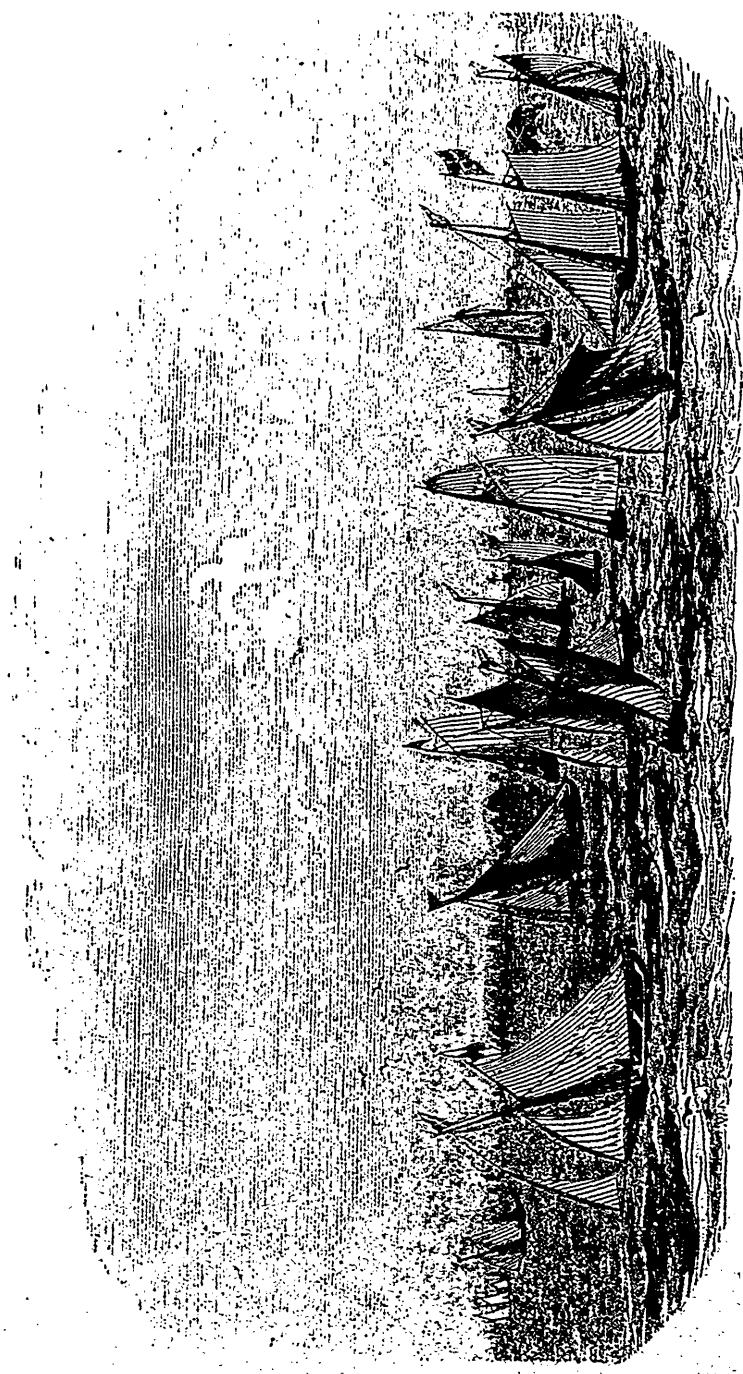




Paris Fashions for June.





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## HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

### CHAPTER VI.

ARTHUR having regulated, as far as circumstances would admit, all matters, civil\* and military, in the west, General Brock hastened his return to the Niagara frontier, leaving all the force he could spare at Detroit, under General Proctor, and on his way thither, while on his voyage across Lake Erie, in the schooner

*Note.*—Such was General Brock's anxiety to return to the Niagara frontier, that, though unwillingly, he was obliged to leave some affairs of importance unsettled, as the following shows:—  
*From Lieut. Col. Nichol, Quartermaster-General of Militia, to Major-General Brock.*

\* I have just been informed by Colonel Proctor that he intends sending an express to-morrow to Fort George, which gives me an opportunity to forward a few printed copies of your proclamation, and to inform you that in order to carry it into effect, it has been found absolutely necessary to organize the civil government. Under existing circumstances, I have advised Colonel Proctor to assume the administration until your pleasure is known, to which he has agreed, and the necessary arrangements consequent thereto have been adopted and promulgated. In Judge Woodward, who has been appointed secretary *pro tem*, he will find an able coadjutor; and as your object undoubtedly was to tranquillize the public mind, and to give the inhabitants a proof of the moderation and benevolence of His Majesty's Government, as well as to ensure the due administration

of Chippewa, he received the first intelligence of the armistice, which Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn, the American commander, had concluded. This intelligence occasioned the deepest regret to General Brock, as his foresight enabled him at once to perceive that the plans, which he had been maturing for an attack on Sackett's Harbor, must now necessarily be abandoned. His mortification must have been excessive at finding that the fruits of his successes in the west, which he was now prepared to gather, would be thus, in all probability, lost.

Without joining in the outcry raised against Sir George Prevost, this armistice deserves serious consideration, as its operations tended

to the laws, I do not think a more judicious choice could have been made. In all the discussions which took place on this subject, Colonel Proctor did me the honour to consult me; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I urged him to the step he has taken, of which I hope you will, as it is only temporary, approve. It has not been in my power as yet to send a statement of all that we have captured, as the property is so scattered, but I hope to finish this week. We got upwards of £1,200 in money, and have sent down a hundred packs worth, I suppose, £1,500 more. I have reason to think the captured property will not be much under £10,000.

We have still 250 prisoners to ship off, but I hope to get rid of them in a few days. Public confidence seems to be partially restored; business is again going on, and I hope that the country will become perfectly quiet.

It is impossible for me to say when I shall get done here. I hope, however, it will not be long. I regret that we are not able to send you complete returns of everything; but the captured property is in so many different places, and so scattered, that it cannot be done.

materially to strengthen and favor the future movements of the enemy, whilst the opportunity of making a decisive attack on the American positions was thrown away. General Brock was most desirous, ere the enemy should recover from the panic into which General Hull's catastrophe had thrown them, to profit, to the utmost, by vigorous and active movements; but he now found himself compelled to remain inactive, whilst he felt that prompt measures alone could ensure ultimate success.

The transport of the American stores,\* ordnance and provisions, of each of which they were much in want, not being prohibited by that armistice, was accordingly protected and facilitated by it on Lake Ontario, and along the Niagara frontier, beyond their most sanguine expectations.

"Most fortunately† Hull's business was settled by capitulation before the armistice was known to him or to General Brock, for had it reached him in time, he, of course, would gladly have accepted it, to gain delay for the arrival of reinforcements, and a supply of provisions, from which would have resulted the salvation of his army, the prejudicial consequences whereof are incalculable; for had a knowledge of it reached the Indian nations at that time, such a disgust and distrust must thereby have been excited, as could never have been removed; and the first effects of which would, probably, have appeared in the immediate dispersion of the Indians, whose powerful and indispensable aid, at that early period of the contest, would have been totally lost to us. To the facts above stated I must add the extraordinary circumstance, that a staff-officer was sent express from Montreal to Upper Canada, to prevent General Brock from proceeding to the Western District, but which most happily was prevented from taking effect, by the extraordinary rapidity of the movements of that zealous and gallant officer, who had proceeded thither before the officer so sent could reach him."

We are as little desirous of entering into a defence of Sir George Prevost, as of making a case against him, but the above strikes us as scarcely fair, either to General Brock or to Sir George Prevost. In the first place, Veritas

makes use of the expression "to give delay for the arrival of reinforcements, and a supply of provisions," now we have already shewn in Col. Cass's letter to the Secretary at War, that General Hull's catastrophe was to be ascribed neither to the want of one nor the other,—“that we were far superior to the enemy, that upon any ordinary principle of calculation we would have defeated them, the wounded and indignant feelings of every man there will testify;” again, “the state of our provisions has not generally been understood. On the day of surrender we had fifteen days provisions of every kind on hand. Of meat there was plenty in the country, and arrangements had been made for purchasing and grinding the flour. It was calculated we could readily procure three months provisions, independent of one hundred and fifty barrels of flour, and one thousand three hundred head of cattle which had been forwarded from the State of Ohio, and which remained at the river Raisin under Captain Brush, within reach of the army.” Now, these passages prove distinctly that General Brock's success was in no way attributable to the destitute state of his opponents, but was solely to be ascribed to his own energy and tactics. We do not think that Veritas meant in any degree to lessen the credit due to General Brock, on the contrary, his letters have all a direct tendency the other way; but we do think that, in his anxiety to establish a strong case against Sir George Prevost, he has, inadvertently, strengthened the hands of General Hull's apologists. With respect to Sir George Prevost the case is still more unfair, he says, “In short, military foresight, anticipation, or counteraction of possible or probable movements or designs of the enemy, formed no part of Sir George's system of operations.” Now, how was it possible for Sir George, hampered as he was by instructions from the English ministry, to run counter to the express orders he had received. What does Sir George say in his letter of August 30th to General Brock? “The king's government having most unequivocally expressed to me their desire to preserve peace with the United States, that they might, uninterrupted, pursue, with the whole disposable force of the country, the vast interests committed in Europe, I have endeavoured to be instrumental in the accomplishment of their

\* Vide the letters of Veritas.

† Ibid.

views; but I consider it most fortunate that I have been enabled to do so without interfering with your operations on the Detroit. I am in hourly expectation of receiving from Gen. Dearborn intelligence respecting the reception of the proposed suspension of hostilities, in consequence of the revocation of the orders in Council, which are the plea for war on the part of the American Cabinet." \* \* \* "I consider the arrangement entered into by General Dearborn, with Colonel Baynes, requiring the confirmation of the President, to establish its sacredness."

In his anxiety to criminate Sir George, Veritas is again unfair, for speaking of him, (page 20) he writes, "He was mainly a passive instrument at that time; neither did he give any orders or impulse." \* \* \* \* "In the whole of these events, all that he had to do was to reap the fruits of what others had done, and it would be supposed that all was owing to Sir George." When we come to consider the testimony of General Brock's biographer, his own nephew, we shall discover that whatever Sir George Prevost's immediate friends may have done, to Sir George himself, at all events, cannot be ascribed the desire of shining in borrowed plumage. Mr. F. Brock Tupper's evidence will prove this—"as we have already commented on Sir George Prevost's management of the war, and shall have occasionally to do so again, WE GLADLY GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR THE VERY HANDSOME MANNER in which he spoke of Major General Brock, in his despatch to Lord Bathurst, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, announcing the surrender of Detroit, and dated Montreal, 26th August, 1812."

The extracts from the despatch, however, will prove this still more effectually:—

"It was under these circumstances, at this critical period, and when the enemy were beginning to consult their security by entrenching themselves, that General Brock entered Amherstburg with a reinforcement, which he was fortunately enabled to do on the 13th instant, without the smallest molestation, in consequence of our decided naval superiority on the lakes. To his active and intelligent mind, the advantages which his enemy's situation afforded him over them, even with his very inferior force, were immediately apparent; and that he has not failed most effectually to

avail himself of those favorable circumstances, your lordship will, I trust, be satisfied, from the letter which I have the honor of transmitting.

"Having thus brought to your lordship's view the different circumstances which have led to the successful termination of the campaign in the western frontier of Upper Canada, I cannot withhold from Major General Brock the tribute of applause so justly due to him for his distinguished conduct on this occasion; or omit to recommend him, through your lordship, to the favorable consideration of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, for the great ability and judgment with which he planned, and the promptitude, energy, and fortitude with which he has effected, the preservation of Upper Canada, with the sacrifice of so little British blood in accomplishing so important a service."

This is scarcely the language which Sir George would have made use of had he been really desirous "to reap the fruits of what others had sown;" that it had not that effect, at all events, is pretty plain from Lord Bathurst's reply:—"I have had the honor of receiving your despatch, dated the 26th August, together with its enclosures from Major General Brock, and I lost no time in laying intelligence so important and satisfactory before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

"I am commanded by his Royal Highness to take the earliest opportunity of conveying his approbation of the ABLE, JUDICIOUS, and DECISIVE conduct of Major General Brock, of the zeal and spirit manifested by Col. Proctor and the other officers, as well as of the intrepidity of the troops under the command of Major General Brock.

"By the united exertions of this little army, the enterprise of the Americans has been defeated; the territories of his Majesty in Upper Canada have been secured; and on the enemy's fort of Detroit, so important to that security, the British standard has been happily placed.

"You will inform Major General Brock that his Royal Highness—taking into consideration all the difficulties by which he was surrounded, from the time of the invasion of the province by the American army, under the command of General Hull, and the singular judgment, skill, firmness, and courage with which he was

enabled to surmount them so effectually—has been pleased to appoint him an extra Knight of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath.”

This prompt action taken by the British Ministry in the recognition of what was due by a grateful country, to one who had so well and efficiently served her, should exonerate Sir George Prevost from the imputation of attempting to lessen General Brock's claims to distinction,—and with respect to “the vacillating measures pursued by him on all occasions,” it should be borne in mind that it is a most hazardous thing for a commanding officer to run counter to instructions where the course of conduct to be pursued was so expressly defined. All that can be hoped for, at best, in case of success, is “not to be blamed,” while, in the event of failure, sure and certain ruin must be the inevitable result.

It is more than probable that when we come to the consideration of the consequences of the policy pursued by Sir George Prevost, we shall find ample grounds for regret that a different course had not been adopted, but there is a wide difference between seeing that a measure has turned out a wrong one, and discovering the real parties to whom the blame should properly attach. The letters of Veritas should, therefore, be cautiously received, as, although, they are most valuable from the fund of information they contain; they are, nevertheless, tinctured with a spice of party feeling from which we are, at this latter time, perhaps more free.

The following note (see page 25) in reference to the Editor of the Quebec Gazette, will show this pretty clearly:—“This gentleman (the Editor of the Quebec Gazette) is now calling out for a truce or armistice, which would doubtless be very convenient for the purpose of his party, in order that the poison infused by his other false representations, might take full effect, by withholding the antidote of truth; but that cannot be, after such continued deceptions, and more especially after the most impudent and two-per-cent doctrine, promulgated by that editor, wherein he makes the approval of Sir George's measures, the criterion of loyalty; consequently, by that rule, those who stirred themselves most actively in the support of the Government during the war, and at its com-

menecement marched to suppress an insurrection striking at the vitals of our defence, are to be held as disloyal; and the insurgents with their abettors, at that time, good men and true—for true it is, that most of the former are non-addressees, whilst all the latter are addressees.”

Amongst the various congratulatory letters addressed to General Brock, on this occasion, we could select many that would tend to show how unfair it would be to assume that any attempt had been made by Sir George Prevost to profit by the deeds of another, or to deprive General Brock of any part of his fame. One, however, will suffice, from the Chief Justice of Lower Canada, where Sir George Prevost's popularity was deservedly very great, and where his influence was doubtless most felt.\* From the whole tenor of these letters it is easy to perceive that credit was given where due, and that General Brock was not deprived of the glory he had so deservedly won.

From a letter of Col. Baynes to General Brock, it is apparent that General Hull inspired a very different sort of feeling amongst his captors. Col. Baynes says, “Sir George has consented to allow General Hull to return upon his parole, he is loud in his complaints against the Government at Washington, and the General thinks that his voice, in the general cry, may be attended with beneficial effects, and has allowed him to return and enter the lists. General Hull appears to possess less feeling and sense of shame than any man in his situation could be supposed to do. He seems to be perfectly satisfied with himself, is lavish of censure upon his Government, but appears to think that the most scrupulous cannot attach the slightest blame to his own immediate conduct at Detroit. The grounds upon which he rests his defence are not, I fancy, well founded, for he told us that he had not, at

\*In your present situation, I am perfectly sensible of your occupations, and know that your time is precious. Yet I take the liberty to intrude upon you with my congratulations upon the brilliant success which has attended the measures which you have pursued with so much judgment in Upper Canada, and the thanks of an individual who feels the benefits which he, in common with every other subject of his majesty in British America, derives from your exertions.

Detroit, gunpowder for the service of one day. Sir George has since shewn him the return of the large supply found in the fort; it did not create a blush, but he made no reply. He professes great surprise and admiration at the zeal and military preparation that he has every where witnessed; that it was entirely unlooked for, and that he has no doubt that his friend, General Dearborn, will share his fate, if he has the imprudence to follow his example, Hull seems cunning and unprincipled: how much reliance is to be placed on his professions, time will shew."

Before entering on the consideration of the General situation of affairs, the effects of the armistice upon them. armistice, it will be expedient to cast a rapid glance at the general position of affairs in both Provinces, at that time, and to examine how far the enemy's plans were either promoted or impeded thereby.

On the confines of Lower Canada, large bodies of American troops were stationed, and each day was adding to their numbers, a descent upon Montreal by St. John's and Odelltown being evidently the object in contemplation. At Niagara, and along the whole of that frontier, General Van Rensselaer was indefatigable in his exertions and had already assembled so formidable a force as to afford serious grounds for apprehension; on the part of Gen. Brock, that an irruption, at no distant date, might be expected in that quarter. Further westward General Harrison was actively employed in raising troops, and concentrating them about the river Raisin, near Detroit, with the intention of recapturing that position. According to some American accounts the hopes of this officer were sanguine. General Armstrong, after noticing several desultory attacks, by the Kentucky and Ohio militia, against some Indian settlements, observes "such was the state of things on the western frontier, when the Government, having decided the rival pretensions of Generals Winchester and Harrison, vested in the latter the command of the army and district: with orders sufficiently definite, as to the objects to be pursued, but entirely discretionary as to the time and mode of pursuing them." Availing himself of the latitude given by this new and increased authority, the General hastened to remodel his plan of campaigns and promptly rejecting his

first proposal of recapturing Detroit by a *coup de main*,\* he planned a march by three separate and distinct routes across the swampy and uninhabited region in his front to the rapids of the Miami—whence, after accumulating one million of rations for the troops, and forage for two thousand horses and oxen, he proposed marching rapidly on Brownstown, crossing the river Detroit, and before the commencement of winter, taking Malden and recapturing the Michigan territory.

Such was the position of affairs along the whole frontier of both the Canadas; and we will now proceed to show what were the effects of (according to Veritas) the deadly armistice entered into by Sir George Prevost.

The American commander-in-chief, General Dearborn, a short time after the commencement of hostilities, fixed his quarters at Greenbush, near Albany, where he had formed a military dépôt, "with a view," says Christie, "of collecting an army to overawe Lower Canada, and, by preventing succours being sent to the upper province, afford General Hull every facility for the accomplishment of his designs in that quarter." About the commencement of August he received despatches from Sir George Prevost, by the Adjutant-General, Colonel Baynes, bearing a flag of truce notifying the repeal of the orders in Council, information whereof

\* While acting in a subordinate capacity to Winchester, the General had no doubt of being able, with a few mounted men, to re-take Detroit by a *coup de main*, and was careful to inform the Government of his plans and their practicability. When, however, by means of this and other representations, having the same object, he became commanding officer of the army and district, his views suddenly changed; the rapid and certain process of a *coup de main* was abandoned as hopeless, and one more systematic and imposing substituted for it, requiring as a preliminary to any direct movement on Malden or Detroit, an accumulation of twelve months' provisions and forage, with carts, waggons, &c., to transport them from the place of deposit to the scene of action, or, in other words, the entire purchase of all surplus corn, flour or fodder, oxen, horses, carts, waggons, &c., to be found within the state of Ohio; and this at a time (22nd of October,) when he says of the roads, "to get supplies forward through a swampy wilderness of more than two hundred miles, in waggons, or on pack-horses, which are also to carry their own fodder, is absolutely impossible."—*McClellan's War*, page 167.



had been transmitted to his Excellency from Halifax, by Mr. Fester, the late Minister in America. A proposition accompanying these as to the propriety of suspending hostilities, until the pleasure of the President of the United States should be known, was submitted to the American General, in the hope that this conciliatory measure, removing the alleged principal ground of difference between the two nations, would be met by a corresponding disposition on the part of the American Government. General Dearborn readily consented to an armistice (except as to General Hull, who, he said, acted under the immediate commands of the secretary-at-war), and forwarded the despatches to his Government, which, misconstruing this friendly proffer into a sense of weakness and of danger on the part of the British commander, and probably flushed with the prospect of subjugating Upper Canada, refused to ratify the armistice.

We have already stated that the transport of American stores was much furthered by the operations of the armistice; but it should be remembered that it was equally in the power of the British to avail themselves of the time thus afforded them for preparation. Still it was clearly Sir George Prevost's duty to carry out by every means in his power the instructions he had received from the British Government, and we do not see what other course he could have adopted.

He availed himself of the very first opportunity that offered to re-establish amicable relations between the two countries. In short, he advised the American Government that they had now no cause to allege for a continuance of hostilities, inasmuch as all the grievances of which they complained had been removed. He, therefore, in furtherance of his instructions, proposed a temporary cessation of hostilities, in hopes of averting the miseries of a war between two kindred nations, and of affording time for the establishment of a permanent peace. As far as this proposal is in question, no other course was open to Sir George; he had not the power of choice. When, too, we consider the matter still further, it should be remembered that the armistice only lasted one month, although in force for a longer period on the western frontier, and on the 31st August Sir George dispatched his instructions to the west, advising Gen. Brock

of the disallowance of the temporary truce. Besides if the Americans had availed themselves of it for one purpose, so also had the British for another. "A cordon was formed along the frontiers of Lower Canada, from Yamaska to St. Régis, where the line of separation between the United States and Lower Canada touches the St. Lawrence, consisting of Canadian voltigeurs and part of the embodied militia. A light brigade of the elite of the forces regular and militia, was formed at Blairfindie, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Young, of the 8th regiment, consisting of the flank companies of the 8th, 100th, and 103d regiments, with the Canadian Fencibles, the flank companies of the first battalion of embodied militia, and a small brigade of the royal artillery, with six field pieces.

"The road to the United States, from the camp at Blairfindie (or L'Acadie) through Burtonville and Odelltown, was cut up and rendered impracticable by abatis, and every precaution taken to prevent a sudden irruption from that quarter. The voltigeurs, with extraordinary perseverance, effected this fatiguing duty in the course of a very short time, under the superintendance of their commanding officer, Major de Salaberry."

The enumeration of these various operations is a fair proof that, as the armistice benefited the Americans, so did it, in like manner, operate beneficially on British interests. We will, however, to enable the reader to arrive at a just conclusion, make a few extracts from the narrative of S. Van Ranselaer, who acted as aide-de-camp to his relative, General Van Ranselaer, at that time commanding the troops on the Niagara frontier:—

"In this state of things, the armistice which had been concluded between General Dearborn and the Governor General of Canada, was announced to General Van Ranselaer, and it became necessary to settle with the commander of the British forces opposite to us, terms of an arrangement for the government of the armies on the Niagara, during the continuance of the armistice. The performance of this duty was assigned to me, and a suggestion having been made by me to that effect, I had the authority of General Van Ranselaer to attempt such an arrangement, as, besides securing the objects contemplated by General Dearborn, might enable us, pending the

armistice, to use the waters of the Ontario, as a common and undisturbed highway for the purposes of transportation. My interview with General Sheaffe, in this mission, was one full of interest, as was anticipated. The terms proposed by me were met not only by objections, but at first by an unequivocal refusal to accede to them. The following clause, proposed and insisted on, on the part of the British General, will serve to show how wide of each other were our respective views and interests, 'It is moreover to be distinctly understood, that there is not anything in the foregoing articles, to be construed into granting facilities for the forwarding of troops, stores, &c. which did not exist before the declaration of the armistice, further than they are to pass unmolested as therein provided, in the mode and by the waters assigned to them prior to the cessation of hostilities.' The result of a protracted discussion, however, was an agreement which confined the restrictions to the movement of troops, stores, &c. to the country above Fort Erie, and left such movements elsewhere entirely unshackled and free.

"The importance of this arrangement has never been sufficiently appreciated. The immediate and pressing necessity for it on our part, was, that without it, the ordnance and supplies intended for the army, having been collected at Oswego, were not likely ever to reach us, the roads were impassable, especially for heavy cannon, and the highway of the lake was beset by a triumphant enemy. As soon as the negotiation was successfully completed, an express was dispatched to Col. Fenwick at Oswego, to move on with his supplies with all possible expedition. But General Van Ranselaer was enabled to use this advantage for another purpose of even greater importance to the service.—No sooner was the way open, than an express was sent to Ogdensburgh with an order for the removal of nine vessels from that place to Sackett's Harbor. To this movement was Commodore Chauncey indebted for the ascendancy which he, for a time, was enabled to maintain on the lake, and without which the subsequent descent on Little York could not have been attempted."

It is now for the reader to weigh well the position of Sir George Prevost. He had received certain instructions from home which

he was bound to obey: a particular line of conduct presented itself which would confer certain advantages on the enemy, but which he saw that he could also turn to his own profit: forbearance towards America was the policy which he had been ordered to adopt: should he then be blamed because, in pursuance of his instructions, and in hopes of a speedy termination of the differences with America, he endeavored, by temporising, to avoid measures tending to widen the breach and give cause to the American people to embark heartily in the quarrel of their government.

In addition to the above reasons, it should also be borne in mind, that Sir George was conscious of his inferior strength, and was pretty well aware that at this juncture there was but little hope that such reinforcements could be expected, from any quarter, as would enable him to adopt any other than a defensive system. Whatever errors of judgment we may, at a later period of our narrative, find cause to attribute to Sir George Prevost, so far we can scarcely blame him for avoiding the risk of weakening his already small force in hazardous enterprises which, in case of failure, must end in certain ruin to the provinces committed to his charge.

A few extracts from the letters of Veritas will serve to prove how anxious Sir George's enemies were to find something to condemn in his measures. We have already, in former chapters, shewn how unexpected by Great Britain was a declaration of war on the part of the United States. We have shewn the forbearance and conciliatory attitude of the English ministry;—we have brought before our readers proofs that the war was not popular with the majority of the inhabitants of the United States, certainly not with the reflecting part of the community; in short, we have proved distinctly that the war was unexpected, and that, even at the eleventh hour, there were sound reasons for calculating that an amicable arrangement would be entered into. According to Veritas, soon after Sir George's arrival in Canada, "he made a rapid tour through the upper part of this province; no doubt for the purpose of viewing it with a military eye, and thereby personally judging of the best positions for defence, in case of need. This was highly proper, but like

many other excursions, no visible result followed.

"The winter of 1811 passed on without any preparations contemplative of war, (the before-mentioned militia act excepted,) notwithstanding the fulminations in Congress against us, during all that winter: the open avowal of their designs upon Canada, and the actual spreading of the cloth for Mr. Peter B. Porter's war feast, as announced in the committee of Congress, whereof he was the organ.

"The two internal keys of the province, viz.—Isle-aux-Noix and Coteau du Lac, were either despised or overlooked in that tour, notwithstanding the importance decidedly given to the former, especially by the French engineers, and by General Haldimand, who was an able judge of positions, and who had expended a large sum of money in fortifying it, in the former American war.

"The cause of the neglect I know not with certainty, but the fact is, that Isle-aux-Noix was not occupied until some time after the war, and might have been seized by the enemy, had he then possessed sufficient military capacity to estimate its value. Coteau du Lac was not occupied until the summer of 1813.

"Not a gun-boat or vessel was built in the river Richelieu, at, or above St. John's, or even thought of, until the Almighty threw into the power of the brave 100th Regiment and a few artillery, in garrison at Isle-aux-Noix, two of the enemy's armed vessels, which were captured in a most gallant style, by the aid of a gun-boat or two, built, by order of Sir James Craig, at Quebec, which had been conveyed overland to St. John's; and which captures formed the basis of a flotilla for Lake Champlain, and first suggested the idea of endeavoring to command it.

"It has been matter of surprise to many, why a number of flat-boats, capable of carrying heavy guns, were never built at Lachine, to be stationed below the Cascades, at Isle Perrault, or wherever else on Lake St. Louis might have been considered most advisable and convenient, for a rapid movement to attack the enemy if they descended the St. Lawrence, immediately after passing the rapids of the Cedars, before they could collect together and form; it being certain that their boats must necessarily sault or pass the rapids unconnected, and by comparison as it were, in

Indian-file, or in sections of a very small front; consequently, their discomfiture would have been easy, had they been met immediately after by a respectable number of our armed boats, ready and fresh for the attack."

What is here complained of is, first, that no results followed Sir George's tour through the provinces on first assuming the government. We are rather at a loss to know what results were looked for, or could have been expected, to us it appears that all Sir George wanted was to make himself personally master of the different points most exposed to attack, and capable of being easily made defensible; this he did by personal inspection, and having gained the information he required, he was prepared in case of necessity to make use of it. We do not see that Sir George would have been warranted, in a young and poor colony, to waste its resources on works that it was very uncertain would be required.

The next complaint is, that the winter of 1811 was suffered to pass over without any preparation contemplative of war. The passage, we presume, that is here alluded to in Mr. Porter's speech, and which we give at length below,\* is as follows:—"In short, it

Mr. Porter said that the house were probably expecting from the committee on foreign relations some explanation of their views in reporting the resolutions now under consideration, in addition to the general exposition of them contained in the report itself. The committee themselves felt that such explanations were due, inasmuch as they had only reported in part, and had intimated their intention to follow up those resolutions, should they be adopted, by the recommendation of ulterior measures.

The committee, Mr. P. said, after examining the various documents accompanying the president's message were satisfied, as he presumed every member of the house was, that all hopes of accommodation must be abandoned. When they looked at the correspondence between the two governments; when they observed the miserable shifts and evasions (for they were entitled to no better appellation) to which Great Britain resorted to excuse the violations of our maritime rights, it was impossible not to perceive that her conduct towards us was not regulated even by her own sense of justice, but solely by a regard to the probable extent of our forbearance. The last six years have been marked by a series of progressive encroachments on our rights; and the principles by which she publicly upheld her aggressions, were as mutable as her conduct. We had seen her one year advancing doctrines which the year before she had reprobated. We had seen her one day capturing our vessels under pretexts, which on the preceding day she would have been ashamed

was the determination of the committee to recommend open and decided war, a war as vigorous and effective as the resources of the country, and the relative situation of ourselves and our enemy would enable us to prosecute."

This we admit was pretty strong language, and was used on the 6th of December, 1811. On the 8th of December, however, we find Mr. Cheeves, from the committee appointed

or afraid to avow. Indeed, said Mr. P., she seems to have been constantly and carefully feeling our pulse, to ascertain what portions we would bear; and if we go on submitting to one indignity after another, it will not be long before we shall see British subjects, not only taking our property in our harbours, but trampling on our persons in the streets of our cities.

Having become convinced that all hopes, from further negotiation were idle, the committee, Mr. P. said, were led to the consideration of another question which was—whether the maritime rights which Great Britain is violating were such as we ought to support at the hazard and expense of a war? And he believed he was correct in stating that the committee was unanimously of the opinion they were. The committee thought that the orders in council so far as they go to interrupt our *direct trade*, that is, the carrying the productions of this country to a market in the ports of friendly nations, and returning with the proceeds of them—ought to be resisted by war. How far we ought to go in support of what is commonly called the *carrying trade*, although the question was agitated in the committee, no definitive opinion was expressed.—It was not deemed necessary, at this time, to express such an opinion, inasmuch as the injury we sustain by the inhibition of this trade is merged in the greater one to our direct trade.

The orders in council, Mr. P. said, of which there seemed now to be no prospect of a speedy repeal, certainly none during the continuance of the present war, authorising the capture of our vessels bound to and from ports where British commerce is not favourably received; and as that nation is at war with most of the civilized world, the effect was (as he understood) from those who had much better information on the subject than he could pretend to, to cut up at once, about three-fourths of our best and most profitable commerce: It was impossible that the mercantile or agricultural interests of the United States, which on the question of a right to the *direct trade* could never be separated, could submit to such impositions. It was his opinion that going upon the ground of a mere pecuniary calculation, a calculation of profit and loss, it would be for our interest to go to war to remove the orders in council, rather than to submit to them, even during the term of their probable continuance.

But there was another point of view in which the subject presented itself to the committee, and that was as regarded the character of the country. We were a young nation, and he hoped we cherished a little pride and spirit, as well as a great deal of justice and moderation. Our situation was not unlike that of a young man just entering into

in that part of the President's message which relates to the naval force of the United States, and to the defence of the maritime frontier, making the following report, in part:—

"The committee to whom was referred so much of the President's message of the 5th of November, 1811, as relates to the defence of our maritime frontier, report, in part, that two communications from the Secretary at War,

life, and who, if he tamely submitted to cool, deliberate, intentional indignity, might safely calculate to be kicked and cuffs for the whole remainder of his life; or, if he should afterwards undertake to retrieve his character, must do it at ten times the expense which it would have cost him at first to support it. We should clearly understand and define those rights which as a nation we ought to support, and we should support them at every hazard. If there be any such thing as rights between nations, surely the people of the *United States*, occupying the half of a continent, have a right to navigate the seas, without being molested by the inhabitants of the little island of Great Britain.

It was under these views of the subject that the committee did not hesitate to give it as their opinion, that we ought to go to war in opposition to the orders in council. But as to the extent of the war and the time when it should be commenced, there would be of course some diversity of sentiment, in the house, as there was at first in the committee.

That we can contend with Great Britain openly and even-handed on the element where she injures us, it would be folly to pretend. Were it even in our power to build a navy which should be able to cope with hers, no man who has any regard for the happiness of the people of this country, would venture to advise such a measure. All the fame and glory which the British navy has acquired at sea, have been dearly paid for in the sufferings and misery of that ill-fated people at home—sufferings occasioned in a great measure by the expense of that stupendous establishment. But without such a navy, the United States could make a serious impression upon Great Britain, even at sea. We could have, within six months after a declaration of war, hundreds of *privateers* in every part of the ocean. We could harass, if not destroy, the vast and profitable commerce which she is constantly carrying on to every part of this continent. We could destroy her fisheries to the north; we could deplete upon her commerce to the West India islands which is passing by our doors; we could annoy her trade along the coast of South America; we could even carry the war to her own shores in Europe. But, Mr. P. said, there was another place where we could attack her, and where she would feel our power still more sensibly. We could deprive her of her extensive provinces lying along our borders to the north. These provinces were not only immensely valuable in themselves, but almost indispensable to the existence of Great Britain, cut off as she now is in a great measure from the north of Europe. He had been credibly informed that the exports from

—which accompany this report,—which were made in reply to queries propounded by the committee, contain the best information on the subject which they have been able to collect.

“That one of them contains an enumeration of the permanent fortifications which have been completed or commenced, with remarks on the troops necessary to garrison them. That for the completion of works already commenced, *no further appropriation is requisite.*

Quebec alone amounted during the last year, to near six millions of dollars, and most of these too in articles of the first necessity—in ship timber and in provisions for the support of her fleets and armies. By carrying on such a war as he had described, at the public expense, on land, and by individual enterprise at sea, we should be able in a short time to remunerate ourselves tenfold for all the spoiliations she had committed on our commerce.

It was with a view to make preparations for such a war, that the committee had offered the resolutions on the table. Whether the means recommended were adequate to the object, or whether they were best adapted to the end, it would be for the house, when they came to discuss them separately, to determine. For himself, Mr. P. said, and he presumed such were the feelings of all the members of the committee, he should have no objections to any modifications of them which might be agreeable to the house, so that the great object was still retained. If these resolutions, or any other similar to them in object, should pass; it was then the intention of the committee, as soon as the forces contemplated to be raised should be in any tolerable state of preparation, to recommend the employment of them for the purpose for which they shall have been raised, unless Great Britain shall, in the mean time, have done us justice. In short, it was the determination of the committee to recommend open and decided war—a war as vigorous and effective as the resources of the country, and the relative situation of ourselves and our enemy would enable us to prosecute.

The committee, Mr. P. said, have not recommended this course of measures without a full sense of the high responsibility which they have taken upon themselves. They are aware that war, even in its best and fairest form, is an evil deeply to be deprecated: But it is sometimes, and on few occasions perhaps more than on this, a necessary evil. For myself, I confess I have approached the subject not only with diffidence but with awe: But I will not shrink from my duty because it is arduous or unpleasant, and I can most religiously declare that I never acted under stronger or clearer convictions of duty than I do now in recommending these preparatory measures; or, than I shall ultimately in recommending war, in case Great Britain shall not have rescinded her orders in council, and made some satisfactory arrangements in respect to the imprisonment of our seamen. If there should be any gentlemen in the house who were not satisfied that we ought

But that some additional works are deemed necessary, the precise extent of which *cannot at present be determined.*”

It is apparent from the tenor of this report, that with a great portion of the American people, the prospects of a war were by no means certain. We would also remind the reader of various extracts, we made in the introductory part of this narrative, of a decidedly pacific tone, (Mr. Shelley's of Virginia,

not to go to war for our maritime rights, Mr. P. earnestly desires them not to vote for the resolutions. Do not, said he, let us raise armies, unless we intend to employ them. If we do not mean to support the rights and honor of the country, let us not drain it of its resources.

Mr. P. said he was aware that there were many gentlemen in the house who were dissatisfied that the committee had not gone further and recommended an immediate declaration of war, or the adoption of some measures which would have instantly precipitated us into it. But he confessed such was not his opinion. He had no idea of plunging ourselves headlong into a war with a powerful nation, or even a respectable province, when we had not three regiments of men to spare for that service. He hoped that we should not be influenced by the howling of newspapers, nor by a fear that the spirit of the twelfth congress would be questioned, to abandon the plainest dictates of common sense and common discretion. He was sensible that there were many good men out of congress as well as many of his best friends in it, whose appetites were prepared for a *war feast*. He was not surprised at it for he knew the provocatives had been sufficiently great. But he hoped they would not insist on calling in guests, at least until the table should have been spread. When this was done, he pledged himself in behalf of the committee of foreign relations that the gentleman should not be disappointed of the entertainment for the want of bidding; and he believed he might also pledge himself for many of the members of the committee, that they would not be among the last to partake personally, not only in the pleasures, if any there should be, but in all the dangers of the revelry.

Mr. P. said that this was the time and occasion on which, above all others, within his experience, we should act in concert. If the ultimate object of the great body of this house and of this nation was the same, and so far as he had been able to ascertain the sentiments of both, it was—there would be no difficulty in attaining it. But we must yield something to the opinions and feelings of each other.—Instead of indulging in party reflections and recriminations in this house, he hoped that the whole house of the union would form but one party, and consider a foreign nation as the other.

Mr. P. said he had risen merely for the purpose of explaining to the house the opinions and views of the committee in relation to the resolutions now to be discussed, and he should be satisfied if he had been so fortunate as to succeed.

for instance.) Is there, then, any reason for astonishment, that Sir G. Prevost, combining his instructions from home with the strenuous efforts that were being made by the peace party in Congress, should have imagined that there might be a possibility of an amicable arrangement being finally entered into?

He naturally supposed that his Government, through their agents, must be more thoroughly masters of the intentions of the American Cabinet than he possibly could be. He was ordered to avoid all measures that could provoke hostile feelings, he obeyed his instructions, and is he open to blame for so doing, and should not rather the British Cabinet be blamed for fettering him with their instructions?

After the war was declared, (here the reader must not omit to bear in mind that the conclusion was so hastily come to, that five days after the declaration was signed and sealed in Congress, the cause, the obnoxious orders in Council, was removed by the repeal of the said orders,) and Sir George complained of the want of troops and every munition of war necessary for the defence of his government. Veritas observes, "It is the acme of assurance to insinuate, that Ministers were to blame for such insufficiency, especially as they could only have a knowledge of our wants through Sir George's information."—Now how in justice can Sir George be blamed for not informing ministers of his requirements for a war, which he was instructed by all the means in his power to avoid the promotion of.

In his anxiety to attack the movers of the address to Sir George Prevost, in reference to the war, Veritas has suffered himself to go to the verge of injustice towards the addressed. The following passage seems to have particularly aroused his indignation, if we may judge from what follows: "The smallness of the regular army with which your Excellency was left to withstand the whole efforts of the United States, for two years, and the insufficiency of the naval force on the lakes, have exposed his Majesty's arms to some reverses.' How came they to dare to venture upon such an imposture? Is it because they reckon upon the banishment of the use of memory, as is necessary in all the operations of the junto? or if not so, is it the

idea that no person here durst attempt to expose it? or finally, is it, that at a distance, (as the addresses are manufactured for exportation), they counted upon no one finding it out, as they meant to keep their own counsel?

"However, I do entertain some hope that they have reckoned without their host; and that *le bon vieux temps* and myself, who are fellow-laborers in the same vineyard for the correction of falsehood and support of truth, without having any knowledge of, or communication with, each other, will open the eyes of many, if we cannot of all the blind; for of the cure of the honest really blind patriots I cannot doubt; but of the wilfully blind, they must be left to be cured by their own folly, and the contempt of all independent minds."

Referring to the charge of our losing the naval superiority of the lakes Veritas adds, "Upon the subject of the upper lakes, their neglect in 1812 cannot be excused, even upon the principle of ignorance or inadvertency; for the common table talk that summer at Montreal was the incompetency of the officers and men on board the King's ships on Lake Ontario (and that talk is supposed to have been always better known at head-quarters than the designs of the enemy), and that a strong remedy was necessary, or the command thereof would be lost. Of that incompetency there was furnished the most striking proof by Commodore Earle, when he went over in the Royal George to Sackett's Harbour, in 1812, to destroy the Oneida Brig; and on arriving there, finding her hauled into the inner harbour, and one or two of her guns landed and planted on the bluff point (for then there was no garrison, without cover, which fired at him—the gallant Commodore immediately turned his tail or stern to the enemy, and returned to Kingston, *re in fectâ*, but with whole bones. Yet no notice was taken of this at head-quarters, nor any remedy attempted, and he remained in command of the Ontario squadron until the arrival of Sir James Yeo, and then, forsooth, was offended at being superseded. It is proper to remark that Commodore Earle does not belong to the Royal Navy."

We have now done with this head, on which we have dwelt, perhaps, at too great length; but if so, it must be ascribed to our desire to do justice to all, and to seek dili-

gently, where a mistake has occurred, for the really culpable party. To the present period, therefore, have we desired to vindicate Sir George; the relation of subsequent events may, perhaps, compel us to exchange the language of apology for that of censure; if so, we shall endeavor to deal with his errors in the same spirit of fairness which has impelled us to the attempt to clear his memory from faults unjustly ascribed to him.

Before following General Brock to the Nia-

Arrival of Indians, as  
a reinforcement, at De-  
troit. gara frontier, we must  
not omit to observe that

there was some shadow of truth in General Hull's statement respecting the force of our Indian allies, although the necessity of surrendering such a post as Detroit on that account may well be questioned. Besides Gen. Hull yielded, not to the actual strength of these allies, for he surrendered before their arrival, but to the apprehension of their arrival. Major Richardson observes, "Mr. Robert Dickson, a gentleman to whom long intercourse with the Indians had imparted a knowledge of their character, and influence over their minds, which proved highly beneficial to the British cause, was then actively engaged in collecting some of the most warlike tribes; while the present Col. Askin of London, at that time, in the Indian Department, was already within a few days journey of Detroit, with a body of two hundred and seventy warriors, under their Chief Big-gun. This little detachment had set out expressly for the relief of Amherstburg, and, in its passage down in bark canoes, encountered much peril and difficulty, having had to cross Saginaw bay, nearly fifty miles in extent, and for many hours in their frail barks, even out of sight of the land. Such was the celerity of their movements, that they reached Amherstburg in the remarkably short period of six days from their departure from Michilimacinae." Whether the fear of these allies was a sufficient excuse for General Hull's abandonment of a strong post we leave to the reader to decide.

In speaking of the capture of the Caledonia

Capture of the Detroit  
and Caledonia by the  
Americans. and Detroit by the Ame-

ricans, Major Richardson remarks, "The two armed vessels already mentioned as having covered our landing, on the 16th, were put in requisition for this

service (the transportation of the irregular forces of General Hull to Buffalo, there to be disembarked preparatory to their return to their native State, Ohio,) and to these were added the Detroit and the Caledonia, a fine merchant brig. I do not recollect who was appointed to the command of the Detroit, but the Caledonia had her own captain, Mr. Irvine, a young man of a peculiarly retiring and amiable disposition, yet endowed with great resolution and firmness of character. These two vessels, having reached their destination for landing the prisoners, were then lying wholly unprotected and unsuspecting of danger in the harbour of Erie when, one dark night, they were assailed by two large boats, filled with American sailors and troops, which had dropped along side without being perceived, until it was too late for anything like effectual resistance. The Detroit was almost immediately carried, but the young captain of the Caledonia, which lay a little below her, aroused by the confusion on board his consort, prepared for a vigorous, though almost entirely personal resistance. Hastily arming himself, and calling on his little and inexperienced crew (scarcely exceeding a dozen men) to do the same, he threw himself in the gangway, and discharged a loaded blunderbuss into the first advancing boat, now dropping from the Detroit to board the Caledonia."

After describing the gallant though unsuccessful defence made by Mr. Irvine, Major Richardson continues, "The intrepidity and self-devotion of Mr. Irvine, whose single arm had killed and wounded no less than seven of his assailants, met with that reward it so richly merited. The heads of the naval department anxious to secure so gallant an officer to the service, tendered to him, on his exchange, which took place shortly after, the commission of a lieutenant in the Provincial Navy, in which capacity he continued to serve during the whole of the subsequent naval operations."

The surprise of the Detroit and Caledonia was considered a very brilliant feat, but, without seeking to disparage the American character for bravery, we cannot look on the exploit in the same light in which they would have it considered. Both vessels having been simply employed in cartel service, were unprovided with other than the common means

of defence peculiar to merchantmen, while their crews were not only weak in number, but composed of a class of men, French Canadian sailors and voyageurs, who were ill qualified to compete with two full boat loads of practiced and resolute American sailors and soldiers. Moreover, both vessels lay in a supposed perfect security, and in utter absence of any kind of preparation. It was not conceived necessary to be on the alert, as it was supposed that the pacific character in which they appeared, would have shielded them from all hostile attempts. At the moment of the surprise both vessels had on board the prisoners brought from Detroit for the purpose of being landed at Buffalo,—how, therefore, the Americans can be justified, in violating the sanctity of the flag which continued to float as long as there were American prisoners on board, we cannot perceive.

An accident,\* at one time promising results

far more serious than any  
Brock. which could spring from

the capture of the vessels just named, occurred about the same period.

\* At this crisis General Brock, anxious to assume the offensive on the Niagara frontier, lost not a moment in returning across the Lake, ordering down at the same time, not only the Toronto Militia, but those troops of the 11st., who had preceded and accompanied him to Detroit. The Queen Charlotte, principally laden with the regulars of the captured army, had sailed on the very evening of the surrender, and General Brock the next day embarked in a very small trading schooner, on board which were about 70 Ohio Riflemen, guarded by a small party of militia rifles which composed a portion of the volunteers from Toronto. During the passage none of the guard were on any account permitted to go below, either by day or by night, and not more than half a dozen Americans were allowed to be upon deck at the same time—the hatches being secured above the remainder. It was a duty of some fatigue, and requiring the exercise of the utmost vigilance on the part of the little guard. One morning, about day break, when by their reckoning they judged they were close to the harbor of Fort Erie, they found themselves suddenly becalmed, and in the midst of a fog which had commenced during the night. As the sun rose the fog began to disperse but the calm prevailed, and gradually, as the wreathing mists rolled upwards, the guard discovered, to their dismay, that they were close upon the American shore near Buffalo. The danger was imminent, for a number of persons were already assembled, evidently at a loss to discover to what flag the vessel belonged, and wondering what had brought her into a position

Towards the latter end of August, Major Expedition against Muir was despatched with Fort Wayne, abandonment of enterprise. a small force against Fort Wayne, which it was deemed expedient to attempt the destruction of.

The time selected for the attempt seemed most favorable, as the tranquillity of the Canadian frontier had been just secured by the surrender of Detroit, and the occupancy of the adjacent districts. According to reports also received, the garrison of this post consisted only of a hundred men or thereabouts, not

entirely out of the usual course of navigation. In this emergency, the officer commanding the watch (Lieut. Jarvis, now Superintendent of Indian affairs) hastened below to acquaint General Brock, who was lying on his bed, with the danger which threatened the vessel, which it was impossible, by reason of the calm, to get farther from the shore. General Brock immediately sprang to his feet, and rushing upon the deck, saw the situation of the vessel was precisely what has been described. He was extremely angry, and turning to the master of the schooner said, "you scoundrel you have betrayed me, let but one shot be fired from the shore and (pointing to it) I will run you up on the instant to that yard arm." The master, though innocent of all design, was greatly alarmed by the stern threat of the General, and as the only possible means of extricating the vessel from her perilous situation, ordered several of his crew into a small punt, attached to her stern, the only boat belonging to her. In this they attempted to tow her, but made so little progress that one of the guard asked permission of the General to discharge his rifle, in order to attract the attention of the Queen Charlotte, then lying at anchor between point Abino and Fort Erie, to a signal which had been previously hoisted. Apprehensive that the shot might not be heard by their friends, while it might be the means of informing the enemy of their true character, General Brock at first refused his sanction, but as the man seemed confident that the report of his rifle would reach the other shore he finally assented, and the shot was fired. Soon afterwards the answering signal was run up to the mast head of the Queen Charlotte and that vessel seeing the doubtful situation of the schooner, on board which however they were not aware the General had embarked, immediately weighed her anchor, and standing over to the American shore, under a slight breeze which was then beginning to rise hastened to cover the little bark with her battery. Taking her in tow she brought her safely into the harbour of Erie, greatly to the joy of those who, aware of the invaluable freight with which the schooner was charged, had, on the weighing of the Queen Charlotte's anchor entertained the utmost apprehension for the safety of the becalmed vessel, and watched with deep interest the vain attempts of her crew to bring her off."



very efficiently furnished with the means of defence, and hard pressed by the Indians, who had closely invested it. The reasons for attempting the destruction of this post were that it served as a dépôt for stores, from which the enemy's troops on the frontier could be supplied.

The force destined for this enterprise consisted of a small detachment of troops, a howitzer, and two field pieces, and was embarked in boats and proceeded to the Miami village, situated about fifteen miles beyond the entrance of the river of the same name. For the further progress of the expedition we will quote from Major Richardson, who was present:—

“Being there joined by the body of Indians destined to form a part of the expedition, the detachment continued its route by land, and along a track of country bearing no mark of civilization whatever. Our only covering was the canopy of Heaven, or rather the arches formed by the intermingling boughs of the forest through which we moved, and not even the wigwam of the savage arose to diversify the monotony of the scene. The difficulty of conveying the guns by land, caused their transportation to be a work of much time; and the river, from the point where we had disembarked, was so extremely low as to render the progress of the boats, following the sinuosities of its course, tedious to the last degree. Having at length, after much toil, gained that part of the Miami, where it was intended to disembark the stores, every obstacle appeared to be removed, and the capture of Fort Wayne, then at no great distance, an event looked forward to with confidence. Fate, however, had ordained otherwise. About nine o'clock on the evening of our arrival, the shrill cry of our scouts was heard echoing throughout the forest, and soon afterwards seven Indians issued from the wood on the opposite shore, and leaping through the river, reached us. The account they gave of their adventure was to the following effect:—At a distance of a few leagues, while advancing cautiously along the road, they observed a party, five in number, in a glen, and seated round a large fire, where they were busily occupied in preparing their food. After a slight consultation they proceeded towards the group, and had approached within a few paces before they were perceived by the

Americans, who instantly flew to their arms, and assumed a posture of defence. The Indians, however, held out their hands in token of amity, and were suffered to enter the circle. Here, pretending to be in the American interest, and describing themselves as hunters, on their way to one of their villages, they succeeded in lulling the suspicions of the officer, who in return, communicated to them that the party he commanded were scouts preceding the advanced guard of an army of 2,500 men, then on their march for the Miami village, and only distant a few miles.”

In consequence of this intelligence, the expedition was forthwith abandoned, and a retreat determined on. On deliberation, however, Captain Muir decided on awaiting the approach of the enemy in order to gain a correct account of their force and destination.

The whole of one day was thus passed, and fears began at length to be entertained, that the Americans, apprised of the vicinity of an enemy's force, had taken a different route, with the intention of cutting off a retreat. This would have left the little detachment in the heart of the enemy's country, destitute of resources, with an overwhelming force before them, they were consequently ordered to retreat on the old fort of Defiance, situated about half way between the Miami village and the point from whence they had commenced their retrograde movement. Having crossed the river at this place, a position was again taken up at a point beyond which the enemy could not effect a passage unperceived. We again resume Major Richardson's narrative :

“Early on the morning after our arrival, a party of Indians appeared along our line, conducting a prisoner they had found straying in the woods, at a short distance from the enemy's camp. From his account it appeared that the information given by the American officer was perfectly correct. The force of the enemy consisted of 2,500 men, under the command of General Winchester; and were destined for the Miami, where it was intended to construct a fortification. On arriving at the spot where their slaughtered scouts lay unburied along the road, an alarm was spread throughout their columns, and deeming a numerous enemy to be in their front, it was thought prudent to entrench themselves where they

were. For this purpose trees were immediately felled, and in the course of a few hours, with that expedition for which the Western Americans, with whom the axe is almost as indispensable a weapon as the rifle, are remarkable, an enclosure with interstices for musquetry, and sufficiently large to contain their whole force, together with their baggage and waggons, was completed. It being evident from this intelligence, that the object of our enterprise was entirely frustrated, and that an attack on the enemy's entrenchment with our feeble force, if unsuccessful, must necessarily compromise the safety of our own posts, Capt. Muir decided on returning to Amherstburg, which fortress the detachment at length reached after a fruitless absence of three weeks.

"Although little or no mention has ever been made of our retreat from Fort Wayne, before so overwhelming a force as that which we so unexpectedly encountered, and by which we ought to have been annihilated, the utmost praise is due to Captain Muir for having accomplished it, not only without the loss of a man of his detachment, but even without the abandonment of any of his guns or stores, which, as has already been stated, were being transported with great toil and difficulty. Every thing was brought off and, at no one moment, was our march precipitate. Indeed of the bold affront assumed by the detachment, some idea may be formed from the exaggerated accounts which appeared in the American papers, even during the time we were retiring upon Amherstburg."

Sir Isaac Brock, in speaking of this expedition, observes, "I am inclined to think Captain Muir acted judiciously;" and, with reference to the advance of the American party, states,\* "It appears evident the enemy meditates a second attempt on Amherstburg. The greater part of the troops, which are advancing, marched from Kentucky, with an intention of joining General Hull. How they are to subsist, even for a short period, is no easy matter to conceive. This difficulty will probably decide them on some bold measure, in the hope of shortening the campaign. If successfully resisted, their fate is inevitable.

\* Dispatch to Sir George Prevost, Sept. 9th, 1812.

"The Indians appear to be adverse to retreating, without first making a trial of their strength. Should they continue to afford a willing co-operation, I entertain not the smallest doubt of the result that awaits this second attempt to turn my right; but your Excellency will easily perceive that doubts and jealousies have already seized their minds. The officers of the Indian department will, I trust, be able to remove all such impressions.

"Although, from the daily observation of what is passing on the opposite shore, a single man can ill be spared from this line; I have, notwithstanding, determined to send the two flank companies of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment to Amherstburg. Fresh troops are daily arriving, supposed to belong to the Pennsylvania quota, of two thousand men, known to be intended for the frontier. After the whole arrives, an attack, I imagine, cannot be long delayed. The wretched state of these quotas, and the raggedness of the troops, will not allow them to brave the rain and cold, which, during the last week, have been so severely felt.

"Between two and three hundred Indians have joined and augmented the force on the other side. Their brethren here feel certain that they will not act with any spirit against us. So, I imagine, if we continue to show a bold front—but, in the event of a disaster, the love of plunder will prevail, and they may then act in a manner to be the most dreaded by the inhabitants of this country."

A despatch from Sir George Prevost to Sir Isaac Brock furnishes us with additional reasons for our assertion that, up to this period, Sir George Prevost is not as blameworthy as most writers of that day have described. We give the despatch at length:—

"Captain Fulton arrived, on the 11th inst., with your letter of the 7th: the intelligence you have communicated by it convinces me of the necessity of the evacuation of Fort Detroit, unless the operations of the enemy on the Niagara frontier bear a character less indicative of determined hostile measures against your line in their front than they did when you last reported to me. You will, therefore, be pleased, subject to the discretion I have given you under the circumstances to which I have alluded, to take immediate steps for

evacuating that post, together with the territory of Michigan; by this measure you will be enabled to withdraw a greater number of the troops from Amherstburg, instead of taking them from Col. Vincent, whose regular force ought not on any account to be diminished.

