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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO: SEPTEMBER, 1854.—No. 3.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

During the Years, 1812, 1813, and 1814.

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED.

In our last number space forbade our giving more than a portion of General Drummond's despatch, and we now close the chapter, by giving the remainder of it, with the despatch of Major General Brown to the Secretary of State at Washington*:—

"In reviewing the action from its commencement, the first object which presents itself, as deserving of notice, is the steadiness and good conduct of the squadron of the 19th light dragoons, under major Lisle, and the very creditable and excellent defence made by the incorporated militia-battalion, under lieutenant-colonel Robinson, who was dangerously wounded, and a detachment of the 8th (king's regiment,) under colonel Campbell. Major Kirby succeeded lieutenant-colonel Robinson in the command of the incorporated militia-battalion, and continued very gallantly to direct its efforts.

* *From major-general Brown to the American secretary of war.*

(No date.)

Sir,—Confined as I was, and have been, since the last engagement with the enemy, I fear that the account I am about to give may be less full and satisfactory than under other circumstances it might have been made. I particularly fear that the conduct of the gallant men it was my good fortune to lead will not be noticed in a way due to their fame, and the honour of our country.

You are already apprised, that the army had, on the 25th ult. taken a position at Chippewa. About noon of that day, colonel Swift, who was posted at Lewiston, advised me, by express, that the enemy appeared in considerable force in Queenston, and on its heights; that four of the enemy's fleet had arrived on the preceding night, and were then lying near Fort Niagara; and that a number of boats were in view, moving up the strait. Within a few minutes after this intelligence had been received, I was further informed by captain Denmon, of the quarter-master's department, that the enemy were landing at Lewiston, and that our baggage and stores at Schlosser, and on their way thither, were in danger of immediate capture.

It is proper here to mention, that having received advices as late as the 20th, from general Gaines, that our fleet was then in port, and the commodore sick, we ceased to look for co-operation from that quarter, and determined to disencumber ourselves of baggage, and march directly to Burlington Heights. To mask this intention, and to draw from Schlosser a small supply of provisions, I fell back upon Chippewa. As this arrangement, under the increased force of the enemy, left much at hazard on our side of the Niagara, and as it appeared by the before stated information, that the enemy was about to avail himself of it, I conceived that the most effectual method of recalling him from the object was to put myself in motion towards Queenston. General Scott, with the 1st brigade, Towson's artillery, and all the dragoons and mounted men, were accordingly put in march on the road leading thither, with orders to report if the enemy appeared, and to call for assistance, if that was necessary.

The 25th regiment, under major Jessup, was engaged in a most obstinate conflict with all

This battalion has only been organized a few months, and, much to the credit of captain Robinson, of the king's regiment, (provincial lieutenant-colonel), has attained a highly respectable degree of discipline.

In the reiterated and determined attacks

that remained to dispute with us the field of battle. The major, as has been already stated, had been ordered by general Scott, at the commencement of the action, to take ground to his right. He had succeeded in turning the enemy's left flank,—had captured (by a detachment under captain Ketchum) general Riall, and sundry other officers, and shewed himself again to his own army, in a blaze of fire, which defeated or destroyed a very superior force of the enemy. He was ordered to form on the right of the 2nd regiment. The enemy rallying his forces, and as is believed, having received reinforcements, now attempted to drive us from our position, and regain his artillery. Our line was unshaken, and the enemy repulsed. Two other attempts, having the same object, had the same issue. General Scott was again engaged in repelling the former of these; and the last I saw of him on the field of battle, he was near the head of his column, and giving to its march a direction that would have placed him on the enemy's right. It was with great pleasure I saw the good order and intrepidity of general Porter's volunteers from the moment of their arrival, but during the last charge of the enemy those qualities were conspicuous.

On the general's arrival at the Falls, he learned that the enemy was in force directly in his front, a narrow piece of wood alone intercepting his view of them. Waiting only to give this information, he advanced upon them. By the time assistant-adjutant-general Jones had delivered this message, the action began, and before the remaining part of the division had crossed the Chippewa, it had become close and general between the advanced corps. Though general Ripley with the 2nd brigade, major Hindman with the corps of artillery, and general Porter, at the head of his command, had respectively pressed forward with ardor, it was not less than an hour before they were brought to sustain general Scott, during which time his command most skillfully and gallantly maintained the conflict. Upon my arrival I found that the general had passed the wood, and engaged the enemy on the Queenstown road, and on the ground to the left of it, with the 9th, 11th and 22nd regiments, and Towson's artillery.

The 25th had been thrown to the right to be governed by circumstances. Apprehending that these corps were much exhausted, and knowing that they had suffered severely, I determined to interpose a new line with the advancing troops, and thus disengage general Scott, and hold his brigade in reserve. Orders were accordingly given to General Ripley. The enemy's artillery at this moment occupied a hill which gave him great advantages, and was the key of the whole position. It was supported by a line of infantry. To secure the victory, it was necessary to carry this artillery, and seize the height. This duty was assigned to colonel Miller, while, to favor its execution, the 1st regiment, under the command of colonel Nicholas, was directed to menace and amuse the infantry. To my great mortification, this regiment, after a discharge or two, gave way, and retreated some distance before it could be rallied, though it is believed the officers of the regiment exerted themselves to shorten the distance.

Stimulated by the examples set them by their gallant leader, by Major Wood, of the Pennsylvania corps, by Colonel Dobbin, of New York, and by their officers generally, they precipitated themselves upon the enemy's line, and made all the prisoners which were taken at this point of the action.

Having been for some time wounded, and being a good deal exhausted by loss of blood, it became my wish to devolve the command on General Scott, and retire from the field: but on inquiry, I had the misfortune to learn that he was disabled by wounds; I therefore kept my post, and had the satisfaction to see the enemy's last effort repulsed. I now consigned the command to General Ripley.

While retiring from the field, I saw and felt that the victory was complete on our part, if proper measures were promptly adopted to secure it. The exhaustion of the men was, however, such as made some refreshment necessary. They particularly required water. I was myself extremely sensible of the want of this necessary article. I therefore believed it proper that general Ripley and the troops should return to camp, after bringing off the dead, the wounded, and the artillery; and in this I saw no difficulty, as the enemy had entirely ceased to act. Within an hour after my arrival in camp, I was informed that general Ripley had returned without annoyance and in good order. I now sent for him, and, after giving him my reasons for the measure I was about to adopt, ordered him to put the troops into the best possible condition; to give them the necessary refreshment; to take with him the piquets and camp guard, and every other description of force, to put himself on the field of battle as the day dawned, and there to meet and beat the enemy if he again appeared. To this order he made no objection, and I relied upon its execution. It was not executed. I feel most sensibly how inadequate are my powers in speaking of the troops, to do justice either to their merits or to my own sense of them. Under abler direction, they might have done more and better.

From the preceding detail, you have now evidence of the distinguished gallantry of Generals Scott and Porter, of Colonel Miller, and Major Jessop.

which the enemy made on our centre, for the purpose of gaining, at once, the crest of the position, and our guns, the steadiness and intrepidity displayed by the troops allotted for the defence of that post, were never surpassed; they consisted of the 2d battalion of the 89th regiment, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Morrison, and, after the lieutenant-colonel had been obliged to retire from the field by a severe wound, by major Clifford; a detachment of the royal Scotts, under lieutenant Hemphill, and after he was killed, lieutenant Fraser; a detachment of the 8th, (or King's), under captain Campbell; light company 41st regiment, under captain Glew; with some detachments of militia under lieutenant-colonel Parry, 103rd regiment. These troops repeatedly, when hard pressed, formed round the colour of the 89th regiment, and invariably repulsed the desperate efforts made against them. On the right, the steadiness and good conduct of the 1st battalion of royal Scotts, under lieutenant Gordon, on some very trying occasions excited my admiration. The king's regiment, 1st battalion, under major Evans, behaved with equal gallantry and firmness, as did the light company of the royals, detached under captain Stewart; the grenadiers of the 103d, detached under captain Browne; and the flank companies of the 104th, under captain Leonard; the Glengarry light infantry, under lieutenant-colonel Battersby, displayed most valuable qualities as light troops; colonel Scott, major Smelt, and the officers of the 103d, deserve credit for their exertions in rallying that regiment, after it had been thrown into momentary disorder.

Lieutenant-colonel Pearson, inspecting field-officer, directed the advance with great intelligence; and lieutenant-colonel Drummond, of the 104th, having gone forward with my permission, early in the day, made himself actively useful in different parts of the field, under my direction. These officers are entitled to my best thanks, as is Lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, inspecting field-officer, for his exertions after his arrival with the troops under Colonel Scott. The field artillery, so long as there was light, was well served.

The credit of its efficient state is due to captain Mackonochie, who has had charge of it since its arrival with this division. Captain M'Lauchlan, who has care of the

Of the 1st brigade, the chief, with his aide de camp, Worth, his major of brigade, Smith, and every commander of battalion were wounded.

The 2d brigade suffered less; but, as a brigade, their conduct entitled them to the applause of their country. After the enemy's strong position had been carried by the 21st and the detachments of the 17th and 19th, the 1st and 23d assumed a new character. They could not again be shaken or dismayed. Major M'Farland, of the latter, fell nobly at the head of his battalion.

Under the command of General Porter, the militia volunteers of Pennsylvania and New York stood undismayed amidst the hottest fire, and repulsed the veterans opposed to them. The Canadian volunteers, commanded by Colonel Wilcox, are reported by General Porter as having merited and received his approbation.

The corps of artillery, commanded by Major Hindman, behaved with its usual gallantry. Captain Towson's company, attached to the 1st brigade, was the first and last engaged, and during the whole conflict maintained that high character which they had previously won by their skill and valour. Captains Biddle and Ritchie were both wounded early in the action, but refused to quit the field. The latter declared that he never would leave his piece; and, true to his engagement, fell by its side, covered with wounds.

The staff of the army had its peculiar merit and distinction; Colonel Gardiner, adjutant-general, though ill, was on horseback, and did all in his power; his assistant, Major Jones, was very active and useful. My gallant aides de camp, Austin and Spencer, had many and critical duties to perform, in the discharge of which the latter fell. I shall ever think of this young man with pride and regret: regret that his career has been so short—pride that it has been so noble and distinguished.

The engineers, Majors Macrae and Wood, were greatly distinguished on this day, and their military talent was exerted with great effect; they were much under my eye, and near my person, and to their assistance a great deal is fairly to be ascribed; I most earnestly recommend them, as worthy of the highest trust and confidence. The staff of Generals Ripley and Porter discovered great zeal and attention to duty. Lieutenant E. B. Randolph, of the 20th regiment, is entitled to notice; his courage was conspicuous.

I enclose a return of our loss; those noted as missing may generally be numbered with the dead. The enemy had but little opportunity of making prisoners.

I have the honor to be, Sir, &c.,

JACOB BROWN.

Hon. John Armstrong, Secretary at War.

batteries at Fort Mississaga, volunteered his services in the field on this occasion. He was severely wounded. Lieutenant Tomkins deserves much credit for the way in which two brass 24 pounders, of which he had charge were served; as does serjeant Austin of the rocket company, who directed the Congreve rockets, which did much execution. The zeal, loyalty, and bravery with which the militia of this part of the province had come forward to co-operate with his majesty's troops in the expulsion of the enemy, and their conspicuous gallantry in this, and in the action of the 5th instant, claim my warmest thanks.

I cannot conclude this despatch without recommending, in the strongest terms, the following officers, whose conduct during the late operations has called for marked approbation; and I am induced to hope that your excellency will be pleased to submit their names for promotion to the most favourable consideration of his royal highness the prince regent; viz: Captain Jervoise my aide-de-camp; captain Robinson, 8th (king's) regiment, (provincial lieutenant-colonel), commanding the incorporated militia; captain Eliot, deputy assistant-quarter-master-general; captain Holland, aide-de-camp to major-general Riall; and captain Glew, 41st regiment.

This despatch will be delivered to you by captain Jervoise, my-aide-de-camp, who is fully competent to give your excellency every further information you may require.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GORDON DRUMMOND,
Lieutenant-general., &c.

His Excellency Sir G. Prevost.

CHAPTER XX.

The battle of Bridgewater, or Lundy's Lane, and its results.

Of all the battles that were fought during the war, none could be compared with that of Lundy's Lane for the obstinacy both of attack and defence exhibited on both sides. At Chippewa the contest was decided principally by musketry, but at Lundy's-lane the Americans, for the first time, ventured to cross bayonets with Britsh troops, and the issue of the combat then taught them, whatever their moral courage, their physical inferiority to British and Canadian troops.

This battle may almost be styled an impromptu engagement, inasmuch as the American General, in ordering the advance in the first instance, was without correct information, as to the force opposed to him. This we learn from Wilkinson, who distinctly states that it was reported to General Scott, "that the enemy could not be in force," and that, consequently, that officer "pressed forward with ardor," to attack the British.

If ever one army was fairly beaten by another, the battle of Lundy's-lane furnishes us with such an instance; that is, if remaining in possession of the field while your adversary retreats precipitately and in disorder, be considered as a proof of victory; General Drummond was attacked by a superior force, and, through the gallantry of his troops, he not only sustained his position, but, on the next morning, when General Ripley* received instructions from General Brown to make another attack, he was found so well prepared to repel it, that the attack was not made; the front, too, shown by the British being so formidable, that a retreat on the part of the Americans was found necessary, this retreat not being, as American writers represent, orderly, but marked with the destruction of military stores of various kinds.

That the American loss was severe can be proved by the fortunate admission of Ingersol, who says, † "Those who had sunk exhausted, those gone to take care of the wounded, the numbers who, in all battles, stray from their places, those left in camp when the rest went out to battle; all those diminutions left, in the judgment of reliable officers, not more *than a thousand fighting men* embodied, when they were marched back to Chippewa." That the loss was so severe, we, cannot, for a moment believe, when we consider the numbers of the Americans engaged; we can only, therefore, look on this statement of Ingersol's as an attempt at an excuse for the retreat of a superior body before an inferior.

If ever a writer earned a pension from his devotion to his "country's cause," Ingersol is that man. Nothing has sufficed to withstand the onslaught of his pen on the character and morale of the British, and a few extracts, taken in connection with Drummond's despatch, will not be found unamusing. We are first informed, page 99, that "General Brown, when the victory of Bridgewater, so far as could be judged from all circumstances, was complete, was with difficulty supported on his horse as he retired to Chippewa." We presume that Mr. Ingersol on reading over this paragraph considered it necessary to account for General Brown and his army's retreat to Chippewa, accordingly on page 100, we find it stated that "The struggle was over. Pride of success was supplanted by bodily exhaustion, anxiety

* Wilkinson, Vol 1. Appendix 9.

† Page 99, Historical sketch of the second war.

for repose from excessive toil, and relief from tormenting thirst. The Americans, therefore, BUT AS VICTORS were marched to their encampment, as Brown had directed, though without the cannons captured." When we consider that the Americans had made a leisurely march of it to Lundy's-lane, that they went fresh into action, with the knowledge that strong reinforcements were at hand, and that they expected to encounter a vastly inferior force, Ingersol's twaddle about the want of water and so forth, is very absurd. The major part of the British forces engaged at Lundy's-lane had made a forced march of fourteen miles, and had gone into action literally out of breath and exhausted with fatigue, yet we do not find one word in General Drummond's despatch relative to the "necessity of repose from excessive toil." Again, we are told by Ingersol, that for want of horses, harness, drag ropes, and other contrivances, the inestimable trophies (the captured guns) fell at last into the hands of the British, who returned to the hill, soon after the Americans left it. Mr. Ingersol further accounts for the capture of an American howitzer, by indignantly denying General Drummond's statement. That officer, in his despatch, stated "a howitzer, which the enemy brought up, was captured by us." To this Ingersol responds—"They *captured nothing, but merely found a cannon accidentaily left*, when an hour after the enemy's retreat, their conquerors in complete and undisturbed possession of the guns and the field, slowly and in perfect order, left it and them, to return to the indispensable repose of their camp."

It has been our good fortune to converse with several of the officers who distinguished themselves in the battle of Lundy's-lane, and by all we have been assured, that, so far from the American troops leaving the hill, leisurely, and voluntarily abandoning the guns, as Ingersol represents, the real state of the case was, that the Americans did abandon both the top of the hill and the guns, but that it was because a vigorous bayonet charge compelled them, and that the guns were recaptured about one hundred yards from the position originally occupied. We almost fancy Mr. Ingersol has been misled by the tale told at the Observatory, which now marks the scene of the struggle, and that the worthy sergeant who recounted the tale, recognizing the historian as a Yankee, crammed him with the version of the battle prepared for his countrymen; if so, Mr. Ingersol fared better than General Scott, who, we presume, having some appearance of respectability about him, was mistaken for an Englishman, and had the unspeakable mortification of having the spot pointed out to him, "where General Scott turned tail and ran away."

On one sentence, taken from the Quebec Gazette of the 23rd September, 1814, Mr. Ingersol bases a regular edifice of deductions, "with all our strength," wrote the Gazette, "it would be rashness to penetrate far into the United States, and might produce another Saratoga." This single sentence suffices to furnish Ingersol with material for the following extraordinary assertions:—

"Continued skirmishes, sieges, sorties, and other demonstrations, following the two pitched battles* in Canada, proved only corollaries to the problem solved by them, that the American army, like the navy, was superior to that of England. As soon as the double elements of military ascendant were well combined, and strict discipline added to stern enthusiasm, the mercenary Briton was subdued. Coarse, vulgar, English prejudice, uttered by envious and odious journalism, continued their abuse of the United States as a licentious and knavish nation. But English better sense perceived, and dispassionate judgment pronounced, them also martial and formidable. Not a little of that impression came from the seemingly insignificant invasion of Canada, which, during the months of July, August, and September, 1814, not only defied, but invariably defeated the great power of Great Britain by land and water, ending, perhaps fortunately, not by the conquest of a British province, but discomfiture of British armies and fleets, wherever Americans encountered them."

It is most wonderful how Ingersol could have penned such a sentence, when the real

* Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

state of the case is considered, and the grounds for Mr. Ingersol's boast disposed of.

If we refer to the position occupied by the Americans during one period of the year 1813, we find that nearly the whole of the western peninsula was in their possession, with the single exception of the position at Burlington heights, and if we trace the events of the war from that date we find that by the energy and strategic skill of Generals Drummond and Murray, the whole of the country thus occupied had been wrested from the invaders, that their strongest fort (Fort Niagara) had been stormed, that their whole frontier had been devastated, and that, with the solitary exception of holding Fort Erie, Mr. Ingersol had not the smallest excuse for giving to the world the statement we have quoted above.

Mr. Ingersol, however, not satisfied with the above extraordinary assertions, goes still a step further, and ascribes the success of the American troops in repelling subsequent attacks, to the prestige of General Brown's valour. "Not less," writes the veracious American, "than six thousand five hundred excellent British regular troops, without counting their hordes of Indians and Canadian militia, had been routed, mostly killed wounded, captured, all demoralized and discouraged. In defiance of the mighty efforts of the undivided strength of Britain, three or four thousand American troops held possession of that part of Canada." This mere holding of that part of Canada (Fort Erie) was, also, found by Ingersol "inestimable in its beneficial natural consequences," as it defended the Atlantic seaboard "more effectually and infinitely cheaper than a hundred thousand militia could have done. The invasion of Canada kept a very large hostile force occupied there. If Brown, instead of two or three, had been eight or ten thousand strong, they would probably have detained the British who captured Washington from venturing there."

We could cite many more instances of Mr. Ingersol's misrepresentations. It will, however, suffice to make instead a short one from General Armstrong's "Notices of the War," who, after condemning Gen. Brown for fighting the battle "by detachments," and pointing out how the affair should have been conducted, asks whether, "if such views had governed in the affair at Bridgewater, the trophies won on that occasion would have been lost, or would the question be yet unsettled, to which of the two armies the victory belonged?"

This admission from General Armstrong is sufficient to settle the question as to whom belonged the victory at Lundy's Lane; any admission by an American of doubt as to whether "they had whipped," being, when we consider the national character, tantamount to an acknowledgement of defeat.

Mr. Ingersol traces in these battles the origin and cause of peace. "Battles in Canada did more to make peace than all the solicitations at St. Petersburg and London, negociations and arrangements at Ghent. The treaty of Ghent without these battles would have been the shame of the United States, and the beginning of another war."

We fully concur with Ingersol that these battles had very much to do with producing peace, but we contend that it was the issue of these battles, in conjunction with the other humiliating defeats which they had experienced, that brought a vainglorious and boasting people to a sense of their real power, and that, the remembrance of their signal discomfiture in Western Canada was sufficient to outweigh the subsequent successes at New Orleans, Plattsburg and elsewhere.

The "reflections on war" of Mr. Ingersol are not less curious than his assertions as to the consequences of the battles of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa. "To the student of history," he writes, when moralizing on the effects of what he claims as victories, "the view reaches further in the doctrine of warfare, its martial, political, and territorial effects. The battles which made Cromwell the master of Great Britain and arbiter of Europe, which immortalized Turenne, and which signalized the prowess of Spain, when mistress of the world, were fought by small armies of a few thousand men."

Ingersol has here thrown new light upon some most interesting periods of history, and we learn for the first time that the battles of Naseby and Worcester in England were fought by armies of similar strength to that

of General Brown. Nor is the modesty less remarkable which compares General Brown and his campaign on the Niagara frontier (one most signally condemned by General Armstrong) with the exploits of one of Louis XIV.'s most celebrated commanders, the man who, at the head of a large force, desolated the most fertile portion of Germany, and carried desolation, whilst he inspired fear, throughout the palatinate.

Our historian forgot, when enunciating the discovery that courage, strategy, and every military virtue are as well displayed on the smaller as the vaster scale, to compare the campaign, or the Canadian tournament, as he delights to call it, with Marathon or Thermopylæ. We have, however, devoted sufficient space to Mr. Ingersol and his reasons for the causes "which nerved the arms that struck so powerfully for victory at the Falls of Niagara."

The same misrepresentations which characterize Ingersol, mark the various versions given to the American people by Thompson, O'Connor, and Smith, and, according to their tales, the Americans, whose numbers they diminish by nearly one half, are represented as winning an easy victory over a force nearly double their own. For instance, Mr. Thompson makes the British force, instead of sixteen hundred and thirty-seven, only five thousand one hundred and thirty men, and, last not least, he brings to the aid of the British General *four of the fleet*. When we remember that the river is not navigable, owing to the rapidity of the current, above Queenston, which is eight miles from Lundy's Lane, this mistake of Mr. Thompson will appear the more ridiculous.

Destruction of stores and baggage.

Before closing this account of the battle of Bridgewater, or Lundy's Lane, as it is commonly termed, we will give one short extract from General Wilkinson's memoirs. The General, when noticing General Brown's orders to General Ripley to return for *the guns he had forgotten*, writes, "finding the enemy so strongly posted and in superior force, he judiciously retired; and then a scene ensued *which has been carefully concealed from the public*. By the improvidence of General Brown (the American Turenne) the deficiency of transport provided for his baggage, stores, and provisions, had not been remedied; and a great portion of it was now necessary to the accommodation of his wounded and sick. The necessity of a retreat could be no longer concealed or delayed; and the consequence was, that a considerable quantity of provisions, stores, and camp equipage, with a number of tents were thrown into the river, or burnt." General Wilkinson adds, "I have this fact from an officer left with the command which performed this duty."

With this declaration before him Ingersol and other Americans have the assurance to contend that a victory was gained, and that their troops retired in good order!

General Order issued by Lieutenant General Grummond.

When claiming the action of Lundy's Lane as a victory, the Americans were always compelled to qualify and explain, not so, however, General Drummond, who had the satisfaction of knowing that his troops and their gallantry, on the memorable 25th of July, were duly appreciated at head quarters, as the issuing of the following order testified:—

ADJ, GENERAL'S OFFICE,
MONTREAL, 4th Aug., 1814.

The commander of the forces has the highest satisfaction in promulgating to the troops, the District General Order, issued by Lieut. Gen. Drummond, after the action which took place on the 25th of last month, near the Falls of Niagara. His Excellency is desirous of adding to the meed of praise so deservedly bestowed by the Lieutenant General on the troops, regulars, and militia, who had the good fortune to share in this brilliant achievement. the deep sense he entertains of their services, and of the distinguished skill and energetic exertions of Lieutenant General Drummond in the measures which have terminated by repelling the invaders from his Majesty's territories.

The commander of the forces unites with Lieutenant General Drummond, in sincerely lamenting the great loss which the service has sustained by the severe wound received by Major General Riall, and his subsequent untoward capture. It will be a most pleasing part of the duty of the Comman-

der of the Forces to bring the meritorious services of the right division of the army of the Canadas, before the gracious consideration of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

(Signed) EDWARD BAINES,
Adj't. Gen. N. A.

It will be seen by this endorsation of General Drummond's general order, that the heads of departments in Canada, were saved the trouble of endeavouring to make the worse appear the better cause, a necessity which fell to the lot of Washington and Baltimorean writers. Gen. Drummond won the battle, and in his general order, which follows, he gives a manly and straightforward version of the affair. Knowing that his men were brave and disciplined, he felt that he was not called on to lavish the extravagant praise on them, for comporting themselves as soldiers, which usually marks American General orders :—

DISTRICT GENERAL ORDER.

H. Q., FALLS OF NIAGARA,
26th July, 1814.

Lieutenant General Drummond offers his sincerest and warmest thanks to the troops and militia engaged yesterday, for their exemplary steadiness, gallantry and discipline in repulsing all the efforts of a numerous and determined enemy to carry the position of Lundy's lane, near the Falls of Niagara; their exertions have been crowned with complete success, by the defeat of the enemy, and his retreat to the position of Chippewa, with the loss of two of his guns and an immense number of killed and wounded, and several hundred prisoners. When all have behaved nobly, it is unnecessary to hold up particular instances of merit in corps or individuals. The Lieutenant General cannot, however, refrain from expressing in the strongest manner his admiration of the gallantry and steadiness of the 89th regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, and Major Clifford, who ably and gallantly supplied the Lieutenant Colonel's place after he was wounded; Light Company, 41st Regt., under Captain Glew, and detachment of the 8th or King's regiment, under Captain Campbell: and Royals acting with them; also a party of incorporated militia, by whom the brunt of the action was for a considerable time sustained, and whose loss has been very severe. To the advance under Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, consisting of the Glengarry Light Infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel Battersby; a small party of the 104th under Lieutenant Colonel Drummond; the incorporated militia under Lieutenant Colonel Robinson, and detachments from the 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th Lincoln militia, and 2nd York, under Lieutenant Colonel Parry, 103rd, the Lieutenant General offers his warmest thanks. They are also due to the troops which arrived under Colonel Scott, during the action, viz., the 1st or Royal Scots under Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, 8th or King's under Major Evans; 103rd regiment under Colonel Scott, Flank Company 104th with the Norfolk, Oxford, Kent and Essex Rangers, and Middlesex, under Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton.

The admirable steadiness and good conduct of the 19th Light Dragoons under Major Lisle, and of the detachment of Royal Artillery under Captain Maclachlan, are entitled to particular praise; the latter officer having been badly wounded, the command of the Artillery devolved to Captain Maconochie, with whose gallantry and exertions Lieutenant General Drummond was highly pleased. Sergeant Austin, who directed the firing of the Congreve rockets, deserves very great credit. To the officers of the General and his personal staff, to Capt. Holland, Aid-de-camp to Major General Riall, Lieutenant General Drummond feels himself greatly indebted for the assistance they afforded him.

He has to lament being deprived (by a wound early in the action,) of the services of Major General Riall, who was most unfortunately made prisoner, while returning from the field, by a party of the enemy's cavalry, who had a momentary possession of the road, Lieutenant General Drummond has also to regret the wounds which have deprived the corps of the services of Lieut. Colonel Morrison, 89th regiment, and Lieut. Col. Robertson, of the incorporated militia. In the fall of Lieutenant Moorsom, of the

104th regiment serving as deputy assistant Adjutant General, the service has lost a gallant, intelligent and meritorious young officer.

The Lieutenant General and President has great pleasure in dismissing to their homes the whole of the sedentary militia who have so handsomely come forward on the occasion, confident that on any future emergency, their loyalty will be again equally conspicuous.—He will perform a grateful duty in representing to his Majesty's Government, the zeal, bravery, and alacrity with which the militia have co-operated with his Majesty's troops.

(Signed) J. HARVEY,
Lieut. Col. and Dep. Adj. General.

The attack on Fort Erie.

After the battle of Lundy's Lane, the American troops having retired to Fort Erie, there strengthened their position, enlarging the Fort and erecting new batteries, and so anxious were they to prepare for the coming storm, that, for fully a week after they sought refuge within the walls of the Old Fort, the troops were employed night and day in putting the works in such a state as might enable them to repel the attack which General Ripley felt was inevitable. These preparations were not, however, unfelt by the peaceable settlers of the country, as the buildings at Streets Mills were destroyed, on the pretext that they might afford a shelter to an attacking army. This wanton destruction of private property must not be lost sight of by the reader, as we shall ere long have to chronicle American opinions on nearly similar actions. General Drummond found it necessary, too, at this time, in order to facilitate his attack on the American position, to attack the batteries at Black Rock, and the vessels of war lying in front of Fort Erie and covering it lakeward with their broadsides.

The difficulties in accomplishing the latter of these actions were very great, and the boats necessary for the purpose had to be transported, one a distance of twenty miles, the others eight miles on the men's shoulders. These difficulties were, however, all overcome, and on the evening of the 11th of August, the boats were safely launched in Lake Erie, and put off under the command of Captain Dobbs, with three crews of seventy-five men, to attack the American schooners. The details of this affair are so fairly given in Lieutenant Conkling's letter that it is unnecessary to do more than place it before the reader.

From Lieutenant Conklin to Captain Kennedy.

Fort-George, Upper Canada,
August 16, 1814.

Sir,

With extreme regret I have to make known to you the circumstances attending the capture of the Ohio and Somers. On the night of the 12th, between the hours of 11 and 12, the boats were seen a short distance a-head of the Somers, and were hailed from that vessel: they answered "provision-boats," which deceived the officer of the deck, as our army-boats are in the habit of passing and repassing throughout the night, and enabled them to drift athwart his hawse, and cut his cables; at the same time pouring in a heavy fire, before he discovered who they were. Instantaneously they were alongside of me, and notwithstanding my exertions, aided by Mr. M'Cally, acting sailing-master, (who was soon disabled,) I was unable to repulse them. But for a moment, I maintained the quarter-deck until my sword fell, in consequence of a shot in the shoulder, and nearly all on deck either wounded or surrounded with bayonets. As their force was an overwhelming one, I thought farther resistance vain, and gave up the vessel, with the satisfaction of having performed my duty, and defended my vessel to the last.

List of killed and wounded.

Ohio—Killed, 1; wounded, 6.
Somers.—Wounded, 2

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is much more considerable; among the killed is the commanding officer of the Netley, (lying here,) captain Ratcliffe; he fell in attempting to come over my quarter. Notwithstanding the number of muskets and pistols which were fired, and the bustle inseparable from enterprises of the kind, neither the fort nor the Porcupine attempted to fire, as we drifted past them; nor did we receive a shot until past Black Rock, though they might have destroyed us with ease.

We expect to be sent to Montreal, and perhaps to Quebec directly.

Edward P. Kennedy, Esq., commanding the United States Naval Force on Lake Erie.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. M. CONKLING.

This was a very spirited affair, the force attacked was much superior to the attacking party, and the loss of the vessels was much felt by the Americans, although subsequent events in some measure compensated for the capture.

Fort Erie.

The attack on this place was, perhaps, the most gallant action of the whole war, the obstinate courage of the troops was so remarkable as to elicit the praise of their enemies,—even Mr. Thomson, of Britain hating notoriety, bearing testimony on this occasion, to the gallantry exhibited by the Brito-Canadian troops.

In General Drummond's despatch, and the accompanying note, the leading particulars will be found, and the extracts from American despatches and papers will show the feeling of joy that the repulse of the British before Fort Erie inspired.

General Drummond's despatch.

In General Drummond's despatch a very full account is given of the repulse of the troops, under his command, before Fort Erie.

From Lieutenant-General Drummond to Sir George Prevost.

Camp before Fort Erie,

Sir, August 15, 1814.

Having reason to believe that a sufficient impression had been produced on the works of the enemy's Fort, by the fire of the battery which I had opened on it on the morning of the 13th, and by which the stone building was much injured, and the general outline of the parapet and embrazures very much altered, I was determined on assaulting the place; and accordingly made the necessary arrangements for attacking it, by a heavy column directed to the entrenchments on the side of Snake-hill, and by two columns to advance from the battery, and assault the fort and entrenchment on this side.

The troops destined to attack by Snake-hill, (which consisted of the King's regiment and that of De Watteville's, with the flank companies of the 89th and 100 regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, of the regiment of De Watteville,) marched at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, in order to gain the vicinity of the point of attack in sufficient time.

It is with the deepest regret I have to report the failure of both attacks, which were made two hours before day-light this morning. A copy of Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer's report,* herewith enclosed, will enable your Excellency to form a tolerable correct judgment of the cause of the failure of that attack; had the head of the column, which had entered the place without difficulty or opposition, been supported, the enemy must have fled from his works, (which were all taken, as was contemplated in the instructions, in reverse,) or have surrendered.

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* *From Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer to Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drummond.*

Sir, Camp, August 15, 1814.

I have the honour to report to you, for the information of Lieutenant-general Drummond, that, in compliance with the instructions I received, the brigade under my command, consisting of the 8th and De Watteville's regiment, the light companies of the 89th and 100th, with a detachment of artillery, attacked this morning, at 2 o'clock, the position of the enemy on Snake-hill, and, to my great concern, failed in its attempt.

The flank companies of the brigade, who were formed under the order of major Evans of the king's regiment, for the purpose of turning the position between Snake-hill and the lake, met with a check at the abattis, which was found impenetrable, and was prevented by it to support major De Villatte, of De Watteville's and captain Powell of the quarter-master-general's department, who, actually with a few men, had turned the enemy's battery.

The column of support, consisting of the remainder of De Watteville's and the king's regiment, forming the reserve, in marching to near the lake, found themselves entangled between the rocks and the water, and, by the retreat of the flank companies, were thrown into such confusion, as to render it impossible to give them any kind of formation during the darkness of the night, at which time they were exposed to a most galling fire of the enemy's battery, and the numerous parties in the abattis; and I am perfectly convinced that the great number of missing, are men killed or severely wounded, at that time, when it was impossible to give them any assistance.

After day-break the troops formed, and retired to the camp. I enclose a return of casualties.

J. FISCHER,

Lieutenant-colonel De Watteville's regt.

The attack on the fort and entrenchments leading from it to the lake, was made at the same moment by two columns, one under Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, 104th regiment, consisting of the flank companies 41st and 104th regiments, and a body of seamen and marines, under Captain Dobbs, of the royal navy, on the fort; the other under Colonel Scott, 103rd, consisting of the 103rd regiment, supported by two companies of the royals, was destined to attack the entrenchments. These columns advanced to the attack as soon as the firing upon Colonel Fischer's column was heard, and succeeded after a desperate resistance, in making a lodgement in the fort through the embrazures of the demi-bastion, captured the guns which they had actually turned against the enemy, who still maintained the stone building, when, most unfortunately, some ammunition, which had been placed under the platform, caught fire from the firing of the guns in the rear, and a most tremendous explosion followed, by which almost all the troops which had entered the place were dreadfully mangled. Panic was instantly communicated to the troops, who could not be persuaded that the explosion was accidental, and the enemy, at the same time, pressing forward, and commencing a heavy fire of musketry, the fort was abandoned, and our troops retreated towards the battery. I immediately pushed out the 1st battalion royals, to support and cover the retreat, a service which that valuable corps executed with great steadiness.

Our loss has been severe in killed and wounded: and I am sorry to add that almost all those returned "missing," may be considered as wounded or killed by the explosion, and left in the hands of the enemy.

The failure of these most important attacks has been occasioned by circumstances which may be considered as almost justifying the momentary panic which they produced, and which introduced a degree of confusion into the columns which, in the darkness of the night, the utmost exertions of the officers were ineffectual in removing.

The officers appear invariably to have behaved with the most perfect coolness and bravery; nor could any thing exceed the steadiness and order with which the advance of lieutenant-colonel Fischer's brigade was made, until emerging from a thick wood, it found itself suddenly stopped by an abattis, and within a heavy fire of musketry and guns from behind a formidable entrenchment. With regard to the centre and left columns, under colonel Scott and lieutenant-colonel Drummond, the persevering gallantry of both officers and men, until the unfortunate explosion, could not be surpassed. Colonel Scott, 103rd, and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, 104th regiments, who commanded the centre and left attacks, were unfortunately killed, and your excellency will perceive that almost every officer of those columns was either killed or wounded by the enemy's fire, or by the explosion.

My thanks are due to the under mentioned officers; viz. to Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, who commanded the right attack; to Major Coore, aide-camp to your excellency, who accompanied that column; Major Evans, of the king's, commanding the advance; Major Villatte, De Watteville's; Captain Basden, light company 89th; Lieutenant Murray, light company 100th; I also beg to add the name of Captain Powell, of the Glengarry light infantry, employed on the staff as deputy-assistant in the quarter-master-general's department, who conducted lieutenant-colonel Fischer's column, and first entered the enemy's entrenchments, and by his coolness and gallantry particularly distinguished himself; Major Villatte, of De Watteville's regiment, who led the column of attack and entered the entrenchments; as did Lieutenant Young of the king's regiment, with about fifty men of the light companies of the king's and De Watteville's regiments: Captain Powell reports that Serjeant Powell, of the 19th Dragoons, who was perfectly acquainted with the ground, volunteered to act as guide, and preceded the leading sub-division in the most intrepid style. In the centre and left columns, the exertions of Major Smelt, 103rd regiment, who succeeded to the command of the left column, on the death of Colonel Scott; Captains Leonard and Shore, of the 104th flank companies; Captains Glew, Bullock, and O'Keefe, flank companies; 31st Captain Dobbs, Royal Navy, commanding a party of volunteer seamen and marines, are entitled

to my acknowledgments (they are all wounded.) Nor can I omit mentioning, in the strongest terms of approbation, the active, zealous, and useful exertions of Captain Eliot, of the 103rd regiment, deputy assistant-quarter-master-general, who was unfortunately wounded and taken prisoner; and Captain Barney, of the 89th regiment, who had volunteered his services as a temporary assistant in the engineer department, and conducted the centre column to the attack, in which he received two dangerous wounds.

To Major Phillot, commanding the royal artillery, and Captain Sabine, who commanded the battery as well as the field-guns, and to the officers and men of that valuable branch of the service, serving under them, I have to express my entire approbation of their skill and exertions. Lieutenant Charlton, royal artillery, entered the fort with the centre column, fired several rounds upon the enemy from his own guns, and was wounded by the explosion. The ability and exertions of Lieutenant Philpot, royal engineers, and the officers and men of that department, claim my best acknowledgements.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, who commanded the reserve, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, inspecting field officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby, Glengarry light infantry, and Captain Walker, incorporated militia, I am greatly indebted for their active and unremitted attention to the security of out-posts.

To the deputy adjutant-general, and deputy quarter-master-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, and Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, and to the officers of their departments, respectively, as well as to Captain Foster, my military secretary, and the officers of my personal staff, I am under the greatest obligations for the assistance they have afforded me. My acknowledgments are due to Captain D'Alson, of the 90th regiment, Brigade-Major to the right division, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Nichol, quarter-master-general of Militia, the exertions of deputy commissioner-general Turquand, and the officers of that department, for the supply of the troops; and the care and attention of staff-surgeon O'Malley, and the medical officers of the division, to the sick and wounded, also claim my thanks.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GORDON DRUMMOND,
Lieutenant-General.

His Excellency Sir George Provost, Bart. &c.

The result of the attack on Fort Erie was even more disastrous in its consequences to the British than had been the attack on York to the Americans. In this affair nine hundred men were either killed or wounded, and so severe was the blow, that had a less energetic commander than Drummond been in Upper Canada, or had a more able General than Brown commanded the Americans, the result of the blow at Erie might have been of the most serious character.

As it was, whether from Brown's wound, or from his incapacity, the blow was not followed up, and sufficient time was afforded to General Drummond to recover from the loss which he had experienced.

As may be imagined the victory at Fort Erie was the signal for Io Pæans all through the United States, and amongst others it appears to have particularly "gladdened the heart of Gen. Gaines that so many British and Canadians had been blown up." We subjoin his despatch and an article from a Buffalo journal on the subject:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT ERIE, U. C.
Aug. 15, 7 A.M., 1814.

DEAR SIR,

My heart is gladdened with gratitude to Heaven and joy to my country, to have it in my power to inform you that the gallant army under my command has this morning beaten the enemy commanded by lieut. gen. Drummond, after a severe conflict of three hours, commencing at 2 o'clock, A.M. They attacked us on each flank—got possession of the salient bastion of the old fort Erie; which was regained at the point of the bayonet, with a dreadful slaughter. The enemy's loss in killed and prisoners is about 600; near 300 killed. Our loss is considerable, but I think not one tenth as great as that of the enemy. I will not detain the express to give you the particulars. I am preparing my force to follow up the blow.

With great respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

EDMUND P. GAINES,
Brig. Gen. Com'g.

The Hon. John Armstrong, the Sec'ry of War.

From the Buffalo Gazette, August 16.

SPLENDID DEFENCE OF FORT ERIE.

We take great pleasure in presenting our readers with the following glorious and interesting news from our gallant army at Fort Erie, received last evening from undoubted authority:—

On Sunday evening lieutenant general Drummond made his dispositions for storming Fort Erie. About half-past 2 o'clock yesterday morning the attack commenced from three coloums, one directed against the Fort, one against Towson's battery, and the third moved up the river in order to force a passage between the Fort and river. The column that approached the Fort succeeded in gaining the rampart, after having been several times repulsed; when about 300 of them had gained the works and made a stand, an explosion from some unknown cause completely cleared the ramparts of the enemy, the most of whom were utterly destroyed. The column that moved to attack the south (or Towson's) battery made desperate charges, but were met with such firmness by our artillery and infantry, as to be compelled to fall back—they advanced a second and third time with great resolution, but being met with such distinguished gallantry, they gave way and retired. The column that marched up the river, were repulsed before they assaulted the batteries.

Shortly after the explosion, the enemy finding their efforts to gain the Fort or carry the batteries, unaviling, withdrew his forces from the whole line, and retreated to the woods. The action continued one hour and an half, during which (except the short interval that the enemy occupied the ramparts) the artillery from that fort and batteries kept up a most destructive fire, as well on the main body of the enemy as on the attacking columns. These colums were composed of the best of the British army, volunteers from every corps, the forlorn hope. The enemy's loss is estimated at rising 800. 123 rank and file passed this place this morning, for Greenbush. Colonel Drummond and six or seven officers were killed, one Dep. Q. M. Gen. (said to be captain Elliot). and two platoon officers, prisoners. Our loss, in killed does not exceed twenty, most of which we learn are of the artillery. We regret to state, that captain Williams and lieutenant M'Donough, of the artillery, are killed; lieutenant Fontaine, missing, supposed taken prisoner.

Some of our officers were wounded, but we have not learned their names.

From the circumstance of the enemy's main body lying within grape and canister distance from the fort, their loss must be very severe, greater than what is mentioned in the above estimation. The enemy's waggons were uncommonly active yesterday morning in removing the wounded.

The prisoners are of the 8th, 100th, 103d, 104th, and De Watteville's regiments, and a few sailors.

It is impossible for us in this sketch, to say anything of the individual skill and gallantry of the officers, or the steady bravery of the men engaged in this glorious defence; we presume all did their duty. Brigadier general Gaines commanded the fort.

Our army at fort Erie continues almost daily to skirmish with the enemy, which is principally confined to the attack of pickets on both sides. There has been more or less cannonading every day during the week past, without any material advantage to either. On Wednesday a party of riflemen under captain Birdsall, attacked and drove in the enemy's picket; they lost from fifteen to twenty killed. We lost only one man.—On Friday major Morgan with a detachment from his rifle corps attacked the enemy in the skirts of the woods back of the fort; and after a brisk musketry of some time returned to the fort, with the loss of ten or twelve killed, among whom, we regret to say, was that excellent officer major Lodowick Morgan, of the 1st rifle regiment, who so gallantly repulsed the enemy at Conjockety Creek, on the morning of the 3d instant. He was interred at Buffalo, on Saturday, with all the honour due to his rank and distinguished bravery.

Our fleet on Lake Ontario, to the number of nine sail arrived off fort Niagara about eight or ten days since. The Sylph, said to be the swiftest sailer on the lake, gave chase to a British brig, which being unable to escape, was abandoned and blown up. From every appearance she was loaded with munitions of war, intended for the British forts. Commodore Chauncey commands the fleet, whose health is fast improving. Three of the enemy's small vessels lie in Niagara river, blockaded by our fleet.

