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BARKER'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

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No. 8.

RED SPIRITS!

“ Call them, and let me see them ”—*Macbeth*.

THE glades of the old English woodland—the German hill and forest land, are rife with legendary interest ; every ruined castle, and every fairy lake in Ireland has its goblin tenantry,—and why should not the wild woods and the mighty waters of Canada have their “ legendary lore.”

Shakespeare—unimpeachable authority in all that relates to elfin land—has—

“ Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey.”—

And if there are “ red spirits,” (and who can doubt it now,) what land is there more fitting for their dwelling place than this? Here have been the hunting and fishing grounds of the *red men* for unknown centuries. Here, in ancient tumuli, in grass-grown and neglected mounds, lie entombed the bodies of mighty chieftains—where, by their sides, their bows, and quivers full of arrows, and their faithful dogs have crumbled into dust. Here the rusty tomahawk, buried in the cloven skull, is found in field or garden. Here the calumet lies side by side with the ponderous war-club—and many a field of waving corn and garden flowers, that glitter in the sun, spring from the ashes of the mighty dead that centuries ago were called by the voice of Manitou, to the hunting grounds of another world.

A Spirit land is round us, and above in the air we breathe—beneath us in the soil we tread. Shall we not believe it?

If the O'Donoghue—beneath the shade of Mangerton, that falls far out upon the placid lake—still holds his fairy court beneath the limpid waters, now and again within the reach of human ken: If demons of shadowy form and gigantic stature, haunt the Hartz mountains—and if from every drooping lily, and from the graceful blue-bells, wicked, joyous, laughing faces, peer upon the passer by, and shake their tiny fists at him who treads not lightly on the flowers, their dwelling place—if in the dismal swamps the Will-o-the-wisp leads astray the benighted traveller, and the devil “ clapperclaws ” with Tom Walker's

wife, why may not the "red spirits," known and recognised by Shakespeare's immortal genius, haunt the grounds that once were trodden by a red-race, now numbered amongst the things that were?

Is there not enough for them to do? Are there not *red* legends—red with blood and slaughter—peopleing every wood, re-awakening their silent echoes that have slept for ages, with the war-dance and the wild war-whoop? Are there not tales of savage honor, virtue, fortitude, endurance, loyalty and love? Are there not tears to weep over a fallen and degraded and expatriated race—are there not favorite hunting grounds to revisit in the quiet moonlight, when the pale faces are asleep, and no intruding step may come to interrupt their bitter reflections on the glories that have vanished from the earth?

Pondering thus—and thus interrogating myself, I answered—

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well."

The grey spirits on the misty mountain tops—the white spirits "down in the deep"—the black spirits, such as the Banshee and the Phooka, have all found their chroniclers.

Though his pen be feeble, and his hand tremulous, the "red spirits" also, shall have a historian—a child of their own soil. I will begin with the legend of

BATTLE ISLAND.

In mid-stream of the Bay of Quinte, half-way between the Rivers Moira and the Trent, or thereabouts, there stands a lonely Island. Not a vestige of a forest tree upon its surface, nor shrub, nor living thing, except the short stunted grass, which even in spring-time, wears a sickly verdure, and at mid-summer is yellow as the autumnal leaf.

It looks like a huge mound or tumulus, which might have once been the burial place of a nation.

I had heard strange stories of this desolate Island. It was said that some Indian legend unusually horrible, was connected with it. No tree would grow there, 'twas said, since the terrible event which had marked the spot with blood. I had often longed to hear the particulars of this story. But as it was a mere tradition among the old settlers, I could ascertain nothing but that there was some story handed down to them by the Indians, the details of which in the lapse of time had been forgotten, and nothing but the shadow of a shade remained.—Still there was an evident awe among the old people when they passed the spot, or spoke of it; and there was in its blasted appearance, something so remarkable, that my curiosity was only whetted by the impossibility of obtaining exact information.

One day, seduced by the glorious sunshine of a departing summer, I took my skiff, and with rod and line, reel and fly, commenced trolling for bass round the Bay.

The dancing ripples sparkled in the sun. The red rocks loomed up beneath the water—behind their shadowy recesses lay the large black bass. At three o'clock in the afternoon, I had made a pretty good day's sport, having "taken in" about twenty bass, and found myself immediately opposite "Battle Island."

I thought of the legend, and rowed towards the Island, determined to explore it. I was tired of trolling, and felt a keen appetite for certain savoury "veal olives," and a neat little flask of Cognac, which I carried in the stern of my boat. A feeling of depression came over me as I landed. I felt an unaccountable sensation of awe. I fastened my fish with a cord and tied them in the water, in a cool, sequestered nook. But not even their goodly array could win me from the shuddering feeling which crept over me. So I went at the viands, and after a deep draught of the "raw material," succeeded by a half flask of water, I lay down exhausted near my boat, which was hauled up under the shade of a big rock, and fell into a deep sleep. I know not exactly how long I slept, my recollection of this strange, eventful and mysterious occurrence, being confused by the novelty of the sensations I then experienced. When I awoke, the shades of evening had set in. I rubbed my eyes and jumped to my feet. What was my astonishment on beholding a figure, human in form, seated on the thwarts of my boat. But though it resembled the figure of a man, it was so small that I could have held it on my hand. Its costume was that of an Indian Chief of the Ojibeway tribe. Its hair gathered up and pressed back all round the head, was fastened into a scalping tuft near the crown. This tuft was decorated with three or four diminutive Eagle's feathers, dyed red and green and yellow. Round the waist was tied a wampum belt—in front depended a sort of apron in-wrought with Porcupine quills—its feet were clad in tiny moccasins—its face besmeared with patches of some paint or dye—and from its ears and nose depended silver rings.

I knew not what to think, or how to act. I paused irresolute. Was it a phantom of the imagination—was it an undigested "veal olive," or was it some being from another world? Clearly it was *not* human, although it bore similitude to the form of man.

I mustered courage—stepped towards my boat—when a deep guttural voice, speaking some language, outlandish, and to me unknown, broke upon my ear. It came from the diminutive warrior.

"Who, and what are you," I half involuntarily exclaimed, in a voice tremulous, despite all my efforts at self-command.

"Ugh!" said the little figure, with a deep guttural intonation. "I see you do not speak the language of the Ojibeways. Their

language with their race, has gone towards the setting sun.—But you, Faringhee, why come you hither? Know you not that you are on my ground. I am Wapkee (the shield) chief of the Red spirits.”

Red spirits thought I, and I began involuntarily to chaunt—

“Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey!”

“Hem! Shakespeare!” said the little figure, with a nod, “he knew us, but it was in the ideal.”

“And I am more highly favored, having you visibly before me.”

“You have spoken like a wise chieftain in the council,” said Wapkee—“I know the object of your visit here—and had I not approved of it, could have summoned a host whilst you slept, to send a-drift your canoe, and throw you in the stream. They would have found you next morning, and said you had upset your boat. Poor human fools, that know not there are agencies for good or evil near them.”

I like the spirit that soars into the air, or delves into the ground like this, in search of knowledge. As he spoke he drew from his belt a diminutive tomahawk, and began hacking and hewing at the ground with incredible vigour. It seemed as if this miniature weapon had some magic power of turning up the ground. The first thing he brought up was a human skull, all black and rotten; just above the temple, a weapon like his own, but larger, had entered, well nigh cleaving it in twain, and there it lay imbedded still—that fearful minister of death—buried with its victim. The handle had rotted long ago. But two broad flat silver rings lay near it, shewing that it had been bound with this precious metal, and that it had been once carried by a chieftain of note.

The Goblin warrior raised this trophy in his hand—I wondered how he bore its weight—and with an unearthly laugh, he held it up to me.

I shuddered at the sight of horror, and turned away with loathing. But he laughed louder still, crying “come on, come on!” He hacked and hewed away with redoubled energy. It was a thrilling thing to behold the horrors that he brought to light—wonderful to see how his tiny weapon ploughed up the earth, and left exposed a myriad of human skulls and bones, and flinty heads of arrows, tomahawks, silver rings and bracelets, and other remnants of a well fought field—

“The earth *was* covered thick with other clays,
Which her own clay had covered.”

————— “Friend, foe, in one red burial blent.”

On we went, the Goblin Indian chuckling at every fresh vestige of the slain.

“Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!” His laugh still rings in my ears; so wild, wierd, shrill, and unearthly was it, in the dead of night, beneath the pale cold moon.

At length as we reached a spot where a spring of pure fresh water was welling from the earth, the Goblin took his stand beneath it, his little feet plashing in the one small spot of living verdure, where the trickling, sparkling drops went rolling through the grass, shining like pearls beneath a flood of silvery light.

Then, and not till then, he rested from his labor. “You will catch cold,” I said mechanically. He laughed and pointed backwards with his finger. And as I looked back across the Island, I saw as plain as if it were noon day, the whole surface covered with small dusky warriors. The air seemed thick with flying arrows, and savage yells, that made the blood run cold, perforated my ears—

“Battle’s magnificently stern array,”

was there, but not in modern guise. The warfare was that of demons. With a yell of triumph the scalping tuft was seized, and quick as thought the keen blade glittered in the air—a moment more, and the bleeding trophy, held aloft, bore savage testimony to savage skill. In bark canoes that covered the face of the water, the angry warriors swept towards the Island, from either shore, and came to mingle in the fray. There were no prisoners taken on either side. It was one scene of furious extermination. Long time I gazed upon this scene of carnage. At length I grew faint at the sight of blood, and sickened as I looked on heaps of dead and dying.

But the little chieftain near me waved his hand, and naught remained save the clear moonlight, the desolate Isle, the rippling waters, and the cool night breeze.

“Such,” said my companion, was the scene which long, long years ago, was acted on this very spot by mortals like yourself. You came to see—you shall stay to listen to my tale:—

Three centuries ago, a famous hunting ground existed hereabouts, on the northern shore, where now the dwellings of the pale faces rise on every side. Then the stately forests covered hill and vale—now the sunny cornfields, and the verdant meadows wave where *they* were wont to be. Then the wild deer roamed in every woodland glade, or came for water to these majestic streams, or glassy lakes. Then, warlike tribes dwelt here amid the eternal solitude of nature, wild and tameless as nature’s self. Now the red man and the deer, alike, are driven from, and save in spirit, never revisit their ancient haunts. Enough. When these broad lands, now laid bare to the sun, still lay beneath the shadow of the old primæval forest—when in every deer-walk, the timid fawns and royal antlered stags were congregated—the warriors of the Ojibeway’s planted their wigwams on these shores, and hunted at their will.

But they were not long unmolested. The warlike tribe of the Mohawks claimed the exclusive right of hunting here; and whenever the hunting parties of either nation met, fierce conflicts would ensue.

Not many moons had passed since the arrival of the Ojibeways, when Onessah, their Sachem, called together a council of the war chiefs of his nation.

It was at the season when the maple trees are red, and blushing like the rose; and so the verdant leaves were fading, and wearing in their decadence a hundred varied hues. The deer came bounding through the forest glades towards the lakes, and the wild fowl flocked in thousands in the marshes.

Without a word the warriors took their seats. Then Onessah began his speech.

"My children—six moons have passed since we planted our lodges near the hunting grounds of the Mohawks. We wanted to hunt with them in amity. They would not. We wanted peace—they wanted war.

"They have said they will drive us back to the rising of the sun. My children, shall we go? They have said the warriors of the Ojibeways will not meet their warriors face to face.—That their hearts are craven, and their arms the arms of women! My children, is this true? They have lain in ambush for our hunting parties; like the wild cat of the forest, springing on their unsuspecting prey. They have taken our warriors unawares, and their women have seared them to the heart with burning brands; and they have said that our warriors wept like women. My children, this is not true—the Mohawks have lied.

"They have lied. The spirits of departed warriors—the voice of the Great Spirit—alike, call on us for vengeance. My children, shall we obey the call?"

With one voice the chieftains answered "Yes!"

They issued from the council, their eyes inflamed with passion, headed by the great warrior.

Each brandished in the air a heavy war club. A ring was formed—a painted post, the representative of the foe, was planted in the centre—then, with yells of fearful import, the war-dance began.

That night a spy of the Mohawks was taken near the encampment—they cut off his scalping tuft, and then his ears, and having slit his nose, sent him to his tribe—the bloody herald of a bloody war.

Ere he parted, Onessah gave him a message of fierce defiance to his tribe. "Go, tell your warriors," he said, "that on yonder Island, from whence neither can escape, having sent adrift our canoes, we will meet you in battle, and make your warriors eat their lying words."

Within ten days from this, a mighty fleet of war canoes was seen pulling towards this island. They landed. They were the warriors of the Ojibeways, and Onessah was at their head—first on the field of battle. But soon another fleet was seen approaching—it was that of the Mohawks—their war cries filled the air. As the first sound of their war-whoop, thus borne over the waters, reached the ear of Onessah, his mighty chest heaved one joyous aspiration, and from his indignant breast went forth a cry so loud, so shrill, so savage, that its echoes rang through the woods on either shore, as if a thousand warriors there had taken up the cry, until it died away in the distance. Then Onessah and his warriors went to their canoes, and each taking up the wild-war-whoop of their leader, launched their fragile barks far out upon the stream. This done, again they turned their faces to the coming foe, elate with pride at their own heroic valor.

The Mohawks reached the island—one by one, two by two their canoes touched the shore—hundreds of warriors disembarked. When all had landed, with one consent they turned to their canoes, and, as their foes had done before them, launched them into the current.

A moment of suspense ensued. On either side of the Isle a dusky band of warriors stood, intent upon the coming conflict—each with his eye upon the foe. Far out upon the waters, a fleet of empty birchen barks went floating with the stream, and nearer, another crowd of canoes sailed after it majestically—all “tenantless of their heroic dwellers.”

But soon again, resounding war-cries filled the air. The rival armies bent their bows, and myriads of arrows rustled as they flew to deal the work of death.

Soon, poised in the air, the ponderous war-club fell, and death came with it—the glittering tomahawk, hurled with an unerring aim, went crashing into the skull—or the gleaming knife cut off the reeking trophy from the dying warrior’s head.

Onessah was every where in the thickest of the fight.—Havoc and death he dealt at every blow, and a long line of dead left an open lane before him, like corn fallen before the reaper.

On his side, Assin-ye-o-la led on his forces with equal valor, and seeing the eagle’s plumes waving above the head of Onessah in the thickest of the fight, he struggled to reach, this, the worthiest of his foes. For hours the deadly conflict lasted—and “havoc scarce for joy, could number their array.”

At length, as the day was waning, the few remaining combatants, who still fought their way amid the heaps of dead and dying, led on the one side by Onessah, and on the other by Assin-ye-o-la, were gathered here, upon this very spot, and the death struggle commenced between the two chiefs, who had not met till then. Assin-ye-o-la, with a shout of triumph, raised his tomahawk, which hitherto he had not used, and with un-

erring aim, sent it spinning at the Ojibeway chief. The latter saw the movement, and by a rapid turn of the head escaped the keen weapon of his adversary—then, uttering the war-cry of his tribe, he sprang upon Assin-ye-o-la. Closed in each other's embrace the rival chieftains wrestled, struggled, gnashed their teeth with rage.