"I have already afforded you reinforcements to the full extent of my ability; you must not, therefore, expect a further supply of men from hence, until I shall receive from England a considerable increase to the present regular force in this province; the posture of affairs, particularly on this frontier, requires every soldier who is in the country.

"In my last despatch from Lord Bathurst, he tells me 'that his Majesty's Government trusts I will be enabled to suspend, with perfect safety, all extraordinary preparations for defence which I have been induced to make, in consequence of the precarious state of the relations between this country and the United States; and that, as every specific requisition for warlike stores and accoutrements which had been received from me had been complied with, with the exception of the clothing of the of the corps proposed to be raised from the Glengarry emigrants, he had not thought it necessary to direct the preparation of any further supplies.'

"This will afford you a strong proof of the insatiation of his Majesty's Ministers upon the subject of American affairs, and show how entirely I have been left to my own resources in the events which have taken place."

With the various despatches containing full and particular accounts of the actual state of affairs in the Province, before us, we do not see how with justice it can be asserted, "that it is the acme of assurance to insinuate, that Ministers were to blame for any insufficiency." Yet this is the language too commonly held by Veritas and other writers of the day.

The latitude, also, allowed to Sir Isaac Brock, should not be lost sight of, and it is certain that he made use of the freedom of action thus permitted him. We have only to quote his despatch of September 20th, to prove this:—"I have been honored with your Excellency's despatch, dated the 14th instant. I shall suspend, under the latitude thus left by your Excellency to my discretion, the evacu-

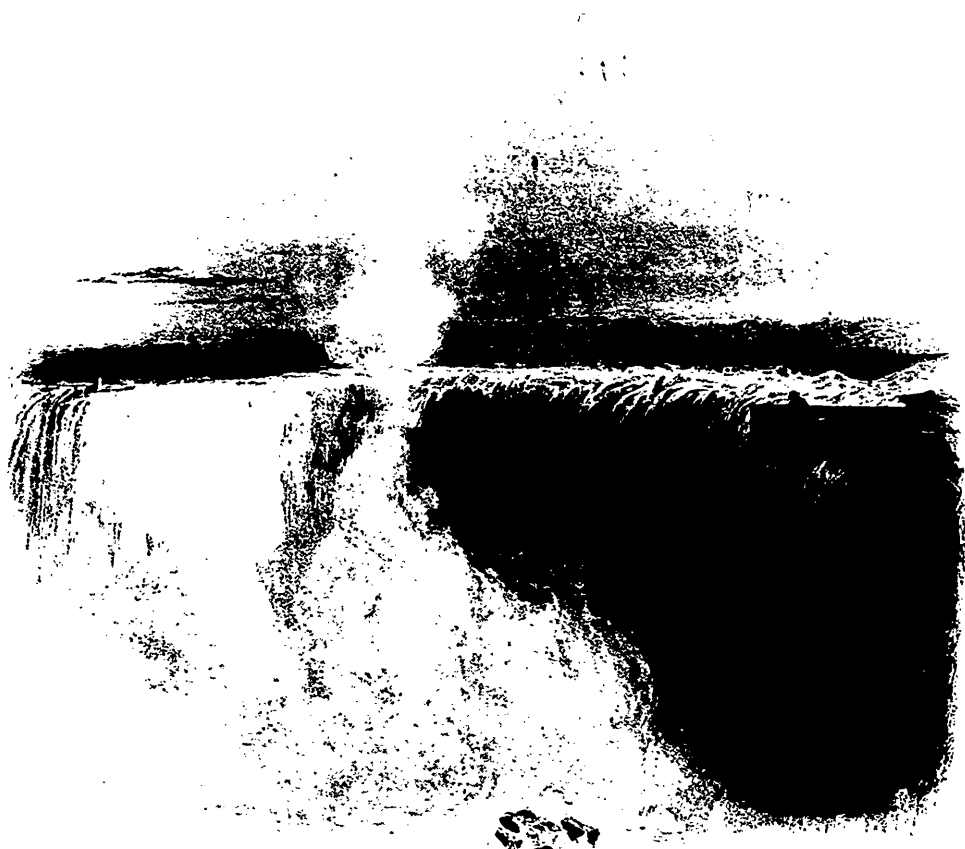
ation of Fort Detroit. Such a measure would most probably be followed by the total extermination of the population on that side of the river, or the Indians, aware of our weakness and inability to carry on active warfare, would only think of entering into terms with the enemy. The Indians, since the Miami affair, in 1793, have been extremely suspicious of our conduct; but the violent wrongs committed by the Americans on their territory, have rendered it an act of policy with them to disguise their sentiments.

"Could they be persuaded that a peace between the belligerents would take place, without admitting their claim to the extensive tract of country, fraudulently usurped from them, and opposing a frontier to the present unbounded views of the Americans, I am satisfied in my own mind that they would immediately compromise with the enemy. I cannot conceive a coalition so likely to lead to more awful consequences.

"If we can maintain ourselves at Niagara, and keep the communication to Montreal open, the Americans can only subdue the Indians by craft, which we ought to be prepared to see exerted to the utmost. The enmity of the Indians is now at its height, and it will require much management and large bribes to effect a change in their policy; but the moment they are convinced that we either want the means to prosecute the war with spirit, or are negotiating a separate peace, they will begin to study in what manner they can most effectually deceive us.

"Should negotiations for peace be opened, I cannot be too earnest with your Excellency to represent to the King's ministers the expediency of including the Indians as allies, and not leave them exposed to the unrelenting fury of their enemies.

"The enemy has evidently assumed defensive measures along the strait of Niagara. His force, I apprehend, is not equal to attempt, with any probability of success, an expedition across the river. It is, however, currently reported that large reinforcements are on their march; should they arrive, an attack cannot be long delayed. The approach of the rainy season will increase the sickness with which their troops are already afflicted. Those under my command are in perfect health and spirits."



*Compass Hill*

## THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

“ \* \* \* I roll, in Nature's anthem,  
A deep eternal bass \* \* \* ”

THESE celebrated and oft-described falls, are not only wonderful on account of their magnitude, but likewise from the fact that the waters of the greatest chain of lakes in the world are poured over their brink. Superior, Huron, Michigan, St. Clair, Erie, are all forced o'er this path on their voyage to the sea. Ingenious calculators have been at the trouble of estimating the millions\* of tons of water hurled into the river below, per annum; others have sought to prove that the motive power here wasted is equal to all the steam engines in the world. Leaving these curious, and for the most part, unimportant facts, let us briefly describe their geographical position and relation, concluding our short notice with extracts from authors more capable of conveying to the reader the wonderful beauties of this most extraordinary of Nature's works.

The length of the Niagara river, from Erie to Ontario, is about thirty-three miles; and the Falls are found about twenty miles from the river's source in Erie. Lake Erie is upwards of three hundred feet above the level of Ontario, and fifteen feet above the head of the rapids, which commence three miles from the Falls: in these three miles the descent is fifty-one feet, and the Falls one hundred and fifty. From the base of the Falls to Queenston, six miles, the river descends one hundred and four feet, and from thence to Ontario, about two. The Horse Shoe Fall is divided from the American by Goat Island. The width of the Horse Shoe is about seven hundred yards, following its curvature, and the American, three hundred and seventy-five. The American Fall is also higher than the Horse Shoe by ten or twelve feet.

Bouchette, speaking of the scenery, says it is “too tame to bring forth the whole grandeur of so stupendous an object. Surrounded by towering alpine cliffs, its overwhelming terrors could even be augmented, and its sublimity much enhanced. The islands and the eastern bank of the river are low and thickly covered with trees, whose autumnal foliage,

decked ‘in ten thousand dyes,’ alters the face of nature, and, by its gorgeous tints, imparts new interest and novelty to the scenery of the Falls. The western shore is bolder: a horizontal ridge is formed along the margin of the rapids by the depression of the river, commencing from the Welland, and gradually increasing in elevation above the surface of the stream from eight to eighty feet, and even attains the altitude of one hundred. The Table-rock, so famous as the spot whence a very near view may be had of the cataract, lies at the foot of this ridge, nearly on a level with the summit of the Horse Shoe Fall; indeed it forms part of the ledge over which the torrent is precipitated. Its surface is flat, and, jutting out horizontally about fifty feet, overhangs the awful chasm beneath. \* \* \* The process of disintegration is perceptibly going on; and there is little doubt that the Table-rock will eventually be hurled, section by section, into the depths of the cavern below. In the autumn of 1818, a large fragment suddenly gave way, and is now partly to be seen by the explorers of the lower region of the Falls.”

A few years after another large portion fell, and smaller fragments are continually giving way. The frost is supposed to be the principal destructive agent; the spray lodging, and filling up the crevices, is frozen during the winter season; the ice, by expansion, acting as a wedge, slowly but surely separates mass after mass.

The view from Table-rock is “extremely grand and unspeakably sublime.” Dickens, in his “Notes in America,” says, “It was not until I came on Table-rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace, Peace of mind: tranquillity: calm recollection of the dead: great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness: nothing of gloom and terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of Beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, forever.

“Ah, how the strifes and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What

\* “More than a hundred million of tons of water per hour.”—*Sir F. B. Head's “Emigrant.”*

voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made! \* \* \* To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataract from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the humid water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up to the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the days decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough."

Sir F. B. Head, paid a visit to the Falls and stood on Table Rock in the depth of winter, on a dark and rocky night, near the "witching hour of twelve." He went, he tells us, because he could see nothing; "yet he felt and heard a great deal." "My first sensation was, that the dreadful sound of waters in mine ears, was a substantial danger; and that I was an actor in, and actually in the midst of what, as a passing stranger, I had merely come to contemplate. The cold thick vapour that arose from the cauldron immediately beneath me, partaking of eddies in the atmosphere, created also by what was passing below, ascending and descending, rushed sometimes downwards upon me from behind, as if it had determined to drive me into the abyss; then it quietly enveloped me, as if its object were to freeze me to death; then suddenly it would puff full in my face, and then whirl round me as if to invite me to join in its eccentric dance."

The ceaseless, rumbling, deep, monotonous

sound, caused by the continual down-pouring of the mighty mass of waters, has been the subject of many similes. One finds it like numerous sets of millstones moving simultaneously.\* Another says: "To a spectator on the heights of Aboukir, the battle of the Nile, must have conveyed a correct idea of the waring, rolling, rumbling, thundering noise of this wonderful cataract."†

We have fancied, when standing on Constitution Hill, of a clear morning, listening to the ceaseless roll and tramp of the countless omnibusses and their horses, passing along Piccadilly to and from the Crystal Palace, to be like the "war of the Niagara," when seated in some quiet parlor of the Clifton House.—But each have their simile, yet we can testify to the truth of the following: "The sounds of the Cataract, combine with none other; they would be heard amid the roaring of a volcano, and yet not drown the chirping of a sparrow."

In connexion with the Falls, we must say a few words about the Whirlpool, before closing our subject. The Whirlpool, so called, is nothing more than an enormous eddy, caused by an angle in the river. Immediately above the angle, the river narrows, and the water is shot with arrowy swiftness against the opposing bank, a recoil takes place, and the water whirls in endless circles, coursing round a basin it has scooped out, of at least a mile in diameter. Bonnycastle says: "As the rock here is very lofty (between two and three hundred feet,) the view from above is so distant, that very little, but a faint whirling, or concentrically enlarging circles of the water can be traced; for the largest trunks of trees which are spinning in its eddies, seems then no bigger than sticks. It is from below, that the curious visitant must see the effect."—There are many stories told of fatal accidents occurring here; but these, most readers are acquainted with. In conclusion, we would recommend those who have not yet seen this greatest of Nature's works, to pay them a visit, and record their own impressions; to those who know the way, advice on our part, would be useless, for they will assuredly go again.

\* Captain Basil Hall.

† Bouchette.

## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

## No. XII.

MY PEREGRATION TO PETERHEAD. ITEM, ANENT  
THE THIRSTY WITCHES OF FRASERBURGH.

LONG-WINDED as was the weary election case, it fortunately resembled a pudding in this peculiarity, that it had an end! Sir John Sumpth was declared by the Commons of Great Britain to be as orthodox a Parliament man, as ever franked letter, or droned the Speaker to sleep; and Mr. McShuttle's petition having been pronounced "frivolous and vexatious," he was sent to the right about, with a flea in his lug, and a bill of costs long as the lunn of his ain factory.

Sick tired was I with my sojourn in the "leviathan of bricks," as Mr. Pawmie denominated the metropolis of prelatial and porter-drinking England;—and when Bouncer and Brass certiorated me that I was at liberty to take foot in hand, and seek the beloved land of mountain, flood, and haggis, I felt lightsome and vogie as a school boy, on the first glorious appetizing morning of vacation time.

It was so ordained that the Dominic, and your humble servant were not to be fellow-pilgrims in the homeward journey. I had a niece married to Mr. Andrew Ballingall, a portioner or house-proprietor, in the famous town of Peterhead, in the north of Scotland, and one of the Bailies thereof, to whom I had often threatened a visitation. Seeing from these tell tale gossips, the newspapers, that I was in London, Barbara Ballingall had written to remind me of my promise; and so I e'en resolved, since I was on the tramp at any rate, to redeem the pledge, before re-commencing to reap the chins of Dreepdaily. Long and sore did I strive to induce Mr. Pawmie to be my companion, but all in vain. He was in a perfect fret and fever to be once more initiating the rising generation of the burgh, in the mysteries of grammar and the rule of three. "My disciples," he said, "will have sorely run to seed during this long inter regnum, and it will take a whole grove of birch, to thrash out their wild oats!"

Accordingly one dark morning, when the fog was so thick that, unless a man carried "a lantern in his poop," like that auld, roistering knave Bardolph, he could not discern the end of his nose, I convoyed the learned professor

(everybody is a professor now a days!) to the Glasgow mail coach. I cannot conscientiously affirm, that I saw my comrade depart, the worse than Egyptian darkness forbidding such a gratification, but I heard the sound of his honest voice as it shouted out "vale, Peter!" when the machine disappeared up High Holborn, like a balloon in the clouds! The same afternoon witnessed my embarkation in the Jenny Nettles, John Hay commander, a constant trader between "Peterhead, and the sister city of London!" as worthy Mr. Dreich, the minister of the Reformed Cameronians in the first recited locality, used to express himself, when supplicating for our world and the denizens thereof.

If Mr. Kame the phrenologist had been a passenger on board of the Jenny Nettles, he would have found abundant scope for the exercise of his talents, in the sconces of his fellow voyagers. Verily they were a convocation of Adam's thriving family, about as diversified as the contents of a travelling merchant's pack. It seems that there was to be some great *tryste* or fair, in the North Countrie, at this epoch, which accounted for the unwonted variety. Time would fail me if I gave even an inkling of the various swatches of the genus *homo*, which that fast sailing packet bore from London to the "*cranium of Peter!*" There were Jews glittering in pinchbeck rings and watch-chains, with hair black as coals, and finger nails to correspond. There were quack doctors, professing to cure all incurable disorders with "*Beelzebub's Balsam,*" and "*Mahoun's Mixture.*" There were boxers whose mission it was to demolish the features of each other, for the delectation of men jocosely calling themselves Christians and civilized beings. There were droves of "sporting gentlemen," with faces covered with hair, like goats,—the small spots of skin which were visible thereon demonstrating that brandy, rather than buttermilk, was the cherished potation of the owners.

What was my astonishment to witness amongst the last mentioned class of worthies, that ne'er-do-weel creature, Paul Plenderleith. It appeared that he had got clear from the scrape on account of which he had become a tenant of Newgate, and was now on his way to Scotland in search of adventures. He was accompanied by a brace of kindred spirits, who

bore *gallows* written on their foreheads, in characters too distinct to require the aid of spees to expiscate.

To my great relief, Mr. Plenderleith, who was evidently striving to enact the part of a man of fashion, pretended never to have seen me before. He sat opposite me, the first night at supper, and when our eyes met, he glowered at me with as much cool unconcern as if I had been a hermit mingling for the first time with my fellow creatures.

One thing was very plain, to wit, that Paul and his associates had some important matters to discourse about, which they were unwilling should become common talk. Often when I would come into the cabin in order to get a glass of grog, as a preventative to sea-sickness, I would notice them confabulating with their heads together, and inspecting, what seemed to be a collection of diamonds and other valuables. Whenever the trio heard my footstep they would become as silent as the "*good roman*," who held her tongue because she lacked her head, and the gems would disappear into their pouches before you could say Jack Robinson!

There was only one of their fellow-passengers in whose presence they were as free as if they had been alone. This was an elderly man, so short-sighted that, even with the help of spectacles, he could never tell the difference between a potato and a mustard-pot at table, and deaf to such an extent that the steward had to shout in his lug with a speaking trumpet to ask what his wants were.

Once or twice, when Mr. Burgeo, as he was called, spoke, (which was very seldom,) I thought I had heard the voice somewhere before, but I speedily dismissed the notion as a mere freak of fancy, unsubstantial as the slices of ham I used to pay so dearly for at that Vanity Fair, Vauxhall.

As I said above, Paul Plenderleith and his cronies made no stranger of this unsociable personage, whose infirmities made him as lonely in a crowd, as if he had been the only tenant of the ball of St. Paul's overgrown kirk. They were as communicative in his presence as when he was snoozing in his berth, and spoke of their plans, whatever these were, as readily when he was sitting beside them, as if he had been herding sheep on the mountains of the moon.

There was only one of my fellow-mesmates with whom I picked up an intimate acquaintance, during my voyage in the *Jenny Neittles*. This was a landed proprietor from the neighborhood of the ancient town of Fraserburgh, who was bringing home his daughter from "finishing her education" at a London boarding-school.

Mr. Badenach of Ardlaw, or the Laird of Ardlaw, as he preferred to be called, was a good specimen of the old breed of Scottish Jacobite gentlemen, now-a-days rare to be met with, as an honest horse-jockey, or a Quaker with red hunting-coat and mustachoes. You could not have insulted him more grievously than to have spoken in his hearing, of Prince Charlie as the *Pretender*, and he delighted to dwell upon the stories of the good old times, when honest men made mention of "*German Lairds*," and drained mighty bumpers to the health of "*the King over the water!*" In reference to this last expression, Ardlaw told me that in his early days, when the toast of the Sovereign was propounded, the adherents of the exiled Stuarts always poured some water upon the table, over which they passed their glasses, before doing honor to the theme. The action implied plainly enough, what it would have been treasonable to express in words, and was well understood even by the "*Whigs*," who could not, even if they had the inclination, bring the perpetrators into trouble for a mere gesture. This practice, the Laird added, continued till the decease of the Cardinal Duke of York, the last direct member of the most unfortunate family that ever occupied a throne.

I could fill a volume as big as the *Reading-made-easy*, with the droll narrations and saying, with which Mr. Badenach made a voyage of a week seem as short to me as if no more than a couple of days had flown over our heads. *Inter alia*, as the Dominic would say, he had some diverting anecdotes about a fool named Jamie Fleeman, who lived in the establishment of his grandfather, and died in 1778. Jamie was, perhaps, the least regular "*feck*," as half-witted domestic jesters were called in the north of Scotland, and had acquired an extensive reputation for the oddity and outréness of his observations. One or two of these I jotted down from the recitation of Ardlaw, and are here subjoined.



One day Jamie met a purse-proud, pragmatic gentleman named Craigwuddie, against whom he entertained a special disfavour. "Where are you going, Jamie?" interrogated this personage. "I'm goun to —, sir!" was the reply, indicating a place, which it is unnecessary to indicate more explicitly. The parties having parted, chanced to forgather again in the evening, when the conversation was resumed in manner following. "What are they doing, down yonder, ye ken, Jamie?" "Oo, just what they are doing here, sir," returned the crack-brained wag, "letting in the rich folk, and keeping out the poor!" "And what said the De'il to you, my man?" "Deed he did na' say muckle to me, sir, but he was speerin' sair about you!"

On another occasion, when travelling along the road, Fleeman had the fortune to find a horse-shoe. Shortly after, the incumbent of the parish came up to him, and Jamie, who was well-acquainted with the Mess John, thus addressed him, exhibiting at the same time his windfall: "Minister, can you tell me what this is?" "That!" said the minister, "you fool, what should it be but a horse-shoe?" "Ah!" rejoined Fleeman with a sigh, "ah, sic a blessing as it is to be weel learned! For my part I could na' tell whether it was a horse's shoe or a mare's shoe!"

Lying on the bank of the Ythan one forenoon, Jamie was hailed from the opposite side by a conceited equestrian, who in a dictatorial manner demanded to be informed where was the best ford. The fool, nettled at being accosted so unceremoniously, directed the enquirer to the deepest pool in the river, and in attempting to cross it, the too trustful rider was nearly drowned. Contriving, however, though sorely drenched, to reach *terra firma*, the victim made up to honest Fleeman, and in a voice hoarse with rage and cold water, accused the willing of a design to drown him. "Gud preserve us!" exclaimed Jamie, with an air of the most imperturbable innocence, "I have seen the geese and ducks crossing there scores and hundreds o' times: and I'm sure your horse has got longer legs than the ducks or the geese either!"

Of witch stories, Mr. Badenach had a stock sufficient to cause all the human hairs in Christendom to stand still as Snylock became, when asked to abate the covenanted pound of

flesh! Though he would not admit in so many words, that he was a believer in these grim legends, I could see with half an eye that his faith in them was tolerably strong; and I would not for a trifle have stood in the shoes of an ill-favored old beldame who might chance to be arraigned before him, as an absolute judge, for the crimes of converting herself into a hare, or denuding of milk the cows of her neighbors! Ardlaw was a determined champion for the wisdom of our ancestors, and he could ill brook the idea that the ancient Scottish Parliament should have been at the trouble of enacting penal statutes against "intercommuners with Sathannus," when there never was such a piece of furniture as a sorceress to burn!

One of the Laird's necromantic traditions referred to a member of his own family, and as the narrator professed himself *almost ready* and willing to make deposition to its truth before a Justice of the Peace, I have thought fit to record the same in the imperishable *Chronicles of Dleepdaily!*

#### THE THIRSTY WITCHES OF FRASERBURGH.

My respected ancestor (said Ardlaw, brewing a third instalment of brandy punch), Neil Badenoch, who lived in the reign of James III., had only two failings worth mentioning.

In the first place, his curiosity was so itching and insatiable, that to learn a secret, however trifling or unimportant it might be, he was willing to run any risk and put himself to the most preposterous inconvenience. Many a time and oft did he regret that he had not become a priest, in order that he might have been privileged to hear confessions. Nay, it was currently reported that he actually would have assumed the sacerdotal vows and habit in his riper years, had not an unlucky accident intervened. Passing through Fraserburgh, one evening, his attention was stimulated by certain wrathful sounds proceeding from the domicile of a tailor. Desirous to ascertain the cause of the pother, he put his eye to the keyhole of the door, when he discovered the fabricator of garments kneeling before his helpmate, who was administering to her nominal lord and master a certain lecture, enforced, at suitable intervals, with an application of the broom-stick. The drollery of the sight caused Neil to titter, and the Snip,

waxing cognizant of the risible sound, became suddenly impregnated with courage, and starting up from his ignoble position, made a stealthy inquisition into the matter. Suspecting shrewdly that the domestic affairs had been viewed by some eaves-dropper, and all the windows of the establishment being closed, the indignant fraction jumped at once to the correct conclusion. Accordingly heating one of his longest and sharpest needles, he suddenly thrust it through the keyhole. A loud and bitter yell was the up-shot, and my ancestor fled from the spot with only one eye to guide his steps homeward! Thus mutilated, the Church, as a matter of course, would have nothing to say to him, and the confessional was for ever and a day closed against him as a *hearer!*

The second frailty which characterized my excellent predecessor was one which, perhaps, is not yet utterly extinct upon earth. Without being what censorious moralists would call a sot, Neil Badenach never scrupled to own his decided preference for strong cordials over the less exhilarating fluid which tradition assigns as the sober beverage of Adam! A stoup of generous and maturely-aged wine possessed attractions in his eyes, (or rather, I should say, his eye) only inferior in zest to a morsel of fresh gossip. He even went the length of selecting as his patron saint, the episcopal blacksmith Dunstan, because the image of that Satan-scorching worthy resembled, in its rotund proportions, the representations of Bacchus!

Now there chanced to reside in the near neighbourhood of my ancestor an old dame, touching whom rumor had many mysterious things to whisper. It was said that strange people frequented her house, and that lights had been seen burning in the apartments thereof, when all honest people ought to have been in bed. This latter circumstance would not have been so noteworthy, but for the fact that Lady Sproul (as she was named) made a boast of never seeing company, or either giving or receiving entertainments. Altogether, there was something exceedingly mouldy about her reputation, and matters were not bettered by the fact that she had not been at mass within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It can readily be imagined that my fore-

father Neil was on thorns to find out whether there was anything more than common in the walk and conversation of Lady Sproul. For years he tried to gain admittance to the dwelling by various pretexts, sometimes calling to enquire after the health of his worthy neighbour, and at others seeking to get in at the back door, on the plea that he wanted to see the shape of the spit as a pattern. His dodges, however, were all in vain; the bow-legged blackamoor, who was the only servitor in the establishment, eye managing to thwart and checkmate him in his best-laid schemes.

Accident, however, at length enabled the sorely-tantalized Neil to quench to the uttermost the draught of his curiosity.

Being out after dark on one Hallowe'en, when there was neither moon nor star in the sky, he noticed a number of persons, both male and female, stealing singly into the house which he so sorely wished to explore. Each one was enveloped in a large green mantle, capacious enough to conceal the wearer from head to foot, and the possession of this garment seemed to insure instant admission to all who sported the same.

A bright thought struck the ingenious Neil. Posting home, hot foot, he hunted up a cloak of similar pattern and hue to that which appeared to give such favor in the Sproul establishment, long the property of his grandmother, and enveloping himself in this, he sought the longed-for mansion, knocked, and obtained ingress without any question, pertinent or impertinent, being propounded for his solution.

Following a guest who had entered at the same time with himself, the undaunted Badenoch ascended a turnpike stair, and entered a large chamber, which was nearly filled with company. Such a ghouly and charnel house-looking scene as there met his eye, he never witnessed before or after. Instead of candlesticks or chandeliers the walls were garnished with grinning skulls, containing blue colored lights, which cast a flickering and gruesome glare upon the green-draped convocation. The only seat in the room was at the opposite extremity from the door, and was occupied by the hostess. It was shaped like a bishop's throne, but instead of a mitre, the back thereof was garnished with a pair of trident-looking horns, supported by bat-winged demons in lieu of angels. Lady Sproul, whose green

mantle lay at her feet, sported a dress not quite in harmonious keeping with her sex. On her head was something between a turban and a helmet, garnished with the feathers of hawks, crows, and such like birds of prey. Instead of a gown she wore a huntsman's doublet, and a pair of leather breeches usurped the place of the petticoat.\*

Whilst Neil was in the middle of his observations, her ladyship called the meeting to order by rapping upon the table with a human thigh bone, and presently her negro chamberlain made his appearance, bearing upon her humped back a huge black coffin. Having set down this ark of mortality, he proceeded to open the same, which turned out to be filled with branches of broom and bundles of white night-caps. These were duly distributed amongst the synod, including my ancestor; who, following the general example, tucked the broom under his arm and drew the cap upon his head. He noticed that this latter commodity had an odor strongly suggestive of brimstone; as there was a sulphur spring, however, in the neighborhood, he naturally concluded that it had been last washed therein!

Up to this last act in the play not a word had been spoken, but when the arrangements above mentioned were duly completed, Lady Sproul cleared her throat, and having put on her cap and cloak, and grasped a silver-mounted broom-stick, proceeded to sing the following stave:—

Wha would be dry on Hallowe'en,  
When wine is plenty in London town?  
The Lord Mayor's cellar is stocked, I ween,  
With claret red and sherry brown!  
Hoens Poens! Fee-Fa-Fum!  
Follow your leader up the lunn!

Saiting the action to the word, the vocalist, at the conclusion of the chant, bestrode her verdant charger, and, exclaiming "*Go along, my cripple,*" vanished up the capacious chimney. The example thus set was followed without hesitation by the assembled throng, all of them joining in the chorus as they took wing. For a brief season my forefather was somewhat timorous to ride in such a company, and over such an unusual pathway as a cloud-paved sky. His two master passions, how-

ever, caused his dubitation to be but of brief continuance. He was dying with curiosity to learn the issue of the adventure, and his constitutional thirst was aggravated almost to madness by the inkling which he had received of the convivial object of the expedition. Accordingly, giving his branch a smart thump, he sung out with might and main:—

Hoens Poens! Fee-Fa-Fum!  
I follow my leader up the lunn!

Neil Badenach used often to say, that for the first ten minutes, or perchance quarter of of an hour, he had no distinct recollection of what he was doing. That he was moving swiftly through the air he could tell, but the novelty of the affair, and the perilous height at which he was from the earth sorely conglomerated his ideas. He felt as if he had been under the influence of a troubled dream, brought on by the discussion of an extra pound or two of Scots collops at supper!

As soon as he could fairly command his senses, my ancestor beheld the weird company progressing southward like a regiment of wild geese, Lady Sproul keeping about a hundred yards in advance. She acted as their leader and pilot, and when any of the hindmost of the troop, failing to desery her for a moment, enquired touching the whereabouts of the dame, they were answered by those in front, in some such rhyme as the following:—

"She is up in the air,  
O! her bonnie green mare,  
And we see, an' we see her yet!"

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

It was, indeed, a goodly place for a substantial carouse. In dimensions it more resembled a cathedral, than the contracted coal holes used by the degenerate boozers of modern times, to hold their vintages. A solid oaken table occupied the centre of the hall, and stout settles of the same national timber were plentifully interspersed in all directions. This account agrees with what Strutt and other antiquarians record, touching the habits of the ancient aristocracy of old England. When they wished to "make a night of it" they fre-

\* It is probable that the renowned Mrs. Bloomer is descended from Lady Sproul of Fraserburgh.—*Ed. A. A. M.*

quently adjourned to the cellar, in order that their tastes, rendered capricious by variety, might be the more promptly gratified.

As a matter of course, mother Sproul was voted into the chair *nem. con.*, and at a wave of the thigh-bone, which she still carried, the guests denuded themselves of their caps and mantles. The latter they folded up to serve as cushions, and the former were carefully deposited in their pouches.

When Neil beheld the faces of his companions, he was struck speechless with astonishment. Instead of a clamour of shabby doited old women, he discovered some of the leading characters, both male and female, of his day and generation. There were Barons, Monks, Doctors, and Lawyers, the latter class greatly preponderating. To give variety to the convocation, some of the prattiest damsels in Scotland, many of them of no mean degree, were interspersed like primroses between cabbage; and altogether, a more goodly turnout could not have been witnessed, even in Holyrood House itself. As a proof, that my predecessor was not drawing a long bow, at this part of his story, we have the evidence of the criminal annals of Scotland to testify, that many titled and learned personages suffered death at the stake, for pranks similar to the one under narration.

That there was wine in abundance, was evident from the countless ranges of casks, which stood around; but nothing in the shape of flaggons or drinking cups, could be discovered. This hiatus, however, was speedily supplied. The aforementioned Negro—who, I may state, was attired in a kilt and top boots, drew from his *splouchan*, several handfuls of cockle-shells, which he distributed to the company. When this was done, a jolly looking man, who acted as croupier, and in whom Badenoch recognized his Right Reverend neighbour, the Abbot of Deer, repeated a *pater noster* backwards, and presently the shells were transmogrified into *quacks*, their only peculiarity being, that they were shaped like hoofs.

In good earnest then, did the drinking commence, and verily the quantity discussed, would have frightened the puny milk sops of these latter days. The first toast was, "*Our Monarch down below!*" a sentiment which our hero, being an orthodox Christian, would

fairly have shirked, had not the chairwoman, who would not tolerate "*heel taps*," insisted upon the revellers turning their hoofs upside down, before the commencement of the "*hip, hip, hurrawing!*" Now it so chanced, that my relative's cup was charged with malvoisie, of a peculiarly generous flavour, and as he could not bring himself to spill it upon the floor, he 'e'en drained it to the health of the above mentioned, more than questionable personage!

For a season, Neil, who was conscious that he was an intruder, kept himself as quiet and as much concealed as possible. As the evening stole on, however, the wine which he was copiously imbibing, dispelled his bashfulness, and excited by the charms of a fair damsel who sat beside him, he clasped her around the waist, and gave her a rousing kiss, which might have been heard at the Tower. In an instant lady Sproul, who was a perfect model of propriety, started to her feet, and recognizing the delinquent, exclaimed in a rage:

"By our hege master's tail I swear,  
That prying creature Neil is here!  
Such a pest was never seen—  
we'll finish our play in Aberdeen.  
Hocus-pocus! Fee-Faw-Fum,  
Follow your leader up the linn!"

Hardly had the last words of this anthem been intoned, when the cellar became dark as midnight, and empty as a scooped out turnip! Badenoch was the only tenant of the place!

Confused and alarmed, he tried to find his magical night-cap; but all in vain! He had deposited it in a capacious pocket, containing a miscellany of articles, so numerous, that the r. capitulation therefore, would have occupied an entire skin of parchment. After various attempts therefore, he gave up the attempt in despair. The strong drink which he had quaffed rendering his hand too unsteady effectively to pursue the search. Muttering a malediction upon all witches, from that of Endor downwards, he accordingly resigned himself to his fate, and in a few minutes he was slumbering upon the floor as soundly as if he had been in his own couch at Fraserburgh!

On regaining possession of his seven senses, the hapless Neil found himself a manacled captive in the presence of the civic potentate, of whose hospitality he had been, so illegitimately a partaker. The butler, in going down to the cellar at daybreak, to draw a stoup of canary for his lordship's matin meal, had dis-

covered the slumbering native of the North, and, procuring the aid of a couple of wardens, had him transported, all unconscious of his capture, to the audience chamber of the plundered official.

The examination was a brief one. Having been caught, so to speak, in the very act, Neil received sentence, according to the summary proceedings of these unsophisticated days, and being stripped of his doublet, and silken hose, was consigned to the condemned cell.

At first he thought of confessing how matters actually occurred, but on second consideration, resolved to keep his thumb on the real facts of the case. When sober, Badenoch was by no means lacking in common sense, and he argued, logically enough, that as a house breaker, he could only have his neck twisted, whilst as a warlock, a tar barrel would be his inevitable doom. Of two evils, he accordingly elected the least, and as John Highlandman says, "*kept her wheesht to her nainsell!*"

One attempt he made to escape a felon's exit from life. Having obtained an audience of the Mayor, he represented that he was a Scottish landed gentleman, who had been led into the scrape for which he was to suffer, by a mere frolic. His lordship, who was not wanting in justice and humanity, wrote to Fraserburgh to ascertain what truth there was in his statement, and the response which he received, sealed most effectually the fate of my ancestor. Scores of witnesses made deposition, that on the Hallowe'en Badenoch had been seen in the streets of his native town, and consequently, that the person who had been caught in the cellar, the following morning, could not possibly be the same individual. As the certificate which set forth this fact, was subscribed by the Abbot of Deer and lady Sproul, who were peculiarly officious to tender their testimony, the case was considered to be clear as butter-milk, and an early day was fixed for Neil's excursion to Tyburn tree!

On the morning of his execution, the unfortunate Laird, dressed in the garments which had been taken from him at his apprehension, was placed in a cart, and conveyed in state to the scene of his final sufferings. It was one of those genial and gladsome days which

make a man feel quite in love with earth, and more especially, if he is called upon to quit it in an abrupt and untimely manner. Sitting on the bottom of the ignoble chariot which was conveying him to the gallows, poor Neil thought with full heart and tearful eye, upon the well remembered banks and braes of fair Fraserburgh, and a quantity of broom twigs upon which he reclined, tended to bring more vividly to his recollection the beloved silvan scenes he was never destined to witness again.

Abstractedly he begun crooning the ancient ballad:

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

when all of a sudden a thought flashed like lightning upon his mind, causing his visage to flush and brighten like the sun when an envious shroud of mist is withdrawn from before him. So marked was the change in our hero's demeanour, that his confessor half opined that he had made up his mind to leave something handsome to the Church, for the benefit of his soul, and actually prepared his writing materials, in order to make out the requisite "will and testament." Badenoch, however, said never a word, but continued at intervals to hum:—

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

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

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

Jack Ketch now proceeded to bind the hands of the culprit, previous to which operation, Neil announced that he had a special favour to beg. He stated that being a man of regular habits, he never could sleep comfortably except in a particular night cap, and by

the rule of three had no prospect of making a peaceful end, unless his face was covered with that identical cowl.

Though the request was somewhat singular, the finisher of the law took it upon his own responsibility to comply with the same, and Badenoch, after searching anxiously the almost bottomless pouch of his doabiet, lighted upon the head gear which he had obtained from the sable servitor of lady Sproul.

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

"Hocus-pocus! Fee-Faw-Fum,  
Catch me who can! I am off for home!"

It is unnecessary to tell the result! My respected relative shot up into the air like a sky rocket, and to his dying day, he used to laugh, often until his sides were sore, at the remembrance of the idiotical looks of wonder with which hangman, sheriff, confessor, and "the million" in general, gazed after him, as he disappeared in a northerly direction.

One of the first things which Badenoch did, when he found himself safe and sound at home, was to reveal the transaction in which he had been concerned, to his spiritual director.—That personage strongly enjoined his penitent to lay the whole matter before the public authorities, an advice which the Priest probably gave the more readily, that he had an ancient grudge against the Abbot, and was to be his successor in office! Neil, accordingly, made a clean breast to the Sheriff of the county, who lost no time in paying his respects to lady Sproul, her black henchman, and the head of the Abbey of Deer. After a fair and impartial trial, in the course of which, the accused parties had every justice rendered them in the due application of thumb-screws, heated pincers, and other legal formularies, they fully confessed their guilt, and were comfortably burned to the measureless edification of the lieges of Fraserburg.

My venerated predecessor point blank refused to tell the name of the maiden, whose mouth he had kissed in the lord Mayor's cel-

lar. The truth, between ourselves, was that the lassie, besides being of a comely person, was a well endowed heiress, and Neil opined that she might be put to better use than being grilled like a red herring in a tar barrel. Accordingly he popped the question to her, and though she had three times before dismissed him with an emphatic "nay," it was Hobson's choice this turn with the jade! The bands of matrimony were rivetted on the pair, by the new Abbot of Deer, and some hundreds of broad acres were added to the Ardlaw estate, by the speculation.

Such, (concluded the Laird of Ardlaw,) was the witch adventure of the renowned Neil Badenoch, and, I am certain that every judicious and unprejudiced man, will be ready to admit, that if all tales be true, this one is no lie!

As I have before recited, my friend the Laird was bringing home from London his daughter, who had been learning there the mysteries of playing on the spinnet and sewing flowers in lamb's-wool worsted. Jemima, for so was the girl denominated, was about as light-headed a damsel as ever I had chanced to come across. Her sole employment and delight consisted in reading trashy novels, and she was continually speaking about "sentiment," and "sympathy," and "love in a cottage"—a thing, by the way, which we oftener hear tell of, than witness.

To this feckless daughter of Eve, did Paul Plenderleith attach himself in an especial manner. He managed to expiscate that her father (whose only bairn she was) was well to do in the world, and accordingly he set to work to take the measure of her foot. As I afterwards found out he represented himself to his intended dupe, as a nobleman's son, under disgrace because he would not marry a woman who might be his grandmother, and who moreover had a beard as long as a cat's whiskers. On moonlight nights he used to parade the deck of the Jenny Nettles arm in arm with the confiding Jemima, vowing eternal constancy, and swearing that if she slighted his love he would hang himself from the yard-arm of the craft.

This being the common language of romances, Miss Badenoch took it all for gospel, and it was finally covenanted and agreed between the pair, that so soon as the vessel reached

her destination they should be "united in the Temple of Hymen," without the auld gentleman being made the wiser, till he had become father-in-law to the Right Honourable Alonzo Fitzmortimer!

Though I did not at that epoch know the full extent of the mischief, I used my best endeavours to put Ardlaw on his guard against the machinations of the slippery Paul. My labour, however, promised to be toil thrown away. Laird Badenoch, who was purposely kept by Plenderleith and his associates, in a condition widely removed from sobriety, was easily persuaded by the traitor that I was an officious spiteful busy-body. Without hinting at his schemes upon Jemima, he won the heart of the old gentleman by singing him Jacobite songs, such as "*Bonnie Prince Charlie*," and "*Cam' ye by Athol, lad to' the philabeg*," till at length he could twist him round his little finger, as the saying is. Paul crowned his triumph by informing Ardlaw that I was only a barber, for from that moment the Laird seldom condescended to take notice of me, except sometimes to inquire about the price of wigs, or the best manner of reforming a backsliding razor!

Notwithstanding this scurvy treatment, I had compassion upon the poor, misled lassie and her sire, and determined to keep my weather-eye open (to use a phrase of the skipper) upon the machinations of their beguiler. It is proper here to mention that out of gratitude for the manner in which Plenderleith had rescued Peregrine Wildgoose from his perilous predicament, I had promised never to mention that I had seen him caged up in a prison. This fact rendered it impossible for me to speak so plainly to the Laird, as otherwise I would have done, and consequently my interference was the less potent. But help was to come from a quarter I little calculated upon.

It was midnight when the Jenny Nettles reached Peterhead, and the passengers could not go ashore till the next morning.

Going upon deck at day-break I discovered Paul Plenderleith with port-mantle in hand ready prepared for a flitting, and suspecting that something was in the wind, I took up a position where I could see without being observed. Presently Jemima made her appearance having a bundle under her arm, and

treading lightly as if she had been shod with velvet. Paul kissed her cheek, and whispering something about "eternal felicity" prepared to lead her out of the vessel.

At this moment a third actor manifested himself, in the person of the deaf, and half-blind Mr. Burgoo. Laying his hand upon the shoulder of the false Alonzo, he said that he had a little matter of business to settle with him before they parted company. Enraged at this interruption, Plenderleith grasped the speaking-trumpet, which chanced to be convenient, and putting it to the ear of the intruder swore with a roar like a bull that he would smash his stupid pate to atoms, if he did not mind his own affairs.

"You need not talk quite so loudly," rejoined Burgoo,—"*I can both hear and see, a trifle better than what you give me credit for. Surely you will not smash the pate of an old acquaintance?*" Uttering these words, the speaker pulled off his wig, spectacles, and muffling-handkerchief, and lo! there stood revealed that terror to scamps and evil-doers of every degree—MR. NOSEANNABEM!

Before the dumb-founded Plenderleith could draw his breath, his wrists were adorned with a glittering pair of hand-cuffs, similar benefactions having previously been bestowed upon his two intimates.

Few words are required to wind up this part of my story. A robbery of an extensive description having been committed upon a jeweller in Fleet Street, Mr. Noseannabem was retained to discover, if possible, the perpetrators. Learning that Paul and his cronies, to whom his suspicions pointed, had taken a passage in the Jenny Nettles, he disguised himself, in manner before described, and his assumed infirmities having thrown the rogues off their guard, soon got all the information he required. The trio were transported for life at the next assizes.

You may be sure that when Laird Badenoch came out of his berth, and learned how matters stood, he looked a trifle sheepish. Noseannabem deepened his blushes by inquiring with a wink, whether his friend the Right Honourable Alonzo Fitzmortimer, could execute any commands for him in London, as His Majesty required the gentleman to return by the mail that evening!

As for myself, though it looked like pouring water upon a drowned mouse, I could not refrain from taking a small revenge for the sneers which the deluded auld Jacobite had bestowed upon me. Some folks' wits, I observed, were the better of a brushing up as well as their hair, adding, that sharp as was the lesson he had just received, his daughter had run a perilous risk of getting a *skarper!*

## THE VESPER HOUR IN SPAIN.

BY R. N.

"Now the vestal train is kneeling,  
On the holy altar stone;  
And through the choir the hymn is pealing.  
In a sweet and measured tone.  
The holy aspirations blending,  
Like sister strains at silent even;  
To the raptured spirit leaping,  
The choral harmonies of Heaven,"

With the setting sun, a glory  
Spreads o'er the fields of Spain;  
And the atmosphere is golden,  
Like light on some old fane;  
Rich, mellow, soft and solemn,  
It streams along the aisle;  
And chancel, cross and column,  
Are now mantled in its smile.

The whole land is a temple,  
Meet for a God of love;  
A wreath of incense rises,  
From each fragrant orange grove;  
While the solemn hush of even,  
Stills every heart to prayer;  
Subduing evil passions,  
And dispelling anxious care.

Hark! from the old cathedral,  
With ivy mantled tower;  
Is heard a note of warning,  
To prayer! 'Tis vesper hour.  
From chapel and from convent,  
O'er the dark Sierra's height,  
Is pealed in solemn chorus,  
To prayer! Soon cometh night.

Now one orison ariseth,  
From mountain and from moor;  
One holy aspiration,  
From wealthy and from poor.  
From the busy streets of cities,  
In fertile lowland plain;  
To the laughing waves that sparkle,  
In the purple western main.

Uncovered stands the herdsman,  
His flock beside the fold  
The weary traveller pauses,  
Until his beads are told.  
The mariner now raiseth,  
His hymn upon the seas;  
And songs of praise are echoed,  
Mid the craggy Pyrenees.

Thanks to the God of mercies,  
For blessings of the day,  
For benefits unnumber'd,  
For evil turned away.  
Thanks to the God of mercies,  
While slowly fades the light;  
And, grant thine aid, sweet Mother,  
Through the darkness of the night.

## WOMAN'S SOCIAL POSITION.

THIS topic sounds somewhat sentimental. We design, nevertheless, to treat it seriously, not sentimentally. We can do no real service to woman "by bawling her rights and wrongs like pot-herbs in the streets." Our desire is to delineate woman's true position, to do all honor to her gentle virtues, and to cheer her in that course of high and noble duty which is open to every mother, to every sister, and to every wife.

It happens sometimes, in morals as in physic, that the remedies prescribed are worse than the disease itself. Because the rich sometimes abuse their trust, some would destroy the tenures of property altogether, as though the abuses of property were to be remedied by its destruction; and with its destruction all industry and thrift must perish, and society be paralyzed and blighted in all its interests. Just so, because women are sometimes abused, they must hold "Women's Rights Conventions," and assert for themselves the duties and prerogatives of men, unsexing themselves, openly defying the commands of God, and exposing both sexes to barbaric degradation. I do not forget I thus speak the true words of a quaint old poet:—

"He is a paricide to his mother's name,  
And with an impious hand murders her fame  
That wrongs the praise of woman; that dare write  
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite  
The milk they lent us."

But this is just one of the evils of the so-called reform, that it brings these women who identify themselves with it, down from their high elevation, and forces us to speak of them, as we speak not of the true-hearted woman, in the language of censure.

What is woman's true social position? It is a shameful truth that the position of woman in past times has too often been one of oppression. Sometimes we find her treated with barbarism, and her position that of a slave, as she still is among many savage tribes. Again we find her position raised, not so much by love, as by a sense of her value in ministering to the selfishness of man. The Spartan mother occupied a higher rank, relatively to man, than woman now does in some civilized countries. In the days of chivalry, women were treated with a lip gallantry and a mock deference, that contrasted strangely and sadly with her position at home. In the chase or at the tournament, she was the arbiter of honor; but as the mother and the wife, she never rose to that sphere which God has assigned to her, and never possessed the opportunities necessary to enable her to wield those high and



benignant influences which invest her with true dignity. As the mere minister to man's amusement, as the mere ornament of public exhibitions, woman's highest position is only a dazzling degradation. Such is now the social position of the women of the east—valued only for their personal beauty, they are adored for a brief period; but when their personal charms fade, they are relentlessly consigned to neglect, or to something worse. No expense is spared to adorn the person, but the mind and heart are left to grow wild and wayward: without mental cultivation or inner reserves, they are like the east itself, beautiful, but degraded and in ruins—a sad mixing up of splendor and devastation. And what is true of the east is true of all civilized communities, where women are valued only for their personal charms, where a woman is most honored, not when she sits like a queen in the bosom of her family, but when she parades her bejewelled person in the ball-room or the opera-house. The gaze of admiration brings with it little respect and no love. Whatever she may gain in fame is at the expense of woman's sweetest enjoyments. Her own true life is lost amid such elements of tumult and distraction. She is only a splendid exotic nurtured for display, a stranger to home society and home comforts, she never breathes a pure atmosphere. A flower plunged in a petrifying stream, she is bright but cold and sad. A reed shaken by the wind, she lives unfortified, aimless and unenduring. She is a captive, and could we but listen to the vehement heart-throbbings, we might hear a cry like this, "O that I had the wings of the dove!"

The question is still unanswered, What is woman's true social position?

The woman's true social position is that summary of human happiness—*HOME*. To preside in that home—to minister to the comforts of her home with a kindliness that never faileth and a zeal that tireth not—to elevate her household and make it happy—to leave her image impressed upon every heart with a vividness that no time, no change can ever efface—this is woman's true glory. It is this that makes the word *MOTHER* a sacred one. All that is most tender in human affection, gentle in human intercourse—all that is lovable and precious, sweet, tender, worthy and true, are wrapt up in this one word—*MOTHER*. There is no human relationship which contains within its inner circle so many endearing associations and hallowed relations as that of the wife and mother. Could woman desire a higher social position than to be enshrined in the inmost circle of so many living, loving hearts?

Turn over the pages of history, you read of warrior and of sage, of men of holy might—and cry out, these are the great of the earth. Yes; but not these alone. How much do they owe to the cheerful, unrepaid self-sacrifice of a mother's love? The name of woman seldom appears on the printed page, but a woman's influence is written through the world's history everywhere, and that influence is none the less real because it meets not the eye of the careless reader. A woman's influence may be characterized as *individual*. She exerts it directly upon the husband, the brother, the child—but she sends husbands, and brothers, and sons, to diffuse her influence through the world. It is this unseen influence which gives such importance to the right discharge of woman's social duties; it is this that makes a true-hearted, God-fearing woman not only an ornament to the community, but a safeguard to the State. Public life is the sphere of man; domestic life the sphere of woman. In her own sphere her influence is as great as it is healthful; out of her sphere it is nothing. In her household woman reigns. We say this cheerfully that, without controversy, she is *QUEEN* at home. Nor should this at all infringe on man's prerogative. A woman's sceptre should be love. It is only when a woman loves that she has influence for good; her whole strength lies in loving; and so long as she reigns in and through love, there are few of the other sex who care to rebel against her gentle sway. Woman's power to love, and her power in loving, are enormous. And if women would maintain her ascendancy she must reject all the so-called improvements and additions to her positions and her influence of our modern moral reforms, and just pursue quietly and systematically the good old beaten paths of patient industry, quiet endurance, earnest piety, and love which faileth never.

And in woman's social position, as we have defined, there is sphere enough for all her activities, for vigor of mind, for prudence and sagacity, in not a few instances financial abilities are fully tasked in the effort to make a little go far to rear a family on a narrow income. And even when the income is superabundant, she may well save every necessary expense, for the sake of being enabled to exercise an enlarged benevolence. And in all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest, it is woman's duty to be intent upon making her home happy, to study the tempers and the characters of her family, to consult both their wants and their weaknesses. In ordinary cases it is just as easy for a woman to keep a calm house, as it is to keep a clean house; and

should be as much her aim to have her home cheerful, as it is usually to have it orderly.

A living woman is man's truest friend, and she is none the less true, because she is honest and out-spoken. When others are ridiculing you, or censuring you behind your back, she faithfully reproves you to your face. When destruction is secretly aiming its poisoned arrows at your reputation she stands openly forth in your defence, she letteth not the claims of pride or vanity interfere with those of love. If you meet with misfortune or with losses, and must forego the comforts you have formerly enjoyed, and the society in which you have formerly mingled, she will still think herself happy in your society, and will cheerfully bear the dangers, half of the burden, of your affliction. When sickness calls you from business and from bustle, she follows you into your gloomy chamber, her eye watches every expression of your countenance, her ear is ever open to your weary tale of symptoms, her hand ever busy to supply your wants, and her lips ever ready to minister the balm of consolation to your wounded spirit. And when death bursts asunder every earthly tie, it is not enough for woman to shed a tear upon the grave, but she takes and lodges your remembrance in her heart. *She never forgets.* Of all earthly cords a woman's love lasts the longest!

That is a noble anecdote in the account of Lord Russell's trial. Lord Russell—"May I have some body write to help my memory?" Attorney-General—"Yes; a servant." Lord Chief Justice—"Any of your servants shall assist in writing anything you please for you." Lord Russell—"My wife is here, my Lord, to do it." Mr. Jeffrey, speaking of the above dialogue, says: "We know of nothing at once so pathetic and sublime as these few simple sentences, when we recollect who Russell and his wife were, and what a destiny was then impending. This one trait makes the heart swell almost to bursting." Bernard Barton after contrasting this with some chivalrous deed in Roman story, says—

Hers was no briefly driving mood,  
Spent in one fearful deed.  
The gentle courage of the good  
More lasting worth can plead;  
And hers made bright in after years  
The mother's toil, the widow's tears!  
Women of meek, yet fearless soul,  
Thy memory aye shall live;  
Nor soon shall history's varied scroll  
A name more glorious give.  
What English heart but feels its claim,  
Far, far beyond the Roman fame?

**Women are more disinterested than men—more**

zealous for those they love—and they evince more patience and fortitude in bearing or in sustaining others in misfortune. Instances of fortitude and self-devotion are recorded of women, to which men can lay no claim. Women's solicitude to support and elevate those in whom she feels an interest, are often unnoticed and unappreciated; but such disinterestedness is its own exceeding great reward. It is true greatness to be useful. If to devote every energy and every resource to the good of others; if to cast time, and talent, and might into one self-sacrifice, be to deserve the appellation of great—then to all this may woman claim a far truer title than can man.

Another element of woman's power is her condescension. All who would obtain influence must be condescending. That advice is generally most efficient, and that instruction is generally most valued which is given with least assumption. They who wish to convince the understanding or to win the heart, must suit themselves to the tastes and even the caprices of those whom they would teach influence. Now, what greatly increases the influence of the gentler sex, is that it becomes them so well to condescend. There is always something rigid and undignified in the attempts at condescension which a man makes; but a woman can do it with an ease, and grace, and dignity which adds tenfold to its value and efficiency. When Queen Victoria finds her way to the Highland cottages, and with a true woman's sympathies, shares the anxieties and sorrows of her poorest subject, she fans the loyalty of a whole people into perfect flame, and every heart cries "God save the Queen!" When she sits on her throne in royal state, she may dazzle us with her splendor, but it when we see her as a mother, in the midst of her family, that we feel that she is bound to us, and we to her, by ties that are as enduring as the memories of our own mothers.

I would venture a single paragraph on the unmarried state. The position of an old maid is not appreciated. It is one at once of dignity and of happiness. We do not wonder that it is often a woman's choice to remain single. While a mother's heart is now rent with grief for the departed, and again wrecked with fear and with anxiety for the living—the sensible, contented, single woman gives herself with her whole heart to the alleviating of other's woes, to the ministration to the comforts of those she loves, and to contribute to the improvement and enjoyment of the family circle. Such a position is at once an honorable and a happy one.—This partiality for a single life does not include men. When deprived of a home, presided over by a mother or sister, it is rarely respectable to be

a bachelor—married woman's worth and affection, far more than woman needs man's strength and protection. Single blessedness is more unusually single wretchedness, and a bachelor's freedom is for the most part another name for the contemptible survey of a hired house-keeper.

We say a word of woman's education. The system of female education, now too frequently pursued, we must condemn. The accomplishments at which a fashionable education generally aims, are to enter a room gracefully—to dance superbly, to speak with an Italian accent—and to be quite at home in all the notes of the gamut. We wage no war with a liberal education—while we set a high value on the solid acquirements, we are quite willing to admit that they should acquire a knowledge of either languages or of music, but we do protest against educating a child as though the object for which it had been sent into the world was, that it might learn to affect that which is repugnant to its tastes and feelings, instead of speaking and acting from natural character and correct feelings. We say most heartily, give to young ladies the highest and the best education within your reach—but let it be *ΕΥΡΕΤΑ* and not a sham. Seek to give a sufficiency of internal resources, such as will make occasional friends of solitude, any thing rather than weariness. Do not be afraid of a decided mental cultivation and a bias to literary pursuits. But I cannot leave this topic without saying, let the education be such as will ever shed affection over home, and inspire the feeling and hopes and happy influences of religion.

