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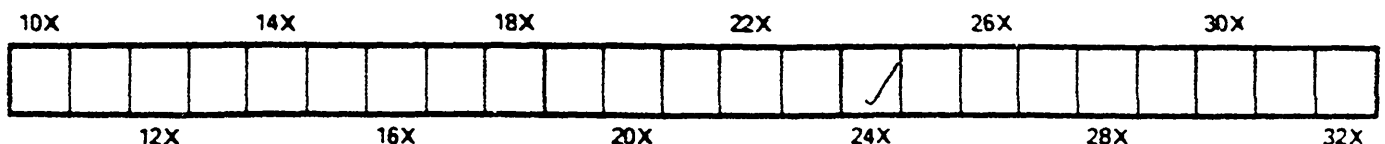
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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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THE LOVE-DRAUGHT.

A TALE OF THE BARROW-SIDE.

By the Author of the "High-ways and the By-ways."

Whoever has journeyed along the banks of the River Barrow, in that part of its course which separates the Queen's county from the county of Kildare, must have remarked the remains of Grange-Mellon, the former residence of the St. Ledger family. The long avenue, choked with grass and weeds—the wooded grounds, stretching along the river's edge—the dilapidated gateway and mansion-walls—the loud cawing from the rockery—all combined to mark the place as one which ought to furnish some legend of antiquity and romance. Such was surely to be had there for those who would seek it. But Grange-Mellon is only linked to my memory by an humble love-story of almost modern date, yet tragical enough, heaven knows, to have had its source in the very oldest days of magic and misery.

I can state nothing of the tender dames, or youths of gentle blood, who inhabited the castle before it tumbled quite to decay. The only beings connected with the existence of the place (and that in the very last stage of its occupation) whom I would attempt to commemorate, were Lanty the whipper-in, and Biddy Keenahan the dairy-maid. Lanty was a kind, frank honest-hearted lad as ever lived. He was a great favorite with the family and the servants, particularly the females. The whole pack of hounds loved

him; and a cheering word from his voice could keep them together in the thickest cover, even if there were half-a-dozen hares, a-foot; when Brian Oge, the veteran huntsman, might tantivy himself hoarse, and only frighten the whelps and vex the old dogs for his pains. Lanty was, indeed, in the words of the ballad,

"Beloved much by man and baste."

But if he was welcome in the kitchen and the kennel, as surely he was, how many a thousand times more welcome was he, when he came home from the chase, cheering the tired harriers along, and stopping to say, "How is it wid you, Biddy?" or, "What a fine night it is, Biddy!" or some such passing phrase, at the dairy door, where Biddy was sure to be waiting, with a ready answer and a kind look. Ay, welcome indeed was the commonest word which came from Lanty's lips; and the more so, as not a syllable of a more direct tendency had he ever uttered; although it was plain to every one in the world, that he had been in love with Biddy for full a year and a-half.

"Ah, Brine!" said he to the old huntsman one day when they were returning home after a couple of hard runs, followed by the limping pack, "Ah, Brine! it's no use talking! It's no use, you see; for I nivir can bring myself to say the words to her, out and out. I love her little finger better nor the whole 'varsal world; but, by this Cross-Pathrick! (and he put his finger on his whip handle, making a very positive cross) it's impossible for me to tell her so."

Brian Oge, who was a regular male match-maker, and who thought that "the b'ys and girls ought to hunt in couples, any how," was resolved that it should not be his fault if Bidy Keenahan did not know the true state of the case; or if she did not take proper measures to bring matters to a speedy issue between herself and Lanty. He, therefore (as he himself expressed it), "up an' told her what Lanty had said; an' advised her, as the only way of bringin' him to reason, to go straight to Peg Morrin the fortinteller, at the fut of Magany Bridge, who'd soon give her a charm that'd make Lanty folly her an' spake to the point, as sartin as the rots (rats) folly'd Terry the rot-cacher, an' sure enough he could make thim spake, too, if he thought it worth his while!"