“Ha! father of lies,” said Onessah, “I send thee before the Great Spirit, but first I will cut out thy lying tongue.” He suited the action to the word, and as his muscular grasp closed on the throat of his adversary, the tongue came lolling out, and the sharp knife of Onessah cut it from the roots; but even at the very instant, the keen blade of Assin-ye-o-la passed under Onessah's ribs, and glanced upwards towards the heart.—“Ah! traitor!” said the dying chieftain, and as he spoke, with one last superhuman effort, he dashed the head of Assin-ye-o-la against the rock. The spirits of these two great warriors departed together to answer the call of Manitou.

“And if you doubt my story,” said the Goblin Indian, looking up into my face, with something of solemnity in his tone of voice, “see here!”

And as he spoke again, he raised the tiny tomahawk, and chopping up the earth, disclosed a scene a thousand times more thrilling than the first. There, beneath the wet and plashy soil, through which the clear pure limpid water oozed, and filtered, lay two human forms imbedded, locked in each others grasp. Their flesh was uncorrupted. They looked like living tenants of the tomb. I touched them—they were hard as adamant. That cold pellucid stream had preserved them, thus statue-like, and unchanged.* A group more faultless than Grecian art had ever moulded with the chisel—instinct with life and passion—arrested at their supreme pitch by the hand of death.

“After their death,” said the elfin Indian, in a hollow voice, “only five followers of Onessah remained alive, of all the countless throng that fought upon this bloody field. In mournful silence they buried the bodies of the noble foes, locked in the death struggle as they found them. Then, without a word, they looked at each other—but that look spoke more than words.—Silently they proceeded to the shore, and looking on the waste of waters for an instant, simultaneously plunged into the stream. Some days after this, the tribes dwelling by the great Cataract, beheld with wonder, a fleet of empty canoes borne past them by the stream into the father of rivers, and many putrid floating bodies were cast on shore by the waves.

* This idea was suggested to me by a circumstance which happened a year or two ago in Lower Canada. Two young men were about taking up the body of their mother, who had been buried for some years, in order to re-inter it in a family vault, when they found the body petrified, it having lain in the bed of a small stream.

And now stranger of the pale faces, usurpers of the red men's fields, destroyers of their race, you have learned from no human lips, the legend of "Battle Island." Make good use of what you have heard—farewell!"

As the demon faded from my view, I fainted from excess of emotion. The last horrible scene of death had been too much for my nerves—

"Chill, dark, alone, adread, I lay,"

And when I recovered, I felt the cold air of night around me. When I strove to rise, I found my limbs all stiff, and full of racking pains, and that I had caught a terrible cold in my head. I rubbed my eyes, looked on the desolate Isle, but naught was there to remind me of my vision. All was calm and still, and dreary beyond description. When I had fully shaken off the feeling of bewilderment which possessed me, I jumped into my skiff, and made the best of my way home.

The incredulous reader may ask me if I believe what I saw. I answer him in the Irish fashion—will you go and look for yourself?

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 & 1844.*

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have just returned from a repeal meeting at which the oldest son of Mr. Tyler exhibited; and an exhibition he did make of himself. He said: "I appear before you this evening, Gentlemen, to denounce a Government which I hate." "I openly confess that I abhor the British Government." "Let historians tell, how her halls of justice have been converted into places worse than the Saturnalian orgies, where justice has been petrified into stone, and has not been able to witness the cannibal-like rage with which British Judges have clothed the requisitions of British law, and have sprinkled the ermine on their shoulders, with the clotted gore of their victims." This I give you from one of the best papers here.—It is not rich—what metaphors—fine metaphors are beautiful things, but we cannot all command them like Mr. Robert Tyler—the man after bawling himself hoarse, bawled away his senses, and actually fainted—what a loss of entrancing eloquence! The shouts from the *Gentlemen* mob were tremendous, and the unfortunate man seemed *intoxicated*, &c. If he hates the British Government, you may be sure his father does not love them much, as he is said to be greatly influenced by his sapient first born. I hope Lord Brougham will take charge

* Continued from the November Number, page 344.

of this pet, and give him an invite to Brougham Hall. I think they might be induced to spare him altogether from this hemisphere, not finding him either ornamental or useful—what a pity the nation should be so exposed in its highest functionaries—there is not a person in five hundred, of any understanding, who does not feel as we do on the occasion. Stop there, Jack—I don't like trusting those chaps—ugly customers. I read a long account in one of the papers you sent me, "Bloody affair in Kentucky," in which Mr. Clay's son "drew out his bowie-knife," and there was a desperate scuffle. I don't think you safe where gentlemen carry bowie-knives—take care of yourself.

I have just been again looking over "Dickens' notes for circulation," he certainly is injudiciously severe—"nobody says anything at any meal to anybody"—of course this is meant for jocularly too. He must have been very unfortunate if he did not find a great number of agreeable persons to speak to him; but a public table in steam boats, although they are the best in the world, is no very fit place for much conversation, with from two to three hundred passengers—the machinery being a noisy article in such slight vessels, is not stopped to listen to the pleasantries of any body—the waiters, dash along, not without tread, in supplying clamorous, hungry people with food—plates, knives and forks will clatter, Boz's presence notwithstanding.—For my part, I kept a sharp look out for the worth of my half-dollar, and fed steadily without any unnecessary digressions—quite right Jack—never talk when your dining—look to the prog—no sense in paying for talk—get that for nothing—more than you want sometimes—besides, I hold that a *good* dinner makes a man *good* humored—does me always. On the deck of a steamer is the place for conversation—there I have enjoyed some of the most agreeable—and in that respect, steam-boats are far to be preferred to rail-cars—you may talk, read and write, lounge and do most things, as you can in hotels—which they are, though floating, and are kept in the best style.

"The people are all alike too," says Boz, "there is no diversity of character—they travel about on the same errands, say and do the same things, in exactly the same manner, and follow in the same dull, cheerless round." Now, how all this was discovered in a people who "say nothing to anybody," seems remarkable—there is a great deal of minutiae in "character," "errands," and "manner," which required time, opportunity and observation, to be arrived at. "All down the long table," he says, "there is scarcely a man who is *any way* different from his neighbor"—what a strange similarity. How did we look at mess, Frank—very like all red coats, very stiff till the Colonel had his wine—very merry till one, not very like Judges going home. I say Jack, that's my cloak, and you're fobbing my gloves. I'll trouble you, my old boy, to put on *your* specs next time you go abroad.

“Many a budding President,” says Boz, “has walked into my room with his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours.” If the above were intended for cutting sarcasm, a greater mistake could not have been made; it is precisely what the people here consider their greatest boast: that their institutions, from the lowest to the highest, are all open to their citizens, and in this they claim a superiority—all but the highest are open with us—here all are so without an exception, and as I before remarked to you, hitherto there has seldom been want of talent to complain of in the Chief Magistrate; but just fancy a boy staring for *two whole hours* at Boz—he had patience enough in all conscience, if that be a requisite necessary to a President. For my part, I have met with no such rudeness—at Saratoga I thought the boys rather shy than otherwise; but I suppose they took Boz, with his long tresses and strange travelling name, for something quite—what do you call it, Frank—*uncommon*—all this happened at Baltimore too, before he got among the haythens.

“Whenever the coach stops, and you can hear the voices of the inside passengers, or whenever any bystander addresses them, or any one among them, or they address each other, you will hear one phrase repeated over and over again to the most extraordinary extent.” What a people of similarity—at table they all look alike—when they travel they all go on the same errand,—and now, whenever the coach stops, whoever they may be, no matter where or whom, they all say the same thing. I should not recommend any one to come here for variety. The Chinese must be more entertaining—if they did not happen to speak good English, how easily the whole nomenclature could be acquired,—no vocabulary necessary, not even Mr. Webster’s dictionary.

Here, too, I have fared differently—nor had I an unkind or uncivil answer. Books have been taken up which I had laid down for a moment, but always politely; and as it frequently led to a subject of conversation, I had more reason to be pleased than to complain. It is an easy mode of introduction, and may have been frequently done with that aim. I am free to confess, I was almost always the party benefited, having more to learn than to impart.

“The bar,” says Boz, “is a large room with a stone floor, (quere marble.) and there, people stand and sleep, and lounge about all the evening—dropping in and out as the humor takes them. There, too,—listen Frank—the *stranger* is initiated into the mysteries of gin sling, cocktail, sangaree, mint julep, sherry cobbler, timber doodle, and other rare drinks.” I’m coming over, Jack,—why it is just like Crockey’s.

“The house is full of boarders, both married and single, the party sitting down together to their meals, from one to two hundred—sometimes more.” Well, what do they do at the

Clarendon, at Stevens' at Mivart's, &c. &c. ?—both married and single sit down to their meals, not in numbers, because they find it more convenient, from London hours, to do otherwise ; but at Bath, Cheltenham, and all boarding houses, they do the same, which is altogether matter of taste ; and these last strictures are of Tremont House, one of the best hotels I ever was at in any country ; no doubt the most comfortable room vacant was assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, with the landlord's best civility,—the return is, “our bed-room was spacious and airy, but (like *every* bed-room on this side the Atlantic) very bare of furniture.” Here we have every bed-room, to add to the sameness—they not only look, talk, travel, and eat alike,—but every bed-room is the same, so they sleep alike. Marvelous people !

All this is certainly very unworthy of Boz—what a nice humor he must have been in about copyright, when he could so forget all ordinary consistency. Good night, Frank—thank ye Jack—the same to you.

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I cannot easily comprehend why Mr. Dickens and most English writers dwell with such bitter vituperation upon the slavery in this country—it is not so long since it was deemed not inhuman, nor discreditable to traffic in slaves, by our own people ; and only a few years have elapsed, since emancipation took place in our colonies. To condemn this country therefore, which has not the means of abolishing slavery, with *such unmeasured judgment*, is surely worse censure upon England, which always had the means, for tolerating it so long. The remarks of “Boz” are quite unworthy of his candor—he might have *thought* what he pleased on the subject, but he should not have withheld from the public a full and calm investigation of the difficulties with which it is surrounded here, and some hints by which they could be removed. What can be more absurd than the following affectation : “We stopped to dine at Baltimore, and being now in Maryland, were waited on for the first time by slaves. The sensation of exacting any service from human creatures who are bought and sold, and being for a time a party as it were to their own condition, is not an enviable one. The institution exists perhaps in its least repulsive and *most mitigated form* in such a town as this ; but it is slavery ; and though I was, with respect to it, an innocent man, its presence filled me with a sense of shame and self-reproach.” Did he finish his dinner, Jack ?—he says, “his situation was not an enviable one, he was filled with shame and self-reproach,”—that he did Frank, and heartily too, then dropped a tear, and took a siesta.

Why, one might ask, did "Boz" go to slave-holding States, and take his wife there?—he never tells us how the lady felt, nor much else about her, excepting that she was not in travelling condition, and that he "*hoisted* her in to a stage coach," much after the same fashion, I suppose, as the civil gentleman at Washington "*carried* him to see Mr. Tyler." If slavery be a necessary evil in this country, as our poor are at home, then all that is to be done is to learn in what manner it is conducted; he says, *there* it was "in its most mitigated form,"—then he need not have blubbered about it.

The immense patronage in this country, held by the Executive, is one of the most startling things one hears of. I was not prepared to find that in a nation, said to be so jealous of the rights of the people, such a vast and powerful engine should be placed in the hands of one person, for use, or for abuse, as it might turn out. "*I was told*" that Mr. Webster, in a public speech, declared the President's patronage to consist of an hundred thousand appointments,—few monarchs have more, and who knows but King John, with such machinery at work, may reign another term. It is certain, however, that there are nearly twenty thousand post-masters, connect with them the immense number of stage-drivers and mail-carriers, and you form a chain which reaches round the Union, and through the Union, visible at every point. Mr. Horace Mann, Secretary to a Board of Education in Massachusetts, in an *oration* at Boston, 4th July, 1842, says—"However simple our government may be in theory, it has proved in practice the most complex government on earth. It is now an historical fact, that more questions of legislative interposition, and for judicial exposition and construction, have arisen under it during the period of its existence, ten to one, than have arisen during the same length of time under any other form of government in christendom." We are said, Frank, to be "stone blind" to our faults,—the Americans can compete with us,—they do not believe one word of so positive an assertion, so easily put to the test. That such should relate to the Courts of law, one can imagine from the litigation consequent upon the transfer of so much property in a new country, but that legislators should have such a *necessary* extent of work, seems startling; yet it certainly is said, that the year before last, Congress was in Session, nearly, if not quite, nine months, which would go far to bear out Mr. Mann, in his position.

I was amused the other day, by a gentleman who seemed to have no great affection for continental foreigners, unless they are persons of high repute. He observed upon the growing taste for them, while we were speaking of a Signora, who has lately been so much celebrated here—he remarked that if Sir W. Scott were to rise from his grave, he would not receive as much attention as a German who could dance like a moun-

bank, or an Italian who could reach the highest possible pitch of screaming, at the risk of cracking your ears. He said that Fanny Ellsler had been received in society by some persons, which I think must have been an error. He on consideration tho't the country was going on much too fast, and that for his part, if it were in his power, he should exclude even the classics for half a century, and turn the attention of youth to the sciences best fitted to develop its resources—such as geology, mineralogy, husbandry, machinery, and other practical arts, which would be useful, leaving to older nations who have more wealth and leisure, the honors of higher science, until their turn came, after their proper duty was accomplished. There can be no doubt, however, that genius must expand, and it would seek for room and indulgence elsewhere, if not afforded *here*. I had great pleasure in the originality of the gentleman's remarks, and regretted that opportunity was not more frequently afforded me of listening to them. He seemed particularly well informed on the principles of steam machinery, and readily exposed the fallacy of some new invention, in which quicksilver was to be substituted for steam.

We have, however, too long neglected our own defence. The author of "Change" says, "I had a curiosity to inquire how the Alderman is qualified for the important office of magistrate in a great city, and find that a shopkeeper or merchant, whose knowledge may be derived from reading police reports alone, becomes a magistrate at the moment." I rather think pretty much the same course is pursued here; perhaps it would be said—"Oh, but New York is a very small city, compared with London,"—and so it is; nevertheless the safety of citizens must be cared for, as well as that of subjects; and why not, in "our young country," have devised something better. By the way, I believe Mr. Henshaw was a merchant; in what manner he suddenly became qualified for the War Department, I am not aware—he appears, however, to understand well what he is about, and to give satisfaction. It seems rather inconsistent to expect that the persons who gratuitously perform the duties of Aldermen should have obtained a legal qualification. I wonder at what extent of knowledge the author would fix the limit, and who should be the examiner: perhaps the Chancellor might be found competent. Miss Sedgwick says in a work which I have just had great pleasure in reading, that she believes the police of London to be as near perfection as it can be brought—no better testimony need be sought after. Many of the Aldermen of London are Members of Parliament, many have held the high office of Mayor, and others are looking up to it; now it is quite important for the public to know that they are wholly unfit, and "*experiment* upon the poor until some little legal knowledge has been gained." It perhaps was not known to Julia, that to the

twenty-five Aldermen, there is a *legal adviser called The Recorder*, who is elected by these Aldermen, and gives them the theory before they "experiment." I have little doubt that, between the two, they are not long in gaining a good stock of practical knowledge—certainly not for want of subjects.