To recapitulate, if we would estimate aright woman's position and woman's influence, we must remember that

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures of a dial;  
We should count time by heart throbs—he most loves,  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest,  
Lives in one hour more than in years do some,  
Whose feet bland sleeps as it slips along their veins.  
Life is but the means unto end; that ends,  
Beginning mean an end to all things."—*God.*

OPPORTUNITY FOR THE POOR.

THERE is a disposition among some people when the miseries of the poor are mentioned to lay the fault of their sufferings upon their own shoulders.—They are so thriftless, and reckless, and extravagant, and dirty, that there is really no possibility of doing anything for them. Their want is ascribed to carelessness and absence of prudent forethought, and their liability to disease to their filthy habits. How can they expect, forsooth, to be secure against starvation when they never save any-

thing? and what right have they to expect health if they will not keep their skins and their clothes clean? Charity and pity, alike—so some folk think, are thrown away upon such thoughtless, filthy beings. No matter what you give them or how much you help them, they are never any better. The fact is, they will not help themselves, and it is of no use to try to improve their position.

That is the creed we have heard over and over again from delicate ladies and well-dressed gentlemen, and it is very easy for them to talk in that manner. They keep themselves clean and wholesome, and do not go into debt beyond their means, or go without dinners; and why should not others, if they were as well disposed, do likewise? They may well be so complacent; apart as they are from the necessities of the poor, they cannot understand the difference of the circumstances which operate upon the two classes. If they are a little extravagant to-day they may make up for it by moderate economy to-morrow. They live in houses more or less commodious, and easy to keep clean. They are endowed by their position in society with some self respect, which makes attention to personal appearance a habit, and they are surrounded by appliances which put decency within their reach. If they would only reflect a little, they would find that the superior virtues, upon which they plume themselves, are the result of opportunity, and they might be led to the inference that the vices they deprecate are often to be ascribed to the want of it. Let them imagine the house with its separate rooms for various household duties transformed into the often solitary room of the labourer and his family; the bright paint and glowing paper upon their walls changed to the dingy whitewash of a dirty garret. The bed in one corner, the saucepan in another, the washtub in a third. No kitchen to cook in—no commodious bath-room close to the sleeping apartment—no washhouse where the periodical wash may be kept apart, with its steam and muddle, from the rest of the household work. All to be done in that one room. Eating, drinking, cooking, sleeping, washing, to be performed in that limited space,—ever in confusion from the crowding of duties,—impossible to keep clean and tidy from want of accommodation. Let them imagine this, and then ask themselves whether, if they were so situated, their persons would be kept as clean as they are now; whether they would so frequently change their soiled garments; and whether it is not possible that the distress of the poor is not owing in a greater degree to the difficulty of being clean, than indifference to being dirty? If a well-to-do housewife would only compare the advantages of her position with the want of opportunity under which others suffer, she might become less proud of her own management, less inclined to depreciate the efforts of others; she might come to the conclusion that between her and "dirty people" it is not so much a difference of personal qualities as of the opportunity for exercising them.

These ideas are strikingly borne out by a report of the Committee for Promoting the Establishment of Public Baths and Washhouses. That Committee has been in existence eight years, and now resigns its duties from the fact that their performance is no longer needed. The report tells

us in unmistakable terms that the poor will not be dirty if they can help it; that they only want the opportunity to be clean. In the five years during which public baths and washhouses have been in operation, there have been no less than upwards of three millions of washers and bathers; and year by year the average has increased as more extensive accommodation has been provided. Thus, in 1848, the first London bath was opened in Goulston Square, Whitechapel, and 48,637 bathers in that year took advantage of it. There were no washers, for no provision had as yet been made for them. In 1849, there were two metropolitan baths, with washhouses attached, and the bathers were 297,831; the washers, 9,070. In 1850, there were three establishments, and the bathers increased to 509,200; the washers to 60,151. In 1851, there were five, and the bathers were 647,242; and the washers, 132,251. In 1852, there were seven, and the bathers went up to 860,163; and the washers to 197,580. These are facts which teach a lesson the rich will do well to think over,—a lesson the moral of which is, that the poor are as fond of cleanliness as other classes of society.

There is another teaching in the report which is no less instructive. It strikes at the cant of charity with unmistakable force. The poor, those at least who are in employment, do not want charity,—using that word in the sense of alms-giving,—so much as intelligent help and guidance. They have not only taken advantage of baths and washhouses, but they have paid for them. These institutions are profitable in a commercial point of view, and it is upon that fact, we suppose, that the committee base the policy of their abdicaton. Now that it has been shown the sale of cleanliness pays, and that the poor are ready to buy it,—and this has been proved,—there will be plenty ready to sell it. One bath has not only paid its own expenses, but, it seems, provided funds to help to establish another. In the last year, the revenue derived from the seven baths and washhouses in London was £13,413. 7s. 2d. It must not be supposed that the poor lost this money, or, in other words, paid it away in excess of their habitual expenditure; probably the sum spent represents a similar amount actually saved. There have been fewer doctors' bills as a consequence of cleaner skins, and less worktime has been lost through illness. Washing by the aid of a saucepan to boil the clothes, with its wasteful expenditure of fuel and destruction of linen, has been replaced by economical washing with well-arranged coppers and proper utensils. Time has been saved; money has been saved; health has been preserved; and, what is better perhaps, that cleanliness, which is said to be next to godliness, has, along with better physical habits, produced better moral habits, leading to greater saving still.

It is not only that these three millions of washers and bathers represent so many clean bodies and so many clean shirts,—they point to something still more important. Dirty people have dirty habits and dirty minds,—and dirty minds are mostly vicious as well. The man who has a pure skin likes pure clothes to match it. When once he has that taste, he likes a clean room to sit in, and if he can get one, will prefer it to a foul taproom. There is no end to the improvement of taste and conduct to which the habit of clean-

liness may lead. As in degradation so in devotion, the first step is half the battle. Make a beginning, and the rest is hopeful. We should not be surprised to learn that these baths and washhouses have often helped to convert one room into two, and to bring into them books and such ornaments as are within the reach of humble people,—have made dirty, slovenly women neat, trim wives, and selfish men better husbands and fathers; for it is the natural effect of one virtue, as of one vice, to bring others into play, either helping or smothering effort after something better.

All this shows us how the poor should be helped. Not merely by cold charity—by giving pence here, or shillings or pounds there, but by teaching and helping them to help themselves. They want to be shown how to *club* and to *manage* their small earnings. Co-operation is their great hope. Their pence put together, though so powerless when isolated, swell into thousands of pounds. In this last year in this instance they have swelled into more than £13,000. Those who have expended them have not only saved, for good habits are always cheaper than bad ones, but have proved that they can make it pay others to help them to the opportunity of wise expenditure. What has been done with washhouses may be done in other directions. It may be done with houses, for example. The same means will serve to transform dirty courts and alleys and mouldering tenements into healthy streets and squares, and well-arranged, lighted, and ventilated houses. Depend upon it, the experiment will pay in the one case as well as in the other; but the poor cannot begin to do it for themselves. They are powerless to move without assistance. They cannot set the wheel turning; but *once* going, they can and will keep it going. If they have the chance, they will prefer the better to the worse. To offer that opportunity is the true duty of those who have the means. That is the charity which blesses both giver and receiver. That is the most inexpensive as well as the wisest charity,—for all gain by it. The rich and the poor alike benefit by less disease, less pauperism, and a higher general moral tone.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

#### A FRIEND.

How many lovely things we find  
In earth, and air, and sea,—  
The distant bells upon the wind,  
The blossom on the tree;  
But lovelier far than chime or flower  
Are valued friends in sorrow's hour.

Sweet is the carol of a bird  
When warbling on the spray,  
And beautiful the moon's pale beam  
That lights us on our way;  
Yet lovelier Friendship's look and word  
Than moonlight or than warbling bird.

How prized the coral and the shell,  
And valued too the pearl;  
Who can the hidden treasures tell  
O'er which the soft waves curl?  
Yet dearer still a friend to me  
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

## THE MICMAC INDIANS: THEIR LEGENDS.

THE History of all nations runs back into the regions of fable. Important events were anciently handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition alone. Succeeding generations gloried in the deeds of valor and renown achieved by their forefathers, the lustre of which was supposed to attach to themselves. The stories "losing nothing in the telling," would soon become so distorted, magnified and colored, by the channel through which they passed, that it would be impossible for ordinary minds to distinguish the truth from the embellishment. Romance and poetry would not fail to take advantage of this, to magnify what was already marvellous, and to clothe common-place events with the glitter of their imagery.

Hence in tracing the history of any nation—the records of Sacred History alone excepted—we soon find ourselves listening to the most wonderful details of events which we are sure never happened, and never could happen, according to the laws by which nature is now governed. Enchanted caverns meet us on every hand. Beasts and birds possessing the faculties of men—rocks and trees endowed with the power of speech and locomotion—giants, fairies, and wizards, genii and spirits, are ever ready to lend their aid, in the doing of good or ill; and they interpose their services so capriciously on the most trivial, as well as on more important occasions, that one is as frequently amused with the ridiculousness of the story, as astonished at its marvellousness.

I need scarcely hint at the history of Greece and Rome, and Scandinavia, the poems of Homer, Virgil and Ovid, as illustrations of these remarks. We have them in our own history. How many tales of "love and murder," of wars, of giants, of wizards, of ghosts, and enchanted castles, have been in circulation in the English language, almost ever since there was an English language. How well have later poets and writers of romance known how to take advantage of these fancies, and especially of that propensity in the human mind which first produced, and afterwards fostered and preserved, such extravagancies, from generation to generation.

The Micmac Indian of Nova Scotia stands at the present day, in relation to the past history of his nation, just where the ancient inhabitants of Britain stood, before the art of writing was introduced among them. He has no "chronicles" of the past. He cannot open the ancient volume and read what authentic history has recorded. The few past years make up the whole of his existence in the region of sober reality and truth. What he heard from his grand-sire is probably true—it is "agunoo-dumokun"—historical fact; beyond that all is "ah-too-ewokun"—fable, romance stories, treasured up indeed, and handed down from age to age, and often told for diversion, and to keep in memory the habits and manners, domestic and political, of the *sahk-ah-waychikik*—the ancient Indians—but nothing more.

Would the reader like the perusal of one of these tales, related, just as "Susan Doctor," the daughter of "Paul Doctor," an Indian belonging to Pictou, N. S., would relate it? without any attempt at embellishment, addition or subtraction?

Come with me to the Indian Camp, after the labors of the day are over, and the shades of evening have gathered around them. Here is one wigwam somewhat larger than the rest, and the young people are gathering there as the children exclaim: "ah-too-ewet"—"she is telling a story." They have all taken their places in a circle, to listen to the tale. They have probably heard it a hundred times already. Never mind, it is something of a feat to tell it, and "Susan" who learned it with a hundred similar ones from her father Paul, is somewhat cleverer than the most of them. She has a good head, as they term it—a thousand pities it is not stored with something more valuable. But to proceed, all preliminaries being arranged, the particular tale called for, &c.—Susan commences:

"Wee-gi-jik-kee-see-gook," an announcement which simply calls up attention, and implies what sort of a relation is to follow. Literally it signifies: "The old people have erected their tents;" but conveys very significantly this parabolic meaning: "Attend to a story of ancient times."\*

## THE STORY OF TEE-AM, AND OO-HIG-E-ASQUE.

There was a lake in the midst of a forest, and a large Indian town on the borders of this lake. Near the edge of the Lake, and somewhat removed from the main village, resided a young chieftain, named *Tee-am*—or *Moose*. He had the power of rendering himself invisible to mortal eyes, when he chose, and of showing himself just when and to whom he liked. Parents he had none living, nor any other occupant of the wigwam save an only sister, to whom he was attached with the most cordial affection. The brother occupied himself like the rest of his tribe, in hunting. It was the sister's business to take charge of the venison, to cut it in slices and smoke and dry it; and to prepare food for her brother, and perform all other operations of house-keeping.

The history of *Tee-am*, the invisible youth, formed an important item in the village gossip. His merits, habits, and designs, were the theme of frequent discussion; and it soon became generally known that he was intending to enter the "order of matrimony." He was not disposed, however, to go in quest of a wife, but, reversing the usual order, it was his wish that the young ladies of his tribe should adorn themselves in their richest attire and come in quest of him. The girl that could behold him, he would marry; and since he was a personage of no ordinary merits, various attempts were made by the young women, to arrest his attention, to win his affection, and to draw him forth to the visible world.

The way they usually proceeded was this: They put on their finery, washed their faces, anointed their heads, decked themselves with ornaments, and went to the wigwam of *Tee-am*, a number usually going in company, and reaching the place sometime before the hour at which he usually returned from his hunting excursions. His sister would receive them with the greatest kindness. They would spend the afternoon together, and at the proper time the sister accompanied by her companions, would walk down to the shore, to greet the approach of her brother. As soon as

\* We do not vouch for the orthodoxy of the Indian terms. Houses are not uncommon.—Ed. A. A.

she saw him, she would announce his approach, and enquire of her attentive companions if they saw him. "Nemeevok richigunmu?"—"do you see my brother?" Every eye would be strained in the direction she was looking. Some would think they saw him. And "co-goo-way wisko-book-sick?" the sister of the young man would enquire "of what is his *carrying strap* made?"—Sometimes those who supposed they saw him, would say it was a *withe*, sometimes it would be a piece of raw-hide;—and everything that had been known to be applied to such a use, would be seen, or supposed to be seen.

"Ah," she would say; understanding instantly that he was undiscovered: "let us go home."—Home they would go with her. When the hunter arrived, his sister always took charge of his load of game. The other girls would see this, and also his moccasins when he drew them off. They were thus assured that there was no deception—that he was really present, though they could not see him.

But they have not given over yet. "I may see him," says each one, "after he has had time to look at us, and take his choice;" each supposing, of course, that he would have discernment sufficient to see that *she* was the prettiest and best.—The parties often dined with him and his sister, without seeing him, and sometimes remained over night, and returned to their several places of abode next day, unsuccessful.

Now there dwelt in this village a widower, who had three unmarried daughters. The youngest was a poor little weakly thing, and was often ill-treated by the eldest. She often considered her in the way. She would beat her unmercifully, when their father was not near to protect her, and often burn her. The old man would find her covered with burns, bruises, and blisters, when he came home, and would be told, in answer to his enquiries, that she had fallen into the fire, and had by mischief and accident brought it all on herself.—The condition of the little girl was pitiable indeed. Every day she was exposed to the tyranny of the cruel and unrelenting sister, without the power of escape or redress; being afraid to plead her own cause before the father, lest she should only bring upon herself additional sufferings. The hair of her head was singed off, and she was covered with the effects of the cruel burnings to which she was subject. Her name somewhat of a rugged one—but not difficult of pronunciation—Oo-chig-e-asque, was indicative of her plight, covered with the marks of her sister's inhumanity.

Well, the two elder sisters had gone, with the approbation of their father, to make the experiment of the insulated wigwam—they had tried their success at "moose hunting" and failed. Of course no one dreamed that Oo-chig-e-asque would be simple enough to go; and should she go, it was not possible she should succeed. So they might have reasoned. The poor child, however, did not see what harm it could be for her to go, where every one else went. A wedding suit she had not. A few beads spared to her through the entreaties of her next eldest sister, composed her whole stock of ornaments. She therefore gathered a quantity of birch bark, and fabricated for herself an uncouth dress; "oo-mah-go-dum," "her petticoat," and "oo-mahd-led-um," her "loose gown." Her father's cast off moccasins, soaked

and drawn on, were a substitute for shoes and stockings, ail under one. Thus accoutred, without asking leave or licence, she arose and shaped her course away towards the edge of the lake, and the extremity of the village. Her sisters called after her to return; but she made as though she heard them not. The men, women, and children stared at her as she passed, laughed and hooted at her; but she heeded them not. And now she reaches the tent of the invisible youth. His sister receives her kindly. They walk down to the shore together at the proper time. "Do you see my brother?" says the girl. "I do," is the reply. "And of what is his carrying-strap made?" "Muncwon," is the immediate reply; "it is a piece of a *rain-bow*!" "Very good—you do indeed see my brother.—Glamh-de-nech—let us go home."

Arrived at the wigwam, the youth's sister proceeds to adorn her person, and prepare her for the nuptials. Her birch bark dress is taken off and consigned to the flames. A copious ablution removes every scar, and spot and blemish, and presents her with a face fair and beautiful. Next comes the process of arranging and adorning the hair. "Alas!" said the poor girl, "for I have no hair. My head is bald and singed and unpleasant to behold." But no sooner do the plastic hands of her companion touch her head, than the hair, black and beautiful and flowing, starts out in profusion, and soon assumes the proper form and appearance. The brother comes in laughing. "Way-jool-koos." "We have been discovered, have we?" says he to his sister. So "Oo-chig-e-asque" becomes the wife of Tee-am.

The scene now shifts to her father's wigwam. The old man is disconcerted at the absence of his daughter. Surely some mischief has befallen her, as she returns not that night. Her sisters know nothing about her; and he starts early next day in search of her. He passes the wigwam of her husband, and she recognises him, though he cannot distinguish her, on account of her transformation. She introduces him to her husband.—"Wellee-dahsit kee-see-goo," "the old man is much pleased." He goes home and tells his astonished daughters, what a noble partner their sister has got, and how beautiful she herself has become.

According to the usual course of events, in process of time, an addition is made to the family. A little "moose" is presented to the head-man of the establishment, and there is great rejoicing over it. *Teamoock*, soon becomes a fine boy, running about, shooting his little arrows, wielding his little club, and playing off, on all convenient opportunities the "little man."

His mother now notices, more particularly than she had formerly, that the *bone of a moose's leg*, is usually left lying in the wigwam during the absence of the father; and her sister-in-law charges her to watch the little boy, and see that he does not touch it. After his father arrives home from hunting, the bone may be broken and the marrow eaten.

One day the women were more than ordinarily busy. They have a large quantity of meat to slice up and cure, and it occupies them nearly all day. The little boy plays about out of doors, and sometimes runs in alone into the wigwam. He gives the bone, which lay in the wigwam, a blow

with his club, and breaks it. Soon after his aunt goes in and sees what has been done. She begins to wring her hands and weep. "Tie up your child," says she, "and let us go in search of my brother." Away they go along the lake, taking his tracks, and following upon the ice a long distance. They find him at length, fallen down, with his load, and the bone of his leg broken. Said is the meeting, and said the parting. He takes an affectionate leave of his wife and babe, and directs her to return to her father's house, as he will never be able to provide for her any more. She accordingly takes her child and goes home. "And you, my sister," says he, "go back to the wigwam. Bring the kettle, the axe, the knife, and return to me." She obeys. He then addresses her thus: "*N'moes kosalin?*" "My sister, do you love me?" She tells him, "aye—I do." He replies: "If you love me, take up the axe and despatch me." She is horrified at the proposal. She remonstrates. "His leg will get well. The bone will grow together." "No; it will never grow together again. But as soon as you have smitten me down, you will find that it is a real *moose* you have killed. You will proceed accordingly. My flesh you will prepare and dry in the usual way. Carefully preserve the skin of the moose's head. Make as the women are wont to do, a 'work-bag' of it, and keep it alway with you, as a memorial of me."

The poor girl obeys, and carries out all his directions to the letter.

Several days elapse before she fully completes her task. She has gone up from the lake into the edge of the woods, and has there erected for herself a small tent.

She has now dried the moose meat, and hung it up in the wigwam. One morning she is startled by the approach of a *giant*, a "koo-kwes," a species of humanity abounding always in the region of fable. Monstrous, huge, possessed of great strength, always bad—the enemy of mankind—destroying them without mercy, and feasting upon their flesh.

The "koo-kwes" of Micmac fiction, is the regular giant of yore. *Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens*. The giant walks in and seats himself very composedly; looks up at the venison, and praises her industry. She takes the hint, puts the kettle over the fire, and boils half of it for his breakfast. He devours it, and then stretches himself down for a nap. When he awakes, the terrified girl, with all the coolness she could command, gathers up what is left, and asks him to accept of it.

His giantship receives the boon, and then proceeds to advise her for her good. He recommends to her to abide where she is, and not to attempt to find her way to any Indian settlement. There are so many difficulties in the way that she will not be able to overcome them. Particularly she will be obliged to pass two enormous serpents who guarded the path. She will see them at a distance, and take them for mountains! They lie on each side of the path, with their heads towards it. "You cannot go round them, you cannot climb over them. You must pass by their huge jaws."

He finishes his harangue, and departs. She is not particularly impressed in his favor, nor much

disposed to follow his counsel. It is more likely than not that at his wish for her to remain in that solitary place, is based upon the anticipated want of a breakfast some morning, and that she might in that case follow in the wake of her brother, should she stay. She will not run the risk. "Poke-tum-cabit," "she takes her departure."

The giant's story about the enormous serpents, proves true; but carrying with her the memorial of her brother, she is safe. Their mouths are shut, and their eyes are closed in sleep. She passes them unharmed, and after a long walk reaches an Indian village. She enters the first wigwam she comes to, and takes up her abode there, with three women who own and occupy it. She frequently goes out visiting and playing at the *wolstokun*, a curious game, resembling dice, still in great favor with the Indians, taking care to return at evening, and always carrying with her the mysterious work-bag.

One night as she lay down to rest, supposing the other women were asleep, she carefully placed this same important article alway under the boughs, close up to the place where the wigwam touches the ground—the *lilchoo*, as they call it. Next day she went abroad, and forgot the work-bag. After her departure, the aforesaid old woman, possessing some amount of curiosity as well as others, was prompted to examine the contents of the stranger's bag. She accordingly watched her opportunity, and took hold of it for that purpose. Scarcely had she begun to draw it toward her, when, with a shriek of horror, she started to her feet. She had laid her hand on the hair of a human head! of a living man! He sprang to his feet, all harnessed and tattooed like a warrior ready for battle. At one blow he despatched the woman who had pulled him back to life, and then killed the other two. He then rushed out, and uttering the terrible war-whoop, struck down every one whom he met. The ground was soon strewed with the dead and the dying. His sister saw him, and recognized him at once. "O, brother! brother!" she exclaimed. But he was inexorable. "Boo-naj-jee-me," "leave me alone," is his reply. "Why did you not take better care of me? Had you taken better care of me, you would have had me with you for ever;" and he strikes her down to the earth. Here, abruptly, "*respect! dooksit!*" "the tale ends."

We could wish that it ended better; but we cannot help it. When Charlotte Elizabeth was writing her "Judah's Lion" in the successive numbers of her magazine, *to be continued* came in, on one occasion, leaving Charley on a sick bed, and to all appearance dying. One of her readers, who had become greatly interested in the story in general, and in little Charley in particular, begged of the writer *not to let him die!* Accordingly Charley got well. But I had no such opportunity of preventing the tragical end of either the hero or heroine of this tale. You have it, kind reader, as the writer received it, and wrote it down from the mouth of an Indian—with scarcely note or comment. May we ask, why not educate and elevate the Indian? Has he not a mind capable of improvement? Is he not a MAN, as well as his white neighbour? and, shall I say oppressor? Could not the mind which, untutored and untrained, invented such a tale of fiction as this, or

which can even remember it, with scores of others similar to it, and repeat them verbatim a thousand times, be made, by proper culture, capable of more solid and useful productions? Late in the day though it be, let a generous effort be made and followed up for the mental, physical, and moral improvement of our Indian brother. A gracious Providence will smile on the effort and crown it with success.—*Hulifax Provincialist.*

## POETRY.

(From *Punch*.)

The Pope of Rome was sitting, triple-crowned, in Peter's chair,  
At his feet the Count de Chambord knelt, like small child saying prayer,  
And wry and rueful faces made, most dolorous to see,  
As he spread his hands and raised his eyes upon his bended knee.

The Pope, with brow and shoulders shrugged, looked grievously a-kance,  
Whom had he at his footstool there but Henry Fifth of France?  
Most Christian king, legitimate, by rule of right divine;  
And must the Holy Father needs anoint another Line?

Oh! sure am I," de Chambord said, "the tale can ne'er be true,  
That your Holiness intends the thing which people say you do;  
To pluck the golden pippin of the Crown from Pèpin's stem!"  
"My son, that's only," said the Pope, "an earthly diadem."

"Ah, holy Father, yes, indeed!—but for that earthly Crown  
Did angel not in holy pot bring sacred unguent down?

Is the 'Saint Ampoule' no better than a common flask or crock?"

"Oh, talk not so, my son; I feel the very thought a shock."

"From me, the true successor of St. Louis, holy king,  
Will you aid a gross usurper my inheritance to wring?

Shall St. Peter's heir St. Louis's heir of patrimony spoil,  
And hair of other party grace with consecrating oil?"

"Of good Saint Louis's Crown will I my faithful son believe?

Ne'er, so thou do what I command, and what I preach, believe;  
That circlet still with golden light shall flame around thy head,  
And evermore thy portraits, too, shall wear it when thou'rt dead."

"Oh, that's the *nimbus*, holy Sire! 'twas not thereof I spoke;  
That is a crown in *nubibus*." "My son, forbear to joke."

"But shall that other party, holy Sire, by you be crowned?  
Have you thrown Saint Louis o'er, and another Louis found?"

"Another Louis I have found, my faithful son, indeed,  
Who, Saint or not, behaved as such to me in time of need;  
For he replaced me on the throne by force of arms benign"—

"Which you've to pay for," Chambord said, "by seating him on mine?"

"In truth," the holy Father cried, "I know not how to act."

"Then," said de Chambord, "the report is not a hoax, in fact.

What crime—what sin that's unabsolved—what ever have I done?

Indeed I'm not a heretic." "Of course thou'rt not, my son."

"But think you, Father, well, what all the world will surely say—

My due of birth if holy breath so lightly blow away;

So much for faithful dynasties—we see what they may hope—

And a *fi* for the blessing of His Holiness, the Pope."

"I own," the Pontiff sighed, "my son, in what thou say'st there's force."

"And," said de Chambord, "whither led your seventh namesake's course,  
That Pius did the sort of thing that you design to do;

And small good did he get thereby: about as much will you."

"Well, well," said Pio Nono, "son, at any rate here's this."

And his hand he stretched right graciously to Henry forth to kiss;

"We will act as we think best, and we'll see what we shall see;

In the meantime I bestow my benediction upon thee."

## A WORD ON CANADA.

THE glut which has lately taken place in the matter of emigration to the gold-colonies of Australia, will naturally turn observation once more towards the United States and Canada, either of which offers a boundless field for the reception of an industrious and well-disposed class of emigrants. At present, one of the great subjects of debate in the United States Legislature, is the Homestead Bill, by which it is actually intended to give sections of government-land for nothing, the mere cost of title excepted, and that will probably be only a few shillings. Something of the same kind is agitated in Western Canada; the object being to attract emigrants; for the more settlers there are, the more is the prosperity of the country promoted. Independently of these plans of giving land gratis, there is everywhere an abundance of properties wholly or partially cleared,



which may be obtained on remarkably easy terms. From the papers which from time to time reach us, it appears that great improvements are taking place in Canada, and that, in point of fact, there is an emigration into the colony from different parts of the United States. The emigration from the States in one district of Lower Canada has been so considerable, as to make a perceptible increase in the population. Through this tract, a railway is now in process of construction from Montreal to Portland. Great part of Upper Canada is equal to the best lands of the United States, and some of it is even more fertile. High authority states that, near Toronto, fifty bushels of wheat have been obtained from a single acre. A gentleman, for several years a resident of Upper Canada, states that that portion of it which lies between Kingston and Sandwich, and extends back from the shores of Lake Erie, —from some points forty, and from others one hundred miles— is capable of supplying all Europe with the grain it requires, besides producing cattle and sheep, hemp and flax, and yielding iron, copper, lead, lime, marl, and gypsum. Another resident states that "Upper Canada is capable of supporting, by agricultural pursuits alone, at least 5,000,000 of additional inhabitants."

In regard to farming, the same mistakes were at first made in Canada as are in all new colonies and countries. Now, however, over large tracts of some of the best land of the province, is to be seen as good farming as one could desire to meet with. Gentlemen of independent property have set the example in many of the most eligible situations for settlers; substantial farmers from England and Scotland have followed, and have introduced with success all the best practices of the old country. Great attention has been paid to the importation of the best stock from Britain; the markets, therefore, at Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, and other towns, are supplied with excellent meat. An objection to the growth of roots and crops that had been entertained by the smaller farmers, without much capital or enterprise—namely, the difficulty of preventing their freezing in the winter—had been easily overcome by the superior class of farmers.

Of Lower Canada, we have space only to say that it, too, is improving, though it is allowed that the extremes of heat and cold which characterize it, render emigration thither less inviting. Here it must be said, that the climate of the Western Canadian territory has been considerably misrepresented. In Upper Canada, in conformity to a general law of the North American climate, which becomes milder as the degrees of longitude increase, *the cold is not by any means so severe or the winter so long.* An interesting pamphlet on this subject has lately been published by Professor Hind of Toronto, in which he shows very convincingly the "decided superiority" of Upper Canada "for agricultural purposes over the state of New York, the northern part of Ohio and Illinois, the states of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, the Far West, and the whole of New England—in a word, over the wheat-growing states generally;" and that the emigrant, "in preferring any part of the United States for farming purposes, is actually selecting for himself a climate of greater winter cold and summer heat, and not only more

unhealthy, but also far more hazardous to the agriculturist than that which obtains in the Canadian peninsula."

Within the last few years, by the construction of canals, and other favourable circumstances, the industry of Canada has been stimulated and her resources developed with extraordinary rapidity. From Lake Erie, and of course from Lakes Huron and Michigan, sailing and steam vessels can now descend to the ocean and return. To enable them to do this, the Welland Canal, passing by the Falls of Niagara, and connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, has been constructed; and also along the St. Lawrence, where falls in that river occur, several short canals, all with capacious locks, and all together measuring above ninety miles. Besides these, the Canadians enjoy the benefit of two other canals—the Rideau Canal, 128 miles long, connecting Kingston on Lake Ontario with Bytown on the Ottawa; and the Chambly Canal, eleven miles long, which connects Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, near Montreal. Through the canals on the St. Lawrence, in 1850, passed 7166 vessels and steamers, of which 6827 were British and 339 American, and the aggregate tonnage was 547,322 tons; and through the Welland Canal, 4761 vessels and steamers, of which 2962 were British and 1799 American, and the aggregate tonnage was 587,100 tons. In 1840, the exports amounted to 1,475,000 dollars, and in 1850, to 13,290,000. The exports have increased in nearly the same ratio, being, in 1850, about 15,950,000 dollars.

The resources of Canada are soon to be still further developed by the construction of railways, which are much better adapted for the country and climate than canals. Let any one, says Mr. Tremehere, take up the map of British North America, and consider what will be the effect of the completion of that magnificent system of railway communication, which, beginning at Halifax, is about to pass from Nova Scotia, through New Brunswick to Quebec, from thence to Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and through the entire length of Upper Canada to its western extremity, opposite Detroit; there to meet the already constructed railway across the State of Michigan to Chicago, and onward towards the Mississippi, which will be reached within the next few years, by a line now in progress. Let the branch-lines from the main one be then traced—from Prescott on the St. Lawrence, to Bytown on the Ottawa, now under construction; from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, and on to Lake Huron, already commenced; from Toronto to Guelph and Goderich; from Hamilton to Niagara, to connect with the lines through the State of New York, &c.

Glance next, for a moment, at their towns:—Hamilton, beneath a bold escarpment, and unfolding hills, richly covered with the primeval forest; the undulating plain on which it stands diversified with foliage, cultivation, and villas; the inlet from the Lake, which forms its harbor, presenting an agreeably varied outline: Toronto, spreading over a wide and gently-rising plateau on the lake shore; handsomely built, increasing rapidly, and possessing public buildings which, in dimensions, in taste, and solidity, are surpassed by few of a similar kind in the second-rate towns in England: Kingston, also showing signs of prosperity and

progress; occupying an important position at the head of the Rideau Canal: Montreal alive with commerce, and pleasing the eye with the graceful forms of the hills around; some of its old, narrow, and somewhat picturesque streets, reminding one of Europe: Quebec, with its undying interest, its beauty of position and outline, its crowd of masts along the wharves, its fleets at anchor below the citadel, its quaint old streets, and busy population.

Let all these circumstances be weighed—the great natural resources of these provinces, the energy now at work in developing them, the inducements thereto held out by the home-growth of a consuming population, and by the expanding facilities of transport, either to the home or the foreign market—and it will be seen how extensive a field is there opening for the still further employment of British labor and capital. The ordinary interest of capital in Canada is 6 per cent.; the ordinary price of common labor in Upper Canada is 2s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. a day; and as all common articles are admitted under a low revenue tariff of from 2½ to 12½ per cent., the usual articles of consumption, including provisions, are cheap and good. The principle, indeed, of the Canadian tariff, is to levy pretty high duties on sugar, coffee, tobacco, wines, spirits, and other articles not produced either in the colony or the mother-country, and to place revenue duties on manufactures as low as the wants of the province admit. It may be said that parties emigrating to Canada will never know what taxes are; for the home country relieves the colony of all charges as regards external policy, and the expenses of the local government are comparatively trifling. In short, what a man makes by his industry in Canada is his own; while what he realises in England needs to be divided with the tax-collector.

The manner in which the great question of elementary education has been dealt with in Canada is worthy of attention, not only from the effect which it is likely to produce in Canada itself, but from its general interest. It may be mentioned, that the province has been provided with an excellent system of schools of different grades—a system infinitely more perfect than that which prevails in the parish-school establishment in Scotland. It is encouraging to know, that the number of publicly-supported schools reported as existing in Upper Canada this year amounts to 3059; and that the number of pupils in these schools is 151,891. With what earnestness the people have engaged in the cause of education, is shewn by the published account of the "Proceedings at the Ceremony of laying the chief Corner-stone of the Normal and Model School and Education Offices, by the Earl of Elgin, Governor-General," at Toronto, in July 1851. From an address delivered on the ground by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent, we learn that the institution will accommodate 200 teachers in training, and 600 pupils in the Model School; and that the land set apart for it is an entire square, consisting of nearly eight acres, two of which are devoted to a botanical garden, three to agricultural experiments, and the remainder to the buildings of the institution, and to grounds for the gymnastic exercises of students and pupils. To accomplish this project, a public grant was made of £15,000—an

enlightened liberality on the part of our legislature, in advance of that of any other legislature on the American continent." Near the close of his address, the Chief Superintendent remarks: "There are four circumstances which encourage the most sanguine anticipations in regard to our educational future. The first is, the avowed and entire absence of all party-spirit in the school affairs of our country, from the provincial legislature down to the smallest municipality. The second is, the precedence which our legislature has taken of all others on the western side of the Atlantic, in providing for Normal-school instruction, and in aiding teachers to avail themselves of its advantages. The third is, that the people of Upper Canada have, during the last year, voluntarily taxed themselves, for the salaries of teachers, in a larger sum, in proportion to their numbers, and have kept open their schools, on an average, more months, than the neighboring citizens of the great State of New York. The fourth is, that the essential requisites of suitable and excellent textbooks have been introduced into our schools, and adopted almost by general acclamation; and that the facilities for furnishing all our schools with the necessary books, maps, and apparatus, will soon begin in advance of those of any other country." In fact, the system of education now established in Canada, far exceeds, in its comprehensive details, anything established in the United Kingdom. While all the ordinary plans of national education in the mother country have been delivered over to sectarian disputation and obstruction, those in Canada have been perfected and brought into operation to the universal satisfaction of the people.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### THE SILENT HUNTER.\*

SHORTLY before the American War of Independence, there arrived in New England an orphan boy called Bill Smith. Some friends of his parents took an interest in him, and apprenticed him—though only eight years of age—to an old farmer in North Carolina. The indentures stipulated that he was to have, besides sufficient food and clothing, reasonable opportunities for education; but Saunders the yeoman, thought this folly, and all that Bill learned was in spite of his prejudices.—There was a little daughter of the old farmer's, however,—Mattie, a blue-eyed child, with gold ringlets and dimpled face, who took a fancy to instruct the young alien that had come under her father's roof. He learned to read and to write, and soon became so proficient in both, that he began, in turn, to teach his tutor.

This pleasant exchange of mutual kindness went on until the children grew up, and Mattie was a blooming girl, unconsciously betrothed in the spring-time of her life to the orphan youth who had been perpetually by her side. The farmer discovered this, and immediately began to punish Smith, by a series of petty and abominable persecutions. He made him sleep in a barn, on a pile of hay, with only one tattered blanket to cover

\*This Narrative is historical, and forms one of the strongest episodes in the annals of real romance.

him, and cut him off from all the consolations of little Mattie's love. He was rich, and hated an one who appeared to aim at being the heir to his fortune. He jealously hated his daughter, and tortured poor Bill by every kind of cruelty until his behaviour became notorious and some humane persons resolved to summon him before a court of justice for barbarity and neglect of duty.

Before this was known, however, the orphan boy had formed a plan of running away. He made up his little bundle, and one night, creeping into Mattie's room through the window, bade her a gentle good-by. He embraced her, and kissed her, and told her he would come back a great man, and make her his wife; and she said, "I'll wait for you." He ran all night along the highway, and came next morning to the settlement of Raleigh. There he lived for some time. He prowled about the kitchens of the gentry by day, subsisting on the scraps which some kind-hearted slave bestowed on him, and when it was dark crawled into some shed to sleep.

It happened that a Judge Campbell,—a very humane man,—was then presiding in the circuit court. He found Bill Smith one morning among his cattle and horses half dead with hunger and cold. He took him into his house, fed him, clothed him, learned his story, and began to consider how his inhuman master might be punished. Great, therefore, was his delight when on looking over the list of causes to be tried before him in that circuit, the very first was "Commonwealth, versus Samuel Saunders, for abducting, murdering, or otherwise unlawfully making away with an indentured male child, known as William Smith."

The trial came on. Judge Campbell compelled the strictest scrutiny into the facts. His charge to the jury was stern and dead against the accused. It sounded like a sentence of death. The prisoner stood pale and shivering. His counsel was startled, cowed, almost hopeless. The winding-up was near. All felt the verdict must be "guilty."

Suddenly there was a commotion in the court. Carriage wheels were heard rapidly nearing the place. The sheriff came in, and with him was the boy, still attenuated from suffering, but neatly clothed, and with the bloom of life reviving on his cheek. Old Saunders was carried from the dock in convulsions,—his shrieks being heard until the prison doors were closed upon him. He was acquitted, but compelled to give security for the maintenance and education of Bill Smith until the age of eighteen.

That was the first public scene in Bill Smith's career. The next was when, as an eloquent, vivacious, bold young lawyer, he pleaded his first cause at the bar. He gained it, and gained many after it, and gradually rose to great honours, wealth, and prosperity. Mattie became his wife, and their home was blessed by sons and daughters, until, when the declaration of Independence was made, men knew no happier family than that of William Smith. He was generous and he was charitable, but nevertheless one of the most opulent men in the province, far he was prudent and economical. When, however, the war of liberty broke out, his treasures flowed like water to support Washington in his tremendous campaigns. Mattie did not repine when she saw their riches

melting away in the fervour of that glorious cause. "Let the gold go," she said; and the gold did go, and when America was free, it was all gone, and William Smith found himself a beggar! But he was not sorrowful; for over the Alleghany mountains was the country of Kentucky—beautiful land, with fertile soil and timber, and water and game abounding. There they might settle, and thither were many going who had lost their possessions in the terrible but sacred war. In the spring of 1784, fifty emigrants assembled in Powell's Valley, on the frontiers of the old colony. They were to journey in company over the mountains, for mutual defence, for the swarthy tribes of Indians still hovered over the regions, revenging on the white men that long liad of calamities which had fallen on their race.

The caravan went forward. It passed through a wild territory, among mountains and defiles, with the shaggy forests still throwing their primeval shadows over the slopes. At a distance there was known to be a settlement where provisions might be obtained. Smith, with a small party, went in advance to bring back supplies for the rest. He was six days away. The remainder had promised to await his return in a sequestered little valley. To that he came with his companions. There were traces of the camp, and marks of conflict, but no living being stirred there,—no voice could be heard, no welcome of the dear ones he had left. A confused and broken trail showed that the emigrants were in full retreat for the Clinch river, to regain the more populous district they had quitted. Smith hurried after them. "Where is my wife—where are my children?" he asked of the first straggler he came up to.

"You will find them where you left them. Ask the Shawanees; they can tell you the rest."

"You have neglected your trust—they are murdered," said Smith, in a stern and deliberate, yet trembling voice. "And yet you are retreating, you cowards," he added, and struck the man to the ground. Then he turned back, rode alone to the abandoned camp in the valley, and there in the evening he was found, looking with tearless eyes, but a countenance more mournful than weeping could make it, on the lost and the loved—Mattie and her children.

Smith with his own hands dug their graves—with his own hand he laid them side by side: his first born on the mother's right hand, his youngest on her bosom, where it had been nursed and nestled so long. And then he stood for a few moments looking upon the last couch made for their earthly rest, and filled the grave, and piled stones to mark the spot, and bade adieu for ever to the love in which his heart had made its home. His comrades were standing around in silence.—They expected that when he had finished he would follow them. But he walked about the site of the camp, and found where the Indians had come and gone. Then he shouldered his rifle, waved his hand solemnly, and speaking no farewell, disappeared on the trail of the Shawanees.

From that hour a strange mystery sprang up among those mountains. There was known to dwell on them a lonely hunter—a white man—who was seen occasionally by the Indians, or by some solitary trapper, always with a rifle in his hand, but perpetually silent, never speaking one

word to any. If he was addressed he turned and retreated into the woods. Gradually he was lost sight of altogether, except to David Boone, that far-famed hunter whose name is familiar over the whole continent of America. David Boone was believed to have frequent interviews with him, and to supply him with powder and ball, but he never spoke of him, and only replied to questions by shaking his head and touching his brow with his finger.

This went on for two years, and men had almost forgotten Bill Smith. But at the end of that time a Shawanee Indian was taken prisoner by the people of Boone's fort, and he once more revived the excitement as to the mystery of the Silent Hunter. He said that a terrible spirit had for two years haunted the war-path of the Shawanees,—an evil demon, whose sight was appalling to their nation. More than thirty of their best braves had already fallen under his hand. This fearful Medicine Man was sent, they believed, to punish them for some portentous sin. So dreaded had he become, that the tribe had met, and were nearly determined to quit for ever their ancient hunting-grounds in Kentucky. When asked whether they ever saw this demon, they said they had never seen it distinctly, though their young men had pursued it often, and always came back with one, at least, of their number missing. At length none dared to follow this terrible apparition.

After this story had been rumoured abroad, men began again to speak of Bill Smith. They spoke of him, however, with an unaccountable dread, and always in a low voice. The Shawanees had been formerly one of the most formidable and best organized of the Red nations. They now became timid, and carried on the most desultory warfare. They were beaten by every hostile tribe, for whenever a battle took place, the Silent Hunter made his appearance suddenly, fighting with their enemies. If they attacked a fort, he was always among the defenders; if they defended a stronghold, he was never away, but regularly headed the assailants. But he came and went without speaking. He never greeted any man, and no man ever said farewell to him. The Border people looked on him with respect and fear; the Indians shuddered at his name, and the Shawanees especially looked upon him as a curse sent from the Great Spirit to exterminate their race.

At last they became so terrified by this phantom of the Silent Hunter perpetually haunting their paths, that they all collected and fled across the great stream of Kentucky. But he followed them over, and was ever on their hunting-grounds. So they fled again, and passed the Green River. He passed it too, and never crossed it again. Still the Indians were appalled by hearing of the braves slain in the forest and at their camp fires, by an arm which they now so fully believed to be the arm of some avenging spirit, that they never dreamed of a conflict. The Silent Hunter never lost their trail. Then they once more burned their wigwags, and went away for ever from that country. And when the last of the Shawanees had launched his canoe upon the Ohio, Bill Smith rose from amid the bushes on the shore, and fired after the little bark.

Revenge was his monomania. When he buried his wife and children, a rash and bloody resolu-

tion fixed itself in his mind. It became madness. He never more spoke to man, but silently and remorselessly haunted the trail of the Shawanees to slay every one that came within the range of his far-famed rifle. Then, after that Indian tribe had gone from its ancient hunting-grounds, he retired, mute and alone, to the most inaccessible part of the Green River Hills. There, in a shady cleft, remote from the habitations of men, he built himself a hut, where, in solitary quiet, he passed the remainder of his days. He hunted to supply himself with food, and skins enough to exchange for powder and shot, which an old man at an out-settlement down on the Green River was accustomed to supply him with. His life was protracted to the age of eighty-eight.

One day the old man at the settlement was heard to say that something must have happened to the Silent Hunter, for he had not come as usual to fill his shot-bag, and his powder-pouch. Bidding no one to follow him, he went away to the Green River Mountain, and when he came back, though many questioned, he said nothing of where he had been. From that day, however, no man ever saw the Silent Hunter. No one heard of his fate, but it became a dim tradition in that country that his spirit was still among the mountains of the Green River.

Not many years ago, however, Webber, the hunter-naturalist, started with a companion in search of game among the Green River Hills.—After wandering for many days among their solitudes, they came to the dwelling of an old trapper, living alone with the dogs,—an eremite of the forest, full of its traditions, and familiar with all the spots they haunted. He said that, near that place lay, under a black oak, the grave of a mighty hunter. He had been a mysterious inhabitant of those mountains, and his resting bed was marked by a stone. He had chosen it himself years before he died. It was near a spring of which he had drunk, and an old man had buried him, though no one had since visited the grave. Webber offered the trapper some money if he would lead them to the spot; but he shuddered, and refused, though at length, with visible trepidation, he consented to guide them within sight of it.

He walked before them for some time, among cliffs and trees, and over streams, and through hollows, until, from a bluff eminence, they looked down on a narrow wild plain. Over the surface of this lay sprinkled what seemed a number of flat rocks, but were in reality stone sarcophagi, or graves, which are to be found in thousands, sometimes covering miles of ground in the southern part of Kentucky and portions of Tennessee. The people who used this curious mode of sepulture are now extinct. They existed long before the Indian nation—long before the Red Skins hunted through these woods and savannahs. The burial-grounds are all that remain of them. They were, apparently, pigmies, for the graves are not, on an average, more than three feet in length. Some have imagined that these were only the tombs of their children, but the children of the Aztec nation, in this case, must have died by thousands when they were just about three feet high, and the older people must have been burned or secretly interred.

In one of these curious sepulchres the body of Bill Smith was discovered. It was a sarcophagus sunk in the earth, almost eighteen inches deep, by the same in width. The bottom and sides were lined with flat unhewn stone, and one of a similar kind was laid over the top. No cement of any kind had been used. The explorers examined the grave,—they even disturbed the remains, but they laid them again in their place of rest, and left once more to his solitary repose the Silent Hunter of the Green River Hills.

What a dark and mournful story! How strange and chequered a life. It was the faith of this man to his early love, and the affection of his heart to her children, that made the terrible, silent, remorseless being he afterwards became. But he was not in his nature wicked. During the latter part of his life his mind was shaken by remembrance of that melancholy day, when Mattie and her little ones had been buried by his hands in the "Vale of Pines."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

### THE FAIRY GIFT.

It was evening, and the dark-haired spirit, Malizia, sat alone beneath the shadow of a wide oak, looking down upon the fair valley of the Silverstream, whose fields and streams were gilded by the last rays of the sun. So pure and calm they seemed, sleeping there in their tranquil beauty, that even Malizia could not gaze unmoved. The raging passions of her heart were for a moment stilled; and stretching her arms towards the scene, with a look of earnest longing she exclaimed, "Oh! that I were a mortal! I might perhaps be happy." The softened mood, however, was but a transitory one; and an instant afterwards the spirit's face had resumed its usual expression of listlessness and dejection, and mechanically her fingers played with the acorns that lay scattered at her feet.

Suddenly the sound of bells was borne lightly by upon the wind. Malizia listened: at first with indifference, but gradually, as the music approached, her attention was aroused, and at length, as if awakened by some sudden recollection, she started to her feet, exclaiming, "To-day is the birthday of the Princess Margarita, and I am not among the invited guests at the castle. How dare they insult me thus? But I will be revenged. Duke Johan and his haughty duchess shall know the fairy Malizia does not belie her name." An hour afterwards, and she stood again beneath the shadow of the oak. Her whole appearance was altered, and even the character of her wondrous beauty was changed. It was softer, more feminine, but less brilliant; and her voice, as she addressed the fairy attendants that came thronging around her, was low and sweet as the sound of the distant bells.—Malizia's was the soft, smothered lip that whispers to deceive, and hers the power to hide a bitter thought beneath a winning smile. Her dress, composed of a beautiful texture woven by fairy looms, was of that rich golden colour which is the natural hue of silk. Her long dark hair hung in abundance upon her neck, and amid the curls was fancifully twined a wreath of bluebells. She wore no other ornament; contrary to her usual

custom, she was resolved to depend alone upon her own power of fascination for leaving a favourable impression upon the assembly she was about to visit. That that power was great she seemed scarcely to doubt, for it was with a hurried but well pleased glance at her own face in the stream, that she gave at length the signal to depart. In an instant a hundred wings were glittering in the moonbeams, and Malizia with her fairy tribe were seen floating through the calm blue air in the direction of Duke Johan's castle. They were admitted there without inquiry or delay; for to few courts is Malizia a stranger, and the courtiers, as they made way for her to pass, neither expressed nor felt astonishment at her entrance.

Reaching at last the royal presence, she advanced with a quiet step, and kneeling gracefully before the duchess, said, as she kissed her hand, "Pardon me, princess, if my interest in your daughter's welfare has led me to forget the laws of etiquette, and present myself here unasked." Then, as if wishing to cover the confusion, but ill-concealed beneath the dignity of the duchess's reply, she added, with a smile, "You feared, perhaps, princess, that the fairy Malizia's gifts might bring misfortune to your child. Here, however, is one which shall throw gladness upon her life,—one through whose bright influence sorrow and tears shall lose their bitterness, and the world look always beautiful. If in a year from to-day she has not proved the truth of my words, let her destroy the gift."

As she spoke, she drew a small packet from her bosom, and presented it to the duchess, who could scarcely restrain a smile when, upon opening it, she found it to contain a pair of spectacles.

"Strange present for a child," she murmured; but her contempt was quickly changed to admiration, when, upon examining them more closely, she found them to be set with brilliants, and of a workmanship so delicate and so fine, that she almost feared to touch them. Two rose-leaves formed the eyes; but fragile as they seemed, the fairy assured her that they could with difficulty be broken, having been dipped in a silver dew, which, without dimming their colour, had rendered them firm, and able to resist even rough usage.

"You need not fear to trust them to a child," continued Malizia, "they will remain to her when her other playthings are destroyed." Then calling gently to the little princess, she led her to her mother's side, and bade her look upon the sparkling trinket that the duchess had replaced in its case.

Pleased with the new toy, Margarita clapped her hands, then half laughing and half shyly, she took it from the box, put it on, and looked round coquetishly for admiration and applause. It was wonderful the alteration that had taken place in her soft, pretty, childish features. Her deep blue eyes had suddenly acquired a meaning beyond her years, and her rosy lips had taken an expression of earnest thoughtfulness that seemed to tell of wanderings in the land of dreams. All were conscious of and wondered at the change, but few were made aware of its cause, for at a slight distance the spectacles were invisible, betraying themselves only by the string of diamonds gleaming among the long fair curls.

The child herself seemed almost frightened at the effect they had produced, and at the unwonted sensations which occasioned her to tremble slightly, as placing her little hand upon her head, she whispered, "Mother, I am very happy."

The duchess drew her close and kissed her, while the fairy Malizia, with a smile, placed her hand upon her golden hair, and said, "You will be happier yet, Marguitta, for my gift is called 'Imagination.'"

A year had passed—and it was again the anniversary of the child's birth. The day was spent in merriment and rejoicing; but, weary at length with excitement and pleasure, Marguitta at night laid her head upon her mother's knee, and sighed.

"Are you not happy still?" asked the princess, tenderly caressing the fair round cheek of her darling.

"Yes, mother; but——"

"But what, dearest?"

"Why does pleasure pass so quickly, mother? I have looked forward so often to this day—and now it is all over."

"Until next year," returned the duchess with a smile.

"We went to gather cowslips yesterday," continued the child, after a pause, "but I gathered less than any. Whenever my hand stooped to cull a flower, others more beautiful attracted me; but when I reached the place where they grew, they seemed no fairer than the rest. So it is always, mother. Dreaming of the future, I can never enjoy the present."

The mother's brow was slightly clouded as she replied—"Perhaps, my child, the fairy gift brings sorrow. I have of late marvelled at the change in thy bright face, and longed to see it less thoughtful,—more as it was of old. Let me destroy the spell."

But Marguitta started to her feet, and clasping both her hands upon her treasure, she exclaimed—"Take it not from me, mother—it is dearer than life; for does it not give to life the light that makes it beautiful? What if I am sometimes sad; I have, at least, moments of happiness such as I knew not before. This morning, upon awaking, I remembered Maliza's words, and, fearful of losing her cherished gift, I fastened it round my temples, with a silken string. Look, mother, here." And the child bent forward her fair head, and smiled in her mother's face.

The duchess looked, and saw with surprise that a firm but almost imperceptible chain had replaced the silken string. A strange feeling of uneasiness crept over her, but repressing all outward expression of it, she returned Marguitta's caress; and, as the latter soon afterwards resumed an appearance of carelessness and gaiety, the momentary impression faded away.

Years wandered on, and Marguitta had become a strange, dreamy, romantic girl. Gentle, loving, and very beautiful, none could look coldly upon her, or chide the sometimes wayward caprices of her enthusiastic nature. There was no one near who, understanding her errors, could warn her against the indulgence of them, and time but rooted them more deeply in her heart. She loved to be alone,—to wile away the summer hours

beneath the shadow of some spreading tree, listening to the music of the leaves and streams, and whispering idle fancies to the passing wind. Sometimes, however, solitude was wearisome to her, and she would look around with longing earnestness for a friend whose heart might reply to hers. Alas! poor child. The rose-leaves lent a brilliant hue to all, which passing by degrees away, but left reality more dark. Many were the disappointments she experienced, and sometimes even with regret she would ponder at the difference between her and others, and ask herself whether it would not be better to resemble them, and expecting less, find oftener her expectations realized. But it was too late now to cast away the fairy gift—long years had riveted the chain.

One day she had wandered from her companions, and was seated alone beside a stream, a book lay open upon her knee, but its pages were unturned, and her closed eyes seemed reading within her heart. She was startled by a sound near her, and looking up, beheld a youth of striking beauty, his hands filled with flowers, which, without speaking, he laid gently at his feet. Gazing at him through the spell, she met the glance of his bright, dark eyes, and almost wondered whether a face so beautiful belonged to earth. He seated himself beside her, spoke to her of flowers, of all that she best loved, and gazing at him still through the magic of her rose-leaves, she saw but the witching of his smile, and remembered not how often those rose-leaves had deceived.

At length he whispered in her ear—"I love you." Oh how her heart beat wildly at the sound! How, in the gladness of that one short hour, the past, the future, were forgotten. Well had the fairy Malizia imagined her revenge in giving to the young girl's heart that passionate intensity of happiness, which is ever followed by intensity of suffering.

The best, the brightest, dream of Marguitta's young life faded away like the others, for the hour came when the dark eyes of her first love were turned away from her in indifference and pride,—when the soft voice had only words of coldness, and the hand no gentle pressure to bestow. It was then that, in her agony, she cursed the fairy gift, and bending her head upon her folded hands, prayed long and earnestly that it might be taken from her. "It cannot be," whispered a voice beside her. She looked up, leaning to encounter the false smile of Malizia, but it was a far gentler, holier face, whose light beamed like sunshine upon her.

"Child," said the good spirit, "thine is a rash prayer; thou wouldst fling away a precious gem. It is in holding back from thee the knowledge of its real worth that Malizia has rendered it a curse; but come with me, and her power shall quickly end. The spirit's name was Experience. She took the young girl by the hand, and leading her along a dark and wayworn road, she brought her at last to the edge of a broad stream, and bade her bathe her eyes in its waters. Marguitta obeyed, and gradually the traces of her tears departed, and the burning pain passed from her brow.

