which vivid remembrance is borne to the present day.

In August, 1846, his Lordship resigned the Governorship of Jamaica, and in the following month was appointed Governor-General of Canada, with a salary of £7777 per annum. Of his conduct in this important post, perhaps the most emphatic eulogium that can be expressed is conveyed in the fact, that he has been continued in it by four successive Colonial Ministers, and that these four were all at a festival in his honour, viz., Mr. Gladstone, Earl Grey, Sir John Pakington, and the Duke of Newcastle; while the president of the evening, Lord John Russell, had likewise filled the same office, as also had another of those present, Lord Glenelg. Thus was the conduct of Lord Elgin as a Colonial Governor practically sanctioned in the most complimentary manner by six Secretaries of

\* See Engraving.



**THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.**

Maclear & Co Lith Toronto

State for the Colonies. A seventh may be virtually said to have done so too; for the Earl of Derby, in declining the invitation on the score of an important prior engagement, expressed his "respect and regard" for the guest of the evening; and, moreover, the noble Earl's son, Lord Stanley, was present.

When Lord Elgin assumed the government of Canada, he took the earliest opportunity to avow the principles on which he proposed to administer the trust reposed in him by his Sovereign, and this avowal obtained for him the general confidence of the Canadian people.

It would be wholly out of place here to discuss the political measures brought forward by the advisers of the Earl of Elgin. According to the recognized principles of the Canadian Government, the Ministers of the Crown are responsible for every act of the Government, and from that responsibility they have never shrunk. It must not, however, be supposed that the Governor-General's duties are either light or unimportant. The zeal displayed by the Earl of Elgin in advancing the material interests of the Province, by countenancing every measure calculated to promote them, has been admitted on all hands. His able despatches to the Secretary of State for the Colonies have been read with admiration by Canadians of all classes; who have likewise appreciated his efforts to promote, by the offer of prizes and otherwise, all really useful projects for the improvement of the agriculture, commerce, or export manufactures of the Province.

Lord Elgin finds a most effective auxiliary to his deserved popularity in the person of his present estimable and accomplished Countess. This lady, the life and light, as she is the ornament, of the circle which her husband's courteous hospitality, no less than his official position, draws around him, has also hereditary claims on Canadian feeling. She is the eldest surviving daughter of the late Earl of Durham, formerly Governor-General of Canada; his son, her brother, the present Earl, being also among those who assembled to honour Lord Elgin.

**CANDLEMAS.**—At an early period a festival was observed on this day commemorative of the presentation of Christ in the Temple, and the Purification of the Virgin. A profusion of lights was introduced with reference to Simeon's acknowledgement of Christ as a "light to lighten the Gentiles."

**CURRAN.**—Curran and a companion passing along the streets in Dublin, overheard a person remarks to another—"He is a great genius" (genius) "That man murdered the word," said Curran's friend. "Not at all," replied the wit "he has only knocked an i out."

## TO A BELOVED ONE.

Heaven hath its crown of Stars, the Earth  
Her glory-robe of flowers—  
The Sea its gems—the grand old woods  
Their songs and greening showers:  
The Birds have homes, where leaves and blooms  
In beauty wreath above;  
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—  
And we, Sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewell'd Great,  
Where Love's dear name is sold;  
Yet have we wealth we would not give  
For all their world of gold!  
We revel not in Corn and Wine,  
Yet have we from above  
Manna divine, and we'll not pine:  
Do we not live and love?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,  
On Misery's bosom nursed:  
Rich robes for ragged souls, and Crowns  
For branded brows Cain curst!  
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,  
Ever about us be,  
And, happiest of God's happy things!  
There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd  
Life's water into wine;  
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,  
Hath made my life divine.  
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,  
Since thou to me wert given;  
A ladder for my soul to climb,  
And summer up in heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot  
May mingle tears and sorrow;  
But, Love's rich Rainbow's built from tears  
To-day, with smiles To-morrow.  
The sunshine from our sky may die,  
The greenness from Life's tree,  
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,  
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee! Ararat of my life,  
Smiling the waves above!  
Thou hail'st me Victor in the strife,  
And beacon'st me with love.  
The world may never know, dear heart!  
What I have found in thee;  
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart!  
Thou'rt art all the world to me.



CEDAR RAPIDS, RIVER ST.  
LAWRENCE.\*

THE St. Lawrence is perhaps the only river in the world possessing so great a variety of scenery and character, in the short distance of one hundred and eighty miles—from Kingston to Montreal. The voyage down this portion of the St. Lawrence is one of the most exciting and interesting that our country affords to the pleasure-seeking traveller. Starting at daylight from the good old city of Kingston, we are at first enraptured by the lovely and fairy-like scenery of the "Lake of the Thousand Isles," and oft we wonder how it is that our helmsman can guide us through the intricate path that lies before him. Surely he will make some mistake, and we shall lose our way and our steamer wander for ages ere the trackless path be once more discovered. However, we are wrong, and long before the sun has set we have shot the "Long Sault," and are passing through the calm and peaceful Lake St. Francis. Gently we glide along, and are lost in pleasing reveries, which grace the scenes of our forenoon's travel. Suddenly we are awakened from our dreams by a pitch and then a quick jerk of our vessel, and rising to see the cause, we find ourselves receiving warning in the Coteau Rapids of what we may expect when we reach the Cedars, a few miles further on. Now the bell is rung for the engine to slow its speed, and glancing towards the beam, we find it merely moving sufficiently to keep headway on the vessel; now looking towards the wheelsman's house, we see four men standing by the wheel; backwards we turn our gaze, and four more stand by the tiller to assist those at the wheel in guiding our craft down the fearful leaps she is about to take. These preparations striking us with dread, we, who are now making our first trip, involuntarily clutch the nearest object for support, and checking our breath, await the first plunge.—'Tis over. We are reeling to and fro, and dancing hither and thither among billows of enormous size, caused solely by the swiftness of the current. With difficulty we keep our feet while rushing down the tortuous channel, through which only we can be preserved from total wreck or certain death. Now turning to the right, to avoid a half sunken rock, about whose summit the waves are ever dashing, we are apparently running on an island situated immediately before us. On! on we rush! We must ground! but no; her head is easing off, and as we fly past the island, a daring leap might land us on its shores; and now again we are tossed and whirled about in a sea of foam, we look back to scan the dangers passed,

\* See Engraving.

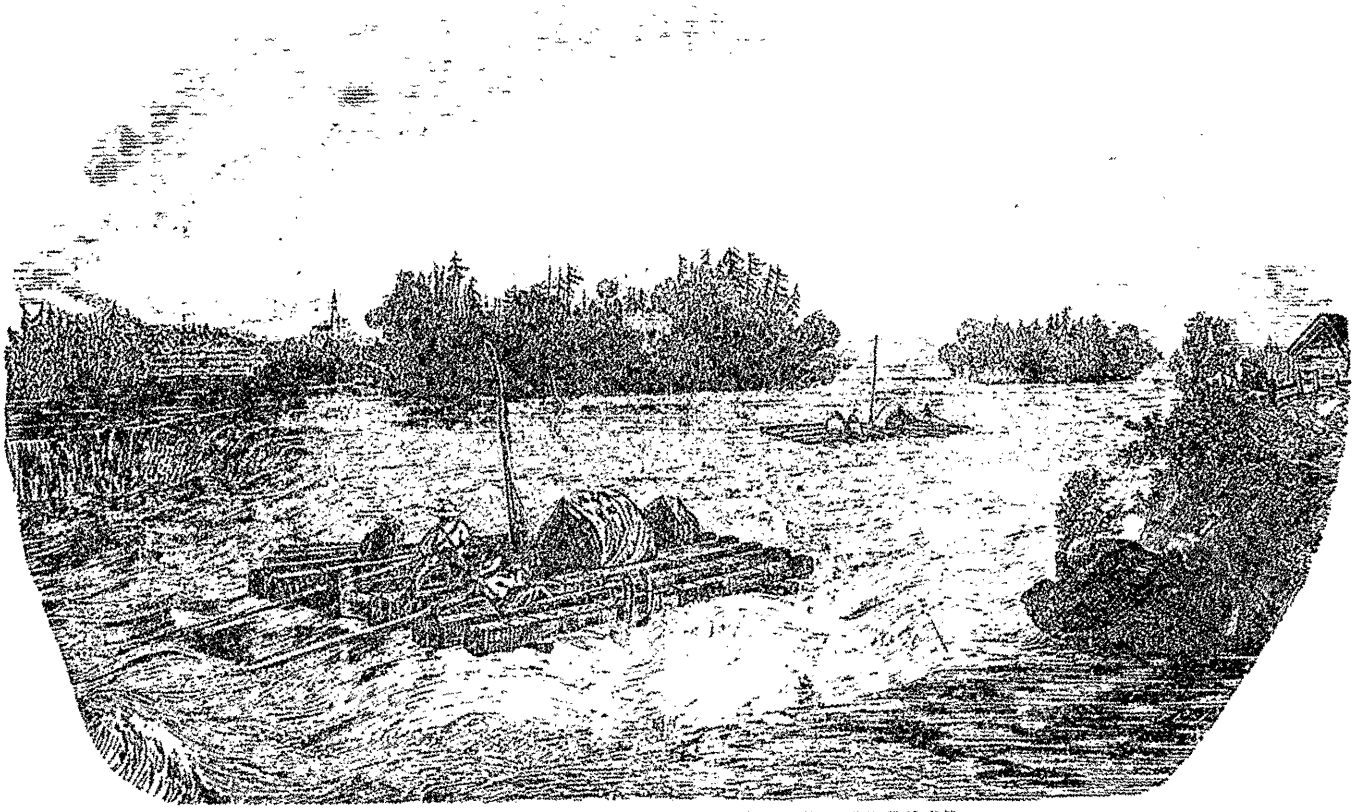
and see a raft far behind, struggling in the waves. While contemplating its dangers, we forget our own, and the lines of Horace appear peculiarly applicable to the Indian who first entrusted his frail canoe to these terrific rapids:—

"Illi robur et æs triplex  
Circæ pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus ———"

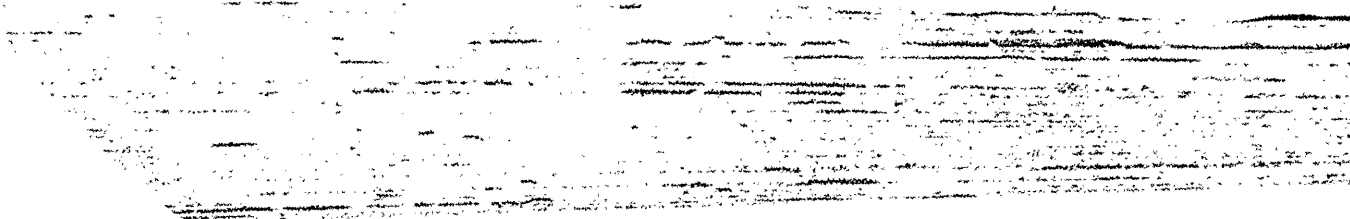
POINT OF VIEW.—The ancient astronomers were led into false systems and erroneous conceptions regarding the heavenly bodies, in consequence of viewing and reasoning upon them in their relation to the earth and its apparent motions. Assuming the earth to be at rest in the centre of the universe, they made the movements of the sun, moon, planets, and stars, conform to this dogma; but whilst their systems answered to some phenomena, they were totally unable to explain the eccentric movements of the heavenly bodies, as observed by a spectator on the earth's surface. The true system was evolved by making the sun the centre, and contemplating planetary and stellar motion in relation to that eternal orb. Simplicity then took the place of complexity, and order of confusion. May not this fact teach an important lesson to the sceptic, who can see only complexity and confusion in the Word of God? Does he not look upon it from a wrong point of view? Were he to raise himself to the centre of moral order and beauty, would he not perceive that Divine Inspiration is the excellence of Wisdom and the majestic simplicity of Truth.

CLERICAL APATHY.—A prelate being in the company of Garrick, asked him how it was that the fictions of the stage were received so favourably, and listened to with so much delight, whilst the truths of eternity enforced from the pulpit produced so little effect. "My Lord," replied the actor, "here lies the secret; you deliver your truths as if they were fictions; but we deliver our fictions as if they were truths."

THE MOON.—We assent to the opinion that the moon has not an atmosphere; but have we ever reflected on what is implied in the absence of this æiform envelope? The moon must be a soundless, voiceless desert. Its landscape must be totally unearthly and ghastly; with no ærial tints and gradations; and all objects near and remote staring out with monotonous uniformity. There can be no diffusion of light in its sky—a dark concave, pierced by the burning orb of the sun at one part of the lunation, and by the vast disc of the earth at another. The thread of the gossamer, if suspended, would hang plumb and motionless, like a pendulum at rest.



CEDAR RAPIDS.—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.



## A STORY OF THE GREAT BLOCKADE.

## CHAPTER I.

EVERY one has heard of that famous political move by which Napoleon hoped to check-mate England, and shut her out from the commerce of the continent. The emperor had been baffled in his intention of invading this country, and unwilling to give up the long-cherished hope of striking a blow at the heart of his powerful enemy, he sought to effect by indirect means that which he would have preferred attempting on the soil of Britain, at the head of a hundred thousand men. He therefore launched those memorable decrees, dated from Berlin and Milan, which were to have had the effect of weakening England by ruining her trade, and ultimately to lay her prostrate at the feet of the conqueror.

Many yet alive will remember the excitement created by the publication of these decrees, and the establishment of the great continental blockade. Few, however, are aware of the loss and suffering consequent thereon, which, though severely felt by the British, weighed far more heavily on the continent than on those it was intended to injure. Commercial men on both sides of the Channel resorted to all sorts of schemes to baffle the designs of the all-powerful emperor. Those who were most deeply involved, and who made the most profit, never cared to reveal their share in the great system of wholesale smuggling that was carried on; and in time other events effaced the remembrance of daring enterprise. And yet there was much in that period that possesses a lasting interest. The people abroad had no free press in which they could expose their grievances; and it is difficult in the present day to form an idea of the severe judgments pronounced, not only on those taken in the act of smuggling, but on all suspected, right or wrong, in any share in the fraud. Great commercial houses that had stood for a century or more, were often ruined by some rascally informer who had a spite to gratify, or who hoped to come in for a share of the spoils. The whole coast was strictly watched, and it was a high crime to send to, or receive from, the foreigner even a simple letter, though it might treat of none but family matters. Such severity, instead of proving fatal to England, only defeated itself, for the people of the continent persisted in having English goods whether or no, and English manufacturers were not at all backward in supplying the demand. Having been

an eye-witness and actor in some of these proceedings, I have thought that a few chapters recalling some incidents of that eventful period might prove interesting to readers of the present day.

In the year 1797, my father having resolved on bringing me up to a mercantile life, placed me for the usual period in a respectable house at G—. I was then fifteen years of age, inclined to work, and with a reputation for intelligence, and soon learned to render myself useful to my principals, who, at the expiration of my term, kept me as one of their clerks. I remained in the service of the firm out of regard for my parents, who wished to keep me near them, although the meagre salary which I received, to say nothing of my inclinations, would have led me to seek fortune in another country. No change, however, took place in my circumstances until 1808, the year of the famous decrees of Milan and Berlin. We had a stock of merchandize on hand which was speedily exhausted; but there were no means of renewing it, and masters, clerks, and apprentices crossed their arms and waited. To shorten time we read novels and romances of all kinds, bad as well as good; and many a circulating library owed its fortune to Napoleon's hatred of England, though assuredly neither one nor the other suspected the fact. Wait we must; but for what? No one could say. Everybody hoped; but what? Day after day people repeated by way of consolation—the string is overstrained, it will break. They spoke truth, yet the string held good; and days, weeks, and months of insupportable inactivity went by. What yawning! What secret maledictions upon the emperor!

In February, 1809, the public journals announced the sale of an English vessel at Cherbourg, which had been captured by a privateer. The cargo consisted of the very articles we had been so long unprovided with. A rumour went the round of the office, and the result was that the firm decided on sending me to the sale. They gave me full instructions and letters of credit on Paris for 100,000 francs. I gladly left my high stool, my desk, novels, and idleness, and started, happy as a bird flown from the cage and permitted to try the strength of its wings.

I remained in Paris only the time necessary to see our correspondents, and to make some acquaintance with a world so new to me. By good fortune I met an ancient college chum, well up in what was going on, who whispered

mysteriously into my ear, that the English were establishing a mart at Heligoland, and that a small vessel had just succeeded in landing her cargo in East Friesland. He told me nothing further; and though I affected to treat this important information as news of common interest, I soon afterwards took a place in the diligence, and was on my way to Cherbourg.

Scarcely was Paris left behind, than the movement of the vehicle communicated itself to my imagination, and while my person journeyed towards the coast of France, my thought travelled to East Friesland, and hovered over the rock of Heligoland. At last I exclaimed, while breathing the dust that flew in clouds from the road, "What a goose I am! I am going to buy English goods at Cherbourg at nine times their value, and pay 45 francs for that which is worth only five. Can't I do something better? Profit is so attractive, that means will be found in the end to introduce these things into France, even if they have to go round by the Baltic, or the Sea of Marmora. I will go to London, purchase a bale, and shall be sure to find a hole in the living hedge of Custom-house officers through which to pass it. But what will my principals say? Bah! if I succeed, I shall appear to them white as snow. And if I fail—but I shall not fail."

Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind during the remainder of the journey. With every change of horses I built a new castle in the air, each more and more magnificent. At last, we arrived in Cherbourg. Full of my adventurous projects, I was no way inclined to amuse myself by outbidding the numerous buyers who had come, like birds of prey, from all France, to swoop down on the unlucky English cargo. The lots were too small to make me envious; and but little impressed by the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," I made my way back to Paris.

It must be confessed that on getting near to the *barrieres*, I began to see a little more distinctly the obstacles accumulated between my project and their accomplishment. I had entered upon the subsiding point of enthusiasm, when the imagination, after having taken its loftiest flights, sinks insensibly downwards, and goes dragging along the earth. Moreover, how were our correspondents to be induced to give up to me the 100,000 francs destined for purchases at Cherbourg, for a purpose that I dared not reveal? To speak of my intention of crossing over to England would have either opened

for me the doors of a lunatic asylum, or exposed me to the gravest suspicions. I had, therefore, to concoct a plan, foresee difficulties, prepare answers; and I succeeded. By dint of firmness and self-possession, aided by a small amount of lying, I attained my object, which was the transference of my credit and the letters of recommendation to Holland. The small lie, as will be seen in the end, might have cost me very dear, for more than once I risked my life, as well as my liberty. It involved, also, other consequences; obliging me to hold out to the end with the species of wager that I had laid, and leading me into transactions and positions that I should have shrunk from, could I have foreseen them at the outset of the enterprise. The remembrance of this error has had a salutary effect on my subsequent existence; it has convinced me of the great truth that a first fault paves the way for others, or at least, in most cases, brings in consequences altogether unexpected and painful.

Soon I was on my way to Holland. I had no definite plan of succeeding, neither could I have, seeing my ignorance of the places, the circumstances and the possibilities. Sometimes I thought of a voyage up the North Sea, as far as Russia, even to Archangel or Torneo, if need were, to find a port where I could land my goods. The die was cast, and, whatever the cost, I was determined to win. As it turned out, a shorter way offered, but which, in fact, was neither better nor easier.

On my arrival at Rotterdam, I called on a respectable merchant, to whom I was recommended. He received me so kindly, that I confided my hopes to him, and frankly stated my desire to cross over to England. In an instant, even while I spoke, the gentleman's language and manner underwent a complete metamorphosis. His tone became cold, his air severe; and regarding me fixedly, he said, "You ask for what is impossible; such a precious freak would ruin us all."

"Well, then," I answered, "give me letters for the towns in East Friesland, for Hamburg, and Bremen. I should greatly regret compromising you, but I must go to England."

"Are you determined?"

"Perfectly."

"'Tis a folly."

"No matter, I must go to England."

"Return here to-morrow," he replied, "I'll think the matter over;" and with a slight move-

ment of the hand, by way of salutation, I was dismissed.

The next day I was at his door in good time. He took me into his private office, and seating himself directly in front of me, he began, "Monsieur, I have maturely reflected on your demand; can you say the same? Have you well calculated all the consequences of your redoubtable enterprise? Do you know to what you expose yourself and your friends in seeking a ship? Do you know what awaits you, if, as is to be feared, you fail in escaping the surveillance of the numerous agents, whose duty it is to execute the emperor's decrees?"

"Oui, monsieur, I am quite aware that I risk being taken and shut up in prison, or be a mark for a bullet, if I attempt to run away. But I have already said, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' I am determined to go to England."

"Holland," went on the worthy merchant, "is specially watched. We are the more mistrusted, because the interests of our commerce suffer greatly. The police of Paris is as regularly brought into play here as at the Palais Royal; and I am bound to tell you, it is a point of conscience with me, that many attempts similar to yours have been made, and that all—all, without exception, monsieur, have failed. More than 150 persons are imprisoned in the fortress of Enkhuysen alone for this sort of thing; and I have reason to believe that the officers are not less vigilant towards the north, and failures take place there as well as here. Take my advice, and give up your scheme. You are young," he added, taking me by the hand, "you appear to me to be active, and not devoid of ability; you will find many other ways of advancing yourself in the world."

Tears stood in the excellent Dutchman's eyes as he spoke thus for several minutes, and in a most affectionate tone; but judging from the expression of my features, as much as from my answers, that nothing could shake me, he resumed in his habitual tone, "You are, then, quite determined?"

"Oui, monsieur, quite."

"Very well, you shall start this evening. A fisherman of my acquaintance will carry you to Harwich, in company with two gentlemen whose acquaintance you will make on board. The owner is a simple and ignorant man, and his vessel in rather a bad condition; two facts which, however uncomfortable in one sense, will have the advantage of not arousing suspicion. You will pay eighty guilders for your passage, all

charges included. You have, I believe, no baggage; so be in waiting at six precisely this evening on the steps of your hotel, with nothing but a portmanteau. A gig drawn by a black mare, and driven by a big man, will stop before you; get up by his side, and keep yourself quiet."

"But, monsieur ——" I wished to interrupt.

"I have nothing further to say. From this moment we do not know one another. We have never seen each other. I wish you good luck."

We shook hands, and I took leave of the kind hearted merchant, fully resolved to say or do nothing that might compromise him. In the evening, a few minutes before six, I was at my post, and presently saw a gig approaching in the distance. It was the one I expected—a black mare and a big driver; there could be no mistake. I took my seat, the whip smacked, and away we went.

Up one street, down another, across the outskirts of the city; and at last the open country. I addressed a few words to my companion. Not a word or sign in answer; he appeared not to understand me. I waited a quarter of an hour, and renewed the attempt at conversation, but in German; still the same silence. He made up his mind not to talk, that was evident; so I resigned myself to the course of events.

The day waned, and was succeeded by the darkest of nights. Still we kept on at the same pace along a narrow and deserted road, making, as it seemed to me, numerous *détours*. My heart beat quickly with excitement and impatience. At length we came to a cross-road, where two men of rather suspicious appearance were waiting. My driver leaped nimbly from the gig, took my portmanteau, handed it to the two men, spoke a few words to them in a low tone, which it was impossible for me to comprehend; then turning to me, he whispered in my ear, in good French—"Follow these men;" and remounting immediately to his seat, he lashed the black mare, and disappeared.

Without saying a word, my guides walked off, and I followed them. Judging from their behaviour and their dress, they belonged to the lower class of people, and they were quite as taciturn as the big driver had been. We crossed large damp meadows, then stubble-fields, then endless dykes, and more squashy meadows; and kept on for a full hour and a half, when we came to another cross-road, where two other men were waiting me. My guides put the portmanteau into their hands, and addressing

me in Dutch, said—" *Betalen, Mynheer, betalen*" (Pay, monsieur, pay).

This demand vexed me greatly. My purse was but slenderly furnished, and my correspondent at Rotterdam assured me that my eighty guilders would defray all charges. I, however, drew a few florins from my pocket; the men made a grimace of dissatisfaction, and insisted on having more. Being impatient to find myself under some roof where I could rest and dry myself, I added three crowns to the gift, and we parted good friends.

While following my new guides, I was full of joyous reflections. I saw myself, at the end of another hour or two, embarked in a good ship, scudding away to England, whose soil I hoped to tread on the morrow. My golden dream lengthened with our walk, which, in profound silence, was across wet meadows and along wearisome dykes as before. The night was cold as well as dark, and we had walked for more than two hours, but I scarcely felt fatigued, so much was I sustained and cheered by the thoughts to which I entirely abandoned myself. By and by we encountered two other men, who were evidently posted to wait for us, and I had to undergo a second course of "*Betalen, Mynheer, betalen*." I made a desperate resistance, but was forced to yield to necessity. I had given myself up to these men; my project was completely in their power, and I was dependent on their good-will. I paid, therefore, in order to continue my journey.

#### CHAPTER II.

As we kept on across the dreary midnight landscape, I began to have scruples, or rather fears, as to the result. Suspicion after suspicion crept into my mind, and at last I persuaded myself that I had fallen into the hands of clever rogues, who were determined to make the most of me. It seemed to me that I recognized some of the places we passed, and the idea grew upon me that I was to be walked round and round upon the same road all night, without bringing me a step nearer to my destination, until every sou had been extorted from me. Immediately I took the resolution to be on my guard, and to keep out of the trap, if trap there were, whatever might be the consequences. Watching my opportunity, therefore, as a preliminary precaution, I contrived to conceal in a safe place about my person all the loose money I had in my pocket, continuing all the while to follow my guides. At length they halted; we stood

still on the same spot for some minutes, without saying a word to each other, and I was beginning to feel uneasy at the delay, when a figure came towards us out of the gloom, and at once my two guides broke out with the eternal "*Betalen, Mynheer, betalen*." I answered them successively in French, German, and English, trying to explain that I had no money left, and owed them nothing. They, however, could not, or would not understand; and repeated, with greater emphasis, "*Betalen, betalen*." It was in vain that I added pantomime to speech, and turned my pockets inside out, to demonstrate their emptiness; the Dutchmen remained as little convinced by my signs as by my words. I then lost patience, and snatching my portmanteau from their hands, sat down upon it, without a word of explanation.

A quarter of an hour dragged slowly away, full of anxieties on my part; for if these men abandoned me, my project failed at the very outset. But I had the advantage over them of a fixed determination, and guessed at the causes of all their hesitation. They could neither make up their minds to leave me on the road, nor to lose the few florins which they had promised themselves. Whether it was that their patience became exhausted, or that they had other business to attend to, they at length reluctantly, as it seemed, took themselves off. The man who had come alone to meet us then signed to me to follow him, notwithstanding that he had witnessed the success of my struggle with his countrymen. I congratulated myself heartily on the result, for now that my conductor knew there was nothing further to be obtained from me in the way of gratuities, he would probably not wish to prolong his walk. And, indeed, at the end of another half hour, just as day was beginning to peep, we came in sight of a cabin built on the bare sandy shore at the mouth of the Maas. Pointing towards it, my guide gave me to understand that I was expected at the miserable little edifice, there was my destination, and, without another word, he abruptly left me.

I was worn out with cold, fatigue, and hunger; but the sight of the broad expanse of water reanimated me, and I stepped gaily into the cabin, the interior of which, however, offered nothing cheerful. Broken planks, pieces of ships' timbers, and nets heaped one on the other, nearly filled the narrow space. A man who lay stretched on these nets, rose at my entrance, struck a light, bade me lie down, and told me,

in bad German, that the *buss*, the fishing-boat, would drop down the river next day, and take us on board. The *us* reminded me of the two travelling companions that had been mentioned to me at Rotterdam; and, at the same instant, as though answering to my thought, there came from behind the pile of planks two individuals equally desirous with myself to arrive in England.

The eldest, whose age might be forty, was Portuguese consular agent at Antwerp. For two years the course of events had deprived him of occupation, of salary, and of perquisites, and it was literal hunger that made him brave the risk of the passage. The other was a young man of twenty, a native of Demerara, from whence he had been sent a boy of eight, to be educated in Holland, and was now about to return to America, to take possession of a large property bequeathed to him by one of his uncles. They were both good fellows, and we became very intimate during the ten days that our companionship lasted. But enough of a travelling friendship, which ended at London, where we separated, and I never saw them afterwards.