"Perhaps no other people," says Julia, "possessed of the wealth of the English, would not have converted many of the noble abbeys, that lie ruined all over the island, into cathedrals or churches, or have repaired them for some purpose not foreign to their pristine character, and thus the beauty of their architecture would be preserved, and Christianity have possessed more, and grander temples." More temples than there are at present might have been procured, but certainly not grander ones, since none of those which were destroyed by the wretched fanatics of a former age, or by the hand of Time, were equal to York Minster, Canterbury Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and others that remain. Instead of repairing ancient edifices which have fallen to ruin, better far has been done by building others more fitted, from situation and design, for the purposes of public worship. If enquiry were made in this city relative to the expense of Gothic architecture, it would be ascertained that the Minster, which is being erected in that style is somewhat costly; to expect therefore that "the English" should go about the country repairing old ruins, is vastly extravagant, if it be not wholly absurd. The author should have ascertained how many there are now situated where there could be a congregation gathered together—how many were abbeys and monasteries not now suited to the age nor the professed religion. And is there really one who could desire to see the ruined battlement, the ivy covered tower, the haunts of the bats and the owls, looking fresh from the workman's trowel—ye mouldering sacred fanes—links which bind the past to our imaginations, and teach us to know what has been—that here, in ages long since numbered with the years beyond the flood, the meekly pious, the stern warrior, the humble devotee, the happy lover, all knelt at the same shrine, leaving you alone as monuments, while they are utterly gone.

Is there that would lose the charm of being transported to distant ages, and dwelling thereon, seeing in the mind's eye, the times and the deeds since heralded by fame, contrasting them with the present changed earth, and anticipating the future.—Do not "these reft dwelling places of state, and war, and sanctity, now naked to the clouds, or mantled with the unbidden luxuriance of overgrowing nature, testify and explain to us how variously the spirit of humanity has dwelt in its changing body"—are they not "a living voice?"

Ever yours, &c.

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—One of the striking characteristics of the people here, is their sobriety—I should have said temperance; but it might have seemed to imply that ardent spirits are not used at all—such an inference would be erroneous—many do not taste them, but most people partake frequently during the day, rarely to excess. Father Mathew will find that his own countrymen need him most; as whiskey is exceedingly cheap, and the heat such as to induce great thirst, much credit is due for the forbearance—a drunken person is rarely met with in the cities, and in the country places they are not tolerated.—This happy state, arises much from the natural character which leads to habits of business, and to consider it as paramount to unprofitable enjoyment, much is also caused by the habit of keeping early hours. I wish I could say the same of the use of other stimulants; but to that of tobacco they are addicted in an extravagant degree, and if that be possible, it is said that the passion is on the increase. I sometimes felt inclined to excuse Boz, for it really is a great annoyance, besides, I am persuaded, that they injure their health by excessive ejection of saliva. “Change,” says, “it is only mercantile to sell opium by the ship-load, for poisoning purposes: there is an aristocracy, you see even in crime, and the English so love all kinds of aristocracy—to poison an individual is Newgate and the gallows—to poison a distant Province is a right and a privilege which *war* must vindicate.” My version of the affair is, that Americans trade in opium with the Chinese to the full extent of their ability, make the most they can out of the traffic, so that as to the poisoning part, if there is any, they had better cry quits. The President and Congress may tell the writer what they would have done under similar circumstances. If their residents, with their superintendent, had been incarcerated by commissioner Lin, in their own quarters, with armed men at their doors, for sixty days; if they had been put in peril of their lives, and only been liberated after the exaction of a promise, obtained by threats, that they would do what it was unjust and unreasonable to be asked to do—that is cause to be destroyed all the opium in the Chinese waters—which 20,000 chests, to save himself and companions, the Superintendent did cause to be destroyed, and the owners have since been paid for by the British Government—what an outrage would it have been, if committed on *American citizens*—how the majesty of the Sovereign people would have felt insulted—would they not have cried out loudly, Frank, for redress?—that they would, Jack, and have made the Chaney men cry out too, as we did for them, that they might abuse us, and push ahead to take the advantage.

In what position did the Government find it itself? The grossest injury had been done to British subjects—a debt of

upwards of a million sterling had been incurred to purchase the opium to be destroyed, in order to save the residents.—Where was justice to be sought? Not from the Emperor, for no barbarian ambassador dare approach Peking. Not from Commissioner Lin, for he had caused the injury and could not be expected to traduce himself. The only alternative left, was taken, and for the benefit of the world, the people of the Celestial Empire were taught, that if they choose to put themselves without the pale of national law, commit the greatest injustice without any mode whatever being afforded of seeking redress, without an ear to listen to the injured—that war must ensue, and they must expect to be taught better conduct at the cannon's mouth.

Any person who chooses to read what has appeared before the public—Mr. Elliot's notice to British subjects in China, forbidding the trade in opium, dated 18th December, 1838—that of the 31st same month, exhibiting his authority—the edict of Lin, of the 18th March, addressed “to foreigners of all nations,” with three days to answer it—the proposal of Mr. Elliot of the 24th March—his subsequent imprisonment, and the destruction of 20,283 chests of opium belonging to British subjects, will at once perceive, if an unprejudiced person, that every thing was done by Mr. Elliot, that could have been done, to avert the calamity which ensued. And supposing all this had not been the case, is it tolerable that a nation such as the Chinese, should enter into negotiations with other powers, permit a trade with them under certain regulations, and in case of abuse on either side, have no tribunal at which to adjudicate the matter, and afford protection to the people of other nations? but on the contrary, put them all in prison, or bundle them all out at an hours notice—of course, such conduct is a breach of faith, and amounts to a declaration of hostilities.

There are two circumstances relating to the Chinese affairs, which to me are sufficient evidence: First, is it probable that the persons at the head of affairs in Great Britain, would have dared to advise Her Majesty to commit an act of aggression upon an unoffending nation, situated as China had so long been, without a sufficient cause—would they have chosen to brave public opinion at home and abroad, without a proper justification? Certainly not. In the next place, when the contest had a disastrous appearance, with much reason to apprehend a long continuance of hostilities—when the sympathies of most nations were in favor of the Chinese, would not the enemies of Government have brought about a Parliamentary inquiry, such as to cast disgrace, if not worse, upon the parties concerned—such has not happened, because upon inquiry they found that an attempt must result in total failure.

You inquire respecting Puseyism; it is little heard of here.

I am surprised at the influence you say it is acquiring in England—one would suppose that after the lapse of centuries, the sudden discovery by persons, who themselves, and whose predecessors have always possessed the same erudition, must at least produce much doubt, and hesitation. Few questions, I should think, have been more ably treated upon, than the doctrine of the real presence—surely, long before this, every argument has been well weighed and considered—what new one has been obtained which was before unknown, should at least be clearly exhibited, and so great a change not be supported by mere assertion. It is not clearly understood what its advocates do uphold. I have not seen anything but Dr. Pusey's sermon, which certainly, in my mind, leaves an impression that the writer himself was not quite well grounded in his own theory, and that his reasonings were very much enveloped in mystery.

Few things impress one with more of dread, than a dissolution of the bond by which the Church is at present held, it is nothing less than the bond of the State, which too, must then be dissolved—while it is strengthened and hallowed by religion, through the Church—and religion is upheld, and the true faith supported by the State, there is little to be feared. But if the doctrines of the Church of Rome are to prevail, what becomes of the oaths and the Protestant succession? The Church must be separated from the State, and if the Church be separated from the State, what becomes of our glorious constitution? In this country the spread of new doctrines is little important, except as evincing the want of steadiness in any fixed principle. Puseyism I should consider as having little chance. A hierarchy in religion, is anything but popular—to increase the influence of a Priesthood is not the probable course; on the contrary, the tendency is entirely in the other direction, to give the laity the power of choosing their own mode of worship, and to question the orthodoxy of their spiritual pastors, whenever they may see fit.—Yours.

New York, 1843.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have at last been set free, after a successful termination—you were right in telling me to praise all their law, and their lawyers, and I have now every reason to do so—would you believe it, I did not feel rejoiced, for now I must return with little delay, and leave associates from whom any man might derive pleasure and information. I become daily anxious to see more, and wander about like Boz—to travel to the prairies, and elsewhere, to know that it is the “French for meadow, and can therefore be naught else than a vast plain surmounted by the horizon,” and then to cry, “but it is not water, I am disappointed.”

Whatever is to become of this great country, time alone can tell—there may be dissensions—there may be civil discord, for aught we know—one thing, however, is certain, the nation will never be untrue to itself. The foreign invader may put his foot on these shores, for the purpose of subjugation, but his best skill will be required to effect his retreat;—to external foes, America will ever, under all circumstances, be impregnable—may she be equally fortunate in her home Government—may she so skillfully bind all parts of the Union together, as to produce that strength which in her constitution is so well portrayed, but which is only obtained by equal laws well administered, and based upon *religion and integrity*. I cannot better close this, last letter, than by a quotation relative to our own country, from an admirable work written to repel the calumny of, and charlatantry of a Rev. Gentleman, to which he never has even ventured to attempt a reply, his latter work being nothing more than a fresh design to calumniate :

“ Britain old in years, but young in moral and intellectual vigour, is breaking the chains of the world—her councils have lately produced the most extraordinary document of modern times, a charter of free religious opinions by the descendant of the False Prophet. Even now, the mighty continents stretch out their arms to Britain, and welcome their delivery. The black sons of Africa, and the sallow Asiatics, have already tasted of their blessing from her hand, which no other people ever thought of bestowing upon them, and now they look with eager delight to the time which is just at hand, that will place them on the same level with the most civilized nations of the earth.”—FAREWELL.

BALLAD.

They told me I was born to love,
 When first in youth's soft bloom I shone ;
 They told me I was born to prove
 The bliss that waits on love alone.

I gave the tale but little heed,
 For mine was yet life's laughing morn,
 Till Ernest came, and then indeed,
 I found, that I to love was born.

But whilst I with my fondness strove,
 This mournful truth too soon I knew :
 The tender heart that's formed to love,
 Is form'd alas ! to sorrow too.

ALTIAM.*

BY JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He merely practiced as a sea Attorney."—*Don Juan*.

Annesley was at first well treated by Mr. Quill, at least so far as a few kind words bestowed on him occasionally, and the absence of anything to complain of, should be so considered. He, however, deeply felt the loss of the companionship to which the good natured student, and his kind friends at Mountjoy Square, had admitted him; his time hung heavy on his hands, as with the exception of copying now and then an unimportant letter, and sitting on a high stool in his outer office to answer enquiries, Mr. Quill had not conceived it necessary to furnish him with employment. He was not, however, destined to remain long under his guardianship,—Captain Ingram, in person, announced his arrival, a few days after Jemmy had been domesticated with the Attorney,—Mr. Quill was in his sanctum when Annesley introduced the sailor.

"Well, old six-and-eight-pence, I see the devil has not got his own yet—he would have had you long ago, only he can't spare you above here, but all in good time,—do you know you remind me of a tarantula, in this den of yours, with his stun'-sail booms rigged in, peering out on his webs, only the comparison is too flattering to you, as your traps are better laid, and you're a damned sight more venomous,"—was his polite greeting, as he was ushered in by our hero. "What are you gaping at there boy, like a sucking dolphin—nobody wants you, cut your lucky,"—the latter part he addressed to Annesley, in whose face he slammed the door.

Quill seeming neither displeased nor astonished at this address, gave utterance to a sort of chuckle, as he replied—"There be land rats and water rats, Ingram—I mean the pirates."

"Pirates! how mean you?—faith though, you are not far out; but to whom am I indebted for it? An old friend of yours has booked you for my good deeds,—but for you, Quill, and your percentages, I should have been as harmless a clown as any country gentleman in Galway,—no matter, on the whole I thank you for it."

"Well, Ingram, I'm glad you are not in your penitentials—that mood bothered me enough the last time you were here; but I am glad to see you, and have been anxiously looking out for you this fortnight back. I have some work in your way to be done."

"You may depend on't that I had need of you too, or I should not have sickened myself with the air of your musty

den—I never get over the nausea it gives me 'till I have had a week or two of blue water to blow the stench off; but every man in his place, and the cook at the fore-sheet.—I fancy your interior would be as much astray when the little Xarifa is polishing her copper,—but what devil's capus have you for me now?"

"I've an apprentice for you. I hope the Boors are as good customers as ever, and that your cruise has turned out well."

"Why, on the whole, I can't complain. A deuced lot of the fellows I shipped here las', died on the voyage; but as they were greatly wanted, I got famous prices for the remainder—but how came you to be interested in the matter, old sheep-skin."

"I told you I had an apprentice for you, and one for whom, instead of asking procuration, I will be willing to give a moderate fee with, on your signing his indentures."

"You have some precious rascality at the bottom of this; but, fair play, that is no concern of mine, so you look that everything is square, I will pass the thostel clerk and the collector."

"That shall be looked to—we may then consider this matter as settled. Now then, Ingram, for the business which brought you here."

"'Tis no great matter. You must take the land you sold me off my hands; I have altered my mind as to settling here, and this is probably my last visit."

"That is not so easily arranged as you seem to suppose—it will take time to find a purchaser. I can see about it though, and remit you the proceeds wherever you direct."

"Devil trust you, for I won't—ho! ho! we know each other, Quill, and you will fork out what I paid you for them before I leave; you were eloquent about the bargain you procured me in them, and you shall have them on the same terms. The fact is, I was not so particular this last cruise as an Admiralty Court might be of opinion I ought to have been, so it might not be just convenient for me to come back to jog your memory, should its log get blown. There is no use in making long speeches about the matter, my exchequer will be none the worse for the price of the land, and have it I will."

"Well, Ingram, you were always a positive fellow, so we won't quarrel about it. I hope some time or other to have the satisfaction of reading your last speech and dying declaration, for all the bother you have given me—sooner or later 'twill be your lot."

"Don't halloo till you are out of the wood, old boy; it may be your turn first to tighten a line. The Xarifa has a clean pair of heels, and if they should fail her, can shew a very pretty set of teeth on occasions; but I can't stand this den any

longer—pah! an hour in it is worse than hanging, so you won't mind that much when your day comes."

"Before you go, Ingram, tell me how soon you sail, I have much to do ere then."

"In a week, I hope, at farthest, so stir yourself; damn it, man, you want to get rid of me, that you keep me jawing here; when you want me you will find me on board, I don't know how long the air of the town may be good for me; and hark'ee, keep your ears open—I have a pretty sharp fellow on the look-out in London, but it will not do to trust too much to him. Plenty of sheep to you to be fleeced, old wolf, which I take to be the most acceptable good day I can wish you."

The sailor lit a cigar and left the office. Jemmy stared after him—he was to the boy a new chapter in the natural history of his species—there was no resemblance in any of the followers of the ocean whom he had seen in Dublin, to Captain Ingram. His proportions were Herculean, and in his dress he was a nautical dandy of the first ton. His face would have been extremely handsome but for an expression which the lad's experience did not enable him to read, but which made him tremble—it was the mark of Cain; his walk was the swagger of a bravo. Altogether, Annesley had never seen a man who had, in so short a time, produced so disagreeable an impression. His meditations were interrupted by Mr. Quill's calling and dispatching him with letters to the Post office, amongst which he perceived one addressed to Lord Altham; this filled him with alarm, however as he had learned that his new patron was his uncle's agent, it was probable that it had no reference to him; he longed for Bushe's return, and his heart sickened at the probability of its being deferred. Having delivered his letters and enquired if there were any for Mr. Quill, he was handed a large packet with the seal of the Secretary of State's office, which, on his return, he handed the attorney.