We have the unpleasant task to inform the public of the loss of two United States schooners lying near Fort Erie, by capture. It appears that the enemy fitted out an expedition of nine boats, on the lake above Fort Erie, and made a simultaneous attack upon our three schooners; the Porcupine succeeded in beating them off; the Somers and Ohio were captured, and taken down the river, below the point, near Frenchman's creek. The Porcupine sailed on Sunday for Erie.

We learn that Captain Dobbs, of the British royal navy, commanded the party which captured the Somers and Ohio.

We have been correctly informed of particulars of the heroism of captain Ketchum of the 25th regiment, whose name has received the just applause of the public—though, it is regretted by his fellow-officers, that he has not been honoured with a brevet from the government. The gallant conduct of this young officer on the 5th of July, has been set forth by general Scott. The particulars which reflect on him honours equally high, are, that in the month of June previous he had marched his company from the rendezvous at Hartford—a full company of recruits, assembled by him under special authority from the commanding officer of the regiment, to form a flank company, particularly dressed and equipped, and drilled by him for light service—and all young men. The intrepid conduct of these men, so lately from the interior in opposing three times their force, when operating by themselves on that day, completely proves that the good conduct of our soldiers, however inexperienced, will depend, as in the instance of the gallant leader of this detachment upon the examples of ardor and firmness set them by their commanders.

In the action at the Falls of Niagara, Captain Ketchum is again distinguished, in being detached by Colonel Jessup to the rear of the enemy's line, supported by the Lieut. Colonel with the 5th regiment, formed at right angles, with the enemy's left flank, and keeping watch over the British regiment of dragoons, drawn up on a parallel line on his right. Thus did Ketchum under cover of the night, between two lines of the enemy, seize a party of British officers and men, among whom were Major General Riall, and an aid of Lieutenant General Drummond, (the Lieutenant General having narrowly escaped,) and bring them safely to his Colonel. Soon after Captain Ketchum had obtained from general Riall his name, and expressed to him his happiness at meeting with him—the General is said to have inquired, "where is the General?"

General Riall when at Buffalo, sent his sword with a polite note, to lieutenant Colonel Jessup—the lieutenant Colonel was there on account of his wounds.

The Repulse at Conjocta Creek.

The defeat at Fort Erie, disastrous as it was, was felt even more severely from the circumstance of a similar repulse, although not attended with such loss of life, at Conjocta Creek, near Black Rock. We admit readily that the intention of the British General to effect a diversion here and carry the batteries at Black Rock was defeated, but we cannot permit Major Morgan's statement as to numbers to pass unnoticed. The Major declares that the British numbered from twenty to fifteen hundred men, the actual number having been four hundred and sixty. It was quite unnecessary for Major Morgan to have increased the force opposed to him, in sum or ratio, as every one will readily admit the fact of his having, with little better than half the number defeated an attack which involved great results. Major Morgan's report*will be found below in our notes:—

*REPORT OF MAJOR MORGAN.

SIR, FORT, ERIE, August 5th 1814.

Having been stationed with the 1st battalion of the 1st regiment of Riflemen at Black Rock;

Outrage at Port Talbot, on Lake Erie.

American journals were loud in their condemnation of the severities and atrocities practised by the British in the Chesapeake, but are most careful never to allow that Americans could be guilty of similar "atrocities." We find, however, on the authority of Mr. James, that an occurrence took place on Lake Erie which we believe will parallel anything, however bad, that ever occurred along the shores of the Chesapeake. We give the affair in Mr. James's words:—

The Americans will not allow us to give an uninterruppted detail of open and honorable warfare. Among several petty outrages upon private property, one that occurred on Lake Erie is too heinous to pass unnoticed. On the 16th of August, a party of about 100 Americans and Indians landed at Port-Talbot on that lake; and robbed 50 heads of families of all their horses, and of every article of household furniture, and wearing apparel, belonging to them. The number of individuals who were thus thrown naked and destitute upon the world, amounted to 49 men, 37 women,—three of the latter, and two of the former, nearly 70 years of age, —and 148 children. A great many of the more respectable inhabitants were not only robbed, but carried off as prisoners: among them, a member of the house of assembly, Mr. Barnwell, though ill of fever and ague. An authenticated account of this most attrocious proceeding, delivered in by colonel Talbot, the owner of the settlement, stands upon the records of the "Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada;" yet not a whisper on the subject has escaped any one American Historian.

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on the evening of the 2d instant, I observed the British army moving up the river on the opposite shore, and suspected they might make a feint on Fort Erie, with an intention of a real attack on the Buffalo side. I immediately moved and took a position on the upper side of Conjocta Creek, and that night threw up a battery of some logs, which I found on the ground, and had the bridge torn away.

About 2 o'clock the next morning, my picquets from below gave me information of the landing of nine boats full of troops, half-a-mile below. I immediately got my men (240 in number) to their quarters, and patiently waited their approach. At a quarter past four they advanced upon us, and commenced the attack; sending a party before to repair the bridge under the cover of their fire. When they had got at good rifle distance, I opened a heavy fire on them, which laid a number of them on the ground, and compelled them to retire. They then formed in the skirt of the wood, and kept up the fight at long shot, continually reinforcing from the Canada shore, until they had 23 boat loads, and then attempted to outflank us, by sending a large body up the creek to ford it, when I detached lieuts. Ryan, Smith and Armstrong, with about 60 men, to oppose their left wing, where they were again repulsed with considerable loss—after which they appeared disposed to give up their object, and retreated by throwing six boat loads of troops on Squaw Island, which enfiladed the creek, and prevented me from harassing their rear. Their superior numbers enabled them to take their killed and wounded off the field which we plainly saw, and observed they suffered severely. We found some of their dead thrown into the river, and covered with logs and stones, and some on the field. We also collected a number of muskets and accoutrements, with clothing that appeared to have been torn to bind their wounds. We took six prisoners, who stated the British force opposed to us, to consist of from 12 to 1500 men, commanded by lieutenant colonel Tucker, of the 41st regiment. They also state that their object was to re-capture general *Riall*, with other British prisoners, and destroy the public stores deposited at Buffalo. The action continued about two hours and half. I am happy to state they were completely failed in their attempts. Our loss is trifling compared with theirs—we had two killed and eight wounded. I am sorry to inform you that captain *Hamilton*, lieutenants Wadsworth and M'Intosh are amongst the latter. Their gallantry in exposing themselves to encourage their men, I think entitles them to the notice of their country. My whole command behaved in a manner that merited my warmest approbation; and in justice to them, I cannot avoid mentioning the names of the officers which are as follwos:—Captain Hamilton, lieutenants Wadsworth, Ryan, Calhoun, M'Intosh, Arnold, Shortride, M'Farland, Tipton, Armstrong, Smith, Cobbs, Davidson and Austin, with ensign Page.

If, sir, you believe we have done our duty, we shall feel highly gratified.

I am, sir, respectfully, our obedient servant.

L. MORGAN.

Major 1st rifle Regiment

Major-General Brown.

RECAPITULATION OF OUR KILLED AND WOUNDED.

	Captain,	Subalterns,	Rank and file.
Wounded,	1	2	5
Killed,	0	0	2
	1	2	7

Aggregate..... 10

THOUGHTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

"The Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, and there died of the people seventy thousand men."

Were aught needed, besides the evidence supplied by the shortening days and the change in the colour of the livery of the woods, to remind us that, unlike the antediluvian patriarchs, ere long the present generation must pass away, that evidence has been most unmistakeably furnished by the late visitation with which it has pleased the Almighty to chasten our country.

When we remember, however, the chastisement of Israel, and, it is to be feared, the infinite excess of sin which now prevails, there is indeed cause for the most heartfelt thanksgivings that, although we have sown the wind, we have not reaped the whirlwind.

It is lamentable to note how mankind appears as wedded to the transitory things of life, as were those citizens of the Plain, which the bitter waters of the Dead Sea sweep, and how, despite the signs of the times, even as in the days before the flood, the generations of men heed not the warnings and chastisements sent forth in mercy by the Almighty.

We are told, in the touching and truthful language of Scripture, that we all do fade as a leaf! and this truth is forced on us by the characteristics of the season, especially towards the close of the month. There are, however, cheering thoughts which present themselves to the Christian amongst these characteristics, and even as the sowing of the winter wheat which usually occurs in this month, is suggestive of a resurrection after the death sleep of nature, so is the resurrection unto life eternal brought to each Christian's mind as he contemplates the first change in the woods.

Another reflection is presented to us by the fall of the leaf, which is, that, even as the trees are now gradually being prepared for the increasing autumnal gales, which would prostrate them to the earth were the woods to encounter their force in the full foliage of summer, so should mankind be prepared for the last change by the laying aside of those earthly aspirations by which he is fettered to earth.

All nature seems alive to the change that has already set in, and nowhere is it more visible than in the preparations made by the swallows for their departure. During the fine evenings of the latter end of the month, it is most interesting to watch the incessant whirlings of the large flocks in their endless gyrations, and to note how, guided by unerring instinct, they gradually disappear, winging their way to more temperate climes, and affording, by the date of their departure, the most unfailing warning of the progress of the season.

Sir Walter Scott has beautifully depicted the character of this season, as its most striking features appear to the eye of the poet, when drawing near its close:—

"Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the red-breast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

"Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blythe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hushed the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of scattered grain.

"Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

"No! do not scorn although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist on Autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found."

Notwithstanding the lessening day, the weather is still, for the most part, most beautiful. The autumnal rains have not yet set in: and through the richly-tinted woods, by the ripening nuts and still lingering blackberries, are many

gleeful parties tempted to stray in the excursions which almost seem to form a part of the season. Howitt evidently wrote from his heart when he said: "Who that has lived or sojourned any part of his youth in the country, has not some delicious remembrances connected with nutting? For me those dim and vast woods, those rustling boughs amongst which we plunged with rapturous impetuosity; those clusters which tempted us to climb, or to crash down the tree that bore them, like many other ambitious mortals destroying to possess, these were not enjoyed *one day*, they have filled us on a hundred different occasions with felicitous reflections."

These outpourings of Howitt's spirit are as refreshing to the spirit of the city man, whose early youth was passed in the country, as the refreshing autumnal gale is pleasant and invigorating to the cheek parched with the summer heats; and in imagination, while treading the hard pavement, his foot then presses the elastic turf of his boyish days, and he rejoices in the momentary forgetfulness of the every-day turmoil of city life, and the transient emerging to life and liberty.

Our Saxon ancestors, says Verstegun, called this month *Gerst-monath*, for that barley which that month commonly yielded was called gerst, the name of the barley being given unto it by reason of the drink therewith made, called *beere*, and from *beerlegh* it came to be berligh, and thence to barley. So, in like manner, *beerehym*, to wit, the overarching, or covering of beer, came to be called *beerham*, and afterwards *barme*.

COLONEL JAMES FITZ GIBBON.

After serving two years in the Knight of Glin's Yeomanry Corps, which he entered at the age of fifteen, young Fitz Gibbon joined a Fencible Regiment on the 25th of October, 1798. On the 9th of June following, he joined the 49th Regiment, then commanded by the late Sir Isaac Brock, and accompanied the Army under Sir Ralph Abercromby to the Helder, where they landed on the 27th of August. On the 2nd of October he was taken prisoner at Egmont op Zee, and carried into France. On the 24th of January following, he was landed in England, having, with the other prisoners taken in Holland, been exchanged. In March, 1801, the 49th Regiment, having been embarked on board the Fleet, to do duty as marines, were present at the Naval Action before Copenhagen, on the 2nd of April. He served on board the Monarch during the action, and that ship having been greatly shattered by the great Trekroner Battery, had to be sent home, and the survivors of the Grenadier Company, to which he belonged, were sent on board the Elephant, then Lord Nelson's Flag Ship, in which he served until the return of the Fleet to England in August.

At the close of the war, the 49th Regiment was sent to Canada, and after landing at Quebec Colonel Brock recommended him for the Adjutancy, but as the resignation of the Adjutant could not then be accepted at the Horse Guards, there being no vacancy in the regiment for him as a Lieutenant, he was permitted to do the duty of a Subaltern, and young Fitz Gibbon was appointed to act as Adjutant, and acted as such until 1806. On the 18th of December following he succeeded to the Adjutancy, and on the 9th of June, 1809, he was promoted to a Lieutenancy. On the Declaration of War by the United States in 1812, he resigned the Adjutantcy that he might be eligible to be employed on detached service, and was immediately placed in command of a company whose captain was absent. On the 12th of June in the following year, 1813, he applied for and obtained leave to select 50 men from the 49th Regiment, to be employed in advance of the Army on the Niagara Frontier. On the 24th of the same month his success in capturing a detachment of 500 men of the American Regular Army,* 50 of whom were cavalry, and two field pieces, obtained for him a Company, and on the 14th of October following he was gazetted Captain in a Provincial Corps, the Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles. On the 24th of June, 1816, that Regiment was disbanded, and he was placed on half pay; and took up his residence at York, in Upper Canada, now Toronto, and thus made Upper Canada the land of his adoption.

* This dashing action took place in the woods about where Thorold is now situated, and was called the battle of the "beech woods."

RASHNESS borrows the name of courage, but it is of another race, and nothing allied to that virtue; the one descends in a direct line from prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

Colonel Fitzgibbon.

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN III.

A Gossiping Quilt, made up of Shreds and Patches. I receive some tidings of my Uncle Cuthbert Lynch, and my Cousin Phelim.

Since my last communing with the readers of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, I have extended the hospitalities of my Cabin to various sorts and conditions of men. Unfortunately, however, my guests were of a consumedly commonplace order, and furnished scanty material for the replenishment of my log-book.

One of the exceptions above alluded to was an elderly Scottish gentleman, named Mungo McWhirter, or "the McWhirter," as he chose to be denominated, on the strength of his being the head of that ancient and illustrious clan.

Inheriting from his ancestors a competent estate he had been brought up to no profession, but had spent the spring, summer, and a large per-centage of the autumn of his existence *in otium cum dignitate*. Being somewhat of a humourist, and tinctured with a love of letters and the fine arts, Mr. Mungo had extensively cultivated the society of authors, artists, and *characters* in general, and consequently had garnered up a bountiful stock of anecdotes and *ana*, which he retailed with no niggard hand.

"The McWhirter" had come out to Canada in a fit of virtuous disgust, at the calamitous changes which railroads and steamboats had wrought in the land o' cakes. "Why, sir," said he, "if the fellow in the play were now to put the question,

'Stands Scotland where it did?'

the answer of every candid, honest man would, beyond all dubitation, be in the negative! Who could realize the fact, for instance, that Loch Lomond had been one of the aquatic fastnesses of Rob Roy, when its most secluded bays are rendered vocal by the vile snort of the iron horse, or the equally detestable hiss of the vapour-boat? Just fancy, if you can, the rage and disgust of the *Gregarach* at beholding such *mechanical* intruders upon his native domains! People speak of the decay of poetry at home, and wonder at the undeniable fact, but with no just cause. The utilitarian clash and clang of your labour-saving locomotives are amply sufficient to scare away the gentle muse from the land of Shakspeare and Scott! At the roar of King Hudson's metallic phalanx

The Kelpie must flit
From the dark bog pit,
And the Brownie dare not tarry!

So intolerable was the state of matters," continued the irate McWhirter, "that I could stand it no longer, and accordingly I determined to keep up my stock of romance by paying a visit to the *new world*. From my boyhood I had regarded the Falls of Niagara as one of the stock wonders of the world, and I opined that a sight of their unsophisticated grandeur would brush up the flame of my fast-expiring ideality!".

Urging the McWhirter to *mend his draught*, I expressed a hope that he had not been disappointed in his pilgrimage.

"Disappointed!" exclaimed the *pro tempore* tenant of my cabin; "Disappointed! 'Thou speakest it but half,' as Norna in the *Pirate* says! Why, sir, it was like pouring oil and gunpowder upon a conflagration with the view of extinguishing the same! If I was bad before, my visit to the Falls has made me a thousand times worse! Fully do I grant that there is an inkling of the sublime in that *river leap* (as Galt called it), but how effectually do the *trimmings* and accessories of the scene destroy the epic effect thereof! Surrounded as the Falls are by a mob of monster tippling-houses, and being bearded, so to speak, by a snug, prim, pragmatical Yankee steamer, which, sailing right up to their teeth, seems to say, "I guess and calculate that in this land of liberty and niggers I have as much right to be here as you!'—who, in such circumstances could look upon them with feelings of ordinary respect, to say nothing of admiration or awe? Most assuredly not the McWhirter for one! Accordingly here am I on my road home, a sadder and a wiser man than when I left the same! I return carrying with me this blighting truth that the picturesque and romantic have emigrated, once and for ever, to fairyland and Utopia! Being the last of my race, and consequently having no responsibilities to provide for, I seriously contemplate leaving the bulk of my means and estate to any religious corporation who will become bound to utter an annual commination against the originators of steam conveyances whether plying upon land, lake, or sea!"

How far my *hospes* was serious in this expressed determination, it is impossible for me to say. There was a costive inflexibility about the muscles of his countenance which prevented them from giving any contradiction to the words he might utter. If ever he indulged in laugh-

ter, the operation was performed internally. With him physiognomy was no tell tale!

In the course of our sederunt the conversation chanced to turn upon the Maine liquor law question, of which the McWhirter proved to be no special advocate. He was of opinion that the present generation, with all their multiform faults and shortcomings, were models and miracles of temperance when compared with their predecessors. In illustration of this averment my guest favored me with sundry cases in point, of which the following is a specimen. The clients of the *Anglo-American* will have the goodness to suppose that, instead of the Purser, they are addressed by Mungo McWhirter of that ilk.

WARMING A TOMB.

About ten years prior to the commencement of the present century, the drinking or convivial usages of Scotland had assumed a peculiarly aggravated and reckless character. Intoxication, so far at least as the upper classes were concerned, instead of being regarded as a vice, was looked upon as a mark of aristocratic virility and good fellowship. Almost any gentleman would as soon have been called a liar or a coward as a milk-sop, and he who, with the greatest impunity, could put the greatest number of bottles *under his belt* was regarded, *de facto*, as a "cock of the walk" and "Prince of good fellows." The dinner hour, at that time being early, it was no uncommon thing to witness well-dressed men staggering along the streets during broad daylight, in a state of intoxication. And the only remark elicited by such phenomena, was that Sir John this, or the laird of that had been at a party! As for the police or the ecclesiastical authorities taking cognizance of such escapades, the thing was too preposterous even to dream of! So long as the topers gave a wide berth to murder or manslaughter, the propriety of their conduct was never called in question!

No where was Bacchus worshipped more religiously at the period of which I am speaking, than in Dunbartonshire, in the west of Scotland. Indeed, the convivial prowess of the landowners of that district of Scotland had long been a matter of proverbial notoriety, and people used to talk of Dunbartonshire lairds as types of everything that was commendable and chivalrous, so far as devotion to the wine-cup was concerned.

The McWhirter property is located (as Jonathan would say) in the aforesaid county, and my father, as a matter of course, was a participator in many of the *high jinks* which then so rifely prevailed. From his own mouth I derived the particulars which I am now about to communicate.

At the period of which I am speaking there dwelt in the neighbourhood of the ancient village of Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde, a laird or landowner named and designated George Mills of Caldercruicks. The aforesaid village, I may mention in passing, was famed as being the reputed birthplace of the Saint to whose tutelage Ireland is by popular voice consigned.

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

The Thane of Caldercruicks belonged to the thirsty brotherhood of whom mention has been made above, and the progress of the tomb formed frequent subject of conversation at the vinous re-unions at which he assisted. Thus it came to pass that when the structure was on the eve of being finished, a waggish member of the fraternity gravely proposed that Mills should give a tomb warming to his numerous friends and associates. The intellects of honest George were none of the brightest, owing to the *liquifactions* which they were constantly receiving, and accordingly the suggestion appeared to him perfectly orthodox and reasonable. Without delay he issued invitations to as many of his convivial confreres as the sepulchre would accommodate, and set about preparing for their entertainment in this novel hospitium.

At the time appointed, some half-dozen of the most devoted and enthusiastic *cup crushers* which the west of Scotland could boast of, made their appearance in the burial ground of Kilpatrick, and were received by the hospitable Caldercruicks at the door of his hospitable monster tomb.

This sombre Plutonic caravansery had been rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Not being furnished with windows a lamp was suspended from the roof, which was intended to burn night and day during the continuance of the revel. Within a species of hall or porch

was hung the carcase of a choice ox, slain for the occasion, and in the same locality was erected a *pro tempore* cooking apparatus, the management of which was entrusted to the major domo and factotum of the host.

Instead of carpets the floor of the tomb was spread with matresses, and the compartments in the walls designed for the reception of coffins were plentifully garnished with liquor-replenished vessels. A cask of claret did duty at a sideboard at one end of the chamber, and was kept in countenance at the other by a similar ark filled with venerable brandy. Of chairs the room did not boast, but substitutes were found for them in the shape of kegs of whisky, the virtue whereof had never been sullied by the profane touch of excisemen!

[At this point of his narration, the McWhirter took occasion to assure me that in nothing did he invent or exaggerate, in this strange relation. He told the tale as it had been communicated to him by his father, who formed one of the guests at the ghastly and most unique entertainment.]

The lamp being lighted. and the company having assumed their seats, or rather, I should say, their kegs, the door of the sepulchre was shut, and the proceedings commenced in right good earnest. In our *degenerate* days no one would credit the amount of stimulants which were consumed with comparative impunity by these devoted sons of the wine-crowned god. Where puny *glasses* would be employed now, *cups*, capacious enough to contain *pints*, were quaffed to the *health* of the Caldercruick's tomb. Father Matthew, in his most imaginative moments never pictured such a purgatory of anti-tectotalism!

For three long days and nights did these wild orgies continue without break or intermission. Sometimes, it is true, one of the party would drop from his seat upon the ready-spread couch, but a very brief interval of repose enabled such a one to resume his part in the *outre* festivities. If his slumbers were overly long protracted, in the opinion of his associates, a copious libation of cold water speedily recalled him from the land of Nod!

During this period the office of the major-domo was far from being of a sinecure nature. Hardly an hour elapsed in which he was not called upon to put his culinary faculties in requisition, and brief were the intervals during which the echoes of the mausoleum were not awakened by cries for steaks and devils!

The charnel-house feast took place in mid-winter, and passing strange was the effect of the uproarious chants which uprose from that tomb, chorussed as they were by the sleet-charged winds! Many a midnight wayfarer, travelling along the Glasgow and Dunbarton road, felt his hair stand erect, and the cold perspiration rain in torrents from his brow, as he listened to the unearthly and untimeous cantations which came floating from that ancient and wierd churchyard! Not a few sceptics in the creed of popular superstition were converted from their infidelity by the sounds which issued from the Caldercruick's tomb!

There was one incident connected with the prandialism of that extraordinary party, which deserves to be detailed.

The capacious appetites of some of the guests having craved for a mess of oatmeal porridge, the cook proceeded to concoct the same. To all appearance the hasty pudding was canonically prepared, but when placed upon the board not one of the revellers could swallow a mouthful of the same, There was something peculiar in the flavour of the gritty viands which they could not away with, and by common consent the manufacture was ordained to be cast out of the door, a sentence which was carried into immediate effect.

Some hours after this, the inmates of the tomb had their attention arrested by a most extraordinary combination of sounds, proceeding from the exterior of the building. On going out to investigate the nature of the concert, a strange sight was presented to the view of the expiscators. Several pigs, and geese without number were discovered, some lying and some staggering around the building, exhibiting all the phenomena of intoxication! The cries which they emitted were of the most unearthly description, and the most casual observer could not fail to notice that they were as drunk as their *betters!*

What could be the meaning of all this?

Some of the more chicken-hearted of the company (in which category my paternal parent fell to be ranked), concluded that Providence had, *pro re nata*, made the bestialities tipsy, in order to read the *rational* bipeds a practical lesson. This conjecture was probably suggested by the practice of the ancient Greeks, who occasionally *corned* their slaves, so that their insensate antics might impress the rising generation with a salutary disgust at intoxication.

On enquiry, a more material key was found

wherewith to unlock the apparent mystery. In manufacturing the porridge, the cook had moistened the meal with *whisky* instead of the beverage of our primary ancestors!

It is hardly necessary to add that when the mystery evaporated, so did the *moral*, and that the incongruous *vivas* proceeded as before from the messuage of death!

There was something dismally apposite in the conclusion of this grim saturnalian convocation.

One of the party, named Bankier of Glen Tumphy, was a peculiarly stolid looking personage. In obesity he might have measured swords with Shakspeare's "fat knight," and there was a dreamy stupidity about the general expression of his countenance, which closely verged upon the sublime! Whenever his intimates beheld the slighest inkling of intelligence in his countenance they at once concluded that something extraordinary was in the wind, and looked out for squalls accordingly!

During the sederunt in the tomb Bankier had hardly ever left his seat. He appeared to consider it a solemn religious obligation to put the greatest possible amount of liquour *under his belt;* and so absorbed was he in this duty that he seldom permitted himself to join in the secularity of conversation. Bacchus seemed constantly looming before his mind's eye, and he apparently looked upon every moment as lost, which was not devoted to the worship of the humid divinity! At the fag end of the third day's sederunt in the mausoleum, my ancestor pulled his host emphatically by the sleeve, and directed his attention to the appearance which Bankier presented.

"Caldercruicks," said he, "do you not think that Glen Tumphy is looking confounded *gash?*" I may explain for your benefit, presuming that you have the misfortune not to be a Scotsman, that *gash* and *intelligent* are, as nearly as possible, synonymous terms.

For a season George Mills essayed to silence his interrogator, by winks, elbowings, punches in the side, and treadings upon the toes. At length when all these pantomimics failed to produce the desired effect, he exclaimed in a half whisper:—

"Mahoun thank him for looking gash! The idiot has been with his Maker for better than twa hours!!"

Such was the literal fact! In the midst of "quip and crank," and joke and song, the hapless Laird of Glen Tumphy had been called to his final account! The catastrophe had been patent only to the host, and he had not deemed the event sufficiently important to break up the conviviality of the synod by its promulgation!*

Just as the McWhirter had concluded his narration, a thin, pipe-clay complexioned youth from Dollardom, craved permission to join our sederunt. As I am not too proud to consort occasionally even with the natives of a republic which makes chattels of God's images, I admitted the postulant into the sanctuary of my cabin, and ere many seconds had elapsed he was engaged in the conflagration of a cigar.

Before long the stripling developed himself as a heart and soul devotee of the German School of Literature. He was a transcendentalist from sconce to claw, and spoke as if all genius, so far at least as modern times were concerned, had been confined to the land of sausages and saur-kraut!

For a season the McWhirter listened in silence to the flatulencies of this whipper-snapper, but his patience got exhausted in the long run. He protested that the German literati had not a single original idea in their heads which was worthy to be touched except with a pair of tongs! Being conscious of their lack of common sense, they disguised the swarms of crazy fancies which they were constantly evacuating in unmeaning but high-sounding expressions! After the same fashion, continued McWhirter, do French cooks smother snails and such like abominations, in a plethora of sauces, in order to conceal their original shapes and qualities!

Very wroth, as might have been anticipated, was the sentimental Yankee at this tirade. He looked as if he could have masticated the McWhirter without salt, and once or twice hinted at the propriety of referring the matter in dispute to the arbitration of a bowie knife! On my suggesting, however, that a cat-o-nine-tails might perchance answer the purpose as well, he speedily abandoned the idea—or *idee* as my gentleman pronounced the word!

Amongst other things, the republican transcendentalist alluded to Burger's ballad of LEONORA as being unique both in conception and execution.

"Touching the execution," observed the McWhirter, "I shall say nothing at present,

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* The above story is strictly true in all its essential features.—*Ed. A. A. M.*

but I point blank deny that there is any thing original in the conception thereof."

"Where can you show me anything like it of an earlier date?" intoned Jonathan through his nose.

"As it so chances," retorted McWhirter, "I have in my trunk the material for answering your question."

The gentleman having sought his berth, speedily returned with an antique-looking duodecimo volume of old ballads, printed in 1786, being the *third edition* of the work.

"Godfrey Augustus Burger (or Burgher) was born," said he, "in the year 1748, and consequently must have composed LEONORA long after the publication of the work which I hold in my hand. That work contains a metrical legend, which Barger beyond all question must have seen, as he was well versed in British ballad literature. With your permission, Mr. Purser, I shall read you the story, more especially as the volume has become of late years remarkably rare, and can only be met with in the possession of a book worm like myself:—

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE;

Or, a Relation of a Young Man, who a month after his death appeared to his Sweetheart, and carry'd her on horseback behind him for forty miles in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave.

A wonder stranger ne'er was known
Than what I now shall treat upon.
In Suffolk there did lately dwell,
A farmer rich, and known full well:

He had a daugther fair and bright,
On whom he placed his whole delight:
Her beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,
Who was so charmed with her eye,
That he could never be at rest,
He was by love so much possest.

He made address to her, and she
Did grant him love immediately;
But when her father came to hear,
He parted her, and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,
Unto his brother's, with intent
That she should there so long remain,
'Till she had changed her mind again.

Hereat this young man sadly griev'd
But knew not how to be reliev'd;
He sighed and sobbed continually,
That his true love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send,
Who was her heart's espoused friend;
He sigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain,
For she confined must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that doctor's art
Could give no ease unto his heart,
Who was so strangely terrify'd,
That in a short time for love he dy'd.

She that from him was sent away,
Knew nothing of his dying-day,
But constant still she did remain,
And lov'd the dead altho' in vain.

After he had in grave been laid
A month or more, unto this maid
He came in middle of the night,
Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.

Her father's horse which well she knew,
Her mother's hood and safe-guard too,
He brought with him to testify,
Her parent's order he came by.

Which when her uncle understood,
He hoped it would be for her good,
And gave consent to her straightway,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any wind,
That within two hours, or little more,
He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ake;
Her handkerchief she then took out,
And ty'd the same his head about:

And unto him she thus did say,
Thou art as cold as any clay;
When we come home a fire we'll have;
But little dream'd he went to grave.

Soon were they at her father's door
And after she never saw him more;
I'll set the horse up, then he said,
And there he left this harmless maid.

She knock'd, and strait a man he cry'd
Who's there? 'Tis I, she then reply'd;
Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,
And was possess'd with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then
He star'd like an affrighted man;
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cry'd out, my child, how cam'st thou here?

Pray, sir, did you not send for me,
By such a messenger, said she,
Which made his hair stare on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead:

Where is he? Then to her he said,
He's in the stable quoth the maid;
Go in, said he, and go to bed,
I'll see the horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he
No shape of any mankind see;
But found his horse all on a sweat,
Which made him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to,
Nor none else, tho' full well they knew,
That he was dead a month before,
For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to the father went
Of the deceas'd, with full intent
To tell him what his daughter said;
So both came back unto the maid.

They asked her, and she still did say,
'Twas he that then brought her away;
Which when they heard, they were amaz'd
And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A handkerchief she said she ty'd
About his head; and that they try'd,
The sexton they did speak unto,
That he the grave would then undo;

Affrighted, then they did behold
His body turning into mould,
And though he had a month been dead,
The handkerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole truth they did unfold;
She was threat so terrifyed
And grieved that she quickly dyed.

Part not true love, you rich men then,
But if they be right honest men
Your daughters love, give them their way,
For force oft breeds their lives' decay.

When the McWhirter had concluded the recitation of this wild ditty, he insisted that it thoroughly extracted the essence of originality from the far-famed German ballad. "I grant," quoth he, "that the Suffolk maiden is the more homely creation of the two, and that she lacketh many embellishments which her rival exhibits. With all this, however, she is plainly entitled by the laws of primogeniture, to carry off the palm from Leonora!"

The transcendentalist was about to make a pugnacious rejoinder to this verdict, when my attention was excited by noticing amongst the passengers a person with whom I had been slightly acquainted in Glasgow. Being desirous to learn some tidings touching the Lynch's, I broke up the sederunt in my cabin, and proceeded to interrogate the aforesaid visitor from the city of Saint Mungo and Bailie Nicol Jarvie.

The tanning operation of sundry Canadian summers, coupled with my hearty adoption of the "beard movement," had completely changed the character of my outward man, and consequently the incognito which I wished to preserve, remained unbroken. My fellow countryman received my advances as those of an entire stranger, and thus I was enabled to pursue my inquiries without restraint or embarrassment.

As it so chanced Mr. John McIndoe (for that was the name of the gentleman) had been on visiting terms with Phelim Lynch, and so was in a position to gratify, to some extent at least, my curiosity.

According to his account matters were not mended one jot, so far as concerned the unharmonious life which old Cuthbert and his son led. They still continued to occupy the same house, for no inducements could work upon the father to live separately from his son. It was evident to the most casual observer that affection was not the moving cause of this adhesiveness, because Philim treated his sire on almost every occasion with rudeness, if not positive harshness. The senior was not remiss in returning an "Oliver" for every cross-grained "Rowland" which he received, and thus it eventuated that the uncongenial pair had come to be known as cat and dog.

Mr. McIndoe stated that matters had reached such an unbearable climax, that the Lynches had determined to break up house-keeping, and travel for a season. "I saw Philim shortly before leaving," said my informant, "and he hinted at the possibility of their visiting North America, during the currency of the present year. As you appear to take some interest in this most outre couple," he added, "it is likely enough that you may chance to fall in with them before long."

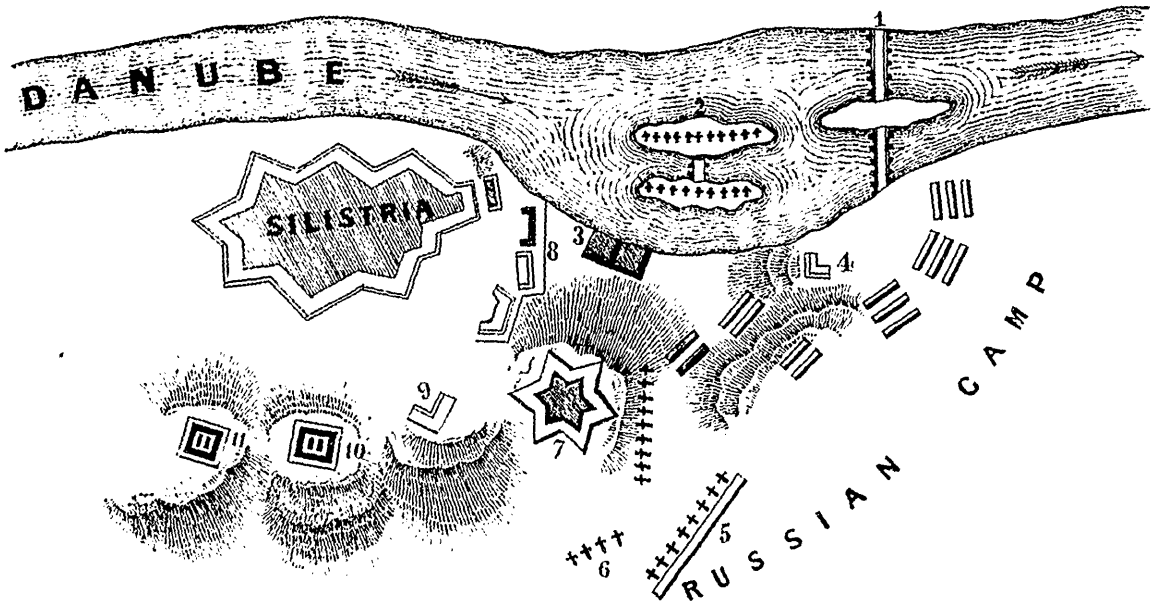
FORTIFICATIONS AND SIEGE OPERATIONS.

A FEW NOTES, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE, FOR GENERAL READERS.

In devoting a few columns to the subject of fortification and siege operations, it is almost unnecessary to state that we shall not pretend, within such restricted limits, to go into technical details, in a manner to be practically available, but simply to give such a popular view of general principles, and such explanation of the nomenclature employed, as may assist the reader to understand the accounts of military operations which are likely to be produced in the course of the war.

Fortification is of two kinds—permanent fortification, being the permanent structure erected for the defence of towns, citadels, &c.: and field fortifications, being works temporarily erected for the defence of a position in the course of a war. We shall restrict ourselves, on the present occasion, to what concerns permanent fortification, and so much of field forti-

PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF SILISTRIA



1 Russian Bridge of Boats
2. Islands with Russian Batteries
3 Russian Works.
4. A Redan, Part of the Russian Works
5 Russian Reserves.
6. Russian Batteries of Attack.
7. Fort Arab Tabia, the immediate object of Attack
8 and 9. Advanced Works of the Turks.
10. Meridie Redoubt
11. Mahmoudie Redoubt.

fication as is involved in siege operations undertaken against a permanently fortified place.

Ancient Fortification.—Before describing the system of fortification, and of siege operations in present use, it may be proper to glance briefly at the ancient system, that in vogue, with but slight modifications, from the earliest period of history down to the time of the invention of gunpowder. The defence of a town consisted, in those days, for the most part, of high walls surrounding it, with the addition of towers at the angles, for the purpose of commanding the lines of front on either side; and *machicoles*—a species of galleries running along the top, from which missiles could be hurled down upon the besiegers, should they approach near enough. A wide and deep moat, with a drawbridge over it, and a *barbican*, or fortified gateway, at the exterior end of the latter, completed the permanent main works.

The mode of attack was either by scaling the walls, or undermining them, or battering them down, wholly or in part. The first operation was attained by means of mounds of earth, called *aggeres*, erected near the walls, and piled up high enough to allow of a bridge being thrown across from them; or of raised stages, or galleries, moving upon wheels, called *vineæ*, upon which scaling parties were brought to the very crest of the fortification. Innumerable examples of such works are found in the records of ancient history; and the recent discoveries in Nineveh bring to light illustrations of them which are highly curious.

On the other hand, the defensive operations of the besieged consisted chiefly of hurling missiles from the walls at the besiegers, and of frequent sallies, for the purpose of still further disturbing them, and also of destroying their offensive mounds and moving galleries—against the last of which fire was frequently employed.

To conclude this brief sketch of an order of things long superseded, but of which the pages of Homer, Josephus, Tacitus, and the Holy Scriptures themselves, contain so many illustrations, it may be observed, as a principle, that the art of defence in ancient fortification had the advantage over that of the attack; the latter requiring great numerical superiority, and unwearied labour and patience on the part of the besiegers in effecting their approaches, as well as immense physical energy and dauntless courage in the final assault, when the besieged still fought upon equal terms with them.

The *discovery of gunpowder*, though it at once effected considerable changes in military operations generally, did not so soon lead to any material alteration in the principles of fortification. The matchlocks and small field-pieces of early construction presented no new terrors against stone walls which had long stood the test of ballista and catapulta; and, for some ages, those arms were only used in conjunction with the latter. The most remarkable instance of this admixture of systems was the memorable siege of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, so splendidly described by Gibbon ("Decline and Fall," chapter 68). Fourteen batteries of guns, among which were three pieces capable of throwing stones weighing from 600lb to 1200 lbs, were pointed against the double walls and towers of ancient Byzantium: but employed in addition were engines for throwing darts, and rams for battering walls; and the broad ditch being at length filled up, a moveable turret was advanced on rollers up to the walls, where, however, it was destroyed by the fires of the besieged. The guns of the Greeks are said to have been of small calibre, the ramparts not being broad nor solid enough to permit the use of heavy artillery upon them.

In course of time, as the calibre of artillery became greatly increased, and iron balls were substituted for blocks of stone, it became apparent that the system of defence must be altered to meet these more formidable weapons of assault. As a principle, it was soon discovered that, beyond a certain point, fortifications derived no additional strength or security from the height of the walls, which battering cannon could effectually breach; but rather in extending the defences laterally—that is, in width—by extended ditches and outworks, so as to keep the besiegers at a greater distance; the ramparts being reduced to a lower level, so as to be as far as possible concealed and protected by the extended outworks.

Nevertheless, the changes to suggested were not suddenly effected; the first attempts to meet the new difficulty, as evidenced in the works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were rather to add to and remodel portions of existing fortifications, in which the lofty walls and angle-towers, and the ancient drawbridge, with its barbican appendage, were still retained. At the siege of Metz, for instance. A.D. 1552, the Duc de Guise, who commanded, raised mounds of earth outside the single turreted wall of the

town, with parapets formed of large gabions, upon which to plant cannon; and within the walls, which were breached by the enemy in certain places, he erected retrenchments of earth, strong enough to resist cannon-shot.

The Bastion System.—At length a new and important change took place in the very principles of fortification, by the introduction of the bastion and its ravelin. And here it must be explained that the portion of straight wall between two towers or fortified angles, is generically styled a curtain; and it soon became apparent that the ancient towers were no longer able to protect those portions from the artillery of the besiegers. The plan then adopted, was to substitute for the towers large earthworks, called bastions, having two faces and two flanks each; and to construct between each pair of bastions, and in front of the curtain, another projecting earth-work, called a ravelin, in level somewhat lower than the bastions, the guns of which should cover the approach to the bastions themselves, whilst they directly defended the approach to the curtain.

We owe the first attempts at the bastion system to Italian engineers, and their example was afterwards followed in the Netherlands, France, and in the continent generally. Amongst the earliest who treated on the subject, and with success, were Castriotto, Marchi, Errard de Bar, Le Duc, de Ville, and Count de Pagan; but it was Marshal de Vauban (a distinguished General under Louis XIII. and XIV.) who first reduced it to anything like order, and laid down mathematical rules for the direction and proportion of all the lines under all circumstances. The plan he proceeded upon was to inclose the place to be fortified within straight lines, forming a polygon, and to treat each line of the polygon as a base of fortification; to be flanked by bastions, the curtain lying between. The length of the side of the polygon under his rules varied from 360 to 500 yards; in order that the whole might be commanded by the artillery in the bastions. De Vauban built no less than thirty-three new fortifications, besides improving no less than 300; and, in the course of so doing, invented three systems, or rather added to his first system, at two successive periods, additional works, with a view to prolong the defence after a first breach should have been made.

Vauban's First System.—We now direct the reader's attention to Vauban's first system, which comprises all the main works common to every front of fortification. We should here explain, that a front of fortification comprehends all works raised upon one of the lines of the polygon surrounding the town, as a base; and in this case consists of two half-bastions and a ravelin, or demi-lune.

There are the curtain; the two half-bastions, their flanks adjoining and projecting from the curtain, and their faces looking out towards the exterior; the main ditch runs along bastions and curtains in a continuous line; the ravelin, or demi-lune, having only two faces (and no flanks), being situate on the exterior side of the main ditch, but having a ditch of its own, which communicates with the main ditch. Beyond the main ditch and the ravelin ditch is the covered way, being a raised ground intended for the movements of the soldiers in the work of defence, and protected by the crest of the glacis, which is the outer ground of all, sloping down gradually to the open country. Large spaces in the covered way are called places of arms, for the assembling of the troops; that at the apex is termed the *salient* place of arms, from its position at the apex; the other two *re-entering* places of arms, from being placed in the re-entering angle of the counterscarp; the caponniere, a small work, consisting of a double parapet, communicating between the gorge or rear of the ravelin; and the tenaille, a low work in the ditch in front of the curtain and between the flanks of the bastions, serving for the protection of the troops in moving from one place to another after a breach has been effected in the shoulders of a bastion. The tenaille is only used as the mode of communication with the ravelin when the ditch is a dry one; when it is a wet one, bridges have to be used instead. All within the main ditch is termed the body of the place, or *enceinte;* the works without the main ditch—the ravelin, covered way, caponniere, tenaille, &c.—are termed outworks. The great principle involved in this system is that all the works mutually protect one another; the fire from the faces of the ravelin scour the country in front of the faces of the bastions, whilst the fire of the faces of the bastions commands the ditch of the ravelin and the glacis; and that of the flanks thereof commands the main ditch, scouring the approaches to the curtain.

It may be here explained, that all angles projecting outwards from the body of the place are called salient angles; and all angles projecting

inwards, towards the body of the place, are called re-entering angles. Thus the two faces of the ravelin form a salient angle; the same with the two faces of the bastion; the same with one of the faces and the adjoining flank of the bastion; but the flank of the bastion, with the curtain, forms a re-entering angle. The whole extent of the rampart comprehending the right face and right flank of one bastion, and the left flank and left face of the opposite bastion, and the curtain between them, is termed a front of fortification, or line of defence.

Works intended for mutual defence should never exceed an angle of 120°, nor be less than one of 60°. The medium of 90°, which forms a right angle, is generally considered the best for the above purpose. Where batteries stand at such an opening that their direct fire, or that which is vertical to their face, is parallel with the front of the part they flank, it is called *razante*, or grazing fire; but when the angle is less than 90°, so that the direct fire would strike upon the face of the work to be defended, it is termed *fichante*. When two lines form a very acute angle with each other, they no longer are defences; for, in case the enemy should take either of them, he would be able to work its battery against the other.