These two gentlemen had been hiding in the hut for five whole days, living on provisions which they had had the foresight to bring with them. I ought to have done the same; but having, unfortunately, believed that the trip would not be more than twenty-four, or, at most, thirty hours, I had brought but scanty provision with me, and was obliged at once to put myself on short allowance. The nets served us for beds; and though there was a wide difference between the hard, stringy meshes and cinder-down, we nevertheless slept soundly. But what was more disheartening, the promised boat had failed to make its appearance; and for three mortal days that we had to wait, we exhausted and worried ourselves with conjectures as to the cause of the delay. At last, on the morning of the fourth day our host awoke us with the news that the vessel had arrived, and lay at anchor a few hundred yards from the shore. A few minutes later, thanks to his ricketty fishing-punt, we were safely on board.

Scarcely had we installed ourselves, than the word was given to hoist the sail, and away we went. Our satisfaction may be imagined; we embraced one another, we danced, and, in fact, were fairly overcome by inexpressible emotion. All at once a violent shock interrupted our premature demonstrations of delight. The *buss* had

struck a sand-bank, and with such force, as to form a groove, in which we became fixed. What was to be done? An ugly cross sea was getting up; the shallows stretched away for miles around, and our captain—if such a title may be given to a fisherman—was not well acquainted with the channel. There we were, stopped short at the very moment we thought the last obstacle had been left behind; and the only answer to our anxious, What was to be done? was to wait for the tide. Five long hours did we wait, and then the rising tide set us once more afloat, but only to drift us back to the point from which we had set out; and now, on the heels of the first misfortune, followed a second. The captain gave us to understand that his "sailing permit" being only for a limited period, he was afraid to undertake a voyage in which so much time had already been lost, and with the prospect of imprisonment and loss of his vessel by confiscation on his return. He therefore refused to make the passage.

I held counsel with my two companions in misfortune. Had we been armed there is no doubt that with a pistol at his ear the fisherman might have been forced to steer once more away from the land; but unluckily my only weapon was a small penknife, and I was the best armed of the three. There was nothing for it but to submit to necessity, and re-enter the river. The other two crept into a hiding place contrived in the side of the vessel, while I, as last comer and supernumerary, was forced to crawl under a heap of nets. The *buss* floated up to a well-built village, the name of which I never heard, was made fast to a wharf, where a couple of officers came immediately on board to make the usual search prescribed by custom-house and municipal law. Happily they could not see through planks nor a heap of nets, and they made no attempt to remove one or the other, so that though I could hear every word they spoke they did not discover me where I lay in my stifling quarters. The day passed uncomfortably enough for me, and just as I had come to the conclusion that the night was to pass in the same way, the captain called me from my hiding place, threw over me a seaman's cloak, and stepping on shore, led me to a house brilliant with cleanliness, where I found my two friends, a bright fire, and a well-spread table. A good-looking woman waited on us, and for my part I never made a better repast, nor slept better, for excellent beds had been prepared for us. We had, however, to be up before the day to ensconce

ourselves once more in our hiding places. It had rained all night, and the change from comfortable beds to wet planks was anything but agreeable. Scarcely had I crept in than the officers paid us a second visit, and one of them began to turn over the nets under which I was hidden. I could hear his movements without being able to interpose a check, and the most frightful apprehensions seized me. To the dread of being discovered was added that of being pierced by his sounding-iron or his bayonet. I trembled from head to foot, and cursed the project which had led me into such a predicament. Every moment did I expect to feel a stab, or to hear the cry that I was discovered; but the officer, either becoming weary of his task or seeing nothing to excite his suspicion, replaced the nets before he had got to the bottom of the heap, and I escaped with the fright.

No sooner was the search over than our captain again unmoored, and once more we descended the Maas: taught by his first mischance, he kept a better look out, and we got clear of the shallows without striking. But the accident had rendered him so timorous and mistrustful, that he refused to keep his vessel going at night, and as soon as evening set in, he heaved-to till day-break. Fortunately the weather was fine and the sea calm, too calm, indeed, for impatient voyagers; we more than once thought ourselves in danger of being drifted down by the currents to the Straits of Dover. We had suspected the ignorance of the captain, but it exceeded all our anticipations, and his want of skill was evident even to those unaccustomed to the sea. The boat, in truth, was detestable, as most Dutch boats are; a very shoal, broad and flat, with but a few inches of keel, suited to the shallow coast of Holland, steering badly and sailing slow. One morning, lying on the half-deck, I happened to pierce one of the planks with my penknife, when to my surprise, the whole blade buried itself with the greatest ease up to the handle. I tried the same experiment in other places, and found the wood everywhere rotten, a by no means comforting discovery, for if it should come on to blow hard the old tub might break up and send us all to the bottom.

However, the calm weather held; but the run across, instead of from thirty-six to forty hours, took us seven days! And it would have been longer had we not been spoken by a party of English smugglers out on a cruise, who wished to know if we had gin to sell, and who put us on the right course, for we had got ten leagues

to the southward of our port. During these seven days we had to content ourselves as regards food with the mess-kid of the crew, which was by no means appetizing. Barley broth, mixed with beer, and with a measure of treacle when the captain thought fit to give better fare than usual, was our daily diet, to which the crew added lumps of raw bacon. In vain, although tormented by hunger, did I try to follow their example. Providence had not given me either a Dutch or Greenlandish stomach, and I really suffered from want of food. When, three years afterwards, I consulted the celebrated oculist Forlenzi of Paris on my diseased eye, which caused me much uneasiness (in fact, I have lost the sight of one eye, and see but badly with the other), he told me there was a contraction in the optic nerve, which I could only attribute to the privation of nourishment which I had undergone in the last three days of this tedious voyage.

At length, seven days after our departure from the Maas, we saw the pleasant clean-looking town of Harwich before us, and its harbour full of vessels. The morning was bright and glad-some, the sky cloudless, and the sun shone as I have seldom seen it shine in England. We were eager to land, but an officer came on board and ordered us to lie off until we had got permits from the Alien Office. Here was another delay; but by return of post the necessary documents arrived, and we had the satisfaction of going on shore and taking up our quarters in an excellent hotel. Here I may mention two facts which signaled our arrival at Harwich. The first was the pertinacity with which one of the custom-house officers, seeing my chin covered with a beard of a fortnight's growth, insisted that I was a Jew, and would by no means be convinced that I was not of the posterity of Abraham. The second may help to give an idea of the reality of the blockade by which Napoleon hoped to cut England completely off from the continent. As soon as we entered the port we were met by the agents of some of the London newspapers, who asked if we had any news or any papers. The Portuguese found a torn leaf of a paper in his pocket, at least three weeks old, but for this, so eager were they for news, they paid almost its weight in gold. I do not exaggerate, for the sum served to pay his expenses from Harwich to London. We had then to regret that we had not supplied ourselves largely before setting out with such profitable merchandize. But as the old proverb says—"One can't foresee everything;" and in



this incident we had still more reason to congratulate ourselves on the fortunate termination of our voyage.

## CHAPTER III.

ON arriving at London I gave myself up entirely to business, leaving pleasure or sight-seeing for a future occasion. One of my first proceedings was to gather all the information possible concerning the Heligoland affair, which was one of those self-defensive expedients that commerce is sure to resort to when she is prevented having fair play. It took me a whole fortnight to find out what I wanted, for the enterprise was still a secret for the public, and most of the merchants and traders knew nothing whatever of the means by which merchandize might be forwarded to the continent. In the end, however, my friends discovered the broker who had sent the first ship to Heligoland, the one of which I had heard a whisper at Paris. He was just then preparing a second despatch; and not to lose time I immediately bought goods to send by the same ship, and followed them up by other purchases to the extent of the sum at my disposal. For a time these operations were kept secret, and large profits were realised; but at last all was made public, and then everybody wished to share in the Heligoland trade, and vessels sailed every day. My purchases had all been sent off, and I was about to follow, and watch over their introduction to the continent, when the British Government put an embargo on all the ships in their ports, and deranged my plans as well as those of a thousand others. They were fitting out the expedition to Walcheren, which it was important to keep secret; and in consequence, during the six weeks that the embargo lasted, not a ship left her anchorage, nor could foreign letters be sent or received. There was a complete interruption to business.

I employed the time in seeing London and its environs, a pleasure that I would willingly have deferred to a future visit; but there was no alternative.

No sooner was the embargo taken off, than heaps of letters arrived. Events had marched with great strides on the northern coasts. A passage had been discovered, and a good many cargoes "run" across East Friesland, a region now known as the Duchy of Oldenburg, and part of Hanover. My first two lots of goods were already on the continent, and all seemed to be going on swimmingly, when one day we

were thrown into consternation by the news that 600 custom-house guards had been despatched to form a *cordon* from Dusseldorf to Lubeck, and thus to hem in the part of the country through which we had been passing our merchandize. Napoleon was at that time meditating the capture of the island of Loban and the battle of Wagram, but with his indefatigable vigilance overlooking the whole extent of his great empire, he saw that the English, whom he hated with implacable hatred, were opposing him on the sea-coast as well as in Germany, and he issued the order which overturned all our plans. What was to be done? Time pressed; there was nothing for it but to be off at once to the spot to save, if possible, our threatened packages.

I took a place in the first packet for Heligoland. We had a hundred passengers on board, so numerous were those engaged in supplying the continental markets—smuggling some would have called it. The vessel was roomy, in good condition, and commanded by an excellent captain. The weather, too, was favourable, and in sixty hours we came in sight of the famous rock which had become all on a sudden the stepping-stone for commerce between England and the continent.

Heligoland is a rock about a mile in circumference, situated some six leagues from the mouth of the Elbe. It rises perpendicularly from the sea, except in one place where a stony beach a few yards in width forms a landing-place; and from this a stair cut in the cliff leads to the top of the rock. This islet, inhabited by about thirty families of fishermen, who were some of the best sailors in Europe, had long been in the hands of the Danes; but in the war against France the English seized it to use as a means of communication with the northern coast of Germany. At the time of my arrival this little known point of the world had been for some weeks surrounded by a large fleet of vessels of all sizes, overladen with all kinds of merchandize. You could get everything you wanted, of whatever style, except food and lodging. At that time there was but one tavern—a wretched affair with only two beds—in the whole island; and no preparations had been made, nothing had been foreseen for the large floating population, attracted thither by the hope of pushing a trade. Living was incredibly dear. For sixty francs a day, you could not get as much as might have been bought with forty sous at Paris. Fortunately the population was

continually renewed; they just set foot on shore, and were off again immediately.

Renouncing all hope of getting a bed, I sauntered in the evening among other strangers out towards the beacon, with the intention of passing the night near its cheerful blaze. We seated ourselves as best we could upon our bags and portmanteaus around the huge clauffer that shed a bright illumination far into the darkness. The sky was clear, the air sharp and piercing; and although well clad, having a pilot-coat for additional protection, I soon found my position unbearable, and made my way back to the few houses that did duty for a town. I inquired for the domicile of my correspondent, and, in reply to my knock, a man, pale and apparently in ill health, about forty years of age, came to open the door. I made myself known to him, and related my embarrassment, "Come in," he answered, "we'll do the best we can." His abode was far from spacious, six feet by eight being its utmost dimensions; and the furniture, two chairs, a table, two chests, and a cast-iron stove. I lay down with my clothes on. Youth and good health, it is said, can sleep anywhere; however, on rising in the morning, I felt a great desire to breathe fresh air. "Shall we go down to the port?" I asked, "and see if my cases have arrived, and whether we can send them on?"

"Oui, monsieur," answered my host; "but my clerk must go with you, I cannot stir out, it's my fever day."

"What!" I exclaimed, "you have the fever?"

"I have had it, monsieur, for several months, and, unluckily, I cannot get rid of it."

These words made me shudder as with a thunderstroke. To be arrested by disease just at the time when I had greater need to be active and vigilant! I trembled with horror at the thought. A night in a fever bed! I rushed down to the shore and plunged into the sea, which at that moment appeared to contain too little water to cleanse me from the dreaded miasm. A number of seroons of quinquina were ranged along the beach, I opened one with my pocket-knife, and chewed a quantity of the bark, which, thus inconsiderately taken, might have given me the very malady that I was taking so much pains to avoid. Happily, I escaped for the fright.

Some hours later I had arranged for a passage in a small decked boat to Wangerod, a sandy islet near the coast of East Friesland. The hardy Heligolanders, in these diminutive

vessels, brave the worst weather of one of the worst seas of the globe.

The boat in which I had taken my passage hoisted her sail, and away we went for Wangerod, though not so pleasantly as could be wished, for the wind was a-head. Yet such was my astonishment at the skill and precision of our manœuvres, at the rapidity with which tack succeeded to tack, and the readiness with which the little vessel obeyed her helm, that before I had time to recover from my surprise at witnessing to me such a novel and incredible sight, we had arrived at our destination. I was put on shore at Wangerod, and took a guide to show me the way across to the mainland at low water. We had to wade through a narrow arm of the sea, but the weather was tranquil, and the water rarely came above our knees. There was nothing to indicate danger. These shallows, however, are very different in storm to what they are in calm; then huge waves rush across them, high enough to float a large ship, but so shallow in their hollows that any unfortunate vessel caught by them is speedily dashed to pieces. A place was pointed out to me where two travellers, crossing in the same way that I did, were lost, with five fishermen who accompanied them.

At about a league from Carolinenzihl, my guide, after giving me a few directions, left me to myself. He gave me to understand that the owner of the first house I should come to on the left at some distance from the village was a good sort of fellow, who might be depended on. I followed his directions, and walking in at the door of the house indicated, I found a woman, still young, surrounded by a troop of brats, who, as children do everywhere, worried her with their noise and movement. I asked for something to eat, and the husband entering as I spoke, he said to his wife:

"Get two omelettes ready for monsieur, while I go for some wine."

He was as good as his word, and brought me a small bottle of very passable liquid, and while eating what was set before me, I asked him whether it would be possible to find a conveyance to Aurich, a town about four leagues from Carolinenzihl.

"I'll see about it," he answered laconically, "How much have I to pay for the two omelettes?"

"Two louis."

"What! two louis!" I exclaimed. "That's very dear."

"Do you think so? Let us go to the inspector; he'll tell us if it is too much."

"Ah well," I answered, "I take you at your word;" and drew the two pieces of gold from my pocket with a good grace.

"That's your sort," replied the other; "you are a good fellow; I'll carry you myself to Aurich. The waggon shall soon be ready."

During his absence, which was not long, I had time to recall to memory the Emperor Joseph II., who, in like manner, had been made to pay two louis for a couple of eggs. There was something in the similarity that flattered my vanity, but at the same time I thought that travellers would certainly be rare at Carolinenzühl. Then I began to question whether my entertainers were really to be depended on; my liberty was in his hands, my life perhaps, undoubtedly my enterprise was, and my honour was bound up with that. Still, his physiognomy and that of his wife seemed candid and honest, and come what would there appeared to be no alternative but to trust myself entirely to them.

While thinking, I approached the window, where I saw the man harnessing a handsome mare to an open car, at the back of which he placed a calf and a heap of straw. This done, he came into the house, wrapped me from head to foot in an old cloak, and in exchange for my trim English hat gave me a broad-brimmed felt of the country, which completely shaded my face, then bidding me mount we set off. We made our way along the whole length of the village, and soon inspector, gendarmes, customs officers were left behind, and I could breathe with an ease and freedom rare under the circumstances. We entered Aurich at nightfall; but having neither acquaintantance nor business in that town, I hastened my departure for Embden, where I had correspondents, and where I knew the authorities were not over-scrupulous.

Considering the price of the omelettes, I expected to pay twenty or twenty-five louis for my four leagues' riding, and I should have paid them without regret, seeing that the journey had carried me through a line of custom-houses. My conductor, however, did not in this case take too great an advantage of his position, and I had to congratulate myself on the way in which the matter was settled between us.

It was something to have passed the custom-houses. The next step was to put myself on a right footing with the police, and to find a place where I could establish my head-quarters, and watch the transport of my merchandize. With

respect to the first point, a few louis procured me a passport under a false name, which from that time was the one I always adopted in my business transactions in that part of the country, while I assumed a second for my correspondence with England, and a third for that with our house. These arrangements together with certain precautions of detail, would have made it difficult, if not impossible, to establish a case against me had I by any chance come under suspicion. Besides, I took pains to make it appear that I was following a legitimate profession, by setting up as a travelling dealer in clocks and watches. One of my friends who was settled in Holland, fitted me out with an assortment of watches, which I offered for sale in my perambulations, and thus kept myself in countenance. By this assumption of the character of a hawker, I feel assured that I lived with less care and anxiety than many other of my companions in fortune, who appeared to me always harassed and uncertain of their safety.

Touching the second point, after having believed that Embden would form my best centre of operations, I soon found that I had deceived myself, and shifted my head quarters to Meppen. I was perfectly amazed by the apathy of the population among whom fate had thrown me for the time; they seemed altogether indifferent to events and interests in which they were directly and essentially concerned. It was well known all round the neighbourhood that a division of French custom-house officers had arrived to engirdle Holland, Friesland, and the Duchy of Oldenburg; but a fortnight after they had taken up their position, though not more than thirty leagues distant, no one could tell me if the line was well kept and organized in all its length, nor the position and strength of the respective posts. I repeat, all the interests of the country were concerned in this question; it was completely blockaded, and at the mercy of the emperor, and yet there was the inertia which I have complained of, and could in no way explain, except that it might be the result of stupor. Moreover, the Frieslanders are the most indolent and apathetic of any people I ever saw.

During three months I led a wandering life, the most adventurous and fullest of excitement that can be imagined. It would be impossible for me to relate in detail all that took place, and the more so, as such constant repetition would weary the reader. To give some idea of it, however, I may state that I passed the

greater part of my time on horseback, having to oversee the arrival of my merchandize, and its disposal within reach, and to be continually exploring the customs' line, to find out the weak and ill-guarded places. Then there was to make personal acquaintance with the leaders of the different squads by whom the goods were run, besides conceiving all sorts of schemes—something new every week—for effecting the passage, and throwing dust in the officers' eyes; and not least, I had to be always present in person, sometimes to use the strong hand, at others to effect a compromise.

At the beginning we could work only on a very small scale, being badly seconded. It is true there were men enough eager to make money by helping us, but fear got the better of their good will; they were, as if terrified, and afraid to commit themselves. But after a time our facilities multiplied, because it became evident that the local authorities would protect us from the consequences of evading the emperor's laws, and were prepared to wink at our proceedings. So true is it that commerce by some means or other will keep itself in activity. A case occurred, even in the family of the emperor, of this indulgent system. The King of Westphalia, whose territories we frequently borrowed when it suited our purpose to do so, was not at all pleased, as we knew afterwards, that his imperial brother had invested his kingdom by customs' officers without giving him warning. He despatched many a courier to Napoleon, then in Austria, with complaints and remonstrances on this invasion of his rights; and all the time the correspondence was going on between the two brothers, the French employés had to rely on themselves alone, finding no support either in the civil or military authorities of the country. Without, then, knowing the cause of this want of agreement, we nevertheless suspected its existence, and profited by it, to send our goods across full swing. Scarcely a night that we were not out, one or two parties, with from fifty to two hundred waggons, trying our luck. At times there was a surprise, and muskets and pistols came into play, sometimes fatally, but the victims were few, and no one seemed to care for their loss. The first time that I heard the cross whistling of the balls, like Charles XII. I involuntarily ducked my head; but one gets used to everything, and in time the whiz of a bullet gave me no more concern than the buzzing of a chafer. But to tell the truth, the parrots, as the officers were call-

ed, because of their green uniforms, could not get the upper hand; they often fired for the pleasure of firing, and only on two occasions did they dare to meet one of our convoys face to face. I shall relate here a few of these adventures, by way of specimen; they will serve to show what was our mode of operation, the tactics we were obliged to employ in our earnest endeavour to disperse useful productions; and as there was, besides, something characteristic in these law-defying nocturnal expeditions, there will be the more interest in recalling them to memory. When the excitement of war prevails, we are not unwilling to read even of commercial hostilities.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ONE day shortly after the commencement of the three months of adventure mentioned in the preceding chapter, I fell in with a sergeant of the custom-house guards, who had charge of a post with five men, and had a little quiet chat with him, during which he insinuated, with singular delicacy, that if I would come down handsomely, he would let a whole night go without making his rounds. I caught at the bait, as may be supposed, and we set about arranging our plans, in which it was stipulated that he should come to my lodgings at seven in the evening with his five men, their arms and baggage, that they should stay there all night, and that in the morning I should give them their liberty, and something else—320 francs. The bargain was satisfactory to both parties; but from the moment it was concluded, I took care not to let the honest sergeant out of my sight, and sent off a messenger with the necessary orders for the preparation of my waggon train. The more vehicles, and the fuller the loads, the better, for the chance was too good to be lost. Seven o'clock struck; the guards, with their chief, came punctual to the rendezvous, delivered up their arms, and followed me to my room, where at one end I had a table set for them, well furnished with things eatable and drinkable, tobacco to smoke, and cards for play. "Do you find all you want?" I asked. "Yes, master; yes, master," answered the men, apparently well content with the prospect of such good cheer, and losing no time, they at once began an attack upon the viands. Meanwhile, I took up a position at the other end of the room, behind a long table which served me as rampart, should such a defence be necessary, and there, with the muskets of the guard at my

side, and a couple of pairs of pistols within reach, I watched the course of events. As soon as the men were busy with their supper, I closed the shutters, locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and sent off a second messenger, with instructions for the cavalcade to start. There had been ample time for its preparation. I watched every movement of my boisterous guests, being rather suspicious of their good faith; but, to do them justice, they appeared to have no other thought than to enjoy themselves. They kept on eating, drinking, smoking, and playing the whole night, interspersing their occupation with disgusting stories and obscene jests, added to which the atmosphere became every moment more and more oppressive, more offensive, and I was near fainting under the combined influence of disgust and foul air. However, at three in the morning, a knock upon the shutter announced that matters had gone off successfully, and I speedily dismissed my unsavoury visitors. They were all from Liege, as I gathered from their conversation; and truly they gave me no favourable idea of Flemish breeding. Notwithstanding the success of my band of freetraders, the remembrance of this night was so distasteful, that nothing would have tempted me to repeat the experiment; and I persuaded my friends that the better way was to force the line of our adversaries, at whatever cost—pistol in hand, if necessary.

I might go on relating similar adventures, were there not a risk of wearying the reader, and overstepping the space at my disposal; I shall therefore make a diversion, by a few sketches of manners, which may serve to show still more clearly the time and the people among whom I was thrown,—by my own choice, I need not repeat.

My associates in these adventures were all traders, or merchants, like myself, holding, or responsible for stocks of English goods that found their way across the North Sea in surprising abundance. We were most of us young, and not deficient in courage and resolution. We lived, so to speak, on horseback, often lost, or compulsorily delayed, in the midst of the wild sandy heaths or marshy plains which constitute so large a portion of the surface of that part of Europe. We went always armed to the teeth, and carrying in a belt round our body from 200 to 300 louis in gold. Whenever we could get the chance of a brief halt at a tavern, out came packs of cards from our pockets, a faro bank was forthwith established, and we

went into the game with a spirit only to be appreciated by those similarly circumstanced. I had generally good luck, owing, perhaps, to my excellent memory, which enabled me to remember the suits of cards as they were played. Although we often became highly excited in this pastime, it never led to a quarrel. We drank, we laughed, the golden coins passed from one pocket to another, then winners and losers alike remounted their horses, and away we went to sell cloth and calico, in spite of the Emperor.

To tell truth, money had lost its ordinary value for us, we made such enormous profits, and were always so uncertain of the morrow! To give an idea of our indifference, or our prodigality in this respect, I may relate that, being one evening on watch at the corner of a marsh with a Hanoverian, I refused twenty, thirty, forty, fifty louis which he offered me for my overcoat, a garment that had cost me only twenty-five francs when new. And well for me that I had such hard-heartedness or greatness of soul, whichever it may be thought, for there was a keen wind, and a few days later my Hanoverian comrade was laid by the heels with a cruel fever, which, unprotected by my coat, I might have caught, and not he.

During our stay at Meppen, the most miserable and the most devoid of resources of all the little unknown towns of Northern Germany, we took it into our heads, by way of amusement, to get up a grand subscription ball. Such an idea was only possible to a party of young fellows accustomed to calculate neither difficulties nor expense. We had to send more than 100 miles—to Hamburg or Bremen—to obtain the means of carrying our project into execution. But by dint of perseverance, and a determination to permit neither obstacles nor stupidity to alter our purpose, we succeeded. The ball was magnificent; everything about it betokened wealth and profusion,—elegant decorations,—splendid lights,—first-rate music,—a capital banquet,—a multitude of dancers, of whom among the female portion many were pretty and aimable. For the time we might have fancied ourselves in some great city. By an unsparing use of money, we had realized at Meppen one of the enchantments out of the *Arabian Nights*.

Writing about Meppen reminds me of Pappenburg, another town afflicted with the same dulness, where a tragi-comic event took place that created no small stir at the time. Passing

one day through the latter town I saw preparations being made in front of the tavern for a public sale to come off in the evening, and the landlord exerted all his eloquence to persuade me to stay and take part in it. I consented, but with the formal stipulation that a bed should be found me for the night, which, seeing the great crowd that was likely to assemble, was no useless precaution. The evening came, the sale went off with considerable spirit, and after it was over I found myself sitting down with sixty others to supper, and all the while I had taken pains to convince myself that there were not more than ten beds in the house. I whispered this fact to a young fellow of my acquaintance seated at my side. and as soon as the first course was removed I suggested that we had better steal a march on the others, and make sure of sleeping quarters. We left the table, and called the waiter, and bade him show us to our rooms. He led the way to a chamber with two beds. "That one is yours," he said said to me, "and the other is for your friend, but he will not sleep alone."

"What! not alone? A single bed was promised me, and a bed I'll have, and keep it too."

It was impossible, retorted the waiter with the air of a man taking a high tone; but a Prussian dollar, slipped into his hand produced a magical effect; every difficulty vanished, and there we were duly and comfortably installed. About an hour later we heard the noise of the guests breaking up, some going home, others seeking their chambers. A brief quiet followed, from which we flattered ourselves that we had nothing to fear, and soon were sound asleep. But short was our repose, for suddenly there came thundering knocks at our door. "Werdada?"—"Who's there?" we shouted starting up.

"What scoundrels are these in my bedroom?" demanded a loud rough voice in reply; "open the door, or I'll break it open."

I jumped out of bed and answered politely. "Meinheer, we are here because we are put here; but as for breaking open the door, if you do you are a dead man."

Bang—crash—the panels flew into the room, and I found myself face to face with a big fellow whose only weapon was a lighted candle. We—that is my companion and myself—were in the shadow; but the aggressor, seeing two pistol-barrels pointed at his breast, stepped quickly backwards, and, stumbling at the stair,

rolled from top to bottom with shouts and execrations enough to set the whole house in an uproar. We left him to pick himself up, and, believing we should sustain a regular siege, pushed all the moveable furniture of the room against the door, and posting ourselves behind the barricade, we waited *en chemise* and pistol in hand for the assault. Unhappily he was no longer in a condition for the onset; one of his arms was broken by the fall, and the only enemy we had to encounter was the landlord, who, after helping to carry the unlucky stranger to another bed, came to weary us with his lamentations. We, however, having nothing to reproach ourselves with, went to sleep again, and were no more disturbed. We left Pappenburg city the next morning, and never saw it again.