Captain Ingram had given notice to the magistrates, that he would be ready to indent several young men the following day, and requested them to meet for that purpose. Mr. Quill attended, and being duly sworn in, the justices devolved the duty upon him and the next junior member of the board; and they having proceeded with those in attendance, adjourned their sittings from day to day. They were thus employed a few days after, when Weedon entered the court, and having given them an account, prompted by Quill, of the way in which Annesley had been thrown on his hands—that worthy gentleman told his brother magistrate, that the lad was then in his house, having foisted himself on his nephew as the son of a man of rank: he stated his belief of the story told them by Weedon, and though, he said, he regretted his nephew's absence, he was by no means sorry that the young man would be so cheaply rid of a troublesome incumbrance. Jemmy was

sent for, and trembled at the sight of Weedon. Mr. Quill merely asked the fellow some questions as to his identity, and dismissed the boy, expressing himself quite satisfied. "His very looks condemn him—did you mark his fright at this man's presence?" he asked of his brother justice.

"Yes, it appears pretty clear that the young rascal has imposed on your nephew's good nature."

Old Quill turned over the Statute under which they were acting—"It appears to me quite clear that this case comes under the chapter authorising and commanding the indenting of vagrants. I much regret my nephew's absence, but we sit here to administer justice impartially, and I cannot allow my feelings on his account, to interfere with my duty to the country. I think he should be placed on the list with the other apprentices, if Captain Ingram is willing to take the boy."

"I can have no objection to the lad, he seems suited to my purpose in every respect," replied the skipper.

"I fully concur with you, Mr. Quill," said the other magistrate, "this is a plain case of vagrancy, and we should not be doing our duty if we allowed this young impostor to go at large. Clerk, add the boy's name to the list."

Whilst that functionary was enquiring of Weedon the boy's age, place of birth, &c., for the purpose of filling up the required document for the signature of the magistrates, Mr. Quill asked Captain Ingram—

"How are your apprentices disposed of at the Cape? I trust their condition is not worse than that of our poor at home."

"Worse! your worship, why the fellows have, it is true, to pay for their passages by working as apprentices for a few years, during which, however, they are well clothed, and fed like princes; and after their indentures have expired, it is their own fault if they do not make fortunes. They may have excellent land in abundance for the mere occupying, and they are easily enabled to work it and stock it by giving a few days labor now and then to their more advanced neighbors. More than one of the lads I have carried out, are now opulent farmers at the Cape."

"Well I am glad the lad's prospects are so good; my nephew was strangely infatuated about him. May I request, as a personal favor that you will do all you can to promote his comfort on the voyage, and to ensure his falling into good and secure hands."

"Your Worship may rely on me—and now, Gentlemen, I believe I have nothing more to trouble you about to-day."

The Court accordingly adjourned. In the evening Mr. Quill directed Jemmy to put his things into a portmanteau, as he intended an excursion of a few days, and wished to take him with him. Towards dusk he gave directions to a domestic to bring the boy's bag, and accompanied by Annesley, walked down the street to the Bridge—there a boat and crew from the

Xarifa awaited him—they entered it, and half an hour's pull brought them alongside the craft, which lay at anchor below Mutton Island. She was a schooner of apparently from 250 to 300 tons—it was too dark to note more about her than that her masts were taunt and raking, particularly the main, the head of which would nearly plumb the taffrail, and that she was very square rigged aloft, forward. Captain Ingram received them as they ascended the side, and walked aft with Quill. All hands on board were busy bending sails, and it was evident her commander meditated an early move.

"Why, what's in the wind now, Ingram—I have brought off your apprentice—how soon are you off?"

"Faith, the sooner the better, old bonus, I fancy. When I came on board this evening, I found a letter from my lad in London, giving me a pretty strong hint to top my boom, though curse on his caution, I can't make out the cause. I suppose he was afraid of the Post-office—he tells me, however, one piece of good news—Uncle Sam won't stand any more searching of his ships for British subjects, and he and John Bull have got to loggerheads about it. In the old war I found the Stars and Stripes capital colors to cruise under, and faith I'll even try my luck under them again."

"You don't mean to say that you will join those Yankee rascals against England?"

"Come, that's good—the devil railing at sin, and why should I not, pray? The Xarifa was never mighty particular in the choice of her flag—faith the old girl's bunting would before this, have made for the old Patriarch, a dozen suits of clothes for his pet. The Stripes are very much to my fancy, changing every day. I shall most likely carry out the news, and try hard if I am not paid for the run among the West India craft, before spring. Gh! 'tis glorious sport to see the sugar drosses, like fat Bristol Aldermen, running one after another into one's very mouth—it needs only a few months' cruising in the windward channel, before they have convoy at the breaking out of a war, to make a man's fortune."

"Well Ingram, you are a precious rascal; but about the boy, is our plot to be knocked in the head by this new freak of yours?"

"Oh! I am quite willing to ship the youngster—I want a few more hands, though we have more here, than you reckoned on in town, I fancy."

"Why, yes, I was astonished at the number on board—I thought they were shore hands you had got off to assist you."

"Shore men!—don't those clean-limbed, bushy-whiskered rascals, look very like Connemara men; but you know no better—come below and wet your whistle, with a drop of Cognac." Mr. Quill having acceded to his friend's proposal, the skipper continued: "I have been thinking that it would be no harm to

establish a communication with you, in case of need. I can see the top-gallant six story of your house from deck. Should you hear of anything dangerous to me, two lights, one in each end window, will put me on my guard at night, or a table cloth out of the middle one in the day time; though of the latter I should hope there will be no need, as if every thing goes on quietly during the night, I will be off with the dawn. And hark you, old procurator, it imports you to keep a bright look out; you know there are some papers in my escutoire, about that little job, the last time I was here, which it might not be altogether convenient to you, should they fall into wrong hands."

"Hush! hush! Ingram, never fear my vigilance—two lights in the end window—I shall not forget. The Collector and some brother Magistrates sup with me to-night, to wet my Commission, I must leave you—mind take care of Annesley."

"Never fear, I have a tight grip of him, and my intended cruise will give him a fair chance of getting knocked on the head. I take it you would have no great objection to his being expended in the log, aye old boy."

The Attorney took his departure—as Jemmy was about to follow him into the boat, a couple of fellows laid hands on him, and in a trice gagged and handed him down into the fore-castle, where, without a single word explaining the cause of his being so treated, they lashed his hands behind him, and taking the additional precaution of securing him to a stanchion, left him to his meditations.

Mr. Quill had not returned many minutes to his own house, ere his guests began to arrive. It was the first time that any of them had seen the interior of any room in the Attorney's house, with the exception of the office. Habitual and rigid stinginess had hitherto prevented all intercourse with his neighbors; but on the receipt of his new dignity, a wish for popularity, which he felt might be useful to him, and perhaps other stronger motives, determined him to pursue a different course in future. He had amassed wealth beyond his most sanguine expectations; but his appetite for it was still unclayed—new plans of attaining it were opening upon him, and to further them, he thought it necessary to assume a more liberal style of living. The present was an opportunity not to be missed, and he had accordingly invited all his brethren of the Commission, who were within his reach, together with the Collector of Customs, and a few other inhabitants of the town. The supper was unusually good for that retired district, and the wine, which was capital, circled freely for an hour: jest, laugh, and song rang through rooms long unconscious of such sounds of revelry. The Collector, a handsome young man, had just concluded a song, to which he was in the humor to do full justice, when a despatch was handed in, which had been forwarded express, by a Government messenger. Having read it he arose.

"Mr. Quill, may I take the liberty to call for a bumper?" having, of course, received the desired permission, he continued: "Gentlemen, I give you a toast—Success to His Majesty's Arms." Those scoundrelly Yankees have dared the old Lion too far—war with America is declared."

The company were just in a condition to receive such a toast; while cheer succeeded cheer, the Collector whispered to Mr. Quill, "I have some further tidings here, of importance which calls for instant attention." The host, apologizing for his momentary absence, insisted on accompanying his guest down stairs—on the way the latter asked—

"I saw you go aboard the *Xarifa* to-night—what number of hands has that fellow Ingram—I find he has been cutting pretty capers whilst he was last away?"

"Then," replied Quill, "he must have left his crew behind him somewhere—curiosity prompted me to visit the vessel—he showed me all over her, and I am certain he had not more than six or eight hands, neither did I see any arms."

"Then, I shall be strong enough for him in the barge—I'll take my coxswain and ten well armed men. The Government have thought the scoundrel of sufficient importance to order round the *Savage*, sloop-of-war, to take charge of the *Xarifa*.—My orders are merely to detain him until her arrival."

"This Ingram is a precious rascal; do you know I should like of all things to accompany you—the revellers above stairs won't miss me, and we shall be back in an hour."

"Faith, with all my heart, Mr. Quill, I did not give you credit for so much spunk—come along old gentleman, we shall have a glorious spree."

"I will join you on the wharf—I must get my cloak, the night air is an enemy to be guarded against at my age."

We must now transport the reader to the schooner. The night was fine, and Ingram and his Chief Mate had paced the deck for more than two hours after the anchor watch had been set—every thing was in readiness for her departure at the dawn. We can scarcely have a better opportunity than the present, to introduce the second in command on board the *Xarifa*, Jacob VanRansallaer, or as he was more generally called, Jake Van. He was a gaunt sluggish looking Yankee, but still evidently possessed an inert strength, which, when roused exceeded that of most men. There was a look of calm, cold-blooded villainy about the fellow, which was even more dangerous than that of his more excitable superior. In his dress, he was the direct opposite of his Captain. Ingram, as we have intimated, prided himself upon the neatness, and salt-water dandyism of his air. Van Ransallaer, on the contrary, looked more like a country clown in borrowed habiliments. His trowsers, though of the most ample latitude, greatly lacked length, not coming half way down the calf of his legs, which

were garnished with coarse clumsy boots, like those of a Ploughman—the trowsers were furnished with ample pockets below the hips, in which he usually bestowed his hands, when those appendages were unemployed—his upper man was enveloped in a round-about of grey cloth, of that peculiar sort, known throughout North America, as home-spun—his hat was a rusty white beaver, turned up behind by the collar of his coat; it was as unlike as may well be conceived, to the usual tile of a seaman. Notwithstanding all this outward appearance, Jake Van was every inch a sailor, and as a bold and reckless follower, through all the perils encountered for years amid the “Battle and the Breeze,” was highly valued by his commander. They had taken their usual promenade, during which Ingram had communicated to his mate, the signals he had arranged with Quill. They were about retiring below, and Van had received the skipper’s orders, to pass the word to the watch, instantly to let him know should they be made—the latter was descending the companion ladder, when he was recalled by Jake—

“Well, I guess Capting, there they are—a light in each of the end windows of the house you pointed out—there they are as sure as there’s snakes in Virginia.”

“Egad you are right, Van,” said Ingram after a moment’s glance in the direction of the town, “there is danger abroad. Call all hands, let them make no bustle, but arm themselves and be on the alert—we shall wait further news; ’tis clear there is no napping for us to-night, so tell the steward to bring up the brandy and water and a few cigars, and we’ll see it out comfortably. Ingram’s orders were promptly communicated to the crew, and with Jake he resumed his promenade, keeping a sharp look out, however. ’Twas a clear October night, and the stars shone bright and frost-like, but as the moon had not yet risen, objects could not be distinguished at any distance; a light air off the northern shore b’ew out the whiff at the main, and might be slightly felt on deck. The skipper and his comrade had scarce lighted their cigars, when they heard the sound of muffled oars pulling stealthily in shooe of them. The flakes of the water occasioned by the dipping of the oars, quickly caught the sharp eye of the mate, and the regularity of the stroke convinced him of the character of the approaching boat.

“Here she is, I guess, too, a large galley, and rows five oars of a side, she will be alongside us in a minute.”

“’Tis the Customs’ boat, and they are coming to pay us a visit; how lucky it was I arranged the signals. I owe old parchment a turn for this. Well, let them come; you remember the trick we played the Indiaman’s boat’s crew—just let such of the fellows as have a mind come below aft, then shove over and secure the companion slide, and let our people gag those who remain on deck; I’ll bolt through the steerage door into the hold, and we shall have these searchers in a proper

fix. If possible, let no fire-arms be used, there is no use waking up the chaps on shore."

The boat approached within a few yards of the schooner—Van had gone forward, and Ingram alone paced the quarter-deck, puffing his cigar. He now hailed the galley as seeing her for the first time. "Boat aboy! coming here?" "Aye, aye," was the reply. "What boat is that?" "The Customs' galley," answered the collector. "All right, sir." The skipper, as she shot alongside, respectfully tendered the man ropes to the Collector. That officer, followed by Quill and his crew, leaped on deck, and seeing no chance of opposition, he desired the captain to descend with him to the cabin as he wished to examine his papers. Quill and his men, with the exception of two of the latter, having previously received their instructions, followed him; he desired to see the vessel's papers, which were at once produced by Ingram. After having glanced over some of the documents submitted to him, and perceived that his men were in sufficient strength in the cabin to support him, he addressed Captain Ingram—

"I have received instructions to detain you and your vessel until further orders, you must therefore consider yourself my prisoner."

"May I take the liberty to inquire of what I am accused?" enquired the skipper with well feigned astonishment.

"Of that you will be informed in due time—my present duty is to secure your person and vessel—the charges against you are sufficiently important; I trust you may be able to refute them and regain your own liberty, and your vessel."

"I am much obliged by your kind wishes, Sir, and will take excellent care of both."

At that instant a rush was heard overhead; whilst all for an instant listened, wondering what it might mean, Ingram darted with the velocity of light, shutting and barring the door, which communicated with the hold, at the same instant the companion scuttle was shoved over and secured, the rovers had overcome and pinioned the Custom-House men on deck. When Ingram appeared, Van said with a chuckle—

"Well, Captin', I reckon we have them pretty snug; and now the sooner we are out of these here waters the better."

Even so, Van. Away aloft sea-dogs!—let fall, and hoist away. Well done lads—heave away the capstan—heave away bullies,—so, she's short,—aft with the starboard fore-braces, and ease off the main-sheet,—so, now toss him up, men."

The schooner fell off gracefully as the anchor rose to the surface,—the head yards were braced round, the sheets trimmed, and the *Xarifa* glided along, all her sails sleeping with the damp, though light night breeze.

CHAPTER IX.

"There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 There's lightning in yon cloud,
 And hark, to the music mariners,
 The wind is piping loud."—*Old Song.*

For a few minutes the Collector, Quill, and the boat's crew, stared at each other, in mute astonishment, at the unexpected turn affairs had taken. Mr. Quill assumed the appearance of the utmost consternation, which, catching the eye of the Officer of Customs, despite his own perplexing situation, amused him so much, that he could not repress a burst of almost convulsive laughter. When his merriment had in some degree subsided, he addressed the Attorney—

"Well, Mr. Quill, what think you of our spree? We seem to have fallen into a wasp's nest here; but come, cheer up, we have nothing to apprehend from this fellow."

"I don't know that, Mr. Collector; for instance, what is to hinder him taking us to the Cape, instead of the apprentices he was to have shipped here. The scoundrel is desperate now, and there is no telling what he may do."

