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Paris Fashions for November.



THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: NOVEMBER, 1852.—No. 5.

## THE RECENT EXHIBITION, AND TRUE RIVALRY WITH THE UNITED STATES.

A DESCRIPTION of the Plate (TORONTO) has been so recently given, that it is unnecessary again to return to the subject, and we embrace the opportunity afforded us of making a few brief reflections on the legitimate spirit of emulation which is being developed between Canada and the United States, and between both these countries and their common parent—Great Britain.

We hail most cordially this spirit of amicable competition, and, even at the risk of being in some things surpassed by our busy and indefatigable brethren on the other side of the water, we would foster such a competition by all the means in our power. Its existence, we conceive, is the best guarantee we can have against the outbreak of those wrathful passions which wrong-headed people, or those who are incendiaries by profession, in both countries, are too ready to inflame. Exhibitions in our cities, such as we had the other day, if not so exciting, stand at least a good deal higher in the scale of humanity and common sense, than the flaming cities, the desolated hearths, and the naval battles of the campaign of 1813 in Canada, "glorious as it was, on the whole, both to the arms of Britain and to the inhabitants of her noble American Colonies."

The desire to press upon, and if possible

outstrip, the British Isles and their Colonies in the race of discovery, invention, and improvement, is, at this moment, and has been for years, the ruling passion with the inhabitants of the United States. It is their grand topic of conversation, and the main object, it would seem, of their national existence.

The emigrant to the United States, hundreds of miles from the coast of America, not only in the stately vessels which he meets, bearing the flag of that Republic, but in the very pilot-boat which is sent out to conduct him to port, sees the characteristic determination of the people with whom he is about to mingle, to beat England if they can.

It was the last day but one of the month of ———, in the year ———, when, on our return from a refreshing visit to the dear shores of Old England in one of the admirable New York packet-ships, we found ourselves about two hundred miles from the Jersey coast. The weather was magnificent—one of those unrivalled autumnal days which are felt to be very beautiful, even by persons who have been pampered all their lives long with their loveliness. To us, who retained at the time a lively remembrance of recent sufferings in the way of semi-suffocation, from the dubious atmosphere of London, such a day brought with it rich enjoyment. The indescribable adulteration of a certain amount of pure air, with smoke and gas forming the medium of respiration, which it is the peculiar privilege of

the "great London nation" to inhale, is no criterion, of course, of the air and sky of the rest of England; but still in point of climate, it is a matter long since decided that, notwithstanding even the objectionable heat of our summers, there is no part of the British Isles but must yield the palm both to Canada and the States. We were very strongly persuaded of this at the time to which we allude. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky; the bright green waves were sparkling in the rays, and dancing about right merrily before a fresh northerly breeze, which brought the glow of health even to the faded cheek of the only invalid amongst the three hundred passengers on board. All eyes were fixed intently on the rapid approach of a tiny sail on the horizon,—the welcome pilot-boat, so anxiously longed for as the pleasant harbinger of land. Her mission was soon accomplished (for the little sea-bird, though our ship was a good sailer, could have darted round and round her with ease, in a few minutes), and the pilot deposited on our deck. We had then time to examine at our leisure the swift and graceful little craft which he had left, and the first glance sufficed to enforce our tacit assent to the complacent observation of a gratified American at our side,—“They have no boats like that in the English Channel. She is not inferior to some gentlemen’s yachts I have seen in England.” The remark, if not expressed with the very best possible grace and taste, was at all events just: and, after all, the wound it inflicted on our national vanity, caused but a transient smart. “Why”—we agreed with ourselves—“should we feel annoyed at this, or any other effort of the ardent and praiseworthy competition kept up in the United States with Great Britain. The rivalry will be reciprocated, and will lead to perfection in the arts in both countries, whilst we have good hopes that it will confirm indissolubly those ties of a common origin and interest which now exists between them, and would make war, on either side, at once an immense sacrifice of commercial wealth and an unnatural feeding on one’s own flesh. What is there in this to mortify, or to have any other effect than that of spurring on our countrymen. We are able to maintain vigorously the competition, and we have a fair prospect, quite enough to keep us in good heart, of ob-

taining the superiority in the end, if only a determination not to be beaten accompany our equal intelligence and at least, equal resources. Their ships, it is true, at the present moment, those admirable clipper-ships which have all but attained the certain speed of steam,—are frequently preferred—as we have heard—by British merchants in the China trade, their wonderful sailing properties having now become proverbial. But what of this? fast vessels of the clipper build have left our dockyards in Scotland,\* and faster still, if need be, can be dispatched, to match if not outstrip such vessels as you will see New York and other principal seaports of the States send forth, with the aspiring, but considering their extraordinary fleetness, not extravagant appellations of “Flying Cloud,” “Water-witch,” “Sovereign of the Seas,” &c., &c. The child, after all,—though it is true she has the advantage of the experience of both countries—has no more than the parent’s spirit, the genuine Anglo-Saxon spirit, to which Providence seems to have awarded the destiny of reaching the loftiest heights of human achievements, and in all that is noble, useful and good, taking the lead of the world.”

At our late Provincial Exhibition, competitors from the United States carried off a very fair proportion of prizes. We hope they were as well satisfied with their reception, success, and the appearance of our thriving city, as we were to see them thronging our streets, surveying our public buildings, and observing, evidently with earnest interest, the products of the Province displayed in the Exhibition. At the renowned Hyde Park Exhibition (to ascend immensely from small to great,) they made, it is well known, a show far from choice or creditable, not in consequence of inadequate means,—that seems incredible,—but owing to indifferent taste and bad management. We wish them better success next year at their intended “World’s Fair,” on their own soil. They will not reach the magnificence of the London Crystal Palace,—on that prediction we might safely stake our reputation,—and when they come to experience the difficulty of rivalling England’s celebrated achievement, they will be the more ready, we hope, to appreciate the resources, the perseverance, and the honour-

\* Aberdeen.



able ambition of the powerful nation with which (though "unfortunately" a Monarchy) the vast and novel scheme originated, and by which it was carried out on a scale so truly colossal.

There are other triumphs besides this, and of more serious consequence, which we shall not be jealous to see the United States strenuously contest, but which Great Britain (aided by her Colonies) need not lose, if animated by her usual spirit and guided in the councils of her government, by something better than a Quixotic blindness to her own weak.

And the result of this emulation, we have not a doubt, will shew to the world at large that the Anglo-Saxon Monarchy has lost none of its ancient vigour and enthusiasm, and is well able to keep pace with the young and active Anglo-Saxon Republic,—the burly offspring which has sprung from its nervous loins.

The inhabitants of the United States may well be proud of their extraordinary energy, venturous enterprise, marvellous progress, and brilliant prosperity; yet (let us be permitted to add) there is no question that their exorbitant national pride does frequently carry them too far, and that they think and speak as though they were the only energetic, enterprising, growing, and prosperous people on the face of the earth. This is absurd, and what is worse, it is offensive. Republicans, we know, have always been intensely conceited; but, then, with the Republicans of ancient times, who saw no better specimens of Monarchy than the vicious and decrepit autocracies of the East, there was something to excuse their inordinate notions of self-importance. They might have treated Monarchy with more respect had they seen what citizens of the United States see, and what, with all their self-admiration, they are in no small degree edified by seeing,—a Monarchy embracing under its liberal and popular sway, the largest empire of the globe; teeming with life and energy, knowledge and skill; sustaining cities, vast and opulent, enriched beyond conception by a commerce, in its extent and appearance immeasurably surpassing anything else of the kind that the world has ever seen, and adorned with the choicest works of art; an Empire, occupied at once, in its numerous colonies, with clearing away the forest;

and, at home, exhibiting, in its luxuriant pastures and yellow corn-fields, that garden-like agriculture, which, we verily believe, has been to most of the many Americans who have visited England, the object of unqualified admiration. All this we claim as the fruits of native energy and free institutions, and stronger evidence than this of the excellence of political institutions, we may fearlessly challenge our brethren in the United States to produce. We are sorry, then, to hear any of them speak,—as we have heard too many of them speak, in highly inflated language,—of what, as a nation, they are and expect to be, as though they possessed a monopoly of all that is good and great. We are sorry, we say, that it should be, as indisputably it is, a too common failing with them to talk in this vapouring strain; for it both stands in the way of their correcting their obvious faults, and, whilst it must obstruct and obscure the high career which is open before them, can only contribute to increase the prejudices of those of our fellow-subjects, particularly in the British Isles, who are content to form their judgment of the United States, with little philosophy or fairness, from what they see on the mere surface, of the manners of the people.

The sentiment which we should like to see diffused far and wide through the United States, is that which we saw well-expressed, many years ago, in the columns of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*,—we forget the precise words, but in substance it was this:—"We honour John Bull for his many honourable qualities; and, most of all, do we honour him, because he is the parent of so sturdy an offspring as Brother Jonathan."

The diffusion of such a feeling—frank, manly, true-hearted, with no silly braggadocio about it,—will be a satisfactory pledge of good-will and peace. That feeling, we trust, is gaining ground every day. It makes itself apparent in the rapidity with which we are convinced, the spirit of friendly rivalry is supplanting the gross and cruel appetite for war. In the remark made by Mr. Alison, in connexion with the Treaty of Ghent we go not with the usually far-seeing historian, but with his transatlantic commentators:—"Little doubt remains that, out of this premature and incomplete pacification, the germs of a future and calamitous war between the two countries will

spring." "As to the imperfections of the treaty the historian's statement will pass without dispute; but every pacific year that closes not merely without collision, but with a growing mutual good-feeling, is shaking, we hope, the historian's own expressed conviction—if it be not already abandoned as a conclusion founded on a darker state of things—that war, at no distant period, is inevitable."

As a colony of Great Britain—not a golden one like Australia; but, as we conceive, with an enviable destiny before us,—we assert our right to share in the honours of our motherland; and participating likewise in her spirit, we fear not—if we have only fair play—to measure our strength, in our degree, with the United States. We possess a fertile soil, superior in some respects to that of our neighbours. Divine Providence smiles upon us likewise from a propitious heaven; our southern border is bounded, and our internal navigation rendered unparalleled by a chain of lakes, rivers, and spacious canals; all that our cities need to accelerate their growth is a freer influx of British gold. We have railways in progress, not to be compared perhaps with the iron network which covers the United States; but even their railways, or something like them we might have had years ago had British capitalists condescended to cheer us with a moderate proportion of the capital which they have invested in the United States. With that flourishing republic, in more than one branch of industry, productiveness and invention, we can contend for the palm: very possibly we shall be beaten. Be it so! successful or unsuccessful, the friendly contest will do us good.

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## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. V.

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### THE QUAKER'S WARD.

It is out of my power to fix precisely the epoch when Malachi Sampson, the Quaker,—or "Friend," as he denominated himself,—first pitched his tent within the boundaries of the Royal Burgh of Dleepdaily. If, however, I were upon the rack, and constrained by the importunity of cord and pulley to give a guess, I should say that it was somewhere about the year '96 or '98. Be that as it may, the fact

is undoubted, that the aforesaid Malachi did, for a lengthened span, sojourn in our famous town; and, making due allowance for his heretical crotchets, (which would have gained him a stake and tar-barrel in the orthodox days of yore,) he was by no manner of means the omega of his fellow lieges.

It was a saying of my honest grandmother, that the two greatest rarities to be met with upon earth (a peace-making lawyer always excepted) were a Queen Anne sixpence and a poverty-stricken Quaker,—and truly the hindmost of these propositions suffered no refutation, so far as Master Sampson was concerned.

To calling, he was what might be termed a general huxter, his stock in trade consisting of everything you could think of, from a paper of pins up to a family Bible or cuckoo clock. I have heard a tradition, that in the recesses of his mercantile ark, you could even forgather with cradles and coffins,—the first and last milestones on the highway of life, as Dr. Scougall used jocularly to remark. In one word, the Quaker's huxtery was a perfect bewilderment for variety, and as the owner had a virtual monopoly, in at least a hundred different articles, it was small marvel that ere long his money-bags began to assume a dropsical appearance.

One of the things which to a certain extent tended to increase the custom of Malachi, was the universal curiosity which he was wont to excite amongst the country-folks of the surrounding districts. Such another prodigy as a Quaker, was not to be met with in the whole county, so that he became one of the lions, as it were, of Dleepdaily; and was visited as such by strangers, equally with the martyr's tomb and the black-hole!

On the annual fair-day, in particular, he was universally besieged by droves of lads and lasses, who would have opined that they had seen nothing, if they had missed the long Quaker! Of course, they could not with decency go into his shop without making a purchase; and many a maiden has bought what she had no human occasion for, just to get a *thee* or a *thou* from "the man with the muckle hat," by which *alias* our friend was better known than his legitimate designation.

In person, Malachi was a portly, gaucy figure, measuring six feet, odds, in height,

and of a rotundity little short of his sugar hogs-heads. His nose was as long as that of a snipe, and as red as a boiled partan, while his mouth was screwed down at the corners as if his last meal had been verdigris without sugar. Touching his legs, they were of the dimensions of cart trams, and his feet looked, for all the world, like a pair of curling-stones. Indeed, their breadth was so extraordinary that he once tramped Miss Bridget Nettles' pet lap-dog into all the flatness of mortality, without his having been aware of the canicide. Dearly, however, did he pay for the delict! Miss Bridget, who had observed the catastrophe from her garret-window, emptied the porridge-pot upon him in the sublimity of her ire, which, besides scalding off his bristly whiskers, ruined for ever a bran new coat and hat, which he had only worn for two days!

And the matter did not rest here. The spinster raised an action of damages against him for the loss of her four-footed domestic, and he, in self-defence, was obligated to bring a counter-claim for the outrage perpetrated upon his person and habiliments. The processes were conjoined, as the lawyers term it, and the last intelligence I had of the matter was, that it was before the House of Peers, on an appeal about some reference to the Quaker's oath, which he resisted on the score of conscience. How the affair will end, heaven only knows, but, in the meantime, it is bringing in a munificent grist to the greedy mill of the law, as both parties are well able to pay the piper, and neither of them inclined to cry,—“hold—enough!”

Malachi, with such a burly corporation, had a voice more suggestive of a puling child than a grown-up man; so much so, indeed, that strangers were wont to start back in amazement when first he broke speech in their presence. As the minister once eruditely remarked, his tone was like what you would conceive to issue from an evil spirit which had been cast out of the body of a dwarf into that of a giant, and had not got accustomed to its new tabernacle. Or, to borrow the observation of Haveril Will, the town fool, it was for all the world like a swallow chirping out of Mons Meg, the gigantic cannon in Edinburgh Castle.

There is an old saying that every man has his hobby; but the Quaker had always a score

of them, at least, in the stable of his brain. He was perpetually hunting after some novelty or another, and, in fact, could not walk the length of a street without seeing something to alter or amend.

For a long time, his pet scheme was to supply the town with water, which he proposed to bring in by pipes from the top of the Neilston Hills. More than six months did he spend running about from house to house with Davie Dridles, the bowly beadle, whom he had pressed into the service, to try and enlist subscribers for the project. Davie was to get a commission on the money collected, but poor fellow, he would have been much more profitably employed in breaking stones. Plenty, it is true, put down their names just to get rid of the importunity, but when called upon for the first payment at the end of the half year, sorrow a one responded to the demand, save and except our old acquaintance, Lady Sourocks, whose well had gone dry in the preceding drouth. The upshot was, that the water ended, like the rival element, in smoke, and the luckless beadle, after wearing out three pairs of shoes in his bootless peregrinations, pocketed one shilling and three farthings as his share of the spoil.

The next employment of Malachi was to bore for coal in the neighbourhood of the parochial kirk. This *playock* served him for the larger balance of a twelvemonth, but had like to have cost him dear in the end. In the course of his delving and-digging, he partially undermined the session house; and as at this time the “Friends of the People” and “Rights of Man” folk were playing their pliskies, word was sent to Edinburgh that Sampson had a design against the Kirk. The consequence was that a messenger-at-arms, accompanied with a troop of dragoons, paid a visit to our burgh, one fine afternoon, and having apprehended the person of the traitor, carried him off in great state, to answer for his misdeeds; his conveyance being a return hearse, which was pressed into the royal service by his captors.

What was done by the Lord Advocate, before whom Malachi was brought, I cannot precisely explain, but the issue was that the Quaker being bound over to keep the peace was dismissed after an incarceration of nine months, and I have been told that the House

of Commons in London passed a vote of thanks to the authorities of Dreepdaily, for the loyal zeal they had shewn in the business.

The story currently run that Miss Nettles was at the bottom of the whole affair, as besides her feud with Malachi, she was always keen for Kirk and State. There is even a tradition that so certain was she of the guilt of the accused that she had hired a window overlooking the place of execution at Libberton's Wynd, to witness the strangulation of the offender, in due course of law. Be that as it may she was in a sad state of consternation and wrath when her Mordecai escaped the gallows—and for years after she continued to exclaim that there was neither law or gospel in the land when unbaptized traitors, with hats like paddock-stools, were permitted to walk the streets with impunity. So sore was her penic, that she employed Deacon Anvil the smith to fortify her windows with iron stanchions, and it was reported that she had always two loaded guns at her bed-head—more by token she discharged one of the deadly weapons at the head of old William Hilliard, the weaver, as he came “first footing” to her on a New-years-day morning, by which his “het pint” and salver of currant bun were smashed to atoms.

“Bray a fool in a mortar,” as the Doctor used to observe “and he will be a fool still.” The hustler took no warning from this perilous adventure, but prosecuted as greedily as ever, his restless and scheming plans. Like a tod's whelp he grew always the longer the worse, and never was easy except when he had his finger in some pie or another.

It was, so far as I can remember, about two years after the Kirk plot, that Malachi received an addition to his household in the person of his niece, the only child and heiress of a rich member of the Society of Friends at Bristol, who, it was rumoured by the charitable had feathered his nest in the slave line.

Bathsheba Buddicombe, for so was the damsel named, created as great a stir in our gossiping community as if she had been Dame of Fyehous or the Queen of Sheba. For this there were many reasons. She was the first Quakeress who had ever visited these parts, and was moreover a perfect conceit for beauty. Rather below the ordinary dimensions of womankind, she had all the grace and lightness of a fairy. Dark as two ripe sloes v ere

her eyes, and whiter than bleached pearls her glorious teeth. Miss Nancy Tucker, the mantu-maker, observed to me in strict confidence, that so far as person went, the Quaker's niece was the living model (moral she called it) of one of the ladies in the “Magazine of Fashion.” This, permit me to observe, was no ordinary compliment, as Miss Nancy used to consider the afore-said magazine as the very pink and perfection of looks, the Bible and Religious Courtship, always excepted. For my own part I never could look up on Bathsheba without calling to mind some verses by old Ben Johnson, which were such favorites with Mr. Paummy, that seldom did I trim his beard or poll his hair without his repeating the same over to me. By this means I came to get them off by heart, and as I said before, Bathsheba always brought them to my remembrance. They ran as follows:

“Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that love's world compriseth!  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As love's star when it riseth!  
Do but mark her forehead's smoother  
Than woods that soothe her!  
And from her arched brows such a grace  
Shes act a through the face,  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife!

“Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
But the red buds have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
But the soil hath smother'd it?  
Hav' you felt the wool of the beaver,  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have you felt the bud of the briar?  
Or the lam in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!”

But the attractions of Bathsheba Buddicombe were by no means confined to her externalities. Her temper was as placid and calm as the mill-dam in the breathless hush of a midsummer's noon. Though, moreover, she had, to a certain extent, the demure per-junctness of her methodical tribe, there was a laughing gladness in her bonny een, like a gleam of sunshine on a clump of yew trees!

In addition to all this, Bathsheba had the recommendation of possessing a goodly “tocher,” the common rumour being that it would take at least four party figures to designate the sum total of her means and estate.

As a natural consequence of such multiform virtues and qualifications, the maiden speedily became an object of no small attraction, both to the lads and lasses of Dreepdaily. The latter exerted all their logic to demonstrate that the new comer was as ugly as sin,

whilst the former put every available iron in the fire to secure an interest in her good graces. Small concern did these antagonistic demonstrations cause to the fair daughter of Peon. She seemed to care as little for her flatterers as her detractors, turning a deaf ear alike to the cushat coo of love, and the corbie creak of envy and detraction. The Dominie used often to speak about a marble dame, with whom a crazy Greek, called *Pigtail*, or some such heathenish name, became so deeply enamoured, that he never could rest, day nor night, complaining of her hardness of heart and lip. Now, it often struck me that the young Quakeress bore some resemblance to poor *Pigtail's* dame, both in respect of beauty and obduracy. Hundreds were sighing after her from cock-crow to sun-set, but she regarded their sighs no more than the breeze which rustled the nettles in the Kirk Yard! But her day was coming, as we shall see in the course of this veritable and uncommon history!

Bathsheba was an orphan, which, doubtless, was the reason of her coming to sojourn in our northern corner of the universe; and it was not long before the many-tongued goddess of gossip had spread the tidings that Malachi Sampson had been appointed her curator and guardian, with full powers as to her up-bringing and settlement in life. So unlimited was his authority, that in old Buddicombe's last will and testament, there was a clause to the effect that if the maiden married without the consent of uncle Malachi, solemnly expressed before witnesses, the bulk of her fortune was to go to the endowment of Bedlams and hospitals, and such like havens for the shattered wrecks of mortality.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the knowledge of this fact increased the importance of the huxter to an extraordinary degree, and many who before turned up their noses at him, as if he had been a badger or a brock, now touched their head gear when he chanced to come in their way. Even the minister, honest man, who chanced to be a widower on the look out for a helpmate, and who had held Sampson in especial disfavour in consequence of his unflinching enmity to the tithe—even the minister I say, sometimes condescended to draw up his man at the huxter's, and enquire sympathetically after his good friend's corns,

tooth-ache, or sore throat! These passages made Dr. Scougall, who loved a dry joke, let fall the observation, that with all our boasted Christianity the combined worship of Plutus and Venus was as briskly carried on in our burgh, as ever it had been in the eternal seven-hilled city!

I must now change the thread of my discourse, and proceed to detail matters widely different from the sighs of love-lorn Jockies, the obduracy of heart-whole Jennies—and the cautious self-importance of age invested with the turnkey-ship over youth and wealth.

Sometime after the advent of the heiress, Dleepdaily was visited by the preacher of as strange and outré a doctrine as ever was brewed in the barny brain of man. He called himself a Phrenologist (though I think phrenzyologist would have been the more appropriate word) and pretended that all systems of philosophy were worthless as a pinch of scentless snuff, except the one to which he acted as apostle and howdie.

I cannot attempt to give anything like a correct inkling of the new-fangled creed thus added to the denominations of our burgh. This much, however, I gathered touching the same, that every man carried his character on the outside of his head, even as the sign of a house of call denoteth the viands and liquids which may be procured within. If you had a lump on the side of the scone, you were a murderer—or at least should be—which is much the same thing. If your skull rose up like a sugar-loaf, the makings of a devoted saint and martyr were thrown away when you were not born in the days of persecution. And if you were specially broad at the cuff of the neck it was a sure and pregnant token that like the patriarchs of old, your offspring would be numerous as a Highland clan!

The lecturer (or professor as he called himself, though I never could espiscate to what college he belonged) being well recommended to the authorities, easily procured the use of the Town Hall, where he commenced to preach three nights a week, each of his hearers paying him the covenanted stipend of half-a-crown, and ere long he created a sensation little if anything inferior to that engendered by the meal mob, or the sorceries of that thrice infamous son of Belial, *Nongton Juvv*. Every body ran to fill the buckets of their curiosity,

at the well of the new broached doctrine, and nothing was heard of but phrenzyology either at kirk or market. The minister was detected by the glegg en of the ruling elder, taking an epis-odical squint, in the middle of his discourse, at the scalp of the preacher, which was most cuttingly bald as a clean peeled turnip. On the other hand the man of music instead of attending to the words of wisdom which gushed out from above him, criticised the craniums of the paupers who sat on stools beneath his desk. Out of doors matters were no better. Goodwives when they went to buy a leg of mutton for the nourishment of their households, scanned the head of the flesh merchant, for the mark of honesty, instead of watching the beam of his scales;—and in the *gleamin* you might detect scores of lads in the Lover's Loan, fingering and poutering at the top-knots of their flames instead of imprinting kisses on their lips, after the ancient orthodox fashion.

To speak the plain and honest truth, there was hardly one of our lieges who was not, more or less, led away by the prevailing epidemic—with the exception of the dominie. Mr. Paumy set his face like a flint against the "deleterious delusion," as he emphatically called it, and never could be brought to think upon the affair with common patience. He used to lecture his hearers by the hour, especially when the ale was good, upon the fundamental and positive errors of the system—declaring with an exclamation, which bore an unwholesome resemblance to an oath, that when he wanted to see what was in a disciple's crown, the best way was just to crack it at once.

Not a whit was the "professor" discomposed by the dominie's clamorous scepticism. In the first place he blunted its sting by recapitulating how every new science had provoked the vituperation of prejudice, at its pristine promulgation—and secondly, by drawing a most deplorable picture of Mr. Paumy's knowledge box, he demonstrated that if the birch-wielder had become a convert to the doctrine, it would have been a strong argument against its truth! The dominie, he asserted, was born to be an opponent of every theory in the shape of novel development in ethics, a dictum to the truth of which Mr. Paumy set his seal by promptly knocking down the enunciator thereof!

From what has been said of the antecedents of Malachi Sampson, my readers will not be surprised to learn that he was amongst the first and foremost of those who cut their cloth after the new-fangled pattern. Ever on the eager look-out for novelty, he jumped, like a cock at a grosbet, at the vagary, and ere long was over head and ears in the mysteries of the craft. Being an active creature he did not content himself with mere theory, but took to practising the cantrips of the sect. He

never was easy except he was *manipulating* (as he expressed it), and ere long his huxtery was more like a plasterer's workshop than an emporium for the vending of brown soap, green tea, and such like exciseable luxuries. From morning to night he never ceased taking casts, as he termed it, of his neighbours heads, till he made himself an intolerable social nuisance. Such a man furnished a specimen of this faculty, and such an other of that, and surely they could not refuse to benefit a noble and infant science, by permitting their developments to be seen!

So ardent was Malachi in his new vocation, that he even went so far as to call upon his ancient antagonist, Miss Nettles, affirming that she presented a notable illustration of what he called *combativeness*! I trow, however, that he would have evinced much more prudence had he allowed that fly to stick to the wall, as the excellent Baillie Nicol Jarvie would say. The only response he got from the indignant and pugnacious spinster was in the shape of a royal salute from the dish-clout she carried in her fair hand, which well-nigh robbed him of his solitary eye, the small-pox having at an early epoch made a prey of its brother.

The Quaker was far too great an enthusiast to be daunted by this rebuff. On leaving the domicile of the belligerent virgin, he fell in with old McPimple, the envious Laird of Drouthy Knowes, whose thirst was as deep as his purse was shallow. Malachi, who knew the weak side of the bucolic toper, prevailed upon him, by the bribe of a pint of brandy, to permit his face and cranium to be covered, inch deep, with cement. The luckless Laird, however, had like to have paid dearly for his potation. Sampson, when he had nearly finished the operation, was summoned into the front shop by a troublesome customer, and detained there so long that when he returned to his subject, the poor agriculturist was lying kicking on the floor, in the last agonies of suffocation. The plaster had become hard as stone during the operator's absence, and no hole had been left through which the victim could breathe. An additional libation restored the Laird to self-possession; but he protested that not for all the brandy in Christendom would he again permit his physiognomy to be rough-cast, like the gable of a change-house!

Gentle reader, has it even been your chance to witness a cook engaged in the double task of simultaneously attending to the sirloin which revolved before the fire, and watching the broiling of a chop upon the gridiron? No respite hath the anxious and excited Girzy in her culinary toils! Hardly hath she basted the roast, and stimulated the activity of the lagging spit, than presto! the crackling of the chop admonisheth her that it will speedily be

reduced to a smoking cinder if not promptly turned upon its Saint Lawrence couch!

Now if you have beheld such a spectacle you can sympathize with your humble servant in the difficulties which environ his occupation as a chronicler. Perpetually hath he to be hopping from one twig of the tree of his narration to another. Never can he travel for five minutes upon one given track, but must continually be shifting the scene, at the capricious requirements of the events which he has undertaken to record.

In obedience to the above stern law of my destiny, I leave Malachi Sampson in the prosecution of his scientific researches, and return to his gentle and winning niece. Since we last saw the maiden a great event hath diversified the story of her life.

Bathsheba Buddicombe was spared to be an illustration of the proverb, that the pitcher goes often to the well, but comes home broken at last. To drop parables and proverbs, after having long turned a deaf ear to that importunate urchin Cupid, she was at length compelled to make her curtsy to him, and to own, with many a sigh, that a plain cap and a sober-hued gown are as much exposed to his artillery as a robe of velvet and a coronal of fancy flowers. In plain English, Bathsheba was in love, though as it often happens in similar cases, she had plumped in, over head and ears, ere she was aware of the pit the treacherous urchin had dug for her.

If my fair readers have the slightest curiosity to learn who it was that captivated the fresh young heart of the Quaker's ward, and what was the issue of the adventure, they shall be fully indoctrinated in the ensuing chapter.

We have been asked sundry times since the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, whether the whites have not been painted too black, while the blacks have been all arrayed in robes of palest white, and whether the picture was not an exaggeration of slavery as it existed, at least in the British Colonies. On this subject we would remark, that although, as a class, West India proprietors were generally humane, and not unlike an amalgamation of St. Clare and Shelby; yet, unhappily, there were found too many Simon Legrees, whose revolting cruelties excited as much indignation and astonishment, in England, for some years previous to the Emancipation Act, as Mrs. Stowe's work is now doing all over the world. With respect to the character of George being over-drawn, we would farther remark that the higher class of coloured persons in the West India Islands are men, who, if not educated in England, have received the best instruction the West Indies could afford, aided by their own strenuous endeavours for information. Hospitable in the highest degree, with a hand ever open to grasp, in friendship,

that of the strangers whom fate or the winds may lead to their beautiful islands; living in an easy elegance of style—the possessors of warm and generous thoughts—the doers of high and noble actions—patriots in the full sense of the term, their services ever at the command of their country; of agreeable conversation and polished manners; these are the characteristics of many coloured gentlemen. Their wives and daughters are, in several instances, as unexceptionable as themselves, and perform their social duties in the same pleasing manner. We add one or two anecdotes of negro character:—

#### SKETCHES OF NEGRO CHARACTER.

A short time ago, I was speaking to an old woman whom I knew when she was a slave upon M'Kinnon's estate, Antigua; and among other questions, I asked her, "Juncho," (her name,) "are you happier now than when you was a slave—are you better off now than you were then? or would you be satisfied to return to slavery, and become once more the property of your old master?" "Now," returned the poor old creature, "me no going to tell 'tory, me 'peak the truth; me no better off now den me war den, nor no so well self; for den me hab house and garden, an me could raise 'tock, (meaning poultry, &c.,) an plant yam, an pittates, (potatoes,) an green, an ebery ting else; and now me free, me hab nothing." "And where is your house now?" I asked, to hear what she would say. "Why, wen August com, massa call me, and he say, Me no want you to lib here no more; you no good to work, you must go, me want your house to gib to one oder somebody dats 'trong; no ole like you; and you garden me want. So you know, den, me forced to go; so me come to town wid me daughter, and me lib wid she, for me can do but lilly work now." "Then you would rather be a slave again?" "Oh, no, nebber, me no want to be slabe gen, me sure. God made me free—God put it in buckra heart to set me free, an me bless God for it; me no want to be slabe gen." "But I understood you, that you were better off in the time of slavery—that you had many comforts then that you cannot obtain now, and yet you tell me you do not want to be a slave again—tell me the reason." "Well, it berry true, me better off den, dan me an now, for since me free, me no get much; sometimes me no eat bread all day, for me daughter hab so many pic'nees (children) she no able to gib me much; but den me know me free; me know God gib me free, and slabery is one bad something sometimes."

An instance, which illustrates the doctrine that negroes do feel affection towards each other, is related by one who used to frequent the slave markets. One day, going his rounds,

he saw two fine intelligent-looking youths, with their arms clasped tightly round each other, and being pleased with their appearance, he went up, and asked the price of the elder of the two. After some talk, the bargain was completed, and the negro became the property of his new master.

While this business was going on between the buyer and seller, the youths looked on with the deepest feeling of attention depicted upon their sable faces. When the younger perceived that his companion was about to be led away from him, he clung to him with almost supernatural strength. Suddenly he released his hold, sprang up, for he had thrown himself down upon his knees, commenced jumping with all his might, dancing, and putting himself into a thousand different attitudes, to show his strength and the pliancy of his limbs, in hopes the purchaser would take him also. All, however, was of no avail, and his sorrowing friend in affliction was about to be led away; when the poor fellow, as if to try the last resort, flew up to the gentleman, threw his arms around him, and with the most expressive looks of agony, seemed to beseech his pity. Nature has not made every one insensible to the voice of woe; he saw and felt for the boy's grief, and he lightened the bands of slavery by buying them both.

Another anecdote is related by a resident of Nevis, who had occasion to purchase some slaves, and accordingly, upon the arrival of a Guinea ship with a cargo of negroes, he went to inspect them. As they appeared strong and active, Mr. — made a bargain for a certain number. After the lapse of some months, finding that he wanted an increase of hands to carry on the work of the estate, and another cargo having arrived, he visited the capital, and purchased a further supply of negroes, which were also conducted to his plantation. Upon their arrival, the former lot came forward to welcome the new comers; and amongst the number a young negress, who, when she had looked upon a female of about the same age as herself, suddenly started, her lips quivered with emotion, her eyes glistened, and then, as if fully assured, she started forward, and threw her arms around the neck of the girl who had attracted her attention, and who had been similarly affected, and burst into a flood of tears. Tenderly and fervently did these children of nature embrace each other, long did their mutual tears flow, until, when they had partly regained their composure, their master asked if they had known each other in Africa. In a voice of joy which vibrated upon every heart, the one who had first arrived, and who had acquired a little English, replied—"Oh, massa, she me own dear sissy!"

Friendship includes many: love is for one.

## OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE BLINKS.

### CHAPTER II.

Nightly the moon with pale increase,  
Her milder beauties to efface,  
Shoue forth a brighter ray:  
When to the full she'd decked her face,  
And still unequalled her in grace,  
She pined with grief away.

*From the Persian.*

It is a bright, clear, cloudless evening. The moon is rising slowly from the bosom of Lake Ontario, shedding a soft, mellow light upon its placid waters, and casting its mild beams beneath the verandah of Elm Cottage, the residence of Blinks. The moon, rolling her round face up the eastern sky, is taking, as it were, an oblique squint along the earth, and looking at present into all those queer, out-of-the-way places, which, as she rises higher in the heavens, will shortly be out of her sight.

There is an old log-barn, resting its four corners upon blocks of wood, and now fast falling to decay, at a short distance from the cottage, upon a slight elevation; and it is but a few minutes since old Blinks, who is sitting half-dozing in a comfortable after-dinner state of drowsiness, in his arm-chair upon the verandah, distinctly saw this same moon looking at him very quietly underneath that old barn. He had hardly become aware of the fact, however, before it hid its face behind the sill, and every now and then when he closed his eyes, it would take a peep at him between the old logs, and again hide itself whenever he fixed his eyes for a few moments upon it. There was not a crevice nor cranny about that old building through which the moon did not peep, at intervals, during the next five minutes; and once as it rose, it lifted its full round face into view, above the topmost log, and gazed steadily for a few seconds towards the place where old Blinks was sitting drowsily watching its movements,—he fancied it wore a melancholy expression, and was going to examine it more closely, but just then it dived beneath the drooping branches of an old elm which overhung the ruin, and though it continued to peep and glimmer occasionally, through slight openings in the foliage, for some time, throwing the body of the tree into dark shadow the while, as if to conceal its motions. It was not for upwards of a quarter of an hour, by which time old Blinks' eyes had quite closed, that it ventured broadly into view again, and cast a long lingering look beneath that verandah.

We do not for a moment dispute that old Blinks, as he thus sat enjoying himself in his arm-chair, was a goodly sight to look upon. A perfectly happy and contented man, under any circumstances, sleeping or waking, is a sight not seen so often as one might suppose. And I have no doubt but that the moon, as she rose that night, had looked upon much



that had not pleased her half so well : but on this occasion, at least, the vanity of old Blinks had led him into error. The moon was not looking at him in particular on the occasion in question,—there was another object upon that verandah far better worth regarding, in the light of whose presence old Blinks, with all his good qualities, retired into the deepest shade.

This was a slight, almost delicate girl of some fifteen summers, whose long golden hair fell negligently in heavy waving folds about a neck and shoulders of the most perfect mould. She was walking gently up and down the verandah, occasionally stopping to listen at some distant sound broke the almost perfect stillness of the evening, and glancing along the gravel walk which led to the gate opening upon the high road, as if she expected some one shortly to arrive by that entrance. The light was not strong enough to see her features distinctly—but had you seen nothing of her but her back, you could have almost sworn she was beautiful. There was an easy gracefulness about her carriage, and a lightness and elasticity of step which betrayed her nature at a glance, before you had even spoken to her. There was no lack of quick intelligence in her countenance; her eyes indeed like two little blue lakes, seemed as they gazed full upon you to reflect every thought and feeling of your breast:—but the most prominent expression was one of tender, trusting confidence and simplicity. There was no withstanding that look:—any one, had he desired to injure her, must have shut his eyes and done so blindfold. It was as utterly impossible to be false even in thought, with that face looking upon you as it would have been to make grimaces in a mirror without every contortion being recognized and reflected by the glass. With regard to her own fascinations, however, she was in that happy state of unconsciousness which constitutes health. There was an absence of self in all her thoughts and actions. She had too little knowledge of her own beauty to be vain, and too much active consideration for the happiness and comfort of others to allow her thoughts to dwell much upon herself. Every inmate of Elm Cottage felt that she was the light of the place. When she was present, everything seemed to take its tone and colouring from her: and though it would have been difficult perhaps for any one to say exactly in what way this influence was effected, yet when she was absent the chords of the social circle seemed no longer to be struck harmoniously, and even old Blinks was an altered man.

Of Mrs. Blinks we have said little—nor need we say much. From a bright and joyous morning she had settled down into a serene and tranquil prime. Quiet, gentle and lady-like, she was a model of what an elderly mother of a family ought to be. She had seen

much of life, and had early studied earnestly its aim, object and end. Before entering upon its duties she had taken a clear and comprehensive view of what those duties were—there had been nothing indefinite,—no doubt, and, therefore, no hesitation. She had clearly made out the end to be kept in view, and her course thitherward had consequently been straight, uniform, and undeviating. It was thus that so much strength of character was combined with a manner and appearance of such placid repose. She carried a weight and force in her opinions and actions, which inspired confidence in the correctness and sincerity of her slightest word, because her faith in her own principles was and ever had been undoubting and unwavering. She was like a rock in the ocean, whose passive immobility no less resists in itself the waves and currents which roll around it; than it offers a sure and steadfast foothold to the drowning mariner who clings to it for safety and for rest. The influence for good, of one such woman, is incalculable; and those who knew her best could scarcely say whether they loved or respected her most. Her kindness and sweetness of disposition won all hearts; and her truthfulness and sincerity ever kept their allegiance true. Her only fault, if such it could be called, was her overweening love for her boy. Not that Fanny, or Frank, as the daughter was commonly called, received less than her due share of affection, far from it. She was to her mother truly as the apple of her eye. But John she regarded as more than a son, and loved him with more than a mother's love.

Which of us has not been the thankless recipient of a mother's unchanging, undying love! Which, in his first ill-directed efforts to strike out into the ocean of life, when repulsed and thrown roughly back, bruised and wounded in spirit, by the little breakers which roll along its shore, has not felt encouraged and consoled amidst all his reverses by that one true heart's faithful and enduring affection? Which of us, when in after years we have been tossed rudely hither and thither by the heavy and overwhelming surges of the outside sea, has not "turned a longing, lingering look behind", to those days when almost without a sigh, and looking proudly and hopefully forward, we left behind us, alas! for ever, that sympathy and love to which in after years we have never been able to attain? Ye who are yet young in the race of life, think—if upon no other subject, think, and think deeply ere thou allowest word or act of thine to plant a thorn in the soft pillow upon which as a helpless infant thou hast reclined. Each pearly drop of silent agony trembling upon the lid of the overflowing eye—to often the unheeded index of the tumultuous torrent which rages within, shall in after years when multiplied by time and distance, overwhelm thee with floods

of unavailing anguish, of which thy present buoyant and thoughtless spirit can form no adequate conception. Oh! as thou wouldst hereafter look back upon the past, with any other feelings than those of hopeless, unavailing regret; pay back while there is yet time, a portion of the heavy debt thou owest—think upon these things and be dutiful.

## CHAPTER III.

"Look on the picture—Bacon is not overcharged.  
There is no trait which might not be enlarged."  
*Byron.*

"I wonder what can be detaining John to-night," said the voice of Mrs. Blinks, as that respectable old lady suddenly appeared at one of the French windows opening upon the veranda; "It is nearly eight o'clock, and he promised to be home early this evening to walk over to the hermitage with us: It is fortunate we made no engagement, or Mr. Daly would have been disappointed. I hope," she continued after a pause, "that new poney has not proved vicious; I really begin to feel alarmed—it is so unusual for him to break an engagement—and he said nothing of any business which was likely to detain him."

"He cannot be long now, I should think," replied the daughter, "and I am sure you need be under no apprehension on account of the poney, for you know you have often declared that no one could manage a horse like John."

"He certainly is an excellent horseman, my dear, but I really cannot account for his absence in any other way, than by supposing that some accident, or other unusual occurrence has happened to prevent his return."

"I think I hear the tramp of a horse on the hill road now, mama," said Frank, quickly, "and I am sure that must be John's laugh," she added joyfully, as a ringing shout was borne on the quiet evening air—"he has company with him at any rate, and they seem to be enjoying themselves."

"Eh!—what was that?" exclaimed old Blinks, suddenly starting from his nap, and arranging his wig which had fallen somewhat rakishly over one eyebrow during his repose, giving him a very dissolute and inebriated look, as his eyes not yet thoroughly opened, peered redly out from beneath it;—"pon my word I believe I have been nearly asleep," 'till was one of old Blinks' peculiarities that he never would admit that he was asleep on such occasions, much less that he snored! "I was very nearly forgetting myself and actually falling asleep after dinner, a piece of eastern laziness, which you know, my dear, I am never guilty of;—I thought I heard the boy—where is he?"

Mrs. Blinks well knew the storm of indignation with which the fiery old gentleman would reject the mildest insinuation of his having been actually dozing; and wisely remembering that the best of mankind are after all but

men, and subject to such little frailties, she offered no opinion of her own in dissent—but let the matter rest as one to which she had become so thoroughly accustomed as almost to believe in it herself.

"He is just entering the gate, papa," said Frank, "and there is someone with him on horseback. Why, who can it be?" she continued, laughing merrily, "was there ever such a rider seen since the days of Knight-errantry?"

"Hush, you little hussy, or you will be overheard," said her father in an under tone. Why, John," he continued, as his son rode briskly up to the house and sprang from the saddle; "we began to think you had become a martyr to science, and gone off in some of your chemical experiments like a squib. You will lose favour for ever with the ladies, if you allow the blandishments of any other mistress—even science—to make you forget your engagements. Come, sir, give an account of yourself."

"Allow me first to introduce you to an old friend, who hopes you have not forgotten him," replied John, approaching with his companion. "You will, I am sure, be no less surprised than myself at his sudden appearance."

"I scarcely know whether to blame time or the uncertain light," said Mr. Blinks, rising courteously and extending his hand as he paused inquiringly into the face of the stranger, "but,—"

"Ah! I see you do not recognize me; the salt spray and a southern sun, to say nothing of a ten year's knocking about, must have changed me more than I had supposed," said the stranger, in a rich hearty voice. "And yet I would fain hope when you look again, that Tom Ferrers was not quite forgotten."

"Amazement!" exclaimed Mr. Blinks, suddenly becoming an inch and a half taller—"What! little Tom Ferrers, mischievous Tom—you don't say so," he went on, grasping his hand and shaking it long and cordially. "Why, my dear boy, where did you come from? I should as soon have expected to see the Khan of Tartary or the Imam of Muscat, or any improbable character. Why, bless my soul," continued the old fellow rubbing his eyes, as if in doubt whether he was not still dreaming. "I thought you were in the Antipodes; we were talking about you at breakfast this morning, and wondering what had become of you. It is months since we have seen your handwriting, and whenever an old friend drops his correspondence, I take it for granted he is either dead or in love, which amounts to much the same thing as far as his other social relations are concerned.

"And here I come to answer for myself," said Tom, laughing. "The fact is, that our ship having lately made a home voyage, passed in the way of business into the hands of other

owners, and left me for a while on shore. Old Crawford very kindly offered to put me into another of his ships at once; but I wanted a holiday, and as a new vessel was being fitted out, to be ready for sea in a few months, I requested a short leave; and having nothing better to do, thought I would take a run over to America and see the Yankees."

"And how came you to find us out here?" inquired old Blinks. "You must have had the sagacity of an Indian to have tracked us into these wilds; but I am appropriating you all to myself, and forgetting that there are others waiting to bid you welcome. Frank, my dear, I am sure you will remember your old playmate."

"Can I ever forget the fate of my unfortunate wax doll, whose head he maliciously melted off between the bars of the grate," said the laughing girl as she came blushing forward and gave him her hand; which, tho' as pretty and delicate a little hand as was to be found upon the continent, was by no means properly appreciated by Tom, in the sight of so much that was doubly enticing—not that he refused the proffered hand; she remembered for an hour afterwards that he had taken it, and with a will; but using it as the first step towards the desired object, he had, as he did so, drawn her gently but irresistibly towards him, and almost before she knew what he was about, had thrown his other hand about her waist, and imprinted a regular old-fashioned, genuine sounding kiss upon her pouting lips.

"You wretch!" exclaimed the blushing girl, struggling away from his embrace. "You are not altered in the least bit; the same presumptuous, mischievous, horrid fellow that you ever were. You have almost wrung my hand off, to say nothing of the manner in which those dreadful whiskers have scratched my face."

Tom stroked the whiskers thus traduced complacently, and as he followed her motions with his eye, looked very much inclined to repeat the offence.

"A nasty rough fellow," continued Frank, "at a safe distance, pushing back her hair, which her struggles had fortunately for herself shaken over her face; which seemed by-the-by to feel very thankful for the impromptu veil. "As if I could ever forget the barbarian who cut off the tail of the poor cat, to prevent as he said the inconvenience under which it would labour, of having it continually trodden upon." And her eyes again sparkled good-humouredly, a thousand joyful recollections lighting up her face at the childish reminiscence. "Or the time when he nearly drowned poor Carlo in attempting to make a sailor of him at Sandgate," joined in John; "the poor little fellow never got over his dread of salt-water to the day of his death."

"Spare me, in mercy spare me!" cried the young sailor, with a dolorous expression of countenance, which more than anything he had yet said or done, recalled his boyish days. "I appeal to you, Mrs. Blinks, if I was not as well ducked as Carlo in my philanthropic endeavours to save him from the wreck, after he had capsized it by his clumsiness."

"Indeed you did," said the lady, kindly interposing, "and a great fright you gave us all, when we saw you struggling through the waves, with the unhappy little fellow in your arms. It is most unjust of John to remember Carlo's fright, and forget, at the same time, the penalty you so willingly paid."

"Here, Mike, take the ponies," shouted John, as a smart negro boy made his appearance at the corner of the house; "put up 'Tinker,' and then ride the grey back to Larry's; and mother," turning abruptly to that good lady, "I beg you to remember that I have not yet dined, and our friend, Tom, whether he has or has not, may not object to take a slice off the saddle of venison you spoke of this morning,—that is," he observed, turning wickedly to his companion, "if the taste of a saddle he has already had does not satisfy him."

"None of your intencos, Jack," said his friend, "I have been on horseback before to-day, and acquitted myself respectably,—in fact, I once rode a very different kind of animal, (of which I may tell you some day,) but to travel on a broken-kneed livery hack, at the pace you led me to-night, was a feat I never wish to accomplish again. So, none of your tricks upon travellers. I fancy if I had you in the fore-top, my boy, for five minutes in a gale of wind, such as we get now and then in Algoa Bay, I could teach you a lesson in riding which you have yet to learn."

Leaving the party to chat in a friendly manner over old scenes and recollections, while Mrs. Blinks is hurrying supper, and Fanny is watching furtively the countenance of our new acquaintance; every new look and word recalling vividly the happy days of childhood. We will digress for a few moments, to make the reader better acquainted with him.

The father of young Ferrers had been an intimate friend of Mr. Blinks in his early days; but destiny which had at that time led him to the far south-west, had sent Ferrers as a cadet to the East in the H. E. I. Company's service. Time and absence, however, had not estranged them, and when, after twenty years, intelligence reached England of the death of his friend, Blinks hastened to Rugby, where he knew that young Ferrers had been sent upon the death of his mother; and, breaking the sorrowful news to him in the tenderest and most considerate manner, insisted on his at once accompanying him home; at any rate, until time, like a kind physician, should heal the wound it had been his melancholy duty to

inflict. Young Ferrers appreciated truly the disinterested kindness of his father's friend; and his many high and noble qualities soon made such an impression upon the susceptible heart of the old gentleman, that the day of his removal was often and indefinitely postponed, until he had lived so long as one of the family and been treated as such, that old Blinks felt that the boy had a right to regard him as his natural guardian, and determined, under any circumstances, to act as such towards him.

It thus happened that he was brought up, during the most important period of his life, under the tender care of old Blinks and his wife, who, indeed, had learnt to consider him as their own child. He was about five years older than John, whom he had always regarded as a younger brother; and being in his fourteenth year at the time when Mr. Blinks had decided upon emigrating with his little family to Canada; and a good opportunity offering itself for embarking him in life as a clerk on board one of the East India Company's merchantmen.—Tom having always expressed a desire to go to sea, and particularly to visit again the land of his own birth, and his almost unknown father's untimely grave,—old Blinks gave him his blessing; and after pointing out to him his own career, and what he, by his own unaided energies, had accomplished, bid him go bravely forward and prosper,—assuring him, at the same time, of his active interest in his behalf, and bidding him recollect that so long as he had a house and home, there should always be a place and welcome for the son of his early friend.