A few days before this occurrence I had to sustain a contest of altogether a different character: it was while we were carrying on our petty war with the myrmidons of the customs along some forty or fifty leagues of coast. We had two or three agents at Embden, who, in consideration of a heavy per-centage, undertook the landing of our goods and their transports to the customs' line, which it was our business to force or evade. These agents took it into their heads to add to their already excessive profits another pretty lucrative branch of industry, as I shall here explain. They had a private understanding with the officers, by which it was arranged that out of every three or four ships arriving from Heligoland one should become the prey of those keen-scented gentry. The vessel came off the coast and as a matter of course, was seized. The agents then redeemed it by a payment of from 150 to 200 louis, and despatched the cargo to the interior. Then they wrote to their correspondents, that is to us, a first letter announcing the capture of the vessel, then a second expressing their pleasure at having been able to ransom it at half its value. Bills and vouchers made out accordingly were produced to verify the facts, and in this way these honest individuals pocketed a profit of from 60,000 to 80,000 francs every time they played the trick. I was aware of their practices, but had not yet suffered by them, when in turn I received from Mr. W—, of Embden, a ransom account amounting to 12,000 francs, on which he charged me 6,000 francs expenses and outlay. This was too bad, to be plundered in such a way! I mounted my horse, rode to Embden,

and having taken pains to gather exact particulars of the affairs, went to my gentleman with his bill in my hand.

"Ah," he exclaimed, on seeing me, "I have been most fortunate in getting your bales and packages released. You would not believe, Monsieur, how exceedingly thorny and delicate such transactions are. Even an honest man, runs risk at times of finding himself compromised," &c. &c.

I let him empty his budget, and when he finished gave him to understand that I was acquainted with the affair to the very bottom, and the exact sum to which the ransom of the entire vessel had cost him—a cargo worth 150,000 francs; and that I was not at all disposed to accept the account which he had sent me.

He fired up. I was not cool, and assured him I would expose him to the world at high 'Change, that he should make acquaintance with the toe of my boot, find himself denounced as a swindler not only at Embden, but all the principal Exchanges of the north. With these threats I left him. An hour later he sent me another account, in which the 6,000 francs were reduced to 200; so neither my journey nor my words were thrown away. At the moment, however, that I received the bill—so different from the first—an elderly merchant, an old friend of my father's came into my apartment. His business in the country was the same as mine, but he came to tell me he had just seen Mr. W——, and that worthy had persuaded him I was compromising seriously the interests of all strangers then in East Friesland. The good old man—too good for his then employment—believed himself lost. In vain, with facts in hand, did I show him we were robbed: he would not be convinced. The axe, he said, was suspended over every one of our heads; it might fall at any moment, and therefore it behoved us to be prudent. His terror was so great that I found it impossible to make him comprehend that Mr.—— was the one most interested in keeping the secret; and I still believe that the clever agent would not have dared to insist upon his outrageous overcharge, or upon his share of the pretended seizure.

Such are a few of my recollections of that eventful period. The result is clear: Napoleon, although possessed of means more powerful than ever exercised by any other monarch, could not entirely turn aside or de-

stroy the natural course of things. His blockade of the continent was rigorous, but he never succeeded in making it absolute, and indeed it could not have been made so. The greater the severity, the more did privation inspire heads and hands to circumvent the oppressor. Since then the world has seen no will and no power equal to that of the great Emperor; but should these two elements ever reappear, we may believe, from what has taken place in the past, that the idea of a general commercial blockade of the continent would find no favor except with an interested few, and could not in any case be carried into execution. Autocrats who seek to aggrandise themselves by conquest in our day will have to effect their purpose by other means than trying to frighten commerce or to hinder industry.

---

#### ONE OF OUR LEGAL FICTIONS.

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and the law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interests, one in life. No chill rights or selfish individuality to sow disunion between them; no unnatural laws to weaken her devotion by offering a traitorous asylum against him; but, united by bonds none could break—their two lives welded together, one and indivisible for ever—they set their names to that form of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over for a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage! This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of the woman's whole life in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and his sole recognition by the law—yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, losing herself, in the larger being of her husband: while he, in the vanguard of life protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the strife and the weary toil, the danger and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness, and manly protection; and what sacrilege to erase so much poetry from the dry code of our laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have looked with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal poem. Liberty would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a doubt of her husband's faith. She had been taught to believe in men, and to honor them; and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound conviction of their superiority formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed; and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage of trust. She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshipper; and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lower should be subservient to the will of the higher. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly-bound epic was written in letters of gold, and blazoned in the brightest colours of youth, and hope, and love; and she believed that the unread leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, have believed; and she awoke, like them, when the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hope strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its turned leaves told of love, certainly; but of a love whose passion, when it was burnt out, left no friendship or mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the lost sounds of fond phrases; no real heart-union wove fresh ties in the place of the fragile bands which burnt like flax in their own fire; but, with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through the hard probation of time, and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, but it was an ill-assorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence fell backward into hatred and disgust. The husband was a man of violent temper, and he held supreme views on marital privileges. His wife, young, impassioned, beautiful, and clever, was none the less his chattel; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all but uncontrolled power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect

the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradually worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent and personal violences increased. More than once she was in mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the temper best suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less feeling, she might have better borne the peculiar mode of showing displeasure to which he resorted; and had she been of a lower organization, she might have gained more power over a man who did not appreciate her intellect, or the beauty of her rich nature. As it was—he, too violent to control his temper on the one side: she, too rash and eager to conceal her pain and disgust on the other—their unhappiness became public, and by its very publicity seemed to gain in strength. Friends interfered, many thronging about her; some, to advise patience; some, resolution; some, to appeal to her wifely love, and others to her woman's dignity; and she, halting between the two, now consented to endure and now resolved to resist. So, things went on in a sad unhinged manner; outbreaks continually occurring, followed by promises of reformation and renewed acts of forgiveness; but no solid peace established, and no real wish to amend. Once she left the house, after a long and angry scene, during which he struck her, and that with no gentle hand either; and she would not return until heart-broken petitions and solemn engagements touched her woman's pity, and changed her anger into sorrow. She thought, too, of her own misdeeds; magnified the petty tempers and girlish impertinences which had been punished so severely; took herself to task, while the tears streamed from her dark eyes and steeped the black hair hanging on her neck, until at last imagination and repentance weighed down the balance of evil on her own side. And then he was her husband!—the father of her children, and once her lover so beloved! We all have faults and we all need pardon, she thought; and so she forgave him, as she had done before, and returned submissively to his house. This was what the



Ecclesiastical law culls condonation. And by this act of love and mercy she deprived herself of even the small amount of protection afforded by the law to English wives of the nineteenth century.

They had now three children who made up the sole summer time of her heart. Only those who know what sunshine the love of young and innocent children creates in the misty darkness of an unhappy life, can appreciate her love for hers—three bright, noble, boys. How she loved them! How passionately and how tenderly! Their lisping voices charmed away her griefs, and their young bright eyes and eager love made her forget that she had ever cause for regret or fear. For their sakes she endeavoured to be patient. Her love for them was too strong to be sacrificed even to her outraged womanhood, and that she might remain near them, and caress them, and educate them, she bore her trials now coming fast and thick upon her, with forbearance, if not with silence.

But, matters came at last to a climax; though sooner and on different grounds than might have been expected. She and her husband parted on a trivial question of itself, but with grave results: a mere dispute as to whether the children should accompany their mother on a visit to one of her brothers, who was avowedly (very extraordinary that he should be so, after the married life, she had led!) unfriendly to her husband. It was at last decided that they should not go, and after a bitter struggle. Far more was involved in this question than appears on the surface; her right to the management of her sons, even in the most trifling matters, was the real point of contention; the mother was obliged to yield, and she went alone; the children remaining at home with the father. The day after she left she received a message from one of the servants to tell her that something was wrong at home; for, the children had been taken away with all their clothes and toys, no one knew where. In a storm of terror and agony she gave herself up to the trace, and at last found out their hiding-place. But without any good result. The woman who received them, under the sanction of the father, refused to deliver them up to her, and met her prayers and remonstrances with insults and sarcasms. She was obliged to return widowed and childless to her sister's home in the country; like a wounded panther tearing at the lance in his side, a fearful mixture of love and beauty, and rage and despair. It was well that

she did return to her sister's house instead of her own home, for, her husband, enraged at her persistence in visiting her brother against his consent, ordered the servants to refuse her admittance should she present herself, and "to open the house door only with a chain across."

After balancing between reconciliation and prosecution, a divorce suit was decided on by her husband; expressly undertaken "because his wife would not return to him." By this suit, he attempted to prove that an old friend and patron, to whom he owed his present position and his former fortune, was the seducer of his wife. But, the case broke down; and the jury, without leaving their box gave, a verdict in favour of the defendant: a gentlemen of known honor and established reputation. The crowded court rang with cheers, such as it had rarely echoed to before, as the verdict was pronounced; friends in every degree of life, old friends and friends hitherto strangers, supported her with their warmest sympathy; and if the readiness of the world in general to be kindly honest, and to set right a proved wrong, could have acted directly upon the law, or could have essentially served her without its aid, she would have had ample redress. But it is the peculiar hardship of such a case that no aid but the aid of the law itself, remote and aloof, can give redress. The feelings may be soothed, but the wrongs remain.

And now began the most painful part of the sad epic, whose initiatory hymns had glided into a dirge: a dirge for ruined hopes and wasted youth, for a heart made desolate, and a home destroyed; a dirge for the shattered household gods and the fleetings of the fond visions of her heart.

The suit was ended and the law had pronounced the accused wife innocent. But the law also pronounced the innocent mother without a claim to her own children. They were the father's property; absolutely and entirely. He placed them with his sister a lady who shared his propensity for corporeal punishment; and who flogged the eldest child, a sensitive and delicate boy of six years old, for receiving and reading a letter from his mother. "To impress on his memory," she said, "that he was not to receive letters from her!" The yet younger was stripped naked and chastised with a riding-whip. Yet the law held back these children from their mother's love, and gave them to the charge of those who thought their education fitly carried on by such means. Time passed,

and still the quarrel and separation continued. By a small alteration in this same law of ours—this idol made by our hands, then deified and worshipped—she was at length permitted to see her boys. But only at stated times, and at certain hours, and in the coldest manner. It was her husband's privilege to deny her all maternal intercourse with her sons, and he stretched his privilege to the utmost. No touch of pity dissolved the iron bars of the law, and no breath of mercy warmed the breast of the husband and master. Against the decree of the law, what was the protesting cry of nature? A hollow whistling among the reeds of a sandy waste, which no man heeded—which no voice answered.

Years trailed wearily on. Long years of taming down her proud heart, laden almost beyond her strength; long years of battle with the wild sorrow of her childless life; long years when the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of death where no light and no hope were. But the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stopped to ask over whose heart this great car of our Juggernaut passed. The mother—she to whom God has delegated the care of her young—she on whom lie shame and dishonour if she neglect this duty for any self-advantage whatsoever; she,—a man's wife, and a man's lawful chattel,—had no right to those who had lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed; mainly, because this sufferer laboured hard to show its cruelty. The misery inflicted upon her maternal love will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further entanglement of this miserable web. By the marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children; the principal of which, neither the husband nor his creditors could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically and exclusively. After many years of separation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his raising a loan on this trust-fund for the improvement of his estate. She promised that consent, if he, on his part, would execute a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by authorship. After the demur of reducing the allowance she proposed, the agreement was entered into; and she then gave her consent that a loan should be raised on the trust-fund for her husband's sole advantage.

She received in exchange a deed drawn up and signed by a lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated five hundred pounds a year for life. Three years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from her father. At the same time a legacy of almost five hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her that he would not continue his former allowance, which had been secured, as she believed, by solemn legal agreement. She objected to this novel manner of benefiting by a legacy; and refused to entertain the proposition of reduction. Her husband quietly told her that she must either consent to his terms, or receive nothing; when she urged the agreement, he answered her with the legal poetic fiction "that, by law, man and wife were one, and therefore could not contract with each other." The deed for which she had exchanged her power over the trust-fund was a mere worthless piece of paper.

This shameful breach of contract was followed by another law suit where judgment was given in open court to the effect not only that the agreement in her behalf, signed by her husband and a legal witness, was valueless according to that stanza of the marriage idyl which proclaims that man and wife are one—not only that she had no claim on the allowance of five hundred a year—but that her husband could also seize every farthing of her earnings, and demand as his own the copyrights of her works and the sum paid for them. No deed of separation had been executed between them, and no divorce could be sued for by her. For, she had once condoned or pardoned her husband, and had so shut herself out from the protection of the laws.

And all this is in the laws; the laws which throw a woman helplessly on the mercy of her husband, make no ways of escape and but a few cities of refuge for her, and deliberately justify her being cheated and entrapped. All these are doings protected and all owed by our laws—and men stand by and say, "It is useless to complain. The laws must be obeyed. It is dangerous to meddle with the laws!"

This is a true story; those who run may read it—have read it more than once, perhaps, before now. As an exemplification of some of the gravest wrongs of women and as a proof how much they sometimes need protection even

against those whose sworn office it is to cherish and support them; it is very note-worthy, indeed, in this country of Great Britain. Surely there is work waiting to be done in the marital code of England! Surely there are wrongs to be redressed and reforms to be made that have gone too long unmade! Surely we have here a righteous quarrel with the laws—more righteous than many that have excited louder cries.

Justice to women. No fanciful rights, no unreal advantages, no preposterous escape from womanly duty, for the restless, loud, and vain; no mingling of women with the broils of political life, nor opening to them of careers which nature herself has pronounced them incapable of following; no high-flown assertion of equality in kind; but simple justice. The recognition of their individuality as wives, the recognition of their natural rights as mothers, the permission to them to live by their own honourable industry, untaxed by the legal Right and moral Wrong of any man to claim as his own that for which he has not wrought—reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strawed. Justice to women. This is what the phrase means; this is where the thing is truly wanted; here is an example of the great Injustice done to them, and of their mal-treatment under the eyes of a whole nation, by the Law.

---

THE EARLY BLUE BIRD.

---

You're come far owre early, my bonnie wee bird;  
There's nae signs o' green leaves, o' simmir nae  
word.

What tempted you here, frae the green sunny  
bowers,  
O' the sweet smiling south?—the bright region  
o' flowers.

There's cauld days to come yet, and deep drifts o'  
snaw;  
And storms frae the bleak north, ere winter gae  
wa'.

Thou type o' the herald, who comes to proclaim  
The advent of peace, in strife's dreary domain;

Wast love of the unknown, for which we pay dear?  
Or hope, which enticed thee, my bird, to come  
here?

Wast this blink o' sunshine, this short gleam o' joy  
Which wiled thee like pleasures which tempt to  
destroy?

VOL. V.—E.

Then thou'rt like the youth, who grasps pleasure  
too soon;

Whose sun sinks in darkness long ere it is noon;  
Or the bard who still hopes for, mid sorrow and  
pain,

The "good time that's coming," love's long  
looked for reign.

He's come far owre early, my poor bird, like thee;  
The good times ye sing o', ye'll no likely see;  
Thy neck is a' dragglet, and droukit's thy wing;  
I can't bear to hear thee attempting to sing.

For there's something sae mournful and sad in thy  
strain,

I could sit and greet wi' you till spring comes  
again.

Like thee, my pair bird, I was tempted to roam,  
By the distant—the future—the lovely unknown.

Like thine, my bright visions were all overcast;

Like thee, I must stoop 'neath the cauld chilly  
blast.

I'm thinking, my wee bird, in sorrow and pain,

Our thoughts and our feelings are something the  
same.

But ah! my poor bird, tho' our prospects are bare,

We'll still cling to hope, nor give up to despair.  
In the deepest, the darkest, its beams brightest  
shine;

Without them, this heart wad hae broken lang-  
syne.

ALEX. MACLACHLAN.

Erin, May 14, 1854.

---

AN INELIGIBLE SUITOR.—An old soldier with only one arm, being reduced to mendicancy to obtain a livelihood, made acquaintance with a brother beggar, who had grown rich by the craft. "I should be happy," said the soldier, "to ally myself with so distinguished a member of our profession: you shall give me your daughter." "Hold! my dear sir," replied the warm old gentleman, "you cannot think of such a thing. She must have a better match than you will make. You are not half lame enough. My son-in-law must be a miserable looking object, who would draw blood out of a stone." "Do you think, then, that you will find one worse than I am?" "To be sure! why, you have only lost one arm; and ought to be absolutely ashamed of yourself to expect that I will give you my daughter. I would have you to know, that I have already refused a fellow without legs, and who goes about the city in a bowl."

## AMERICA PAINTED "COULEUR DE ROSE."

The United States of America have now been painted in all manner of colours. Mrs. Trollope painted them very black; Captains Hall and Hamilton painted them in gallstone or bilious yellow; Dickens painted them in striped vermilion, blue, and black; Mackay and Buckingham painted them in sober drab; Stewart and Sheriff painted them in vivid green; and now Miss Bremer has painted them in bright rose-pink.

Miss Bremer's *Homes of the New World*\* cloyes one by its sweetness. Think of the entertainment of supping a jar of honey at a sitting. In a literary way, Miss Bremer's book is something of the same sort. Everything she sees is beautiful, delicious, sweet, ambrosial, divine, and so forth. Ordinary personages are "beautiful souls." Nearly all the children at the houses she visits are angels. The men are all noble, the women all handsome and intellectual. There is not a genuine Yankee in her pages—no chewing nor spitting—no vulgar questioning nor rudeness, but everywhere a beautiful "redundancy of young life." In fact, the book is a romance; and the authoress admits that her first idea was to write a romance about America: and though she resolved on giving to the world her experiences, they are mostly pervaded by the romantic roseate hue. Miss Bremer has so obviously wished to please, that she has flattered; and she so studiously labours not to give offence, that her descriptions are divested of that character and contrast in which so much of the interest of a book of travels consists. In short, the book is all light, and no shade,—all brilliant rose-colour, without any cool greys and browns to give the eye rest and satisfaction.

This, no doubt, shows the amiable character of the writer, but it is, nevertheless, a serious defect in the book. Miss Bremer is determined to be pleased with everything, and to see everything in its most brilliant aspect. When she looks out of the windows of the Astor Hotel, the first morning after

her arrival in New York, she sees beyond the large fountain and the "beautiful green plot" in front of the house, "long lines of white and gilded omnibuses," "beautiful houses," "splendid shops," and so on. The haven of New York is "beautiful," the bay is surrounded with "green hills and groups of beautiful villas," and the authoress's arrival in the bay was "festively beautiful." Miss Bremer was immediately inundated with visitors requesting autographs; and she shook hands with from seventy to eighty persons in a day; but she seems to have liked it. A Mr. Downing invites her to his house up the Hudson, and she praises her entertainer at such length and in such glowing terms, that the gentleman cannot but feel uncomfortable under the infliction, if he be a gentleman of modesty and good sense. Mrs. Child, the authoress, waits upon her, and is described as "a beautiful soul;" and Miss Lynch, the poetess, "an agreeable, pretty, and intellectual young lady." Mr. Hart, the editor of *Sartain's Magazine*, follows the authoress to Mr. Downing's, and with an eye to trade, "monopolizes" her for his magazine during her stay in America; and "there was so much gentlemanly refinement in his manner, and a something so benevolently good and agreeable in his pale, delicate countenance, that I could not help taking a fancy to him, and giving him my word that if I should write anything for publication in America, I would leave it in his hands."

Here is a brief sketch of her life on the banks of the Hudson:—"I have greatly enjoyed this period of my new life, and the Hesperian fruits; and whether it is the effect of these or of the New World's youthful lively atmosphere (we have had for some time the most beautiful weather), or of the new impressions which daily flow in upon me, but I feel the strings of life vibrate, as it were, more strongly, and my pulse beat at times almost feverishly. I feel myself to be drinking nectar spiritually and bodily; it is a divine drink, but almost too potent for a weak mortal—at least in an every-day beverage. The excess of social intercourse is also too exciting, however charming and agreeable it may be. Mr. and Mrs. Down-

\* *The Homes of the New World; Impressions of America* By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. In 3 vols., Hall, Virtue, and Co.

ing, who have no children, seem to live for the beautiful and agreeable in life amid a select circle of friends and neighbours, who, for the most part, reside on the lovely banks of the Hudson, and cheerful and unembarrassed social intercourse seems to characterize the life of this circle. They are continually visiting one another. The banks of the Hudson are now in all the pomp of autumn, and the foliage of the woods which clothe the shores and the heights, and which consist of a great variety of trees, is now brilliant with the most splendid variation of colour, from light yellow to intense scarlet; but it is too gorgeous and chaste a splendour to be truly agreeable to my eye, which requires more uniformity of colour. Of fruit there is here the greatest abundance: the most beautiful peaches, though their season is properly over; pears, plums, grapes,—that is to say, hot-house grapes, and many others. The Downings' table is ornamented every day with a basket filled with the most glorious fruit—really Hesperian—and beautiful flavour, arranged with the most exquisite taste." Everything described by Miss Bremer is equally "beautiful."

The most interesting descriptions are those of individuals well known on this side the Atlantic. But here, too, there is a want of shade. They are nearly all painted *en beau*. Of Miss Sedgwick (the authoress of *Home*) Miss B. says,—“She is between fifty and sixty, and her countenance indicates a very sensible, kind, and benevolent character. The figure is beautifully feminine, and her whole demeanor womanly, sincere, and frank, without a shadow of affectation. I felt my soul a little slumberous while with her for the first few days; but this feeling was, as it were, blown quite away in a moment by a touching and beautiful expression of cordiality on her side, which revealed us to each other; and since then I have felt that I could live with her as with a heavenly soul, in which one has the most undoubting trust.”

Here, however, is a picture of the life of an American working man, which is worth much more than the average of Miss Bremer's descriptions:—“Mr. Downing has called my attention to a beautiful little house, a frame house, with green verandah and garden just

in this neighbourhood. ‘It belongs,’ said he, ‘to a man who, in the day, drives cart-loads of stone and rubbish for making the roads. In this is the working man of the New World superior to him of the Old. He can here, by the hard labour of his hands, obtain the more refined pleasures of life, a beautiful home, and the advantages of education for his family much more quickly. And here he *may* obtain them, if he will. In Europe the greater number of work-people cannot obtain them, do what they will.’”

At another “beautiful home” Miss Bremer meets Washington Irving, a veteran in literature, whom she cleverly and elaborately describes. He is “a man of about sixty, with large, beautiful eyes, a large well-formed nose, and countenance still handsome, in which youthful little dimples and smiles bear witness to a youthfully fresh and humorous disposition and soul.” Miss Bremer made a profile portrait of the “universally beloved author,” while he sat to her; and it is described as “one of the best and most characteristic portraits that has ever been taken” of him. Next day she visits him at “his home or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, and resembles a peaceful idyl; thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows fed in a meadow just before the window. Within, the room seemed full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiment of the soul, lived and worked there.”

A young gentleman asks Miss Bremer to ascend a lofty church tower with him, on which she observes: “Nothing strikes me so much as the youthfulness of this people—I might almost say childish fervour and love of adventure. They hesitate at nothing, and regard nothing as impossible.” Every little incident thus furnishes an opportunity for praise. A lady makes a present of a bracelet, and forthwith the authoress takes the lady to her heart. This is no doubt very amiable, but not very entertaining to read.

Mr. Putnam, the publisher, next obtains possession of Miss Bremer, and engages her for a complete edition of her works. Mr. Putnam's form is “beautiful,” his wife

"charming, cheerful, and agreeable;" and the three children are "pretty." In the evening came "a whole crowd of people from the neighbourhood,"—doubtless beautiful and agreeable, too, but that is not stated. She goes to see "the Elysian Fields, or park-like tract on an island near New York, and so called from their beautiful idyllic scenery; and they were beautiful as an idyl: and the day, and the air,—nay, we have nothing like them in the Old World!" She sees Bryant, the poet, who has "a beautiful characteristic head, with silvery locks." She sees one Marcus, who resembles "our Lord both in heart and head;" and he has a wife, who is "classically beautiful;" one of the children "might serve as a model either for a cupid or for one of Raphael's angels;" and the other two children are "delicate, delightful," and "sweet." She meets W. N. Channing, who is "noble and enthusiastic;" "a character as ardent as it is pure, with a beaming eye, and a countenance as pure and regular as I could imagine a seraph to be." The figure is described as "noble and elegant," and he "loves enthusiastically the ideal and the perfect."

Miss Bremer sails up the Hudson to visit the North American Phalanstery; and "the shores shone out green and gold." The life at the Phalanstery is very well described, of course in bright colours; but it is too long for extract. She afterwards meets with Mrs. Kirkland (authoress of *A New Home—who'll follow?*), and she is described as "one of the strong women of the country, with much *à plomb*, but with also much womanliness of heart and soul; kind as a mother, a friend, and fellow-citizen, her beautiful smile, and the flash of her brown eye, when she becomes animated, betray the spirit which lives in her book of *The New Home*."

Notwithstanding all this "beautiful young life," it is pretty clear that Miss Bremer is at times terribly bored. Young people flock about her, asking common-place questions; crowds come to shake hands with her, and to obtain autographs; female phrenologists want to get hold of her head to examine her development; and allopaths and homœopaths contend for the physical control of her person. When it is known that Miss

Bremer is fond of flowers, she is inundated with bouquets. The dinners to which she is invited are evidently very stupid affairs; and the many sermons by powerful preachers of all possible views, must have been very conflicting; but the pleased lion has a good word to say for all.

At Worcester she is entertained by the mayor, who holds open house in her honour; and there she shakes hands with a multitude. Elihu Burritt is one of the party, "a very tall and strong-limbed man, with an unusually lofty forehead, large, beautiful eyes, and above all, handsome and strong features." The description of Emerson, at his house in Concord, is one of the best in the book:—

"Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, bareheaded amid the falling snow. He is a quiet, noble, grave figure, his complexion pale, with strongly-marked features and dark hair. (?) He seemed to me a younger man, but not so handsome as I had imagined him; his exterior less fascinating, but more significant. He is a very peculiar character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear eye, always looking out for an ideal which he never finds on earth; discovering wants, shortcomings, imperfections; and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill; sorrows, however, he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless, he has only allowed himself to be bound for a short time by these griefs; the deaths of two beautiful and beloved brothers, as well as that of a beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He has also lost his first wife, after having been married scarcely a year. Emerson is now married for the second time, and has three children. His pretty little boy, the youngest of his children, seems to be, in particular, dear to him. Mrs. Emerson has beautiful eyes, full of feeling, but she appears delicate, and is in character very different from her husband. He interests me, without warming me. That critical, crystalline,

and cold nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and, in its way, beneficial for those who possess it, and also for those who allow themselves to be measured and criticised by it. But for me, David's heart with David's songs!" Afterwards Miss Bremer goes to spend a few days with "Sphinx of Concord." as she styles Emerson, in his home: and she then "had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. Pantheistic as Emerson is in his philosophy, in the moral view, with which he regards the world and life, he is in a high degree pure, noble, and severe, demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgment often keen and merciless, but his demeanor is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful."

Miss Bremer meets Alcott, the Platonic idealist, who is "one of the most noble men in Massachusetts," and has a "remarkably beautiful silver-haired head;" "the young, true American poet Lowell—a perfect Apollo in appearance;" Garrison, the abolitionist, of whom she says "one sees in his beautiful countenance and clear eagle-eye that resolute spirit which makes the martyr."

Miss Charlotte Cushman, the principal actress in the United States, kindly placed a box at Miss Bremer's disposal on her return to New York, and she there witnessed her unquestionably great personations of "Meg Merrilies" and "Lady Macbeth." Afterwards she became acquainted personally with Miss Cushman, and says of her "I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and by universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortunes she supported by her talent for some years her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clear forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanour and conversation make one like to be with her."

Miss Bremer also met several of the "eman-

culated ladies" in Boston; that is, female lecturers, doctors, and preachers. One of these, Mrs. Paulina Davis, she describes as striking "from the picturesque beauty of her figure and head, her pale noble countenance and rich golden hair;" while Mr. Davis, the lady's husband, contrary to Miss Bremer's usual tone of high praise, is only described as seemingly "a sensible man."

At Boston, Miss Bremer "was obliged to go out and dine, and after that to a Swedenborgian meeting, where I shook hands with about one hundred Swedenborgians." This becomes weary work, and the tired lion at length exclaims, after having had to undergo the same hand-shaking process at an immense night party,—“It was too much! And that is the way they kill strangers in this country. They have no mercy on the poor lion, who must make a show and whisk his tail about as long as there is any life left in him.”