Vauban's Second and Third Systems.—When Vauban introduced the simple system of works for mutual defence, above briefly described, the art of attack was very little improved upon the old method. The artillery was still brought to bear, as heretofore, directly upon the faces of the bastions and ravelins, and pursued the work of attack laboriously and slowly, exposed all the while to the fire of the besieged, from positions much superior to those temporarily thrown up by themselves. In short, the defence still maintained the superiority against the attack. It was Vauban himself, who, after methodizing his first bastion system, devised a system of attack which completely set at defiance all the precautions upon which it was based, and gave the attack a decided superiority. At the siege of Phillipbourg, A.D. 1688, this great commander (acting, it is surmised, upon a hint derived from observation of the operations of the Turks at the siege of Candia some years previously), determined to alter the position of his batteries, placing them at right angles to and opposite the prolongations of the faces of the works; and then so regulating the charge and elevation of his guns, that the shot, instead of striking the battery point blank, should sweep the whole length of the covered way, and within the pallisade; and by frequent bounds, dismount the guns, and place the defences *hors de combat*. This mode of firing is called the *ricochet*, and is a species of enfilade firing; the only difference being, that in it the charge of powder is considerably less—a half, or even a quarter charge—and the gun a little elevated. So successful was this mode of firing found to be, that a few years afterwards (1697) Vauban, by means of it, took the fortress of Ath—which he had himself constructed, and which he considered his masterpiece—after thirteen days of open trenches, with a loss of only 50 killed and 150 wounded.

It was to counteract this terrible mode of attack that Vauban introduced *traverses*, or projecting parapets, across the covered way, which had some effect, but not sufficient by any means, to balance the powers of attack and defence; and the great engineer saw the necessity of resorting to further complications for protecting a portion, at least, of the garrison from the terrible ricochet fire; and additional works for defending the enceinte after a breach had been formed in the face or shoulder of a bastion. In his second system, which he employed at Landau and Befort (1684 and 1688), he separated the bastions from the body of the place by a ditch, about forty feet wide, in order to enable the latter to make a second defence; and fortified the angles of the bastions by small pentagonal towers of masonry, called tower-bastions, under which were casements for two guns, &c. In his third system, employed at Neu Brissack (1698), he increased the size of the ravelin, and added to it a redoubt; and also increased the size of the tower bastions, and altered their arrangement, and that of the casements.

Cochorn and Cormontaigne.—Cochorn, who was contemporary with Vauban, introduced some additional variations upon his system, which, however, it is not very important here to particularize, as the best of them are comprised in the modern system, shortly to be noticed. We pass on to Cormontaigne, who, about thirty years after Vauban's death, was the author of some very important changes, the usefulness of which is generally acknowledged. In the first place, he lengthened the faces and shortened the flanks of the bastion, which gave greater space for interior defence within the work itself, and also brought the flank closer

to the object which it had to defend. In the second place, he reduced the width and extended the projection of the ravelin, making it more salient, so that it should cover the central part of the enceinte, and give better defence to the bastions, inasmuch as it thereby became impossible for an enemy to cover the glacis of a bastion till he had got possession of the two collateral ravines, on account of the reverse fires, which, from these, might be made upon him in his approaches. Thirdly (not to go into minor particulars), he increased the size of the redoubt of the ravelin, to which he added casemated flanks, from which the besieged might be enabled to have a reversed fire upon the besiegers, when the latter, after making a breach in the bastion, should be about commencing the assault.

The Modern System.—Not to particularise each succeeding improver or improvement, we now proceed to give a general sketch of a portion of a fortifiertion, upon what is called the modern system; that is, the method of Cormontaine—itself an improvement upon the systems of Vauban, with such additions as modern engineers have thought it proper to introduce, and which are usually adopted. Some additions to those systems, which are only occasionally adopted, we shall in this description, disregard. The portion here represented comprises two bastions, a ravelin, and two half-ravelins, illustrating the command of the latter over the bastions just spoken of.

Objections to the Bastion System.—The Bastion system has been much opposed from an early period, and its merits are still in dispute—as indeed, is the very principle of continuous lines of fortification—a point which we shall refer to presently. To complete our historical sketch, however, it is proper here to mention the name of Montalembert, a French General, who, in 1776, published a work, in eleven quarto volumes, promulgating an entirely new system of defence, the main principle of which was, that of abandoning the Bastion system, and in its place substituting one of alternate salient and re-entering angles; the enceintes within the main ditch being multiplied, and casemated for the better protection of the troops, material, and stores. At the period of the French revolution, Carnot, a great admirer of Montalembert, proposed to improve upon his system, and still further to increase the advantages of the defenders, by affording the means of making powerful sorties, and discharging volleys of stones, balls, shells, &c., from mortars fixed from elevated casemated ramparts.

We have hitherto chiefly confined ourselves to a description of the works immediately enveloping the spots fortified; we now proceed to say a few words about the means by which the strength of such fortifications may be increased; or those descriptions of works which are used, when occasion suits, but which do not all necessarily enter into every scheme of construction. In so doing, we shall give the definition of one or two technical terms, which have entered, without explanation, into the foregoing account.

The Additional Works for strengthening a Fortress may be either interior or exterior.

Interior retrenchments consist of small fronts of fortification within the enceinte; for the prolonging of the defence, after the out-works have been carried, and also for the retreat of the garrison as they are driven in step by step. The *redoubt* has already been mentioned in connection with the ravelin, and the places of arms in the covered-way. The *cavalier* is an elevated work in the enceinte of a fortress, commonly within a bastion, to give a command over the enemy. A *barbette* is a raised platform near a parapet, to enable the guns to fire over its crest instead of through the embrasures; guns so placed are said to be *en barbette*. *Casemates* are vaults of brick or stone to cover artillery, or to lodge troops, generally formed in the mass of the rampart, and always bombproof; towers, bastions, &c., are said to be casemated when they are so covered in, and the guns thereby protected, instead of being exposed in open rampart. *Counter-guards* are works solely destined to cover others of a more important character, in such a manner that, without obstructing their fire, they shall preserve them from being breached until after the counter-guards themselves have fallen. Interior retrenchments are better adapted to spacious than small works; as, where the area of the enceinte is already restricted, the addition of them would tend further to impede the free circulation of the troops.

Exterior works are more appropriate to small fortifications generally, and are of use in all cases where it becomes necessary to occupy some space contiguous to or at a short distance from the main fortification, and whether it be on the same or another level, Of exterior

works *advanced works* are such as are constructed beyond the covered-way and glacis, but within the range of musketry of the main works, and *detached works*, those which are situate beyond the range of musketry, and are, consequently, left chiefly to their own resources. A *horn-work* consists of two half bastions and a curtain. A *crown-work* is composed of a bastion and two half bastions, and presents two fronts of fortification. *Double crown works* consist of two bastions and two half bastions: when these works are connected with the main works by their extreme fronts, the name *couronnee* is given to them. An *advanced covered way* —that is, a covered way beyond the glacis—is of use in many cases: a common application of it is in the case of a rivulet passing along the foot of the glacis, when, a covered-way being formed on the other side of the stream, favours the garrison in making sorties, and watching the enemy's movements. *Lunettes* are a species of ravelin or bastion, which are found attached to the faces of Ravelins, upon the salients of the covert-way, and in other like positions, commanding and protecting the same.

Defensive Mines are an important contrivance for counteracting the operations of the besiegers. They are passages, called *galleries*, constructed under the wall of a rampart, or extended sometimes beyond the out-works, for the purpose either of blowing up the works and ground above, or of listening to the operations of the enemy, Should the enemy be employed in mining towards the fortress as a means of attack, the besieged, being already possessed of a good system of mines, have generally the advantage of him in this particular.

Siege Operations.—The taking of a fortified place may be attempted either—1st, by surprise, or *coup-de-main;* 2nd, by sudden assault; 3rd, by blockade out of reach of gun-shot; or, 4th, by regular siege. We shall confine our remarks to the last-named process, of which the following admirable general description is extracted, in an abridged form, from the Preliminary Observations on the Attack of Fortresses in the first volume of Sir John Jones's "Journals of Sieges:"

The first operation of a besieger is to establish a force equal to cope with the garrison of the town about to be attacked, at the distance of six or seven hundred yards from its ramparts.

This is effected by approaching the place secretly in the night with a body of men, part carrying entrenching tools, and the remainder armed. The former dig a trench in the ground parallel to the fortifications to be attacked, and with the earth that comes out of the trench raise a bank on the side next the enemy, whilst those with arms remain formed in a recumbent posture, in readiness to protect those at work, should the garrison sally out. During the night, this trench and bank are made of sufficient depth and extent to cover from the missiles of the place the number of men requisite to cope with the garrison, and the besiegers remain in the trench throughout the following day, in despite of the fire or the sorties of the besieged. This trench is afterwards progressively widened and deepened, and the bank of earth raised till it forms a covered road, called a parallel, embracing all the fortifications to be attacked; and along this road, guns, waggons, and men, securely and conveniently move, equally sheltered from the view and the missiles of the garrison. Batteries of guns and mortars are then constructed on the side of the road next the garrison, to oppose the guns of the town, and in a short time, by superiority of fire, principally arising from the situation, silence all those which bear on the works of the attack. After this ascendancy is attained, the same species of covered road is, by certain rules of art, carried forward, till it circumvents or passes over all the exterior defences of the place, and touches the main rampart wall at a spot where it has been previously beaten down by the fire of batteries erected expressly for that purpose in the more advanced parts of the road.

The formation of the covered road is attended with different degrees of difficulty in proportion as it advances. At its commencement, being at the distance of 600 yards from the fortifications, and not straitened for space, the work can readily be performed by the ordinary soldiers of the army. The second period is when the road arrives within a fair range of musketry, or 300 yards from the place; then it requires particular precautions, which, however, are not so difficult but that the work may be executed by soldiers who have had a little previous training. The third period is when it approaches close to the place—when every bullet takes effect—when to be seen is to be killed—when mine after mine blows up the head of the road, and with it every man and officer on the spot—

when the space becomes so restricted that little or no front of defence can be obtained, and the enemy's grenadiers sally forth every moment to attack the workmen, and deal out destruction to all less courageous or weaker than themselves.

Then the work becomes truly hazardous, and can only be performed by selected brave men, who have acquired a difficult and most dangerous art, called sapping, from which they themselves are styled sappers.

An indispensable auxiliary to the sapper is the miner; the exercise of whose art requires even a greater degree of skill, courage, and conduct than that of his principal. The duty of a miner at a siege is to accompany the sapper to listen for and discover the enemy's miner at work under ground, and prevent his blowing up the head of the road, either by sinking down and meeting him, when a subterranean conflict ensues, or by running a gallery close to that of his opponent, and forcing him to quit his work by means of suffocating compositions, and a thousand arts of chichanery, the knowledge of which he has acquired from experience. Sappers would be unable of themselves, without the aid of skilful miners, to execute that part of the covered road forming the descent into the ditch; and in various other portions of the road, the assistance of the miner is indispensable to the sapper; indeed, without their joint labours and steady co-operation, no besiegers' approaches ever reached the walls of a fortress.

A siege scientifically prosecuted, though it calls for the greatest personal bravery, the greatest exertion, and extraordinary labour in all employed, is beautifully certain in its progress and result. More or less skill or exertion in the contending parties will prolong or shorten in some degree its duration; but the sapper and the miner, skilfully directed and adequately supported, will surely surmount every obstacle.

ANECDOTES AND LEGENDS OF TRANSCAUCASIA.

A very interesting book has just been published under the title of "Transcaucasia," by Baron Von Hasthausen, and published by Chapman and Hall. The book gives an account of the people who inhabit the provinces possessed by Russia south of the Caucasus. This part of the world has recently excited considerable interest on account of the war; and any information which has reference to the country, or the people who inhabit it, is greedily read. And among the great variety of volumes which has teemed from the press, in relation to the war or the countries particularly interested therein, the above may be considered as one of the most entertaining. Transcaucasia abounds with anecdotes and legends, a few of which we have pleasure in transferring to our pages. The author, in speaking of the town of Samlokhe, gives the following anecdote of

A GEORGIAN MERCHANT.

"In the town of Samlokhe was a merchant, who traded with the Turkish town of Shaki.—It happened that he fell out with a merchant of that place, who, with his people, waylaid him on his return home, threw him down, and robbed him, in spite of the Christian threatening him with the vengeance of his lord the Atabegh. 'If your mighty lord is not a coward,' was the reply, 'let him come, and, if he can, nail me by the ear to a shop in the bazaar!' The Georgian merchant laid his complaint before the Atabegh, but the latter stroked his moustaches, suppressed for the moment his rising rage, stopped the complainant short, and dismissed him. The same night, however, he mustered five hundred of his boldest horsemen, dashed across the Koor at Gandja, and fell upon Shaki so suddenly as to render resistance impossible. He injured no one, but merely ordered that merchant to be seized, and to be nailed by his ear to his own shop in the bazaar. He then departed peaceably, amidst the exclamations of his followers, 'Let not the people of Shaki ever forget the justice of the Atabegh Konarkuare!'"

MARRYING IN ARMENIA.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the Baron's travels consists is his visist to Armenia, where he attentively observed the manners of the people. The following passage is interesting:—

"The young unmarried people, of both sexes, enjoy perfect liberty, within the recognised limits of manners and propriety. Custom is here precisely the reverse of what prevails in the surrounding countries: whilst in the latter the purchase of a wife is the only usual form of contracting a marriage, until which time the girl remains in perfect seclusion,—among the Armenians, on the contrary, the young people of both sexes enjoy free social intercourse. The girls go where they like, unveiled and bareheaded; the young men carry on their love-suits freely and openly, and marriages of

affection are of common occurrence. But with marriage the scene changes: the word which the young woman pronounces at the altar, in accepting her husband, is the *last* that is for a long time heard from her lips. From that moment she never appears, even in her own house, unveiled. She is never seen abroad in the public streets, except when she goes to church, which is only twice in the year, and then closely veiled. If a stranger enters the house or garden, she instantly conceals herself. With no person, not even her father or brother, is she allowed to exchange a single word; and she speaks to her husband only when they are alone. With the rest of the household she can only communicate by gestures, and by talking on her fingers. This silent reserve, which custom imperatively prescribes, the young wife maintains, until she has borne her first child, from which period she becomes gradually emancipated from her constraint: she speaks to her new-born infant; then her mother-in-law is the first person she may address; after a while she is allowed to converse with her own mother, then with her sisters-in-law, and afterwards her own sisters. Now she begins to talk with the young girls in the house, but always in a gentle whisper, that none of the male part of the family may hear what is said. The wife, however, is not fully emancipated, her education is not completed, until after the lapse of six years! and even then she can never speak with any strangers of the other sex, nor appear before them unveiled. If we examine closely into these social customs, in connection with the other phases of national life in Armenia, we cannot but recognize in them a great knowledge of human nature and of the heart."

THE SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound;
Or while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, and music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain!
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing,
All independent of the leafy Spring.

PAUL PRY ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

No. I.

Pakenham is a village, having about four hundred inhabitants, and is about 50 miles west of Bytown, Canada West. It is situated on the clear little Mississippi of Canada—not the muddy, feverish "Father of Waters." The Canada Mississippi is superior to the large one in every thing except size. It flows through a free country. No slave, slave owner, or slave hunter, pollutes its limpid waters. The great one is monotonous. On the little one are many scenes, picturesque and varied, though wanting in extent. It rises about fifty miles north-west of Kingston, C. W., and after a serpentine course of about one hundred and fifty miles, falls into the Ottawa at Fitzroy harbour, where are those far-famed Cascades—the Chats.

Up to October, 1852, this village had been the terminus of Paul Pry's explorations in that direction. The proud waves of his ambition were here stayed by the wild aspect of things beyond: until that memorable period, frightful accounts of rocks, mud, and corduroy, had hitherto deterred him from penetrating beyond what he then considered as the *ultima thule* of civilization in that direction; a few weeks subsequently he considered it almost in the world. At length the enterprizing spirit of Paul Pry surmounted all difficulties, and with a sort of non-descript vehicle called a sack-board, and a horse, destitute both of inclination and ability to run away, he started, on the 22d day of October 1853, on his perilous expedition to unknown regions. For two or three miles on the road from Pakenham to Renfrew all was plain sailing: then came the tug of war; for about six miles the road was a constant scylla and charybdis of corduroy, ditches, bogs, stumps and rocks. On trying to avoid a ditch, the wheel would come against a stump; in avoiding which the other wheel would go over a rock, tilting the vehicle at an angle of forty-five degrees or more. It survived this, the road became passable, and the next day Paul Pry passed the Madawaska river—a large tributary of the Ottawa—at Burnstown, a place of about a dozen houses, where the river runs between very high steep hills, forming a romantic gorge: this place is about 18 miles from Pakenham: a portion of the road is well settled.

Eight miles farther he came to the lively village of Renfrew, near the falls of the Bonnechere; a magnificent scene, worth a long travel to see. It would probably be soon shorn of its grandeur, but that the absentee company owning the land and water power, would not sell at the prices offered in small quantities: this much retarded the advancement of the village: nevertheless, it increases fast. Seven years ago it had no existence: now, it probably has a population of four or five hundred. Places in this region with that population do at least as much business as most places farther west, and in older localities, with at least three or four times the population: the business, however, is mainly done in the winter. The banks of the Bonnechere higher up—also some other parts, where the land is not surveyed, are said to be extensively settled by squatters, who live, by raising produce for the lumberers at good, sometimes at exorbitant prices. Many of their farms are inaccessible to wheel carriages. Many of these men are said to be extraordinary characters, ingenious, energetic, active and enterprising; nothing comes amiss to them, whether in the way of mending, tooth drawing, marrying, horse-shoeing, surgery, or physic. Their amusements, however, are said to mainly sensual; drunkenness common. In one settlement, called the *Garden of Eden*, they are said to be always at *log*-gerheads, which, in a *wooden* country, is not surprising; they don't raise much *fruit* in *this* Garden of Eden, unless, perhaps, in a figurative sense, forbidden fruit. The people there are said to be most of the time over head and ears in lawsuits. The people of the Lake Doree settlement, surveyed in summer of 1852, are mostly Protestant Irish; those of the Donegal settlement adjoining, Catholic Irish: the degree of cordiality subsisting between their respective inhabitants can be better imagined than described. Meanwhile, in both a liberal and figurative sense, the axe is being laid to the root of the tree; the leaven is at work. Renfrew was formerly a drunken place, the neighbourhood would appear to be so still. It was said that a School meeting in the fall had to be broken up on account of the "crathur." About the fall of 1851, a division of the "Sons" was organised there; when Paul Pry visited it, it numbered 104 staunch members, and was still increasing. A Mechanics' Institute and Library are connected with it; the right way to give permanence to the movement. A Temperance house is also started, and likely to receive a liberal support. There are several settled in the vicinity and village, that would do credit as respects both natural intellect and culture. Paul Pry says, Rev. Mr. Frazer, Free Church minister, preaches sermons as practical, solid, and instructive as any yet heard by him. This gentleman is also an active promoter of practical reform in various ways. A few such as him in every village would soon remove all the grosser forms of vice, and change the spirit of society from almost universal selfishness and suspicion, to one of universal love and confidence; his character and talents fit him for a much wider sphere of action.

Yellow plums grow wild in the vicinity, and are much esteemed for preserves; no fruit is cultivated: apples do not thrive, and are seldom seen Bush fruit might, perhaps, do well, but nobody seems to have tried it.

Having sojourned over Sunday in Renfrew, invigorated both in body and in spirit, Paul Pry left Renfrew at 5 P.M., on October 25, bound for O'Neill's hotel, near Bonnechere Point, Ottawa river; distance, 8 miles: the last three miles similar to that already described between Pakenham and Burnstown. In this part of it, the vehicle broke down, unable to answer the demands made upon it by repeated hard knocks. The unfortunate Paul Pry having first taken the precaution to wet his feet thoroughly, mounted his quadruped, having left the vehicle in the road, and made tracks for O'Neill's. The night being quite frosty, he was in no pleasant trim on arrival, being about half frozen, and half drowned with mud and water. Having taken a night's rest upon the strength of it, the next consideration was to get the vehicle repaired. This was easier said than done, as waggon makers in that section don't grow quite as plenty as blackberries; but this deficiency was partly compensated by the universal genius for common arts, which characterize the lumberman and the pioneer of the wilderness. In about a day and a half the vehicle was taken to pieces, brought to Mr. O'Neill's, and repaired by that gentleman so as to last to the next village.

After being landed from the steamer at Bonnechere Point, all merchandize for Renfrew village, (and that is no trifle) has to be hauled through this wretched ditch. Some for the upper part of the Bonnechere river also passes

this way, but on account of the badness of the road, and the expense of freight on the Ottawa river, above Bytown, an establishment in Bromley, 20 miles from Bonnechere Point, find it cheaper to team their goods 70 miles by land, from a place near the Rideau canal, than to bring it by the Ottawa river, over a short distance, on such miserable roads. An old resident informs me that he saw a freight bill of goods from Glasgow to Bonnechere Point, and that the charge from Bytown to the Point was as much as from Glasgow to Bytown. Seven miles of canaling would open a direct navigation without transhipment from Montreal to Portage du Fort, a distance of about 190 miles, that now requires breaking bulk four times. Some say that the reason this road is not made better, is because those who make a business of teaming on it, want to keep it all to themselves. Such policy is questionable; excessive selfishness usually defeats its own object: be that as it may, the road is (or was) a disgrace to the country.

Clarendon—a township in Canada East, opposite Bonnechere point—is mostly settled by Irish Protestants.

The following is from Paul Pry's diary:—"October 27, started for Portage du Fort, distant seven miles, with a light load; arrived in four hours, having *carried* the load up one hill, and made part of the road in another place, I have however, the somewhat equivocal satisfaction of knowing, that the road will be better next season; when I hope to be a thousand miles away. On this road are some beautiful glimpses of Ottawa scenery. A road that is excellent for this region—middling for any part of Canada—leads from the ferry to the village of Cobden, on Musk-rat lake, fourteen miles distant. This road was made by Mr. Gould, an enterprising merchant and forwarder, to start a line of communication farther up the Ottawa. Portage du Fort is a busy village, containing about 400 inhabitants, situated on the side of the Ottawa, one mile above the ferry. Here the navigation of the river is again obstructed by rapids. There are several beautiful snatches of river scenery in this vicinity. Stage waggons leave the ferry on Gould's road for Cobden, whence a steamboat leaves for a landing place two miles from Pembroke. I had previously heard of the astonishing performances of this craft, but was scarcely prepared for the reality. A Montreal gentleman informed me that it went three miles per hour with a fair wind, but it didn't go at such a rapid rate, when I was so unfortunate as to be a passenger. An accident having happened to the lower boat, I was detained one day. The village of Cobden has in it two hotels, a store, workshops, and about half a dozen dwellings; but, more business is done in such places here than in some dull villages above, with ten times the population. In small matters there is little or no credit; and no barter or higgling. One of the hotels was kept by a Nova Scotia man, from whom I derived some information respecting that Province.

Oct. 29, 1852.--Started at 6 o'clock. In the boat was sufficient room for half-a-dozen passengers, and bad accommodation at that; no berths or anything conducive to comfort; it was pouring with rain, and it was almost impossible to *stand* out of it (sitting being out of the question), without being smothered in tobacco-smoke emitted copiously by the French raftsmen, of whom thirty-four, with other passengers, were doomed to pass a rainy night in this wretched tub. We intended to reach Pembroke next morning, but alas, for the vanity of human expectations! In five hours after starting we made fully eight miles, and upon the strength of such rapid motion, stopped one hour and a half to take in wood and steam up again; then went about three miles further, when the jump valve broke; the skilful manager had not a single tool on board; so it was necessary to send back to Cobden to repair it. They managed to put the boat back a mile or two to a landing place; with two more men I obtained a canoe and paddled to the Pembroke landing, nine miles, in a heavy rain; arrived at the landing, and thence to Pembroke, about 3 P.M., the day after starting. Though clad in a gutta percha coat, I was thoroughly drenched with rain, and used up with exposure and fatigue, having been seventeen consecutive hours in a constant shower, travelling 20 miles, and getting neither rest nor sleep.

On the first of November, two days afterwards, the before-mentioned steamer made its appearance in port. Paul Pry was afterwards informed by an influential citizen of Pembroke that on one occasion, a hole having been discovered in the boiler, it was stopped by a Frenchman's moccasin and some putty. Paul Pry, however, does not vouch for the truth of the above story. In this respect he has formed the

same opinion respecting this story, that a bishop did respecting Gulliver's travels, viz., that there were some things in it he could not believe.

Pembroke consists of two villages—the upper town, at what is called "the mouth," is the business place, and is a place of business; it *contains between three and four hundred* permanent residents and a large transient population. The lower village contains about twenty houses, and is about one and a half miles from "the mouth." The road between the two, and for some distance below the lower village, is lined with good farms and comfortable dwellings. The village is the last village on the Ottawa, or near it, going upwards, and is, as it were, on the borders of civilization. It is about 110 miles above and west of Montreal, and is in a rather higher latitude. Its situation in an expansion of the Ottawa is healthy and beautiful. Across the river are seen a range of blue mountains with bold peaks. The Ottawa river affords a far better subject for a panorama than the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. Nothing but a panorama can give an adequate idea of its magnificence and variety. No part of Canada offers so many and so various subjects for the pencil, but for a panorama it has no rival. Five hundred miles above Montreal, three hundred or more above Pembroke, is the large Lake Temiscaming; within twenty miles of which lumbering operations are carried on. The Ottawa rises from it. Still further back, probably 100 to 150 miles, are the sources of the rivers which fall into the Lake Temiscaming, on the height of land which divides Canada from the Hudson's Bay territory. About 350 miles further north is the Moose Factory, a post of the Company on the southernmost part of Hudson's Bay. A panorama would take in Lake Temiscaming, and perhaps one of its tributary rivers. In some places mountains are said to rise five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height directly from the bank; then islands and rapids, diversified occasionally by a raft with a group of men on it, attired in red shirts, moccasins, and grey pants; then the residences of pioneers, which would gradually thicken; the mouth of a tributary stream equal in length of course to an European kingdom; villages here and there; the magnificent Chaudiere Falls; Bytown; the Lake of Two Mountains; Lachine; and last, but not least, Montreal.

Pembroke, *at the slackest season, has a very* lively appearance. During navigation, crowds of raftsmen and others connected with the lumber trade are constantly arriving and departing in canoes. The bark canoes, the strange and picturesque dress of most of the raftsmen, the constant bustle of business as in a large city, together with the beautiful scenery of the river —impart to it a peculiar aspect. The stores do not look like stores in most other places. No time for fiddle-faddle nonsense and grimaces; the leading articles seem to be blankets, shoe packs, tea, tobacco, red sashes and buffalo robes, trunks, carpet bags, and other travelling implements scattered in all directions—give the place the appearance of a large steamboat wharf. In short, everybody seems to be alive. In winter the scene is sometimes still more animated. To people from other parts to go to this place seems like going *out* of the world. To those who lumber up the river, it is coming *in* it to arrive in Pembroke. Fruit here, as well as all along the Ottawa, is very scarce. The climate seems very healthy; it need be to enable people to gorge themselves thrice a day with greasy carcases.

Society appears to be diversified occasionally by the arrival of gentlemen connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. Judging from specimens presented, they appear to be intelligent, educated, and refined, an acquisition to any society, far superior to what would be expected from men so far removed from the gentle influences of female society, and from opportunities of mental culture. These, however, are greater than would be supposed. In spite of the difficulties of transit, most of the Company's stations have libraries.

Strawberries and cranberries are said to grow in abundance on the Southern shore of Hudson's Bay in the vicinity of the Moose Factory, (station so-called). The winter appears not to be so long as the latitude indicates. Snow is mostly gone in May except in sheltered places or drifts, but is again deep in November. The principal means of intercourse between the forts, are snow shoes in winter and canoes in summer.

The prevailing vice on the Ottawa river and its tributaries, is probably drunkenness. Paul Pry had travelled through Canada for six years previously, but had nowhere previously seen so much of it as in Pembroke: not so much among the residents however, as among the floating *population. Nevertheless, at the time of Paul* Pry's visit, there seemed to be a strong feeling

growing up in favour of the Maine Law. He was present when two hotel keepers with others were talking it over. One expressed himself decidedly in favour of it; the other seemed to have no objection. The first made a large income by selling liquor, but appears to be always right side up himself; to the other the Maine Law would be a decided benefit even in a pecuniary sense.

On the third of November, Paul Pry proposed to leave on his return, but by somebody's mismanagement the boat left before he was aware of its arrival, whereupon—being stimulated by the large quantity of pork and beef he had swallowed—Paul Pry waxed wrath, but didn't kill anybody. Had he been desirous of transporting himself merely, he could have overtaken the boat by swimming, but found it inconvenient to take the trunk between his teeth, and was at length pacified; and devoted two days more to studying the names and customs of the people of Pembroke.

On the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot our hero started for Cobden, in the rapid steamer before mentioned. Boat stopped at a landing half way, where was an Orange procession; one of them drunk and armed with a gun stepped on deck and hospitably invited all on board jointly and severally, to adjourn to his residence half a mile distant and partake of his good cheer. Paul Pry expressed himself thankful for his kind offer, but felt compelled under existing circumstances respectfully to decline. Dark ideas appeared then to come into his mind. He mistook Paul Pry for a Yankee, and concluded that the rest of the passengers were prevented from availing themselves of his kind offer by his refusal. He informed Paul Pry that they would do him no harm but that if there were any "croppies" on board he would kill them. He was informed there were no such animals, so far as Paul Pry knew, about the premises. But he went on shore very wrathy, and seemed determined to kill somebody and pointed the gun at our explorer, whereupon the others laid hold of him and forced him away; he all the time vowing vengeance on Paul Pry with clenched fists and attitude of desperation: said he would know him again and would kill him the first chance he had. Paul Pry saw him a few months afterwards, but the man appeared to have forgotten his vow for he gave no sign of recognition. The boat on this occasion only took nine hours to reach the twenty miles.

It is right to state that in the spring of 1854 a new steamer was put on the route, which was expected to perform the distance in three hours.

On the sixth of November the adventurous explorer again started on his journey, having had his vehicle repaired at Cobden on much the same plan as the German organist offered to repair an organ for a Parish Church in England. "Your organ be vort von hundert pound." "I will charge you von hundert pounds for mend it, and it will be vort fifty." After going about fourteen miles it again gave way, it being Saturday, and Paul Pry being anxious to reach Renfrew on Sunday; by judicious use of leather and ropes managed to keep the concern together for about nine miles further, within four miles of Renfrew. Just before this time the night set in stormy and dark, the unfortunate Paul Pry—the regulating power of the machine having given way—floundered about some time among ditches, logs, stumps, and corduroy, unsuccessfully endeavouring to procure a wretched lodging for the night, but for some time without success, the darkness grew more intense, if possible, and the rain and sleet beat more pitilessly on the miserable outcast. At last he was wrecked against a stump, and, unable to proceed any further. In this extremity, he saw a dim light across the blackness, and made tracks for it, leaving the vehicle and horse standing. The farmer was hospitable and good natured: he turned out with a lantern. The cargo was soon safely housed and the horse stabled. Last, but not least, Paul Pry himself was placed in front of a blazing log fire, in a one-roomed log hut. By this time, he had arrived at the conclusion, that few as the new homes were in these parts, some of them might be dispensed with. In snatches of sleep he beheld visions of waggons axle deep in mud, wheels awry with lumps between them, deep pools, dirty boots and wet feet, intermixed with river scenery. Tantalizing visions of smooth dry roads, fine farms, lots of fruit and home comforts.

On the seventh of November, Paul Pry passed a miserable Sunday, wishing himself three hundred miles South-west, listening to the Sabbath bells in the capital of Canada West: clean, hearty and comfortable, instead of being stuck in a one-roomed hut, wretched, dirty and wearied. But the day at length passed away, and before sunrise the next morning, the farmer fixed the waggon, and the explorer started again on his journey. The four miles were reached by mid-day, and in due time the vehicle properly repaired.

A few days after—the roads meanwhile having altered much for the worse—Paul Pry, nearly buried in mud arrived at Pakenham, and the next day started for Fitzroy harbour, 14 miles distant.—This is a valley of about four hundred inhabitants, but not much business. The steamer from Bytown

Village

touches here, but leaves the passengers for the upper regions some distance on the opposite side where there is a horse-railway three miles long over the portage. In the vicinity of this village are the Chats Rapids, where the river or a portion of it, breaks over the rocky islands, forming cascades in about thirty different places; some of them gems of beauty, though limited in extent. A full view of all of these is obtained from the steamer. Many of the people of Fitzroy Harbour are very intelligent and well educated. There is a village on the opposite side, at the mouth of the Quio river, where a considerable business is done. Paul Pry went on board the little steamer, and amid glorious scenery, but poor land, dropped down the expanded river to Aylmer, a town on the Lower Canada side having a population of about 1,200; where, the navigation being broken by the Chaudiere rapids, stages take passengers over the magnificent suspension bridge, to Bytown, the capital of the Ottawa region. But a short description of it can be given here; the materials not being at hand for a detailed account. It may be well to remark, however, that it contained at that time a population of about 9,000 in the Upper and Lower town, the latter is the chief seat of business, and contains any quantity of stores: many of them similar to those in Pembroke previously described. A large number of the inhabitants are of French origin. A very large business is done in supplying the lumber. Here the Rideau Canal—120 miles long—ascends by six locks from the Ottawa river to a higher level, and reaches the St. Lawrence at Kingston. This place is remarkably healthy, and is unusually cool during the summer months. The scenery around it is magnificent beyond description. Several tributary rivers fall into the Ottawa near this place, and the Chaudiere Falls are alone worth coming a long distance to see. The road to Aylmer is well settled by thriving farmers, and the buildings solid and substantial.

Paul Pry a few days after re-embarked, arrived at Fitzroy Harbour with ease, and started for Pakenham over a road half frost and half mud, where with some difficulty he arrived the same night. The next day—about the middle of November—he was unpleasantly struck on rising next morning to perceive that it was snowing in a most determined manner; and fearful of being snowed up he hastened his departure, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in regaining his point of departure—Mirickville on the Rideau Canal—more than half dead with fatigue and hardship.

Thus ended Paul Pry's first trip on the Upper Ottawa. It resulted soon after in a six weeks illness, which left him so greatly debilitated as to render a visit to the sea-board advisable; to which circumstance the maritime provinces are indebted for his visit. This page is closed with an extract from his diary of the tour, containing much practical truth that will not be appreciated by those who should act upon it.

"Government appears to do little to encourage the lumber trade in Canada, but everything to make a revenue from the labour and enterprize of lumber merchants. I have been informed that slides have been made in many places to facilitate lumbering operations, at great expense and inconvenience to the lumber merchants, as they would prefer to invest their capital in the business itself. But no sooner do the slides become a source of profit than the government takes hold of them.—In lumbering matters it seems to work on the principle of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. The goose, however, in this case, possesses considerable vitality or it would have been long since dead; as it is the animal still continues to lay them, but not to the extent it might do if well fed, or even let alone. So many obstacles in the shape of unequal duties and extra tolls, &c., that few but large capitalists can profitably undertake it except as underlings; and small timber that could otherwise be got out with profit, is left standing in comparative nearness to the shipping port, while lumberers have to go hundreds of miles up river to get at the larger kinds. * * There are "men of thought and men of action" in this village (Renfrew) busily engaged in clearing the moral wilderness around them. In this as in most parts of the lumber country are men vigorous alike in body and mind, whose faculties only want a right direction and favourable opportunities to make them efficient instruments for good. Both in bodily and mental development—frequently too in education—the respectable classes in this section show a marked superiority to the average of those in other parts of Canada.

All that is wanted to develope the physical resources of this section of the country are good roads and railroads. Many M. P. P's are very anxious to secure railroads where good roads and steamboats—consequently quick locomotion—already exist. I strongly recommend some of these gentlemen to start in a light buggy in the spring or fall and travel six weeks about the Upper Ottawa and its tributaries. I would advise them, however, previously to serve six months apprenticeship to a blacksmith and waggon-maker and to carry with them a large supply of straps, withes, and tools for mending vehicles. I am vividly conscious that in subsequent sessions they would say but little about

front railroads. People on the Front seem to think fifteen miles an hour slow work. About Renfrew three miles an hour is considered good travelling. "To him that hath shall be given," seems to be the rule hitherto followed in this matter; but for the back it is to be hoped "there's a good time coming."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

A SKETCH OF EVERYBODY'S DOINGS.

"BLACK MONDAY" is a tolerably dismal association in the mind of a school-boy. The time for evening parties, juvenile flirtations, and purchasing more cricket-bats than any one human boy can handle; all this is past; and, instead, there are gloomy anticipations of Dr. ——, wooden desks, genuine "sky blue," and bread and butter, in which the latter element by no means predominates. "Shrove Tuesday" is a pleasanter day. Pancakes are not bad, and even the strict dietary discipline of Cutanthrash House relaxes on this day, and the reverend doctor for once gives in to Mr. Squeer's belief that "pastry makes the skin shine, and parents think that a good sign." Friday is a great day for nervous old women, and for that class of people who never go under ladders, and who speculate as to whether a cinder is likely to be useful in a financial or funeral capacity. But of all the days in the week, Saturday is our theme for the present, and we hope with pretty fair claims for our attention.

Some few hours ago we have just cashed a cheque (which is to relieve all anxieties as to Sunday's dinner and divers other important matters) at a tall plate-glass-and-stone edifice in Lombard Street. It is getting late, and we suddenly encounter two or three of the clerks, whom we know. We are near the Lyceum Theatre, and they are going there full of spirits and gaiety at having escaped from the "ballance," which is detaining some nine or ten of their fellows, and will detain them till eleven or twelve to-night. Hard work, forsooth! Figures from Monday morning to Saturday night, and *through* Saturday night. There is always a feeling when Saturday night comes that much that ought to have been done has been neglected, a kind of desire to get half the business of the next week into this one single evening. Moreover, it is a desperate night for one thing—everybody wants money.

Fatal want, so propitious to human exertion, and often so powerful in repressing it! Throughout the whole course of society (we dont mean of the independent classes) Saturday night comes to us decked with this anything but golden legend. Sir Hellebore Briggs, the great drysalter (who believes Temple Bar to be really ancient, but who certainly never looked at *Wren's Parentalia*), is looking anxiously over his cash-book. The girls are coming home on Monday, and the terms at Belvidera House (of course, including extras), are anything but moderate; mamma has been talking for the last half-hour about silk dresses, and about the ball at the Mansion House. Mamma has also ("for you know my dear, we scarcely get a word together except on Saturday night!") been giving Sir Hellebore a list of the delinquencies of Martha, the number of "breakages" caused by the crockery-murdering propensity of Sarah, and has also renewed her "hints" about a man-servant instead of "that boy James."

Poor Sir Hellebore! Just rich enough to have honours forced upon him, he has felt himself less at ease since he was "Sir" by station as well as by courtesy, than he ever was in his life. He is a sleek, well-to-do-looking man, but his bland visage covers a multitude of anxieties. Saturday night, dearest reader, has its terrors even for the members of a corporation.

But Saturday night, with its pressing demands for cash, walks steadily on, and we will now suppose ourselves suddenly transplanted into a humbler dwelling. It is a pretty picture, and we will gaze awhile.

The room looks very comfortable, and yet very simple. Everything seems rather new, and suggestive of "settling in life" on the part of some young lady and gentleman at a comparatively recent period. The period in question appears to be tolerably well defined by the dimensions of the baby upon whom the young lady is smiling, as it lies upon her lap twisting its fingers into anatomical problems beyond the united powers of Archimedes and John Hunter to disentangle—smiling vacantly, and looking preternaturally clever and stupid alternately, and uttering strange sounds in babyphony.

Yet that fair young mamma has her Saturday night's cares as well as the richest and ugliest (and, we shall by and by add, the poorest and dirtiest) among us. The "greatest plague of life," *i. e.*, the small servant, the "girl," who generally forms the first evil genius in the

lives of young married couples, has been out nearly the whole evening, and the young mistress is quite certain that "that baker has turned the girl's head." Then bread has "riz" (such was the official announcement delivered by the small servant) a penny more, and coals have "riz" in proportion. And then baby was restless last night, and consequently mamma feels tired; and then, what *can* keep George so late?

A loud knock at the door dissipates all anxieties, for George is in the room in the twinkle of a sunbeam. Baby looks profoundly unintelligible, gets a genuine paternal kiss (which subsequently is transferred to mamma likewise), and George sits down and looks at his pretty wife, and asks himself mentally whether his hard day's work in the city has not its reward.

The little servant appears, her delinquencies, even to the doubtful baker are forgotten, as she brings in the dainty little bit of supper which kept George's pretty wife in a state of flour, onions, and perturbation, for at least three quarters of an hour. Like most young cooks, she is very anxious and very proud, and George's appetite is highly satisfactory.

A rather ludicrous sort of anxiety is distracting another gentleman. He lives in one of those preserves for red tape and decayed vegetation, the inns of court. He is a miserably miserable single man, with a great deal of money, and is wondering what he is to do with himself to-morrow till dinner-time. If truth were known, his prospective hostess has probably been at the furthest verge of earth's miseries in wondering what she shall give him for dinner.

Our own particular Pegasus is on his wing again, and we are in an atmosphere of butchers' shops, tripe shops, vegetable shops, and at last, but by no means least, "gin-shops." "Buy, buy; come, buy," resounds on all sides from gentlemen whose faces and costumes mixed would form a fine purple. "Penny a lot, here you are," denotes the visit of an itinerant oyster-merchant, the dimensions of the *testacea* making us fully believe in the possibility of eating "an elephant." From another quarter of one's head or ears (the noise utterly precludes discriminations) you are given to understand that a certain individual's vegetable dealings are "none of your costermonger's work, not a bit of it;" while the perpetual "right sort, right sort," which is going on everywhere about, would delude one into a belief that we were among decent people, if we were not so visibly persuaded of the contrary.

This is the *grand quartier* for the miseries of Saturday night. Wives, trying to waylay their husbands as they return from the receipt of their wages; children, weak, puny, and emaciated with the long course of unwholesome food and insufficient rest; glazy-eyed staggerers, who have forgotten every duty to their God, their families, and themselves—such are a few of the *dramatis personæ* on not a few Saturday nights.

Now, how much of this misery and brutality might be avoided, if the custom of paying wages on Saturday were abolished. In the first place, the prospect of "an idle day" (and, alas! in such quarters Sunday is worse than an idle day) induces a recklessness as to how the evening of Saturday night is spent, and that evening, which should restore the parent, however humble, to his fireside and his children is frittered away in riotous conviviality, or in any kind of profligacy that comes readiest to hand. Again, when the money is obtained, it is far too late to go to market with advantage. Stale joints and worse vegetables are eagerly bought by those who have no choice between dining off what they can get or with Duke Humphrey. Nor can people be particular about the price, weight, or anything else of anything they purchase on Saturday night. The shops are crowded to suffocation, the shopmen are ha frantic, and provided you pay your money, you are at full liberty, or rather full compulsion, to "take your chance."

All this might be avoided by pursuing the course adopted in many of the best houses of business, and making the week end on a Friday night, paying accordingly. By this means the wives get hold of the "lioness's share of the money, and what would have been spent at the Blue Posts or the Cærulean Pig," is invested in bread, beef, and broad cloth. Day after day do new schemes of social reform present themselves to the brains of managers, directors, editors, *et id genus omne*, but the simple problem of "all wages paid on Friday night" has only suggested itself to the conscientious minds of a few men, who know that *when* money is paid, often settles any difficulties about *how much* should be paid.

But there is a natural taste for delaying everything till Saturday night, even in the smallest mat-

ters, which is perfectly ridiculous. For example, we know about half-a-dozen chemists with whom Saturday night is a field day." Why so many "penn'orths of air oil" could not have been purchased at an earlier period of the day is difficult to conceive. Why half-a-dozen prescriptions (which have probably been kicking about on the chimney-piece or lost in a waistcoat pocket for an indefinite period) could not have been sent to be "made up" before is equally a puzzle. If people are in the dark, must they wait till hapless Saturday night to purchase a penny box of "Punch's Congreves?"

My dear Mr. Smith—if you *must* smoke (and there is no Act of Parliament against it) *cannot* you possibly, by any means, find your way home and smoke there? Surely lounging against the counter, amidst company more vicious than, and quite as silly as yourself, will not render you better fitted for the society of others, or your own. It is Saturday night, my good fellow, go quietly home, and learn what it is to wake up with no shame or regret for yesterday's doings.

But "the trail of the serpent" is on Saturday night, even though the calm rest of the divine day that succeeds was to be won by a struggle.

Nobody is quite comfortable. Children are to be washed (an operation for which they have as much affection as Ethiopians), linen is to be brought home from the wash, and there is a splendid dispute as to the number of shirts or the identity of pocket-handkerchiefs. Then—just as the butchers' shops are likely to be closing—Mrs. McMuddle is in a paroxysm of excitement as to what "shall we have for dinner to-morrow," a difficulty easily solved, seeing that a leg of mutton and potatoes has for years been the family dish, and has for years assaulted the nostrils of those who dine punctually at one o'clock.

And so we hurried on from house to house, and from scene to scene, we began to wonder whether we shall get any rest, or whether Saturday night is only to prove the beginning of an endless day of worry, botheration, and immorality. A brighter scene dawns upon our view.