Whatever Tom may have been as a boy, the cognomen of "little Tom" was a most inappropriate one now. Standing a trifle over six feet in his shoes, with stout muscular arms and shoulders, and an upright though rather jaunty way of carrying himself, with his head thrown slightly back, and his hat inclining a little in the same direction; his long legs, which were rather small for the size of his upper works and tending slightly towards each other at the knees, would have given him a rather awkward appearance anywhere, had it not been for the easy air of nonchalance and perfect abandonment of anything like affectation of manner which characterized him. Whatever peculiarities he had, and they were many, you could not help feeling that they were genuine and original, and necessary parts of the man. He must have been a smart sailor at sea, for there was a quickness and energy in his motions, and a bold off-handedness of style when a little excited, that made you feel he was just the man who would be ready for any emergency; one in fact whom it required something more than a common, every-day occurrence to bring thoroughly out. He was not by any means what you would call a handsome man; his hair was light and straight, and the large loose whiskers of an

indescribable colour, which he had evidently tried hard to cultivate, looked always in a rebellious and impracticable condition. His features generally speaking, were not good, and his countenance which was rather long, appeared even more so, from being surmounted by a high and not very broad forehead. His eyebrows, like his eyes, were light; and his face, browned by exposure to wind and sun, was upon the whole rather loose and flabby in its composition; giving him the appearance of a man who had lived well and seen a good deal of rough weather. Such a figure-head—which as I now look over it gives a very tolerable idea of the original—would have been utterly wanting in life and animation, had it not been for his eye; which, like a diamond in the head of some hideous Hindoo deity, seemed to light the whole shapeless mass into a semblance of beauty and life. It was a very peculiar eye both in colour and signification. It always looked straight at you, but with the most varying expression imaginable. You could read almost everything that was passing behind it in that eye, while the rest of the countenance remained stolid and immovable. Above all others, it was capable of assuming a look of the most inexpressible humour and drollery; and when ailed, as it usually was at such times, by a peculiar slow gathering together of the mouth, of the most studied gravity and attention, it produced an effect which was irresistible, and you found yourself beginning to laugh, almost before the joke, of which such a combination of countenance was the forerunner, had escaped his lips. His manner of speaking was loud, noisy, and even boisterous; and a person who knew him but slightly would have been inclined to believe that he was as light, empty and superficial as the froth upon a syllabub. But there was solid matter beneath the unpromising exterior, when you took the trouble to dig for it; for though an active, energetic fellow in anything which required mere physical effort, there was a disinclination about him, the result of the desultory life he had led, to anything like deep thinking or mental labour of any kind. His abilities, however, were good; and when interested and in the humour, he could speak well on a variety of subject; and occasional flashes of thought, the more striking from their rarity and the strange dress in which they presented themselves—

"Like sparks struck from flint showed the fire within."

But our history lingers while we attempt to describe his inner man; with which, our much-enduring readers will become better acquainted as the narrative proceeds.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber." *Winter's Tale.*

"You must feel weary and travel-stained,"

said old Blinks, addressing his guest, shortly after we left them.—“My dear,” addressing his daughter, “if the spare-room is ready, of which I profess to know nothing, our friend Tom, I am sure, would be grateful, if we allowed him to retire for a few moments before supper. We Englishmen, like the Pharisees of old, are fond of indulging in cold water on all possible occasions; and more particularly before feeding—eh, Tom?”

“Indeed I shall feel truly grateful,” replied Tom. “The accommodation last night, upon the ‘Passport,’ though very good upon the whole, was not I must confess so perfect as to leave nothing to be desired, and though I can make a tolerably safe attempt at shaving in a long rolling sea, I found myself completely nonplussed by the combination of the jarring of the engine with the short jumping sea of Ontario. It reminded me of what I have sometimes encountered running out of Table-bay before a stiff south-easter.”

“You had better for the present come up to my room,” said John, interposing, “as I am going there myself and may as well have your company; besides mine is the best room in the house, and full of curiosities which are highly suggestive to a meditative mind, such as I know yours to be. Am I not right Fan?”

“Oh, certainly,” replied his sister, with a very equivocal expression of countenance—“I have no doubt he will be greatly edified.”

“Come along, then old fellow.” And John, accompanied by his friend, led the way to a snug dormitory at the back part of the house, generally known as “Master John’s room,” and dreaded and scrupulously avoided by all housemaids, for reasons we shall hereafter explain, as a haunted chamber.

It was a large, airy, comfortable room, which answered to its usual occupant not merely the purpose of a bed-room, but occasionally that of a study and general sanctum, to boot; in which a variety of nondescript articles which would scarcely have been permitted or tolerated in any other part of the house, were variously arranged according to the taste of the owner. The general appearance of the room was so different from what most of our readers, particularly the female portion, are in the habit of considering perfection in that department of domestic economy; and altogether seemed to produce such a striking and peculiar effect upon our new acquaintance upon his first introduction to its mysteries; that we cannot resist the temptation under which we labour of describing it farther,—the more particularly as we may find occasion, at some future time, to introduce our readers again within it.

The room, though technically termed a bed-room, might very easily have been mistaken for almost anything but what it actually was; for the bed, which was small and occupied but a very trifling space, was stowed away in one corner of the apartment, and al-

most concealed by a deep recess in the wall. A green baize screen, of some eight feet in length, which stretched from the wall near the head of the bed to about the middle of the room, cut off in part the corner which was reserved for the operations of the toilet; and behind this screen were to be found the various paraphernalia necessary for its accomplishment. The side of the room thus partially divided off, was carpeted; and one or two coloured French lithographs or crayon drawings by Julien, representing very beautiful faces and figures, in most seductive attitudes, in the usual soft style characteristic of that artist, were to be seen laminae upon the wall within. The great bed of the apartment which lay without these precincts, and through which the visitor had to pass in order to reach them, was devoted to a very different purpose. Upon one side of the room, viz., upon the right-hand side as you entered, was a small walnut book-shelf, containing, or capable of containing when filled, about sixty volumes. At the present time, however, there were scarcely half a dozen books which by their positions indicated that they were in a sober rational state of mind, the remainder were lying, falling, and inclining in every imaginable attitude; looking very much as if they had been imbibing or absorbing laughing gas, or some other deleterious and intoxicating compound, which, for the time being, had rendered them hopelessly drunk. This supposition was rendered even more probable, when the eye was turned in the opposite direction, viz., to the left,—where upon a strong, unpainted deal table, standing between the two windows visible upon that wall, might be discovered a heterogeneous mass of long and short-necked bottles, tubes, crucibles, and retorts, of which any alchemist of the thirteenth century might have been justly proud; and at sight of which old Raymond Lully, had he lived to see it, would have become himself transported, if not transmuted, with rapture.

That alchemy, however, was not the use to which they were applied, old Blinks had, long ago, found out to his cost: for, whereas by the study of that lost and lamented science, base metals were changed and converted into gold, silver, and other precious materials, the frequent and urgent calls upon the old gentleman’s pocket for portions of those metals, popularly representing the coin of the realm, made him painfully conscious, that the supplies necessary for carrying on the war, were not obtained in so cheap and scientific a manner.

The *chef d’œuvre* of the room, however, is yet to be described, and we hasten to complete our picture by a sketch of it. In the foreground, viz., in the centre of the room, and consequently directly facing you as you entered, was a sight from which Tom Ferrers—old sailor as he was, recoiled for a moment with

such precipitation and well acted alarm, and with an expression of countenance so strangely mingling the grave and terrible with the ludicrous; that John who chaperoned him, unable any longer to contain himself, suddenly exploded with a crash, and throwing himself into a large arm-chair, which fortunately stood ready for his reception, roared, until the unbidden tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

The object whose sudden and unexpected appearance, particularly in such a locality, had produced such a startling effect upon the young sailor, might very readily, as it swung rattling with the wind occasioned by the opening door, have been mistaken for a gibbeted criminal, blanched and whitened by long exposure to the storms of heaven. And such a conclusion though in the main incorrect, gives by no means an exaggerated idea of the sight which met his view.

Suspended from the lofty ceiling by a short chain and a brass screw, which had been introduced through the top of the skull, after the manner of a swivel, so that the whole might easily be turned and rotated in every direction—hung the perfectly blanched and articulated skeleton of a full grown man—in a position, that his feet or rather the bones of them, fell to within a few inches of the centre of a round table, covered with baize, like the screen which stood beneath it. The expression of countenance with which this spectre seemed to glare out of the darkness as Tom entered, candle in hand, was horrible in the extreme;—the hollow eyes seemed to gaze down upon him in a wild and unearthly manner, and the clenched teeth, all exposed in the bare and naked jaws, seemed actually to be grinding themselves together in impotent rage. This terrible expression was if possible heightened, when John who had momentarily recovered his gravity, as if to cap the climax, reached upwards and hooked the handle of his riding whip into the grinning chin, giving it at the same time a smart pull;—whereby the dead jaw which had, with some devilish ingenuity, been united to its fellow by a spring, recoiled sharply, making the grim skeleton actually and audibly gnash its teeth.

(To be continued.)

## THE FARMING INTEREST;

AND THE INFLUENCE OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—  
AN ESSAY, DEDICATED TO THE FARMERS OF UPPER  
CANADA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE PROVINCIAL  
MEETING, OF 1852.

BY R. COOPER.

THE subjects of this paper, although not within the range of those practical questions, which call for the attention of the farmer, in every-day life, are still such as he cannot fail to turn his attention to, if he takes an interest in the progress of his country, and the position of Canadian agricul-

turists as a body. And they are subjects, too, on which men of all pursuits ought to have distinct views, and which therefore those who are not farmers, may venture to express opinions upon, while the more scientific and practical subjects, connected with the cultivation of the soil, cannot receive much light, except from those who have been fortunate enough to make them their peculiar study and pursuit.

There are many sound principles and many important facts, upon which few people seriously doubt, and which few will even decline to admit, and which, at the same time, are not sufficiently borne in mind, when their practical application would be most beneficial. Such are the indubitable truths, that Upper Canada must either flourish as an agricultural country, growing and exporting a large amount of surplus produce, or must cease to prosper,—that the produce of the labour and capital of the farmers, forms the substantial and only reliable annual gain of the country,—that the success of all other branches of industry in the Province, depends essentially upon the prosperity of our farmers,—and that, as a necessary consequence of all these, the progress we are making in material prosperity, is to be measured by the increase of the proportion which the exports of the country are made to bear to the imports.

The fact that these obvious conclusions are not sufficiently borne in mind, might be, perhaps, sufficient excuse, for glancing at them here; but it is well known, that by a few, and fortunately by only a few, they are disputed, and it is gravely contended, that the excess of the value of our imports over the exported produce is immaterial. If this were the case, then, not only the last, but all the propositions I have stated, are wrong; but the farmer who would so contend, might probably be entitled to compete among the rarities of the annual exhibition.

That which is the growth of our soil, and is exported, is as good as so much money,—the best that is said of Bank bills even, is, that they are as good as our wheat,—and it requires no tedious process of reasoning to arrive at the conclusion, that we should be more benefited by importation of specie, in exchange for our staple articles, than by arrivals of stocks of foreign manufactured fabrics, however pretty the "new goods" may look, or however much money may be made by the importer; first, out of the farmer on his wheat, and again out of the farmer's family, on the stuff imported in exchange for the wheat.

Fortunately for Canada, there are always ample markets open for her produce,—there are markets which *must* be supplied. They cannot avoid taking the wheat and flour,—it rests with us to say whether we will take goods in exchange, wherewith to drive our own fabrics out of our shops, or accept nothing less than money, where-

with to promote the establishment of manufactories among ourselves.

Changes in public opinion are frequent, and sometimes startling, at the present day, but it will probably require some exertion and some time, to convince us, that the fall in the rate of exchange between here and England, is not a good thing to hear of; or that there is a single town in Upper Canada, or any one department of trade or business, the advance of which can be traced to any other source than the progress the country has made in agricultural improvement.

The position of Lower Canada it is not necessary to notice; but when we are told that Upper Canada, for its progress, is indebted to the fact of "merchant princes" from the Eastern Provinces, having established branches of their houses in it, the very obvious reply is suggested, that the aforesaid branches would probably not have appeared, but that profit might possibly accrue from them, and that the profit has, in fact, only been in proportion to the success which attended the efforts of the settlers, in the astonishing and manly efforts which they have made, to convert their patches of rugged wilderness into thriving farms which grow the meat and drink, and keep fresh the life-blood of the most vigorous colony of the Empire.

Not the least remarkable effect of overlooking the facts I have referred to, has been seen in the discussions which have taken place here, on those questions which so long excited the English public—the questions of Protection and Free Trade.—[They are only named now, for the purpose of drawing attention to the position of the Canadian farmer, and not with any intention of opening old wounds, or stepping on the forbidden grounds of politics.]

The arguments, in this country, seem to have been based too much upon the supposition, that the relation of the agriculturist to the other classes of the community is the same here as at home; whereas the relative positions are widely different. The important distinctions are these:—The one being a country requiring to import food, must lose money annually, as a nation, on that branch of business, and to balance this, it has been deemed necessary to foster other industrial pursuits, on which a profit is made by a large export business. The other country, on the other hand, derives its whole substantial profit from the produce of its farms. Great Britain finds it necessary to legislate for the benefit of distinct powerful classes of the community, having, or believing that they have, antagonistic interests to be considered. The power of the loom and the

wealth of the soil have been set against each other. In Canada, on the contrary, there are no distinct or hostile class interests. There is but one class to be primarily considered, and by rendering that prosperous, you afford the means of prosperity to all others. This has always been the case in a country which is blessed with a soil, capable of growing more than sufficient food for the people it contains. Such a country, too, always enjoys this peculiar favour—it contains no poor, except those whom lack of industry, or loss of health and strength, prevent from taking advantage of that labour market, which, in a purely agricultural country, as this is, is never overstocked. And that shows us a distinction between this and the Mother Country, which has had more to do with the great controversy than any other. In a Christian land, the voice of the poor cannot be raised in vain; and while the Marquis of Acres and Lord Calico, argued the knotty point in all its abstruse bearings, as they might have been doing yet, the Gordian Knot was cut by the cry for cheap bread, uttered in a voice which could not be mistaken by the labouring poor, or rather, the poor who waited, but could not find, free "leave to toil;" and the free importation of grain has become the law, and certainly the custom of the land, because, sacrifice what interests it may, the relief of the poor was a consideration paramount to all others which were involved. And if it should happen that the masses for whom this great change has been effected, ever become convinced that the change, while giving more bread for fourpence, has raised the value of the four pennies, (making a guinea worth two guineas, as a great statesman has expressed it,) so as to nullify the other effect of the measure,—the voice of the poor will again be heard in favour of another change, and they will get it.

But how fortunate is Canada, that no such momentous questions can arise among us. There is no man here to whom a rise in the prices of produce in our markets, should not be welcome news. It means an additional reward for the labour of the industrious, and an increase in the means of the wealthy to assist the poor. How fortunate, that while the Mother Country has to provide for a population for which her natural advantages have been found insufficient, we possess resources, the half of which have not yet been developed, and mines of agricultural wealth, in a soil little of which has yet been turned up, and much scarcely even "prospected."

It was not to be wondered at that Great Britain, in considering the great question of giving food to the people, should have been compelled

to decline to make exceptions in favour of a Colony, which, though of priceless value to the Mother Island, contains a smaller number of inhabitants than even one of her cities. Under the circumstances just hinted at, the people of Britain might well speak to us, and in effect speak to us in this manner:—

“Can you ask us to raise prices in your favour, you who know not what it is to have distress and starvation within your borders,—and at the expense, perhaps, of the multitudes for whom we must buy bread? Protection! Are you not protected by a rampart erected by Providence for your benefit—a tower of plenteousness, a warm and cheering shelter against the cold biting ills of poverty. Look to your fertile fields, your broad lands yet to be rendered productive; your flocks and herds, and your immense opportunities of so improving these benefits, as to render yourselves almost independent of our staple fabrics. Go, and use these things, free from protection, if you think fit, or, if you choose, learn to protect yourselves. And if you are of opinion that your men, if habited in the fabrics of your own looms, would look more like men, and less like dandies, than when attired in the glossy garments we provide them with; and that your comely wives and daughters would look more comely still, if dressed in well-finished home-made, instead of being decked in garments which come from the looms of France, or mayhap were finished by the worn fingers of London needle-women. If these are your views,—and we cannot dispute the soundness of them,—and should you wish, therefore, to give your manufacturers an advantage over those of the Mother Country in your own markets, submit to us some distinct and reasonable proposition for the purpose. But learn to profit by your own fortunate position, to rely upon your own enterprise, and slacken not your exertions, by indulging in useless hopes of artificial assistance; and congratulate yourselves that our case is not yours,—that while we have to provide for the thousands who, once prosperous, now “solicit the cold hand of charity,” you can point to your thousands, who, from poverty, have grown into the thriving yeomen, that form the very substance of your country. And, taint not your free air with false cries about “ruin and decay,” or ungracious whispers of foreign annexation; when the thanks of a grateful country ought to be rising to the skies, for a bountiful harvest, overflowing barns, plenty and peace within all your habitations.”

And feeling the justice of such language, what

should be the course of all, who have an interest in the soil of Canada?

The farmer will turn his attention, and devote his industry, to the improvement of those branches of his business, which the changing circumstances of the country offer increased advantages for.

He will look to the prospects of the markets, as they are likely to be affected by the Imperial laws as they are, not merely as he could wish them to be; and he will endeavour to take the best advantage of that home market, which in many descriptions of produce, is being opened for us by the numerous public works, which must continue in progress for some years to come.

I have seen it stated, that a scarcity is likely to be experienced in some parts of the Country, in meat and some other articles, and that the exportation to the United States, and the supplies required by the railroad contractors, are likely to produce a crisis in this branch of business. Such a crisis is not much to be feared. It may raise beef to five and six dollars per hundredweight. It is to be hoped it may. The larger the droves taken abroad, in exchange for good money, the better—that is a kind of reciprocity which we can all appreciate. A change of a similar kind in the flour market would also be acceptable—for the sake of the farmers, rather than the speculators, a wheat crisis which should restore the old price of a dollar a bushel, would be far from regretted; but it cannot be expected, and therefore it is, that it is now of more importance than ever, that farmers should be ready with plenty of those kinds of produce for market, which are consumed within the Country, and now is the time for him, to set more value than ever, upon the grazing and dairy departments of his farm, and the importance will now be seen, of encouraging those improvements in these branches, of which such creditable evidences have been afforded at this Provincial Exhibition of 1852.

The important effect which the improvement of the means of communication must have upon prices, is going far towards equalizing them throughout the Province; and in this view, much rather than in regard to mere travelling convenience, are the railways to be looked upon as of material advantage to the Country. Under the disadvantages of bad roads, the farmer at a distance from the main ports, had to put up with a price less than that received by him who lived nearer market, by just so much as the tedious carriage of the produce cost him, although his load of wheat cost him as much labour and money as was expended for the same purpose by his more fortunate neighbour, while no one person gained



by the difference, for the buyer of course paid the same price for all. Two parties lost,—the farmer, and the Province; the one in proportion to his crop, the other in proportion to the intrinsic value of the whole produce of the Country. The case will in future be different. The farmers in all parts of the Province will now have more equal advantages, while the increase in the amount of the produce passing through our markets, will not depreciate the prices; not in wheat and flour, certainly, for export all we may, it is but a fraction of that which must enter the British markets which govern our prices; and certainly not in those other articles, for which the Country itself affords a market. A Country which exports its chief staples, and can consume the others, need not fear a glut in the markets of its own ports.

And recollecting that, as I have said before, we must depend on our own exertions, there are two other matters which the farmer will not neglect under the improving circumstances of the Country. He will make use of the fact, that he is now likely to be within reach of a railway depot, to improve and increase his flock of sheep, and to get if possible a manufactory established in his neighbourhood; and, he will not begrudge the best exertions he can put forth, in furtherance of the objects, of the Township, County, and Provincial Agricultural Societies—those non-political public bodies, to which we must look, fully as much as to their more noisy political brethren, for assistance, as well as for indicating the real progress and prosperity of the farmers, and therefore of the whole community. This is no exaggeration; if any class suppose that the farmers are indebted to them more than they are to the farmers, they are much mistaken. It is true that we have large Cities and a large Commerce—neither could exist but for the fertile back country, which many, who have professed to have travelled through Canada, have not taken the trouble to look at, having taken the liberty of professing to judge of an Agricultural Country, by the cut of our steamers, instead of the appearance of our farms; and profess to be able to talk of our Country, having seen nothing but some of our shops; and who write and speak as if they had seen the Province, when they have in fact, but had a glimpse of its shadow in the Lake, as they passed by. To keep the tree in a healthy state, it is not enough to prune and beautify the branches—you must fertilize the soil about the roots. It would be useless to decorate the buildings of our Cities, without developing the resources of the Townships. But attend well to the health of those wide spreading roots—extending throughout the

land—from which has grown up the thriving national tree, and the effect will be found, in the bright fresh health of its outermost branches, and all the useful arts of peace may flourish beneath its sturdy shelter.

One subject to which I have alluded, namely, the importance of encouraging domestic manufactures,—in which perhaps, had some merchants invested their capital instead of assisting to fill the market with foreign goods, we should have heard less about “ruin and decay,”—would alone occupy all the space at my command, and leave no room for the other topic, namely, the Agricultural Societies, and, as to those, there is little more than space to refer to the Agricultural Association.

Many people are too apt to look upon the Provincial Association, as of secondary importance to them, compared to the local societies of which they are members. In those they have better opportunities for competition, they have not so far to go with their stock or produce, and they can exercise, they perhaps think, a greater amount of influence. But to look at the matter in this light, is not to take a sufficiently large and liberal view of it. It is too near akin to another mistake which is too common, though less so than when the societies were younger, namely, only competing at the meetings of the societies with a view to the profits of the prizes, and neglecting to compete, when it is not clear that to do so will be immediately remunerative.

It will be well to look on the Provincial Association, as a part of the same system under which the local societies exist—holding its privileges under similar Legislative enactments, kept in operation for similar purposes, namely, those mentioned in the act of incorporation, “the improvement of tillage and agricultural implements, and other like matters, and the encouragement of domestic manufactures, of useful inventions applicable to agricultural or domestic purposes, and of every branch of rural and domestic economy;” but the Agricultural Association having a wider field of action, and requires, therefore, the support of the farmers and citizens of all classes, in every part of the Province, fully as much, to say the least, as the local societies. And it has other claims too, upon public support,—it is a thoroughly NATIONAL institution, and deserving that name more, probably, than any other Provincial public body, for, it affords encouragement to all branches of national industry, while, from the very nature of its constitution, and the spirit and letter of its rules, it is free from, and entitled to insist upon continuing free from political influences and interference—from the vicissitudes and fluctuations

of political affairs—from the chances and changes of partizanship,—and the very condition on which it appeals to public confidence, must maintain that freedom, for, with the loss of it, the association would fall to pieces. Nothing then, could be more purely national, and more deserving of universal national support, than such a Corporation.

The most obvious advantages to individuals, and therefore those which I need say least about, to be gained by competing at these meetings, are the characters for superiority, in skill and enterprise, which are gained by the successful competitors, and these gains, for substantial gains they are, can scarcely be overrated. The farmer who grows the best wheat, or raises the best stock in his county, may enjoy the profits of that reputation in his county, but while gratified with this, he need by no means remain satisfied with it. By competing for, and winning—for all competition should be with nothing short of a determination to win—the honors offered by the prize list of this association (I use the word “honors,” because it cannot be supposed, and it depreciates the character of the competition if it is hoped, that the prizes will be peculiarly remunerative,) he may gain a reputation for his county and for himself, not only as wide as the Province, but extending far through the neighbouring country. His reward is made amply remunerative too, in the end, by the preference which his products receive in the markets.

And again, in all the departments of mechanical improvement, the meetings of the associations, are, on a small scale, what the great exhibition of all nations was, to the crowds who attended it. All have an opportunity of seeing, and deriving fresh knowledge from the inventions and improvements of the day, and such knowledge gained, is new power acquired,—power to turn to still better advantage the soil of the country.

And not among the smallest benefits of these meetings, are the opportunities it affords for bringing men of all occupations, and from the various parts of the Province, together. Besides the information gained, by this annual social intercourse, its benefits are very perceptible, in the removal of those prejudices which are too apt to be engendered among us by ignorance of one another.

Nor is this confined to Canada. There is no ground whereon the people of these two neighbouring countries can meet, with so much advantage to both, as on the safe ground of these national exhibitions.

It would be idle to deny that prejudices, many

of them unreasonable enough, do exist, on the part of each of these countries towards the other, and that even in cases where strong likings are avowed, they often smack too strongly of a desire to effect an unnatural union of parties closely allied in blood, rather than to let both remain in their proper position, each respecting the other in proportion to the untrammelled and unerring independence which each evinces.

It is to be reasonably hoped, that the intercourse of the people of the two sides of the line, will cure both these descriptions of error. Disparaging opinions, formed only on trivial circumstances, will give way before that improved acquaintance which enables each to see the others real qualities and sound Saxon characteristics.

It is indeed a cheering and hopeful sight, to witness the emulation of these neighbouring people in the splendid race of civil improvement—the cultivation and diffusion of the useful and the humanizing arts of peace. Time was, when the emulation of these nations was of another kind—the strife was for the dazzling but blood stained honors of the “war path;” and in that contest, each learnt something of the others prowess, which need not and will not be forgotten—each found that when men of the Anglo-Saxon race meet on the field of strife, each must suffer, but neither is to be subdued, and as they retired from the equal contest either could exclaim to the unvanquished foe, in the spirit of the ancient warrior, “great you may indeed be called, for I could not conquer you.” And the immense progress which since they buried the hatchet, the people of both countries have made, in causing the stubborn wilderness to smile with the rich fruits of industry, scarcely rivalled in the world—proves the claim of both, to speak of the warriors whose blood has won and hallowed the fertile soil, as their fathers and their brethren. In peace as in war, has been manifested the same indomitable, patient energy which characterizes the race which the British Isles have sent forth, for the work set them by Providence, of planting and firmly rooting, their name, their language, and their arts, throughout the West. In the sturdy vigor with which the battles were fought, and the untiring courage which braved the hardships and dangers of the old wilderness, was an earnest of the enterprise which now will never admit that improvement has gone far enough, but still presses onward, onward. No degenerate race of men—no hordes however numerous, lacking this courage and this enterprise, could have accomplished such things. It is a glorious thing, to find these rare elements of national strength,

once directed to the stern duties of war, now enlisted in the sacred cause of human improvement, and such men striving which shall do the most good, having formerly but striven which should overrun, with the horrors of war, the largest space of country. And surely they must have much to answer for, who would seek again to ignite the quenched embers of discord, in order to subserve their own base, narrow selfish ends. How soon would such be silent, did they really believe the morrow would bring the catastrophe they profess to invoke. It is not likely to arrive. The past is good earnest for the future, and no two nations can be more likely to continue as one with each other, than those, which, throughout all the late convulsions of Europe, remained alone in perfect internal and external peace, and still alone retain the blessings of Constitutional freedom and Christian liberty—and exhibit to the world, two great examples, of the quiet which may be ensured by nations, wherein the Governors are true to the people, and the people faithful to their Constitutions and to their rulers.

The free intercourse of such people as inhabit Canada and the United States, must produce an effect the very opposite to that which a superficial view of the subject might lead one to suppose. It will, if proper advantage be taken of it, be far from encouraging ideas or projects dangerous to our loyal national principles. The intercourse, however intimate, need not give any fresh impetus to insane projects of annexation, but should dissipate all such absurdities, and drive away any imperities of the kind, just as our pure westerly breezes banish the malaria, which might otherwise hang about our fields and cities.

Were the people of both countries thoroughly acquainted with one another, each would learn proper respect for the other.—Both would learn that nothing could be expected from the other party, but what was consistent with the duty of the governors to the people of the country making the concession, and that nothing could be expected to be granted by either, but what was consistent with the interests of the people by whom the privilege is granted. The Republic, which brooks not the least slight upon its flag, could but look with well-deserved contempt upon us, did we submit to any infringement of our rights; while we, on the other hand, would be convinced, that any concession inconsistent with our national honour, is far from being in accordance with justice or prudence, and that to gain a point with our neighbours, we must be prepared to prove, that what we ask is for their

benefit and involves no disgrace and no loss to them. Such intercourse, too, by showing the Americans that this country enjoys vastly greater advantages, and contains a far larger number of substantial and thriving yeomen than they ever supposed, will prove to them, that a close intimacy may be of great advantage to their interests, while that "acquisition," which they have sometimes lightly referred to, must be looked upon as an impossibility. By these means may be averted any attempts to bring about a catastrophe, which, on the part of Canadians, would involve the guilt of treason, and could not be effected without a violation of the principles of their Constitution on the part of Americans, and which, at the same time, would be immensely disadvantageous, in a mercantile point of view, to both. It is a hopeful fact, in the present era of Canadian history, that public opinion acknowledges the soundness of the American view of national policy—namely, that each country should act with a view to its own interests, leaving its neighbours to do the same. The better the people of each country become acquainted with those of the other, the more generally will this principle be acknowledged—the less will either have the folly to expect or the insolence to demand, that the other should depart from it,—and the more completely will the door be shut against those Utopian ideas of universal international union, and consequent annihilation of separate nationality, which give rise to schemes for infringing the integrity of an Empire and a Republic, and which would involve both in twin acts of treason to their respective constitutions.

And there is one more most important public object to which the Provincial Association may be, and is indeed, most efficiently turned—a purpose for which its machinery is admirably adapted. This is, the collection and preservation of all that kind of statistical information, which may not only be serviceable to agriculturists, but also to immigrants, and may serve to enhance and extend the reputation of the Province in Britain and in other European countries. The township societies can collect the statistics of their respective localities—the county associations will digest these in such a manner as to form accurate county reports; while the provincial association will put the whole in an accessible shape before the public, in the published record of their transactions, just as is done in England and in the neighbouring States. And, unlike parliamentary or official blue books, these Reports can always possess the very valuable merit of being *readable*. The association, having this object in view, has made a

portion of the prize list subservient to it, in a manner which must be admitted to be judicious, and can hardly fail to be successful. Four prizes are offered for County Agricultural Reports for 1852. These premiums are from £20 to £5, and the reports must, as all parties concerned will do well to bear in mind, be sent in by the 1st of April next. No doubt there will be numerous competitors, and the useful character of the essays may be judged by the requirements of the notice. The reports are expected to describe "the various soils of the counties; modes of farming; value of land; amount of tillage and average of crops; breeds of live stock; implements and machines in use; methods of preserving and applying manures; sketch of past progress, with suggestions for further improvement; the manufacturing and commercial condition and capabilities of the counties, and other facts tending to illustrate their past history and present condition." The main object,—as stated in the prize list,—of each report, will be, to afford to any intelligent stranger that might read it, a concise, yet an adequately truthful view of the agricultural condition and industrial pursuits of the county. It may be reasonably expected, that this liberal proposition of the association will elicit a very great amount of interesting statistical information, such as will prove useful alike to those who propose to settle in, and those whose duty it is to govern, the Colony. It is only, indeed, on a proper view of such information, that our affairs can be so managed as to afford to the farmer the best opportunities of making the most of the capabilities of the country, and to the manufacturer sufficient encouragement to induce him to open a good home market for the produce of the farmer's flocks. And those who can do this, will deserve and will gain the thanks of their country, without distinction of politics,—they will be known as the men, who, looking upon this as a purely agricultural country, succeeded in solving the important question, as to what was the best mode of managing it as such. And in the practical working out of this problem, the farmers' societies must bear the chief part.

No true patriot will wish to see this land become a mere workshop, with looms and furnaces forming the nuclei of its population, and railroads its common pathways. The result to be arrived at, and to attain which these associations must afford the most efficient aid, is the complete development of the natural advantages of our soil and climate; the best remuneration for the farmer's labour, and the encouragement of the home manufacture of those articles, which, being the

produce of our soil, it is the interest of our farmers to have manufactured at home. There is no danger of our suffering under the evils of an over-abundant manufacturing population, as long as we export wheat and flour,—as long as farmers obtain remunerative prices for all they can produce; and while the raw materials worked up by our manufacturers, are the produce of our soil, and not the growth of foreign countries, as is the case in England.

It is in the success of the agricultural associations, and in the operation of such measures as shall best conduce to the interests of the farmers,—measures based, not on political considerations, but on a common-sense view of the actual state of a splendid rural country, and the requirements of a rural population,—in the exertions of associations, which, having the interests of agriculture solely in view, can properly be entrusted with all the means which can be afforded by the country, for the furtherance of such national objects as the great agricultural interests of the Province. It is in these that we must look for the elements of true prosperity and reasonable progress. It is the proper cultivation of these means which will enable us to compete advantageously with our American neighbours, and show to them a degree of improvement, far greater than can be found on their side of the lines, taking into consideration the comparative youth of our country. And in accounting for the progress Canada has made, we shall be able to show, not that we are indebted to any artificial or extraneous influences,—to foreign commerce, or internal trade, fostered by hot-house care or expensive bounties,—not to the business or the wealth of cities which have made the country; but to a country which has made the cities,—to a trade of which the rural districts form the perennial fountains,—to a fertile land, a good climate, and a hardy race of men who till the soil,—to the broad fields, which stout yeomen have reclaimed from unproductive wilderness,—to the energy and industry of those men, who, favoured by the natural advantages of one of the finest countries in the world, have made the best use of the bountiful soil which Providence has enabled them to possess, and who have now the advantage of living in a land where the position of the farmer is such, that all other branches of industry must stand or fall with the advancement or the depression of his.

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The voice of Nature is the only voice that cannot speak blasphemy.

The conceited man knows himself, but it is only a "howing acquaintance."

## WELLI GTON.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A LATE MELANCHOLY OCCASION.\*

1.

Sons of the sea-girl isle—  
Daughters of England's shore;  
Why may no longer hope beguile  
And joy awake no more?  
Low—lowly bow thy head,  
To hide the struggling tear;  
He who thy hosts to glory led,  
Reclines upon his bier.

2.

The man hath ceased to be—  
His tide hath ebbed away;  
No more the living form we see,  
We loved but yesterday.  
The soldier is at rest—  
The statesman's work is done;  
And peaceful on his mother's breast,  
Sleepeth her warrior son.

3.

He sleeps.—But not for him  
Shall rise to-morrow's morn!  
The eye of fire is cold and dim,  
The animus is gone!  
The trumpet-call falls silent now  
And senseless on his ear;  
Nor sternly knits the cold, damp brow  
At clashing sword and spear!

4.

Ah, peaceful be his bed!  
For madness, war and strife  
Rolled redly round that warrior's head  
Upon the field of life!  
O, break not thou the only rest  
He e'er hath known below;  
But smother in each burning breast  
The heartfelt wail of woe.

5.

He is not dead—but sleeps!  
What!—Can that spirit die  
Who poured, where Ganges' torrent sweeps,  
The tide of victory?  
Who upon Torres Vedras' height  
Victorious France withstood:  
As some tall cliff, whose passive might  
Rolls back the ocean's flood.

## NOTES.\*

Stanza 5, line 3.—Alluding to his victories in India—Assaye, &c.

Stanza 5, line 5.—It was here that the hitherto victorious arms of France received the first decided check.

Stanzas 6, 7, & 8.—On the return of Napoleon from Elba, the flower of the English army was in Canada. Waterloo was fought with raw levies, few of whom had ever drawn trigger in anger before.

6.

Say, children of the Isle—  
Who, led from out thy coasts  
The untried levies, rank and file,  
'Gainst Gallia's veteran hosts?  
How few of ye, in angry strife,  
Till then had trained the gun,  
Who stood that day for death or life,  
And won with Wellington!

7.

Not upon hoary crests,  
Bleached in the smoke of wars;  
Not on the brave old warrior breasts,  
Which boasted honoured scars;  
Not on the war-worn soldiers tried,  
Whom he before had led  
Triumphant in the battle tide,  
O'er fields of mangled dead;

8.

Not with stern veterans, taught  
In many a hard-won fight,  
Thy gallant leader fearless sought  
To crush Napoleon's might:  
No!—With a band of British men  
He trusted *there* to train!—  
Ah, ye who fought beside him then,  
Say—did he trust in vain?

9.

While swift before their face,  
Death sailed in seas of gore,  
Each foot took up the vacant place  
A friend had filled before.  
The charging waves rolled back in blood,  
Till on the evening drew,  
And the undaunted remnant stood  
Victors on Waterloo!

10.

A victor of an hundred fields;  
Upon thy lonely bier,  
Grief-conquered now thy country yields  
A mother's anguished tear.  
And hearts of oak with sighs have heav'd,  
And aged eyes run o'er  
With tears, those eyes had long believed  
That they could weep no more!

11.

He fought not for renown,  
For conquest or for fame;  
He fought not for a kingly crown,  
Nor an undying name.

With England's might he fought for Right,  
For freedom for the slave;  
And won a name, which sealed in night,  
Shall glimmer from the grave!

12.

Land of my love and of my sires,  
In majesty arise!  
Thy chief no sorrowing tear requires;  
Dry, dry the recreant eyes.  
He bids thee let his spirit live  
In many an English breast:  
Be *this* the tribute thou shalt give—  
And let the soldier rest!

ERROR.

## A STORY OF BETHLEHEM.

BY REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

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

In particular he looked with fond intensity upon a fair green meadow, situated beneath the rocky terraces of the city, and in which several groups of shepherds were engaged in their quiet and gentle occupation. And in the expression of his countenance, one—even though ungifted with strong fancy—might read, that the old man had once himself wielded a crook in that sequestered and beautiful plain.

It was even so. Isaac the Bethlehemite, after an absence of more than thirty years in the far East, was returning to the City of King David, where his first and happiest years had been spent.

One thing the pilgrim specially noticed, and that was, the unusual quiet which pervaded the scene, more immediately in his vicinity. The thoroughfares leading to Bethlehem were almost deserted—no appearance of life being presented, save by the guard, who stood listlessly leaning on their spears, or sunbathing their mail. Another thing arrested the attention of Isaac, equally with the unwonted desertion of the city. From the eminence on

which he stood, he could descry vast multitudes of people thronging towards Jerusalem. He knew, indeed, that it was the season of the Pass-over, when the holy City was wont to receive many visitors, from all quarters of the world; but he never remembered on any former occurrence of the festival, to have seen such hosts of devotees bound for the seat of Jehovah's sacred Temple.

Standing thus in thoughtful mood, he was startled by a deep and sorrow-laden groan—expressive of some stern weight of misery, if not of absolute despair. On looking round to the quarter from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a sight which at once excited his wonder and compassion. Seated on the ground, between two graves—which, judging from their respective dimensions, were those of an adult and a child—was a wild, gaunt, spectre-visaged being, whose restless eye with feverish activity rolled around like that of a famished Hyena. His scanty and negligently-arranged dress was composed of skins in their natural condition: and head-gear had he none, save his own unkempt hair, which hung over his weather-bronzed visage, in tangled masses, like the mane of an unbroken steed of the desert.

For a season, Isaac was filled with no small alarm at the sight of this mysterious being, conceiving that perchance he might be one of those strangely afflicted demoniaes then so common in Palestine, and who, in their hours of special possession, frequently wrought sore harm to those who lighted upon their hairs. His apprehension, however, was but of brief duration, for he soon discovered that the solitary sorrower belonged not to the tormented vassals of Satan, and that the light of reason still continued to burn, though flickering and dim as a torch in the winter's wind.

Gazing vacantly on the clear, blue sky, that eremite spoke aloud the thoughts which like sulphurous clouds flitted across the troubled horizon of his soul. "No," he exclaimed, "the Sadducee was right! The soul is mortal, and the bodily resurrection a dotting dream. My Judith! never more can I behold thy liquid black eye—never more be thrilled with thy smile, discoursing love unspeakable. And my darling Benjamin!—my noble child, what art thou but a lovely dream, fled and vanished for ever. Never again wilt thou nestle thy fair silken-haired head in my bosom, nor hisp my name in staggering, half-uttered words, more musical by far than the most cunningly played dulcimer. Ye have vanished, and for ever, like a streak of morning mist—like a foam-bell in the mountain-stream. Once, indeed, I thought differently. Time was, when I cherished the hope, that in another state of existence, I would meet with both of you again. But Caiaphas, the Sadducee, taught me my error, and convinced me that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor

spirit. Oh! cursed be the knowledge which he bestowed upon me! Dream, as it was, it was a bright and soothing dream; and since it was dispelled, life to me has been nought save a simoom-blasted desert—a dry and thirsty land, wherein is no water.” And with that the soul sick one threw himself upon his face, and dag his nails into the two funereal mounds, between which he writhed like a crushed and convulsed snake.

Isaac could not behold, unmoved, this pitiable abandonment of grief. Approaching the sufferer, he spoke to him in soothing tones. With gentle hand he raised him from the hot and scorching earth; and tenderly he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and the dust-mingled foam from his parched and quivering lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

“It is now more than thirty years since, with my loved and lost ones, I dwelt in a cottage which stood on yonder grassy mound. Not a care disturbed our quiet days; not an anxious thought marred the sabbaths of our peaceful nights. Sorrow was a strange tale to us. Every new sun-rise brought fresh sources of unadulterated delight.

“Of passing events we knew almost nothing. Seldom did I visit either Jerusalem or Bethlehem, and then only on pressing and unavoidable occasions. My business despatched I was too eager to return to my Paradise, to bestow any attention upon the themes which interested and engrossed the men of active life. On one occasion, I remember, we heard tidings of a strange and mysterious child which had been born in our city, and to visit which certain sages had come a long and toilsome journey. But we had ourselves a babe, fairer we deemed, than ever had sprung from the loins of our father Adam; and Judith and myself had no love to lavish upon any other, though it had been the son of the Imperial Caesar himself. Alas! our happy dream was soon to be dispelled for ever—and oh, how sharply and how sternly!

“One bright morning, I sat with my loved ones in the porch of our dear cottage. Oppressed with a satiety of happiness, I lay with my head reclining upon the kindly bosom of my gentle Judith; and as our little Benjamin sported and frolicked around us, we speculated upon his future destiny and lot in life. We fashioned out for him a stirring and honourable career, and anticipated the time when

by his virtue and prowess, he would add new fame to the tribe of his fathers.

“Two men—soldiers of Herod the King—came upon us, or ever we were aware of their advent. Fatigued with walking in the heat of noon-day, they craved our hospitality, which was at once conceded, as no stranger was ever turned faint and hunger-smitten from our door. After they had partaken of a repast, the sterner looking of the twain cast his eye upon our precious boy; and with a sinister expression, which will haunt me on my dying bed, enquired of his mother what might be his age. His comrade, who seemed to be of a more gentle spirit, made on this a significant sign to my Judith, and prompting her, as it were, said, ‘Of a surety, the child is more than two years old.’ But my loved one, with all the eager pride of a mother, exclaimed, ‘Indeed, you are in error. Our Benjamin hath not yet reached his eighteenth month. Is he not, good sir, a noble boy for his age?’”

“No sooner had she thus spoken, than both the armed men arose, the kindler one with a deep and heavy sigh, and told a tale which was almost incomprehensible on account of its surpassing horror. Even at this distant period, I can scarce realize the demoniac bitterness which it embodied. Suffice it to say, that the mercenaries informed us, that our only child—our silken-haired, glad-eyed Benjamin—was doomed to death by decree of the infernal Herod. And, oh! what madness to a mother! that the certification of his age had been the warrant of his execution! Had my Judith been silent as to the period of his birth, she would have saved our precious babe!

\* \* \* \* \*

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

“For a season, I cherished the hope that the patriarch Job spoke truth, when he declared that after worms destroyed the body it should live again, and that with the same eyes with which he had gazed upon the sun and moon, we should see our Father God, and each other. To the doctrine—faintly held, it is true of the human frame I clung as a drowning man clings to a straw; and I lived in hope that after this chequered life, I should once more meet and embrace my lost ones in that bright land, where sorrow and sighing are strange and unknown words!

My relative Caiaphas, the present High

Priest of the Jews, strove to rouse me from my melancholy torpor, as he termed it. He told me that the idea of a future state was a fond imagination—a dreamy fable; that angels and spirits were but the creatures of an idle fancy; and that our wisdom lay in making the most of the present moment. ‘Eat, drink, and be merry,’ he said; ‘everything else is vanity and folly.’

“Unnerving and plausible were the arguments which he brought forward to prove his position. They convinced me, but destroyed my slender remains of hope and comfort. The future became midnight—the present was left as dark and chill as ever. Could I take pleasure in the feast or the revel? The bloody visages of my murdered ones glared upon me, through the vine-leaves which decorated the Sadducee’s sensual board. I flew from the converse of my kind, as from a pestilence; and here have I dwelt between these two graves, without a motive and without a hope—awary and heart-sick of life, and yet deriving no comfort from the anticipation of a brighter world beyond the tomb.”

With tender pity, Isaac pressed the clammy hand of the hapless recluse, and his eye glistened, as if with the consciousness that he could impart to him fitting and substantial consolation.

“You tell me that you were taught to hold that there is no hereafter, and that spirits and angels are but dreams, or delusions of the designing! Credit it not, thou man of bereavement! Of all the spots on the round world this is not the one for cherishing such gloomy and chilling dogmas! Of all God’s creatures, an unbelieving Jew is the most incensurable, seeing that his nation has been nursed, so to speak, amid the wonders and mysteries of the unseen and eternal state!

“Thirty-three years ago, I was a shepherd of Bethlehem, and on yonder plain have kept many a vigil, tending the flock committed to my care. One evening, towards the close of the year, several of my comrades and myself were thus engaged. The night was genial, and though the moon was absent, darkness did not prevail, for the sentinel stars in their silver mail kept watch and ward on the battlements of heaven. Night well do I remember our communing on that eventful night. Our minds were in a solemn mood, and we spoke concerning the great things which Jehovah had in store for His people, and especially of the Messiah, whose coming was confidently looked for by all who had carefully studied the Prophets of our nation.

“In one instant our vision was blinded by a flood of light so intense as infinitely to surpass aught that I ever experienced. It was neither glaring nor scorching; but a thousand suns in their noontide strength could never have shed such a wondrous mass of supernatural brightness. For a season we were

constrained to close our eyes against the unbearable glory; but at length we were enabled partially to gaze upon the miraculous scene which was vouchsafed to our ken. The curtain of sky which separates us from heaven, seemed as it rolled aside by an invisible hand, and a being whose majestic beauty no words can describe, appeared in the midst of that new and glorious atmosphere, if I may so speak. Rays, such as the diamond sheds, darted from every pore of his person, and his raiment was soft and feathery, like the fleecy clouds, which sometimes of a summer’s eve weave themselves around the full-orbed moon.

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

“No sooner had he thus spoken, than, lo! another marvel! The whole space which our vision could embrace, was forthwith filled with angelic choristers, in fashion like unto the herald of Emmanuel. Their numbers were far beyond the powers of imagination even to conceive. Millions upon millions of glittering ones floated upon the ocean of light, stretching upwards and backwards, till the brain was dazzled and crazed almost, with the impression of infinite number and limitless extent. Thus ran their concerted song, so mighty in its swell, that it must have been heard in the remotest planet and star:—*‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men.’* And then the sounds died away, like the gentle sighing of a summer’s breeze, which scarce ruffles the leaf of the timid aspen and all was still and lonesome as before.

“So soon as we were capable of speech, we whispered solemnly to each other, *‘Let us now go creeps into Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath said by His prophets unto us.’* And coming with haste to Bethlehem, we were guided by a star-like meteor, which, as it were, beckoned us on, till we came to the stable of the principal caravanserai. There we found a goodly young child, lying in a manger, with his father and mother as his sole attendants, and meanly attired in the scanty rags of penury. Ere we could say aught, the coming footsteps of other visitors was heard, and presently there entered a company of Magi—Eastern Kings—who had come from their distant dominions to



do homage to this humbly-cradled infant. Grave and thoughtful men they were, and from their conversation I gathered that it had been revealed to them by the Eternal, that in that simple babe dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

"Thus, oh mourning one, you perceive how great your error, how entire your delusion, as regards the future state of being! No angel—no spirit? The air teems with them. Not a sun-beam but bears legions of them on some mission of mercy or judgment."

Sadoc, the solitary, who had listened with attention to the pilgrim's narration, was for a while absorbed in thought; and it seemed as if the cloud of despair was beginning to pass away from his care-furrowed brow. But anon he sunk back into his pristine gloom, and wrung his hands as despondingly as ever. "No, Shepherd," he said, "your words bring me no comfort. Something of the event which you describe, I have heard before, but I cannot regard it as aught, save a delusion or a dream. At any rate, presuming the sight to be real, it proves nothing as to the resurrection of Adam's children. Oh no! no! no! There is—there can be no hope for me, the most miserable of men. My slain ones, never more shall I behold you!—never more hear the gentle tones of your forever-hushed voices! My lot may indeed be called *Mara*, for it is bitter exceedingly."

At this moment the wardens on the towers of Bethlehem, proclaimed *TU SIXTU MORA*.

Ere the sound of their voices had died away, it became darker than the darkest midnight: like that which plagued the Egyptian oppressors, the gloom might be said to be felt, so dismal, so profoundly subtle the pall which was drawn over the whole expanse of heaven. Thunder, too, of a deeper bass than ever before had been uttered, rolled and crashed in incessant peals. It seemed as if the elements had been indited with reason, and were in frenzied voice protesting against some unheard-of and intolerable deed of wickedness and blasphemy. Over Jerusalem forked bolts of lightning hissed and darted like serpents ejected from the pit of perdition, as if attracted by some horrid fascination situated in that city. In particular they seemed to concentrate upon the spot where stood the Temple of the God of Israel; and the earth shared in the mighty

excitement, and reeled, and heaved, and tossed, as if its foundations rested upon the waves of a tempest-vexed sea.