Miss Bremer has still, however, abundant praise left for all comers; and speaking generally of the Americans, she says,—“I cannot tell whether I rightly know the American character, but of this I am certain, that what I do know of it is more beautiful and more worthy to be loved than any other I am acquainted with in the world.” As for their failings (though Miss Bremer saw none), she says that if they exist at all “they may be all attributed principally to the youthful life of the people.” She gives a description of Young America, in which she says he “is a young man—it is all the same if he is old—who makes his own way in the world in full reliance on his own power; stops at nothing, turns his back on nothing, finds nothing impossible, goes through everything, and comes out of everything always the same.” Of the American women she says,—“I saw on this occasion many beautiful toilettes, and many beautiful faces. The American ladies dress well and with good taste. And here, indeed, one seems to meet nothing but handsome faces, scarcely a countenance which may be called ugly. Yet, nevertheless, I think it would be a refreshment to see such a one,” &c. &c.

The reader will see from these descriptions what is the character of the book, and that everything is *couleur de rose*, or carnation,

or some other "beautiful" colour of the very brightest. The book is a succession of high-flown praise—we might almost say of flattery—of individuals whom she names, or half-conceals under initials. For instance, of Elizabeth II. she says,—“there is something very profound and great in this young woman, and her words frequently are as brilliant as diamonds in sunshine.” Doubtless Elizabeth II. belongs to a large circle of admirers, and the praise will please her and her friends: but it is anything but interesting to us. Theodore Parker has “a Socratic head.” Dr. Lowell, the poet’s father, is “a handsome old man.” Professor Holmes’s head is “singularly beautiful.” Whittier, the poet, has “a beautiful head with regular features, black eyes full of fire,” and many other beauties. Everybody is “beautiful.” Even Laura Bridgman, the poor deaf and blind girl, is “pretty.”

There are, however, some very pleasing sketches of life in the south; and the sail up the Mississippi among the Indians is charmingly described. The account which Miss Bremer gives of Washington, and the scenes in the Senate and House of Representatives there, is extremely graphic and instructive. And had the large quantity of “sugar-plums” been omitted from the book, it would have been brought within more reasonable limits, and would have been much better liked by the general reader.

---

#### THE MAY FLOWER AND ITS BLIGHT.

It was Mayday, and Mayday was outshining herself. May that, in the words of Milton, “from her green lap throws the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,” seemed bent upon being more bounteous of her flowers than ever. The sun shone forth in the pure, lively blue sky, as though resolved not to be beaten by the bright flowers of the field, and all nature looked as if it was out for a holiday.

It was in the lovely village of —, where the inhabitants are poor enough to be humble and hardworking, and rich enough to look well-fed and hearty, that Mayday was being kept at the time to which our story

refers. And it was being kept in downright old English earnest. Troops of children had been for days past rifling the hedges of their evergreens, and begging nosegays of all who owned the pretty “bits of garden” in front of the well whitewashed cottages, which anon would seem set in a frame of hollocks and scarlet-runners. Great had been the competition as to who should bring the largest contributions towards the maypole (for — is a glorious old-fashioned place in such matters, and old customs are never interfered with when they are harmless). Unheard-of acts of generosity in the shape of gifts of milk, oateakes, and other delicacies, had demonstrated the fact that “Measter Farmer Gibbs warn’t so hard a man as was thought to be.” The vicar’s lady had been as liberal in giving away ribbons and outgrown white frocks, as she was of blankets when the days smile less brightly, and the yule-log is more comfortable than the green field. Everybody had been up since unknown times of the morning, and everybody was thinking about the great business of the day, the maypole and its festivities. Rich folks made an early appearance at the vicarage. They loved the fun as well as the poor, for whom they did so much, and by whom they were so much looked up to. There was to be a dinner and a musical party in the evening, and the vicar and half a dozen neighbouring clergymen were comparing notes as to the state of the schools, refractory paupers, cottage rents and repairs, and a host of such other matters as none but country clergymen can discuss.

To be sure there was one exception to all this content. Leaning against the door of the village public-house, a rough looking, discontented man, with a short pipe in his mouth, looked with a heavy malicious eye at the party who were engaged in decorating the pole just opposite. This was Luke Scroggins, the “discontented man” of the whole village. He was in good employ, but never liked his employers; he had no children, and therefore fewer hardships than his neighbours; but he was a “progress” man—not in the good sense of the world. He had heard some Sheffield lectures about “the rights of man,” and he thought no small things of himself. He did not like people to enjoy



what he did not like; he thought that those who received and appreciated the kindness of their superiors sold themselves to them; he muttered an imprecation against all may-poles, Maydays, and tomfoolery, whiffed at his pipe, and turned in for another half-pint.

"What, again this morning, Scroggins," observed a rubicund jovial-faced countryman, who was carrying a parcel of osier-hoops up to the pole. "Better be with us than inside o' there first thing in the mornin'."

A sulky growl met his remark, and the discontented man sat where he was, and the contented one went whither he was going. We wonder how each looked in the evening.

Very different was the sight which a little chamber in Dame (or as she was sometimes called Granny) Fisher's little house displayed. At a window half bedded in the dense thatch of the sloping roof, half blocked up with ivy and flower-pots, a blooming creature of sixteen was weaving her long ringlets beneath a straw hat, daintily perched on one side, as if to set off the most roguish pair of dark brown eyes which peered out from beneath. An old lady (for such she was by courtesy, and perhaps nearer the denomination than all might be aware) was facing her white frock, and adjusting a sash round a waist which none would have thought plebeian. The small looking-glass told a pleasing copy of the countenance of both—the one proud of herself, the other of her daughter, as from time to time the younger creature chattered on, and ever and anon exclaimed, "And I'm to be Queen, mother; I'm to be Queen of the May!"

This was Flora Fisher, the "flower of the village," the "May Flower," the "Queen of the May," the youngest surviving daughter of a large family of eleven children, and the darling of a widowed mother who had "known better days," but was still above the level of many of those around her. Flora was the dangerous cause of many a broil among village youth—a Phillis for whom there were more Corydons than Virgil or Theocritus could have furnished—a pet gossip with her own sex—and a favourite with everybody. At every village festival she shone in as brightsome colours as any Belgian beauty "just out," romped more

than her anxious mother thought good for her health, and after flirting with some good looking but unwieldy swain, would break his heart by saying—"Go along, I'll have nothing to say to you; I don't want you." The gentleman in question would immediately meditate suicide or enlistment, but we are bound to say that it generally ended in smoke, and that neither the demand for parish coffins, nor the list of her Majesty's forces, gained much by the dangerous attractions of the "May Flower."

Placed above absolute want, the widow of Farmer Fisher, aided by the surrounding gentry, had been enabled to give both her daughters a tolerable English education, as well as to imbue them with a refinement of ideas which could not be blighted by the rusticity of those around them. Jane, the eldest, was teacher in a good district school, and was everyway disposed to do well; but Flora, the heroine of our story, was an idle puss, too clever to wish to stick to anything long, fond of play, dress, tumbling in the hay, rambling about the lanes at moonlight, and singing, at the top of her clear voice, ballads somewhat beyond the comprehension of her companions, but to which they nevertheless lent very grateful attention.

She had no pride, but would romp with anybody, and come in with burning cheeks and fling her tired form on her mother's shoulder, and laugh away her chidings. Somehow or other, Flora was always wayward and provoking, and always loving and beloved. Even the lectures of the vicar's lady were so tempered with a real fondness for the female urchin, that she did but little good. And so Flora grew up a charming, dangerous, delicious little village coquette, a sort of being of whom no one could have imagined harm, but whom no one could quite make out.

Night after night had Flora been sleepless, as some voice within her little soul whispered that she was to be "Queen of the May." The morning came, and among all early risers none rose so early as she. How every little article of finery was ransacked over, and turned upside down, and inside out, and how unwontedly and steadily busy were these little fingers that cared so little for the

thimble on ordinary occasions!

At length, the all-important toilette finished, her mother kissed, and the May Flower slips away to the scene of her future triumph, her feet beating time to the words, "I'm Queen of the May, Queen of the May."

Across the field, and down the lane, and to the vicarage the words pursue her. Her head is filled with naught else. But the vicar's wife whispers a kindly "Don't take cold, love; and don't be proud because all tell you you are pretty." But the advice dies away, and "Queen of the May, Queen of the May" again fills the girl's ear, beats time to her step, and sparkles in her excited and delighted eye.

The procession is just forming, when up comes young Robin Sykes, one of the best-to-do young farmers in the neighbourhood, and one on whom the May Flower had been more liberal of her good graces than on others. He is the best of her beaux, and, somehow or other, she likes him the best, so she accepts his rough but gallant attentions. A bevy of girls bear hoops quaintly formed into crowns, covered with flowers and ribbons, and beneath which the "lord and lady" of the feast are to pass in a Sir Roger de Coverley sort of procession. The maypole itself is worthy of St. Andrew Undershaft; it forms with its streamers a perfect open marquee of flowers, and every one who surrounds it looks as gay, only less grotesque, than the most elaborate court of King Jack in the Green. Farmers are sipping good light country ale at the *al fresco* deal tables, and comparing the beauty of the lads and lasses; many are the rustic belles, but none come up to the May Flower.

Suddenly up rides a young man on a splendid horse, and whose dress and appearance vie with the handsomest of the more fashionable spectators. In an instant he has dismounted, and is heart and soul in the fun. It is young Squire —, who has just come down to take possession of his estates in the neighbourhood, and who has never missed an opportunity for fun in his life. He establishes immediate popularity by giving *carte blanche* on the public-house for that evening, but declares he must have a dance

augurated with every village honour, and with a good deal of village noise. He now introduces himself; the May Flower blushes, pouts, thinks how different he is from Robin, and gives him her hand. Robin looks daggers, speaks very politely, and seeks another partner.

How different is her new partner's dancing! How gently does he press her waist, and how different are his polished boots from the clumsy ones of Robin! And what a smile is his! How dangerously gentle! And when, sportively claiming the privilege of the day, he presses a kiss on her cheek, how the May Flower forgets the happiness of the May Queen, and sighs for some unknown lot.

The dancing went on with enthusiasm, but cautious people talked upon the strange partner of the May Flower, and very sage ones shook their heads, and quoted traditional histories relative to the familiarities of the high and low. Widow Fisher felt anxious, but there was no drawing away Flora from the dance. "You know I'm Queen of the May, mother," and she laughed and slipped away, and once more threaded the dance on the young squire's arm.

And to judge from his appearance, he was no less happy. The simple beauty and artless liveliness of his new companion delighted him after the heavy routine of "good society." He thought of his romps with girls no less lovely during his continental trips, and perhaps he sighed as he reflected that his father and his debts had long since engaged him to Lady Emily —, who would have as soon gone to a pauper's funeral as to a maypole festival.

There is an end to all things, and even a May Queen cannot dance for ever. People began to disperse. The "discontented man," who had long since been approaching the natural results of his morning's carouse, was escorted home, with some difficulty, by two village constables, loudly condemning the whole proceedings of the day. And Flora and her mother were walking home silently in the clear, but now cool night, and the little Queen of the May felt that she had abdicated her brief-lasting throne, and wished she had never been queen—she knew not why.

Henceforth the May Flower was changed. Her spirits sunk, she snubbed Robin (who had long since forgotten his jealousies, and had resumed his attentions), mixed little in the sports of the village, and would sit in long vacant silence, or roam by herself along the most solitary lanes. Her mother marked the change, but could ill divine the cause. At times her darling would be all herself, and the May Flower would clasp her arms about her mother's neck, laugh and smile as if in remembrance of her former self, and then sink into moody silence. For some reason or other she shunned the vicar's lady, and most of the other elder ladies of her previous acquaintance. Robin was distressed, but could make nothing of her.

One day, alas, he learnt too much. Returning home with his cart from a sale at a neighbouring town, he met Flora walking on the arm of the young squire, and evidently in earnest conversation. They turned down one of the lanes in the direction of her dwelling, and did not observe him pass by.

Till then, Robin had never known how much he was in love. He went home in a state of rage and disappointment, mingled with fears which he scarcely dared confess to himself. Could an acquaintance between two people in such opposite positions of life, the one so young, the other so accomplished, exist without danger?

He knew not what to think or do. How could he interfere? Was it not a degradation for him to do so—a confession of jealousy towards one who evidently was no fit companion for his future life? He felt bound to remonstrate with Flora herself, but his rough, half-uncultivated nature had often shrunk before the superior intelligence of the May Flower, and he felt that he must either blurt out his suspicions point-blank, or remain silent. Poor Robin was no orator.

And what was the nature of the acquaintance which the May Flower had thus made? Young Squire—was as honorable a young man as Robin himself, and his early irregularities had never made him regard the person of an innocent girl but as sacred. But he had been as dangerously attracted by the little village coquette as she had by him; to listen to her language, so simple and yet so

free from all vulgarity, was so refreshing after the high pressure cultivation of those with whom he usually mingled, that his prudence was put to a dangerous trial. He felt resolved to act towards her as a brother—a protector. His large estates should afford some liberal soil in which this wild flower should grow and prosper, and she should never know want or unhappiness.

So we poor mortals delude ourselves. While the young squire was thinking only of a present gratification from Flora's company, and of her future comfort, she had already grown hardened to the duplicity of meeting him away from home, and had begun to form some of those wild hopes which a wild and somewhat vain disposition, fostered by indulgence, and fed by a certain class of reading, ever tend to foster under the like circumstances.

Many more sly walks were taken, neighbours began to discover how matters stood, and the widow received the daughter one day with the first words of solemn anger in which she had ever spoken.

"It is too late, mother," sobbed the May Flower, as she drooped upon her breast. "I have been a wayward, wicked girl to deceive you, but I have been guilty no further. Not in word nor deed has Edward (she had learnt to call the squire by his Christian name) ever wronged me; but I have been foolish, oh, very foolish!"

And then came the truth, and the whole truth—how she had thought of him ever after that "fatal day, O mother, when I was Queen of the May!"—how she had met him accidentally, and then by pre-engagement; how her infatuation had increased—how he had talked of all he would do for her when he was once married and settled. "Married and settled," exclaimed Flora, in a passion of tears, "O those were the words that broke my heart, and taught me what a miserable fool, what a humiliated girl I had been." And the May Flower sobbed at her mother's feet.

Fully believing her child's story, and believing that such matters are too frequent to break many hearts, the sorrowing widow suffered her child to "cry her grief out," as she fondly hoped she might. Flora became

tranquillized after a few days, elung more eagerly to her mother, would scarcely go out without her, and became unusually attentive to the trivial duties of their little household. She again, too, visited the rector's lady, and again seemed to take some interest in the purquits of the village.

Even Robin and she were reconciled. He believed her story (which he had heard from her mother, and to which he had the delicacy never to allude), and could have loved her almost more than ever for her own sorrow. He brought her the choicest flowers that his garden could afford; she thanked him; but one day, when a richer bouquet than usual had come home during her absence, she sighed heavily, and said, "The May Queen, the May Queen!"

Again with the rector's lady; and so deep in the perusal of the great Book of all consolation. So quiet, submissive, and gentle by day; but at night a stifled sob often grated on the ear of the widow Fisher, and she would rise and go to the little bedroom amidst the thatch, and kiss the May Flower, and soothe her back to her fitful slumber.

New Year's Eve had arrived, and brought with it sad thoughts of what the new year would bring forth, and what it would take away. The little chamber was as trim and neat as ever, the linen as white, but all without was bleak and snowy, and a tiny fire blazed in the grate. But the bed was not empty. There lay the May Flower, so lovely, and so pale and delicate. And there were medicine-bottles, and sacred books; and the care-worn widow sat watching her beautiful girl, as she slept with heavy, fitful starts, and ever and anon glowed with a preternatural hue, as a chilly sweat thawed her limbs.

"Call me, dear mother, early, though I sleep but little," said Flora, as she feebly half-rose and pressed her mother's hand. "I should like to see the sun once again."

"Hush, darling; Dr. — says you must not talk, or you will never be well."

"I feel it, mother, dearest; but oh, I have so little time left to talk, even to you. How I should like to have seen the May flowers blossom once more. You know I was May Queen once, mother!" and a tearful blush

overspread the face of the poor child. "I should like to see the flowers, mother, once more; but read to me, mother, a little; do, mother, it will make me content with God's will."

And the widow stifled her tears, and forgot her bitter pangs in her child's wish, and read words of a land where it is Mayday all the year round.

And so the May Flower languished on, while her friends wept for her almost as her mother. Money was lavished on all the medical skill that money could procure; every luxury was showered into her little chamber by her many friends, and the vicar never left her couch till she seemed resigned and composed. But all was in vain. The poor little heart, untrained to self-knowledge and self-restraint, had given way to a visionary passion which she never could hope to realize, while Squire — had been kept in careful ignorance of her condition, even if the preparations for his own approaching nuptials had not prevented his thinking much about her. The idle gallantry of the young man had, indeed, done mischief. It is dangerous for us to put ourselves upon an intimate familiarity with those who may so seriously mistake our intentions.

The May Flower lay on her death-bed. She knew it, and she breathed soft, divine-inspired words of hope. She said, "Not a May Queen, mother, but a Queen with a deathless crown."

The dying and the living lips of the daughter and mother met; a faint sigh escaped, and the blight had done its work upon the May Flower.

[NOTE.—It is fair to observe, that the leading character and some of the ideas of the above tale are grounded upon Tennyson's exquisite "Queen of the May."]

---

TO-MORROW.—"It shall be done to-morrow." "To-morrow the case will be just the same." "What do you grant me one day as so great a matter?" "But when that other day has dawned, we have already spent yesterday's to-morrow. For see another to-morrow wears away our years, and will always be a little beyond you."

## DOCTOR PABLO.

A Young ship-surgeon who had made several voyages, set out about thirty-five years ago, on board a rotten old three-master, commanded by a worn-out captain. The ship was named *Le Cultivateur*, and the young surgeon was named Paul de la Gironière. He came of Breton race; feared nothing and loved adventure.

After touching in sundry ports the old three-master reached the Philippine Islands, and anchored near the little town of Cavita, in the bay of Manila. There, the young doctor obtained leave to live ashore until the vessel sailed again; and having found lodgings in the town, he began to amuse himself in the open air with his gun. He mixed with the natives, and picked up what he could of their language, increasing at the same time his knowledge of Spanish.

At the end of four months—in September, eighteen hundred and twenty—cholera broke out at Manila, and soon spread over the Island. Mortality was terrible among the Indians; and, as often happens with the Indians, and used to happen often among Europeans when people were more ignorant than they are now, the belief arose that somebody was poisoning the wells. No suspicion fell upon the Spanish masters of the island, who were dying, with the rest; but there was several French ships in the harbour, and it was therefore settled that the wells were poisoned by the French.

On the ninth of October a horrible massacre began at Manila and Cavita. The old captain of the *Cultivateur* was one of the first victims. Almost all the French residents in Manila were assassinated, and their houses pillaged and destroyed.

Monsieur Paul the doctor, who was known on shore as Dr. Pablo, contrived to escape in good time to his ship. As soon as he was on board his services were wanted by the mate of an American vessel, who had received a poniard wound. That being dressed, the doctor next heard from several French captains that one of their number, Captain Drouant from Marseilles, was still on shore. There remained but an hour of twilight; he might possibly be saved. The bold young

Breton therefore went ashore again in a canoe, and, when he landed, bade the sailors abide by the boat until he or Captain Drouant should come to them. He then began his search; and, at a little place called Puerta Baga, perceived a group of three or four hundred Indians. Among them they had the unlucky captain, pale as a ghost: whom a wild Indian with a kris in his hand held by the shoulder. Down rushed Doctor Pablo on the group, thrust the wild Indian to the right and Captain Drouant to the left, and pointing out where the boat was, bade the captain run and save himself. The captain ran, and the Indians were too much surprised at the presumption of his rescuer to take immediate heed of the departure of their victim; so the captain reached the boat and pulled away from shore.

But, how was Doctor Pablo to escape? The Indian whom he thrust aside, ran at him with uplifted arm; him the young surgeon met by a blow on the head with a little cane. The man ran back to his companions, amazed and wrathful. Knives were drawn on all sides, and a circle was formed about the mad white man; one would not strike alone, but a score or two would strike together. The circle was closing, when an Indian soldier, armed with a musket jumped into the midst. Holding his musket by the muzzle, he swung it violently around at arm's length, and the revolving butt-end soon cleared a wide space. "Fly sir!" the soldier said "nobody will touch a hair of you while I am here."

In truth a way was opened, in which the young man was quietly permitted to depart; as he went the soldier cried after him, "You cared for my wife when she was ill, and refused money; now you are paid."

Captain Drouant having taken the canoe, Monsieur Paul had no course left him but to go to his old home in Cavita. On the way he met a crowd of workers from the arsenal, who had set out with hatchets to attack the ships. Among these, too, there was a friend who pinned him to a wall, concealed his person until his companions were gone by, and then urged him to promise that he would not go on board the ships, but hide on shore.

The Doctor's case was little improved

when he reached home. There came a knocking at the door, and a whispering outside of "Dr. Pablo." It was the friendly voice of a Chinese storekeeper.

"What have you to say, Yang-Po?"

"Doctor Pablo save, yourself. The Indians intend attacking you this night."

Doctor Pablo would not save himself by flight; he thought it best to barricade the doors with furniture, to load his pistols, and to abide the issue.

Wearied by a day of anxiety, excitement, and severe physical labour the beleaguered Frenchman found it difficult to keep awake and watchful through the first hours of the night. At eleven o'clock there came again a knocking, hurriedly repeated.

"Who is there?"

"We are friends. The Indians are behind us escape through the roof at the back, and you will find us in the street of the Campanario."

He took this good advice, and had not long escaped before the *Louise* was searched and pillaged. His new friends sheltered him for the night, and were about to convey him to his ship on the succeeding morning, when one of them brought him a letter signed by all the captains in harbour, saying that being in a momentary fear of attack, they had determined to heave anchor, and stand out to sea; but two of them, Drouant and Perroux, would have to leave on land part of their provisions, their sails, and their water, unless he would send those stores off by means of a canoe which was sent with the letter, and was subject to his orders.

"The safety of two ships," said the young surgeon, "depends on sending off this water and these stores."

"Your own safety," his friends replied, "depends on getting off yourself, and that immediately."

"I am resolved to see after the stores."

"Then go alone for we will not escort you to destruction."

Doctor Pablo did go alone, and found upon the shore a crowd of Indians watching the ships. He believed that by not fearing them he would remove nearly all cause for fear, and therefore went boldly up to them, saying, "Which of you would like to earn

some money? I will give any man a piastre for a day's work." There was a silence. Presently one said, "You do not seem to be afraid of us." "Why, no," he replied, drawing his two pistols; "you see I stake only one life against two." The men were at his service in a minute; two hundred were chosen; a note was pencilled and sent off by a canoe to summon all the ship's boats to convey the stores. A quantity of money belonging to Captain Drouant was taken to the beach secretly by the pocketful, and deposited in a corner of one of the boats. All went well; there was only one unlucky accident. When Captain Perroux's sails were being repaired, one of the men engaged in the work had died of cholera, and the rest, fearing infection, had wrapped him up hurriedly in a small sail and run away. The Indians, in moving the sailcloths uncovered the body, and were at once in an uproar. This was, they said, a French plot for poisoning the air and spreading the infection. "Nonsense, men," said Pablo. "Afraid of a poor devil dead of cholera? So be it. I'll soon relieve you of him." Then, with a great display of coolness which he did not altogether feel, he wrapped the body again in a piece of sail-cloth, and, lifting it up in his arms, he carried it down to the shore. He caused a hole to be dug, and laid the body in the grave himself. When it was covered up he erected a rude cross over the spot. After that the loading went on without further hindrance.

Having paid the Indians, and given them a cask of brandy, Doctor Pablo went to the ship with the last cargo of water, and there—as he had taken little or no refreshment during the last twenty-four hours—his work being now done, he began to feel exhausted. He was exhausted in more senses than one, for he was near the end of his worldly as well as his bodily resources. All his goods and the small hoards that he had made, were either destroyed or stolen; he owned nothing but what he had upon him—a check shirt, canvass trousers, and a calico waistcoat, with a small fortune of thirty-two piastres in his pockets. When he had recovered from his faintness and had taken a little food, he bethought him of an English

captain in the Bay who owed him a hundred piastres; as the vessels were all on the point of departure, he must set off in a small boat at once to get them. Now this captain, one of the perfidious sons of Albion I am sorry to say, replied to the young doctor's demand that he owed him nothing, and threatened to throw him overboard. So, in sooth he was obliged to tumble back into his boat, and return to the Cultivateur as he could. But then, how could he?—for the night was become pitch dark, and a violent contrary wind had arisen.

The night was spent in idly tossing on the waves; but, when morning came, and he got on board his ship, other difficulties disappeared. The Spanish authorities had quelled the riots, and the priests in the suburbs of Civita had threatened excommunication against any one who attempted Doctor Pablo's life; for, as a son of Æsculapius, his life was to be particularly cherished. The French ships remained at anchor; and, when, soon afterwards, an Indian came on board the Cultivateur to invite the doctor to his home near the mountains of Marigondon, ten leagues off, he had leisure to go, and went.

For three weeks, he lived happily as this Indian's guest, and then an express messenger came with a letter from the mate of his ship, who had commanded it since the death of the old captain, informing him that the Cultivateur was about to sail for France, and that he must make haste and come on board. The letter had been some days written, and when Doctor Pablo reached Manilla, there was his vessel to be seen, with its outspread sails, almost a speck on the horizon! His first thought was to give chase in a canoe, the Indians saying that if the breeze did not freshen they might overtake the ship. But they demanded twelve piastres on the spot, and only twenty-five were then lying in the doctor's pockets. What was to be done? If they fail to overtake the vessel, what figure was he to make in a town where he knew nobody, with nothing but a check shirt, canvass trousers, calico waistcoat, and thirteen piastres? Suddenly, he resolved to let the Cultivateur go, and keep what money he had, to set himself up as a practitioner of physic in Manilla.

But Manilla, as the world knows is a gay place in which there is much display of wealth and carriages, and of Spanish colonial frippery and fashion. How should he begin? His stars provided for him in the first instance. Before he left the shore on his way back into Manilla, he met a young European, with whom he exchanged confidences. This young European was another ship doctor, who had himself thought of settling in the Philippines, but was called home by family affairs; he confirmed Monsieur de la Gironière in his purpose. There was a difficulty about his dress; it was not quite the costume in which to pay a physician's visits. "Never mind that my dear fellow," said his friend. "I can furnish you with all you want: a new suit of clothes and six magnificent lancets. You shall have them at cost price." The bargain was settled; the departing doctor turned back to his inn, out of which Doctor Pablo presently issued fully equipped. He had a most respectable and professional set of clothes; only they were too long for him in every respect, and everywhere too wide. He had six lancets in his pocket, and his little calico waistcoat packed up in his hat. He had paid for his equipment twenty-four piastres, so he came out into the streets of Manilla with just one piastre in his hand, and the whole world of the Philippines before him.

A triumphant idea presently occurred to him. There was a Spanish captain, Juan Porras, known to be almost blind. He would go and offer him his services. Where did he live? A hundred people in the streets were asked in vain. At last an Indian shopkeeper observed, "If senor Don Juan is a captain, he will be known in any guard house." To a guard-house Doctor Pablo went, and thence was at once conducted by a soldier to the captain's dwelling. Night was then closing.

Don Juan Porras was an Andalusian, and a jolly fellow. He was in the act of covering his eyes with enormous poultices.

"Senor capitán," said the young Breton, "I am a doctor and a learned oculist. I am come to take care of you, and I am sure that I know how to cure you."

"Quite enough," he replied; "every physician in Manilla is an ape."

"That is just my opinion," said Doctor Pablo; "and for that reason I have resolved to come myself and practise in the Philippines."

"What countryman are you?"

"I am from France."

"A French physician! I am at your service. Take my eyes; do what you will with them."

"Your eyes *senor capitán*, are very bad. If they are to be healed soon, they ought not to be left a minute."

"Would you mind making a short stay with me?"

"I consent on condition that you let me pay for my board and lodging."

"Do as you will," replied Don Juan; "the thing is settled at once. Send for your luggage."