"Imagination shall henceforth be a blessing to

thee," whispered the good spirit as she led the young girl back to her home. "The waters of Judgment have subdued the brightness of the rose-leaves, and it is in their false radiance alone that consists the danger of thy Fairy Gift."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

### MANKIND, FROM A RAILWAY BAR-MAID'S POINT OF VIEW.

MANKIND is composed of great herds of rough-looking persons, who occasionally rush with frightful impetuosity into our refreshment-rooms, calling for cups of coffee, and hot brandy and water, which they tumble into themselves scalding, and pay for in furious haste; after which they rush out again, without exchanging a single word with anybody. Mankind, even of the first class, are dressed queerly in pea-coats, paletôts, cloaks, and caps, with no sort of attention to elegance. They indulge much in comforts, and green and red handkerchiefs, and sometimes little is seen of their visages beyond the mouth and the point of the nose. While they stand at the bar eating or drinking, they look much like a set of wild beasts in a menagerie, taking huge bites and monstrous gulps, and often glaring wildly askance at each other, as if each dreaded that his neighbor would rob him of what he was devouring. It is a very unamiable sight, and has given me a very mean opinion of mankind. They appear to me a set of beings devoid of courtesy and refinement. None of them ever takes off hat or cap when eating, and not one of even those whom I suppose to be clergymen, ever says grace before the meat I hand him. A soup or a sandwich is no better in this respect than a brandy and water. When a lady comes in amongst these rude ungracious animals, unless she has a husband or other friend to take some care of her, she is left to forage for herself; and I have seen some forlorn examples of the sex come very poorly off, while gentlemen were helping themselves to veal and ham pies, and slices of the cold round. I don't note any difference in mankind for a great number of years. They are just the same muffled-up, confused-looking munching, glaring, bolting crew, as when I first became acquainted with them at the station. They are not conversable creatures. They seem to have no idea of using the mouth and tongue for any purpose but that of eating. They can only ask for the things they wish to eat or drink, and what they have to pay for them. Now and then, I hear some one making a remark to another, but it seldom goes beyond such subjects as the coldness of the night; and this, by a curious coincidence. I always find to be alluded to just before I am asked for a tumbler of punch, as if there were a necessary connection between the two ideas. Sometimes a gentleman, when the bell suddenly rings for seats, and he has only begun his cup of coffee and biscuits, will allow a naughty expression to escape him. Beyond this, mankind are a taciturn, stupid set: for though I hear of speeches, and lectures, and conversaziones, I never hear or am present at any, and I can hardly believe that such things exist.

I am, indeed, rather at a loss to understand how all those things that one hears of in the newspa-

pers come about. We are told there of statesmen who conduct public affairs, of soldiers who fight gallantly for their country, of great poets and novelists who charm their fellow-creatures, and of philosophers and divines who instruct them. A few will lay their heads together, and raise a Crystal Palace. Some will combine and throw a tubular bridge across a strait of the sea. These things are a complete mystery to me, for I see nothing of mankind but coarse eating and drinking, and most undignified runnings off when the bell rings. There must surely be another mankind who do all the fine things.

One detestable thing about the mankind that comes under my observation, is their gluttony. Every two or three hours they rush in, demanding new refreshments, and eating them with as much voracity as if they had not seen victuals for a week. They eat eight times a day on our line, and the last train is always the hungriest, besides taking the most drink. It is a perfect weariness to me, this constant feed—feed—feeding. What with the quantity they eat, and what with the haste of the eating, we must send out hundreds of indigestions from our rooms every day.

On account of these shocking habits on the part of mankind, I have for some time past entertained a great contempt for them, inasmuch, that I almost wish to see them scald themselves with my cups of tea, and choke upon my pies. For me to think of marrying any specimen of so coarse a crew, is entirely out of the question; so it is quite as well that Tom Collard, the guard, left me for Betsy last summer, and that, as yet, no other follower has come forward. It will be best for them all to keep their distance—so assures them their humble servant,  
SOPHIA TANKARD.

—*Chamber's Journal*.

### DAY-DREAMS.

I LOVE my day-dreams, warm and wild,  
Whate'er ungentle lips may say;  
I dearly love, e'en as a child,  
To sit and dream an hour away  
In visions which heaven's blessed light  
Makes but the holier to my sight.

'Tis well that Time, corroding Care,  
And bitter Ill have left me this:  
Life's real sorrows who could bear,  
Did not some dear imaginal bliss,  
Like Spring's green Foot-steps, wake up flowers,  
To cheer and bless Time's waste of hours?

'Tis well at times to get one home  
'To childhood's birthplace, and to see  
The loved—the *lost* ones—round one come,  
Just as of old they used to be,  
And feel that neither change nor care  
Can veil the soul's communion there.

From every Rain of the past,  
An echo comes to charm mine ear.  
Love woke the utterance first and last,  
And love, when lost, how doubly dear.  
Such concords how shall time impart,  
As the first music of the heart?

## AUERBACH'S LAST "VILLAGE TALE."

## HOPS AND BARLEY.

Why have they painted a device of hops and barley over the door of the great farmer's house? The tale is a very long one, but I can relate it with the greatest circumstantiality. Thus:

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

## THE LAZY LOON.

ASTRIDE upon the work-bench at the door there sat a young man, who kept taking up long rods of fir-wood, screwing them fast into the vice, and cutting them thin, while he fastened, at the other end, a rope of straw, which he wound round the top. He was evidently employed upon some agricultural manufacture. Notwithstanding that he was whistling a merry military march, his countenance seemed clouded, and ever and anon he tossed his head uneasily. He wore a soldier's cap upon it.

The gendarme of the village, who bore a copper mark of honor on his blue coat-sleeve, came down from the police-office; when, however, he came to the young man he stopped, and said:—

"Morning, comrade." The person addressed thanked him with a motion, and the old soldier continued:—"Why were you not at the tithe sale?"

"I am not yet a citizen," replied the young soldier; "the property still belongs to my mother and the family in general."

The gendarme seated himself upon the withes that were completed, and remarked:—"It was capital fun. For years the three fat brothers had always farmed the tithes, because they could not bear to see the titheman in *their* fields, and they always wanted to be free. But this time Waterboots kept bidding higher and higher, and it ended by his obtaining it. Your cousin, the great farmer, got into such a tantary, they all thought that he would choke with his envy and jealousy; and so it ended amidst oaths and curses. And it won't end here Franz'seph; it won't end here,—mark my words." Francis Joseph who was called Franz'seph "for short," took another with, and replied:—

"It isn't right, and never will be, that the whole village, and particularly the great farmer, should have such a hatred of Faber; and in the end nobody knows the reason why. Faber is a stranger here, he bought Lucian's farm with good honest cash, and he harms no one. And if he should dress a little grandly, that's nobody's business, and he can laugh at their nickname of Waterboots. The great farmer has always been at me, and tried to induce me to have nothing to say to Faber; but I know better what I ought to do, and I'll have nobody—no, not even my own father, if he were alive—interfere with me, and lay down the law to whom I should be friends with, and who not! And just because everybody nicknames him Waterboots, and just because everybody sets against him—"

"Well, well, you're a good fellow, everybody agrees," interrupted the gendarme.

All the blood in the youth's body flew to his face at this remark, and he broke a wither all to bits, threw the pieces far away, exclaiming with restrained anger:—"Don't say that; I am no

good fellow, and I won't be. Cross-thunder-weather! (*Kreutz Donner Wetter.*) I'd like to show you that I am no good fellow. Say that again and I'll—"

"That was wrong of me! Well, I certainly made a mistake. Why you're—! Well, what then? Madeleine will give in, and the pretty girl will marry school-master Claus."

"If the cow were worth a groat!" Franz'seph replied, suddenly laughing, and his countenance assumed a mollified shade, and lighted up with a wondrous gleam.

"Since Easter, when you came back from the regiment," continued the other, "you're just as if you were bewitched. What's the matter, man? Of course I can easily imagine that you can't accustom yourself to a farm life yet; you've got to forget the goosesteps and learn the oxsteps. Am I right? Isn't it therefore that you seem so down-spirited?"

"May be," replied Franz'seph, after a long pause; and then he went on, raising himself up at the same time: "Yes, you were with my father in the same company, and were his best comrade; I'll think that I'm speaking to my father. D'ye see, when I returned from the regiment, I felt that,—there was no occasion to wait,—but everybody in the village must have felt my return and acted so, and said: 'Well, there's Franz'seph back again.' I have often thought to myself, well, at home, there is a bright paradise; and I had much trouble in persuading myself how much strife and hazard there was, and how one would give an eye that his neighbor had none. Of course I never liked being a soldier, but still it is the finest life; and now I wish a thousand times a day that I were yet in the army."

"Well, it's getting worse here every day. Mark my words: there'll never be peace in the village till all the hop-poles in the garden yonder are torn up, and used in a general thrashing."

"About the hop-garden," Franz'seph began again; "there it was; about that, I first began to quarrel with the great farmer. I was glad that Faber had fertilized the waste hill out there so well; then comes to me the great farmer, and draws me his plough right through it all. And then, forsooth, he hides his puling hatred behind a consideration for the honor of the place. At one time, says he, our village was famous for growing the best spelt in the country, now the saying will change, and we shall hear everlastingly that the people of Weissenbach grow the worst hops of anywhere. When I get my fields, then I'll grow hops in defiance of him. There's a splendid lime-soil there, right facing the south. The old farmers here, who never made any advance or improvement, they fancy that one should work like a horse and that's all; but I say, work like a man, with understanding and forethought. I haven't been in the regiment, and I haven't seen the world for nothing, mind you. Then the great farmer is savage that I don't send away the man that my mother took while I was in the regiment. I can't send him away so directly, and I must accustom myself to field-work, and, besides, I'm proud, and if any one says to me: Work! I'll do nothing. I know what I've got to do, and nobody shall say that I had waited till he came to put me to rights. The praise isn't for him."



While this conversation was going on, the withes were finished. Franz'seph called the man, who was whetting the scythes in the barn, and ordered him to carry the withes down to the stream. He himself followed with a pitchfork, and the manner in which he took it, as a walking-stick, and not on his shoulder, showed the strange feeling that reigned in the bosom of the proud and well-favored youth.

A great many people when they go to law, won't hear of the slightest truth in the assertions of their opponents, or at most, they will allow only inappropriate testimony to be the fact; and thus they imagine that they have already won their cause. Even so was it with Franz'seph in his conversation with the district gendarme.

Just back from the lazy life in a regiment, and not under the wholesome constraint of a father, the young man entered upon his field duties with great unwillingness. For a like reason he took a fancy to Faber, or Waterboots as he was called. Faber was neither a gentleman-owner nor a peasant, and his manner of dress manifested that at once. Educated at a scientific agricultural school, set forward in the world by a moderate fortune, which had been much increased by a marriage with the daughter of an innkeeper in town, Faber belonged to that order of men for whom no labor is too low, but who at the same time enlarge the sphere of their activity with an ever-watchful spirit, and who probably see mentally before them the renewal of the strong and unshaken interest in the soil. Faber gladly saw that Franz'seph took an interest in his experiments and studies for the better use of the powers of the soil, and Franz'seph was glad to be present, partly for the honor that the permission to remain conferred upon him, and partly because Faber, ever somewhat ceremonious, did not interfere with him by advice, while, everywhere else, he heard nothing but rougher or finer remarks upon his in exertion, which rankled in his bosom.

Lazy people—and, if the truth must be told. Franz'seph was of that class—generally seek the companionship of half-strangers, or cringing flatterers; in Franz'seph's case, Faber was among the former, and the village gendarme among the latter. Therefore he associated mostly with them, and appeared to be gay and glad some. Yet the true spirit of enjoyment was wanting; everything was to him as if covered with a heavy fog, through which his love for the great farmer's daughter, Madeleine, often gleamed like a bright star. Sometimes he almost feared their union, and imagined himself going forward to slavery, in which he would have to give a reckoning of every hour and every duty; sometimes he hoped that when he could call Madeleine quite his own, fresh activity would arise within him, and the inexplicable depression hanging about him would depart. This hope was now getting further and further a-field, for the great farmer grew more unbearable every day; he would listen to no promises, and demanded an entire estrangement from Faber, as the very first condition of reconciliation. Franz'seph only saw in it an extinction of the feeling of hostility, as the great farmer had said that it was impossible that a farmer who had no capital, and had to live upon his harvest, could do such things as Waterboots did. Franz'seph scarcely replied to

this, for he knew that his present apparent inaction was making him a richer man than if he worked weals into his hands and perspiration on his forehead. In lazy scorn he rode and drove to town for every trifle, and looked as if he sought something at home, or as if he had a secret sorrow. In truth, his face grew so red, that his friends began to fear for his health. His mother thought of applying to the doctor, and one day, when she was complaining of it to her cousin, the great farmer, Franz'seph, who was smoking a cigar in his room, heard him say:—

"Cut off the red cord from your son's military cap and he will be well. Don't allow him to smoke cigars,—that wants a third hand, and nothing can be done at the same time. But after all's said and done it's very simple. Your son Franz'seph is a lazy loon, and he turns himself seven times in bed in the morning, like the devil's spirit."

Franz'seph dashed the door open, and cried:—

"Say that again to my face, freely!"

"If you choose. You're a lazy loon, then."

"If you were not Madeleine's father, you would have been lying on the ground by this."

"Oh, I should have had my share. Certainly, you haven't wasted your strength, you have rested; but as to what concerns my Madeleine, you needn't restrain yourself, for if you begin in this manner, that matter is at an end; I tell you so that you may remember it."

The great farmer hereupon was seized with another fit of that dreadful cough, and the mother began to deprecate the quarrel, and told Franz'seph to go back to his room; then she accompanied her cousin to the door, and Franz'seph heard her say as they went out:

"But my Franz'seph means well; he's kind-hearted enough, notwithstanding."

"That's true," returned the other; "but he's angry and proud. I'll none of such."

"I'm a lazy loon;" cried Franz'seph from the window, and he thought to have won a great victory by his ingenuous confession; but the farmer never looked back, and Franz'seph never crossed his cousin's threshold again. Madeleine he only met secretly, and she was generally downcast and sorrowful. What was to be the event of this quarrel between her father and Franz'seph? and if he complained to her that everything looked so dismal to him, and he could never be merry, she was obliged to keep silence, for once she had said:—

"Well, I think it is because you don't work enough."

"Oh! I'm a lazy loon!" returned Franz'seph, savagely.

"I don't say *that*," replied Madeleine, "but—"

"There, that'll do!" interrupted Franz'seph. Vroul lives over there; ask your father why she is a widow. Her husband was ill in bed at harvest time, then she goes to her father and says: 'He's going to lie in bed this heavy harvest time.' 'Oh! I'll soon cure him of that,' says the old man,—takes his whip and lashes away at the sick man till he gets up:—two days after this, he's dead and in his grave. Do you think, Madeleine, that I'd have that done to me?"

"But you are not ill," urged Madeleine.

"That's no matter, nobody shall tell me whether I'm to work or no."

From that time Madeleine had said nothing more on the subject, and Franz'seph probably felt himself that he ought to do otherwise, but he could not persuade himself to take the appearance of having been induced to work by the advice of others; so he seldom went out with the horses to the field, never carried anything anywhere, came in and out as if there was nothing to be done, and conducted himself generally as if he were only home upon leave of absence, and that every bit of work that he undertook, he was particularly to be thanked for.

One of the blessings of labor is certainly destroyed by the obligation to work, but Franz'seph could not overcome the childish pride which was within him, and thus he suffered by it;—while he was not carrying the withes to the brook himself, and transporting his pitchfork thither like a walking-stick and not on his back, then the often-repressed thought came into his head, that he would go straight away to the great farmer, and say: "Cousin, you are right, and you will see that I shall be industrious." But his breath came and went quicker at the thought of such a thing, though he could not get rid of it, and he thrust the prongs of the fork deep into the ground, for it had become clear to him that his previous laziness, had put him in a false position; no matter how well he might act in future, the great farmer would ever look upon him with a suspicious eye, and he would then become still more open to the jeers of the village; if he had never obtained the character of an idler by his own actions, he would be in a vastly different position. The ending of this was, of course, anger and sorrow at his mis-spent time, and lazy uncertainty, mixed, indeed, with curses at the coming days,—at which season he always wished himself back again with the soldiers, for there is a fixed discipline to be followed, and that is followed, and no one need pay attention to anybody else's hints and observations. But this time he could not stop as he was; on Monday the harvest began, and the mutual defiance and strife between him and the world must end one way or another.

Franz'seph sent the man home, and steeped the withes in the stream with the pitchfork. For this purpose he had picked out a very comfortable place where some planks supported on piles driven into the mud formed a kind of landing-place. Besides, one could see from here excellently whatever passed at the great farmer's. Presently Franz'seph perceived Madeleine coming along with her father,—they couldn't have observed him, for he had concealed himself behind the withes, yet he heard the farmer, as he crossed the stepping-stones over the streamlet, coughing violently, and saying:—

"A healthy person that wastes his time is worse than a beggar. Why, a common thief thinks, Lord! how good am I,—because he isn't stealing anything from anybody; and he lies down, and rolls about in his lazy skin, and says to himself: What a kind, good, easy soul I am!—Pooh! pooh!"

Franz'seph doubled his fists, and tried to answer and to swear, but the sounds stuck in his throat and almost threatened to stifle him. He stared

at the running water, and felt, he knew not how,—he was as stunned as if he had received a heavy blow from a hammer; at length he collected himself, and the single thought lived within him as to how he could revenge himself for this affront; he could think of nothing, and yet he burned to make manifest by some great stroke what wrong had been done him. Again the thought flashed through his mind that he would show them all how mistaken they were, by restless labor; but he quickly condemned this humility again. Should he call upon each to witness his activity, and demand that all should bear him testimony by their opinions? Franz'seph was a soldier,—and dared these uncouth clod-poles judge of his honor? Of course he had to live among these people, but they must learn that he was something better than they. Therefore it seemed better to him that he should compel them to it, by showing that he despised them all. Therefore he would saunter about in his Sunday clothes and smoke his cigars amidst the slaving harvesters, and he would idle about in the village till all should beg his pardon at having mistaken him, and not having recognised his inward love of industry. But how would the people acknowledge him to possess a virtue the very opposite of which he put before their eyes? However, they should do it, for what is that esteem and love worth, that requires the proofs to awaken it?

In the soul of this young man there arose a strife which he could not have expressed in words, and yet, there it was, working strange works within him, and passion opening unexpected fountains.

Far, far out in the middle of the stream did Franz'seph push the withes, so that they floated away with the current, as if he were thrusting from him with them every thought of labor, and he rejoiced in the coming time of idleness.

In idleness there is a peculiar pleasure,—indeed, it might be said there is a kind of passion in it of unfathomable enjoyment; shapes and feelings seem to dash into it in half-waking slumber, and to lose in the waves the life self-sacrificed. Of Madeleine, Franz'seph would hear nothing more, as of himself no more. He was just going to throw the fork after the withes, when a voice exclaimed: "Franz'seph, what dost?" and Madeleine stood before him.

"I'm idling," returned the other, perversely; but the maiden took his hand, and observed:—

"Say not so: you wrong yourself."

"I! who wrongs me? I'm worse than any beggar on God's earth, and will be so! Don't you believe, too, that I am a lazy loon?"

"No, God witness me, I do not. Let the folk say what they like,—a dog's bark is worse than his bite, often. I know you better. You cannot yet accustom yourself to our life, after the easy existence of a soldier. I have perceived it in your face these two days past, that you are going to show what you can do this harvest; but, I pray you, do not overwork yourself,—you are unaccustomed to it now, and one is so easily taken ill, and how one cannot tell."

Touched to the quick, and frightened, Franz'seph gazed upon her. But a few minutes before he had denied this love, in self-destroying caprice, and now her confidence exalted him. He opened

his eyes two or three times, and then, as if he had been called, he waded in after the withes, and brought them safely back. Then he wiped away the sparkling drops of water from his countenance, and with them disappeared all his heaviness. Madeleine had seen this strange fitfulness with some surprise; she suffered sadly at the feud between Franz'seph and her father. She was not blind to the haughty and avaricious spirit of her father, but she also perceived the inactive idling of Franz'seph; and however strong their hatred of each other might be, she knew that they would not cease to think of each other, for they were both proud,—and that bound them together. Her father never had precisely forbidden her to speak with Franz'seph, and he acted as if he knew nothing of their secret meetings, and Franz'seph, notwithstanding all his angry words, sought an opportunity to stand before her father honorably and uprightly. Smilingly, Franz'seph returned to Madeleine's side, and they spoke confidently to each other as in days passed away. She had to regret, no matter how unwillingly, every hard word that her father had applied to him; and these bitter remarks, which usually infuriated him, he now listened to with such a gay smile as if they had all been praise. Only once, when she told him that her father had determined to have nothing to do with him as long as he wore the military cap, then he compressed his lips, took it off, looked at it awhile, and set it boldly back again. When Madeleine went on to tell that schoolmaster Claus, who always wanted to prejudice her against him, was domesticated at her father's, and quite a favorite, in that he always spited Waterboots whenever he could, and that her father was continually advising her to listen to Claus; Franz'seph listened with an almost unmoved countenance, and said at last, that he would cause her father to think quite differently of him: he would not say how.

"Where is your father gone?" Franz'seph at length asked.

"To Speckfield, where on Monday we intend to cut the barley, God willing."

The sun was just looking its last upon the prospect at that moment, and its golden reflection gleamed in the rivulet, and on the faces of the lovers, as they stood hand in hand. The lips of Franz'seph trembled; there were words upon them that he could not speak, and ere he had the power, he parted from Madeleine, for they saw the great farmer coming down the hill. Franz'seph took up the withes himself this time, but he went round that he might not meet the other.

## CHAPTER II.

### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WORK.

At home Franz'seph was restless. His mother detected him cutting off a large slice of bread and putting it in his pocket; he replied to her question of what he wanted it for, that often in the night-time he grew suddenly hungry, and he would guard against it. The mother shook her head at this strange change in her son's behaviour, and talked about the doctor again: but Franz'seph heeded her not, and had a quantity of business in the barn, as if it were early morning, and not at the beginning of night. He avoided her questions about this, too, and begged to have the cap of his

departed father, to hang up in his room as a remembrance. His mother brought it quickly, put it upon her son's head, and vowed that it became him better than the stiff military cap, on which she bestowed several very dishonorable epithets. At this, Franz'seph tore off his father's cap, and put on his own again, but he did not give the other back. Franz'seph walked up and down the village street, and wondered at the people stopping up so late, and not going to rest. How gladly he would have commanded the tattoo to be beaten. Out light, to bed, to bed! But everybody was his own regiment here, and there were no general orders. Franz'seph wished each person a very good night, markedly, when he arose from the settle before the door and went to rest. It seemed as he thanked them for closing their eyes, that they might not witness what he purposed to accomplish.

At length all was silent in the village, and the star-glistening sky looked silently down, for the moon arose not now till midnight. The door that opened from Franz'seph's house to the garden, opened softly, but no one came out; but a scythe, bound in a cloth, was carefully and silently laid down on the ground; and it was not till after some time that a man came out, closed the door, stood awhile listening, took up the scythe, and slipped through the garden out into the open field. It was Franz'seph: but he had another head-dress, probably that it might be the more difficult to recognise him;—it was his father's fur-bound dog-skin cap. He breathed loudly, and often arrested his hasty pace, listening whether he did not hear strange steps; but there was nothing to be heard, except that the grasshoppers and crickets in the bushes and the grass paused not in their song all the mild night through. Franz'seph took the scythe, which he had previously carried in his hand close to the ground, placed it on his shoulder, and stepped bravely forward. How softly whispering the corn cradled itself on the light breeze, and sucked the last dews that were destined for it;—the kindly corn that grows and strives in peace, while the hands that sowed, and shall speedily gather it again, are resting. What is it that rustles amidst the stalks, and now rolls down the hillock? Probably a hedgehog, that nightly seeks its food. In the bushes there is sighing and sorrow; those are the voices of birds whose eggs or young have fallen a prey to the marten or the weasel. The lives of animals are spent in seeking sustenance, but man prepares it by his labor. Franz'seph clutched his scythe the firmer. Now his way lay along the high-road, where, here and there, the well-supported fruit-trees stood, and, as if plucked by an invisible hand, an early-ripened apple fell, and rolled along the hard causeway, or plump into the soft and dewy grass. Fruit-trees, whose stout trunks outlast man's ripest age, require but defence and support by the hand of man, producing their fruit unaided and alone; but bread, man's much-required food, ripens only in the hardly-labored earth, on stalks that live but for a season.

How it seemed in the lonely, silent night as if all the familiar things around were speaking strange words; and the word passed from stalk to branch—a word that made the heart to tremble; for man's spirit truly feels an indefinable terror

when it hears the voice of the universe; words and thought—that Franz'seph had half-dreamingly heard from Faber before, awoke as if with clear voice and bright eyes. Franz'seph went on whistling, so that none could hear save he alone. At last, the narrow pathway led through the middle of the cornfields. Franz'seph cooled now one hand, now the other, in the dew that rested on the ears; he looked across toward the hop-garden, where the long poles stood pointing to the sky like a dead forest amid the fields. He could not help smiling when the prophecy of the gendarme, that those poles would some day be used for a general thrashing—but, suddenly, he stopped, for he heard footsteps behind him; quickly he sprang into the cornfield, crouched down among the high stalks, and held his breath. The steps came nearer and nearer, and now the invisible wanderer stopped at the place where Franz'seph had disappeared; and he began to think how he ought to act in case of discovery; but the person passed on, and he breathed freely again. The watchman was probably making his nightly round; now it was certain that he would not return to this district. A little while longer he stayed in his concealment, then he arose and carelessly bent his way to Speckfield. In looking round, he once thought that he heard a snapping and cracking in the hop-garden, and it seemed as if the poles were moving; but it was certainly a mistake, for how could the well-secured poles bend, when all the wind there was, scarce moved the ears of the corn? Franz'seph went on, and came at length to his destination, for he recognized the markstone that was the boundary of the great farmer's barley-field. He took the wrappings from the scythe, and passed the whetstone over the blade as silently as possible. But when the clock in the village-tower began to strike ten, he took heart, and used the whetstone boldly; and then he began to mow, so that the ears fell bustling to the ground; but he was so hasty with it that he often buried the point in the ground, so that he was obliged to go on more quietly, and walking forwards, he laid down the barley in rows. The motion now went so pleasantly, and almost toillessly, that it seemed as if life had entered the scythe; it seemed to go of itself, and carry him with it. From the forest might be heard the screams and lamentations of young owls, that were probably quarrelling over their prey. But what does the active person care for all the noise about him? Only the idler listens to each sound, and finds a welcome pastime in them. Then first, when Franz'seph had mowed the whole length of the field, he allowed himself breathing time; and the way in which he stretched himself showed that new life had entered his veins, and not languor. He could not rest long, and back he went again, and so evenly, in such tune, that Franz'seph imagined a melody to it. All the thoughts that had arisen in Franz'seph's mind during the past day and that night, now lay in the deepest recess of his heart, a generous, unceasing comfort.

But now soon his train of thought pursued a new direction. When he again returned to the point of commencement, Franz'seph felt a degree of hunger which he had not known for a long time, but he remained stedfast to his determination of not eating until he had finished three full

courses there and back again; and now he imagined no melodies, but he marched onward as if an enemy had to be destroyed, so went he forward earnestly and powerfully. The ears of the corn fell rustling to the ground, and there was a strange whistling and rustling on the ground. Franz'seph had joked about his hunger to his mother, but now it seemed really to overcome and bear him down; every movement of the scythe was a labour; but he did not stop, and came at length to his goal, running with perspiration. He seated himself upon the boundary-stone, and wiped his face. It is a dew that makes man's strength to grow, and the bread that the solitary labourer carries to his mouth is full of nourishing blessing. Never had he tasted such a piece of bread as this before.

"Industry is virtue!" Faber had once told him, and now the words were whispered, as if by invisible lips, around the young man, who was eating his bread alone in the quiet of night. Though there be an industry that must form the foundation of all avarice and wicked strivings, yet industry, the activity of force, is the foundation of all virtue—all actual progress.

The village clock struck twelve, and the watchman proclaimed the hour. Franz'seph could hardly believe that he had been so long at work, for he had not heard any clock; but does an industrious man ever hear the clock, and does not time ever run by untold?

Franz'seph was bewitched, as it were. There seemed a singing and sounding in the air and fields, as of a mighty invisible host. Franz'seph felt a heaviness scarce to be overcome, but he did overcome it; he looked round and strove to think the whole neighbourhood flooded with glorious sunlight, yet the moon came up and shone over everything with a mild and meek gleam. Field and wood and village lay in the light, and the stream glistened here and there. Franz'seph rose up quickly, and his scythe gleamed in the moonshine as he raised and examined it; he concealed the treacherous blade beneath the ears, and went on to the fulfilment of his task with stout resolution. He thought how astonished the great farmer and the whole village would be when it was manifest that the idler, while all were at rest, mowed a whole field of barley; and how Madeleine would rejoice that her confidence had not been misplaced. This kind of excitement was very necessary to him, for the work was more and more fatiguing to him, as well as the turning of night into day. He whetted the scythe oftener than before and not so carefully. The watchman, he thought to himself, believes no longer in the harvest spirit, but yet he is sure to tell every one to-morrow that he heard the much-reviled ghost at work. He will then look for the exact place whence the sound came, and then will the matter be the most speedily discovered, for I myself cannot speak of it, and I cannot await Monday.

Franz'seph sharpened the scythe more boldly, and did not pay half the attention to keeping it out of the moonshine; he was no longer afraid of being discovered by the field-keeper—indeed he rather wished it to occur. He had finished a great part of the field and was very tired; yet he could not leave off, for what use was doing half and not the whole? But if he were interrupted

then it would not be his fault that there was some yet undone, because, had they not come in and stopped him, he would have gone on to the end, and so he ought to receive just as much commendation. But however much Franz'seph sharpened, and however loudly, no one was to be seen or heard who would interrupt him, and for some time he mowed away angrily, and listened to every stroke of the clock in the village. But at last he got the better of this ill-humor, and the nearer the dawn approached the more delighted was he with his labor. With the first streak of gray that shone in the east, a new thought sprang up animatingly within him: it was not the surprise and astonishment of the village that was so refreshing to him—he was pleased with himself, for he had proved that he was capable of carrying out a difficult resolve. And now, too, he was freed from the doubt, as to whether he should work on in the day, till he was seen; he determined to be off before any one could find him. The morning clouds, that grew continually lighter, threw their rays over the pale moon, and it seemed as if this Sunday two suns were arising to the world. Here and there a lark twittered on the ground, and a raven flew screamingly forest-ward, as if it were the messenger of night, and was proclaiming its retreat. Now did a lark swing itself on high from out of the dewy grass, and many followed. From the woods and the hedges sounded twittering and songs; the sun arose in all its glory, and with a joyful feeling of victory Franz'seph looked up to it. He had won a fresh heart in the quiet night-time. He moved on to the end of the row. Yet a small patch remained. Should he finish his work in the daylight? He held the scythe high in the sunlight, and within him the resolve arose that the sun might ever behold his future industry, and bless it. Then he concealed the scythe in the green oats hard by, and hurried away; but he returned not to the village, he strode towards the wood; he had not long to seek and to call for sleep—soon he lay upon the mossy turf, wrapt in a mighty dream.

## CHAPTER III.

## A FIELD TRESPASS.

In the house of Emil Faber, named Waterboots, everything was yet in soundless quiet—only the dove in the cot cooed for liberty, and the cock crowed in his prison, the hen-house, louder still. The house, with very few exceptions, was just as Lucien, its former possessor had left it—only everything looked fresher; while a foreign-looking plough, and a great steam threshing-machine, made it manifest that some young and mighty power ruled here. The sleeping-chamber of the young couple looked upon the quiet lawn-clad garden, where an apple tree, with rosy-checked fruits, almost grew in at the window. The merry chirp of a cricket from that region had caused the young man to awake, and he was dressing when he perceived his wife to wake.

"Good morning, Pauline!" he cried, gaily, "it is yet early; go to sleep again, and rejoice with me; to-day is Sunday."

"Yes, dear Emil; and to-day we shall go to church together."

"I, too, am glad it is Sunday," replied he, in a childlike way, "for we shall get newly-baked buns."

The wife told how she had had an anxious dream; that the peasants, rebellious about the tithes, had set the house on fire, and how no one helped or put out the flames but Franz'seph, who had at last disappeared in the flames.

"Alas," she concluded, sorrowfully, "I thought a country life was otherwise: and you, too, are so strict, and will now raise the malice of these people by the tithes. You will see, somehow or other, they will injure you."

"So I see, and, therefore, I farmed the tithes. One must give these people an opportunity for ridding themselves of all their secret malice, grinding down their souls. I am tired of all their little sloutings and insults; let them give me open battle, I am ready. Don't be afraid of incendiarianism; they don't dare do anything so bold, and they know, too, how much I should like to rebuild the place. But I must speak a word with Franz'seph now, and try to get him lay down his stupid soldier pride."

The young man, an unusually tall figure, with flaxen hair, came up to his wife, and quieted her with kindly wordly words. Then he left the room, and went down to the court, where the great house-dog greeting him with barks and leaps, he untied him, then looked after the maids and the men, who were all about among the fluttering poultry and cooing pigeons. Faber was just standing by a newly-entered apprentice, teaching him how to work the threshing-machine more adroitly, when the village gendarme came into the courtyard, with a military greeting.

"What is it, so early, friend?" asked Faber.

"Your hop-garden is ruined. The field-creeper has just brought in the news. There isn't a single pole standing, and all the plants are cut."

Notwithstanding his boasted readiness, the countenance of the young farmer darkened perceptibly; he could more easily have borne personal ill-treatment than this ruthless destruction of his favorite plantation. The dog looked now in the face of his master, now in the face of the messenger, evidently awaiting the signal, "Size 'em;" growling, and, with fiery demeanor, he walked round the gendarme, till his master told him to be quiet. When Faber had received an answer in the affirmative to his question, as to whether the matter was officially notified, he returned to his wife in the house; and soon he might have been seen, the high water boots on, his dog before him, on his way to the fields. Intelligence of the occurrence had quickly spread through the village, for at every window and door men and women stood, making signals of condolence and innocence to Faber, who stepped sturdily out on his way to the scene of the disaster.

Soon groups of people assembled in the streets, and they one and all blamed the delinquent, who must be discovered, that he might pay for the damage, and not the village. One knot of talkers had gathered close by Franz'seph's house, near the pump, and here might be heard, above all, the official voice of the schoolmaster, who proclaimed unswerving strictness, and expressed his determination to use every endeavor to discover the criminal. The great farmer, who stood by,

attempted to calm him, and turn the thing into a joke, laughing maliciously the while, but the schoolmaster exclaimed—

"And if you yourself had done it, I'd lock you up."

Franz'seph's mother, frightened by the early noise, came out, asking what was the matter, and whether any one knew anything about her Franz'seph, who had not come home all night. The great farmer signed to her, but the woman understood him not, and now every one began to cry at the concealed idler, who would now suffer that which he had tried to bring upon the whole village. While they were thus irate, they saw Franz'seph, with his unaccustomed cap on his head, coming down the hill. The schoolmaster commanded the gendarme to go toward him at once and arrest him; but a comrade of Franz'seph was quicker than the old slowly-moving soldier; he made haste, and called to Franz'seph, "Run away, you'll be arrested!"

Franz'seph did not seem to consider this exclamation as intended for him; he walked quietly on, and when the village guard, who had come up to him, announced to him his arrest, he passed his hand over his forehead and smiled incredulously.

The great farmer tried to persuade the mother to go home and depend upon him, but she would not leave the crowd, that now grew at each step toward Franz'seph. When they had come up to him, the schoolmaster was about to break out into loud revilings; but the great farmer interrupted him, begged for a word, went up to Franz'seph, took his hand, so that the youth trembled within him, and, said, almost without the slightest cough:

"Franz'seph, I have done you wrong, and am not ashamed to say it before everybody. I thought you were a good kind of a blade, but one that wouldn't cut; but you have shown that you can cut. Let this affair end as it may; when you return you know where I live. Understood! Now fear nothing and be steadfast."

The mother stood crying beside her son, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. Franz'seph knew not how he felt; an icy feeling ran through him, so that he trembled all over.

"Do you confess what you have done?" added the schoolmaster.

"I don't know that it concerns you," returned Franz'seph, and the great farmer came forward again, and said:

"Franz'seph denies nothing. He is a fellow with courage, and does not skulk behind a hedge. Confess it? Yes, I say it for him, yes, my Franz'seph did last night cut down Waterboot's hop-garden, and was quite right. We are rich enough to cover the damage, and we don't want the village money—and a couple of weeks' prison won't kill him. My Franz'seph cuts, and is no good fellow. Let him go free. Schoolmaster, he won't run away."

Franz'seph's bosom rose and fell with heavy breath, and he put his hands before his eyes, as if to remember if it were a dream or no.

"You cannot speak for him," remarked the other; "he can speak for himself. Tell me, Franz'seph; you were always a good fellow; I can hardly believe it."

"He is no good fellow," interrupted the farmer.

"It's the devil's name," exclaimed the schoolmaster, "let him speak. I won't hear another word from you."

Franz'seph now gazed with compressed lips at the old farmer. Evidently he had done the deed in his hate to Faber himself, and now wanted his son-in-law to speak for him. Franz'seph was ready to do this, although he did not see what would be the consequence; and although it grieved him deeply that he, who was Faber's only friend, should seem a creeping hypocrite in his eyes, yet—Madelaine! And besides, as the schoolmaster had touched a tender point, a strange kind of pride arose in Franz'seph's mind, and he cried out—"I am no good fellow. Yes, yes, I have done everything that cousin says." Every one was silent with horror—only Claus, who had come with a bailiff, laughed out aloud.

Franz'seph was delivered to the bailiff, and led off to prison. The great farmer conducted the weeping mother home.

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

### ANOTHER'S DEED.

When Faber came home he heard to his horror who had done the fearful action, and the newly-baked buns, about which he had rejoiced in so childlike a manner, were not at all enjoyable. His wife who thought much of her knowledge of mankind, declared that she had long perceived cunning and malice in Franz'seph, but that she had been silent, in order that she might not be considered distrustful. Faber doubted the actuality of this knowledge of mankind; he remarked, that it was wholly unexpected from the former behaviour of Franz'seph; and his wife sought to make the matter right again by entreating him to forgive Franz'seph's crime, and thus to *compel* the village to shame and friendship. But that was too much to ask, and Faber declared that nothing should cause him to swerve from the path that justice appointed. He wrote immediately to the authorities, demanding the strictest investigation into the circumstances. He was still writing when Madelaine came in, her eyes yet red with weeping; Faber knew the maiden well, yet he asked her name and wishes; and without a single word, answered her petition for grace, upon satisfaction, with the shake of the head, sealed his letter, left his wife, who tried to console Madelaine, and sent a mounted messenger to town with it. Soon he returned, and asked Madelaine since what time Franz'seph had worn nailed shoes. The girl replied that he only wore boots with iron heels, and asserted his innocence from the fact of the traces of nailed shoes having been found in the hop-garden. Certainly he had himself confessed to it, but who knows what might have been the cause of that.

"Then he wore some one else's shoes, or had assistance," returned Faber, leaving the room again in disquietude, and sending a second servant to watch the place and prevent the footmarks being destroyed. While he was yet employed in giving directions to the man, he saw Madelaine leave the house; she went to Franz'seph's mother, who was still full of despair at what had taken place, and kept saying that her dear Franz'seph must have been persuaded to do this wrong, for

such a scheme never could come from his good heart, and for such a purpose he never could have put his father's cap on. She had set her son's military cap before her on the table, and kept continually looking at it with tears and sobs, as if she would never again see the head which it had covered.

In the meantime Franz'seph went silently along the highway, followed by the billif. When they came to the eminence where was the mowed field of barley it seemed to him as if a signal of some kind must arise for him there; but who was there to speak, to bear witness for him? O'er the waving ears of corn there hung a light mist, and from the dale and hill sounded the morning bells. Franz'seph went quietly on, and thought of the brightsome hour when he would return along this way greeted and honored. With open eyes he went dreadingly along, and could not clearly make out what had happened and what would yet happen. When at last they arrived in the town, and when everybody looked after the young criminal, and smiled significantly, then first he began to be afraid; but still he hardly believed it all was true, and first when he was alone in prison he suddenly awoke to the truth, and he doubled his fist against the unjust walls and cried aloud. The walls did not shrink from his blow, and his cry fell dull upon the ear of silence there. What use was there now in thought? Nothing was to be done. At last Franz'seph lay quietly down, fully satisfied that the great farmer would soon make an end of his sufferings. Refreshment was brought him but he let it stand. Broken rest, unaccustomed exertion, stress of mind, all combined to sink Franz'seph in a leaden sleep. When he awoke, he had to recollect where he was, amid the dark night and the solitude. His whole manner of life seemed altered,—night had become day, day had turned to night. A broken ray of the moon fell into his prison, and lighted Franz'seph during the meal that he made of the cold fare they had given him. He felt refreshed and strong, and began to think that he would soon be released; the joke was getting serious. Franz'seph looked out into the moonlight through the slit, holding himself up by his hands. On a sudden it seemed to him as if he had received a blow on the head, so near did the tower clock tremble, as it was at the same elevation as his prison. One! This was another kind of waiting for the day to that in the fields the night before. Every quarter that struck smote Franz'seph on the head, and trembled through his whole body. Even when he lay down on the truckle-bed again, that did not stop; and steeped in these solemn tones he thought over the many hours he had dreamed away in half-proud half-wardly idleness. Often did he spring up and stretch forth his hands, full of hot desire for labor. To-day he would work, work, work, and never idle; why was he a prisoner now?

A bluish tint showed itself in the heavens; no tone of blithe lark was to be heard, only the groaning pendulum of the tower clock, hither—thither! A bright day broke—a true and blessed harvest day. The more the hours grew, the more Franz'seph thought of the glorious and ready efforts of labor that were beginning at home; only he must lie there idle, and it seemed a heaven now to him to hold the scythe—he longed

for the handle of the scythe as for the hand of a friend; crying with vexation and disappointment he turned upon his bed, when the door opened, and the gaoler came in with Faber.

The first sight of him terrified Franz'seph so much, that he stood there without being able to speak a word, but he soon put forth his hand to grasp that of Faber, who, however, declined it, saying that he begged to have an interview with him before the official examination took place, as it was still inexplicable to him that just the only person who had become friends with him should have been the one to do him such injury. Franz'seph would therefore explain who it was that had persuaded him to it, and who had assisted him. Franz'seph stared out silently, and would return no answer. But when Faber pointed to his boots and said—

"Such a footmark is not at all to be found in my hop-garden, therefore you could only have been sentinel, and others must have aided you," then Franz'seph started, and said at length—

"Dear sir, if I could tell you whom the other footsteps belong to, would you let the whole matter be forgotten for a proper recompense?"

"No; and if I brought the man to the gallows, I could see him there with pleasure."

"Then I did it, and nobody else," Franz'seph interrupted him, doggedly.

"That won't do; we had your confession that you could say otherwise, if you chose."

"Yes, if I would," replied Franz'seph, half-boldly, half-sadly. Faber now tried to persuade, with all goodness, to tell the whole matter; he, as an inactive assistant, would only have a slight punishment; and at last he begged him by the remembrance of their former friendship, not to do him the harm of destroying his belief in the existence of good people.

This word "good" acted upon Franz'seph in a diametrically opposite manner to what the speaker's intention had been. Franz'seph became silent, and insisted that he should only answer the judge. Faber went on to say that in the village every one was looking at the shoes of his neighbour; that in the evening there was a burning smell in the house of the schoolmaster, as if schoolmaster Claus had been burning his. Also to this Franz'seph returned no answer, but laughed within himself.

Just as Faber was going away, Madeleine came in. She could scarcely speak for crying, and then she began to lament about the penitentiary whither Franz'seph would be sent, and about her father, who wanted to force her to marry schoolmaster Claus, who had quite won him by an act that no one could have expected.

"What does your father say of me?" asked Franz'seph.

"Well, I'll tell you the truth," replied Madeleine; "he abuses you through thick and thin, and declares that you've done this only that you may be locked up this harvest time, and have time to idle."

"Ah! so he says, but he knows better," returned Franz'seph, smiling, though the old man's malice hurt him much. Why is Claus so well off, then? what has he done?" he pursued.

"Only think, to show what he can do, on Satur-

day night he moved down the barley up at the Spec!"

"Claus did that?"

"Yes; he has proved it to my father that he was not at home the whole night, and now he could carry him on his hands!"

Franz'seph laughed outright; the people standing by looked at him wonderingly, as if he had suddenly gone mad; for Franz'seph snapped his fingers and danced about in the cell. At the anxious request of Madeleine, he quieted himself again, and asked,—

"Now listen to me; was your father at home on Saturday night?"

"Yes, he had his bad cough, and hardly closed his eyes."

Again Franz'seph rejoiced, and embraced Madeleine and Faber, and told the whole circumstances;—how his scythe must lie on the oats now, and how he had done it for the great farmer. Then he begged to have Faber's friendship restored to him, which was willingly done.

There is little more to be told. The nails of the burnt shoes of Claus were found in the ashes; now Claus wears wooden ones in the prison.

Who knows whether the malicious farmer would not rather have driven Franz'seph into misfortune than have given him the hand of his daughter, as he was now forced to do. Yet, notwithstanding Madeleine's love, this was no great good. Father-in-law and son-in-law could not agree. Franz'seph worked hard for his family, and yet he continually was told by the old man that he was incorrigibly idle; but now he smiled at it; it only made him angry when it was a true accusation. The unjust insult hurt him not, and the father was so angry at it, that he built himself a house away, but did not live to complete it, and Franz'seph is the present great farmer. The military cap hangs over his framed dismissal, as an honorable and honored reminiscence; but Franz'seph and his boys wear caps of dogskin.

Faber's hop-garden is again in the most flourishing condition, and Franz'seph has carried out his intentions of having one in the barley-field.

No path is more worn than that from the great farmer's to Faber's; and when Pauline Faber boasts of her knowledge of man, her husband says—"Think of Franz'seph!"

That is the history, containing the reasons for painting hops and barley on the great farmer's house.

A man is more wretched in reproaching himself, if guilty, than in being reproached by others if innocent.

What we know thoroughly, we can usually express clearly.

Those who know the least of others think the most of themselves.

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

Some people look at everything, yet really see nothing.

Ignorance has no light; Error follows a false cue.

## THE SECRET OF THE STREAM.

When the silver stars looked down from Heaven  
To smile the world to rest,  
A woman, from all refuge driven,  
Her little babe caress'd,  
And thus she sang:

"Sleep within thy mother's arms,  
Folded to thy mother's heart,  
Folded to the breast that warms  
Only from its inward smart,  
Only from the pent-up flame  
Burning fiercely at its core,  
Cherished by my loss and shame:  
Shall I live to suffer more?  
Shall I live to bear the pangs  
Of the world's neglect and scorn?  
Hark! the distant belfry clangs  
Welcome to the coming morn.  
Shall I live to see it rise?  
Is't not better far to die?  
Shall I gaze upon the skies—  
Gaze upon them shamelessly?  
Clasp me, babe, around my neck,  
Do not fear me for the sob  
That I cannot, cannot check.  
Oh! another moment robs  
Life of all its painful breath,  
Waking us from this sad dream,  
E'en the wretched rest in death.  
Hark! the murmur of the stream.  
Nestle closely, cheek to cheek;  
Let us hasten to the wave,  
Where is found what we would seek,  
Death, oblivion, and a grave."

And the tide rolls on for ever  
Of that dark and silent river;  
And beneath the wave-foam sparkling,  
'Mid the weeds embowered and darkling,  
There they lie near one another,  
Youthful child and youthful mother;  
And the tide rolls on for ever  
Of that swift and silent river.

## GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONE night, during the period of the first French Revolution, the family of François Sarzeau, a fisherman of Brittany, were all waking and watching at an unusually late hour in their cottage on the peninsula of Quiberon. François had gone out in his boat that evening, as usual, to fish. Shortly after his departure, the wind had risen, the clouds had gathered; and the storm, which had been threatening at intervals throughout the whole day, burst forth furiously about nine o'clock. It was now eleven; and the raging of the wind over the barren, heathy peninsula still seemed to increase with each fresh blast that tore its way out upon the open sea; the crashing of the waves on the beach was awful to hear; the dreary blackness of the sky terrible to behold. The longer they listened to the storm, the oftener they looked out at it, the fainter grew the hopes which the fisherman's family still strove to cherish for



the safety of François Sarzeau and of his younger son who had gone with him in the boat.

There was something impressive in the simplicity of the scene that was now passing within the cottage. On one side of the great rugged black fireplace crouched two little girls; the younger half asleep, with her head in her sister's lap. These were the daughters of the fisherman; and opposite to them sat their eldest brother, Gabriel. His right arm had been badly wounded in a recent encounter at the national game of the *Soule*, a sport resembling our English football; but played on both sides in such savage earnest by the people of Brittany as to end always in bloodshed, often in mutilation, sometimes even in loss of life. On the same bench with Gabriel sat his betrothed wife—a girl of eighteen—clothed in the plain, almost monastic black and white costume of her native district. She was the daughter of a small farmer living at some little distance from the coast. Between the groups formed on either side of the fireplace, the vacant space was occupied by the foot of a truckle bed. In this bed lay a very old man, the father of François Sarzeau. His haggard face was covered with deep wrinkles; his long white hair flowed over the coarse lump of sackcloth which served him for a pillow, and his light grey eyes wandered incessantly, with a strange expression of terror and suspicion, from person to person, and from object to object, in all parts of the room. Every time when the wind and sea whistled and roared at their loudest, he mattered to himself and tossed his hands fretfully on his wretched coverlid. On these occasions, his eyes always fixed themselves intently on a little doll image of the Virgin placed in a niche over the fireplace. Whenever they saw him look in this direction, Gabriel and the young girl shuddered and crossed themselves; and even the child, who still kept awake, imitated their example. There was one bond of feeling at least between the old man and his grandchildren, which connected his age and their youth unnaturally and closely together. This feeling was reverence for the superstitious which had been handed down to them by their ancestors from centuries and centuries back, as far even as the age of the Druids. The spirit-warnings of disaster and death which the old man heard in the whistlings of the wind, in the crashing of the waves, in the dreary monotonous rattling of the easement, the young man and his affianced wife and the little child who cowered by the fireside, heard too. All differences in sex, in temperament, in years, superstition was strong enough to strike down to its own dread level, in the fisherman's cottage, on that stormy night.

Besides the benches by the fireside and the bed, the only piece of furniture in the room was a coarse wooden table, with a loaf of black bread, a knife, and a pitcher of cider placed on it. Old nets, coils of rope, tattered sails hung about the walls and over the wooden partition which separated the room into two compartments. Wispes of straw and ears of barley dropped down through the rotten rafters and gaping boards that made the floor of the granary above.

These different objects and the persons in the cottage, who composed the only surviving members of the fisherman's family, were strangely and

wildly lit up by the blaze of the fire and by the still brighter glare of a resin torch stuck into a block of wood in the chimney corner. The red and yellow light played full on the weird face of the old man as he lay opposite to it, and glanced fitfully on the figures of Rose, Gabriel, and the two children; the great gloomy shadows rose and fell, and grew and lessened in bulk about the walls like visions of darkness, animated by a supernatural spectre life, while the dense obscurity outside spreading before the curtainless window seemed as a wall of solid darkness that had closed in for ever around the fisherman's house. The night-scene within the cottage was almost as wild and as dreary to look upon as the night scene without.

For a long time the different persons in the room sat together without speaking, even without looking at each other. At last, the girl turned and whispered something into Gabriel's ear.

"Rose, what were you saying to Gabriel?" asked the child opposite, seizing the first opportunity of breaking the desolate silence—doubly desolate at her age—which was preserved by all around her.

"I was telling him," answered Rose simply, "that it was time to change the bandages on his arm; and I said also to him, what I have often said before, that he must never play at that terrible game of the *Soule* again."

The old man had been looking intently at Rose and his grandchild as they spoke. His harsh, hollow voice mingled with the last soft tones of the young girl, repeating over and over again the same terrible words, "Drowned! drowned! Son and grandson, both drowned! both drowned!"

"Hush! grandfather," said Gabriel, "we must not lose all hope for them yet. God and the Blessed Virgin protect them!" He looked at the little doll image, and crossed himself; the others imitated him, except the old man. He still tossed his hands over the coverlid, and still repeated, "Drowned! drowned!"

"O that accursed *Soule*!" groaned the young man. "But for this wound I should have been with my father. The poor boy's life might, at least, have been saved; for we should then have left him here."

"Silence!" exclaimed the harsh voice from the bed. "The wail of dying men rises louder than the loud sea; the devil's psalm-singing roars higher than the roaring wind! Be silent, and listen! François drowned! Pierre drowned! Hark! hark!"

A terrific blast of wind burst over the house, as he spoke, shaking it to its centre, overpowering all other sounds, even to the deafening crash of the waves. The slumbering child awoke, and uttered a scream of fear. Rose, who had been kneeling before her lover, hiding the fresh bandages on his wounded arm, paused in her occupation, trembling from head to foot. Gabriel looked towards the window; his experience told him what must be the hurricane fury of that blast of wind out at sea, and he sighed bitterly as he murmured to himself, "God help them both—man's help will be as nothing to them now!"

"Gabriel!" cried the voice from the bed in altered tones, very faint and trembling.

He did not hear, or seem to attend to the old

man. He was trying to soothe and encourage the trembling girl at his feet. "Don't be frightened, love," he said, kissing her very gently and tenderly on the forehead. "You are as safe here as anywhere. Was I not right in saying that it would be madness to attempt taking you back to the farm-house this evening? You can sleep in that room, Rose, when you are tired—you can sleep with the two girls."

"Gabriel, brother Gabriel!" cried one of the children. "O, look at grandfather!"

Gabriel ran to the bedside. The old man had raised himself into a sitting position; his eyes were dilated, his whole face rigid with terror, his hands were stretched out convulsively towards his grandson. "The White Women!" he screamed. "The White Women; the grave-diggers of the drowned are out on the sea!" The children, with cries of terror, flung themselves into Rose's arms; even Gabriel uttered an exclamation of horror, and started back from the bedside. Still the old man reiterated, "The White Women! The White Women! Open the door, Gabriel! look out westward, where the ebb tide has left the sand dry. You'll see them bright as lightning in the darkness, mighty as the angels in stature, sweeping like the wind over the sea, in their long white garments, with their white hair trailing far behind them! Open the door, Gabriel! You'll see them stop and hover over the place where your father and your brother have been drowned; you'll see them come on till they reach the sand; you'll see them dig in it with their naked feet, and beckon awfully to the raging sea to give up its dead. Open the door, Gabriel—or though it should be the death of me, I will get up and open it myself!"

Gabriel's face whitened even to his lips, but he made a sign that he would obey. It required the exertion of his whole strength to keep the door open against the wind, while he looked out.

"Do you see them, grandson Gabriel? Speak the truth, and tell me if you see them," cried the old man.

"I see nothing but darkness—pitch darkness," answered Gabriel, letting the door close again.

"Ah! woe! woe!" groaned his grandfather, sinking back exhausted on the pillow. "Darkness to you; but bright as lightning to the eyes that are allowed to see them. Drowned! drowned! Pray for their souls, Gabriel—I see the White Women even where I lie, and dare not pray for them. Son and grandson drowned! both drowned!"

The young man went back to Rose and the children. "Grandfather is very ill to-night," he whispered. "You had better all go into the bedroom, and leave me alone to watch by him.