The streets are hushed in silence. Here and there a solitary figure indicates a policeman. Even the prize-fighting, rat-killing dens are closed, and *almost all* is quiet. Sunday morning breaks upon us, as we survey the chilling looking-glass of the gutters, and what unusually firm hold our boots take of the radiating patterns on the pavement. And we walk on, and, ever and anon, some creature of distress shrinks beneath our view, withdrawing into the shade of a friendly door-step or recess, and we feel a chilling pain, as we think of those to whose hapless state Sunday brings no Sabbath; to whom Saturday night speaks no to-morrow's lesson of Religion and Rest.

Our course is at an end, we are simply in our dwelling, number nameless of an unmentionable street in the locality which it would be superfluous to allude to. It is Saturday night with us, as with the rest of the world, and we are in corresponding confusion: whether that piece of beef we ourselves bought will turn out tough or not, whether the first five articles we sent to as many different journals will be accepted or not, whether there really is anything in what people say about our very dear little friend over the way (whom we have known from childhood, and just met in the act of marketing), and whether we do not, like all other unfortunate single folks, feel terribly dull, dusty, and dreary, when no smiling faces sheds love and happiness upon our "Saturday Night."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Musical instruments are to music what tools are to a handicraft employment. They are invented and perfected according to the development of music; but as the tools influence the handicraft, so musical instruments in their turn react on the character of music, and impart to it a distinctive character, leading even to considerable modifications in its general features, and thus form an important agency in the whole development of the art. We have only to remind our readers of the connection between the grand Erard pianos of seven octaves and the new pianoforte schools. We need scarcely ask, could the one exist without the other? We can thus trace the action of musical instruments in the national music of all countries, and in most instances we can discern in the character of the music, the nature of the instrument which serves to express it. In every Spanish air we hear the sighing of the mandolin, or the clinking of the castanet; in the Venetian we have the dreamy sound of the guitar; in the Swiss the echo of the bugle; and who could mistake in Scotch music the drone of that worthy, the bagpipe? It seems growling at the follies of the small reeds, while it accompanies their mad leaps with its uniform and benignant hum, and largely contributes to the humorous effect by the contrast it presents to the quick high notes of Scotch tunes. To the bagpipe we must attribute, in a great measure, the predominancy in the Scotch music of fifths and thirds, besides the emphatic sixth major.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE POMPEIAN COURT.

The road to Pompeii lies beyond the Arctic Regions—of the Crystal Palace—if we enter from the south—and is not very far from Birmingham and Sheffield, if we happen to be coming from the north.

Pompeii was a watering place—a species of Margate—for the Romans, and, as well as Herculaneum, was situated at the foot of Vesuvius. Herculaneum, being the nearer, may be said to have occupied the in-step, while Pompeii, situated at a more distant point, may be considered to have stood on the mountain's great toe. It would not seem creditable to the wisdom of the ancients to have built a watering-place immediately under such an extensive fire-place as Vesuvius; but nobody suspected an eruption, and even Strabo, who knew the rocks were igneous, fancied that the fire must be—what he in fact was—quite out. However, in the year 79, Herculaneum and Pompeii were both destroyed.

We will not enter into the distressing details of this calamity; for word-painting might fail as dismally as scene-painting, which, in the opera of *Masaniello*, represents an eruption of a canvas Vesuvius, casting up its imaginary lava from a crater, consisting of a saucepan of red fire shaken by the hand of the property-man at the back of the stage. The catastrophe had its "own reporter" in the person of Pliny the Younger, who, in true reporter-like fashion, gives a very circumstantial account of the death of his uncle, though at a safe distance from the spot where it occurred.

The excavations which have brought Pompeii to light were the result of a thirst for water rather than a thirst for information, since it is to the sinking of a well that we are indebted for the discovery of the buried city. For some time the work was carried on by a French prince, who literally played with the marbles that were exhumed, for he had them pulverized for the purpose of making stucco—a process for which he himself deserves to be smashed. At length, the workmen happening to come on some perfect statues, the Neapolitan government put a stop to further excavations, and, as might be expected from the Neapolitan government, nothing was done for thirty years. At length, however, the work was resumed; bit by bit the city has been laid open; industry has found its fruits in the shape of walnuts, almonds, and chesnuts, which may be said to have rewarded labour with its desert. Wine has been discovered, which, having been eighteen hundred years in bottle, presents nothing but a fine old crust, and a loaf, with the baker's name on it, has been found in a similar condition. Eggs have been met with, looking as if they had been newly laid where they had been found, and a play-bill of the day, announcing the performances of the troop of Ampliatus—probably the Cooke or Batty of the period—has been traced on the walls, which thus bear testimony to the excellence of the bill-sticking of the first century.

One of the houses that have been discovered at Pompeii used to be called the House of the Tragic Poet, which, owing probably to the modern notion that poets never occupy houses, but always live in lodgings, is now called the Homeric House, and the tragic poet is thus unceremoniously out of House and Home. Our respect for literature induces us still to call it the Home of the Poet, and the idea is favoured by an inscription at the entrance, of *Cave Canem*, or *Beware of the Dog*, which may have furnished a general answer to those clamorous duns with whom the poet was possibly pestered. The walls are adorned with theatrical and other portraits, among which is a picture of the poet himself in the act of reading what is in all probability a Greek play that the poet intends "adapting" to the Roman stage.

In most of the Pompeian houses there was placed rather ostentatiously a large wooden chest, bound with iron, fixed firmly on a stone pedestal, and supposed to contain the wealth of the master of the house, but on closer investigation of these chests, they seem to have been emblems of the emptiness of riches, for nothing has been found in any one of them. Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his "Last Days of Pompeii," has made an amiable effort to elevate the "tragic poet," by describing his house and its appurtenances in language that its size and pretensions scarcely seem to deserve. He says, "on one side of the atrium a small staircase admitted to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor." If for "slaves" we were to read "lodgers," we fear we should be nearer the truth, for when we remember that the landlord was a poet, "the slaves" dwindle down in our imagination into a solitary "slavey," or maid-of-all-work for the whole establishment.

Let us now enter the Pompeian Court, where

we are told we shall find ourselves at once with "Tacitus and the two Plinys," but on looking round we see a bricklayer and two labourers, while, instead of having "the roar of the amphitheatre still in our ears," we catch the distinct clatter of the knives and forks of the refreshment-room. This reminds us that the Pompeian Court at the Crystal Palace was originally intended for purposes of refreshment, and dinners were to have been served in the best modern style under the ancient peri-style. The house is supposed to be detached, forming what is called an *insula* or island, and, with the poet's house still in our eye, we can imagine that his being frequently surrounded with hot water may have caused the application of the term "island" to his place of residence. There are no windows near the ground, but there is over the door a "grating," through which "the poet" or any other lessee might have delivered occesionally a grating reply to an over-importunate visitor.

The front part of the entrance is called the Vestibulum or Vestibule, which is an evident derivation from the word Vestis, and would seem to show that visitors were in the habit of leaving their vests or cloaks in the passage at a Pompeian as at a London residence. At the end of the passage is a screened door, and the threshold is further protected by the representation of a ferocious dog, copied from that which kept guard at the house of the poet, who was anxious perhaps to show that there was a dog who could get a piece out as well as his master, if occasion should require. Just within the *Vestibulum*, or passage, is the *Prothyrum* or *Ostium*, which corresponds to the Hall in which a "party" is sometimes asked to take a seat, while the servant goes on with a message, leaving the party to make a clearance of the hats and greatcoats, if his visit should have been a mere cloak for his dishonest intentions.

We next enter the *Atrium*, a court or Common Hall, which was open to all visitors, but which is in the Pompeian Court of the Crystal Palace, rather too open at the top, too open at the doors, and too open at the windows. The basin in the middle of the *Atrium* was called the *Impluvium*, and its use was to collect the rain, which was admitted by a hole at the top called the *Compluvium*. This ought to have been the same size as the reservoir below, but as the artists did not require any water, and wanted additional light, they sacrificed correctness to effect by making the *Compluvium* so large, that the *Impluvium* or cistern must be in a state of constant overflow.

We will now walk into the bedrooms or *Cubicula*, of which there are three at the Pompeian House, which was probably adapted to the residence of a "small genteel family," for the width of the best bedroom is only six feet nine inches. An attempt is made to give an appearance of space by bright paintings on a black surface, an expedient rather calculated to mislead the occupant, for if he ventured on an extra stretch out on the strength of the paintings, h might be unpleasantly reminded of the strength of the brick walls. In the third bedroom is an interesting picture of a poet and an actor, the the former sitting with his legs crossed in the attitude of a tailor, as if he were a mere literary botcher, who has probably been patching up for the actor in a very bad part. The *Ala*, or wing is a small apartment or recess, in which luxury might have filled a butler's pantry, but where necessity would probably have crammed a turn-up bed. The *Ala* is said to have been used for the transaction of business, but the smallnes of the wing would seem to have fitted it for none but flying visits.

Opposite the door of entrance we pass into the *Tablinum*, which contains the "family archives," but as the family archives were often as apocryphal in those days, as the "family plate" is in our own, the *Tablinum* was generally used as a drawing-room for the spoons, and other members of the family.

We here catch a glimpse of the *Peristylum*, in the centre of which was a square garden; but not wishing to take a turn in the square we shall at once enter the *Triclinium*, or dining-room, the walls of which are adorned with pictures of figs of a peculiar figure, and dates o the period. The guests did not sit at table, but were accustomed to lie on their breasts to help themselves—an awkward position, in which they must have occasionally looked as if they could not help themselves, particularly if they happened to have imbibed too much wine at the banquet. The guests before dinner always took off their shoes, and it would be as well if the practice were observed in some of our modern clubs, where "gentlemen are"—often in vain—"requested not to put their feet on the sofas." A Roman dinner of the first quality included peacocks *au naturel*, and other delicacies, of which grasshoppers were perhaps the lightest; but it is a curious fact that the course of so

many centuries has not made much alteration in the three courses which formed the usual meal of the ancients. The wine was rather sweet and fruity, but much depended on its age; the bottles were marked with the names of the Consuls who were in office at the time the wine was made. Thus the liquor got the name of a person, and it was customary to call for an *amphora* of Cæsar, or a sip of Scipio, as we in modern days order our bottle of Gordon's sherry, or Cliquot's champagne.

Before quitting the Pompeian Court, we would direct attention to the paintings on the walls, in which the ideas are not nearly so bright as the colours. In one place a yellow-haired Venus is seen fishing with such success as to have secured a most respectable herring, and there are several paintings in which Cupid is represented as on "sale or hire," in various positions. We may, with Vitruvius, condemn the taste of making figures stalk out of the stems of flowers, and placing building on candelabra, as if a house could stand on such light foundation as a candlestick; but we cannot quit the spot without making up our minds to call again, and again, at the Pompeian House of the Crystal Palace.

HINTS TO THOSE WHO ATTEND SOIREES.

Nothing can be more brilliant and fascinating than the outside of French manners and the forms of French society. A stranger, who divests himself of vulgar national prejudices, cannot fail to be struck with admiration. The first impression, indeed, is that of high culture and great intellectual superiority. Escaping from hotel life, or from the serious atmosphere of the study, we enter with delight into circles where rules, brought to the highest perfection, and enforced by good taste and a general sense of propriety, keep everybody in his right place, and yet produce an appearance of perfect liberty and ease. Nothing of the kind can surpass a Parisian Soiree. An hour or two after dinner people begin to collect, or rather to drop in. The valet announces them at the door of the *salon*, and then all ceremony apparently ends. The new comers go up and salute the mistress of the house, perhaps chat a moment or two with her, and then form or join groups here and there. If any topic be started that interests them, they remain an hour or so, and then depart without saluting either the host or hostess, unless they happen to be near the door. A formal "good-night" might suggest to others the necessity of retiring. Sometimes a visitor remains only a few minutes. Very often there is an entire change of persons once or twice in the course of the evening. The conversation is seldom loud; and there is more pleasantry or chat than discussion. Ladies, instead of arranging themselves in a line, which it requires more than mortal courage to approach, take their places at various parts of the room, and are soon surrounded by acquaintances. On entering they make a salutation, half-bow, half-curtsey to the mistress of the house, and always say adieu to her. If she be young, she rises to receive them, or perhaps waits for new-comers near the door. When they go she accompanies them, sometimes even as far as the ante-chamber, where they put on their bonnets and shawls. It is curious to notice, by the way, the remarkable change in fashions and taste that has taken place since the establishment of the empire. I am not very learned on this point, but have observed that nearly all the exquisite simplicity which is the great characteristic of female dress in France has already disappeared. Gorgeous ornaments and vivid colours are the order of the day. I was once surprised to see a lady, always noted for the elegance of her costume, appear early in the evening at Madame ——'s Soiree in a toilette very much resembling that of a savage queen. Her gown was of bright red; her bracelets and necklace of coral beads larger than hazel-nuts; and her head was decorated with pieces of coral and feathers. Had she been less beautiful she would have appeared ridiculous. The ladies say that they are compelled to this sacrifice of taste by the adoption of brilliant uniforms, laden with gold and silver embroidery, by the courtiers and all public functionaries. If they adhered to their old simplicity they would be crushed, put out of sight completely. They have no desire to imitate birds, and concede the brightest plumage to the lordly sex.

PUNCTUALITY.—If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business, and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them into a fever too.

THE SPIRIT OF LABOUR.

There is a spirit Brothers, all invoke
Who would find place in earth's ulterior story;
This spirit, Labour;—from its iron yoke
Great thoughts arise, and men leap up to glory.

All noble deeds that live when men are dead—
All glorious thoughts that have eternal sway—
Were born of Labour of the heart and head:
This heritage of toil is one to-day.

Spirit of Labour! strong and mighty thou!
Mighty in deed, and earnest in endeavour:
The crown of majesty is on thy brow;
The dew of youth upon thy lips for ever.

Brothers! there is a victory to win:
This earth is drawing to her final day;
And still her cities are the homes of sin;
Her moral darkness hath not pass'd away.

Why do we linger from the field of strife,
Cursed with this indolence and indecision?
Is there no God in heaven? no after-life?—
Or have our lives no end, no aim, no mission?

Is there no truth to toil for in the world?
Is there no promised day of greater good?
For which God's heroes in the flames were hul'd,
And martyrs leap'd to heaven lapp'd in blood!

Shall we do nought, but let the talent rust,
That each of us within his heart possesses?
Shall we hide heavenly souls in earthly dust,
Or shun the toil for womanly caresses?

Brothers! we have a work, our hearts are young;
We watch the shadows on the walls of time;
We hear the thundering of the iron tongue;
This day's dark dawn shall grow to light sublime.

There is in earth a mighty despot—Sin—
Who drives his slaves like unresisting cattle;
Brothers! he shall not long the victory win,
If earnest hearts invoke the God of battle.

Far in the future, prophet-like, we gaze,
The history of empires vast to scan;
The morn may brake in blood, but there are rays
Of sunlight on the destinies of man.

And shall we now, when earth is growing old,
Forget the shadows of the great departed?
Shall we sit down, and let our hearts grow cold
Beneath the eyes of saints and heroes marty'd?

Brothers of noble heart! awake, arise!
Stand by the truth, for she at last must reign!
Heed not their taunts, who foolishly despise;
Though all combine, their power would be in vain.

Seek ye this spirit, Brothers, night and day.
We all must labour; toil will bring its blessing:
The earth will not rest till God take away
The burden that upon her heart is pressing.

Work on! and if ye weary, noble hearts;
If toil beat down the brave heroic breast,
Be this your cry: Who in the strife departs,
Shall ever in the heavenly mansions rest.

H. H. N.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

To see the portrait of Poe is enough to understand the life of an unhappy poet, and consequently to excuse it. The forehead is ill proportioned, fantastic, sickly, like that of Hoffmann; the lower part of the face is weak and undecided. Byron says somewhere of Sheridan, "He had the brow of a God, and the mouth of a satyr! Poe had the brow of a God and the mouth of Silenus. We see from the configuration of his lips, that he was born to drink; but the intelligence which beams from the brain, reveals that in his thoughts intoxication was only a means to an end, to repose." * * * "Poe is to be classed among the fastastic poets of the third rank who, not being able to rise to power, content themselves with being eccentric. Pre-occupied with one constant idea, that of the miseries of life, he expresses it under the form of broken-hearted love. The soul is haunted by a sad memory, and that manly strength is lost which overcomes the fatal world of tears, and leaves the brain free to exercise its faculties. Fantastic images which recall one only recollection, one only emotion, play in the sighs of the breeze, in the murmur of the complaining waters; while beneath the mists and clouds, there yawn abysses where the eye of the poet incessantly discovers the same phantasm; and if the mind, overwhelmed, returns to the earth, it is but to behold the hungry worm crawling toward the already excavated grave. Such is Poe and such his genius."—*Anthenæum Francais.*

May-day and Beltane.—The first of May is still regarded as a season of diversion, but most of the sports which distinguished this day have fallen into disuse. The May-pole and the dances around it were relics of the Roman Floralia, a licenctious festival which is, or *was* until recently, too vividly recalled by the riotous excesses of the people at Helston in Cornwall, and in other localities. The *Beltane* is a reminiscence of the worship of Baal. Fires are, or *were*, kindled in different parts of the country, around which the people danced, and even (but unwittingly) passed through the fire to Moloch.

A LESSON FOR VANITY.

A FEW years ago, an old couple, who had evidently seen better days, came to live at Sheffield. The house they took was one of those tall, prim, uncomfortable places which are continually springing up in rows round the suburbs of large towns, and which have no single recommendation save their newness, and the cleanliness which, for a time at least, is the consequence. The old people, Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, were accompanied, or rather followed, by their son, a smart, dashing youth, apparently about three-and-twenty years of age, who was as unlike his staid, respectable-looking parents, as possible; and might very well have been taken for the living representative of the whole class of that most detestable of all abominations, the gent.

Nothing certainly could be more brilliant and elaborate than his attire. His coat and hat shone as if they had been oiled or varnished, his shirt front glittered with studs of a most wonderful pattern, his waistcoat, buttoned low—it was the season of that fashion—was hung about with festoons of gold-coloured chain; his trowsers were of some unnameable plaid; his neck-tie had most unreasonable ends: and his hair—who shall attempt to describe that long, smooth, oily mass? To put the finishing touch to the picture, his face was shiny, while his teeth were of that peculiar hue which generally distinguishes the stiff "dress gloves," that disturb one's peace so unmercifully at cheap concerts, or overhead in the upper boxes of certain London theatres when orders are plentiful; his hands red, and, generally speaking, far from immaculate. Altogether he looked exactly what he was—an idle, dissipated, good-for-nothing—a being who would hang upon parents, friends, or relatives, consume their earnings, live on their substance, and, for the sake of indulging in the comfort and ease for which he had so base a love, take all sorts of rebuffs, such as would send a *man* on to the roads to break stones; and, when all were exhausted, win a wife—alas! that girls will be won by the shallow words, and false glitter of such creatures—and drudge her like a slave.

For three years, ever since his term of apprenticeship expired, he had been idling about, doing nothing but spend his parents' little store, under pretence of seeking a situation, for which, of course, he never exerted himself; and now, after another "disappointment," was come back to them again "to try his fate," as he called it, in a new town. And to do this he was more than usually anxious and willing, since the supplies from home had lately begun to fail, and his sister, the only person of whom he stood in any sort of fear, had left her father's roof to earn her own living in service—a proceeding which exasperated the idler's pride excessively, as it detracted materially, in his fancy, from the appearance he was so anxious to maintain. If he had dared, he would have written as angrily upon the subject to Emma, as he did to his mother; but, although he commenced one or two epistles, the memory of his sister's calm, penetrating eyes, her clear common sense—which would never be coaxed or bullied into folly—and her often expressed contempt for his opinions and habits, induced him to relinquish his intention, and pocket so much of his wrath as could not be conveyed in a letter to his mother. Here he was safe, for he knew, mean and cowardly as such selfish spirits ever are, that his indulgent parent would never repeat to his injury the insolent language in which his miserable false pride sought to revenge itself; but strive, by all the coaxing and presents in her power, to smooth the ruffled feelings of her much-injured darling.

Reckoning upon her false tenderness, therefore, and wearing the manner of a very ill-used person, Frederick Sibley went home, expecting to find the usual preparation for his reception, and to exact the customary indulgences from his mother's love and credulity. But the first half hour of his return convinced him that in relying upon the stability of anything earthly, he had made a grievous mistake, that somehow or other matters were changed, and that, although his mother's affection was undiminished, she either had not the will, or the power, to do as she had done.

The first shock his sensitive feelings received, was in finding his parents sitting in the little kitchen, one copying law papers,

and the other mending stockings, the fineness of which at once informed the experienced eye of the beholder, that they did not belong to the family wardrobe.

Everything was very clean and very tidy, and through the window a glimpse might be caught every now and then of a small servant, whose proportions might have rivalled Dick Swiveller's immortal marchioness, flitting in and out of the brewhouse in the yard. The regular work of the establishment was evidently going on, without reference to the return of the all-important personage who now stood, gloomy and mortified, before the blazing fire, near which his mother sat, darning and watching the Dutch oven in which the sausages for his dinner were toasting.

Presently, when the first greetings and inquiries were over, the old lady rose, and, folding up her work, set about laying a small tray, which she placed upon the little round table by her son, saying—

"I hope your dinner will be to your liking, Fred. I would have got something better, but I've been so busy with Mr. Thompson's things, mending 'em up ready for him to start by the five o'clock train, that I hadn't a minute's time to cook anything particular; and as I knew you used to be fond of a fresh pork sausage, I thought you'd manage to make shift."

"No time to cook—make shift!" Here was a change. Frederick almost laid down his knife and fork in dismay; but a second glance at the dish, which, piled with his favourite luxury, was now placed hissing before him, made him postpone the expression of his displeasure until after dinner; and he simply inquired,

"Mr. Thompson! who's Mr. Thompson?"

"Our lodger—a very nice young man, who is clerk to Mr. Ludlow, the lawyer; he and his sister have been with us near upon two months."

"A lodger! well, we are come down. And do you wait on them?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the gent, with a groan, "things are come to a pretty pass. Emma gone to service, and you and father taking lodgers."

"Ah, and glad to get 'em, boy," cried Mr. Sibley, looking up from his occupation. "When one's pocket's well nigh empty, all going out, and nothing coming in, it makes one thankful for anything. That last ten pound as I sent you was a sharp pull."

"Yes," continued his wife, sighing, "it's a great change; but it's to be hoped you'll get a situation, Fred, and then things will come right a bit. I miss Emma, dreadful."

"Aye, she was a rare good girl," said the father, warmly; "she was a blessing to us, and please God she'll be a treasure to them as has got her now. She'll be the honest, trusty maid, I know."

"Where is she?" asked Frederick, upon whose ear this degrading praise fell annoyingly.

"At Mr. Morton's, the draper's. She's gone maid to the children. We don't see her often, and that's the only drawback to the place. She's well used, and well prized, and the children are mighty fond of her, which is a great thing for Mrs. Morton."

"What! is she nursemaid, then?" cried Frederick, in a kind of horror.

"No, not exactly—young ladies' maid, they call her; but it's only a fine name for the same thing. Nurse I call her, though certainly the youngest girl is six years' old, and dont want much nursing."

"What matters what she's called? it's a good place, and that's the main; I wish you'd one as good, lad. And, now I think of it, may-be Emma might speak a word for you to her master. In a great shop like his I should think there'd often be changes. You'd better walk up there to-night, Fred, and ask her."

Poor dandy! weak and idle as he was, his feelings at this moment were really pitiable. To be patronized by his sister—her whom he had contemplated discarding for ever from his affections, as a punishment for having disgraced him by accepting menial service, was really too much—more than he could bear; and, muttering some indignant reply, he rose and looked out of the window.

For some time no one spoke. Then Mr. Sibley said, glancing to the clock,

"Anne, if those things are ready, I'll take Mr. Thompson's portmanty down now. It's nearly time, and I've finished these papers.

Well, certainly," and he folded them up, "copying's money hard-earned. But where's the luggage ?"

At the sound of these words, this new evidence of degradation, Frederick Sibley stood aghast, scarcely crediting his senses. True, his parents had over and over assured him, in the letters which accompanied their remittances, that the money was obtained with the greatest difficulty—that it must soon cease altogether, and that his extravagance was bringing them to poverty; but he never believed it—he treated such complaints as matters of course, as being such as always accompanied similar indulgences, and they passed from his memory almost before the letters which contained them were closed.

Now, however, everything he saw and heard, the whole aspect of affairs, and even his father and mother's manner, assured him of the reality of what he had so long refused to credit: and, for the first time in his life, he felt thoroughly frightened. So long as his parents could supply his wants, and afford him a home whenever it suited his idleness to accept it, he cared neither for the shifts to which his extravagance might reduce them, nor for the pain his ingratitude and idleness might cause; but now that their power and inclination to pamper him was perceptibly at an end—that his sister was gone to service, his mother "doing" for the lodger, and his father carrying another man's portmanteau, he saw that his reign was over, and that, like it or not, he must work for his living.

And besides and beyond his selfish fears for his own comfort, was another feeling scarcely less painful; and this was the mortification of finding his parents absorbed in their own affairs and pursuits, and treating him merely as they would any other person, and not as a bashaw. He, who had been of the first and greatest importance, to whom all had deferred, and for whose claims everything else had given way, was now less than the lodger, and more helpless than Emma the nurse. It was mortifying; so mortifying that it made him who endured it ready to do anything—but work.

Feeling thus—and finding himself every day more and more of a cipher,—that his mother thought more of attending to her lodgers, and waiting upon them, than of humouring him; that his father, engrossed in his law copying, took no notice of him, except at meals, seldom even then doing more than ironically asking what success had attended his search for employment; and that the little servant, having lost her first awe of his grandeur, and thinking him very useless and troublesome, treated him with great indifference, the unhappy gent began seriously to consider his position in all its bearings, and to reflect whether it would not, on the whole, answer better, and conduce more to his comfort, to take a situation than to endure this humiliation.

It was a painful alternative, to decide upon which cost Frederick many days' anxiety and many nights' restlessness; but at last, the production of a cold shoulder of mutton upon the second day after cooking, and the smell of Mr. Thompson's chicken and ham, so distressingly suggestive of better times, filled the cup of affliction to the brim; the powers of endurance could no further go; and, in a frenzy of desperate though speechless wrath, he made up his mind to set forth that very afternoon, and "get a place."

But "getting a place," even to gents of Mr. Frederick's superb appearance, is a matter easier talked about than accomplished; and to his intense mortification and surprise, he found that after walking from shop to shop two whole days, visiting first one and then another of the best establishments in the town—always, however, carefully avoiding Mr. Morton's—that situations, like nuggets, were not to be had for the asking, and that he was considerably less irresistible than he had supposed. Little by little, as this painful knowledge dawned upon him, he abated his requirements and limited his pretensions, but to no purpose, places were not to be had; and at last he began (as all such self-conceited people do upon the first reverse) to despair, and think himself a cruelly persecuted individual. While, to add to the adverse chances against him, these gloomy feelings, legibly impressed as they were upon his countenance, gave such additional

disagreeableness to it, that few strangers felt inclined to enter upon his qualifications, or to listen to his request. The[illegible]o, his "stylish" dress operated powerfully to his disadvantage, no one being disposed to engage an "assistant"—by the way, how came such an Americanism into our good old English phraseology?—who displayed such an amount of low foppery.

"Take off all that trumpery, young man, and brush out the lard from your hair before you go place-hunting," said the master of the last establishment at which he applied: "and when you're clean and decent, you may perhaps stand a better chance."

This was the unkindest cut of all. He who had thought himself the pink of fashion, the observed of all observers, to be told to denude himself of his cherished elegancies, dress like an ordinary being, and make himself decent!

The night after this cruel blow was a melancholy one to the poor gent. His father, who had begun to look upon him as a life-long encumbrance, and to treat him accordingly, sat by the fire asleep; his mother occupied herself in preparing Mr. Thompson's supper; and the servant, who was polishing the same gentleman's boots in a corner, coolly told him she was busy, when, for the second time, he desired her to go out, and get him a "pint of half and half from the next public-house."

Half in pride, half in despair, this contempt roused him to determination; and, getting his own candle, by way of displaying his independence and resentment, he went to bed, resolved to purchase the former at any cost; and, as the first step towards this desirable end, to take his father's often-repeated advice, and go the next day to his sister Emma.

Morning, with its fresh annoyances, only strengthened his resolution; and, to his sister's astonishment, he presented himself at the private door of her master's house, where, after a few preliminary observations, which she perfectly understood to be made as apologies to himself for his condescension in seeking help from her, asked her to speak to Mr. Morton. "Not, of course, that I can't get plenty of situations," he said, with a lingering self-conceit, "but I think it would be pleasant to you to have me in the house. I should like to be a protection to you."

Although, with a woman's quick tact, Emma had detected, even in her brother's first words, the wounded pride which shrank from acknowledging its helplessness, she yet generously forbore to ridicule or expose it. Indeed she was too glad to discover this first dawning of better things to be much inclined to do either, or assume a superiority which she felt would be so painful; therefore, simply bidding her brother wait while she sought her master, she left him.

In a few minutes she returned; and the gent, who could not even yet wholly reconcile himself to the degradation of asking assistance from a sister and a *servant*, observed her cast a furtive though keen glance over his appearance.

Fortunately for all parties, it had been much amended; and, without making or eliciting a remark, Frederick followed his sister into Mr. Morton's counting-house. "I've brought my brother, sir," said Emma, respectfully, "and if you can be so good as to take him I shall feel very thankful, and will do all in my power to show it by increased attention to the children."

"That would be impossible, Emma," returned her master, cordially; "you have behaved so extremely well, that I think it scarcely possible for you to improve; and having had in you such satisfactory experience of your family, I am the more willing to oblige you by taking your brother, though, indeed, I fear," and he, like Emma, glanced curiously over the gent's attire, "he will not prove quite so great an acquisition as you have done. However, for your sake I will try him, and I hope he will do credit to us; as the first step towards which, I would advise him to remodel and chasten his dress. And, by the bye," he added, significantly, as after the necessary inquiries and arrangements his visitors were leaving the room, "I am told that such a profusion of hair, with all the lubricants it requires, is most injurious to the health. You had better think of the hint, Sibley."

Blushing scarlet with shame and mortification, the unfortunate exquisite bowed has-

tily, and retreated through the open door held by his sister, while she, not daring to raise her eyes to his face, followed him silently down the passage.

Great was the astonishment, and loud the expressions of satisfaction in Albert Terrace that evening, when Frederick announced there his engagemement with Mr. Morton; and in the ecstacy of his delight, Mr. Sibley would have rushed into the almost forgotten extravagance of a feast by way of welcoming the good news, in the fashion most agreeable to his son, but for the timely reflection that situations were easier got than kept, and that "poor Fred wasn't like Emma."

Whether our hero had reckoned upon the enjoyment thus withheld I know not, but certain it is that he took a speedy leave of the frugal supper table, and withdrawing to his bedchamber, exasperated the little servant grievously, by the unaccountable quantity of hot water he forthwith commenced calling for. And nothing but the reflection that it was the last night, and that her tormentor's powers of annoyance would soon cease, could have reconciled the indignant damsel to this most unusual demand, or prevented her from giving warning on the instant. As it was, she consoled herself by the utterance of the most uncomplimentary phrases she could devise, as can after can of water was jarred down at the attic door.

It was late that night when the bustle in Frederick's room ceased, and next morning his mother was on the point of inquiring its cause, when the glimpse of a bright dark-brown hair, free from any gloss but nature's, arrested her speech, and satisfied her misgivings. Not a word, however, was said, nor any notice taken, except that both parents were even more than usually silent; that Mr. Sibley volunteered to accompany his son to Mr. Morton's: and that when he left him he shook hands more cordially than he had done for many a day, saying, as he glanced at the youth's plain dark dress,

"Good by, Fred, you haven't looked so like my boy since you were a lad at school. Keep as you are now, and maybe you'll turn out a credit to us after all."

So Frederick Sibley obtained his first and best situation, owing it, not to his own perfections or attractions, but to the respect in which his *servant sister* was held by her employers; and keeping it, by having at last sufficient sense to profit by her advice and his master's hint, and discard all the *gentism* of which he had once been so proud.

SUMMER.

A bright warm radiance o'er all,
The summer days have come to shed—
To build the vine upon the wall,
And foster fruits where spring hath shed,
Her flowery gifts with fairy tread,
Decking the late lone leafless trees;
And in her train are captive led,
The busy swarms of humming bees,
And winter rude evanquished flees,
As changeful spring with sun and showers,
Loads with her sweets the fragrant breeze,
And ushers in the summer hours.
Now swelling fruit succeeds the flowers,
Filling the promises of spring;
And in the cool and shady bowers,
The airy songsters blithely sing;
Or rise upon their trusting wing,
Clearing their way o'er meadows wide;
From time, when morning sunbeams fling,
Till day's departing eventide.

How softly comes the shadows down,
The shadows of the evening still;
Slow deepening into sombre brown,
Around the bare of yonder hill.
And how the sunbeam's latest thrill,—
Has left the roof and forest tall;
And sable night will reign until,
The morning comes to break its thrall.
And then how gay at morning's call,
When pleasant sleep hath healed our care,—
To greet the sunbeams as they fall,
And breathe the cool inspiring air,
The west wind brings, and breathing thus.
With all God's creatures we can share,
The gifts he sheds to them and us.

I know a fountain, where the play
Of water, pleasant music makes;
And love, upon a summer day,
To watch it as it leaps and breaks,
In mimic waves, while snowy flakes,
Of feathery foam floats on the stream,
Dancing as playful while it takes,
A varied tint from sunny gleam,
Which glows with pure unclouded beam,
While I beneath a leafy bough,—
Of castles in the air may dream:
Or o'er some fav'rite author bow,
Or idly muse as I do now;
Gazing forth o'er the landscape fair,
While gently comes to fan my brow,
The gentle-breathing summer air.

July, 1824. W.

THE SAD MISTAKE.

The Rue d'Amsterdam, in Paris, was once a very quiet place, but since the building of the magnificent terminus of the railway to Rouen and Havre, which extends a considerable distance up one side of it—even from the bottom to the Place de l'Europe—there has always been a constant roar and rush of traffic in it. Enormous luggage-vans and *diligences*, with their four or six great floundering horses, and their supernaturally excited and vociferous drivers, go whirling up its steep incline every three or four hours, 'busses and cabs rattle up and down, in and out, and all round, the whole day long, and sometimes, when there is much travelling, the whole night long too; and there is an incessant rush of pedestrians hither and thither, to and fro—people tearing to catch the train, and people hurrying home. So the Rue d'Amsterdam is by no means such a quiet place now.

Exactly opposite the entrance to the terminus, on the other side of the way, is a large house, No. 6, which for many years has been let out in *appartements*,—a private lodging-house. I have lived there for four months at a time, and know it well. It is a well-appointed, substantial building, has an entrance-passage of tesselated marble, a staircase of polished oak, a good *entresol*, five ranges of *premièrs* and *deuxièmes* apartments, and stories above these even to the sixth from the *entresol*, not reckoning sundry cabinets in the roof, in which airy and exalted retreats certain students of the arts and sciences foster their "young ambition," amidst tobacco smoke, tiles, and chimneys.

On the 21st of March, 1851, an elderly gentleman from the country engaged a little room on the *entresol* of No. 6, for himself and his wife. They were a quiet soft-speaking old couple, moving gently about, and preserving towards every one that peculiar humility and simplicity of politeness which you find sometimes in people of finely toned dispositions who have suffered reverses of fortune—who have been reduced from affluence to a low estate. In such as these you may, now and then, observe the effects of good breeding and education chastened and exalted to a degree of almost saintly dignity and sweetness. It was so with Monsieur and Madame Bouvier. Every one who came in contact with them felt the influence of their delicate and gentle natures. Every spirit bowed beneath the winning grace of their behaviour—the finest and most cultivated politeness, attempered by humility and resignation.

They had come to Paris to wait the arrival of their only daughter from America, who, after years of separation, was coming back to France to see them again, and was to bring with her her husband and two children, none of whom had the old couple ever, as yet, beheld. The daughter had written to them to say that she and her family would proceed from New Orleans to Havre-de-Grace, and thence to Paris by rail, and the parents had come up to Paris and taken lodgings exactly opposite the terminus for the express purpose of awaiting their arrival and receiving them. This had been agreed upon in correspondence betwixt themselves and their daughter, therefore they believed that all they had to do was to wait patiently, keeping a careful watch upon all the reports of arrivals of vessels from America, and upon all the passengers who issued from the terminus.

From morning till night the old couple maintained a steady and persevering *surveillance* over the opposite side of the way. From an early hour in the morning either their window was open or the curtain drawn back, in order to afford an uninterrupted view of the street, or Monsieur himself was standing in the *porte-cochère*, or walking up and down the *salle d'entrée* of the terminus, with his neat little ebony cane in his hand, the picture of patient expectation and hope. It was not long before every *employé* in the station knew who the tranquil old gentleman was, and what he was always there for, looking so anxiously and yet hopefully amongst the passengers who were brought up by every train from Havre, even from the early train at morn to the late train at night; and every one of them entertained a most amiable state of feeling towards him, and felt interested in the expectation he had so much at heart.

The last letter from America had stated the time at which it was expected that the vessel which was to bring their daughter, her husband and children, would arrive at Havre, and they, with fond simplicity, had come to Paris a week beforehand, in order that they might be in plenty of time, and that everything might be arranged for the reception of the travellers.

Three weeks passed, and still the daughter came not.

Old Madame Bouvier's face grew paler and her eyes more dim; but Monsieur cheered her, and every morning repeated trustfully, that "she may come to-day." Madame Bouvier became despondent and wept at times, and mourned, fearing that she should never see her dear Julia again; but Monsieur reproved her, and declared that, from the lightness of his heart, he was sure it could not be so. Heaven watched over parents and children that loved each other, and he knew that they should see her again before they died. But meanwhile his demeanour was daily losing its serenity, his step was not so light, nor his eyes so bright, as when he first came up to Paris.

On the first day of the fourth week, as M. Bouvier was promenading, as usual, about the entrance and *salle* of the terminus, he was informed by a friendly *commissionaire* that a steam-ship from America had arrived at Havre the day before, and no doubt many of the passengers would come up to Paris to-day or to-morrow.

"From America?" exclaimed M. Bouvier, his face irradiating. "And the name?"

"*L'Espérance.*

"Ah! It is the very ship we have been waiting for! *A la bonne heure!* I knew all would be well, if we had but patience and trust."

He hurried across the road and informed Madame of the news, and was back again in no time, intent upon keeping watch; indeed now he would have found it impossible to neglect his vigil.

The last train from Havre arrived at eleven o'clock at night. It brought a large number of passengers and a vast quantity of luggage, and the terminus was full of bustle and noise. M. Bouvier took up his position near the end of the corridor through which all must pass, more than usually excited and expectant. As the passengers, tired and cold, crowded through, he scanned every face with eagerest perseverance. At length, a tall dark-looking man, coming from amidst the throng, fastened his bright eye upon him, stopped, regarded him attentively, and then stepped up to his side.

"I know some one," said he, "whose face is strangely like yours. Will you excuse my asking your name?"

"Pardon!" exclaimed M. Bouvier, hurriedly, vexed at being interrupted in his scrutiny. "Pardon—one moment. I am expecting my dear daughter, and if I do not watch steadily we may miss each other."

"Your daughter—ah!—then I am sure I am not mistaken. You expect her up from Havre, to which place she has come from America—from New Orleans. Your name, I will lay a wager is Simon Bouvier."

"Yes; so it is," returned the old gentleman, his interest and curiosity so strongly excited that he even ceased to watch the crowd of arrivals, and turned to inspect the stranger who addressed him. "Do you know her, then?" Is she come?"

"As to your first question, I know her well, and have known her for years in New Orleans. As to your second, I can inform you that she has arrived in France, and will, no doubt, be in Paris in a day or two, if she has not arrived already."

To poor M. Bouvier this news was precious. What now were all the weary weeks he and Madame had waited and watched? Had they waited and watched for a twelvemonth, would not this assurance that their loved one was in France and would be with them shortly, have been ample, joyous recompense? Tears of delight started in his mild eyes, now bright and shining with happiness, so that they seemed to illuminate his whole aspect.

"For more than three weeks we have waited her coming," said he, passing his hand over his shining face; "my wife has taken it to heart, has given way, mourning and desponding, and saying that we should never see Julia again; but I knew better, and I have said all along that we *should* see

her again, for that heaven was beneficent and watched over parents and children who loved each other, and is it not true, since you are come to tell us that she is in France and will be here soon? Ah! it is good news that you bear me, Monsieur," and he seized the stranger's hand and shook it warmly.

"I am very happy, my dear Monsieur Bouvier, that it has been in my power to put an end to your suspence, and to bring you tidings which afford you much pleasure," said the stranger, appearing to be most powerfully affected by the simple and heartfelt burst of joy, expressed not more in the words of the old gentleman then his features and demeanour. "Be assured that what I tell you is correct. She and her husband and children are all in France."

"Poor Julia! her husband and children —our little girl's husband and children!" murmured M. Bouvier, his bright eyes filling again. "How may years we have been thinking of them! and my wife reckons that her eldest must be ten years old, and the second, seven last September, for both were born in September."

As M. Bouvier said this, the stranger turned with an involuntary movement, and cast his eyes upon two children who stood behind him, and who M. Bouvier now perceived for the first time. The elder might have seen some ten years and the younger about seven, even as Madame Bouvier computed the ages of Julia's children to be. M. Bouvier uttered a cry of surprise."

"Ah! old dotard that I am," exclaimed he; "are not you M. Vandeau himself, my daughter's husband, and these her children? Are you not playing me a *ruse* all this time, having my daughter, perhaps, waiting behind upon the platform until you signal her forth? Ha! ha!"

"A *ruse*, indeed!" muttered the stranger, not without some quivering tokens of inward disturbance; then with a smile in which there seemed to lurk something of embarrassment and confusion, he added, "I am sorry to disturb your happy suspicion, Monsieur, but there is no *ruse* of the sort you imagine. Excuse me now, I have told all I can, and now, heartily sympathising in your anticipated pleasure, and wishing all joy to your *réunion*, I must bid you, Monsieur, adieu,"

"But you have not told me where they are, and whether well or ill?" said M. Bouvier, quickly, striving to detain his strange informant, but the latter had moved away with a sharpness which seemed abrupt, almost precipitate—the children hurrying after him,—so to the question there was no response.

But M. Bouvier was too much excited to take much notice of this. He had heard that his daughter was in France, and that she would be in Paris shortly, and, almost giddy with joy, he hurried across the street, and up to the *entresol* of No. 6, to communicate the welcome intelligence to his wife.

The following day, he was again on the look-out, now more hopeful and beaming than ever, when he was suddenly startled by a hasty tap upon the shoulder, and turning beheld the gentleman he had seen the night before, whose approach he had not observed. When M. Bouvier set eyes upon him for the first time, he was attired in travelling habiliments—wore a large cloak with a high fur collar, and upon his head an oilskin cap, with flaps tied down over the back and sides of his head. He had on now a frock-coat and hat, and these with the rest of his clothes, were black. He had altogether the appearance of a gentleman. M. Bouvier would not have recognised him immediately had it not been for a certain peculiarity in the unsettled and anxious expression of his eyes. This M. Bouvier had noticed even in the first interview, and it now mainly served as the means of recognition. With a strange forced smile, which had a painful effect upon a face apparently worn thin by care and trouble, he told M. Bouvier that he had come there on purpose to see him, having no doubt that if his daughter had not arrived, he should find him on the watch. He then proceeded to say that, "though he had known Julia, that is, Madame Vandeau, for many years, even before she became Madame Vandeau, he did not wish it communicated to her that he was in Paris—if monsieur would be good enough not to say anything about having seen him the other night, or of his speaking about her——."

"My dear friend, you have not told me your name; and, without knowing that, it is not likely I could inform her who had apprised me of her arrival," said M. Bouvier, with a wondering smile,

"Well, well, I had fancied that perhaps I told you,—and yet I could not have done that," returned the stranger. "Could not—could not," he repeated, seeming to be confused and uncertain as to what he had done, or meant to do. "Well, then, do not, I entreat you, as a little favour," he went on, as if striving to make light of the matter, "*do not say anything to her about me,—do* not say that a gentleman spoke to you in consequence of remarking the likeness betwixt you and her, and especially do not say that there were two children with me, or she may immediately think who I am. It will give a peculiar feeling to each of us to meet unexpectedly so far away from home—for to meet we are sure. To her I know it will be a great surprise,—a great surprise. Promise me—not a word."

"Ah, cheerfully I will promise, on condition that you also make me a promise," said M. Bouvier, too full of the excitement of his long-cherished expectation to bestow anything more than a passing wonder on the singularity of the stranger's manner and request.

"Yes—what is it?" inquired the latter.

"A promise that you will not fail to come and see us, when my daughter is at home again. The sight of a friend she has known abroad for years may afford her the liveliest pleasure, you know. In fact, there is nothing so delightful as the meeting of friends, unexpectedly, and at great distances away from former associations."

"Well, I will promise;—but tell me where shall I come to see you?"