Doctor Pablo's canvass trousers had been thrown aside as too ragged to be worth preserving, and his whole luggage was the little white waistcoat packed up in his hat, and his hat was all the box he had. He adopted, the straightforward course, which is at all times the sensible and right course; he told the captain the plain truth about himself, and that his lodgings could be paid for only out of his earnings, say from month to month. The captain was on his part delighted. "If you are poor," he said, "it will be the making of you to cure me. You are sure to do your best."

Doctor Pablo and the captain got on very well together. An examination of the eyes next morning showed that the right eye was not only lost, but enveloped in a mass of cancerous disease that would ere long have destroyed his patient's life. Of the other eye there was still hope. "Your right eye," the doctor said, "and all this growth about it has to be removed by an operation, or you must die." The operation was undergone. The wounds healed, the flesh became sound, and, after about six weeks, the use of the left eye was recovered. During this time Doctor Pablo met with a few other patients; so, at the end of the first month, he was able to pay punctually for his board and lodging.

The captain was cured, but nobody knew that, for he still refused to stir out of doors. "I won't go out," he said, "to be called

Captain One-eye. You must get a glass eye from France before I'll stir abroad."

"But that will make a delay of eighteen months."

"You must wait eighteen months, then, before you get the credit of my cure. Worry me, and I'll keep my shutters closed, and make people believe that I can't bear the light, and am as bad as ever."

If Captain Juan Porras would but show himself, then Doctor Pablo's fortune would be made. Was Doctor Pablo to wait eighteen months, until a false eye could be received from France? Certainly not. He would turn mechanic, and get up an eye at Manila: under his own superintendence. He did so, and the captain (though it did not feel as if it were a clever fit) found it not unsatisfactory. He put on spectacles, looked at himself in the glass and consented to go out.

But what, somebody may ask, is all this story about? Is it true? I only know that it is all seriously vouched for, by the person chiefly concerned: to wit, the doctor himself. Monsieur Alexandre Dumas having included the adventures of Monsieur de la Gironière in a romance of "A Thousand and One Phantoms." Monsieur de la Gironière considered that it was time to tell the naked truth concerning himself and his adventures. This he now does in a little book called *Twenty Years in the Philippines*; of which, as we understand from a notice prefixed by the author, an English translation is to appear, or perhaps by this time has appeared.

The return of Don Juan caused a great sensation in Manila. Every one talked of *Senor Don Pablo*, the great French physician. Patients came from all parts; and, young as he was, he leaped from indigence to opulence. He kept a carriage and four, but still lodged in the captain's house.

At that time it happened that a young American friend pointed out to him a lady dressed in deep mourning, who was occasionally to be seen upon the promenades—one of the most beautiful women in the town. She was the Marchioness of Salinas, eighteen or nineteen years old, and already a widow. Doctor Pablo fell in love.

Vain attempts were made to meet this charming *senora* in private circles; but she



was not to be seen within doors anywhere. One morning an Indian boy came to fetch the French physician to a boy, his master. He drove to the house indicated—one of the best in the suburb of Santa Cruz—saw the patient, and was writing a prescription in the sick room, when he heard the rustle of a dress behind him, turned his head and saw the lady of his dreams. He dropped his pen and began talking incoherently; she smiled, asked what he thought of her nephew, and went away. This made Doctor Pablo very diligent in his attendance on the boy; and six months afterwards Madame de las Salinas—Anna—was his wife. She had a fortune of 30,000 pounds, expected daily in galleons from Mexico.

One evening while they were at tea, news came that the galleons were in the offing. Husband and wife had agreed that when this money came they would retire to France. Don Pablo had then a splendid practice at Manilla, and held several official situations, kept two carriages and eight horses; also a fine table, at which all Europeans were welcome guests. It was not ruin, therefore, when the tidings came next day that his wife's money was lost! It had been seized on its way through Mexico by Colonel Yturbe, and paid to the credit of the independent cause, in a civil war then and there in progress. The only difference to Doctor Pablo was, that he could not quit the Philippines.

Among other situations Doctor Pablo held the post of surgeon-major to the first light battalion of the line, and was a warm friend to its captain, Novales. Novales one night revolted, the regiment began an insurrection, and the surgeon-major rushed out at three o'clock in the morning, not exactly knowing what to do. Tumult and cannonading followed. Pablo did not return to his wife for twenty-one hours; he had given his service to the Spaniards, and returned safe. He found his wife upon her knees; she rose to receive him but her wits were gone. The terror she had suffered cost her an illness that deprived her, for a time, of reason. He watched over her and she recovered. A month afterwards she relapsed, and it soon appeared that she was subject to monthly relapses of insanity.

He took her in search of health to the Tierra Alta, a district much infested by bandits; but he did not mind bandits. He had sundry adventures with them, and the result of them all was that these people thought Doctor Pablo a fine fellow, and liked him. With much care, Anna's health was at last perfectly restored.

Then the young couple, devoted to each other, returned into Manilla, where, soon afterwards, Doctor Pablo considered that he had been insulted by the governor; who had refused to discharge a soldier on account of ill-health on his recommendation. Pablo suddenly resigned every office he held under the state, and asked his wife how she would like to go and live at Iala-Iala? Anywhere, she replied, with Doctor Pablo. He bought therefore with his savings, the peninsula of Iala-Iala; and, although the governor behaved courteously, refused his resignation, and appeased his wrath, he held to his purpose firmly, and set out to inspect his new theatre of action.

It proved to be a peninsula divided by a chain of mountains which subsided in a series of hills towards the lake. It was covered with forests and thick grassy pasturage, and was full of game; Doctor Pablo held himself to be a mighty hunter, great in the chase of the pheasant or the buffalo. There were no animals on the domain more noxious than civet cats and monkeys—men excepted. The peninsula was a noted haunt of pirates and bandits. Doctor Pablo went to the cabin of the person who was pointed out to him as the most desperate pirate, a fellow who would do his half-a-dozen murders in a day, and said to him, "Mabutin-Tajo,"—that was his name—"you are a great villain. I am lord of Iala-Iala, I wish you to change your mode of life. If you refuse, I'll punish you. I want a guard; give me your word of honour that you'll be an honest man, and I will make you my lieutenant." The man, after a pause, vowed that he would be faithful to the death, and showed the way to the house of another desperado who would be his serjeant. From these, and with these, the Doctor went to others of their stamp, raised a little army, and by evening had in cavalry and infantry, a force of ten

men, which was as large as he required. He was captain, Mabutin-Tajo was lieutenant, and the business of the men was thenceforward not to break order but to keep it. He got the people of the place together, caused them to consent to assemble in a village, marked the line of a street, planned sites for a church and for his own mansion, set the people at work, and masons and master workmen to help them, from Manilla.

The people of Manilla thought the great French physician, had gone mad, but his faithful wife heartily entered into his scheme; and, after eight months of constant passing and fro, he at last informed her that her castle at Iala was erected, and conveyed her to her domain.

Doctor Pablo begged from the governor the post which we should call in London that of Police Magistrate of the Province of the Lagune. This made him the supreme judge on his own domain, and secured more perfectly his influence over the people. From the Archbishop Hilarion, he begged Father Mignel de San Francisco as a curate. This priest was denied to him, as a person with whom no one could live in peace. Doctor Pablo persisted and obtained his wish. Father Miguel came. He was a fiery, energetic man, a Malay, who got on very well with his new patron, and was appreciated by his flock: not the less because he laboured much among them as a teacher and in other ways, and preached only once a year, and then it was always the same sermon—a short one in two parts—half Spanish for the gentle-folks, half Tagalog for the Indians.

In this way, Monsieur Paul de la Gironière settled at Iala. There, he lived many years. He reformed the natives, taught them, and humanised them. Without a cannon-shot, he put an end to piracy. He cleared woods, and covered the soil with plantations of indigo and sugar-cane, rice and coffee. The end of his history was that he left Iala-Iala when its church contained the graves of his dear wife and of his two infant children, of a favourite brother who had quitted France to dwell with him, of his wife's sister, and other friends. Doctor Pablo went back, a lonely man, to his old mother, in France, in 1839, after having passed twenty years in the Philippines.

## MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

D'ye mind the tree by the roadside, Kate,  
And the school-house standing by:  
Where the gray-haired teacher used to wait,  
As our morning steps drew nigh.  
How we watched the while, for his friendly  
smile,  
As we tripped the way along;  
Oft hand in hand, a score in a band—  
A happy childish throng.

The school-house now is torn away,  
Not a beam or a post remains;  
And the sunny green where we used to play,  
Yields the farmer golden gains.  
O'er you and I have years gone by,  
But my heart is still the same;  
When I think of the names of our school-day  
games,  
It thrills at the very name.

And that good old man who taught us so  
well,  
To learn and love our book;  
How high did the glow of pleasure swell,  
At his kind approving look.  
But his task is done beneath the sun,  
And his eye with age grown dim,  
Has now no light, for death's long night  
Has closed life's day for him.

He sleeps, but I know not what marks his  
tomb,  
Or where is his resting spot;  
But fresh in my heart shall his memory  
bloom,  
Till memory's self is not.  
His stories oft told, which never seemed old,  
Are fresh in my mind to-day;  
For, Kate, while he taught, 'twas amuse-  
ment we thought,  
And the time passed unheeded away.  
G. W.  
Vienna, May 18th, 1854.

INNOCENT'S DAY.—A commemoration of the slaughter of the infants in Bethlehem by Herod. A singular custom formerly prevailed in France, which was called *giving the innocents*. All the young people found in bed on the morning of this day was subjected to a smart discipline.

THE WAY THEY MAKE CONVERTS  
IN RUSSIA.

THE Czar has still some partisans left in England: not many, certainly; but some, both influential and sincere, who believe in the generosity of his protection, and the truth of his religious zeal; who accept his version of the history of the war, and see him only as the conscientious defender of his Church, regarding his occupation of the Principalities as the simple demand for tolerance towards his co-religionists, and the slaughter at Sinope as the energetic expression of his philanthropy. We would convert these men—many of whom are worth converting—and prove to them what religion of his Church mean with the Czar. We will tell them a story of some nuns at Minsk; a story which was denied by the Russian minister at Rome, with Russian veracity; but which both public and private documents in our possession establish and confirm.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century—for it is as well to go back to the origin of things,—a large body in the Greek Church separated itself from the orthodox or State establishment; under the name of the Uniate, or United Greek Church, entered into communion with Rome, placing itself under the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, in opposition to that of the Patriarch, and afterwards of the Sovereign. This schism struck the deepest root in Lithuania, and modern Poland; and, since that partition of the empire, has had powerful political influence, in keeping up the feeling of Polish nationality; the Uniate Church and national fidelity being held as synonymous; while the Polish adherent to the Russo-Greek, or orthodox Church was generally assumed to be an apostate to his faith, and a traitor to his country. It was therefore a matter of great importance to the Czar to destroy this schismatic branch, and the usual machinery of threats, bribes, and cajolery was put in motion. Laws were passed, which forbade the hearing of mass, excepting on Sundays and great festivals; which forbade the teaching of the Catholic religion to the children of Catholic parents; which prescribed the sermons that were to be preached, and the

catechisms that were to be used in Catholic churches; and which allowed of no theological explanations of the theological differences; which, latter, dispersed the Catholic priests with violence, shut up their churches, and refused all spiritual consolations to their flocks; which excommunicated as schismatic, all Catholic children not baptised according to the rules of the established church within four and twenty hours after their birth, and which offered entire pardon and indemnity to any Catholic convicted of any crime whatsoever—murder, robbery, no matter what—who recanted, and became orthodox. So much vigorous legislation was not without its effect. In the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, the whole of the Episcopal body of the Uniate signed the act of recantation, petitioning the Emperor graciously to re-admit them into the bosom of the orthodox Church, and asking pardon both of him and of God, for their long blindness and obstinacy.

Amongst these petitioners, the Bishop Siemaszko distinguished himself as particularly ardent in his profession of orthodoxy, and as a proof of his zeal—or as its reward—he undertook the task of converting the Basilian nuns of Minsk, with whom is our present story, and of whom he had been “bishop and shepherd.” He began his mission with moderation, even with kindness, calling on them, affectionately, as their pastor, to renounce the communion of Rome, and the acts of St. Basil; but, as their refusals were more vehement than he had looked for, his behaviour suddenly changed; and one Friday, as the nuns were going to prayers, Siemaszko, accompanied by Uszakoff the civil governor of Minsk and a troop of soldiers, burst open the convent gates, to offer them their final choice between honours with the orthodox religion, and constancy to their communion with forced labour in Siberia. The nuns despised his threats as they had rejected his bribes. The reverend mother, Makrena Mirazyslawski answered generally in the name of all, and Siemaszko then ordered them, angrily, to prepare instantly for a march. With difficulty they obtained permission to offer up a few prayers before their departure. They flung themselves before the Host, the rene-

gade prelate cursing them as they prayed. Thirty-five knelt on the church flags; but, when they rose up to go, one was found dead, Rosalie Lenszeka. Her heart had broken between fear and grief.

They were marched through the town; the orphan children, of whom they had forty-seven in the convent, following them with tears and lamentations, and many of the inhabitants crowding round them, weeping too; for, according to various dispositions, these nuns of St. Basil were much beloved. Their kindness and benevolence to the poor and the afflicted was a matter of public notoriety and of public benefit. The soldiers were afraid of a popular demonstration if they attempted any personal violence in the town, so that the nuns were not ironed until they came to their first halting-place, about a league from Minsk. There they were chained in couples, with irons on their hands and feet, and in this manner they marched for seven days, until they reached Witebsk. They were placed in a convent of Czermick, or Black Nuns, chiefly widows of Russian soldiers; women of coarse habits and cruel feelings, to whom they were appointed servants, or rather serfs and victims. Their coupling chains were removed; but their irons remained on their feet; and these they wore for the seven years of their persecution. At this convent—which had formerly been Basilian, and had belonged to the Uniate Church—they found thirteen of its former owners Basilian nuns, subject to the same treatment which they themselves were about to undergo. The whole of the sisterhood united was placed under the charge of the Father Ignatius Michallwicz who had formerly been their own almoner; but who was now orthodox and renegade.

Before six o'clock in the morning, the nuns performed the work of the house, drew the water, carried it, prepared the wood, lighted the fires, and, in short did all that was required in the establishment. At six they went to hard labour: breaking stones and carrying them in wheelbarrows, to which they were chained. From noon to one o'clock they rested; from one till dark, hard labour again: and, after dark, household work and

attending the cattle. Then to rest, such as they might find, in a low damp room, where a few wisps of straw were their only furniture, and where their clanking irons were not removed. Their food was so scanty and so wretched that the beggars used to bring them bread, and often they shared the provender of the cattle when serving them, a crime the Black Nuns punished with blows, telling them they did not deserve to share the food of their hogs. One of their most painful duties was, cleaning the high leather boots worn by the Czermicks, with a certain preparation called "dziegiec," which was overpoweringly sickening. But the poor nuns of Minsk lived to remember their leather boots and the "dziegiec" with regret.

After two months of this life—finding them still persistent—Siemaszko ordered them to be flogged twice a week, fifty lashes each time. The floggings took place in the courtyard, under a kind of a shed, in the presence of the deacons, the priests, the children, the nuns: "of everything," says the mother Makrena, "that lived and blasphemed in this dwelling." Their flesh often hung in strips from their bodies and the way to their work was tracked with blood; but they made neither resistance nor complaint, and only wept when they did not pray. It was in the winter; and they were not allowed any fire; so that the cold froze their limbs, and poisoned their wounds, making their punishment still more severe. After one of these flagellations, a nun, Colomba Gorska, fainted on her way to work. They beat her until she recovered her senses; when, staggering to her wheelbarrow, she attempted to move it and fell dead. Another nun, Baptista Downar, was burned alive in a large stove. The Czermicks shut her up in it after she had lighted the fire. Another, Nepomucena Grotkowska, was killed, perhaps accidentally, by the Czermick abbess, who "clove open her head, by striking it with a log of wood, because she had dared to make use of a knife to scrape from a plank a stain of tar, which she could not remove in any other way." It was a breach of discipline, and disobedience to a rule of the abbess. Another nun, Susannah Rypinksa, died from the flogging; and a fifth, Coletta Sielawa, was

also killed *accidentally*, by a Black Nun who broke her ribs by knocking her down violently against a pile of wood.

After they had been many months at Witebsk, Siemaszko wrote angrily to Michallwicz, asking why he had not been able to overcome their obstinacy. The superintendent answered that they were "soft as wax in his hands," and ready to recant, and that Siemaszko might come to receive their confession. To bring this about, and substantiate his boast, he began new tortures. They were suddenly seized, and divided into four parties, shut up in damp dungeons, and given scarcely enough to exist on. The dungeon in which the reverend mother and her eight sisters were confined was full of worms and vermin, which crawled about their persons when they slept. Their only food was half-putrid vegetables. The other three divisions had for the first two days a pound of bran bread, and a pint of water each, which was then reduced one half. Every day Michallwicz attempted to induce them to recant; now with promises, and now with threats, and now with a false paper, which he asserted in turn to each party that the others had signed, and were then warm and comfortable, "enjoying their coffee." "Would it not be better," he used to say to the mother, "to be abbess again, than to be eaten alive by the worms? Come! sign, as all your children have done." The brave old women still persisted, though trembling lest any of her nuns had given way; but, seizing the paper from his hand, she opened it, and found it a blank. Heaping reproaches on his head, she flung the false petition in his face; and this "traitor,—Judas, envoy of Lucifer,—went back to his master, quite ashamed," leaving her and her children triumphant. Siemaszko, however, arrived. He spoke to them gently, congratulated them on their decision, promised them grand honours, and appointed the mother, Makrena, Mother General of her orthodox charge. Eagerly, yet in terror lest they should find a traitor amongst them, they all denied their conversion; and the reverend mother refused her office with more energy, doubtless, than policy, flinging back the superb cross, with which he wished to

decorate her, telling him to wear it himself, and then "instead of, as in the old times, a thief hanging on the cross, they should see the cross hanging on a thief." Finding that he could make no impression on them, Siemaszko, indignant at the useless trouble he had taken, and the unnecessary civility he had shown, ordered them to be severely flogged beneath his own windows: and so ended this prelatie visitation.

Among other more revolting, but not more severe, cruelties, was the manner in which they were made to bring water from the river. To "prevent the Polish spirit from passing into the water," the nuns were obliged to hold the heavy copper jars at arms' length. It was a great distance between the convent and the river, especially in winter, when they had to go a long way round; and the poor creatures were sometimes unable to keep the jars held out at the required distance. If they drew them nearer, the water was polluted; and the Czermick Nuns, who were always with them, armed with whips and sticks, flung it over them, and they were obliged to go back to the river for more. This happened perhaps many times in the day, and as they were not allowed to change their clothes—indeed they had none but what they wore—they were sometimes the whole day and night enveloped in a sheet of ice, for the water froze in the clothes, instead of drying. Another misfortune which affected them more than others, that seemed more difficult to bear, was the loss of their only cooking utensil: an earthenware pot given them by a Jew, in which they used to cook the only warm food they had to eat, namely, the "braha," the grounds of a sort of spirit made from corn. Michallwicz shattered it with the heel of his boot, and the poor nuns found all their patience and resignation necessary to enable them to bear this loss cheerfully. However, "they carried it to God," with the same marvellous patience they showed throughout; and afterwards another Jew gave them an iron kettle.

Again Siemaszko came among them; this time to reconsecrate the Uniate Church at Witebsk to the orthodox faith. He tried to make the nuns assist in the ceremony, which would have been equal to a public pro-

fession of faith ; but they steadfastly refused, and suffered themselves to be cut, maimed, bruised, ill-treated, and wounded, rather than commit what they believed to be a mortal sin. The Abbess had her head laid open, and there was not one of the nuns who was not bleeding from one or many wounds. At the church door as they were being forced in, one of the nuns snatched a log of wood from a carpenter at work, and threw it at the bishop's feet; and the Abbess Makrena offered him a hatchet, crying, "Thou hast been our shepherd, become our executioner! Like the father of St. Barbe, destroy thy children!" the nuns kneeling before him. Siemaszko dashed the hatchet from the mother's hands; and, in falling, it cut the leg and foot of one of the sisters. With a blow of his hand he knocked out one of Makrena's teeth, and beat her brutally about the head. Then, perhaps, from the excess and reaction of his passion, he fainted: so the barbarous scene ended. But after this their persecutions were greatly increased, and the death of Michallwicz, who fell, when drunk, into a pool and was drowned, only added to their sorrows; for the Pope Swanow, who succeeded, continually blamed his moderation, and repeated, daily, "I am no Michallwicz!"

At the end of eighteen hundred and forty, two years after their arrival at Witebsk, they were suddenly marched off to Polosk. By this time their clothes were completely worn out, and they received a fresh supply; namely, two petticoats of sacking, and a half square of linen for the head. This was all they had. At Polosk, they found other Basilian nuns, whose persecutions had begun at the same time as that of the nuns of Witebsk, and who had lost fifteen out of their former number of twenty-five, from the barbarities they had suffered. Of the remaining ten, two were mad, who yet were chained, fastened to the wheelbarrows, and compelled to work like the rest. One died soon after the arrival of the nuns of Minsk, and the other was one day found covered with blood, lying dead on the floor of the prison. In Polosk, or rather at Spas, which is about a league from the town, the nuns were set to work on a palace about to be

built for Siemaszko. They first had to break the stones, not with hammers, but with the stones themselves, which dislocated their arms, so that they were often obliged to help each other to replace them in the sockets; tumours came on their necks and heads, their hands were swollen, chapped, and bleeding, and their bodies were one mass of open wounds and festering sores. At night they could not lie down nor sleep, and often passed the whole night leaning against each other, weeping and praying. Their numbers were sadly thinned during this period. It might be truly said that they moistened the foundations of that prelatial palace with their blood. Three died in eight days; two of over fatigue; and the third, too weak to guide a bucket of lime, which she was drawing up to the third story, let the rope slip through her hands, and the bucket falling on her head crushed her to death. Five were buried alive in an excavation they were making for potters' earth. The pit was very deep, and cracks and crevices had already warned them there was danger; but the papas (priests) would not allow any precautions to be taken, and the bank giving way, buried them as they worked, without an attempt being made to save them. Nine other nuns died by the falling of a wall they were building. The mother herself escaped, only by the fortunate accident of exchanging her own labour (she was up on the scaffolding with the rest) for the harder task of a sister, named Rosalie Medumecka, who was carrying gravel. Rosalie called out, "My mother, I can do no more!" and the mother descended to relieve her, the sister taking her place on the scaffolding. In a few minutes a fearful crash, a cloud of dust, a piercing cry, and a moaning prayer, startled her from her labour; the wall had given way, and the nine sisters were crushed beneath the ruins. When she recovered from the faintness into which this terrible sight threw her, she was scourged, and driven to her work again.

One morning, a Russian verse was found written on the walls.

Here, instead of a monastery,  
Are Siberia and the Gallies.

The Basilian nuns were accused of having written this, and were flogged so brutally

that two died; one that same evening, and the other the next morning. On this occasion word was again sent to Siemaszko, telling him that, terrified at their losses, they were prepared to recant. He arrived at Polosk in the autumn of eighteen hundred and forty-one, to receive the same answer of firm and vehement denial, the Abbess Makrena passionately reproaching him with being "apostate, traitor to the Church of Jesus Christ!" It was on this occasion that he read to them the ukase signed by the Emperor, which "approved, confirmed, and found holy, holy, thrice holy, all that Siemaszko had done, and that he may do for the propagation of the orthodox faith, commanding that no person dare to resist him in anything, and commanding also that in cases of resistance the military be placed under his orders on his simple demand." It was on this occasion also that he broke the upper cartilage of the mother's nose, and that he flogged the sisterhood as he had threatened, "till he had taken off three skins, one that they had received from God, and two from the Emperor, that is to say those that will come after;" when he affirmed they would be less obstinate, and would repent. After this scourging, another nun, Baselisse Holynska, died, like so many others before her. But Siemaszko had not yet scourged them into pliability; and still they resisted him and stood firm.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two, they were again flogged twice a week, fifty blows each time; and again three nuns died from the torture: one died during punishment, and the twenty blows that remained of her number was struck on her corpse; one died two hours after; and the third lingered in great agony till night, when she expired in her mother's arms, pressing the crucifix to her bleeding lips, and murmuring, "I love thee with all my heart!" as she died. After they had been scourged thus six times, the Russian General and his wife interfered. They came to the place as the executioners were about to begin, and the General commanded him to desist, telling him that he should be hung. "The Emperor," he said to their proto-papa Wierowkin, "has no knowledge of the horrible torments you inflict on your victims; and when he learns

that I have hung thee, he may think, perhaps, 'The good old man has lost his senses;' but you will be hanged none the less for it." He did not know that all this was done under the express permission of the Emperor, and with his knowledge. But Siemaszko returned, and by virtue of the ukase inflicted fresh cruelties on them; all the more bitter because of the temporary cessation. One evening they were brought home from work sooner than usual. As they entered they were surrounded by a crowd of ferocious men with whom drink, and rage, and cruelty, and viler passions still, had transformed into worse than wild beasts. The nuns defended themselves—effectually, though the place swam with blood, and the barbarities used that fearful night were such as make one tremble. Two nuns were trampled to death, their countenances so disfigured by blows and the iron heels of the men's boots as to render them scarcely recognisable as human beings. One nun died from a bite in her shoulder, coupled with other wounds, and one had her nose bitten off; eight lost their sight, and the mother's head was laid open, her side gashed with a knife, and three wounds inflicted on her arms. It was one prostrate mass of blood and agony that those drunken fiends left groaning on the floor of their prison. During the night, a sister, Scholastica Rento, died: Wierowkin and the Czernicks saying, "See how God punishes you for your obstinacy!"

Some months after this, a new punishment was devised. The remaining sisters were shut up for six days, and given only salted herrings to eat, without a drop of water or any other kind of food. This was one of the most painful tortures they had undergone, and made many of them fear for their reason. In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-three their place of residence was again changed. Between soldiers with fixed bayonets they were marched off to Mladzioly. Here again they were placed with the Black Nuns, in a convent formerly belonging to the Carmelites, and here it was the infamous murder and torture of the baths took place. The nuns, excepting those eight who were blind, were put into a kind of sack, with both arms thrust into a single sleeve, so that they

could neither defend themselves nor assist each other. They were marched to the lake, flung in, and when up to their chests in water, with ropes fastened round their necks, men in boats dragged them along. This punishment lasted for about three hours. Sometimes the boats drifted on shore, and the poor women were then able to gain their feet for a moment, but the papa under whose charge they were at Miadzioly, would then order the boatmen to row out into the lake, crying, "Drown them like puppies! drown them all!" They had these baths six times, twice a week for three weeks. They were not allowed to change their clothes all the night, and thus their old wounds were poisoned, and opened afresh, while new ones appeared all over their bodies. Three nuns were drowned in the baths, and buried without rites or service by the side of the lake. At last the punishment was discontinued, partly because the waters began to freeze, and partly because the Jews—who seem to have been always compassionate—entreated, and petitioned, and agitated the town, until the authorities thought it best to put an end to what was ceasing to be a warning, and becoming a martyrdom. But seven of the nuns had become entirely infirm, and at the end of their second year's residence at Miadzioly, only four remained of the three united sisterhoods of Minsk, Witebsk, and Polosk, who could still use their limbs or work. The rest were either blind or crippled. During the last year, two nuns died; one suffocated by a badly acting stove, which they were allowed sometimes to use, and the second was frozen to death in the forest, when sent out to gather firewood.