They rose as he spoke, crossed themselves before the image of the Virgin, kissed him one by one, and without uttering a word, softly entered the little room on the other side of the partition. Gabriel looked at his grandfather, and saw that he lay quiet now, with his eyes closed as if he were already dropping asleep. The young man then heaped some fresh logs on the fire, and sat down by it to watch till morning. Very dreary was the moaning of the night-storm; but it was not more dreary than the thoughts which now occupied him in his solitude—thoughts darkened

and distorted by the terrible superstitions of his country and his race. Ever since the period of his mother's death he had been oppressed by the conviction that some curse hung over the family. At first they had been prosperous, they had got money, a little legacy had been left them. But this good fortune had availed only for a time; disaster on disaster strangely and suddenly succeeded. Losses, misfortunes, poverty, want itself had overwhelmed them; his father's temper had become so soured, that the oldest friends of François Sarzeau declared he was changed beyond recognition. And now, all this past misfortune—the steady, withering, house-old blight of many years—had ended in the last worst misery of all—in death. The fate of his father and his brother admitted no longer of a doubt—he knew it, as he listened to the storm, as he reflected on his grandfather's words, as he called to mind his own experience of the perils of the sea. And this double bereavement had fallen on him just as the time was approaching for his marriage with Rose; just when misfortune was most ominous of evil, just when it was hardest to bear!—Forebodings which he dared not realize began now to mingle with the bitterness of his grief, whenever his thoughts wandered from the present to the future; and as he sat by the lonely fireside, murmuring from time to time the Church prayer for the repose of the dead, he almost involuntarily mingled with it another prayer, expressed only in his own simple words, for the safety of the living—for the young girl whose love was his sole earthly treasure; for the motherless children who must now look for protection to him alone.

He had sat by the hearth a long, long time, absorbed in his thoughts, not once looking round towards the bed, when he was startled by hearing the sound of his grandfather's voice once more. "Gabriel," whispered the old man, trembling, and shrinking as he spoke. "Gabriel do you hear a dripping of water—now slow, now quick again—on the floor at the foot of my bed?"

"I hear nothing, grandfather, but the crackling of the fire, and the roaring of the storm outside."

"Drip, drip, drip! Faster and faster; plainer and plainer. Take the torch, Gabriel; look down on the floor—look with all your eyes. Is the place wet there? Is it God's rain that is dropping through the roof?"

Gabriel took the torch with trembling fingers, and knelt down on the floor to examine it closely. He started back from the place, as he saw that it was quite dry—the torch dropped upon the hearth—he fell on his knees before the statue of the Virgin and hid his face.

"Is the floor wet? Answer me, I command you!—Is the floor wet?"—asked the old man quickly and breathlessly. Gabriel rose, went back to the bedside, and whispered to him that no drop of rain had fallen inside the cottage.—As he spoke the words, he saw a change pass over his grandfather's face—the sharp features seemed to wither up on a sudden; the eager expression to grow vacant and death-like in an instant. The voice too faltered; it was harsh and querulous no more; its tones became strangely

soft, slow, and solemn, when the old man spoke again.

"I hear it still," he said, "drip! drip! faster and plainer than ever. That ghostly dropping of water is the last and the surest of the fatal signs which have told of your father's and your brother's deaths to-night, and I know from the place where I hear it—the foot of the bed I lie on—that it is a warning to me of my own approaching end. I am called where my son and my grandson have gone before me: my weary time in this world is over at last. Don't let Rose and the children come in here, if they should awake—they are to young too look at death."

Gabriel's blood curdled, when he heard these words—when he touched his grandfather's hand, and felt the chill that it struck to his own—when he listened to the raging wind, and knew that all help was miles and miles away from the cottage. Still, in spite of the storm, the darkness, and the distance, he thought not for a moment of neglecting the duty that had been taught him from his childhood—the duty of summoning the Priest to the bedside of the dying. "I must call Rose," he said, "to watch by you while I am away."

"Stop!" cried the old man, "stop, Gabriel, I implore, I command you not to leave me!"

"The priest, grandfather—your confession—"

"It must be made to you. In this darkness and this hurricane no man can keep the path across the heath. Gabriel! I am dying—I should be dead before you got back. Gabriel! for the love of the Blessed Virgin, stop here with me till I die—my time is short—I have a terrible secret that I must tell to somebody before I draw my last breath! Your ear to my mouth!—quick! quick!"

As he spoke the last words, a slight noise was audible on the other side of the partition, the door half opened; and Rose appeared at it, looking affrightedly into the room. The vigilant eyes of the old man—suspicious even in death—caught sight of her directly. "Go back!" he exclaimed faintly, before she could utter a word, "go back—push her back, Gabriel, and nail down the latch in the door, if she won't shut it of herself!"

"Dear Rose! go in again," implored Gabriel. "Go in and keep the children from disturbing us. You will only make him worse—you can be of no use here!"

She obeyed without speaking, and shut the door again. While the old man clutched him by the arm, and repeated, "Quick! quick!—your ear close to my mouth," Gabriel heard her say to the children (who were both awake). "Let us pray for grandfather." And as he knelt down by the bedside, there stole on his ear the sweet, childish tones of his little sisters and the soft, subdued voice of the young girl who was teaching them the prayer, mingling divinely with the solemn wailing of wind and sea; rising in a still and awful purity over the hoarse, gasping whispers of the dying man.

"I took an oath not to tell it, Gabriel—lean down closer! I'm weak, and they mustn't hear a word in that room—I took an oath not to tell it; but death is a warrant to all men for breaking such an oath as that. Listen; don't lose a word. I'm saying! Don't look away into the room: the stain of blood-guilt has defiled it for ever!—

Hush! Hush! Hush! Let me speak. Now your father's dead, I can't carry the horrid secret with me into the grave. Just remember, Gabriel—try if you can't remember the time before I was bed-ridden—ten years ago and more—it was about six weeks, you know, before your mother's death; you can remember it by that. You and all the children were in that room with your mother; you were all asleep, I think; it was night, not very late—only nine o'clock. Your father and I were standing at the door, looking out at the heath in the moonlight. He was so poor at that time, he had been obliged to sell his own boat, and none of the neighbours would take him out fishing with them—your father wasn't liked by any of the neighbours. Well; we saw a stranger coming towards us; a very young man, with a knapsack on his back. He looked like a gentleman, though he was but poorly dressed. He came up, and told us he was dead tired, and didn't think he could reach the town that night, and asked if we would give him shelter till morning. And your father said yes, if he would make no noise, because the wife was ill and the children were asleep. So he said all he wanted was to go to sleep before the fire. We had nothing to give him, but black bread. He had better food with him than that, and undid his knapsack to get at it—and—and—Gabriel! I'm sinking—drink! something to drink—I'm parched with thirst!"

Silent and deadly pale, Gabriel poured some of the cider from the pitcher on the table into a drinking cup, and gave it to the old man. Slight as the stimulant was, its effect on him was almost instantaneous. His dull eyes brightened a little, and he went on in the same whispering tones as before.

"He pulled the food out of his knapsack rather in a hurry, so that some of the other small things in it fell on the floor. Among these was a pocket-book, which your father picked up and gave him back; and he put it in his coat pocket—there was a tear in one of the sides of the book, and through the hole some bank notes bulged out. I saw them, and so did your father (don't move away, Gabriel; keep close, there's nothing in me to shrink from). Well, he shared his food, like an honest fellow, with us; and then put his hand in his pocket, and gave me four or five livres, and then lay down before the fire to go to sleep. As he shut his eyes, your father looked at me in a way I didn't like. He'd been behaving very bitterly and desperately towards us for some time past; being soured about poverty, and your mother's illness, and the constant crying out of you children for more to eat. So when he told me to go and buy some wood, some bread, and some wine with the money I had got, I didn't like, somehow, to leave him alone with the stranger; and so made excuses, saying (which was true) that it was too late to buy things in the village that night. But he told me in a rage to go and do as he bid me, and knock the people up if the shop was shut. So I went out, being dreadfully afraid of your father—as indeed we all were at that time—but I couldn't make up my mind to go far from the house: I was afraid of something happening, though I didn't dare to think what. I don't know how it was; but I

stole back in about ten minutes on tip-toe, to the cottage; and looked in at the window; and saw—O! God forgive him! O, God forgive me!—I saw—I—more to drink, Gabriel! I can't speak again—more to drink!”

The voices in the next room had ceased; but in the minute of silence which now ensued, Gabriel heard his sisters kissing Rose, and wishing her good night. They were all three trying to go to sleep again.

“Gabriel, pray, yourself, and teach your children after you to pray, that your father may find forgiveness where he is now gone. I saw him, as plainly as I now see you, kneeling with his knife in one hand over the sleeping man. He was taking the little book with the notes in it out of the stranger's pocket. He got the book into his possession, and held it quite still in his hand for an instant, thinking, I believe—oh, no! no!—I'm sure, he was repenting; I'm sure he was going to put the book back; but just at that moment the stranger moved, and raised one of his arms, as if he was waking up. Then, the temptation of the devil grew too strong for your father—I saw him lift the hand with the knife in it—but saw nothing more. I couldn't look in at the window—I couldn't move away—I couldn't cry out; I stood with my back turned towards the house, shivering all over, though it was a warm summer-time, and hearing no cries, no noises at all, from the room behind me. I was too frightened to know how long it was before the opening of the cottage door made me turn round; but when I did, I saw your father standing before me in the yellow moonlight, carrying in his arms the bleeding body of the poor lad who had shared his food with us, and slept on our hearth. Hush! hush! Don't groan and sob that way! Stifle it with the bed-clothes. Hush! you'll wake them in the next room!”

“Gabriel—Gabriel!” exclaimed a voice from behind the partition. “What has happened? Gabriel! let me come out and be with you?”

“No! no!” cried the old man, collecting the last remains of his strength in the attempt to speak above the wind, which was just then howling at the loudest. “Stay where you are—don't speak—don't come out, I command you! Gabriel,” (his voice dropped to a faint whisper,) “raise me up in bed—you must hear the whole of it, now—raise me; I'm choking so that I can hardly speak. Keep close and listen—I can't say much more. Where was I?—Ah, your father! He threatened to kill me if I didn't swear to keep it secret; and in terror of my life I swore. He made me help him to carry the body—we took it all across the heath—oh! horrible, horrible, under the bright moon—(lift me higher, Gabriel). You know the great stones yonder, set up by the heathens; you know the hollow place under the stones they call ‘The Merchant's Table’—we had plenty of room to lay him in that, and hide him so; and then we ran back to the cottage. I never dared go near the place afterwards; no, nor your father either! (Higher, Gabriel! I'm choking again.) We burnt the pocket-book and the knapsack—never knew his name—we kept the money to spend. (You're not lifting me! you're not listening close enough!) Your father said it was a legacy, when you and your mother asked about the money. (You hurt

me, you shake me to pieces, Gabriel, when you sob like that.) It brought a curse on us, the money; the curse has drowned your father and your brother; the curse is killing me; but I've confessed—tell the priest I confessed before I died. Stop her; stop Rose! I hear her getting up. Take his bones away from The Merchant's Table, and bury them for the love of God!—and tell the priest—(lift me higher: lift me till I'm on my knees)—if your father was alive, he'd murder me—but tell the priest—because of my guilty soul—to pray—and remember The Merchant's Table—to bury, and to pray—to pray always!”

As long as Rose heard faintly the whispering of the old man—though no word that he said reached her ear—she shrank from opening the door in the partition. But, when the whispering sounds—which terrified her she knew not how or why—first faltered, then ceased altogether; when she heard the sobs that followed them; and when her heart told her who was weeping in the next room—then, she began to be influenced by a new feeling which was stronger than the strongest fear, and she opened the door without hesitating—almost without trembling.

The coverlid was drawn up over the old man; Gabriel was kneeling by the bedside, with his face hidden. When she spoke to him, he neither answered nor looked at her. After a while the sobs that shook him ceased; but still he never moved—except once when she touched him, and then he shuddered—shuddered under her hand! She called in his little sisters, and they spoke to him, and still he uttered no word in reply. They wept. One by one, often and often, they entreated him with loving words; but the stupor of grief which held him speechless was beyond the power of human tears, stronger even than the strength of human love.

It was near daybreak, and the storm was lulling—but still no change occurred at the bedside. Once or twice, as Rose knelt near Gabriel, still vainly endeavoring to arouse him to a sense of her presence, she thought she heard the old man breathing feebly, and stretched out her hand towards the coverlid; but she could not summon courage to touch him or to look at him. This was the first time she had ever been present at a deathbed; the stillness in the room, the stupor of despair that had seized on Gabriel, so horrified her, that she was almost as helpless as the two children by her side. It was not till the dawn looked in at the cottage window—so coldly, so drearily, and yet so reassuringly—that she began to recover her self-possession at all. Then she knew that her best resource would be to summon assistance immediately from the nearest house. While she was trying to persuade the two children to remain alone in the cottage with Gabriel, during her temporary absence, she was startled by the sound of footsteps outside the door. It opened; and a man appeared on the threshold, standing still there for a moment in the dim uncertain light. She looked closer—looked intently at him. It was François Sarzeau himself!

He was dripping with wet; but his face—always pale and inflexible—seemed to be but little altered in expression by the perils through which he must have passed during the night. Young Pierre lay almost insensible in his arms. In the astonish-

ment and fright of the first moment, Rose screamed as she recognised him.

"There! there! there!" he said, peevishly, advancing straight to the hearth with his burden, "don't make a noise. You never expected to see us alive again, I dare say. We gave ourselves up as lost, and only escaped after all by a miracle." He laid the boy down where he could get the full warmth of the fire; and then, turning round, took a wicker-covered bottle from his pocket, and said, "If it hadn't been for the brandy!" He stopped suddenly—started—put down the bottle on the bench near him—and advanced quickly to the bedside.

Rose looked after him as he went; and saw Gabriel, who had risen when the door was opened, moving back from the bed as François approached. The young man's face seemed to have been suddenly struck to stone—its blank ghastly whiteness was awful to look at. He moved slowly backward and backward till he came to the cottage wall—then stood quite still, staring on his father with wild vacant eyes, moving his hands to and fro before him, muttering; but never pronouncing one audible word.

François did not appear to notice his son; he had the coverlid of the bed in his hand. "Anything the matter here?" he asked, as he drew it down.

Still Gabriel could not speak. Rose saw it, and answered for him. "Gabriel is afraid that his poor grandfather is dead," she whispered nervously.

"Dead!" There was no sorrow in the tone, as he echoed the word. "Was he very bad in the night before his death happened? Did he wander in his mind? He has been rather light-headed lately."

"He was very restless, and spoke of the ghostly warnings that we all know of: he said he saw and heard many things which told him from the other world that you and Pierre—Gabriel!" she screamed, suddenly interrupting herself. "Look at him! Look at his face! Your grandfather is not dead!"

At that moment, François was raising his father's head to look closely at him. A faint spasm had indeed passed over the deathly face; the lips quivered, the jaw dropped. François shuddered as he looked, and moved away hastily from the bed. At the same instant Gabriel started from the wall; his expression altered, his pale cheeks flushed suddenly, as he snatched up the wicker-cased bottle, and poured all the little brandy that was left in it down his grandfather's throat. The effect was nearly instantaneous; the sinking vital forces rallied desperately. The old man's eyes opened again, wandered round the room, then fixed themselves intently on François, as he stood near the fire. Trying and terrible as his position was at that moment, Gabriel still retained self-possession enough to whisper a few words in Rose's ear. "Go back again into the bedroom, and take the children with you," he said. "We may have something to speak about which you had better not hear."

"Son Gabriel, your grandfather is trembling all over," said François. "If he is dying at all, he is dying of cold: help me to lift him, bed and all, to the hearth."

"No, no! don't let him touch me!" gasped the old man. "Don't let him look at me in that way! Don't let him come near me, Gabriel! Is it his ghost, or is it himself?"

As Gabriel answered, he heard a knocking at the door. His father opened it; and disclosed to view some people from the neighboring fishing village, who had come—more out of curiosity than sympathy—to inquire whether François and the boy, Pierre, had survived the night. Without asking any one to enter, the fisherman surlily and shortly answered the various questions addressed to him, standing in his own doorway. While he was thus engaged, Gabriel heard his grandfather muttering vacantly to himself—"Last night—how about last night, grandson? What was I talking about last night? Did I say your father was drowned? Very foolish to say he was drowned, and then see him come back alive again! But it wasn't that—I'm so weak in my head, I can't remember! What was it, Gabriel? Something too horrible to speak of? Is that what you're whispering and trembling about? I said nothing horrible. A crime? Bloodshed? I know nothing of any crime or bloodshed here—I must have been frightened out of my wits to talk in that way! The Merchant's Table? Only a big heap of old stones! What with the storm, and thinking I was going to die, and being afraid about your father, I must have been light-headed. Don't give another thought to that nonsense, Gabriel! I'm better now. We shall all live to laugh at poor grandfather for talking nonsense about crime and bloodshed in his sleep. Ah! poor old man—last night—light-headed—fancies and nonsense of an old man—why don't you laugh at it? I'm laughing—so light-headed—so light!"

He stopped suddenly. A loud cry, partly of terror and partly of pain, escaped him; the look of pining anxiety and imbecile cunning which had distorted his face while he had been speaking, faded from it for ever. He shivered a little—breathed heavily once or twice—then became quite still. Had he died with a falsehood on his lips?

Gabriel looked around, and saw that the cottage-door was closed, and that his father was standing against it. How long he had occupied that position, how many of the old man's last words he had heard, it was impossible to conjecture, but there was a lowering suspicion in his harsh face as he now looked away from the corpse to his son, which made Gabriel shudder; and the first question that he asked, on once more approaching the bedside, was expressed in tones which, quiet as they were, had a fearful meaning in them. "What did your grandfather talk about, last night?" he asked.

Gabriel did not answer. All that he had heard, all that he had seen, all the misery and horror that might yet be to come, had stunned his mind. The unspeakable dangers of his present position were too tremendous to be realised. He could only feel them vaguely as yet in the weary torpor that oppressed his heart: while in every other direction the use of his faculties, physical and mental, seemed to have suddenly and totally abandoned him.

"Is your tongue wounded, son Gabriel, as well

as your arm?" his father went on, with a bitter laugh. "I come back to you, saved by a miracle; and you never speak to me. Would you rather I had died than the old man there? He can't hear you now—why shouldn't you tell me what nonsense he was talking last night?—You won't? I say, you shall!" (He crossed the room and put his back to the door.) "Before either of us leave this place, you shall confess it! You know that my duty to the Church bids me go at once, and tell the priest of your grandfather's death. If I leave that duty unfulfilled, remember it is through your fault! You keep me here—for here I stop till I am obeyed. Do you hear that, idiot! Speak! Speak instantly, or you shall repent it to the day of your death! I ask again—what did your grandfather say to you when he was wandering in his mind, last night?"

"He spoke of a crime, committed by another, and guiltily kept secret by him," answered Gabriel slowly and sternly. "And this morning he denied his own words with his last living breath. But last night, if he spoke the truth—"

"The truth!" echoed François. "What truth!" He stopped, his eyes fell, then turned towards the corpse. For a few minutes he stood steadily contemplating it; breathing quickly, and drawing his hand several times across his forehead. Then he faced his son once more. In that short interval he had become in outward appearance a changed man; expression, voice, and manner, all were altered. "Heaven forgive me!" he said, "but I could almost laugh at myself, at this solemn moment, for having spoken and acted just now so much like a fool. Denied his words, did he? Poor old man! they say sense often comes back to light-headed people just before death; and he is a proof of it. The fact is, Gabriel, my own wits must have been a little shaken—and no wonder:—by what I went through last night and what I have come home to this morning. As if you, or anybody, could ever really give serious credit to the wandering speeches of a dying old man! (Where is Rose? Why did you send her away?) I don't wonder at your still looking a little startled, and feeling low in your mind, and all that—for you've had a trying night of it: trying in every way. He must have been a good deal shaken in his wits, last night, between fears about himself, and fears about me. (To think of my being angry with you, Gabriel, for being a little alarmed—very naturally—by an old man's queer fancies!) Come out, Rose—come out of the bedroom whenever you are tired of it: you must learn sooner or later to look at death calmly. Shake hands, Gabriel; and let us make it up, and say no more about what has passed. You won't? Still angry with me for what I said to you just now? Ah! you'll think better about it, by the time I return. Come out, Rose, we've no secrets here."

"Where are you going to?" asked Gabriel, as he saw his father hastily open the door.

"To tell the priest that one of his congregation is dead, and to have the death registered," answered François. "These are my duties, and must be performed before I take my rest."

He went out hurriedly, as he said these words. Gabriel almost trembled at himself, when he found that he breathed more freely, that he felt less horribly oppressed both in mind and body, the mo-

ment his father's back was turned. Fearful as thought was now, it was still a change for the better even to be capable of thinking at all. Was the behaviour of his father compatible with innocence? Could the old man's confused denial of his own words in the morning and in the presence of his son, be set for one instant against the circumstantial confession that he had made during the night, alone with his grandson? These were the terrible questions which Gabriel now asked himself; and which he shrank involuntarily from answering. And yet, that doubt, the solution of which would one way or the other irrevocably affect the whole future of his life, must sooner or later be solved at any hazard! There was but one way of setting it at rest—to go instantly, while his father was absent, and examine the hollow place under "The Merchant's Table." If his grandfather's confession had really been made while he was in possession of his senses, this place (which Gabriel knew to be covered in from wind and weather) had never been visited since the commission of the crime by the perpetrator, or by his unwilling accomplice: though time had destroyed all besides, the hair and the bones of the victim would still be left to bear witness to the truth—if truth had indeed been spoken. As this conviction grew on him, the young man's cheek paled; and he stopped irresolute, half way between the hearth and the door. Then he looked down doubtfully at the corpse on the bed; and then there came upon him, suddenly, a revulsion of feeling. A wild feverish impatience to know the worst without another instant of delay possessed him. Only telling Rose that he should be back soon, and that she must watch by the dead in his absence, he left the cottage at once, without waiting to hear her reply, even without looking back as he closed the door behind him.

There were two tracks to *The Merchant's Table*. One, the longer of the two, by the coast cliffs; the other across the heath. But this latter path was also, for some little distance, the path which led to the village and the church. He was afraid of attracting his father's attention here, so he took the direction of the coast. At one spot, the track trended inland, winding round some of the many Druid monuments scattered over the country. This place was on high ground, and commanded a view, at no great distance, of the path leading to the village, just where it branched off from the heathy ridge which ran in the direction of *The Merchant's Table*. Here Gabriel descried the figure of a man standing with his back towards the coast. This figure was too far off to be identified with absolute certainty; but it looked like, and might well be, François Sarzeau. Whoever he was, the man was evidently uncertain which way he should proceed. When he moved forward it was first to advance several paces towards *The Merchant's Table*—then he went back again towards the distant cottages and the church. Twice he hesitated thus: the second time pausing long before he appeared finally to take the way that led to the village.—Leaving the post of observation among the stones, at which he had instinctively halted for some minutes past, Gabriel now proceeded in his own path. Could this man really be his father? And if it were so, why did François Sarzeau only determine to go to the village where his business lay,

after having twice vainly attempted to persevere in taking the exactly opposite direction of The Merchant's Table? Did he really desire to go there? Had he heard the name mentioned, when the old man referred to it in his dying words?—And had he failed to summon courage enough to make all safe by removing?—? This last question was too horrible to be pursued: Gabriel stifled it affrightedly in his own heart, as he went on.

He reached the great Druid monument, without meeting a living soul on his way. The sun was rising, and the mighty storm-clouds of the night were parting asunder wildly over the whole eastward horizon. The waves still leapt and foamed gloriously; but the gale had sunk to a keen, fresh breeze. As Gabriel looked up, and saw how brightly the promise of a lovely day was written in the heavens, he trembled as he thought of the search which he was about to make. The sight of the fair fresh sunrise jarred horribly with the suspicions of committed murder that were rankling foully in his heart. But he knew that his errand must be performed, and he nerved himself to go through with it; for he dared not return to the cottage until the mystery had been cleared up, at once and for ever.

The Merchant's Table was formed by two huge stones resting horizontally on three others. In the troubled times of more than half a century ago, regular tourists were unknown among the Druid monuments of Brittany; and the entrance to the hollow place under the stones—since often visited by strangers—was at this time nearly choked up by brambles and weeds. Gabriel's first look at this tangled nook of briars, convinced him that the place had not been entered—perhaps for years—by any living being. Without allowing himself to hesitate (for he felt that the slightest delay might be fatal to his resolution) he passed as gently as possible through the brambles, and knelt down at the low, dusky, irregular entrance of the hollow place under the stones.

His heart throbbed violently, his breath almost failed him; but he forced himself to crawl a few feet into the cavity, and then groped with his hand on the ground about him. He touched something! Something which it made his flesh creep to handle; something which he would fain have dropped, but which he grasped tight in spite of himself. He drew back into the outer air and sunshine.—Was it a human bone? No! he had been the dupe of his own morbid terror—he had only taken up a fragment of dried wood!

Feeling shame at such self-deception as this, he was about to throw the wood from him before he re-entered the place, when another new idea occurred to him. Though it was dimly lighted through one or two chinks of the stones, the far part of the interior of the cavity was still too dusky to admit of perfect examination by the eye, even on a bright sunny morning. Observing this, he took out the tinder box and matches, which—like the other inhabitants of the district—he always carried about with him for the purpose of lighting his pipe, determining to use the piece of wood as a torch which might illuminate the darkest corner of the place when he next entered it. Fortunately, the wood had remained so long, and had been preserved so dry, in its sheltered position, that it caught fire almost as easily

as a piece of paper. The moment it was fairly a flame, Gabriel went into the cavity—penetrating at once, this time, to its farthest extremity.

He remained among the stones long enough for the wood to burn down nearly to his hand. When he came out, and flung the burning fragment from him, his face was flushed deeply, his eyes sparkled. He leapt carelessly on to the heath, over the bushes through which he had threaded his way so warily but a few minutes before, exclaiming, "I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now—ay, I am the son of as honest a man as there is in Brittany!" He had closely examined the cavity in every corner, and not the slightest sign that any dead body had ever been laid there was visible in the hollow place under The Merchant's Table.

(To be continued.)

## DER FRÜHLINGS-ABEND.

VON MALTHUSON.

### THE SPRING EVENING.

The heavens glow with rosy hue  
Of summer's sun returning,  
The quivering spray is hung with dew,  
Like sparkling diamonds burning.

Light dance the fountains from their bed  
Where rarest flowers are growing;  
Bright shines the star of Eve, where red  
The setting sun is glowing.

The early violet scents the air  
In every shady alley;  
And flowers, than gems more bright and fair,  
Deck all the laughing valley.

And Life is there—a living soul,  
That binds in love together  
Both great and small—a wondrous whole—  
In harmony for ever.

God speaks the word, and from his hand  
The insect-myriads flutter;  
He speaks; and, lo! at his command  
His praise new planets utter!

## FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. VIII.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

### SOCIETY IN THE BUSH.

*Fresh arrivals—Neighborly discussions—The Doctor's story.*

"THE spirit of sociability seems sadly on the decline among us, since our little village has extended itself into a full grown town;" was the remark of a cheerful, bustling little matron in a dark brown merino dress and neatly quilled little cap, as she took her seat in the vacant place on the sofa, beside a benevolent lady-like person habituated in the close, sombre

dress of widowhood, who was with her knitting-needles shewing some new pattern to a friend.

"Our present social little party does not quite bear you out in the assertion, my dear madam;" observed a fine-looking white-haired man, whose dress and general appearance declared him to belong to the medical profession. "Here, at least, is an instance of kindly feeling in inviting a prosy old man like me, to listen to your pleasant conversation, and catch good humour from your pleasant looks."

"Our friend, the Doctor, is always thankful for small mercies," archly whispered a lively, brown-eyed girl, peeping merrily at him, beneath a redundancy of rich, dark ringlets.

The doctor shook his cane with playful menace.—"I must ask you, my dear lady," said he, addressing the former speaker, "what makes you reproach us, in this good, charitable town, for want of sociability?"

"I have noticed, my dear sir, now for some time past, that when strangers come among us they are shown none of those hospitable attentions that used to welcome the newly-arrived emigrants. Instead of the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood coming forward to invite them to their houses, as used to be the invariable rule, we all draw back, eye them with distrust; and, in fact, treat them as if they were an importation of ogres and ogresses, or what is worse—imposters."

"I am afraid there is some truth in what you say," observed the widow lady, looking up thoughtfully from her knitting. "I have myself noticed the jealous feeling that has crept in among us. I remember the time, when there were but few of us in this place, with what delight we hailed the news of the arrival of respectable settlers,—each family seemed to scramble for the chance of being the first to show them attention and afford them every species of useful information, that we imagined might benefit them, and save them trouble and expense."

"I can speak to the truth of that from my own experience," said the mistress of the house, with a bright and grateful smile; "I know I was your guest for weeks, while our own house was building."

"I never shall forget the pleasant time I spent with you."

"Nor I, my dear friend; it was a very pleasant time to me and my family, I assure you."

"You have heard of the smart people who arrived at the hotel last week?" said the Doctor. "Of course, ladies, you will redeem the character of friendliness to strangers, and call upon them."

"I cannot afford to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance," said one.

"These new-comers give themselves so many airs," said another.

"Yes, indeed—and find fault with every-

thing that differs from their old country prejudices," observed a third.

"They affect to despise us, poor Canadians," said a native-born young lady, putting up her lips; "for my part, I pity them for their ignorance and uselessness. I was quite amused with the awkwardness of a young lady who was staying with mamma; she really did not know how to handle a broom. She tried to sweep the carpet after dinner, but I was obliged to take it out of her hand."

"Well, my dear, in all probability it was the first time she had ever attempted such work," said the Doctor; "servants are more plentiful at home, and labour cheaper. Young ladies never have occasion to sweep their own floors, in the old country; but do not condemn her as useless or ignorant, I have seen many a white hand make as clean a hearth or carpet, as you Canadians."

"You always praise the British ladies, I observe, Doctor."

Yes, my dear—I love Britain, her institutions, her people, and all that belongs to her; and I like to encourage a British feeling among my young friends. I would not have you forget that your father and mother are Britons—and all that is high, and noble, and honorable, and useful, in your education, has been inculcated by them. I rejoice in your love for your native soil; but while you are proud of being a Canadian, do not forget you are a British Canadian."

The fine eyes of the old man kindled with more than usual fire as he uttered these words; meantime, the discussion of the important question of "to call, or not to call," was going on at the other end of the room."

"For my part, I am too old, to form new friendships," said the master of the house, buttoning his coat tighter about him, as if to suit the action to the words—"there are no friends like old friends."

"True," said the widow, gently—but old friends will drop off, one by one, in the course of nature—and if we do not supply their places, a dreary time will come when we shall find ourselves alone in the world.

"When true hearts are with'rd, and fond ones flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?"

The old Doctor nodded an affirmative. He was a philanthropist—an old man with a young heart; he went about doing good and receiving good; he loved good people wherever and whenever he met with them; he loved the children for the sake of the parents; his tastes were refined; he had a sound head and a kind heart; no wonder he was a welcome guest wherever he went.

"I am going," he said, "to set you all a good example, and leave my card for the new comers."

"And be a sort of pioneer to the rest of us," said the widow. "I think I shall wait for your report, Doctor."



"Mamma, I'll go, instead of you," said the pretty brunette, laughing; "and then I shall get 'the first peep at the English fashions."

"For my part, I di-like being bored about the English fashions," said the fair Canadian; "these ladies that come from the old country talk of nothing else for years after they come to Canada, forgetting that fashions change in time; and then they despise everything that we wear, and complain that our stores produce nothing fit for them, forsooth."

I make many allowances for strangers when they first come out to the colony, things are so indifferent, so inferior in quality; there is such a want of accommodation—everything is on such a makeshift plan, especially in these half-formed provincial towns—of course, it is still worse in the bush. "The most contented temper in the world can hardly refrain from grumbling," said the widow. "What do you think, my dear?" added she, "addressing the lady who had hitherto been too much absorbed in the mysteries of the knitting-stitch, to enter much into the subject in discussion."

"Indeed, I am of your opinion. I remember when first I came to this country, I was dreadfully discontented—nothing pleased me. I was perversely determined to find fault with everything and everybody; I did nothing but cry and fret; I tormented every one about me, with my ill-humour and constant repining; and worried my husband to take me home to 'the old country,' though I well knew we could not live there as we wished to do. 'Wait a while, and see what time will do for you,' my husband would say; you know nothing yet of the trials of a bush-settler's wife."

Now, I fancied I had experienced a great deal of real hardships; my log-house was small—I had no *second* parlour—I could procure no change of diet—only the everlasting pork and potatoes; I hated pork with a Jewish hatred.

I had so offended my bush-maid, the daughter of a decent settler in an adjacent township, that she had left me in the middle of a large wash, to fold and iron my linen myself. My yeast had turned sour, and I had spoiled the last modicum of flour by an attempt to convert it into bread; it was as sour as vinegar, and as heavy as lead. I had made an attempt at manufacturing soft soap, but that also was a woeful failure—the ley and the grease would not combine. One person told me it wanted more ley to take up the grease; another, that it had not grease enough to thicken the ley, and a third, that it wanted more water. I tried all these remedies, but nothing would do; then I was told that the ashes were bad, and would not make soap at all; so I abandoned the task as a hopeless one. I then tried candle-making, but somehow my candles generally chose to stick in the moulds, just when I wanted to draw them,

which, like a thriftless housewife, generally happened at the eleventh hour, either when I had burned out my last, or when a party of visitors unexpectedly arrived to pass the evening. Now, though these mishaps had originated in my want of skill or want of management, I laid them all upon the abominable country, and considered I had full right and title to complain; and complain I did, from morning till night. Mrs. Caudle was a lamb to me.

One fine afternoon, by way of diverting my ill-humour, my husband and my sister-in-law (the latter had preceded us in the settlement three years, and was well acquainted with all our neighbors,) proposed taking me to pass the afternoon with a young married lady in our neighborhood, who had lately been confined. The clearing was about two miles from our house; the way lay for some distance through a dense pine wood, and thick cedar and hemlock swamp, replete with fallen trees and mud-holes; the path was merely a blazed one. The fineness of the weather—it was the beginning of April, and rather uncommon at that season; the snow was all gone, even in the forest, tempted me to consent to accompany them.

"My sister-in-law assured me I needn't be at all particular about my dress, but being a little desirous of displaying my Old Country-finery and my own gentility, I dressed myself in silk and lace, thin shoes and the finest thread stockings—turning a deaf ear to my sister-in-law's remonstrances. Of course I soiled my silk pelisse and dress, and tore my fine lace veil and pelerine in scrambling along wet logs and through brushwood, and finally lost one of my shoes in a mud hole, which my husband had some difficulty in fishing up with the ivory crook of my parasol. As to my stockings they were in an awful condition long before I dropped my shoe. The worst of the matter was that I received neither consolation nor pity from my companions, who were more disposed to laugh at my misfortunes than to sympathise with them. I would have cried but was too angry, so I marched on in sullen silence which I thought dignity. We found the husband of the lady we were going to see in the sugar-bush with a ragged little Patlander, boiling down sugar-maple sap into molasses. He politely offered us fresh-drawn sap to drink, which I declared was sickly, mawkish stuff; my companions said it was pleasant and refreshing."

Leaving the care of the sugar-kettle to little Pat, the gentleman escorted us to the house by a circuitous path, winding among stump log-heaps, to escape certain pools of melted snow and treacherous swampy spots. I was weary and out of humour, but obliged to conceal my chagrin as well as I could, on entering the small log-room, lighted by one window of scanty dimensions. There was a

strange mixture of rudeness and elegance in the furniture and general aspect of the apartment, which you know is not unusually the case in the houses of newly come-out emigrants, where articles of handsome furniture often of ornamental rather than of useful character, are singularly blended with rough, home-made materials, clumsily manufactured, to supply the place of indispen-sable conveniences. Against the rough, unhewn logs, were suspended fine engravings. An elegant sofa, beside a rude deal-table, which was concealed by a handsome cover, richly-bound books, fit for a drawing-room table, were arranged on unpainted, pine-wood shelves; a recess bed, draped with tasteful hangings, was partially hidden by a curtain of green baise, above which the mossy rafters were seen, and smoke-dried shingles of the unceiled roof. I have seen piano and harp in a shanty since that day, and felt no surprise, but these things were new to me in those days.

Our hostess was busily engaged in boiling sugar when we entered, in a large three-legged pot, stirring the bubbling syrup, and rocking a wooden cradle from time to time, that stood on a chest near her, in which lay a fine sleeping baby of six weeks o.d. On the shelf stood a sugar-trough and large tin dish, heaped up with the crystalized sugar which had been boiled down the day before. It was bright, rough, and sparkling, like masses of fine sugar-candy, not in thick, dark cakes as I had seen it before. Our new friend welcomed us courteously, and made haste to get tea ready, which consisted of real brown bread, molasses as sweet as honey and clear as wine, and tea and new milk; butter, there was none. I really am ashamed at this day to remember how very disagreeably I behaved. I made remarks on the smallness and inconvenience of the house, though my own was really not much better, I pitied our hostess instead of envying or applauding her cheerful contented temper. I did nothing but complain of the country, the servants, the stumps, the log-houses, the mud-holes, the gloomy forest; in short, everything seemed a source of annoyance. I remember, too, my ill-di-guised mortification, that the only apology for a looking-glass, at which I could arrange my hair, after taking off my bonnet, was a narrow slip of glass, from a dressing-case, belonging to the master of the house, and which was scarcely wide enough to admit of a full reflection of my face. I would not allow that my feet were wet, refusing the proffered comfort of dry stockings; the consequence was, that I got a severe cold. I determined not to be amused, and tried to convince my hostess that she must be very miserable under such disadvantageous circumstances as she was placed in, but she assured me that such was not the case.

"This sort of life," she replied, "has its

charms, if only for the wild novelty of it. I think I enjoy the spirit of contrivance that it calls forth, as much as Robinson Crusoe must have done, when he was building, and planning, and endeavoring to supply his household with necessary conveniences, through the exercise of his own ingenuity; besides we are always cheered by the prospect of circumstances improving, and that our present discomforts are only temporary."

Now this was good philosophy; but as it did not harmonize with my sroward humour, like Joseph's brethren, I only hated my new acquaintance the more for her dreams of future good, and for not choosing to be as mi-erable as I was, myself, especially as she was not half so comfortably domiciled. Moreover, I choose to think that she *pretended* to be more contented with her lot than she really was, just for the sake of being thought more magnanimous than some of her acquaintance. I was very glad when our visit was over; and suspecting that I had been taken to see a good example, I provokingly became more perverse than ever.

"A few years initiation into the privations and trials of life in the back woods did more for me, however, in the end, than either pre-cept or example. I now regard myself as a regular bush-settler's wife; most of my difficulties and all my discontent have vanished. I have learned to look with kindness and sympathy on strangers on their first coming out to this country. I remember what I, myself felt, and how I behaved during the first year of my novice. I can never forget that I was once a stranger in a strange land."

"I should not hesitate about calling on strangers," said one of our party; "but since that affair of the Dillon's, I really have grown cautious. We were all so deceived in that matter."

"Poor thing," said the widow, compassionately; "she was so very young, and I believe she was a complete victim to an artful man. They say she had no idea he was a married man; there have been many instances of this kind in the colony."

"I was very much annoyed at having invited them so often to my house; it looked as if I countenanced such irregularity," said the former speaker.

"There were many deceived besides yourself, my dear madame."

"Yes, to be sure, *that* was a consolation."

"She was a very lovely and fascinating young woman," said the Doctor, "and I believe an innocent one. At all events, my dear ma'am, you have no cause to reproach yourself for kindness and courtesy shewn in all singleness of heart. I remember a circumstance of a similar nature that fell under my own immediate knowledge, in which I was deeply interested."

"I hope the Doctor is going to tell us one

of his entertaining stories," whispered one of the young ladies.

"It is too sad a one, my dear, to amuse you," replied the old gentleman; "it may not prove wholly uninteresting to you, but you must bear with my prolix way of telling it. I always like to begin at the beginning and go regularly through to the end."

"I do not like your stories the worse for that, dear sir; because we are sure to learn something about what you have seen, and heard, and thought of."

"I am a *gleaner*," replied the Doctor, "and in my path through life I have gathered up things both new and old. Among the chaff, no doubt, may be found a few grains worthy of being hoarded up; but to my tale:—

"I was rambling one day among the gravel hills, in the neighborhood of Cold-Creek, with my botanical case, for the collection of plants and flowers, that I might chance to discover in my walk. My way had been for some time among beautiful rounded knolls, adorned with groups of feathery pine and silver poplars, the light foliage of which contrasted charmingly with the dark branches of the evergreens around them; beneath my feet the ground was curiously carpeted with a small species of everlasting, the soft and silky leaves of which, mixing with the dark, glossy foliage of that pretty little evergreen so common on dry, gravelly or sandy soils, known by the common names of winter-bean and Christmas-berry, formed a beautiful, variegated sort of natural embroidery; while the gentian, with its spikes of deep blue blossoms—the lighter, more elegant fringed gentian mingled with wavy branches of that graceful blue autumnal aster that you see in such perfection on plain lands; and here and there, though late in September a few specimens still lingered of the gorgeous scarlet euclroma, or painted cup, to charm my admiring eyes."

"The Doctor will never get on with his story if he stays to fill his botanical case with floral specimens," softly whispered the pretty brunette to her neighbor.

"He is a walking herbal," she replied in the same tone; "but not a word or we shall lose the tale and vex the kind old gentleman."

"Climbing one of the flowery knolls I seated myself beneath the shade of a fine black oak, and quietly surveyed the pleasant scene before me. Following with my eye the course of the bright rippling stream, I watched its onward flow between mossy banks and huge boulders of granite, until it was lost for a while in a thicket of dark evergreens, silver birches and black alders; then again emerging, it appeared in a less attractive form, spreading over a flat of several acres, dammed up for the purpose of turning a saw-mill, which stood there a blot, to my eye, on the fair landscape. It seemed to preside over the stagnant waters with its littering encumbrance of lumber, piles of bark

and rubbish, as the head quarters for the spirit of desolation and fever, and I rejoiced in the apparent decay and silence about it, thinking that it had not been profitable, and that a few years would restore to this lovely scene its own quiet tone of beauty, and sweep from the spot the ruined saw-mill, which, unlike other ruins, leaves no trace of former beauty, gives rise to no feeling of interest, conveys no connecting idea of former days of grandeur or power in the possessor of the soil. But my speculations were suddenly interrupted by the careless whistle of a man in a countryman's grey coat, who turned into the mill, and in five minutes time—clack, clack, went the wheels, and clatter, clatter, clatter, went board after board as it was thrown upon the vast pile of sawn lumber below.

"The mill had only ceased working while the sawyer was taking his dinner, and in my mind's eye, I beheld the axe of the lumberer remorsefully chopping down the noblest of the remaining pines and oaks that still adorned my favorite hills, to supply food for the teeth of that execrable saw.

"Presently I heard the cheerful tones of a female voice speaking to the sawyer, and a decently dressed woman, with a pitcher in her hand, and a small Indian basket on her arm, appeared from behind a projecting heap of timber, and bent her steps towards that side where the creek, no longer pent up by the milldam, dashed rapidly on between its deep water-worn banks, spreading greenness and fertility around. Just below the bank welled a spring of pure cold water, and here the woman stooped to dip her pitcher, and to collect fresh water-cresses, which grew in abundance at the spot.

Being very thirsty I descended from my vantage height, and approaching the spring, I begged a draught of water from the woman, who, presenting me the pitcher, apologized that she had no cup to offer me to drink from. The clear accent of my native country fell not unpleasingly on my ear, and a beam of gladness brightened her eyes as I thanked her and claimed her as a country-woman. Talk as they will of freemasonry and odd fellowship, believe me there is no sign, so irresistible as the accents of one's native county, heard in a far country—it opens the narrowest heart and the closest hand to deeds of kindness and hospitality.

"If you would only honor me sir, said my new friend, by walking on a few yards further to our cottage, you can rest till the heat of the day be over, and I will give you an early cup of tea, to which you shall be kindly welcome."

"I loved that phrase, it sounds so hearty. I was not in the humour to reject the hospitality of the invitation, I was pleased with the respectful yet frank manners of Sarah Love, for so I found she was called, I gladly accompanied her along the winding path that leads to a

pretty frame house, which with its garden enclosed by a low picket fence, had been concealed from any view by the groups of trees that screened it and shut out the prospect of the unsightly sawmill from its windows. The little dwelling had more of a tasteful and ornamental look about it than most of the buildings in that vicinity.

“You have a nice house here,” I said.

“Yes sir, it is a pretty and comfortable place, though it is not kept as it used to be, but my good man is too much taken up with the mill to attend to these things; the mill and the farm occupy all his time. Be pleased sir to speak low, as we are near the house, lest the sound of our words should startle her.—Have you a sick daughter there, said I, thinking that hers must apply to some child that was ill.”

“No, no, sir, no child of mine, yet she is almost a child in years. It is my poor dear mistress of whom I speak.” Then suddenly pausing she said, looking earnestly in my face. ‘May I be so bold as to ask sir, are you a medical man?’

“I answered in the affirmative. She clasped her hands and said, ‘The Lord himself be thanked! for it is His goodness that hath sent you hither. Possibly she may yet be saved.’

“I was naturally anxious to learn something of the condition of my patient before being introduced into her presence, it often throws more light on a case, than all the sufferers can tell you of their own symptoms: the real cause is frequently withheld, the effect only made known.”

“From the short narrative of Sarah Love, I learned the following particulars:—‘That her mistress had eloped from school with a Captain French, (I shall call him) to whom she was married: she, Sarah Love, being one of the witnesses to the marriage; that she was an orphan, and heiress to a considerable West Indian property, her paternal grand-father being trustee and guardian, but he was a stern old man, and considered he did his duty to his grand child by taking care of her property, and sending her to a fashionable boarding school. He was engrossed in mercantile business in London and seldom saw his grand daughter, he evinced little love for her, she shrunk from him with childish dread. She was a loving young thing, and her beauty attracted the attention of many who dared not approach her, but Captain French found means to introduce himself and gain her affections. He persuaded her to marry him privately and to accompany him to Canada. She dreaded nothing so much as meeting her grand-father, for her fortune she cared little, she thought it would all be right at last, and it was in safe hands.

“‘I believe it was her beauty the Capt. cared for more than her money,’ said my informer. ‘Well sir, he brought her out to this coun-

try, he had his reasons doubtless, but they were confined to his own breast. He surrounded her with comforts, for he possessed means to do so; he bought land and entered into the speculations of the country—he built the cottage here and bought the mill, in which she took great interest. My husband held the farm on shares with him and I did the work of the house. I was much attached to Mrs. French and came out with her as her attendant, she made a companion of me I may say.

“‘One day the Captain went to town for letters from the old country and he did not return till the next day. He seemed changed in that time, my poor mistress could not tell what had come over him.

“‘She was near her confinement, her husband told her that his affairs required his absence from home, and he must return to England. She could not accompany him on account of her health. He took a tender farewell of her; it seemed almost to distract him, leaving her—but he did go, and after some days she got a letter from New York. He told her that he had deceived her, that urged by his dotting passion for her he had married her,—but he was a husband and a father at the time, though united to one he did not love. He blamed himself—made a thousand excuses, and said that the letter that had so distressed him had announced the arrival of his injured wife in New York, on her way to join him in Canada. To spare her such a meeting he had torn himself from her, never to meet again on earth—for well he knew her high spirit never would admit of a re-union! There was a great deal more in the letter, all in love and kindness, but it was of no use; that letter, I believe, sir, signed my poor mistress’ death warrant. In woe and sorrow she gave birth to a lovely boy—the very image of his cruel father. She reproaches herself hourly for the birth of the innocent babe—despair seems to have frozen her heart. I had hoped that the sight of the child would have brought her back to herself; but she only wrings her hands when I bring him to her, and prays that she may soon die, and the infant, too. But there is no sign of death in his bright eyes and rosy cheeks. When I say to her, ‘Dear lady, it is a sin to wish for the death of your babe—the babe that God has given to you to comfort your heart,’ she says:—

“‘Sarah, he is a boy; he will grow to be a man, and may wring some fond trusting heart, as his father has done mine. May God pardon him for the deed.’

“‘Sometimes she weeps, sometimes she sings, and often of late she prays in secret for hours; but her health is fast failing. She says she does not wish to live, she would fain be at rest from all her troubles; her heart is broken.’

“‘I was much touched by the sad story I had heard, and not a little interested in the warm-hearted narrator, who appeared devotedly

attached to her mistress. She was none of your fair-weather friends, one who would not hesitate to abandon anyone whom society would of course condemn—confounding misfortune with guilt, as is too often done in matters of this kind.

“Sarah observed with much feeling, ‘the saddest thing to me, sir, is to hear my poor lady wish for the death of her child. I was a mother once, and my boy died, a fine lad, since I came to Canada, and I know what a mother’s feelings are. I believe, sir, it is all the same whether the flower be cut off in the bud or the bloom: she is a mother, and, notwithstanding her wild words, she would feel the loss of her little one, I doubt not, as bitterly as I did mine.’

“We now approached the wicket that opened upon a rustic verandah. In a garden chair, supported by pillows, reclined a graceful female. A young infant lay cradled on her breast. ‘It has awakened during my absence,’ whispered my conductress. She bade me keep a little out of sight, while she prepared her mistress for my visit.

“I did so, but not so far but that I could see and hear what passed.

“The faithful creature knelt down beside the invalid, and taking the white, wasted hand in hers, said:

“‘Dearest lady, I have brought a medical man to see you, and implore you to give your poor servant the consolation of knowing that your precious life has not been thrown away without some effort to save it. You are too young to die yet;’ and she burst into tears as she finished the pathetic appeal.

“I saw the convulsive heaving of the poor afflicted one’s bosom; her fine hazel eyes were cast, with a troubled expression, upon the tearful face of her loving attendant; her quivering lips showed the struggle within. I could not hear the low, tremulous words she uttered, but I guessed their import from the look of distress which came over the face of the faithful Sarah. But Sarah was a woman, a tender-hearted woman; she had been a mother, and she knew a mother’s heart, and the language most likely to find its way to it, better than the rhetoric of schools. Her’s was the language of nature, and nature ever prevails.

“She took the slumbering babe from its mother’s breast. She knelt before her; she pleaded its helplessness, its innocence, its orphan state.

“‘It is your duty to love and cherish this little one, and to take care of the life which is so necessary for its preservation.’

“She joined the tiny waxen hands together, and held them up, as if it were also beseeching its mother to listen to the prayers of its kind nurse.

“The voice of nature was heard; the heart of the grief-stricken mother was stirred within

her; the powerful feelings of maternity conquered the apathy of despair. She bowed her face on her unconscious babe, and wept.

“Sarah had conquered, and with joyful haste she admitted me within the wicket.

“I had seen all, heard all, understood all that had passed, and it needed a strong effort on my part to overcome my emotion, and act the part of the mere man of physic.

“By tenderness and soothing sympathy I soon won the confidence of my patient, but it needed little skill to discover that the nervous system had been dreadfully deranged, that grief had destroyed the very springs of life, in fact, that her days were numbered.

“Long fits of fainting were brought on by the slightest personal exertion. The hectic flush or deadly paleness by turns prevailed. As her chance of life grew fainter, her desire to live for the sake of her infant grew stronger and stronger. ‘He is twining himself round my heart,’ she would say; ‘weaving chains of earthly love to bind me to this wretched world. Alas! he is too dear—too dear!’

“The last time I saw her, she gave me her grandfather’s address, and besought me to write to him, to tell her sad story for her—to plead for her babe. She also besought me to discover her unfortunate husband, and to convey her forgiveness to him; and, lastly, she prayed me to watch over her boy, and be a friend and counsellor to him, and to have him baptised. I promised to do all she desired; I was to be one of the sponsors, the good Sarah and her husband were to join me in the sacred office. I left her with a missionary—a kind and excellent man, who labored devoutly to smooth the rough and painful path through the valley of the shadow of death. Never was I more grieved at the death of any one, that was not bound to me by kindred ties, than by that of this young and interesting creature. I sorrowed for her as for a daughter.

“We buried her near the creek, beneath the overhanging branches of a beautiful aspen. No stone marks the spot—only the green mound and the quivering aspen, on which I carved her initials, her age, and the date of her death. Many a time have I paused as I passed the lonely spot, in my way to and from the cottage, to look upon the grave and listen to the murmuring of the brook and tremulous sound of the quivering leaves of the tree; as they stirred in the breeze they seemed like the sighing of the poor heart-stricken deer, who had there found a home and a resting place.”

The old man was silent, his benevolent heart was moved with the remembrance of the unfortunate being whose sorrows had so deeply awakened his sympathy.

“I fear there are only too many tales of this kind to be told in this province,” said the widow-lady. “It strikes me that it is the frequency of these things that has laid the

foundation for that spirit of scandal that has so long been noticed as forming a disagreeable feature in the conversation of our neighbors, the Americans, and is fast gaining ground amongst ourselves. But what became of your interesting little godson?"

"He grew a fine engaging child under the care of his excellent nurse, and I began to contemplate with pleasure the time when I should be able to take him under my own especial care; but a more brilliant fortune awaited him,—the letters I wrote on his behalf to his grandfather had so worked upon the mind of the old man, that he caused his agent to signify his earnest wish, that as soon as the child was old enough to leave his nurse, I would complete the good work I had begun, and make the necessary arrangements for his voyage to England.

"I was loath to part with the child. Sarah, however, accompanied him home, and her husband has since sold his property and joined her. I heard not long since of the death of Arthur's great grandfather—he is now heir to a large fortune and is living with his guardian, a clergyman, who means to educate him for the church.

"Of his father I never heard; probably his name was assumed and my letters never reached him."

The ladies all thanked the Doctor for his story; the fair Canadian declared it was almost as good as if it had been a chapter of a novel; the pretty brunette said it had made her quite sad, and wondered if the Doctor's godson would ever come out to Canada and settle near his birth-place, and build a tomb over his mother's grave;—but before the Doctor had time to give any answer to this conjecture, the sound of sleigh-bells at the door announced that the old gentleman's cutter was waiting, and the sociable little party was broken up, with the promise of a re-union at no very distant date. G. TRAILL.

### "BONNIE SWEET ROBIN" IS "NAE DEAD AND GANE."

[Written for the Anniversary of the Birth-day of Robert Burns, at Sheffield, January 25th, 1818.]

Oh! say not in sadness, the Bard has departed,  
While Memory thus is enshrining his name;  
For the perfume his chaplet of bay-leaves imparted,  
Lives fragrantly yet in the breathing of Fame.  
While we think of him over the "crimson-tipped flower,"

While we chant forth his soul in the "Bannockburn" strain,

While we bend to his harp as we do at this hour,  
Oh! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

His love plaints in exquisite tenderness breaking,  
Still fall on our ear as the dew on the earth;  
His song of proud honesty still is awaking

Man's sense of the greatness that springeth from Worth.

While rare "Tam O'Shanter" calls smiles to our faces,

While "Mary in Heaven" brings something of pain;

While "Puir Maillie" is mourned, and "Twa Dogs" keep their places,

Oh! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

It is bitter to know we must tell a dark story,  
Of Poverty thrusting him on to his grave;  
That he struggled with Sorrow while working for Glory,

A toiler—a victim—but never a slave.

Yet his spirit now seemeth to hover beside us,  
The sepulchre-stone was laid o'er him in vain,  
He is here as God's teacher, to prompt and to guide us,

And "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

He lighted the beacon that burneth for ever,  
He opened the well-spring that cannot dry up;  
He poured Truth in the chalice he left us, and never

Shall noble Humanity turn from the cup.