"At present I am living opposite, at No. 6, in this street, but in a few days, that is, as soon as Julia is with us, we shall go home to St. Denis. It is only three miles from Paris, and any one will direct you to us, for we have lived there, rich and poor, many, many years."

The promises were mutually made, and the stranger departed, hurrying away as he did before.

An hour after, a train arrived from Havre, and poor old Simon Bouvier clasped his daughter to his arms.

Poor thing! the voyage must have been terrible severe to her. She was extremely thin and pale, and had a hopeless, careworn look, quite distressing to see; and her emotion on returning her father's fondling embrace—for though a woman, was she not still Simon Bouvier's "little girl,"—seemed not to be entirely joyous, for she trembled and wept excessively and sobbed with a vehemence and intensity by no means reasonable or natural to excess of delight.

She was accompanied by a gentleman and two boys.

In reply to an inquiring look and movement of her father, she said, "That is Theodore, and the children, and then again *fell weeping on his shoulder, with her little* laced handkerchief pressed against her face.

The gentleman stepped forward, and shook hands with M. Bouvier, very respectfully, but somewhat coldly the warm-hearted old gentleman thought, who then shook the hands of the two boys, and patted their shoulders, declaring that they were young *braves*, and then they all went over to No. 6, and ascended to Madame Bouvier. The ecstasies of the old lady were even stronger than those of her husband, and many and many an embrace she had, before she would release Julia from her arms. Then she shook hands with Theodore, and fell into fresh paroxysm of delight over the children, whom she kissed again and again. And whilst she was doing this, M. Bouvier observed, with astonishment, that Julia started, averted her head, and darted a glance of the most poignant agony at Theodore.

In the conversation which followed, M. Theodore explained with much speciality of manner, that it would be necessary for him to remain in Paris for some days—it might be for some weeks,—as he waited with great anxiety, a letter from America of much importance, and until they received it, neither himself nor Julia would be at rest.

"Bring it to me." exclaimed Julia, interrupting him abruptly; "bring it to me, Theodore, the moment it is in your hands."

Therefore, M. Theodore continued, he

should for the present take an apartment somewhere in the vicinity of the central post-office, as the letter was to be addressed to the *Poste restante*. Shortly, he took his departure with the boys, leaving Julia with her parents. The latter were somewhat surprised at the coldness betwixt their daughter, her husband, and children, but there was something in Julia's manner which forbade questioning, so they contented themselves with the pleasure of having her with them again, and made no remark.

M. Theodore called upon them the next morning, said he had been to the *Poste restante*, but found no letter there, and then bid Julia adieu for awhile, as her parents were going back to Saint Denis, and she with them.

This *réunion* with their daughter, so long anticipated with the eagerest impatience, was a strange experience to the aged parents—an experience not without a secret mingling of wonder, disappointment, and sorrow. Twenty years before, when M. Bouvier, by a series of losses, became straightened in his means, she was taken by her uncle to accompany him and his children, her cousins, to America, she being then in her twelfth year. Ever since that time, one steady, long-sustained hope and desire, had formed the under-current of the daily thoughts of their tranquil lives, namely, the hope and desire of seeing her, of hearing her talk and sing, of being united to her again. And now, at length, she had come home. But her coming had produced no festival—either in deed or in sentiment:—it was a strange, incomprehensible disappointment. They could not understand her, nor tell the meaning or sympathise with her behaviour. Her life with them seemed to be a stifled agony: she was like one who, at the same time, loved and dreaded them. At times she half shrank from their endearments and caresses; at others, she would keep by her father's side with curious pertinacity, and be restless and fearful if he moved away from her, and court her mother's kind words, and nestle her spirit betwixt theirs like one in search of comfort and consolation. Day after day, she complained how long it was to wait before a letter came from America, and that she should have no rest till Theodore had received one and brought it to her.

After some days spent in this painful manner, and growing constantly thinner and paler, she became exceedingly ill, and was obliged to be kept in her bedroom and nursed.

The Bouviers were greatly troubled, and knew not what to think or do. All was mysterious and sad. It seemed as if the developement—the angry breaking forth of some inexplicable tragedy were at hand, betwixt Julia in her sick bed, Theodore in his apartment near the post-office, and the letter coming from America.

The remembrance of the stranger who had spoken of Julia at the railway terminus, came into M. Bouvier's mind. All at once he recollected the perturbed voice and look, the pallid face, and anxious eye, and the thought smote him that here was another link in the dark chain. But as yet, he said nothing, for he feared he might do no good in communicating the circumstances to his wife, and he had promised—there was something strange in that eagerly exacted promise!—to say nothing to Julia. On the other hand, the stranger had promised to come and see them, and, were it for weal or woe, that may do something towards the elucidation and settling of matters. As for Madame Bouvier, she was quite bewildered, but, in her own mind, believed that Theodore and Julia had lost their affection for each other,—that the former, to whom madame had taken a dislike at first sight, had behaved harshly to Julia, though Julia would say nothing about it,—that, in fact their union had become an unhappy one, and that the best thing they could now do, would be to separate,—he going back to America, or wherever he liked, and Julia remaining with them.

At length, however, M. Bouvier found the remembrance of his interview with the stranger rest so heavily upon his mind and heart, that he could keep silence no longer. To Madame Bouvier he confided all, even from the stranger's first recognising him by his likeness to Julia, to the

stipulation that he would say nothing of having seen such a person, and the promise exacted by M. Bouvier in return that the stranger would come and see them.

Now, the ready fancy of Madame Bouvier solved the mystery immediately. Julia must have been guilty of some indiscretion—hence the coldness betwixt her husband and herself,—and the stranger, who requested secrecy, must be the author of the mischief—the party to the indiscretion,—the one against whom the vengeance of the husband was aroused. Dreadful would it be, Madame Bouvier thought, should the man come there,—and perhaps in direct collision with Theodore. Deeply she regretted that her husband, in his innocent good nature, had informed the stranger where they lived, and had actually invited him to visit them. She declared he should never enter the house, and M. Bouvier, readily falling in with her construction of the matter, declared the same, and forthwith instituted almost as vigilant a watch upon all who approached his door as he had formerly kept for the arrival of Julia.

Madame Bouvier's distress of mind was deep, for from the behavior of her daughter, of Theodore, and from all the other circumstances which had accompanied their arrival, she felt fully assured that her suspicions were well founded, and that the peace of mind of all of them was perhaps lost for ever. She resolved forthwith to question Julia, believing that if she could draw an explanation or confession from her it would tend to tranquillise the agitation which so obviously possessed her. A very affecting scene was the consequence of this resolution. It was long before the poor mother could ask the dreadful question. Over and over again she asked her daughter if she remembered how much care she took of her once, how much she used to love her, how fond they were of each other, how bitter had been their separation, but that great as was the love which watched her infancy and youth, it had never diminished, but, on the contrary, had been strengthened by absence and time, and that now that parental affection was more strong and true than ever, and she hoped that Julia would not for a moment think it was otherwise. Over this preface she travelled again and again, constantly shrinking from the question it was intended to introduce. But, by-and-by it came; with great solemnity—with fearful, painful tears—and harassed breath.

"My dear child, I must ask you this: what dreadful mystery is it that surrounds you and your husband? Have you, my poor Julia, given him any cause for offence?"

"I have, I have!" was the sobbing, half-stifled answer, uttered with head averted and pressed deep down against the pillow.

"Then it is you who have given offence to him; whilst he has done you no wrong?

"Yes: it is so. It is he who has been wronged."

"And is it a great wrong that you have done him?"

"It is, it is; dreadful; fearful!"

More afflicted than ever, Madame Bouvier paused,—wiped her damp forehead and her streaming eyes, and sat down, in great trouble and proplexity, by the bedside. It would have puzzled an observer to decide which betokened the deepest distress of mind at this moment—the mother or daughter.

After awhile, the examination was timidly continued, the affectionate examiner not yet having asked all she intended,—or rather not having touched one immediate point of suspicion.

"Julia, is your offence of this nature: have you wronged him by an indiscretion with another?"

"That is it, that is it! Oh, *mon Dieu!* What could have possessed me!"

"Do you know where he who caused this indiscretion now is?" asked Madame Bouvier, for her suspicion were strong and direct.

"Yes: he is in Paris," was the reply.

Madame Bouvier lifted her hands and eyes like one whose worst fears had received dreadful confirmation.

"Is it he," continued the poor mother; more apt in following the thread of her own fancies than in reflecting or reasoning; "is it he whom your father saw at the railway station the day you arrived, with two children?"

"Yes: it is he," exclaimed Julia, with an accent of passion and inward exasperation, which made poor Madame Bouvier shrink from further inquiries. In her own belief she had now completely unravelled the mystery, and only awaited until her daughter should be somewhat less excited to make an arrangement as to what course could best be pursued. She rose to leave the room, but as she was going, Julia raised her head hurriedly, and called her back.

"But still, dear mother, Heaven knows I am not guilty; not guilty, more than in leaving him for awhile!" exclaimed she, in a voice so earnest and truthful as to compel, at once, belief and sympathy. A load was lifted from the heart of the much troubled parent immediately: she went back—embraced the poor penitent, tried to comfort her, and declared that if it were so, all might yet be well.

"No dear mother," continued Julia, "not guilty; and there is one who knows all, and who will bear witness that I have not wronged him more than in leaving him!"

Madame Bouvier informed her husband of all that had passed betwixt her and Julia, and the two had many a long consultation as to what course they had better pursue, in order to bring about a reconciliation betwixt the husband and wife. Both believed—betwixt their own suspicions and own construction of what Julia had said that the person who addressed M. Bouvier at the railway terminus must be the tempter who had caused Julia's offence—that he had come to Paris for the purpose of attempting to prosecute his design, and that, of all things, they must prevent his obtaining access to her. Many times M. Bouvier commented, with bitter anger, upon the sardonic meaning that he now saw in the curiously uttered remark, that "it would give a peculiar feeling to each of them to meet so far away from home! for Julia he knew that it would be a great surprise!" To M. Bouvier's mind there now seemed something quite Satanic in these words. Much he repented the warm invitation he had given, and resolved, as things had turned out, to do his utmost to prevent it being taken advantage of.

Accordingly, when the much-dreaded event happened—when the stranger, availing himself of the permission granted, called at the house, M. Bouvier, who had seen him approach resolutely refused to open the door to him. He was old and timid, and was alarmed at the bare thought of an altercation or disturbance, therefore he sat still in his chair, and said the stranger might knock till he was tired; and perhaps he would think there was no one at home, and would go away of his own accord, which would be far best—far best. But Madame Bouvier lost patience when the knock had been sometimes repeated, hurried with hysteric passion to the door, told the stranger, that their daughter "had confessed all to her mother and father, and that they had determined that he should never see her again, therefore it would be quite useless for him to come there any more." And after saying this, with angry vehemence, she shut the door upon him, before he had uttered a word.

This visit the old couple kept a secret from Julia. After the confession had been made, she seemed to be mending somewhat to be growing more settled and tranquilled in her mind. Therefore, they deemed it best not to acquaint her with the fact that the author of her misfortune had attempted to see her, lest it should disturb her, and throw her back, or, perhaps worse, impair the strength of the good resolve which had, as yet, kept her from irremediable guilt.

Six weeks passed, during all this time Theodore had not visited the house; and to every inquiry made respecting him, Julia answered, that he would not come until he had received the letter from America, which both of them were so anxious about. At the termination of that period, however, he came and brought with him the long-awaited letter which had just arrived with the last American mail.

Great were the effects of that letter.

The distressing sequel, and the history of the sad mistake were now made known. In an evil hour Julia Vandeau and her husband had quarrelled: and those who loved each other deeply can sometimes quarrel in earnest. In the continuance of the quarrel,

Julia madly determined upon a desperate revenge, and eloped with M. Theodore Venterre, from New Orleans to France. He was a young man of affluent means,—a widower, with two sons. Hardly had they lost sight of land, however, before Julia became possessed by the most passionate regret—the love of the husband and children she, in her anger, had left behind, returned with wild vehemence. Her soul revolting from the crime she had contemplated, she loathed the sight of him with whom she had fled, wrote a letter of repentance and entreaty to her husband, and despatched it by a passing vessel. Before she had received an answer to it, she dared not return, and resolved that should M. Vandeau refuse to take her back, she would seek a maintenance for herself in her native country. But meanwhile M. Vandeau had gained intelligence of her flight, and the following day took a passage to Europe in a steamer, which, owing to the accidents of the sea, was the first to arrive at Havre. He was in a frame of mind, as strange as sad, and he had actually brought his two boys with him, not knowing how to leave them at home, and being too distressed to think of making any arrangement for them. He went up to Paris, and recognised M. Bouvier there—in what wild and incoherent manner we have seen; called at the house in the Rue d' Amsterdam the day after they had left, ascertained that his wife had been accompanied by a gentleman and two boys, who, from the description, he knew must be Theodore Venterre and his sons,—and then, losing all feeling, but disgust and detestation, resolved to return to America, leaving Julia to live or die as she might. It was some time before his resolution became fixed, however; and in the misery of his uncertainty, he went to Saint-Denis. When Madame Bouvier told him that Julia had confessed all, and that he should never see her again, and shut the door in his face, he concluded that the father and mother wickedly acquiesced in the elopement, and, shaking the dust from his feet, he left the door, and was quickly on the way back to America. On his return, he received Julia's letter—full of the profoundest repentance, grief, and love! And in his heart, he knew that this letter was a true and sincere outburst, and he as solemnly believed her fidelity, after reading it, as if she had never left his side. He wrote the answer so pitifully entreating, and again went back to France. He arrived safely at M. Bouvier's cottage at Saint-Denis, and there the two became reconciled again. Theodore—more weak than wicked, and deeply moved by the repentance of Julia, when she felt the enormity of her fault—awaited upon M. Vandeau, with an hyperbolic heroism perfectly French, demanded that he would take his life for the dreadful wrong he had done him. M. Vandeau, however, did not do this, and it is not the least singular part of this singular story, that afterwards, when all had returned to America, they became the closest of friends. Such is the history of a sad mistake, followed by other sad mistakes well nigh as dangerous.

THE WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

VALUE OF A PENNY.

The interest of one penny for 1850 years, at the rate of five per cent. per annum compound interest, would amount to 6,606,813,355 with the addition of twenty-seven ciphers, or upwards of six million, million, million, million, million, million of sovereigns, or pounds sterling! And admitting the present inhabitants of the earth to amount to one thousand million, and each person to have counted ten thousand pounds every hour from the creation of the world to the present time, or in six thousand years, the sum so told would bear no greater proportion to the whole amount than one grain of sand would to the number of grains contained in a sphere of 37 feet in diameter, supposing each cubic inch to contain one thousand million of such grains!

The number of pounds sterling would also be equal to the number of grains of sand contained in one hundred globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude—the earth being assumed an oblate spheroid, whose equatorial and polar diameters are 7,925 and 7,899 miles respectively. The same sum will also be

equivalent to 2316 million 242 thousand 681 globes of pure gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and if placed close to each other in a strait line they would extend to the distance of 18,344,642,033,520 miles! It would take a steam-carriage 348,784 centuries to pass through this distance, constantly travelling at the rate of sixty miles per hour. The above sum would also amount to a globe of pure gold whose circumference would be 50,652,672 miles. It would take 1386¾ years, at the rate of 100 miles per day, to pass round it!

The results above stated are truly astonishing, and are above the comprehension of the human mind. Had the interest been taken at 10 per cent. instead of 5, the result would have been still more incredible; the number of globes of pure gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, would amount to 55,086,658,333 followed by 36 ciphers, and if extended in a straight line close to each other, it would take light, which travels at the rate of 195,000 miles in one second of time, as many thousands of years as there are grains of sand or particles of matter contained in the whole earth, admitting each cubic inch to contain one thousand millions of such grains as before stated.

N.B.—The specific gravity of fine gold of 24 carats is taken at 19,258, and its value £4. 5s. per oz. troy, or £74,600 per cubic foot of gold. The simple interest of one penny for 1850 years, at 5 per cent. amounts only to 7s. 8½d., and at 10 per cent. to no more than 15s. 5d. A wonderful contrast between simple and compound interest!

A Tartar Delicacy.—With the Tartars the tail of the sheep is considered the most delicious, and consequently the most honourable portion. MM. Huc and Gabet, the travellers, were hospitably entertained on one occasion, and received this enormous lump of fat, weighing from six to eight pounds. Loathing the luxury yet afraid to offend their host, they at length hit upon a happy expedient for their relief. "We cut," says Huc, "the villainous tail into numerous pieces, and insisted, on that day of general rejoicing, upon the company partaking with us of this precious dish."

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BAZOUK.

On board H. T. M's Ship, the Mahmoodjee Kebokjee, Off Sebastopol, July 5th, 1854.

My Dear Sir,—I returned to the Hotel d'Angleterre, immersed in disagreeable thought, for it is never pleasant to look on friends for the last time, more especially if you are going away from a pleasant place on a confoundedly disagreeable journey, as a trip in a chain gang to Siberia undoubtedly is, most especially of all, if you are about to part from a being so beautiful, beloved, and devoted as I then thought Matilda Schouzoff. Beautiful? yes. Devoted? phoo! Beloved? ha! ha! But I am advancing matters.

We had our usual company to supper, excepting of course Tuffskin, who, for very good reasons, did not show, and drank many a friendly bumper to our Quaker friends, whose last night it was, and whose luggage lay piled in the hotel corridors, ready to be carried off to the steamer before dawn. Young Dobkins was particularly melancholy. He has beautiful blue eyes, and a figure and an expression, as I have previously stated, singularly like my own. The young fellow's eyes, I remarked, began to fill with tears, and he spoke with profound emotion of the kindness which he had received from inhabitants of St. Petersburg, contrasting the splendour and elegance of the society there with the humdrum routine of Godmanchester, Bristol, and other cities whither his lot had led him as a Quaker, a manufacturer, and a man.

I know the world pretty well, and when a young fellow begins to blush, and shake, and sigh and tremble in his voice, and hang down his head, and rub his eyes with his fist, I feel tolerably certain what is the matter. "Hullo, my friend Broadbrim," says I' "there's a woman in the case; I see that in a jiffey."

Broadbrim gave a heave of his chest, a squeeze to my hand, and demurely pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment; a woman there was, as beautiful, oh! as be-eu-eu-tiful as an angel, he gurgled out, concealing his emotion and a part of his comely young countenance (confound it!) in a frothing

beaker of champagne—a woman, the loveliest being in St. Petersburg, from whom he did not know how he should tear himself away.

"The loveliest being in St. Petersburg, thought I; no, no, my young lad, that young person is disposed of elsewhere," naturally presuming that the young fellow had lost heart to some girl of the English factory, some hide and tallow merchant's daughter, in his own shop-keeping, slop-selling, square-toed walk of life.

I have a feeling heart, and having been touched by love and frantic with passion, many, many scores of times in my life, can feel another's woe under those painful and delicate circumstances. I consoled honest Dobkins, therefore; I clapped him on the back: returned squeeze for squeeze of his hand, and pledged his lady love in innumerable bumpers of champagne, for which—poor satisfaction—I now console myself by thinking that the young rascal was left to pay.

As we were talking, Dobkin's servant brought him a note, which he seized eagerly, read with glittering eyes and flushing cheeks, over which he murmured a hundred gasps and exclamations, and was about to kiss, had not my presence deterred him.

"Kiss away, my boy," said I; "I have osculated reams of note paper in my time, and know full well whom that pretty little packet comes from."

"Dost thee?" says he, blushing up to the temples.

"Of course I do," I answered with a laugh. "Dost thou think, O bashful Broadbrim, that the"—I protest I had here very nearly written down my name and title—"that Verax has never been in love with a pretty girl."

"Chief," says he—for Chief I am, though my tribe is well nigh extinct, and my chieftainship a mockery—"Chief," says he, "dost thee know that this letter concerns thee; a great danger menaces thee—exile, chains;" and in a low whisper, so that the waiter should not hear, who was cutting the string of the sixth bottle—"*Siberia.*"

"Does the whole town know it?" cried I, double-distilled donkey that I was—"is my disgrace the talk even of the hemp and tallow merchants of the city?"

"My letter," says Dobkins, slowly, and with much agitation—the artful young hypocrite, I should like to wring his neck—"my letter is from one who is a very good friend to thee, who fears the dreadful fate that awaits thee in the eternal snow"—the canting young humbug—"who points out the only way to avert thy evil fortune—the way to freedom, the way to escape from thy tyrant, perhaps to revenge thyself on him at some future day."

"Ha! boy," I exclaimed, strongly moved by the young crocodile's words, for as I never told falsehood myself I am slow to suspect it in another; "so thou knowest the fate that menaces me, and hast found out means to avert it; speak, my friend; whatever a man of courage may do, I am ready to attempt, in order to escape from a tyrant, and one day to avenge my wrong."

"Easy, my good friend!" cries this young square-toes, this arch sly-boots, "we Quakers are of the peaceful sort; here is no question about revenge, but about escape, and that immediately. Thee knowest that the gates of Petersburg are shut against thee, and that thee may as well hope to escape from the Autocrat as from death, when the day comes. A way, however, there is, and but one, by which thee can put thyself out of reach of the claws of this Russian eagle: and though I shall risk myself not a little, nevertheless for thy sake, and for the sake of those who are interested in thy welfare, I will abide the peril, so I may set thee free. Our steamer, the John Bright, sails from the Potemkin Quay at half-past two o'clock this morning, when the tide serves. The Friends have given orders to be waked at one, which is now the hour. Thee must take my passports, thee must shave off thy moustaches, and put on the broadbrim and drab, which thee loves to laugh at, and so escape."

"Generous boy!" I exclaimed, griping his hand like a vice; "and what will happen to you?" I was quite confounded by the seeming nobility of the young scoundrel's self-sacrifice.

"Never thee mind that," says Broadbrim. "How can I help it if a rogue makes off with my coat, my hat, and my passport? I am a Briton, and my Ambassador will get

me another." I took him to my heart, this loyal, this gallant, this guileless, this affectionate heart, that beats with eternal tenderness for the friend who does me a kindness—that rankles with eternal revenge against the villain who betrays me!

I agreed to his proposal. To put on his greatcoat and broadbrimmed hat was an easy matter; though to part with my moustaches I own was difficult; can we help our little vanities?—our long bushy auburn-coloured curly vanities, I rather would say. A more beautiful pair of moustaches never decorated the lip of man. I loved them perhaps the more because my Matilda loved them. I went up to my chamber, and was absent a few minutes.

When I returned, Dobkins started back. "Gracious heavens!" said he, and looked positively quite pale. "Gracious heavens," says he, "what an alteration!"

Altered I was indeed. I had taken off my splendid uniform of an unattached colonel of Russian cavalry—yellow, with pink facings, and the black Russian spread eagle embroidered tastefully on my back—and put on a snuff-coloured suit of Dobkin's, which I found in his room, No. 10. My face was shaved as clean as a baby's. I had a broadbrimmed hat on. I placed in the Quaker's hand an envelope, sealed with a royal 'scutcheon that once flamed in the van of Erin's battle; it contained my moustaches. I am not ashamed to own that the tear bedewed my manly cheek, as I bade him deliver the packet to the Princess Matilda Schouzoff.

The young villain rushed up to his room, and put on my uniform, which fitted him to a nicety, and I painted him a pair of moustaches with one of the burnt champagne corks, of which half a dozen were lying on the table; you would really have thought it was myself as you looked at him. Ah, fatal resemblance! Ah, sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike o'er my life and my woes!

Six hours afterwards the John Bright steamer was before Cronstadt, and it was not until we were out of reach of the guns of that fortress (which I have a certain plan for silencing) that the friends of the Peace Deputation were aware that I, and not their young companion, was on board.

I did not care, for good reasons, to go to London; but as soon as we got to Dantzig, put myself into the railroad, and betook myself to Paris, where my old friend, the Emperor Napoleon the Third, received me with his usual hospitality. In several interviews with his Majesty, I laid before him the fullest information regarding the military and pecuniary resources of the Russian empire which has never yet, as I believe, found its way out of those immense dominions. What I told the French monarch (I confess myself a friend to despots, and an enemy to philosophers and praters)—what information I had the good fortune to convey to him I shall not, of course, publish here. My plans, were they followed, would burst in thunder upon the crumbling battlements of Cronstadt, and hurl into mid-air the ships and arsenals of Sebastopol. I fear other counsels than mine may be followed.

St. Arnaud and I had a dispute long ago, when he was in a very different situation of life. With the English commanders I cannot communicate, owing to my peculiar position, and the Ballingarry affair. It was that unlucky business, likewise, which prevented my friend, the Emperor of the French, from giving me a command over troops which were to act in conjunction with the forces of the English Queen. He offered me Algeria, but I preferred active service against Romanoff, and the colonel of Bashi-Bazouks has already put a shot or two into the proud wings of the Russian eagle.

If anything was wanting to sharpen the edge of my hatred against him, against Russia, against men and women, against Quakers especially, it was a paragraph which my kind friend, the Emperor Napoleon, showed to me one afternoon, as we were sitting in the Pavilion Marson, talking over Russia and the war. I was translating for him—and I think I have said that I speak the language perfectly—some of the lying bulletins out of the Petersburg gazettes, in which his Majesty and his British allies are abused in a most vulgar manner, when glancing down a column of fashionable intelligence, I came to the following paragraph:—

"CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH QUAKER TO THE ORTHODOX FAITH.—A young Quaker no-

bleman, of the highest birth, whose family has devoted itself for some time past to commercial pursuits, whereby he has realized an immense fortune, has quitted the lamentable errors and benighted faith under which most of his countrymen labour, and has professed himself a convert to the only true and orthodox religion. It is M. Dobkinski's intention to establish himself in our capital, and his Majesty has graciously awarded him the order of St. Andrew of the second class, the rank of colonel, and the permission to marry Matilda, daughter of Police President Prince Schouzoff."

"Mick, my good fellow," said his Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon, "you look a little pale;" and no wonder I did look a little pale, though I did not inform my Imperial interlocutor of the causes of my disquiet; but you and the public may now understand in part, for my adventures are not nearly over, why it is that I am a BASHI-BAZOUK.

THE MERCHANT OF PLATOVA.

A TRUE STORY OF SIBERIA.

WHEN we think of Siberia we remember at once exiles, chains, black depths in which poor wretches labour their lives away, snow, solitude, and worse than purgatorial pains. The drifty deserts, measureless in their perilous horror, rise up like continents devoted to be the abodes of the unblest outcasts of this world. Yet now and then the good which belongs to man's nature lights a torch amid these forests of dreary pine, and kindles some cheer even in the citadel of eternal winter.

Amroz Kurlinof, a merchant of Platova, being suspected of conspiracy, was sent, about ten years ago, to labour in the iron mines of Siberia. It is the practice in Russia to send the doomed, one by one, to a station on the great road leading from Moscow into the centre of that vast penal territory, and thence to march them away in companies. Amroz was, in this manner, taken to the frontier village of Polana, and kept until a sufficient number of the condemned were collected to be the companions of his mournful journey. Near the post-house was a large quadrangular building, the wooden walls of which were painted a bright yellow. The roof glared amid the snowy plain with its deep tinted ochre. The palisades encircling it were of the gaudiest blue. The structure was divided into a multitude of little square rooms, filled up gradually by occupants as victim after victim arrived by night from the western parts of the empire. They came under separate escorts, and there was a mysterious rumour that some who were brought to Polana ended their journey there, while many were known to die on the long dreary highway, well named by some sighing captive the "Path of Tears."—Meanwhile women in some chambers, and men in others, looked forth all day through their barred windows on the cheerless country around—a plain sprinkled with a few hamlets like molehills amid its snow, and intersected by a line of oaks and willows which marked the bed of a stream.

On the appointed day the exiles—about seventy in number—prepared for their march. They were all dressed in a coarse uniform. The men were marshalled in pairs. Some were fettered. The women rode in front in heavy waggons, in which also were a few sick and infirm persons of the other sex. A great troop of uncouth village militia, with an escort of insolent Cossacks, guarded the wretched train. Thus equipped and watched, the exiles set forward over a wild and singular country. The road lay for a while across half-barren tracts, sprinkled with stunted trees and devoid of the fresh graces of nature. But now and then where a river crossed the plain, or a valley was watered by some copious spring, the green of the earth was vivid and rich, the groves were thick, the hamlets cheerful and picturesque. Sometimes a forest of ancient oaks lay along the road for miles, and as the little caravan went on, these became gradually more frequent. Gradually, too, the signs of the baboon-like society of Russia disappeared, and the aboriginal people came forth alone to send their pious blessing after the tearful train. Deep-born in the heart, indeed, must that blessing have been to follow those forlorn exiles into their desolation.

The tribes dwelling along those borders, though calling themselves Christians, were observed by Amroz Kurlinof to retain many heathen practices. He often saw them with their long, wild black hair, their lofty pyra-

midal hats, their white embroidered garments, offering sacrifice to their gods on the skirt of some consecrated wood. To the evil ones they devoted the blood of horses, horned cattle, and sheep, but to the benevolent, they gave only fruit and chaplets of flowers. In the night their watch fires might be seen in thousands, glaring like large red stars among the forests and hills.

Such spectacles varied, in Kurlinof's eye, the monotony of his mournful way. The first pause made was at Adinsk, where he was employed for a while in a copper mine, Shortly, however, he was taken from this and sent nearly a thousand miles further into the depths of that inclement continent.—From a 'probation in the cold Uralian pits he was led to the barren solitude of Beresov, near the circle within which our planet hangs upon its pole. There the severity of labour was greatest. There the chance of escape was least. There many a Bonivard complained, and many an Ugolino sighed.—And in this savage Chillon of the North, where the old died forgotten, and the young lived forsaken, Amroz was condemned to count his cheerless hours.

The population of Beresov was composed almost entirely of exiles, their descendants, and their keepers. There is, perhaps, no more extraordinary place in the world. The sun does not rise till nearly ten o'clock, never going far up in the sky, and setting three hours after noon. The clouds are never broken by a glimpse of blue, so that an eternal twilight reigns. So naturalised are the people to their climate, that, instead of pining for the brilliance of the south, they have snow-born poets who sing rapturously of their "half-dark days," congratulating their eyes on the absence of dazzle and glare.

The houses in Beresov are built of heavy timber, and almost all have heavy palings around them. In winter, no living creature is seen outside, even by day. The silence of death prevails in every street. The doors are closed. The small windows emit no gleam from the fire. Inside, however, there may be light, hilarity and warmth. The inhabitants dress in skins and thick cloth, eat cakes of flour and dried meat, drink brick-tea, and traffic in the fur of the stone-fox. In their stores are heaped up arms, packages of mammoths' bones, kegs of brandy and wine, beaver bags and needles, fruits from Bokhara, tobacco and other commodities. The pigeon, grouse, white fowl, and duck, supply varieties of food, and life is thus made comfortable even in the chilliest region of the earth.

But how can we, with our rugs, and slippers, and easy chairs, imagine the desolation of the unhappy ones toiling near that city, under the ground? In galleries, and caverns, and shafts, in the bitter, hopeless winter, with frozen tears; with hands colder than death, but not so callous; with the earth tinkling like iron under their feet, and no morrow of hope to soothe the pains they suffered, the exiles toiled all day. They toiled all day; and if the husband had a treasure of memory in his breast of the dear wife who loved him; if the woman mused over children to whom her name was as a word of blessing; if a young girl warbled low some reminiscent song, or one who had loved returned in a mournful dream to the face, and the hand, and the kiss which he had lost—there was no solace in the thought, for they might never see them more;—the joys, the delights, the hopes of happier times, the youthful, the beautiful, the affectionate, and good, they were parted and they might never see them more.

Much of this agony did Amroz endure.—A whole year he wasted his mind in pining, as the most miserable in a kingdom of misery. But he was young, he was untamed, he was courageous. It never entered his heart to conceive that his confinement would only end with life. The idea of escape was perpetually playing, like a vision of promise, before his eyes. Educated as he had been, and familiar with the geography of the region as well as with the peculiarities of the people, he invented many plans, though postponing indefinitely any attempt to carry one of them out. The thought, indeed, became more like a dream than a resolution in his mind, until a strange accident broke up his purposeless reverie, and impelled him into rapid and decisive action.

In Beresov the greater part of the exiles belong to the poorer classes, who have been

compromised in insurrections and resistance to their feudal lords. When Amroz arrived, however, there were several of a different order, and among these a number of ladies — The youngest was Aza Mitau, a native of Nijni Novgorod, who was condemned to ten years exile and chastisement for having assisted in the escape of the principal conspirators of 1835. She had been only three months in the iron-mine when Kurlinof entered it, but had already begun to experience the influence of its severities. It is common for writers on Siberia to deny the infliction on women of painful and distorting labour in the great prison-land of Siberia; and a Russian traveller has gone so far as to say, that the captives at Beresov are, for comfort and felicity, in a most enviable condition. We know better. We know that no Russian *dare* tell the truth, and that ordinary explorers have no means of finding it out.

However, this may be, Kurlinof often saw and sometimes spoke to Aza Mitau, It was his task to carry masses of the iron ore, through the ebon darkness of the pit, to sloping galleries, where an endless succession of tumbrils rolled up and down on a tramway. Women were employed here to detach the laden trucks from their hold, and send them sliding forward under the force communicating by a train dashing along a parallel way, but in a contrary direction At first they spoke to each other merely as a relief from misery. Then Amroz felt himself touched by the sorrow of the poor young creature—guiltless and beautiful—who toiled there in suffering and fear, to expiate an act of treasonable charity—of seditious obedience to the heavenly law of mercy. All such intercourse ripens in the same way. There is no need, therefore, to tell of the manner in which Aza and Kurlinof came to love each other in that Arctic Acheron, or of the way in which they cherished and expressed their love. It is enough to say that he determined to risk his life in attempting to rescue her from captivity, and that she consented to take the peril of the enterprize in companionship with him.

The overseer of the works was accustomed to send out parties of the prisoners, under a guard, to barter for game with the wild Ostyak tribes, which swarmed in the neighbouring forests. These forests have never been explored by civilized man, and their strange inhabitants have only been imperfectly described. How Kurlinof took advantage of being sent on two or three of these errands to engage some Ostyak friends on his behalf, the account of this adventure will show.

One night when it was completely dark, he passed out of his wood-lined sleeping cell, along a mighty gallery, at the further end of which Aza would await his arrival. There was no difficulty in this rendezvous, since scarcely any one ever dreamed of an escape from Beresov. Its snows were *looked upon* as surer guards than sentinels—its remoteness as a better security than chains, or locks, or walls. It was imagined that the desperado who should venture a trial, would surely perish in the waste, and this idea was assiduously impressed on the minds of the exiles.

Kurlinof, however, possessed superior knowledge as well as superior bravery. He was resolved to make an endeavour, though he invited none but Aza to share it, because he was aware of the singular fact that in a population of degraded captives, many, if not most, would not permit one to escape. because they had not the courage to attempt it themselves.

Aza and Kurlinof therefore passed stealthily out of the pit, and struck into the forest close by. They walked apart, stepping carefully from tree to tree, that their shadows on the snow might not attract the notice of any stray loiterer who might happen miraculously to be out at that hour. When they had left the thin outskirt of the wood, they went forward more quickly, and at last began to run together. They ran and walked by turns, until towards midnight they arrived at a large open glade, where there was a winter encampment of the Ostyaks. Here they expected a sledge would be ready to convey them to the territories of the next tribe, but they had come earlier than the Ostyaks expected, and nothing was prepared.

The huts were built of thick, rough planks, covered with fresh skins, and carpeted with soft, clean furs. Bright fires were burn-

ing before them, and groups of men and women were warming themselves, with the upper parts of their bodies bare, while others were lying down on the comfortable couches within. Several men on seeing Kurlinof and his companion, immediately started up to perform their agreement, and went out to catch the deer. The animals had wandered to some distance, to a place where, the snow being thin, moss was found in plenty. The fugitives waited with intense anxiety, fearing every moment would bring pursuers upon them; and each with inaudible eloquence beseeching the mercy of heaven to guard them both.

In about an hour a low, hollow-sounding "hoo! hoo!" was heard in many directions through the forest. It seemed to come from a hundred voices, and to be approaching on all sides. Aza started, and Amroz scarcely concealed his uneasiness; but the Ostyaks said, "They are driving in the deer," which put an end to their alarm. Presently they distinguished the peculiar clattering sound of the reindeers' hoofs ringing over the crisp snow; and now the drove came flying through the long vistas of the forest with a high-bounding gallop, until they paused suddenly in front of the fire-lit huts. Then the Ostyaks uncoiled a long band of leather, and held it from hand to hand, about three feet above the ground until all the herd was clustered together. Two or three men next went inside this ring, and selected the creatures that were destined for the yoke. They were as submissive and docile as possible.

Four magnificent animals, with antlers five feet high, were chosen, and separated from the rest. They were harnessed with a girth and a single trace, and reined with *single* reins, and, in a few moments were attached to the long crescent-shaped sledge in which Amroz and Aza were to continue their perilous flight. In a quarter of an hour all was ready; the store of dry meat and bread-cakes was packed away, the fugitives were in their seats, and the Ostyak driver, with his whip as long as a trout-rod, with a wolf-spear grafted on one end, prepared to start his team. A sudden, shrill cry, pierced the air; all the men in the encampment shouted, the women clapped their hands, and the team dashed forward, and flew, like a shadow, through one of the broad avenues of the forest. It seemed like a phantom hurrying on among the trees, leaving no track upon the snow, which now shone like a pavement of alabaster under the newly-risen moon.

As the sledge passed out of the forest upon a plain, the phenomenal beauty of the night riveted the eyes of Aza. An immense arch of light rose over the Arctic Sea, and with more than auroral lustre. Luminous columns shot up at intervals along its bending line, radiating over vast spaces of the heavens; pillars of mystic brilliance, with a tremulous motion, changing from a pale, straw tint, to yellow, to rose-colour, and to red, until they spread and mingled, and one burning, melting blush,—half of vermillion and half of gold—glowed over the whole sky. And then a vision, as of three moons of intense white light, appeared like an angelic triad floating along the pale purple mists.

While they gazed at these enchantments of the sky, Amroz and Aza continued speeding over the plains; but suddenly a loud cry was brought to their ears from the woods behind. They hastily looked back. Innumerable torches appeared glimmering along the edge of the forests, painting with lurid streaks the almost palpable darkness. Their long, flaring lights, glanced rapidly over the snow, and a multitude of dusky forms could be perceived moving with them. Shrill and startling cries were uttered incessantly, and the whole mass of this strange apparition seemed to be swiftly following the sledge.—The fugitives were terribly alarmed. They called to their driver who was shouting to his beasts, and ringing a peal of little echoes with the lash of his whip. He turned round, but only said, "Be still!" made ready his spear, and drove forward with increased impetuosity. Still the sounds and shadows came nearer and nearer. The howls became more distinct—the forms of men were more palpable to sight. On they rushed, shaking their torches, piercing the night with their shrill and savage cries, and coming in one black, dense body, over the snow, until suddenly the Ostyak driver, with a shriek of horror, bent forward in his seat, and struck the reindeer madly over their flanks. "They

are here!" he cried: "they are come! they will pass over us!" "Who? what?" asked Kurlinof, thinking of nothing less than immediate capture. "Wolves," said the poor barbarian, in a lower tone, as he brandished his ponderous wolf-spear, and flourished it to the right and left.

So it was. A mighty pack of the tall, furry, Siberian wolf, was being driven out of the forest across the plain, and towards the great inclosure which the Ostyak tribes had been for weeks preparing on the other side. They were three hundred, at least, in number,—huge, grizzly, powerful brutes,—and a vast concourse of Ostyaks was in pursuit of them with spears and torches. Their path lay right in the track of Kurlinof's sledge. If they came up to it, they would, probably, tear to shreds, man, woman, and reindeer, as they went by. On they trooped; their long dark bodies pouring over the snow, with a half-suppressed monotonous growl, half of terror, half of ferocity. The driver knew they were near, he also knew the danger.—Aza, warmly folded in furs, clung to Kurlinof, who knew of no means to preserve her. But the driver had a device. He drew from its pouch his ever-lighted pipe, and pulled from beneath his seat long bunches of willow shavings, tied at one end, which the natives used in cleaning their dwellings. Two or three of these he gave to Amroz, and two or three he took himself, preparing to ignite them as the rout of wolves came near. His expedient was successful. As the animals pelted over the plain, within a hundred yards of the sledge, a quick, brilliant flame was displayed, waving to and fro, and carried rapidly forward. This unusual sight startled the wolves, and the whole pack made way for the blazing vechile; some passing to the right, and some to the left, but all flying forward with, if possible, additional rapidity.—When the hunters came up, they scarcely looked at the sledge in passing, but dashed on, with their torches and their cries, until light and shadows together plunged into the opposite forest, and were lost to view like a crowd of demons vanishing after a midnight revel into the pit of Acheron.

The fugitives travelled all night, and about dawn arrived at a village of better built huts than those from which they started. Here they remained all day feasting on dried fish and caviar, with cakes of rye-bread and snow-water. There were good stores of ivory and skins in some of the habitations, waiting the arrival of the Polar merchants.—

In the evening, at dusk, they set forward again with a fresh team of deer which the people here started by simultaneously striking a number of curious drums. In this manner they passed on, from stage to stage, for seventeen days. Once, two Cossack soldiers pursued them from a station; but their Ostyak driver, with his powerful horn-tipped bar, struck down the reindeer in their sledge, and disabled them from further progress.—In travelling through the country of the Samoyedes they were very hospitably treated and invited to stay the season in their huts. At one village, where the people where half Russians, they found a number of young girls assembled round a lamp, spinning the unbleached wool, and singing their pretty songs. No men were observed, and they learned that all had gone on an expedition.

This seemed an embarrassment, since their driver was to take his deer back from this place. But they were told not to distress themselves. At the proper time four noble horses were harnessed to the sledge, and mounted by four young girls, who in a moment, put them to their mettle, and dashed forward with loud cheering cries. They were beautiful as Italians and bold as Tartars. Thus Aza and Kurlinof made their way, through a thousand perils to a desert-built town, where the tea-caravans stopped on their route to Russia; and thence, by the assistance of some Swedish friends, reached a port where they were secure from every danger.

They who had been united in such an adventure could never more be parted. Aza became the wife of Kurlinof, and if there be many happy hearths in Stockholm, there is not one where the lamp burns with a purer light than theirs. May the romance of their first love be prolonged by the romance of a fortunate and tranquil life!

The surest way to improve one's condition is to improve one's self.

MANNERS AND FASHION.

Manners belong to society of all kinds,—savage as well as civilized. They consist partly of observances which society sanctions, and partly of restraints which society imposes. While men live alone they may do as they like,—dress in any habit or in none—they have merely their own wishes and feelings to consult. But so soon as men live together, they are under the necessity of consulting each other's opinion,—they have to restrain themselves in certain things, and to observe certain usages prescribed by the other human beings about them. Hence Manners, and eventually Fashion.

But the form which manners in nearly all countries assume is determined by certain influences—the most important of which are religion and law. At first sight it may appear impossible to trace the rules of etiquette, Acts of Parliament, and the Decalogue, to the same common source; and yet we have only to go sufficiently far back to ascertain that their root is identical. In early ages, among all peoples, the idea of Deity, Chief, and Master of the Ceremonies, was identical. The first notions obtained of God were of the crudest kind. Each tribe had its own god, and the tribes were in the habit of boasting that "our god is greater than your god." The god selected by each tribe was invariably an embodiment of its own ideas of greatness, hence he was usually a destroyer, a warrior, strong and powerful. The original of this god was in most cases a real chief or king who had been famous in battle. Thus all the early kings were held descendants of the gods,—nor has the divine right of kings yet altogether died out from amongst us. In all the Eastern nations, as well as in ancient Britain itself, the kings' names were formed out of the names of the gods: that is, of the hero-kings of a previous age whom the people had deified.

Thus government was originally that of the strong man, who afterwards became *fetish*, and was cited as a god,—his descendants reigning in his stead, and invoking his name, his presence, or his vengeance in support of his authority. And thus law and religion were originally embodied in the chief, the god-king, or the god-descended or god-appointed king, the Lord's anointed, and the viceregent of heaven down to the modern ruler by divine right. Law and religion came to be regarded by the people as equally sacred, and legal and illegal were held as almost synonymous with right and wrong. A separation between the civil and spiritual functions of the ruling power gradually took place; priests exercised the latter, and kings and their agents the former,—the civil power gradually becoming more secular: though even in Protestant England the monarch is still regarded by the law as chief priest, or "head of the church."

Then out of law and religion arose Manners—the subject of our article. The first forms of courtesy observed in all primitive societies were the signs of submission to the strong man—the god-king. The people in speaking of or to their king addressed him with reverence becoming a god. "Our Lord the King" is a phrase still preserved among us,—now a mere form of speech, but originally a living fact. The members of the royal family, in primitive ages shared in the same honours, and were also hailed as "Lords," belonging as they did to the divine race. Gradually, however, titles were applied to every man of power; and now, in modern times, titles are given as mere matters of compliment. The title of "esquire" is conceded to everybody; and any Irishman will salute as "your honour" the person who gives him a half-penny. The complimentary word "Sir," so often used as a word of courtesy, is but the word "Sieur," or "Lord," in an abbreviated form. The words "Herr" "Don," "Signior," "Seigneur," and "Sennor," used on the continent in the same sense, originally meant "Lord" in the same way. In like manner the words "Lady" and "Dame though now very commonly used, were originally words applied to women of exalted position.