"You need be under no uneasiness on that score, for who the deuce do you think would buy you. The Boors are not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate duly your legal attainments, and what the devil use can you be of in any other way? By Jove though, this Ingram is getting under way,—I hope the rascal will land us,—but meanwhile we may as well make ourselves as happy as we can—see what's in the lockers lads. I wish we were back at your house, Quill,—what a jolly rouse those rascals are having there, while their worthy host is going to sea with sealed orders. What have you there lads? those long necked bottles look highly respectable,—Champagne faith—glasses, tumblers—will do famously,—give one to Mr. Quill. Come, Sir, since our respectable Captain has not the courtesy to do the honors, allow me to help you,—sorrow is dry you know." He knocked the head off one of the bottles with a knife, and filled bumpers for the Attorney and himself. "Come, a happy and a speedy end to our cruise! Capital wine, faith,—right, right, Mr. Quill, you will find a few bumpers like that a marvellous solace under misfortune,—put a couple of bottles more here, lads, and then help yourselves; but mind, keep sober, as (although it does not seem likely) we may have something to do again to-night. Another glass, Mr. Quill,—by the way, what a row those fellows are making on deck,—there seems to be very little wind, for the schooner is as upright as a dish,—yet there is a constant creaking of tackle, and they seem to be at work in the hold too,—what the devil can they be at, Quill?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, but there seems to be a great many people on deck,—where can they have come from?"

"Oh, likely enough they were on board all along. It is a common trick of those villains, when they enter a port where they consider it necessary to veil their real character, to stow their men away; but never mind—in all probability we shall fall in with the *Savage*, and then we shall get to windward of Ingram after all, tho' faith I should be sorry to see the fellow hanged—he managed our little affair in crack style, and we owe him something for his champagne. Come, my boy, another,—but you look like a half-stuck pig,—what the deuce is the matter with you man?"

"I don't feel well, and I must own besides that the idea of meeting the *Savage* is anything but pleasing to me. Ingram is not the man, I fancy, to surrender without a desperate resistance, and we shall run as much risk here as if we were on deck."

"Faith, I must confess that there is reason in what you say—it would be by no means pleasant for me, his Majesty's true servant, to be cooped up here in the cabin of this rather suspicious craft, should she encounter his Majesty's lieges of the *Savage*. But come, Quill, hang care, you will be none the worse, believe me, for having the contents of one of these long necked gentry under your belt, come what may."

Mr. Quill had now no occasion to sham alarm. Whatever way the action might terminate, his prospects were none of the brightest; besides, like most of his cheating brethren, he was an arrant coward; again and again he considered what course he should adopt, and whilst the light-hearted Collector chatted on, he leant his head on the table,—at the conclusion of his harangue, he groaned aloud.

"Come, come, rouse up old boy—what is the matter with you?"

"Indeed I scarcely know—I feel very unwell, I suppose from having drunk more than I am accustomed to, together with the closeness of this cabin."

"Indeed you do look pale—we'll see what is to be done; everything is quiet again on deck. Jenkinson, (addressing his coxswain,) go up and rap at the companion door,—tell these villains that this old gentleman is dying for a breath of fresh air,—you may add that I pledge myself to take no unfair advantage of their allowing the door to be opened to let Mr. Quill pass to the deck. Hark ye, Quill, I am anxious to know what this fellow's real force is, so have your eyes about you—in all probability they will send you down here again."

Jenkins succeeded in opening a communication with Ingram, who readily acceded to the Collector's wishes, and the companion slide being shoved back sufficiently to admit Mr. Quill's passage, that worthy was hauled up through, and it was again secured. The schooner's deck presented a marvellous change to the attorney's eye, since he had left her on the previous

evening—six brass guns of heavy calibre, glittered in the moonlight, on each side of the snowy deck, whilst one of much greater length and weightier metal, was placed fore and aft between the masts—in fact, even the unexperienced eye of the Attorney, recognized in her, a first-rate and splendidly equipped vessel of her class—groups of fellows who seemed the very men to handle the engines of destruction, amongst which they were scattered, were congregated here and there, canvassing the events of the evening, and the prospects of the cruise, whilst further forward a knot were assembled round an old seaman, who, leaning against the windlass, was entertaining them with one of those interminable yarns of love and murder, which so often thrill the young sea aspirant's blood during the witching hours of the middle watch. Ingram and his Mate, were, with the exception of the man at the wheel, the sole occupants of the quarter-deck. The former, when Quill came on deck, slapping him on the back, thus addressed him—

“What old boy, sea-sick already—why man, this night is enough to put life in a mummy—what ails you, or is it shamming you are?—I owe you one for to-night's work, and 'tis hard if I don't find means to pay you.”

“Hush! hush!” whispered the Attorney, “I have more news for you, so just swear a little at me, and come out of ear-shot of the cabin.”

“Aye, aye, discreet as usual,” muttered Ingram, then added aloud, “come Mr. Solicitor, bundle forward, my quarter-deck is no place for a pettyfoggging thieving Attorney—away with you I say—what in the devil's name brought you off here to-night?” He then followed Quill forward, “well, did not I trap the searchers neatly? ha! ha! ha! Jake and I have been splitting our sides laughing ever since, and let me tell you, it is no light matter that produces a laugh from my mate; but what is this news you spoke of?”

“Such I fancy, as make you change your tune—the *Savage* is on her way round from Cork, and expected every moment with orders to seize you—she is an eighteen gun sloop, and far too heavy for you to attempt encountering.”

“An eighteen gun sloop far too heavy for me. hum! there may be two opinions on that score—do you happen to know what other ships are on the station?”

“I heard from the Collector that a frigate was in Sligo Bay, and that he had instructions to forward orders to her commander to come round here, least any accident should prevent the arrival of the *Savage*.”

“Well, that decides the matter—I might have handled the sloop perhaps, but I must not risk crippling the schooner now, so I am off—your intelligence has been most seasonable, and I won't forget it.”

"You may easily repay me by setting us at liberty—I have no stomach for your fighting, so should be sorry that you met the *Savage* while we are your guests, besides what good can it do you to kidnap the Collector and his men?"

"Why, none that I know of, unless any of the fellows would enter for the schooner; but the lubbers have too snug berths as how, for that—how does the Collector take it?"

"Faith, as coolly as may be—they are all hard at work with the contents of your lockers, and the sooner they are off the better for your sea-stock."

"Oh! as to that, they are welcome—we shan't be many days at sea without having a chat with some of the homeward bound West Indiamen, and those chaps live like fighting cocks. You shall negotiate, Quill—let them put their pop-guns into a bucket I will send down, and the Collector pledge his honor that they will go peaceably over the side, and away with you as soon as you please—I like that searcher, and will crack a long cork with him before we part."

"Very well—under these circumstances, he is not likely to refuse your terms; but mind, Ingram, put on the bear with me; and I say, I think I have earned those papers you have below—it can do you no good to keep them, and if you should be taken, you know how serious the consequences may be to me."

"Those papers, parchments, writings, and each and sundry those documents, and so forth, as you would call them in your three words to a line, and ten-and-six-pence a skin phraseology, are a bond which has borne too good interest to-night, for me to part them in a hurry—no, no, honest Quill, I'll keep them safe while the *Xarifa* swims, and as to their being taken, put it out of your head, for that she never shall be. '*A blue sky or a deep sea, before a rope's end and a yard arm.*' So that's settled—now to your embassy, and leave it to me to make you as innocent as a sucking dove in the eyes of the Collector and his fellows."

The same precautions were taken on re-admitting Quill to the Cabin, as on his coming on deck, the sentry at the companion having been ordered to intimate to the Collector, that the Attorney was the bearer of terms for his release, requiring and receiving a pledge similar to that before given. Quill now stated the true strength of the rover's crew, or even, perhaps, magnified it a little. The Collector willingly came into the propositions of which he was the bearer, the revenue men were disarmed, and allowed to go on deck, and Ingram once more descending to the cabin, drank a flask to the Collector's pleasant row home.

"Those fellows of your's want exercise, and the pull will do them an immensity of good—you know, sir, I promised that I would take good care of the *Xarifa* and myself, and you see I have kept my word—I have again to thank you for the honor of this

visit, and before wishing you a good night, to request you to pledge me in a cup to our next merry meeting."

"With all my heart—I hope, though, it may not be to see you exalted uncomfortably in the world, whither, I strongly opine, in the ordinary course of events, your exploits considerably tend."

The galley was hauled alongside, and Ingram again held the man-ropes for the Collector, as he descended to his cushioned seat, in the stern-sheets. Mr. Quill was about to follow, when two men at a sign from Ingram stepped forward, seized him, and in an instant pinioned his hands behind his back.

"Not so fast, Mr. Attorney—I have an account to settle with you. The Collector came here in the ordinary routine of his duty, so did his men—as for you, the affair is totally different—you first came off here in the evening as a spy, and after I had received you hospitably, and as you thought you had made yourself acquainted with the force on board, in return (acting on some suspicion which your own villainy suggested,) you gave information which has given these good people a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and frustrated my voyage—I'll shew these King's men the way I administer justice." He then proceeded with startling energy, "Is all ready on the fore yard."

"All ready, Sir."

"Well, take this limb of the law forward—see all clear to make a run of him to the yard arm,—it will take more than an injunction of court to get him out of my hands."

The Collector had been silent hitherto, from pure astonishment, he now rushed up the side ladder—even Quill's nerves were not proof against his startling situation.

"For God's sake, Captain Ingram—Mr. Collector—oh! Gentlemen, I am innocent—oh! Mr. Collector, do tell him I am innocent." The men were hurrying him forward when the Collector reached the deck again—

"On my honor as a gentleman, Captain Ingram, you are mistaken, that gentleman was only present from curiosity—you are about committing a wanton murder.

"I must have more proof than your honor, Sir—I know that you consider it your duty to protect your informers."

"At another time I should resent your suspicions, you insolent scoundrel; but I see the life of an innocent man at stake, and have no power to prevent it—there, Sir, read that, and you will see that I have more regard for my honor than you insinuate." He handed Ingram the Government Despatch—the skipper signed to the men who held Quill, to suspend their proceedings, and taking the despatch to the binacle, having coolly made himself master of its contents, refolding and handing it again to the Collector, said—

"I have to apologise, Sir, for my hasty expression, but Mr. Quill came off an hour or two before he accompanied you on board this evening, went all through the ship, for the apparent purpose of satisfying his curiosity, and seeing him return so accompanied, you will own that I had reasonable grounds for suspicion—release that Gentleman, lads. > Come Mr. Quill, I have no ill will to you, man, and I beg your pardon for having frightened you a little—your throat must be husky, I fancy, from its contiguity to hemp; so come down, and wash away unkindness before you go—steward, give the boat's crew a glass of grog—will you join us, Sir. The Collector declined, and descended to his boat.

As the skipper and Quill helped themselves to a nor-wester, the former asked—"Did I not do it to the life, old quill driver?"

"Faith, nearly to my death—'pon my conscience, I thought you in earnest myself."

"'Pon *his* conscience, but let it pass—the devil you did—ha! ha! Well, you'd better be off, the schooner is talking Spanish forward, and you will have a long pull against the tide—good night. The galley shoved off, the rovers gave them three cheers, which H. M. servants, elated with the contents of the long corks, and the recent benefaction of the steward, returned in spite of their discomfiture. The breeze rapidly increased after mid-night, until towards morning, one by one the light sails came in. At dawn it blew a fresh gale, and the *Xarifa* flew along as Jake Van, with true Yankee imagery called it, like a streak of greased lightning. The first grey of morning, though the horizon was clear, shewed high up near the zenith. Van and the skipper still paced the deck—

"I calculate, Capting, 'tis going to blow a few—a nor-easter that breezes up in the evening, and freshens through the night, ain't no old lady's pleasuring wind; and besides, I rather consider that a high dawn, looks tarnation like a sneezer."

"You are not far wrong, Van—so much the better—I'm in a hurry, and it must blow before the *Xarifa* comes too with a fair wind—we ought soon to see the Arran Islands on our lee bow."

The day brightened, and the schooner urged her flight with race-horse speed—by seven they were abreast of Arranmore. Ingram and his trusty follower had descended to breakfast, when the cry of "a sail" brought them again on deck.—The moment the skipper brought his glass to bear on her, he was certain it must be the *Savage*. She was evidently a large sloop-of-war. When they first saw her, she was opening from under Innishore, about ten or twelve miles to leeward.

"'Tis the ship which has been sent to overhaul us, Van, but she must be light heeled if she is to execute her orders—will the schooner bear more sail, think you?"

Van took a long look at sea and sky, ere he answered—"It ain't no manner of use in life carrying on too much, a ship isn't made to stail on her beam-ends, and to my judgment we have as much canvass as we can well stand up to now, and more than she will bear an hour hence."

"Very well, we may as well finish our breakfast—pay attention to your helm, my man—keep her as she is—we will take the smooth off shore for an hour or two longer—the *Savage* will be on a bow line for an hour at least after she tacks to weather the Islands, and before night, I hope we shall be easy about her."

"When they again returned to the deck, the *Savage* had tacked and was carrying a press of sail, close hauled on the same board as the schooner. Ingram took a long and anxious look at her through his glass—having finished his survey—

"I say, Van, that's none of your slow coaches—how she spansks through it in spite of the head sea—'tis well for us that we did not fall in with her further up—'tis a far heavier ship than I expected, and when she comes to round in her weather braces, she will walk, you may depend; as it is, we don't drop her nearly so fast as I thought we should—still, I think we shall have the heels of her."

"It depends on circumstances—with less wind she'd have no chance with us; but she can out-carry us easy—a stern chase is a long chase though; but I'm afeard we'll have a fresh hand at the bellows, presently."

"Well, we can't help it—so I'll turn in, and have a snooze for an hour or two—keep her as she goes 'till you are abreast of the Skirds—we make more way in the smooth off shore—if you see any necessity, give me a call."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

For four hours Ingram slept as soundly as though no enemy sailed the seas. The afternoon watch had been set, before he again appeared on deck. His first glance was at the *Savage*, and his pulses throbb'd more lightly, as he perceived that he had considerably increased his distance. The *Xarifa* sped along, shooting like an arrow on the crest of each wave as they successively overtook her. The sloop still bore the same canvass as when they first saw her; but Van had been obliged to stow the top-gallant-sail, and take a reef down in the top-sail. The weather was clear, and the outline of the *Slyne* head might still be dimly traced on their weather quarter.

"Well Jake, I fancy we shan't have more of it than at present, and if so, I think we shall lead that swaggerer a dance before he comes up to us."

"Yes, if—but I'm mistaken if there ain't more wind brewing—we shall know by nightfall—if an easterly gale don't die away in the evening, then you may depend on having a cap full of it before morning."

Nightfall came, and instead of lulling, the gale increased, still the schooner sped her flight—by midnight its fury compelled them to stow the topsail, and reef the fore and aft sails again and again, till morning found her scudding under a balanced mainsail, close reefed foresail and forestay sail, even this canvass burying her to the leading blocks to leeward.—Matters were evidently drawing to a crisis—the sloop had gained on the chase to within less than a league, her superior power enabling her to bear single reefed topsails and courses. As daylight increased, the rovers plainly saw her crew preparing the fore-castle guns for action. Ingram perceiving that flight could not much longer avail him, turned his attention to similar preparations—the long gun amidships was got ready to return the fire. Our hero had been permitted to come on deck, and, pale and exhausted by sea sickness, was holding on by one of the belaying pins of the main mast, unheeded by those around; from the casual conversation of the rovers, he learned the character of their pursuer, and a gleam of hope cheered his almost broken spirit; the sloop drew upon them fast, and coming within range, opened her fire on the schooner—for some minutes their shot flew at random.

“This long bowls is-but foolish play in such a sea as this—what think you, shall we return his greeting, Van?”

“Why ’tis but wasting powder and iron at the worst, and there is no telling what a stray shot may do—shall I give them a round or two from long Tom?”