While we've hearts in our bosoms that know how to cherish

The hands that unfasten the world's heavy chain,  
Till the Good and the Beautiful utterly perish,

Oh! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

### HALF AN HOUR IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

'Twas the forenoon watch of a bright Sunday in April 1851; the V—— of Edgartown was ploughing her way gallantly on her passage to the Sandwich Islands, and, at the time of which we speak, in the immediate vicinity of Juan Fernandez; when suddenly from the main top-gallant cross trees, the voice of Joel Stratton broke upon the listless group who were stretched in all portions upon the Forecastle deck. There she blows! \* \* \* \* \*

"Two points off the lee bow—a sperm whale! "Haul up the courses." "Back main yard." sung out the officer of the watch, when in a moment she fluttered in the breeze, and all the crews being summoned to the boats three in number, the latter were soon lowered away and the men followed them by the chains. No time was lost; but away we went, each boat more or less diverging in its course from its neighbour—taking advantage of the breeze, we hoisted sail and made in the direction of our prize. In less than five minutes, we shot past the monster who was coming upon us "head on," and as we flew by him, he received the first iron from the hands of our boat-steerer. Contrary to all expectation, he continued upon the surface, dashing along at a tremendous speed, and carrying with him at

least 150 fathom of line. Having gained this distance, he hove to, springing here and there, and writhing apparently in the greatest agony. Meanwhile the bow boat approached, and fastened to him without delay. He now disappeared from the surface of the sea, but only to return in company with a batch of sharks; this he did in about 15 minutes, close to the larboard quarter boat, the header of which plunged his lance into him as he rose to the surface. This infuriated him to such a degree that he made at the boat forthwith, driving his formidable lower jaw completely through her bow, filling her of course with water, and leaving the crew to bail out as best they could—while this was going on, the whale remained stationary, and we (the waist boat) had an opportunity of hauling in our line upon him, when he received the second lance (a fatal one as the result proved,) ably directed by our second officer. And now came the mortal struggle. He no sooner received the lance than he turned upon us, and with jaws expanded to the utmost limit rushed madly upon our ill-star'd boat, which he snapped up about midships, lifting her clean out of water, precipitating us all (six in number) into the sea, crushing the boat between his jaws as he would have done a nut shell, and finishing his work of demolition by giving the fragments of wreck a parting tap with his enormous flukes. "Out of the frying pan into the fire," thought I, wiping the salt, luke warm water, out of my eyes, for the first object which met my vision was the dorsal fin of a shark whisking by me in the direction of the whale—and so we struggled for bare life, one upon an oar, another upon a fragment and so on for the space of twenty minutes at the least, when we were picked up by the boat already described as having been first disabled by the monster, thus were we with great difficulty, and in a sinking condition, restored to the good ship V—. After all we had the satisfaction of seeing our friend deprived of his jacket—in fact by six o'clock of the same evening we had completed our operation of *cutting in*, and were proceeding on our voyage, perchance to undergo a similar duty on the morrow.—*A Toronto Sailor.*

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#### EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

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This work, treating of the faith, and condition, both social and political, of this most extraordinary people, is the fruit of more than a year's residence amongst them.

The author appears to have conceived that the results of a movement influencing the character of half a million of souls could not but be of general interest, and, after the most close

and serious investigation, he has submitted the fruits of his labor to the public. The short space which our advertising columns admit of, for the purpose, will give but a faint idea of the interesting character of what may be almost styled an official report.

For those who desire facts in the history of humanity, on which to indulge in reflection, has the book been prepared,—the mere readers for amusement will find ample food also in its pages.—*Ed. A. A. Mag.*

#### MISSIONARIES.

Missionaries are sent with all the promptness of military orders, a three days' notice for a three years' absence from family and business not unfrequently being all that is given. Families are cared for by the Presidency and bishops. Three hundred were chosen at one conference. Previous to starting, they were assembled to receive the orders of Joseph. He preached a fervid sermon, that stimulated their pride to conquer difficulties without scrip or purse. One of that band, still well-affected to the society, though differing on one point from its teaching, related to the writer some parts of the discourse. One main point insisted on was, that "spiritual wifery" was to be most pointedly denied; and that they taught that one man should live in chaste fidelity with one woman in conjugal relationship. In the dark concerning the revelation allowing polygamy, he sincerely declared that but one wife was ever known to any of his brethren. While zealously preaching in the city of New York, he was thought worthy, by the Apostle Lyman, to be let into the secret of the "blessings of Jacob," the privileges of the Saints. Called aside one day by the President of the Stake, he was told that God had always rewarded his distinguished saints with special privileges, such as would be wrong for sinners, but by revelation made harmless to the good. As an instance he would cite Jacob, David, and Solomon, who had many wives allowed them. In these last days, also, the like had been accorded to Joseph Smith and others; and having now full confidence in his holiness, the priest could have the same privilege of adding to the household of the faith many children, by choosing additions to the present wife. The priest says he was utterly astounded, but, on reflection, chose to dissemble, and say he would consider the matter. In the evening he was invited to witness "a sealing" of several couples, at a large boarding-house. In the front parlor the ceremony, like a marriage, was performed; and, as each pair was "finished" by the priest, they retired through the folding doors, and thus to their own apartment. The guest was so shocked, that he retired to his home, and though he never took any open part against the "church

of new privileges," he was denounced as a deserter in their papers, and the public cautioned against him as a defamer. Strange to say, he was, at the time of our interview, contemplating rejoining his people in the mountains.

#### POLYGAMY.

It was during a peaceful time, about 1841-2, that the *revelation* allowing to the High Priests and chiefs of their hierarchy as many wives as they could support, and declaring it a duty for those eligible to the priesthood, to take one wife at least, was said to be given. In vain, it is reported, proved the opposition of Emma, the Elect Lady—in vain, also, her threat of another husband in retaliation; the only consolation received was, that a prophet must obey the Lord, "he would be obedient to the heavenly vision." The story of "spiritual wives," or rather that the wives be held in common, and those whose husbands were not in full fellowship with the church, like themselves, were sealed to the elders, probably arose from the published doctrine that a woman cannot be saved without a man to take her into the heavenly kingdom. It is even yet asserted, we believe, by the *Mormonish*, and opposers of this part of "Revelation," (for there are many of both sexes denouncing it, without being cut off, because it is not yet a publicly proclaimed doctrine,) that certain women are sealed to high dignitaries: but, for ourselves, we know nothing of the truth or falsity of the charge: we can only say that all marriage relations that came under our notice were most purely correct in appearance: and that all wives in Utah showed a devotion and alacrity in domestic affairs and family duties, that would promote the harmony of the world, and make many a heavy heart beat for joy, if universal.

That polygamy existed at Nauvoo, and is now a matter scarcely attempted to be concealed among the Mormons, is certain. Elsewhere are given their reasons for its justification. It is a thing of usual and general conversation in the mountains, and we often heard one of the Presidency spoken of with his twenty-eight wives; another with "forty-two, more or less;" and the third called an old bachelor, because he has only a baker's dozen. It is neither reproach or scandal: no one is present to see the ceremony of sealing but the priestly clerk and parties; therefore, if a Gentle asks one if all the women in his neighbors house, with prattling babes, are the landlord's wives, the answer is, "I know nothing about it, and attend to no man's family relations."

JOE SMITH.

The anecdotes of his eccentricities and manners are household themes in the mountains, and time and distance are embellishing them with all the virtues of the true hero! Those we have collected serve to show how the prophet Joseph would strip off the mask of

hypocrisy—how he would meet a new convert, bringing his long-faced piety from the other denominations, and challenge a wrestling match in the streets, nor let off the sanctimonious and surprised fellow until he had shown him that his athletic reputation was not a sham, by leaving him flat in the dust—and to all he taught that his was a laughing-loving, cheerful religion. And how another, coming with charitable zeal to the prophet, would be requested to lend for the temple all his money, and then be noticed no more than other strangers; the poor destitute being obliged to shoulder spade and axe, and labor in poverty, until he would decamp or be proved faithful. If he stood the test for a few months, he would suddenly be called to head-quarters, and eligible lots assigned him, and some position given in which he could earn his bread in comfort.

That he had become politically as well as religiously ambitious, is apparent from his letters on governmental policy. By establishing "stakes" in various places, he could hope to hold the balance of power between the two great parties, and ultimately force one to help his own people to place him in the highest office in the nation.

#### THE EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO.

We have one more sad and fearful tale to tell about the Mormons ere their fortunes brightened. The mobocratic spirit did not expire when it destroyed the great leader. Threats and demonstrations clearly proved, that their present abode, which had been made lovely by unheard-of exertions, must be abandoned. The monster conflagrations on Green Plains cast a funereal glare on the spires of Nauvoo. The present venerable patriarch, uncle of the prophet Joseph, in prophetic vision announced that the whole people must retire to the wilderness, to grow into a multitude aloof from the haunts of civilization.

This matter was taken into consideration by Brigham in high council. The result was, that they would move as fast as possible across Iowa to the Missouri, and into the Indian country in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. Speculators flocked in, and offered nominal prices for what they significantly hinted would very soon be taken for nothing, if the offers were rejected. Houses, lots, and such goods as could not be moved, were sold by many in the fall of '44 and winter of '45; and several parties set out on the dreary journey early the following spring. Ox-carts and mule teams, loaded with all sorts of furniture, intermingled with women and children, wended their way slowly along on miry tracks, and crossed the swollen streams—fuel and grass scanty—but the spirits of all unbrokeu, save the sick and helpless. Closely bound together by common dangers and common faith, they performed with alacrity their duties, and sympathy made the dreary journey one of social life. Their



mirthfulness would be excited by little incidents, and even mis-fortunes were turned into jokes, as helping hands lent their aid to right a broken wheel or upset waggon. At the halting places, the spinning-wheel would be taken down and yarn spun to keep the knitting-needles going when riding during the day—and cloth made from wool sheared after the journey began. At some places land was broken up and planted with seed, and a family or two left to rear a crop for those who were to follow in autumn. The lowing herd accompanied, and the milch kine yielded the nourishing beverage, and butter was made by the jolting of the waggons as they travelled along.

Still, the work continued unabated on the temple, for they were commanded to dedicate it before leaving the city of Beauty. It was the work of their hearts; each person owned a share of the noble pile, for his hands had labored on it, his tithes were expended there, and the ladies had contributed their ornaments to forward the sacred edifice. The mob became impatient of delay, and would not believe the Mormons sincere in the stipulated move. As the corn-fields began to ripen, the rabble collected, it is said, to the number of two thousand, and there were only three hundred of the old legion to defend the place against them. For three days an irregular fight went on, the assailants taking advantage of the high waving corn to conceal their approaches. The defenders nobly stood their ground, and drove them back at all points, and obtained a truce until spring; and then set diligently to work to complete the architectural ornaments, the holy emblems, and the angel on the lofty spire with his gospel trumpet, to prepare the sacred temple for the last act assigned them by "revelation."\*

When completed in all its minutiae, the consecrators were called. From the surrounding country, and from parties far advanced on their prophetic journey, priests, elders, and bishops stole into the city as dusty travellers, and were suddenly metamorphosed to dignity by their robes of office; and one day, from high noon to the shade of night, was there a scene of rejoicing and solemn consecration of the beautiful edifice, on which so much anxiety and thought had lately been expended. There stood the Mormon temple in simple beauty, the pride of the valley. The great altar hung with festoons of flowers and green wreaths; the baptismal laver resting on twelve elaborately carved oxen, decorated with the symbolic glories, celestial, and terrestrial; the chant was sung, the prayers offered up, and the noble building, resplendent with lights, lamps and torches, solemnly dedicated to their own God. This done, and the walls were dismantled of ornaments and the symbols

of their faith, the key-words of the mysteries, and lettered insignia were all removed with haste, except the sun, moon, and stars, carved in stone on the walls, and the temple forsaken, to be "profaned and trodden down by the Gentiles." A few brief hours were given to this brilliant pageant, and during this festive, joyous scene, a spectator would have supposed the actors expected that house to be their own for ever. There is something truly affecting in the contemplation of that devotional offering of so fine a temple, and then leaving it unscathed to the hand of their enemies.

From this time all defence ceased, and their enemies rested satisfied that the Mormons had decided to sell their possessions. Arrangements for surrender and departure were quickly made. Company after company followed the pioneers to the white Missouri; and many, crossing over in early summer, turned up the rich but pestilential prairie sod, to prepare a harvest for autumn, and await the last of the trains. During the summer the plague and fever raged violently, and its ravages in the great bottom, on Indian and white men, were fearful. Winter approached—the tent and waggon body, with its hooped canvas, was exchanged for caves dug in the sides of the hills, and covered with logs, reeds, or cloth. The scanty fuel gave but little warmth to ward off the cold, made more searching from the piercing winds that howled over the delta prairies of the Missouri and Nebraska. Then came the ague, the rheumatism, and the scurvy, the terrible concomitants of fatigue, exposure, and scanty fare. Numbers died, and were buried in the rich alluvium. Awful as was that winter and spring, a cheerful heart and countenance was on all sides—a revelation gave permission to dance, to sing, and enjoy the swelling music from the excellent band that accompanied all their journeys.

Let us revert to the summer. A city was laid out, and soon the streets were dusty with the tread of busy industry. A printing-press issued the *Frontier Guardian*, the able exponent of their doctrines still. The name assumed was *Kane*, in honor of their guest and eloquent defender, whose historical oration on these dark periods of their fortunes, does equal honor to his charitable heart and intelligence—a sketch, however of the epic kind, replete with poetical ornament and fervor.

It was at this time, in July, that a battalion of 520 men was recruited among them for the Mexican war. The government, knowing their intention to settle in California, would thus do them a favor by bearing a part of the expense of removal, test and demonstrate their fidelity, and show the reports of their enemies, concerning leagues with the Indians, to be false. The people, however, thought this only another persecution, yet submitted, to prove their patriotism. Enfeebled by disease, and scattered, it was an enormous effort. The

\* I am informed by Captain S. Eastman, the accomplished scholar and artist, that the angel and trumpet are in Bannum's Museum, New York city.

elders called the congregation, and asked for recruits. The unmarried were *ordered to volunteer*—their fathers and husbands were called to leave their families, and the elders declared, if necessary, they would shoulder the musket. In three days the battalion was organized, and a merry ball, from "noon to dewy eve," was given, in holiday attire, by young men and maidens, joined in by reverend priests and matrons. The warriors were blessed in holy convocation, a prophecy made that they should conquer the country without a drop of blood shed in battle; and the battalion departed "in the name of the Lord."

Men were sent to the mountains, to the heads of the Missouri branches, and to California, to spy out the land, and the Caleb and Joshuas brought such a report of the Great Salt Lake Valley, that it was chosen for another "everlasting abode."

In the spring of 1847, a pioneer party of 143 men proceeded to open the way; and the host, in parties of ten, fifties, and hundreds, followed. This was an admirable system, and baffled the thievish desire of the Sioux, Crows, and Shoshones. A captain was over each division, but the captains of hundreds had the supervision of the smaller bands. A strict discipline of guard and march was observed. But the drain of the battalion threw the burden of toil much upon the women. Females drove teams of several yoke of oxen a thousand miles. A man could take three teams by the help of a woman and lad—he driving the middle one, and stepping forward to assist over the creeks with the foremost, and then bring up the rear ones—and at the camps unyoke and "hitch up" for his feebler coadjutors. Thus they wound along their weary way, at ten or fifteen miles a day—forded, or bridged, and ferried over the Loup, the Horn, and Platte rivers on the plains, and the swollen streams of the Bear, and rushing Westward, in the mountains.

The first glimpse of the great valley on the road was from the summit of the second mountain, sixteen miles distant. As each team rose upon the narrow table, the delighted pilgrims saw the white salt beach of the Great Lake glistening in the never-clouded sunbeam of summer—and the view down the open gorge of the mountains, divided by a single conical peak, into the long-toiled-for vale of repose, was most ravishing to the beholders. Few such ecstatic moments are vouchsafed to mortals in the pilgrimage of life, when the dreary past is all forgotten, and the soul revels in unalloyed enjoyment, anticipating the fruition of hope. A few moments are allotted to each little party to gaze, to admire, and to praise—and they begin to descend a steep declivity, amid the shades of a dense poplar grove, and for twenty-four hours are desiring to renew their pleasurable sensations, on emerging from the frowning canyon into the

paradisaical valley, and long-sought-for home.

The journey was ended, but this gave no repose—industry continued. In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted, and seeds were germinating in the moisture of irrigating streams and the genial warmth of the internal heat of the earth, here brought to their notice by the thermal waters gushing from a thousand streams.

Though cramped in their means, and feeble as they were, nothing of interest on that long journey was left unobserved or unrecorded. Parties were directed to scour the vicinity of the road, and report on springs, timber, grass, and other objects of interest. An ingenious and accurate road-measurer was attached to a waggon, and a person designated to note the distance from point to point, and every feasible camping ground was marked down—and a Directory for every rod of the road, admirably arranged and filled with useful information, was published for the use of those who should follow. The self-taught mathematician and learned apostle Orson Pratt, noted the latitude and longitude. The valley of the Platte is found to be almost an unbroken plane, whose slope is so gentle that the eye detects neither ascent or descent, and from the Black Hills to its mouth is almost a straight line, and is perhaps the most remarkable trace, and finest natural road in the world. The flat, or bottom, begins to spread at the hills, gradually from a point to ten or fifteen miles in width; and lies between bluffs, whose height is the original plane or surface, out of which the river has excavated its valley. Few clumps of trees are along the banks; but the islands, secure from the prairie fires, are covered with groves of cottenwood. Irrigation would make valuable the level meadows, and to the north and south, pastures can be found, covered with nutritious grasses, whose limits would be the range of the shepherds from the watering river.

#### A FOREST THOUGHT.

The fine old Oak hath passed away, its noble stem hath shrunk,  
Till roving footsteps speeding on, leap o'er the sapless trunk;  
Its glory hath departed, and the wrestler with the storm  
Is crumbled, till it yields no home to keep the squirrel warm;  
But bright green moss is clothing it, all soft, and sweet, and fresh,  
As true as when it first entwined the sapling in its mesh,  
It leaveth not the ruin spot, but beautiful to see,  
It yearneth still the closer to that gray and fallen tree.

I know this heart must wither, and become as dead a thing;  
It will not heed the winter-cloud, nor feel the sun of spring;

In low decaying solitude this form ere long shall  
fade,  
And moulder 'neath the grave-sod, like the tree  
in forest glade.  
Oh! let me hope that some kind thoughts will  
turn toward my name,  
And glowing breasts that love me now will love  
me still the same;  
Let gentle Memory fill the home where once I  
used to be,  
And cling to me like green moss to that gray and  
fallen tree.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.

WHEN Boabdil, the last King of Grenada, was compelled to abandon the kingdom of his ancestors, he halted for a brief space on the summit of Mount Padel. From this lofty height the unfortunate monarch could discover the sea on which he was about to embark for Africa. He could also see Grenada, La Vega, and the Xenil, on whose banks were pitched the tents of Ferdinand and Isabella. At the view of this lovely country and of the cypresses which still marked here and there the tombs of the Mussulman—the proud shame of a baffled warrior—the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled his heart to bursting, and hiding his face in his hand, Boabdil wept.

Then burst from the lips of his haughty mother that unjust, bitter taunt, which history has preserved, "Aye, weep like a woman for a kingdom you knew not how to defend like a man!" Sadly the king turned his steed, and the cavalcade, consisting of a few nobles who formerly composed his court, descended the mountain, and Grenada was lost to their sight for ever. The spot is called to this day "The last sigh of the Moor,"—"El ultimo suspiro del Moro."

The Moors of Spain, who partook the fortunes of their monarch, dispersed themselves hither and thither in the kingdoms of Morocco and Barbary. The tribes of the Zegrís and the Gomelas established themselves in Fez, whence they originally sprung. The Vanegas and the Alabes remained in the territory between Oran and Algiers, and, lastly, the Abencerrages settled in the environs of Tunis, and formed, in sight of the ruins of Carthage, a colony, to this day distinguished from the Moors of Africa by the elegance of their manners and the mildness of their laws.

The memory of their lost country lived in the hearts and disturbed the tranquillity of the unhappy Moors. Mothers hushed their infant babes and rocked them to rest with the romances of the Zegrís and Abencerrages. Men prayed each fifth day in the mosques, invoking Allah to restore to

them their lost Paradise in Grenada. In vain did the country of the Lotophagi offer to the heart-broken exiles its luscious fruits, its limpid fountains, its fresh verdure, and its brilliant sun. Far removed from the Tours Vermeilles, neither fruit, fountain, or flower could attract the slightest attention or arouse the least degree of interest or sympathy. Universal despair seized on the whole race. They knew not whether it was day or night, sunshine or shadow; only it was not Grenada.

Amongst all the noble families thus banished to Africa, none preserved so tender and faithful a recollection of their lost inheritance as the Abencerrages. They had quitted with mortal regret the scenes of their ancient but now vanished glories—the hill and vale, the mountain pass and fertile plain, that had so often re-echoed to their war cry, "Honor and love!" Chivalrous warriors! unable longer to couch the lance, or throw the light jereed in the naked desert, they consecrated themselves to the study of simples—a profession esteemed amongst the Arabs as equal to that of arms. Yet in this exchange they preserved somewhat of their olden type, for it was thought no shame to a gallant cavalier to dress the wound himself had made.

The abode of these heroes who formerly dwelt in palaces and owned principalities, was not situate in the hamlet of the other exiles at the foot of the mountain of Mamelife, but was built amidst the ruins of Carthage, on the shore of the sea, near the spot where St. Louis died upon the ashes, and where to this day stands a Mahomedan hermitage. Attached to the walls of their hut were some buckles of lion's skin, on which were emblazoned, on a field of azure, the figures of two savages destroying a city with their clubs; underneath were the words "'Tis a small matter,"—the arms and motto of the Abencerrages. Lances adorned with white and blue pennons, soft alburnoz and gay coats of slashed satin were ranged near the bucklers, and glittered amidst cymitars and poignards. Here and there were suspended some gauntlets, silver bits and stirrups enriched with precious stones, long swords whose scabbards had been embroidered by the hands of princesses, and golden spurs which the Yoculba, the Ginevras, and the Orianés had buckled formerly on valiant cavaliers.

On some tables beneath these trophies of departed glory, were arranged emblems of a more peaceful character. These consisted of herbs culled from the summit of Atlas amidst eternal snow, in the burning sands of the wilderness of Sahara, and in the smiling plains of their beloved

Grenada—capable of solacing alike the ills of the body or the chagrin of the soul. Of the latter the Abencerrages prized chiefly those which served to calm vain regrets, to dissipate foolish illusions, and to disperse those fleeting hopes of happiness which occasionally arise in the minds of the unfortunate. Unhappily, however, these simples had sometimes virtues of an opposite nature, and frequently did the fragrant perfume of a flower produce the effect of a poisonous exhalation on the illustrious exiles.

A quarter of a century had nearly rolled away since the taking of Grenada, and in this short period of time fourteen Abencerrages had perished by the change of climate, the accidents incident to a wandering life, and, above all, by disappointment and despair, which, like dripping water, slowly undermines the strength and forces of men. One single shoot was the sole remaining hope of this once famous house. Aben Hamet bore the name of that Abencerrage who was accused by the Zegrif of having seduced the Sultana Alfaima. In him were united the beauty, valor, courtesy, and generosity of his ancestors, with that soft éclat and that light tinge of sorrow which ever accompany misfortunes, nobly sustained. When only twenty-two years of age he lost his father. He then resolved to make a pilgrimage to the land of his forefathers to satisfy the yearnings of his heart, and to accomplish, if possible, a design which he carefully concealed in his secret heart.

He sailed from the harbour of Tunis in a light xebeque; a favouring breeze quickly wafted him to Carthage, when he disembarked, and was soon on his way to Grenada. He announced himself as an Arabian physician come to herborize amongst the rocks of the Sierra Nevada. A quiet mule carried him steadily through the country where formerly the Abencerrages sped on their warlike couriers. A guide preceded him, conducting two other mules adorned with bells and tufts of many colored wools. Aben Hamet traversed the wide heaths and extensive palm forests of the kingdom of Murcia, and his heart was pierced with regret at the thought that these palms must have been planted by the hands of his fathers. Now a tower shewed its battlements where once the sentinel had watched in the time of the war between Moor and Christian. Now a ruin peeped forth, whose architecture announced its Moorish origin. Fresh cause of grief for the Abencerrage! He descended from his mule, and under pretext of seeking for plants concealed himself a few moments in the ruins to give free vent to his misery. At length he betook himself to the route, dreaming to the noise of the bells of

the caravan and the monotonous song of the muleteer. The latter occasionally interrupted his romance to encourage his mules, by apostrophizing them as beautiful or valorous, or to chide them with the epithets idle and obstinate.

A few sheep conducted by a shepherd like an army through the yellow and uncultivated fields, and some solitary travellers, far from spreading life around, served only to render the prospect more desolate and deserted. Each traveller wore a sword at his side, and an ample cloak, and a broad-leafed hat, which shaded nearly half the visage from sight, completed their costume. They saluted Aben Hamet in passing, but the latter only distinguished in this noble salutation the names of God, Lord, and cavalier. In the evening at the venta, the Abencerrage took his place in the midst of the strangers without being importuned by any indiscreet curiosity. None spoke to him; none questioned him. His turban, robes, and arms excited no astonishment. Therefore, since Allah had decreed that the Moors should be deprived of this lovely country, Aben Hamet could not abstain from admiring the grave politeness of the conquerors.

Emotions yet more keen awaited the Abencerrage at the end of his journey. Grenada is built at the foot of the mountain range of the Sierra Nevada, upon two lofty hills separated by a deep valley. The houses ranged closely along the slopes of either hill, and in the bottom of the valley, give to the city the exact appearance of an open Pomegranate, and hence its name. Two rivers the Xenil and the Darro, wash the feet of these two hills, and there uniting their golden floods meander peacefully through the midst of a charming plain, called La Vega. This plain which the city overlooks, is covered with vines, Pomegranates, Figtrees, Mulberries and Oranges, and is surrounded by mountains of romantic appearance, an enchanting sky, and air pure and delicious. The refreshing breezes of the mountains, the soft carolling of thousands of birds, and the bright peace and tranquility of the scene cause to steal over the soul a secret languor, which the passing traveller has scarce courage to overcome. Heroism would speedily have been extinguished in this country by the more tender passions of the soul, were it not, that love, to be true, always requires the company of glory.

When Aben Hamet first descried the distant roofs of the first edifice of Grenada, his heart beat so violently that he was obliged to check his mule. Folding his arms tightly o'er his ample breast, and fastening his eyes on the sacred city, he remained mute and immoveable. The guide

stopped in his turn and as all lofty sentiments are easily understood by a Spaniard, he appeared touched, and divined that the Moor reviewed his ancient home. At length the Abencerrage broke the silence. Oh guide, cried he, mayest thou live happy and respected, conceal not the truth from me, for calm reigned o'er the waves the day of thy birth, and the moon was entering its crescent. What towers are those which glitter like stars above a green forest? 'Tis the Alhambra, answered the guide. And yonder castle upon the opposite hill? interrogated Aben Hamet.—The Generalife, replied the Spaniard. There is, in that castle, a garden planted with myrtles; where they pretend the Abencerrage was surprised with the Sultana Alfaima. Further off you may see the Albaizyn, and nearer to us the Tours Vermeilles, (or Vermillion Towers).

Each syllable uttered by the guide, pierced the heart of Aben Hamet like a dagger thrust. How cruel is it to learn from strangers, where lie the monuments and remains of parents and friends, or to be told by indifferent and careless bystanders, the history of family and friends. The guide, however, soon put an end to the reflections of Aben Hamet, by calling out:—

"Speed on, *Senor Moro*, speed on. 'Tis the will of God. Take courage. Is not Francis the first, himself a prisoner in our Madrid? It is the will of God." Then lifting his hat, he made the sign of the cross, and whipped up his mules. The Abencerrage pressing on his own in turn, muttered, "Tis Destiny," and then they descended to Grenada.

On their way down, they passed near the huge oak, celebrated by the combat of Muza Ben Abil Gazan, and the Grand Master of Calatrava, under the last King of Grenada.

They made the circuit of the Alamerda, and entered the city by the Elvira gate, and having mounted the Rambla, soon arrived at a square Plaza, surrounded on all sides by houses of Moorish architecture. A Khan was open on this square for the reception of Moors from Africa, whom the silk trade of the Vega, attracted in crowds to Grenada. Thither his guide conducted Aben Hamet.

The Abencerrage was too agitated to taste even a slight repose in his new abode, for his soul was troubled with thoughts of his country.

Unable to stifle the sentiments which tormented his heart, he rose at midnight to wander in the crooked streets of Grenada. He endeavored with hand and eye, to recognize some of the monuments so often described to him by the old men of his tribe. Perhaps yon lofty edifice whose

walls loomed dimly through the surrounding darkness, was formerly the residence of the Abencerrage's. Perchance here it was on this solitary spot that those feasts were given which raised the glory of Grenada unto the skies. Here tripped the dancers clothed in splendid vestments of brocade and silk. Then advanced the galleries loaded with sweet scented flowers and precious armour, and here again, the dragons darting fire, which concealed Mustrion's warriors in their hollow flanks. But alas, these ingenious inventions of pleasure and gallantry, were faded and gone forever, and in place of the sound of the anafus, the noise of trumpets and the songs of love, a profound silence reigned around. The silent city had changed its inhabitants, and the conquerors slept on the couch of the vanquished. "They sleep now, these proud Spaniards, cried the young Moor in indignation, under those roofs from which they have exiled my ancestors. And I an Abencerrage, watch unknown, solitary, forsaken, at the gate of the palace of my fathers."

Aben Hamet then seriously reflected on human destiny, on the vicissitudes of fortune, on the fall of Empires, in fact, on that Grenada, surprised by its enemies in the midst of feasting and joy, and exchanging all at once its garlands of flowers, for the chains of slavery. He dreamt he saw the inhabitants abandoning their homes in their festal garments, like guests who in the disorder of their mirth are suddenly startled from the banquet by a cry of fire.

All these images and thoughts forced themselves on the soul of Aben Hamet. Full of grief and regret he became more than ever determined to execute the project which had brought him to Grenada. Day soon surprised him, and the Abencerrage found himself in the scattered suburbs of the town, far from the Khan of the Moors.—The world slept. Not a sound disturbed the silent streets. The doors and windows of the houses were closed. The crow of the cock alone proclaimed, in the habitations of the poor, the return of labour and toil.

After having wandered for a long time unable to discover his way, Aben Hamet heard a door open and saw a young girl issue forth into the street. She was habited in the style of those gothic queens, sculptured in the monuments of our ancient abbey. Her black bodice, ornamented with beads of jet, fitted, closely, her elegant figure. Her short petticoat, narrow and without folds, discovered a fine shaped leg and a charming foot. A mantilla equally black was drawn over her head, and, held by her left hand, crossed and closed under her chin like a nun's hood, so that

nought of her face was visible save her large eyes and rosy mouth. A duenna accompanied her steps and a page preceded her with a prayer book. Two lacqueys in livery followed the lovely unknown at some distance. She was on her way to attend morning prayer, which the sounds of a bell announced in a neighbouring monastery.

Aben Hamet in the first burst of his astonishment, fancied he saw the angel Israfil or the youngest of the Houris. The young Spaniard not less surprised, gazed on the Abencerrage, whose turban, robes, and arms embellished even his noble figure. Recovered from her first start of surprise, she signed to the stranger to approach her, with the grace and freedom peculiar to the women of this country.

"Senor Moro," said she to him, "you appear but lately arrived in Grenada. Have you lost your way?"

"Sultana of Flowers," answered Aben Hamet, "Delight of mine eyes, O, Christian slave, more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia, thou hast divined it, I am a stranger in this city, lost amidst these palaces, and unable to find the Khan of the Moors. May the Prophet touch thy heart, and recompense thy hospitality!"

"The Moors are renowned for their gallantry," replied the fair Spaniard, with the sweetest smile, "but I am neither a slave, nor the Sultana of Flowers, nor yet content to be recommended to Mahomet. Follow me, Senor Cavalier, I will reconduct you to the Khan of the Moors."

Walking before the Abencerrage with the graceful elastic step of an Andalusian, she brought him to the Khan of the Moors, shewed it to him, and with a gesture of salutation passed on and disappeared behind a palace.

To what shall be ascribed the repose of life! No longer did his country occupy the sole and entire thoughts of Aben Hamet. Grenada, for him, ceased to be abandoned, widowed, solitary,—nay, is dearer than ever to his heart,—but there is a new spell which embellishes her ruins. To the memory of his ancestors is now added another charm. Aben Hamet had discovered the cemetery where the ashes of the Abencerrages repose in peace, but whilst praying, whilst prostrating himself in the dust, even whilst shedding filial tears o'er their graves the thought would recur to him that perchance the young Spaniard might sometimes have passed these tombs, and that his ancestors were not so unhappy after all.

In vain did he strive to occupy himself only with his pilgrimage to the land of his fathers. In vain did he wander along the fair banks of the Darro and Xenil to gather herbs at the dawn of

day. The flower he seeks now is the lovely Christian. How many fruitless efforts has he made to discover the palace of his enchantress? How many times has he endeavored to return by the roads which his divine guide made him traverse? How often, in fancy, has he recognised the sound of that bell, the crow of that cock which he heard near the residence of the fair Senora? How often has he rushed, deceived by similar noises, to one side or another, yet the magic palace did not offer itself to his longing eyes? How often did the uniform dress of the maidens of Grenada give him an instant of hope? From a distance all the senoras resembled the mistress of his heart—close at hand not one possessed her beauty or her grace. Aben Hamet at last searched even the churches to discover the charming unknown. Nay, he even penetrated to the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella; But this was till then the greatest sacrifice he had made to his love.

One day it happened that he was gathering herbs in the valley of the Darro—on the flowery slope of the hill, to the south, stood the stately walls of the Alhambra and the enchanting gardens of the Generalife. That to the north was decorated by the Albajyn, by smiling orchards, and the grottos inhabited by a numerous population. At the Western extremity of the valley could be discovered the towers of Grenada which lifted themselves in a group amidst clumps of evergreen oaks and dark cypresses. At the opposite end the eye lighted on jagged rocks, sombre convents and hermitages, some few ruins of ancient Iberia, and in the distance the summits of the Sierra Nevada. At the bottom of the valley flowed the Darro, and along its flowery banks might be seen here and there a few mills, some sparkling cascades, the broken arches of a Roman aqueduct, and the remains of a bridge of the time of the Moors.

Aben Hamet was by this time neither sufficiently unfortunate, nor yet sufficiently happy. He strolled with distraction and indifference through these enchanted plains. Walking at hazard, he followed an alley lined with graceful trees which wound up the hill of the Albajyns. A country house surrounded with groves of orange trees soon appeared in sight. On a nearer approach the sounds of a voice, accompanied by a guitar, struck his ear. To a man inflamed by the tender passion of love, there is an intimate harmony between the voice, feature, and eyes of the object of his passion. "Tis my hauri!" exclaimed Aben Hamet; and he listened with a beating heart. At the name of the Abencerrage, repeated several times, his heart beat yet more violently. The unknown song-

stress sang a Castilian romance which recounted the history of the Abencerrages and Zegrís. His emotion was now uncontrollable. Darting across a hedge of myrtles, he sprang into the midst of a bevy of girls who fled on all sides, screaming at this sudden appearance. The senora who was singing, and who still held the guitar, cried out "Tis the Senor Moro," and recalled her companions.

"Favorite of the genii," said the Abencerrage, "I have sought thee as an Arab seeks a fountain in the parched south. The sounds of thy guitar reached my ear—you celebrated the heroes of my native land. My soul recognized thee by the beauty of thy voice,—and to thy feet I bring the heart of Aben Hamet."

"Is it so," answered Donna Blanca. "It was the thought of thee that caused me to chaunt the romance of the Abencerrage, for since seeing you I have pictured to myself that the Moorish cavaliers must have resembled thee.

A light blush tinged the white forehead of Bianca in uttering these words, enhancing her beauty so much that the Moor was about to fling himself at her feet, and disclose to her that he was the last of the Abencerrages. But a feeling of prudence restrained him, for he feared lest his name, too famous in Grenada, might prove a source of inquietude and uneasiness to the governor. The Moorish wars were scarcely terminated, and the presence of an Abencerrage at that moment, might inspire the Spaniards with just cause of alarm. Not that our hero feared any peril, but he trembled at the thought of being obliged to separate himself for ever from the daughter of Don Rodriguez.

Donna Bianca was descended from a family which derived its origin from the illustrious Cid de Bivar and Climene, daughter of Count Gomez de Gormaz. The posterity of the conqueror of Valence la Bella had sunk, through the ingratitude of the Court of Castile, into extreme poverty—nay, so great was its obscurity that for many ages it was believed to have become extinct. But, towards the time of the conquest of Grenada, a last shoot of the race of Bivar, the ancestor of Bianca made himself known, less indeed by his titles than by his valor and gallant deeds of arms. After the expulsion of the Infidels, Ferdinand bestowed on the descendant of the Cid the wealth and estates of many Moorish families, and created him Duke de Santa Fè. The new Duke fixed his residence at Grenada, and died yet young, leaving an only son, already married—Don Rodriguez, father of Bianca.

Donna Theresa de Xeres, the wife of Don

Rodriguez gave birth to a son who, received at the baptis-mal font the name of Rodriguez like all his forefathers, but who was called Don Carlos to distinguish him from his father. The great events which Don Carlos had witnessed from his tenderness years upwards, and the points to which he had been exposed almost from his infancy, had only served to render, more rigid and grave, a character naturally austere. Scarce had he numbered fourteen years when he followed Cortez to Mexico. He had supported all the dangers, had witnessed all the horrors of that astounding adventure, and had assisted as the downfall of the last King of a world until then unknown. Three years after that catastrophe, Don Carlos found himself in Europe at the Pavia, as if it were his fate to see crowned honour and kingly valour succumb to the whims of *fortune*. The aspect of a new world, long voyages over seas hitherto unknown, the sight of revolutions and the vicissitudes of life and *fortune* had strongly moved the religious and melancholy imagination of Don Carlos. He entered into the chivalrous order of Calatrava and renouncing marriage, in spite of the urgent entreaties of Don Rodriguez, destined all his wealth for his sister.

Bianca de Bivar, the only sister of Don Carlos, and much younger than he, was the idol of her father. Whilst a child, she had lost her mother, and was just entering her eighteenth year when Aben Hamet appeared in Grenada. All was seduction round this enchantress. Her voice was ravishing, her dance lighter than the zephyr. At times she delighted to drive in her carriage like a second Armida, at times to speed on the back of the swiftest steed of Andalusia, like those charming fairies which appeared to Tristau and Galaor in the forests of old. Athens would have taken her for Aspasia, and Paris for Diana of Poitiers, just then commencing her brilliant career at Court. But, with the charms of a Frenchwoman, she united the passions of a Spaniard, and her natural coquetry detracted nothing from the stability, constancy, strength and elevation of the sentiments of her heart. As the cries which the young girls had uttered when Aben Hamet had darted into the grove. Don Rodriguez hastened to the spot, "My father, said Bianca, here is the Senor Moro of whom I spoke to you. He overheard me singing, recognized my voice and entered the garden to thank me for having shewn him his way."

The Duke de Santa Fè received the Abencerrage with the grave, yet simple politeness of a Spaniard. Amongst this nation the eye is never offended with any of those servile airs, or the ear pained by any of those complimentary phrases

which announce vulgarity of thoughts and a degraded mind. The language of the noble grandee and the humble peasant is the same. The salutation the same, the compliments, the customs, the habits are all the same. Whilst the confidence and generosity of this people towards strangers is without bounds, so its vengeance when betrayed is prompt and terrible; of heroic courage, of indomitable perseverance, incapable of yielding to misfortunes, they must either conquer or be exterminated. There is but little of what is called wit, but exalted passions hold the place of that *esprit* which comes from *finesse* and an abundance of ideas. A Spaniard who passes his days without speaking, who has seen nothing, who never even cares to see anything, who has read nothing, studied nothing, compared nothing, will find in the greatness of his resolves the necessary resources in a time of adversity.

It was the birth-day of Don Rodriguez, and Donna Bianca, in honour thereof, had invited a few friends to a tertulia in this charming solitude. The Duke de Santa Fé invited Aben Hamet to be seated in the midst of the young girls who amused themselves with the turban and robe of the stranger. Cushions of velvet were brought and the Abencerrage reclined upon them in the Moorish fashion. They put questions to him about his country and his adventures, to which he replied with spirit and gaiety in the purest Castilian. Indeed so perfect was his accent that he might readily have been mistaken for a Spaniard, had he not always said thou for you. His words, in his mouth, had something about them so much that Bianca could not restrain a secret feeling of displeasure whenever they were addressed to any one of her companions.

Numerous servants now made their appearance bringing cakes, fruits, chocolate and small conserves of Malaga sugar white as snow and light as a sponge. After the refresco, the young girls entreated Blanca to execute one of those graceful characteristic dances in which she excelled even the most skillful Gitana. Aben Hamet was silent, but his suppliant looks spoke volumes in place of his tongue. Yielding to the requests of his friends, Blanca chosea Zambra, an expressive dance which the Spaniards have borrowed from the Moors.

(To be continued.)

Every Macbeth has witches to prompt him in his iniquity.

Wisdom stands between two mirrors; Folly is in a dark room.

In girls we love what they are, but in young men what they promise to be.

## THE BONNIE SCOT.

The bonnie Scot! he hath nae got  
A hame o' sun an' light;  
His clime hath aft a dreary day  
An' mony a stormy night;  
He hears the blast gae crooning past,  
He sees the snowflake fa';  
But what o' that? He'll tell ye still,  
His land is best o' a';  
He wadna' time, for rose or vine,  
The gowans round his cot;  
There is nae bloom like heath an' broom,  
To charm the bonnie Scot.

The roarin' din o' flood an' linn  
Is music unco sweet;  
He loves the pine aloud his head,  
The breckans' neath his feet;  
The lavrock's trill, sae clear an' shrill,  
Is matchless to his ear!  
What joy for him like bounding free  
To hunt the fleet dun deer?  
Nae wonder he sae proudly scorns  
A safter, kinder lot;  
He kens his earth gave Wallace birth,  
That brave and bonnie Scot.

## WESLEYANA.

### No. III.

#### DUNMORE CAVE.

I went to Dunmore Cave, three or four miles from Kilkenny. It is full as remarkable as Poole's-hole, or any other in the Peak. The opening is round, parallel to the horizon, and seventy or eighty yards across. In the midst of this there is a kind of arch, twenty or thirty feet high. By this you enter into the first cave, nearly round, and forty or fifty feet in diameter. It is encompassed with spar stones, just like those on the sides of Poole's-hole. On one side of the cave, is a narrow passage, which goes under the rock two or three hundred yards; on the other, a hollow, which no one has ever been able to find an end of. I suppose the hole too, as well as many others, was formed by the waters of the deluge, retreating into the great abyss, with which, probably, it communicates.

#### MUSICAL EXPERIMENT.

I thought it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the Tower with one who plays on the flute. He began playing neat four or five lions. Only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Meantime a tiger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly,



leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any system of mechanism? Can we account for it at all?

## GOOD QUEEN BESS.

What was Queen Elizabeth? As just and merciful as Nero, and as good a christian as Mahomet!

## WILLIAM LILLY.

I read over that surprising book, *The Life of Mr. William Lilly*. He believed himself, as he really seems to have done, was ever man so deluded! Persuaded that *Hermeli*, the *Queen of the Fairies*, *Micol Regina Pymcerum* and these fellows were good angels! How amazing is this! And is it not still more amazing, that some of the greatest and most sensible men in the nation, should not only, not scruple to employ him, but be his fast friends on all occasions?

## A SPEAKING STATUE.

I once more took a serious walk through the tombs in Westminster Abbey. What heaps of unmeaning stone and marble! But there was one tomb which shewed common-sense: that beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavoring to screen his lovely wife from *Death*.—Here, indeed, the marble seems to *speak*, and statues appear only not *alive*!

## A GERMAN PROTESTANT CONGREGATION.

About seven in the morning we came to Merssen. After breakfast we went to Church. I was greatly surprised at all I saw there: at the costliness of apparel in many, and the gaudiness of it, in more: at the huge fur caps worn by the women, of the same shape with a Turkish turban, which generally had one or more ribands hanging down a great length behind. The Minister's habit was adorned with gold and scarlet, and a vast cross both behind and before. Most of the congregation sat, the men generally with their hats on, at the prayers as well as sermon.

## THE JUSTICE AND THE SCOLDS.

I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a Justice of the Peace, a man of candour and understanding; before whom (I was informed) three angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of these new heretics (the Methodists.) But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, "Why they pretended to be better than other people; and besides they prayed from morning to-night." Mr. S. asked, "But have they done nothing besides?" Yes, sir," said an old man:—"An't please your worship, they have *co. varted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb!" "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the

Justice, "And let them convert all the scolds in the town!"

## THE WISE MEN OF WESSLEY-PALE.

I preached \* \* \* As I went back through the church-yard many of the parish were in high debate what religion the preacher was of. Some said, "He must be a Quaker." Others, "An Anabaptist." But at length one deeper learned than the rest, brought them all clearly over to his opinion, that he was a *Presbyterian Papist*!

## A MONSTER.

I called on the Solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery; and here I first saw that foul monster a *Chancery Bill*! A scroll it was of forty-two pages, in large folio, to tell a story, which needed not to have taken up forty lines. And stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lies (many of them too, quite foreign to the question,) as, I believe, would have cost the compiler his life in any Heathen Court either of Greece or Rome! And this is *equity* in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing other grievances!

## A BEWITCHED WOMAN.

The odd account she gave of herself was this: (concerning which let every one judge as he pleases.) That near seven years since she affronted one of her neighbours, who thereupon went to Francis Mergan, (a man famous in those parts,) and gave him fourteen shillings to do his worst to her. That the next night, as soon as she was in bed, there was a sudden storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, in the midst of which she felt all her flesh shudder, and knew the devil was close to her. That at the same time a horse, she had in the stable below, which used to be as quiet as a lamb, leaped to and fro, and tore in such a manner, that she was forced to rise and turn him out. That a tree which grew at the end of the house, was torn up by the roots. That from thenceforth she had no rest day or night, being not only in fear and horror of wind, but in the utmost torment of body, feeling as if her flesh was tearing off with burning pincers.

## LOGIC.

I wonder any one has patience to learn logic, but those who do it on a principle of conscience; unless he learns it as three or four of the young gentlemen in the Universities do: That is, goes about it and about it, without understanding one word of the matter.

## A WELSH LANDSCAPE.

Taking horse early in the morning, we rode over the rough mountains of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire into Merionethshire. In the evening I was surprised with one of the finest prospects, in its kind, that I ever saw in my life. We rode in a green vale, shaded with rows of trees, which made an harbour for several

miles. The river laboured along on our left hand, through broken rocks of every size, shape, and colour. On the other side of the river, the mountains rose to an immense height, almost perpendicular. And yet the tall straight oaks stood, rank above rank, from the bottom to the very top; only here and there, where the mountain was not so steep, were interposed pastures or fields of corn. At a distance, as far as the eye could reach, as it were by way of contrast,

A mountain here uprear'd  
It's broad bare back,

with vast, rugged rocks hanging over its brow, portending ruin.

#### THE POWER OF OBSCURITY.

T. Prosser is an honest, well-meaning man, but no more qualified to expound scriptures than to read lectures in logic or algebra. Yet even men of sense have taken this dull, mystical man to be far deeper than he is. And it is very natural so to do. If we look into a dark pit, it seems deep, but the darkness only makes it seem so. Bring the light and we shall see that it is very shallow.

#### ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

In my road to Bristol, I read over Q. Curtius, a fine writer, both as to thought and language. But what an hero does he describe! whose murder of his old friend and companion Clitus, (though not done of a sudden, as is commonly supposed; but deliberately after some hours' consideration) was a virtuous act in comparison of his butchering poor Philotas, and his good old father Parmenio. Yet even this was a little thing, compared to the thousands and ten thousands he slaughter'd, both in battle, and in, and after, taking cities, for no other crime than defending their wives and children. I doubt whether Judas claims so hot a place in hell as Alexander the Great!

#### THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

We went to Llangefhyc Church, though we understood little of what we heard. Oh! what a heavy curse was the confusion of tongues. And how grievous are the effects of it. All the birds of the air, all the beasts of the field, understand the language of their own species. Man only is a barbarian to man, unintelligible to his own brethren.

#### MUSIC.

I spent an hour or two with Dr. Pepusch. He asserted that the art of music is lost; that the ancients only understood it in its perfection; that it was revived a little in the reign of Henry VIII., by Tallys and his cotemporaries, as also in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was a judge and patroness of it. That after her reign it sunk for sixty or seventy years, till Purcell made some attempts to restore it; but that ever since, the true ancient art, depending on nature and mathematical prin-

ciples, had gained no ground; the present masters having no fixed principles at all.

#### HOMER.

What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought, and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him. And what a vein of piety runs through his whole work, in spite of his Pagan prejudices. Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed, as are shocking to the last degree. What excuse can any man of common sense make for

His scolding heroes and his wounded gods.

Nay, does he not introduce even his "father of gods and men," one while shaking heaven with his nod, and soon after using his wife and sister, the empress of heaven, with such language as a car-man might be ashamed of? And what can be said of a king, full of days and wisdom, telling Achilles how often he had given him wine, when he was a child, and sat in his lap, till he had vomited it up on his clothes? Are these some of those "divine boldnesses which naturally provoke shortsightedness and ignorance to show themselves?"

#### A DRAMATIC PORTRAIT.

Who should be there, but the famous Mr. Gr——, of Carnarvonshire,—a clumsy, overgrown, hard-faced man; whose countenance I could only compare to that, which I saw in Drury Lane thirty years ago, of one of the ruffians in "Macbeth."

#### IRISH CABINS.

One who looks at the common Irish cabins, might imagine Saturn still reigned here

*Cum frigido parvas  
Præberet spelunca domos; ignemque lætanque.  
Et pecus et dominos, communi clauderet umbra.*

[The narrow cave a cold retreat affords.

And beasts and men secrete with one common shade.]

Communi umbra indeed! For no light can come into the earth or straw-built cavern, on the master and his cattle, but at one hole; which is but a window, chimney, and door!

#### JANET CAMPBELL.

#### A TRUE TALE.

BY A POOR MAN.

Is the North of Scotland lived a humble cottar, Janie —, who, with his wife Janet, barely subsisted on the produce of a few acres of barren land which was rented at an exorbitant rate from the Laird. A few cattle they once had, but these disappeared in answer to repeated calls for rent and food. To add to their difficulties, they saw growing up amongst them a numerous family; four boys already graced the hearth; and the cottar saw that they and he must starve or else seek another home, where happily they might exist, freed from the dread of actual starvation.—

Many were the debates that the gentleman and wife had on this matter, after the children had retired to rest on a heather couch which was spread out in one corner of their hut. Jamie, the tall stout highlander, whose bone and muscle were like iron, who laboured cheerfully from "grey dawn" to "dewy eve," who toiled and saved heroically for his family, still had a woman's heart. "Na, na" he would exclaim, "I canna' leave bonny Scotland, here we've lived an' here let us dee." The good wife, however, whose careful thrift had yet preserved a few bright guineas in the old stocking beneath the hearth, had more energy; her heart was strong, she looked to the future, "our bairns," she told her husband, "must gang aw' soon, we have na wark for them here, an' they mauna' be idle," and Janet used such strong and forcible arguments, urging, so strenuously, on the immediate necessity of removing to another land, that he at last consented. Disposing of their small flock of sheep and a couple of ponies they had, they found their golden store augmented to nearly a hundred pieces, with these, after shedding many bitter tears at parting from their home and friends, they embarked at Aberdeen, June 1st, 1831, and set sail the following morning, which was Sunday.

It is unnecessary to describe the dangers they encountered in crossing the Atlantic, it is sufficient to say that having been tossed about for little better than eight weeks, they landed in New York on 30th July, all well and strong, with the exception of their youngest child who died on the voyage out. Nor is it necessary to follow them on their tedious journey from New York to Niagara at which latter town they arrived in August. Here it was decided that Campbell should leave his wife, who was not in a fit state of health to follow her husband to the backwoods; he taking the boys, the youngest of whom was nine, a sturdy little fellow, who was delighted at being thought a companion for his father, and willingly left his mother. Mrs. Campbell was lodged in rather a poor boarding house, where she gave birth to a daughter a few days after her husband's departure.

Campbell after going to Hamilton, went to the township of Esqueping, where he purchased a farm of 200 acres and busied himself during the autumn and winter in clearing a portion and erecting a shanty. Indeed, so active was he, that he planted six or seven acres, that were already cleared, in wheat, that fall. The ensuing summer he returned to Niagara for his wife and daughter. Poor Campbell! How thy heart beat, and how thy brain whirled, when in seeking the house where thy wife lodged you found but a few charred logs, and a tall, naked, brick chimney standing in their midst, like an obelisk!

The neighbors, in answer to his numerous

enquiries, could only tell him that the house was burnt several weeks back, and that the owner, accused of incendiarism had gone to the States; as for the lodgers, many immigrants had lived there, and they did not remember any one of the name of Campbell. After a month spent in vain endeavors to discover his wife, Campbell, high heart-broken, returned home. His idea was, that Janet and her child had fallen victims to the cholera, which that year raged to a frightful extent in Canada. To distract his mind from the loss he had sustained, he applied himself diligently to the care of his farm. Accustomed to labor from childhood, he found not the toil of farming so great or so profitless as many who come to this country with a few hundreds of pounds, and expect to realize a competency by *paying* for it. He soon learnt that the only way to succeed was by placing his own shoulder to the wheel, and in a few years he found himself not only comfortably off, but respected by all living in his neighbourhood. As years rolled on, he added to his acres, improved his stock, settled his sons advantageously, and was, in 1850, a hale, hearty man of sixty-three years of age.

Last year, 1852, his eldest son, James, had come to Toronto with a supply of butter, eggs, fowls, &c, for the market. James, who is now about five and thirty, having disposed of his stock, called at a humble dwelling in one of the back streets to deliver some butter purchased from him that day. On entering the house with the rolls, he saw, seated by the door step, a young girl sewing. Seeing that she was good looking, he saluted her with a gay "good afternoon." She looked up from her work, and gave him a smiling nod. He was at once taken with her cheerful, handsome face, and said:

"Ye wark weel, lassie."

"Oh, I have a great deal to do," she replied, once more looking in his face. He started, he knew not why, but an indefinable emotion caused his heart to beat quicker; he became interested.

"Hae ye mane to help ye?" he asked.

"No; nor have I any one to help. I am alone."

"An orphan?"

"I never saw either father or mother."

Who shall say that God did not direct this meeting? I speak not profanely, for I relate the truth; and who shall say that God did not prompt James Campbell to pursue his questions, to raise up in his heart an instinctive feeling that before him stood a relation? How much more wonderful, more interesting are these incidents in real life than any fictitious scene a writer may invent! His very next question was her name, and on her reply "Janet Campbell," she felt herself seized in his arms and kissed. The poor girl was at a

loss to account for this strange proceeding, but he told her that he was certain they were brother and sister, and kissed her again. He would not leave Toronto that evening, but remained to hear her history, which she thus related:—

"I only remember my always living with a kind old lady near Niagara. I often thought that she might be in some way related to me, for as a child, it appeared strange that any one not a relative could take such an interest in my welfare. The servants frequently told me that I was an orphan, without a single friend in the world, save our mistress, for I, when I grew up served as dairy-maid, and when leisure permitted, made myself useful in household matters. I was often called her 'little house-keeper,' which term was always applied to me when pleased. I had been taught to read and write, and could, she said, 'keep her accounts as well as she could herself.' I was ever happy, and loved her much. When about fifteen I was called by her one day to her room and told what little I ever learnt of my history. I was but a few months old when my mother died of inflammation of the lungs, in the winter of '33, at a lodging house which was shortly afterwards burned down, and my mistress, who heard of my mother's death and my unhappy condition, kindly offered to take care of me. All she ever learned of my mother, was that her name was Janet Campbell,—and so I was called after her; she also gave me a Gaelic Bible which I have carefully preserved, though I cannot read a word in it, except, 'James Campbell, his book, to Janet; 1817;' written inside the cover. My mistress forbid me ever harboring the hope of discovering any relations, though she said my father might be living, and if so, the Bible would at once identify me as his daughter. A year back, my kind protector, who is now growing old and feeble, and poorer in circumstances, than once she was, felt it necessary to part with me. I was accordingly sent here with a note to two or three ladies, who exerted themselves in my favor, giving me constant employment for my needle. Indeed, for the kindnesses of my dear friend in Niagara, and the ladies of Toronto, I can never be sufficiently grateful, for I have been enabled, through them, to live comfortably and independently. But," she continued hesitatingly, "are you sure that you are my brother?"

"Yes, yes, an' has na' ye're Bible our father's name in it? An', Janet, he's living, too. The morrow will be a happy day when he finds a daughter, and our brothers a sister. We lang thought our mither dead, but didna' think her child was living. Ye'll gang out wi me, Janet?"

"No, no! I cannot. Oh, should your father not be mine—no, no!—take my Bible, and should I be his child—" Poor Janet could not forbear weeping at the thought of the hap-

piness that might be before her; and perhaps weeping as much lest she should be disappointed. Her brother reluctantly allowed her to remain, yet forced on her a hundred dollars before leaving, to buy anything she might be in need of whilst he was away.