In the midst of this mysterious and soul-awing turmoil, a soft violet-tinted light began gradually to pervade the spot where stood the pilgrim shepherd and the sorrow-blighted Sadoc. As it increased, it was evident that a change had occurred in the locality during the reign. The twin graves were open, the fresh earth being scattered around, and the huge stones which had covered them lying at some distance, as if removed by some gigantic power. And closely adjoining these disturbed mansions of mortality, there stood two forms clothed in the livery of the dead. One of them was a female, and the other a child, who grasped her hand and looked fearlessly and confidently in her face, undismayed by the wild war of the elements which raged around. But who could describe the surpassing beauty, not so much of feature as of expression, which beamed in the visages of that meek and silent pair? Its main characteristic was peace—peace, passing all understanding—peace, such as the cold, churlish world could never give, nor, with all its manifold vicissitudes, ever take away.

Isaac, was the first to mark this addition to their company, and he silently directed the attention of Sadoc to the strangers. Slowly and listlessly did the heart-sick hermit turn himself round; but no sooner did he behold the new-come pair, than it seemed as if an electric fluid had pervaded his whole frame. Every muscle quivered, every vein swelled, every particular hair stood stiff and rigid. He drew his breath in laboured, convulsive sobs, and his eyes seemed glazed by the absorbing intensity of the glare with which he regarded the gentle, saintly group before him. One smile from them—a smile concentrating the rich happiness of years, brightened upon the dark cold places of his heart. His ears thrilled with the long unheard words, "Husband—Father"; and with a gasping, choking exclamation. "My Judith—my Benjamin!" he staggered forward, and encircled them both in one mighty, wild, hysteric embrace. The recollection of more than thirty dark years of sorrow and despair was in one moment obliterated; their agonies were forgotten, like the fitful dream of a single night!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh Sadoc, dearest! come on, and stay not to converse of such matters. Have we not a gladsome eternity before us? The city must be reached before the *Ninth Hour*. Legions of Angels are flocking thither, even as I am now speaking."

At that heaven-chronicled hour, shepherd, husband wife and child, knelt on the summit of the mount called Calvary. Before them stood three gaunt, blood-stained crosses, illumined by the lightnings which flashed and

and twisted around; and they were in time to hear the calm, pale-visaged, thorn-crowned Being hung on the centre tree, exclaim with full, sweet voice, "It is finished. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

In the writhing and pain-fevered wretches who were nailed to the other two crosses, Sadoe recognized the soldiers who had slain his loved ones. He specially remarked, however, that the countenance of the one who had shewn ruth and pity, bore marks of resignation and humble but well-earned hope; and a bystander said that the King of the Jews, whose diadem was a circle of thistles, had promised that that day he should be with him in Paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

### THE SEA-BIRD.

Loud broke the surge, upon the sullen rock,  
The start'd valleys echoed back the shock,  
Keen blew the wind, and far as eye could strain,  
No living thing was left upon the main  
Save one poor, feeble solitary bird,  
With plaintive scream upon the breezes heard.  
Chas'd from his nest, by man's encroaching hand,  
He winged his flight too rashly from the land,  
And toiling now, to gain his distant home,  
With worn, and wearied limb, and ruffled plume,  
Disabl'd on his native gale to ride,  
He scarcely floats upon the troubled tide;  
And down and up, and down and up again,  
Rising as oft, but rising still in vain,  
Each effort brings him nearer to the shore  
But each becomes more feeble than before.  
Will he not reach it? will not one kind wave,  
Bear him to land and snatch him from a grave?  
He would have reached it, had not some rash hand  
Cast forth an idle pebble from the strand:  
With aim too sure, the fatal missile sped,  
That stretch'd the lone bird on a wat'ry bed.  
Blame you the hand that did the wanton deed  
And struck the spent bird in his hour of need?  
Pause then—For wounded oft and hard bestead  
On path more troubl'd, than the ocean's bed  
Vainly essaying to put forth thy wings  
And rise superior to Earth's feeble things  
Thou may'st be forced in distant lands to roam,  
Without a shelter and without a home,  
Pause then—awhile, ere wantonly you wound  
What sorrow brings already to the ground,

Take heed lest trifling with a mind distress,  
The ill-timed Censure, on a heart depress'd  
The hard construction or the heart betrayed,  
Cast over Sorrow's night a deeper shade,  
Spare e'en the rigid and unfeeling word,  
'Twas but a pebble sunk the wounded bird!

Entos.

### EIGHT YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES, WITH OCCASIONAL GLIMPSES OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

#### No. 1.

At a time when many well-informed and candid individuals in the United States, entertain doubts as to the result of the problem which has yet to be solved in that country, with reference to the effect of republican institutions upon the moral, social and political conditions of the people; the popular mind is impressed with the conviction of its actual success, and views all other forms of government, whether of absolute or constitutional monarchy, as neither more nor less than positive and insufferable despotisms; under which a prosperous national condition cannot be attained, nor individual liberty secured. But it has yet to be determined whether the American revolution will be productive of permanent advantage or injury, to the cause of human freedom.

The immense advance in commercial importance, which the United States has made, their vast increase in population, the extensive establishment of manufactories, and the corresponding accumulation of wealth, would seem to sanction the popular delusion—particularly when these effects are viewed, as is generally the case, without comparison with other countries. Still, the same energy of character, that formerly enabled the colonists successfully to contend against the Parent State, and the extraordinary position of the world, during the first fifteen or twenty years after their independence was acknowledged—and of which that event was the cause, would have accomplished the same results, under a different form of government.

The troops of France, who served in America during the revolution, carried back with them the seeds of a popular movement there, and produced the long and momentous war, in which England found herself compelled to engage for upwards of twenty years, during which the French mercantile marine was swept from the ocean, and a field was opened up for American enterprise, of which the people of the United States were not slow to avail themselves, and of which they did not fail to profit. The application of steam to the propulsion of boats on rivers and lakes, which Mr. Fulton introduced from Great Britain in 1807—just twenty years after the adoption of the present

federal constitution, enabled millions of the distressed, oppressed or disaffected of other nations, to find their way into the interior, by which Ohio and the more westerly and north-western portions of the Union have become extensively settled.

It is not the object of the writer of this and perhaps subsequent papers, containing the result of observations made in the United States, and during an extensive acquaintance with the British Colonies, to disparage the institutions of the neighbouring Republic, as inapplicable to those who have been born and educated under them, and are therefore accustomed to the incessant turmoil and excitement which they engender, and whom they seem to suit; but rather to show that British subjects, have ample cause for satisfaction with their portion as such—that on public grounds there is nothing to envy on the other side of the line, and that their moral and social condition will not suffer by a comparison.

While the title of the Crown to the waste lands of the North American Colonies, has been ceded to them individually, the General Government of the United States, retains the right to dispose of the public lands in the several States and Territories; the proceeds of their sale being paid into the national Treasury at Washington, to meet the exigencies of the State.

We have recently seen the Legislatures of the British Provinces, ceding those lands of which they have the entire disposal, within their respective jurisdictions, in aid of the contemplated line of railroad from Halifax to Quebec; while the Western States have made repeated and unsuccessful applications to Congress for similar assistance. These applications have uniformly met with opposition, on the part of the old States; and at length a Bill has been introduced,—with what success remains still to be seen, granting certain portions of the public lands, to all the States and Territories, in aid of railroads and for other purposes—the General Government retaining the remainder.

At the close of the revolutionary war, the Republic had incurred a public debt of considerable amount, without possessing any tangible means of meeting even the payment of the annual interest. In this emergency, the different States—with the exception of Georgia, voluntarily surrendered the public lands which they possessed, to the General Government, to be appropriated to the discharge of this debt, and to provide for the current expenses of the nation. Not only are the lands held in this manner, and the States in which they are situated, deprived of the profit and advantage resulting from their sale, but the revenue that is derived from the imposition of duties on imports, which in the British Colonies are levied exclusively by the Colonial Legislatures, and appropriated in the

manner by them deemed most beneficial; in the United States is paid over to the General Government, and disbursed by Congress, for purposes with which many of the States have no concern, and which are often adverse to their wishes, and in opposition to their interests; and it is argued that this fund cannot be appropriated for internal improvement. A few years since, South Carolina virtually seceded from the Union, by refusing to permit those high duties to be levied within its limits, which the monied aristocracy at the North, had been instrumental in imposing; and which the United States officers were unable to collect, until a compromise was effected through the instrumentality of Mr. Clay.

Even the revenue derived from the Post Office, over which the Colonial Legislatures exercise sole controul, takes the same direction; and it is notorious, that in this way the Northern States are required to meet the deficiency, that accrues from the paucity of correspondence, and the ignorance that generally prevails at the South. And while the circulation of newspapers by mail, in the British Colonies is free of charge; in the United States, beyond the county in which a paper is published, the transmission of newspapers by mail, is subjected to a postage, in some cases, amounting to the original charge for the paper. Some years have elapsed since the payment of fees at the custom house was abolished in the Colonies, but these remain in full force in the United States; and a person having business to transact there, must have his purse continually in hand.

If we advert to that portion of the population, who are employed in the manufactories, little will be found to gratify the philanthropist and lover of his species. When we visit these establishments, we find females employed in a manner that prostrates their strength, undermines their constitution, abbreviates their life, and is destructive of those feminine characteristics that give to woman her peculiar charm and loveliness; while at an early age they are, in this way, thrown into the society of men and boys, by which their morals are often contaminated, their minds depraved, their manners acquiring a coarseness and masculine tendency, that increases with increasing years.

We hear a great deal of the superior standing, accomplishments, and intellect of the females who are employed in the factories of New England; and instances are cited of their being enabled to acquire the means of assisting their parents, or of accumulating a fund for themselves; but personal observation has satisfied me, that, generally speaking, females under ordinary circumstances have not thus profited by their employments; while they are estranged from the domestic relations of home, and removed from the nurture and admonition of careful parents, and become unfitted for discharging the duties of life. As to

females who are so constantly occupied as are these in the factories, possessing time for the improvement of their minds that is out of the question. What leisure can a young girl find for intellectual improvement, who is called from her bed, at some seasons of the year, before the day has dawned; and who after partaking of a slight breakfast, hurries to the scene of her daily toil; is barely allowed time to partake of dinner, and who returns home at night exhausted by fatigue. To my mind much of the consumption that prevails in the United States among the young, is attributable to this cause.

We hear a great deal in favour of the introduction of manufactories into Canada; but whenever these are established, it must be at the expense of the health, comfort, and advancement of the humbler classes of females, who must perform excessive and unwholesome labour for a low rate of wages, or competition cannot be successful against the superior machinery, immense capital and cheap labour of Great Britain.

Nor do these remarks apply exclusively to the manufacturing districts. Whoever has been in New York, and walked from the upper part of the city, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, must have seen numbers of young persons of both sexes, wending their way to the place of daily employment; having had no appetite for breakfast, which had been prepared for them, just as they had left their beds, and of which they scarcely partook—to remain away from home during the day, eating probably not more than a slice or two of bread and butter as a substitute for dinner, or about half a meal, served out for six cents, at some of the numerous eating-houses with which the city abounds, and returning home at night, after a long and fatiguing walk, which destroys all desire and appetite for the remaining meal. Who does not perceive in such a course of existence, that the requirements of youth and increasing years, cannot be met, or the system invigorated and sustained by such a limited amount of nutriment as is in this way attained.

Allusions are continually being made, by Americans in private conversation and in their published speeches and reported debates, to those termed "the pauper operatives of England"; in one of the latter of which I recently read a statement, of women being employed in the coal pits there, the speaker being entirely ignorant of the fact, that since the circumstance was brought under the notice of Parliament by Lord Ashley, the practice has been prohibited by law, and is discontinued. "In order to get cheap labour," said one of the representatives from Vermont, "they employ women as well as men, in the most laborious work; and according to the report of a Committee of Parliament, the former are employed in mining coal, several hundred feet under

ground." Had the gentleman ascertained what was the result of the report, he would have found that the action of the Imperial Parliament was much more in accordance with the dictates of humanity, than was the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, by the body which he was then addressing, for which it is contended the constitution gives no authority; and that according to evidence since laid before Parliament, it has been ascertained, that at the present moment, the colliers enjoy on an average relatively, a fair share of the comforts of life,—that their food is homely but plentiful, and that since the law was passed, to prevent the employment of women in the coal mines, their domestic enjoyments have vastly increased; "a fact," continues an English writer on the subject, "deserving of notice, showing as it does, that, in the end, profound humanity is the wisest economy." When we see statements made that are so utterly erroneous, by a gentleman of high legal attainments and extensive practice, is it surprising that much ignorance prevails in the public mind in the United States, in relation to the laws and institutions of England; and who would suppose, that in the very next State from which Mr. Meacham is returned, five or six hundred females are employed in one factory alone, and that in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, thousands of young creatures are daily toiling in unwholesome and badly ventilated buildings, who do not experience that fostering care of the Legislature which prevails in Great Britain. Nor are the wages they obtain such as are represented.—In some few instances it may be higher, but that which is usually paid, is three dollars per week; from which at least two must be deducted for board and washing—leaving only one for clothing and dress, of which the girls are remarkably fond; and in the propensity for which they indulge as far as their limited means will permit.

When I was at Manchester, near Lowell, some three or four years since, where there are extensive factories, I noticed a placard posted up in the streets, calling a mass meeting in the open air—for no where else was one permitted to be held, with a view of devising some plan for the introduction of the ten hours system of labour; in which it was stated, that so paramount was the influence exercised by the companies owning establishments there, that not even the townhall, for the erection of which the operatives, in common with others, had been taxed, could be procured for the purpose of holding the meeting, although the Mayor had in the first instance given his assent. I was also credibly informed while in Manchester, that several of the hands had been discharged, both there and at Lowell, for their advocacy of the reduced term of daily labour—a list of whose names had been transmitted to the other large establishment, for the

purpose of preventing their being employed elsewhere.

Numbers of persons are annually attracted from the Colonies and the British Isles, by the fallacious prospect of bettering their condition, and of obtaining constant and remunerative employment, in the large towns of the United States; but many of them are doomed to experience disappointment. In some few instances, I admit, they may be successful; but thousands spend month after month, without obtaining an engagement, whatever may be their ability and merit,—and even when obtained, it is far from being of a permanent description. Of those who are unsuccessful, a large proportion resort to New York, where they wander about the streets during the day, to return at night to their boarding houses, dispirited and disconsolate—or seek a lodging at some of the numerous police station houses of the city, to which hundreds resort every night in the year for a shelter, and perchance to sleep. Even the Irish, who flock thither in great numbers, and are mostly employed as labourers, for which there is great demand, are not always successful; and hale hearty men are frequently to be met with in all the large towns, begging a pittance to keep their families and themselves from starvation.

Of all the immigrants who arrive in that country, the Germans are the most plodding and persevering. Those who do not take up lands, hire shops in all the large towns and cities, where they chiefly establish themselves as grocers, which branch of business they have almost entirely monopolised; numbers of them however return home again, not finding the United States the *El Dorado* which had been represented; and they all retain their natural attachment for the country they have left. Those of them who intend to engage in rural pursuits, come out in large bodies of friends and neighbours, who do not separate on arriving, but immediately proceed to the interior, to join those of their countrymen who had preceded them, and prepared for them a home in the new world, where they remain a distinct class of naturalized citizens—foreigners in manners, taste, and habits.

Of the numerous Irish immigrants, who annually arrive in the United States, an immense proportion must die off soon after their landing, from exposure and want; as is the case with others who proceed South, to whom the climate is obviously fatal, and where they are employed in draining and ditching, exposed to the intense heat of the sun, and the miasma of the swamps—an occupation that would be destructive of life even to the negro, for whom the Irish labourer is substituted, from motives of a pecuniary nature—the former being worth some six or eight hundred dollars to his master,—the white slave worth nothing. These facts will account for the Irish population not increasing in the United States, at the

rate which was supposed: the entire number of Irish citizens being estimated at less than two millions, including the new territories, according to official data—not more than the decrease in Ireland, within the last ten years; and even Archbishop Hughes, only estimates the number at three millions and a half.

The reduced number of Roman Catholics in the United States, is at present attracting much attention in Ireland, owing to statements made by the Rev. Mr. M'Mullen as to the effect of republican institutions upon the professors of the ancient faith; and the clergy finding their people leaving them in great numbers, with a corresponding reduction of their incomes, are using every effort at the altar and in the domestic circle, to dissuade those who have not yet left, from abandoning their native country and the religion of their fathers.

But after giving every credit to the statements of the rev. gentleman, still it must be evident that the disproportionate number of Roman Catholics in the United States, must be referred to some other cause than that to which he attributes it; and which furnishes to the statist and philanthropist, a fit subject for investigation and thought. Nor is it the fact, as some seem to imagine, that those who renounce the creed of their fathers, attach themselves to another form of worship; as we hear of no remarkable number of conversions to Protestantism: neither is there much probability of the efforts of the Roman Catholic priesthood to stay the tide of emigration, being attended with much success. Their people are continually receiving letters urging them to quit home, and remittances are forwarded to an extraordinary amount, to enable them to accomplish that object. The vote by ballot and the absence of a property qualification, is peculiarly acceptable to the class of persons, among whom the desire to emigrate prevails; and on their arrival in the United States, they lose no time in availing themselves of the privilege. Had the framers of the American constitution, foreseen the immense influx of foreigners, that has taken place within the last half century, they doubtless would have restricted the elective franchise to persons born in the country; and it is probable that before long the attention of Congress will be drawn to the subject. The English and Scotch generally speaking, feel but little interest in the frequently recurring elections, and I am satisfied that on their part, a law limiting the right of voting to those who are native born, and who may be in the country at the time of its passing, would meet with no objection.

A modification of the naturalization law is also required, with reference to the oath which it prescribes, the taking of which as I remarked in a former paper, does not enhance an Englishman in the estimation of the American people; and who deem, that the man who

will exchange his allegiance for a mere pecuniary consideration, will not be very sincere in the assumption of his new obligations. There are however thousands of persons of foreign origin, residing in the United States, who cannot bring themselves to renounce in express terms their fealty to their lawful sovereign, but who would notwithstanding swear allegiance to the government of the country in which they have their domicile, and who are excellent citizens in every other respect: but who cannot hold real estate, and would be compelled to remove, or remain on sufferance and under restraint, should a war with Great Britain occur.

Nor does the taking of the present oath, stringent as it is, render a man in public estimation, an American citizen of the first water—no matter what time has elapsed, particularly if he happens to have been born in England. It matters not how long he has dwelt in the country, or how early in life he may have arrived there. I believe there are only two native born Englishmen in the House of Representatives of the United States, one of whom came there when quite a boy, and where he has resided during the last twenty years, with the exception of a short period, during which he was pursuing his medical studies in Europe, chiefly in France. It will be seen from the following extract from a speech, which he recently delivered in Congress, that that he is thoroughly indoctrinated with republican principles; yet even this circumstance, and that of his having the confidence of a large constituency in Ohio, could not shield him from the invidious remarks to which the place of his nativity gave rise. He had been designated as "an English Abolitionist," beyond the walls of the House, and Mr. Stanley of North Carolina, had referred to him in debate, as an intermeddling foreigner.

"The only portion of his remarks referring to me," said Dr. Townsend, the gentleman alluded to, "which I think worthy of notice, is his sneering allusion to the fact that I was born in England. Since a man does not choose his birth place, I have not been accustomed to consider it a subject of glory or of shame. But, could I have done so, I would not have selected any other spot.—On one hand was the field of Naseby, where that stern old apostle of liberty, Oliver Cromwell, overthrew the power of the royal tyrant, Charles the First; on the other, was the Avon, whose waters flowed by the birth-place of Shakspeare."

"I think men may understand and appreciate the principles of civil liberty, though not born on this continent: the Pilgrim Fathers were not behind in this respect, although foreigners like myself." \* \* \* But some men are republicans from choice, and some are only so by accident. I have the honour to be a republican from choice, after seeing and feeling the evils of other forms of govern-

ment, I prefer that under which I live." \* \* \*  
 "Considering the number of foreigners in this country, amounting to almost one-fourth of the white population, I think the fact that there are two out of two hundred and thirty members in this House, and two out of sixty-two members of the Senate, will not be thought a very large or dangerous proportion; and it is but justice to the democratic party to say, that through its liberality to foreigners, these all owe their election." AMICUS.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE OF TWO LOVERS.

There are they met, beneath the aged trees,  
 Which ne'er have bent o'er fairer things than these  
 There are they met,—the beautiful, the young,  
 He, with love's honeyed accents on his tongue:  
 She, with smiles and sighs, listens and believes,  
 The tale of passion and of truth, he breathes.  
 Oh! beautiful she is. Upon her brow  
 A blush oft mingles, with its stainless snow,  
 Like day's last ray, along the Alpine heights,  
 Tinging the mountains with a rosy light.  
 On that fine front, all still and all serene,  
 May we ne'er see where sorrow's hand hath been,  
 Nor any signs of gloom, that oft do throw,  
 Around the brow, a halo and a glow,  
 For oh! when once care's characters are traced  
 On youth's fair forehead they are ne'er effaced.  
 She listens and believes—she hears him sigh  
 Those vows of love and truth which ne'er can die,  
 And one may read upon his changing cheek,  
 More eloquent than words could ever speak,  
 His heart's sweet secret, that he now may rest  
 For evermore on one fond, faithful breast,  
 Earth hath no music for him like the tone  
 Of her dear voice;—and now on her alone  
 Must all his thoughts be centred. Be it so,  
 May she be his—whatever storms may blow,  
 What suns may shine, best thought that nought  
 can sever  
 Those loving hearts—may she be his forever!

Estros.

NO ONE'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.—"No one's enemy but his own" happens generally to be the enemy of every body with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make this character is a reckless imprudence, and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. "No one's enemy but his own" runs rapidly through his means—calls, in a friendly way, on his friends, for bonds, bail and securities—involving his nearest kin—leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public—and, after enjoying himself to his last guinea, entails a life of dependence upon his progeny and dies in the odour of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes. The society chain is so nicely and delicately constructed, that not a link snaps, or rusts, or refuses its proper play, without the shock being felt like an electric vibration to its utmost limits.

## FOREST GLEANINGS.

## No. III.

—  
 "A few leaves gathered by the wayside."  
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## RICE LAKE PLAINS—THE WOLF TOWER.

STRANGERS visiting the Rice Lake, will be led by curiosity to see the "Wolf Tower," an octagonal building that occupies a beautiful grassy mound, near the shores of the crescent-shaped bay, formed by Pine-Tree Point and the bold promontory near the head waters of the Lake, formerly known as Bank's Bluff.

The Tower itself has lately undergone some changes: it is no longer what it was, and it is unnecessary to describe it, but some slight sketch of its original owner may not prove altogether uninteresting among the local features of the Rice Lake and her shores.

It is now many years ago,—long before the Plains had attained to their present popularity,—when they lay in solitary loneliness, uncared-for, excepting by the deer-hunter and those few settlers, who, like my friend, Judge Falkner, had taste to enjoy their beauties and appreciate their real value,—that a stranger, of gentlemanly appearance and highly polished manners, came to the old tavern at Sully, and sought there a temporary shelter for himself, his little son, and a female domestic, who had been the child's nurse. This gentleman had been the Rector of St. Anne's, in Jamaica.

After some time, he purchased a picturesque lot of land, about three miles below the head of the Lake—a lonely and lovely spot. There on an isolated mound, at the foot of a range of lofty hills, which form the sides of one of those singular ravines that diversify the Plains,—he caused the Wolf Tower to be built, greatly to the admiration of the workmen, and the few scattered settlers thereabouts; and much they marvelled that the strange gentleman should content himself in the rude log shanty that he caused to be put up, while the more important building was in progress.

The rooms were all of an octagon form, and were fitted up with ornamental mouldings of red cedar, brought from the adjacent islands, and sawn into boards: tables, chairs, shelves, were all of the same brittle, but odoriferous wood,—and these were the work and amusement of the recluse in his lonely retirement.

To strangers, the deep melancholy that at times pervaded his features, his solitary habits, and love of retirement, were matters of speculation,—but to those who were acquainted with the sad history of his domestic afflictions, it was no matter of surprise that he should seek, in seclusion from the world, healing for a wounded and almost broken heart. With the suffering prophet of the Hebrews, he might have been led to exclaim:—"Surely there is no sorrow like my sorrow." At one

stroke, it had pleased the Almighty to deprive him of the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart,—in one brief moment the unhappy father beheld the treacherous waves of a calm and unruffled sea, close over his four lovely and interesting daughters, and their faithful attendant (the sister of his little boy's nurse). Thus suddenly was his home left unto him desolate.\*

Surely the ways of the Lord are mysterious and his counsels past our human ken. Yet does he often lead the bruised and broken spirit to confess—"It is good for me to have been afflicted; before I was troubled I went astray." And well, indeed, is it with those who can look upwards and say—"In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts, O Lord, have refreshed my soul."

Such was the cause of this gentleman's estrangement from the world; and in the various occupations that he found, within and without doors, (for he was never idle), in the education of his little boy, and literary pursuits, he in a great measure regained that tranquillity of mind which this sad bereavement of his beloved children had deprived him of.

A strong desire to see an aged parent in England, joined with the necessity of giving his son the advantages of a classical education and the improvement of his health by travelling in the warmer parts of Europe, at last decided him on the propriety of forsaking his beloved solitude, and he disposed of the Tower and his Canadian property, and returned to England. "The Wolf Tower" has passed into the hands of strangers, and for some months afforded a temporary residence for my family and myself.†

When I came to reside at the "Wolf Tower," in the spring of 1846, I was in weak health, scarcely recovered from the effects of a dangerous fit of illness, but so renovating did I find the free healthy air of the hills about the Tower, that in a very short space of time, I was strong and able to ramble about with the children among the wild ravines, and over the steep wood-crowned heights around this romantic spot, revelling, with almost child-like delight, in this rare flower-garden of nature's own planting.

\* The sad circumstances connected with the over-setting of the pleasure-lodge, with the loss of the Rector of St. Anne's four lovely daughters, the female servant, and two young married ladies, with some others of the party, were well known to the inhabitants of St. Anne's.

† Perhaps I have dwelt more particularly on the Tower and its former proprietor, from having read a very erroneous statement respecting this gentleman, by a Mr. Gedley, in a work written in the form of letters from Canada, where he speaks of the *mysterious disappearance* of the eccentric owner of the Tower, adding that the place has lain tenantless ever since, with other observations equally opposed to facts. Now, it happened that the sale of the Tower and adjacent lands, with the furniture, stock, &c., was effected without the least mystery, and the departure of the former owner was a matter well known throughout the neighbourhood, and conducted quite openly.

For some time, the rich scenery around the Tower formed the limits of our rambles. My children were never weary of climbing the lofty sides of the hills that shut in the deep-winding ravine which opened out upon the green pasture at the foot of the mound on which the Tower is built. To this beautiful spot they gave the name of the "Valley of the Big Stone," from a huge boulder of red granite that occupies the centre of it. And here, of a Sunday evening, we used to hold our little church, seated upon the disjointed fragments that were scattered about it, and sheltered by the lofty banks, clothed with oak, birch, and a flowery undergrowth of roses and cornel, and other sweet-scented shrubs,—and here we often took our little treat of milk and bread, and ripe-red strawberries, gathered on the heights above by the children's busy hands. We gave names to all the remarkable spurs and promontories of the valley. There was the "Wolf Crag," the "Raven's Crag," the "Hill of the Pine," the "Birken Shaw," and the "Brae Head," with many others,—while nearer home were the "Tower Hill," and "Traitor's Gate."

Soon we began to extend our walks, rambling on from one hill to another, till we had explored, westward, the deep defiles and rounded hills that form that remarkable hill-pass, leading to Sackville Mill, and the high promontory which commands the whole extent of the lake and its islands, to Gore's Landing, where a pretty neat cottage has been erected by a Devonshire gentleman, and which forms a pleasing object from the lake, nestled among groups of pine, oak, birch, and poplar, that surround it.

Eastward of the Tower, and running up inland from Pine-Tree Point, there is a deep valley, commonly known as Thilvert's Ravine, a lonely spot, once inhabited, but now nothing but a few charred logs, half overgrown with moss and weeds; a spring with its moss-grown stones and slippery plank, scarcely visible from the turf that covers it,—are all that remain to mark where a dwelling has been. At the head of the valley, just above the spot where the house once stood, there is a rocky pasture-field surrounded by a dilapidated fence half filled in with briars and scrubby oaks and bushes of various kinds; large girdled oaks, long since dead, stretch their bare leafless arms against the sky, giving an air of sadness and desolation to the scene. Just where the path turns round the corner of the fence, there is a small enclosure, not many yards in extent: it contains the grave of a lady, the wife of the former possessor of the soil. I remember the first time I visited the Tower, our road lay along the hill-side, near that very spot. It was winter, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, yet I noticed the fresh-raised mound by the road-side; there still stood the pick-axe and shovel that had been

used in breaking the frost-bound earth; and now I never pass the grave, over-grown by a rank luxuriance of herbs, wild-flowers, and shrubs, without a feeling akin to sadness. The little dwelling levelled by fire to the dust, her husband and children distant,—silence and the stillness of desolation seem to brood over the spot where she sleeps, unconscious that a sympathizing stranger's step often lingers on the path that leads to her last lone resting-place.

A still finer and deeper ravine is that which lies at the side of the high table-land, which terminates in a cliff-like descent towards the lake, and to the westward. From the precipitous hill-path above, you look down upon a mass of waving foliage, and the jutting spurs of the valley, clothed with flowers and wild roses and shrubs, extend to a considerable distance, and add much to the wild beauty of the scenery. The high land above this glen is known by the name of Mount Ararat. It was a lovely evening that I first descended Mount Ararat: the sun was setting behind the dark pines that clothe the higher ground towards the westward, or head waters of the lake, and a flood of golden light was on the waters. The islands lay almost at our feet, some in deep shade, and others just catching the last radiant glance of the retiring sunbeams. A deep indigo tint was on the distant shore, and all looked so lovely, that I could have lingered there as long as a ray of twilight remained to lighten the landscape.

These ravines form some of the most interesting natural features of the Plains, and give a singular and furrowed aspect to the shore, when seen from the water. They are evidently the channels through which, in ages past, poured down vast sweeping torrents, when the higher table-lands emerged from the state of chaos, caused by some mighty natural convulsion, and these deep gorges formed drains by which the waters found an outlet to the lake below. What a scene of wild and fearful desolation must these hills and valleys then have presented! Now how changed! The rushing tumultuous waters have ceased to flow. The rocky fragments that they bore down with them in their headlong course have found a resting-place. The sides of the valley are clothed with herbs and flowers, and the waving foliage of graceful trees; the evening air is scented with the perfume of roses and other odorous shrubs—

"The land is at rest and breaks forth into song,"

The partridge leads her young brood forth to feed upon the soft luscious fruits of the huckleberry and squaw-berry. The lone cry of the Whip-poor-will is heard in the still evening air. A thousand birds find nourishment and rear their broods in their deep valleys, while the solitary lord of these solitudes rears its



young on some stately pine, upon the highest hills above the lake.

He who would wish to see the Plains in their fullness of beauty, should visit them in the latter end of May and the flowery months of June, July, and August, and his eye will be gratified by an assemblage of lovely blossoms; he may also revel in abundance of sweet summer berries, among which the strawberry, huckleberry, and hillyberry, may be named with many others of less note, while grapes, of no mean size or flavour, abound on the lake shore, and even give name to one of the smaller islands. I have tasted excellent grape-wine, made by our friend of the Tower, from the fruit gathered on Grape Island—the genuine juice of the grape, as he termed it.

I scarcely know a more delicate and attractive little shrub, than the common huckleberry of the Plains, with its slender branches of pale green leaves and waxen heath-shaped buds—sometimes tinted with a soft blush-colour or greenish-white; these are quickly followed by a succession of ripe blue-berries, sweet and pleasant, and very wholesome, though wanting a slight flavour to make them agreeable to some palates: as a mixture with red currants they are excellent either as a preserve or in pastry. This humble fruit forms, during its continuance one of the great attractions of the Plains. Large parties come from the distant towns of Cobourg, Port Hope, and Grafton, to gather berries and pass a day of rural enjoyment among the fruits and flowers of the Rice Lake Plains.

In rambling over the hills and valleys, the eye is attracted by the vast beds of azure lupines, which give a soft tint to the ground, especially on the more sandy spots, where they mostly delight to grow. Seen on its native soil, and blooming beneath its own warm summer skies, this flower is seen to far greater advantage than the cold and somewhat coarse-looking flower that we cultivate in our gardens at home. The spikes of richly laden blossoms present every variety of shade, from the pale pearly blue to the deep velvety purple. The seeds are small and of ivory whiteness, and from their abundance, no doubt form no inconsiderable addition to the food of the smaller quadrupeds and birds, that have their haunts and homes among the oak glades of the Plains.

Springing up among these azure lupines, we see the splendid *Enchroma* or Painted Cup, in brilliancy of colour not inferior to the most vivid scarlet geranium, yet it is a wild and hardy plant, nurtured in a dry and gravelly soil, adorning sunny wastes and barren spots. This remarkable flower derives its splendour from the calyx and involucre which surrounds it. These are divided and subdivided in many segments, the points of which appear as if they had been dipped in a dye of brightest vermilion. The blossom itself is ringed

of a pale yellow or straw-colour, and is scarcely discernible from the folds of the bright fringe that envelopes it. And hardly less attractive, from its large snowy blossom, is the stately brilliancy,—seen by the moonlight, the hills seem studded with bright stars so pure and dazzling in their whiteness,—I often wonder that this exceedingly lovely flower so widely spread as it is all over this continent has never found a place in our English gardens.

The large lilac crane's-bill or wild geranium, of no ordinary gracefulness and beauty, here displays its elegant blossoms. The curious yellow moccasin flower, *Cypripedium arietinum*, to-sses its golden balls to the wind, a canopied couch where *Titania* might hide herself and her elves from "jealous Oberon." There are abundant varieties of lilies, the pale erythronium or dog's-tooth violet, with its single drooping flower and curiously variegated leaf. The gay orange maragon, with every variety of the *convallaria*, from the many flowered gigantic Solomon's seal, to the lowly *C. bifolia*, with its prettily starry flower and ruby-spotted fruit. Not less attractive are the various low shrubby evergreens, *pyrolas* and dwarf *arbutus*; some of these with their myrtle-shaped leaves of glassy green, and bright scarlet fruit, are an enduring ornament, and appear to beautify even the most barren spots. There, too, is the pentagala, by some called milkwort and satin flower, a gem worthy of a place in any lady's green-house; twined among the tall stalks of the deer-grass, asking support from every slender twig, we find vetches of all the most delicate hues; the pencilled, the white, the blue, the flesh; all charming in their way. These are a few among the thousand floral beauties that one short month brings forth; but how shall I describe all that the succeeding months reveal, of fruits and flowers mosses and ferns—and then what store of roses the month of June unfolds; on clearings, on hilly banks, in shady glens, and open levels, they spring up bright and beautiful. In old clearings it is delightful to walk out at dew-fall to smell the roses and that light feathery shrub, so widely diffused among the under-wood, the *ceanothus*, or New Jersey tea, the scent of which resembles the meadow-sweet: Canadians and Yankies use an infusion of the leaves as tea. Among our odoriferous flowers the monarda, a gigantic mint with pale lilac flowers bears a prominent place; the sweet gale or shrubby fern, smells like nutmeg, this also is in great repute among the old Canadians as a substitute for tea—many of the *pyrolas*, or many flowered wintergreens, give out a delicious odour, and that lowly but charming-creeping evergreen, the *mitchella* ripens, or partridge berry reminds one of the white jessamine in the delicacy of its smell,—the scarlet twinberry it is called by some, and I am told the fruit is pleasant to eat. These flowers like many others of our Canadian plants are

united at the germ so as to give a double berry. The stately milkweed (*asclepias*) are very fragrant, and one pretty shrubby plant with corymbs of pale pink striped bells, (*apocynum*, *dogbane*,) gives out its odour only after sunset. Our low grounds along the lake shore present a vast variety of shrubs—the snow berry, the large mezcreeon, the high bush cranberry, or single American Gueldres rose, wild cherries of various kinds, and plums, with vines, and various climbers are here to be found. The bittersweet, a *solanum* of great beauty flinging its slender branches over the saplings wreathing them with its dark green foliage and scarlet fruit; this plant is in high esteem with the Indians who use both root and berry in various ways as medicine—and outward applications, as an ingredient in a salve for burns and scalds, it is very efficacious.

I must not in my floral notice of the plains, forget to mention one of its brightest ornaments, the deep blue larger blossom gentian, and the elegant gentiana ciliata or fungus gentian; these are Fall flowers, and are chiefly found on rather dry open levels, such as the ground of those remarkable spots known by the settlers on the plains as the upper and lower race-course, from the dead level surface they present, which strange as it may sound are almost the only level grounds upon the plains—the common term *plainsland* seems in Canada rather to mean open partially cleared ground, and is in most instances composed of an endless variety of hill and dale. A volume might be compiled on the floral productions of the plains, which would be no inconsiderable addition to the very scanty library of botanical works that have yet been written on the plants indigenous and peculiar to Canada.

Though a great proportion of our natural plants are widely diffused all over the country, there are others that are confined to certain spots, favourable to their peculiar habits—every township affords some plants peculiar to certain localities.

One growth of plants is confined to the shores of certain lakes and still waters—the rapid waters again where the banks are mostly rocky and elevated, present others. The rich alluvial flats, composed of decayed vegetable matter, give plants of rank and luxuriant quality. The deep recesses of the forest where the beams of the noon day sun scarcely find leave to pierce, grow plants and flowers that are foreign to the open sunny wastes and dry pastures. The spongy mossy soil of the cedar swamps, or the dry pine barrens afford others of the most opposite characters, while a lovely aquatic garden floats upon the bosom of the still waters, rivalling in beauty their terrestrial sisters.

There are rare and evanescent flowers that no hortus siccus can preserve, the produce of the rank soil of the deep wood whose beauties have never been given to the world.

The time is not far distant when many of these sweet children of the wilderness will be sought for in vain, those more especially that love the cool and shady recesses of the forest; that have their haunt by mossy stone and bubbling rill; as the axe and the fire level the woods where they flourished, they disappear. Like the wild Indian, they fade away before the influence of civilization, and the place that knew them once shall know them no more.

Man has altered the face of nature. The forest and its dependents will soon be among the things that were. The stately plantations of Indian corn, the waving fields of golden grain, have usurped the places of the giant pine, the oak, the beech, and the maple. A new race springs up, suited to the nature of the soil, and the wants of man and his dependents, but—

“But the flowers of the forest are a’ wecd away.”

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE “BACKWOODS.”  
Oaklands, Rice Lake.

◆◆◆◆◆  
EOLINE.

Deep beneath the arching wood,  
Where the hoary hemlock stands,  
And the aged oaks shake hands,  
Like brave men who've stood together  
In rude war and rougher weather;  
And the flowers  
In summer hours,  
Nod and whisper to each other  
In a playful, loving mood.  
Where the sailless Lake lies sleeping,  
And the rich luxuriant vine,  
Trailing from the sombre pine,  
Soft, ambrosial tears is weeping  
O'er the shadow of its brother  
Looking from the wave below—  
Where the dancing streamlets flow,  
Making music as they go:  
There the child of nature dwelleth—  
Where the wailing night-bird telleth  
To the moon her tale of woe:  
There one morn, when rainbow hues  
Glanced along the diamond dews;  
Came she forth, this light of mine,  
Love inspiring Eoline.

Hast thou seen the mountain crest  
Where the crystal snow-wreaths rest,  
Smitten by the parting ray  
Of the blushing god of day,  
Ere he sinks his hues to lave,  
In the cool refreshing wave?  
Such the beams that never slumber,  
Lights and shadows without number;  
Such the heaven-born tints that shine,  
On the cheek almost divine  
Of my love—my Eoline.  
But her brow is pure and white  
As the mountain by moonlight;  
And her pulses lightly flow—  
Like the streams which bounding go  
To the sleeping lake below.

And her bosom faultless fair,  
To nought else can I compare,  
Save to two twin swans that sleep,  
Where the willow tresses weep ;  
Rising, falling with each breath,  
Whose expression stirs beneath  
Their soft beauty—ne'er I wist,  
Save by amorous moonbeams, kissed,  
'Tis a pure and holy shrine,  
That dear little soul of thine  
Loved and loving Eoline.

Let me look into thine eyes  
Laughing little Eoline,  
Sparkles like the fire fly's  
Dance between from thine to mine,  
Closer yet  
Our lips have met,  
Naughty little Eoline !  
What is this ? thy cheeks are wet,  
And thine eyes in tears have set,  
And thy lips are like twin roses,  
In whose folds the dew roses ;  
And thy breath is hard to get,  
Though 'tis sweet as mignonette,  
Say, what foolish fears alarm thee ?  
Thinkest thou that I could harm thee,  
Doubting little Eoline ?  
Look again ! ah, now 'tis brighter,  
Yet thy brow is scarcely whiter  
Than the flowery eglantine !  
Here upon my breast recline,  
Thou art altogether mine,  
Melting little Eoline.

ERRO.

#### AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

I COULD scarcely at first believe that they were all dead—that I was never more to hear the voice of parent, brother, or sister—that I was utterly alone in the world. But so it was ; within the space of eight months, as the worthy curate told me, the grave had closed over the whole of my family. It was some consolation that my mother had died blessing me ; but, nevertheless, I now bitterly repented that I had gone to sea, instead of remaining, as I might have done, to stay and comfort her in her old age. Yet she had approved of the step I took, and after all I acted for the best.

It was now necessary for me to shape my course anew. So being now a tolerable seaman, and seeing nothing else to do, I made up my mind to stick to the only profession I had acquired, and to seek another ship.

On reaching Devonport, I found there was no ship fitting out for sea just then ; but as I had still some money left, and could afford to be idle for a week or two, I resolved to wait a short time and see what might turn up. I lodged at a tavern called the Rodney, and the time went by quickly enough, for I had never been in that neighbourhood before, and there is a good deal to be seen there. However, at the end of a fortnight my reckoning at the Rodney was presented ; and when I had paid it, I found I had not money enough left to keep me afloat much longer. I told my situation to the landlord, a very honest man, who said it was not probable that any king's

ship would be commissioned at Plymouth for some time.

Just as we were talking about it, over a glass of grog, a man came in and said—

"Here's a rum go, Jem (that was the landlord's name) ; that other chap has left the Stone, too ! I'm blest if it isn't the third within the last eight weeks !"

"Why, now," said the landlord to me ; that's the very thing for you, my man—that's to say, always supposing you don't dislike a little confinement and regular hours !"

"What is it ?" said I.

"It's one of the keepers of the Stone Light," replied he, "who has given up the job. What do you say to it ? It's the very thing for a man like you, who seem to be a bit of a scholar, and not to like to work overmuch."

Nothing at the time could have been more to my mind, for I little imagined what the nature of the situation was. I lost no time in applying for the post, and my certificates being good, and besides—most unaccountably, as I then thought—no one else offering, I was almost immediately accepted. They said I must engage for six months, as they were tired of men leaving the place almost as soon as appointed. I said I would engage for a year if they chose ; but they smiled, and said six months was enough to begin with.

When all was arranged, I began to congratulate myself on my good fortune. I thought with the landlord, that it was the very thing for me. I could not understand why my predecessors had given up the service, and thought they must have been men who did not know when they were well off. Nevertheless, I thought it possible I might be a little dull now and then ; so, that I might have something to amuse myself with, I bought a pack of cards to play with the other keeper, a second-hand musical snuff-box, and an excellent jest-book, with a collection of songs at the end of it. Next morning I went on board the lighthouse tender, and we sailed for the Eddystone. On the way, one of the men remarked to me, significantly, that it was a Friday.

"What of that ?" said I ; "all sensible people ridicule your superstitions about a Friday."

"Well, well," said he, "we shall see."

The weather was fine and the wind favourable, though light ; in about three hours we reached our destination, and effected a landing without difficulty. There was little time lost ; some stores the tender had brought off were quickly got out of her ; in half-an-hour she was standing back for Plymouth, and I was left to establish myself in my new abode.

"Well," said I to myself, as I looked about me, "here I am, snug and comfortable ! After knocking about the world as I have done, it is something to find such a resting-place ; and, disgusted as I am with the coldness and selfishness of society, it is still better to find myself so effectually removed from it."

The other light-keeper—good reason I have to remember him—was an elderly man, and a Scot. I was by no means taken with his appearance, for he looked grave and unsocial—anything, in fact, but a jolly companion. However, he was courteous enough at first, showing me all over the light-house, pointing out the different apparatus, and

explaining to me my various duties. The day passed away pleasantly enough; I had never before seen the interior of a lighthouse, and I found considerable amusement in examining everything about it. The lower part is solid; above that there are four small chambers one over the other, besides the lantern, or light-room: the two lowest are for holding stores, the third is the kitchen, and in the fourth are the men's berths. I found everything fitted up with the same economy of space and neatness of contrivance which distinguish the arrangements of a ship; indeed, at times, I fancied for a moment I was actually on board of one. The great difference was that there was so little room to move about in—at least horizontally; for as to going up and down I soon found that very tiresome. Of that, however, I thought little; keeping a watch in that comfortable lantern was evidently a very different thing from keeping one in cold and darkness on a wet deck, step fore-and-aft as one might there; and if I had now and then the trouble of going aloft, it was not to reef topsails in a gale of wind.

The first day passed pleasantly enough, and I was more than contented with my situation till the evening came. As it began to grow dusk my comrade and I went up to the lantern, and he showed me how the lighting was managed. After this lesson, being tired of his prasing, I left him to keep the first watch; and understanding that I was to relieve him at midnight, I went below again to our berth. And then first I began to feel a little lonely.

I sat a while musing over my past life and adventures, and then it occurred to me that now was a good time for carrying out a project I had often formed, but never had found opportunity to execute, namely, that of writing my memoirs. I jumped at the idea, and immediately began thinking how I should begin; but after I had smoked two or three pipes, and my musical box had run down several times, I found the time had passed more quickly than I had thought it would, and that it was within an hour of my watch. So as it was not worth while setting myself to begin my memoirs that night, I thought I might as well go up and sit with the Scotchman for the remaining time.

I do not know how it was, but there was something about this man which, from the first, exercised a most dispiriting influence upon me; there was something so fixedly melancholy in all he said and in all he looked. However, I was resolved not to let myself yield to the impression. The hour passed away; and at midnight, after much prasing about the lamp, the reflectors, and so on, he went below. When he was gone, I could not help thinking what a hard thing it was that a man like me, gifted with natural ability, and having received so excellent an education, should have the same fate assigned me as that stupid and uncultivated old Scotchman. These and such thoughts occupied me some time. I then wound up my watch and tried to settle myself for the night. It was, however, in vain; I was in a restless humour, so I thought I would go down and bring up a glass of grog to keep me company, and also my musical box, which I had forgotten. I went down, therefore; the Scotchman was asleep; but some slight noise I made in

passing by the berth, awakened him, and he started up.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Speak—quick!"

"Nothing at all, old fellow," I coolly replied; "I only want a can of grog and my musical box."

"What! and have you dared to leave the light for that?" exclaimed he; and, as he spoke, he rushed up the ladder like a maniac.

When I had mixed my grog and put my box in my pocket, I followed him, laughing exceedingly at his excitement; for though I knew it was a little irregular for me to have left my post, I thought his conduct most ridiculously absurd.

"Come old boy," said I, when I reached the lantern, "don't look so glum. Where's the harm of my mixing myself a little three-water grog? Off to your cot with you, or else you'll catch cold in these thin legs of yours, and then I shall have to nurse you. Down with you; I shall not leave the light again."

"Can I depend on you?" said he, in a doubting way, that made me laugh anew.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "there is nothing more I want. There, down with you, and turn in again—all's well."

He said nothing more, and went below; I played my musical box for some time, and finished my grog. Then, whether or not the liquor acted as a soporific, or that I was tired after the jovial night we spent at the Rodney, I do not know; but I fell asleep; and did not awake till daybreak. When I awoke, and found the day dawning, I hastily extinguished the lamp and descended to rouse my mate. We breakfasted, and then, as I expected, he began.

"Young man," said he, "it was not right of you to leave the light last night, and you must not do it again."

"This morning, you mean," said I. "But never mind that. As to leaving the light for a moment, why, what harm could it do?"

"You have been to sea," returned the Scotchman, "and you must know you should not leave your post when upon duty."

"Yes," said I, "but a lighthouse is not a ship. There is no fear of squalls for this craft; there are breakers enough around, but there is no danger—at least for us."

"That's just the thing! that's just the thing!" cried he. "We are, perhaps, safe enough; but if anything were to go wrong with the light, what would become of those for whose benefit the lighthouse was erected?"

"But for five minutes——"

"Not for a single moment may your post be deserted," interrupted he. "You and I are here to tend that light; and if through our negligence anything happen to it, and a vessel were to be lost on this rock, the deaths of all and each of the crew would lie at our door; we should be man-slayers—murderers! Do not attempt to justify yourself, for you know you were wrong. If I thought—but I daresay it was mere thoughtlessness on your part. You will not do it again? Let us forget it!"

And I did forget it at the time, at least I did not think of it. But deeply did subsequent events—and they came very soon—grave his words upon my mind: "If through our negligence

a ship were lost, the deaths of all her crew would lie at our door!" How often has that dreadful sentence rung in my ears! how often have I in vain tried to shut out the conviction that it was true. *Manslayer!—murderer!* Long after the man's tongue became forever silent, the words seemed to sound in my ears like the voice of an accusing angel. But, as I have said, I thought nothing of them at the time; nay, I secretly laughed at the old man's language:—secretly, for there was then something imposing about him, which prevented my doing so openly. However, though I did not care for what he said, I disliked him more than ever, and it was fated that the day was not to pass over without a downright quarrel between us. It arose thus. I had helped myself several times to a little grog—more from want of anything to do than because I cared for it. This he discovered from seeing the rum in the case-bottle getting near low-water-mark. When he observed it, he locked the place where the spirits were kept, and put the key in his pocket, without saying a word. I pretended at the moment not to see this; but soon after, wishing another glass, I went to him (he was aloft out on the gallery), and said, civilly, "I'll thank you for the key of the locker where the rum is."

"No, young man," said he, "I will not give it you. You don't seem to know when to stop; therefore you shall have your allowance regularly every day, and no more."