“You may as well—watch the heave of the sea well—ha! the fellow will shorten sail for us if you don’t spoil his aim.” A shot had passed through the mainsail, only a foot or two above the boom.

Van having carefully superintended the loading of the long gun, and brought it to bear on the enemy, watching his opportunity, fired—when the smoke cleared away, the skipper exclaimed—

“A capital shot—try it again, Jake, you sent it through his fore-top-sail, within a couple of feet of the bunt. Hurrah! let her have it, that gun shoots like a rifle—the second shot fell short, but the third raised Ingram’s exultation to the highest pitch—the top-sail of the sloop was flapping wildly, with the yard down on the cap, the tye having been shot away; at the same moment, the vessel, from the loss of canvass on her fore-mast, broached too, and one or two heavy seas broke over her—Ingram actually danced, and hugged Van with delight.—Some minutes elapsed, before a new tye was rove, and the Xarifa was again out of reach of her fire, before the sloop had resumed the chase. Nearly at this moment, a shower, which seemed sufficient to create a new deluge, was borne down on them, completely hiding the vessels from each other—the wind had, during the chase, veered round to the East, and

then South-Eastward, from which latter point it now blew with terrific violence.

"That was a lucky hit, Van, this rain must bring down the wind, and it would not be pleasant to be becalmed within that fellow's range."

"Well, it may bring it down, but I guess not—I rather calculate it will be all coming back this way again—we will have a shift of wind, and that soon too, to nor-west, and if it don't blow, why no matter."

"Well, that will give us the weather gage of the enemy, at all events."

"Aye, but if it catches us as we now are, that won't be a matter of no airthly consequence to us, for if it comes, as I expect it will, we'll turn the turtle."

Ingram was startled—his mate's intuitive knowledge of the weather, he had long been in the habit of relying on, as infallible—"Well, Jake, what do you recommend?"

"Why, if that Britisher was but out of the way, I'd stow all except the fore-stay-sail; but as it is, I'd stow the main-sail, secure that gun, and see the brails of the fore-sail all clear, keep her away Nor-west, (for out there, we shall have it within a point or so either way) and wait for it."

"Come then, do what you think right—damn the fellow, he jaws away as coolly as if he was over a can of flip in a grog shop." But Jake's manner underwent an instant change—losing all its usual listlessness, and in less time, by far, than he took in communicating them, he had carried his suggestions into effect, and returned to the skipper's side.

"Well done, Van—I hope it may be as you anticipate—if those chaps in the *Savage* are not ready for it, their cruise is up—if she is taken aback in this sea, she will take a stern board, and be devilish apt to fetch up in Davy's kitchen garden."

Still the rain fell in oceans, and the violence of the gale continued unabated—suddenly it lulled to a dead calm, and the schooner losing her way, pitched violently, and rolled with her yard arms in—ail for a moment stood aghast, when Van's voice was heard with startling energy—

"I tell'd you so—in fore-sail—brail up, roundly men—hurrah! now is your time—so pass the gasket—how is her head?"—"West-nor-west, Sir." "Hard a-starboard your helm—go another hand to the lee wheel—now stand by—men secure yourselves—I hope that stay-sail will stand it, though."

A horse roaring like distant thunder, was heard to the North-west, the more appalling, as save the sullen wash of the waves, all immediately around was still—it came nearer—a gust passed over them, swinging the vessel's head around to East-south-east—a momentary lull followed, during which, Van called out—"Follow me, one hand, to loose the goose wings of the top-sail—out knife, and cut the gaskets." In an incredibly

short time he had reached the yard-arm, and imitating his energy, a seaman was out on the other. Van and his companion had but just regained the mast-head, when the tornado burst on them in all its fury; it was fortunate that its fore-runner had paid her off, for canvass was never woven, that could have stood its lateral force. The wings of the top-sail buried her to the fore-mast in the curl of the first mountain billow, but she shook herself clear of it like a swan, and owing to the seamanship of the usually inert Van Ranslaer, the beautiful craft dashed along unscathed, through the hill of waters—he had rejoined his commander, who was holding on by the main rigging—

“Well, Jake, all right with us—I wonder though, how matters stand with the sloop?”

“We shall soon see her, 'tis clearing away to windward already, and we are running down exactly in the direction we last saw her—I dare swear the fellow was too eager in the chase to think of the weather—keep a bright look out, forward, there.”

“Aye, aye, Sir.”

“Here she is,” continued Jake, “here away on the starboard bow, and a precious mess she is in.”

The withdrawing vapour disclosed the *Savage* a perfect wreck, within half a mile of her opponent. She had lost her three top-masts, and hampered with their wreck, she was rolling violently, and the sea breaking over and over her.

“Come, Van, ail might have been right enough with them, but for that last shot of yours—you must have wounded her fore-topmast, and it must have brought down the others with it.”

“On the contrary, Sir, for once them serpents of British owe me a good turn—if I had not helped them to shorten sail, they must have gone down stern foremast, when that squall tuck them aback—their sloop is so lean aft, they has nothing to hold them up in case of *accitant*—I think I could manage to pitch a shot or two into her in passing—shall I try my hand, Sir.”

“Why, no, Van, it could do us no good, and I don't care to do the poor devils any more harm—we could not man her if we had possession of her; so, crippled as she is, let her make the best of her way home, if she can—they seem to have work enough on their hands as it is.” They were now passing within easy gun-shot, and could perceive her crew working at the pumps—

“Well, Sir, as you please; but I would like to have a slap at them, if it was only for the bother they have given us this two days—may'nt I shew them our bunting at any rate.”

Oh yes, if you fancy it; but I say, Van, did you mark that young apprentice of our's; I have had my eye on him for the last hour, and faith, the boy has pluck—when that shot passed through the main-sail, not a yard from his head, he did not

wince an inch, and throughout the bustle since, he has been a damned deal more composed than myself—if he will ship, faith I'll put him on the quarter-deck—'tis a fine lad—I wonder what eagle's nest old Quill has been robbing?"

Poor Annesley *was* calm, but it was the calmness of despair; with the chance of capture by the sloop, his last hope of being restored to his friends, had forsaken him, and he cared not if the ocean swallowed up the *Xarifa* and all on board her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MURDERER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY FUZ.

I.

There's blood upon my hand!—dread thought! No power can restore
That blood, or this polluted limb cleanse of that human gore!
Erase it! No! The water turns to crimson in the bowl!
For, oh! 'twill not obliterate the stain upon my soul!
I see him struggling hard to save, the life I would not spare;
I hear him still beseeching me, for time to breathe a prayer—
A short, and hurried prayer, to Heaven, where we must meet again,—
I, lost, denounced, and *He*, to point to that accursed stain!

II.

The fiend *Revenge* was urging me; I heeded not his cries;
My ears were deaf, my heart was steeled. I vaunted o'er my prize;
And, like an enraged Demon, plunged the steel into his breast,
And hurried his immortal soul to its eternal rest!
Since then, what thoughts—reflections deep—what horrors have combined!
With troops of hell-born agents, to distract my troubled mind!
I'd drown my grief by suicide—I'd quench them in the bowl—
But legions of infernal shapes are waiting for my soul!

III.

They urge me to destroy my life—those messengers of woe,
That stay to bear the murderer to his place of doom below.
I cannot drive them from my sight—my mind, against its will,
Is forced to let them revel there, their errands to fulfil!
Would, that those images were not the direful things they seem—
Were nothing but the ravings of a wild disordered dream!
Would, that my life could but recall his spirit back again!—
How gladly would I lay it down, a ransom for the slain!

I V .

Hence ! hence ! ye countless myriads of vile and loathsome shapes !
 What, though the sword of justice gleams—the yawning chasm gapes—
 Though Vengeance from on high is sure—though Mercy is withdrawn—
 Back to your depths of misery !—for you the pit doth yawn !
 That elfin laugh ! Oh ! how it grates upon my startled ears !
 Derision from such lips as those, adds terror to my fears !
 The shouts of fettered Maniacs—the Drunkard's wildest cries—
 Are softest music, when compared to these dread mockeries !

V .

Still they approach ! more terrible—more hideous than at first—
 To warn me of the doom to which I feel myself accurst ;
 They come ! Why then should I resist ? Why from my fate recoil ?
 When I have merited the curse, my efforts cannot foil !
 A lake of liquid, rolling fire, now rises to my view ;
 I shudder as I contemplate its hissing waves of blue ;
 My soul shrinks back ! Oh ! must it roll upon that sulphurous sea,
 Derided—mocked by monster Fiends—to all eternity !

V I .

Is there no mercy ? Has the arm now raised to hurl me down,
 No power to snatch my guilty soul from whence His awful frown
 Has justly banished it, in wrath, for ever from His sight ?
 Is there no way—no door by which to fly His dreaded might ?
 Yes ! yes ! HOPE whispers of a way—FAITH calms my troubled soul !
 The Saviour's blood can cleanse the stain—can wash and make me whole !
 I'll pray—the Mediator's voice is heard to intercede :
 All Heaven resounds His earnest prayer—" FATHER ! FORGIVE THE DEED !"

V I I .

Oh ! how I feel the happy change that steals upon me now !
 A change that makes the curse of Cain sit lighter on my brow.
 Those armies of dread spirits cease to mock each bitter cry ;
 Horror assails the crew !—whole hosts in mad disorder fly !
 The hand of justice is upraised, to enforce her due demands ;
 This earthly clod is hers ; I yield my body to her hands—
 My eternal part will soon be borne to its undeserving goal ;
 But the thought that I must meet Him there, strikes terror to my soul !

THREE YEARS OF RESPONSIBLE CONSERVATISM.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
 The Court—it hath determined on our ruin,
 Therefore will I, to be beforehand with them,
 We'll join THE SWEDES—right gallant fellows are they,
 And our good friends.

MAX.

Thou have I followed
 With most implicit, unconditional faith:
 Sure of the right path if I followed thee.

Is that a good war which against the Empire
 Thou wagest with the Empire's own array?
 O! God of heaven, what a change is this!

THE above passages from Schiller's *Piccolomini*, were quoted in March 1846, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, as an apt illustration of Sir Robert Peel's betrayal of the confidence reposed in him by his party. Wallenstein endeavors to gain over to his treason the noble spirited Max, but fails. If the lines were apropos in England, so are they in Canada; and making them our text, we shall read *our* Judas Ministry a lecture; and feeling our inability to lash them as they deserve, we beg leave in limine to refer them to *Maga.* for March, 1846, under the head "Ministerial Measures."

The shouts which hailed the triumph of Lord Metcalfe, and the consequent establishment of the Conservative Administration, are not yet forgotten. Unlike most popular ebullitions of feeling, they were based upon some show of reason—there was some hope in the aspect of affairs for true, but liberal conservatism. There was some prospect of a better state of things, when we had the vice-regal promise that the loyalty of the country should not be trodden down by the armed heel of triumphant radicalism.

It was some satisfaction to hear that merit was to be rewarded, and to hear it from the lips of Lord Metcalfe—a man of honor and veracity.

But once secure in their position, once sure of a working majority, however contemptible in numbers, the Judas Ministry began to display the cloven foot; and now they have proved beyond a doubt, the fallacy of all faith in public promises, the blindness of all devotion to public men, and the "mere madness" of the insane shouts which proclaimed their victory.

Unfortunately for Lord Metcalfe, whose intentions were upright, Responsible Government was in force—it was in its infancy. He had made the first great experiment, viz:—how far it *recognised* the prerogative of the Crown; but when he found his new advisers, the conservative ministry of Mr. Dra-

per, gradually veering towards their opponents, he shrank from again encountering the turmoil of elections, and gave up the reins of government to the Canadian Peel.

Can we imagine a position more favourable to the interests of the great conservative party, than that which now presented itself. In accordance with the true practice of Responsible Government (if Mr. Baldwin's be the true one) the Crown had now drawn in its horns—had in fact, like the brother of the son and nephew of the moon, quietly seated itself under the shade of its umbrella—the Draper ministry.

If professions were to be believed, merit would be rewarded—if promises were sacred, loyalty should not be overlooked—if the Premier did not turn traitor, all was safe.

But “we'll join the Swedes,” was running in Mr. Draper's brain. Could he not, even at the sacrifice of his friends, establish a ministry by joining the French, which being well supported, would be less troublesome than that he had. Could he not ensure a permanence of that power, whose censer emitted a well flavoured incense—a vision in long perspective of endless dinners, eaten at a Viceroy's table—of jovial Aide-de-camps, and sweetly smiling ladies, and afar off, rising from the shadowy future, a brow that shall be nameless, crowned with a tiara of laurels.

Full of this most sweet imagining, the ministry went on feeling their way. A sudden bolt from their prescribed course might have caused them to break their necks. But they edged off imperceptibly at first. Their first Session was remarkable. Their love for Responsible Government had prodigiously outstripped, even the thirty or forty years enthusiasm of Mr. Baldwin! How soft was the ministerial paw! Was it not represented by one well known under the soubriquet of “Sweet William?” How ravenous their maw! Did they not swallow every Bill they could lay their hands on?

If an “independent” member, anxious to establish the paternity of his offspring, “brought in a bill,” the ministry cried, “Oh! for shame! you must not interfere with the Government of the country!” They pounced on their prey like Harpies, and like them leaving a foul trace of their passage behind them, introduced Mr. So and So's bantling, as a Government measure! Mr. So and So then had the mortification of seeing the Bill accredited by endorsement, to its parent by adoption—“**THE HON. ATTORNEY GENERAL DRAPER!**”

Or if the success of the Bill were doubtful, they would stave it off, pump the members, find out how the wind blew, and if it were adverse, they would come out manfully and oppose the measure! If they found the members dumb, and the issue doubtful, they would leave it an “open question.”

Although very contemptible, all this was very innocent.

But it was only the beginning of the end. At an early period the Conservative party were startled by the announcement that the Hon. S. B. Harrison had received an appointment at the hands of the Conservative ministry. The Honorable Gentleman was rewarded for his firm adhesion to the opposition!

The Parliament was not called together till the eleventh hour, and then there was another plunge into the mire. The University Bill of Mr. Baldwin had been opposed by Mr. Draper, as an advocate, with his accustomed eloquence. But once a minister, he was not bound by the fee of his client—the silk gown fell, for the moment, from his shoulders to make way for the mantle of Mr. Baldwin.

He did not go as far as his predecessor. But he adopted the principle of his Bill. He became a leveller. He forgot his peroration about the King's charter, and remembered only the powers of Parliament.

But this blow did not pass unheeded. A mutiny in his own camp was the consequence, and threatened with the secession of his friends, and finding that the opposition was not content with half measures, he gracefully gave way to the desire for time, expressed by his party!

Unlike Sir Robert Peel—who, if he veered, veered knowingly, and adopted his opponents' views in order to carry them triumphantly—Mr. Draper treacherously assailed an institution, whose preservation his party desired, then failed in his attempt, and weakly retired from a contest he had sought.

In all this miserable affair, where are we to discover the indications of a statesman, capable of leading and consolidating a great party?

If the true object of Conservatives be not, that measures, conservative in their character, shall be carried, what is it?

Is it to forego every preconceived opinion? Is it to violate every sacred pledge? Is it to upset the foundations which that party laboured to establish? Does it consist in tearing up a King's Charter, and giving it to the winds, or in robbing a public institution of its lawful rights?

Is it the mean abandonment of every principle of party for the sake of keeping one individual in office?