In March eighteen hundred and forty-five, they received warning from a friend, a priest of their own communion, who told them that they were all to be sent off to Siberia, who advised them to make their escape if possible. A good opportunity presented itself at this time; for the birthday of the proto-papa Skrykin was approaching, when the whole convent would probably be given up to drunkenness and excess. So it happened; and on the night of the first of April—when guards, deacons, nuns, and priests were all lying drunk and incapable—the mother

Makrena and three of her nuns made their escape from the convent, having first filed off their irons. They parted beneath the convent walls giving each other rendezvous at a house where lived some sisters of another order; and here the reverend mother and one of the nuns did meet; but their hosts showed so much uneasiness at harbouring such guests, that the poor women took to flight again, each in different directions. After enduring great hardships and privations, Makrena arrived at Posen, where, she presented herself at a convent of the Sisters of Charity; and where, on the fourteenth of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five, her depositions on oath were taken before S. Kramarkiewicz, and the "Medicine Rath Herr," S. Jagielski, in the presence of the chaplain of the convent, Albin Thinet. These depositions, signed with the name and sealed with the seal of the Archbishop of Gresna and Posen, attested also by the imperial police of Posen, are now in our possession. Count Dziulynska, a Polish gentleman certifies to the reception of the reverend mother in his château at Rornik, on her way through the grand duchy of Posen to Rome by way of Paris. Count Dziulynska says: "The abbess gave me the history of her lengthened sufferings; the truthful character of her relation, the persons whom she named to me, and other circumstances which my position allowed me to appreciate, inspired me with the most absolute faith in her words. She showed me her head, which bore on the top of the skull—at the left side, I believe—a large depression, covered with a newly-formed skin. The cicatrices exactly resembled those of severe sabre cuts: it was nearly an inch broad, and in length equivalent to the half of the last joint of the little finger. Her walk was feeble (chancelante), and the superioress (who accompanied her) assured me that her legs bore the marks of her fetters." This certificate we have seen.

The first person who published the story of the Abbess, was a little too hurried to be quite accurate. Instead of at Minsk, he placed this convent at Kowna. This the Russian government made a great point of, and denied energetically—with truth, as to the mere



locality: with unblushing falsehood as to everything else. But we have the deposition on oath of a professor at Poscn, Jean Rymarkiewicz, who asserts that he was one of a hundred prisoners lodged for a whole winter in the Basilian convent at Minsk; and that the nuns who had been driven out to an outhouse, to make room for the prisoners, "procured comforts for them, both in food and clothing." Finally, we have the account of an English Protestant lady, who saw and conversed with the mother Makrena in February, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, in the convent of the Santa Trinita at Rome. At that time she was still suffering; but vigorous, stout-hearted, energetic and determined as ever. To this lady she gave some curious details not published; one of her escape through the gates of the frontier town. Unprovided with a passport, she was sure of being stopped, and if stopped discovered. A herd of cattle were passing, and the Abbess hid herself among them, passing through on all fours unperceived. Before she had thus escaped from the Russian territory, she went one day to church, where she heard her description given in the sermon; for the government set a large price on these poor fugitives, whose escape and freedom of speech might bring more ugly things to light. After service, she went boldly to the house of the priest and proclaimed herself. But, instead of delivering her up to the authorities, he gave her bread and money, and set her in the right way to the frontier town.

The Abbess Makrena is probably now the sole Popish representative of the order of St. Basil. She is more than sixty years of age, and is about to found the order of St. Basil at Rome, in a house near the Scala Santa, and has already four novices, three Poles and one Italian. "Her conversation is vehement, rapid, gesticulative" (we are again quoting our English lady), "her spirit as strong to bear persecution as it was likely to attract it and ready to forget it. Like a female Luther, or St. Ignatius, she seemed violent, daring and uncompromising.

[Whoever uses such means, in the name of Christianity, with a view to its propagation, be he Greek, Roman or Anglican, proves that the Spirit of Christ dwells not in him.—ED.]

## SONNET.

TO SPRING. BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

Spring! beautiful, blue-eyed maid! that in the vale  
And on the mountain tops dost strew the sod  
With star-like daisies—those sweet "smiles of God"  
That cheer'd me in the hours of childhood—hail!  
The timid violet and the primrose pale  
Lift up their heads and smiling, welcome thee!  
Thou fill'st the woods with tuneful minstrelsy,  
Blest gladd'ner of the earth! Yet dost thou fail  
To bring my heart the joy thou *once* didst bring,  
E'er the dark winter of the world did chase  
The sunlight from my soul; and suffering  
And life's inherent sorrows fill'd its place!  
Tell me, when wilt thou, oh, beloved Spring,  
Restore the feelings of my youthful days!

ARAB COURTESIES.—The Bedouin can tell at once when drawing near to an encampment, the tent of the Sheikh. It is generally distinguished by its size, and frequently by the spears standing in front of it. If the stranger be not coming directly towards it, and wishes to be the guest of the chief, he goes out of his way and on approaching he may ride at once to it without passing to any other as it is considered uncourteous and almost an insult to go by any man's tent without stopping and eating his bread. The owner of a tent has even right to claim any one as his guest who passes in front of it on entering an encampment.

AN ORGANIC REMAIN.—A row of columns in Chichester Cathedral, constructed of Sussex marble, excite much attention by their beauty. This they owe to the nature of the material, a limestone of the Weald clays, composed of paludineæ or fresh-water snails. The ordinary spectator admires them and admits them to be a fitting decoration for an ancient edifice. To the geologist, the building is a thing of yesterday, but the marble itself a genuine *antique*, for it contains remains of sentient beings, which lived and moved in the past ages to which our arithmetic cannot go back.



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXV.

(Major, Doctor, and Laird.)

LAIRD.—I say, Doctor—noo that I've got time to spier—what cam' owre ye on the Queen's birth-day? It was a daft-like thing to be awa' on sic a special occasion! Crabtree here, and mysel', missed ye sairly!

DOCTOR.—Necessity, and not my will, caused my absence. On Tuesday preceding the loyal saturnalia, I was called to visit a patient in the vicinity of Brampton, and did not get back to town till Thursday afternoon.

MAJOR.—I opined that you made it a point not to stir beyond a walking distance from your "crib," (as Captain Bobadil hath it) on curative or killative missions?

DOCTOR.—Such is my general rule, but every rule has its exception.

LAIRD.—That proposition I deny, root and branch! Wha ever heard tell, for instance, o' an exception to the rule, that a bill in Chancery is followed by a bill o' costs?

MAJOR.—Come, come, Laird, you must not, in your senectitude, leave the chopping of pine for the chopping of logic! Permit Sangrado, an' it so please you, to give his explanation.

DOCTOR.—Indeed, there is very little explanation to give. A very worthy, though soft-headed friend of mine, residing in Chinguacousy, who thinks in his simplicity that my brain contains the concentrated essence of medical wisdom, was taken very unwell, and forthwith telegraphed for me.

LAIRD.—What ailed the man?

DOCTOR.—Very little, in the primary instance—a fit of indigestion, or something of that sort. Unfortunately, however, he fell in with one of those herb or *yarb* empirics who, like locusts, infest this poor credulous Canada, and put himself under his treatment.

MAJOR.—Your story is told—but one catastrophe could result from such premises!

DOCTOR.—Ere three weeks had elapsed, my hapless amicus was bed-ridden in good earnest, and it required all my skill to undo the mischief which the squalid disciple of Hornbook had occasioned.

MAJOR.—How passing strange it is that, in this *enlightened* and *progressive* nineteenth century, men, with the slightest pretensions to rationality, should intrust themselves to vagabonds whose ignorance is as obvious as their assurance!

LAIRD.—Ye may weel say that, Crabtree! A farmer who will not give the making o' a pair o' breeks to ony ane wha has not served a regular apprenticeship to the tailoring craft, will without scruple commit the health—I may say the very existence—o' himsel', his wife, and his bairns to a ne'er-do-weel, whose knowledge o' drugs and anatomy, such as it is, has been acquired by inspiration!

DOCTOR.—There is no great mystery in the matter. The quack, whatever other qualifications he lacks, generally possesses a glib and voluble tongue, which constitutes his main stock-in-trade. Thus endowed, the reptile crawls into a dwelling where sickness has taken up its abode, (these vampires have a keen and

instinctive scent for suffering,) and at once undertake to effect a cure. Most probably some regular physician has been consulted, and pronounced the case to be hopeless, or one, at least, which medicine could not alleviate. The anxious relatives eagerly grasp at the rotten plank thus thrown in their way, and continue grasping it till the rush of death's flood manifests its utter worthlessness!

MAJOR.—One would imagine that a few such upshots would serve to open the eyes of the gullish *hoi polloi*.

DOCTOR.—Not a bit of it! The *yarb* man has a thousand ingenious theories at his finger ends to account for the miscarriage. His directions had not been implicitly followed, or—what is a very common get-off with such gentry—the licensed practitioner had, in the first instance, irremediably injured the patient by the administration of *mercury*, or some other *regler* medicament!

LAIRD.—I met, no' lang ago, wi' ane o' the veeppers—as ye very properly ca' them—at the house o' an auld acquaintance o' mine, Duncan Daidles, wha had been seduced to mak' use o' his services. He had a' the external marks o' a broken-doon field-preacher—such as a roosty black coat, sairly oot at the elbows, and a neck-cloth about his craig which *might* hae been white half a centry ago. The creature spoke through his nose, wi' a twang savouring unwholesomely o' Dollardom, and, losh preserve us! what a spate o' meaningless, lang-nebbet words he evacuated to be sure!

DOCTOR.—What was the name of the fellow?

LAIRD.—He ca'd himsel' Dr. Shark, o' Brampton!

DOCTOR.—Why, that is the identical vagabond who occasioned my late inopportune exodus from Toronto! Confound him! if he had been caged in his proper domicile, the Provincial Penitentiary, I should not have been prevented from celebrating the nativity of Regina in your good company!

LAIRD.—Seeing that I was a stranger, Dr. Shark did a' he could to impress me wi' a sense o' his skill, by expatiating upon a' the ills to which human flesh is heir to, and his infallible remedies for the same. When he was palavering, I couldna help thinking upon the lines o' Robin Burns, referring to a similar character:

“And then o' doctor's saws and whittles,  
O' a' dimonions, shapes, and mettles,  
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an bottles,  
He's sure to hae;  
Their Latin names as fast he rattles  
As A. B. C.

“Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;  
True sal-muriuum o' the seas;  
The farina o' beans and peas,  
He has't in plenty;  
Aqua-fortis—what you please,  
He cau content ye.

“Forby some new, uncommon weapons,  
Urinus spiritus o' capons;  
Or mita-horn shavings, fillings, scrapings,  
Distill'd *per se*;  
Sal-alkall o' widge-tail clippings,  
And mony mae!”

MAJOR.—One portion of your quotation I should judge was a trifle inappropriate—I refer to the rattling over of “*Latin names!*”

LAIRD.—If the Shark didna spout Latin, he rapped oot a gush o' Dutch, and sic like unknown tongues, which answered the purpose quite as weel!

DOCTOR.—And how fared it with the trustful Daidles?

LAIRD.—It was a crowning mercy that I happened to ca' upon him! Though I am nae leech, I soon saw that the puir body was labouring under pleurisy; and there was the Hippocrates—or rather, I should say, the hypocrite—o' Brampton, drenching him wi' denty-lion tea and lime-water!

DOCTOR.—The murderous ruffian!

LAIRD.—The very words I used to the scoundrel! By my certy, I kicked him oot o' the door in double quick time, and sent aff an express for a *real* doctor, wha arrived just in season, and nae mair, to save the sick gowk's life by proper remedies!

MAJOR.—What a crying disgrace to the authorities of “this Canada” that man-slaughtering brigands, like Shark, of Brampton, are permitted to fatten and wax plethoric upon the blood of their fellow-creatures! Let a publican vend a horn to a pilgrim, without having a license to do so, and, presto! he is pulled up, and stringently fined for the delict! On the other hand, there are to be found in every quarter of the Province desperadoes like *Doctor Shark*, murdering with impunity in the very teeth of the law!

DOCTOR.—Yes! and, keeping out of view the certain loss of human life which is thus occasioned, what an injustice to men who, at much expenditure of precious money, and more precious time, have qualified themselves to practice in a legal manner!

LAIRD.—Some unco liberal folk argue that “the people” should be left to judge for themselves in sic matters! But, as I say, what for is this rule no carried oot in a' things? Land surveyors and barristers, canna carry on their

trades without a leeshence, and if they ventured to do sae, would be harled owre the coals before ye could cry Jack Robinson! Noo, will ony ane tell me that the measuring o' a nail-yard, or the pleading a case anent the price o' a stirk or a wheen bushels o' wheat is mair important than the life or death o' ane o' God's images—silly and feckless though that image be? Answer me that.

MAJOR.—Your question is unanswerable.

LAIRD.—Vera weel! Why, then, in the name o' common justice, is fish made o' ane and flesh o' the ither?

MAJOR.—Why, indeed!

DOCTOR.—I have noticed, as a general rule, that the patrons of quacks are clamorous advocates for a Maine Liquor-law. Now, are "the million" not quite as well qualified to judge for themselves as to the quality of the beverages which they ought to imbibe, as they are to pronounce judgment upon the capabilities of their medical advisers?

LAIRD.—A plain man, like your humble servant, would think sae!

MAJOR.—The root of the whole matter is, that we live in an age of rampant humbug! Every day we see Peter robbed, in order that the sum due to Paul may be liquidated! One man may abduct a horse, without any impertinent question being asked, while another will subject himself to the manipulation of Squire Ketch for merely looking at the quadruped from over a fence!

DOCTOR.—I notice from the accounts given by the *fourth estate*, that her Majesty's birth-day was honoured becomingly in "Muddy Little York."

LAIRD.—Oo, man, it was a grand and speerit-stirring demonstration! If ye had been wi' us at Mr. Wylie's wunnock on the forenoon o' Wednesday, the 24th o' May, and seen the parade sailing along wi' its flags and banners, and cornets and dulcimers, ye would hae imagined that ye were in Glasgow or Auld Reekie!

MAJOR.—You indeed missed a spectacle well worth seeing! Never did I behold a finer body of men than that which then defiled along King Street! When I gazed upon the stalwart fire brigades, and the national societies of the United Empire, how did I long that John Mitchel could have witnessed the most suggestive sight! If he could have gazed upon that noble turn-out of Anglo-Saxons and Celts, and marked the flush of affectionate loyalty which

crimsoned their honest cheeks, he never more would have babbled about a Yankee invasion of Canada!

LAIRD.—He would just as soon hae speculated upon the possibility o' quarrying doon the rock o' Quebec, and bigging dry stane dykes wi' the chips thereof!

DOCTOR.—How did the represented personages look?

MAJOR.—"First-rate," as our unsophisticated bush-whackers would say! Nothing could be more sublime than the bearing of the Grand Turk—Britannia seemed born to command—and our friend Louis Napoleon had an imperial aroma which was hugely imposing!

DOCTOR.—Was the night procession effective?

LAIRD.—It was the very cream o' the concern! I and the Major were standing at the Parliament Buildings, and when I saw the forest o' torches advancing, and heard the row-dedding o' the drums, it reminded me for a' the world o' the Porteous mob coming to storm the *Heart o' Auld-Lothian*! The effect closely rubbed shooters wi' the shooblime!

DOCTOR.—It was a pity that the pyrotechnical display proved a failure!

LAIRD.—Pyro—pyrotech—I saw naething there bearing sic a heathenish, jaw-dislocating designation!

DOCTOR.—Oh, I mean the fireworks!

LAIRD.—What gars ye use daft-like words like that? Ye should mind that everybody disna understand Welsh! Sairly has your education, I fear, been negleckit, doctor though you be!

MAJOR.—The drawback to which you refer was amply compensated by the luminous manner in which the incremation of Judge Mondelet passed off.

LAIRD.—Dinna mention the name o' that landlouper, or you will gie me a fit o' the colic! I declare that my throat's sair yet wi' shouting and yelling at the reprobate, as the loyal flames consumed him to ashes! If there exists an infidel wha questions the sterling British feeling o' our community, he should hae seen that sight! By my certy, the skirls o' delight which greeted each squib and rocket as it exploded in the wame o' the railing Rabshakeh, would hae sent him hame a thorough convert frae his heresy!

DOCTOR.—You are too hard upon the unfortunate law-monger of Montreal! He evidently lacks a few coppers of the shilling!

LAIRD.—Mair shame to the men that suffer

a daft body to squirm and clocher upon the bench! O'd, he should be deciding pleas between speeders and blue-bottles in Dr. Workman's Hotel!

MAJOR.—Tory though I be, I must say this much for the unfortunate fellow, that he has made no attempt to justify his dismal back-sliding! Mondelet is evidently a flatulent talker by nature, and consequently his silence under the jobations which he has been receiving must charitably be set down to the score of penitence!

LAIRD.—Deil thank him for hauding his tongue! He has said naething, because he had naething to say!

DOCTOR.—JAM *satis*—as the urchin said, when he had finished the discussion of a pot of preserves! Let us call a new cause!

MAJOR.—You have sometimes observed, Sangrado, that Brother Jonathan was lacking in humour?

DOCTOR.—I confess the corn—as Jonathan aforesaid hath it. In nine cases out of ten—and I spgak equally in reference to his literature and his pictorial art—he mistakes exaggeration for wit.

MAJOR.—The duodecimo which I hold in my hand rather contradicts your theory.

DOCTOR.—Its name?

MAJOR.—“*The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.*”

DOCTOR.—The author?

MAJOR.—Joseph G. Baldwin, a blackbrigadesman, hailing from Livingston, Alabama.

DOCTOR.—What is the drift of the affair?

MAJOR.—It consists of a series of sketches of the Bar of the State of Alabama, and a fresher or more appetizing volume I have not masticated for many a long day. Mr. Baldwin (who is signally free from the detestable sin of book-making) presents us with a gallery of pictures, all of them, evidently, taken from the life. He introduces his reader into a newly-formed community, and pourtrays, with a hand at once free and cultivated, the peculiarities of men and manners therein existing.

DOCTOR.—If Mr. Baldwin heard an inveterate anti-republican *fossil* like you speak after this fashion, he might well exclaim, “Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!”

MAJOR.—The praise, however, is sincere and well-founded.

LAIRD.—Afford us an opportunity o’ judging for ourselves!

MAJOR.—Willingly! There is not much in the following anecdote, but still sufficient to enable you to judge of the author’s style. [Reads.]

A COOL REJOINER.—A Mr. Kelly, who was in the habit of *imbibing* pretty freely, at a court held in one of the counties of North Alabama, upon a case being called, in which K. found he could not get along for want of proof, was asked by the court what course he would take in the matter. “Why,” said K., “if it please your honor, I believe *I will take water*” (a common expression, signifying that the person using it would take a nonsuit). Judge A. was on the bench, and was something of a wag in a dry way, and had his pen in his hand ready to make the entry.

“Well,” said the Judge, “brother K., if you do, you will astonish your stomach most mightily.”

LAIRD.—Lawyer Kelly puts me in mind o’ the drouthy Laird o’ Strathbungo. When on his death-bed, the Laird gave solemn directions to his son touching the most orthodox manner of manufacturing toddy. “John,” said he, “dinna forget to put into the tumbler a sufficiency o’ sugar, and plenty o’ whusky; and be sure and dinna forget, that every drap o’ water ye add to the brewing spoils the toddy!”

MAJOR.—There is something peculiarly racy in the following description of an interview between a case-hunting, pettifogging barrister, and a worthy whom he wished to hook as a client. [Reads.]

JOHN STOUT, ESQ., AND MARK SULLIVAN.—Mark Sullivan was imprisoned in the Sumter county jail, having changed the venue and place of residence from Washington county, where he had committed a murder. John Stout was an old acquaintance of Mark’s, and being of a susceptible nature when there was any likelihood of a fee, was not a man to stand on ceremony or the etiquette of the profession. He did not wait to be sent for, but usually hurried post-haste to comfort his friends, when in the disconsolate circumstances of the unfortunate Mark. John had a great love for the profession, and a remarkable perseverance under discouraging circumstances, having clung to the bar after being at least twice stricken from the roll, for some practices indicating a much greater zeal for his clients than for truth, justice, or fair dealing; but he had managed to get reinstated on promises of amendment, which were, we fear, much more profuse than sincere. John’s standard of morality was not exalted, nor were his attainments in the profession great; having confined himself mostly to a class of cases and of clients better suited to give notoriety than enviable reputation to the practioner. He seemed to have a separate instinct, like a carrion crow’s, for the filthy; and he snuffed up a tainted atmosphere, as Swedenborg says *certain*

spirits do, with a rare relish. But with all John's industry and enterprise, John never throve, but at fifty years of age, he was as seedy and threadbare in clothes as in character. He had no settled abode, but was a sort of Calumet *Tartar of the Law*, and roamed over the country generally, stirring up contention and breeding dirty lawsuits, fishing up fraudulent papers, and hunting up complaisant witnesses to very apocryphal facts.

Well, on one bright May morning, Squire Stout presented himself at the door of the jail in Livingston, and asked admittance, professing a desire to see Mr. Mark Sullivan, an old friend. Harvey Thompson, the then sheriff, admitted him to the door within, and which stood between Mark and the passage. John desired to be led into the room in which Mark was, wishing, he said, to hold a private interview with Mark as one of Mark's counsel; but Harvey peremptorily refused—telling him, however, that he might talk with the prisoner in his presence. The door being thrown open, left nothing but the iron lattice-work between the friends, and Mark, dragging his chain along, came to the door. At first, he did not seem to recognize John; but John, running his hand through the interstices, grasped Mark's with fervour, asking him, at the same time, if it were possible that he had forgotten his old friend, John Stout. Mark, as most men in durance, was not slow to recognise any friendship, real or imaginary, that might be made to turn out to advantage, and, of course, allowed the claim, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to see John. John soon got his *hydraulics* in readiness,—for sympathy and pathetic eloquence are wonderfully cheap accessories to rascality,—and begun applying his handkerchief to his eyes with a great energy. "Mark, my old friend, you and I have been friends many a long year, old fellow; we have played many a game of seven up together, Mark, and shot at many a shooting match, Mark, and drunk many a gallon of 'red eye' together;—and to think, Mark, my old friend and companion, that I loved and trusted like a brother, Mark, should be in this dreadful fix,—far from wife, children, and friends, Mark,—it makes a child of me, and I can't—control—my feelings." (Here John wopt with considerable vivacity, and doubled up an old bandanna handkerchief and mopped his eyes mightily.) Mark was not one of the crying sort. He was a Roman-nosed, eagle-eyed ruffian of a fellow, some six feet two inches high, and with a look and step that the McGregor himself might feel entitled him to be respected on the heather.

So Mark responded to this lachrymal ebullition of Stout's a little impatiently; "Hoot, man, what are you making all that *how-de-do* for? It aint so bad as you let on. To be sure, it aint as pleasant as sitting on a log by a camp fire, with a tickler of the reverend stuff, a pack of the documents and two or three good fellows, and a good piece of fat deer meat roasting at the end of a ramrod; but, for all that, it aint so bad as might be: they can't do nothing

with me: it was done fair,—it was an old quarrel. We settled it in the old way: I had my rifle, and I plugged him fust—he might a knowed I would. It was devil take the hindmost. It wasn't my fault he didn't draw trigger fust—they can't hurt me for it. But I hate to be stayin' here so long, and the fishin' time comin' on, too—it's mighty hard, but it can't be helped, I suppose." (And here Mark heaved a slight sigh.)

"Ah, Mark," said John, "I aint so certain about that; that is, unless you are particular well defended. You see, Mark, it aint now like it used to be in the good old times. They are getting new notions now-a-days. Since the penitentiary has been built, they are got quare ways of doing things,—they are sending gentlemen there reg'lar as pigtracks. I believe they do it just because they've got an idea it helps to pay taxes. When it used to be neck or nothin', why; one of the young hands could clear a man; but now it takes the best sort of testimony, and the smartest sort of lawyers in the market, to get a friend clear. The way things are goin' on now, murdering a man will be no better than stealin' a nigger, after a while."

"Yes," said Mark, "things is going downwards,—there aint no denyin' of that. I know'd the time in old Washington, when people let gentlemen settle these here little matters their own way, and nobody interfered, but minded their own business. And now you can't put an inch or two of knife in a fellow, or lam him over the head a few times with a light-wood knot, but every little lackey must poke his nose into it, and *Law, law, law*, is the word,—the cowardly, nasty slinks; and then them lawyers must have their jaw in it, and bow, bow wow, it goes; and the juror, they must have their say so in it; and the sherrer, he must do something, too; and the old cuss that grinds out the law to 'em in the box, he must have his *how-de-do* about it; and then the witnesses, they must swear to ther packs of lies—and the lawyers git to bawlin' and hellerin', like Methodist preachers at a camp meetin'—allers quarrellin' and no fightin'—jawin' and jawin' back, and such eternal lyin'—I tell you, Stout, I won't stay in no such country. When I get out of here, I mean to go to Texas, whar a man can see some peace, and not be interfered with in his private consarns. All this come about consakens so many new settlers comin' in the settlement, bringin' their new-fool ways with 'em. The fust of it was two preachers comin' along. I told 'em 'twould never do—and if my advice had been tak, the thing could a been stopped in time; but the boys said they wanted to hear the news them fellers fotch'd about the Gospel and sich—and there was old Ramsouser's mill-pond so handy, too!—but it's too late now. And then the doggery-keepers got to sellin' licker by the drink, instead of the half-pint, and a dime a drink at that; and then the Devil was to pay, and no mistake. But they can't hurt me, John.

They'll have to let me out: and ef it wasn't so cussed mean, I'd take the law on 'em, and sue 'em for damages; but then it would be throw'd up to my children, that Mark Sullivan tuk the law on a man; and, besides, Stout, I've got another way of settlin' the thing up,—in the old way,—ef my life is spared, and Providence favors me. But that aint nothin' to the present purpose. John, where do you live now?"

John.—"I'm living in Jackson, Mississippi, now, Mark; and hearing you were in distress, I let go all holds, and came to see you. Says I, my old friend Mark Sullivan is in trouble, and I must go and see him out; and says my wife: 'John Stout, you pretend you never deserted a friend, and here you are, and your old friend Mark Sullivan, that you thought so much of, laying in jail, when you, if any man could, can get him clear.' Now, Mark I couldn't stand that. When my wife throw'd that up to me, I just had my horse got out, and travelled on, hardly stopping day or night, till I got here. And the U. S. Court was in session, too, and a big lawsuit was coming on for a million of dollars. I and Prentiss and George Yerger was for the plaintiff, and we were to get five thousand dollars, certain, and a hundred thousand dollars if we gained it. I went to see George, before I left, and George said I must stay—it would never do. Says he, 'John,'—he used always to call me John,—'you know,'—which I did, Mark,—that our client relies on you, and you must be here at the trial. I can fix up the papers, and Prent. can do the fancy work to the jury; but when it comes to the heavy licks of the law, John, you are the man, and no mistake.' And just then Prentiss come in, and, after putting his arm and sorter hugging me to him,—which was Prent.'s way with his intimate friends,—says, 'John, my old friend, you have to follow on our side, and you must mash Sam Boyd and Jo Holt into Scotch snuff; and you'll do it, too, John: and after gaining the case, we'll have a frolic that will suck the sweet out of the time of day.' And then Yerger up and tells Prentiss about my going off; and Prentiss opened his eyes, and asked me if I was crazy; and I told him jist this: says I, 'Prent, you are a magnanimous man, that loves his friend, aint you?' and Prentiss said he hoped he was. And then said I, 'Prentiss, Mark Sullivan is my friend, and in jail, away from his wife and children, and nobody to get him out of that scrape; and may be, if I don't go and defend him—there is no knowing what may come of it: and how could I ever survive to think a friend of mine had come to harm for want of my going to him in the dark, dismal time of his distress.' (Here John took out the handkerchief again, and began weeping, after a fashion Mr. Alfred Jingle might have envied, even when performing for the benefit of Mr. Samuel Welier.) 'No,' said I, 'Sergeant Prentiss, let the case go to h—ll, for me;—John Stout and Andrew Jackson never deserted a friend, and never will.' Said Prentiss, 'John, I admire your principles; give us your hand, old fellow;

and come, let us take a drink;—for Prent. was always in the habit of treating his noble sentiments—George wasn't. Well, Mark, you see I came, and am at your service through thick and thin."

"Yes," said Mark, "I'm much obleeged to you, John, but I'm afeared I can't afford to have you,—you're too dear an article for my pocket; besides I've got old John Gayle, and I reckon he'll do."