"What!" cried I, "what right have you to stop my grog in this fashion? Give up the key, or I'll make you!"

I seized his arm as I spoke; but with the quickness of lightning, and before I could prevent him, he heaved the key over the gallery into the sea.

"Now!" said he, "you thought to use force, because you are younger and stronger than I am. See the consequence! You'll get no grog at all now, for you dare not break open the locker; at least you had better not, since if you do it will speak for itself; but if you let it alone I shall say nothing, for I am no tell-tale;"—and from that moment we were enemies. It was true enough what he said about my not daring to break open the locker; that would have been discovered the next time the tender came, and the whole story would so have come out. I tried all the other keys I could find, but none would fit. It was unfortunately high water when he threw away the key; and though I went at ebb to seek it with some faint hopes, my search, as might have been expected, was fruitless.

After a day or two had passed, I could no longer conceal from myself that my situation was unsupportable; and after a long but fruitless effort to keep up my spirits, I abandoned the struggle. I had nothing—nothing to do, nothing to look forward to, nothing to wish for, nothing to care about, nothing to excite an idea. And then I was condemned not only to mental but bodily inactivity. I could not relieve my mind by taking physical exercise, for I was caged in that slender tower, and a single step brought me to the extremity of my den. I began to understand and sympathize with the restlessness of wild animals in captivity; but I considered them much happier than I was,

seeing they did not possess, as I did, a soul to which imprisonment extended.

The ships that occasionally passed brought none of that interest and excitement which at sea the appearance of a sail always does. I knew that their crews were socially united together—merry, careless, and happy. A ship's appearance only tantalized me; I felt like a wretched castaway, who sees a vessel sail by which sees not him. The land had the same effect. With a glass I could make out various objects—one or two houses; there the labourer returning from his toil found his fellows to associate with, but I, who could almost see this, was doomed to utter and unchanging solitude. Sometimes I burst into tears and cried like a child for an hour; but tears brought me no relief. Each day seemed as if it would never end; and when it did come to a close, there was no satisfaction for me, for I knew all succeeding ones would be like it.

I had heard that people often came off to see the lighthouse, and I looked wistfully for such a pleasure, but none ever came in my time. And so day after day passed. I need not describe each; I could not if I would, for I have no distinct recollection of them. That time is a blank to me—I even lost my reckoning, and ceased to know the days of the month or week. The time seemed an eternity; nevertheless I knew it must be short, and that it bore a very small proportion to the six months I had to endure.

Every day I grew worse and worse. Well did I at last know why they had smiled when I offered to engage for a year, and why my predecessors had given up the place. It was, indeed, terrible. At times I was inclined to dash my head against the wall, and so end my miserable life at once; often I was about to throw myself into the sea—it was easy, and all my wretchedness would be ended with the plunge. Several times I went down at low water with the fixed resolution of leaping from the rock, and each time I recoiled. I could not take the decisive step. An indistinct hope of better days withheld me. It was not want of courage, but every time something seemed to say to me, "Not yet—a moment longer."

Time went on, and still I grew worse and worse. Sometimes I thought I was going mad—nay, sometimes I even thought that I had gone mad. I detected incoherency in my thoughts; strange and fantastic ideas began to occupy my mind. My ideas wandered incessantly; they were without object or connection. I do now believe that I was in a state of incipient insanity, and I would fain be sure of it, for if such were the case, I was not, of course, responsible for what afterwards happened. Sometimes, in those terrible days, I doubted if I were waking or not; sometimes, indeed, I thought and hoped that the whole was but a frightful dream, from which I should soon be relieved, and smile at having been so troubled by it. But the time passed on, and there was no awaking for me.

Such was my life in the Eddystone Lighthouse. During this terrible period I sought refuge as much as possible in sleep. After the first few days, whenever I had the second watch, I regularly laid myself down for this purpose on the floor of the light-room, and generally at that time I slept.

This ultimately led to another quarrel with the Scotchman. It took place thus:—One night, soon after my watch had commenced, my mate came up and found me asleep. This, as I found out afterwards—for I had lost all my reckoning of time—was just three weeks subsequently to my arrival. When I awoke I found him quietly seated beside me, reading his Bible. He merely said that I might go below if I liked. I took him at his word and went down. Next day, he asked me if I was not ashamed of myself for having fallen asleep, and said he wondered I had not a more conscientious feeling of my duty. I told him my conscience was my affair, not his; and that as for sleeping, I slept so lightly that I should certainly awake the moment anything went wrong with the light.

"What," exclaimed he, "do you really excuse and defend your conduct, friend? Suppose the lighthouse were to take fire—don't you know it has been burned already, and that the lead from the roof ran down the throat of one of the keepers, and was found to the weight of eight ounces in his stomach when the doctors opened his body?" "Humbbug!" said I. "Do you think to frighten me with your ridiculous inventions—"

"It is as true as I am here," interrupted he.

"What!" cried I, "do you persist in your lying story? I wonder what your conscience is made of, since you talk of consciences—who can believe that molten lead could run down a man's throat? Such tales won't go down mine, I can tell you. Keep them for those who are fools enough to swallow them."

He looked at me steadily for some time, but made no reply. Then taking down the signal-book he consulted it for a moment; next he selected two signals from the rest and went up to the gallery. He soon returned, drew the table aside, and took the writing materials out of the locker he kept them in. Then he said—

"I have made the signal for the tender, and now I am going to write a letter to the board—it is my duty to let them know that you will not do yours."

"Do what you like," said I, carelessly.

The truth was, that I heartily rejoiced things had taken this turn, for though I knew I had rendered myself liable to punishment for a breach of my engagement in having fallen asleep on my post, yet the prospect of being released from that dreadful place, even though it were to go to prison, was perfect ecstasy to me. I immediately went up to the gallery and fixed my eyes eagerly on the point where I expected the tender would appear. For a couple of hours I remained there; and so wrapt was I in the idea of escape, that it was only then I remarked, what I might have seen in a moment, that the sea was running so high that it would be impossible for any boat to come near the rock. My disappointment was great, for it was the time of the equinox, and there was every prospect of a continued gale. Nevertheless, thought I, even if it blow for a fortnight, a fortnight is not six months. So I kept up my spirits.

"Come," said I to the Scotchman, "you may keep your epistle till the next post. No boat can come alongside in a sea like this. Your letter can't go, nor I neither—more's the pity."

"We shall see," said he; and as he spoke he made up his letter into a long roll, and took up a bottle which he had placed beside him, and slid the paper into it. He then corked the bottle and sealed it carefully.

"Well," said I, "that's a new kind of envelope. I understand now, but I confess I did not think of that."

When the tender came off, which it did in the afternoon, my comrade signalled to them to lie to a little to leeward; and when they had done so he heaved the bottle into the sea. It soon drifted down to them, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that my misconduct was fully made known. On each of the three following days the tender came off, and they made an attempt to land, but in vain. On the fourth and fifth it was blowing a tremendous gale from the S.W., and they did not come at all. During this time the Scotchman did all the duty of the lighthouse, and took all the watching every night, for he said he would not trust me again. I was very well pleased he would not. During these five days I was much less miserable than before, for I had the certainty before me of a speedy release.

On the night of the fifth day I turned in shortly after sunset, as I usually did. I had slept, I suppose, some hours, when I was awakened by the sound of the alarm-bell, which communicates between the lantern and the berth. I threw on a pea-jacket and ran up the ladder, not without a smile at the idea that it was during the watch of my careful comrade that something had gone wrong. "We shall perhaps see the experiment of the molten lead performed," said I, laughing to myself. But my laughing was quickly to be stopped. When I reached the lantern I found the Scotchman stretched upon the floor. He had evidently been taken suddenly ill, and he seemed to be suffering great pain.

"Ah," said he, as I appeared, "you are come at last—what I was afraid of has happened—I feel I am dying, young man."

"Nonsense," returned I, much terrified at the idea. Cheer up, old boy: what is the matter with you?"

"Worn out—too much anxiety—worn out," said he; "but no matter for that—what will become of the light when only you are here?"

"Never mind the light," said I, "What can I do for you? What will do you good? I'll get you anything you wish—"

"It's of no use," replied he, beginning to speak with difficulty. "Come near, and attend. You must keep watch to-night; and, as soon as day breaks, signal that they must come off at all hazards—do you understand? The signal-book is there, under my Bible."

"Yes, yes," said I, scarcely noting his words, for I began to fear his anticipations might be but too well founded, and I was very anxious.

I knelt down beside him and took his hand—it was cold and clammy, and I let it fall again. A minute or two elapsed; I remained silent and motionless, for I did not know what to say or do. Then a strange expression passed over his face—he was evidently getting worse. I grew very frightened. "What is to become of me?" I cried. "Rouse yourself, man, throw it off—rouse yourself—"

He tried to articulate something, but I could not make out what it was; after a while, however, he suddenly exclaimed distinctly—

“I have done my duty; I could do no more.” Then his face brightened—he started convulsively, and made a feeble effort to rise; but failing, to do so, he fell back again, murmuring, “The light! the light! the light!” Then he was still.

I watched him for a short time in silence, and with terrible feelings; then I called to him several times, speaking louder and louder, but there was nothing except the echo of my own voice. At last I ventured to touch him—a strange thrill passed over me as I did so. I raised his head; his lips were contorted and his eye was glassy.

Through me shot a frightful shudder at the look of that eye, whose fixed, unmeaning stare—for he was dead—nothing can ever efface from my memory; a cold sweat came out on my brow, and I fled from the place in an agony of fear. I rushed down to the chamber below, drew to the hatchway and made it fast. Death was in the place with me. I lay there in a half-frenzied state, all huddled together; and in an agony of fear, I pressed myself against the wall lest something should get behind me. I suppressed my breath lest I should be overheard by it. Every now and then a shiver of horror passed over me; my blood seemed to flow backwards in my veins; I was utterly overwhelmed and possessed by a tremendous fear. For I was left alone with Death.

That night seemed as it would never pass away. At last, however, the morning began to dawn, and worn out with excitement I fell asleep. My dreams, strangely enough, were pleasant, and I awoke with a smile on my lips—it was then broad day. For a moment, a single moment, I did not remember what had happened, but instantly it flashed across my mind, and I fell back as if I had received a blow. I felt the full horror of my position. Death was beside me, and I was alone!

Nevertheless, I endeavoured to fulfil the old man's last injunction; indeed, I was most desirous to do so, for it was the way of escape for me. Once I began to ascend the ladder for the purpose of making the signal, forbidding myself to think, what, of course, I was but too well aware of, that I would have to pass by the dead body to accomplish it. I took a few steps, but it was in vain, and I descended again.

Afterwards I strenuously endeavoured to brace my nerves to the resolution of going up and throwing the body into the sea. It occurred to me, however, that if I threw away the body without any one having seen it, I might subject myself to the suspicion of having murdered my companion, more especially as I might easily be supposed to bear him no good will after the informing and accusing letter he had written. So, even if I could have brought myself to go near the corpse, I would not have touched it. As for the signal, it would, after all, have been of little use, for the storm continued unabated, and it would have been utterly impossible for the tender to have come off.

The evening came. Of course I did not light the lamp in the lantern; I wished to do so, and that most earnestly, for I knew my responsibility

and the dangerous consequences that might follow from my not doing it. But it was in vain for me to strive to perform the duty; I dismissed the thought of it from my mind in despair. How often since have I wished that I had had the resolution to do it! But it is idle to think of it; no fear of punishment or future suffering could have induced me, in my then state, to have entered that place. I felt the presence of Death all about me, but that lantern—it was his very throne!

The night came—that never-to-be-forgotten night! The gale was at its height; the weather, though cloudy, was clear. I was standing at one of the windows, which I had opened to let the wind cool my feverish head. I was looking seaward, listlessly watching the waves breaking on the rock, as they rolled on in huge masses, fell against it with the weight and thunder of avalanches, and streamed away in long diverging sheets of phosphorescent foam. I had been observing them for some time, carelessly and calmly, for to my first paroxysm of horror and fear, a kind of idiotic insensibility had succeeded, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the momentary appearance of a light to windward. I thought I must have been deceived, but in a few seconds I saw it again. I then watched for its reappearance with intense excitement. Again I saw it—there could be no mistake now—again it disappeared. Then I knew for certain that it was the light of a vessel, which the heave of the waves was alternately showing and concealing. The next time I saw it I marked its position carefully, that I might determine what course the vessel was steering, and fervently I hoped to find it was moving across my line of vision. But, alas! no; at each successive reappearance it was still in the same direction, and then I knew that the vessel which bore it was steering straight, or nearly so, for the fatal rock on which I stood. Then a tremendous foreboding seized me, and the voice of my self-accusing conscience spoke terribly. For through my fault the faithful lantern, which should have warned that ship from the path of destruction, was dark, and gave no caution; the noble purpose of the lighthouse was defeated through me, and before me, rapidly approaching, was the sacrifice of my crime.

My first impulse was to run up and light the burners, and I think that at that moment I could have braved the horrors of the lantern. But a moment's reflection told me that half an hour would not suffice to put it in working order, for, as it had burned till it had gone out of itself, all the oil must have been exhausted, and to arrange such a lamp requires some considerable time. And half-an-hour! I knew that in a few minutes the vessel must either be on the rock or have passed by in safety.

The light came on—rapidly. What were my feelings as it approached! I forgot all my own suffering in my absorbing anxiety for that ship. She was bearing directly for the rock. I was shaking all over, and could scarcely keep my post at the window. There came the ship; only one man in the world knew her danger; that was I, and I could do nothing.

The ship still came on—the light was within half a cable's length of me. There was no chance now of her passing by. She must have been

steering right on the point where I stood. Swiftly and steadily she came on. I screamed uselessly at the top of my voice. Suddenly the light swerved from its course. I saw that they had deserted the breakers, and put down the helm; they had kept a good look-out—it was no fault of theirs, poor, faithful, and trusty crew. I heard the creaking of the yards as they swung round, and the fluttering of the canvas as it shook in the wind. I saw something white fly past,—probably it was a sail blown from the bolt-ropes. But I was now in no suspense, for I knew it was too late and that all was over. The next instant there came a booming crash, the light disappeared, and I heard the cracking and rattling of the masts as they fell over the side. There was a moment's pause. Then rose loud over all the noise of the storm a confused and general cry; then I distinctly heard the ship's bell tolled—it was their knell, for after that there was nothing more.

I shut the window, and seated myself on a stool. I must have become insensible immediately after, for I recollect nothing further till I came to myself and found it broad day. I rose and began putting the place in order; once or twice I stopped to curse the memory of my late companion, who had been the chief cause of all; but I did not then think much about the catastrophe of the night—it was not to be realized in a moment. It's all over now, and what cannot be helped should not be regretted; besides, after all, it is only a ship lost, as many a good ship has been before her; we all owe Heaven a death."

Even so did I talk with myself as I continued busying myself about the apartment, moving things hither and thither without a purpose. But lightly as I thought of it then—it was a kind of insanity to do so—ever since has the burden been increasing which that night laid upon my soul—less and less rest has my troubled conscience known from day to day.

The secret, too, which I carry about with me—for no living being, except I, knows where that ship was lost—is unsupportable. I have been, and am constantly in dread of telling it out in my sleep, and I perpetually think that people are making allusion to it, or that they suspect me. What, however, is more strange, and I cannot in any way account for it is, that I have a perpetual desire to tell it to some one—I feel as if I should be better if I did. This, however, of course, I dare not do. It is this feeling which has led me to execute my often-formed intention of writing my life, and although, before my death at least, no eye but my own will ever see this, I do feel some relief in having reduced it to narrative. Heavy, heavy has been the load I have borne these many sad, weary years—fain would I hope that the few which remain for me may be less painful.

As it happened the wind had completely fallen soon after the catastrophe, and that day the sea went down sufficiently to allow the tender to come off. Two or three men landed from her; the first was he who had remarked to me, when I was on my way to the place, that I had set off upon a Friday.

"Told you so, my boy," said he, as soon as he saw me; "you've found out what comes of sailing

on a Friday. Sleeping on duty! A pretty idler you are! What if the light had gone out?"

I grieved involuntarily. The man, mistaking the cause, said—

"You may be well ashamed of yourself. Where's the old man?"

"He's dead," said I.

They all started.

"His body is in the lantern," I continued; "I did not like to move him, and so left him where he died."

I then detailed the circumstances, giving as my reason for leaving the corpse untouched the fear I entertained of being suspected of foul play.

"It must have been bad enough sitting watching the light, and he lying there," said the officer, an old midshipman; "you must have had an uncomfortable time of it, my lad. I did not think you were in such an unpleasant situation when I saw your light last night."

"When he saw the light last night?" Was he mocking me. Was it all known?

It was not. Unaccountable as it may seem, that man was perfectly convinced he had seen the light the previous night. I am sure he would have sworn to it.

And no one, indeed, suspected the truth. It was soon known that the—Indian had been lost on the coast, for spars and pieces of her, indicative of the ship to which they had belonged, came ashore in a day or two. But no one for a moment thought of her having struck upon the Eddystone. As for me, the authorities considering what I had undergone, contented themselves with muling me of my wages and discharging me. I sold my watch to a Jew for twenty-seven shillings and a glass of grog. I was sorry to part with it, for it was my mother's; but what could I do? On this small sum I lived miserably enough for a fortnight, when I got a berth in a coasting vessel, the *Margaret Turnbull*.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

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## BUY IMAGES!

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"IMAGES! buy Images!"

Such was the cry of an Italian image-seller, as he proceeded on his way down one of the narrow ill-paved streets of a little town in the Potteries.

"Who'll buy Images? Will you buy one, sir?"

The words were addressed to a little ill-clad boy, who gazed wistfully up at the miniature sculpture gallery on the head of the Italian vendor. The collection was made up of copies in plaster-of-paris from old and modern statues, mixed up with Prince Alberts, Wellingtons, and Napoleons crossing the Alps. There were some of Pradier's lovely representations of soft and delicate women, Canova's dancing-girls, Venus, Isis, Apollo Belvidere, and a beautiful cast of the Boy extracting a Thorn.

"Will you buy one?" repeated the dark-eyed Italian to the boy, who still followed, gazing eagerly at the miniature statuary aloft on the man's head.

The boy turned away with a sigh.

At that instant, a gentleman alighted from his horse at the gateway of the large pottery of the



little town, and looked about him for some one to hold his horse. He caught the eye of the boy, and beckoned him with his finger.

"Come here, my boy, and hold this horse for an instant; I'll be back presently."

The boy at once ran up, and took the reins of the horse to hold it, but still he gazed after the receding Italian, who paced slowly down the street, echoing his cry of "Images! buy Images!"

Nearly an hour passed, and the gentleman at last issued from the gateway.

"Come, my boy," said he, "I have kept you longer than I meant to do. Here's a shilling for you. Will that do?"

"Oh yes, sir, and thank you, sir! thank you, indeed, sir!"

The boy was quite fervent in his repetitions of gratitude.

"You are a good little boy,—what is your name? Where do you live?"

"In Back Lane, sir. My name's Aleck Williams. I want work, sir, if I can get it, for we are very poor."

"Why, we want boys now. Here, Davis," calling to a man who had come out of the gateway after the gentleman; here's a boy wants work. See if you can't take him on. I like the look of the lad. Find out who his mother is, and let me know to-morrow. Yes, my boy, you can come back here to-morrow. Davis will try and find some work for you."

"Thanks, sir, many thanks," said the boy, "I should like nothing better than to get set to work in the Pottery."

"Very well." And the gentleman rode away; Davis retired within the gates again; and the boy remained standing in the street, looking at the bright shilling in his hand. A thought seemed to strike him, and he darted off down the street, after the image-seller!

He was nowhere to be seen. The boy peeped into the public-house door: there were no images there. He glanced along the back lanes; the image-seller, with his precious load, had disappeared. He had, doubtless, proceeded along the highway towards the next town. Away went the eager boy after him!

"He cannot have gone so far," said the boy to himself; and I shall soon make up to him. Those beautiful images!"

A sharp turn of the road, which he had now reached, showed that he was right in his surmise. The Italian rested under a hedge, which shaded him from the hot sun; and his miniature treasures of art were laid on the grass beside him. They looked still more beautiful than before, their dazzling white relieved against the fresh green of the hedge-row and the grass. The sun, which here and there streamed through the open foliage of the hedge, fell upon the figures, and brought out their beauties in glorious light and shade.

The boy had almost run himself out of breath, and he slowly approached the place where the Italian lay eating his bread and cheese. The man looked up and smiled.

"Vat, then, leetle boy: you vant to buy Images? Very beautiful images!"

"Oh, they are, indeed," said the boy, "but I'm afraid they are too dear, and I am very poor."

"Vat you got? How mooch?"

"Only sixpence to spend," said the boy; "the other sixpence is for mother."

"Oh! you got von shilling! I give you beautiful cast for von shilling!"

"I cannot spend it all," said the boy, "but if you can let me have this"—pointing to the Boy and the Thorn—"for a sixpence, I'll give it you."

"Too leetle! It's worth two shillin'."

"Ah!" sighed the boy, "then I cannot buy."

"But stop," said the Italian, as he seemed to be turning away; "you poor lad; me poor man, too; but you love fine casts: you ver good taste,—yes, ver good. Dat cast is after de antique—"

"And what may that be?" asked Aleck.

"Ancient art,—the old statuary of my noble and glorious country,—Italia, Rome! Hundreds of years—perhaps a thousand years ago, de bronze statue of dat boy stood in de Roman Capitol—"

The man shaded his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps thoughts of home, and of the bright sunny south, the land of his birth, flashed across his brain. He sighed, and continued—

"You see de beautiful proportions,—so simple, graceful, and true. Ah! de old artists knew how to work de grand statues! But look you here boy, you love beautiful little casts. See dere, now!"

The Italian lifted a small square box from his tray, and taking therefrom a pair of small medallions, he held them up before the boy. They were a pair of copies from Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning,"—two small circular medallion tablets, perhaps fuller of grace and beauty than any tablets of equal compass can display. Look at "Morning," bounding from her gorgeous eastern chamber, scattering roses on her way; her sweet lips half open, as if hymning praise to the Spirit of all Good. You can almost fancy the air filled with sweet sounds,—the song of the lark, the hum of bees, the lowing of cattle, the chitter of insects, rising up with a thousand voices to herald the morning on her way. And then the unutterable grace, repose, sweetness, and quiet joy of that radiant Queen of the Day, floating in soft drapery, with the glad babe in her loving arms,—borne onward in light and love through the sweet air. The second tablet represents the "Night," with drooping head,—the child nestling in the mother's breast, while the owl flits abroad, with its *Tu-til, Too-hoo!* and the weary sons of earth sink to rest, after the toils of the day. Never before, in so small a compass, did the youth gaze on so large a treasure of beauty. He bowed his head over these pictures in plaster, and almost wept with joy.

What would buy them? Alas! here was but his poor sixpence, and he had already pledged it for the Boy and the Thorn. And the other sixpence he would keep sacred. That, at least, must be taken home to his poor mother, with whom sixpences were so scarce. He yielded up the medallions to the image-seller, with the remark, from the depths of his soul,—“Oh! how beautiful!”

The Italian seemed to be moved with the boy's reverent admiration of his treasures. "You cannot buy them?" he asked.

"No," said the boy, "I cannot. There is the sixpence for the cast: it's all I can spend now."

Some other day, if I should ever see you again——”

“I’ll tell you vat,” said the Italian, “you love art, my good boy; and as here is von of my ‘Mornings,’ vid a damage in her, I’ll give it you. Dere, good boy! take her!”

The boy’s eyes glistened with delight. He grasped the hand of the Italian, whose eyes glistened too. He overpowered him with his thanks; and the cast-seller was more than repaid by the joy with which he had filled the heart of that ardent youth. Indeed, there is no luxury experienced by the poor, equal to that which they feel when doing a kindness to one another.

The boy then prepared to set out home with his treasures, and the Italian to proceed on his journey. They parted after a tender leave-taking; for a friendship had already sprung up between these two—though born on soils separate from each other—through their common love of art; which, like a touch of Nature, makes the whole world kin.

“And what is this that you have brought home with you, Aleck?” asked the mother, after the boy had told his story of the morning’s adventure with the Pottery lord, and placed the reserved sixpence in her hand.

“It is a beautiful cast which I have bought for only sixpence,” said he; “and then look at this beauty!”—holding up the medallion of “Morning” as he spoke.

“I see nothing in them,” she coldly observed. “They are only bits of stucco. And you gave sixpence for such things! Well!” And in mute astonishment the mother held up her hands.

How often is it, that the object which possesses so much beauty for one, is but so much dead matter to another. Here, the boy’s whole soul had been moved, his very nature transformed and quickened into new life by the sight of these objects, which to his mother were only so much stucco! Thus, to some, the great creation of Raphael is only so much canvas, spoilt by coloured earths spread upon it in oil; and grand old abbeys have not unfrequently been pulled down to build barns with—they were only so much misused stone and lime! Only the true artist sees a meaning in beautiful forms; and Aleck Williams had the temperament of a true artist, though but a boy.

But the prospect of his being taken on at the works, was a thing which the mother could appreciate; for it meant bread, and meat, and clothes, and firing. And though the sixpence had been thrown away by her boy upon the “stucco things,” she rejoiced in the good fortune which had otherwise befallen him.

In good time, Davis called at her house,—found Mrs. Williams to be a very poor, but a frugal and cleanly woman, who bore a good character for industry and honesty among her neighbours. In fact, the boy could not have had a better character. His mother was unexceptionable. So he was taken into the Pottery, and set to work at first in the lowest department—that of driving the lathe-wheel.

The boy conducted himself well, and was gradually advanced to higher departments. But we

must mention the circumstance which led to his first decided rise.

One day, the master of the works, who exercised a kindly supervision over the boys, when passing through the place where Aleck laboured, during the hour of rest, while the other boys were playing or lounging about, found Aleck silently occupied in a corner. What could the boy be about! He walked up to him, and glanced over his shoulder. The boy had picked up some waste clay from about the lathe, and was busy modelling a clay figure after his cast of the Boy with the Thorn. Here was the first fruit of “Buy Images.”

“What, my boy,” asked the master, “do you model? That is really very well done! Where have you learnt this? Who has taught you? The modelling of that back is admirable! How is it you know anything of this sort?”

The boy rose up, blushing scarlet. He could scarcely speak at first, caught as he had been, in the act.

“I have only practised a little at home, sir. I like it, and I have a cast of this, which I am trying to copy. It’s very badly done.”

“Not at all; Davis, come here. Do you see that? The boy has a genius for this sort of thing. You must put him in the designing shop. He is too good for the wheel. The boy is an artist by nature.”

“Very well, sir,” said Davis; “I am glad you like the boy. He is a very diligent, well-conducted youth; and we haven’t one in the place who is steadier or more attentive at his work.”

“Good; good!” observed the kind master; “go on as you have begun, boy; and we’ll soon make a man of you.”

The boy had, however, the right stuff in him to make a man of himself. But a word of kindly encouragement, and a little help from an employer, at the right time, is worth untold gold to a diligent youth; and Aleck Williams was acutely sensitive to every word of praise or censure; though he was always most careful to avoid the latter by his steady good conduct.

At home, usually by the fire-side, Aleck busied himself in drawing his model Boy. Occasionally, he would bring from the Pottery a spoilt pattern-sheet, and labour to copy it with his pencil. The art of modelling deer, and holly-trees, shepherds and shepherdesses, birds and beasts, on the exterior of jugs and bowls, was then but in its infancy; still he laboured to acquire this art. He was not satisfied with this, but attempted new designs; and he even aspired to model his favourite “Morning,” as a design for a water-jug!

Such efforts are never without their results. The mother often thought her boy was but wasting his time, and was even disposed to scold him because he did not run about and play like other boys. But Aleck’s attraction was among his models, to which he was now able to add, by the expenditure of a sixpence or a shilling from time to time,—though his mother wondered at his passion for these “rubbish of stucco images.” Indeed, Aleck sometimes feared lest they should be swept to the door. Nevertheless, he went on persevering, and aiming at excellence, though he knew it not.

Aleck was taken into the modelling-shop, and,

to the astonishment of his fellows, of much greater age and longer standing than himself, he at once took rank as one of the best workmen. He was encouraged to design new patterns,—the business of many of the best houses depending upon their superiority in this respect. He was left to follow his own tastes; and now his early models—his much-despised “stucco things”—stood him in good stead. They had cultivated his taste, and educated him in art. He strove to model in the same style, and the sight of them, and of similarly pure designs, never failed to stimulate him to fresh efforts. He endeavoured to design and to draw patterns in the same style; and he succeeded. The house became celebrated for its classical designs. They were even publicly praised. Orders flowed in; and the success of Aleck, as a designer, was decided. He distanced all his competitors.

The young man's foot was now on the ladder of fortune: but of fortune he had never thought. He had followed earnestly and purely the bent of his own genius. His whole happiness was concentrated in his art. He lived, thinking of it by night, and labouring at it by day. His designs were generally after the antique, by which he obtained, from day to day, increased means of studying; but many of his own original designs, especially of cupids and children at play, with which he adorned the exterior of water-jugs, were often extremely beautiful.

As he grew older, and came occasionally into contact with artists and men of influence, the advice was occasionally given to him to “turn artist, and devote himself to modelling and sculpture in their highest forms.”

But his modest answer was,—“No! I am satisfied if I can bring Art, through means of the articles in daily use, into the homes of the people, even of the poorest. Let me design an object of beauty, which, infinitely multiplied, may gladden thousands of eyes in all dwellings,—which may teach beauty and grace from every tradesman's tea-table, and every parlour chimney-piece, and every poor housewife's plate-rack. I would rather labour to make Art a familiar thing in the dwellings of the poor, than to cultivate it as a sickly exotic for the sculpture galleries of the rich.”

In fact, Aleck had resolved to popularize art, and extend its influence among the people; and with this end, he went on labouring in a high and noble spirit.

It would take too much space to detail the various stages of his progress. In all worldly respects he prospered. He removed his mother from Back Lane, to a comfortable house on the outskirts of the town, whither he had all his early casts and models carefully removed,—including his favourite Boy with the Thorn, and the chipped medallion of “Morning.” He had long since been enabled to purchase more costly specimens. But these comparatively shabby casts, were dear to him, as they had first awakened in him his intense admiration for the beautiful in art. His mother, growing old, learnt to admire the character and the tastes of her noble son; and she no longer spoke a word in disparagement of his “stucco things.”

When Aleck heard the cry of “Buy Images”

now, he never failed to recall to mind his past encounter with the kindly Italian; and he peered in the faces of all the image-men, in the hope of recognizing him. But he never had the good fortune again to meet with his first helper in art.

In due time, Aleck Williams's name was joined to his master's in the business which he had so greatly contributed to extend; and in a large measure to create. The works were much enlarged, and many hundreds of additional hands were maintained in regular employment through his instrumentality. He established a school of design and modelling in connection with the works, together with evening classes and libraries, for the use of the workmen,—remembering the difficulties which he had himself encountered in the earlier part of his career, for want of such facilities.

In conclusion, it may be added, that at this day, the Porcelain and Parian statuettes, and the China and stone-ware articles, manufactured by the firm of which the subject of this little sketch is now the active head, are universally acknowledged to be unequalled for their beauty and purity of design, as well as for their more substantial and useful qualities. Nor did any articles exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, command more general admiration than those which were displayed at their table.

When any poor Italian, then, in future cries “Buy Images” along the street, let the kind reader recall to mind the features of this little story.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

## TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

### CAPTAIN ROBERT HORTON.

WHEN I again reported myself on board the *Cerulea*, after the accident related in the last paper, the sloop was lying at Sierra Leone; and the respective posts of captain and first lieutenant, vacant by the retirement from the service of Commander Peshurst, and the death of lieutenant Armstrong, had been filled up by two officers, who, for sundry peremptory reasons, I shall rename Horton and King. They were, I soon found, the very antipodes of each other in almost all respects, save that both were excellent sailors, well-intentioned, honourable men, and about the same age,—three or four and thirty,—Captain Robert Horton a little the oldest, perhaps. It was in their mental and moral build that their lines so entirely diverged. Captain Horton was what—at the period I speak of, and I dare say now—was, and is, a *rara avis* in the royal navy,—namely, a “serious officer. I do not, of course, mean to say that naval officers have not, generally speaking, as deep a sense of the reverential awe with which the Creator of all things should be recognised and worshipped, as the most lackadaisical landsman in existence. It would be strange indeed if they had not, constant witnesses as they are of the wonders of the great deep, and of manifestations of infinite and varied power, splendour, and beneficence, which the contracted horizon of the pent-up dwellers in towns affords comparatively faint examples of;—but what I do mean is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have an aversion to any other preaching or praying on board ship, than that furnished by the

regular chaplain. And in this, as far as I have seen, the prejudice of the fore-castle entirely coincides with that of the quarter-deck; a sea-parson, in vulgar parlance, being quite as much an object of contemptuous dislike amongst genuine blue jackets as a sea-lawyer. Captain Horton was of a different stamp, and carried, or endeavoured to carry, the strong religious feelings—the enthusiastic spiritualism by which his mind was swayed—into the every-day business of sea life. Profane swearing was strictly forbidden, which was well enough if the order could have been enforced; profane singing came within the same category; playing at cards or dominoes, even though the stake were trifling or nominal, was also rigorously interdicted, and scripture reading on the sabbath strongly inculcated both by precept and example. Other proceedings of the same kind, excellent in themselves, but, in my opinion, quite out of place on board a war-ship, were, as far as might be, enforced; and the natural consequence followed, that a lot of the vilest rascals in the ship affected to be religiously impressed in order to curry-favour with the captain, and avoid the penalties incurred by their skulking neglect of duty. This state of things was viewed with intense disgust by Lieutenant King, and as far as the discipline of the service permitted, he very freely expressed his opinion thereon. The first lull, in fact, was a rollicking, fun-loving, danger-courting, dashing officer, whom even marriage,—he had a wife and family at Dawlish, in Devonshire, of which pleasant village he was, I believe, a native,—had failed to, in the slightest degree, tame or subdue. One, too, that could put a bottle of wine comfortably out of sight; two, upon an emergency and if duty did not stand in the way—liked a game of billiards, and a ball next perhaps to a battle. This gentleman had got it into his head that Captain Horton was better suited to preaching than fighting, and often predicted amongst his own set, that the first serious brush we happened to be engaged in, would bring out the Captain's white feather in unmistakable prominence. Nothing can be more absurd, as experience has abundantly shown, than to infer that because a man is pious he is likely to be a poltroon; but such persons as Lieutenant King are not to be reasoned with; and, unfortunately, it was not long before a lamentable occurrence gave a colour to the accusation.

There was a French corvette, *Le Renard*, in the harbour at the same time as ourselves, commanded by Le Capitaine D'Ermonville, a very gentlemanly person, and his officers generally were of the same standard of character and conduct. This was fortunate; several quarrels having taken place between a portion of the crews of the two vessels when ashore on leave, arising I fear, from the inherent contempt with which the true English sea-dog ever regards foreign sailors,—the American and Scandinavian races, of course, excepted. This feeling, grounded, in my opinion, upon a real superiority, is very frequently carried to a ridiculous excess, especially when the grog's on board, and the Rule Britannia notion, always floating in Jack's noddle, has been heightened and inflamed by copious libations to the sea-ruling goddess, under whose auspices, as he was at all times ready to sing or swear,—even just

after receiving a round dozen at the caprice of his commanding officer,—that Britons never shall be slaves. It was so in these instances; and but for the good sense of the French officers in overlooking or accepting our apologies for such unruly behaviour, the consequences might have been exceedingly unpleasant, particularly as both the *Curlew* and *Le Renard* were undergoing repairs, and could not leave the harbour for some time, however desirous of doing so. Even as it was, a coolness gradually arose between the officers, who could not help feeling in some degree as partizans of their respective crews, although Captain Horton, I must say, did warmly and untiringly admonish the English sailors of the duty of loving all mankind,—Frenchmen included; of the sin and folly of drinking to excess, even when on leave; and the wickedness of false pride and vain glory at all times.

At length, however, the repairs of both vessels approached completion, and it was suggested, I believe by Captain Horton, that a farewell dinner, to which the officers of the two nations should be invited, might be the means of dispelling any feeling of acerbity which these affrays apparently excited in the breasts of Captain D'Ermonville and his companions.

The then governor of Sierra Leone, a very warm-hearted gentleman, instantly acceded to the proposition; the invitations were forwarded, courteously accepted, and everybody anticipated a convivial and pleasant meeting. And so it proved till about eight o'clock in the evening; after the wine had been a long time on the table, and been very freely discussed—the weather being sultry, the guests hilariously disposed, and the oives excellent. The Lilies of France (this was in the time of Charles X.) the Rose of England, the Gallic Cock, the British Lion, had all been duly honoured and hiccoughed till about the hour I have named, when, under the influence of the vinous fumes they had imbibed, the varnish began to peel off the tongues and aspects of the complimenters, and the conversation to take an unpleasant and boisterous turn. Captain Horton and D'Ermonville, who had drunk very sparingly, were evidently anxious to break up the momentarily more and more disorderly party; but their suggestions were of no avail, and the exertion of authority at such a time would, no doubt, they considered, appear harsh and uncourteous. Two of the guests, especially, seemed to be bent upon thwarting their efforts; these were Lieutenant King and Enseigne de Corvette, Le Page. They sat opposite each other, and had got amongst the breakers of politics, and those, too, of the most dangerous kind—the character of Napoleon, the justice of the war against him waged by England, and so on. Captain D'Ermonville, who faced Captain Horton, watched the pair of disputants very anxiously, and adroitly seized the opportunity of Le Page's leaving the room for a few moments, to leave his own and take his, Le Page's chair. Le Page, who was absent hardly a minute, finding his seat occupied, took that vacated by D'Ermonville, which was, as I have just stated, opposite to Captain Horton's. Both captains had been, it afterwards appeared, conversing on pretty nearly the same topics as King and Le Page, but in quite a different tone and spirit.

D'Ermonville was a Bourbon Royalist, *par excellence*, and agreed generally with the English estimate of the French emperor. Captain Horton was, I must also mention, somewhat near-sighted, and the air of the room, moreover, by this time, was thick with cigar-smoke. Captain Horton, who had sunk into a reverie, for a few minutes did not notice, for these various reasons, that D'Ermonville had left his place, much less that it was occupied by another, and, leaving sideways over the table, so as to be heard only by the person addressed, he quietly said,—“Yes, yes, Monsieur; as you say, no sensible man can deny that Napoleon was a most unprincipled usurper, an unscru—”

He got no further. Le Page, believing himself to be purposely insulted, sprung up with a fierce oath, and dashed the goblet of *eau sucrée*, which D'Ermonville had been drinking, at the speaker's head, thereby inflicting a severe and stunning blow upon that gentleman's forehead. The terrific uproar that ensued could hardly be described in words: bottles flew across the room and through the windows, swords were drawn, whilst high above the din thundered the defiant voice of Lieutenant King, as he forced his way through the *mêlée* to the almost insensible captain, seized him in his arms, and bore him from the apartment. This action, the lieutenant afterwards admitted, was not purely the result of a generous feeling. The honour of the English name was, he believed, at stake, and it had instantly occurred to him that Captain Horton, if left to himself, would not vindicate that honour in the only way in which he, Lieutenant King, held that it could be vindicated.

The exertions of D'Ermonville and the governor gradually stilled the tumult; and as soon as calm was comparatively restored, the French officers left the house, with the understanding, as *Le Renard* sailed in the morning, that they should wait at a retired place, agreed upon, for any communication the English party might have to make. The affair had in some degree sobered us all, and it was soon plain that strange misgivings were creeping over the minds of Burbage and others of our set, as the time flew by, and no message came from the captain and lieutenant, nor the governor, who had gone to join them. At last voices in loud and angry dispute were heard approaching, and presently the door flew open, and in burst Lieutenant King, white with excitement, and closely followed by his now perfectly recovered commanding officer.

“Do you hear, gentlemen?” shouted the lieutenant, who was really frenzied with rage, “this captain of ours refuses to chastise the insolent Frenchmen, or permit either of us to do so. He has a *conscientious* objection, forsooth, to duelling! Heavens! to think that the honour of the British name should be in the keeping of a coward!”

“Lieutenant King,” replied Captain Horton, in calm and measured tones, “I order you to go on board the *Curlew* instantly.”

“I will not return to the ship till this insult, which affects us all, has been avenged,” rejoined the lieutenant, with unabated wrath; “no, not if dismissal from the service be the consequence!”

Captain Horton glanced towards us, but finding, probably, from our looks, that we, too, in the

excitement of the moment, might refuse to obey his commands, and thereby incur—for no one could deny that he was a kind-hearted, considerate man—the ruinous penalties of a court-martial for disobedience of orders, merely said, again addressing Lieutenant King, “If that be your determination, sir, I must have recourse to other measures to enforce obedience, and fortunately they are not far from hand.” He then left the room, we supposed, to summon a guard of marines.

“Now, gentlemen,” exclaimed Lieutenant King, “how to meet these Frenchmen, before this accursed captain of ours can prevent us. Yet, stay,” he added, “it would be better, perhaps, that I should go alone.” This suggestion was indignantly spurned; in truth, we were all pretty nearly crazed with wine and passion, and off we set to the appointed rendezvous,—one only idea whirling in our brains, namely, that if some Frenchmen or other was not shot, or otherwise slain, the honour and glory of Old England were gone forever!

King and Burbage were ahead together, walking very fast, and conversing earnestly, no doubt as to the most plausible excuse to be offered for the absence of the captain, and the best mode of insisting that a substitute should be accepted. The moon, a cloudless one, was at the full, and very soon the glitter of the impatient Frenchmen's epaulettes and sword-hilts indicated the exact spot appointed for the meeting. We were quickly there, and D'Ermonville, who received us, adroitly availed himself of Captain Horton's absence to bring about a rational and conciliatory settlement.

“Captain Horton is the only person who has a right to demand satisfaction of any one here,” he said, in reply to Lieutenant King's menacing *abord*, “and he, very rightly, in my opinion, prefer. I perceive some better mode of arbitrement than the senseless one of duelling.”

“I repeat to you,” replied Lieutenant King, with reckless equivocation, “that Captain Horton is indisposed, and has devolved upon me the duty of chastising the puppy who assaulted him.” It is well to state that both gentlemen spoke in their own language, but perfectly comprehended each other.

“And it is, of course, for the reasons you have stated,” rejoined M. D'Ermonville, with a slight accent of sarcasm, “that Captain Horton is bringing up yonder bayonets to your assistance!” We glanced round, and sure enough there was a *shore* guard advancing in the distance at a run, and led by the Captain of the *Curlew*. The governor had stood his friend, and not a moment was to be lost. This was also Lieutenant King's impression, and, with the quickness of thought, he exclaimed, “You insinuate that I lie, do you?—then take that, sir, for the compliment,” striking D'Ermonville with his open hand on the face as he spoke. In an instant the swords of both flashed in the brilliant moonlight, and quick and deadly passes were fiercely, yet silently, interchanged; the spectators, both English and French, gathering in a circle round the eager combatants, as if for the purpose of hiding the furious struggle from the near and rapidly-approaching soldiers. D'Ermonville was, I fancy, the best swordsman, and, but for the accident of his foot slipping, after a

but partially successful lunge, by which a flesh wound only, slightly grazing his opponent's ribs, was inflicted, the issue might have been different. As it was, King's unparried counter-thrust sent his weapon clean through D'Ermonville's shoulder, who fell helplessly to the ground, at the very moment Captain Horton and the guard came up.

The dangerously-wounded gentleman—dangerously in that climate, I mean—was gently raised, and, at his own faintly-spoken request, left to the care of his own people. All of us English were then silently marched off to the harbour, where a boat was waiting to convey us to the *Curlew*, Captain Horton merely opening his lips, the while, to give such orders as were necessary. Nobody was placed under actual arrest, but it was thoroughly understood, the next day, that Captain Horton would report the whole affair to the admiral, at the first opportunity; and that Lieutenant King, to a certainty,—perhaps one or two others,—would have to answer before a court-martial for their conduct. Just a week after the duel Captain D'Ermonville was pronounced, to everybody's great joy, out of danger, and the very next day the *Curlew* sailed from Sierra Leone on a cruise southward.

Not precisely a cruise either, for after touching at Cape Coast Castle, we made a direct stretch, the wind favouring, right across the Gulf of Guinea, to a part of the coast not very far northward of *San Felipe de Benaguéla*, and at about 11 degrees of south latitude, and the same of east longitude. Thereabout, we lay off and on for more than a fortnight, and like *Sister Ann*, for a time, the more eagerly we looked the less likelihood there seemed of anything coming—except indeed, an extra allowance of fever and ophthalmia, from so closely hugging the shore. It was rumoured amongst us that a great slave hunt had taken place in the vicinity, by one of the chiefs of Negro banditti, who have the ludicrous impudence to parody the style and titles of 'kings,' and that a well-known Portuguese trader in black live stock, of the name of José Pasco, had a temporary barracoon somewhere thereabout, crammed with the wretched victims of the said hunt, in readiness for embarkation; and that for the purpose of entrapping some of his ventures, we should have to watch, and back, and fill about the mouths of the two rivers, between which we were generally to be found for an indefinite period. Meanwhile the kind of moral quarantine that had existed between Captain Horton and his chief officers since the evening of the duel,—words only of business and necessity passing between them,—continued with unabated passive virulence on the part of the latter, notwithstanding that the commander showed many indications that he would be glad to let bygones be bygones, from no mean or unworthy motive, I was even then of opinion, of purchasing forbearance towards a defect of character, which, in a naval officer, he must have well known, no other virtues under the sun, however numerous or angelic, could excuse or cause for one moment to be tolerated, but simply on the principle of forgiveness of injuries. One chance of avoiding the scandal of an official inquiry still remained. The service we were upon would very probably terminate in a desperate boat affair—victorious, of course, but

affording plenty of opportunity for the vindication of Captain Horton's damaged reputation for personal bravery in the eyes of his officers and crew; and very heartily did I hope he might successfully avail himself of it when it came. It was not long before all doubt on the matter was set at rest. A king's troop-ship, bound for the Cape, which had touched for some purpose at Cape Coast Castle, spoke and communicated with us one afternoon, and a packet 'on service' was delivered to Captain Horton. Orders were immediately afterwards issued to sail in the direction of the most southerly of the two rivers, to hug the shore still closer, and that everything should in the mean time be prepared for a boat attack. This was done with a will. Sharp cutlasses were re-sharpened to a keener edge, clean pistols re-cleaned, and doubtful flints replaced by more reliable ones, and finally, Lieutenant King reported that everything was in readiness. Night was by this time drawing on, and not a very clear one; we had shoaled our water quite as much as prudence permitted, and were close by the mouth of the most southerly of the rivers. Captain Horton ordered that the sloop should lie to, and that his gig, manned and armed, should be got immediately ready. He had frequently—I have omitted to state—gone on shore at about the same hour to reconnoitre, we supposed,—hitherto without success,—and we rightly concluded that his present purpose was the same. He came on deck a few minutes after the last order had been given, and addressing the first lieutenant, said, "I am about to leave you, sir, in command of the sloop. You will keep her as nearly as may be where she is till I return. It will probably be necessary to act with all the boats, and you had better, therefore, get them alongside, ready manned and armed, so that when the decisive moment comes, there may be no delay." He then went over the side, was rowed ashore, and there was light enough to see he proceeded inland, accompanied by his coxswain only, according to his previous custom. I rather fancy that a doubt whether he might not have mistaken his man, had already crossed even Lieutenant King's bitterly-prejudiced mind.

Hour after hour passed; the boats lay heaving upon the water; and impatience was fast changing into anxiety when the quick, regular, man-of-war's jerk of oars was heard, and in a few moments the gig was alongside without the captain and coxswain. "A letter from Captain Horton for the first lieutenant," said the stroke oarsman, "brought us by a mulatto chap, with orders to deliver it immediately." Lieutenant King snatched the letter, tore it open, and stepped to the binnacle lamp to peruse it. But it is necessary that I should, before giving its contents, relate what had previously occurred to the writer, as it came subsequently to our knowledge:—

Captain Horton and his coxswain had proceeded cautiously inland along the margin of the river for about a mile, when they were suddenly pounced upon by a large party,—coarsely abused, bound, and hurried away in separate directions. The commander's captors halted with him at last at a kind of hut, in which he found the before-named José Pasco, with a number of other ruffians as desperate and savage as himself, engaged,

it seemed, in council. Near the hut—for no concealment was affected—he observed an immense wooden frame covered with tarred canvas,—a monster tent, in fact, filled with captured negroes; and in the river, just opposite, was an armed clipper-brig, also full as it could cram of the same living cargo. A shout of ferocious delight greeted the captain's entrance into the hut, and then Pasco commanded that he should be unbound. What next occurred, I abbreviate from the evidence afterwards given before the mixed commission by the mulatto who delivered the captain's letter to the men in the gig, and that of Juan Paloz, an admitted witness for the captors:—

"It's lucky we've caught you, Captain Horton!" said Pasco, "instead of you us. That accursed vessel of yours has been brought, we find, off the mouth of the river. She must remove further away for we intend that the brig you have seen shall sail to-night."

Captain Horton, who was very pale, the witnesses deposed, but calm and firm, did not answer, and Pasco continued—

"We intend that you shall immediately write an order to the officer left in command of the *Curlew*, directing him—a plausible reason can be easily given—to instantly weigh, and proceed to a point about a league northward, where you can meet him, you know."

"And what is the penalty if I refuse?"

"Death!" was the savage response from half a dozen voices. "Death!" echoed Pasco, "as certain as that you are now a living man, and—I was at Sierra Leone a short time since—that you wish to remain one."

Captain Horton was silent for a brief space, and then said, "Give me pen and paper, since it must needs be so." This was done; the captain took the pen in his hand, sat down, made one or two strokes, and said, with an expression of pain, "Your cords have so hurt my wrists and fingers that I can hardly hold the pen; let some one of you write as I shall dictate. My seal will be sufficient authentication; besides, the officer will imagine my coxswain wrote it."

"You must write yourself," said Pasco; "no one here knows English."

"Ha! well, then, I suppose I must try and manage it myself." The letter was written, folded, sealed, and directed.