"Dame," once an honourable name, to which, in old books we find, the epithets of "high-born" and "stately" affixed, has now, by repeated widenings of its application, become relatively a term of contempt. And if we trace the compound of this "*ma Dame*," through its contractions, — "Madam,"

"Ma'am," "Mam," "Mum,"—we find that the "Yes'm" of Sally to her mistress is originally equivalent to "Yes my exalted," or "Yes, your highness." Throughout, therefore, the genesis of words of honour has been the same. Just as with the Jews and with the Romans has it been with the modern Europeans. Tracking these every-day names to their primitive significations of "Lord" and "King," and remembering in aboriginal societies these were applied only to the gods and their decendants, we arrive at the conclusion that our familiar "Sir" and "Monsieur" are, in the primary, and expanded meanings, terms of adoration.

It is the same with the ordinary polite forms of address. In writing an every-day letter to a stranger we unconsciously begin by using a word of reverence or worship—"Sir" or Lord, and we end our letter by the ordinary phrase of "Yours faithfully," which originally meant, "your slave," or, in the Eastern phrascology, "All I have is yours." Sometimes we conclude with: "Your most obedient servant," which is only another way of saying the same thing,—little as we may mean it. The words, though now mere barren forms were once living facts. They originated in complete submission to the lord, the sir, or master. Afterwards, they were used as terms of propitiation; and now they have become mere unmeaning forms of politeness. The use of the word "you," as a singular pronoun, infers the same supreme power on the part of the individual addressed,—being equivalent to the imperial "we" assumed by themselves,—though the "we" is now used by editors and many other small fry, and the "you" is addressed to everybody. The Quakers in their revolt against established forms, discarded the "Sir," the "you," and the "yours, faithfully," in addressing their correspondents and others; and it will be observed from what we have said that there was some sense in their proceeding.

The same difference as will be found to exist if one proceeds to analyze the bow of salutation and the familiar nod which friends now ordinarily throw to each other across the street,—and he traces this in like manner to early religious pactices. The Eastern form of salutation is to take the shoes from off the feet—a mark of reverence originally paid to a god or king, but now extended to all persons, and become an ordinary form of salutation. Our form of obeisance is derived from the Romans, who in worshipping their gods moved their right hand to their lips, and then, "casting it as if they had cast kisses," to use the words of Selden, "they turned the body round on the same side." This soon became an ordinary form of salutation to emperors, rulers, persons in power, and finally to ordinary people. This form of reverence we have inherited. The village schoolboy who awkwardly raises his hand to his forehead, and describes a semi-circle with his forearm, is not aware that he is employing a Roman form of reverence and worship, and yet it is so. And so, in like manner, was our wave of a hand to a friend across the street originally a devotional act.

The inclination of the body in a bow is a form of obeisance derived from the East. Entire prostration is the aboriginal sign of submission. The Assyrian sculptures show that it was the practice of the god-kings of that nation to place their heel upon the necks of the conquered. And to kiss the king's feet was an act of total submission, as it still is to kiss the toe of the Pope. The Russian serf still bends his head low to the ground in presence of his superiors, but in Western Europe we have very much abridged the act of prostration. We have shortened it into a bow, which, however, we generally make low in proportion to the dignity of the party addressed: and we have still further abridged it into the nod of familiar recognition. The bow is also still preserved as a religious act, and is made by Catholics before their altars, as well as by Protestants at the enunciation of certain words.

The curtsy, or courtesy, was originally, too, an act of reverence or worship. It signifies the falling down upon one knee—once a common obeisance of subjects to rulers. The curtsy of a village girl is so low that she seems almost as if down upon both knees before she rises again. What we call the "bow and scrape," such as the stage sailor makes, and the schoolboy somtimes tries, is

also an abridged act of kneeling, arising in the same way. "A motion so ungainly," could never have been intentionally introduced, even if the artificial introduction of obeisances were possible. Hence we must regard it as the remnant of something antecedent; and that this something antecedent was humiliating may be inferred from the phrase "scraping an acquaintance," which being used to denote the gaining of favour by obsequiousness, implies that the scrape was considered a mark of servility—that is of *serf*-ility.

In lifting the hat to a friend, acquaintance, or lady, we also unconsciously perform an act originally of reverence. We uncover in churches and before the monarch, using the same ceremony in signification of our submission before the deity and the king. But at the same time, the lifting of the hat has come to be an ordinary form of salutation, and its origin is not thought of.

Such seems to have been the origin of *Manners*, which dictate the minor acts of minor men and women in relation to other persons, and which consist in an imitation of the great to one another. "Whilst the one has its derivation in the titles, phrases, and salutes, used *to* those in power, the other is derived from the habits and appearance exhibited *by* those in power. The Carrib mother who squeezes her child's head into a shape like that of the chief, the young savage who makes marks on himself similiar to the scars carried by the warriors of his tribe (which is probably the origin of tatooing), the Highland who adopts the plaid worn by the head of his clan, the courtiers who affect greyness (by using powder), or limp, or cover their necks, in imitation of their king, and the people who ape the courtiers, are alike acting under a kind of government cognate with that of manners, and, like it too, primarily beneficial. For, notwithstanding the numberless absurdities into which this copyism has led people, from nose-rings to ear-rings, from painted faces to beauty spots, from shaven heads to powdered wigs, from filed teeth and stained nails to belt-girdles, peaked shoes, and breeches stuffed with bran, it must yet be concluded, that as the strong men, the successful men, the men of will, intelligence, and originality, who have got to the top, are, on the average, more likely to show judgment in their habits and tastes than the mass, the imitation of such is advantageous. By and by, however, fashion, corrupting like these other forms of rule, almost wholly ceases to be an imitation of the best, and becomes an imitation of quite other than the best. As those who take orders are not those having a special fitness for the priestly office, but those who see their way to a living by it; as legislators and public functionaries do not become such by virtue of their political insight and power to rule, but by virtue of birth, acreage, and class influence; so the self-elected clique who set the fashion gain this prerogative, not by their force of nature, their intellect, their higher worth, and better taste, but gain it solely by their unchecked assumption. Amongst the initiated are to be found neither the noblest in rank, the chief in power, the best cultured, the most refined, nor those of the greatest genius, art, or beauty; and these reunions, so far from being superiors to others, are not noted for their inanity. Yet, by the example of these sham great, and not by that of the truly great, does society at large now regulate its goings and comings, its hours, its dress, and its small usages. As a natural consequence, these have generally little or nothing of that suitableness, which the theory of fashion implies they should have. But instead of a continual progress towards greater elegance and convenience, which might be expected to occur, did people copy the ways of the really best, or follow their own ideas of propriety, we have a reign of mere whim, of unreason, of change for the sake of change, of wanton oscillations from either extreme to the other—a reign of usages without meaning, times without fitness, dress without taste. And thus life, *á la mode*, instead of being life conducted in the most rational manner, is life regulated by spend-thrifts and idlers, milliners and tailors, dandies and silly women.

What can draw the heart into the fulness of love so quick as sympathy?

Feelings, like flowers, sow their own seeds.

MY FIRST LOVE.

Up and down and to and fro that long picture gallery, built in the walls of memory, my imagination is ever wandering, or pausing every now and then before some well-remembered portrait or familiar scene which the inward eye brings back to life, or clothes with a flowery and green reality, until I fancy that I hear the one speak, or again feel the breeze and inhale the perfume that once floated over the other: and while wandering there I am never lonely, and never alone, though there is no sound about me louder than the beating of my own heart. Sometimes, also in my sleep I hold a mysterious communion with the living, but oftener with the dead—knowing that they are departed; and their dreamy presence is often as pleasant to my waking thoughts as the visionary ladder up and down which the angels ascended and descended, was to the patriarch of old. Frequently, in the still watches of the night, I am visited by the shadowy image of my first love, and she always appears with a wreath of maiden-blush roses around her hair. We talk together, she and I, in my sleep—sometimes even about how long she has been dead, but oftener of what we did and said while she was living. Sometimes I try to clasp her hand, but cannot; and when I ask her why, she smiles, and shakes her head.

I have loved others who are dead—it may be, not as I loved her, for she was but a girl just bursting into sweet womanhood when she died, and I but a youth; and though they seem to come and go while my body is wrapped in slumber, yet never so often as she appears, nor do they remain so long. My sleep is always sweetened by her visits, though I know that she has long been an angel; and though she will not tell me what she does in Heaven. Why she should thus visit me I know not, for there was nothing in our early loves, beyond the solitude in which we lived, than about that of thousands who have loved and died unmarried. That I loved her fondly and sincerely I yet feel; for, when I think of her, old emotions still play about my heart, such as the remembrance of none other can awaken. She was my first and dearest love; she is still to me what the daisy is among my favourite flowers, which I love more than any other, because it brings back spring, and with it comes the memories of childhood, youth, and Mary, for she and the daisy are somehow twined together, and with them the evening star, though I can scarcely tell how; yet it is so. What follows is the history of our love. Graycroft Grange—I care not now it has long since been pulled down, and I question if the occupier of the new farm-house, since built where it stood, ever heard its ancient name—I care not now for its name being known so few visited it, for there was no road near nor around it, saving through my uncle's fields, all the gates of which were locked, excepting in harvest time, or in the hay season. When he sold any of his cattle they were driven into the far, or roadside field full a mile away from the Grange, and thither the butchers or drovers went to take them away. It was a large, rambling, old-fashioned farm-house, such as is often found standing by itself in England, generally hemmed in by rich pasture lands, not a turf of which had been disturbed for centuries. The cattle that feed on these old meadows sleep half the day; the pasturage is so rich and plentiful, that they scarcely have to move at all before they are full. Only one cottage stood beside the Grange—formerly there were more—indeed, it had in ancient times been a thorpe, or hamlet; but saving the remains of an avenue of hoary trees, there was no vestige of the road that had led to it in remoter times. In this cottage, the garden of which was only divided from the larger one of my uncle's by ivy-covered palings, lived a widow and her daughter, on account of this relationship, was allowed to remain in the cottage after his death, through my dear aunt's intercession, and much against the wish of my rich and money-loving-uncle; though he at times was kind in his way, and perhaps, with the exception of his money, fonder of me than of anything on earth—I mean at this period.

Widow Greywell—how I love that old primitive name, and often conjure up

the grey old well, or road-side fountain, after which she was called, and all the more because it was my indulgent aunt's maiden name—lived in this, the only remaining cottage of the hamlet; and with her orchard, her garden, and her fowls, contrived to pay the four guineas a year rent, the same as when her husband was alive, and was my uncle's steward, or managing man, as he was called. I know my aunt always gave her husband the money the day after it was due, and the widow the receipt, and I often fancied the amount came out of my dear relative's private purse. I know now that it did.

Mary Greywell was just fifteen when I first knew her, that is to notice her; though I had often seen her before, but only at brief intervals, during my holidays; and then in my visits to the Grange I had found too much to interest and amuse me even to think a moment of Mary. I did not love her all at once even then, as some have loved at first sight; but when I did begin, no one ever loved more fondly, more faithfully. Nor can I tell now how it did begin, though I think it was one day when she was with my aunt, who had very delicate health, that she placed my hand in Mary's, and told me to be kind to her, for her sake, when she was gone, for that she felt she should not live long. I know that I then held Mary Greywell's hand a long while, and that we both wept bitterly, and that my aunt kissed us; and then, with our tears still flowing, I kissed Mary, and promised never to forget her. The health of Mary's mother was also "breaking fast," these were the very words my dear aunt used in speaking of her, while her beloved arm hung around my neck, after Mary had gone. Everybody then expected that I should inherit my uncle's estate; but it proved otherwise. The very evening after that interview I wandered in our large old-fashioned garden. I felt a wish to be alone, and in the nuttery, the pleached alleys, and no end to fantastic turnings, any one, like Wordsworth's river, might "wander at their own sweet will" for the hour together, without fear of intrusion, by crossing and re-crossing the winding alleys and quaintly-shapen beds. After a time I approached the railing that divided the two gardens—I have never since seen such sweet moss-roses as grew there—and while musing, I know not on what, my ear was arrested by a deep sobbing; it was the same which I had heard only an hour or two before. I knew it was Mary, and cleared the moss-covered railing at a bound. I had never done so before; and in a neat little arbour, thickly overhung with honeysuckle, around which the bees murmured all day long, I found her weeping and alone. I cannot remember now what I said as I wiped away her tears with a gentle hand, and drew her head towards my shoulder, as if she had been my sister. I loved her then because she was weeping for my aunt, whom I also loved like a mother, and we sat talking of her many virtues until the evening star appeared above the tall elms that overtopped the Grange. Mary knew not then how near her own dear mother stood on the brink of the grave. Harvest arrived, and, Heaven forgive me! I had all but forgotten Mary, when, like Ruth of old, she came into my uncle's fields to glean, accompanied by her Naomi. Oh, how my heart smote me when I saw her stooping amid the stubbly furrows. It was then that I first wished that my uncle's wealth were my own. Had it been, she should never have bent more, though every ear of corn had been gold. How ill that sweet face accorded with her homely garments, with the patched gown and the old stocking-leggings she had drawn over her beautiful-rounded arms to guard them from the savage and stabbing stubble. It was then that I loved her. As she stood with the gathered ears in her hand, and the great blue eye of heaven above us, then my heart felt how good and beautiful she was. As I held her hand, and looked upward for a moment, scarcely knowing what I said, so deeply did my heart reproach me with neglect, I traced, on the only silver cloud that floated over us in the blue field of the sky, a resemblance to the form of my benignant aunt; and, raising the stubble-pierced hand to my lips, while my heart smote me for having done something wrong, I said,

"Dear Mary, forgive me; I promised aunt to see you every day after that night, when I told her how I went to you in the garden,

and I have scarcely seen you since. Why did you not come in as you used to do before-time?"

She tried to smile—she looked down and blushed, I saw the very shadow which her long eyelashes made as they fell like the starred rim of the daisy; and perchance that is the why I have ever since loved the daisy beyond every other flower. And then tear followed tear down the sun-browned roses of those beautiful cheeks; then drop, drop, upon that dear hard-working hand; and, as they lay here and there in round globules on the loose points of the worsted of those old leggings which she wore to protect her arms, forming such pure bracelets as an angel ought only to wear—diamonds dropped from the rich mines of her pure heart.

"Dear Mary, I love you!" were the only words I uttered.

"And I have loved you ever since that day—that night," was the sweet response; and nothing more—for then, like Shakespere's Miranda, she stood crying "over what she was glad of." Even now I can picture her, as she stood in her brown shoes to which the clay adhered, pulling unconsciously to pieces the ears of corn which she held in her hand; while I vowed, under the great, blue, ever-watching eye of heaven, that she should be mine for evermore. Can it be that in my sleep she comes to renew that vow which was offered up at the pure altar of heaven, under the roof of God's great church—the sky?

After harvest time I went with her to gather black-berries, and sloes, and bullaces, which, in those old high thick hedges, grow as large as damsons, and might be kept in jars, free from the air, all winter long, which caused them to fetch a high price at the neighbouring market town. In the early morning I also accompanied her to gather mushrooms, and for these, too, she found ready customers; and by such means contributed to her mother's comforts. What pleasure it was, in the grey light of those mornings, to take a long pea or bean-rod, and tap at her chamber-window until that sweet face appeared at one corner of the uplifted snow-white curtains, or with her long almond-shaped nails she tapped on the diamond panes in answer to my summons. True those little feet, that "peeped out like mice" from under her homespun kirtle, were often saturated with the morning dew as we went wandering from meadow to meadow gathering the pink-skinned mushrooms, with which we sometimes filled the large basket that we carried between us. She said it made her dear mother happy to live by industry, though she had no need for any extra exertion, because of the liberal hand of my aunt, which was never weary of giving, even when it was not needed. Then came the reward of labour. Hitherto she had carried her rural produce to market on her head, balancing her pretty wicker-maund as she walked, without even touching it with her hands, and looking as beautiful beneath her burthen as any Grecian caryatis that ever bore up a sculptured pediment; but at the close of that autumn I found no end of reasons for driving the light spring-cart to market, with our servant Betty in it, and her heavy load of fruit, butter, eggs, and other produce of dairy, orchard, garden, or field, and with her and it my first love, and all her wild fruits gathered in dell and dingle, and briery brake. Pleasant was it to have her beside me, while stout, good-natured Betty, occupied a chair in the body of the cart; pleasant to see the morning breeze uplift those silken ringlets, while the roses on her cheeks caught a deeper crimson from the cold fresh air; and many a time since, when about to do what I ought not, have I fancied that I felt the pressure of her gentle hand on my arm, as she was wont to place it there whenever I drove the spirited pony a little faster to frighten Betty, or sent my voice thundering a-head for some one before to make room for us to pass. Oh! I never could have done wrong had I had that gentle hand to have pressed and warned me, and those blue and beseeching eyes to have looked in silent entreaty into mine own, no more than I could in the presence of a watching angel. Every tear I caused her to shed seemed to fall on my own heart like scalding lead, for she was gentle as Pity leading Mercy by the hand; and pure in heart as a seraph's thoughts. I

had but learnt to take a limited look at things then; and it seemed to me very hard, when I first saw her and her mother stooping to pick up an ear of corn here and there, and turned to gaze on the great fields that my uncle possessed, as I thought how easy it would be for him to send them a waggon load home at once. What a deal of labour it would save them, and how little he would have missed it; but I had not then learned how much sweeter that bread eats which is earned by "the sweat of the brow." Then I had to help Mary to thrash and winnow what they had gleaned, and there was not room to swing one of uncle's flails in that low-roofed cottage, so face to face with the gathered ears between us, we knelt down and beat the corn out with sticks, then carried it away in a patch-worked quilt, made of remnants, from the gown of her great-grandmother down to her own frocks; and on a little breezy knoll behind the old orchard we winnowed it, while the chaff blew in our faces, and made a white trail on the grass up to the orchard hedge. Then on Sundays we went to church together, and that was nearly three miles away, and aunt but seldon went on account of her health, while Mary's mother was too weak to walk so far, and uncle always went round to look at his fields on the Sabbath. I used often to wonder what he thought of as he stood looking down the furrows, dangling his great gold seal in his hand, when the crops were springing up; but I have heard since that there was no man or that side of the country could tell so near what every acre of a field would average. What new ways did we find to that far-off old village church! what strange wildering paths we found which led thither! we startled the lordly pheasant, the shy hare, and the grey rabbit in their wild hunts, as we sang the songs of Zion together in those solitudes,—for her silver voice ever took the lead in that village choir, and there were no other instruments than those voices to sing "their Maker's praise," in that primitive ivy-clad church. Winter came, and my aunt died—there was snow upon the ground when her coffin was placed in the waggon; well do I remember the dark marks which the wheels made as I walked with my uncle behind. Mary and her mother were mourners at that rural funeral, which, saving themselves, and one or two neighbouring farmers, and some of the servants, was but thinly attended. We passed through those very gates which had never been opened since we welcomed home with loud shouts the last harvest load—when Mary, crowned with corn, sat as Harvest Queen upon the topmost sheaves. There were trailing ears on the hedges between the gates through which the heavy harvest had passed, as we went on our way with our burthen to the great garner of death. My uncle never shed a tear, but as we walked along kept looking every now and then over the fields, as if to see how his autumn-sown crops were progressing. I dropped behind him, and joined Mary and her mother; and, through their heavy falling tears, they whispered low the many virtues of her we had lost. It was my aunt's last request that they should follow her; but that long walk through the winter snow, and lingering so long in the cold churchyard, hastened widow Greywell's death; and scarcely had the daisies begun to show their green round heads in the fields about the Grange, before she was borne to the same calm resting-place, and my Mary left all alone in the world. After that there was a freezing look in the cold grey eye of my uncle when he saw us together; for, saving Betty, there was only myself left to comfort that sweet orphan. My uncle talked about her giving up the cottage, and going out to service, and my blood rose as I replied; for in my mind I pictured her sitting in some kitchen, and eating her meals with coarse-minded hinds, who had scarcely an idea beyond that of the horses which they drove. No! she should be mine, and we would cultivate the garden together, and pay him his rent; at which he laughed, and shook his great gold seal then turned away, followed by his dogs. There was no garden for miles around equal to what we made Mary's that spring and summer; she worked in it early and late, and by doing so seemed for the time to subdue her sorrow.

Through our mutual management, and the hints of an old gardner, we raised the

earliest sack of peas, and the finest new potatoes which were brought to the little market-town; and great was the sum realised, owing to a club-feast, which was held on the following day, and for which they were purchased. But there was no longer any aunt to send in the fresh butter weekly and those delicious custards which she allowed no one but herself to make; not that Mary cared for such things, though I noticed that she ate less than ever, and I fancied that she missed those sweet gifts, so sweetly given. It seemed sad for one so young to be dwelling all alone in that old cottage, surrounded with objects which recalled only the dead; for every little thing that she touched brought back the remembrance of her mother. And when her labour was done, and we sat in the calm of the evening in that honeysuckle arbour, watching for the rising of the evening-star, —which at that season of the year seemed to come from over the green churchyard, where my beloved aunt and her dear mother slept,—she would tell me her dreams; for strange communion did My First Love seem to hold with the invisible world in her sleep after her mother's death; and stranger still, she foretold that she should not live long, but die unmarried, and that we should only be united together after death. Then she would point to that bright and mysterious evening-star. There were many blush-roses in that picturesque garden, and because it pleased me, she would wreathe her hair with them, after her day's labour was done.

When I call up her beautiful image now, with those roses in her wavy hair, her sweet lips apart, revealing the row of May-bud-like teeth between, and her light-blue eyes fixed on that solitary star, I some times think that she never belonged to this world, as we do, but had come hither only a little time—for her thoughts and her language seemed so little allied to earth—on which she said there was nothing but the daisies to remind her of the starry sky. Often, too, when busied in her garden-work, I noticed the birds picking about within reach of her hand; but they always fled at the sound of my approaching footsteps, to return again as soon as I was gone. She said that many of them knew her.

While gazing on that star her innocent imagination took daring flights, and she would wonder what my aunt and her mother were at that moment doing in heaven. She had no fear of going there herself, and used to talk of looking down on me every night, when that star clomb up the sky from the churchyard to the tall elms above the Grange; that at that hour she should come every night and look down on me, and see what I was doing; and that although I might not see her, I was to be sure and remember, that she was always there. She believed that her heaven would be in the evening-star. There was one wild brambly brake which extended for a full mile, and in which we had always found the finest blackberries; nor was it an easy matter, when once in, to extricate ourselves. What happy hours we have passed there, where I had to liberate her by trampling one brier under my feet, as I lifted another above her head; and then, before she could move a step, had to free her kirtle from others, or pause every now and then to pluck the hooked thorns from her long taper fingers. That brake, bounded by a mountain covered with roses, over whose summit the sun set, and above which the star of the evening hung, appeared to be ever present in her dreams. She seemed to pass through it, she said, as if it were summer grass, so easily did it give way before her; but me she could never free, though I appeared to be always with her. As she released me from one I was caught in another; and she who has long since reached that summit of roses, and those flowery heights that are lighted direct from heaven, still visits me in my dreams, and leaves me again when I awake to struggle through the world's briery brake, in which I am still entangled. So accustomed am I to her appearance in the still night, when deep sleep settles upon me, that I know I am dreaming, in my dream; and when I ask her why she never visits me when I am awake, she answers and says, "Because I am not permitted." Yet, in the midst of troublous and evil dreams, she seems to come to me; and it is only then that her presence awakens me; at other times, when we are alone in sleep, like Caliban in the "Tempest,"

"when I waked
I cried to dream again."

Scarcely had a year elapsed before my uncle took to himself another helpmate. Oh! how different from the one he had lost. Even the enduring Betty was compelled to leave on account of her stinginess, and the farm-men rebelled and refused to do their work on skimmed-milk, after being accustomed to have it warm and foaming from the sleek cows. Her sister's husband came and offered twice the amount of rent for the cottage and garden that Mary was paying, and she let my uncle have no rest until he had given her notice to quit. Mary said that before the time of notice expired she should give up possession. I and faithful Betty, who had come to live with her, knew her meaning too well, She was drawing nearer and nearer to that shadowy mountain of roses every day—and every night that evening star seemed in her eyes to sink lower, as if to receive her. Betty now toiled in the garden, and carried the produce to market—for the light cart was but seldom used, and any little favour that my uncle showed to Mary was done by stealth. If after returning from shooting he threw a bird, hare, or rabbit over the garden fence while passing, it was when the dark, deep-set eyes of his new wife were not upon him. I liked her not, I could not like her, through some such strange instinct as causes the lark to cower and shun the hawk. I ever avoided her after the first few weeks; for I knew that in her hard heart she carried enmity, and hated my First Love! my pretty orphan! who has long been an angel in heaven. She tried to poison my uncle's ears by accounts of what my kind aunt had done for Mary's mother, magnifying one hundred fold the little presents which that gentle heart made her. And this was ever her talk when they were together, and when Betty had told my uncle that "she did not think Mary was long for this world," after the notice had been given to quit the cottage, and he told this to his new wife, she said, "It will be a blessing when she's gone." Even the fresh servant which that hard woman had brought with her wept as she repeated the words of Betty, for she often stole into the cottage with some present from uncle when his wife was out of the way. But these things never reached dear Mary's ears, for she was now unable to leave her chamber. But why prolong my tale? She passed away in a rosy sunset of June, just as the evening star appeared above the topmost boughs of the old elms that overhung the Grange. I held her hand as she ceased breathing, and turning my eyes in my great agony towards heaven, I saw her star from the window, which was open, while the room was filled with perfume from her own garden flowers—flowers which she would never train more—my own, my sweetest flower!—no, never, never more! We bore her to the distant church—twelve village maidens, robed in white, were her bearers, changing from time to time when they were weary. Many followed her to that rural churchyard. The sweet, solemn hymns they sang rang through the green shades where we had wandered—over the corn-fields where she had gleaned—the white lambs seemed to leave off grazing as the funeral train passed, and all the birds that had known her appeared to be mute. A gentle rain fell while the curate read the beautiful burial service over her—it fell upon the flowers which the villagers threw into her grave—"sweets to the sweet," I saw the rain lay like angel's tears upon the blush-roses that strewed her snow-white coffin. We placed her between her mother and my aunt, for she had often said that theirs would be the first arms to encircle her when she entered heaven, and that she had many a time been borne thither in her sleep—she knew the colour of the stars on their foreheads, and the form of the golden harps which they bore in their hands, and would chaunt over the hallelujahs which she had heard in that delectable land of dreams. And I have faith that she is numbered amongst those thousands whom the Blind Bard of Paradise saw, who

"Speed o'er land and ocean without rest;"

and that she is ever by me when on the wings of holy thoughts I climb nearer to the stars—that I have felt her presence when breathing a prayer amongst the daisies, and that her ever-watching eyes have many a time allured me back into the "straight and

narrow way," when I should have been wandering in the broad and downward road. That ever since her death my First Love has been my guardian angel, and that she will be the first to receive me in that gray gateway beyond the grave.

"I TOLD YOU SO!"

I WONDER whether, of all the hateful combinations which the most ingenious person in England could contrive to form, out of Johnson's, or anybody else's dictionary, one more thoroughly abominable than that which heads this paper, could in four words be devised. No Eastern question, no leaky ships, no refractory steam-engines, no anything, have destroyed more bodies, than this vile phrase has lost souls. To me the entire language fails to supply any other four words containing so much taunt, petty triumph, insolence, and unchristianity.

Experience of all sorts of people and things has made me believe that "I told you so," "I knew how it would be," and such like expressions, have been at the root of more irreparable breaches in families, more obstinate persistances in evil, more concealments, falsehoods, and meannesses, than any other popular sayings in the language. For who will confess a mistake, an error in judgment, a false step, or a folly, when the first thing he is sure to hear will be one of these arrogant impertinences? Who, having once done wrong or foolishly, will have courage to persevere in the way of amendment,—more difficult for his feet to tread, remember, than for the always steady and virtuous,—when he knows that every slip will be greeted with that taunting, humiliating sentence, "Ah! I told you so?"

Who can put faith in himself when he sees that no one else has faith in him? Of all the paths in life none is so arduous to climb, or needs the tenderness of others more, than that steep, backward road which those must travel who would retrace and redeem the past. Is it kind, then, is it just, or Christianlike, to put stumbling-blocks in the way, to deprive the struggler of confidence in himself, and in the justice of others, and make him feel, that, do what he will, strive as he will, be as earnest in well-doing as he may, he will—*so he fails*—have credit for his exertions—that he is struggling on untrusted—that if he succeeds his success will be received with incredulity (and almost with vexation that he has disappointed the benevolent prophecies of which he has been the subject,)—and that if, over-tempted or over-tried, he fails, his failure will be hailed with a sneer of petty triumph?

Oh! men and women—children of the same great Father, heirs of the same inheritance, travellers to the same goal—is this right? Should you treat your feeble or guilty fellows so? Is this the conduct which our Redeemer advocated, when he bade an angry brother forgive the sinner, "not seven times, but seventy times seven?" And if HE who was without spot or blemish, who under the sharpest trials and severest sufferings forbore to reproach, even when he himself warned his disciples of their peril, and so put them upon their guard, how shall we dare to exalt ourselves, who, if of this one kind of sin or folly innocent, have fifty others to counterbalance it? Besides, how can we say that, tempted like the culprit, we should not have fallen like him? It is very well for the man standing upon firm earth to jeer at him who falls, making his way on ice: but let him try the path himself, give him the same feebleness or inexperience, the same want of self-confidence induced by former failures, the same drawbacks, and see how he acquits himself. It is no merit in a man who dislikes society, and loves retirement, to be steady and domestic, any more than it is praiseworthy in an Englishman to refrain from joining a New Zealand war-feast, at which the ceremonies of cooking have been omitted. A thing is only creditable when those who stand fast have a great natural inclination to yield. Where there is no temptation there is no resistance. The abstemious man who prophesied, and "told you so," respecting his neighbour's relapse into intemperance, hates wine, which always gives him a headache; but he loves money, and hoards it, and does not see, reading his Bible on Sundays, that covetousness and drunkenness are *equally* forbidden,

and that in God's eyes neither is greater than the other; or that if one is worse, it is that sin of which it is said, "covetousness which is idolatory." So do men—

> "Excuse the sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

But before such take praise to themselves for refraining from the guilt they censure, they should be asked, "Do you like it?" Is the sin into which this man has fallen, one to which you are prone, one which tempts you strongly? If it is, then take the praise, for you have earned it; you have resisted and overcome. But if it is not,—if the passionless rebukes, the vehement, the covetous, the spendthrift, the wine-hater, the drunkard, and so on,—then praise is no more those Pharisees' right; they are no worthier than the sinner—than he would be, who, fainting from heat in August, refrained from wrapping himself in the soft luxury of an eider-down quilt.

Now, dear reader, do not fancy from what I have said that I wi ' to excuse or palliate any special or favourite sin, or give to one kind a pre-eminence over another. Guilt is guilt, let it take what shape it will, or come in what specious or hideous garb it may. I do not seek to reconcile you to the sin, only to the sinner—to make you feel that if he has fulfilled your prophecy of ill, if from your greater knowledge of human nature, better understanding of the man himself, you did forsee and predict all which has come to pass, that God did the same; that from all eternity He knew everything, and yet that He whose majesty is outraged by his creature's sin, bears with him mercifully, waiting the dawning of better things, and remembering how often "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak."

In His eyes, whose only rebuke to the false friend whose desertion he had foretold, was a look—"and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter"—how must such speeches sound, as that which heads this paper?

And, besides the wickedness of such phrases, how foolish they are—how thoroughly they defeat their end, *supposing* that end to be a good one. What wife, parent, or brother, who indulges in these petty but galling triumphs, continues to be loved or confided in. To poor human nature it is ever a painful and humiliating thing to acknowledge error, to say "I have been wrong." Is it wise, then, to make the confession doubly repugnant by meeting it with a sneer?—for who that has the power to be silent, or hide his misdoing, will impart it to those who are blind to his condition, insensible to his confidence, and only alive to their own superiority?

Do the people whose fulfilled prediction elates them, suppose that, to insure the remembrance of their wisdom, it is needful that they should repeat it—that he whom they warned will forget that warning unless he is reminded that their sagacity will be overlooked if its recital is spared? If they do, they know strangely little of human nature, and how tenaciously it clings to the memories which have pained it. A man never forgets that against the course he has taken, and in which he has failed, he was warned. If, therefore, you would bind him to you for ever, forbear the reproach which rises so prone to the tongue; show him that, although he has failed, you give him credit for good intentions, and that you truly believe, when he elected to take his way instead of yours, he did so honestly.

I once knew a family where the exact reverse of this rational and kindly policy was adopted—where every approach to confidence was chilled with one of those detestable phrases I have been condemning,—and where at last obstinacy and reserve replaced love and candour; and in the end the wife, herself shut out from the trust she knew so ill how to encourage and deserve, was engulfed in the ruin her really shrewd, clever common sense might have averted.

Unhappily the lady was an aunt of mine; and as she lived in a very pretty and healthy neighbourhood, and my father's regiment was continually moving about, to the great discomfort of those unhappy beings, the married officers, it was often very convenient to send me to her, and so lighten the difficulties of the perpetual "routes."

But however pleasant the getting rid of me might be to my parents, and however beneficial to my future sedateness and sobriety of manner, the removal from the

gaiety and freedom of military life, to the primness and "proper behaviour" of Merrifield—what a shame it was so to libel the place!—the change was anything but agreeable to me. I do not suppose I was naughtier, more untidy or noisy than other children; indeed, looking back upon those remote days, I am rather inclined to believe that I was better; but my aunt,—who was one of those pattern people who never do wrong, who had never in all her life, I should think, torn a flounce, or crumpled a bonnet-string who, had her purse been overflowing, would never have been tempted to waste sixpence in the purchase of anything she did not absolutely want, however beautiful,—had no sympathy with the follies or weaknesses of others, and drilled and lectured poor me, until the only wonder is that I did not grow desperate and run away, casting myself and my spotless white pinafore penniless upon society, or that I did not petrify and so become the eighth wonder of the world.

I did neither, however. I had a strong will of my own, loved my uncle dearly, and consoled myself for my aunt's oppressive goodness and perfection, by taking refuge in his ready sympathy and indulgence. To me, in those days, Uncle Charley was perfection; from me all his faults were hidden, and indeed I grew so weary of his wife's exceeding propriety; that I am not sure whether in my own secret mind I did not prefer the sinner to the saint, and fall into that dangerous error of confusing reality and semblance, which is so very common among inexperienced persons.

"My dear Lizzie, said Uncle Charley one day, as I stood before him with a torn frock and bandless pinafore, having destroyed both in my eager chace of a kitten through the shrubbery, "why are you so careless? See what a state your dress is in; why can't you be steadier? Your aunt is perpetually talking to you: why do not you attend to her, and follow her example, instead of rushing about like a little mad thing? Remember how neat and tidy she always is, and how she teaches and warns you. Do you ever see her in such a plight as this?"

"No."

"Then why do you not emulate her? She is an example you should strive to copy, so regular and uniform in all her habits, so careful of her duties, so——"

"Yes, uncle," I interrupted boldly, "and so disagreeable. Now don't be angry; but if she wants me to be good, why does she make goodness so distasteful? I'd rather be naughty like you, and have everybody to love me, than be so good that people were frightened at me."

Of course I was scolded for this pert speech; but the scolding did not alter my opinion, it rather confirmed it.

Now, uncomfortable as this perpetual living in a state of rebellion was to me as a child, it became intolerable as I grew older; and from being tutored about frocks and sashes, the subjects gradually changed to behaviour in society, dignity and decorum. I was exhorted at least twenty times a day to hold up my head, walk sedately, and, *if I could*, behave like a lady. To listen to my aunt, a stranger might have thought me a wild girl of the woods, or an Indian squaw; and to have stayed in the house a week would have confirmed him in the belief that I was the most obstinate, wilful romp who ever tormented a chaperon to death. Neither of which surmises would, I think, have been right.

Still, however, I might console myself with the knowledge of the injustice of my condemnation; it was not pleasant to be so continually in the wrong, and have every failure of every sort hailed with that insulting phrase, without which my aunt never finished a reproof or listened to a confession. At one time I remember that, being weak after a long illness, and nervous, as sickness generally leaves one, I grew really terrified, by the constant repetition of my aunt's favourite sentence, into believing myself a perfect monster of wilful wickedness; until, reflecting that half my backslidings arose from inadvertence and the force of circumstances, I learned to look upon myself as the victim of fate—a person without any will or power—a wretch who must go wrong, let her be warned and lectured ever so perseveringly. With stronger health, however, happily came juster thoughts. I left off

thinking myself either a monster or a victim, and only strove to protect myself from my aunt's exasperating taunts by concealing my delinquencies as far as possible.

Thus, but for Uncle Charley, Merrifield would have been a wretched place to me; but he was uniformly kind, so ready to excuse, and so anxious to make others happy, that his presence almost compensated for the discomfort of my aunt's.

Poor Uncle Charley! it was an adverse fate which united your cordial, sanguine, generous nature with that of clever Lottie Gray, the pattern daughter of your uncle's large family, and tied you for life to a disposition so opposite to your own! Looking at them both, I used to wonder how in the world they ever came to choose each other; how it was that she was not earlier disgusted by his faults, and he repelled by her goodness; and why it was left for years of marriage to spoil and sour, instead of soften and assimilate them.

Certainly my Uncle had one grave fault, one which his wife might have been pardoned for fearing and trying to amend, and that was a love of speculation, and most unbusiness-like credulity and faith in other people's representations, by indulging in which he continually sustained considerable losses and inconvenience.

Naturally of a frank and unsuspicious disposition, his first impulse, during the earlier years of marriage, was always to seek his wife and confide every new scheme or proposal to her; and could she have controlled her miserable propensity to exalt herself by humbling him, a better counsellor he could not have had, for she was remarkably shrewd and clever, far-seeing and just in her opinions, but so cold and passionless, that she could neither enter into people's motives or temptations, nor sympathize with their sorrows. She had a manner, too, of listening to the warmest, most enthusiastic language—that language which comes direct from the heart—that was enough to freeze and exasperate the most impassioned; it was so cool and contemptuous, so thoroughly as if she felt herself above all such follies.

Against the ice of such a manner, in the first instance, and the invariable "Well, I told you so" in the last, it would have required a most wonderful and superhuman amount of courage, blindness, and deafness to persevere. As for me, I would as soon have confided an anxiety or a project to the clock, or the stairs. And as to confessing a failure or mischance to my aunt, I would very much rather have held my hand deliberately to the fire and burnt it; than have encountered her curled lip and galling words.

And as with me, so at last it grew to be with Uncle Charles. By the time I was sixteen, I discovered that he, too, told his wife nothing; that he got in and out of difficulties without troubling or consulting her; and that his former frankness was being gradually replaced by reserve and gloom. This change vexed me sadly, for under its influence my Uncle became an altered person; even to me he was silent and abrupt in manner, and seldom talked with the free-hearted gaiety of yore.

Often and often, when this change first began to be visible, I have watched him try to broach and interest his wife upon subjects, which I could see filled his whole mind, and win her by courteous words and graceful hints to enter into his plans; but, as old Betty the cook used to say, "One might as well try to talk the moon out of Heaven, as coax Missis." Once I remember poor Uncle Charles, who had looked wretchedly low and depressed for some days, growing weary of bearing his sorrows alone, and craving for sympathy, made an earnest effort to secure his wife's.

It was at breakfast; as usual a great heap of letters was piled near his plate, and I observed that as one after another was nervously opened, his countenance fell, and he looked anxiously at my aunt, as if inviting her to inquire the cause of his uneasiness. But if he hoped so to awaken her anxiety and wifely tenderness he was mistaken,—the table at which we sat was not more impracticable; and at last, seeing this, he became desperate, and plunged recklessly into the subject of his thoughts—

"Lottie," said he hastily, "I'm afraid you'll think I've been a great simpleton; but

about six months ago, when poor Mrs. Lines was almost in her last agonies, she sent for me, and implored me, for the sake of her helpless little children, to afford their father another chance of redeeming his character, and obtaining honest and creditable employment, by speaking favourably of him to a firm, who were willing to take him, provided his references were good."

As my Uncle reached this part of his story, I observed my aunt raise her eyebrows, and drop the corners of her mouth, leisurely breaking into her cup the while a morsel of toast which she took from the rack; her whole manner saying as plainly as any words could have done, "As usual, as usual." Well, poor Uncle Charles understood the look and the gesture, and, growing nervous, hurried on—"I dare say I was wrong, I ought not to have been persuaded, knowing Lines so well as I did; but I was, I couldn't resist his poor wife's entreaties and prayers; somehow her voice went through me. I never was at a death-bed before, except my poor mother's, and all the time I sat by Mrs. Lines, I seemed to see my mother's face and hear her words. Then, too, the children——" and here Uncle Charley's voice trembled, while my aunt looked up, as if wondering what on earth there could be in what her husband was saying to excite the smallest emotion. "It was more than I could bear; if every shilling I had on earth had depended upon it, I should have done the same. I promised to grant the favour I was asked, to give Lines the best character I could—you know Lottie, he is a very clever, well-disposed fellow—and thus insure the children a home."

"Well?" asked my aunt, icily, finding that her husband paused.

"Well, I am sorry to say that what I never could have expected has happened. He has fallen into bad company, neglected his duties, caused heavy losses to fall upon his employer; and now I, as his surety, am called upon to make all good."

"Oh, indeed," answered my aunt, deliberately, locking up the tea-poy, and then rising from the table, looking at her feet for her handkerchief, "it is just what might have been expected. You are not surprised, I should imagine, for I believe I told you years ago how any connection with Mr. Lines would end. An infant of five years old might have foreseen it."

"But, dear Lottie——"

"Oh, pray make no apologies to me; you have a perfect right, of course, to do as you please, only—Elizabeth, bring me those keys from the sideboard—you ought not to forget that you were warned of this before. I always told you how it would be."

A great deal more of the same annoying, unsatisfactory kind of conversation passed, and with the last words ended for ever any attempt upon my uncle's part to confide in or consult his wife.

Two years later, upon my return to Merrifield, after a six months' absence, I was shocked to see the grievous alteration which so short a time had worked in Uncle Charles. At first I could not account for it; everything seemed going on as usual, as I had left it. My uncle and aunt appeared to be on the same terms. I heard nothing of any losses or misfortunes which had befallen them, and yet over my uncle's manner and mind there had come a mournful change.

All my attempts to rally and cheer him were useless; the fits of gloom and abstraction, nervous starting at nothing, increased daily, and at length I became really unhappy and uneasy. After a time I mentioned the subject to my aunt, but, as usual, received no comfort. She was ten times colder and more prophetic than ever. In despair I turned to my uncle himself, and the opportunity I sought of speaking to him privately soon offered. Upon the very evening my resolution was formed, Aunt Lottie went out to a district meeting, and he and I were left to drink tea alone.

For a long time we were both silent, and I was puzzling myself as to how I should broach the subject which was uppermost in my thoughts, when my uncle said—

"You would be sorry to leave Merrifield, Lizzie?"

"Yes, indeed; but there is no chance of my doing so at present, is there, while the regiment is quartered at Canterbury? Mamma's lodgings will be too full to take me in."

"Will they? Then if anything happens, you must go to your Aunt Anne."

"Anything happens? Why what can happen?"

"Ruin!"

"What, uncle?" I exclaimed, with a start which nearly upset the little table before which I sat.

"Ruin, my dear," he answered, in the calm tones of despair. "I am ruined,"

"Oh, no—no!" I cried, springing from my chair and seizing his hand, which burned like fire. "You must not say so."

"Others will, Lizzie."

"But why?"

"Because it is the truth. Three years ago I engaged in a mining speculation, which promised so fairly that many practical men, whose lives had been spent in studying the subject, embarked largely in it; and I following their example and advice, invested the whole of my capital. The project has failed, and we are all ruined."

"Does my aunt know?

"No."

"But should you not tell her?"

"No, Lizzie," said my uncle, almost fiercely; "I will tell her no more. I will not be taunted with my folly."

"Oh, she will not taunt now; she will be too sorry for you."

Nonsense! People who are sorry, or really interested for others, don't scare their confidence away by telling them how much wiser they are. If your aunt, three years ago, when this matter was first proposed to me, had acted differently to what she did, all would have been different. I should have consulted her upon the subject, and in all human probability, she, being of a less sanguine disposition than myself, would have seen much that in my ardour I did not see, and have prevented my entrance into the business at all. But instead of encouraging, she always deters me from telling her anything, by raking up old grievances, and repeating over and over again, that she knew from the first how it would be. Failure itself is hard enough to bear, Lizzie, for no man undertakes a thing without believing that he will succeed; but to be taunted and jeered, as if his ill success were the consequence of his own deliberate obstinacy or want of principle, is more than any human being can or will endure. No! all is over. I have been misled and foolish. I can see now many circumstances which ought to have struck me at first, and which would have arrested the attention of a less excitable person, and warned him, but which never occurred to me until too late. Regrets now, however, are useless: nothing can recall the past? and my only comfort is, that my wife will be provided for, let what will become of me."