Surely none of these are the objects of Conservatism.—Yet, in the affirmative answer to these queries, do we not recognize the policy of Mr. Draper?

If King's College stands as yet unshorn of its peculiar privileges—if it yet continues to maintain its character as a bulwark of our national faith—if it yet retains among its Professors, men of education—nay, of first-rate talent—and if its Students yet hold their alma mater as the nursing mother of their faith and loyalty—have we to thank our ministry for this?

Again, the Radical ministry had foisted on the country, a new Commission of the Peace, by which some men of more than doubtful loyalty, and unquestionable ignorance and vulgarity, were elevated to the Magisterial bench.

Has the thoroughbred conservatism of Mr. Draper purged the Commission of *these* nuisances?

When the loyalty of the country was saved from the fangs of Radicalism, by Lord Metcalfe, was it not the loudest complaint, that the Commission of the Peace had been stuffed with a rebel force-meat?

Yet, in the atmosphere of a Vice-regal Court, amid the sheen of satins, and the blaze of Cape Diamonds, Mr. Draper has chosen to forget why Lord Metcalfe was supported by the Conservatives. He has chosen to forget that when a party exerts itself to win—and wins, it wins, or ought to win, *to rule!* The dangers of rampant Radicalism—the hydra head of rebellion grinning horribly from the Commission of the Peace, have no terrors for Mr. Draper, now! There they are, just as they were before—biding their time—waiting for the moment, when their party, reinstated in power, they will be able to come forth in their true colours! Still, he does not trouble them. Mr. Draper, and his flimsy attempts to soothe and beguile, have always been with *them*, and ought to be with his own party, the subject of immeasurable contempt.

And yet, let the truth be told—for though it be a bitter one, our party will triumph in the end, by clinging to this great principle. On the one hand we have witnessed this—

Facilis descensus averni

eagerly trodden by Mr. Draper—on the other, the great Conservative party blindly following him to their doom. On the one hand, a minister politically dishonest, tampering with his opponents—on the other, the loose fish of our party, playing around this ministerial bait, alternately threatening him with annihilation, or forcing him to feed them at the sacrifice of his true party friends.

Mr. Smith, of Frontenac, is a very shrewd political manœuvrer. Who can blame him for getting his father's salary increased: is it not honoring his father, in obedience to the Divine command? But we may be permitted to doubt whether Mr. Draper's accessibility, or his timidity, (we care not which) on this point, has proceeded from a motive of befriending a political ally!

Mr. Draper's political angling has not been confined to Conservative streams. He has allowed himself a broad margin in his estimate of the policy of a Conservative minister. He aims right and left—bang at a snipe—slap at a widgeon—but does he bag much game?

John Roblin, late M. P. P. for Prince Edward, much to his own astonishment, found himself last Session, (after a long life

of dull unpretending homespun nothingness) suddenly elevated to an important position. It was doubtful whether *Oxford* had not elected *Mr. Hincks* for its representative; but it was all important to *Mr. Draper* that *Mr. Hincks* should be kicked out. Some of the Conservatives were scrupulous—were men of honor; they might not be willing to lend themselves to—humbug. But *Mr. Roblin*, though outwardly tenacious of his principles, was inwardly accessible—he might be bought. But was he? Oh! no, far from it. He merely voted against *Mr. Hincks*, and then, unexpectedly, got two or three fat berths, and retired from public life. We asked, did *Mr. Draper* bag much game? What was the result of this piece of political sportsmanship? did his candidate succeed? No. In vain did *Smith of Frontenac*, and *Murney of Hastings*, exert themselves to uphold a rotten cause. The election went *against* the Ministry.

Amid a thousand other follies and inconsistencies, too minute and contemptible to mention, but still developing the character of the man, and the utter selfishness, of his policy, *Mr. Draper* committed one fault so egregious, that it deserves to be briefly chronicled.

He found that his term of power was likely to be abridged by the falling off of some members of his party, who were disgusted with his proceedings, so he thought he would make love to the French. Had he carried his whole party with him, this might have been looked upon as an astute and politic manoeuvre—but what was the fact? Half of his party were not satisfied with this movement after what they had seen.—But *Mr. Draper* went to work at it, and as he prided himself upon his tact, let us see how he displayed it. He did not, appearing to be most honest and confidential, keep his communications strictly private. No—he wrote letters to one of his chief adversaries,—in those letters he named a certain party as the obstruction to the French being taken into the Government; he loved the French language, and the old French school of *politesse* amazingly; but he overshot his mark. True, he marked his letters “confidential;” but while they might be confidential to all the world best.—had not his correspondent a good right to infer that the party referred to in his letters, and between whom and *Mr. Draper*, he (the correspondent) was asked to mediate, was entitled to be made acquainted with his propositions? When the letters went into the hands of this third party, had *he* not a good right indignantly to spurn the offer, and boldly to expose the trickster? Let the Premier answer.

Mr. Draper was rightly served—first, for his acting without his party—secondly, for his paltry manoeuvring.

It is not long since *Mr. Cameron* has been made Solicitor General; nor has the world, as yet, been enlightened on the

method by which his election was secured. We venture to prophesy that some explanation will one day or other leak out.

But, we know that whatever Mr. Cameron's professional claims, (and we admit them to be great) he had never been known as a politician. We do not pretend to say that every Solicitor General should be a man who has been a politician. We know, on the contrary, that the English practice is that of selecting those who may be politicians, as well as those who have been. But we think there is a great difference, nevertheless. In England, it is true, that the Solicitor General must have a seat in the House; but is equally true, that he is not looked to as a leader of the ministerial party in the House. On the contrary, his very office almost precludes him from the possibility of becoming the ministerial leader.

The offices of First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Home, Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, are the places selected to be filled by British *Statesmen* in the true acceptation of the term. Here, however, the Solicitor General must be not only a politician, but a leading one, as the profession generally turns out the only men in the country, at all approaching the capability requisite for statesmen. Therefore, the selection should be made here, not only on account of professional ability, but on account of a capacity for public affairs exhibited in the previous career of the person chosen.

But it was peculiarly unjust that, not having this requisite, Mr. Cameron should be elevated above those of his party in the House, who had both requisites. It is more than probable that jealousy and disappointment must have been engendered. And so the stability of his party has received another shock at the hands of Mr. Draper.

Again, admitting all that has been said against Mr. Sherwood, *argumenti causa*; that he was lazy and caballing against the heads of his party; still, was it not impolitic and hasty to discharge a man, long a favorite with the Conservatives, and whose name and reputation, and talents, will always carry with him at least a remnant of his old friends—that remnant sufficient to annihilate the perfidious Government of Mr. Draper!

Again, Mr. Draper's administration has carried into effect, one of the most dangerous and anti-Conservative laws.

They have remodelled the District Councils, and shorn the Crown of half its patronage. The important offices of Warden and Treasurer, hitherto in the gift of the Crown, are now elective; and this measure so leveling in its tendencies, so full of pernicious example, has been perpetrated by a so-called Conservative Government!

This cruel and treacherous act, was doubly infamous in this, that many an old and steadfast servant of the Crown, whose loyal exertions helped Mr. Draper into office, has been cast

adrift to try his fate upon the stormy ocean of popular elections, or has retired into privacy in disgust at the want of gratitude displayed by the chief of his party.

But enough of examples of Mr. Draper's perfidy. This miserable huckstering—this servile cozening to gain a vote—this perfidious sacrifice of a party on the altar of self, have detained us long enough. Nevertheless, before we consign the ministry to the disgrace they merit, and will inevitably undergo, let us remark that the actuating principle of Mr. Draper's policy is perfectly apparent. A paragraph which is creeping round among the newspapers, intimates that Mr. Draper will supply the vacancy on the Bench to be caused by the retirement of Mr. Hagerman. Another rumour states a contemplated arrangement to bestow a pension about to lapse on the Vice Chancellor, and to elevate Mr. Draper to the summit of his ambition. Another mentions him, as looking tenderly after the well-being of the venerable Registrar of the County of York!

But though these rumours disagree in detail, they agree in one great fact—in deed, no one in Canada has the slightest doubt of it—that Mr. Draper is determined to be placed where the rage of factions and the anger of his party cannot reach him.

We are glad that we know this much. It gives hope of better things. Mr. Draper will, we hope, never again lead the Conservative party. We care not how this great end be consummated—whether it be by making him a Judge, to get rid of him, or shaking him off as one would a viper.

One thing is certain, that if he holds the reins of power next Session—the Conservative party, having a character for principle and consistency, to preserve—having a phalanx to keep together, whether in or out of power, for the well being of the State—having an abyss over which they are now depending to avoid—must rise and vindicate their sacred cause, and choose a new leader:

*“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.”*

What deeper hell can there be to sink a party, than that of abandoning every principle for which it has contended? What fate more inexorable than that which hurries it to destruction, because one man forsakes its principles, and the crowd blindly follow in his path?

What fear should sooner arouse the manly sympathies of our nature, than that which tells us our party is in danger—our Captain has betrayed us?

What nobler aim can there be than that of elevating the dignity of our country, by making its two great parties, respected by themselves, and by others, for the fearless maintenance of principle, and the manly scorn with which all honest men should greet attempts to shake their faith?

A CHRISTMAS BOX;
BEING AN INVITATION TO DINNER ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEAR CARON—

'Tis Christmas—pray do come and dine;
I have much to say to you when over our wine.
You're a Papist—I swear by the John of T—nto—
Who Pusey's new doctrines has bodily gone to.
So, you see that, at least, on the score of religion
There's no reason why you should not wing me a widgeon.
Then, as to the science you call *politique*;
From my party, you know, I'm prepared to cut stick!
In all else, my dear Caron, 'tis bootless to say
I'm a Frenchman at heart—you shall have your own way.
I love—I admire—adore *la grande nation*,
And for all your novelists have *une grande passion!*
Eugène Sue, and Dumas, on the Circuit! I read,
Only throwing them down when I get up to plead!
So come, my dear Caron, and talk of *Belle France*;
And à bas *Angleterre, pays vilain pour la danse!*
I wish I could ask you to bring Lafontaine,
But things are not ripe yet—although they're in train.
Never mind boy—we'll have Taschereau and Morin;
Champagne and good claret, and lots of Rhein-wine;
We'll have *dindon aux truffes*, and *pat s de volaille*,
And banish the *bifstek* of English canaille!
And now let me mention the things I propose
In the bargain I wish with Lafontaine to close.
You well know how long the first wish of my heart,
Has been of good things to give Laffey a part.
But I must say, (and deem not I mean it for rudeness,)
He's firm as a rock—but, he's wanting in shrewdness!
Now, Carry, your judgment's so clear you must see,
He'll get all he wants if he only joins me!
How blindly my party play “follow the leader,”
I tell you, because you're my confidante reader;
And if, with Lafontaine, I held to my place,
They'd swallow the pill, though they might make a face!
So come, let us cozen him, Carry, and gain
These Chauveaus and Cauchons who give me such pain.
Like the shades of the ancients, I'll be in a fix,
Lest Charon you ferry me over the Styx!
'Twill rid us for ever of pestilent Hincks,
Who still at the office of Inspector winks.
'Twill shake off Jim Small—*petit homme sans génie*—
And Exchequer Dann, who like Z stood for Zany!
Then, oh! what reunions we'll have at Tétu's!
Who'll say we're disloyal? we'll all be true blues!
And if we should ever get into disgrace—
When shaken from *pouvoir*, we'll drop into place!
Then, come to my dinner—and while we imbibe
Such nectar as men to Olympus ascribe,
We'll try if the turkey is better for lardin',
And mix a *purée* for the Earl of Kincardine!
And when the descendant of him who robbed Greece,
Comes hither to search for a new Golden Fleece,
We'll hand him our names on Executive paper,
And say, “My Lord! here is your Council—the shaper
Is that knowing *dodge*—Caron's friend, W-LL-AN D-R-F-R.”

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER.

THE Harvest of Canada, both East and West, for the year 1846, has been one of the most productive on record, since the province itself was reclaimed from the wilderness; even though it be conceded, that in the districts west of Hamilton, much injury was done to the wheat crops by rust and the weevil. A much larger quantity of wheat was sown in the autumn of 1845 and in the spring of 1846, than usual, and the produce was quite in proportion, as the immense quantities shipped to England this fall, and still in store to ship next summer, will amply testify. To give the reader an idea of the present produce of wheat in Canada, we shall give the following fact:—One single Forwarding House has shipped more flour and wheat to Montreal, during the present year, than was shipped by the whole of that extensive Trade in the year 1840—scarcely seven years ago. The prices realized by the Canadian farmer throughout the year have been very remunerative; for although the fall in flour was great and sudden in the spring, yet the whole of the heavy loss fell on the holder and speculator. The farmer had sold at good rates early in the year, and by the time this year's crop was ready for the market, the price had again risen to its former high standard.

A large quantity of Black Sea Wheat was sown in the vicinity of Kingston, as mentioned in a former number; and the produce has fully realized the expectations of all moderate men. On very indifferent land, from twenty to twenty-five bushels were cradled from the acre; and a sample of one bushel, weighing 65 lbs., took a premium for Spring Wheat at the Pittsburgh Cattle Show. This wheat, however, does not bear the highest reputation with millers and bakers, who complain of its making very bad flour. We should not be too hasty in condemning it on this account; for as yet, but little of this year's growth has been sent to the mill.—Should the accusation be well grounded, of course, we shall no longer advocate its culture.

The prospects of next year's crop of Fall Wheat are very great; the season was very propitious for both sowing and growing; and the quantity sown even greater than in 1845. An early fall of snow may be needed in our immediate vicinity, and to the eastward of Kingston, to prevent the wheat from being winter killed; but hitherto, no weather has been experienced capable of doing it any serious injury. We reserve the point for future argument, whether severe frost can destroy the wheat crop; believing with many, that the injury is done in the spring, after the snow has disappeared, and heavy frosts intervene before the fine weather sets in.

RYE AND BARLEY.—The crops of both these kinds of Distillers' grain have been extraordinarily great this year, and the prices realised have been fully equal to those of last season. The great Distillery of Mr. Morton has absorbed all that has been brought to market in this vicinity, and for many miles round.

CORN.—It is singular, that while the crop of Corn in the United States, has been most prolific, it has been very indifferent in Canada, and more particularly so in this neighborhood. The price has been remunerative throughout the year.

OATS.—This crop has been a partial failure this season. Independent of its bad growth, owing to the severe drought of July and August, less oats were sown in the spring than usual, in consequence of the greater inducement to sow wheat and rye. Oats now fetch two shillings a bushel in Kingston Market, and will very probably reach a much higher figure before next seed time.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay is plentiful, and very cheap, rarely rising above thirty shillings a ton, and often sold for less. Its quality is excellent. Straw is not abundant, owing to the failure of the oat crop.

POTATOES.—The crop of Potatoes, in almost every part of Canada, has been an utter failure; and the few that have been dug are rotting fast. How the daily consumption is to be maintained until next year, is more than we can imagine; or how the seed is to be procured for the next planting.—The experience of the past year precludes any hope for the future, unless the potato be regenerated from the apple, become now a doubtful experiment.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

FORSYTH & BELL'S PRICES CURRENT OF TIMBER, DEALS, &c.,
FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING MONDAY, NOV. 23, 1846.

QUEBEC, 23rd November, 1846.