A muttered conference next took place between the slave-dealing ruffians, at the end of which Pasco said, "Let us well understand each other, Captain Horton. You no doubt have heard that whatever else I may be I always keep my promise, whether for good or evil?"

"That is, I know, your character."

"Then listen to me. Should the *Curlew* not remove northward, in obedience to this letter, you shall be shot, as certainly as that there are niggers worth ten thousand dollars in yonder brig; and should—yet no, you are not a man to play us such a trick as that—still, should we be attacked in consequence of this letter, you shall be lashed to the top of yonder barracoon, and burnt alive in the very presence of your infernal countrymen. This I swear, by all the saints in heaven and devils in hell!"

The mulatto said the English captain looked

paler than before, but answered quietly, "I quite understand."

The letter written under the foregoing circumstances, which I left Lieutenant King reading by the binnacle light, ran thus:—"Captain Horton directs Lieutenant King to take the command of the *Curlew's* boats immediately on the receipt of this note, and ascend the river in his front for, Captain Horton calculates, about six miles, where he will find a slave-brig, which he will carry by boarding. There are, also, a large number of negroes in an immense barracoon on the shore, whom Lieutenant King will prevent being driven away inland. The resistance will be, no doubt, desperate, but Captain Horton feels quite satisfied that under Lieutenant King the attack will be prompt, daring, and, with the blessing of God, crowned with success." Instantly that he had finished the hasty perusal of this note, Lieutenant King seized and belted his pistols, jumped into the pinnace, and we were off—about a hundred men in all—in a jiffy. The oars were muffled, and the profoundest silence was enforced, in the hope of at least nearing the enemy unobserved. For something more than a league this appeared likely to be the case, but when about that far on our way, a confused tumult of voices began to spring up along the left bank of the river, followed by a dropping fire of musketry, obliging us to keep the centre of the channel, as it would have been folly to have wasted time in returning it. The tumult of discordant noises,—shouting, shrieking, musket and pistol firing, roars of brutal merriment and deadly defiance,—grew louder and louder as we neared the goal. Presently flame, at first flickering and uncertain, threw a lurid glare over the scene, and as we swept round a bend of the river, burst into a volume of fire, rendering every object within the circuit of a mile, I should say, distinctly visible. But we had no time to note those objects minutely; a well-armed brig, with boarding-nettings triced up, opened fire upon us, though without much effect. She was boarded and carried with one pealing hurrah! and leaving Burbage and a sufficient number of men in charge, Lieutenant King jumped into the boats again with the others, and made for the left shore, which was lined with a crowd of variously-accounted rascals. The flames I have mentioned proceeded from a huge canvas-covered building, which was blazing furiously; and although happening to be in the hindmost boat, I discerned the figure of a man, erect and motionless, upon its summit,—how or why there I could not imagine. The next moment the wind-whirled flame and smoke hid him from my view, and I heard Lieutenant King's stentorian voice exclaiming, "Give way, men! give way, for God's sake! the devils have entrapped the captain, and are burning him alive. With a will, now hurrah!" The boats quickly grounded, and we sprang on shore, headed by the first lieutenant. The resistance, desperate it was, was broken through and dispersed with a leap and a rush; and then a sight,—the sublimest, the most terrible I ever witnessed, clearly presented itself. Captain Horton, pale, ay, and calm as death, was standing bound, erect, and bare-headed, upon the flaming slave-house, with a book in his hand, what one I could easily guess. Frantic were the

efforts made to save his life,—gratefully acknowledged by repeated wavings of his hand,—and vain as frantic; the devouring flames could not be arrested, the building collapsed, fell in, and Captain Robert Horton was buried beneath the fiery ruin!

It is needless to say how amply he was avenged, or dwell further upon the savage and terrific contest,—not long a contest, properly so called, although the ringing pistol-shot, the death-shriek, or the wild appeal for mercy undeserved continued far into the night; enough to say, in the words of the official report “that the attack was entirely successful, the number of negroes released from bondage eight hundred and seventy-six, and the breaking up of the slave settlement complete.” This was quite true, but like another paragraph of the same report, not *all* the truth:—“Captain Horton died as a brave man should during the attack upon the armed slaver-gangs on shore.” Why the exact cause and manner of his heroic death were not officially set forth I never rightly understood.

He was quite dead when dragged, as speedily as it could be done, from under the burning embers of the monster slave-tent, and much scorched, yet his countenance had a remarkably composed expression. His bible was also found, not much injured, and is, I believe, now in the possession of the family of Lieutenant King, who with swimming eyes pointed out to us, a few days afterwards, in the cabin of the *Curlew*, the following passage, written with a pencil in the inside of one of the leaves:—“Tuesday, half-past 1 p. m. The *Curlew's* boats are approaching; thank God I shall die in my duty, and not in vain. Should this ever meet the eye of her officers, they will by that time know, that a man who is afraid of offending God may not fear Death!”—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

### SCRAPS FROM A WRITING-DESK.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A FATHER'S DEATH-BED.

EVEN at this distant period of time, I can look back and see my widowed mother rush from the apartment in which he lay, and where she had watched him with that solicitude and tenderness with which a wife alone *can* watch, and hear her exclaim in all the bitterness of woe, “my children, your father is dead!”

I see her again, when the first burst of grief is past, sitting in her arm chair, arrayed in a widow's cap, an unconscious infant hanging on her breast, two little children playing about her knee, I can perceive the stifled sorrow, (subdued by resignation to God's will,) whose silent eloquence tells more forcibly of the soul's anguish, than do the outpourings of unsanctified affliction.

And yet again, the morning of the day on which his mortal remains are to be conveyed to their last narrow resting place, I see my bereaved parent, motion her children to the door of the chamber in which his body lay, I feel her hand press mine as she conducts me towards the lifeless corpse of him who was her all, her earthly idol! I remember her last farewell look, and the sensation conveyed by the marble coldness of his brow, as I instinctively followed my mother's

example and imprinted the parting kiss on his placid cheek. I hear again the smothered sigh, as she withdraws hurriedly from the room and gives herself up for the rest of that sad day, to a fresh burst of impassioned grief.

And now the hurried business tread of the undertaker's foot and the screwing down of the coffin lid, contrast sadly with the aching hearts in the adjoining room, and fall harshly on the ear: then come the mutes and mourners, clergyman and physician, clerk and sexton and all that generally contributes to swell the pagantry of woe.

After a few minutes of painful suspense during which the funeral procession is assembling round the door, the coffin is slowly carried down stairs and deposited by the bearers in the hearse which stands ready to receive it; presently the mourners take their places, the procession forms, the sexton commences his measured tread, and the hearse decked with its long black plumes mournfully nodding assent, proceeds slowly and sadly along, followed by a train of sorrowing relatives and friends.

The churchyard is reached, the beautiful and sublime burial service of the Church of England is read, the solemn “*dust to dust, ashes to ashes,*” accompanied by the dull sound of the mould as it falls on the coffin lid, for the first time seems to awaken one to the sad reality that a fellow mortal has passed through the dark valley, from time to eternity! But how are the Christian's hopes raised from earth to heaven, when he looks with the eye of faith beyond the narrow portals of the tomb! The veil which separates him from the unseen world appears momentarily withdrawn, as he hears those cheering words from the clergyman's lips “In the sure and certain hope of Everlasting Life.” Under their genial influence, the torrent of grief is stemmed, the tears of unavailing sorrow are wiped from the mourner's cheek, for he feels that the pious parent whom he consigns to the tomb is not lost, but gone before!

Death is appalling under whatever circumstances it happens, how much more so, when we see the head of a family removed from us by its unchangeable fiat. All the schemes that had been formed of earthly happiness, “romantic schemes and fraught with loveliness” in a moment blasted! The family circle broken up by the sudden removal of him, in whom the hopes of a doting wife were centred. The widowed mother and her orphan children left to the buffetings of a heartless world!

Friends, who appeared such and smiled complacently, when “fortune smiled,” wax cold and indifferent: They give vent to their sympathy in a few hollow-hearted expressions, and this being all that the usages of society require at their hands, they speedily withdraw from the house of mourning and seek to efface any serious impressions which may have been made, by mingling afresh with the world, its absorbing cares and unsatisfying vanities! Ah! Ye who live in “luxury and ease,” who put far away from your own dwellings, the thoughts of Death! and imagine that a contemplation of approaching dissolution may be drowned in the bowl of pleasure, and that you are so fortified by health and surrounded with prosperity, that o'er the threshold of your doors



the destroying angel may not enter, but that he may be banned and barred from your portals, listen to *that* bell, as it tolls the requiem of a departed soul! perchance a spirit lost! cast your eyes for a moment along that funeral procession as it wends its way to the church-yard, observe the gushing tears that bedew the mourner's cheeks, significant tokens of the melting hearts within, and deem not, that however high your station, or extensive your influence, any adventitious circumstance of intellect or rank or wealth, will purchase for *you*, immunity from the common lot of mortality.

### A SOLDIER'S SEA ADVENTURE.

SAILORS are, undoubtedly, the most rural-hearted people in the world. Their fancies, though rarely realised, have, depend upon it, all of them inland and rural homesteads. What like long sea voyages—a long privation of land, can give yearnings towards our dear mother earth! How many landscapes spring up at sea! and what is city life to a sailor—he sees that at every port, on every coast,—compared with the pictures his imagination dallies with of rustic scenes and occupations? Seamen are pretty nigh as freshly primitive too, in spite of civilization, as they were when the Argonauts sailed in search of the golden fleece. Is not a genuine British tar still as genuine a bit of unfashioned nature as even a Phœnician fleet, whose cry also was "*arva beata petimus arva*," could have turned out? And, as for fishermen, they may be called "Sea Shepherds," though I cannot recollect that they ever were so called, except on the single occasion when Proteus "*egit omne pecus viscere montes*." Any one who has ever visited any of the coast settlements of this class apart (I am thinking especially of one in the neighbourhood of Boulogne-sur-mer,) cannot fail to have been struck with their rude, hard, happy, and abundantly supplied life; genuine peril and toil, and genuine rest and enjoyment. Pastorals are as insipid as the refined innocence they feign; but a piscatorial poem might be full of stirring incidents, of excitement, of terror, and of pathos. Of the primitives of humanity, however, so little remains, that there is hardly enough left to sympathize with what does remain. Having, nevertheless, on a long sea voyage, visited a little island, remote from civilization, and redolent of all Arcadian rusticities—a scene of enchantment and of disenchantment, in the course of a single day—I propose here to record the rather singular adventures and experience of this day, and have set down the above remarks as a sort of *capriccio* preface, to what sailors may perhaps call, I hope with a relish, a haymaking sea article.

We were sailing from India, from Bombay—homeward bound. The vessel was neither a man-of-war, nor an East Indiaman, but a merchant-man. The passengers on board were

all of them officers of the 65th Regiment, several having their wives with them. The Medina (that was the vessel's name) had been chartered as a transport ship to carry us to England; our regiment (which consisted solely of officers, the men having been drafted into other corps,) having been recalled home after a twenty years' service in India.

Our captain, or skipper, as the sequel will show, requires a few words to be said about him at starting. He had the look and character of a drunken smuggler. I am sure he was never seen by any on board thoroughly sober, and it would be perhaps rather hazardous to say that he was ever seen not thoroughly drunk. There must have been some mystery of iniquity in such a fellow ever having been placed in any responsible position. With his drunkenness begins and ends my adventure.

Drunkards have often bright hallucinations; obstacles, dangers, impossibilities vanish; and they do heroic things and insane things in a state of partial insanity. A delirium of joy, at some Tantalus temptation, often takes possession of them; and attempt to realise it they must, without a moment's delay, lest that which must vanish on the attempt should vanish even before the attempt is made. Some such delirium as this seems to have seized on our skipper. We were flapping about in a dead calm, the sea like a mirror of molten glass, as unruffled and passive as the hot cloudless sky it reflected. An island, which we afterwards learned was called Rodriguez, lay about four or five miles on our lee. Through our telescopes we could discern its green woods, and our souls longed for their refreshing shelter, when one morning our skipper, who had been hitherto an object of aversion and avoidance to us all, made himself suddenly popular by proposing that, as the calm was likely to last, we should all go on shore, and enjoy ourselves at least for one day. This announcement was delightful; we were soon ready, ladies and all. The boats were lowered, and we were presently a joyous company, four boats full and the gig, rowing lustily away on the pleasantest pleasure party that ever, by sea or land, the sun had shone upon. It was not till the evening was a good deal advanced that we reached the island.

Rodriguez is about fifty miles in circumference. It was formerly a French possession, but fell into our hands on our conquest of the Isle of France. At the time I allude to, it was still inhabited by three French families, who, with their slaves, constituted its whole population. Being surrounded by the most dangerous reefs of coral rocks, and having no safe harbourage, it had been always almost a desert island, and had become so infamous as a refuge and resort of smugglers, that our government had stationed a marine officer on the coast, to detect and frustrate the operations of those gentry. It is probable that with

this amiable class of industrials our skipper had formerly had intimate connections, and that he could not resist the drunken temptation to revisit once more his old haunts; or, who knows? he might have been carrying out some smuggling enterprise on this very occasion, though his vessel was chartered by the government, and had king's officers on board. But this conjecture came later.

As we approached the shore, we expected to see some signs of life and habitation, but none appeared till we got quite close to the beach, when we perceived one man only coming to meet us. This was the marine officer above alluded to. The extraordinary apparition of almost a fleet of boats, directing their course towards the island, in open day, had excited his curiosity, so he came to meet us *alone*, simply because there was no other human being, save his own black female cook, within five miles' distance. His delight on finding the whole party to be English, cannot be described. It transported him beyond the bounds of hospitality into the most intimate cordiality at once. He shook hands with all of us more than once all round, and exhibited so many other signs of joy that we began to think the only visible inhabitant of the island was rather frail in the upper story. He, however, soon recovered himself and apologized for his familiarity, without explaining its cause. He invited and conducted us all to his abode—a very pretty cottage, commanding a fine sea view. We soon found, however, somewhat to our disappointment, that the means of entertainment at our host's command were by no means equal to the sudden demand made upon them; neither was his cottage at all ample enough to give accommodation to one-half our party. In this dilemma all our unmarried men, with one exception, resolved, under the guidance of the captain, to push up through the woods, and over the hills into the interior, where they were told they would find, at five and at six miles' distance, two families who would be prepared to supply all their wants. As for the ladies and their husbands, the marine officer undertook to provide for them; and this duty he fulfilled greatly to their contentment and his own, for, I suppose, the pleasant meal and the pleasant talk, the good wine and the excellent coffee, seasoning and animating both—this *al fresco* repast in the open air, in so novel a position, must have left as delicious reminiscences on the minds of all these who partook of it as it has on mine.

Being the only bachelor of the party left behind, my bed, as well as my board, was *al fresco*. This I had foreseen, and had consequently refused to go up the hills; for nothing to my taste is so exquisite as complete solitude under the open sky (climate permitting) on a fine night, in any new scene of beauty or sublimity. When I first visited Mont Blanc, I remained the whole night on

Mont Flegere, taking nominally a bed at the station-house on its summit, watching, free from the babble of a Babel of tourists, the tremendous scenery about me. At present, though very beautiful, the scenic environment was by no means of so absorbing a character. Yet the excitement of the day, and of the scene, was sufficient to keep me wakeful. and with the only companions I coveted, cigars, of which I had a plentiful supply, I gave myself up to the high enjoyment of mere existence—the purest sensuality, for it precludes entirely all distinct thought. I then understood, for the first time, Rousseau's meaning, when he says "*L'homme qui pense est un être deprave.*" To have thought, to have had any plan, or proposition, or wish in my mind, would have been like the fall from original purity into sin. When, at last fatigued, I found the trunk of a small tree which had been felled, a very convenient pillow, and that my boat-cloak was quite sufficient covering to protect me from the dews. The sun streaming on my face awoke me in the morning quite refreshed, and all alert for the adventures of the opening day.

Islands far out at sea have got, somehow or other, associated in our minds with pictures of the profusest magnificence of nature. The Edens set in the main which the first discoverers of America lit upon, are no doubt partly the cause of this. Yet no anticipation could have come up to the scenes of enchantment we now passed through. Woods, savannahs, groves of the lime and orange tree, whose fruit we absolutely trod under our feet, bays indenting the coast, all of the rarest and the softest, the wildest freaks, a *d* most virgin fancies of nature, were intermingled together. The whole island seemed to belong to nobody, to be its own proprietor, and to be happy, as multitudes of birds of strange and brilliant plumage proclaimed—happy "beyond rule or art, enormous bliss," as it had been from the beginning of time. This was its particular charm that wafted a balmy health into our lungs, though we did occasionally see large patches of cultivated ground, sown with wheat, Indian corn, and paddy (rice), in a flourishing condition, which showed the soil to be particularly fat and fertile. The climate, however, is as tempestuous as a beautiful passionate woman. We saw chasms rent in several places through the forests, by hurricanes that had ripped their way through them. Of these timely notice is always given, by the howlings and furious gambols of the wild bulls, numerous on the island, who feel the greatest terror at their approach. We were told, also, of one of the forests having a short time before caught fire, which spread considerably, terrifying the cattle to a frantic pitch, and greatly alarming the inhabitants, though the grand ignition—a forest in flames, seen far out at sea, seems

something portentous—was very distant from their settlements. It was extinguished, after having raged for nearly a whole day, by a violent descent of rain. The external scenery occupied us agreeably, and formed the main subject of our talk till we arrived at the residence of the first family we were to visit.

Here we entered a large square court, reclaimed completely from the wildness of the country about it. Fronting us stood a large handsomely built cottage. On one side were cow and cattle houses, and on the other sides were about a dozen of the neatest huts, built of mud and laths, or stakes, I had ever seen. Each hut had a rather largish garden, kept in the trimmest order, behind it; and behind the cottage was as fine a kitchen garden as belongs to any private gentleman's country house in England. The cottage was the abode of the proprietor, and the huts lodged the slaves. I never saw a more jolly picture of abundance than this court and its environs presented. Domestic animals of almost all kinds, particularly the feathered bipeds—turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea fowls, made a very pleasant clattering; and there was that sort of confusion which is not disorder, in which all practical cleanliness is observed, that makes a well-conducted farm establishment, in all parts of the world, so agreeable a sight. We had now the very satisfactory conviction that our stomachs would be kept in fine tone for the indulgence of the imagination in its unsubstantial fare; and it was owing, perhaps, to the anticipation of the good things to be partaken of after our long walk, that even the sight of slavery did not disturb our good humour. But, to say the truth, this first glance at it was quite the reverse of revolting. The slaves were evidently well lodged, well fed, and well taken care of—much more so than the free peasant usually is, in any part of the world. They looked alert and merry, a grin almost always on their faces; and as for the young brood of them, rolling and playing and gambolling about, *in puris naturalibus*, among the other live stock, they were the very picture of animal contentment and enjoyment.

The inmates of the large cottage consisted only of an old bed-ridden woman and her daughter, Mademoiselle Seraphine, of about twenty-five years of age. Though not as her name seemed to imply, very seraphic, Mademoiselle was very amiable, and rather pretty. Our visit caused great delight to our entertainers. Such an event, they said, had not happened to them during the twenty years they had inhabited the island. A bountiful *déjeuner à la fourchette* was prepared for us. We were served with silver forks and napkins, importations from France five-and-twenty years before. When we spoke of France, we found that these kind people had been dreaming of it for the last quarter of a century; but

they were dreaming out their dream in such a delightful dreamland, that we could not pity them for very envy at their happy lot. Neither did we see in them any signs of sadness or repining. On the contrary their French politeness and gaiety, far from being impaired, retained all its pristine amenity and sparkle. The young lady coquetted with our young officers, as only French damsels know how to coquet. She had rarely such an opportunity, though she had been once or twice to the Isle of France, for exercising her talents in this line, and she made the most of it; whilst the old dame from her couch kept up an incessant fire of compliments, *bon mots*, and French anecdotes upon us. There were just sixteen of us; upon which she observed that, counting each for one year, our visit was the compensation Providence had sent her for sixteen years' confinement to her bed. On taking leave, in order to visit another family about a mile up the country, we were invited to return to dinner; and as we perceived that our refusal to do so would be a severe disappointment to our kind hostess, it did not require much pressing to induce us to accept of the invitation.

If the romance of this visit was a little tempered, and very piquantly so, by just a touch of the foppery of old French civilisation, we found that of the next at least quite pure. The family here was a grandfather and his two granddaughters; old age in its serenest guise, and youth in its rosiest bloom, sequestered in the most retired nook of beauty I have ever yet seen, though it has been my lot, in various travel, to search out and enjoy such spots as much as any man. The site of the cottage, which required no cultivation or gardening about it to set it off, was on a brilliantly green tongue of land, something between a wide gorge and a valley, for neither of these names exactly describes it. Feathering woods above surrounded it, not closely, rather spaciouly, singing, by their rustling leaves, a lullaby over its seclusion, and here and there were breaks that let in views of the sea. As it was a little apart from the farm establishment, which was entirely out of sight, its stillness, and the charm of its loneliness, was quite unbroken. It is no wonder, therefore, that when an old gentleman, uncovering his white head, with a beautiful girl on each side of him, advanced to meet us, we exclaimed almost all of us simultaneously, "A Prospero and two Mirandas?" Indeed the girls one of seventeen and the other of eighteen, were remarkably beautiful—one of them peerlessly so. They were dressed as French peasants of the south of France. Their little white caps, running up into peaks, and bordered with antique lace, we thought, however, a very bad substitute for the beautiful brown locks that, in spite of this confinement, strayed here and there over their necks. But their

dark blue bodies, and short scarlet petticoats, met our entire approbation, especially as the latter discovered pretty little feet and ancles, which, as Burns says, "would make a saint forget the sky." These little feet were invested in blue stockings, which were only worn, we were told, on holiday occasions; and certainly we should have been much better pleased to have seen them without them. As Dulcineas bathing their ancles in a stream, the two girls would have been seen to perfection. In brief, they were beautiful enough to have turned any sane man into a Don Quixote for the rest of his life—during the age of chivalry that is. Their father and mother had died in the island, leaving them in charge of their grandfather, who appeared to be devotedly attached to them, and was so afraid of their meeting with any accident, that they had never, during their lives, been so far from their homes as the sea beach. A visit now and then to Mademoiselle Seraphine, a very rare occurrence, summed up all their experience of the world and its concerns. They could neither read nor write—knew nothing; yet, so much had nature done for them, that they were neither gross, nor stupid, nor awkward, but, like other rustics one sometimes meets with, had an innate, instinctive gracefulness, beyond the reach of art, which it is the perfection of art to imitate well. If we were delighted with them, how much more so must they have been with us? I can imagine them exclaiming internally with Miranda, "What a brave world that hath such creatures in it!" They soon became familiar with our ladies, and paid the most particular and curious attention to the various mysteries of their toilette. But when any of our younger officers addressed them, they showed the greatest timidity, and, by their perpetual blushes, reddened most charmingly their brunette complexions, tanned, and just a little freckled by the sun. We regretted that we could give but little more than an hour to this visit. After partaking of some refreshment, wine and fruits, the water melon, the pomegranate, the guava, the plantain, and the pineapple, which the climate produces in abundance, we took our leave in a state of rapture at what we had seen, leaving behind us, no doubt, many thrilling and tingling disturbances in the bosoms of the two nymphs, to whom we must have seemed but as an apparition from another and a brighter world.

A really not only most plentiful but luxurious repast awaited us on our return to the first settlement. The old lady had boasted that she had not forgotten her culinary lore by her long absence from France; and of this she gave proof, for under her directions, her daughter had provided for us a banquet that would have done honour to a Paris gastronomic. Soup and bouilli, two roast turkeys, fowls fricasseed and curried, a matelotte of

fish, and a whole roasted kid, stuffed with chesnuts, which are as good for the purpose as the pistachio nuts Turks and Greeks are so fond of, were the appetising *plats* and *pièces de resistance* that were spread before us. Our drink was at first an ordinary wine, from the Isle of France, but, on the removal of the good things I have mentioned, a *friture* of small fish, served up on several skewers, made their appearance, and with them some half dozen bottles of Beaune and of Champaigne, which the old lady informed us were taken from a little store reserved for her husband on his annual visits to the island. She recommended the *friture* as giving a particular fine relish to the wine, and seemed to enjoy it all immensely, though she herself ate and drank nothing. Coffee and a *petit verre* of real cognac finished our regale. Laden with baskets of fruit, we departed to re-embark, for a breeze had sprung up within the last few hours, that made us impatient to be on board.

Should an enthusiastic young school-boy, on first seeing a play, believing all to be a true representation of life, be suddenly introduced behind the scenes, thus having the whole delusion turned suddenly inside out, he could not be so completely disenchanted as we were, or have so vivid a conception of the difference between the ideal and the real, as we had before we reached the beach. One or two of our young ensigns were so far gone in romance and nympholepsy, that they emphatically announced their intention of selling out, as soon as they reached England, and returning to the island, to marry and be happy, far away from all toil, care, anxiety and vice, in abundance gained by healthful, pleasurable exercise, farming, hunting, fishing, and in the companionship of love only, from year's end to year's end. Hearing these rhapsodies, our guide thought it high time to break the charm we were all more or less under; and he soon brought us down from altitudes which some few of us had indulged in wantonly, with a kind of credulous incredulity, but others with more than a touch of genuine faith, to *terra firma*, by a very prosaic statement of a few plain matters of fact.

But these matters of fact I have not really the heart to relate as I had intended to do when I commenced this paper. I cannot sketch a picture only for the sake of daubing it out. Suffice it to say, the island was completely stripped of all romance, of all moral decency, in our eyes before we left it. Its natural beauty alone remained to make, by the contrast, the lot of its inhabitants the more saddening and disconsolate. Well we understood now the joy of the marine officer, when he first shook us by the hand. What a refreshment a day's society of English ladies and gentlemen must have been to him! Much greater than was ours, more transitory still, in the enjoyment of a mere *mirage Arcadia*.

Seged Emperor of Ethiopia's ten days' attempt at happiness was not so full of pointed lessons as was our day's experience; for that was fiction, this was fact. Nevertheless, let our sailors continue to hay-make at sea, and our landmen to make adventurous sea voyages on land, and let our politicians and lawyers, if possible, refresh their battered and deadened sensibilities in the like reveries; for after all, enchantment is better than disenchantment, and delusion is better than reality, as I feel by the insuperable aversion I feel to narrate the sequel of my story.

Having, however, made particular allusion to our skipper I must say a few additional words about him. We got very satisfactory evidence that he had been, and probably still was, a smuggler, and had carried on in the island, aided by the inhabitants, a thriving contraband traffic which they had engaged themselves to our Government to assist the marine officer in putting down. He had passed his day with the third proprietor at Rodriguez, an old bachelor, whom I have not before mentioned. After nearly twenty-four hours' carouse he arrived on board at about two o'clock in the morning. He had narrowly escaped, in his drunken state, the wreck of his boat among the rocks, for the sea had gone up under a stiffish gale, and the passage to the ship had become extremely dangerous. As soon as he was within sight the heaving up of the anchor began. On putting his foot on board, he shouted out "Well thanks be to blazes, here I am my lads, for half an hour ago I expected to be in Davy's locker before this time." Hardly had he uttered these words, when the capstan bars flew violently out on the capstan, one of which struck him on the forehead, and he fell down on the deck a corpse. The anchor had caught in one of the rocks which caused the sudden jerk that threw out the bars. The blow he received was so violent that his temples were almost smashed into the back of his head. Thus he went, to use his own fearful expression, "to blazes and to Davy's locker!" and thus was a black pall thrown over our day's adventure that no one would wish to lift.—*United Service Journal*,

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STANZAS.

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MOTHER, they say the summer ray  
Shines out on flower and tree;  
Thy coffin-lid has darkly hid  
The summer light from me.

Mother, they tell me bee and bird  
Are singing loud and near;  
Thy latest moan is all the tone  
That lingers on my ear.

Mother, they offer daily fare,  
But, ere the bread be broke,  
I look upon thy empty chair,  
And then that bread would choke.

Mother, my eyes watch out the night,  
And yet no tear-drops fall,  
But there is dimness in the sight,  
And fever in the ball.

I have had many an hour of pain.  
That bade me pray for rest,  
But now there's fire upon my brain,  
And ashes in my breast.

MORNER! oh, God! thou great Supreme,  
Thou Mighty and Divine—  
Forgive me if I dared to deem  
That name as blest as thine.

The bridegroom wails to lose his bride,  
But, ere the passing year,  
You'll find another by his side,  
As beautiful and dear.

The father sighs to miss his child,  
But, ere the waning week,  
Some other darling has beguiled  
The shadow from his cheek.

The friend may see his friend depart,  
But, ere the closing day,  
Some new companions warm his heart,  
And chase the old away.

We all may meet a rising star,  
Bright as the one of yore;  
Bride, child, friend, are replaced—but ah!  
The *mother* comes no more.

Oh! who will love as thou hast done?  
Who heed my woe and weal?  
Oh! who will guard thy youngest one  
With such an angel zeal!

Thy cerecloth wraps *my* living brow,  
I'm in the world alone;  
I know—I feel I've nothing now  
That I can call my own.

The lichen clingeth to the rock,  
The ivy to the tree—  
Yet, oh! more fond, more close the bond  
That linked this soul to thee.

The form that twined about thy neck  
In happy infant play,  
Once more is bowed above thy shroud,  
And bends beside thy clay.

Once more I press the gentle hand  
I ever loved to hold;  
It does not strain my hand again,  
Al! no, 'tis dead—'tis cold!

Once more I kiss thy whitened lips,  
But, hark! the tolling bell;  
Once more,—the last—away, 'tis past—  
MOTHER, farewell! farewell!

—*Eliza Cook*.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PENINSULA WAR.

ONE fine morning in December it happened, for a wonder, that General — was at breakfast alone and with his feet upon the hobs sipping a capital bottle of claret, of which he had given a bumper to Baptiste, a brave veteran, who had followed him in all his campaigns.

"Well, Baptiste, what say you to that wine? If we had had such a bottle on the banks of the Berosina?"

"Oh! as for that, General, it would have been kindly welcome, and would have helped to blow a little warmth into our fingers. Truly it goes down pleasantly—"

At the same moment, and whilst Baptiste was quietly sipping his glass, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, the door opened, and an old friend of the General, Captain Norbert, appeared.

Baptiste, to his great regret, had emptied the glass at a draught, and withdrew.

"Ah! parbleu! you have just come in time, Norbert," said the General, gaily. "You must breakfast with me; there's a capital Strasbourg pie hardly begun. Sit you down."

"No, thank you, General."

"Why, what is the matter with you? You look like the Austrians when we have beaten them."

"The fact is, General, I have just witnessed a combat in which a brave young fellow, a mere child, has fallen dangerously wounded."

"A duel—so, so; now that there is no more fighting for our country, we risk our lives for the sake of a word."

"Why, General, when that word is so dishonourable to one of the surviving veterans of our armies, it is natural that a brave heart should resent and seek, at any rate, to force back the calumnious word with a sword-thrust down the throat of the utterer."

"You are right, morbleu!" cried the General, who was very sensitive about the reputation of the soldiers of the Empire. "And besides I have no pity for calumniators. But who is the hero of this duel? One of our young officers?"

"No, General; an artist, a painter."

"Indeed! I thought those merry blades only fought with the brushes."

"They fight like lions, General, in defence of those whom they love and respect."

"But how did all this happen?"

"Thus. We were twelve of us at breakfast yesterday. Derville had brought with him a young painter of great promise, named Paul. After breakfast we went to the Café de la Regence. At a table near us were four young men talking loud and in a disagreeable tone, wearing long moustachios, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. These gentlemen seemed to take great pleasure in heaping abuse on all those generals most esteemed by the country. One especially, the loudest in these calumnies, appeared to think that each brilliant exploit performed by another was so much renown of which he himself was robbed. We were losing patience, and our looks bespoke our indignation, when the youth in question came to facts and uttered a name. We saw Paul tremble with emotion."

"The painter!"

"Yes; the brave lad is an enthusiast for the Emperor and his veterans, and it happened that the name pronounced was that of one with whose exploits he was most familiar. He half rose when the scoundrel asserted that the General in question had made his fortune by the plunder of Italy and Spain; the sentence was not finished before the slanderer had received a couple of resounding blows on the face."

"Very good! And it was the little painter that did it?"

"Yes, General. This morning he fought in defence of his hero, whom by the way he has never seen, and wounded his antagonist, but carried away by his ardour, he ran upon the opponent's sword and received a dangerous wound on the breast."

"What a misfortune! Why I love the brave boy already. You must introduce me to him."

"Yes, if he survives."

"But who was the General insulted yesterday, and so boldly avenged to-day?"

"You, General."

"I!"

The General bounded like a wounded lion.

"I! morbleu! Why did you not tell me directly. This brave boy is dangerously wounded for my sake, and I sitting quietly at breakfast! Quick! Norbert. Baptiste, my hat and gloves! Let us be off at once to see the painter."

Duvernay ran down stairs followed by Norbert and jumped into a coach that was passing.

"Rue du Buffault," said the Captain.

"And gallop for your life," cried the General.

"If you kill the horses, I will pay you for them." In less than five minutes they were at their journey's end. The two friends climbed six flights of stairs, and the General puffing for breath, entered the painter's garret.

The artist was on the bed, pale and covered with blood. The surgeon who had just dressed his wound was still with him.

"How is he, doctor?" inquired Duvernay, anxiously. "Is he dead? Is he alive?"

"He will recover, Sir, with great care."

"Care! care! That shall not be wanting." The General approached the bed, shuddering.

"Why he is dead!"

"No, Sir, I will answer for that. He fainted with loss of blood, and has not yet recovered his senses."

Duvernay gazed on him for a moment in mute emotion. Then pressing Norbert's hand, he said, pointing to the wounded youth, "A fine head. A noble forehead! What a misfortune if he had been killed, and for me! We must take him to my house."

In three months' time, the General sat gaily at breakfast with his young friend almost convalescent. Leaning his two elbows on the table, and looking full at the youth, he said, "Let us be frank. What is your name?"

"Paul."

"That is all?"

"That is all."

"It is short; but no matter. Your parents?"

"I have none. I am an orphan."

"And you have nothing?"

"Only hope and resolution. I have been told

that I have talent, and hope with time and labour——”

“Yes, yes, a great deal of both. And whilst waiting for fame and wealth, you live in a garret, and with inspiration on your brow your poor toes will be nipped with the frost. That will never do. Come, how did you get to know me?”

“Like everybody. Besides, two years ago I became intimate with a neighbour, an old officer, who served under you, named Bertrani.”

“I recollect him. He died a short time ago.”

“He told me your story, all your deeds of courage, of daring, of goodness; without knowing you, I loved and admired, I heard you insulted——”

“You rushed like a lion upon the calumniator. Good! I like such enthusiasm. Under Napoleon you would have made a smart officer; but now-a-days to keep guard in an ante-chamber, it is better to forget you wear a sword at all. Now listen to me, my lad; I am getting old, am a bachelor without children, or near relations; you must remain with me.”

“But, General——”

“There are no buts in the case. I am your commanding officer; obey. Besides, you may work and still become a great painter, a Raphael if you like; I shall not object. Your first pictures shall adorn my drawing-room. You shall have a separate suite of apartments with a painting-room; you shall be free as air—to work when you like.”

“Oh, but General——”

“Fiddlestick! no buts. Have you a right to expose yourself to be killed for me, and have I not a right to enable you to live? I adopt you for my son. You have no name. Well, here is one ready made for you—Paul Duvernay. It is as good as another.”

Tears of emotion suffused the young painter's eyes. “Oh, General, my blood, my life, all is yours. I accept your name with joy and pride, and I swear to you to try and make it as glorious in the arts, as you have rendered it in war, and even then I shall have done nothing towards repaying you.”

“Parbleu! I should like to know if it is not I who am the person obliged. Living alone with no one to care about me, when I could not recruit a few old soldiers, I was obliged to dine alone in front of these old bottles, I was unable to empty.

Now you shall help me. In a word, I wanted somebody to love, somebody to love me.”

“Like a son,” cried Paul, and giving way to his feelings, he embraced his benefactor.

Henceforward Paul was regarded in the General's house as his son, and though the malicious sneered at the adoption, and regarded it as an atonement for a peccadillo of his youth, the worthy soldier laughed, and gave himself no uneasiness on that account.

Time flew on. Paul made great progress in his art, and his pictures displayed a richness of colour and splendour of execution, the reflection as it were of his happiness.

Some friends of Duvernay, witnesses of the success of the young artist, recommended a journey through Italy. “Faith,” cried the General, “you are right. I have seen Italy it is true, but it was amidst the noise and smoke of battle, and when the fight was over, I thought of little else

than pretty girls and good wine. Now in Paul's company I should see things with different eyes. What do you say, Paul?”

“Indeed, General, I am afraid to form a wish, you are so prompt to gratify me; but to say the truth I have long wished to visit Italy, that holy land where art is revealed in all its splendour.”

“In three days we will start,” said the General.

The slight tinge of melancholy which often shaded the brow of Paul gave way to exuberant joy. Who can be sad at twenty years of age, with the imagination of a poet, the head of a painter, a good travelling carriage, and the prospect of making the tour of one of the most beautiful countries in the world, with the best of friends, and plenty of money in his pocket!

They talked of Rome. “Yes,” said the General, on the evening preceding their departure, “we shall see the eternal city, as it is called; but you will allow me, I hope, to make a little halt at a place where my heart would not have objected to take up its winter quarters.”

“How so, General?” inquired Paul.

“I may as well tell you. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Two leagues from Lyons, on the Swiss road, there is a little country house by the water side, a beautiful spot. In the troubles of 1815, I commanded a brigade at Lyons, and was at one time compelled to make the villa in question my head-quarters. Its mistress, the Baroness de Luchon, was a widow. She could not have been more than twenty-two years of age. Beautiful as an angel, full of wit, perfect in her manners, she did the honours of her house with a graceful melancholy which made a deep impression upon me. I remained there six days, and my poor heart became more and more enthralled. It was for the first time in my life. But this woman with her gentle smile, her pensiveness, which I attributed to the recent loss of her husband, and large dark eyes, which smiled so strangely when I tried to speak of love, closed my lips. I left her to return to Lyons, asking permission to visit her occasionally. She consented, and previously to my quitting Lyons, I had seen her several times.

“Then you spoke to her of your love?”

“Why yes, but I was as bashful as a recruit. After a few skirmishes I found the fortress without a weak point, and felt that there was no hope for my forlorn hope.”

“But, General, with a name as yours——”

“Yes my name, if I had been free to give it, but——”

“But what?”

“Oh, that is a long story; I will tell it you some day. At present let us drop the subject. Since then I have seen her several times; last autumn I paid her a visit, and I think she is as handsome, as witty, and as agreeable as ever. It is to see her that we are going. I have written to her about you, told her of your gallant conduct; and she has warmly congratulated me on finding a son to smooth the approach of old age. I have promised to present you to her.”

We pass over the details of the journey till our travellers approached the villa of the baroness. The General could not conceal his emotion. He laughed and talked loud, and seeing a slight ironical smile playing on the lips of his young companion, cried:

"Well, Sir, so you are laughing at me, a grey beard of fifty, an old patched repaired soldier, venturing to let his heart beat on approaching a lady's bower. Well it is droll; it is not exactly love, but something better I think, a good solid friendship."

At length the little chateau appeared in sight. In five minutes the carriage stopped, and the gate was opened by an old servant, who received the travellers as expected and welcome guests.

"How are you, Pierre?" said the General, "and your mistress, my good fellow?"

"O, General, my mistress will be so glad to see you, I think she is coming."

Duvernay rushed up the steps and Paul followed smiling at this juvenile ardour. As the former placed his hand upon the glass handle of the hall door, it opened and the baroness appeared. She was radiant with joy, and held out her hand to him which he carried to his lips quickly.

"At length, my friend. You were wrong to remain so long without coming to see your poor recluse."

She said this as she returned to the drawing-room, without thinking of even looking at her friend's adopted son.

Paul meanwhile saw that the General's praises of the baroness were not exaggerated, and that she really was a beautiful woman. Though thirty-six years of age, she might easily have passed for twenty-eight, her manners were so admirable, her air so charming.

"And my poor Paul whom I had almost forgotten," said the General, taking the young man's hand; "my son, Madame, my beloved son."

The baroness smiled sweetly as she turned her eyes towards Paul, but scarcely had she beheld him when she uttered a cry, rushed forward, and then stood motionless before him, and gazing steadfastly but painfully upon his agitated face.

Duvernay looked on with amazement, and his adopted son could make nothing of the strange scene.

"In the name of Heaven," said she in a trembling voice, "who are you? Your name! your name!"

"My name—Paul," replied the young man, agitated, though he knew not why.

"Paul is not a surname—your mother?"

"I scarcely knew her," answered Paul, sadly, "and I never knew her name."

"You were not born in France?"

"No, Madame."

"Where then?"

"Spain."

"Oh my God! near Bergara?" continued the baroness, whose violent emotion was every moment increasing.

"Yes, Madame, near Bergara."

"In a poor inn, where you remained until three years old?"

"Yes, yes, it was there that I twice returned in search of mother."

"Oh, my son! my Pablo! my son!"

"My mother!"

The baroness sank into her child's arms, to whom she clung in a sort of rapture and then fainted.

"Help, help," cried the General, pulling the bell.

The servants ran in terrified.

"Parbleu!" cried he, "you move like tortoises; your mistress has fainted away."

Paul had carried his mother to the sofa, and kneeling before her wept and called upon her name. By slow degrees she recovered, and passing her arm round her son's neck covered him with kisses and tears.

"My son! my adored child! Thou whom I have mourned for during eighteen years. How could I be deceived? The living image of his father—his father so much beloved, so pitiless as to rob me of my child! Oh, let me behold thee! After so much sorrow I cannot believe in such happiness."

Big tears trickled down the General's cheeks. At length the baroness arose, and stretching out her hand to Duvernay, cried:

"For these two years, General, you have been a father to him; my affection was well placed on the man destined to restore me my child."

"Parbleu! Baroness, you make me too happy."

"But tell me, my child," continued Madame Luchon, "why did you leave Spain? Your father?"

"My father! I have only seen him once in my life."

"Only once in your life? What do you say?"

"My history is a short one. I must have been about five years old the morning you left me alone for a moment. A man came to fetch me as if from you; since then I beheld you no more. I was taken to a fine house in Madrid, I believe; they gave me toys and caressed me much, but I was ever asking for you and weeping. Every morning they promised you would come in the evening, and every night they hushed me to repose with the words, 'Your mother will be here to-morrow.'"

"Poor child!"

"It was there that I passed my early childhood. Once only, a man, still young, but whose countenance was stern and sad, appeared before me, and they told me that it was my father. I was about to embrace him but his coldness froze my heart. He conversed with the person who took care of me, and I shall never forget the following phrase, which made a great impression upon me.

"You were wrong," said he, "to acquaint the child with the tie that unites us; let him forget it. You know the barrier that exists between us, though I will provide for him. When he is old enough to choose a profession, my assistance shall not be wanting."

"And his mother," inquired the other.

"She is in France, and will never see him more."

"I reached my sixteenth year, always having preserved the memory of this scene, and the desire of again seeing my mother, separated from me by an abuse of power which nothing could justify. I felt humiliated by benefits which did not spring from affection; they were as repugnant to me as alms. I had always had a great taste for painting, and was allowed in this respect to follow my inclination. I resolved to become independent by practising the art I excelled in. I had been told that my mother was in France, so I turned my thoughts towards Paris. My tutor was a Frenchman, and his language familiar to me; we



often talked of his country, of which he told me wonderful stories. I was allowed as much money as I wished, and, in the hope of realizing my project, I had for two years denied myself everything I could. At last I found myself master of three thousand francs. With this sum in my pocket I one day took the road to France during the absence of my tutor. I was so much afraid of being pursued, that I changed my name of Pablo for that of Paul, and henceforward concealed my country and the melancholy history of my life. I will not tell you, my mother, how cheaply I performed my journey, and how many privations I endured after arriving in Paris. But I did not lose courage, and laboured night and day. At last I sold a few sketches. Whenever I could snatch a moment from labour, I sought for you, my mother, and not knowing your name I said to myself, that when I should meet you a voice would cry in the depth of my heart, 'Behold your mother, Mother behold your son!' And I was right."

"God has guided us to each other, my Pablo."

"And here is the instrument chosen to unite us," said the young man, approaching Duvernay.

"No matter," muttered the General, sadly; "you will no longer love me as your father."

"Ah, if you will," answered Paul, in a low voice, "you can be my father, more than ever."

The General did not reply, and looked down gloomily.

Paul shuddered. He fancied that he perceived in his kind protector's emotion an accusation against his mother, and this shocked him. He believed his mother to be free, without inquiring how or why, or suspecting any wrong at the bottom of this mystery. He turned towards her. She was gazing tenderly on him and her friend—the son she had so lamented—the only friend she possessed in the world. "Mother," said he, in an agitated tone, "tell me now why I was torn from your love; what is the name of my father, and the mystery which hangs over my birth?"

An expression of extreme sadness clouded the noble countenance of the baroness. She pressed her son's hand, and her melancholy glance seemed to hesitate, as she looked at the General.

"Not yet, my son," she almost whispered, "I must reflect before turning to so cruel a past; this evening I will tell you all, to you and to our friend. Till then let me enjoy my happiness without interruption and regret."

The baroness, after yielding for a time to the inexpressible joys of a mother on finding a lost child, at last recollected the duties she owed to guests so dear, and thought of the repose of which they must stand in need. The General was shown to his apartment, but she proposed another in haste close to her own for Paul; it seemed that if she quitted him for a moment, she ran the risk of losing him for ever.

The General entered his chamber in a bad humour, not because he regretted the happiness which had befallen the baroness, but because he feared that he was about to become isolated again. After dismissing his servant, he dressed hastily, and began walking up and down the room. "No matter," he muttered, "but if I had thought that the baroness, so reserved a woman, had—but she was very young, and besides, I know nothing yet; perhaps she was married; and this

Baron de Luchon strikes me as having been a strange sort of fellow. The poor woman has always been so melancholy. Has she not always told me that she would never marry? And in fact what am I thinking about? What does her past life matter to me? She is a good, noble woman, a tender mother—the mother of Paul. We will get her to remove to Paris; she shall be my friend; for, *malheur!* nothing shall induce me to separate from Paul. She is his mother it is true, but I am his adopted father, and if she must have him, let us share him together."

The idea pleased the brave General mightily, and when the dinner-bell rang, and Paul, his face radiant with joy, came to the good man's room, he went down, seriously resolved to pass the remainder of his life between Madame de Luchon and Paul her son.

After dinner they returned to the drawing-room. The evenings of early May are often chilly, even in the south of France; and a bright wood fire sparkled on the hearth. The baroness took her place on one side of the fire, the General occupied the opposite corner, and Paul sat between them, his hand clasped in that of his mother.

"You promised us your history, dear mother," said he, looking at her affectionately. Again the features of Madame de Luchon became sad. She reflected for a moment, and then said in an agitated tone, "Child, it is the history of a fault. I have suffered so much that God must have accepted my atonement. I cannot doubt it since he has restored me my son," and kissing Paul's forehead, as if to recover confidence, continued; "Luchon is not my name: France is not my country. I came hither to conceal my grief, and to escape from hatred and persecution. Born in Spain of a noble but poor family; an orphan at five years of age, I was left to the care of two brothers, ambitious, avaricious, and debauched men. At the age of fifteen a fatal chance made me acquainted with the young Count de Estrello. I had seen him with my brothers. He loved me; I was alone in the world, without affection for any one, without his love cast sunshine on my heart. My brothers were almost constantly absent, and I received the count secretly every evening. We loved. He was like me very young, and under the countenance of his father, one of the most powerful grandees of Spain, proud of his race, and of his family alliances. It was on the steps of the throne that he sought a wife for his son. The young count energetically refused, and imprudently declared that he would never have a wife but her who had received his vows in the face of heaven. Then he came to me urging me to place an insurmountable obstacle to the wishes of his father, by a secret marriage. Fools that we were to seek to struggle against such a power; we poor children, who had no defence but our mutual love!

"It was agreed that we should not meet again for a week, as he was followed and watched. On the eighth day he promised to bring a priest to unite us.

"Next day, my eldest brother came alone into my room. 'I know all,' said he. 'You have forgotten the honour of our house, and my first impulse was that your life should be a sacrifice for such degeneracy. But I have seen the count; he loves you, and offers to repair the wrong he

has inflicted upon us. Everything is ready for your marriage. It shall take place this very night!

"To-night!" said I, much surprised.

"Yes," replied he. "The count is closely watched. To-night, at twelve o'clock, he will be in the chapel; we will meet him there; our servants can act as witnesses. Not a word must be exchanged; the chapel is dark; the slightest imprudence may ruin us. The count recommends you to follow his counsels exactly, for the spies of his father are constantly about him."

"I believed all that my brother said. Oh I never can forget that horrible night! At midnight my brother came to seek me—made me shroud myself in a veil. We crossed the garden, we reached the chapel; my hand was placed in that of my bridegroom; we were married, and—as I quitted the altar happy and proud, the door of the chapel opened, and the count appeared pale and distracted."

"Ah! *morbleu!* you are my wife!" cried the General, starting up and falling at the feet of the baroness, who looked at him with astonishment, not unmingled with fear.

"Good God! what do you say?"

"Is it possible? Yes, yes! Do not stare at me so; I am not mad, although like to become so with joy and happiness! Carmen—is not that your name?"

"Carmen de Santiago."

"And *his* name was Fernando?"

"Yes, yes."

"That was it. It was that great Turk of a brother of yours who kept me locked up for twenty hours! The little gloomy chapel! And you said—'Carmen is too happy!'"

"Ah, yes. But pardon me, General; I cannot believe, I cannot understand—how you could have consented—"

"*Pardi!*—twenty-four hours in a dungeon, with the perspective of passing my life there, or being starved to death, if I refused to marry with my eyes shut; I had no alternative."

"Ah! now I understand all. It is true, my brother since confessed that he had compelled a French officer to accept my hand."

"You hated me, then; and now that you know—"

"I hated the stranger who had thus blighted my hopes. But you are no longer so; you are the adopted father of my Paul. You will always love me; will you not?" and the soft voice of the Baroness trembled.