"Why," said John, "I don't dispute, Mark, but that the old Governor is some punkins, you might have done worse. I'll not disparage any of my brethren. I'll say to his back what I've said to his face. You might do worse than get old John—but, Mark, two heads are better than one; and though I may say it, when it comes to the genius licks of the law in these big cases, it aint every man in your fix can get such counsel. Now, Mark, money is money, and feelins is feelins; and I don't care if I do lose the case at Jackson. If you will only secure two hundred dollars to pay expenses, I am your man, and you are as good as cleared already."

But Mark couldn't or wouldn't come into these reasonable terms, and his friend Stout left him in no very amiable mood,—having quite recovered from the fit of hysterics into which he had fallen,—and Mark turned to Thompson, and making sundry gyrations with his fingers upon a base formed by his nose, his right thumb resting thereon, seemed to intimate that John Stout's proposition and himself were little short of a lumbug, which couldn't win.

Mark, though ably and eloquently defended, was convicted at the next court, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. And Stout, speaking of the result afterwards, said he did not wonder at it, for the old rascal, after having sent for him all the way from Jackson, higgled with him on a fee of one thousand dollars, when he, in indignant disgust at his meanness, left him to his fate.

DOCTOR.—Pray lend me Mr. Baldwin's book. You have afforded me a whet, which prompts me to peruse the whole of it. By way of excambion, I will bestow upon you the reading of a sensibly written and prettily illustrated volume—"*Africa and the American Flag. By Commander Andrew H. Foote, U. S. Navy,*" published in New York by Appleton & Co., and vended in Toronto by our friend Thomas Maclear.

MAJOR.—I observe that the lithographic engravings are well drawn, and tastefully put upon the stone.

DOCTOR.—They are; and you will find that the letter press is of cognate merit. Though somewhat given to prosing, in common with the majority of nautical authors, the Commander is a man of sense and observation, and

tells what he has to say in a business-like, agreeable manner.

LAND.—Give us a crunch o' anc o' the skipper's biscuits!

DECTOR.—Open your mouth, then—or rather, I should say, shut the same! Here is an account of some of the difficulties which oppose themselves to a thorough abolishment of that most infernal of all traffics, the slave-trade. [*Reads.*]

Captain Winniet visited Ashantee in October, 1849. He found on the route large thriving additional villages, as far as English protection extended. He was received at Kumassi with the usual display of African music, musketry, and marching. He was led for a mile and a half through a lane at heads and shoulders, clustered thick on both sides. There were here and there diverging branches of a like character, as thick with heads and shoulders; and at the end of each, a chief sitting in his chair of state. To and by each chief, a hand was waved as a salutation, until the monarch himself was reached. He rose, came forward, and, with heavy lumps of gold dangling at his wrists, exhibited his agility in dancing. When this act of state ceremony had been properly done up, he offered his hand to shake, and thus completed the etiquette of a reception at court. The houses, with piazzas projecting to shelter them from the sun—public-rooms in front, and dwelling-rooms behind, nicely plastered and colored—were greatly admired.

The pleading about the slave-trade was the main business and the main difficulty; but the nature of such negotiations appears, in its most impressive aspect, in the case of Dahomey.

This chief professes great devotedness to England. In consequence of some difficulty, he gave notice to European foreigners, "that he was not much accustomed to cut off white heads, but if any interfered with an agent of the English government, he would cut off their heads as readily as those of his black people." By murderous incursions against his neighbors, he seized about nine thousand victims annually. He sold about three thousand of these directly on his own account, gave the rest chiefly away to his troops, who sold them: a duty of five dollars being paid on each slave exported, afforded him altogether a revenue of about three hundred thousand dollars.

This was a serious matter to argue against. He stated the case strongly: "The form of my government cannot be suddenly changed, without causing such a revolution as would deprive me of my throne, and precipitate the kingdom into anarchy. . . . I am very desirous to acquire the friendship of England. I and my army are ready, at all times, to fight the queen's enemies, and do anything the English government may ask of me, except to give up the slave-trade. No other trade is known to my people. Palm-oil, it is true, is engaging the attention of some of them, but it is a slow

method of making money, and brings only a very small amount of duties into my coffers. The planting of cotton and coffee has been suggested, but that is slower still. The trees have to grow, and I shall probably be in my grave before I reap any benefit from them; and what am I to do in the mean time? Who will pay my troops in the mean time? Who will buy arms and clothes for them? Who will buy dresses for my wives? Who will give me supplies of cowries, rum, gunpowder and cloth, for my annual 'customs?' I hold my power by the observance of the time-honored customs of my forefathers. I should forfeit it, and entail on myself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, by neglecting them. The slave-trade has been the ruling principle of my people. It is the source of their glory and wealth. Their songs celebrate their victories, and the mother lulls the child to sleep with notes of triumph over an enemy reduced to slavery. Can I by signing such a treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It cannot be!"

The case was a puzzling one for this intelligent, open-hearted, and ambitious barbarian. He had trained an army of savage heroes, and as savage heroines, thirsting for distinction and for plunder. This army covers at his feet as long as he satiates its appetite for excitement, rapine and blood. But woe to him if it turn in disappointed fury upon him! Such is military despotism; perilous to restrain, and perilous to let loose. Blessed is that people which is clear of it!

There is this strange incident in the affair, that the English power, which sent an ambassador to plead the case with him in this peaceful mode, was at the same time covering the sea with cruisers, and lining the shore with factories, and combining every native influence to extinguish the sole source from which flowed the security and splendor of his rule. He knew this, and could offer no moral objection to it, although complaining of the extent to which it reduced his authority, and crippled his resources.

The urgency to which the King of Dahomey was subjected, ended, in 1852, in his yielding. England had proposed to pay him some annual sum for a time, as a partial compensation for the loss of his revenue: it may therefore be presumed that he is a stipendiary of the British government; and as the practices given up by him can scarcely, in any circumstances, be suddenly revived, his interest will retain him faithful to the engagement. It is a strange, bold, and perilous undertaking, that he should direct his disciplined army, his hero and his heroine battalions, to the arts of peace! But to these he and they must henceforward look as the source of their wealth, security, and greatness.

Queen Victoria, it is said, has lately sent the King of Dahomey two thousand ornamental caps for the Amazon soldiers.



MAJOR.—Human nature is the same selfish, calculating thing everywhere. The arguments used by the ebony monarch of Dahomey against abandoning the huckstering of human flesh are precisely analogous to those by which the Southern planters excuse their devotion to the “peculiar institution!” Heaven grant that the latter may soon come to follow the Christian example of the African potentate!

DOCTOR.—Amen say I; but verily the passing of the ill-omened Nebraska bill affords faint prospect that the aspiration will be answered!

LAIRD.—To come a thocht nearer hame than Africa, has ony o' ye read the new story, “*The Lamplighter*,” which the Yankee newspapers are making sic a din aboot?

MAJOR.—I have, and think it but a very so-so piece of goods. If it had been published in F. gland, and reprinted in New York, I very much question whether it would have reached a plurality of editions. “*The Lamplighter*” is a very decent third-class novel, but nothing more, containing a large sprinkling of that philanthropic mawkishness which pervades “*Hot Corn*,” and works of a similar description.

LAIRD.—If I wasna bothered with the rheumatics, I would gang doon upon my twa knees, and register an oath against ever reading a newspaper criticism again. They just tend to mislead simple folk, and cheat them out o' their hard-earned bawbees!

DOCTOR.—The evil of puffing is beginning to work its own cure. It has revealed such a climax of turpitude, that even “the million,” who are not admitted behind the scenes, scunner at the grossness of the laudatory messes served up for their mastication! There are hundreds and thousands who no more dream of perusing a book-notice than they would the advertisements of “Huff's Liniment,” or “Kellog's unequalled Worm Tea!”

LAIRD.—And sae Jeems Montgomery is laid in the mools at last! Weel! there's the end o' s true poet, and an honest, God-fearing man!

MAJOR.—Your expression, Laird, is somewhat infelicitous. The materialism of the patriarch has, it is true, disappeared for a brief season, but his sweet numbers will survive as long as the tongue in which they are indited! There is never an end of a true poet! Even after this globe is burned up, his strains will continue to vibrate either in heaven or in hell, because thought can no more be extinguished than the spirit which engendered it!

DOCTOR.—Montgomery, though seldom sinking to the dull and phlegmatic level of mediocrity, as seldom soars to the cloud-capped peaks of excellence!

MAJOR.—I am not prepared to endorse the orthodoxy of that verdict! Few of our “makers” have surpassed the Sheffield bard in describing the external features of nature; and as a hymn writer, he is worthy to measure spears with Isaac Watts!

LAIRD.—Hae ony o' ye read Lever's last story, “*The Dodd Family Abroad?*”

MAJOR.—I have, and strongly recommend you to follow my example. Though as a serial the production did not attain the popularity of its predecessors from the same pen, I think it almost equal to the best of them.

LAIRD.—Wha are the Dodds?

MAJOR.—An Irish family, who seek the Continent under the impression that they can save money by so doing, which, of course, turns out to be a complete delusion. Anxious to get into “high life,” they become the prey of legions of sharpers, and finally return to their bogs, poor in purse, but rich in experience!

LAIRD.—I'll buy the book for Girzy! For some time back, she has been casting sheep's een at a hairy-faced loon, that peddles cigars, and threeps that he's a Polish Coont! Oh, if I can catch him trying to wile awa the silly lawpie frae Bonnie Braes, I'll gie him a polishing that he'll no forget in a century and a half!

DOCTOR.—Speaking of the Poles, I have just been reading *The Knout and the Russians*, written by Germain de Lagny, and containing a vast amount of well-digested information touching our friend Nicholas, his empire, and slaves.

LAIRD.—Could ye no' hae said his slaves at once, and been done wi' it?

MAJOR.—Peace, good agriculturist! Do you not know that since the passing of the Nebraska bill, and the forcible abduction of poor Burns from Boston, it is impoliti. in the highest degree to speak of slaves or slavery within five hundred miles of the model republic?

LAIRD.—What are we to say, then?

MAJOR.—Animated, cotton-engendering ebony chattels!

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' ye, man! Div' ye think that I am gangin' to tak' such a round-about road to describe a wheen poor, oppressed, coom-complexion childern o' Adam and Eve? Na, na! If I did, I wud be as daft as the crazy German philosopher who invented a steam engine to draw aff his boots!

DOCTOR.—Returning to the *Knout*, it is one of the most seasonable productions of the day, and tells everything relating to the Muscovite empire, with which a person would require to be indoctrinated at the present crisis.

LAIRD.—My sister, honest woman, is to be in toon the morn, and will be wanting, nae doubt, to see a' that's to be seen. Is it your conscientious opinion, Crabtree, that I might safely tak her to see Sandford's opera troopers, that are hobling forth in the Royal Lyceum?

MAJOR.—There will not be the slightest risk in the transaction. For a nominal premium, I will insure the morals of the thrice-virtuous Griselda from all taint or contamination in attending the exhibitions of these simulated Ethiopians!

LAIRD.—Are they no' niggers, then?

MAJOR.—No more than yourself! They are regular Anglo-Saxon professionals, possessed of very fair voices, and a considerable dash of humour.

DOCTOR.—How do they get along with their burlesques of the Italian Opera?

MAJOR.—Very well, indeed! The caricature is not offensively broad, and much of the vocalization would do credit to the serious lyrical drama.

DOCTOR.—Is Sandford's troupe then really so good?

MAJOR.—Capital, in every sense, except in some of their selections, and a lecture on woman's rights, which, though undoubtedly clever, was *tant soit peu* broad.

DOCTOR.—I see by the bills that there was some dancing as well. Of what class was it?

MAJOR.—A man and a boy, and very good they both are. I cannot say that I admire dancing in public; in fact, I disapprove altogether of its tendency. Still, it must be confessed that the duration of the senior dances was most wonderful. His muscle and strength must be astonishing, and what makes it more wonderful is the fact of his not being slightly made, but rather the reverse.

DOCTOR.—What burlesques in the Italian way did they give?

MAJOR.—Several. They sang parodies on "*Mira O Norma*," the dying "*Scena from Lucia*," besides *Somnambula* and *Cinderella*. The best proof I can give, however, of my thinking them good, is the fact of my hurrying the sederunt to an end, in order to see "*Somnambula*." Come, Laird, attention, and I will run over my Colonial Chit-Chat and News from Abroad, which I again

mean to give once a month, as I find by the old plan that I was always pinched for room.

LAIRD.—Wait a wee; I see ye hae anither o' thae bonnie picture-buiks. Rax it owre here.

DOCTOR.—There it is, and I think you will find it the best number, so far as plates are concerned, out.

LAIRD.—For ance in your life, Doctor, ye're no wrang; the faces are a' very bonnie—especially the White Rose and the Myrtle. Puir lassie! she seems indeed

"Long to have watched and wept,  
And bitter reckoning kept."

But still, wi' a' that, there is a look as if she knew where to seek for comfort, or, as the buik itsel says,

"What hope can thee avail,  
But that which riseth amid prayer to Heaven  
Upon the gloomy hour,  
Like thy soft breath, sweet flower,  
Whose odours are alone to midnight given?"

DOCTOR.—Really the face representing Hope is very pretty—(Major interrupting him)—

MAJOR.—I have not the least doubt of it, but you must excuse me if I cut short our discussion. I do not wish to miss the last part of the entertainment at the Lyceum. There are some burlesque imitations of the Opera and Italian singers, that it is well worth double the usual rate of admission to see.

LAIRD.—Hout, mon, I paid sax and threepence this morning for a copy o' Hugh Miller's *Autobiography*. Ye ken Hugh, that wrote the *Auld Red Sandstone*, and other pieces?

DOCTOR.—I know him well, Laird, at least through the medium of his writings. He is a man of decided ability, though burdened with a heavy stock of self-esteem. The work to which you allude contains pregnant proofs of my assertion. Just think of five hundred and fifty closely-printed duodecimo pages being occupied with the story of a life singularly barren of incident, and which could have been told with every reasonable amplification in one-fifth of that space! The ex-stonemason is a second edition of *P. P., Clerk of this Parish*, that model and type of all egotistical chroniclers of their own sayings and doings!

LAIRD.—I'll just get Maclear to change the book, if it's such an intak'.

DOCTOR.—Nay, I did not go so far as to characterize it after such a harsh fashion. As a Scotchman, you will find many things of an appetizing nature in its pages. Miller writes pleasingly, even when giving way to twaddle, and some of the records of his early struggles are touching and graphic.

DOCTOR.—One moment, my dear Major, before you begin. What will you give me for a piece of news?

LAIRD.—I'll gie ye three bawbees.

MAJOR.—And I not a cent, but on the contrary, were I a betting character, I would give you the odds that your fresh piece of intelligence relates to Jullien.

DOCTOR.—Well guessed!

MAJOR.—Did you suppose it possible that anything connected with Jullien's promised visit to Toronto could fail to run like wildfire?

DOCTOR.—What a treat the Torontonians will have in that incomparable band! and how I shall rejoice to hear again Kóéing, Bottesini, and the other stars who accompany him!

MAJOR.—When do they come? I did hear that they intended to visit us, but not the exact time.

DOCTOR.—On the 5th and 6th July their performances will take place, and I would recommend people from the country, who intend to come in for the concerts, to write to their friends to secure tickets beforehand, as doubtless the Lind mania will be re-enacted in Toronto. You know also that Anna Thillon will accompany Jullien?

MAJOR.—No; and I am not sorry to hear it, as I shall be able in one night thereby to kill two birds with one stone—that is, judge of two celebrities. And now I'll go on with my Colonial Chit-Chat. [*Major reads.*]

On the 8th May, Mr. Chucaluna launched a new steamer at St. Catharines. She was named the "Zimmerman." The ceremony of naming was performed by Miss Dickson. After which a large party was entertained by the owners at lunch.

A prohibitory Liquor-law has passed the Legislature of Prince Edward Island—ayes, 15; nays, 7.

It is said that thousands of cattle will starve to death in New Brunswick before the grass grows.

"Considerable damage," says the *Peterboro' Despatch*, has been done on our river this year, by the high waters. Several booms broke away, and logs of course scattered, and one dam was much injured."

Government has raised the salaries of the Professors in the University College to £450 a year. One, if not more, of the salaries stood at this figure before; and the present advance has made them uniform. One of the considerations which led to this step was the unusual dearness which prevails and presses in a peculiar manner upon persons in receipt of fixed incomes.

The Quebec *Canadian* says that Mr. Chaveau left Quebec a few days ago for Upper Canada, one object of his visit being connected with the formation of Deaf and Dumb Institutions in both sections of the Province. We are well pleased at this. It was rather a reproach to Canada to be so long

without such institutions. We trust the government will not neglect the matter, now that they have taken it in hand.

The *Guelph Herald*, of the 16th May, says a very handsome specimen of the Canadian porcupine, weighing over 20 lbs., was shot by Mr. D. Warren, a short distance out the York road. "We have seen," the *Herald* says, "several of these animals captured in the back woods, but none equal in size or appearance to Mr. Warren's specimen."

The inhabitants of Whitby have resolved to procure its incorporation, and also to take £25,000 stock in the Whitby and Lake Huron Railroad.

There are large quantities of snow between Quebec and Montreal, being the only instance for the last twenty-seven years of snow lying on the ground to such a late period of the season—at least so says the *Montreal Sun*.

#### THE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

Friday, 26th May, was a magnificent day for an eclipse of the sun. The sky throughout was clear and unclouded, except a slight cirrus haze along the horizon. This continued without change up to the time at which the eclipse commenced. Then not a speck was visible. 41m. 41sec. past 3 o'clock was the time the first contact took place. At this moment a marked decrease in the intensity of the solar rays, as shown by a radiating thermometer, was observed. The wind at the time was S. S. W., and showing a mean velocity of from five to six miles an hour. The barometer was remarkably steady throughout the whole day, and at the period of contact exhibited no change. The point of contact was about 145° from the vertex toward the west. About 20 minutes to 5 o'clock, a slight haze began to gather on the western horizon, and also an appearance of layers of well-defined strata inclined from the sun towards the northern horizon. About 4 minutes past 5 o'clock was the period of the greatest obscuration. Then to the ordinary observer the sun presented the appearance as of the moon when two or three days old, the extent covered being about 11°·06—12 being unity. The atmosphere assumed a pleasing sombre gloom, a perceptible change having taken place in the sultry state of the air. Still, however, the birds kept singing around, and no change was manifested in the animal creation. Gradually the obscuration became less complete, and the air resumed its natural condition. At 35 minutes past 5 the edge of the moon appeared serrated, and the edge of the sun's disc appeared sharp and well-defined. The edge of the moon exterior to the sun was not at any time visible. About 14 minutes 6 seconds past 6 o'clock the contact ceased, and the sun's disc was perfectly clear. The range of the solar radiation from the commencement of the eclipse to the period of the greatest obscuration, was 23°·5, and from that time to the last contact it was 13°. There is something very striking in the accuracy of the instructions drawn up by Professors Cherriman and Irving, and published by the Canadian Institute some weeks ago. In reference to the eclipse, we were there informed that the period of the first contact would be 44 minutes 40 seconds past three o'clock, and that its last contact would be 18 minutes 50 seconds past six. The remarks already made show a variation of only four seconds

in the first contact, and sixteen seconds in the last; and it is quite possible that in the first instance the Professors may be right, as there is every possibility that the observer may slip a few seconds ere he makes the first discovery.—*Colonist*.

## GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SPEECH.

Quebec, June 13, 1854.

To-day at three o'clock the Governor General, the Earl of Elgin, proceeded in state to the Council Chamber in the buildings.

The members of the Legislative Council being assembled, his Excellency opened the second session of the fourth Parliament of the Province.

## SPEECH.

*Hon. Gentlemen of the Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.*—During the recess the Province has sustained, I regret to say, serious loss by fire in the destruction of the Houses of Parliament, and the buildings which were secured for the temporary occupation of the Legislature—the best arrangements possible have been made for your accommodation.

Her Majesty the Queen having failed in her anxious and protracted endeavours to preserve the blessings of peace, has felt herself called on through regard for an ally, the integrity and independence of whose empire has been recognised as essential to the peace of Europe, to take up arms in conjunction with the Emperor of France for the defence of the Sultan.

The manifestations of the loyalty and sympathy which have been so general throughout the Province at this juncture, will, I am confident, be heartily responded to by the Legislature.

The cordial co-operation on this war is well calculated to call forth the sympathies of a country peopled by the descendants of those two Empires.

Having, during my recent visit to England, been honored by the Queen's command to endeavor to effect the settlement of various important questions bearing upon the interest of the British North American Provinces, which had long been pending between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, I proceeded to Washington, where, after frank discussion with the authorities of the United States, I was enabled to conclude a treaty which now awaits ratification, upon terms which it is my firm conviction will prove in the highest degree advantageous to the colony generally, as well as to the United States.

A measure to give effect to that treaty will be submitted for the United States approbation. I will communicate to you the dispatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

With reference to the addresses to the Queen from the two houses of the Legislature on the subject of the constitution of the Legislative Council, I will commend to your consideration the passing of a law for bringing into early operation the act of the last Session which extends the elective franchise in order that the constitutional expression of opinion may be obtained as speedily as possible under the system of representation recently established on the various important questions on which legislature is required.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly, the public accounts for the past year and the estimates for the present will be submitted to you without

delay, and I rely with confidence on your willingness to make the necessary provisions for the exigencies of the government. The prosperous condition of the revenue may suggest to you the propriety of making such reduction in the tariff as may be compatible with security of the public credit and efficiency in the public services.

During my sojourn in England I was much struck by the proofs which I received from all quarters of the increasing interest of Canadian affairs; and I trust that my acquaintance with the Province, derived from a long residence within it, may have enabled me to render some service in spreading more widely a knowledge of its resources and of the feelings of the inhabitants.

Although a state of warfare has a necessary tendency to restrict operations involving large expenditures of capital, I feel confident that the credit of Canada has attained a position in English opinion which it never before achieved; and that to enable you to retain it, nothing more is required than prudence in your undertakings, and the maintenance of the high character for fidelity to pecuniary engagements which the Province has at all times borne.

## PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT,

Quebec, June, 23, 1854.

This evening the House met at 3 o'clock amidst great excitement. After the speaker had taken the chair Sir Allan McNab addressed the meeting, asked, if it was the intention of his Excellency as reported to prorogue the House? Mr. Hincks said yes. Sir Allan McNab: In order afterwards to dissolve it? Mr. Hincks, yes. Sir A. McNab, without altering the Franchise bill so as to make it come into immediate operation? Mr. Hincks; of course. Sir A. McNab: I have then to say for myself and friends near me that we are quite ready to give our assistance to pass that bill in order to make it available at the next election. We are also ready to pass the supplies or give anything else to enable the Government to be carried on in the best manner. It is not necessary for me to remark on the proposition without affording the country the means of understanding its reasons; we can only say that we are ready to return a respectful reply to the speech, and if the good sense of the House was to insert in that reply sentiments not in accordance with those of other gentlemen opposite, the latter ought not to have shrunk from the responsibility of presenting it and thus avoid by advising his Excellency, to do what he took to be a breach of the constitution, they then prevented the House from giving its views to the Governor General. I think it necessary to express these sentiments, in order that the truth should be known.

Mr. McKenzie entirely agreed with the learned and gallant Knight. (Loud cries of "hear, hear.") The House has placed on the Statute Book a Bill, to which it had given an unanimous assent, to give a wider expression to the popular opinion of the country; this was not a measure of party or class, but concerned all, and he would just read the preamble to show how necessary and just it was thought. He read as follows:—"Whereas it is the right to extend the election franchise to certain classes of persons who are now excluded

from voting at elections of members of the Legislative Assembly." (Here a messenger from the Council appeared at the Bar, and the Speaker read the notice to prorogue.) Mr. Mackenzie.—There was no necessity for delay. The bill in question could be passed immediately. The £10,000 job bill was passed through all its stages at once, and passing this bill, would give the franchise to 100,000 people. Would they dissolve before they had completed it? The bill should be carried at once. (Great cheering through the House.) (The Speaker here rose.) Mr. Mackenzie said, wait a minute, give me a minute. (Cheers and cries of "go on.") (the Speaker standing all the time.) He asked if the Inspector who had so earnestly opposed his exclusion from the House was now to deprive thousands of their political rights, were the representatives to be thus driven from their seats like soldiers by a drill sergeant in a garrison house. they had come to see the public acts. Where were they? The treaty. What has become of it? To lower the tariff. Why is it not done? Was information to be thus shut out from them. Though their table was furnished with the best of reports which ought to be presented (bursts of applause, cries of order). As an old Reformer he cried shame on the government. Cries of hurrah, shame on them! Cries of order, hear and hurrah. Three knocks were now heard at the door. Shame on them. Cries of go on. What was to be said to the constituencies about this summary, disposing of the House, he would move that the House sit till six o'clock. Mr. Speaker.—That cannot be done if any member objects to it. Mr. Mackenzie, the Governor General had declared, in a late speech, the people of Canada were thoroughly loyal to the Queen. Was this a way to increase their loyalty? Mr. McDonald (of Kingston) began to speak with great vehemence, in the midst of great uproar, saying the House was quite ready to return a respectful answer. Mr. Mackenzie here walked with his motion to the Speaker's chair. Mr. Sherwood here rose to a question of order: the messenger had been admitted without the consent of the House. Mr. McDonald, still standing, proceeded,—he stood here for the liberties of the people of Canada—[Here the uproar became tremendous, Mr. McDonald speaking at the top of his voice, with violent gesticulation; but being quite inaudible—and the Speaker standing up, as if to speak.]—Mr. Drummond called the Speaker to keep order—to preserve the dignity of the House. Mr. Robinson rising with great excitement, "Dignity of the House! What dignity are we treated with? Mr. Mackenzie: Put my motion.—[Order!—Chair!—Hear! hear!—Sir A. McNab, during a moment's calm, said the Ministry had not explained whether they had tendered their resignation, or in what position they stood before the Country. Was this like English Statesmen? Left standing with only four independent votes from Upper Canada, and a bare majority from Lower Canada they will allow nothing to be said, but dissolved the House the moment it expressed an opinion different from theirs. Mr. George Brown attempted to speak; he was understood to say, why don't the Ministry pass their necessary measures to escape inquiry into their corruption. [Yeas and tremendous Noes.] Mr. Lancton here asked the Speaker whether he could continue, if not he would yield to that opin-

ion. Mr. Speaker stated he had said, admit the messenger, and that being done, the messenger within the walls, he thought a discussion irregular. [Cries of Chair, Chair.] Mr. Brown still standing and attempting to speak.

The House arose and went to the Legislative Council Chamber. On entering, the Speaker of the Assembly read the following Speech to the Governor General:—

*May it please Your Excellency:*

It has been the immemorial custom of the Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament, to communicate to the Throne the general result of the deliberations of the Assembly, upon the principal subjects which employed the attention of Parliament, during the period of their labours. It is not now part of my duty to address your Excellency, inasmuch as there has been no Act passed or judgment of Parliament obtained by your Excellency's announcement of the cause for summoning Parliament by your gracious speech from the throne. The passage of an act through its several stages according to the law of the custom of Parliament, solemnly declared applicable to Parliament proceedings by a decision of the Legislative Assembly of 1851. It is held to be necessary in order to constitute a Session of Parliament this we have been unable to accomplish owing to the command which your Excellency has laid upon us to meet you this day for the purpose of prorogation and at the same time I feel called upon to assure your Excellency on the part of her Majesty's faithful subjects, that it is not from any want of respect to myself or to the august personage whom you represent in these provinces, that no answer has been returned by the Legislative Assembly to your gracious speech from the throne. After the speakers had done reading, Lord Elgin then read the speech proroguing the Parliament.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

Public attention in Europe seems to be wholly engrossed in the war with Russia, and other affairs are only interesting, so far as they affect the great question of checking Russian assumption and progress. Scarce a doubt now remains of the adhesion of both Austria and Prussia, and the active co operation of the former power may be looked upon as certain.

In Denmark and Sweden, also, although the Governments have as yet taken no decided action, still, the voice of public opinion has been so plainly expressed as not to permit, at most, more than the observance of neutrality.