White Pine, according to average manufacture:—

S. D. S. D.

Inferior	0	3	@	0	3½
Ordinary rafts	0	4	@	0	4½
Good do.	0	4½	@	0	4½
Superior do.	0	4½	@	0	5½
In shipping order, according to average and quality	0	4	@	0	5½
Red Pine, in shipping order, 40 feet average.....	0	11	@	0	11½
In the raft, according to average and quality.....	0	9	@	1	0½
Oak, by the dram.....	1	2	@	1	3
“ In smaller parcels.....	1	3	@	1	4
Elm, in the raft, according to average and quality.....	0	5½	@	0	8½
Ash according to average.....	0	3	@	0	6
Tamarac, flatted.....	0	5	@	0	6½
Staves, standard & M. fair specification.....	£37	10	@	0	0
“ All Pipe.....	38	15	@	0	0
“ W. O. Pun., Merchantable.....	11	10	@	12	0
“ Red Oak do.....	10	0	@	0	0
“ Barrel.....	4	0	@	5	0
Pine Deals, floated.....	1st	£10	10	&	¾rds for 2nds.
Do. Bright.....	1st	£11	10	&	¾rds for 2nds.
Do. Spruce, 1st-quality.....	£	7	15		
Do. do. 2nd quality.....	£	6	0	@	£6 10

Parties in England will bear in mind that Timber sold in the raft subjects the purchaser to great expense in dressing, butting, and at times heavy loss from culls— if sold in shipping order, the expense of shipping only is to be added.

REMARKS.

Since our last Circular was issued the transactions in most articles have been limited, and the market dull and inactive, as it generally is at the close of our season.

Our dates from England are to the 3rd inst., when the consumptive demand was good, but whether prices would be supported or not, will depend, in some measure, on the qualities received from this and the Lower Ports in comparison with former years.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT of Arrivals and Tonnage at this Port, in the years 1845-6, up to the 23rd November, inclusive in each year. :

	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1845	1,475	559,712
1846.....	1,439	573,208
Less this year,.....	36 more	13,496

FORSYTH & BELL.

FREIGHTS—FROM MONTREAL

To London, Flour, 0s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.; Ashes, 45s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.; Wheat, 12s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.
“ Liverpool, do. 0s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.; do. 45s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.; do. 12s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.
“ Clyde, do. 0s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.; do. 45s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.; do. 12s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

(Our quotations are the prices of articles of the first quality.)

MONTREAL, December 1, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	D.
ASHES—Pots, ♀ cwt	1	3	0
Pearls	1	3	0
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good), ♀ lb	0	0	8½
FLOUR—Canada Fine, ♀ bbl 196 lb	1	7	6
Superfine	1	10	0
American Superfine	1	10	0
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, ♀ 60 lb	0	5	3
Middling do. do.	0	5	9
Lower Canada Red, ♀ minot	0	5	0
Barley, ♀ minot	0	3	0
Oats	0	1	9
Pease, boiling	0	4	3
IRON—English Bar, ♀ ton	14	0	0
English Hoop, do.	18	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	6	7	6
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blst. ♀ lb	0	0	9
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, ♀ box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, ♀ gallon	0	1	8
OILS—Linseed, Boiled, ♀ gallon	0	3	2
Linseed, Raw, do.	0	3	0
Olive, do.	0	4	3
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	0
Seal, pale do.	0	2	11
Palm, ♀ lb	0	0	5
Castor, do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Prime Mess, ♀ bbl.	2	7	6
Prime, ♀ bbl.	2	2	6
Pork, Mess, do.	3	15	0
Do. Prime Mess, do.	3	0	0
Lard, ♀ lb	0	0	5
Butter, do.	0	0	8
SEEDS—Clover, ♀ lb	0	0	10
Linseed, ♀ minot	0	4	6
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, ♀ lb	0	0	2½
Canadian, do.	0	0	2
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, ♀ cwt	2	11	0
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	2	9	0
Bastards, white	3	5	0
TEAS—Gunpowder, ♀ lb	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	3	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Fyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twankay, do.	0	2	0
Congou, do.	0	2	0
Sonchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, ♀ lb	0	0	4
Plug, ♀ lb	0	0	6

KINGSTON PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY MR. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, 1st December, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s	d.
ASHES—Pearl, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.....	1	0	0
Pot.....	0	17	6
Sal Eratus (Morion's) per cwt.....	1	5	0
FLOUR—Superfine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. 196 lb.....	1	7	0
Fine, do.....	1	3	9
Middlings, do.....	1	2	0
HIDES—Cow, $\frac{1}{2}$ 100 lb.....	1	0	0
Calf Skins $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
PRODUCE—Wheat, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 60 lb.....	0	4	0
Barley, do. 48 lb.....	0	2	9
Oats, do. 34 lb.....	0	2	0
Pease, do.....	0	3	0
Beans, do.....	0	5	0
Rye, do.....	0	2	9
Corn, do.....	0	2	0
Buckwheat, do.....	0	2	0
Hay, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton.....	1	5	0
PROVISIONS—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	0	17	6
Beef, mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	2	15	0
" prime mess, do.....	2	0	0
" prime, do.....	1	12	6
Mutton, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	3	10	0
Do. prime mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	3	0	0
Do. prime, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	2	10	0
Potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel.....	0	2	0
Turnips, do.....	0	1	9
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	9
Fowls, $\frac{1}{2}$ pair.....	0	2	0
Eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.....	0	0	6
SEEDS—Timothy, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel.....	0	5	0
Red Clover.....	1	15	0
STAVES—Standard.....	20	0	0
West India, do.....	5	10	0
Black Oak, W I do.....	4	0	0
Headings, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.....	10	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
SOAP, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	2
TALLOW, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Candles, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
TREES—Fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic foot.....	0	0	3
Oak, do.....	0	1	0
Plank and common Boards, $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand feet.....	1	15	0
Cleared do. $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand feet.....	2	5	0
Black Walnut, $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand feet.....	6	5	0
Wool, $\frac{1}{2}$ cord.....	0	12	6
Wool, $\frac{1}{2}$ stone of S lb.....	0	10	0

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

“HOCHELAGA, or England in the New World,” edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., Author of “The Crescent of the Cross.” 2 parts, pp. 372. American Edition,—Wiley & Putnam, New York.

The Books published in Canada are so few in number, and of so generally an uninteresting a nature, that the space in our Magazine, devoted to the Editor's Table, is often unoccupied. In despair of finding Canadian Books to notice, we turn to such European and American works as may be written on Canada, its Trade, or Government; and fortunately, for our purpose, no less than three productions, emanating from persons of no ordinary pretensions, all published in London, in the present year, are ready at hand. Of the books by Sir Francis B. Head, and Sir Richard Bonnycastle, it is not our present purpose to speak, wishing to devote our attention in the present number to the work mentioned at the head of this article, a very extraordinary production, and worthy of more time than we can well allot to it.

Judging from its perusal, “HOCHELAGA” is the book of a very young man; yet such we are told is not exactly the fact. It is edited by Mr. Eliot Warburton, who it appears has a brother in Canada, a captain in the Royal Artillery; and who, consequently, from his grade in that particular service, must be past the greenness of his youth. And yet, to read the book, one can hardly think so, it is so full of those most egregious blunders which few but the merest tyros in literature could commit. The author professes to have passed two years in Canada, chiefly at Quebec, and acknowledges to have made the jog-trot journey of every person travelling in Canada, viz. :—passing from Quebec to Montreal, by steamer; thence by the same conveyance to Kingston, Toronto, and Niagara Fall; thence by railroad and steamer to Albany and New York; finishing by a trip to Boston, to take the steam packet for England. During this short tour, made in a few days, together with a land journey from Boston to Canada, the author acquired that information about Canada and the United States, with which he fills 372 closely printed pages, and it must be admitted, makes a very readable volume, that has excited much more notice than it deserves. It has been noticed and praised in Blackwood's Magazine; and the *New York Albion*, that lickspit of the Press, is enthusiastic in its favor. That it is wholly undeserving of such criticism—that it is veritably a book of blunders, from beginning to end, it is our present intention to show; and though these humble pages may never reach the eyes of those persons in England and the United States, who have believed Capt. Warburton's statements, yet under the faint hope that a stray number of

this Magazine may reach that destination, we shall expose a sufficient number of his gross blunders, to exhibit the little reliance to be placed upon the assertions of a man who writes upon such loose observation. With the author's opinions, and they are many and obtrusive, we do not intend to war; altho' if we succeed in showing that he knows nothing of the country he writes about, the reader will not place much dependence upon them. And now to the blunders of the book, and premising that we use the American Edition, we proceed, dipping into the volume hap-hazard.

PART 1st, page 121, "During the last American War, in 1813 the whole of the English squadron, on this lake (Ontario) was taken or destroyed by the Americans under Com. Chauncey." (How a man of ordinary information, much less a British Officer, could make so gross a blunder, is impossible to conceive; and how an editor in London could pass it over, is yet more incomprehensible—still there is the fact before us." Page 40, "Oswego, an American town, nearly opposite Prescott." Page 42, "Sir Charles Bagot was compelled, by ill health, to return to England, where he soon after died." Page 39, "Five hundred American sympathisers landed at Prescott;" and at page 40, "Six of the Prescott Brigands were executed." (Less than 250 sympathisers landed, 143 were taken prisoners and 11 were hanged.) Page 34, "Colonel Moodie, a worthy veteran, and three of his friends were unfortunately seen riding towards Toronto; he was fired at from the tavern, fell, wounded in two places, and in a few hours was dead." Page 32, "Sir John Colborne, with about thirteen hundred men, advanced towards this district, along the left bank of the Ottawa."—Page 41, "Fifty or sixty persons were transported." Page 42, "In the Spring of 1845 the House of Assembly was dissolved." Page 61, "Indian village of Lorette." Page 117, "Opposite to the entrance of the St. Lawrence Canal is the Indian village of St. Regis." Page 126, "At Toronto, laborers get five shillings a day," (sterling of course.) Page 128, "Hamilton has five thousand inhabitants." Page 135, "The principal rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence, are the Jaguenay and the Ottawa." (There is no such river as the former, unless the Saguenay be meant, and had the author looked at the country he attempts to describe, he would have discovered that the Ottawa is the main branch of the river, and that the St. Lawrence falls into the latter at the Cascades.) Page 142, "The screw propelled steamboats, laden on the far shores of Lake Superior, can pass, with but slight delay from locks, to Montreal or Quebec." (No delay in lockage occurs on the downward passage, for all vessels can safely descend the rapids; but until *all* the canals are finished, no screw propeller can re-ascend.) Page 143. "A duty of five per cent. is levied on English goods entering the Province, and from *ten to fifteen*

per cent. on foreign ; on these latter there is also generally an Imperial duty imposed." (No one but a commercial man can relish the exquisite absurdity of this quotation.) Page 147, "The number of clergymen in the diocese of Toronto is 91—the incomes of many of these gentlemen are miserably small ; some of them have not more than £60 a year ; and a large number of them are allowed no glebe house or other residence." Page 152 "The remnant of the Indians who dwell within the bounds of Canada, profess the faith of Rome."—Page 161, "The Upper Canada Conservatives, who had been formerly dominant in their own province, went by the name of the 'Family Compact.'" Page 165, "A freehold of forty shillings a year, or the payment of ten pounds rent annually, is the qualification of voters." (In towns only which send members, rent-payers are permitted to vote, and then the payment must be twelve pounds.) Page 165, "The registration is said to be very loose and imperfect." (There is no registration of parliamentary voters of any kind whatever, in any part of Canada.) Page 165, "The Executive Council or Ministry, consists of seven officials." Page 168, "Within the last twenty years, several entire Scottish clans, under their Chiefs—McNabs, Glengarries, and others, worthy of their warlike ancestors, have migrated hither." (The first Glengarries came from the banks of the Hudson, in the time of the revolutionary war, and the only Chief who has made Canada his place of residence, is Chief McNab.) Page 170, "More than one hundred armed steamers bear her flag ; (English,) the greater number of these could reach the Western Lakes."—(When the Canada Canals are completed, such armed steamers as draw seven feet of water only, and are less than 200 feet long, may reach Lake Ontario ; but the size of the Welland Canal prohibits the passage of even this small class of war steamers.)

Independent of innumerable mistakes in miscalling and spelling the proper names in Lower Canada, the above are a few of the blunders which grace Part 1st, which treats of Canada only. In Part 2nd, devoted to the United States, the errors are if possible more gross. It somewhat surprises us, that our republican neighbors should have taken so little notice of them ; but probably they considered the man who called Pennsylvania "the Empire State," and gave a reason for his ignorance, unworthy of serious consideration. Information of Canada is much wanted in Great Britain ; but it is to be greatly regretted that haspy and incorrect statements should be foisted upon the Mother Country, in lieu of truth. It may be true, as Captain Warburton politely observes, "Canada has as yet contributed very little or nothing to general literature," but surely he does not mean to insinuate, that "HOCHELAGA," written in Canada, is any exception to the rule.

We cannot dismiss this book of blunders to the oblivion which awaits it, without remarking that the editor, Mr. Eliot Warburton, is quite as obnoxious to censure as the author.—In the hurry of remark, it is quite possible, that Capt. Warburton might confound Commodore Chauncey and Lake Ontario, with Commodore Perry and Lake Erie; but it is quite impossible, that any but a very ignorant man, could have allowed this, and the hundred other mistakes, to pass uncorrected. The truth is, "HOCHELAGA" is the humbug book of the year, and the disgrace of its writing and publication must be equally divided between author and editor.

Letter on Free Trade and the Navigation of the St. Lawrence, addressed to the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor General of Her Majesty's North American possessions; by James Buchanan, Esq., late Her Majesty's Consul at New York: with an Appendix, shewing that it is contrary to the laws of England, to raise a Revenue from the Manufacture of Spirituous Liquors, as abetting crime. 8 vo., pp. 31. Scobie & Balfour, Toronto.

Mr. Buchanan has become a settler in Canada, after a long life spent in the service of his country, and being essentially a practical man, and well acquainted with the United States, its commerce and policy, his opinions are well worthy the serious attention of all persons who wish to make themselves acquainted with the arguments that can be adduced in favor of opening the Trade of the St. Lawrence to the Americans. He writes clearly and forcibly, and his accession to the Free Trade party at the present juncture cannot be viewed with indifference.

ERRATA.—During a temporary absence from home of the editor, the following numerous errors occurred in No. 7.—Tale of ALTHAM:—Page 347, line 17, after "acquainted" omit "with." Page 350, line 14, for "could'nt" read "meant to;" line 24, for "in" read "a." Page 352, line 24, after "when I" insert "cried;" line 32, for "He and Mary" read "Mary and he." Page 353, line 2, for "no" read "now;" line 34, for "stay" read "remain." Page 355, line 3, for "interior" read "intense." Page 357, line 44, after "take" omit "his." Page 358, line 35, after "until" insert "the moment before;" line 38, for "since" read "however as." Page 359, line 15, for "that" read "thought."—Page 361, line 9, after "sealed" omit "it." Page 363, last line of last paragraph, after "way" omit "home." Page 364, line 27, after "Colonel" insert "Brock." Page 265, 3rd last line, for "Miss" read "Alice." Page 366, line 14, for "reviews" read "reveries;" line 33, for "aye" read "age;" line 36, after "eyes" omit "and," and for "pair" read "page." Page 368, line 19, after "My" omit "first;" line 32, after "defiance" insert a comma—no sentence. Page 370, line 19, after "you" omit "on your return."