"*Parbleu!* Since I began without knowing—I have only to go on. You know how sincere my friendship is for you."

"It shall be still better," whispered Paul, who had joined the hands of the General and the Baroness. "But," continued he, in a louder tone, "why this marriage?"

"My brother," resumed the Baroness, "afterwards owned with unfeeling, selfish indifference, the reasons for his conduct. I have told you that our fortune was not in proportion to our rank. The father of Ferdinand had sent for my brothers, and given them to understand that he was all powerful at the Court; that if they lent themselves to a clandestine union between his son and me, he would crush them with the weight of his vengeance; but if, on the contrary, they contrived

means of separating us for ever, he would give them fifty thousand dollars, and take them under his patronage. My unworthy brothers trembled, and they consented to the base bargain. My elder brother then invented the marriage plot; how he carried it into execution, you are aware. As proud as they were mean, my brothers would not acknowledge a French officer for their brother-in-law, so you were escorted to the frontier. I thanked them for sparing me this shame, for I was about to become a mother."

"Poor lady!" groaned the general.

"My despair was dreadful. I fled and concealed my dishonour in a poor inn near Madrid. There my Paul was born. Fernando discovered my hiding place, and wished to see me. I refused. I had hoped to become his wife, but would not consent to be his mistress. Fernando did not know me. He suspected that ambition was my motive, and his heart turned against me; and, to be revenged, he robbed me of my child! Mad—desperate—I did all that was possible to recover my son. I begged, I entreated, but he remained inflexible. He swore to me that my son was no longer in Spain, and that I should never see him more. Such grief was too much. For six months I was between life and death, but youth triumphed, and I recovered. I then learned that my brothers had been killed in a gambling-house brawl. I was disgusted with Spain. I trembled lest at some moment my unknown husband might appear and claim me. I realised the remains of our fortune, and came to France under an assumed name. For twenty years I have grieved for my son. Your friendship, General, has indeed been an alleviation to my sufferings. God has declared that my trials have lasted long enough. I now forget my sorrows. I pardon those who sacrificed me."

"Oh! my mother! what happiness! Heaven has restored you your son, and has given you the affection of my benefactor!"

"Silence, boy!"

"For the General has loved you these ten years."

"What shall I do?—be quiet, can't you," muttered Duvernay, changing countenance.

"It was on your account that he regretted the liberty he had lost in Spain."

"Have you finished?"

"Come, come, General; if I do not tell the truth, say so. Are you sorry that my mother is your wife?"

"Sorry! sorry! Why, I am like to go mad with joy at such unparalleled happiness. If she would only say, 'Well, General, I no longer regret the trick put upon me.' Sorry! If I could—if I dared—"

"Well! come, General," said Madame Duvernay, for so we must now call her, holding out her hand to him, "do not put yourself in a passion; and—since you are my husband, I see no objection to acknowledging our marriage in France."

"That you will assume the name of Duvernay?"

"With pride."

"And become lady and mistress of my house?"

"It would be my greatest happiness."

The General, not yet daring to embrace his wife—an hymenial anomaly which occurs oftener than people imagine—half stifled Paul in his arms.

The journey to Italy was put off till the ensuing year, and in a fortnight the General, who had lost no time, assisted by his wife, received a certificate of his marriage from Spain, and turned poor Paul out of the room he occupied next to that of Madame Duvernay.

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THE OLD CLOCK.

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Clock of the household! few creatures would trace  
Aught worthy a song in thy dust-covered face;  
The sight of thy hands and the sound of thy bell  
Tell the hour, and to many 'tis *all* thou canst tell.  
But to me thou canst preach with the tongue of a  
    *stage,*  
Thou canst tell me old tales from life's earliest page;  
The long night of sorrow, the short span of glee—  
All my chequers of fate have been witnessed by  
    thee.

Thou bringest back visions of heart-bounding times,  
When thy midnight hour chorused the rude carol  
    rhymes;  
When our Christmas was noted for festival mirth,  
And the merry New Year had a boisterous birth.  
I remember the station thou hadst in the hall,  
Where the holly and mistletoe decked the rough  
    wall;  
Where we mocked at thy voice till the herald of day  
Peeped over the hills in his mantle of grey.

And thou bringest back sorrow, for, oh! thou hast  
    been  
The companion of many a gloomier scene:  
In the dead of the night I have heard thy loud tick,  
Till my ear has recoiled and my heart has turned  
    sick.  
I have sighed back to thee as I noiselessly crept  
To the close-curtained bed where a dying one  
    slept;  
When thy echoing stroke and a mother's faint  
    breath  
Seemed the sepulchre tidings that whispered of  
    death.

Clock of the household! thou ne'er hast been thrust  
From thy station to dwell amid lumber and dust:  
Let fashion prevail and rare changes betide,  
Thou wert always preserved with a cherishing  
    pride:  
Thou hast ever been nigh, thou hast looked upon  
    all,—  
On the birth, on the bridal, the cradle, and pall;  
To the infant at play and the sire turning grey  
Thou hast spoken the warning of "passing away."

Clock of the household! I gaze on thee now  
With the shadow of thought growing deep on my  
    brow;  
For I feel and I know that "the future" has hours  
Which will not be marked by a dial of flowers.  
My race may be run when thy musical chime  
Will be still ringing out in the service of time;  
And the Clock of the household will shine in the  
    room  
When I, the forgotten one, sleep in the tomb.  
—*Eliza Cook.*

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES IN THE  
LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF THE EM-  
PEROR TIBERIUS AND LOUIS XI.

THERE is a popular notion very current, and which is often adopted as a matter of faith, without much investigation, that human nature has been gradually improving during successive ages—keeping pace, as it were, with the march of civilization, and the rapid progress of the physical sciences. But this is a fallacy which a slight knowledge of history amply refutes, for on its records we are ever finding striking similarities in the characters of men, widely divided by centuries of time, and still more, by the different systems of laws and customs in their respective countries.

Nations rise, flourish and decay; the world is ever being astonished with new discoveries and developments, yet human nature has preserved its identity from the most remote period of antiquity to the present day. Ancient records afford no specimens of it—no examples of licentiousness, tyranny, or cruelty, which may not be closely paralleled in modern history.

But among the myriad proofs of this fact it would be difficult to produce more conclusive evidence than is found in a comparison of Louis XI. and the Emperor Tiberius, monarchs, who, although separated by an interval of 1,500 years, exhibited such singular coincidences in their dispositions and actions, that a Pythagorean might bring them forward as a proof of the doctrine of metempsychosis, arguing that as the Samian philosopher served as Euphorbus in the Trojan war, so the Roman Emperor had revived in the person of the French King. Or, to apply Byron's idea, with respect to the infamous Jefferies and the distinguished reviewer, to these two monarchs, they were

"In soul so like, so merciful, so just,  
Some think that Satan had resigned his trust,  
And given the spirit to the world again."

The political and social relations of Rome and France, upon the accession of their respective monarchs to power, were similar, in so far that they afforded many opportunities to rulers so bold and unscrupulous, of converting a limited power into a despotism.

The social condition of the people at the close of Augustus' reign was vicious in the extreme, as we may discover from the epistle of St. Paul, and the scorching satires of Juvenal, although the political and literary state of the empire was so flourishing that that period is usually considered the most brilliant in Roman history. Milton in his "Paradise Regained," gives a magnificent ac-

count of the political relations of the Seven-hilled City at this period—an account which is fully confirmed by ancient history. He describes embassies hastening thither—

“Some from farthest south  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls  
Meroe, inlotick isle, and more to west  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
From the Asian kings, and Parthians among these;  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north  
Beyond Danubius to the Taurick pool.  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay.”

The Government at this period was by no means either arbitrary or despotic, but resembled in many of its features a limited monarchy, the rights of life and property being equally secured. Tiberius on his accession found that the restraints of such a system were serious obstacles to the gratification of his thirst for unlimited rule, and he immediately directed his energies to their destruction. With his habitual dissimulation he speedily accomplished this “amusing the people,” in the words of Tacitus, “with a show of liberty, fair in appearance, but tending to plunge them into deeper slavery,” until at length he destroyed the influence of the *comitia* or popular assemblies, by transferring their powers, even as Louis Napoleon has done lately in France, to a senate that abetted, and even anticipated him in his tyrannies. The ease with which he accomplished this, proved that little of the old Roman virtue, little of the pristine hatred of tyranny, remained.

If we now turn to the state of France at the commencement of the fifteenth century, we shall find that there were circumstances which tended as naturally to the gratification of the ambition of Louis, as the effeminate slavishness of Rome did to that of Tiberius. The feudal system which had raised the social condition of Europe from the utter depravity in which it languished for centuries after the dissolution of the Roman Empire, was fast sinking to decay. The severe moral discipline for which feudal institutions were especially to be valued, was fast yielding to falsehood and treachery, while the chivalrous and disinterested principles of loyalty and devotion, which they inculcated, were supplanted by a cold-hearted, rationalizing selfishness.

Louis XI., equal to Tiberius in dissimulation, and possessed of the same skill in turning the spirit of the age to the furtherance of his own designs, immediately on his accession, exerted all his abilities in sowing dissensions amidst the formidable confederacy of the “States General,” a representative body composed of the three orders of the nation—nobles, clergy, and commons.

He also organized a powerful military force, composed of foreign mercenaries, and those vassals he had detached from the barons and peers, so that general or provincial assemblies of the states, which, however, rude or imperfect, formed a barrier against tyranny, were speedily triumphed over, and Louis was complimented by his sycophantic courtiers as being the deliverer of the Kings of France from slavery.

The similarity between the moral and political condition of the countries, and the policy which their respective monarchs pursued, having been seen, it remains to shew the singular parallelism of their actions, when subsequently, a morbid suspicion and jealousy incited them to crimes of the darkest hue.

During the early part of the reign of Tiberius, ere as yet he was confirmed in his authority, that cruelty of disposition which, developed even in his boyhood, caused Theodorus Gadaveus, his first instructor, to call him “a mass of clay, tempered with blood,” was exerted in stealthily destroying those whose power or influence he feared. With a placid and cheerful countenance he planned his murderous schemes, and no remorse ever deterred him from their execution; the ties of blood were no obstacle—past favours were forgotten—all were sacrificed to his fears and ambition. Agrippa, the grandson of Augustus, might possibly become a rival; he fell by the hand of an assassin even before the death of Augustus was generally known. Poison carried off Germanicus, the nephew of Tiberius; the splendour of his military career rather hastened than averted his destruction; he was extremely popular with the army and people, therefore, he must die. Many others fell in the same secret manner, the popular odium scarcely glancing at their destroyer so long as he thought it expedient not to brave it openly. Blood did not assuage the terrors which haunted him, and he sought to defend himself by “a law of treason,” which in his hands became a most terrible engine of despotism. Spies thronged the streets of Rome, and frequently the most innocent expressions of incautious persons (however illustrious for birth and talent) were tortured into crimes worthy of death. Zeal for the welfare of the empire was sedition; to talk of liberty, crime; the praises of ancient heroes, death; regret for Augustus was abuse of Tiberius; silence was plotting; joy the proof of a conspiracy likely to succeed; and fear, the accompaniment of guilt. Informers were found in the family circle, and the betrayed were hurried to prison and to the tomb, knowing neither their crime nor their accuser. Nor was the monarch in this reign of

terror merely satisfied with the infliction of death and bodily tortures—his diabolical nature delighted in inventing mental agonies for his victims compared with which the loss of life would seem a blessing.

The fall of Sejanus, his treacherous associate in crime, whom he had exalted to a power slightly inferior to his own, was the signal for a dreadful massacre. As for a course of years he had destroyed all who were obnoxious to the favourite, so now the streets of Rome literally streamed with the blood of those who were in the slightest degree suspected of regretting his fall.

In the gloomy seclusion of Capreae—that island rendered ever infamous by the fearful cruelties and excesses of which it was the theatre—sat the tyrant, dragging on the wretched remainder of his life,—torn by the hideous recollections of his atrocities, yet constantly adding to their number. A letter of his to the senate preserved by Tacitus, shews the intensity of his sufferings. "What to write," he says, "if I know how to decide, may the just God and the goddess of vengeance doom me to die in pangs worse than those under which I now linger." This reveals the inner life of the man—his own reflections, like the hounds of Actæon, rending their master. "Truly," in the words of the "oracle of ancient wisdom, "a tyrant is the worst of slaves. Were his heart and sentiments laid open to our view, we should see him stretched on a mental rack, distracted by fears, and goaded by the pangs of guilt."

Superstition enslaved him during the latter part of his life; at one time he cringed to his astrologers as if his destiny was in their hands—and, again, he would summarily hurl them from the brow of a precipice when their prophecies failed to satisfy him. His dissimulation prevailed to the last moment; worn with disease, by a powerful effort he sustained the drooping energies of nature, shunning the approach of his physicians, lest they should discover death was at hand. At length he fell into a swoon, and while in that condition was smothered by his attendants, who thus sought to pay their court to his successor.

Such is the picture which history has transmitted to us of the character and actions of the Roman Emperor—and, if we now turn to the "French Tiberius," we find that although he had no Tacitus to paint the horrors of his life, yet have they been faithfully portrayed by the pencils of a Varillas and a De Comines.

The early years of Louis were remarkable for a precocity in ambition and dissimulation. While yet a boy he entered into a conspiracy against his

father, the reigning monarch, which, proving unsuccessful, he was forced to take refuge in the neighbouring state of Burgundy. While there, he still occupied himself in plotting against the unfortunate monarch, who at length perished by a disease brought on, by the rigid abstinence he adopted, in order to avoid being poisoned by his unnatural son. Louis ascended the throne scarcely disguising his joy at the result of his schemes, and almost his first act was to punish the servants and physicians, whose faithfulness to the late king he had found incorruptible. In his turn he became a prey to suspicious fears, and, like Tiberius, he had recourse to a "law of treason," which made it criminal for any one to refrain from reporting the slightest comment reflecting on the monarch's conduct or policy. France was overrun with his emissaries, disguised as pilgrims, gipsies, or beggars, spreading distrust and division amongst the great barons, and acting as spies of their actions.

Sir Walter Scott, in his brilliant novel of "Quentin Durward," has not at all drawn on his imagination in describing the wretched state of this unhappy country.

Nor was he jealous of the barons alone; his brother fell by poison a victim to his suspicions; and with an ingenuity almost diabolical he brought up his son in ignorance, surrounded by the most vulgar and depraved associates, fearing lest the young prince should afford him the same uneasiness that he had given to Charles VII. The same wretched suspicion induced him to treat his daughters with equal cruelty. Anne, of France, a beautiful and high-spirited princess, became obnoxious to him for her talents; he united her to an idiot. His second daughter, Jane, was wretchedly deformed, yet he forced the Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood, to marry her, fearing lest he should enter into some other alliance which might possibly endanger the throne.

His craftiness and treachery produced similar vices amongst his dependants, whose machinations, however, were almost invariably discovered by his superior sagacity. The Cardinal Balue and the Bishop of Verdun, raised by violence and injustice to the highest dignities in Church and State, betrayed his most secret councils to the Duke of Burgundy, whom of all men in France he had most reason to dread. Detection overtook them, and although they were shielded from death by the Court of Rome, still they were confined for life in iron cages, constructed with such horrible skill that a person of ordinary size could neither stand up at his full height, nor lie length-

wise in them. These cages were invented by the Cardinal himself, for Louis encouraged the manufacture of new instruments of torture, and constantly employed a number of German artisans in their fabrication.

As with Tiberius, so his fears increased with his age, and hurried him on to the perpetration of new crimes, in which he was ably seconded by Tristan, his provost, and Oliver Le Dain, his barber, whom he had raised to the rank of confidants. Matthieu, the historian, relates that "wherever the king stopped his presence might be known, from the number of persons suspended from trees, and from the lamentable cries of the tortured victims who were confined in the adjoining prisons and houses."

Yet even amidst fears and cruelties he devoted much of his time to low, debasing pleasures, in the gratification of which he laid aside his usual penuriousness.

At length, as the infirmities of age crept upon him, surrounded by his foreign guards, he shut himself up in Plessis, as Tiberius did in Capreæ, scarcely stirring from his chamber, or permitting any one to approach. The prelates whom he had caged were scarcely held in closer restraint; he feared his children and nearest relations; he permitted none to remain in the neighbourhood whose abilities were above the common order; the grounds around the castle were filled with traps and pit-falls; and his cross-bow men were instructed to shoot all who should approach by night. Even his greatest enemy could not wish him severer punishments than he inflicted on himself. The fear of death and of losing his power haunted him incessantly, and, with the memory of his crimes, embittered every moment. As Tiberius before his diviners, so the shrewd sagacity and craft of Louis failed him when in the presence of his physicians, astrologers and priests, and he cringed to them in the most abject and humiliating manner.

Although his strength decayed rapidly, and death stared him in the face, yet as he had dissembled in other affairs so he took every means to conceal this; he dressed better than had been his wont, and engaged his retainers in the most frivolous amusements in order to give discredit to the rumours of his weak and dying condition.

So closed the last scene in the life of the counterpart of the Roman Tiberius, before he entered without hope, into that eternity which his crimes had filled with terrors.

Thus have been shewn the salient points of two characters divided by fifteen centuries, yet preserving a parallelism scarcely to be rivalled in

history, and extending from an early period of life to the very threshold of the unknown world.

Both were addicted to gross and debasing pleasures, and alike unscrupulous in their attainment. Both were cruel and relentless; the craft and dissimulation of Tiberius were fully rivalled by the like qualities in Louis. Both were possessed of an insatiable ambition, and of haunting jealousies and suspicions. The shelter of solitude, and the protection of guards and fortresses could save neither of them from the rack of guilt on which their spirits were stretched, nor rescue them from the torturing grasp of superstition.

Finally, in the character of neither is there a single bright spot on which the mind can rest with pleasure; not a single ray to illumine the gloom of their miserable lives. In the words of the ancient poet, "during their lifetime they never had a single friend—and, at their death, they left no mourners."

It may probably be thought by some that the crimes of these men belonged to what are called the dark ages of the world, and that there is not the slightest fear of their being re-enacted in the present age, which many are wont to regard as having attained a wonderful perfection in morality as well as science. But this feeling springs from a belief in that progressive improvement of human nature, which, however flattering to vanity, is only a delusive dream that vanishes before the light of truth. Even in our father-land, with its outward pressure of sound laws, and the equally powerful restraint of public opinion, we have superabundant evidence, in the scenes constantly passing, that the boasted "march of intellect" has not extirpated the passions which actuated the Roman and French tyrants, but that their germs are still in existence, and only require nourishment and opportunity to develop themselves into as infamous a luxuriance.

As the pirate, when brought before Alexander the Great, shewed that the only difference between them was in the extent of their ravages—the one having fleets and armies, while the other had only one small ship—so there are many in the present day who only differ from Louis and Tiberius, in not having the same unlimited power of doing evil.

A GRADUATE.

Remember the sinner in the man; but remember also the man in the sinner.

The wisest habit is the habit of care in the formation of habits.

Honour is to Justice what the flower is to the plant.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BORN A.D. 1552.—DIED A.D. 1618.

THIS distinguished statesman and writer, who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., was born in the year 1552, at Hayes, a farm rented by his father, in the parish of Budely, Devonshire. The patrimonial estate was Fardell, near Plymouth. The family name was one of antiquity, but seems to have varied in its orthography from Rale or Ralega, to Raleigh, Raulcigh, or Raleigh, in which latter form it is generally written. The mother of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the third wife of his father, was the daughter of Sir Philip Champenon, of Modbury. At the age of sixteen, he entered as a commoner both at Oriel College and Christ Church, Oxford, and he continued in the university three years. It is doubtful whether he ever was—as has been generally supposed—a student of the Middle Temple; Hooker says that he spent in France “a good part of his youth in wars and military services,” and that he was trained “not part but wholly gentleman, wholly soldier.” His first military service was performed in France as a gentleman volunteer, in the corps of his maternal uncle, Henry Champenon. In 1575, he returned to England, but resumed his military career under Sir John Norris, in the Netherlands. In 1578 he accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Raleigh, in a voyage of adventure to Newfoundland, which proved, upon the whole, disastrous. On his return, he was employed, under the Earl of Ormond, Governor of Munster, in quelling the rebellion which had broken out in that province,—a piece of service in which Raleigh seems to have evinced less of humanity than marked his subsequent character.

Upon the subjugation of the principal rebels, Raleigh returned to England in 1582, and was very favorably received at Court, uniting as he did to a claim for distinguished public services, the attractions of a noble figure and well endowed mind. His graces and accomplishments pleased “the maiden Queen,” and by one adroit act of gallantry, he effectually established himself in her favor, if not her confidence. Meeting the Queen near a marshy spot, and observing her Majesty hesitating to proceed, Raleigh instantly spread his rich cloak on the ground for a footcloth to his royal mistress—a compliment which Elizabeth was fully able to feel and appreciate. Having ventured to write upon a window, which the Queen could not fail to pass, this line, “Pain would I climb, but yet I fear to fall,” Elizabeth is said, upon observing it, to have instantly written beneath it, “If thy heart fail thee, climb not then at all.”

In 1583, Raleigh was employed by the Queen to attend Simier, the agent of the Duke of Anjou, at that time aspiring to the honor

of her hand, and afterwards to attend the Duke to Antwerp. But we find him soon after engaging in a second voyage to Newfoundland, in conjunction with Sir Humphrey Gilbert. The ship, however, in which Raleigh sailed from Plymouth had not been many days at sea before a contagious fever broke out amongst the crew, and the vessel was obliged to return to harbor, whilst Sir Humphrey, with the rest of the fleet, pursued their course to Newfoundland, and planted the first British colony there. Raleigh's attention was still turned to maritime discovery; and, at his own risk, he fitted out two vessels, which he despatched by the Canaries and West Indies, and which, after a voyage of more than two months, reached the Gulf of Florida, and took possession of the country now called Virginia and Carolina, in the name of the Queen of England. The first expedition which Raleigh undertook in person to Virginia was rewarded by Knighthood. Shortly afterwards, we find Raleigh engaged with the celebrated Davis, and others, in an association for the discovery of the North-west passage.

His natural love of enterprise, animated by the fresh fame of Hawkins and of Drake, incited Raleigh to repeat his expedition of discovery; but his schemes were conceived on too magnificent a scale for his own resources, and met with little patronage from Elizabeth, whose attention was indeed drawn to objects nearer home and of more pressing emergency. Having signalled himself against the Spanish armada, and in assisting Don Antonio, King of Portugal, against the King of Spain, we find him visiting Ireland, and inducing the poet Spencer to repair to the English Court. In 1590, he collected, chiefly at his own expense, a fleet of thirteen vessels, with which, having been joined by two of the Queen's men-of-war, he undertook a successful cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies. We next find him devoting himself to the civil interests of his country, and gaining a purer and more imperishable renown in the senate than in the field. To the encroaching spirit of the established clergy he opposed his influence in many cases; and when Udall was capably convicted of a libel on the Queen's Majesty in his ‘Demonstration on Discipline,’ a reprieve and subsequently a commutation of sentence was obtained for the unfortunate man at the intercession of Raleigh. He also zealously exerted himself in opposing the arbitrary laws enacted against the Brownists, the Catholics, and other sectarians, upon the score of religious principles, for which conduct the cry of Atheist, accompanied with various other insinuations, was raised against him by the high church party.

In 1583, Raleigh married Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, whose fair fame had already lain under impeachment on his account. Their union,

however, though marked by vicissitudes, was cheered by their uninterrupted affection. In 1586, Raleigh, though still in disgrace as a courtier, on account of his intrigue with the above lady, was appointed third in command of the fleet sent to the coast of Spain to anticipate a threatened second armada. In this service he highly distinguished himself, but gained little more than wounds and honor. On his return to England, he projected an expedition to Guiana, "that mighty, rich and beautiful empire," and to "that great and golden city which the Spaniards call El Dorado." At his own charge he prepared a squadron of five ships, and, in 1595, sailed from Plymouth. His expedition, however, resulted in little else than a more extensive investigation of the country than had hitherto been made; but his sanguine temperament and lively fancy led him to pen such a description of his researches in Guiana as almost entitles us to call in question his veracity. Thus, alluding to the mineral productions of Guiana, he thus expresses himself in the narrative of his voyage:—"For the rest, which myself have seen, I will promise these things that follow, and know to be true. Those who are desirous to discover and to see many nations, may be satisfied with this river, (Oronoco,) which bringeth forth so many arms and branches, leading to several countries and provinces about 2,000 miles east and west, and 800 miles north and south, and of these the most rich either in gold or in other merchandises. The common soldier shall here fight for gold, and pay himself instead of pence, with plates of half a foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provant and penury."

Raleigh's representations failed, however, to engage the Queen in his scheme for conquering Guiana, but the intrepidity and skill which he had displayed in his voyage to that country served to reinstate him in the favor of his royal mistress, who again appointed him third in command in her last naval undertaking against the Spaniards. The 'Island voyage,' as it was called, though well concerted, was totally unsuccessful, as far as regarded its main object, and led to a serious misunderstanding between Sir Walter and the Earl of Essex, whilst it seriously diminished the popularity of both. The death of the Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, deprived Essex of his best and most powerful friend, and enabled Raleigh more effectually to displace his rival in the good graces of the Queen. In 1600, he received a substantial proof of his royal mistress's favor, in his appointment to the Governorship of Jersey. On the apprehension of Essex, it was expected by some that Raleigh would use his influence with the Queen to procure the pardon of his rival; but it does not appear that he made any attempt of the kind, and on the supposed fact of his neutral-

ity in the case, a strong charge of malignity towards Essex has been preferred against him, although, as his latest biographer well remarks, "for omissions of a virtuous act, no public man, in those days of peril, could, however, with propriety, be censured. Every favored courtier has his foes, who might give an invidious coloring to any behest, however innocent. Elizabeth was arbitrary, almost despotic, and, in her seasons of irritation, neutrality was the only safe course. "Blessed are they," said an eye-witness of her court, "that can be away, and live contented." Such, probably, was the pervading sentiment of all who viewed closely the cares and heart-rending vicissitudes of that chequered scene." In his defence, Essex endeavored to implicate Cobham, Cecil, and Raleigh. To this charge the two former personally replied; but Raleigh entrusted the defence of his own conduct to Francis, Lord Bacon. It is difficult wholly to acquit Raleigh of all the charges which have been brought against him in the affair of Essex; it is certain that he, as well as the Queen, never regained the popular favor after the execution of that unfortunate nobleman. During the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, Raleigh appears to have affected a life of retirement, employing himself in various literary labors, and cultivating the acquaintance of the poets, wits, and scholars of the age, among whom were Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, and Donne.

The accession of James to the throne prepared the way for the downfall of Raleigh. He was at first graciously treated by the King, but was soon deprived of his office of Captain of the Guard, and ultimately dismissed from Court. Such unworthy treatment was keenly felt by the high spirited Raleigh, who, in the height of his chagrin and indignation, allowed his better judgment to become so far obscured as to become a party in the wild and unintelligible conspiracy for altering the succession to the crown, historically known by the name of "Raleigh's plot," although the actual extent of Raleigh's participation in it is by no means clear. Accused by the wretched Cobham of having been the prime instigator in this singular piece of treason, Raleigh was committed to the Tower, and, in the bitterness of his spirit, attempted to commit suicide by stabbing himself in the breast with a knife. Happily for his own reputation, the wound was not dangerous. On the 17th of November, 1603, Raleigh's trial commenced at Winchester, whither the Court had retired to avoid the plague then ravaging the metropolis. The indictment charged him with having conspired to dethrone the King, to stir up sedition, to introduce the Romish religion, and to procure a foreign invasion of the Kingdom. It further charged him with having composed a book against the King's title, and instigated the



Lady Arabella Stuart to write three letters to foreign Princes, with the view of persuading them to support her title. Sir Edward Coke, as Attorney General, headed the prosecution, and the subservient Jury returned a verdict of guilty, although the only fact proved against him was his having listened to proposals made by Cobham of a bribe from Spain, if he would further the peace between that power and England,—a proposal to which he had only replied, "When I see the money, I will tell you more." Raleigh admitted that some conversation had passed between him and Cobham on the subject of a bribe from Spain to promote a peace between the two countries, but denied that he had ever connected himself with the Spanish faction. "Presumptions," he said, "must proceed from precedents or subsequent facts. I, that have always condemned the Spanish faction, methinks it a strange thing that now I should affect it!" He entreated them to produce the only witness against him: "Let Lord Cobham be sent for," he said, "Call my accuser before my face, and I have done! Charge him on his soul, and on his allegiance to the King,—and, if he affirm it, let me be taken to be guilty." On the Jury returning a verdict of guilty, Raleigh calmly observed, "They must do as they are directed!" Sentence of death, with confiscation of property, was passed against him, but was not carried into immediate execution; meanwhile he was rewarded back to the Tower. In this situation Raleigh amused himself with the study of chemistry, and with music and painting, besides employing himself in his great work, the "History of the World," perhaps the most extraordinary literary work ever accomplished in such circumstances. In his scientific and literary pursuits, he found a young and liberal patron in Prince Henry of Wales, the heir apparent to the throne, who obtained access to him in the tower, and who was heard to observe, that "none but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage." At his earnest solicitation, his wife and son were allowed to reside with him, and in 1604, his younger son was born in the Tower, and christened Carew—probably in honor of Lord Carew, a relative and friend of his father's. Though his estates in general were preserved to him, yet the rapacity of Car, Earl of Somerset, the King's minion, deprived him of his fine manor of Sherborne, upon the plea of a flaw in his prior conveyance of it to his son.

At last, on the 17th of March, 1615, after twelve years' confinement, Sir Walter obtained his liberation through the mediation of Villiers, the new favorite, whose good offices he purchased for the sum of fifteen hundred pounds. He now revived his Guiana project, but the period was most inauspicious, on account of the Spanish influence over the King and Court. The King not only withheld his

countenance from the undertaking, but even communicated the particulars of Raleigh's project to the Spanish ambassador. Raleigh embarked his whole fortunes and those of his wife in this expedition, and through the mediation of Sir Ralph Winwood obtained a commission constituting him Admiral of the fleet, and authorising him to found a settlement in Guiana, with the necessary powers for that purpose. On the 28th of March, 1618, Raleigh's fleet sailed down the Thames, having on board his eldest son, a captain, and two hundred volunteers, eighty of whom were gentlemen by birth, but many of them of disreputable character. After encountering many difficulties, the expedition reached the Continent of South America in November. He immediately despatched the most enterprising of his followers up the Oroonoko River, where they were attacked by the Spaniards, who had been already apprised of their approach by intelligence from England. In the first action the Spaniards were driven out of their new town of St. Thomas, but young Raleigh was killed. After an absence of two months, the exploring party rejoined Raleigh at Punto de Gallo, and a scene of mutual re-creation took place betwixt Captain Keymis and his principal, immediately after which the former, retiring to his cabin, shot himself through the ribs, and stabbed himself to the heart. It was now determined in a council of war to return to Newfoundland to repair and clean the ship; but on arriving at that island—a mutiny having broken out amongst his men—Raleigh instantly sailed for England. Spanish influence, however, had already ruined Raleigh's cause with the King, in so much so that, some weeks previous to his landing in England, a proclamation was issued against him, declaring the King's utter dislike and detestation of the violences and excesses said to have been committed upon the territories of his dear brother of Spain, and requiring all persons who could supply information upon the subject to repair to the Privy Council to make known their whole knowledge and understanding concerning the same. Raleigh, on arriving at Plymouth, was informed of the royal proclamation, but, conscious of his integrity, sent his sails ashore, moored his ship, and set out for London. Before reaching Ashburton, a town twenty miles from Plymouth, he was arrested by Sir Lewis Stukely, who carried him back to Plymouth. Here a plan was laid for enabling him to make his escape to France, and might have been carried into execution, had not Sir Walter himself ultimately determined on rejecting it. On being conducted to the metropolis, and learning from his friends and acquaintances the extent of the toils in which the machinations of his enemies had involved him, he entered into a fresh project for making his escape from the country, in which he was encouraged

by the perfidious Stukley, with the express intention of betraying him to his enemies, a design in which he succeeded too well, the party being seized at Greenwich by the emissaries of Stukley, on the 10th of August, 1618. Raleigh was again consigned to the Tower, and on the 28th of October, was brought before the Court of King's Bench, where his plea of an implied pardon in his last commission from the King was over-ruled. He was told that for the last fifteen years he had been a dead man in the eye of the law, and might at any moment have been led to the scaffold; that new offences had now stirred up his Majesty's justice to revive what the law had formerly cast upon him, and that justice must now take its course. Sentence of death was now pronounced against him, but, as a favor, the mode of execution was changed from hanging to that of beheading. On the morning of the following day, October 29th, he met his doom in Old Palace yard. "The time of his execution," says John Aubrey, in one of his letters recently published from the Bodleian library, "was contrived to be on my Lord Mayor's day, that the pageants and fine shows might draw away the people from beholding the tragédie of one of the gallantest worthies that ever England bred." His behavior at the scaffold was calm and intrepid even to cheerfulness. Having addressed the spectators, and bidden farewell to the noblemen and other friends who stood around him, he desired the executioner to show him the instrument of destruction. The man hesitating to comply, Sir Walter said, "I pry'thee let me see it: dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" Having passed his finger on the edge of the axe, he returned it, saying to the Sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a cure for all diseases." When asked as he laid his head on the block in which direction he would place it, he calmly answered, by observing—"that if the heart was right it were no matter which way the head was laid." By two strokes his head was severed from his body; it was afterwards given to Lady Raleigh, who bequeathed it to her son, Carew, in whose grave it was buried. His body was interred in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster.

It has been justly said of Sir Walter that he was one of the very chief glories of an age crowded with towering spirits.—*Lodge's Historical Portraits.*

#### BUSINESS OF A LONDON WHOLESALE BOOKSELLER.

THE business of the day begins at nine o'clock, or in some houses a little earlier. Punctuality of attendance is so essential that, in houses where many assistants are kept, it is customary to have a book in which they sign their names, as they arrive. This book is (I can answer for one firm at least) removed into the private counting house as the last stroke of

nine vibrates, and the unlucky arrivals after that instant have to proceed thither to sign their names in red ink, and sometimes with a pen handed to them with studious politeness by one of the heads of the establishment. This contrivance is generally successful in enforcing punctuality, and punctuality is necessary, for "the post is in."

The medium post of a first rate house is from 100 to 150 letters, but often the number will run as high as 300, and these almost all contain orders for books, nearly the whole of which will be packed and sent off the same night, though each letter may require twenty different places to be visited to collect the various works required.

The letters are first received by the head porter, who is a very superior man to the porters generally employed. He cuts them open, and takes them into the counting-house, where they are inspected by one of the principals, or by a party appointed for that purpose. Their contents, if remittances, are handed to one party; if orders, to a second; if other business, to a third. Each department is complete in itself; and from constant practice, there is no difficulty in assigning every communication to one or other of them. As the execution of the orders is the most laborious part of the business, I follow a clerk with a bundle of open letters in his hand into the "country department." The arrangements of this important branch are admirably adapted for executing the numerous and complicated orders from the country quickly and accurately. The portion of the house allotted to this part of the business is divided into compartments, each fitted with desks and benches and all necessary conveniences. Each compartment is called a "division," and each division takes entire charge of so many letters of the alphabet as are allotted to it. All customers whose names begin with those letters are of course the property of that particular division, and to those it attends and to none other. These compartments are each as distinct and complete in all their arrangements as so many separate houses of business. Each one consists of a "head" or manager, a "second" or assigning clerk, two or three collectors, a packer, and frequently there are several "extras" or assistants. These divisions are from 2 or 3 to 6 in number, according to the size of the house. Round each division are several wooden compartments to receive the books ordered as they are collected; the orders are placed with them, that the goods may be called over with the letter previous to packing.

Each head of a division finds sundry signs affixed to the letters he receives for his special instruction. Thus those orders which the firm may not wish to execute, from the correspondent's account being over-due, or doubtful, or from any other cause, are marked with a round O, signifying that the order is to be read as

nought; books on which no commission is to be charged for the trouble of getting are marked with an X: and there are marks for other matters requiring attention.

Seated at his desk, the head of each division receives the letters handed to him by a clerk from the counting-house of the principal. First, the name and address of each correspondent are entered in a diary, and opposite each are put certain cabalistic signs to denote by what conveyance the parcel is to be sent off. Then the letter is handed to one of those under the direction, to be "looked out." I am allowed the privilege of seeing how this is done, and am attached to a "collector," who, for some reason unknown to me, rejoices in the cognomen of "Shiney." The stock of books kept by a large house is immense. The "London Catalogue" of modern publications contains the titles of 46,000 distinct works, and it will be easily understood that without careful and exact arrangement it would be impossible to pick out particular books from a vast collection as soon as wanted. All the walls of every room are covered with shelves, and on these the books are ranged in piles in alphabetical order. There are usually twenty alphabets of books—one for quarto, cloth; another for quarto sewed; one for imperial octavo, cloth; another for imperial octavo, sewed; and so on, according to the size of the book, from quarto, a sheet folding into four leaves, down to 32mo., a sheet folding into thirty-two leaves; and sometimes there is a <sup>c</sup> and a miniature alphabet, for sizes above and below these.

Every book has a label stuck in its side, with its name and price clearly written on it; and when the last copy of a book is taken out of the alphabet, the label is what is called "thrown up"—that is, put into a box kept for the purpose. The stock-clerk visits these boxes every day, and clears them, and the alphabets are replenished with such books as are kept tied up in large quantities. Those that cannot be thus replaced are kept in a book called the "Out-of-book," and the letters are arranged alphabetically in a drawer or cupboard until wanted again.

Following Shiney in his "looking-out" expedition, I go up stairs and down stairs, through what seem to me endless rooms and passages, passing by miles of books, sometimes stooping to the floor, sometimes mounting tumbler's to the ceiling—occasionally getting glimpses of heaven's light, but most often pursuing the search by aid of candles. Shiney is one of those who read as they run—his practised eye catches the titles of books far off, almost before I can discern the label. He is not sorry to have a companion in his labor, for his hands soon get fall, and he asks me "just to hold the light," and "just to hold the label," and "just to hold a pile of books," until his letter is "looked," and we

return to the division to which Shiney is attached.

This process is repeated with each letter of orders, until the whole of them are "looked;" or, in other words, until all the books ordered in them that are contained in the stock are procured. But as a large proportion of the works ordered are not "kept in stock," it is necessary to dispatch messengers to purchase such books from their various publishers. This is the next business of the collectors. They carry with them a blue bag, and a book containing the order they have to execute. By one o'clock it is expected that the work of "looking out" from the stock is finished. The head then goes through each letter, and marks the books not found in stock with an A or O, according as the books wanted are published East or West of the Row. The letters are then passed through the hands of the East and West collectors, for each to extract the orders which belong to him. This done, the collector's books are carefully read over by a person who has the most extensive knowledge of literature and publishers, and whose business it is to check every order, and see that nothing is purchased which is contained in stock, and that the collectors thoroughly understand the books wanted. The parties who thus watch over the stock and the collectors are remarkable for their capacious memories, and one or two of them are perfect living catalogues. The late Mr. Taylor, of Simpkin & Marshall's house, had most marvellous powers of recollection in this way. His knowledge of the titles of books would have called forth an emphatic "prodigious!" from Dominic Sampson himself, and his memory was as ready as it was retentive.

The process of "taking down" in the memorandum books being completed, I depart with Shiney, who is a West End collector, to commence the second branch of his day's labors. I accompany him through the great arteries of London, where the life-blood of the metropolis rushes in a continuous torrent, up Fleet street, the Strand, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, in and out various side turnings, then into Regent street and its tributaries, down Oxford street, through Holborn, to the row again; and during all his journey, Shiney has been diving under horses' heads, dashing over perilous crossings, never stopping for the rain which has come down unexpectedly; shouldering luggers aside—for there is no time for politeness—darting into dozens of shops, and making enquiries of the shopmen, who instantly bring forth the article they sell; paying in a hurry; scarcely counting the change; tired and laded, and with his burdensome bag growing continually heavier as he moves onward. It is six o'clock, and we have been walking three or four hours at the top of our speed; and, while we have been West, another collector has been East, and thus ever petty country

bookseller has had the books he requires collected for him over a surface of many miles, and from scores of publishers.

Still, every order is not executed; some books are "out of print;" some being printed in the country, and the London agent being out of them, are described as "none in town;" others are binding, and said to be "none done up;" and others again cannot be met with at all, and are set down in the invoice as "can't find." While the collectors are out, the heads and seconds of the divisions are entering up the day books and preparing the invoices, and until the collectors return at five or six o'clock, the houses are very quiet. As they come in the parcels are "called," which consists in calling over each item, and carefully examining the books "looked out" or "collected." The invoices are then completed, the prices are filled in from the collectors' books, and the parcels are handed over to the packers; and, lastly, dispatched to the booking-offices for conveyance to their destinations. The invoices are usually sent off by post that evening.

This is the general routine of each day's business of the wholesale houses; and when we consider the magnitude of the publishing trade, and the number of new books continually issued, it is surprising to what perfection the system is carried, and how correctly it works.

But "magazine day" is the time to see the Row, or as a punster, in reference to the excitement which then prevails, would write it, the *row* in its glory. Think what it must be, in addition to the ordinary business, for the trade to have to deal with two millions and a half of periodicals. The number of parcels (many of very large size) sent out by one house alone is stated at between five and six hundred. On the night preceeding the last day of the month, at about nine o'clock, the divisions begin to "call." Shincy informs me that it is sometimes one in the morning before the business on such occasions is disposed of. And the extra work is almost as great at "almanac time" or "school-book time." Some persons of feeble constitution dread these periods; but Shincy is brave; he knows the public must be served, and he buckles cheerfully to his work.—*Household Words.*

The talent of making friends is not equal to the talent of doing without them.

Marriages may be celebrated in bowers as fair as those of Eden, but they must in the end be put to proof in the workshops of the world.

Eat little to-day, and you will have a better appetite to-morrow,—more for to-morrow, and more to-morrows to indulge it.

Fools purchase the same experience more than once.

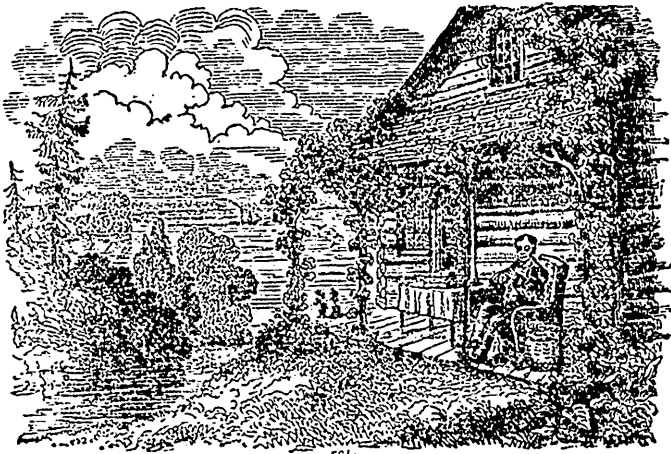
A TALE OF A PROSELYTE.—A case, at which of course the profane smile, has just occurred in this neighbourhood, showing how good intentions and religious zeal may at times be imposed upon by the worldly-minded. A gentleman, who takes more than ordinary interest in the spiritual welfare of the Jewish race, fell in with one of the wanderers from Canaan, and attracted by his hook nose, sharp eye, and black hair, began to angle for a convert, texts being thrown at him as tenderly as a fisherman flings his artificial fly before a rising trout. The son of Israel fairly began to nibble, till at interview after interview he appeared to be fairly caught. He listened with an attentive ear and a solemn face, and at last the good man proposed that he should be formally received into the Christian church preparatory to his producing him at the next anniversary meeting as a live Jew converted by his eloquence. This was agreed to; but first he had some worldly gear that encumbered him, a little lot of jewelry worth £60, that he must convert into cash to seek a fresh mode of life after embracing his new faith; and out of pure benevolence, and as some return for the interest in his welfare he offered it to his patron for £40. At first there was some hesitation as to taking advantage of the warm feelings of the convert—his gratitude appeared to have overcome the proverbial discretion of his race; but at length the work was completed—the £40 was paid, and the stumbling-block removed. The *dénouement* may be easily divined. The jewelry looks delicious by candle-light, but its worth at the utmost is about £10, and the Jew has fled unbaptized to Duke's-place or the gold diggings.

CHANGE OF COLOUR IN FISH.—The change of colour in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living black burn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light colour. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white: but put it into a dark-coloured or black vessel, and although on first being placed there the white-coloured fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark coloured as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt, this facility of adapting its colour to the bottom of the water in which it lives, is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are very much of the same colour as the gravel or sand on which they live; whether this change of colour is a voluntary or involuntary act on the part of the fish, I leave it for the scientific to determine.—*Philosophical Reports.*

Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been greatly their own teachers.

Human thought, like God, forms the world in its own image.

When we aim at being too natural, or too exquisite, we fall into one or other of two defects—insipidity or overstraining.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SIDERUNT V.

[The Major, with one foot scathed in flannel, resting on a stool. The Doctor enters, and thus addresses the veteran.]

DOCTOR.—How does our patient, this fine afternoon?

MAJOR.—As well as your horrible potions will permit. A lucky circumstance it is for me that Exhibitions, like Christmas, come but once a-year, as Mulligatawny and Madeira are but sorry preparatives, or, as your jargon hath it, anticipatory draughts for such a week of turmoil and trouble, as was my lot during the Fair.

DOCTOR.—But, Major, remember, that you have reaped a rich harvest for your trouble. I am informed by all parties that the last has been, by far, the most successful exhibition that has yet been held in Canada; and I think, if we may judge by its pecuniary results, that for once, at least, "all the world" is right.

MAJOR.—Did you procure me the statement I asked you to call for?

DOCTOR.—Here it is:—

Grant from Government.....	£ 1000
"    "    City.....	800'
"    "    County Society.....	150
Balance from last year.....	175
Monies received from sale of badges..	325
Sale of tickets.....	780
Money from booths.....	125

The greatest number of visitors, at any one time, on the ground.....	35,000
No. of horses entered.....	228
" of cattle.....	191
" of sheep.....	169
" pigs.....	48

The receipts, at Brockville, for badges and tickets, were.....£ 439  
At Niagara..... 535

MAJOR.—Well, we certainly have no reason to complain as to results; but if the work of preparation had been more equally performed, some few would have had more time afforded them to enjoy the fruit of their labours.

DOCTOR.—Surely the perception of benefits accruing to the community should be, O thou grumbler! a salve to any wound from extra work performed, especially when you feel that the usefulness of such exhibitions is yearly more and more developed.

MAJOR.—In estimating the benefits which these annual exhibitions are likely to confer upon the country, it is necessary in the first place, to consider somewhat fully the particular objects of the Society, inasmuch as they might not seem at first to fall naturally within the scope of an Agricultural Association, the original objects of which were the improvement of stock of all kinds, of grains, roots, the various sorts of fruits, flowers and seeds, the perfecting the different dairy processes, and the invention of either cheaper or more applicable machines for agricultural purposes.

DOCTOR.—But, do you not think that the extension of the objects of the association so widely, has been also a wise measure?

MAJOR.—Certainly, as, by so doing, a large number of articles, and even of classes of articles, are now commonly exhibited which seem to have little or no connexion with what might be considered the primary object of the association. We have, for instance, specimens of the fine arts, of ladies' work, of various textile fabrics, of machinery, of ironmongery, and of an infinity of other branches of art and manu-

facture, many of which are sent in merely for exhibition.

DOCTOR.—Do you not think, however, that, in a country so prosperous as is Canada, we require something of a more permanent character?

MAJOR.—Perhaps so, for although the Provincial Shows, in their present form, aim at supplying the want of those numerous exhibitions so frequently, some continuously, held in the Mother Country, in which the most recent improvements in all kind of art and manufacture are freely open to the public, and are, as now constituted, well adapted to the present wants and present state of advancement of the colony, yet the rapid growth of the country will soon require something more than the Mechanics' Institute, the only permanent establishment of the kind at present, and one, too, that is necessarily of a local and circumscribed character.

DOCTOR.—I think that besides exhibiting the improvements made in the arts and manufactures already carried on in the Province, these shows are useful in another way, as a means of informing the public, by demonstration, of the new branches of manufactures which are now being rapidly introduced into the country, and which are tending so materially to its welfare and advancement.

MAJOR.—Precisely so; for it may safely be asserted that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of our fellow-countrymen, who, on their late visit to the Exhibition, were astounded at finding, manufactured in Canada, and in high perfection, articles which they fully believed could only have been obtained by importation. The full description, too, of these shows, and more especially the accounts of them which English visitors may carry home, will do much towards dispelling those most erroneous views which are still entertained in the Mother Country, respecting the resources and advancement of Canada.

DOCTOR.—I think that one of the most gratifying results of the late exhibition was the discovery that, in the production of many practically useful articles, Canada can compete very favorably with the neighbouring States. It is only necessary to allude to the article of stock, in which it was generally admitted that Canada bears off the prize. And although in flowers we must admit our inferiority, yet in the judgment of several intelligent visitors from the States, in the fruit department the show, although, as might reasonably be expected, inferior in variety, was fully equal in quality. The display, also, of grain and root crops, saddlery, carriages, and hardware, bore no unfavourable comparison with anything of a similar nature, either in the States or in Europe. I do not make this assertion, Major, only on my own judgment, but upon the expressed opinions of many parties who have enjoyed opportunities of attending similar exhibi-

tions both in America and in England, and who were surprised, as well as delighted, with the display presented in Toronto.

MAJOR.—The greatest drawback to these shows is, that the great variety of objects presented to view, renders it utterly impossible for any one individual to give such attention to the various departments as to enable them to do justice to their merits, or to comprehend one half of what he sees. For my own part, the crowd of spectators was so enormous, that I found it quite impossible to get a full view of many of the articles exhibited.

DOCTOR.—Did you notice the flax machine?

MAJOR.—I suppose you allude to the one patented by Donlan, and imported by the Canada Company?

DOCTOR.—The same.

MAJOR.—I thought the principle of it exceedingly simple, and its construction equally so, rendering any injuries easy of repair; and I have no doubt that, if it effects its purpose as fully as we are led to expect, it will, ere long, be brought into general use.