Were proof needed, the Gaelic Bible was sufficient for the old man, who in a couple of days had the pleasure of embracing his long-lost, and, until then, unseen daughter.

Such is the simple narration of a few facts, recorded plainly, and, in substance, truthfully. Let the reader pause, and consider if we are not guided through life, by a Hand whose outline we cannot trace, yet whose might we sometimes see and acknowledge to be ALL-POWERFUL.

## LOVE IN THE MOON.

A POEM, BY P. SCOTT.

THE title of the present book is an odd one. *Love in a Cottage, Love in a Wood, Love in a Maze,* and *Love in a Tub,* are as familiar as household words. Even the Loves of the Angels have been ventured on. We thought that nothing was left for new poetasters but to make variations on the old chimes. We were mistaken. Here we have another phase: Mr. Scott writes of *Love in the Moon*.

Probably, in the minds of some people, *Love and the Moon* are already connected. Love by moonlight is rather usual than otherwise. There is a species of madness in love with which the moon, as controller of lunatics, may have been supposed to have something to do. The weather, too, is said to be under its guidance, and the fickleness common to that standard topic and the tender passion, furnishes a stereotyped comparison. Mr. Scott, however, repudiates these last theories; and none of the points we have hinted at convey the slightest notion of the curious moon-struck book he has produced.

If we were to describe it in a few words, we should call it a poetic bubble blown by a learned Cupid, pretty, whimsical, but useless. The gigantic telescopes tell us, that though the moon is destitute of an atmosphere, it has mountains teeming with the craters of extinct volcanoes. Here is one of them:—

On the scathed sight that awful mountain rose,  
Famously vast: it seemed as if  
The Spirit who had formed it, tired at length  
Wit' piling mass on mass and strength on strength,  
Had hurled one half against the other, shivering  
Fragments around; some standing grimly stiff,  
Some tapering upward with a stony quivering  
Or shooting sideways dagger-like, while sprung  
From mossy basements of crag underlaung  
Peak rose o'er peak sublime, and spire on spire—  
Gigantic tongues of rock, solidified from fire.

The moon also has streams:—

White round and round, like Sorrow weak and wan  
A narrow zone of lazy water ran  
In dimpling motion, while it poured on high  
Its melancholy voice into the clear browed sky.

There is music, too, in the moon:—

As the singing of the spheres.  
Heard the best with close-shut ears,  
The pulses of a nameless tune,  
Like a wandering fragrance, stole  
On the feeling of the soul.

From music to life is but a short poetic flight for the Pegasus of our author. In Moonland, life and music are intertwined, as—

Rose and scent are joined together,  
Or, as shade with cloudy weather.

By a logical sequence we see that  
Where there's life there *must* be love.

Here, then, are the facts with which the poet must work,—but he is under the strong necessity to personify; for as life presupposes love, so love presupposes lovers. Mr. Scott creates a pair, Lunari and Argentine; but they must, in keeping with long established rule, be described. How to describe them? that is the difficulty.

Whenever we deal with supposed existences, we are obliged to take our own form of life as a basis. Mr. Scott is more ambitious than the blind bard of *Paradise Lost*. The human form will not serve his purpose. He desires to create. He cannot escape from combining soul and body, and he simply reverses earthly arrangements. He makes the soul the visible form; the body (if we may venture upon the paradox) the inner spirit:—

Here they reversed the laws of earth; their frames

Were immaterial, that is, outwardly  
They were encased by spirit, on the eye  
Flashing and fluting like electric flames;  
The products of a power which could condense  
Such of the imponderable elements  
As to the human sense of sight are naught,  
Making them scarcely more than visible to thought.  
The body was within, and served to press  
On the soul's balance, a mere motionless

Material organ, one and simple, weighing  
The spirit down to earth—that is the moon—  
(Which else would mount above its sphere too soon)  
And to the intelligence without, conveying  
Each varied phase of passion and sensation  
By the impulsive hint of more or less vibration.

Throughout the too ambitious attempt the same fatality attends the poet. These beings have "passions and thoughts, and appetites," ranged in an inverted phrenological scale "in order of their excellence." They eat—what Mr. Scott cannot tell—but a sort of "rainbow-shaded dish." They sleep and dream; but here again there is nothing but inversion. With us the mind gets free from the body; with them the body leaves the mind; and when it does not return there—startling poetical paradox!—the spirit dies. We have said and quoted enough to enable the reader with a *very* active imagination to dimly comprehend the picture of the lunarians. Of the particular pair we can only add, that

Fancy's eye the pair might see  
Embodied in a simile;  
He—like a strong flame redly bright,  
And she—a mild and silvery light,  
Upon whose surface played a lambent fire,  
The waves of innocent thought, the ripples of desire.  
"The course of true love never runs smooth."

That must happen in the moon as well as here. Lunari and Argentine have those plagues of all lovers—families; fathers and mothers, and kith and kin. These relations have feuds, like the Scotch clans. The Lunarians and the Argentines are the Capulets and Montagues of Moonland; and so the lovers sit talking over their gloomy prospects:

And standing by them you might hear  
What e'er they said but not by ear;  
Their words would fall like gentle rain  
Upon the garden of the Brain;  
Or rather, what they thought and felt,  
Would, by a sympathetic power,  
Upon our own sensorium melt  
Like the responsive dew upon the asking flower.

As in earthly cases, however, the musings of the lambent lovers brought them no relief, opened no loophole of escape; and a new piece of machinery is introduced—a wizard, who has his cell in one of the old worn-out volcanoes.

And there are prophets on the earth; why not  
Within the moon as well?

Really we cannot tell why not. It is nearly as probable in the one case as the other. To the wizard, Lunari goes with "electric" pace, superseding the necessity for an electric telegraph, and we do not wonder that the moonish youth recoils from so ghastly a shape:

It was a wizard, thin and grim,  
A saint might shiver to look on him;  
He was like the flame, which ghastly bright,  
Shoots from a bowl on a winter's night,  
In the holiday feast, where children play,  
Dipping and diving, the prize to win,  
Mid the spirit that merrily flares away—  
Cast but a handful of salt therein,  
And the lights of the charnel chamber glance  
O'er each young and happy countenance.

From the grim wizard, to whom, following Mr. Scott's idea, we will give the name of old Snapdragon, Lunari gets a sibylline utterance:—

Whene'er upon the open skies  
A living globe of fire, in size  
Than planet, or star, or sun more vast,  
Shall still and motionless be seen;  
Then shall these ancient feuds be past,  
And thou shalt wed thy Argentine.

We should have said before, that this scene is laid upon that side of the moon always turned from the earth, and the prophecy refers to our globe as seen from the other side. Snapdragon gives directions for reaching the spot from which the sight may be observed. The rival families are persuaded to set out on a pilgrimage thither; they go grumblingly, looking on the affair as a hoax:—

Each took a vow,—'twas sure to bind,—  
That if he failed this sign to find,  
He never would again be crossed,  
But make up for the time he'd lost  
In this absurdly good endeavour,  
And hate his neighbour more than ever.

On they went, up the mountain side; through a cavern, "dark, and deep, and broad, and high," to where portals vast shut one side of the moon from the other. Old Snapdragon has furnished the "open sesame," which being pronounced in spirit voice by Lunari, the gateway opens, and

Like a son of mightie birth,  
Glistered the majestic EARTH.  
Around its orb the Constellations passed  
Like subject worlds, with reverential pace,  
'Treading the empyreal height;  
Where calm, and motionless, and vast,  
It sat, like the Divinity of Space,  
Upon the throne of Night.

By some unexplained process, which leads us to suppose that the Capulets and Montagues of the moon are more placable and manageable than those of this terrestrial orb, the sight dried up all hatreds and animosities;—there was a general embrace of spirit-flames, and Argentine and Lunari were happy in their sanctioned love.

The story is nothing but an attempt to wed the prose of the most obscure portion of Science to the poetry of Fiction; to link together the known and the unknown, perhaps the unknowable; to make a new garment for thought. But *creative power* is wanting; clear light is absent, and the robe of the new world is pieced up of tattered

fragments of the old turned inside out. If Mr. Scott would leave dark moon visions, and, descending to the world we live in, give more of such passages as those which relate to this world's life, he would gain such a place among the poets of earth as he will never win among the sons of the moon.

### THE LACE-MAKER OF CORMEIL.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CORMEIL is a little village near Caen, in Normandy, that peculiar province of France which gave birth to the conqueror of England, William, and to that hardy Norman race which has furnished so many distinguished men to our native land. It is a strange old straggling village, like many hundreds of others in France, and would, perhaps, never have made much impression on my mind, except that I there passed some sixteen months of my boyhood, learned the French language, and also that it was the birthplace of Pauline Choleau the lace-worker. The town of Caen and its neighbourhood is in great part inhabited by lace-makers, who, in summer, work at their own doors, in winter in their rooms, adjourning of an evening to a warm cow-stable, where they enjoy the benefit of the comfortable heat and of water-lamps that enable them to practise great economy. A bright candle is placed in the midst, and around this the girls stand flat bottles full of water, that throw a bright white light on the exact spot of lace at which they are working. Sometimes of an evening in winter, after leaving school, carrying home my books and taking dinner, I would escape to the table of Cormeil, where the lace-workers congregated, in company of others older than myself, to eat roast chestnuts, tell and hear stories, and listen to the conversation. Being very learned in tales,—I knew the *Arabian Nights*, the *Persian Tales*, and *Crusoe* by heart,—I became a very popular visitor, and I initiated myself in the art of story-telling, while the nimble fingers of the Norman girls plied their pretty trade. Others, however, added variety to my Oriental fictions by relating old legends of the province, and it is a matter of considerable regret to me that I cannot at present recollect one of them.

One of my most patient listeners was Pauline Choleau, the child of the parish. She was twelve years old, my senior by three years, and I looked on her with perfect awe. I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. Her blue eyes, her curly golden hair, made an impression on me I can never forget. When I was telling a story she would hold up her head every now and then for my work, and say, "How wonderful! how beautiful!" or something of the kind; and I would, I am sure, feel more delight at this applause than ever orator felt from the tumultuous shouts of thousands. Pauline's father was an officer who had gone out the year before to Algiers with the invading army. Her mother died a few months later, and her father not being heard of again, she fell from comparative ease into poverty. She was taken by the hand by a worthy old priest, whose housekeeper counselled her to learn a trade, by which, in the absence of all pecuniary resources,

she might support herself. In the mean time, inquiries at the war office indicated that her father had fallen a victim to his military duties in an engagement before Constantine, and that, though his body had not been found, he was reported dead.

Thus did Pauline Choleau become a lace-maker. Poor girl, she had been brought up to better things; but what could she do? She had no relatives, so she determined for the future to suffice unto herself. Work never wearied her. It was her delight. People often asked her why she worked so hard. She could not tell. She felt it her duty, and all said that soon she would earn more than any girl in the village.

I left Cormeil for Paris, and wandering afterwards in many a foreign region, I lost sight, of course, of Pauline Choleau. My wanderings ended for a time in Paris again, and there I was in May last at the house of an intimate friend. We had dined and were waiting the arrival of a few visitors, amusing ourselves meanwhile, with that slipshod conversation which travellers are apt to indulge in, when our party was announced. It was composed of two gentlemen, an old man and a young one, both officers, a lady a little over thirty, and a little girl ten years old. I should have paid no very great attention to them, as total strangers, had I not, as they were announced, fixed my eyes on the lady's face, just as the servant said, "Colonel Choleau," &c.

I involuntarily started, for in the elegant young Parisian mother I seemed to recognise my old friend the lace-maker of Cormeil. I became quite excited and anxious, for I clearly saw a romance under all this. I determined at once to watch my opportunity, and not bring on an explanation too brusquely. It happened that no other visitor came for some hours, so we took tea, and I contrived to be seated next the little girl. While the others were busily engaged, I opened a conversation with my little friend, who was intelligent and inquisitive. We talked of many things, and presently, so strong is the force of habit, I found myself telling her a long story.

"But, Pauline, my dear," suddenly exclaimed the young mother, in a half-reproachful, half-pleased voice, "you are tiring monsieur."

"Oh, mamma, such a pretty story, all about a wonderful lamp," said the child.

"Monsieur is very kind," mused the mother slowly.

"Not at all, madam; I can surely repay your daughter a debt of gratitude. I find her as good a listener as was once her mother," said I quietly.

"It is not possible!!" cried she in a voice that drew universal attention.

"It is possible, madam, that this is not the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you. But we were children, madam, then."

"We were. My dear father, this is one of the friends of the good old Irish curé, the young English gentleman who told us long stories when I was a poor lace-worker."

"Monsieur, I am most happy——" began the colonel.

"But, monsieur, you that then were thought dead, by what good fortune are you restored to your child?" asked I.

"So you remember all about me," laughed the happy mother. "Henri," continued she, address-

sing the husband, who listened curiously, "monsieur will tell you all about the stable of Cormeil."

"I shall be very happy to make monsieur's acquaintance," said the husband politely.

"You ask," said the father, "how I was restored to my child. Pardon me all, if I ask your permission to tell. It is a story which should be known to the whole world."

"Hush, papa!" cried the daughter, imploringly.

"Why my child? You, who are not ashamed to own that you were once a poor work-girl, hesitate to hear your good actions recorded."

The young woman shook her head, and poutingly prepared to listen. The father then told his story with deep feeling, listened to by all with religious attention, by her with mingled tears and blushes.

"You left my child," said the sunburnt old officer, who addressed himself throughout to me, "a hard-working girl at Cormeil, never expecting, doubtless, to meet again. There she remained, assiduously working, saving, storing up from her little pittance, until she was eighteen. Then her purpose became known: she was going out to Africa to search for her father. His body not having been found, she believed he might be living somewhere. Despite every persuasion, she determined to brave the sun of Africa on her pious errand. Supported by the *maire*, the priest, and by the certificates of her father's service, she preferred a strange request, which was immediately granted. She was appointed *cantinière* to a regiment on its road to the seat of war, with strict orders to the officers to give her, under the circumstances, every aid and protection. And so Pauline started for Algiers, with all a woman's firm, and thoughtful courage, to seek out her father.—How she was going to find him, she did not know. She was not even sure he was alive, but then she could try.

"Her regiment was quartered at first in the city of Algiers, the half-barbarous, half-French town, where Frank, Jew, Arab, and, indeed, almost every known race and dialect are found scattered. By the aid of the colonel, Pauline found a quiet room, doing service only on parade days, thus getting gradually used to her singular service, which consisted now in walking about the ranks with little loaves, small glasses of brandy, and sundry other barrack delicacies in which soldiers are apt to indulge, when their funds allow them. At the end of three months, however, the regiment was ordered up to the Teniet-el-Haad on a special mission. It appeared that a small tribe had in that neighbourhood proved very troublesome. With a stronghold in the hills, they had hitherto defied the French, busily engaged as they were in so many places. Pauline, who had sought by every means to hear tidings of her father in the city in vain, heard of the order for departure with delight, and, next day, music playing and colours flying, the regiment went out on the Blidah road for the Matamula hills. Pauline, who now wore her new uniform with ease, marched at the head of the regiment with the officers, or at times rode in the waggon behind, always cheerful, always hopeful, pleasant withal, doing her duty, but encouraging no familiarity.

"There was one young officer who took mark-

ed notice of her, a Lieutenant Neville, young, romantic, and ambitious as most men are at three-and-twenty. There was something in her story that struck him much, and filled his mind with respect and admiration. With all the regiment he regarded the devotion of Pauline as vain, and the sign of a mind somewhat diseased, but that changed not their sentiments, and there was not a soldier who would not have pleasantly performed any little service for her. But she needed none. She carried her basket and bag gaily, she walked with a handkerchief to screen her face in the broiling sun, and at night had a cosy place in a waggon to sleep in.

"After passing Blidah they were in a country which if not fiercely inimical was still not friendly, and out-flankers were thrown out to keep the road clear. Still, however, no attack took place, and they passed even through a gorge of the Matamula without difficulty, and found themselves in a plain surrounded by hills. This was the scene of action, and a halt was declared for three days before any movement took place.

"The tents were pitched on the borders of a stream, where grew here and there a palm-tree. There was green pasture and water,—two essentials, for they had horses and cattle. About a mile distant rose a lofty hill above a mountain gorge, and here dwelt the Teint-el-Haad, who since have given name to a town. The orders of the expedition were to destroy their village, make prisoners of their women and children, and thus enforce the submission of the men. It was determined that the attack should take place in the night, a small party being left to guard the camp.

"Lieutenant Neville, on the third day, a little after sundown, was sent to reconnoitre. The state of affairs looked very suspicious. Not a soul had as yet been seen, and though stragglers had ventured to within pistol-shot of the wooded base of the hills, no gun had been fired. The Arab character was too well known for this not to be regarded as a trap. Hence the advance of Neville and a small detachment of soldiers to view the country and seek some explanation. Pauline had asked to accompany the party, and her request had been complied with. And so they started in dead silence. There was, about a mile from the camp, a narrow opening in the hills, with a marked path a short distance up, and then steps cut in the rock. This was the only known approach to the mountain fastness, and its entire desertion created perfect awe in the minds of men who would have braved any visible danger. At the opening was a pool and a grove of trees, and these were so situated that it was necessary for the soldiers to stand in the water to watch the gorge, down which they expected some scouts to crawl ere long. Pauline walked beside the young officer in silence for some time; the fifty men of the detachment coming up noiselessly behind.

"What could have made you give me such a pleasant companion?" presently asked Lieutenant Neville in an almost inaudible whisper.

"When I am still, I seem doing nothing," replied Pauline; "when I am moving, I am still looking for him."

"Poor girl!" said the soldier; and then he remained silent awhile. Presently he again spoke. "Pauline," said he, "this may turn out to be a

dangerous service,—hence I wished you not to come. But at all events, I may not easily say again what now, in the calm of this beautiful night, I feel. Pauline, your devotion and beauty has won my heart. I love you; leave this position; become my wife, and I will enable you still to prosecute your search. Pauline, my attachment to you is real. As my wife, you, an officer's daughter, will be more fittingly situated than as a *cantinière*!

“Lieutenant Neville,” replied Pauline, with considerable emotion, “I feel deeply your kindness. But let me hear no more of this now. I will answer you when I have found my father,—or proof of his death.”

“But, dear girl, this is madness,” began Neville.

“Hush, *mon capitaine*, you are speaking too loud,” said Pauline, gaily.

“The young officer made no reply, for they were close to the scene of action. They could see the dark face of the hill, and they were near the grove of trees. The soldiers now moved along like mourners in a country churchyard.—They held their breath, and trod with extreme caution. Presently, just as they stood on the edge of the fort, they halted, and then stepped quietly into the water, which was very soon up to their waists. The position was unpleasant, but it was safe. They were sheltered behind the thick grove, on the point of which one sentry took up his post behind a tree. Pauline, had been lifted across to a large stone, against which the lieutenant leaned.

“For some time the men bore their uncomfortable position in silence. But presently they seemed tired, and one quietly asked the lieutenant if they might smoke.

“No,” said the officer, drily, “but you may sit down.”

“A grim laugh passed along the ranks of the men, whose guns and cartridge-boxes were held up out of the wet. No words were spoken for an hour, during which time all listened with intense anxiety. Suddenly an electric thrill ran through the ranks.

“Be ready, boys,” said Neville, firmly.

“Every man cocked his gun.

“A distant shot, then another, and then a rumour of voices had startled all. It came from up the gorge, nearer and nearer, while the shots became more frequent and louder. It was evidently a body of men pursuing some one.

“Some one is escaping from the Arabs,” exclaimed Neville. “Now, *mes garçons*, be cautious; let the pursued escape, and then fire without hesitation.”

“Shrieks, curses, and maledictions, in the picturesque language of the Arabs, were now clearly heard, and then the rapid footsteps of a man coming down the gorge. Neville bent forward, and saw, in the dim light, one in a white burnoose, stooping low and yet running. He was now not twenty yards in front. In a second more, he was close to the sentry, who put forward his gun and tripped him up. At the same moment, a whole gang of Arabs appeared.

“Fire!” said Neville, and the sharp twang of thirty muskets filled the air.

“A wild cry burst from the Arabs, and then,—

one and all,—they retreated, to commence, however, from points well concealed a continued fire on the French. Neville saw at once that he might have the whole tribe on him.

“Secure the prisoner, and double quickstep,” said he.

“No prisoner,” said a faint voice in French, “but a Frenchman, miraculously restored to those of his own race.”

“Forward then with us,” cried Neville; “we have no time to lose.”

“There is no hurry. My pursuers are not twenty, and they can get no escort before half an hour. I shall lose no time; and do not think of me, I am a French soldier,—and duty before everything.”

Pauline pressed up, mute and listening.

“March,” said Neville. “And now, *mon brave*, how happens it that you fall like a bomb-shell among us? What is your name?”

“Captain Isodore Choleau,” replied the other, proudly; “chevalier of the Legion of Honor.”

“My father!” shrieked Pauline, wildly. “Merciful God, have my efforts been then rewarded!”

“My God!” said Neville, pressing his hand, “this is the happiest day of my life.”

“Am I mad, dreaming, or have I fallen amid dreams?” gasped the other, gently pushing back the *cantinière*.

“Monsieur,” said Neville, “listen to me. Take your daughter’s arm,—for her father you must be,—and hear my wonderful story.”

“And the brave young lieutenant told it. The other listened wildly, and then, unable to speak, pressed both their hands. They were now in sight of the camp, and they found it in great commotion. Every man was on foot, and a horseman dashed up to ask if all were right. In ten minutes more, the officer, his prisoner, and Pauline, entered the colonel’s tent, where all the officers were collected.

“Neville began his report with soldier-like brevity: ‘Returned all safe, with Pauline’s father.’

“In the name of God, Neville,” said the colonel, “mind what you are saying.”

“All stared, however, at the grim-looking Arab prisoner.

“Colonel,” began he, “the lieutenant speaks correctly. I am Captain Choleau, father of this heroic girl.”

“Neville was told to give in his report; sentries were posted round the camp, and then the colonel’s tent was closed, and all sat down to a supper, of which the two heroes of the narrative were invited to partake. All were in a fever of impatience to hear the other’s story.

“It was brief. Left for dead on the field, found by a marauding party, and regarded from his uniform and cross as a prize, he was carried off, and being unable to ransom himself, made a slave. Confined strictly in his master’s stronghold, he had never an opportunity of escape until that night, when rumour told him of the arrival of the French. He determined to escape then at any cost, and simply, at a favorable moment, took to his heels. He now offered to show a pathway by which the French might surprise the stronghold, without the terrible slaughter that must take place in the gorge.

“The colonel accepted, and the Arabs, taken



unawares by a superior force, submitted without a struggle. The colonel made his report, with a full account of Neville's adventure. The regiment returned to Blidah, where, some months later, Choleau received an order for all his arrears of pay, with the rank of colonel, while Neville was decorated and made captain. A month later, Pauline accepted the hand of the excellent young officer;—and here we are, monsieur, the happiest family in the word; and I do not think you will find in fiction a more romantic story than that of your old friend the lace-maker of Cormeil."

"I never heard of more filial devotion," said I, really struck with amazement. "Madam, I can only say that there is no man living who ought not to be proud to call you child."

Madam smiled and blushed.

"But, monsieur," said she, after some further conversation, "what have you been doing since the days of the stable?"

"Oh! madam, at my old work; I have been telling stories ever since," said I, demurely.

"Yes," exclaimed the master of the house, "and rest assured he will tell thee one."

"He has my full permission," said the colonel.

"But now, monsieur, the story of your life, which our friend here tells me is, if not so romantic, as curious as mine."

I demurred, but I looked at the mother and child; they were polite enough to look anxious, so I began, and, about two hours later, I stopped, quite ashamed of myself.

"Pardon me, travellers are garrulous," said I; "some other day I will resume my telling, and fancy myself once more amusing the Lace-Makers of Cormeil."

and appearance the same as two leaves of the Penny Magazine. Walter was, at this time, "Printer to the Customs," and hence, perhaps, a certain Government air which pervades his paper,—Although there are no leading articles, in our sense of the term, there are a few leading paragraphs, the first of which begins in quite a knowing way: "We have now the best authority to say that the new arrangements in the Cabinet," &c. &c. There is a column of Parliamentary debate, each speech condensed into a few lines.

John Walter, No. II, (who died some five years ago, as "of Bearwood Hall, Berks," leaving personally valued for probate duty at £90,000,) became joint proprietor and exclusive manager of *The Times* at the beginning of 1803. Walter, No. I, though withdrawn from *The Times*, and despairing of "logography," still printed for the Customs, when, with honest boldness, Walter, No. II blamed "the Catamaran expedition," and did not shrink from reproaching my Lord Melville's delinquencies. Wherlon Walter No. I. had the printing for the Customs taken from him, and Walter No. II. refusing to be bribed, was subjected to steady persecution:—his packages and papers from abroad, so important in a time of war, being stopped or retarded by the officials. Against all which, like a determined, laborious Englishman of the some stuff as the Arkwrights and Brindleys of the preceding century, he bore up doggedly and successfully, arranging a system which, in spite of the authorities, procured him information of events abroad, often before the ministry themselves were acquainted with them. So that he announced the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the news had arrived through any other channel, to the surprise and wonder of an admiring public!

## HISTORY OF "THE TIMES" NEWSPAPER.

JOHN WALTER, No. I, the founder of *The Times* newspaper, was a printer in London as far back as the year 1783; a man of speculative and determined character, who narrowly escaped becoming the Arkwright of typography. But print has still to be "composed" in the old manner; letter after letter has still to be "picked up" singly, and placed alongside of its predecessor by the human fingers; for "logography," the invention which Walter No. I patented, turned out not to be practicable for a continuance. "Logography" was to supersede typograph: he used stereotyped words and parts of words instead of separate metal letters; a plan which at first sight displays many obvious advantages. Nor did he surrender it before he had turned out many a sheet of print by it among other things, three years of a daily newspaper. *The Daily Universal Register*, begun the 1st of January, 1785. The name of the Register did not suit, there being already so many publications bearing that title; and on the 1st of January, 1788, it was renamed, and with a loud flourish of trumpets issued from Printing-house Square under the designation which has made it famous throughout the earth—*The Times*.

We have had before us, in the newspaper volume for the year in the Museum Library, a stray copy of the number of the leading journal for "Thursday, May 7, 1789," the day after the meeting of the States-General in Paris. It is in size

This was the man, and these were the qualities and the temper, that helped to raise *The Times* newspaper, before he died, to rank, both in income and in influence, among the powers and principalities of the world. How much he had to struggle against, and what skill and energy he threw into the contest are still imperfectly known.—Everybody remembers how, when not far from the zenith of his prosperity, he was found alone in the printing-room in his shirt sleeves, composing-stick in hand, diligently setting up some item of important foreign news which had just arrived—the workmen being out of the way. "Logography" had failed, but the improving energy of Walter No. I. lived in Walter No. II. If "composing" could not be artificially expedited, press-work might; and hence that application of steam power to the process which, gradually developed, now throws off 10,000 copies of *The Times* per hour. For ten years, Walter had struggled against the hostility of the press-men, and, on the very eve of success, had to abandon the further working of his model, from a failure of funds—his very father, remembering "logography," refusing to assist him further. Mr. Walter, however, was not the man to be deterred from what he had once resolved to do. He gave his mind incessantly to the subject, and courted aid from all quarters, with his usual munificence. In the year 1814, he was induced by a clerical friend, in whose judgment he confided, to make a fresh experiment; and, accordingly, the machinery of the amiable and inge-

nious König, assisted by his young friend, Bauer, was introduced—not, indeed, at first into *The Times* office, but into the adjoining premises, such caution being thought necessary, from the threatened violence of the pressmen. Here the work advanced, under the frequent inspection and advice of the friend alluded to. At one period these two able mechanics suspended their anxious toil, and left the premises in disgust. After the lapse, however, of about three days, the same gentleman discovered their retreat, induced them to return, showed them to their surprise their difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. The night in which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press-room, and astonished its occupants by telling them that "*The Times* was already printed by steam; that if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but that, if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured;" a promise which was, no doubt, faithfully performed; and having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken, and successfully carried through; and printing by steam, on an almost gigantic scale, given to the world. A memorable night for Walter No. II!

The leading-article department, though its style was probably more frank and pithy than eloquent and elaborate, and far, very far, from having had introduced into it the magnificent and many sounding flow which is now the envy of surrounding nations, was carefully cultivated by Walter No. II. Among the earliest of Walter's editors was Dr. Stoddart, whose more than Ernulphian execrations of Napoleon procured him the soubriquet of Dr. Slop. When at last Stoddart's execrations grew insanely violent and loud, Walter civilly gave him warning, with offers of a "retiring compensation;" but the consequent diplomacies were cut short by Stoddart's starting *The New Times*, in which he cursed editorially without any Uncle Tobyism to check him; but so far as success with the public went—to no purpose.—To him succeeded Thomas Barnes, to whom O'Connell applied the epithet of "gin-drinkingest"—the Barnes of whom it is said that when other and higher names got the credit of early eloquence in *The Times*, he might have justly cried, "That thunder is mine." During the last years of the continental war, when Stoddart was cursing his loudest, Barnes was writing acute and genial criticism on our chief poets and novelists in the columns of the unsuccessful *Champion*; and occasionally, perhaps, throwing off a letter *a la Junius* to *The Times*. A literary Reminiscent of those years, a frequenter of the joyous haunt at Sredenham, where Tom Hill kept open house, and Barnes was among the constant visitors, tells some strange stories of the habits of the future editor of *The Times*. How once he was found lying on Sydenham Common, deep in a wintry

night, betwinkled by the w'ry stars, his futile fingers playing with the snow, and his Bacchus-tied tongue fitfully mumbling forth an expression of inability "to draw the sheets over him."

From casual letter-writing *a la Junius*, Barnes was promoted to reporting, to co-editorship and co-proprietorship, and died wealthy, full of years and full of liquor, in the May of 1811. Casual letter-writing, too, first introduced to Walter, so early as the year 1812, a contributor who was destined to exert a powerful influence upon the fortunes of *The Times*, and through it upon English politics, Captain Edward Sterling by name and designation. He was an Irishman, born at Waterford in 1773, the son of a well-to-do Protestant ecclesiastic of the Anglo-Irish church, had studied at Trinity College, Dublin, eaten his terms in London, and been called to the Irish bar. Joining a corps of volunteers, in his twenty-fifth year, when the Irish rebellion broke out, he never returned to the bar, but farther volunteered into the Line with the rank of Captain. Sinking into half pay, he became a sort of gentleman-farmer, in one part of Britain and another; but a agriculture could not engross this "impetuous man, full of real energy;" and at last, in the year 1812, he got a footing in a more congenial arena, by Walter's acceptance of a steady series of letters sent by him to *The Times*, under the signature of *Vetus*. The connection, thus begun, grew closer and deeper as it proceeded, until about the year 1830, when he became the chief writer in *The Times*. "A stout, broad gentleman," Carlyle describes him, "perpendicular in attitude, rather showily dressed, and of gracious, ingenious, slightly elaborate manners." He drove about to the clubs, talked and listened, gathering up the feeling of the day. Then he came home, perhaps, to a pleasant dinner-party. At one in the morning, when all had vanished into sleep, his lamp was kindled in his library; and there, twice or thrice a week, for a three hours' space, he launched his bolts which, next morning, were to shake the world. This was, or was considered to be, from 1830 to 1840, the Thunderer of *The Times* newspaper.

If you dip into the file of *The Times* about the date of the Manchester massacre, you find the tone of the leading articles sternly constitutional. The little sheet of 1789 has grown, in some thirty years, into a large one, which latter has an opulent show of advertisements, and the columns altogether testify to a careful and vigilant editorship, and a copiousness of contribution, reporting, and correspondence. Dip again, some ten years further on, and the two leaves have become four, and everything is on an expanded scale. But, above all, the tone is altered from one of anxious constitutionalism to one of fierce unbending radicalism; it is the Captain that is at work, "storming along" for reform "ten thousand strong." Five years more, with the accession of Peel's first ministry, and what is this? "We" are conservative now, and support Sir Robert and the constitution; it is the Captain again, who has wheeled round, and charges against those whom he once led! *The Times*, for many years, has been an able and influential paper, but it was with its support of the Reform Bill that it first became the leading Journal, and great was the veneration

and indignation throughout the land at so sudden and important a defection. Was the Captain the cause or merely the instrument? Had not Walter and Barnes, as well as he, become conscious of the actual impotence and intrinsic feebleness of the Whigs? Already, in the spring of 1831, the paper had declared against the New Poor Law. Walter, who had offered wages without work to his pressmen, and had behaved so handsomely to Dr. Ship, was not the man to approve of the New Poor Law; and, while he lived, *The Times* carried on a war against that measure, not only steady, but successful, although the success arrived only when Walter was leaving the world. Honor to him for this, and to the Captain for the powerful pen, almost whose last journalistic effort was a series of vivid articles in favor of the Factory Bill.

Barnes died in 1811; about the same time the Captain's connection with *The Times* seems to have slackened or almost ceased; and now it is said to have been that the influence of the present Mr. Walter, No. III., gave it a slightly Tractarian and Toryish bias, which was not long maintained. The present editorial management of *The Times* is vested in "young Delaine," son of that "old Delaine," who left *The Times* years ago, under the auspices of Gladstone and Co., to set *The Chronicle* on its legs again, it having fallen upon its face, in spite of its support of the New Poor Law! The commercial manager is Mr. Mowbray Morris, a gentlemanly man of dignified demeanor; and the principal writer of the leading articles—the one who wields the "present thunder" of *The Times*—is the Rev. Thomas Mozley, of Guildford Street, near the Foundling Hospital.

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### MRS. B. STOWE AND HER FAMILY.

The family to which Mrs. Stowe belongs, is as widely and as favorably known as almost any other in the United States, and consists of twelve! the apostolic number. And of the twelve, seven are apostles of the pulpit, and two of the pen, after the manner of the nineteenth century. Of the other three, one has been swept into commerce by the strong current setting that way in America; and the other two, wives of lawyers of respectable standing, and mothers of families, have been absorbed by the care and affections of domestic life. They are said to be no way inferior, in point of natural endowments, to the nine who have chosen to play their parts in life before a larger public. Indeed, persons who know intimately all the twelve, are puzzled to assign superiority to any one of them. With the shades of difference which always obtain between individual characters, they bear a striking resemblance to each other, not only physically, but intellectually and morally. All of them are about the common size—the doctor being a trifle below it, and some of the sons a trifle above it—neither stout nor slight, but compactly and ruggedly built. Their movements and gestures have much of the abruptness and want of grace common in the New England States, where the opera and

dancing school are considered as institutions of Satan. Their features are large and irregular, and though not free from a certain manly beauty in the men, are scarcely redeemed from homeliness in the women by the expression of intelligence and wit which lights them up, and fairly sparkles in their grayish blue eyes.

All of them have the energy of character, restless activity, strong convictions, tenacity of purpose, deep sympathies, and spirit of self-sacrifice, which are such invaluable quantities in the character of propagandists. It would be impossible for the theologians among them to be members of any other church than the church militant. Father and sons, they have been in the thickest of the battles fought in the church and by it; and always have moved together in solid column. To them questions of scholastic theology are mummeries, dry and attractionless; they are practical, living in the real present, dealing with questions which palpitate with vitality. Temperance, foreign and home-missions, the influence of commerce on public morality, the conversion of young men, the establishment of theological seminaries, education, colonization, abolition, the political obligations of Christians; on matters such as these do the Beechers expend their energies. Nor do they disdain taking an active part in public affairs; one of them was appointed at New York City to address Kossuth on his arrival. What is remarkable is that, though they have come in violent collision with many of the abuses of American society, their motives have never been seriously attacked. This exemption from the ordinary lot of reformers is owing not only to their consistent disinterestedness, but to a certain Yankee prudence, which prevents their advancing without being sure of battalions behind them; and also to a reputation the family has acquired for eccentricity. As public speakers they are far above mediocrity; not graceful, but eloquent, with a lively scorn of the mean, and perception of the comic, which overflow in pungent wit and withering satire; and sometimes, in the heat of extemporaneous speaking, in biting sarcasm. Their style of oratory would often seem, to a staid, church-going Englishman, to contrast too strongly with the usual decorum of the pulpit.

Nine of the Beechers are authors. They are known to the reading and religious public of the United States, by reviews, essays, sermons, orations, debates, and discourses on a great variety of subjects, chiefly of local or momentary interest. All of these productions are marked by vigorous thought; very few by that artistic excellence, that conformity to the laws of the ideal, which alone confer a lasting value on the creations of the brain. Many of them are controversial, or wear an aggressive air which is unmistakable. Before Mrs. Stowe's last book, her celebrity was hardly equal to her

maiden sister's. Catherine had a wider reputation as an authoress, and her indefatigable activity in the cause of education had won for her very general esteem. I may add in this connection that it is to her the United States are indebted for the only extensively useful association for preparing and sending capable female teachers to the west. She had the energy and the tact to organize and put it in successful operation.

Harriet Beecher was born in Lichfield, about the year 1812. After the removal of the family to Boston, she enjoyed the best educational advantages of that city. With the view of preparing herself for the business of instruction, she acquired all the ordinary accomplishments of ladies, and much of the learning usually reserved for the stronger sex. At an early age she began to aid her eldest sister, Catherine, in the management of a flourishing female school, which had been built up by the latter. When their father went West, the sisters accompanied him, and opened a similar establishment in Cincinnati.

This city is situated on the northern bank of the Ohio. The range of hills which hugs the river for hundreds of miles above, here recedes from it in a semicircle, broken by a valley and several ravines, leaving a basin several square miles in surface. This is the site of the busy manufacturing and commercial town which, in 1832, contained less than forty thousand inhabitants, and at present contains more than one hundred and twenty thousand—a rapid increase, which must be attributed, in a great measure, to the extensive trade it carries on with the slave States. The high hill, whose point, now crowned with an observatory, overhangs the city on the east, stretches away to the east and north in a long sweep of table-land. On this is situated Lane Seminary—Mrs. Stowe's home for eighteen long years. Near the Seminary buildings, and on the public road, are certain comfortable brick residences, situated in yards green with tufted grass, and half concealed from view by accacias, locusts, rose-bushes, and vines of honeysuckle and clematis. These were occupied by Dr. Beecher, and the Professors. There are other residences more pretending in appearance, occupied by bankers, merchants and men of fortune. The little village thus formed is called Walnut Hills, and is one of the prettiest in the environs of Cincinnati.

For several years after her removal to this place, Harriet Beecher continued to teach in connection with her sister. She did so until her marriage with the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Seminary of which her father was President. This gentleman was already one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical savans in America. After graduating with honor at Bowdoin College, Maine, and taking his theological degree

at Andover, he had been appointed Professor, at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, whence he had been called to Lane Seminary. Mrs. Stowe's married life has been of that equable and sober happiness so common in the families of Yankee clergymen. It has been blessed with a numerous offspring, of whom five are still living. Mrs. Stowe has known the fatigues of watching over the sick bed, and her heart has felt that grief which eclipses all others—that of a bereaved mother. Much of her time has been devoted to the education of her children, while the ordinary household cares have devolved on a friend or distant relative, who has always resided with her. She employed her leisure in contributing occasional pieces, tales and novelettes to the magazines and newspapers. Her writings were of a highly moral tone, and deservedly popular. Only a small portion of them are comprised in the volume—"The Mayflower"—already well known. This part of Mrs. Stowe's life, spent in literary pleasures, family joys and cares, and the society of the pious and intelligent, would have been of as unalloyed happiness as mortals can expect, had it not been darkened at every instant by the baleful shadow of slavery.

The "peculiar institution" was destined to thwart the grand project in life of Mrs. Stowe's husband and father. When they relinquished their excellent positions in the East in order to build up the great Presbyterian Seminary for the Ohio and Mississippi valley, they did so with every prospect of success. Never did a literary institution start under fairer auspices. The number and reputation of the professors had drawn together several hundred students from all parts of the United States; not sickly cellar-plants of boys sent by wealthy parents, but hardy and intelligent young men, most of whom, fired by the ambition of converting the world to Christ, were winning their way through privations and toil, to education and ministerial orders. They were the stuff out of which foreign missionaries and revival preachers are made. Some of them were known to the public as lecturers: Theodore D. Weld was an oratorical celebrity. For a year all went well. Lane Seminary was the pride and hope of the Church. Alas for the hopes of Messrs. Beecher and Stowe! this prosperity was of short duration.

The French Revolution of 1830, the agitation in England for reform, and against colonial slavery, the fine and imprisonment by American courts of justice, of citizens who had dared to attack the slave trade carried on under the federal flag, had begun to direct the attention of a few American philanthropists to the evils of slavery. Some years before, a society had been formed for the purpose of colonizing free blacks on the coast of Africa. It had been patronized by intelligent slaveholders, who feared the contact of free blacks with their human chattels; and by feeble or ignorant

persons in the North, whose consciences impelled them to act on slavery in some way, and whose prudence or ignorance of the question led them to accept the plan favored by slaveholders. However useful to Africa the emigration to its shores of intelligent, moral, and enterprising blacks may be, it is now universally admitted that colonization, as a means of extinguishing slavery, is a drivelling absurdity. These were the views of the Abolition Convention, which met at Philadelphia in 1833, and set on foot the agitation which has since convulsed the Union.

The President of that Convention, Mr. Arthur Tappan, was one of the most liberal donors of Lane Seminary. He forwarded its address to the students; and, in a few weeks afterwards, the whole subject was up for discussion amongst them. At first there was little interest. But soon the fire began to burn. Many of the students had travelled or taught in schools in the slave States; a goodly number were sons of slaveholders, and some were owners of slaves. They had seen slavery, and had facts to relate, many of which made the blood run chill with horror. Those spread thro' the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, reader, and which your swelling heart and overflowing eyes would not let you read aloud, are cold in comparison. The discussion was soon ended, for all were of accord; but the meetings for the relation of facts were continued night after night and week after week. What was, at first, sensibility grew into enthusiasm; the feeble flame had become a conflagration. The slave owners among the students gave liberty to their slaves; the idea of going on foreign missions was scouted at, because there were heathens at home; some left their studies and collected the colored population of Cincinnati into churches, and preached to them; others gathered the young men into evening schools, and the children into day school; and devoted themselves to teaching them; others organized benevolent societies for aiding them, and orphan asylums for the destitute and abandoned children; and others again, left all to aid fugitive slaves on their way to Canada, or to lecture on the evils of slavery. The fanaticism was sublime; every student felt himself a Peter the hermit, and acted as if the abolition of slavery depended on his individual exertions.

At first the discussion had been encouraged by the President and Professors; but when they saw it swallowing up everything like regular study, they thought it high time to stop. It was too late; the current was too strong to be arrested. The commercial interests of Cincinnati took the alarm—manufacturers feared the loss of their Southern trade. Public sentiment exacted the suppression of the discussion and excitement. Slaveholders came over from Kentucky, and urged the mob on to violence. For several weeks there was immi-

nent danger that Lane Seminary, and the houses of Drs. Beecher and Stowe, would be burnt or pulled down by a drunken rabble. These must have been weeks of mortal anxiety for Harriet Beecher. The board of trustees now interfered, and allayed the excitement of the mob by forbidding all further discussion on slavery in the Seminary. To this the students responded by withdrawing *en masse*. Where hundreds had been, there was left a mere handful. Lane Seminary was deserted. For seventeen years after this, Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe remained there, endeavoring in vain to revive its prosperity. In 1850 they returned to the Eastern States, the great project of their life defeated. After a short stay at Bowdoin College, Maine, Professor Stowe accepted an appointment to the chair of Biblical literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, an institution which stands, to say the least, as high as any in the United States.

These events caused a painful reaction in the feelings of the Beechers. Repulsed alike by the fanaticism they had witnessed among the foes, and the brutal violence among the friends of slavery, they thought their time for action had not come, and gave no public expression of their abhorrence to slavery. They waited for the storm to subside, and the angel of truth to mirror his form in tranquil waters. For a long time they resisted all attempts to make them bow the knee to slavery, or to avow themselves abolitionists. It is to this period Mrs. Stowe alludes, when she says, in the closing chapter of her book: "For many years of her life the author avoided all reading upon, or allusion to, the subject of slavery, considering it too painful to be inquired into, and one which advancing light and civilization would live down." The terrible and dramatic scenes which occurred in Cincinnati, between 1835 and 1847, were calculated to increase the repugnance of a lady to mingle actively in the *melee*. That city was the chief battle-ground of freedom and slavery. Every month there was something to attract attention to the strife; either a press destroyed, or a house mobbed, or a free negro kidnapped, or a trial for freedom before the courts, or the confectinary of an English abolitionist riddled, or a public discussion, or an escape of slaves, or an armed attack on the negro quarter, or a negro school-house razed to the ground, or a slave in prison, and killing his wife and children to prevent their being sold to the South. The abolition press, established there in 1835 by James G. Burney, whom, on account of his mildness, Miss Martineau called "the gentleman of the abolition cause," and continued by Dr. Bailey, the moderate and able editor of the *National Era*, of Washington city, in which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared in weekly numbers, was destroyed five times. On one occasion, the Mayor dismissed at mid-

night the rioters, who had also pulled down the houses of some colored people, with the following pithy speech: "Well, boys, let's go home; we've done enough." One of these mobs deserves particular notice, as its victims enlisted deeply the sympathies of Mrs. Stowe. In 1840, the slave catchers, backed by the riff-raff of the population, and urged on by certain politicians and merchants, attacked the quarters in which the negroes reside.—Some of the houses were battered down by cannon. For several days the city was abandoned to violence and crime. The negro quarters were pillaged and sacked; negroes who attempted to defend their property were killed, and their mutilated bodies cast into the streets; women were violated by ruffians, and soon afterwards did of the injuries received: houses were burnt, and men, women, and children were abducted in the confusion, and hurried into slavery. From the brow of the hill on which she lived, Mrs. Stowe could hear the cries of the victims, the shouts of the mob, and the reports of the guns and cannon, and could see the flames of the conflagration. To more than one of the trembling fugitives she gave shelter, and wept bitter tears with them. After the fury of the mob was spent, many of the coloured people gathered together the little left them of worldly goods, and started for Canada. Hundreds passed in front of Mrs. Stowe's house. Some of them were in little waggons: some were trudging along on foot after the household stuff; some led their children by the hand; and there were even mothers who walked on, suckling their infants, and weeping for the dead or kidnapped husband they had left behind.

This road, which ran through Walnut Hills, and within a few feet of Mrs. Stowe's door, was one of the favourite routes of "the underground railroad," so often alluded to in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This name was given to a line of Quakers and other abolitionists, who, living at intervals of 10, 15, or 20 miles between the Ohio river and the Northern Lakes, had formed themselves into a sort of association to aid fugitive slaves in their escape to Canada.—Any fugitive was taken by night on horseback, or in covered wagons, from station to station, until he stood on free soil, and found the fold of the lion banner floating over him, and the artillery of the British Empire between him and slavery. The first station north of Cincinnati was a few miles up Mill Creek, at the house of the pious and honest-hearted John Vanzandt, who figures in chapter nine of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as John Van Trompe. Mrs. Stowe must have often been roused from her sleep by the quick rattle of the covered wagons, and the confused galloping of the horses of constables and slave-catchers in hot pursuit. "Honest John" was always ready to turn out with his team, and the hunters of men were not often adroit

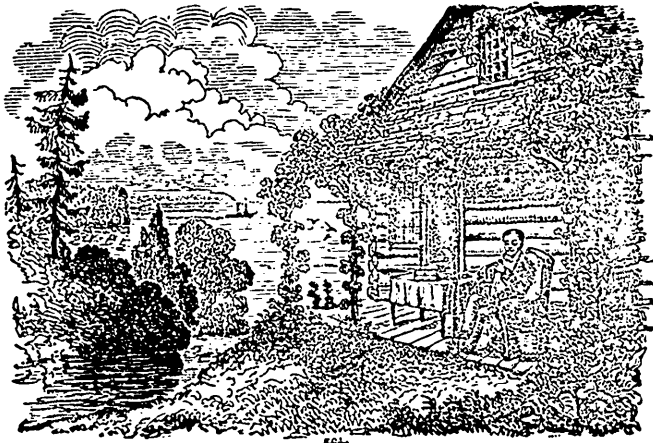
enough to come up with him. He sleeps now in the obscure grave of a martyr. The "gigantic frame," of which the novelist speaks, was worn down at last by want of sleep, exposure, and anxiety; and his spirits were depressed by the persecutions which were accumulated on him. Several slave owners, who had lost their property by his means, sued him in the United States Courts for damages; and judgment after judgment stripped him of his farm, and all his property.

During her long residence on the frontier of the slave States, Mrs. Stowe made several visits to them. It was then, no doubt, she made the observations which have enabled her to paint noble, generous, and humane slaveholders, in the characters of Wilson, the manufacturer, Mrs. Shelby and her son George, St. Clair and his daughter Eva, the benevolent purchaser at the New Orleans auction sale, the mistress of Susan and Emeline, and Symes, who helped Eliza and her boy up the river bank. Mrs. Stowe has observed slavery in every phase; she has seen masters and slaves at home, New Orleans markets, fugitives, free coloured people, proslavery politicians and priests, abolitionists, and colonizationists. She and her family have suffered from it; seventeen years of her life have been clouded by it. For that long period she stifled the strongest emotions of her heart. No one but her intimate friends knew their strength. She has given them expression at last. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the agonizing cry of feelings pent up for years in the heart of a true woman.

## HYMN ON THE MORNING.

BY RICHARD CRASHAW.

\* \* \* \* \* O Thou  
Bright Lady of the morn! pity doth lie  
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die—  
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise,  
O meet the angry God, invade his eyes.  
—So my w.keful lay shall knock  
On th' oriental gates, and duly mock  
The early lark's shrill orisons, to be  
An anthem at the day's nativity.  
And the same rosy-fingered hand of thine,  
That shuts night's dying eyes shall open mine;  
But thou faint god of sleep, forget that I  
Was ever known to be thy votary.  
No more my pillows shall thine altar be,  
Nor will I offer any more to thee,  
Myself a melting sacrifice; I'm born  
Again a fresh child of the buxom morn.  
Heir of the Sun's first beams, why threat'st thou so  
Why dost thou shake thy loaden sceptre? Go,  
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,  
Sickness and sorrow, whose pale-like lids ne'er  
know  
Thy downy finger; dwell upon their eyes,  
Sout in their tears, shut out their miseries!



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XII.

[SCENE:—*The Shanty. Major and Laird sitting crooning over the fire.*]

MAJOR.—What weather! rain, rain, rain. Where is it to end? Did you ever see anything like it, Laird? Oh! there is another twinge. Hang it, man, throw on another log.

LAIRD.—Whisht, whisht, Major, ane wad think that ye're 'na ower gratefu' for the mercies o' Providence. The soft weather, though a wee bit cauld, will bring on the grain noo buried in the earth, and the grass and flower o' the forest will rejoice in—

MAJOR.—Drat the grass and forest flowers! A week's fair weather and genial sunshine would do more for the fields, and man, 'oo, than all last month's storm, and wind, and rain, and frost, and—

LAIRD.—Haud now,—frost?

MAJOR.—Frost, as I live! and *May* more than half gone. [*Enter Doctor.*] I'll leave it to the Doctor.

DOCTOR.—And what are you two old fogies fighting about, now. The weather, I'd bet a pound, to judge from your positions over the fire.

MAJOR.—Yes, this infernal, cold, damp, raw and blustering weather. We had frost last night, had we not, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—I cannot say, considering I am not an early riser, but an application to the Observatory—

MAJOR.—I can observe well enough for myself. I was up at day break, and the puddles were covered with ice.

DOCTOR.—Then, Major, you are, doubtless, right; but the weather is a stale subject to talk upon, and I have a little story that I hope will interest you while supper is preparing.

MAJOR.—Let us have it by all means, or our sederunt will be most barren; there is nothing, positively nothing going on at this unhappy season of the year, when the wind and rain and fog and damp combine to render man—

DOCTOR.—Stop, Major, for pity's sake. I have been delighted at lately witnessing another instance of the liberality of our publishers in furnishing the public at a moderate rate, with specimens of art, which a few years ago were exclusively the property of the wealthy. I have been inspecting a painting which blends the historical with the poetical, and while intently examining the work, I fancied I could read the whole tale the canvas would portray.

LAIRD.—An' what might it be?

DOCTOR.—It is a painting illustrative of fashionable life. To the right may be seen a large and handsome house, decorated externally with unusual magnificence. This house, now, I would suppose to be occupied by some rich personage, who, after serving, for many years his king and country, retires, on the death of his wife, to this his habitation, accompanied by his secretary, who assists him in winding up his public affairs. The states-man, for so I will call him, has a young and beautiful daughter of "sweet seventeen," as all heroines of tales are; the secretary, who is also good-looking, clever, witty, but poor, meets our heroine and falls in love. It is not to be supposed that the father would countenance any such proceedings, either on the part of the secretary or of his daughter, and to avoid the possibility of such a catastrophe he dismisses the secretary on the completion of his duties. But it is too late, they have seen each other and declared their mutual passion.

LAIRD.—Puir things!

DOCTOR.—But, before going further, I'll des-

cribe the house and grounds of this statesman, as represented in the drawing. The building itself is of two stories, built in a queer Chinese fashion, or perhaps better described by saying it is like that curious affair of red-brick highly ornamented with gingerbread-work, on Front-street, a few rods east of the old garrison,—like it, also, it has a verandah in front with a terrace. About the house are growing beautiful and rare trees, the most conspicuous of which are a willow in blossom, and the twenty-ounce pippin, specimens of which are likely to be found in Mr. Leslie's nursery garden near Toronto. Before the house runs a high wooden fence, zig-zag in shape, much like our common snake fences in the country. This fence was built by the statesman who, discovering that his daughter and late secretary corresponded, and had occasional interviews, determined to exclude his daughter as much as possible from the presence of the *profanum vulgus*, and had the gate secured by one of Hobb's patent locks, which he considered safer than Bramah's, for Bramah's had been picked lately by the Yankee.

MAJOR.—But, Doctor, it strikes me that you are romancing a great deal, or you can see further into a mile-stone than most men. How could you detect Hobb's on the gate?

DOCTOR.—Prithee, Major, let me tell my story my own way. The painting is an admirable one, and you must suffer me to enlarge a little or you will not understand it. The daughter, who was thus cut off, as it were, from the world, pined away; the bloom from her cheek had fled, and the sunken eye proclaimed the misery she was enduring. The statesman, who was in his way a kind and tender father, caused to be built a suit of apartments and a large banquet room to the left of his mansion, for his daughter's accommodation. The building jutted out over the water, which skirted his demesnes. Here the daughter moped in solitude, attended by an old duenna, who supplied the place of her maid and confidante. She was also told to prepare for marriage with an old but rich and powerful suitor who solicited the honor of her hand from her father, which honor on his part was willingly granted, for it secured him from further trouble on his daughter's part, and her a rich husband, alike honorable in years and fame.

LAIRD.—The cruel beastie, to wed the tender plant to the vile old sinner.

[The Major's eyes twinkled, but not with suppressed tears; there was a cunningness about them when he muttered, *sotto voce*, "I've seen the plate."]

DOCTOR.—The secretary, who from the opposite side of the river had watched the proceedings of the statesman, and had even seen our heroine at a window, looking out over the water, in the banqueting house, bethought himself of an expedient whereby he might

communicate with his "fairy queen," as I have no doubt he often called her. It was this. The current of the river he found, by accidently dropping a piece of wood in it, would carry any floating substance immediately beneath the windows of his charmer. So scribbling a note, he entrusted it to a little ark which swept on as gallantly to its destination, as the Royal Mail Cunard line does itself to New York. Our heroine saw the tiny vessel floating on towards her, and thinking it might be a toy some neighbor's child might have lost, hastened down and grabbed—

MAJOR.—Oh, Doctor! *Caught!*

DOCTOR.—And *caught* the post.

LAIRD.—Eh, noo, but she was a fortunate lassie. What was in the letter?

MAJOR.—Ha, ha, ha! You are curious, Laird.

DOCTOR.—As she was a discreet damsel, she hid the letter in her bosom, and hurried to her room to read in private. It was something as follows:—

"As towards thee my bark sails, so to thee my thoughts tend; and as the flowers fade and blossoms fall, so will your faithful lover droop and be seen no more.