"But is the matter quite hopeless, uncle? Are you quite sure that nothing can be done?"

"No, Lizzie, I am not sure. I believe that in my case something might be done, for I have not joined so entirely as others did; but I am so thoroughly depressed and subdued, that I dare not proceed upon my own responsibility,—I have lost confidence in myself, in my own judgment; and as I have no children to suffer for my folly, and my wife is provided for, I shall let things go their own way. I can get a situation in London which will keep me,"

"But if you will not trust yourself, uncle, will you not trust my aunt? She is a clever woman, and surely you should not give up without making an effort to redeem affairs."

"No; I ought not, perhaps; but I shall. It is cowardly, I dare say, but I can better face ruin than taunts. I deserve the one, but no man deserves the other."

And taking his hat from a little side-table he walked out.

I never saw him after. Late in the evening a note was brought to my aunt from a friend's house in the neighbourhood, saying, that her husband was spending a few days there, and requesting that his portmanteau might be furnished and sent to him.

By her desire I packed and despatched the necessary articles, and the next intelligence we had was, that poor Uncle Charles had gone to London, been arrested there, and was incarcerated in the King's Bench. Then came other law proceedings, a sale at Merrifield, investigation of my aunt's settlement, and sorrows of all kinds; until finally, after a year's strife and struggle,

many hard dealings from others, and many vain appeals to relations, who had all, as it then appeared, told them so before, my uncle and aunt met again, all the wiser and better, though, for their experience.

Upon my aunt's income they lived abroad, until first one, and then the other, died; but never, under any circumstances, from the first day of their re-union to the last, was Aunt Lotty heard to remind her husband, however great might be the provocation, or justly due the reproach, that she had TOLD HIM SO.

FANCY'S SKETCH.

APOSTROPHE TO AN ICEBERG,
Met with in my last passage across the Atlantic in the month of May.

Hoar-headed mammoth of the main,
From Arctic regions rent,
Chill watch-tower of Atlantean reign,
With animalcule pent.

Upon such ocean trackless wastes,
When sunless days prevail,
Abortive is the seaman's skill,
Ships worthlessly avail.

Gem-like, thou glitterest in the sun.
Uncouth in look I vow,
Shapeless, wanting of a rudder,
With nondescriptive prow,

Whence from those ice-bound seas didst thou
With thundering earthquake burst?
Whence from those baleful, frost-lock'd shores
Thine avalanchings thrust?

Thou'st met me in a *bark* becalmed,
By fluttering needle led,
By sweeps unaided, with a crew
That *calms* and ice-bergs dread.

Thy bowings to the breeze hath forced
The braggadocio's wail;
The fearless at the cannon's mouth
By thee encountered, quail.

When Hope is lost, when Faith hath fled,
When all's to wild waves cast,
Then hapless is the ship-boy's tread,
Most merciless the blast.

The shrieks of infancy thou'st heard,
The silver-haired in prayer,
Seen mighty chiefs and gifted bards
The gulf of waters share.

The cry of horror o'er the waves,
The sinewy plash of oar,
The gasping efforts of despair
Amid thine inlets roar.

What gallant ships could I not name,
That foundered at thy touch,
Barques, brigs, ketches, schooners;
Pray, what return of such?

The myriads that have round thee laved
With smothering shriek and cry,
That grappled with thy jaspered points
And slipped for ever by.

What thousands might *Familiar's* call
From out the oozy deep,
Who now in tangled sea-weeds lay
Wave-motioned in their sleep.

If vision's field but knew the ills
Thy predecessors wrought,
No mortal ear could list to tales
With agony so fraught.

Thou art the cheerless of sublime,
Thy times of visit known,
All birds that spin the ambient air
Thy resting places own.

Upon thy base and summit play,
Their beauteous pinions plume,
Fierce winds, their cradling lullabys,
Where crystalled lights illume.

Light of brightness still are luring,
Which astound the cheery,
Dread of darkness, thou forbodest
Many things most dreary.

Brisk winds are whistling from the east,
Seen distantly thy crest,
Day's broadest beams companion us
In journeying to the west.

REUBEN TRAVELLER.

EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA.—Not merely the common people, but even many of the Brahins, and others of the better classes, think that the shaking of the earth is caused by Shesh Nag, the great serpent, on whose head they suppose the earth is supported, getting occasionally drowsy, and beginning to nod. When an earthquake takes place, they all *rush out of their houses beat drums*, blow horns, ring bells, and shout as loud as they are able, in order to rouse this snake Atlas, to prevent the melancholy catastrophe that would take place were he to fall asleep, and let the world tumble off his head.

LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS.

One of the most ancient and universal prepossessions or beliefs is that which imputes luck to odd numbers. Thus the poets, taking advantage of the popular superstition, have given peculiar prominency to the numbers three, five, seven, &c.; and from the earliest times to the present, good housewives would never think of putting any but an odd number of eggs under a hen or goose; indeed, we have heard it asserted that the sitting-bird would surely break one of the eggs or kill one of the chickens rather than bring an even number of little ones into the world. The precocious author who wrote the well-known epitaph—

> "Here lies good Master Duck,
> Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
> If he had lived it had been good luck,
> For then we should have an odd one,"

carries the superstitious notion from the eggs to the ducklings; and in Devonshire and Cornwall it is considered to this day a very lucky thing to possess an odd number of children, sheep, fowls, &c. A little child in Redruth, in the latter county, was born with six fingers on each hand, and during the cholera year it died. It was indeed the only male child who died of the pestilence in that town; and both mother and father—the latter a stalwart copper-miner and leader of the choir in the old church—were accustomed to declare that "they were not surprised, for it had six fingers on both its hands, and it was born at twelve at night; and you know there's no luck in evens."

Not to mention the Egyptians and Hebrews, of whose partiality for odd numbers many illustrations might be given, we may just refer to a few instances in which the ancients evinced their predilection in favour of odd notions. In the Grecian mythology there were three graces, three syrens, three furies, three fates, seven wise men, nine muses, &c. The gods, Virgil tells us, delighted in odd numbers; and Pythagoras, the philosopher, is particular in ascribing great virtue to the number three. Every Greek city had an unequal number of gates and temples. Theocritus, the Syracusan poet, divided his flocks into unequal numbers, and we learn that among the Greeks and Romans, dinner tables were three-sided, and the guests congregated in threes and fives. At a Roman funeral, three handfuls of sand were scattered over the corpse, just as, in our beautiful service for the dead, three handfuls of earth are thrown upon the coffin when the minister pronounces the solemn words—"Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

The Roman markets were held every ninth day, the people were numbered every five years; and Vegetius, in his treatise on "Military Affairs," tells us that the fosse around a camp should not be less than nine feet or more than seventeen, but that whatever the width, it should always consist of an unequal number of feet. Indeed, it is remarkable how frequently, both in ancient and modern times, unequal numbers have been said to possess particular virtues. Thus we have the "mystic numbers"—nine, seven, and three—in a variety of combinations. In the ceremonies attendant upon the proper observance of Allhallow Eve the number three is paramount, and every schoolboy knows that "the third time is lucky." In all matters of superstition the number three is the especial favorite. When the three witches in *Macbeth* meet in the cave, and dance around the boiling cauldron, do they not sing

> "Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed,
> Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whined?"

It is not necessary to adduce further instances of this universal prepossession in favour of odd numbers; but the question naturally arises—whence this apparent love of units before duals, of odds above evens? We will endeavour to explain. It will be admitted, we think, on all hands, that in every state of human existence, gentle and simple, savage and refined, there is in the mind of man a love of gambling. It is a hard sentence to pronounce, but unfortunately a true one, nevertheless; and it has been said that the love of gambling is one of the lines of demarcation which separates man from the brute. We need not, just now, instance the wide-spread ruin which this propensity has worked among civilized communities, for the lower the state of man the more fully and completely do we find him addicted to games of chance. Well,

then, what kind of game would most naturally conduce to this too general passion? Why, none so easily as the game that all school-boys play—odd and even, or, as the Romans expressed it, *par impar*. By it an appeal is at once made to fortune, and a few nuts, stones, or even the fingers themselves held suddenly up, determine and decide the chance in an instant. In this game, if the player who calls "odds" has an evident advantage over him who cries "evens," then we have a ready solution of the luck imputed to odd numbers. To explain; in the old game, "Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" the player raises for an instant one or more of his fingers, and the adversary cries out one, two, three, &c., as he chooses.

Now, as there are five fingers, the chances in favour of odd are as three to two. Again, if you hold an unknown quantity of nuts or marbles in your closed hand, and challenge your adversary to guess odd or even, the chances are in favour of odd, because the number must be one or more, and if more than two, then the chances in favour of odds increases with every unit added, because in the numbers one, two, three, there are two odd ones against one even one, and the chances are as two to one. Advance the number, and you will find that the evens never get the advantage. Suppose you take four, then you have two to two; still the evens have no advantage. If you take five, then the chances in favour of odd are as three to two; and so throughout—every one added giving the chances in favour of odds—in a constantly diminishing ratio, but still an evident advantage. The reason is manifest. The odds and evens do not start fair: and while the chances in favour of odds never decrease, those in favour of evens never advance—the latter, in fact, never do, and never can, overtake the advantage possessed by the deciding unit. Now, it is not pretended that untutored savages ever detected this principle, but they doubtless were aware of its results, and thus a superstitious veneration for, and belief in, the luck of odd numbers may have arisen. In other games of pure chance, such as throwing dice, "pitch-penny," &c., the odds have no advantage over evens, if equal number of pieces are used; but where three dice are played with, the odds have evidently the best of it, because however they may fall, the chances that the spots will count odd are as three to two.

The study of what is called the theory of chances will sufficiently exemplify this.

THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

I was chatting one day with an old schoolfellow of mine, who though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but, the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to my credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your late cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon find fine things in him. There is nothing like gilding to hide imperfections, and bring out excellencies. But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now: it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification

had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labour and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

"Near the town where the trial was to take place lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep in his house, engaging to drive me over early next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast the next morning, my host drove me over in his dog-cart to the assize town. We are just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade him let the lad alone, and not be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before. An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognise me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him, till I saw that he was getting irritated, and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking, too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and reckless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone —"'You are married, Mr. Myers?'

"'Yes, I am.'

"'And you are a kind husband, I suppose?'

"'I suppose so: what then?'

"'Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?'

"The plaintiff's counsel here called on the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent to the matter in question.

"I pledged my word to the Court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

"'I've a boy and a girl.'

"'Pray, how old are they?'

"'The boy's twelve, and the girl nine, I b'lieve.'

"'Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate father, as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?'

"'I don't see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't.'

"'You don't knock your son about, for example?'

"'No! I don't.' (He was growing

downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

"'You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?'

"'No! I don't.'

"'Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner?' (and I rapped the table with my knuckles.)

"'No!' (indignantly.)

"'You never did such a thing?'

"'No!'

"'You swear to that?'

"'Yes!'

"All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face; I now turned towards him and said—

"'Look at me, sir. Did you ever see me before?'

"He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

"'That will do,' I said; 'stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.'

"I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness box, he of course confirmed the statement.

"The Court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connection."

The grace of kindness is destroyed if we at first cautiously withhold a favour, and afterwards reluctantly grant it; for thereby we provoke the pride of refusal, and purchase disdain instead of gratitude.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies can prolong it.

The laws of civility oblige us to commend what, in reason, we cannot blame.

PUT EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE.

On a bright evening of an early summer I was making an excursion into a part of the country with which I was before unacquainted. Having left my slight supply of luggage at a small inn, I sallied forth for a ramble, and pursued my way with the calm sense of enjoyment which rural scenery and a genial air almost always inspire. I followed the course of many a winding lane, pleasantly bordered with greensward, and occasionally shaded by hedge-row timber; at length I came upon one of the few healthy commons which the zeal for cultivation has left in our civilized England. Ascending a little knoll which was crowned by a group of firs and two large lime trees, I paused to enjoy the scene; it was a charming view. The common, of no great extent, was traversed by two sandy ways, scarcely deserving the name of roads, along which several parties were proceeding towards a village situated at the edge of the heath. One cottage was quite visible; the gray tower of the church was seen among the surrounding trees: while roofs and chimneys, peeping from nests of orchards, betokened the dwelling of a comfortable rural population. A middle distance of woodland, whose delicate spring tints had not given place to the unvaried green of the later summer, seemed to mark the residence of a large landed proprietor: to the right extended a succession of farms whose pasture and arable might, in the fresh growth of spring, almost be said to contend for brilliancy of verdure; beyond, a range of hills, possessing historical interest, rose to a considerable height, and seemed to melt in the purple mist of even. Light and shade played over the whole landscape. The sun, at that point of its descent when its rays become of a rich amber tint, shed a warm glow on every spot touched by its beams. As I paused to admire, I was passed by two young girls, poorly clad, but apparently very clean; and in the few words of their conversation which caught my ear, I was struck by the unusual softness of voice and purity of pronunciation. I followed and putting to them a few commonplace ques-

tions, observed in their answers the same peculiarity. I found that they, and others whom they pointed out to each other, as we crossed the common together, had been the scholars of the "governess," who lived at the cottage I had seen from the distance, and that they were all going to pay her a visit. She usually had a party once a-year, but now it would be larger than usual, as there had been rejoicing in honour of the christening of Mr. Vernon's eldest son (the woods I had before noticed were pointed out as belonging to his house); and in consequence many young people from service had returned to the neighbourhood, and almost all must go and see Mrs. Rae. I was soon interested in the few particulars I received, and resolved on a personal introduction to the old lady; I therefore continued to walk with my new acquaintances (who, by the way, assured me of a welcome) till we arrived at the place of destination. It was the *beau ideal* of a situation for a village school; standing alone, at the verge of a wide common, where the children might play without danger, not more than fifty yards from the church, sufficiently near to other dwellings not to appear lonesome, but too far to derive any ill from a bad neighbour, if any such appeared to be the inmate. The neatness of the garden would have attracted the notice of any passer by; and now the appearance was remarkable from the evident preparation for a meal *al fresco*. A clean white table was placed under the shade of a large elm tree, close outside the garden gate; benches were on each side; several women and girls were going to and from the cottage, arranging cups, saucers, plates, knives and tea-spoons; two cakes, and piles of evenly cut bread and butter, were on the board; now a rosy-faced maiden brought a dish of well-made buttered toast, while another carried the bright copper tea-kettle, to give the teapot the preliminary warming.

Mrs. Rae was soon distinguished by her greater age than the rest of the company, and by the greeting to each newly arrived guest. She came to carry the teapot into the house in order to make the tea near the fire, and welcomed me in a frank and respectful manner, inquiring if I would not step in to rest. Having wished for the invitation, I was glad to accept, and entered the roomy dwelling. A strong, carved oak chair was evidently the throne of state for the "governess;" it was now devoted to my use, and I found it as comfortable as it looked. Its owner was almost too small and too animated looking for a position of so much dignity. She had attained the allotted seventy years of the age of man, but she looked considerably younger. Her face had scarcely a wrinkle, her back was still unbent, her eyes not at all dim, her step was elastic and active, and all her movements indicated cheerfulness; her complexion was healthy, but without the bronzed look which exposure to the open air produces; and her hands were more delicate than is usual. A small book-case filled with neatly-covered volumes adorned one side of the cottage; another of the walls was almost tapestried with samplers of various forms and sizes, worked with all degrees of skill, and almost every imaginable device. There were lions and yew trees in pots; crosses of divers shapes, and hearts of varying proportions; flowers such as botanists never knew, and forms of labyrinthine outline. They appeared mementos of many sets of little fingers that had moved by the direction of that presiding genius of the place. In one respect all were alike. The motto, "Put everything in its right place," was wrought on each; and over the mantlepiece it was again seen, framed and glazed, and worked in brilliantly-coloured letters. I was on the point of remarking on the appropriateness of the precept for a school, when tea was declared to be ready, and I was invited to partake of it. Curious to know more of the party, who seemed all so completely at home, I took my place at the table. We were ten in number, and all chatted merrily about their business and prospects. Some of them were servants in place, were now enjoying a holiday; one or two wives of labourers, one a farmer's wife. All seemed interested in hearing of the welfare of the others. I heard more than once the repetition of the favorite maxim, as, when one of the servants spoke of quitting her place

because the mistress was so particular. Mrs. Rae answered, with a good humoured smile,—

"Put your pride in its right place, Susan, and you will stay where you are; there is not a better situation to be found."

Immediately that the tea was over, one of the young women with whom I had crossed the common began to tie her bonnet, and pin on her shawl, saying,—

"I must wish you good evening, ma'am. I promised my mistress that I would not be more than two hours away. You know I've no right to a holiday yet, I have been with her so short a time; but I begged her to let me come this once to see you. Good evening," she repeated, with a look round the table, as if making the adieu general.

"Good by, Mary," said Mrs. Rae. "Go on putting everything into its right place, and when your two years are over, if I live, you shall have a better situation."

Mary's eyes brightened at the promise, and with a hearty shake of the hand, she and her companion departed.

"That is a really good girl," said Mrs. Rae, turning to me. "She has taken the hardest place in all the country, in order to enable her mother, who is a widow to remain in the house she now inhabits. Last year they had much illness, and the rent was behind hand; the widow would have been turned out, and would have lost the washing by which she gains her livelihood, but the landlord wanted a servant, and Mary offered to take the place for two years, without wages, if the debt might be forgiven."

I was disposed to blame the landlord as hard-hearted; but no,—Mrs. Rae would not allow it. Here was an illustration of her maxim—"Everything in its right place," said she. As a sacrifice by the debtor could pay the debt, there was no reason why he should not call for his own. He was a farmer, and had his living to get as well as the widow. His wife was glad of the bargain, for she knew Mary was a handy, good, working girl, and she seldom kept a good servant two years, being a sharp-tempered woman; but we must not forget that even now he favored the widow, for he was content to forego the money he might have claimed by law, and it was an advantage to any girl to have a first place where she might be formed for a better. Mrs. Rae's reasoning seemed, indeed, to put all claims in their right place, and I said so.

"It is the rule by which I have brought up all these young persons, and many, many more," she answered looking kindly around her.

At this moment the sound of a carriage rapidly approaching, drew our attention, and the governess exclaimed, with animation,—

"It must be Mrs. Vernon come to show me the young squire—how good of her!"

In another instant it stopped at the gate, and the lady within said, in a sweet cheerful tone,—

"How do you do, Mrs. Rae? I have brought my little treasure to pay his first visit to you. Where shall I put him? Everything in its right place, you know," pressing the infant to her heart, as if to show *that* was his first place at all events: and then depositing it in the arms of the schoolmistress who took it tenderly and gazed at it with pleasure in her countenance. It seemed an evening of applications of the maxim of the house, for Mrs. Vernon had not long departed, and most of the guests (after the literal fulfilment of the precept in placing all the tea apparatus) had said farewell, when a young man, apparently of the farming class, came to the door; and, after a friendly salutation to the hostess, he turned to a quiet-looking girl who still remained, and asked her to walk home with him. She looked distressed, but declined: and Mrs. Rae interposed, saying,—

"Oh, Walter! your promise is not in its right place, nor your duty to your mother. They are stowed away somewhere, so that you do not find them when they are wanted."

"I have not seen her for a twelvemonth, and this is the first time I have asked her to walk with me; its very hard"—observed Walter, answering indirectly.

"It *is* very hard," resumed the old lady, kindly. "But when the time is over you will be very glad that you have been obe-

dient. More than half your probation is passed—look back and see how short it seems; and so will the next year when it is gone. All is doing well; you know you will only vex Jane, and make your mother angry, without gaining anything. *Down* is the place for temper, and *up* for patience. Keep them there a few short months, and you'll have your farm and a good wife."

During this speech Jane had disappeared, and Walter turned sorrowfully away; but, returning in a moment, he said, in a more cheerful tone,

"Tell Jane I will not try to speak to her again. I will go out early to-morrow, and not return till after the hour at which she leaves. Say to her, 'I will keep all in its right place for one more year.'"

"I'll promise for her," said his friend. "She would have been glad to speak kindly to you, but the promise must be kept."

His look was hopeful.

"Thank you, thank you," was all that he said; and after one earnest gaze, as if to seek for a glimse of Jane, he walked hastily away. Interested by this little episode of true love, which did not seem to run smooth, I ventured an inquiry concerning the young couple, and learnt that they were the children of two brothers, farmers, who lived within a stone's throw of each other. A youthful attachment had risen between the cousins, which strengthened as they grew older; and before he had passed his twentieth year, Walter declared his intention of marrying Jane. His mother, now a widow, was a woman of ambitious and violent disposition. She thought him entitled to a match of more pretension than his cousin. He would have a good property at the age of twenty-five: whereas his uncle, having met with losses, and having a large family to support, could not provide portions, and Jane was already destined for service. Many sad scenes had been witnessed, and there was, for a time, a cessation of all communication between the families. At length Jane, to appease all quarrels, had promised Walter's mother that she would not consent to any private interview with her lover till he was free to act for himself. She had hastened her departure from home, and had visited her parents but once in three years. In the mean time every inducement and temptation to change was tried upon Walter; but the last year of his dependence had begun, and he was still constant. This little history was scarcely related when Jane reappeared from the bed-room, where she had evidently been crying. She kissed Mrs. Rae in bidding her farewell, and said she would not again return to the neighbourhood.

"It is a long time to trust to the constancy of any one," said she. "You may give my love to him, and tell him I will try to act by the precept we have so often said together when we were at your school. When I am away I have it before my eyes in the green and red letters which excited our early admiration. I cannot bear to say *no* to him, and I will not come home again unless some of them are ill."

In the course of several conversations I had with Mrs. Rae (for I determined not to let the acquaintance drop), I found that she had been left early an orphan—had been taken by some kind Miss Dorothy to educate for service, but her destination had been altered for the arduous duties of a village schoolmistress, when her patroness discovered that her disposition and talents especially fitted her for the office. Mrs. Vernon, of whom she delighted to speak as her kind friend, was the daughter of an officer who had retired on half pay to a house in an adjoining parish, where he had unfortunately been induced to unite himself in a second marriage with a lady somewhat his senior, who considered the dignity acquired by becoming Mrs. Major Fielding, an equivalent for the loss of old maidenish freedom. Her temper was so peculiarly morose, that the house became anything rather than a "sweet home;" and Miss Fielding, who had been treated with great indulgence by her father, was not disposed to submit to the constant irritation. She would have rebelled openly, but the stepmother, fortunately for the child, thought it was desirable to have her out of the way, and Mrs. Rae's was the cheapest place of instruction to be found. Having been brought up by a lady, the governess was not

unfitted to give early instruction to a gentleman's child; and, during the five years she was under this guidance, Miss Fielding had learnt to discipline her temper effectually. Her sweet and patient endurance of home trials, her attention to her dying father, and her kindness afterwards to her step-mother, had gained the esteem and affection of Mr. Vernon; and she frequently said she owed her happiness to Mrs. Rae and her precept.

I asked the governess if all her scholars were as much attached to her as those whom I had seen.

"Oh, no!" she answered; "not one in ten. It is more than forty years since I began school; I have boys and girls to the amount of some hundreds—two generations of several families; and perhaps there may be forty who care for me. I am living now on a legacy left me by Miss Dorothy, and am able to give my friends a tea whenever they call; that, perhaps, brings a few more than would otherwise come."

"Do you find that most of them turn out well?" I asked. "You have had such long experience that you must know the best way to regulate young minds."

"If I did," was the reply, "I should certainly find, as I do now, that at least half go wrong."

"But that is so discouraging," I remarked.

"Your memory was not in its right place when you had that thought," returned she. "If the great teacher had but a few disciples who followed his rules, why am I to expect more?"

On another occasion I asked if she did not think that using one rule so constantly might tend to give lower motives, and draw attention away from the various and always appropriate texts in the New Testament?

She replied, "If I was to put any human rule in the place of a divine precept, I should not fulfil my own maxim. Yet it is useful to have a short injunction always ready at hand which exercises the fancy as well as the memory—instruction is always the more useful when we work it out for ourselves: and the frequent literal performance of the action enjoined gives a sort of tangible shape, and keeps it alive in the mind. You will find, in general, that a heart or a household will be well regulated in proportion as everything, literally and figuratively, is put in its right place."

It was evidently the old lady's hobby, but there seemed so much good sense in her application, that I hope, dear friends, you will find this little narrative of a village schoolmistress may appear to you IN THE RIGHT PLACE; and if the admirable precepts inculcated should take deep root in the minds of any readers of this magazine, who may not hitherto have reflected upon this subject, my purpose will be both answered and rewarded.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

"Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three,"
But chief of these, fair Charity,
What would this world without you be!

Faith in the heavenly mystery,
Hope in the glories yet to be,
Where all is boundless Charity.

Faith in the blessed Trinity,
Hope through Christ's glorious victory,
Both fruitless without Charity.

Faith casting mountains in the sea,
Hope, piercing through eternity,
Both crowned by god-like Charity.

Faith, lofty as the mustard tree,
Hope, smiling through the heart-agony,
Their source and end, sweet Charity.

Through Faith the heaven of heavens we see;
Hope glids life's path with radiancy;
Brightest of all shines Charity.

On earth Faith holds its sovereignty,
From earthly griefs Hope sets us free,
In earth and heaven reigns Charity.

By Faith from perils dread we flee,
Hope is of rainbow brilliancy,
But heaven's bright star is Charity.

Faith looks on death triumphantly,
Hope's rays then beam most lustrously,
Lit by the flame of Charity.

Faith ends with frail mortality,
Hope, also, ceases then to be;
Eternal is fair Charity!

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXVII.

(*Major, Doctor, and Laird.*)

LAIRD.—Confound me if I believe that there is an ounce o' pure unadulterated pawtriotism to be met wi' in this misbegotten middenstead o a world!

DOCTOR.—Pray, what's the row now! if a person may make so bold as to inquire?

LAIRD.—It's weel seen ye hae na heard thae news, or ye never would ask sic a needless question!

MAJOR.—Sincerely do I trust that there is nothing seriously wrong. Has Miss Girzy—

LAIRD.—Hang Miss Girzy! Na, na! Girzy's alive and kicking, puir woman! She's no' the gear that will traike!

DOCTOR.—In the name of common humanity put a termination to our big agony!

LAIRD.—I thought that by this time every body and his wife had been cognizant o' the crushing fact that I had lost the election for the County o' Pork!

DOCTOR.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us! *You* a competitor for Parliamentary honours!

LAIRD.—Listen to me, Sangrado! I tell you once for a', that I will submit to nane o' your impertinence this blessed night! My heart is sair enough, without having ye yelping and snarling at my heels, like a tinkler's cur!

MAJOR.—But, Bonnie Braes, I never so much as heard that you had become a wooer of the "free and independent!"

LAIRD.—Dinna put the cart before the horse! It was the Conservatives o' Pork courted me, and no' me them! When I last wet my thrapple in this Shanty, I had as sma' notion o' contesting the field wi' that cheat-the-wuddy, Cornelius Chops, as I hae noo o' becoming Governor o' Gomorrah, or Patriarch o' Peleponnesus!

DOCTOR.—Of course, with your wonted fossil obstinacy, you came out on the pro-clergy reserves ticket?

LAIRD.—Didna I say that I was the elect o' the conservatives? Some folk like to ask needless questions!

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, I always opined that our friends, the Tories, predominated in the thriving County of Pork!

LAIRD.—And ye were na wrang in sae holding!

DOCTOR.—How, then, did you chance to get the mitten?

LAIRD.—Oo, the thing's easy enough explained!

MAJOR.—Go on! We are fevered with impatience to fathom the mystery!

LAIRD.—Once upon a time a young dandy being smitten wi' the blandishments o' a red coat and cocked hat, purchased a commission in the army, when we were at war wi' Boney.

DOCTOR.—What the mischief has all this to do with the matter?

LAIRD.—Wheesht, ye sorrow, and let me gang on!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—A pestilence take the old, long-winded gander!

LAIRD.—Weel, as I was saying, Maister Otto Rose—for that was his name—being somewhat lacking in courage, directed the tailor who fabricated his martial garments to sew a plate of steel into the breast of his jacket.

MAJOR.—But, Laird—

LAIRD.—Bide a blink! The snip, having taken a glass too much, mistook the commands o' his customer, and lined the stern o' the warrior's breeks with the defensive metal!

DOCTOR.—I wish he had tacked it to your tongue!

LAIRD.—As Otto's marching orders were peremptory, there was nae time to rectify the error, and he was landed in Portingall, steel plate and a', and joined his regiment just as it was moving to attack Jack Puddock!

MAJOR.—Touching the Conservatives of Pork, however?

LAIRD.—I'm coming to them as fast as I can.

DOCTOR.—Fast as the progress of a wooden-legged fly through a glue pot!

LAIRD.—Puir Rose soon got terrified oot o' his sma' stock o' wits, when the enemy appeared, and, after the opening volley, he took leg bail, and ran as if Mahoun was after him. In his haste he came upon a thorn hedge, and attempting to clear the same he miscalculated his distance, and landed in the very thickest o' the thorns. There he stuck fast, his head down, and a quarter o' his corporation that I would be blate to name, elevated in the face o' the modest and blushing sun!

DOCTOR.—Is this cataract of words to last for ever?

LAIRD.—As Otto was sprawling and spurting

in this unpoetical attitude, up comes a grim full private o' the Imperial Guard, breathing fire, fury, blood, and wounds! Without ruth or pity he made a charge wi' his merciless beggonet upon the puir object, and gave him a prog emphatic enough to send half a dozen souls to the ferry boat o' Dan Charon!

DOCTOR.—Would that you had been one of the batch!

LAIRD.—To the speechless astonishment of the guardsman, however, a very different upshot ensued. The baggonet, instead of impaling the hedge-bound captive, drove him clean through the thorns, and lighting upon his trotters, Otto speedily conveyed himself out of harm's way. When he found himself in safety, the panting son of Mars put his hands behind him, and exclaimed wi' a candour that did him the highest credit—*Of a truth the tailor knew better where my heart was situated, than I did myself!*

MAJOR.—Now, since you have tipped us your parable, be gracious enough to favour us with the interpretation or application thereof!

LAIRD.—Blythely! When a deputation o' the freeholders o' Pork waited upon me at Bonnie Braes, they led me to believe that *principle* was the great hinge on which the electoral contest was to turn. "Measures, not men," was the slogan which they dinned into my lug without devaul!

DOCTOR.—And you credited the syren song, oh thou most simple of plough-compellers!

LAIRD.—Indeed I did! I thocht better o' human nature, than to imagine that it was na a' Gospel!

MAJOR.—Well?

LAIRD.—Weel, I set aboot my canvass like a house on fire! Night and day I spent pilgrimaging through the five townships which constitute the metropolitan County o' Pork. There was na a schuil-house or chapel in which I did na haud a district meeting; and I rung the changes upon sacrilege and secularization till my throat got as dry as a saut herring!

DOCTOR.—What was the result!

LAIRD.—A majority o' fifty and a bittock, in favour o' the Clear Grit, Cornelius Chops!

MAJOR.—But whence this untoward catastrophe?

LAIRD.—Oo, it was a' owing to a trifling misconception o' the meaning o' the word *principle!*

MAJOR.—Pray expound!

LAIRD.—The denizens o' Hard Fist Township were Conservatives to the back-bone, but then they had taken a notion into their noddles, that I wanted to turn the course o' the river Sneddon, and mak' it run through the township o' Treddles! In vain did I vow and protest, baith by word o' mouth and in writing, that the Sneddon might keep its ancient course till doomsday, for my part, unless a majority o' the ratepayers o' Pork signified a wish to the contrary. The Hard Fists swore by bell, book, and candle that if elected the channel o' the river would be empty as a spendthrift's purse before six months had absconded. When the polling day cam' round they would na leave their harvesting on no consideration, protesting that their *principles* prevented them frae voting.

MAJOR.—Surely, however, the Conservatives of Treddles turned out to a man in your favor?

LAIRD.—Catch them doing ony sic thing! They were horn wud against me because I declined to divert the course o' the Sneddon, and *principle* kept them, likewise, at their harvest work when the combat was raging!

DOCTOR.—But where is the application of your parable all this time?

LAIRD.—Ye must be blind as a beetle no' to discover it without my help! As the *heart* o' Ensign Otto Rose was located in the back settlement o' his continuations, so did the *principle* o' the Conservatives o' Pork tabernacle in their pockets! But, for pity's sake, rax me the bottle! I'll choke if I dinna put the musty flavour o' the loons oot o' my mouth!

MAJOR.—Whilst Bonnie Braes is solacing himself with the creature comforts, I shall read for your amusement, a rambling epistle which I received a few weeks ago, from our old hair-brained gossip, Harold Skimpole!

DOCTOR.—Where has Harold been for the last twelvemonth?

MAJOR.—Nay, that is more than I can tell you.

DOCTOR.—Does the letter which you allude to, throw any light upon the subject?

MAJOR.—Not a bit of it. Like the majority of his "favours," it is impossible to determine whether it deals in romance or reality.

LAIRD.—My tumbler being concocted, and my pipe lighted, I am ready to listen to what Skimpole has to say for himself.

MAJOR.—Here goes then. [*Reads.*]

DEAR MAJOR,

I have the pleasure to inform you that I have *consented* to be put in nomination as a candidate at the ensuing election to represent the

County of Kalafat in Parliament, with a fair prospect of success. I have had some difficulty in coming to a full and satisfactory understanding with the "Free and independent;" but by attending several public meetings, I have had such intercourse with the leading men of the County as will secure my election, unless, indeed, the voting should be more adverse than could be desired. You will understand that there may be some variance between the apparent prospects of a candidate before the election and the final result of the polling, when you are informed that those preliminary meetings are composed—first, of a few enterprising men who (whatever their neighbours may think on the subject) know themselves to be the most intelligent and influential part of the community, and who feel it to be their vocation to lead and direct the minds of the more ignorant masses; and secondly, of the very few who are content to be thus led and directed by such leading men. Unfortunately many of both these classes are not allowed to vote at all; but they devote their time and talents to the cause of politics, with a zeal and energy truly praiseworthy, while the great mass of actual voters, who, for electioneering purposes, we call the "bone and sinew" of the country, generally remain at home and regard our meetings with a stolid indifference which is very provoking. And when they come to the polls, they are very apt to give their votes in the most ungainly manner, perfectly regardless of the programme previously laid down for them there by the leading and led men at public meetings. A knowledge of these circumstances has induced me not to place too much confidence in my present prospect of success, but to abide the issue of the actual voting before I consider my election sure. Nevertheless, these meetings have much more weight in influencing elections than could be supposed, from a knowledge of the materials of which they are composed.

For your edification, I herewith send you a slight sketch of the proceedings of such a meeting, which I lately attended:

Benjamin Bunkum, Esquire, was unanimously called to the chair, and Mister Gregory Goose Quill appointed secretary. We are careful on those occasions to maintain a proper distinction of rank—the chairman must be an Esquire, and the Secretary simply Mister. The chairman opened the meeting by expressing his inability to express his unqualified satisfaction at meeting such a respectable assembly on this important occasion. If the meeting was not large it was certainly highly respectable. "Gentlemen," said the worthy chairman, "when I look around me—ahem—when I look around me, gentlemen, and see—hem—I say, when I look around me, I am—hem—I am— This, gentlemen, is a most important period of our—hem—in our—hem—history. And I, that is I—we are met here to day to nominate a fit and proper person to represent this noble county in Parliament. And at a time when the duties devolving upon Parliament are of more importance than at any time since the memorable Parliament at Runimede. Look at the momentous questions to which Parliament will be speedily called to give its attention. There is the Grand Turk and the Grand Trunk Railway! There is the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of this here Canada! besides many minor subjects of less importance. Then there is the great eastern war, which is a host in itself. There is Admiral Dundas, who cannot destroy the Russian fortifications without injuring property; and there is Admiral Napier, who cannot thrash the Russians because they have the "bad taste" to keep out of his way; and there is the allied armies sitting on the fence while the Turks are thrashing the Russians at Silistria! And there is—hem— Then there is the Clergy Reserves, which must be attended to as usual. And the Seigneurial Tenure, which is of the utmost importance to the country in general, and to this county in particular. But above all and before all is the Three Rivers Cathedral bill, and it is my determination to vote for no man who does not pledge himself to the nines on the Three Rivers Cathedral bill. (Hear, hear.)

"Now, gentlemen, where will we find a man fit to grapple with all those important questions!" I involuntarily cried out "here, here." The chairman, not distinguishing the adverb from the verb, proceeded, "I have myself been solicited by many influential men of the county to allow myself to be put in nomination, but I cannot consent to devote my valuable time to Parliamentary affairs, unless no other proper person can be found, that is, unless I am forced to it. (Hear, hear.) At this juncture a friend of mine, whom I had brought with me for the purpose, rose, and proposed that "Harold Skimpole, Esq., is a fit and proper person to represent this county in Parliament."

This proposition was received with some slight cheers and some half-suppressed exclamations of "Who?" "Skim what?" "What pole?" I immediately rose to my feet, determined to introduce myself to the company, many of whom were evidently strangers even to my name. The chairman looked dissatisfied. Things had taken a wrong direction. I paid no attention, however, to his displeasure, but proceeded to keep the ball a-rolling.

I had previously racked my brain to originate some rich promises of deeds to be for the free and independent electors, in case they should so far consult their own interest as to elect me, but without much success, until that day on my journey to the place of meeting I was furnished with what I considered a capital subject for my purpose. In going to the place of meeting we had to pass over several miles of what was called a plank road, which consisted of a succession of mud holes, with broken fragments of plank and scantling projecting out of the mud at various angles of elevation, and others laying loosely across the track in all imaginable positions. I wish you could have seen the structure. It struck me very forcibly that this road was susceptible of improvement, and I consi-

dered that nothing would be more acceptable to the electors of Kalafat than such improvement, and that if I could succeed in persuading them that, by electing me to Parliament, they would be taking the surest means of making their rough paths smooth, I would be almost certain of success. I had therefore determined to take the improvement of the roads for my text, and had already made some progress in arranging the few ideas I had into a pretty good speech on the subject, which I was now about to deliver. I commenced by stating that I was taken so completely by surprise in being thus suddenly proposed as a candidate, that I was utterly unable to give vent to my feelings on the occasion, much less to express my views in a proper manner on the political, social, and industrial questions of the day. If I had had the most remote idea of being honoured with a nomination at that meeting, I should certainly have prepared myself in some measure to respond to the call in a manner more worthy of the importance of the occasion, and the great respectability of the present audience. As it was, I must draw largely on their indulgence, in the few crude and broken remarks which I was obliged to make on the spur of the moment. (Hear, hear.)

This commencement I got by heart from the printed speech of a first-chop candidate in a neighbouring county, and I soon perceived that it gave admirable satisfaction, and that I was rapidly rising in the estimation of the meeting. This encouraged me to proceed with the development of my plans for the improvement of the roads, and I dilated on the advantages of good roads, the great need there existed in this county for improvement in those conveniences. And all that I could and would do, if elected, to accomplish such desirable improvement. But I soon found I was "off the track." Something was wrong. There were no more cries of "hear, hear." Indeed, if they did hear me at all it was evidently with the greatest reluctance. Instead of "hear, hear," there were sundry half-smothered ejaculations which sounded very much like "fudge" and "stuff," and one rather queer-looking chap, with a rowdy hat hanging on one corner of his head, spoke out pretty audibly, "Guess we knows what roads is as well as you. Tell us something we don't know." What could the matter be? Had the people of Kalafat a very decided partiality for bad roads? The state of their rough farms would certainly lead to that supposition, and their present apparent disrelish of the subject would seem to confirm that impression.

I may here state that in my future progress I came to understand this subject better. I found that the people of Kalafat, I mean that portion of them who do the politics of the county, are eminently a theoretical people. They have not, in reality, any insuperable objections to good roads or good dinners, but these are of too common and practical a nature to be a popular subject of discussion for a political meeting. They are good useful articles enough for every-day use, but in election times they look for something of a different stamp. They delight in something abstruse, and if incomprehensible, all the better. A mystical dissertation on some political or polemical crotchet will go more directly to their hearts than the most reliable promises of good roads, or the most reliable speech on any such matter-of-fact subject. I was not then aware of this refined taste of my audience, but I saw clearly that a screw was loose somewhere, and for fear of making matters worse, hastened to draw my harangue to a close by some commonplace and perfectly unmeaning remarks, which in part restored me to the good graces of the meeting; and I concluded by stating my willingness to answer any questions that might be put to me.

I had not long to wait. A burly-headed customer came forward from the crowd, and stated that he was well pleased with the gentleman's views on things in general. "They was sound and constitooshinell, and to the pint. But there is one queschin," he continued, "which he has not teched upon, and that is a queschin the most important to our vitals. If the gentleman is O. K. on that one salutary queschin, I'se for un, and if not, not. Sum sez, stigmatize the clergy resarves, and sum's for the Three Rivers calf-feeders' bill, but I goes the hul hog for the sin oral tenor queschin. I therefore axe the gentleman, Mr. Poleskin, to state extinctly what will be his course of conduct on the sin oral tenor queschin?" This was rather a poser, but I kept my gravity like a monkey, and answered that I hoped the "tenor" of my conduct, both "oral" and written, would be as free from "sin" as human nature would permit. "Well, now, that's what I call hansome; I likes to see a man stride up and down. I goes for Mr. Harry Skinpole, Esquire;" and he sat down, apparently perfectly satisfied with my "stride up and down"-ativeness. Very good, so far, every thing must have a beginning, and there was one good vote secured, that is, if he had a vote. But I had next to deal with a different character. A rather tallish smooth-faced man, with a black coat and clean shirt, came forward and took his stand in front of the chairman, who saluted him as Mr. Squeers. He looked round the room with a smile, half-complacent, half-condescending, and commenced, "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I should not have felt called upon to address you on this important occasion, but for the few remarks which have fallen from my friend, Mr. Jenkins, who has just sat down. I have the greatest respect for that gentleman, but unfortunately he has not had the advantages of scholastic education which I have had, and has consequently been led into some errors, orthographical, grammatical, syntactical. (Hear, hear, hear.) When my friend speaks of the sin oral tenor, he doubtless means the seigneurial tenure, which is a very ancient institution, and means the tenure of a seigneur. The seigneurs are great lords, almost equal to kings and emperors, for which reason many of the reigning sovereigns have a

great jealousy of them, and would gladly see them all exterminated. Thus, the Emperor of Russia has now all his fleets and armies engaged in trying to kill off the Grand Seigneur of All, and the Emperor of Canada is bent on destroying all the petty seigneurs in this country. And I presume the question which my friend, Mr. Jenkins, wished to propound was, whether or not the honorable gentleman (Mr. Scampole I believe his name is) would be willing to assist the Emperor Francis in this work of extermination. This is certainly a question of the most vital importance, as my friend intended to express it, and one on which I hope the gentleman's views are correct and orthodox." (Hear, hear.)

As there appeared to be an expectation that I should reply, and give some further pledges or explanations on the subject, I was about to tell them, what was the fact, that I knew nothing about the seigneurs or their tenure; but a moment's reflection convinced me that that course would be suicidal. I therefore stated that my views respecting the seigneurial tenure were exactly in accordance with those expressed by the eloquent gentleman who had just sat down, and from those principles no earthly consideration could ever induce me to deviate. At the same time I laid my hand impressively on my vest buttons, which elicited a few reiterations of "hear, hear."

The gentleman who next addressed the meeting was Mr. Smith, who appeared by his speech to be a disappointed politician. "Genelmen, I have 'tended lekshuns and lekshun meetins for twenty years successfully, and what's the use? What have I got by it, or what has any one got by it? For my part I'm completely distrusted with pollyticks, and I've a great mind never to go to lekshuns no more. What has members dun for us after all their promises? Nothink. They promised us sponsible government and the singularization of the clergy resarves, and entrenchment, and vote by ballot, and everythink. And they promised speshully that all offices be given to them as was most desarving, and who voted rite. And what's the consekense? Who's got offices? Not me, I know, coz I dont want none. And where's sponsible government that they promised everybody should have, but now we never hear a word about it, but they've taken up some new-fangled noshuns that they call the seenoral tenner bill, and the Three Rivers cafferders bill, and sich like stuff that nobody don't care nothink about, and sponsible government, and the clergy resarves, and everythink is all gone to the dogs, and I wish the members was all gone there too. I've a great mind not to wote for nobody, for I see'ts no use. But this genleman seems to understand the constitooshun correckly, and I think I'll try him once more, but if he don't do us justise he needn't come back here again."

After a few other speeches of a "cognate" character, the meeting broke up.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE.

LAIRD (*draining his poculum*).—Kal a fat! Kalafat! Div ye ken, Sangrado, where that county is situated?

DOCTOR.—I am not very certain, but am inclined to think that it forms one of the ridings of the extensive district of Utopia!

LAIRD.—And upon what part o' the map are we to look for Utopia, can onybody tell me?