DOCTOR.—I was interrupted just when about to examine it, and was unable to return to it. Could you explain its *modus operandi*?

MAJOR.—It is very simple. The flax stalk is first passed between a number of toothed rollers, by which it is thoroughly broken, and then it is placed, by an attendant, between a serrated plate and a large wheel, to which numerous blunt knife edges are attached; by these the scutching is effected. One horse can drive four machines, and two boys are required to attend each, the quantity of flax broken and scutched is something less than one pound a minute.

DOCTOR.—Do you think it probable that the growth and preparation of flax will become of any importance in Canada?

MAJOR.—It is rather difficult to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, what, in a rising country like Canada, will or will not be of importance.

DOCTOR.—I think, however, I can prophecy, and that pretty oracularly, that, whatever flax may become, there is one manufacture which has lately attracted some attention in this part of the Province, and the raw material of which was well represented too, that will scarcely become a staple.

MAJOR.—I presume you mean beet root sugar?

DOCTOR.—Exactly. You very probably observed, in Agricultural Hall, some very fine specimens, grown by Baron de Longueuil, and Captain Shaw.

MAJOR.—Yet the manufacture has succeeded tolerably well in France, Germany, and more lately in Ireland, so I do not see why it should not succeed in Canada.

DOCTOR.—Those most interested in the experiment have cause to regret that an impression prevails pretty generally that the fine specimens of beet sugar *manufactured at*

Paris, turned out to be pure muscovado, and that incredulous individuals maintain that what was exhibited at Brockville was nothing more or less than brown sugar moistened with beet root juice. I think I can give you a few facts, which will shew that this branch of manufacture is not likely to be a profitable one in Canada, at least at the present time.

MAJOR.—Out with them.

DOCTOR.—*Imprimis*, the beet requires a rich, deep, and well cultivated soil: the sowing, thinning, and weeding are operations which require considerable care, and must be performed almost entirely by the hand, as they admit but in a very slight degree the use of the plough. The crop becomes ripe at a late season of the year, at a time when communication between the towns, where the factories may be situated, and the back country, becomes extremely difficult, rendering it necessary to grow the crop near to the town, where the land can, generally, be more profitably employed. In fine, it has been calculated that if the beets can be delivered at the factory door for 15s. per ton, the manufacture may pay, when all the modern improvements in the extraction of the sugar are employed, and when the workmen are engaged at European wages.

MAJOR.—It appears, according to your shewing, very questionable whether the Canadian farmer, at the present high rate of wages, would be able to produce and deliver the crop at the price you state as the remunerative one.

DOCTOR.—There are several other circumstances, connected with the storing, keeping and using the raw material, depending on the nature of our climate, which would probably throw additional difficulties in the way of this manufacture, but the principal one at present seems to be the material difference in the price of labour; for in France and Germany, where a week's wages scarcely amounts to more than we pay a common labourer for one day, the factories can only manage to exist, and we do not hear of the large profits which are realized in other extensive works.

MAJOR.—Your conclusion, then, is this, that, although it would be premature to say that the manufacture can never be advantageously introduced into Canada, the probabilities, AT PRESENT, are decidedly against it.

DOCTOR.—It is: and for this additional reason:—When in Baltimore, a short time ago, I was shown by a merchant muscovado sugars laid in at Ste. Croix, of a very excellent quality, at \$2.75 per cwt., and of a very superior quality, at \$3.50. Now, until beet root sugar can compete with those prices, adding, of course, the freight and duty, I do not see how it is to succeed.—I think that is the footstep of our worthy Scottish *confrère*, which comes creaking so unmercifully along the passage.

[The Laird enters, with papers in his hand.]

MAJOR.—*Ecce homo!* All hail thou man of harrows, ploughs and flails!

LAIRD.—Your servant, Sangrado! Crabtree, my man, how fares it wi' your sair toe?

MAJOR.—Why the tornado of agony has lulled for the present, and I can realize the fact that I am not a Covenantor, being fitted with a pair of *interrogatory boots!*

DOCTOR.—You must mind the Main(e) chance for a season, and abjure potatoes more potent than what the Lake supplies.

LAIRD.—Hae ye read, Crabtree, the vidimus which the *Times* gives of the great Duke's life and character?

MAJOR.—I have, and with unmixed enjoyment. It is one of the most masterly essays which has graced the periodical press for many a long day, far surpassing, in my humble opinion, the highest flights of that showy, but intensely superficial writer, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

LAIRD.—You are a thocht too hard upon Tummus, Major. His sangs o' auld Rome rouse my blood like the blast o' a Border trumpet!

MAJOR.—By your leave, Laird, you are creating a man of straw, for the mere pleasure of demolishing your handicraft. I said nothing against Macaulay, as a *poet*, but merely demurred to his pretensions as a historian.

DOCTOR.—The less a fossil, such as you are, Crabtree, says respecting a Whig historian, the better. You know that I, as a Whig, can never agree with your opinion. We are wandering, however, from the point in hand. What a wonderful establishment the *Times* must be, which, almost at an hour's notice, can turn out such an article as that to which I referred.

MAJOR.—The whole secret consists in the ample means of the proprietors, coupled with judicious liberality. Whenever there is available talent in the market, they secure it by bidding a commensurate price.

DOCTOR.—I have just been perusing a very curious and singularly entertaining volume, by a gentleman who for some time acted as a gleaner of foreign intelligence for the Thunderer.

LAIRD.—What may be its title?

DOCTOR.—“*The Personal Adventures of 'Our Own Correspondent in Italy,' by Michael Burke Honan.*”

LAIRD.—Honan! The lad is a Paddy, I suppose?

DOCTOR.—You are right. He describes himself as a cousin, twice or thrice removed, of the great Dan of Derrynane. One thing is very certain, that Michael possesses all the vivacity and love of adventure which distinguish his mercurial and impulsive countrymen, coupled with a provident care of number one, not so characteristic of the Milesian blood.

MAJOR.—I perceive that friend Honan indicates as much in a portion of his title-page,

which you omitted to recite. He there purports to show, "how an active campaigner can find good quarters, when other men lie in the fields; good dinners, when many are half-starved; and good wine, though the King's staff be reduced to half rations!" What King does "our own" refer to?

DOCTOR.—Charles Albert. Honan accompanied that monarch in his brave but ill-digested attempt to conquer Lombardy and Venice, in 1848; and the volume before us, in addition to the personal adventures of O'Connell's cousin, contains a narrative of the bootless campaign.

LAIAD.—You say that the piece is entertaining?

DOCTOR.—I have not perused any thing with more gusto for many a long day. There is a constant change of scene, like what you meet with in a well got-up Christmas pantomime; and you close the volume, at least I did, with a very material addition to your stock of ideas.

LAIAD.—Let's see a sample o' Paddy Honan's style, if agreeable to you.

DOCTOR.—Here is a scene illustrative of the unreflective mania which frequently incites and accompanies revolutionary movements. Michael being at Milan during the prevalence of the insurrectionary fever in that city, learns that a certain prima donna, of whom he had been a Platonic admirer, is a resident of the place, and determines to renew his acquaintance with the lady. The latter, I may premise, had, some time ago, surrendered her liberty to a captain of dragoons:—

"On the third day of my appearance at the Corso, I embraced, as an elderly gentl. man should, the object of my former passion, and told her as many falsehoods as I could for the first half hour accumulate, on the increasing beauty of her person, and the irresistible attraction of her languishing eye. Angela heard with delight, for she was touching on the grateful age, and she almost hinted, in return for my astounding impudence, that she regretted the preference she had given to the Captain, and made me understand that promotion in his profession had not improved his temper or good looks. She then opened the piano, and warbled some of those strains which entrance the world; and, lastly, we sat down to talk over old times and present days, and wondered at the good fortune that had brought such dear friends so often together, at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Paris, Vienna, and Milan.

"Dearest Angela, tell me," said I, "why is your piano so near the window; and to what use are these two baskets full of paving-stones to be devoted?"

"Caro, 'Our Own,' the piano was to be launched on the heads of the first body of Croats that passed, and the paving-stones were to be flung after them as they retired."

"You are then a Republican, dearest Angela?"

"No, caro, only a liberal *emragio*."

"You are very rich, I presume?"

"No, friend of my soul, quite the reverse."

"You have many engagements no doubt."

"Not one, carissimo. The Scala, the Fenice, the Pergola, and San Carlo are all closed, and as long as the Revolution lasts, there is no chance of a *serittura*."

"But, carissima, where is your common sense. Don't you see you are destroying your income by taking part in this movement? What is it to you who governs, if the opera be well attended, and think you it is the mob who pays the immense sum you are yearly in the habit of receiving?"

"Friend of my soul, say all that again, for a new light is breaking in on me."

"Why, Angela, is it not evident that the opera and music are luxuries which the rich only can support, and that if you plunge the country into revolution, the theatres must all be closed?"

"Oh! carissimo, you plant daggers in my heart. Here, Maria—to her maid—asist the Signore in putting the piano in its own place, and have all these paving-stones removed without delay."

"Bravissima! Angela, you are a dear creature, and pray don't forget to let me know if any thing should happen to the Colonel."

LAIAD.—Ha! ha! ha! I would wager a babbee that a large percentage o' patriots hae a s'ma' reason to gie for their doings as the singing cutty, Angela!

MAJOR.—True for you, oh most sagacious o' agriculturists! The strings of revolt are pulled by a few crazy hands, and the million dance, without curiously inquiring into the why and wherefore.

DOCTOR.—Permit me to give you Mr. Honan's picture of the *delicieux* attendant upon the profession of a journalist:—

"The managing director of the "Times" commences his nightly task at nine, and never leaves the office until five in the morning. He appears at one in the afternoon, and is occupied until six, either in arranging matter for the following day, or seeing the persons from whom that information, which is to guide the world, is derived. During that period every thing must be organized and every thing examined, the business of the day arranged, parliamentary and law-courts discussed, libels ferretted out and expunged from police reports, and the general duties of the gravest responsibility fulfilled.

He has numerous assistants at command, sub-editors and subordinates to manage details, but as he is accountable before the world, he can not take any thing for granted, and all that they have done must be revised by him. Manuscripts from secret contributors must be read, and every sentence weighed, so that no heterodox opinions are allowed to pass, and the consistency of the paper be maintained. One leading article must be measured by another, and these profound discussions which make ministers tremble, and all Europe respond, must be noted word by word.

In addition to these wonderful demands on his time and intelligence, the parliamentary debates must be looked after and short leaders be written, in the space of a moment, for matters that admit of no delay. To sustain all this exertion, and produce a journal such as the "Times" is, six days in the week, a man must have a head conversant with all human learning, and a body on which fatigue makes no impression. How long think you,



can such a machine last, and where is the frame that can sustain the labor for many years?

When I reflect on the numerous gifts which nature and education must accumulate in one person, and know what unceasing exertions are made by him in the fulfilment of his Herculean task, I am stung, almost to madness, on hearing how the ignorant and malicious speak of a thing so much above their comprehension as editorial responsibility. In France, in Spain, and Portugal, the road to fame, to honor, and to place lies through the newspaper press; but in England, where journalism is alone conducted on sound principles, and where no one employed looks for any reward beyond that derived from a legitimate source, the public sneer when the word editor is mentioned, and while men bend implicitly to its will, affect to undervalue the person who directs it.

The labor of midnight toil and personal exertion is not confined to the managing director and his assistants only, but it falls with nearly equal weight on that able and incorruptible body of men, the parliamentary reporters. To them is intrusted the onerous duty of simplifying, correcting, and arranging in a comprehensible manner all the wit, sense, folly, and nonsense that is spoken in either House of Parliament during a long session.

Short-hand writing is not always used, nor is it generally deemed advisable; but every man must bring to his task a mind well stored with classical, political, and statistical learning, and a power of analyzing and placing in their proper light the profound views of a statesman like the lamented Sir Robert Peel, or reducing to order the sterling facts dropped among an ocean of sheer nonsense by such a man as Mr. —, any one you please.

From six, when a heavy debate generally commences, till four or five in the morning, is the parliamentary reporter at work, first taking down his portions of a speech, and then writing it in a clear and intelligible manner, adding strength to all that is good, giving form and shape to what is feeble, and breathing over the whole speech the eloquence with which he feels himself inspired, or imparting to it the classical or political knowledge in which it is defective.

This is accomplished, often under difficulties of every kind, amid the noise and confusion of an unruly House, and, in most cases, without any knowledge of the previous part of the debate in general, or of the particular speech in which he is engaged. All he is admitted to ask of his predecessor is "the last sentence," so that his first words shall appear as a regular suite of what had gone before; but even that advantage is often denied him, as some speakers have an art of never forming a perfect sentence, or of bringing to a period their confused ideas; or, as one poor fellow, now gone to his last home, said; "Hang it, sir, he had no last sentence."

MAJOR.—Does he say anything of his own peculiar department?

DOCTOR.—Yes. The following are some of the difficulties which environ the career of a foreign correspondent:—

"In the first place, every public authority is an enemy at heart, however warmly he may affect to receive you; and all underlings avoid you as the plague, lest they should be suspected of betraying

for money the secrets of the state. Next you are to be on guard against the traps laid to deceive your inexperience: you must learn to distinguish between genuine and fabricated papers, and, in short not to be humbugged by prince or minister; above all, you are expected to secure priority, and I assure you it is no easy matter to do so, with the police and the post-office ready to waylay your correspondence.

You are carefully to avoid asking questions of political friends, no matter how intimate you are with them, and your conclusion as to what is going on must be drawn from probabilities, and slight data, which none but a well-versed hand can follow in detail. You have a fair chance of success if no British agent has an interest in opposing you, but in every case save one, during twenty years experience, I have found the representative of the Foreign Office invariably hostile, though the least reflection would have shown him how much better it would have been to come with me to a good understanding.

The bodily fatigue of removing with a courier's rapidity from place to place is very great, as I know well from having ridden on horseback from Belgrade to Constantinople, and having crossed the Balkan twice, and the Pyrenees three times, one winter in the dead of night, without having been in bed for three days previously. Then came the bustle and labor of following military movements; and, last of all, the sitting down to write for six, eight, or ten hours in succession, two or three columns of the paper, the departure of your messenger not allowing time for half an hour's sleep, or for taking the least refreshment.

Next arises the responsibility you incur, before your proprietor and the public, with regard to the character of the intelligence you send home, your anxiety to know if your letters have reached in safety, and your dread of incurring one or two hundred pounds' expense for the transmission of dispatches by express which may not arrive in time, or be considered by the manager not worth so great an outlay."

LAIRD.—Wacsock! wacsock! Assuredly, puir Paddy eats not the bread o' idleness. I have sometimes thoct, when taking a spell o' the *Times*, after a hard day's ploughing or threshing, that a literary life was as easy as swinging on a yell, and drinking cream frae morning to night, but I noo see my mistake. But, I say, Culpepper, is there anything new in the novel line? Ye ken, I hae got a mouth at home to fill wi' sic like food. Girzy is clean oot o' something to read at the present moment.

MAJOR.—I have glanced over two or three since our last sederunt, but none of them possess any very superlative attractions. The best of the lot is a translation from the German, entitled "*Anna Hammer; a tale of contemporary life*." The author is Tcmme, a name hitherto comparatively unknown in the republic of letters.

DOCTOR.—Do you know anything of his antecedents?

MAJOR.—Nothing more than what is communicated by the translator in a preliminary

note. It appears that Temme bore a prominent part "in the attempt made in 1818 to construct a German State from the scattered fragments of the great German people." Failing in his design, he "was arrested on a political charge, and underwent a long imprisonment before he was brought to trial, when he was acquitted. Like John Bunyan, he employed his time in *quod* in weaving the web of fiction, and the novel before us the "result of his incarceration.

LAIRD.—I wud opine that Master Tam (is that what ye ca' him?) disna speak overly weel o' the petty Grand Dukes, wha bear rule in *Fichte's Land*—as the pilgrims wha gang about w' monkeys and organs, denigrate their diggings. Bairns wha hae got a taste o' the taws, hae ay an ill word for the dominie.

MAJOR.—In truth, the description which Temme gives of such gentry and their doings, is by no means captivating. And whilst we must make a considerable allowance for the over-colouring induced by the smart of the "taws," (as the Laird Dorically terms the scholastic correctional thong,) I fear that there is too much truth in the pictures. From other and unexceptionable sources of evidence it is plain that the condition of the peasantry, in not a few of the Principalities, is miserable in the extreme, and that the abuses committed by legal functionaries are frequently of the grossest and most intolerable nature.

LAIRD.—So *Anna Hammer* is amusing as a tale?

MAJOR.—Very much so. The plot though inartificially constructed, is well managed, and some of the scenes in a State prison forcibly remind one of that most exciting prison epic the *Adventures of Frederick Baron Trunch*. Besides the story abounds with dramatic sketches of life, evidently drawn from nature and by the hand of an artist. I shall read you a bird's-eye description of a German Village Fair:—

It was fair-day in a village near the frontier. The fair was held in a broad plain, surrounded with shrubbery near the village. A gay, busy, noisy stir of life prevailed there. Booths in great numbers were erected; they stood in long straight rows, and in narrow corners. Spacious tents with flaunting flags, banners, and streamers surrounded the plain. In the booths wares of all sorts were displayed before the eyes of those desirous of purchasing or of examining—wares of all kinds from the gingerbread and confectionery and wooden and leaden toys for chilren, up to fine cloths and clothing for the grown-up world. For kitchen and cellar, for horse and stall, for garden and field, for master and servant, for mistress and maid, for great and small, for laboring man and noble dame, for all needs and every wish, for body and soul, might here be sought, asked for, and found sometimes, if not always and every thing. The sellers in the booths were crying up their wares. The lookers and buyers thronged up and down in and between the booths, examining, and chaffing,

and buying, and praising, and finding fault; they pressed and pushed, went back and forth, forming a snarl that would neither be loosed or cut. In the tents were seated long rows and jolly groups of feasters and carousers, behind full flasks, shining glasses, and brimming goblets. The farm-laborer was there, in his blue linen frock, with his fat and rosy-cheeked sweetheart; and the nobleman of the neighborhood, with his meagre, pale, long-armed, short-breathed noble maiden. Everybody was there whose rank lay between these two extremes: the citizen, rich or poor; the merchant and the mechanic; the farmers great and small; the pompous village magistrate, and the humble tinker. Official functionaries were not wanting, from the judge and magistrate down to the assistants of the supernumerary, of the messenger, and of the office warmer. There was no lack of sharpers and thieves and pickpockets, and of chevaliers of industry of both sexes.

For this yearly fair was a famous one, far and wide, and from far and wide every body attended it.

We have omitted to mention the numerous gambling-booths which were built and squatted down, wherever a place could be found, a little aside from the trading booths. We had also forgotten the countless musicians, who in bands and troops singly, with horn and clarionette, with bass-viol and fiddle, with cithern and lute and barrel-organ traversed the plain from end to end. We had also omitted the gipsies and gipsy-women who, with black hair and red cloaks, with red lips and mischievous glance, were gliding like party-colored serpents, up and down and among the moving crowd, on all sides and in every direction.

We had forgotten, finally, and may the muse of German history of the nineteenth century— the era of the German war of liberation—pardon us for so doing—we had forgotten the numerous gendarmes and police-officers, with their—but we forbear, what need is there of describing the officers of police? They are every where, and whoever has breathed German air knows them—to his cost.

The crowd was stirring or was quiet, was noisy or was still; but no one observed the still and quiet ones. They saw and heard only the pressing and thronging, the moving and pushing, the noise and crying, the laughing and uproar.

The more quiet elements had for the greater part withdrawn themselves under the shadow of a row of green arbors which stood behind the booths and tents, in and by the dense thickets upon the skirts of the plain, which were gayly and not seldom romantically decked out. The road ran close by these arbors.

LAIRD.—There is unco sma' difference between popular manners and customs in various parts of the world. If ye except the green arbors, the account which ye have just read might apply to the Fairs held at Peebles or Melrose, which I used to attend when a laddie.

MAJOR.—And, I daresay, the following delineation of a German labourer's Sunday might also be matched in North Britain, bating only the beer and coffee:—

"Nothing can exceed the quietude and content-

ment of an industrious laborer, who earns his week's wages, and has besides something laid up for a rainy day. Sunday is to him a day of rest, and nothing more. He gets up early, for that is his custom. He walks around his little place, whether it be his own property or not, in order to look to every thing; and besides, he must recover, by motion and the fresh air, the pliability of his limbs, which have grown stiff by his week's labor. He enjoys his breakfast hugely, which is somewhat better than on week-days. His wife then gives him his Sunday-clothes, and he dresses himself for church slowly, quietly, deliberately. Still he is ready sooner than his busy wife, or than the children, who are running about in all directions, can be called together by the mother, by alternate begging and scolding, and be fitted out in Sunday guise—that is, with shoes and stockings, which they never wear during the week, with better jackets, and clean shirts and collars. When he is entirely ready, all except his Sunday-coat, of which he is very careful, and never puts on till he is fairly on the way to church, he lights his pipe, and sits down to smoke and await his family in the sunshine which pours itself over the street. There he sits till the family are all ready to set out for church. While they are calling him, his wife brings out to him his Sunday-coat, so that he need not go back into the house to fetch it. Surely Sunday is a day of rest for the man who has toiled all the week for his wife and children, from morning till late at night. Slowly and quietly they loiter along to church, with the acquaintances whom they encounter by the way. They merely salute each other, and then are silent. To-day, every thing which is not obliged to be in motion rests—the tongue not excepted. At church the sermon is listened to sometimes with the half-attention of complete relaxation from effort, oftentimes with a half-somnolent doze. As soon as service is over, the good woman hastens home to get dinner ready. The husband has at last grown a little more easy in his coat. People have had a long enough rest in church. Acquaintances are now greeted in a livelier manner; conversation arises about this and that; about friends and neighbors, about work and wages; about the weather the crops, and such like. When the husband gets home, dinner is eaten. It is, to be sure simple, as it always is; but eating it at leisure, and in the society of his family, gives it a double zest. All the week long he has taken a solitary dinner hastily out in the fields, from a little dish, which one of the children has brought him. To-day he eats it at home, in his family. After dinner, his children go out into the fields, or to visit their acquaintances. He stays at home with his wife. He lays himself down upon the bench and sleeps, his wife makes him a cup of coffee, or fetches a pot of beer from the village. When his nap is over, he drinks the coffee with his wife, or the beer by himself. Then he lights his pipe, and stretches himself out again upon the bench, and smokes, and thinks, or more frequently, smokes without thinking till evening. His wife, meanwhile, sits at the window, and reckons on what she has saved the past week, and plans new savings for the week upon which they have entered."

DOCTOR.—Here is a story, the very reverse of *Anna Hammer*—at least in one leading par-

ticular. It does not contain an atom either of nature or probability, from beginning to end.

MAJOR.—What name does the delinquent answer to?

DOCTOR.—"*Heads and Hearts, or my Brother the Colonel. By the author of Cousin Cecil.*"

LAIRD.—I wonder ye had the patience to wade through a production bearing the character ye bestow upon it.

DOCTOR.—Why it has got a species of illegitimate, melo-dramatic interest, which carries you along against your judgment, reason, and taste. Half a dozen times I was strongly tempted to pitch the affair into the fire, but was constrained to read on, till I came to anchor on *finis*. I should not wonder that our friend, Nuclear, would have many demands for the work from strong-minded milliners, who have a love for the *startling* and *exciting*, and who relish to behold young gentlemen placed in preposterously difficult positions.

MAJOR.—That duodecimo, Laird, which lies at your elbow is worth the reading.

LAIRD.—Div ye mean "*The School for Fathers.—An Old English Story, by T. Greyne*?"

MAJOR.—The same. If the author, as I conjecture him to be, is a novice at author-craft, he gives pregnant tokens of future excellence. He selects, for the era of his drama the early part of last century, and presents us with some very amusing portraiture of city and country manners as then existing in Old England.

DOCTOR.—I have just lighted upon a description of the *rig-out* of a young man of *ton*, about to assist at a Dowager's *at home* :—

"He wore a pale lilac watered-silk coat, beautifully embroidered in silver, breeches of the same, a white silver tissue waistcoat, white silk stockings with silver clocks, Spanish leather shoes with high red heels, paste shoe and knee buckles; his sword was silver-hilted in a black and silver sheath, decked with a long lilac and silver bow about the guard; he carried a small, white, silver-headed cane, decked to match the sword; beneath his arm a little silver-laced hat fringed with a white feather, and in his pocket a silver snuff-box richly chased, with a miniature on the lid."

LAIRD.—I think I see ane o' Hogarth's fine *bloods* before my een! What scare-crows would the *dandies* of that day appear noo!

DOCTOR.—Not more absurd, honest flail-and-harrow, than our present fashionable attire will, in every probability, be deemed fifty years hence. By that time, it is to be hoped, our habiliments shall have assumed a spice of the picturesque, and, above all, that infamous extinguisher to grace, the *hat*, have been consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets!" In the event of such a reformation, our grandchildren will hardly be able to realize the fact that their ancestors diabolically caricatured

the "human form divine," by thatching their pumpkins with black-hued chimney-cans!

MAJOR.—I had almost forgotten to introduce to you my old friend, Captain Mackinnon of the Royal Navy.

LAIRD.—Guid guide us, man, has the pair body been standing at the Shanty door, in a' this plump o' rain?

MAJOR.—Ca'm yourself, good Laird! I allude not to the Captain's *eyes*, but to the volume which he has recently launched, and which is named "*Atlantic and Trans-Atlantic.*"

LAIRD.—Is the skipper a freend o' yours?

MAJOR.—He is. I met him in Antigua, some years ago, and in his book he gives a most graphic amount of a hurricane which devastated that island at the period of his visit.

DOCTOR.—I have read the Captain's production with considerable pleasure. He is a close observer and an accurate describer, though I think he is overly partial to our neighbour, brother Jonathan.

MAJOR.—Perhaps he is. Mackinnon is a warm-hearted fellow, and having received much kindness and hospitality in America, naturally speaks well of his entertainers. However, he never conceals the truth when it falls under his ken, as witness the following passage. Having asked the question why a greater mortality should prevail in the United States than in England, he observes:—

"No stranger landing in New York, can fail to be painfully struck by the pale, wan, slight, and delicate appearance of both men and women. After residing some time in the country, and acquiring a knowledge of their habits, instead of being surprised that so many of them die prematurely, one is astonished that they manage to live as long as they do, or look so well.

"In a lecture recently delivered in New York by Dr. Fitch, it is mentioned, as a striking fact, that in the States only four out of every hundred individuals live to the age of sixty. In England, however, he asserts that seven out of every hundred attain that age. Still, though the climate in the latter country is warmer, and more temperate, it is much damper, and has all those atmospheric and other conditions which contribute to produce an immense amount of consumption. The people are so confined and closely packed—millions live so poorly, and in such miserable habits—that a far greater tendency to the above disease exists in England than in America. Why then should a greater mortality prevail in the United States? The reason is to be found in the different habits of the people. In England, the experience of the old is reverently regarded, and taken as a guide; while in America, experience is but little estimated, and the young consider themselves more knowing than their fathers. The result is, that they often find a fool for a teacher, and die prematurely for their presumption.

"The average of human life in the city of New

York, reaches only to twenty-five years; some years it runs up to thirty.

"A few instances which have come under my own knowledge, show such utter disregard of common prudence and common sense, in reference to health, that I can not avoid mentioning them, in the hope that my friends in America may read and profit by these home-truths. A beautiful and intelligent, but rather faded American lady of twenty-six years of age, was complaining bitterly of the infirm health of herself and her little son, about nine years old. In the course of a long conversation, it transpired that she rarely went out of doors, never solely for exercise. Her rooms in winter were not sufficed to be at a lower temperature than 70°, and they were often above 90°. She was in the habit of eating a hearty meat breakfast; meat again for luncheon; and a third time at dinner. If by any chance she took a walk, either during wet weather or dry, she had nothing to protect her feet but light and thin shoes, such as an Englishwoman would be considered almost insane to appear abroad in. Who can wonder at her delicate health, or faded beauty?

"But your little boy," said I, 'what sort of a life does he lead to make him so tender?'

"I fear to let him out at all," she replied, 'he is so delicate; and his appetite is quite gone.'

"Do you, then," pursued I, 'keep him all day in this stifling stove heat?'

"What else can I do?" she ejaculated with a sigh.

"As I had previously seen this young urchin play a tolerable knife-and-fork when his mother was absent, I determined to watch him narrowly, and examine his diet. I had not long to wait; for on the succeeding day, I peeped into the room where luncheon was prepared, and perceived the "tender chicken" regale himself with the following dainties, after he had first looked carefully round to see that the coast was clear. Taking up a small pitcher, he poured some molasses into a plate, then cut a large slice of butter, and mixed it well with the molasses.

"You nasty little beast!" exclaimed I to myself; 'that is a capital receipt for bile, indigestion, and other complaints of the stomach.'

"Seizing a spoon with one hand, he looked about the table with an anxious eye. Suddenly he pounced upon some pickles, and having amalgamated them with the other ingredients, he commenced eating this hideous mess. I was quite overcome with anger and nausea, and rushed out of the room to inform his mother. To my intense astonishment she was not at all surprised, but appeared to consider the exploit as a matter of course.

"This is, perhaps, an exaggerated example of the great error in diet prevalent at New York. It can not, however, be denied—indeed the citizens themselves admit it—that life in this city is materially shortened by too full a diet, especially of animal food, and the neglect of fresh air and exercise."

DOCTOR.—We hear a great deal about the almost prudish *modesty* of the daughters of the Model Republic. The Captain gives us a droll illustration of the same, which occurred

at the table of a fashionable hotel in Washington:—

"A very beautiful young woman, seated near the top of one of the long dinner-tables, suddenly commenced a conversation with another young lady on the opposite side, who was divided from her by several sitters. She was forced to elevate her voice into a scream, to drown the clatter of waiters, knives and forks, &c. After a discordant dialogue of some minutes' duration, perfectly audible to the whole room, she turned suddenly to the subject of matrimony.

"As for me," she screamed, "as for me, I won't even look at any man (I don't care who he is) over the age of twenty-three. Oh, my!"

"She then subsided into silence; and I could not avoid looking with interest on that expressive, innocent, and beautiful countenance. In repose, she seemed a perfect angel: but the moment her exquisite little mouth opened, and the delicate coral lips parted, what a sound! The illusion was dispelled, and the fable of the peacock singing, was forcibly recalled to my mind."

MAJOR.—Of all bipeds, the Yankee is the most prolific in resources. Place him in whatever situation you please, no matter how untoward or disheartening it may be, he will contrive to make the two ends meet, and have something to spare. If ever the problem of how to manufacture a silk purse out of a sow's ear is to be solved, Jonathan is the man by whom the feat will be accomplished. Journeying by railroad from New York to Washington, the attention of Captain Mackinnon was bespoken by one of his fellow-passengers, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Do you see that large, many-storied house?" inquired he.

"Yes," I replied. "Who could help taking notice of so huge a pile of building?"

"Well," continued he, "there is a story attached to that house, which gives a good example of Yankee 'cuteness.'

"Let me hear it by all means," returned I.

"Seating himself on a large stone, he related the following story, which I give verbatim.

"Some years ago, a 'cute Yankee rented that house, and set up a distillery. After a year or two he became dissatisfied with his profits, which did not exceed *ten per cent.* This he regarded as a very poor return, hardly worth consideration. So many others were engaged in the same trade, and so much competition existed, that he clearly perceived his gains were more likely to diminish than to increase.

"After considerable reflection, he determined to lower the price of his whiskey, and set up 'a pigs' boarding-house!' Accordingly, he commenced advertising to take pigs in at a certain price. As his terms were considerably less than the swine cost their owners, he was speedily overrun with boarders. The immense quantity of grains produced by his increase of business, consequent on his reduction of the price of whisky, enabled him to make his boarding-house a mine of wealth.

"His arrangements were capital. Squeakers, he placed in the garret; porkers, next floor; and

so on downward, until his premises round the base of the house were swarming with magnificent grunTERS.

"Money came in apace; and fame soon followed. In a few years he had amassed a considerable sum, and his business had increased so much, that he had several acres of pig-styes, filled with fat and contented grunTERS. Alas, for all porcine greatness! The horrible odour of his boarders became unbearable. The neighbours grumbled; and lastly, flew into a violent rage. Our enterprising pig-boarder was indicted for a nuisance. His enemies prevailed, and this unique and luxurious establishment was broken up forever.

"He had, however, cleared a large fortune."

LAND.—I am sorry to break up the sederunt, but I must be off to Toronto. Rax me my hat, Doctor.

MAJOR.—What is in the wind now?

LAND.—Oh, I promised to gang w' Clarke, to hear Clirehugh to-night.

MAJOR.—Clirehugh, pray who may he be?

LAND.—A musician, last frae New York, but a son o' Auld Reekie. They tell me that he is a graun ballad singer, and that after puir Wilson, few can haud the candle to him in "*My wife has tw'en the gee*" and "*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

DOCTOR.—Wait a moment and I shall bear you company. I am desirous to hear the tone of these same minstrels for more reasons than one. He is a lineal descendant of the Clirehugh immortalized in Guy Mannering as the host of the tavern where the Pleydell and his convivial *confrères* used to hold their *high jerks*.

MAJOR.—Good night, then, and

"Joy be w' you a!"

## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

### CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

No public measure of special importance has passed the House since our last. Mr. Hincks introduced a bill to amend the laws relating to the University of Toronto, by separating its functions as a University from those assigned to it as a College, and by making better promise for the management of the endowment thereof, and that of Upper Canada College—second reading in a fortnight. Mr. Morin brought forward a measure to extend the elective franchise, and provide a system for the registration of voters.

### INCORPORATION OF VILLAGES.

The following places have been proclaimed under the Municipal Corporations Act of Upper Canada, as Incorporated Villages, to take effect from the first Monday in January next, when the first election will be held in each, viz:

Brampton, in the Township of Chinguacousy, and County of Peel, one of the United Counties

of York, Ontario, and P. C. Proclamation dated 17th September, 1852. John Lynch, Esq., Reeve of Chippewaugus, Returning Officer for first Election:—

Trenton, (heretofore known by the names of Amwood and Trentport,) situated partly in the Township of Sidney in the county of Hastings, and partly in the Township of Murray, in the County of Northumberland, one of the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham. Proclamation dated 25th September, 1852. Trenton as Incorporated, to be annexed to and form part of the County of Hastings. The Sheriff of the County of Hastings, to be the Returning Officer, for first Election:

Vienna, in the Township of Bayham, in the County of Elgin, one of the United Counties of Middlesex and Elgin. Proclamation dated 9th September, 1852. The Sheriff of Middlesex and Elgin to be the Returning Officer for the first election.

#### FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN UPPER CANADA.

The Locomotive Lady Elgin, says the *Colonist*, was tried on the 6th ult., on the Northern Railroad, by the engineers, under whose direction the engine was erected. The trial was satisfactory. This is the first locomotive that has been run in Upper Canada. A considerable number of persons congregated near the Queen's wharf, to witness the trial, and appeared much pleased with the "Iron Horse," as he snorted along the track. The rails are laid for about 14 miles. Much as the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Union Railroad has had to contend against, it is determined to be the first in operation in Upper Canada, and not to be least important, as a public convenience and source of profit.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

RAILROAD.—We learn that the contract for the European and North American Railroad, from Shediac and the Nova Scotia line *via* St. Johns, to the borders of the United States, has been closed with Mr. Jackson, the great English contractor, on the following terms:—The Province takes £1,200 per mile stock, and loans the company £1,500 per mile, by debentures paying 6 per cent interest, secured by a first mortgage on the whole road, rolling stock, stations, &c. The price per mile is £6,500 sterling. The road and all equipments to be of the most substantial and permanent kind, capable of sustaining the greatest speed. The bargain is considered a good one.

OPENING OF EXHIBITION.—The Provincial Exhibition at Fredericton, in which great interest is taken by the people of the Province, was opened on the 5th ult., by his Excellency, the Governor, who was received by a guard of honour and a salute of 19 guns. Altogether the display was very grand, and large numbers of people visited the exhibition.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.—Large numbers of people are now leaving New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to try their fortune in the much-talked of golden fields of Australia.

DISGRACEFUL.—Last month a destitute Irish female emigrant dropped dead in the street in Hamilton, from pure want and exhaustion. On the inquest, her husband stated that the last money he had, he spent on the preceding evening in purchasing bread for his family. The heartless conduct of those Irish landlords who expatriate their helpless paupers, to die in foreign lands, cannot be too strongly reprobated.

EMIGRATION.—The number of emigrants which arrived at Quebec, during the present year, up to 30th Sept., is reported at 37,253, being an increase of 890 in favour of 1852, compared with 1851.

WELLAND CANAL.—The receipts on the Welland Canal, during the month of September, were £8,206 £s. 0½d.—and in the corresponding month of 1851, £5,708 15s. 4½d. This will exhibit very clearly the increased trade of the country.

SINGULAR LAND-SLIP NEAR GALT.—On some of the abrupt rises which occur near Galt, between the channel of the Grand River and the level of the surrounding country, there exist large morasses, or bogs, of considerable depth and extent. One of these, situated on the property of Mrs. Lockie, about two miles from the town of Galt, was lately precipitated from the brow of the hill, where it had no doubt rested for ages, to the level land below, a distance of three or four hundred feet. Judging from the appearance it now presents, it must have come down with fearful velocity. The channel excavated by its descent is, in some places, ten feet deep, the bottom of which is a curious concretion of lime. A beautiful little stream now gurgles down the chasm, strongly impregnated with lime. The cause of this strange occurrence appears to have been the pressure of water from some higher source, obstructed in its passage, and forming a kind of quicksand underneath the moss, the consequence of which was to hurl in chaotic confusion the whole mass from its slippery eminence.

BELLEVILLE.—As a proof of the increasing prosperity of Canada, we may mention that a daily newspaper is now issued in the thriving little town of Belleville.

NUMBER OF VESSELS ARRIVED AT QUEBEC.—According to the *Canadian*, which it appears derives its information from the Custom House, the number of arrivals this year, on the 1st instant, exceeded that of the last by

34 vessels. According to the reports obtained from the Quebec Exchange, on the same day, the difference in favour of 1857 is 74. This discrepancy, we understand, arises from the Exchange report, not including vessels from the lower ports.

**BLOSSOMS IN AUTUMN.**—Last month an apple-tree in the orchard of Mr. William Blair, of Glanford, was in full bloom.

#### THE REPRESENTATION BILL.

The following are the divisions of Counties and Boroughs proposed in the new Representation Bill:—

The Counties of Perth, Essex, Kent, Lambton, Elgin, Norfolk, Haldimand, Welland, Lincoln, Brant, Halton, Waterloo, Wellington, Grey, Peel, Peterborough, Victoria, Prince Edward, Frontenac, Grenville, Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Carlton, Renfrew, one member each .....	25
The Counties of Middlesex, Oxford, Wentworth, Ontario, York, Simcoe, Durham, Northumberland, Hastings, Leeds, Lanark, two members each .....	22

The Counties of Huron and Bruce, one member for both .....	1
The Counties of Lennox and Addington, one member for both .....	1
The Counties of Prescott and Russell, one member for both .....	1
The City of Toronto, two members .....	2
The Western Towns, comprising Goderich, Chatham, London, St. Thomas and Woodstock, one member .....	1
The Niagara Towns, comprising Simcoe, Niagara, St. Catharines and Cayuga, one member .....	1
The Brant Towns, comprising Brantford, Paris, Galt, Guelph and Berlin, one member .....	1
The City of Hamilton and the Town of Dundas, one member for both .....	1
The Lake Towns, comprising Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope and Peterborough, one member .....	1
The City of Kingston and the Town of Picton, one member for both .....	1
The River Towns, comprising Brockville, Prescott and Cornwall, one member .....	1
The Towns of Bytown and Perth, one member for both .....	1
	<hr/> 60



#### DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE.

Death has conquered the hitherto invincible—the great Duke, the Iron Duke, *the* Duke, as men were wont emphatically and most appropriately to call him. And we looked for this intelligence to come upon us speedily, for Death stole no march upon him who never was taken by surprise; and he knew, and we all knew, that his career was drawing to a close; his work was done. Nevertheless, the sensation created by this event has been profound at home, and will be profound in every quarter of the globe, wherever British men have been accustomed to pronounce the name of Wellington with fond and unquestioning reverence. Whether dwellers in populous cities or amid the sparse inhabitants of rural districts, whether broiling on the plains of Hindostan or ice-bound Arctic seas, the tidings cannot reach indifferently bearers. Grief or regret will scarcely be endangered, for the time was come; but insensible indeed must be the soul, in which emotions will not be stirred. To attempt to probe these, or to

attempt any thing like a tribute to the memory of the deceased, is a task from which we shrink: the very ablest and most practiced pens in England are already at work in framing new chronicles of his life; the most sagacious minds are elucidating his character; the most industrious of reporters are collecting the minutest details of the closing scene.

For gossiping particulars of the Duke's death we make no place. Happily there was no excitement or curiosity for incessant bulletins; the public was at the same moment made acquainted with his illness and his decease. He breathed his last on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th of September, after a brief succession of epileptic fits, to which of late years he had been subject, and to which his vigorous frame finally succumbed. Until the morning of that day he had been in the enjoyment of his customary health; nor was there at first any apprehension entertained that the end was so nigh. He was insensible for some hours before his death, and yielded up his valorous and loyal spirit, without a struggle or a sigh. By his

side were his second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, Lady Charles, a medical attendant, and a valet. The room wherein he died was a small one, in Walmer Castle, the habitual and favorite residence of the Duke during the autumnal months, and held by him in virtue of his office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. It stands close to the sea-beach, about a mile from Deal; facing it lie the Downs and the Goodwin Sands; from its windows, on a clear day, the coast of France is visible. It is picturesque from its age and associations, but somewhat decay of aspect. None of the attributes of power and state and wealth and honour were around his Grace of Wellington. Walmer Castle is inconveniently small, and is furnished with exceeding plainness.

#### THE GREATNESS OF THE GREAT DUKE—WHEREIN IT CONSISTED.

If aught can lessen this day the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has just closed leaves no duty incomplete and no honour unbested. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to nightfall with renowned actions, animated by unflinching energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and of statesmanship. He rose by a rapid series of achievements which none had surpassed to a position which no other man in this nation ever enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country and in the life of England can no more be filled. There is none left in the army or the Senate to act and speak with the like authority. There is none with whom the valour and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet, when we consider the fullness of his years and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, "*Satis diu vixisse dicitur*," since, being mortal, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on that hono- red head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements. To what a century, to what a country, to what achievements was that life successfully dedicated? For its prodigious duration—for the multiplicity of contemporary changes and events, far outnumbering the course of its days and years—for the invariable and unbroken stream of success which attended it from its commencement to its close, from the first flash of its triumphant valour in Indian war to that senatorial wisdom on which the Sovereign and the nation hung for counsel to its latest hours—for the unbending firmness of character which bore alike all labour and all prosperity—and for unalterable attachment to the same objects, the same principles, the same duties, undisturbed by the passions of youth and unrelaxed

by the honours and enjoyments of peace and of age—the life of the Duke of Wellington stands alone in history. In him, at least, posterity will trace a character superior to the highest and most abundant gifts of fortune. If the word "heroism" can be not unfairly applied to him, it is because he remained greater than his own posterity, and rose above the temptations by which other men of equal genius, but less self-governed, have fallen below their destinies. His life has nothing to gain from the language of panegyric, which would compare his military exploits or his civil statesmanship with the prowess of an Alexander or a Cæsar, or with the astonishing career of him who saw his empire overthrown by the British General at Waterloo. They were the offspring of passion and of genius, flung from the volcanic depths of revolutions and of civil war to sweep with meteoric splendour across the earth, and to collapse in darkness before half the work of life was done. Their violence, their ambition, their romantic existence, their reverses, and their crimes will for ever fascinate the interest of mankind, and constitute the secret of their fame, if not their greatness. To such attractions the life and character of the Duke of Wellington present no analogy, if he rose to scarce inferior renown, it was by none of the passions or the arts which they indulged or employed. Unvanquished in the field, his sword was never drawn for territorial conquest, but for the independence of Europe and the salvation of his country. Raised by the universal gratitude of Europe and of this nation to the highest point of rank and power which a subject of the British monarchy could attain, he wore these dignities and he used that influence within the strictest limits of a subject's duty. No law was ever twisted to his will, no right was ever sacrificed by one hair's breadth for his aggrandisement. There lived not a man either among his countrymen or his antagonists who could say that the great Duke had wronged him; for his entire existence was devoted to the cause of legal authority and regulated power. You seek in it in vain for those strokes of audacious enterprise which in other great captains, his rivals in fame, have won the prize of a crown or turned the fate of nations. But his whole career shines with the steady light of day. It has nothing to conceal, and has nothing to interpret by the flexible organs of history. Everything in it is manly, compact, and clear; mapped to one rule of public duty, animated by one passion—the love of England, and the service of the Crown.

The Duke of Wellington lived, commanded, and governed in unconscious indifference or disdainful aversion to those common incentives of human action which are derived from the powers of imagination and of sentiment. He held them cheap, both in their weakness and in their strength. The force and weight of his character stooped to no such adventitious influences. He might have kindled more enthusiasm, especially in the early and doubtful days of his Peninsular career; but in his successful and triumphant pursuit of glory, her name never passed his lips, even in his addresses to his soldiers. His entire nature and character were moulded on reality. He liked to see things as they were. His acute glance and cool judgment pierced at once through the



surface which entangles the imagination or kindles the feelings. Truth, as he loved her, is to be reached by a rougher path and by sterner minds. In war, in politics, and in the common transactions of life, the Duke of Wellington adhered inflexibly to the most precise correctness in word and deed. His temperament abhorred disguises and despised exaggerations. The fearlessness of his actions was never the result of speculative confidence or fool-hardy presumption, but it lay mainly in a just perception of the true relation in which he stood to his antagonist in the field or in the Senate. The greatest exploits of his life, such as the passage of the Douro, followed by the march on Madrid, the battle of Waterloo, and the passing the Catholic Relief Bill, were performed under no circumstances that could inspire enthusiasm. Nothing but the coolness of the player could have won the mighty stakes upon a cast apparently so adverse to his success. Other commanders have attained the highest pitch of glory when they disposed of the colossal resources of empires, and headed armies already flushed with the conquest of the world. The Duke of Wellington found no such encouragement in any part of his career. At no time were the means at his disposal adequate to the ready and certain execution of his designs. His steady progress in the Peninsular campaigns went on against the current of fortune, till that current was itself turned by perseverance and resolution. He had a clear and complete perception of the dangers he encountered, but he saw and grasped the latent power which baffled those dangers and surmounted resistances apparently invincible. That is precisely the highest degree of courage, for it is courage, conscious, enlightened, and determined.

Clearness of discernment, correctness of judgment, and rectitude in action were, without doubt, the principal elements of the Duke's brilliant achievements in war, and of his vast authority in the councils of his country, as well as in the conferences of Europe. They gave to his determinations an originality and vigor akin to that of genius, and sometimes imparted to his language in debate a pith and significance at which more brilliant orators failed to arrive. His mind, equally careless of obstacles and of effect, travelled by the shortest road to its end; and he retained, even in his latest years, all the precision with which he was wont to handle the subjects that came before him, or had at any time engrossed his attention. This was the secret of that untaught manliness and simplicity of style that pervades the vast collection of his dispatches, written as they were amidst the varied cares and emotions of war; and of that lucid and appropriate mode of exposition which never failed to leave a clear impression on the minds of those whom he addressed. Other men have enjoyed, even in this age, more vivid faculties of invention and contrivance, a more extended range of foresight, a more subtle comprehension of the changing laws of society and of the world. But the value of these finer perceptions, and of the policy founded upon them, has never been more assured than when it was tried and admitted by the wisdom and patriotism of that venerable mind. His superiority over other men consisted rather in the perfection of those qualities which he pre-

eminently possessed than in the variety and extent of his other faculties.

These powers, which were unerring when applied to definite and certain facts, sometimes failed in the appreciation of causes which had not hitherto come under their observation. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that the soldier and the statesman of 1815, born and bred in the highest school of Tory politics, should have miscarried in his opinion of those eventful times which followed the accession of William IV., than that the defeated opponent of Reform in 1831, should have risen into the patriot Senator of 1846 and 1851. Yet the administration of 1828, in which the Duke of Wellington occupied the first and most responsible place, passed the Catholic Emancipation Act, and thereby gave the signal of a rupture in the Tory party, never after entirely healed, and struck the heaviest blow on a system which the growing energies of the nation resented and condemned. Resolute to oppose what he conceived to be popular clamour, no man ever recognized with more fidelity the claims of a free nation to the gradual developement of its interests and its rights; nor were his services to the cause of liberty and improvement the less great because they usually consisted in bending the will or disarming the prejudices of their fiercest opponents. Attached by birth, by character, and by opinion to the order and the cause of the British aristocracy, the Duke of Wellington knew that the true power of that race of nobles lies, in this age of the world, in their inviolable attachment to constitutional principles, and their honest recognition of popular rights. Although his personal resolution and his military experience qualified him better than other men to be the champion of resistance to popular turbulence and sedition, as he showed by his preparations in May, 1832, and in April, 1848, yet wisdom and forbearance were ever the handmaidens of his courage, and, while most firmly determined to defend, if necessary, the authority of the State, he was the first to set an example of conciliatory sacrifice to the reasonable claims of the nation. He was the Cato of our Senate, after having been our Caesar in the field; and, if the commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the Roman title of *Parens Patriæ*, that touching honour would have been added to the peerage and the baton of Arthur Wellesley, by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people.