The Black Sea, from being a Russian lake, now bears on its bosom not a Russian sail, excepting the vessels at Sebastopol and Odessa, and even under the guns at those places it is doubtful how long the Russian flag will be permitted to wave. Sixty-nine thousand of the allied troops are even now at Silistria, and

decisive intelligence may be looked for at an early period from that quarter.

In the Baltic, the French squadron has joined Sir Charles Napier, and the positions of Helsingfors and Cronstadt are so closely watched as to leave very little probability that a junction of the Russian fleets can be accomplished. The King of Portugal is at present in England, and from his presence there may be augured the establishment, or rather the continuation of the good feeling which has always existed between the two countries. In Greece the evil advice of the Queen has been met by such decided action on the part of the allied powers as to leave no alternative to the King, but to discard his ministry and to adopt the measures dictated to him. From India, we have nothing of importance to record, except the success of the Americans in opening the trade with Japan, a measure which will without doubt extend to other commercial nations.

In the United States, three questions have engrossed public attention. The Nebraska question—the surrender of a slave in Boston, under the Rendition act, and the Cuban question. The first of these, the most iniquitous measure that ever disgraced a pseudo free country, has now become law, and the American Government has stultified itself by providing in the 19th century a new territory for further cruelties to be exercised on Slaves. In other words Nebraska is to be a slave territory, where God's image is to be subjected to the ruthless cruelties of devilish men. Some hope may, however, be gleaned from the storm of indignation which the passage of this iniquitous measure has excited in the north, as exemplified in the following extract:—

“When it is undertaken to deprive us (the north) not of our money—which, for the sake of peace, we might be willing to part with—but of that whose value money cannot estimate, when it is attempted to shut out from us the atmosphere, the essential life-breath of liberty; when it is sought to gag our free mouths, to forbid and stop the beating of our free hearts, to subdue us by penal statutes into a servile torpidity, and an obsequious silence, shall we hesitate one moment to repel this impudent effort of despotism, because if we refuse to submit, it will endanger the Union? *Perish the Union; let it ten times perish from the moment it becomes inconsistent with humanity and freedom!* If such manly and noble sentiments animated the breasts of any large portion of northern men, we should yet have hope of liberty in the United States. But with the clergy and cottonocracy steeped in selfishness, and callous to truth and

freedom, we cannot predict any speedy determination, to despotism on this continent.”

The third question, affecting Cuba may now be almost said to be settled, as recent advices show that the Americans had really nothing to complain of, that, the Government have been merely feeling the public pulse, and that now they are satisfied that France and England will permit no filibustering expeditions, excitement will be permitted gradually to wear itself out.

Some of the most important items during the month will be found below.

#### THE BLACK SEA FLEET.

The fleets appear to be still cruising before Sebastopol. For some days there had been a heavy fog, and the French and English vessels had to keep up a constant ringing of bells and firing of guns, to prevent running foul of each other. The cable which is put across the mouth of Sebastopol is described as consisting of a number of chain-cables twisted together, and secured on each side by strong masonry, and is hove taught by capstans. From its being formed of separate chains, it would be sufficiently strong to keep out a steamer or any vessel going at full speed.

#### THE BALTIC FLEET.

All that was known at Copenhagen up to Sunday last, was, that on the 23rd May, Sir Charles Napier lay before Hango Point, prepared to bombard the fortress Gustafsvern. The *Austerlitz* was with him, and also Rear-Admiral Chads, on board the *St. Jean d'Acre*, Rear-Admiral Plumridge, with the flying squadron, had been sent on special service up to the Gulf of Bothnia. Admiral Corry lay at Gottsaka Sandoe.

#### THE BOMBARDMENT OF SILISTRIA.

The eyes of Europe and Asia are still directed to this fortress, which, up to the latest despatches, continued to hold out manfully against the Russians. On the 16th, Mussa Pacha ordered all warehouses exposed to the shells of the enemy, and all buildings of every kind, and trees outside of the town, which might have afforded them shelter, to be destroyed. In the interior of the fortress intrenchments have been thrown up, from which it may be inferred that Mussa Pacha intends to defend the place to the last, even if the walls should be destroyed. A telegraphic despatch from Belgrade, of the 29th, states that the Russians had attacked Silistria with all the force available at that point, from the Danube and by land, and had been repulsed four times. The rumour that Mussa Pacha had offered to capitulate was a Russian invention. He has declared that, rather than surrender, he will blow up the fortress. The *Journal des Debats*, speaking of the alleged imminent danger of the fortress being taken says:

If we may judge of the present by the past, the fall of Silistria ought not to be regarded



*Fig. 1.*

*Fig. 2.*

**PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY**

Maclcar & C<sup>o</sup> Lith Toronto.

as imminent. In 1828, after a siege of more than sixty days, the Russians were obliged to retire; and in 1829 they did not get possession of it until forty-four days after the trenches were opened. According to the last accounts the regular works of approach had only just begun. In the last war Silistria was only defended by a fortified wall; whereas, since that period, four large detached forts have been added to the defences of the place. In 1828 and 1829 the garrison of Silistria was only composed of from 8000 to 10,000 irregular soldiers, while now it has 20,000 regular troops. All these reasons must tend to inspire the belief that the place cannot be on the point of being taken, but the fortune of arms and the changes of war are so great that in such a case, more perhaps than in any other, reliance can alone be placed on *faits accomplis*.

#### THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

Quebec, Saturday, June 17, 1854.

The following is a synopsis of the Reciprocity Treaty, a copy of which was submitted yesterday to the Provincial Parliament by Lord Elgin.

Article I throws open the fisheries of British America excepting those of Newfoundland and the salmon, shad, and shell fisheries, to American citizens.

Article II provides for settling fishery disputes by arbitration, and also gives to the British a right in the American fisheries to the thirty-sixth parallel of north latitude.

Article III provides for the free exchange of flour and breadstuffs; all kinds of fresh, smoked and salted meats; cotton, wool, seeds and vegetables; dried and undried fruits; all kinds of fish and the products of fish, and all other creatures in the water; poultry and eggs; furs and skins; undressed stone and marble in its crude or unwrought state; slate; butter, cheese, tallow and lard; horns; manure; ores of all kinds; coal; tar, pitch and turpentine; ashes; lumber of all kinds, round, hewed, or sawed, and manufactured in whole or in part; firewood; plants, trees and shrubs; pelts; fish oil; rice; broom corn; barley; gypsum, ground or unground; burr or grindstones, hewn or rough, wrought or unwrought; dye stuffs; flax; manufactured tobacco; rags.

Article IV throws open the River St. Lawrence and the Canadian Canals to American vessels—the American Government undertaking to urge the State Governments to admit British vessels into their canals. Both nations to enjoy the navigation on equal terms.

Article V provides for the ratification of the treaty within six months, or sooner if possible. Great Britain may withdraw from Americans the right of navigating her waters, in which case Americans can annul article second.

Article VI provides for including Newfoundland, with her consent.

The Spiritualists have organized a National Society for the diffusion of their faith and the

facts on which it is based. Their President is Gov. NATHANIEL P. TALLMADGE, Wisconsin.

“Within the last two years, Spiritualism has increased in strength and stature with a growth unprecedented in the history of mental giants. If it be a lie, there is every prospect of its enveloping this world, and, by its weight, sinking this world one degree lower in the depth of degradation. If it be a lie, it has come in so lovely a garb that men will seek it unless they be warned by a strong voice; men will flee to it as though it were an angel sent from Heaven—will become enveloped in its false light, and will be borne down to death by the weight of its false glory. If it be a lie, ye men of America, who have one thought toward the good of your fellows, it is your duty to come forward as one man, to tear the veil from the face of the lie, and expose it in all its hideousness. We challenge you, as men—as earnest men, as men desiring the good of your fellows—to come and do that thing.

“We believe that Spirituality is a Heaven born truth. We profess to know that angels from Heaven—that the Spirits of good men progressing toward perfection—have come here upon the earth we stand on, and talked with us, face to face, and uttered words to us bearing the impress of their divine origin. We sincerely believe this. We are respectable men; we do not believe ourselves to be insane. We ask you to come and meet us, and discuss the question with us; to examine these facts which we allege, and to prove, if you are able, either that these facts never did occur, or that their origin is other than that which it purports to be.”

#### MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

##### DESCRIPTION OF FIRST PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Dress of rich blue silk, with very broad black stripes; the skirt is long, full, and has three deep flounces. Jacket body, high at the back, opening in front *en demi cœur*. *Tulna* of black satin, trimmed on the bottom by a broad black lace, above which is laid a black velvet band *en bias*, finished at each edge by a very narrow silk braid; this velvet is continued up the left side of the front and round the neck; but on the right side, which crosses over a little, is a Grecian border of velvet, and four small buttons close it towards the top. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with blonde; low on the right side is a white feather; a smaller feather is placed on the left side above the flowers.

Fig. 2 is a skirt of lilac *moire antique*, with very broad black stripes; it is long and full. Black velvet *basquine* body; the corsage is low, and the *basquine* closes to the bottom; a square handkerchief of brussels net is worn over the shoulders, the ends crossed in the centre of corsage, and fastened by a rose colored satin rosette; these rosettes graduating in size, are continued to the bottom of the *basquine*. The tight sleeves are open at the back of the arm to the elbow; each side is cut in two points which meet in the centre, the full sleeves



of Brussels net sitting in puffs between the points; two rosettes ornament the sleeves. Black lace cap, with narrow border of white blond next the face.

#### DESCRIPTION OF SECOND PLATE.

Fig. 1 is a jacket of brown silk. It is cut open in front, and a black ribbon, striped with satin, laid flat on the edge, graduating towards the waist, where it unites in a bow and ends. The *basquine* is rather deep, and rounds gracefully to the person. The sleeves are modified from the original pagoda form, and are somewhat close to the arm. Both sleeves and the *basquine* are edged with black guipure lace, and knots of ribbon are arranged upon them in tasteful order.

Fig. 2 is a child's mantilla of mode-colored silk, remarkable for that elegant simplicity which is so becoming to the young. It is cut almost round, descending in a slight wave in front, and falls open at the neck. The edge is cut up in slits, three inches apart, and gores are introduced into the opening, which creates an unique and remarkably graceful border; a satin ribbon, quilled full, runs up inside the gore, ending at the point in a bow and ends. A quilling of the same ribbon surrounds the garment, running up the front and around the neck.

A garment that accords so well with the innocence and simplicity of childhood, is sure to meet with approbation, and that alone is sufficient to demand for it an extensive sale.

Fig. 3 is a specimen of black guipure lace, some two inches and a half wide, deeply indented with pointed scallops. These scallops are edged with a delicate range of minor scallops that surrounds a sort of mosaic pattern. These patterns are divided by delicately wrought stars, and the centre of each is embellished with an open star, exquisitely wrought. This style of lace, as our readers know, is among the most elegant and expensive trimmings of the day, and in selecting this from the best stock, we simply keep up with the demands of a fashionable toilette.

Fig. 4.—The material is black silk twisted into fine even cord. The head, close and narrow, diverges into tufts of silk that are netted three inches deep in square close meshes, about an inch from the head, a change is made by the netting needle, and by some trick of the art a row of small stars is produced, that give one of peculiar elegance to the net-work. This netted border descends in points, and the silk from each point is gathered into a long slender tassel, which flows open and free, forming a united fringe as it escapes from the netting.

Fig. 5 is one of those bathing dresses so necessary to a sea-side excursion or residence, if the invigorating sea-bath is to be enjoyed as it should be. The material is common Scotch plaid, green and red, in alternate checks. It is cut short in the bloomer fashion, which, though very convenient when half veiled in snowy surf, ought to astonish the sharks themselves on dry land. But a bathing dress is only intended for convenience, and the least idea of making it elegant would be preposterous. The dress is made with a loose skirt set to an old fashioned tight yoke, and gathered around the waist with a plaid belt; it is cut short, leaving the feet and ankles free. Long bishop-sleeves, fastened around the wrist and a band, protect the arm. The pantalettes are made loose, and fastened around the ankles with narrow bands.

Fig. 6 is a linen chemise. The neck is encircled with an embroidered linen band, delicately pointed at the outer edge; the pattern is divided into polka spots done in satin stitch, and exquisitely wrought eyelets in sloping lines. The sleeves are cut entire with the garment, and the embroidered edge is united on the shoulder in a point that meets the band upon the neck, uniting with it by a lace button. The garment is of very fine linen, gathered full into the band before and behind; it is open directly in front five or six inches, and the opening is finished with an edge of the embroidery.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Amongst the most tasteful dresses we notice a Silk dress, the skirt with three broad flounces, with deep festooned edges; in each festoon is a palm of either stamped velvet or silk gimp; the edges of the flounces must correspond with the palms, and must therefore be either narrow velvet or gimp. Low body in the *Watteau* style, with small *basquine*; its trimmed with a narrow *revers* to correspond with the flounces; bows of narrow black velvet ornament the front of *corsage*; the edge of *basquine* is festooned, the festoons and palms being of the same size as those of the *revers*. The sleeve is of a moderate width at the top, and very wide from the elbow; it is trimmed with two broad silk frills laid on the sleeve, they are narrowed towards the front of the arm; the top frill is placed a little above the elbow. Small lace cap trimmed with tri-coloured ribbon; long black lace lappets tied under the chin.

It is not difficult to see that the highest in the French nation are adapting all the best taste in fashion that prevails in England, in the same manner that we are adapting all that is refined and tasteful which is produced in Paris.

Skirts of dresses are worn long, and when without flounces they are extremely full; plain skirts are equally in favour with flounces for the promenade; the edges of flounces are generally trimmed, when not woven a *disposition*; some of the styles of trimming will be seen by referring to our plates; narrow silk braid, gimp, or several rows of narrow velvet are much in favour for the edge of flounces whether plain or festooned. Skirts to be worn with jacket bodies should be laid in large flat plaits in the front and over the hips; for those bodies where the jacket or *basquine* closes to the bottom, the fulness is better set into a plain piece cut on the bias.

Jacket dresses continue in favour for morning dresses; we have given several varieties of them in our costumes already; sleeves, with some few exceptions, are generally of the pagoda form; some being left open in the front of the arm, some at the back and crossed with braid or ribbon; some are slashed, others have *revers* turned back; some ladies are wearing the tight sleeve, others the full sleeves divided into three or four *bouillons*, but these are exceptions.

Mantles will be worn short; at present those of the *Tulna* style prevail; but as the season advances, the scarf mantilla, low on the shoulders, will, without doubt, be much in favour; taffetas and thin silks will be the materials for this style of mantle.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

F. B. M.—Mr. Staunton is probably the best chess-player in the world. Next to him we should place the celebrated Russian player, Petroff, and the profound German, Von Heydebrandt der Lasa.

CLOVERFIELD.—The solutions are correct, but we wish you had tried No. 23, as amended. Pray tell your fair friend "Betty," that we hope her success in solving our last Problem will induce her to try that in the present number.

ENQUIRER.—We publish none but original positions on diagrams, though we make an occasional exception in favor of clever problems of Canadian authorship. We shall be glad to see your original Problem.

AMY.—We have made use of your Enigma in the present number. The key move to Mr. Bolton's very pretty enigma in our last is 1. P becomes a Knight. The other, from the *Schachzeitung*, you have solved correctly. We should feel happy if some of our other correspondents would follow your example, and favour us now and again with an original position.

Solutions to Problem 7, by J. B., Betty Martin, M. D., and J. H. R., are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Cloverfield, Amy, Enquirer, are correct.

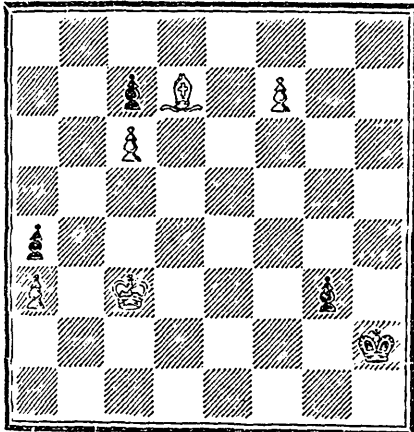
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. VII.

- |                          |                    |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.                   | BLACK.             |
| 1. R to KR 3d (disc ch). | K to Q 4th (best). |
| 2. B to KB 5th.          | K to Q 3d.         |
| 3. R to KR 7th.          | K or P moves.      |
| 4. R mates.              |                    |

PROBLEM NO. VIII.

Being an End Game from an Amateur in Guelph.

BLACK.



WHITE.

In this position, White having to play, Queened the Pawn; Black then played P to K Kt 7th, whereupon White announced mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 28. By Amy.

WHITE.—K at Q 6th; R at K 2d; Kt at K R 2d; Ps at K B 3d, Q B 2d, and Q Kt 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q 5th, Ps at K 6th and Q B 6th.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 29. From the PICTORIAL TIMES. By M. R. F.

WHITE.—K at his R 5th; R at K 5th; B at Q B 5th, and Kt at K B 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q R 4th and P at Q 4th.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

IMPROMPTU

By a GENTLEMAN, ON PRESENTING HIS NIECES WITH A SET OF CHESSMEN.

(From the Chess-Player's Chronicle.)

The box now presented to you, my dear nieces,  
Start not! contains men, though in thirty-two pieces;  
But may each of you meet with one perfect and whole

For a partner through life, with a heart and a soul;  
May you each in life's game e'er successfully move,  
And all conquests achieved, prove the conquests of love;

May you ever be able on banks to give check,  
And may Bishops and Knights oft bow at your beck;  
May Castles surrender whenever you attack 'em,  
And staunch prove your men, with your good Queen to back 'em;

May your fortunes permit you to dwell in the squares,  
And enjoy life's delights without tasting its cares.  
May you each find a mate, this life's journey to sweeten;

And though more than once mated, may you never be beaten!

CHESS IN TORONTO.

We extract from a recent number of the *Chess Player's Chronicle* the following spirited little game, played in Toronto last year between two amateurs, formerly distinguished members of the Cambridge Chess Clubs, and which the Editor of the *Chronicle* tells his English readers came off "in the backwoods of America." Should Mr. Staunton ever do us the honour of paying a visit to Toronto, we trust he will not feel any disappointment at finding a flourishing and rapidly increasing city instead of these "backwoods,"—the sudden disappearance of which, if it cause him any surprise, he must refer to "mysterious agency."

(Evans' Gambit.)

White.

Black.

(MR. CALTHROP.)

(Prof. CHERRIMAN.)

1. P to K 4th.

P to K 4th.

2. K Kt to B 3d.

Q Kt to B 3d.

- |                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 3. B to Q B 4th.      | B to Q B 4th.   |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th.     | B takes Kt P.   |
| 5. Castles.           | K Kt to B 3d.   |
| 6. P to Q B 3d.       | B to Q R 4th.   |
| 7. P to Q 4th.        | Castles.        |
| 8. B to Q R 3d.       | P to Q 3d.      |
| 9. P takes K P.       | K Kt takes P.   |
| 10. Q to Q B 2nd.     | Kt to Q B 4th.  |
| 11. K R to Q sq.      | Q to K 2d.      |
| 12. Q B takes Kt.     | P takes B.      |
| 13. Q to K 4th.       | P to K Kt 3d.   |
| 14. R to K sq.        | B to K B 4th.   |
| 15. Q to K B 4th.     | B takes Q Kt.   |
| 16. Q to K R 6th (a). | K to R sq (b).  |
| 17. Kt to his 5th.    | P to K B 3d.    |
| 18. K P takes P.      | Q takes R (ch). |
| 19. B to K B sq.      |                 |

And Black resigns.

#### Notes.

(a) A beautiful move, and one which leaves Black with out any resource.

(b) To admit of the advance of the K. B. P.

Slight skirmish, lately played at the Toronto Chess Club, in which Mr. G. Palmer gives the odds of the Queen's Kt. to another amateur. (Before playing over this game, remove Black's Q Kt. from the board.)

#### (Evans' Gambit.)

- |                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Black.</i> (Mr. P.)  | <i>White.</i> (Mr. —.) |
| 1. P to K 4th.          | P to K 4th.            |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d.        | Q Kt to B 3d.          |
| 3. K B to Q B 4th.      | K B to Q B 4th.        |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th.       | B takes Kt P.          |
| 5. P to Q B 3d.         | B to Q R 4th.          |
| 6. Castles.             | K Kt to B 3d.          |
| 7. P to Q 4th.          | B takes Q B P (a).     |
| 8. Q to her Kt 3d.      | B takes Q R.           |
| 9. B takes K B P (ch).  | K to B sq.             |
| 10. Q B to Q R 3d (ch). | P to Q 3d.             |
| 11. R takes K B.        | Q Kt takes Q P (b).    |
| 12. Kt takes Kt.        | P takes Kt.            |
| 13. P to K 5th.         | Kt to K 5th.           |
| 14. P takes P.          | P takes P.             |
| 15. R to K sq.          | Q to K B 3d (c).       |
| 16. R takes Kt.         | Q takes B.             |
| 17. B takes P (ch).     | K to Kt sq.            |
| 18. R mates.            |                        |

#### Notes.

(a) Impudent. His best play was to Castle.

(b) Kt to Q B 4th would have been much more effective.

(c) B to R B 4th seems his best move here.

Another brief skirmish just played between two members of the Toronto Chess Club.

#### (King's Knight's Gambit.)

*Black.* (Mr. P.—.) *White.* (Mr. R.—.)

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th.       | P to K 4th.         |
| 2. P to K B 4th.     | P takes P.          |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d.     | P to K Kt 4th.      |
| 4. B to Q B 4th.     | B to K Kt 2d.       |
| 5. Castles.          | P to Q 3d.          |
| 6. P to Q 4th.       | P to K R 3d.        |
| 7. P to Q B 3d.      | K Kt to K 2d (a)    |
| 8. Q to Q Kt 3d.     | Castles.            |
| 9. P to K Kt 3d.     | P takes P (b).      |
| 10. Q B takes P.     | P takes K R P (ch). |
| 11. K to R sq.       | P takes B.          |
| 12. Kt takes K Kt P. | Q B to K 3d (c).    |
| 13. B takes B.       | P takes B.          |

And Black announced checkmate in five moves.

#### Notes.

(a) Up to this point the game is correctly opened, but White should here play 7. Q B to K 3d, having a good defence.

(b) The proper play is to advance the K Kt P on the Kt.

(c) By this move he loses all chance of the game. P to Q 4th looks much more promising.

#### CHESS IN GERMANY.

We are tempted to give the subjoined game, which appeared in the Berlin Chess Magazine, the *Schachzeitung*, some few months back, on account of the instructive problem presented at the end.

#### (Allgaier Gambit.)

*White.*

*Black.*

- |                            |                     |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| (M. MATSCHEGO.)            | (MR. FALKBEER.)     |
| 1. P to K 4th.             | P to K 4th.         |
| 2. P to K B 4th.           | P takes P.          |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d.           | P to K Kt 4th.      |
| 4. P to K R 4th.           | P to K Kt 5th.      |
| 5. K Kt to K 5th.          | K Kt to B 3d (a).   |
| 6. Q Kt to B 3d (b).       | P to Q 3d.          |
| 7. Kt to Q B 4th.          | K B to K 2d.        |
| 8. P to Q 4th.             | Kt to K R 4th.      |
| 9. K B to K 2d (c).        | B takes K R P (ch). |
| 10. K to Q 2d.             | Q to Kt 4th (d).    |
| 11. K to Q 3d.             | Q Kt to B 3d.       |
| 12. P to Q R 3d.           | B to K B 7th.       |
| 13. Q Kt to Q 5th.         | B takes Q P.        |
| 14. Q Kt takes Q B P (ch). | K to Q sq.          |
| 15. Q Kt to Q 5th.         | P to K B 4th.       |
| 16. K Kt takes Q P.        | P takes K P (ch).   |
| 17. K to Q B 4th.          |                     |

And here Black announced mate in nine moves.

We leave the solution to the sagacity of our readers.

#### Notes.

(a) This defence is commended by Heydebrand in his last edition of the German Handbuch.

(b) Better to play K B to Q B 4th.

(c) The *Schachzeitung* recommends Q to her 3d at this point.

(d) Mr. Falkbeer has now an attack which nothing can withstand.

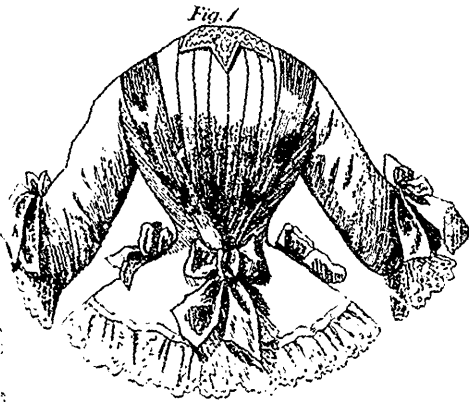


Fig. 1

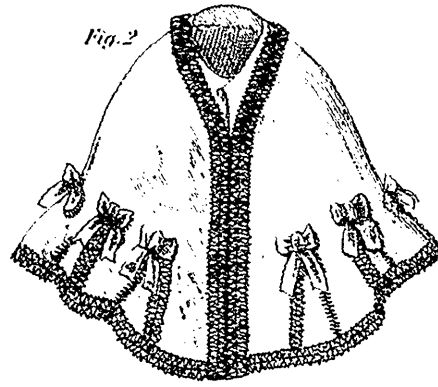


Fig. 2

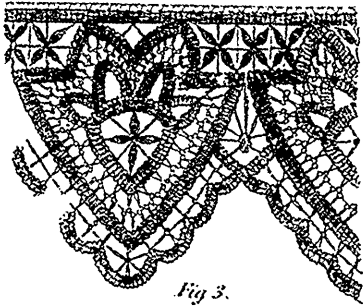


Fig. 3

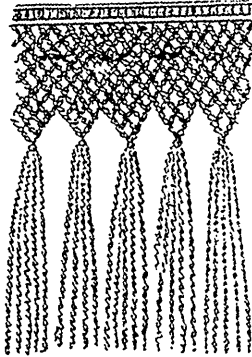


Fig. 4

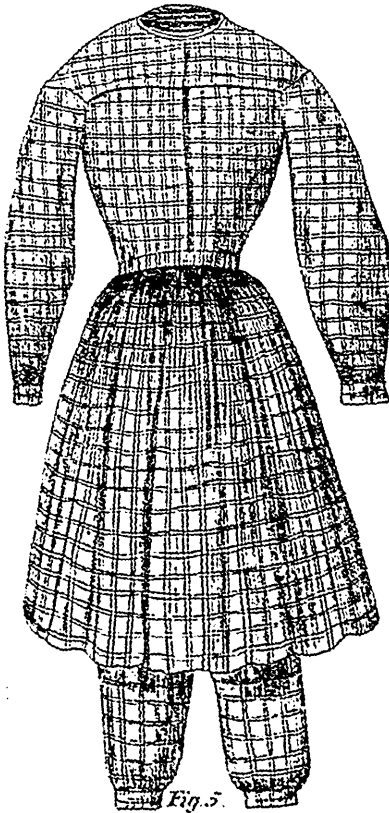


Fig. 5

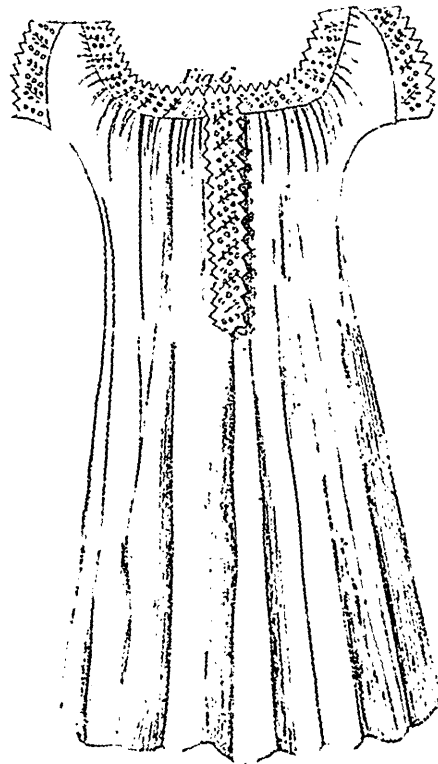


Fig. 6