"P.S.—Let your thoughts float and I'll read your words in the stream!"

This was too good a chance to be lost; so seizing a pen, she replied by way of encouragement:—"Does a farmer allow his fruits to be plucked by another? The fruit you most prize is ripe. Take care lest another enjoys it;" and placing this precious epistle in the same conveyance, entrusted it the waters. Her lover's delight and fears were at the same time excited by this document, and he replied shortly that he would secure his own, or "perish in the attempt." Time, of course, is supposed to wave on, and the statesman gave a grand feast in honor of his daughter's nuptials with her suitor, which were to take place one summer's eve. The father at this feast got intoxicated, but her suitor was much worse. In the midst of the entertainment who should enter but the secretary in disguise. He made himself known to his faithful lady love, and they agreed to fly at once; she also gave him a ten-pound note presented her by her suitor as a bridal present; this he put in his pocket. They had barely left the house when the father, suspecting that all was not right, looked for his daughter, and saw her running across the lawn towards a bridge which spanned the river, followed by his late secretary. He pursued them. The three figures are admirably depicted crossing the bridge, foremost of them is the daughter, next the lover with her bundle, and last, the father with a whip, which the daughter knew would be well applied if taken. The countenances of these characters, which occupy the foreground in the painting, are masterpieces in themselves, an expression of love



blended with fear characterizes the faces of the lovers, while hate, mingled with rage, indicates the father. I will merely add that the lovers succeeded in escaping, but their troubles are not yet ended. To the extreme left of the picture at the foot of the bridge is delineated a humble cottage, where the loving pair resided for a few years in happiness and safety, living on money obtained by her taking in washing and sewing. At last they were discovered by the outraged father, who ordered the police to take them in custody for the theft of his money. But, happily, they succeeded in making their escape; and may be seen in the painting, sailing down the river in a small covered boat. They land on an island at some distance from their former home, represented also in the plate to the left; here the young couple resolve to spend the rest of their days in peace. The secretary for a subsistence devotes himself to agricultural pursuits, and resolves to write a work on the potato rot. This book, though meriting great praise, unfortunately reveals to the statesman the *locule* of his son-in-law. He again orders the police after them, and they are surprised. In the scuffle which ensues the secretary is killed, and his wife in despair sets fire to the house and perishes in the flames. (The Laird heaves a deep-drawn sigh.) The gods, in pity for the misfortunes of the unhappy couple, change them into turtle doves, and they may be seen at the top of the plate billing and cooing with each—

LAIRD (intensely indignant).—Hau'd, hau'd, hau'd, man; d'ye mean to run yer rigs, gammoning auld chieftis sic as us wi' yer senseless stuff, telling sic a lang rigmarole about a common crockery plate, sic as Grizzy an' I have eaten aff these last fifty years? Ye ought to know better, ye young deevil, an' you a doctor, too! Ye are na worthy o' a seat in oor Shanty. Major, let us vote him out.

MAJOR.—No, no; I saw the joke, though not at first, and considered it would have been unkind, especially as you were so earnest about it, to undeceive you.

LAIRD.—Ye are as bad as the Doctor, Major. I'll gang to Mrs. Grundy, and tell her yer tricks. (Exit Laird, who almost immediately returns, holding in his hands a "willow-pattern plate.") Weel, weel (laughing), Doctor, I forgie ye. But tell me, noo, what made ye think o' sic a trick.

DOCTOR.—Well, Laird, the other day, as I was passing Pell's picture-shop, I saw in the window an engraving of this plate, which was presented and inscribed by Mr. Punch to his readers. This plate also called to my mind a tale which I had read many years back somewhere, and I thought it would be an excellent joke if I could give you a free and easy version of it, without your guessing my object; that I succeeded I can see very well, but I question much, if it were related to the

readers of the *Anglo*, whether they would be so apt to be *sold*. However, we must not neglect our sedurant. What is there to chat about? Have any of you dipped into the third part of Lord John Russell's "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore?"

MAJOR.—I have done more, oh son of Esculapius, I have positively *devoured* it!

LAIRD.—Wonders will never cease! I would hae opined that any thing coming frae the pen o' the wee Whig Lordie, would hae destroyed your digestion.

MAJOR.—Silence, Laird, and jump not thus at conclusions, as if you were making a leap over one of the rail fences of *Bonnie braes*! I do not dislike Russell the less, but only love Anacron Tom the more!

DOCTOR (interrupts).—What a horrid pun.

MAJOR.—Most fortunately Lord John has the good sense to let Erin's sweetest warbler, have all the speaking to himself on this occasion, and of a verity, he discourseth most appetizing matter, though occasionally, over-strongly tainted with the mouldiness of *liberalism*.

DOCTOR.—Crab tree! I protest against these outbreaks of fossil Toryism at this board.—You are enough to drive a rational reformer like myself, into the embraces of red republicanism!

LAIRD.—And a bonny armfu, the randy would get! But touching Tummas, will you favour us, Major, with some o' his sappy sayings?

MAJOR.—With great pleasure. I shall read you off a bundle of amusing *ana*, worthy of John Wesley himself.

#### NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

"A cloddish beau, who could not speak a word of decent English, joined us, with a little footman in gaudy livery, of whom he seemed to be more careful than if it had been his wife; had him inside the coach, and brought him into the same room with us at supper,—a footman evidently a new circumstance to him. This dandy found me out by the name on my trunk, and my having said I lived some time in Leicestershire—proved to be the son of the extraordinary man alluded to by Southey in his *Esprilla* letters, who had a museum of the ropes in which various manufacturers had been hanged, all ticketed and hung in order round his room. If I recollect right, Southey says his *own* ought to have completed the collection. He was, notwithstanding this ferocious taste, a poor, weak, squeaking, unmanly mannered old creature; for I knew him a little."

#### LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT.

"A good story in Mrs. C.'s "Memoirs" of Stephen Kemble, who sleeping at an inn in a country town, was awakened about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extraordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said—"I am a dwarf, as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bed chamber; I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."

## A LEGAL PUN.

"A gentleman told a punning epigram of Jekyll upon an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove a tender maid:

"Grow, forbear! that tough old jade  
Can never prove a tender maid."

## SHERIDAN'S ORATORY AND HABITS.

"In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord II. said that the over-strained notions he had of perfection were very favourable to his style of oratory in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dignity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminster Hall speech, trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems most trashy bombast. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady II. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the former alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. There was indeed a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord II. had to pay."

## THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

"Talked of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie, the painter, was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, "We don't know what to think of those novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study; writes everything in the midst of us all; and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the MS. of any of these novels; but still we have one reason for thinking them his, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa." The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for*: Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers heard him do the same to Sheridan, who asked him, with some degree of brusquerie, whether he was the author of them. All this rather confirms me in my first idea, that they are *not* Scott's."

## JOSEPH ADDISON.

"Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation.

## THE "QUARTERLY" AND "BLACKWOOD."

"Made, while I walked, the following stanza of a song supposed to be sung by Murray to the tune of the "Christening of Little Joey," at a grand literary dinner which he gives:

"Beware, ye bards of each degree,  
From Wordsworth down to Packwood;  
Two rods I've got to tickle ye—  
The "Quarterly" and "Blackwood."  
Not Cribb himself more handsomely  
Your hollow noddle crack would;  
I'll *fib* you in the "Quarterly,"  
And *ruffian* you in "Blackwood!"  
"So tremble, bards of each degree," &c., &c.

## A DRAMATIC JOKE

"Mentioned a tolerably fair punning *jeu-d'esprit*, written by one of his friends, upon an attempt made by a Mr. Aikin to speak a prologue at a private play they had, in which he failed totally, and laid his failure upon the bad prompting of a Mr. Hardy, to whom he gave the manuscript for that purpose. I remember the following:

"Aikin says Hardy prompts not loud enough;  
Hardy has too much taste to read such stuff;  
Aikin was *hardy* to attempt to speak.  
Hardy was *ai kin* (*aching*) for the speaker's sake."

## LADY CLARE

"Reminded me of the night she saw me at Mungo, at a masquerade at Lady Besborough's. Told her this was the last folly I had been guilty of in the masquerading way. Brought to my mind a pun I had made in her hearing that night. Lady Clare said, "I am always found out at a masquerade." "That shows," answered I, "you are not the clair-obscur."

## A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.

"Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies:—"Why is the Prince of Homburg like a successful gamester?—Because he has gained a great Bet." "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B, because A B C (see) D." I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life,") most ludicrously far-fetched. "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco, and getting some other?—Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." "Why must a man who commits murder in Leicester Square, necessarily be acquitted?—Because he can prove an alley by (*alibi*)." "

## BON-MOTS.

"Tierney mentioned two bon-mots of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon,") "soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country,—"Never," said Pitt, "*except in case of actual invasion*." I also mentioned Sir W. Curtis's conundrum, "Why is a towel like a serpent?—Because it's a *viper*." A blunder told of some Irishman, whose wife's brother was heir to a large fortune, saying, "If my wife had been her brother, what a large fortune," &c. &c.

## A PRIZE FIGHT.

"Breakfasted with Davies at seven. Walked to Jackson's house in Grosvenor Street; a very neat establishment for a boxer. Were off in our chaise at eight. The immense crowds of carriages, pedestrians, &c. all along the road—the respect paid to Jackson everywhere, highly comical. He sung some flash songs on the way, and I contrived to muster up one or two myself, much to Scrope Davie's surprise and diversion. The scene of action beyond Crawley, thirty-two miles from town; the combatants Randall & Turner, the former an Irishman, which was lucky, as it

gave me some sort of interest in the contest. The thing altogether not so horrid as I expected.—Turner's face was a good deal de-humanised, but Randall (the conqueror) had hardly a scratch. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-two minutes; a beautiful sunshine broke out at this part of the day; and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed around, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle. The pigeons let off at different periods of the fight, with dispatches, very picturesque; at the close, as many as half a dozen took wing. It seems they are always sure messengers, unless they happen to meet with a hawk."

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"A good thing of Madame De Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man, made out of such small materials."

DOCTOR.—Some of these are very fair, but the book is not all made up of such light material.

MAJOR.—By no means; the light ana serve only to give piquancy to the rest of the work, which I recommend to your notice.

DOCTOR.—It was my intention to read it, when I found out from you how far it was worth my while. Here is a letter of invitation which I have just received. Will you hear it?

MAJOR.—By all means.

DEAR ANGLO,

Old Winter's days for '53 are numbered, and our glorious Spring is striving right heartily to push the frosty old chap on one side to have her watch on deck, and to steer us into bright summer days, so full of enjoyment. Our sketch of the yacht sailing is, perhaps, premature, but ere long we hope to see—

"Studious of fame our gallant Commodore,  
Hoist his red pendant and forsake the shore."

And a Commodore of the right sort leads the Toronto Yacht Club for '53, in a new boat,—built by Mr. Hayes—which is a credit to the city. As our worthy Commodore has not officially notified his rig to the Secretary, I have taken the liberty (in my sketch) to rig him, knowing that his usual good humour will excuse the liberty. Our club, Mr. Anglo-American, consists of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Captain, and, though last not least, a Secretary and Treasurer. These constitute the officers, the members are *ad libitum*, and judging from the members who have joined up to the present time, I think we will have a right jolly club, and well supported—the present title of the club, I am sorry to say, does not include the term 'Royal,' but a petition has been sent through the Governor and Sir J. Graham to the Queen, beseeching her to honor us by Royalizing our club, so don't be surprised, Mr. Anglo, to see gentlemen walking in our streets in blue jackets and brass (not bone) buttons with a crown, and T.R.Y.C. below. It is to be hoped that our sketch, and slight description may induce those boating men who, from ignorance of the formation of

the new club, have not already joined, to become members. For their information I may say, that the members are elected by ballot at the monthly meetings—first Monday in the month. It is not necessary to be a boat owner to become a member, and those who are fond of a sail and do not belong to any boat, will find that it is understood by the boat owners, when not full (I beg you clearly to understand I do not allude to any of the dinner arrangements) to take out members to sail, in preference to others. Lucky is the man, dear Anglo, who gets a sail in some of the boats—you who are fond of the tit bits, will find some capital eating. I know you are Goth enough not to touch punch, but there is always plenty of water to be had. Don't let the public imagine that all the yachts carry professional cooks, but this I say, some of the boats, and owners, too, are to be remembered for hospitality and, as Paddy would say, "the haight av good aitin' and drinking." I must not say much more about these matters, else the club boats will not be sufficient to carry the members. You, my gastronomic friend, must come to our next monthly meeting, and see how much harmony prevails in Toronto in yachting matters. For the information of yourself I mention that I don't think there is any rule against smoking. As you will perceive, by my statement of the number of yachts and boats, we are not to be despised. We have petitioned the Corporation to allow us a bay or dock to moor our summer hauser in, when the Esplanade is built, and we have every hope that they will accede to our prayer. Between ourselves, I can tell you that—in the event of such people being required—there are some in our club who know the starboard from the larboard tack, and in the event of *anybody* coming to take Canada away from us, we could puzzle them sadly with our little yachts and duck-guns off the bar;—and talking of war, I will conclude by hoping,—

"As on the land the Royal oak doth reign,  
Pride of the forest—monarch of the plain;  
So on the ocean, Britain's Queen may keep,  
Supreme dominion—Ruler of the deep!"

I am, dear Anglo, in faith yours,  
LANYARD.

MAJOR.—I hope the club will succeed. There could scarcely be a finer basin than Toronto harbor: and when tired of confinement a stretch into the lake is always before them. By the bye, speaking of the Harbour reminds me that you promised to get up a short account of the Harbour to accompany our engraving.

DOCTOR.—Here it is. [*Doctor reads.*]

Toronto Harbour is nearly circular. On the south it is bounded by a long narrow strip of sand, formed by the action of the waves of Lake Ontario, aided by the current from the river Don. The Peninsula is about six or seven miles long, curving on itself opposite the

old garrison, at its western end it is broad and studded with numerous small bays and lakes, the resort of many varieties of wild fowl. At the eastern extremity is a large marsh, which renders that locality famous for its fevers and agues. Many years ago the Island as it is called, was covered with forest trees, but these have been nearly all cut away—a fact to be deplored for two reasons: firstly, had the trees been left the sands which sweep and drift across, to and fro, from Lake to Bay and from Bay to Lake, would be in a great measure arrested, and the ponds in the broader portion of the peninsula gradually filled up, converting the whole into a large and beautiful natural park, which would be a resort at all seasons to the weary citizen who, tired of the hot and dusty streets of the town, would seek refuge for a few hours in this cool and shady spot. Secondly, the peninsula in its weakest parts would be strengthened and enabled better to resist the storms of the Lake.—Nature is ever the best architect, and we must be careful when we attempt to improve on her, lest our presumption be punished by destruction. The hollow stalk of straw has taught the builder a most important lesson, and the bee has solved a problem that puzzled our most acute mathematicians for years! Yet no one can say that the nature of the straw, or the instinct of the bee is superior to the organization or the intellectual endowments of man. We must beware, lest placing too much confidence in ourselves and our own opinions, we fall into error, and so allow the humble insect or a common plant to excel us in the adaptation of a means to an end.

But to return to our harbor. Bouchette says, "It fell to my lot to make the first survey of York (Toronto) Harbor, in 1793. I was at that period in the naval service on the lakes, and the survey of Toronto Harbor was intrusted by his Excellency to my performance. I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin, which thus became the scene of my early hydrographical operations. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the Lake and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage, and the bay and neighboring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wildfowl: indeed, they were so abundant as in some measure to annoy us during the night."

Before the war of '12, '13 and '14 the government erected a blockhouse on Gibraltar Point, also some storehouses for the storage of implements of husbandry sent out by the home government, for the use of settlers. The storehouses were encumbered with these tools for years, not one of them having been used or disposed of as intended. During the war

our American neighbors quietly took possession of them, and burnt the useless houses; they doubtless served a better purpose in their hands than ever they did in ours.

Another incident we must relate in the history of our Peninsula,—two gun-boats, large and handsome vessels they were, were built at the mouth of the river Humber; one fine afternoon they were rowed over to Gibraltar Point, in ten minutes hauled up on the sand, a small shanty built over them, and there they were left till they rotted. They served, however, one good purpose,—many were the picnics held in those days on this Point, and the young ladies and their attendants always found a pleasant little habitation to lunch in during the heat of the day, or to retreat to from a passing shower.

We will now give Sir Richard Bonnycastle's first impressions on landing in Toronto; perhaps his remarks, though written more than ten years ago, may not be inapplicable to the present state of affairs:—"When we first approach the capital of any strange country, our imagination, notwithstanding the *nil admirari* which travel more or less imparts, naturally pictures forth all sorts of ideas; and when we consider that, in visiting Toronto, we come to a city which has started into existence within thirty years, we are naturally eager to examine it and its history closely. Accordingly, I watched the shores of its great pear-shaped bay, or harbour, lined with buildings on the north, and a barren sand on the south, finished by a stagnant marsh on the east, with intense interest, as the steamer wended its way to the inconvenient wharves, placed almost at the extremity of the port.

"Our landing, on a narrow decaying pier, jostled, as it were, almost into the water, by rude carters plying for hire on its narrow bounds, and pestered by crowds of equally rude pliers for hotel preferences, gave us no very exalted notions of the grandeur or the police of Toronto. \* \* \* Piers of rotten planks, nearly on a level with the water, and without gas, or any other lights, must create, as they indeed do, not merely great inconvenience, but loss of life."

LAND.—What wee book is that at your elbow, Crabtree, dressed in green, like ane o' the "good people?"

MAJOR.—An exceedingly modest and readable *Journal of an African Cruise*, written by Horatio Bridge, U.S. Navy, edited by Nathaniel Hawthorn, published by George P. Putnam, and vended by Thomas Maclear.

DOCTOR.—It is readable, you say?

MAJOR.—Eminently so. The author is refreshingly free from the disease of "fine writing," and tells history in a simple, common-sense manner, which contrasts creditably with the florid tone, too frequently aped by literary blue jackets.

LAIRD.—As the Bailie of Balmahapple said to the prating packman of Pitmiddden, “let us see some o’ your goods, honest freend, and give us less o’ your gab!”

MAJOR.—You *are* a strange customer, after all, Bonniebraes! but your bark is worse than your bite! In compliance with the request which you make, somewhat uncouthly, I shall give you a specimen of Mr. Bridge’s yarn-spinning. Here is a peep at a place rendered somewhat famous in Toronto of late, in connection with a relative of the peripatetic Jew!

“Ashore at Santa Cruz. The population of the city is reckoned at six or eight thousand. The streets are clean, and the houses built in the Spanish fashion. Camels are frequent in the streets.

The landing at the Mole is generally bad, as Nelson found to his cost. It is easy to perceive that, even in ordinary times, the landing of a large party, though unopposed, must be a work of considerable difficulty. How much more arduous, then, was the enterprise of the great Naval Hero, who made his attack in darkness, and in the face of a well-manned battery, which swept away all who gained foothold on the shore! The latter obstacle might have been overcome by English valor, under Nelson’s guidance; but night, and the heavy surf, were the enemies that gave him his first and only defeat. The little fort, under whose guns he was carried by his stepson, after the loss of his arm, derived its chief interest, in my eyes, from that circumstance. The glory of the great Admiral sheds a lustre even upon the spot where success deserted him. In the Cathedral of Santa Cruz are to be seen two English flags, which were taken on that occasion, and are still pointed out with pride by the inhabitants. I saw them five years ago, when they hung from the walls, tattered and covered with dust; they are now enclosed in glass cases, to which the stranger’s attention is eagerly directed by the boys who swarm around him. The defeat of Nelson took place on the anniversary of the patron-saint of Santa Cruz; a coincidence which has added not a little to the saint’s reputation. It was by no means his first warlike exploit; for he is said to have come to the assistance of the inhabitants, and routed the Moors, when pressing the city hard, in the olden time.

We wandered about the city until evening, and then walked in the Plaza. Here the ladies and gentlemen of the city promenade for an hour or two, occasionally seating themselves on the stone-benches which skirt the square. Like other Spanish ladies, the lovely brunettes of Santa Cruz generally wear the mantilla, so much more becoming than the bonnet. There are just enough of bonnets worn by foreigners, and travelled Spanish dames, to show what deformities they are, when contrasted with the graceful veil. This head-dress could only be used in a climate like that of Teneriffe, where there are no extremes of heat or cold. It is a proverb that there is no winter and no summer here. So equable and moderate is the temperature, that, we were assured, a person might, without inconvenience, wear either thick or thin clothing, all the year round. With such a climate, and with a fertile soil, it would seem that this

must be almost a Paradise. There is a great obstruction, however, to the welfare of the inhabitants, in the want of water. It rains so seldom that the ground is almost burnt up, and many cattle actually perish from thirst. It is said that no less than thirty thousand persons have emigrated from the island, within three years.

The productions of Teneriffe, for export, are wine and barilla. Of the first, the greater part is sent to England, Russia and the United States. About thirty thousand pipes are made annually, of which two thirds are exported. Little or no wine is produced on the southern slope of the island. The hills around Santa Cruz are little more than rugged peaks of naked rock. The scenery is wild and bold, but sterile; and scattered around are stupendous hills of lava, the products of former volcanic eruptions, but which have, for ages, been cold and wave-washed.”

DOCTOR.—Did your friend Bridge touch at Cape Castle? That spot, hallowed as it is by associations of one of England’s sweetest poets, has more interest in my eyes than all the rest of Africa put together.

MAJOR.—Mr. B. did visit the locality to which you refer, and gives us the following account of the hopeless *Crysta’s* resting place:

“I took the first opportunity to steal away, to look at the burialplace of L. E. L., who died here, after a residence of only two months, and within a year after becoming the wife of Governor McLean. A small, white marble tablet (inserted among the massive grey stones of the castle-wall, where it faces the area of the fort) has been erected to her memory.

“If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he yet cared not a thing about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much, the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. McLean, it may be added, that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumors were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband.—All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here, that her death was accidental.”

LAIRD.—Pair lassie! Mony a sair heart she wad hae had in life, if she could hae foreseen that “ten red tiles,” blistered by the sun on negro land, were to cover her remains, instead o’ the dewy primroses and gowans she loved sae weel!

DOCTOR.—A truce to sentiment. Bonniebraes, have you been taking a look at Nickin-son’s company of comedians?

LAIRD.—Hoot awa, man! Div ye forget that I am a ruling elder! Na, na! I never saw a play but ane, and that was Allan Ramsay’s *Patie and Roger*. I hae cause to mind the backsliding weel, as it cost me a red face on the cutty stool. I believe that a’ the young lassies belonging to the ten contiguous parishes attended to witness the clapper-clawing I got on that memorable occasion!

MAJOR.—What is your opinion of the afore-said troupe, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—All things considered, they are really very good. The manager and his eldest daughter would do credit to the boards of any theatre, and the balance of the company sustain their parts most creditably.

LAIRD.—Are you fond o' the playhouse, Major?

MAJOR.—I used to be in "auld lang syne," but I must confess that a new novel, accompanied by a hundred or so of oysters, and a modicum of Mackay's ale, have now more charms for me of an evening than either sock or buskin! And now a days I experience little enjoyment from acting, as the idea is always uppermost in my mind, that it is *only* acting I am witnessing, and that the players are merely vocable machines, uninfluenced by the sentiments which they enunciate.

DOCTOR.—You may carry that notion too far. I once witnessed a pregnant proof to the contrary. I was behind the scenes of the Belfast theatre one evening, when Macready was enacting his cherished part of *Virginius*. In the first act, as perchance you are aware, the Roman father, crazed by his giant sorrows, grasps Appius by the throat, and the pair leave the stage in a deadly struggle. When Macready and Will Alexander, who enacted the cowed tyrant, came up to where I was standing, the former had such a desperate grasp of his mimic victim's throat, that Alexander was literally gasping for breath. In a few seconds the great tragedian recovered his recollection, and, withdrawing his hand, made the half-strangled Appius an ample apology, protesting that he had been completely absorbed and carried away by the spirit of the scene. Honest Will commissioned a *lictor* to procure him a pot of *Lurgan ale*, to restore his shaken nerves, and as he drained the foaming poculum, "registered an oath" that not for double salary would he again run the risk of anticipating the final sentence of the law.

MAJOR.—But you see nothing of that here, I should fancy.

DOCTOR.—I am not so sure of that; it is true that tragedy alone can produce such powerful feeling—but still there is scope enough in the pieces played at the Lyceum for a display of much feeling—I have seen really very good playing there—and I am glad to see that Canada can boast of having produced so much native talent.

LAIRD.—What d'ye mean by that?

DOCTOR.—I mean that Miss Nickinson is a Quebecker, and that Mr. Lee, a very promising and talented young man, hails from London, Canada West. I have seen both these young people repeatedly, and I am sure that either of them could make capital engagements in England.

MAJOR.—You surprise me!

DOCTOR.—I daresay I do—but it is a fact for all that. Go, Major, and judge for your-

self—and, if you do not come away much gratified, I will first eat my hat, and then swallow my lancets as desert.

LAIRD.—Hae ony o' ye heard tell o' this new poet that has lately burst upon the horizon o' England, to fill up ane o' the vacancies created by the quenching o' Wordsworth, and Campbell, and Moore, and Southey, and Coleridge?

DOCTOR.—By what name are we to call this newly developed "bright peculiar star?"

LAIRD.—Alexander Smith.

MAJOR.—Not a very romantic designation, I must confess.

LAIRD.—Granted, but ye ken what the sweet swan o' Avon says about names! Alexander is destined, or I am the mair mistaken, to mak' the name o' Smith as familiar in connection wi' poetry, as it is wi' political economy. If spared the lad will greatly add to our wealth o' *notions*.

DOCTOR.—Where did you stumble upon the works of this new *rara aves*?

LAIRD.—I have na stumbled upon them at a'. It was in the last number o' the Westminster Review, that I got an inkling o' the young bard, he is only in his twenty-first year. I hae marked some specimens given by the critic, which may be Cullpepper will condescend to read. I would do it myself, but an' as hoarse as a crow wi' the cauld.

DOCTOR.—By Jove Laird, but you are right for once! This is the genuine metal, beyond all dubitation. [*Reads.*]

"Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave  
Asleep in moonlight!  
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold  
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul  
A passion burns from basement to the cope.  
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,  
As passionately, my rich-laden years,  
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,  
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find  
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.  
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,  
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst  
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on  
me?"

Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!  
As well may some wild maiden waste her love  
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.  
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.  
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,  
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.  
There is a deadlier pang than that which bends  
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,  
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—  
A heart to hew his name out upon time  
As on a rock, then in immortality  
To stand on time as on a pedestal:  
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,  
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,  
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,  
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart  
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;  
I am so curs'd, and wear within my soul  
A pang as fierce as Dives, drows'd with wine,  
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;

Waked by a fiend in hell! —  
'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me  
*To fling a poem like a comet out,  
Far-splendouring the sleepy realms of night.*  
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,  
As when, upon a racking night, the wine  
Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,  
And shows those wonderful, mysterious vivids,  
*Throbbing with stars like pulses.*—Naught for me  
But to creep quietly into my grave."—pp. 2—4.

MAJOR.—Superb! Laird, put me in mind  
to order you a gallon of the best *Islay* to be  
got in Toronto, for introducing us to such a  
treasure.

LAIRD.—I'll no forget.

DOCTOR.—Here is another gem:

"My life was a long dream; when I awoke,  
*Duty stood like an angel in my path,  
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned  
Into my uester-days,* and wandered back  
To distant childhood, and gone out to God  
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up  
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide  
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.  
I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,  
But in the armour of a pure intent.  
Great duties are before me and great songs,  
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall  
It matters not, so as God's work is done.  
I've learned to prize the *quiet lightning-deed,*  
*Not the applauding thunder at its heels*  
Which men call fame.

MAJOR.—Bonniebraes, you may say a brace  
of gallons!

LAIRD.—So be it.

DOCTOR.—Hush! Behold a whole casquet  
of jewels "rich and rare!"

MAJOR.—Stop. Space fails, and we must  
reserve the casquet for another opportunity.

DOCTOR.—Just one more, and I have done.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

"The lark is singing in the blinded sky,  
*Hedges are white with May.* The bridegroom sea  
*Is toying with the shore,* his wedded bride,  
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
*He decorates her tawny brow with shells,*  
*Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,*  
*Then proud, runs up to kiss her.* All is fair—  
All glad from grass to sun! Yet more I love  
Than this the shrinking day, that sometimes comes  
In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,  
It seems a straggler from the files of June,  
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,  
And half its beauty; and, when it returned,  
Finding its old companions gone away,  
It joined November's troop, then marching past;  
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world  
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,  
And all the time it holds within its hand  
A few half-withered flowers."

MAJOR.—Laird! Laird! I must send you  
a whole cask. Read no more, Oh, medico, or  
I shall be a ruined man! besides we must to  
other work. Here are my News from Abroad,  
and Colonial Chit-Chat. What have you done  
Laird in the agricultural way.

LAIRD.—I have a perfect budget.

MAJOR.—All right, and now for Mrs. Grundy.  
[Rings] [*Enter Mrs. Grundy with an apron-  
ful of M.S.*]

Mrs. G.—Here you see Major are a few  
gleanings, I have several more.

DOCTOR.—Stop, my dear madam, an' you pity  
me. You Major, and you, my much wronged  
agriculturist, pause and listen to me. On  
your strivings all I do congratulate you much,  
and sooth to say, 'tis pitiful exceedingly that  
these thy labors should be lost, but, nathless,  
it must be so, since envious fate and printers  
do compel. To cut the matter short, my good  
friends, I am sorry to tell you that I have been  
obliged to throw Music, Musical Chit-Chat,  
and Notices of Books overboard this month,  
and that I shall be compelled, to dock you all  
round, as far as I possibly can, to make room  
for contents and title-page.

[*Omnes. 'Tis shameful!*]

MAJOR.—Well, suppose it cannot be helped?  
Whatever is—is best. So here goes [*reads.*]

COLONIAL NEWS.

THE Canada "Maine Law" Bill has been rejected  
by a majority of four. It was opposed by Mr.  
Hincks, and several of the ministry were absent  
when it was finally discussed. Sir Allan N. Mac-  
Nab elicited some amusement by suggesting that  
every member voting for the measure should be  
obliged to "take the pledge."—The duties col-  
lected at the Port of Toronto during the quarter  
ending on the 5th of April, amounted to £23,669;  
while the corresponding quarter of last year the  
amount realized was only £10,137, showing an  
increase of £13,532 on the quarter, in favor of  
1853. Veilily we are in a state of rampant "ruin  
and decay!"—Some respectable parties in Eng-  
land have petitioned the Provincial Parliament  
for a charter to enable them to work gold-mines  
in the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada.—  
During the month of March there were thirty ships  
in the course of construction at Que'bec, the total  
tonnage of which was 32,440. All of the vessels  
were under the special survey of Loyds' agent,  
and, with but a trifling exception, all for the high-  
est qualification at Loyds' for Colonial ships.—  
Dr. Ryerson has been presented with a silver tea-  
service by the officers of the Normal School.—  
Judge Bacquet, of Quebec, died suddenly on the  
1st of April. He was on the bench on the pre-  
ceding day.—A valuable quarry of building-  
stone, has recently been discovered near Sher-  
brooke. The stones come out in large blocks,  
nearly as square as bricks, and can, with ease, be  
split and dressed into any form.—It is rumored  
that Mr. Caron, Speaker of the Legislative Coun-  
cil, is to be knighted for "the important services  
he has rendered to the Crown."—On the 14th  
of April the Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, one of  
the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Upper  
Canada, died at his residence in Toronto. The  
deceased was deservedly respected both in public  
and private life.—The "striking" mania has  
recently been rife amongst our mechanics and  
laborers. A wit in one of the Hamilton papers  
says that even the clocks are striking!—Thomas

Mercer Jones, Esq., has received a pension of £400 sterling per annum, on his retirement from the Commissionership of the Canada Company. He had been twenty-four years in the service of the Company, and a highly popular and efficient officer.—Mr. Good, of Toronto, has successfully manufactured several locomotive machines. It is gratifying to witness our Province becoming independent of imported machinery.—Reports have been current during the last few months, of gold having been discovered at London, and other towns and villages of Upper Canada. They have all proved to be unfounded. In Streetsville, a medical man named Bennett, threw that locality into a ferment some weeks ago, by announcing that he had found a piece of the pure metal. On inquiry it turned out that the *nugget* was an *ear-ring*!—Stock in the Main Trunk Railway, is taken up in England to the extent of eight millions. The Rothschild's have one million.—The Cherokee, a beautiful barque, built at Kingston, sailed from Toronto for Liverpool last month. She is 125 feet keel, 26 feet beam, 11 feet in the hold, about the burden of 370 tons, and when fully loaded will draw about nine feet of water.—A public dinner was given at Toronto to Mr. Gaskin, the owner and master of the vessel.—Mr. W. H. Boulton, one of the representatives of Toronto, having been unseated on the ground of want of qualification, the Hon. H. Sherwood, was elected in his room. He had a majority of 410 votes over the other candidate, Mr. Ogle R. Gowan.—Dr. Rae left Lachine last month for the North West, to complete the survey of the Arctic regions.—S. E. Mackechnie, Esq., Mayor of Cobourg, died there on the 5th of May. Mr. M. was well known throughout Canada as a cloth manufacturer, and his loss will be severely felt in Cobourg and the surrounding country. It is said that his anxiety, as to buildings and machinery requisite for the manufacture in which he was engaged, wore down the constitution of this gentleman, and led to his death.—Robberies, some of them of a serious nature have recently been very common in Hamilton, U. C.—Two specimens of gold, worth \$7, were last month found in a quartz rock at Sherbrooke.—The Rev. H. Esson, lately a Professor in Knox's College, Toronto, died there on the 13th ult.—The Toronto and Guelph Railway Company is about to be dissolved, and the concern amalgamated into the Grand Trunk.—On the 30th of April, the steamer *Ocean Wave*, bound from Hamilton to Ogdensburgh, was burned when six miles west of the "Ducks," and twenty-five miles from Kingston. Out of twenty-three passengers only five were saved, so far as known. The crew consisted of thirty persons, of whom about one-half were lost.—The *Genova*, the pioneer vessel of the Canadian line of steamships, arrived at Quebec on the 10th ult. She made the passage from Liverpool in a little less than twenty days.—On the 16th ult., the first passenger and freight train of the Northern Railroad started from Toronto for Machell's, a distance of about thirty miles.—St. John, N.B., papers state that the fisheries on the British North American coast are to be guarded this year from United States trespassers as jealously and more efficiently than ever.

## NEWS FROM ABROAD.—UNITED STATES.

The Secretary of the Treasury Department of the United States, laid his report before Congress on the 15th January. The following abstract contains its most important items:

## RECEIPTS.

For fiscal year ending June 30, 1853..\$49,728,386  
Balance in Treasury, July 1, 1851... 10,911,645

Total.....\$60,640,031

## EXPENDITURES.

For fiscal year ending June 30, 1852..\$49,007,896

Leaving in Treasury, July 1, 1852..\$14,632,135

Among the Receipts were customs \$47,339,326  
Lands and Miscellaneous,..... \$2,389,060

And the following payments were made on account of the Public Debt:

Interest.....\$4,000,297

Redemption of principal of Loans.... 1,961,460

Redemption of Treasury Notes..... 300

Stock of 4th and 6th Instalments of the

Mexican Indemnity..... 287,596

Debt of Cities in Columbia..... 60,000

Last Instalment to Mexico..... 3,180,000

Awarded to American Citizens in Mexico 529,980

The Receipts for fiscal year ending June 30th, 1854, are estimated at \$51,000,000, which added to the estimated balance in Treasury on 1st July, 1853, will make the total means \$56,203,753.

There has been a proposal made to Congress by a company of New York gentlemen to build a trans-continental Railroad from New York to San Francisco, the work to be completed in three years, without aid from the U. S. Government, save a loan of thirty millions of dollars, to be guaranteed by the work itself, and no territorial cessions beyond the mere right of way. The capital stock of the enterprise is placed at one hundred million of dollars.

A message has been addressed by the President to Congress with regard to the removal of the Seminole tribe of Indians to the Indian territory. It was also said that General Hopkins was with a small force cruelly murdered, but by later accounts we find no confirmation of this statement.

The following extracts from General Pierce's inaugural address will be found worthy of note, as indicating the one sided spirit of the Government. "The feeling of our country ought to be eminently peaceful, and with the neighbouring states of our Continent we should cultivate kindly and paternal relations: with the politics of Europe, we can have no immediate or direct concern, except so far as the vast interests of commerce, which are common to all mankind, are at stake." It is also declared that "the rights, security and repose of the confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonization on this side of the ocean by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible," a curious proof of non-interference follows this. The French Minister at Washington complained that some expressions in one of Mr. Rives despatches implied a censure on the revolution, and was thus an unwarrantable interference with the domestic affairs of France. Mr. Webster's explanation was, that it never was extended, even by imputation, to call in question the manner in which the rights of the French authorities



had been obtained, and that Mr. Rives would be directed to make such a statement to the French Government. Mr. Rives in explanation indicated the course he had pursued in declining to recognise the new Government in France, until instructed how to act by advices from home, and he proceeded to show that his despatches to his own Government was a matter not supposed to be within the cognizance, and certainly not within the jurisdiction of the French Government or its Embassadors, and that any complaint of the language or sentiments contained was without warrant. He quoted Mr. Webster's letter to the Chevalier Hulseman, to prove that the American Government had distinctly repelled the claim of foreign powers thus to supervise communications from its agents abroad to their own government. Upon these grounds Mr. Rives declined to present any apology or explanation to the French Government for the language used in his despatches. The Cabinet is thus constituted:

Secretary of State, Mr. S. Marcy.

" Treasury, Jas. Guthrie.

" Interior, R. McClelland.

" War, Jefferson Davis.

" Navy, Jas. C. Dobbin.

Postmaster General, Jas. Campbell.

Attorney General, Caleb Cushing.

#### MEXICO.

After numerous revolutions, affairs seem to be settled for the present. Santa Anna has been again chosen President of the Republic. In South America revolutions seem to have no end; at Buenos Ayres, especially, political affairs long have been and continue to be in a ferment.

#### EUROPE.

##### GREAT BRITAIN.

The new Aberdeen Ministry appears to give the utmost satisfaction to the people of the parent isle.—The commercial system of Sir R. Peel is to be continued as the one most calculated for the improvement of the condition of the manufacturing and agricultural classes.—The National Education question is to receive the earliest attention of the Government.—Lord Aberdeen has pronounced his administration to be of a Liberal-Conservative character: "he, Lord Aberdeen, would never have coalesced with Lord John Russell, had he not regarded him as a Liberal-Conservative," and Lord John Russell on his part "would never have taken office had he not believed Lord Aberdeen to be conservative liberal."—The enlargement of the Elective Franchise is advocated; as also is parliamentary reform.—The extension of education, of civil and religious liberty, of commercial freedom, and of political rights, is looked upon as the true means of preserving those institutions under which the Englishman enjoys so much happiness.—The elections have generally resulted in favor of the former incumbents.—Great discussions have taken place on the subject of the Madiai, and Lord John Russell's instructions to Sir Henry Bulwer directed him to remonstrate, in the most earnest manner, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to represent to him, that notwithstanding the various pleas by which an attempt is made to

justify the act, if one of the prisoners should die in prison, the public opinion of all Europe will hold the Grand Duke guilty of having put a man to death because he was a Protestant. The Madiai have been liberated, consequently the Grand Duke has escaped a trial at the bar of European opinion, but how far Lord John Russell was warranted in giving such instructions to a British Minister, we leave to subtler diplomatists to decide.—Messrs. Cobden and Bright have been strenuous in their advocacy of Peace Associations, with but little effect however.—The Emigration to Australia continues; nearly one hundred vessels leave every month. The number of Emigrants from England alone for the past year, is over three hundred thousand.—The Jewish Disabilities Bill after passing the lower house has been finally rejected in the Lords by a majority of forty-nine.—With respect to Turkey, Lord John Russell has declared his opinion that England is bound to maintain the independence of Turkey, and that her dismemberment must lead to a general European war. "International law, good faith, and policy dictated the maintenance of the integrity of Turkey," says his lordship.—The income tax has been imposed for seven years longer, by a majority of 71 in the commons.—Eight members have been unseated for bribery practiced at their elections.

We believe we may state that the Queen's Government has intimated to the authorities of the East India-house that they will be compelled to withdraw three Queen's Regiments from the Company's service, because Malta will require, in future, two additional Regiments to augment the garrison there; the remaining Regiment being needed for a similar purpose at Corfu. Consequently the Company intend to raise three additional European Regiments to meet the deficiency. These are not the only signs of increased activity in the War Department. The Militia are being actively trained: and they are far more efficient than was anticipated. A good camp is being formed near Windsor; and it is intended, as was intimated by the Secretary-at-War in moving the Army estimates, to exercise the Regiments in brigades, so that the operations may be on a larger scale than is practicable in an ordinary review.

There is no very important news either from Burmah or the Cape, in both places affairs have been slowly progressing to what promises a favorable settlement. From China the news is more important. A rebellion of a serious nature has broken out, very little is as yet known of the leader in this movement, of his character, principles or war-cry. From his influence, however, over his followers, by whom he is already designated king, we may conjecture him a man more than ordinarily capable, a man possessing persuasive address, a strong will, and a military knowledge and aptitude by no means despicable. He has probably more than the average share of Chinese courage. His influence with his followers, and his successes against his enemies, prove him something both of the politician and warrior. His war-cry is probably some grievance galling to several large classes of the people, and may be thought to have elicited the Imperial pledges promulgated as a sort of counter demonstration. His present principle is one not likely to find

great opposition amongst the people, for it is said that he remits taxation of the lower orders entirely. In Europe we can each of us ascertain what effect would be the result of such a principle.—His banner would soon be surrounded by more than Kossuth can rally, with all his oratory. In China possibly the same result may not follow, because the taxes (as far as the imperfect knowledge relative to China would instruct us) have always been levied upon land, and thus no direct tax ever fell upon the poor, so that, though such a principle might be a good rallying cry here, it would there be the iteration of an old charter, the perpetuation of an ancient right. As to the man's character we are wholly in the dark.—Whether justice, plunder, or ambition allure him; whether he smarts under private wrongs to be redressed by his own hand; or burning with a patriotic zeal, and lighted through fields of ruin and disaster by the star of hope, he seeks to regenerate his country. If it is the former, the bribe of a satchel, judiciously held out, may stop his career at least for a season. If the latter, physical force, military resources and munition, and Tartar prestige can alone, by prompt and energetic movement, deprive him of success, and tread out, by the force of numbers, the spark of enthusiasm that animates him.

Remote as the scene of action lies from us, we are vitally concerned in the issue; and, indeed, it is a matter that interests the whole world. Here is an immense flood of pent up life, a huge inhospitable corner of a vast continent teeming with the human element, hitherto inaccessible and impenetrable, except by a mendicant priest or two, whose theology turns to theocracy the moment it secures a resting place. Upon the chance of the present events seems to hang, to a great extent, the destiny of the world, whether two-fifths of its population shall still abhor all communion with the other three-fifths; or, whether the brotherhood and family of nations shall recognise the tie of birth, and renew a consanguinity broken off for four thousand years.

The Americans are busying themselves in these affairs, and hope to divert the stream of profit to their own mill, to effect which it is to be presumed they will side with the family in power, offering for privileges and consideration to prop up the Tartar throne, and establish an exceptional exclusiveness, the exception being in their own favour. British interests appear to be with the insurrectionary party, whose first act would be to overturn the institutions that have fostered such timid but rooted aversion to "barbarian" intercourse. It is a great disadvantage to England to have been engaged in hostilities with the Chinese so lately, for his defeat must still be fresh in the recollection of the Emperor, and he will be less disposed to listen to our advice, having felt our sword, than he will to the smooth words of American diplomacy. We measure miles enough, however, in British India to debar us in the name of prudence from any accession of territory, and our policy should be to sit still and watch without meddling, so that we may enbroil ourselves neither with the Emperor, the rebels, nor the Americans. Commerce had better suck her thumb than imbrue her hands in blood.

## FRANCE.

M. Kisseleff, the Ambassador to France from the Czar, presented his credentials to the Emperor, addressed *Mon Ami*, instead of the more courteous and usual formula between Sovereigns, *Mon Frère*. The French Minister was indignant, but, notwithstanding the slight, the Russian envoy received an audience on the following morning. All the European governments have now sanctioned the French Empire.—The marriage of the Emperor with Mlle. de Montijo, Countess of Teba, on the 29th January, at the Tuileries, was signalized by pardoning 4312 persons suffering imprisonment or banishment for political offences. However, those pardoned are generally obscure individuals, numbering many women and children, no person of note being found among those liberated.—The Legislative Assembly met on the 14th February, and, with the other bodies, was addressed by the Emperor in a brief but emphatic speech.—A monument is to be erected to Marshal Ney, on the spot where he was executed, at the end of the avenue of the Luxembourg.—It is pretty well ascertained that the Pope will not be present at the coronation of the Emperor, there being difficulties in the way.

## AUSTRIA.

From Austria we have no particular news, except an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, and the execution of the criminal.—Hungary continues in a most unsettled state, and disturbances seem to be hydra-headed, so constantly are they arising; each fresh outbreak giving, of course, occasion for very frequent military executions.—In Lombardy the harshest measures have been resorted to, in punishment for the Milan insurrection, and a great many executions have taken place—upwards of thirty thousand confiscations have been made against residents in various foreign States.

## TURKEY.

At different periods, and in the most solemn and emphatic ways, Russia, Austria, and the Montenegrins have confessed fealty to the Sultan; recently there seems to have been a desire of disowning the Turkish authority.—The Prince Bishop, Peter Petrowitch, died about a year ago, and was succeeded by his nephew, David Petrowitch, who has thrown off the Ottoman yoke, and declared his independence, and, as David I., bids the neighboring chieftains send their titles and tributes to his little treasury, rather than all the way to Constantinople.—Difficulties have arisen with Russia, threatening to be even more difficult of arrangement than the Montenegrin affair, and Prince Menschikoff's arrival at Constantinople and imperious behavior have not as yet smoothed the way for a settlement. His demands upon the Turkish Government are said to relate to the custody of the Holy places—a subject upon which all the great powers, and France in particular, are jealously interested.

MAJOR.—Now, Laird. (*Laird reads*.)

CONVERSATION OVER A DISH OF PEARS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Gentlemen, here is a dish of pears of which I should be glad to hear your opinion.

A. With pleasure sir; but be kind enough to

inform us, in the first place, how they have been kept in such fine order. I had no idea that pears could be kept so well, and to tell the truth, I have never had much faith in winter pears. I have rarely seen one worth eating.

B. That has been my opinion; I would not give a good *Northern Spy* or *Swaar* apple for a bushel of the best winter pears I have ever seen.

Well, gentlemen, I am glad to have an opportunity of convincing you of your error. These pears have been kept in a cool dry cellar, some spread on shelves, and some packed away in boxes among layers of straw. None of them have been ripened in a warm room: but I am sure that if they had, *some of them*, at least, would have been better than they are.

Now, by way of reserving the good wine till the last, we will pass around this handsome yellow pear, which I confess *looks* much better than it tastes. What do you think of it?

A. Barely tolerable, sir. It is too dry and musky for my taste. It is not tender and melting as I think a good pear ought to be.

What say you Mr. B.?

B. I agree with Mr. A.

Well, you are right, gentlemen. This is not really a good pear, *now*, for eating; but it is esteemed very highly in the kitchen, and I only brought it forward that I might tell you something about it. It is past its season; it should never be kept later than the middle of December. Up to that time it is pretty good to eat, and first rate for stewing and preserving. Then it is one of the best of growers and bearers, the tree is every year loaded with immense clusters, and they are always fair. Notwithstanding it has been cast out by the Pomological society, I still regard it as a most profitable and useful variety.

A. Would you recommend such a pear for a small garden?

No sir by no means.

B. What is its name?

*Bleeker's Meadow*; it originated, I believe in Pennsylvania.

Well, here is another native pear, originated on Long Island. It is not so finely colored as the other, but you will find it more agreeable to the taste.

A. A good pear, sir; not buttery, like a *Virgalieu*, but juicy and fine flavored.

What say you Mr. B.?

B. I should call it good, sir, for this season of the year; and if it be a good bearer I should be glad to have a tree of it in my garden. What is its name?

*Princesse St. Germain*; a hardy, productive, valuable pear, and it keeps and ripens as well in the cellar as a *R. I. Greening* apple. I have always a full crop of it; but I find that on the sunny side of the tree, and on all the exposed parts, where the fruits get that brown or ruddy tinge you observe on some specimens, they ripen well and acquire a fine flavor; while those green ones, from the lower and interior parts of the tree, remain hard and insipid. But this is pretty much the case with all winter pears.

A. Can this pear be grown on the quince stock?

No, sir; but you can "double-work" it as the nurserymen say—that is, bud or graft some variety like the *Virgalieu*, or *Duchesse d'Angoulême*, on

the quince, and then graft the *Princesse St. Germain* on that.

Here is another Long Island variety that is coming rapidly into favor. It is called the *Lawrence*; you have no doubt heard of it.

A. This comes nearer my idea of a good pear than either of the others. I should call this *very good*.

B. So should I; really melting and fine flavored like a *Virgalieu* in October. I must change my opinion about winter pears. But do you mean to say this has ripened in the cellar?

Certainly it has; and it is moreover a good grower and a good bearer, succeeding well both on pear and quince stock, in the orchard or the garden. A gentleman on Long Island has planted a large orchard of it, to grow fruit for the market.

Now I will introduce you to a foreigner, none of your vain, swaggering pretenders, however, that assume great airs to astonish the natives; but a plain citizen under whose brown coat you will find genuine merit, I think. The name is *Winter Nelis*. On the other side of the water, it is called *Colmar Nelis*, *Bonne de Malines*, *Beurré de Malines*, &c. What do you think of it?

A. Excellent, sir, excellent; the best yet. Besides being buttery and juicy, it has a rich vinous flavor, surpassing all we have yet tasted.

B. A first rate example of modest merit. If we never receive anything worse than this from abroad, I would say *the more the better*.

Well, here is another, almost, if not quite as good, but less talked of and less known. I think by and by it must be very popular.

A. How remarkable its form—as round as an apple; and its color is as clear and bright a yellow as the *Virgalieu* in October; and how luscious, fresh, and high flavored. I think it comes quite up to the *Winter Nelis*. Don't you think so Mr. B.?

B. I do, indeed; and it far surpasses it in beauty. How is its growth and bearing?

A capital grower, sir, and a good bearer; not so prolific as a *Bartlett* or *Virgalieu*. It grows equally well on pear or quince. The specimens you have tasted were grown upon the quince stock. It is almost past its season. Through all December it has been fine, eaten from the shelves in the cellar. It is called *Doyenné Sieulle*. You may note it as a good December pear.

We are not yet at the bottom of the dish, but the remainder of the gossip must be deferred till a future time.

MAJOR.—We are ready Mrs. Grundy for you. [*Mrs Grundy reads.*]

#### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Dress of rich glacé silk, shaded blue and white; the skirt has three deep flounces of black lace, each headed by two *ruches* of narrow ribbon. *Caraco* body, high at the back, and opening to the waist in front: it is trimmed round with two rows of narrow black lace, each headed by a *ruche*: the opening of the front is crossed by two rows of lace, below which are three *nauds* of ribbon. The sleeves are three-quarter length, and are open in the front of the arm nearly to the top; they are trimmed with lace, and the opening is closed at equal distances by bows of ribbon. This

ribbon, as well as that which ornaments the head-dress, should be striped with silver.

(*Promenade and Carriage Costume*).—Dress of rich steel-colored glacé silk. The skirt is trimmed with four rather broad flounces, cut out in large scallops. The two lower flounces are edged with three rows of quilled ribbon, and a broad fringe, following the undulations of the scallops. The two upper flounces have two, instead of three rows of quilled ribbon, and a row of fringe. The corsage, which is made in the jacket style, is high to the throat, and partially open in front, where it is laced by a silk cord. It has a turning-over collar, edged with one row of quilled ribbon and fringe, and the basque at the waist is trimmed in corresponding style. The sleeves are ornamented with three flounces, each edged with a row of quilled ribbon and fringe. Chemisette and under-sleeves of worked muslin. Bonnet of white drawn glacé, with two drooping white feathers on one side. To the edge of the bonnet there is attached a row of blonde lace, with broad vandykes. This row of lace falls down in the manner of a *voilette*. Under-trimming of tulle and blond lace, intermingled with flowers. The mantelet is of black glacé, and is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet and lace.

(*Spring Bonnet*).—This bonnet, which is suited to plain walking dress, is made of straw, and trimmed with Leghorn-colored ribbon, disposed in a simple and tasteful style, with two long flowing ends on the left side. The bonnet is lined with white seropane, laid in small, neat folds; and the under-trimming consists of loops of black velvet ribbon.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A new out-door dress is of a very showy and novel description. It is composed of black gros-de-Tours; is ornamented with a front trimming consisting of two wreaths of convolvulus embroidered in lilac silk. Between the wreaths bows of black and lilac ribbon are placed at intervals. Another is a dress of ruby-colored silk, figured, with very narrow black stripes. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, figured, with broad stripes or bands, also black, woven in the silk. The flounces are edged with black and ruby-colored fringe. Bands similar to those which ornament the flounces edge the front of the corsage, which passing round the back presents the appearance of a revers, or turning-over collar. The sleeves of this dress present some novelty in form, being rather tight at the top, and *bouffantes* at the lower part. They are closed by a very narrow band, covered with black passementerie, and edged with white lace, which falls over the hand. The lower part of the sleeve is slashed; the slits or *crevés* being surrounded by passementerie and fringe, between which there is a row of white lace.

Many silk dresses are trimmed with flounces ornamented with embroidery of the same color as the silk. A dress of dark blue silk is trimmed with flounces of the same, each covered by another flounce of black guipure. One of the new dresses is composed of broché silk of so rich a texture as to render trimming on the skirt superfluous. This silk has a ground of light pomona green, and is

figured with bouquets of white lilac, roses and hyacinths. Many of the plain kinds of silk are in the *Bayadère* style. One ornamented with black velvet stripes in an open-work pattern, on violet-colored silk, is among the pretiest we have seen.

DOCTOR.—I have just kept room for a short notice of Clarke's work, here it is.

"Lays of the Maple Leaf, a song of Canada, the poetry from the Canadian Annual, "The Maple leaf," the music composed and most respectfully inscribed (by permission) to the Right Honorable the Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, by J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac., King's College, Toronto." Published for the author, and for sale by A. & S. Nordhemier.

It is with great pleasure, that we welcome the appearance of this very creditable publication, which does much honour to Canada. Although the words and music are by children of another soil, to whom "the fair forest land," is but an adopted mother, yet the tone of feeling is thoroughly Canadian, and whilst due filial respect is shown, as it ought to be, to the rose, shamrock, and thistle, severally, as emblems of the three Kingdoms, which form the Parent-State. The "Hurrah," in which all join—is given in united Chorus, for "The leaf, the Maple leaf."

In this allusion, we refer to the glee, with which the publication opens. "The emblem of Canada," a composition of a very high order of merit, exhibiting both taste and judgement in the conception and execution. It is written for male voices, Alto: Tenors, and Bass, of the Solos, which are intended to be characteristic of England, Canada, Scotland, and Ireland, we prefer the last. It bears on its front the features of the Irish melody, which are more readily recognized, as it is in the minor scale.

The other compositions in the work are four songs, a duett, and a chorus. The songs have each their distinctive beauties; but we prefer "The Emigrant's Home-Dream," and "The Emigrant's Bride," in which the spirit of the poetry seems to us to have been more successfully caught. The duett, "Home Flowers," though pretty, is not much to our taste; but "The Chorus of Hunters," is a gem. It is a fine spirited burst of feeling, after the German model. The theme is skilfully handled, and the piece is strikingly effective.

The publication, we repeat, does honour to Canada, and will, we trust, be so remunerative to the author, as to induce him ere long again to gratify the public by other strains of that harp, which he touches with so masterly a finger. Of the poetry, as it is probably familiar to many of our readers, we feel it to be unnecessary to speak, as the high merits of the pieces, which graced the Canadian Annual during its brief existence, have been universally appreciated and acknowledged both here and in Great Britain.