Though singularly free from every trace of cant, his mind was no stranger to the sublime influence of religious truth, and he was assiduous in the observance of the public ritual of the Church of England. At times, even in the extreme period of his age, some accident would betray the deep current of feeling which he never ceased to entertain towards all that was chivalrous and benevolent. His charities were unostentatious but extensive, and he bestowed his interest throughout life upon an incredible number of persons and things which claimed his notice and solicited his aid. Every social duty, every solemnity, every ceremony, every merry-making, found him ready to take his part in it. He had a smile for the youngest child, a compliment for the prettiest face, an answer for the readiest tongue, and a lively interest in every incident of life, which is

seemed beyond the power of age to chill. When time had somewhat relaxed the sterner mould of his manhood, its effects were chiefly indicated by an unabated taste for the amusements of fashionable society, incongruous at times with the dignity of extreme old age, and the recollection of so virile a career. But it seemed a part of the Duke's character that everything that presented itself was equally welcome, for he had become a part of everything, and it was foreign to his nature to stand aloof from any occurrence to which his presence could contribute. He seems never to have felt the flagging spirit or the reluctant step of indolence or *ennui*, or to have recoiled from anything that remained to be done; and his complete performance of every duty, however small, as long as life remained, was the same quality which had carried him in triumph through his campaigns, and raised him to be one of the chief Ministers of England and an arbiter of the fate of Europe. It has been said that in the most active and illustrious lives there comes at last some inevitable hour of melancholy and satiety. Upon the Duke of Wellington that hour left no impression, and probably it never shed its influence over him; for he never rested on his former achievements or his length of days, but marched onwards to the end, still heading the youthful generations which had sprung into life around him, and scarcely less intent on their pursuits than they are themselves. It was a finely balanced mind to have worn so bravely and so well. When men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth, no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington. The actions of his life were extraordinary, but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles, who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from among us, an inheritor of imperishable fame.

The *Union* (French journal) says:—"We make no difficulty in saying that all Great Britain gives an instructive and enviable spectacle by the unanimity as well as by the nature of the enthusiastic praises with which she covers the coffin of one of the most illustrious dead of this century. Let us place aside the hyperbolic flights of pride too familiar to the English nation, but up to a certain point excusable in this case. There remains the most universal and the most unanimous sorrow ever seen."

The new appointments have given great satisfaction. The Garter could not have been more aptly bestowed than on the Duke of Northumberland and the Marquis of Londonderry. The name of Lord Hardinge has been long a familiar word in connection with valour, science and fame. The Command-in-Chief of her Majesty's army is bestowed wisely and popularly. Yet is Lord Fitzroy Somerset worthy of some great post of honor,

and so he will have a peerage, and is appointed to the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance.

The title of the Master-General of the Ordnance—Lord Fitzroy Somerset will, we believe, be Baron Ragland. A decision has yet to be come to as to the future Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Lord Combermere is to be Constable of the Tower. Prince Albert will have the Colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards, and also the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. Prince George of Cambridge will succeed Prince Albert as Colonel of the Fusileer Guards. Colonel Airey is Military Secretary.

The supplies granted by Parliament for the year 1806, include the following interesting items under the head "Miscellaneous services;"—For the funeral of Viscount Nelson, £14,968 l. 1s. 6d. For the funeral of Mr. Pitt, £6,045 2s. 6d.

The Queen, by her warrant of the 6th of August last, has granted to Caroline Southey, the widow of the poet laureate, a yearly pension of £200, "in consideration," as in the warrant is set forth, "of her late husband's eminent literary merits. A like warrant, of the 9th of the same month, confers a pension of £75 a year on Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, "in consideration of her merits as an authoress, and her inability, from the state of her health, to continue her exertions for a livelihood."

#### THE PROGRESS OR CONDITION OF THE KAFFIR WAR.

SOME noodle who is continually maligning that brave and experienced General, Sir Harry Smith, in the columns of the *Daily News*, and to whom it seems good, or is appointed, every now and then to enlighten the British public with his remarks on the Kafir war, drew a parallel on the 9th ult., between the present war in Southern Africa and the border strife between England and Scotland in former days. Now, Caledonia and the Cape are certainly about as like each other as Monmouth and Macedon, for like these they begin with the same letter. There are, too, rivers in both, and also cattle. There was also a Scotch predatory war. We shall favour our readers with the wise conclusion to which "Noodle" arrives, after drawing such comparison, and we shall do so in his own words:—"The Highlands of Scotland remained nurseries of predatory warriors till the clans were broken, the act against wearing arms and the Highland dress passed, and *parliamentary* government established throughout Scotland. The same course must be pursued in South Africa."

Is the man who pens such absurdity fit to write upon any topic on which John Bull requires information or guidance? Was ever such colossal nonsense? We are, it appears, merely to furnish the Kafirs with trousers, and insist upon their wearing them, in addition to depriving them of their arms and giving them a *parliamentary* government! We imagine it would be rather easier to kill them, although that seems no trifle. Has the *Daily News* writer lost his wits in abusing the Ministry and recommending the ballot? Has universal suffrage turned his head? Why does he not recommend at once to the Kafir to adopt the five points of the Charter, and that every kraal shall take in the *Daily News*? Every one

remembers the Frenchman's *recipe* for killing a flea. "First catch de flea, den take him by de nape of his neck and squeeze him till he gape ver vide; den put in von grain of dis leetle powder, and he shall never troubel you not never any more." We can assure our readers that this is literally nothing to what is to be done with the Kafir. To commence, he is to lay aside his arms! Just what we have been wanting him to do, only he does not seem to care about obliging us. A little Sunday school teaching is not mentioned, it is true; but what is that when he is to leap to civilization and a constitutional Parliament at once? When we consider this rubbish as mere *Daily News* twaddle, it signifies little; but when we think how many people in England are engaged in this style of thought and reasoning it becomes serious. It would be doing Mrs. Nickleby injustice to compare her murky intellectual wanderings to the *Daily News*, but what we lament is to see the British public thinking and talking about Louis Napoleon, the Kafir war, our difficulty with the Yankees, &c., &c., just in the very strain and fashion of Mrs. Nickleby. "Louis Napoleon will never make war with England, because he is such a friend of Lord Malmesbury." Won't he, ma'am? "We must teach those poor savages the light of Christianity." A light for a fire to roast Missionaries with, ma'am! "Those dreadful Americans are so vulgar, they really must be kept in check." You'd better do it, ma'am! Such is the way in which Mrs. Nickleby, the *Daily News*, and poor old dotting Britannia, are all busy thinking at present, and we should much like to know where it will end. We fear not precisely in a millennium.

With regard to the last accounts from the seat of war in Kafirland, we are inclined to think much more favourably of them than some of our contemporaries. In the first place we like General Cathcart's proclamation, or circular, demanding assistance from the colonists. There is no doubt they are bound to furnish it, and if they should not, we think, with the General, they must in future defend themselves. It is a pity they did not do so from the beginning; but that was not their fault. The war is a curse entailed on them and us by sickly sentimentalists, fostered by traders, encouraged by traitors—to be checked by a demonstration, and to be put an end to finally by an armed civilized population, and nothing else! On the border system spoken of by "Noodle," we should have beaten the savages long since. They never would have obtained arms and ammunition, or have dreamt of a protracted or concentrated attack. Had the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban been carried out, does any one believe that things would have ever approached the condition in which they now are? Such a combination of folly, incapacity and hypocrisy, can scarcely be imagined, much less described. To come to a nearer examination of the question, we thank General Cathcart's observations frank, manly and sensible. On the whole, we approve hitherto of his conduct of the war. He has hanged traitors and deserters, and thereby saved the blood of true men. Rose-water can be spared from a South African General's toilet, and, we fear, whatever his theories may be, that his practice must be taken from the earlier rather than the later chapters of the Bible. It is evident to

us now, that the British Government is shrinking from an indefinite protraction of the war, and we must look upon General Cathcart as its mouthpiece in his late address to the Colonists. For the rest, we think the destruction of 100 Kafirs in a single engagement, if 100 were killed, an evidence of greater success on our part than we have lately been accustomed to. We cannot, however, understand how it is that, in this case, the enemy having been drawn out of ambush, their loss should not have been distinctly ascertained. As to their manœuvring like disciplined troops, extending, advancing and retiring by the sound of bugle, &c., &c., we consider it an advantage to us that they should do so. It is behind rocks and stones, in the bush and the kloof, on the hill side and in the ravine, that we have most reason to dread them. Let them once imbibe the notion of fighting our troops in bodies and on open ground, and their ruin is certain. On the whole, we are inclined to take a less gloomy view than heretofore of the state of this disastrous war, and we shall not be surprised if the *levy en masse*, and expedition beyond the Kei of General Cathcart, should be attended with considerable results in our favour.

#### NOVEL PROCEEDINGS OF SIR JAMES BROOKE, RAJAH OF SARAWAK, AND PLURALIST.

We have long since expressed our unmitigated dislike of the proceedings of this individual. We cordially supported Mr. Hume, when that veteran man of business was anxious to probe the ulcerous administration of Borneo to the bottom, and we entertain about as much personal esteem towards the Governor of Labuan as we did and do towards General Haynau. We now learn that this great boa-constrictor of pirates, assumed or otherwise, has opened his jaws to swallow a Singapore newspaper, which it may be remembered, has always spoken very freely of the ruler of Sarawak's proceedings. A gentleman connected with this newspaper having, it appears, been lately appointed to hold some office in the law courts of Singapore, forthwith Rajah Brooke issues a mandate, rescrypt, firman, or ukase to the Governor, to rescind the nomination of the offender. This the Governor refused to do, in firm and sensible language. Whereupon Brooke threatens to hound the English and Anglo-Indian Governments upon the Governor. Is this apparently selfish and unprincipled insolence, this overbearing egotism, this unjust oppression to be tolerated? We hope not. This Brooke appears to us to be a most one-sided tyrant, the very Turk of a melodrama. He will brook no opposition, and would treat all whom he hates like "pirates." Being now Rajah of Sarawak, Consul and Protector of English trade (*i.e.* general dealer) in Borneo, Governor of Labuan and Ambassador Extraordinary to Siam, besides being friendly with the directors of the East India Company, and for all we know, own Eastern Archipelago correspondent of the *Times*, we fear he will slay the chivalrous little Governor of Singapore before breakfast some morning, and devour him in an oriental salad, *a la mode* of some of the cannibal natives of the interior of the said Paradise of Borneo, where the "spirit of man" is most assuredly anything but "divine," either aboriginally or by colonization. We shall especially recommend this to the attention of Mr. Hume,

and we trust we may not learn that Singapore has been destroyed by an earthquake, or the editors of its free press eaten by crocodiles, or hear of any other catastrophe, evil, or injustice, which the potent spell of the magician may devise for the wholesale punishment of his enemies. Only imagine if the people of Singapore should awake some fine morning and find themselves all translated into pirates, whilst old Hume was quietly exported by the connivance of the people in Downing-street, and hung out naked in a wicker cage before the palace of Sarawak, after being daubed over with honey to attract the attention of Bornean entomology, as a warning to all those who henceforth dare to interfere with the majesty of Brooke and the dominion of Labuan!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH ARMY DISPATCH.

SIR,—It was with no ordinary surprise I read in your journal of Friday last, the 3rd instant, that “the Sergeants of a certain Infantry Queen’s Regiment in India, had entertained their Commandant’s wife at a ball and supper!” Surely, Mr. Editor, that truly *was* the “march of intellect” with a vengeance. I wonder how the gallant hero of so many fights (see Hart’s *Army List*) could allow his lady to accept the invitation, and also join the party himself!!! “Dancing it appears was kept up with great spirit until a late hour,” or words to that effect. By whom? let me ask, as surely the Durra Mem Sahib would not deign to trip it “on the light fantastic toe” with his lord’s Serjeant-Major, however smart and dashing; but even in that case, who was her *vis a vis*? Most probably *his* lady, or that of the Quartermaster Serjeant, with divers other Sergeants’ wives in succession to form the quadrille, unless indeed the officers’ ladies had been invited to meet their chief!!! This *may* be customary and tolerated now-a-days, but I can tell you would not have passed current when I was a duty subaltern some fifty years since, and *long* before I had, by hard service in the East, gained my spurs. Why, we should just as soon have accepted an invitation from our Farrier-Major for ourselves and wives to meet *him* and *his* (together

with the Master Fashioner and spouse) to take a social cup of tea [and its accompaniments] afterwards.

A MARTINET OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

[We insert a “Martinet of the Old School’s” letter, with a slight alteration at the end, duly inclosed in brackets, in order that it may speak for itself. We must frankly state that we totally disagree with the view he takes of the matter. He evidently looks at it altogether in a different light from ourselves. We consider that the ball in India was by no means conducted in the style of the late entertainment by the *Dames de la Halle*, when the French generals footed it with female tripe-sellers, and princesses of the new régime with the costermongers of Paris. It appears to us to have been an amiable condescension on the part of a lady, whom we have no reason to believe forgot either her own dignity or her husband’s rank. As for the Sergeants and their wives, we have no doubt they are fit, both in manners and morality, to be matched with the guests of many a London or Parisian drawing-room. Such a thing might be a question to consider as a point of discipline, not of contamination. It might not be advisable—it certainly cannot be what is vulgarly termed “low.” We believe, however, that such an affair is rather favourable than otherwise to discipline, as it certainly is to the good feeling of the regiment. Self-respect teaches respect. A few such acts would tend to humanize soldiers, and raise them in their own esteem. We applaud Colonel and Mrs. Franks’ discretion and kindly feeling. Such a ball was a credit to the regiment, as well as a compliment to its gallant commander. Some weeks since a *soi-disant* military contemporary inserted some abominable and insulting remarks respecting Sergeants’ wives. Let Sergeants look to it!—Ed.]

The plot of assassination against the President, which is said to have been discovered at Marseilles, is the only event of to-day, and I find that the affair is generally discredited in Paris, and set down as an attempt on the part of the police authorities to give themselves importance.



## FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

### LAYING OUT GROUNDS OF MODERATE EXTENT.

WE know that many individuals fancy that there is not much to learn on this subject: on the contrary, that “every one knows how he likes to have his place done,” and that as it is “all a matter of taste,” each can follow his own.

It is perfectly true that it is “a matter of taste,” and this is the very fact which involves in it the mistake which those fall into, who have never given their attention to the *study* of landscape scenery; not its native grandeur only, but as combined with, and made subservient to the con-

ventionalities of art. The mistake consists in supposing that persons who have formed a general notion of what they wish done, cannot be assisted in the development and carrying out of their own desires and wishes, by the landscape gardener.

A little reflection will, nevertheless, satisfy the most sceptical that there is error in such a conclusion. Let any one recall to memory his primitive ideas upon subjects which he has subsequently studied, and in which he has attained proficiency, and compare them with his matured judgement, and he will be at no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that his first ideas were crude and incomplete, if not positively erroneous. What he had regarded as perfection, or at least as a degree of perfection which would, at the out-set have gratified his every want, will, with his improved acquaintance with the subject, appear to his mind wholly inadequate to his present requirements.

The reason of this is obvious. However alive we may be to the perfection of beauty, whether in nature or art, our perceptive faculties in the exercise, admit of culture, which augments our powers of enjoyment. That, therefore, which satisfied him in the first instance, ceases to do so, when, by greater familiarity with the subject under consideration, we become more conscious of the capabilities of our nature, to derive from its higher cultivation, an increased measure of those pleasurable sensations in which our enjoyment, or in other words, the reception of impressions agreeable, whether to our senses or mental faculties, consists.

Again, let a man travel through miles upon miles of an un reclaimed country, where there is but little diversity of scenery; where no massive rocks arouse the imaginative powers by their sublimity, and where the absence of water leaves nothing for the weary eye of the wayfarer to rest upon, but the arid ruggedness of barren waste. Let him then come to some favored spot, where the hand of man has raised an oasis in this desert. With what rapture is the first glance of the eager eye cast wisely around, almost doubting whether the welcome sight is visionary or real! Why is this? Because that man's taste has been educated—has learnt to distinguish between the rough features of nature's most rustic garb, and the grateful smile which she puts on under the fostering hand of man. In other words, he has unconsciously learnt part of that endless, but never fruitless lesson, taught by industry, that not only are our wants supplied, but our innocent pleasures are even amply gratified, in return for the diligent use of those means which a merciful providence has placed within the reach of all.

And thus will it ever be found in reference to the study of the beautiful in nature, and the adaptation of her wilds and wildernesses to our present uses. The more we become practically acquainted with the associations of country life, the more shall we become sensible of the numberless instances in which rough untouched grounds admit of being accommodated by the experienced eye, to the immediate wants and requirements of the elegancies of domestic life, and this, very frequently, by simple, although most effective, because judiciously directed means.

The first thing to be done in settling about to lay out grounds of moderate extent, is to take a

survey of the whole, and determine upon the situation for the house or villa, assuming that it is not already erected. In doing this, one of the chief considerations should be the aspect, and its situation as regards elevation. This, to be judiciously decided upon, must depend not only upon the greater or less extent of the grounds, and their even surface or the contrary, but also upon the nature of the surrounding localities; for instance, the presence or absence of river, lake, or any considerable expanse of water, or of mountainous, or less elevated scenery in the vicinity. More cannot therefore, be said upon that point, (within our limited space,) than that due regard should be had to these accidents of situation, so as to take advantage of the surrounding scenery, and so to place the residence that it should command an extensive, and at the same time as varied a view, as may be.

The situation for the house being determined upon, the general plan of the whole ground has to be arranged. Of course, any domestic offices and out-houses, such as stables, wood-house, poultry house, &c., should be placed in rear of the dwelling, and be concealed from sight by a small plantation of trees, and by the kitchen garden, taking care, in the position of the latter, that a favorable aspect is obtained for it, with a southern exposure as nearly as possible.

The general effect now to be given to the whole, will mainly depend upon two circumstances; the one the distribution of the trees and shrubs, and the other, the nature of the surface. The most favorable ground for landscape gardening, is that which is uneven—presenting an undulating surface and if with mounds and elevations at some parts, or with a gentle ascent of a considerable portion of it in another direction, so much the better. The distant scenery should be glanced over, with a view to endeavor to bring it in, by opening its most picturesque portions. The removal of a few trees at intervals, will often effect this, taking care in so doing, that such only are cut down, as are not essential to the home scenery—and only removing sufficient to obtain the view, without exposing the privacy of the residence.

If in the distant landscape a view of water can be brought in, nothing adds more, and few things so much, to the general effect. In the introduction of the distant scenery, care should be taken to avoid opening to view those parts of it which may not offer agreeable features; and unless the scene of operations be on an elevated situation, it is generally expedient to avoid the exposure of a great breadth of flat country, unless bounded by distant hills. Then, again, the question of what parts of the outer scenery are to be opened upon, must in many instances, be regulated by that within the grounds. If, for instance, there happens to be within the grounds a considerable plantation of dense foliage, which it is desirable to retain for the purpose of shelter, or for any particular reason, a fine effect will usually result from cutting through it a small opening, by which a pleasing glance is caught of the distant view. By such means, the sombreness of the mass in its effect upon home scenery, is much relieved. Another effect of striking elegance is produced, if, in exposing the distant landscape to the grounds, it can be so done, that any fine, noble tree, (or clump of two

or three trees,) can be left standing, in the middle distance between the observer and the outer landscape; whether the tree or group be so placed as to be presented to the eye at the side or centre of the general view, is of little moment. Few who recall to mind the magnificent effects produced by many of the great landscape painters, by placing a tree in the foreground of their paintings, will fail to appreciate readily the value of such an addition to the landscape. And although it may be expedient to get one pretty extensive view of distant objects, assuming them, in character, to present pleasing associations, it should always be borne in mind that more ornament and variety are given to the general effect, (and particularly to the home scenery,) by opening the distant prospect at several distinct points of view from the grounds, than by exposing from one great point a great extent of distant objects, by the sweeping destruction of intervening foliage.

Throughout the grounds, some large trees which are approaching to maturity of growth, so as to have become single objects of beauty, should be left standing, to give boldness to the whole, and as a principal means of insuring variety to the landscape, as the spectator views it from the different points. In the selection of these, attention should be given to retain a diversity of foliage. Around the sides of the ground clumps of trees of greater or less extent, should be left, not only for shelter, but to afford a degree of outline to the premises—and before these should left or planted shrubs and foliage of moderate growth, both as a fence, and to form a foreground to them.

In such an arrangement of ground as we have thus hastily sketched, if the parts of it brought into culture for corn, or other tilled crops, be confined to the rear of the residence, and the other parts are devoted to pasturage for sheep or cattle, an air of park-like appearance will be presented by the whole place, whilst, as we before remarked, its profitable and productive character will not be interfered with. A few evergreens, both trees and shrubs, distributed here and there, will add to the general effect, and these may often be found already growing. The road of approach to the front of the house, as well as the paths through the pleasure grounds, should be formed in greater or less curved lines, and, never, (except in very extensive grounds,) in straight lines. The plantations of small shrubberries on either side of the house, (unless on one side it opens upon the garden,) will also much influence the beauty of the whole. But our object has been rather to direct the attention to the material features of the general plan, than to particularize the detail of minor points.

#### ADVANTAGES OF A CHANGE OF SEED.

A recent number of the North British Agriculturist contains an article on this subject, from which we utter the following statements. Experience has proved that a change from an inferior to a richer district, is seldom beneficial, but that a change from a warmer to a colder district, is always followed by a beneficial result, in somewhat shortening the period of growth, an increase of weight, appearance of sample, and very generally in the produce, the difference in straw being equally observable. It has also been found that

new and improved varieties of grain in a few years generally lose their distinctive characters. This has been imputed to a falling off of the vitality of the new, and consequently hybrid plant, showing the necessity of systematically selecting and propagating agricultural seeds of all kinds. A change of seed wheat from one district to another, has frequently resulted in an increase of produce of about two boll, (twelve bushels,) an acre. On a farm possessing a variety of soil, the change of seed from one part to the other, has always been beneficial. The introduction of seed wheat from a region where this crop is not affected by the smut, is said to prevent this disease, even better than any preparation of the seed. The more recently the grain has been removed from the straw the better, as it is liable to become musty when lying in store.

The same deterioration in quantity and quality is noticeable in seed oats, when the same seed is continued. The following advice of the Editor, will be equally applicable to farmers in this country.

"We hope gentlemen will continue to direct their attention to the subject of change of seed, and that they will favour the public with the results of their experience. As agriculture is emerging from the rule of thumb practice, it will prove highly advantageous for its speedy advancement, that experiments on this, as well as other subjects, be only undertaken with care, and upon correct principles; that not only the land, with the produce, be measured, but also every care exercised in noticing the varieties of the grain, the nature of the soil on which it is grown, the climate, as regards elevation, moisture, &c., the period of sowing, coming into ear, and when ready for cutting, with the result of the after produce. Nothing should be regarded as unimportant in conducting agricultural experiments. We would suggest the importance of undertaking experiments not only in grain, the growth of a different climate, but that these experiments should embrace the question of steeping the seeds in liquids containing a solution of different substances, such as dissolved nitrate of soda, potash, sulphate of ammonia, &c., and also how far the plan of coating the seed with such a substance as guano, for instance, affects the future produce. We make these suggestions with the greater confidence, as we have experimentally found that the produce was sensibly increased of wheat, oats, and barley, by steeping in such solutions, and that steeping the two latter grains, checked, if not wholly prevented, black heads."

#### DRYING TOMATOES.

[The following has been furnished us by a very skilful housewife, who is particularly successful in the preparation of garden products—we have tried her dried tomatoes in winter, and found them most excellent.]

The method is very simple. They are to be peeled in the usual way; then if very ripe pour off some of the juice, stew them slightly, sufficiently to cook them through, and salt them to the taste. Then spread them on earthen (not tin) dishes, and put them in a brick oven, when the bread is taken out, but a stove does very well. They cannot be dried in the sun like peaches; they are so juicy they need more heat. When

dry, put them in bags, and in winter they only need soaking an hour or two, then stew and season with butter and pepper, and one would hardly distinguish them from fresh fruit.\*

#### POTATO DISEASE.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1851, offered a prize of \$10,000 to any one who should satisfy the Governor and Council that, by a test of at least five successive years, he had discovered a sure remedy for the potato rot. Several communications have been received on this subject, which are published by the authority of the legislature, of which we publish the following summary by Hon. Amasa Walker, Secretary of State.

Although these communications may not furnish any perfect cure or preventive of the potato disease, yet they agree in so many important points, and offer so many valuable hints, relating to the nature, cultivation, preservation, and improvement of the potato, that they cannot fail to be of great public utility. The similarity of views expressed by the most intelligent and experienced writers, relating to the nature, cultivation, disease, and cure of the potato, is truly remarkable, and we think auspicious. Among the principal points, relating to which there is a general concurrence; are the following:

**SOUNDNESS AND VITALITY OF THE SEED.**—Renewing the seed from the ball of healthy vigorous plants every few years, even resorting to the native place in South America, and taking the seed from the wild potato, is considered important, when potatoes are to be raised from the tuber. Sound, healthy, whole potatoes are recommended for planting. Cutting potatoes is decidedly condemned. Anything which impairs the vitality of the seed increases the liability to disease.

**QUALITY OR KIND OF SOIL.**—A dry, light, loose, warm soil, is considered necessary to the soundness and health of the vegetable, as well as to its richness and flavor, the latter depending quite as much on the quality of soil as on the variety of seed. A wet, heavy, compact soil, directly promotes the disorder. Far up on the side of a mountain or hill is a favorable location for the growth of the potato; and new land contains more of the qualities requisite for its nourishment and health, than old and worn out soils.

**INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERE.**—Potatoes should be as little exposed to the air as conveniently may be. Their natural place is under ground. By too much exposure they become poisoned, and turn green. Some recommend depositing them for the winter, in holes under ground in a dry soil; or if kept in a cellar, to keep them cool. Keeping large quantities in a body in the cellar is by some supposed to promote heat and putrefaction. Planting in the fall is recommended by some, as potatoes left in the field, over winter, are observed to come forward earlier in the spring, to grow more vigorously, to get ripe earlier and before the blighting rains in August, and to be more sound, fair, and healthy.

**MANURES.**—All antiputrescents, such as lime, wood-ashes, pulverized charcoal, plaster, salt, nitrogen, &c., are believed to contribute directly to the health of the potato, as well as to add to its richness and flavor; and of course, to prevent

putrefaction and disease. Of other manures, well-rotted compost is preferred. Stable manure is too strong and heating, and produces ill-flavored, unhealthy potatoes, and is decidedly condemned.

**DISEASE, CONTAGION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.**—These are common to vegetables as well as to animals. All are liable to disease, some more, some less, according to circumstances, predisposing causes, and preventive means. Some vegetable diseases are believed to be contagious. The present disease is thought by many to be of that class. One field of potatoes is liable to take the disorder from another field. Potatoes are predisposed to disease, by bad cultivation, old age, bad soil, bad manures, sudden changes of weather, warm rains, &c.

**RAVAGES OF INSECTS, FUNGI, &c.**—The best writers consider the ravages of insects as at most but a predisposing cause, rendering the potato more liable to disease by enfeebling the plant. By many writers insects are considered as remotely affecting the potato; by others, as having no effect at all. The fungus on potatoes is not the cause of the rot. It finds the potato, previously diseased, a fit subject for its operation.

The general conclusions to which the facts presented in these various communications seem to lead us, are—

1. That the disease has a striking resemblance to the cholera, and probably exists in the atmosphere.

2. That it is doubtful whether any specific cure has been, or ever will be discovered; but

3. As in cholera, certain preventives are well ascertained, by the application of which, the liabilities to disease may be greatly lessened.

4. That by obtaining the soundest seed, by planting in the most favorable soils, and by using the most suitable manures, we may have a good degree of confidence in the successful cultivation of this useful vegetable.

4. That we may expect, that like the cholera, the potato rot will become less and less formidable from year to year, and eventually subside into a mild and manageable epidemic, if that term may be used in such a connexion.

The several points on which there is an unanimity of opinion, are worthy the especial attention of farmers. By a careful selection of seed, and locality, and particular reference to the kind of manure used, very much of this may be avoided. If facts like the above, well substantiated by experiments in all sections of the country, could be presented to the entire mass of farmers, and they would govern their modes of culture by rules so established, we cannot well estimate the increase which would result in a single year in a crop so extensively cultivated as the potato.

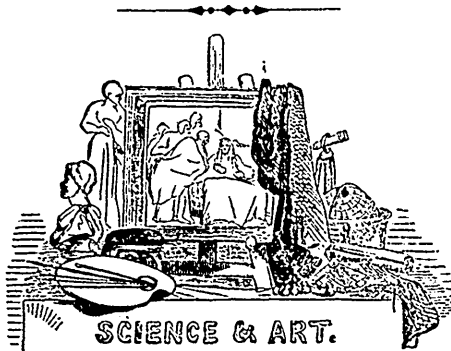
**A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUANO.**—The Royal Agricultural Society of England offer a prize of "1,000, and the gold medal of the Society, for the discovery of a manure equal in fertilizing properties to the Peruvian guano, and of which an unlimited supply can be furnished to the English farmer at a rate not exceeding £5 per ton.

**RED ANTS.**—A correspondent wishes to know if any of our readers can tell him how to expel or destroy the small red ants. He can neither drown or scald them out.

\* We would like the proof of this!—P. Devill.

**COLD THAT DESTROYS PEACH BUDS.**—I have of late been perusing the *Horticulturist*, and found the following: "Among other things that, particularly attracted my attention, was a notice of fruit buds being destroyed by the extreme cold of the past winter. It has frequently been asserted that 12 degrees below zero destroys peaches, and some other fine fruit. As I have had some experience in fruit raising for twenty years past, I have had an opportunity of making some observations to my own satisfaction, and as you have requested notice from different parts of the country, respecting the prospect of fruit, I send you some facts from this section. Although I have to refer to other persons to determine the state of the weather, still I have reason to believe the statements correct. The thermometer records a number of days the past winter, ranging from 14 to 26 degrees below zero. Now does that degree of cold kill the fruit? Nature answers the ques-

tion. The spring with us is quite backward, but it gives us full evidence that there shall be no failure in the promise of regular seed time and harvest. Though the elements may yet prove destructive, the prospect is promising. Peaches, plums, and cherries, are now coming out, clothed with their pink and white, even to the covering of their branches. Does this look like their being frozen to death—other proofs we have, last year 1850 and '51, the cold ranged from 13 to 27 below zero and there has not been so large a crop of peaches for eight years; plums were mostly destroyed by the curculio, cherries quite plenty. I have some 125 peach trees, set last season, one year from the bud, quite a share of them are now filled with blossoms; and plums, from six to eight feet high, are clothed in bloom. I have some dwarf pears standing from two and a half to three feet high, set for a dozen fruit each—so much for our prospects in this cold region."



**THE LARGEST MERCHANT SHIP IN THE WORLD.**—Mr. McKay of East Boston, is now at work, upon a clipper ship, which will surpass in size and sharpness every merchant ship now afloat or known to be in the course of construction. She will be 300 feet long, have 50 feet breadth of beam, 28 feet depth of hold, with three decks, and will register over 3000 tons. She will be diagonally braced with iron, and built in every particular equal in strength to the best of ocean steamers. Her model, in point of beauty, is the wonder and admiration of all who have seen it. She will have four masts, with Forbes' rig. Mr. McKay builds her on his own account, and will sail her too, if he does not sell her.—*Boston Atlas*.

**NEW PALACE AT BALMORAL.**—It has just been determined to build a new palace for the Queen at Balmoral. It is to be built on a site between the river and the present castle, fronting the south, and is estimated to cost from £80,000 to £100,000. The architecture is modern, and will combine the ornamental with the useful. A new bridge is to be thrown across the Dee; and the public road which now leads through the forest of Ballochbuie is to be shut up, and a better road provided along the south bank of the river. The old palace is to be entirely removed. The new palace is already staked out.

**TELEGRAPH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.**—The London correspondent of *The National Intelligencer* gives the following description of the new project for a submarine telegraph between Great Britain and America. The writer considers this new plan by far the most feasible yet proposed:

We stated, a few weeks ago, that a project had been formed for constructing a submarine telegraph between Great Britain and the United States, by a route not before thought of, which would very materially shorten the line of water transit, render the transmission of intelligence much less liable to interruption, and most materially diminish the cost of construction and repairs. We have now the map of the proposed submarine lines before us. They commence at the most northerly point of Scotland, run thence to the Orkney Islands, and thence by short water lines, to the Shetland and the Ferroe Islands. From the latter, a water line of 200 to 300 miles conducts the telegraph to Iceland, from the western coast of Iceland, another submarine line conveys it to Kioeg Bay, on the eastern coast of Greenland, it then crosses Greenland to Juliana's Hope on the western coast of that continent, in latitude 60° 42'; and is conducted thence by a water line of about 500 miles, across Davis' Straits to Byron's Bay, on the coast of Labrador. From this point the line is to be extended to Quebec.



The entire length is approximately estimated at 2,500 miles, and the submarine portion of it at from 1,400 to 1,600 miles. The peculiar advantage of the line being divided into several submarine portions is, that if a fracture should at any time occur, the defective part could be very readily discovered and repaired promptly at a comparatively trifling expense. From the Shetland Islands, it is proposed to carry a branch to Bergen, in Norway, connecting it there with a line to Christiania, Stockholm, Gottenburgh, and Copenhagen; from Stockholm a line may easily cross the Gulf of Bothnia to St. Petersburg. The whole expense of this great international work is estimated considerably below £500,000, but to cover contingencies, it is proposed to raise that sum by 25,000 shares of £20 each. We confess that we consider this plan as by far the most feasible one which has been yet produced for connecting Europe and America by the electric telegraph.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—The organ builders of England may be taken at 400 in number, and putting their gross returns at £500 per annum each, we have £200,000 a year in this branch alone.

The materials used by them are pine, mahogany, tin, and lead. The materials employed by the piano-forte makers are oak, deal, pine, mahogany, and beech, besides fancy woods; baize, felt, cloth, and leather, brass, steel, and iron. Of the two leading houses in this branch, the Messrs. Collard sell annually 7,600 instruments, and the Messrs. Broadwood 2,300, which at the very low average of sixty guineas, gives as the annual business of these two firms only, about £250,000. If the whole number of piano-forte makers of London, about 200, is taken into account, the annual return in this trade cannot be less than £2,000,000. Violins, and other instruments, are almost entirely imported, the prejudice being in favour of the foreign makers. The annual import duty on them is probably not less than £45,000. The cost of the wind instruments required for a regimental band, exclusive of drums and fifes, was said to be £224, and as there are in all about 100 regiments, the capital represented by these is nearly £100,000. The number of workmen employed by Messrs. Broadwood and Collard respectively, is 575 and 400; they are all more or less skilled workmen, some of them in a very high degree.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1852.

Black lace and velvet are very fashionable as trimmings for bonnets: narrow black velvet intermixed with flowers is much used for interior trimming. Caps are trimmed with very broad satin or gauze ribbon: some are made entirely of ribbon edged with blonde. Lace with deep vandyked edges is the most fashionable for sleeves and caps.

For our co-tumens we are indebted to the following distinguished Parisian houses:—In the 1st plate the *peignoir*, or morning dress, is from Mme. Colas; the other dress from Mme. Lafont; the cap from Mme. Laare, *Rue Laffitte*.

**DINNER COSTUME.**—Fig. 1st.—Dress of white muslin; the skirt has two very deep flounces beautifully embroidered; at the top of the second flounce are placed small rosettes of pale green satin ribbon. The body *à basquine* is half-high, and opens *en demi cœur*; it is embroidered entirely round, and edged with a narrow lace. The half-long sleeves are slit up in the front of the arm; they are trimmed with lace and finished by a rosette.

**DINNER COSTUME.**—Fig. 2nd.—Dress of light purple satin; the skirt long and full, has the front breadth embroidered, and a row of small bell buttons down the centre: the body *à basquine*, is three-quarters high, does not close in front and has the corners of the *basque* rounded and trimmed with black lace, it is embroidered to correspond with the skirt. The short pagoda sleeves are open to the elbow, they are embroidered and trimmed with black lace. Waistcoat of white lustrous, closing to the throat, with small coral buttons. Blonde cap, trimmed with very broad satin ribbon; that part of the ribbon crossing the cap is edged with blonde set on full and forming a *fanchon*.

Dresses are still being worn with flounces woven *à disposition*: an additional novelty is, that in silks the edges of the flounces are finished by a narrow fringe: if the flounces are striped, the fringe is the color of the stripes; if otherwise figured, the fringes are of the colors of the flowers. In dark silks the flounces will be either woven with six or seven narrow black stripes at the edge, or embroidered with black; we may remark that black is becoming very fashionable for trimmings. For the style of bodies and sleeves now being worn, we refer to our costumes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A great variety of cloaks have already made their appearance in anticipation of that approaching change of weather which will render envelopes desirable. We shall from time to time present, in our illustrations, patterns of the shapes most generally approved; but, in the meanwhile, we may observe that the large round form so much worn last winter is far from being discarded, especially in morning negligé, for which its comfortable amplitude is peculiarly well adapted. Cloaks of this form, intended for the morning promenade, are usually made of cloth, that is to say, a soft light kind of cloth now employed almost exclusively for that purpose. Cloth cloaks will be generally worn this winter. Those of black cloth are most fashionable, and, next to black, very dark brown, grey, and drab are favourite hues. These plain cloaks are usually trimmed with braid, or narrow black velvet. The braid may be either broad or narrow; if broad, one or two rows are set on straight; if narrow, it may be set on in a pattern. The narrow velvet is usually set on in a Greek design. Velvet cloaks of the round form are made of smaller size than those of cloth; they

are, however, usually made with sleeves, and are trimmed with fringe of that massive kind which the French call Sevillian fringe.

The Talma cloak, which still maintains favour in Paris, has never been very general in London. Possibly it is found somewhat too theatrical for English taste. Cloaks of this form are sometimes made sufficiently ample to admit of one end being thrown over the left shoulder in the manner of the Roman toga. These Talma cloaks, when intended for evening wraps at the theatres or evening parties, are usually made of coloured cloth, lined and trimmed with braid of a different colour.

An elegant dress of white worked muslin has just been completed for a wedding djeuner. The skirt has five flounces edged with deep scallops, each scallop being formed by a tulip, beautifully worked in satin stitch and *point de dentelle*. The tulips thus suspended along the edge of the flounce were attached to foliage and buds, forming, altogether, a massive wreath. The corsage was slightly drawn and worked in two wreaths of tulips which branched upward from the waist to the shoulders. The back of the corsage was worked in a similar style. The sleeves were formed of three narrow frills, worked in the same pattern as the flounces. To complete the elegance of this dress each flounce was headed by a bouillonc of muslin, within which was run a pink ribbon. These ribbons formed, at each side of the skirt, bows with flowing ends, the bows diverging one from another from the upper to the lower flounce, thereby giving to the whole the effect of a *tablier* trimming.

Several ball dresses made during the last week have been forwarded to their respective destinations in the country. One, greatly admired, is of straw-coloured taffety, with five flounces edged with plaided ribbon and fringe. The head dress was a coiffure of plaided ribbon of a pattern similar to that which edged the flounces. A dress of white silk had two broad flounces, each headed and edged by a wreath of roses embroidered in natural colours. A dress of pink taffety had five flounces, edged with rows of pink velvet, woven in the silk, on a white ground, producing a charming effect. The high corsage was open in front, trimmed with white guipure and bows of pink velvet in front and at each side of the waist. The bottom of the corsage was edged with a row of guipure, which nearly joined the head of the upper flounce. Head-dress of rose-coloured velvet and guipure.

#### EPIDEMIC IN THE UNITED STATES—WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

We think a few timely hints to Canadian women may prevent this epidemic spreading. Kilts would be a very unbecoming dress for either our matrons or maids to assume.

The whole tendency of these conventions is by no means to increase the influence of woman, to elevate her condition, or to command the respect of the other sex. It is quite the reverse. We do not wonder that, after what has taken place, they should shun the light of New York city, and retreat to the obscurity of Cleveland for their next gathering.

Who are these women?—what do they want?

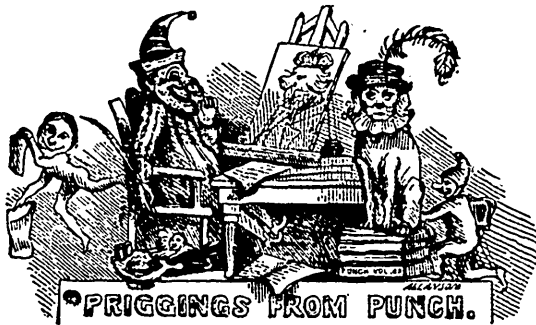
—what are the motives that impel them to this course of action? The *dramatis persone* of the farce enacted at Syracuse, present a curious conglomeration of both sexes; some of them are old maids, whose personal charms were never very attractive, and who have been sadly slighted by the masculine gender in general; some of them women who have been sadly mated, whose own temper, or their husbands', has made life anything but agreeable to them, and they are therefore down upon the whole of the opposite sex; some having so much of the *vingo* in their disposition, that nature appears to have made a mistake; some of boundless vanity and egotism, who believe that they are superior in intellectual strength to "all the world and the rest of mankind," and delight to see their speeches and addresses in print; some silly little girls, of from fifteen to twenty, who are tickled to death with the idea of being one day a great orator, a lawyer, a doctor, a member of Congress, perhaps President of the United States—and some who do not like to work for a living, or to perform the duties of the domestic circle, but to spend their time in talking and gossiping, and longing for a millennium of idleness, when, without any effort of their own they shall "eat, drink, and be merry;" "be clothed with purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day," reigning as queens and potentates, all of which shall be but a realization of their rights; and man shall be confined to his proper sphere, nursing the babies, washing the linen, mending stockings, and sweeping the house. This is "the good time coming." Besides the classes we have enumerated, there is a class of wild enthusiasts and visionaries—very sincere, but very mad. Of the male sex who attend these conventions for the purpose of taking a part in them, the majority are hen-pecked husbands, and all of them ought to wear petticoats.

In point of ability, the majority of the women are flimsy, and superficial. Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Rose, are the only exceptions.

We are aware, however, that women of great vigour of mind, and some of immense power of body, have arisen from time to time, while men of weak intellect and mean bodily strength are numerous enough. But individual cases prove nothing—it is the prevailing characteristics of the great mass of each sex that must determine the relative positions of both. Accordingly, the very laws of nature, which the Woman's Right Convention profess to respect, as well as the Bible, whose authority they scout, settle the question for ever.

What do the leaders of the Women's Rights Convention want? They want to vote, and to hustle with the rowdies at the polls. They want to be members of Congress, and in the heat of debate to subject themselves to coarse jests.

It is worthy of remark, that the women's rights folks complain that they find womankind more inimical to their pretensions than men. It is no wonder that all true, discreet, sensible women would feel that their sex is turned into ridicule by such folly, and that they evince their hostility to it in every shape and form. It is the natural offspring of the saty socialist and abolition doctrines that have agitated their country for a number of years.



PRIGGINGS FROM PUNCH.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Home Secretary (private and confidential.)

A word in your ear, Mr. Walpole. There is treason, hydra-headed treason, hatching. Now, we are not joking. Were we inclined to droll, we would not cast our jokes before certain Home Secretaries. Hush! This way. In a corner, if you please.

Do you ever see the *Morning Herald*? We thought so. Somehow you look as if you did. Still, we have brought a copy. Here it is. A leader on the treasonous atrocities contemplated by the traitorous projectors of the Crystal Palace in Penge Park! We will read you—when we can get a good mouthful of breath—a few of the lines: the dreadful lines. You see, the Palace is to be open on Sundays, after one o'clock. In that fact the *Herald* sees revolution, anarchy, and perhaps—a future republic, with John Cromwell Bright in Buckingham Palace! Listen—

“Go to mass on the Sabbath morning,” is the Church of Rome’s command,—“then go to the park, the ball, or the theatre.” That is the Sabbath of Paris, of Munich, of Vienna, and we are sorry to say, of Berlin also. And, as one natural result, a single month, in 1848, saw the Sovereigns of Paris, of Vienna, of Munich, and of Berlin, fugitives before their rebellious subjects. The people of England remained untouched by this sudden madness;—they were loyal to their Queen because they feared their God!”

You will perceive, Right Honourable Sir, that had the Palace existed in Penge Park, in 1848, the British Throne would have gone to bits like a smashed decanter. The Queen has only continued to reign because there has been no People’s Palace!

We see, sir, you are moved, but let us go on: “The Crystal Palace will be the main engine for introducing the continental Sabbath among us. The people may go to church, it will be said, and then they may go down to Sydenham and enjoy a walk in the Crystal Palace, and what harm can that do? \* \* \* Just all the harm in the world. Open and naked profaneness would shock most persons, but this mixture of religion and dissipation, will ruin myriads!”

Myriads, Right Honourable Sir, myriads! And then the drunkenness that will abound will be dreadful. No: not open and naked drunkenness;

because no intoxicating liquors will be sold; but there, there the danger. The materials for intoxication will be upon the premises. Drunkenness will be made easy to the senses; and in this manner:—There will be no gin, certainly; but there will be the juniper-tree, fatally suggestive to the Sabbath mind of “Cream of the Valley,” and “Old Tom.” Rum, as rum, is not to be thought of; but—and we wonder, Right Honourable Sir, that the analytical, the logical intellect of the *Herald* has missed it—but, if there be not rum in the glass, there will be the sugar-cane growing; there will be rum in its purely vegetable condition. And can it be thought that “Fine Old Jamaica” will not be extracted—mentally extracted—by the Sunday visitor? Again, we shall, no doubt, have the tobacco-plant in every variety. Of course, the Sunday visitor will—in idea we mean—inevitably put that in his imaginary pipe and smoke it!

Therefore, Right Honourable Sir, to imitate the logic of the pious *Morning Herald*, (not one type of that luminous print is, of course, lifted until after Sunday midnight!)—therefore, with juniper-trees, with sugar-canes, and with tobacco growing in the Palace—and that Palace thrown open after one o’clock on Sundays—therefore, nothing will be seen, nothing smelt, but men, women, aye, and even children—(think of that, Right Honourable Sir, the rising generation!)—reeling about drunk with gin and rum, and those not drunk, stupefied—brutally stupefied—with the fumes of tobacco!

We know that the gin is only in the tree; the rum in cane; the tobacco green and unplucked: nevertheless, the influence, the suggestiveness of their presence will, in the prophetic words of the *Herald*, “ruin myriads.” Yes, Right Honourable Sir, myriads.

We have done our duty, a difficult and a painful one, Mr. Walpole. We have been compelled to make you listen to the *Morning Herald*. But for all that, you will bear us no malice.

We see you are in a hurry—leave us. Things of import—determination strong—crowd and darkness in that official face!

You will immediately arrest Fox and Henderson, and Fuller, and Paxton, upon a charge of constructive treason—i. e., building the revolutionary fabric—and thereupon send them to the Tower.

As you please: but we think the Tower too good for them. Try Newgate.

## DEAR ENGLAND.

## A Song.

THE POETRY BY ———; THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO T. BELTON, ESQ., BY

J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

Voice.

*Moderate.*

P. Forte. *Sym.*

*Ad lib.* *a tempo.*

Dear Eng - land! bless - ings on thy soil, Thy

*coll. voce.*

wide and fer - tile val - leys, Thy state - ly halls, that

stand so fair 'Mid lawns and leaf - y al - leys, Thy

state - ly halls that stand so fair 'Mid lawns and leaf - y

*Fine.* *Verse.*  
al - leys, Bless - ings up - on thy breez - y downs, Thy

moun - tain wild - er - ness - es, Thy for - est's walks and

syl - van nooks, Thy far - off green re - cess - es. D.C.

D.C.

Thy village churches, old and gray,  
Their dead serenely sleeping,  
While over them the ancient yews,  
A solemn watch are keeping.  
Dear England; &c.

Round thy wide hearths, on winter nights,  
The wind and rain loud beating,  
What maidens fair, and stately men,  
Have sat, old tales repeating.

Dear England; we bless thee, dear old land!

And deem it our high duty,

||: To live for thee, to see and feel,  
Thy greatness and thy beauty. :||

N. B. The last stanza to be sung to the first part of the music.

## MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

MR. CLIREHUGH'S musical entertainment at the St. Lawrence Hall, on the 15th was, as it deserved to be, very well attended. Mr. Clirehugh's voice is not very powerful, but it is quite equal to the execution of the music he undertakes, and it is singularly sweet. He reminded us a good deal of Wilson, and we think that, except in power, he is fully equal to that artist. He was accompanied by Mr. Butterworth who fairly entranced his auditors by the delicious sounds he produced on the Franklonian, an instrument invented by the great Franklin, but very much improved by this gentleman, who has added two octaves to its original construction. We will not attempt to describe the tones of this instrument which can only be compared to the softest tones of musical bells. We were perfectly amazed at the fullness and richness of the sounds produced, and at Mr. Butterworth's wonderful execution. Legato, or Staccato, it is all the same to him, and the playing of "Rory O'More" or "Still so gently o'er me stealing" is equally beautiful. Jenny Lind's Echo Song, "The light of other days," "The last Rose of Summer," are also given on this instrument with very fine effect. We advise all, who can, to hear this instrument and to judge for themselves of its power and beauty.

### NEW YORK.

MADAME ALBONI.—By universal acknowledgment, no singer has ever succeeded in more effectually awakening the enthusiasm of an audience, than did Madame Alboni at her concert of Tuesday evening last. Expectation had been

on tiptoe for her "Casta Diva." Our expectations, however, fell very far short of the reality; for Alboni's voice speaks directly to the heart, and if ever that inborn soul of music which she possesses were fully given out to the admiration and delight of her audience, it must have been here. Each pause and the termination of every strain, were marked by a burst of applause, but quickly hushed, as if the audience could not afford to lose a single note. We could dwell with delight on each separate portion of this *cavatina*; but "Casta Diva" is so familiar now to require such a dissection, and we therefore only say that Alboni's voice and style lent the whole a rich and gorgeous colouring, and a newness of effect, which will be long remembered by those who had the good fortune to hear it. She was also as successful as heretofore in the beautiful *rondo* from "Sonnambula," "Ah non credea;" and sang again "Rhode's Variations" and the "Brindisi."

MADAME SONTAG.—The concert series in which Madame Sontag has been so ably supported and so remarkably successful, and which has proved such a rich treat to the lovers of music, is, for the present, suspended. She has gone to Philadelphia, where her countrymen have exhibited much enthusiasm in receiving her, in the way of music, addresses, and presentations. Madame Sontag's last two concerts, on Friday evening of last week, and on Monday last, were attended by great concourses. Both were on the same grand scale as their predecessors, and both appeared to give much satisfaction.