DOCTOR.—Nay, there you have me, and no mistake! If you can get any of your table-tipping friends to communicate with the ghost of Sir Thomas More, the problem may, perchance, be solved to your satisfaction!

LAIRD.—I'll get my neighbour, the *Deekon*, to rouse up Sir Thomas as soon as I get hame! Oh, he's an enlightened man, the *Deekon*, and worthy o' this progressive age! He turns up his nose at the antiquated superstitions o' Papists, Prelatists, Methodists, and a' ither denominations, and at the same time believes in the inspiration o' a three-legged pine table! As I sometimes tell him in my daffing, his ain head must surely be fabricated o' timmer, seeing that it is sae deeply saturated wi' speeritualism!

LAIRD.—Leaving politics and pine, let us emigrate for a brief season into the Republic of Letters!

LAIRD,—I hae nae conceit o' your Republics! Rather would I dwell in a log hut, in a free country, than inhabit a palace in a region where dark-complexioned Christians and light-coloured muslins equally are knocked down at auction to the highest bidders!

DOCTOR.—I notice, Crabtree, that you have got beside you a fresh number of Harper's Select Novels.

MAJOR.—Yes. It is Charles Lever's latest engenderation, and is "captioned" *Sir Jasper Carew, Knt.: his Life and Experiences.*

DOCTOR.—Oh, indeed! I am anxious to know your opinion of the affair. Somehow or another, I have formed an impression that Charles has written himself dry.

MAJOR.—The work which I hold in my hand would not justify any such conclusion. I readily grant that as a story it is wanting in a close following up of the plot, but still it is replete with freshness and vigor. In particular, the first portion of the narrative which has reference to Ireland during the viceroyship of the Duke of Portland is worthy of Lever's best days. Nothing could be finer conceived, or more artistically executed than the portraits of the dashing, high-spirited Hibernian gentleman,

Walter Carew, his single-hearted factotum Dan McNaughten, the ambitious usurer Toney Fagan, and the meek, much enduring Joe Raper.

DOCTOR.—Your verdict refreshes me consumedly. It would be dismal to reflect that the pulse of Lever's genius had ceased to beat! Even Dickens could hardly supply the vacuum which would be thus caused in the world's stock of "innocent mirth!"

MAJOR.—Turning from pleasing fiction to revolting fact, have you read the new work by Ferris, entitled *Utah and the Mormons?*

DOCTOR.—I have, and not without frequent scunnerings, as our socius Bonnie Braes would say!

MAJOR.—Does Ferris draw the libidinous scoundrels in colours as black as those employed by Lieutenant Gunnison?

DOCTOR.—Yes; in every material point he corroborates the statements of that clever and clear-headed writer.

LAIRD.—It's often been a wonder to me that fire has na' come oot o' heaven and devoured thae filthy monsters o' iniquity. If a' tales be true, Sodom was a corporation o' saunts compared wi' Utah!

DOCTOR.—The evil is beginning to work its own cure, or rather, I should say, its own extirpation. Mr. Ferris demonstrates that the polygamy which these wretches indulge in has a direct tendency to arrest the progress of population.

LAIRD.—I am thankfu' to hear it!

DOCTOR.—With your permission I shall read to you the summing up, so to speak, of this very graphic and instructive volume:

Mormonism has probably passed its culminating point, and may reasonably be regarded as in the afternoon of its existence. So great are the continual drains upon them, that the present population of Utah can only be increased, or even kept up, by emigration. Prior to the summer of 1852, the existence of polygamy had been carefully concealed from the mass of the Saints residing abroad, and it was the belief of many at Salt Lake City that its promulgation would discourage further emigration.

Whatever may be the cause—whether the public announcement and justification of polygamy, or the absence of Gentile persecution, or because the concern is wearing out of itself, a comparison of their members at different dates will show an evident decline. When Joseph was at the height of his power at Nauvoo, his disciples in different parts of the earth were supposed to number about 200,000 (including the families of actual members, confined almost wholly to Great Britian and to the UnitedStates). The Mormons themselves boasted a much larger figure. In the Deseret Almanac for 1853, the numbers are stated at 150,000; but how one half of this is made up it is difficult to see. Taking 30,000 as the population of Utah, as given by the same authority, and adding thereto 28, 640, the number which Orson Pratt gives for the British Isles, after taking out for deaths and excommunicated persons, and we have, in round numbers, less than 59,000, which leaves a balance of about 91,000 to be made up from the United States, Sandwich Islands, &c.; and it is not probable that one eighth of that number can be figured up, with the aid of Strangites and other schismatics.

In Great Britain, the grand total in 1851 was given at 30,747. In 1853 Orson Pratt gives it as follows:

"The Statistical Report of the Church of the Saints in the British Islands, for the half year ending June 30, 1853, gives the following total: 53 conferences, 737 branches, 40 seventies, 10 high-priests, 2578 elders, 1854 priests, 1416 teachers, 834 deacons, 1776 excommunicated, 274 dead, 1722 emigrated, 2601 baptized; total, 30,690."

Deducting excommunications, emigrants, and deaths, we have 26,918. This, if not a decided falling off, shows at least a stand-still in a theatre of operations heretofore remarkable for successful proselytism.

Again, the Deseret Almanac for 1853 gives "a little over 30,000" as the then population of Utah. Orson Pratt states in his "*Seer*" at from "thirty to thirty-five thousand." Some of the Gentile residents supposed there might be between twenty-five and thirty thousand; my own observation fixed it at 25,000. It appears from the minutes of the October Conference (1853) that the Mormon population was 18,206. This does not include the village of Toele, the Toele county, nor Mountainville, in Utah county; but the population of both would not exceed 300, adding which would make 18, 506, showing a decrease of about 5000 since the winter of 1853.

While the numbers already gathered are on the decrease, causes similar to those which have produced this result are also at work which must seriously interfere with the accession of new converts, especially from civilized countries. Polygamy has proved to be the Pandora's box from which these troublesome plagues have gone forth on their errand of mischief, and it would seem that Hope itself had been permitted to escape. Owing to dissensions which have grown out of this institution, the missionary establishment has become much less effective, and, consequently, the progress of conversion is much more tardy than formerly. When the Governor or one of his favorites casts a longing eye upon the Bathsheba of a more humble brother, who is unwilling to give her up, it gives rise to collisions, jealousies, and hate, which more or less ruffle the surface of Mormon harmony. In these cases, the husband is generally sent on a distant mission, that the poacher upon his grounds may be rid of his opposition. A case occurred in the

fall of 1852. One Wells, the superintendant of the public works, and, withal a species of right-hand man, conceived a violent passion for the sister of one of his six wives, who happened to be married to another man. The husband was forthwith appointed on a mission of Siam; but, fully understanding the true reason of his selection for so distant a post, he refused to go. This recusancy, however, did not save his wife, who, during the ensuing winter, was transferred to the harem of the favorite.

LAIRD.—Save us a', but that state o' things is maist awfu'.

DOCTOR.—Bad enough, but there are other features quite as bad. Just listen to these extracts from the revelation to Joe Smith:—

God commanded Abraham, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abraham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you, *Nay;* for the Lord commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless, it was written, Thou shalt not kill. Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

Abraham received concubines, and they bare him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law; as Isaac also, and Jacob, did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones; and are not angels, but are gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon, and Moses my servant, as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time, and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

David's wives and concubines were given unto him of me by the hand of Nathan my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his portion; and he shall not inherit them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

And verily, verily, I say unto you, that whosoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens; and whosesoever sins you remit on earth, shall be remitted eternally in the heavens; and whosesoever sins you retain on earth, shall be retained in heaven.

And again, verily, I say, whomsoever you bless, I will bless; and whomsoever you curse I will curse, saith the Lord; for I, the Lord, am thy God.

And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood: if any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouses the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him, and to none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore he is justified. But if one or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world, and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that he may be glorified.

And again, verily, verily I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily I say unto you I will reveal more unto you hereafter, therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold! I am Alpha and Omega. Amen.

LAIRD.—Hae ony o' ye read *Weary Foot Common?* It is written by an auld acquaintance o' mine; but what wi' the harvest and election, I hae na had a moment's time to look into it.

MAJOR.—After "harvest-home" is over, you will enjoy your friend Leitch Ritchie's story very much. Though the plot is almost as transparent as the robe of an opera dancer, it has attraction sufficient to keep up your appetite to the close, and even leaves you, like Oliver Twist, craving for more!

DOCTOR.—An excellent symptom; here I have the colonial edition of *Chamber's Journal* sent me by my friend Armour, for the use of the Shanty, in which *Weary Foot* first appeared. This Journal is too well known to say much about it, but I would mention that the colonial edition is far before the American one, though the American purports to be a fac-simile of the Edinburgh!

THE GARDEN.

The Wintry Season of the Western Canada is not without some great points of interest and advantage, but much more may its summer time boast of its vast productive power. With its hot and brilliant sun, it can grow the beans of Lima, the melons of the Mediterranean, and the tomatoes and egg plants of South America without hot-beds; and with such ease and progression that it fills a newly arrived English, or French gardener, with the most unqualified astonishment. However, the climate, owing to the warmth of the summer and the clearness of the atmosphere, and the soil, from its freshness and fertility, are far more prolific of fine fruits than the north of Europe. Nor have we the disadvantages which in England the lovers of horticultural pursuits have to contend against. To them cloudy days, damp, wet, and canker, are things so familiar as to fill them with continual sorrow. While they are earnestly taught to avoid as ruinous to their dearest hopes, cool and damp aspects; and as cherishing their tender plants and flower, they nestle like a lizard on the sunny side of south walls, and are perpetually guarding the roots of plants against wet, we by the light powerful sunshine of our summers are spared the care and anxiety such circumstances require. True, that we are not without our troubles from continued drought, but they are light in comparison, and, besides, the evil may be almost if not wholly overcome by deep trenching of the soil. On the whole our advantages of soil and climate are confessed by all to be very superior. Why then do we not reap from them, what they are so capable of abundantly producing? Why do the people in general restrict themselves to apples when the choicest plums, pears, quinces, cherries, and even peaches, and grapes may be plentifully had with little cost and care? They have not learned what to plant? Nor have we as yet a single publication devoted to the dissemination of knowledge respecting choice varieties of fruit. The Provincial Agricultural Journal has indeed made some sorry attempts, but we have seen nothing further. The Country and Provincial Exhibitions are doing a great deal in shewing what may be done, and in stimulating the desire to try. In this respect also the proprietors of several nurseries in the Province are exhibiting a vast amount of industry and enterprise. So that we may fairly hope that ere long choice and delicious fruits of many varieties, will be enjoyed by the mass of our countrymen. Of these we propose at the present time to call attention to one kind, neither the last, nor least desirable of any in cultivation. We mean,

THE GRAPE.

The sort found occasionally in our gardens is the Isabella, almost the hardiest that we have, but even it, eastward of Toronto, will not always stand our winters uncovered without more or less injury, nor in all seasons fully ripen. We must therefore obtain a kind against which such fatal objections do not lie. Could we find one, perfectly hardy, and prolific of fruit, fair to look upon and pleasant to the palate, the benefit would be great, for in addition to the crop of rich fruit we might reap, no one will deny, that no object in the fruit garden has more interest or is more beautiful than a grape vine trained neatly on a trellis with its large luxuriant foliage, and rich pendulous clusters. We take pleasure therefore in commending to our readers who delight in horticultural pursuits the planting of the Clerton grape. It is found we assure them perfectly hardy even where the themometer falls to 30 below zero. It is prodigiously productive of fruit, fair in size and quality. As a table grape it is very desirable, and by ex-

perienced persons it is well recommended as a wine grape. It may be planted to hide the ugliness of our unpainted wooden dwellings, and even to clothe with beauty the still greater unsightliness of our rail fences by its broad and massive foliage. It is a full grower, not at all liable to mildew or to rot, and is easily raised from cuttings. Its cultivation has afforded us great and increasing pleasure, and if this article shall have met the necessity of any single reader, we shall feel that it has been enhanced, and that we have not written in vain.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCES.

THE present is eminently a time of improvement. Go where we will—in the suburbs of all our cities, in our country villages, and far into the farming districts—we find the people busy constructing and re-modelling their dwellings, laying out gardens, and planting trees. At no previous time, in the history of this country, has such a spirit prevailed. The rage for money-making seems at length to have so far abated as to allow men to think of their homes, and to go about making them somewhat comfortable, and even beautiful. This is something to rejoice at. Were it not so, we should ill deserve the overflowing measure of prosperity which Providence has vouchsafed us. Certainly, no people in the world have stronger inducements to improve and beautify their homes, than Americans. Our present purpose, however, is not to expatiate on this subject, pleasant though it be, but to call attention to a certain defect, which we apprehend is very general among modern suburban residences.

There seems to be a prevailing passion for building on the most public thoroughfares, and for making an undue display of the dwelling and every portion of the ground, to the public. Now this is manifestly a great mistake. *Quiet and seclusion* we have always regarded as among the most important requisites, and, indeed, the greatest charms of a country or suburban residence. What is it that people seek, who retire from the crowded streets of the city, and erect for themselves a dwelling on an acre or two of ground, in the suburbs? Do they go there to erect a costly house, make a beautiful lawn, and plant fine trees, merely to be gazed at and admired by the public? Or do they not rather seek relief from the noise and bustle of the streets, and a quiet, retired place, in which themselves and families may enjoy pure air, and healthful, pleasant recreation? This, we believe, is the aim of by far the greater number; a few, only, are prompted by feelings of vanity, or urged by the power of fashion.

We take it for granted that people erect houses, and make gardens and pleasure-grounds, first and foremost, for their own comfort and gratification. We are surprised, therefore, to see such a passion for building on the most public thoroughfares, and we are inclined to attribute it, in a great measure, to the want of experience. Sites for dwellings and gardens can be had at least one-fourth cheaper, on less frequented and much more desirable localities. The only advantage that can be claimed for the leading streets is, that they are nearer to the public conveyances; but this is of trifling importance, especially to those who keep a horse and carriage of their own, and in any case, it would be a poor compensation for the countless annoyances inseparable from such locations. But a few days ago, we passed along a street in the city where, a large number of very tasteful residences have been erected, each having a garden in front. It was a dry time, and the clouds of dust that arose from the street, had covered every tree, shrub, and plant, with a thick coat, giving them, at the most delightful season of the year, when gardens should be in the meridian of their beauty, a most dismal and forbidding aspect. What a mistake, we had to exclaim, to spend so much money on residences, in such a place as this, where to step out of doors is to get deafened with noise, and blinded and covered with dust!

Something might be done, however, to make these residences much more comfortable and agreeable than they generally are. The houses might be set further back, and masses of low trees and shrubs might be planted, to exclude the noise and dust, and give them an air of seclusion and quiet. No matter how retired the situation might be, we would plant sufficiently to shelter the interior of the garden, as well as the dwelling, from the wind, and to protect it from intrusion; so that, at all seasons, and at any time of the day, any member of the family might work, or amuse themselves as they saw fit, without being observed. Very few gardens are sufficiently sheltered. In the north, high winds prevail during the early spring months, so that, unless shelter be amply provided for, it is impossible to cultivate spring flowers successfully, or for ladies, or persons in delicate health, to enjoy daily the pleasures and recreations of a garden at that season.

Farmers gardens and dwellings, are as a general thing, sadly deficient in shelter and protection. The house is usually placed, for convenience, close to the highway, and the garden and door-yard inclosed with low, painted board fences. A row of trees, along the street, is all that seems to them

necessary; and the consequence is, there is not a spot that can offer pleasant out-door recreation until summer arrives. Why can they not plant, on the exposed sides of their residences, thick belts of forest trees, to break off the winds, and inclose their gardens with high board fences, or what is much more sightly, Arbor Vitæ screens. Ladies, children, or infirm persons, who may desire out-door exercise, would then have some opportunity of enjoying it with safety and comfort. This provision for shelter, on an ample scale should be one of the earliest cares of every man who goes about the work of improvement in our boisterous climate, where we have winter nearly half the year. It is a great sacrifice to people who live in the country or in the suburbs of a city, to be shut up in the house five whole months together. Winter walks and resorts need to be provided more than summer, because in summer almost every place is pleasant in the country.

We do not propose to recommend that people should inclose their gardens with high walls, as though they were prisons, or to surround them with thickets of trees to such an extent as would give them an air of exclusiveness, obstruct their views beyond their own boundaries, and impede too much the circulation of air. These extremes are as much to be guarded against as that of too great exposure. There is a medium which every person of good sense will discover, if they but give the subject due reflection.

A very sensible English writer, L. F. Allen, Esq., a professional landscape gardener of much experience, in speaking of laying out the grounds of a villa residence, says of "seclusion:"

"This is a quality more or less desirable in all small residences, and in the vicinity of large cities, it may be regarded as indispensable. Of course it does not consist in the exclusion of light and air; neither does it suppose the shutting-out of fine views, whether at hand or at a distance. It is rather the protection of the family from that exposure to public gaze which would prevent them from using any part of their grounds as freely and comfortably as they would their drawing-room. A certain amount of privacy, at least, is essential to that rural feeling which is a principal charm in retirement from the bustle of city life. Some individuals, indeed, seem to have a particular fancy for displaying their flower-beds and lawns to the eyes of the public; a taste, we humbly think, more suited to hotel establishments, than to the abodes of private families. We would have the greater portion of the villa grounds to be possessed of the characters of compete seclusion. At the same time, the error arising from the excess of this quality—the dull, gloomy insipidity caused by over-planting and an over-affectation of privacy—is to be carefully guarded against. On level or gently-sloping surfaces, the proper amount of seclusion may generally be obtained by building the boundary walls from eight to ten feet high. On surfaces with a considerable declivity, such walls will be found insufficient; and as no considerable addition can be made to their height, nor indeed, if added, would prove effectual, the object aimed at must be attained by planting trees and shrubs, which will have to grow for several years, before they afforded the desired shelter. As the size of villia residences increases, the difficulties in regard to privacy diminish, as there is room for enlarged masses of trees and shrubs, and the whole place naturally assumes the character of common country residence."

Another English writer, Edward Kemp, who is also a thoroughly practical man of great experience, says:

"Few characteristics of a garden contribute more to render it agreeable than *snugness* and *seclusion*. They serve to make it appear peculiarly one's own, converting it into a kind of *sanctum*. A place that has neither of these qualities, might almost as well be public property. Those who love their garden, often want to walk, work, ruminate, read, romp, or examine the various changes and developements of Nature, in it; and to do so unobserved. All that attaches us to a garden, and renders it a delightful and cherished object, seems dashed and marred, if it has no privacy. It is a luxury to walk, sit, or recline at ease, on a summer's day, and drink in the sights and sounds, and perfumes, peculiar to a garden, without fear of interruption; or of dress, or attitude, or occupation being observed and criticised.

"Something more, however, than mere privacy is involved in the idea of snugness. It includes shelter, warmth, shade; agreeable seats for rest, arbors for a rural meal, and velvety slopes of turf, overshadowed or variously chequered by foliage, to recline upon. A room that may fitly be called snug, is small in its dimensions, and rather amply furnished, with its window not open at any point to the public gaze. A garden, likewise, to deserve the same epithet, should have its principal or subordinate parts of rather contracted limits, be furnished somewhat liberally with tall-growing plants and trees, which will produce some degree of shade, and present an air of comparative isolation.

"Where there is sufficient extent, it is probably better to have one or more small nooks, or partially detached gardens of a particular kind, to realise something of both snugness and seclusion and give

the leading and broader portions of the garden a more airy and open character. Still, in any case, unless it be purely for show, a certain amount of privacy ought, assuredly to be sought after. And the more thoroughly it is gained, the more pleasurable to most persons, and the more accordant with good taste, will be the entire production."

This principle is applicable in all countries, because the purposes of a garden are everywhere the same. We remember having seen a street garden, in the city of Baltimore, which struck us, at the time, as being admirably arranged, to adapt it to the situation and circumstances. In order to break the view from the street to the house, the ground was thrown up into irregular and natural looking mounds, and these were planted with trees. The entrance walk was carried through the elevations, and gave a fine view of the dwelling from the street, without causing any objectionable degree of exposure. The same amount of seclusion could not have been obtained without either very high walls, or very thick and formal belts of trees and shrubs. Undulation of surface might, in very many cases, aid in relieving the lawns of cottage residences of that monotony and nakedness which a perfectly level, closely-mown surface presents.

There is another point in the arrangement of suburban gardens, that we think seldom receives proper attention, and that is, the concealment of the fences that form the boundaries, and such other neighboring objects, of a disagreeable or unsightly character, as may obtrude themselves on the view, from either the house or garden. It is impossible to select a situation, in any neighbourhood, wholly exempt from objectional features; but, in most cases, they may be excluded from sight, by judicious formation of the ground, and distribution of trees. We know a gentleman who is unfortunate enough to have for his next neighbour a low, filthy fellow, whose premises are an almost insufferable nuisance. He would gladly purchase his ground, and pay him twice as much as it is worth; but he will not sell. Now, instead of having merely a low, open board fence, between him and such a neighbour, he should have dense screens of foliage, to shut out completely such a disagreeable boundary. Rapid-growing trees, such as Silver Maples, Pawlonas, European Larch, and Norway Spruce, will make an effective obstruction, in three or four years. If the grounds be too small to admit trees of such large size, then live hedges, such as Thorn, Osage Orange, Buckthorn; or evergreens, such as Arbor Vitæ, Hemlock, Red Cedar, or Spruce, all of which may be allowed to grow up (for a screen), without shearing, except on the sides.

WHAT TIME SHALL WE CUT TIMBER?

Never in winter, but always in summer. It should be cut during the most rapid season of growth, and while that season is drawing towards a close. The same rule should be followed that skilful nurserymen observe in performing the operation of budding, that is, just as the terminal bud on each branch begins to to form, as soon as it is first evident that the growth of the branch is about to terminate, but is still in active progress. Experienced tree-propagators have found that, much earlier than this, the juices of the tree are in too thin or liquid a state to form a good adhesion between the bud and the peeled surface. From the moment that the bark separates freely from the wood, these juices continue to thicken, until growth ceases altogether, and the new wood is completely formed; and when this new wood is in the state of a thick paste or cement, then is the time that the bud will adhere most perfectly. This is the period when the bark may be peeled from a tree without destroying its vitality. And this is the time for cutting timber. Early in spring, the tree is full of sap, which is little else than pure water, and which has been gradually accumulating through winter by the absorption of the roots, with no outlet for its escape, as there is in summer through myriads of leaves. While the tree is thus replete with water, it is in the worst condition to be cut. But towards midsummer, when a portion of this water has passed off through the leaves, and the rest has been much thickened by conversion into material for wood, the case is very different; for while the watery sap promotes only decay, the thickened juices soon dry and harden, and assist in the preservation of the wood.

We have recently been furnished with a number of facts in corroboration of this opinion, by Isaac Hathaway of Farmington, Ontario County, N.Y., an old and enterprising settler, a close and extensive observer, and who has had much experience in connexion with saw-mills and timber erections. All his observations tend to show the great difference between winter and summer cut timber, and induce him to think that, cut at the best period, it will last under the average of circumstances three times as long as when felled in winter. In one instance, a fence, consisting of winter-cut materials, a part split into rails, and a portion in round poles, of beech, maple, iron-wood, bass-wood, &c., had completely decayed in fifteen years, and none of

it was even fit for firewood. In another case, a quantity of bass-wood rails were cut in summer, and split from the brown or heart portion of the tree. This was done about fifty years ago; thirty years afterwards the fence was quite sound, and even now some of the same rails remain undecayed, although much worn away by the weather. Winter saw-logs, left over one summer at the mill, are usually much decayed for several inches towards the interior; summer-cut logs, which have lain a like period, are always sound. He has cut hickory for axe-helves; if done in winter, decay soon commences, and the worm which loves this wood, often wholly destroys its value. Summer-cut, he has never known it to be attacked by the insect, and indeed it seems too hard for them to penetrate. He has had occasion to examine several old frames of buildings, and in every instance where the period of cutting could be determined, the same striking difference in durability was conspicuous.

He related several experiments on the durability of posts, one of which is worthy of repetition. In a gravelly soil, where the water never remains, a stone bottom, a few inches thick, was laid in the post hole, on which the post was set, and was then surrounded with stone closely rammed in on every side. As a consequence, the water never remains long enough in contact with the post to soak its interior, as would be the case if damp earth passed its outer surface. Such posts consequently give promise of remaining sound, after some years' trial, at least twice the period of those simply packed in earth. He also finds that posts of what is termed the white cedar in western New York (the American arbor vitæ) last much longer when set green with the bark on, than if sawed and seasoned, which he attributes to the protection afforded by the durable bark, against the vicissitudes of rain and drouth, and the air and weather generally.*

Now that the season is approaching, best adapted for timber-cutting, as indicated in the preceding remarks, we hope those interested will at least satisfy themselves on the subject by a fair and careful trial.

PLASTER FOR POTATOES.—"I have planted on all kinds of land; and to my satisfaction, have found that dry, poor land is best, because they are much less subject to be destroyed by that baneful scourge, the potato rot. I last year planted the driest and poorest part of my cornfield to potatoes, without any application until after the first hoeing, when, having some plaster left after plastering my corn, I applied it to about half of my potatoes on the hill. At the second hoeing a vast difference was perceptible in the vines. The plastered part continued in advance through the season. At the time of digging, they proved to be double the quantity, and of a much larger size. There were some indication that some had decayed among the whole, but no more of the plastered ones than the other. I shall try the same plan this year."

BUTTER FROM AN ALDERNEY COW.—It appears by a statement in the Boston Cultivator that from the milk of an Alderney cow, called "Flora," 5 years old in April last, there was made from the 11th May 1853 to the 26th April 1854, the extraordinary amount of 511¼ pounds of butter. Flora is owned by Thos. Motley, Jr., Jamaica Plains. Mr. M. says—'From Nov. 8th till the time we stopped making butter, she had about a half bushel of either ruta bagas or carrots, and two quarts of corn and cob meal per day, in addition to hay, or most of the time cut straw fodder. The last 3 months it took almost exactly five quarts of milk to make one pound of butter. She is to calve June 10, 1854.

CALIFORNIA WHEAT CROP.—An immense breadth of land was sown to wheat the last autumn, and the crop is now represented in the most flourishing condition, It is said that the larger portion of the yield last year averaged 50, and frequently as high as 60 to 70 bushels per acre. Estimating the present crop at only thirty bushels, of which there can be no doubt it is thought that it will be abundant to supply all the wants of the State.

ADULTERATION OF GUANO.—It needs no argument to show that farmers who purchase concentrated manures, should procure them of manufacturers of strict integrity and veracity. A case in illustration recently occurred in England, where a dealer at Exeter had bought largely of merchants at Bristol, an article which proved bad, and in an action at law to recover damages, it was proved that the merchants had sent the dealer a false and fraudulent analysis, forged for the occasion; and their foreman stated on examination, that loam, sand, turf-ashes, and salt, were largely used in the manufacture of this artificial guano; that the various ingredients were mixed with a shovel, and that it took about 10 hours to prepare 50 tons. Wonder if these manufacturers place the notice "*no admittance*," over the door?

* In ordinary instances, however, above ground, the bark, by preventing seasoning, only accelerates decay.

Fig. 1.

Fig

Fig. 3.

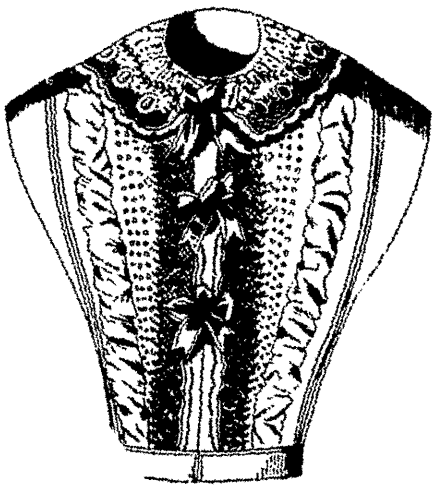


Fig. 4.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Maclear & Cº Lith. Toronto.

DESTROYING CANADA THISTLES.—"Is there any mode of eradicating Canada thistles from land, short of digging them out, roots and all? Is there a chemical agent that will destroy them? A man is travelling about here, selling a white powder, which dries them up when applied to the cut surface when mowed—he claims it will kill them *permanently*—please tell me what it is, and if there is any virtue in it?" S. H. W. *Easton, Pa.*

Canada thistles are easily killed on heavy soils, by plowing them under completely, once a month for the season, which smothers them, and the roots die. Unless the leaves, which are the lungs of a plant, can develop themselves above the surface, the plants cannot breathe, and will die in one season. The success of the operation depends of course, on keeping down every thistle plant below the surface On light or gravelly soils, they cannot be so completely smothered, and in addition to the ploughing, Boughton's "subsoil cultivator" or thistle-digger, described some months ago in this journal, and which is in fact a two-horse paring-plow, will prove an efficient auxiliary. Mineral poisons usually prove destructive to vegetables; but it would puzzle a very shrewd man to know a "white powder" some hundreds of miles distant, without ever seeing it. If it kills all the thistles above ground for one entire season, they must of course be "permanently" killed, for the reasons already stated; but such an agent could be of little value in any way, because the labor of applying to every individual in a thistle-patch of only one acre, containing probably a million stalks, would be no trifling task, compared to plowing in four or five times."

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF FIRST PLATE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

No. 1.—Dress of violet colored silk; the skirt long and full has three flounces *a disposition*. *Basquine* body very open in the front and crossed by narrow bands *a disposition*; from under each band falls a row of lace which is set on with a little fulness; the edge of body and *basquine* is finished to correspond with the flounces; the front is of the *marquise* form. The sleeves are wide, and open in the front of the arm to the shoulder; the opening crossed to correspond with the front: some ladies prefer black lace which may be used, but has not so *distingue* an appearance. Bonnet of white *crape*, the crown covered with pale green *glace* silk; small flowers are scattered over the bonnet, and shaded green and white feathers placed low at each side: in the interior are flowers and white feathers.

No. 2. The mantilla on this figure is of white glace silk, cut in a full-sized talma, and embroidered in a vine and upright pattern of leaves and forget-me-nots, worked in straw. A deep white fringe surrounds the bottom, headed with a fold of silk, dotted with delicate straw buttons. The dress of pink silk has two very deep flounces, the upper one pinked at the edge. The bonnet is tulle and white silk, mingled in alternate puffs, trimmed with moss roses and apple geen ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF SECOND PLATE.

No. 1.—Is a mantilla of Chantilly lace but though it is cut talma shape behind, the front forms a rich pelerine that falls in drapery when the arms are in repose. The edge is worked in shallow gather points traversed with a chain of polka spots; above this is a border of the most delicate leaves mingled closely, from which portion, flowers drop gracefully into the points; a rising pattern of intricate wild vine, interspersed with passion flowers, covers the entire garment which is completed by a small rounding collar starred with passion flowers.

It is always necessary that an over garment of lace should fall amply and in light folds around the dress, otherwise a meagre effect is produced that destroys all the richness that may lie in the material. The garments we have described are faultless in this particular, and truth to say, in every other point.

No. 2.—Is a chemisette of fine lace, edged about the neck and down the front with two rows of fine Valenciennes insertion, finished with a rich edging of Valenciennes lace. This beautiful front is finished with four or five delicate tucks in the lace which forms the body.

No. 3.—Is an infant's cloak, of fine white merino. The form is a graceful Talma, with a deep cape and small round collar. It is surrounded by a vine of the most perfect silk embroidery—the pattern roses in clusters, with their leaves wreathed in with French lilacs, which gives the design great richness and piquancy. The cape is almost covered with upright clusters of the same flowers, that, graduating as the cape decreases, gives that stylish grace to the garment which an artistic hand can alone impart. The lining is of glossy white silk.

No. 4.—Is a chemisette of fine muslin, enriched with French needlework. The collar is medium size, and has a close border completely covered with work and finished with Maltese lace. The front is formed with two puffs, a row of needlework, and edged with lace like that on the collar, inside the puffs are three rows of tucks.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The fashions for the season are now generally confirmed, and we find on a review that much that was considered most distinguished in the last season, has adapted itself to the novelties of this. Thus, chequered silks are fashionable as ever. It is hardly possible they should be otherwise, considering the varieties in colour and pattern, and the richness of texture displayed in the newest silks of this description. The checquers are of all sizes, some very large and others small. Many of the silks of small patterns have flounces edged with stripes of a color different from those of the checquers. We have seen a dress composed of this kind of silk. The pattern was in fawn-colour and white, and the dress was trimmed with five flounces, each bordered with stripes of dark-blue satin, woven in the silk. The stripes were of graduated widths, the lowest rather broad. Three similar stripes ornamented the edge of the basque and ends of the sleeves. A dress checquered with light-brown and white, has the flounces striped with ten or twelve very narrow rows of cerise-colour. Another dress of a small chequered pattern green and white, has five flounces edged with green stripes graduating from a deep to a pale tint. The corsage is open in front, and the opening is filled up by alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and narrow green ribbon, disposed *en echelle*. At the two extremities, and in the centre of each row of ribbon, are fixed small rosettes. Thus three series of rosettes ornament the front from the waist upwards. A vandyked collar is worn with this dress, composed of rows of Valenciennes insertion, alternating with narrow frills of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves are of the pagoda form and trimmed with three frills of silk and two of worked muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace. With this dress are to be worn a scarf mantelet of worked muslin, with *revers*, and trimmed with deep frilling, and a bonnet of fancy straw. The bonnet is trimmed on the outside with green wheat-ears, and the under-trimming consists of foliage of Green blonde intermingled with small clematis blossoms, white and pale pink.

Muslins are much worn at the various fashionable resorts this season, the tasteful variety which ribbons give to this simple style of toilet is calculated to lend favor to them. Colored skirts with canezou of white lace or muslin are very coquettish and charming; the canezou is trimmed with ribbons to match the skirts, nothing can be more youthful and unpretending than this pretty dress for a young lady, especially if she is slight and graceful.

But embroideries and laces form an indispensable feature of an elegant toilet, and we must not omit to mention them. In addition to the pretty morning caps of tulle that seem woven from mist, some graceful morning caps, adapted to the half gay, half rustic life our fashionables are leading just now. We will describe one or two.

The first is composed of beautiful worked muslin and Valenciennes lace. The crown is in the medallion style; that is to say, *circular* pieces of open needle-work are inserted, and bordered by narrow Valenciennes *edging*. Loops of colored ribbon, intermingled with Valenciennes, form the border round the face. A bow at the back, and strings of the same ribbon.

The other has a crown formed of fine clear muslin, ornamented with elaborate needlework. The border consists of quillings of ribbon; and next to the face a very narrow edging of Valenciennes. Strings and bow behind of the same ribbon.

Another dress was composed of chequered grenadine; the ground white, and the pattern, which was not very large, was in beautiful shades of pink. The skirt had three broad flounces, each edged with white watered ribbon, bordered with pink. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with quillings of ribbon. A sash or *ceinture* of white watered ribbon, edged with pink was fixed in a point at the back of the waist, under a bow, and the ribbon carried up each side to the shoulders. Thence it passed down to the point in front of the corsage, where the long ends were left to flow over the skirt of the dress. The ribbon was fixed at each shoulder by a cluster of loops and two flowing ends. The head dress consisted of two pendant sprays of white lilac placed at the back of the head and drooping on each side of the neck. A scarf of plain tulle was thrown lightly over the shoulders.

A VERY RECHERCHE DINNER COSTUME.

Dress of light colored silk, the skirt with four flounces: at the edge of each flounce is woven a wreath of velvet leaves; stamped velvet may be used which will produce nearly the same effect: a low pointed body is attached to the skirt, over which is worn a *basquine* body, three quarters high at the back, *and not* meeting in the front, but shewing the low body; it is trimmed with stamped velvet, the pattern corresponding to that on the flounces. The sleeve is novel and extremely elegant; it has a small plain piece at the top of the arm into which is set a very full *bouillon* sleeve of white silk or muslin, which reaches nearly to the elbow; over this white sleeve are bands of silk terminating in a loop at the bottom, and below falls a deep lace ruffle; small bows are placed round the bottom of the plain piece: the appearance is that of a very full slashed sleeve. Small lace cap trimmed with pale blue ribbon and rosebuds.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

H. C. H.—Below you will find the solution of the game recorded in our July No., page 104, between M. Matschego and Mr. Falkbeer. Your attempt is far from correct.

A. M. S.—Thanks. We publish your problem in the present number.

CLOVERFIELD.—Your Enigma appears this month considerably altered, though we think we have maintained your idea.

PHILAS.—Your communication was received too late to be acknowledged last month. You have solved Enigmas 28 and 29 correctly. You have failed in the Problem.

Solution to Problem 9 by J. H. R. is correct.

Solutions to Enigma in our last by J. B., Amy, and C. C., are correct.

*** We withhold the solution to Problem 9 until our next issue.

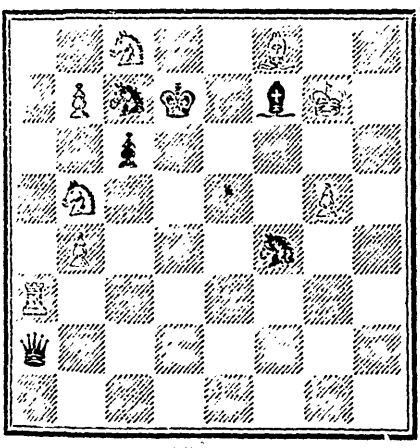
SOLUTION TO END GAME.*

White. (M. M.)	*Black.* (MR. F.)
17.	Q takes Kt (ch).
18. K takes Q.	Kt to K B 3d (ch).
19. K to Q B 4th.	Q B to K 3d (ch).
20. K to Kt 5th.	P to Q R 3d (ch).
21. K to R 4th.	P to Q Kt 4th (ch).
22. Kt tks P (best) or (A.)	P takes Kt (double ch).
23. K takes P.	R to R 4th (ch).
24. K takes Kt.	B to Q 4th (ch).
25. K to Q 6th.	Kt mates.
(A.)	
22. B takes P.	P takes B (double ch).
23. K takes P.	R to R 4th (ch).
24. K takes Kt.	B mates.

PROBLEM No. X.

By A. M. S. of Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

* Published in July No., page 104.

ENIGMAS.

No. 31. *By Cloverfield.*

WHITE.—K at K 5th; Q at K sq.; B at Q 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q R 7th; P at Q Kt 7th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 32. *By G. W.*

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 5th; Q at K sq; Bs at K R 4th and Q Kt sq; Kts at Q 7th and Q Kt 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q 5th; Rs at K B sq and 3d; B at K R 3d; Ps at K 6th, Q 4th, and Q Kt 3d and 6th.

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 33. *Curious Partito Practico, from Lolli's "Centuria di Partiti."*

WHITE.—K at his R sq; R at K Kt 2nd; R at Q B sq.

BLACK.—K at Q B 3d; R at K Kt 2d; Kt at K Kt 3d; B at Q B 4th; Ps at K R 3d and Q Kt 3d.

White to draw the game in ONE *move.*

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF VALUABLE M.SS. ON CHESS.

A discovery of singular interest—not simply to the votaries of chess, but to all who have a taste for mediæval lore—has recently been made in two of the fine libraries of Florence. Signor Fantacci, Ministero del' Interno, has succeeded in disinterring from the dust in which they have slumbered, uncatalogued and unknown for centuries, some M.SS. on Chess, of priceless rarity. Immediately upon the discovery of these treasures, M. Fantacci, with a liberality rase as the M.SS. themselves, set about procuring copies of the chief works; and with the sanction of the Grand Duke, placed the whole, in the most flattering manner, at the disposal of Mr. Staunton, a noble compliment to that gentleman's services in the promotion of the game of chess.

Some idea of the value and importance of these M.SS. both to the chess-player and the bibliopole, may be formed from the following list of those of which copies have been completed, or are in progress:—

1. A beautiful parchment M.S., in Latin, by Bonus Socius (evidently a pseudonym), containing finely-executed diagrams, in colours, of problems and curious End games, supposed to be one of the earliest European works on practical chess extant, and to have been written at the latter end of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century.

2. A parchment M.S., in Latin, of the fifteenth century, containing problems and critical positions.

3. A Latin M.S., on paper, of the fifteenth century, containing chess problems.

4. A M.S., on paper, in the Italian language, containing beautiful chess problems, &c., of the fifteenth century.

5. A M.S., on paper, of the sixteenth century, by an anonymous author, intitled "L' eleganzia, sottilita e verriti della virtuosissima professione degli Scacchi." This is supposed to be an original work by some Italian author, from which the Spanish writer, Ruy Lopez, composed his treatise.

6. A parchment Italian M.S., "Comparazione del Giuoco degli Scacchi all' note militare discorsa, per Luigi Guicciardini, all' Eccellmo S. el S. Cosimo de Medici Duca 2o, della Republica Florentina (architipo)."

7. A rich parchment M.S., "Trattato del nobilissimo Giuoco de Scacchi il quale è ritratto di guerre e di ragion di stato; diviso in Sbaratti, Partite, Gambetti, et Giuochi moderni, con bellissimi tratti occulti tutti diverse di Gioachino Greco Calabrese."—1621 (unedited).

This appears, beyond all question, to be an original work, presented by Greco to the King, to whom the dedication is addressed. The frontispiece and dedication are in letters of gold; every page is profusely ornamented; and the binding is studded with rich gold decorations, and has the arms of the King of Naples upon it. To the practical chess-player, Greco's MS. will probably be of higher interest than any other, since it contains scores of games and several problems, by the famous old Calabrian, which have never yet been published.—*Illustrated London News.*

CHESS IN TORONTO.

Lively little game between two Toronto amateurs:—

(Evans' Gambit.)

Black. (Mr. P——.)	*White.* (Mr. L——.)
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3. K B to Q B 4th.	K B to Q B 4th.
4. P to Q Kt 4th.	B takes Q Kt P.
5. P to Q B 3d.	B to Q R 4th.
6. Castles.	P to Q R 3d (*a*).
7. P to Q R 4th.	P to Q 3d.
8. Q to her Kt 3d.	Q to K B 3d.
9. P to Q 3d (*b*).	Q Kt to Q sq.
10. Q B to K Kt 5th.	Q to K Kt 3d.
11. Q Kt to Q 2d.	K Kt to B 3d.
12. P to K R 3d (*c*).	P to K R 3d.
13. B takes K Kt.	Q B takes K R P.
14. B to K Kt 5th (*d*).	K R P takes B.
15. Kt P takes B.	R takes P.
16. K to Kt 2d.	Q to K R 4th (*e*).
17. B tks K B P(ch)(*f*).	Kt takes B (*g*).
18. Q to K 6th (ch).	K to B sq.
19. Q takes K R.	Q takes Q (ch).
20. K takes Q.	B takes Q B P.
21. Q R to Q B sq.	B to Q R 4th.
22. K to Kt 4th.	P to K Kt 3d.
23. Q Kt to his 3d, and White resigns (*h*).	

Notes.

(*a*) With a view to dislodge the adverse B.

(*b*) P to Q 4th is more attacking, and better every way.

(*c*) Hastily played.

(*d*) Apparently his only move.

(*e*) Threatening, in anticipation of Black's playing 17. K R to his sq., to check with the Queen at Kt's 5th and win *both the Rooks. White, however, evidently played in* perfect unconsciousness of the rejoinder Black had in store.

(*f*) This move changes the aspect of affairs at once.

(*g*) It is evident that Black wins equally whether White take with Kt or Q.

(*h*) White cannot now hope to save the game, and with good grace resigns.

A game played some time back between two members of the Toronto Chess Club:—

(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

White. (Mr. C——.)	*Black.* (Mr. P——.)
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th.	P takes P.
3. B to Q B 4th.	Q Kt to B 3d (*a*).
4. K Kt to B 3d.	K Kt to K 2d.
5. K Kt to his 5th.	P to Q 4th.
6. P takes P.	K Kt takes P.
7. Q to K 2d (ch).	B to K 2d.
8. Kt takes K B P.	K takes Kt.
9. Q to K R 5th (ch).	K to B sq (*b*).
10. B takes K Kt.	B to K R 5th (ch).
11. P to K Kt 3d.	Q to K 2d (ch).
12. K to B 2d.	P takes P (ch).
13. P takes P.	B to K Kt 4th (*c*).
14. P to Q 4th.	B takes Q B.
15. Q Kt to B 3d (*d*).	B to K 6th (ch) (*e*).
16. K to Kt 2d.	Q B to K 3d.
17. K R to K B sq (ch).	K to Kt sq,

18. Q R to K sq. Black now unfortunately took B with B checking, whereupon White checkmated him in two moves; his best move at this juncture would have been 18. P to K Kt 3d, which gives rise to some interesting situations.

Notes.

(*a*) The proper play is to check with Queen.

(*b*) Better, perhaps, to have interposed the Kt P.

(*c*) Well played. Threatening to check with Q at Q B 4th, and win the adverse B.

(*d*) *White must get his Queen's pieces into play.*

(*e*) Tempting, but loses too much time. Better to have left this B and brought out the Q B; after this Black's game is hopeless.