This counsel was too palatable to be rejected by poor Bidy. Her spotted cotton handkerchief fluttered over her bosom while Brian Oge was giving his advice; and had it been of muslin, the deep glow of delight might have been seen through it. Her face had no covering to conceal its blushes; and her eyes swam in tears.

"Och, then, *musha*, Brian Oge!" said she; "it's myself that's beholden to you for your good nath'r. Why, then cant it be true what you tell me? Little I thought that Lanty cared a *thrancen* for me, though, in troth, it's myself that loves the ground he walkson. Why, then why, wouldn't he tell me so at oncet? If it was't that it wouldn't be becomin' in a young girl to spake first, i'd soon tell him what's neither a shame nor a sin, any how. But I'll folly your word, Brine Oge; for your an' ould man, an' a kind one, an' one that knows what's fit for the b'ys and girls, an' that nivir stands between thim but to bring thim closer to one another; an' here's a noggin of rale crame for you Brine, jew'l, for its tired you must be afther the hunt."

While Brian drank off the cream, to which he had added something from a leather-covered bottle that he had a habit of carrying in his side-pocket, Bidy went on to tell him that she would not lose any time, but would step down that very night as far as Maganyford, and cross over in Tom Fagan the miller's cot, which would land her at the very

field in which Peg Morrin's cabin stood. Brian, after wiping his lips with the cuff of his faded green hunting frock, gave Bidy a very fatherly kiss; and, wishing that a blessing might be on her path, he left her to make her preparations.

When night had fairly set in, so that there was little danger of her course being observed, Bidy having arranged all the affairs of the dairy, put her gray cloak on her shoulders, and drew the hood well over her head. She tied her shoes fast on, as she had a rough path to follow for a couple of miles by the river's bank, and pulling her woollen mittens on her hands and arms, she finally slipped out of the back window, made the sign of the cross on her breast, and with a short prayer fervently put up, started on her expedition. She knew her way very well, even had it been pitch dark; but as there was moonlight, and as she stepped buoyantly forward, she reached Tom Fagan's cabin by the river side, without once stumbling or tripping over stone or bramble.

"God save all here!" said Bidy, as she raised the latch and entered the cabin, where the miller and his wife were eating their supper by the fire.

"God save you, kindly!" replied they and the next words in both their mouths were expressions of surprise at this late visit from little Bidy.

"Why, thin, what's comed over you, Bidy, *avick*?" said Molly Fagan. "Sure thin, some misfortin' it is that brings you to our cabin this time o' night. But it's welcome you are, *alanna*, any how; an' the greater your trouble the gladder we are to see you."

"Thank you, kindly, Molly, *asthore*"; but it's no trouble at all; only I'd be after troublin' Tom jist to ferry me across the river in the cot, that's all."

"Wid all the pleasures in life, and heartly welcome, Bidy my darling," said Tom Fagan, a friendly young fellow, who was always ready to do a kind turn, particularly to a pretty girl. But his wife's curiosity was not so easily satisfied.

"Why, thin, the Lord save us Bidy!" said she, "where is it you'd be goin' across the river, into the Queen's County, in the dark night? There's never a wake nor a

weddin' goin' on, nor a dance even, in the three parishes. Where in the world are you goin' Biddy?"

"In troth, it's only jist to see a friend, Molly; and Tom 'll tell you when he comes back."

"Och! is that the way wid you Biddy? I see how it is. It's ould Peg you're agoin' to; an' all along of Lanty. There's no use in denyin' it—an' more's the pity, Biddy, *agra!* It's twice you ought to think of what you're about to do; that's not oncet before an' oncet afther—but two times both together, Biddy; for it's a foolish thing, an' one you'll be sorry for, may be. Take my advice, an' have nothin' to do with ould Peg and her grasy pack o' cards. It's bad fortin' they'll bring you, Biddy, dear, when she's afther tellin' you all that's good. For your own sake and and poor Lanty's, keep away from her; an' let throe love take its coorse!"

This sensible warning had little effect on Biddy Keenahan. Youth and love were bad subjects to reason with. Backed by Brian Oge's advice Biddy was resolved to pursue her adventure. She thought, that if Molly Fagan had wanted a husband for herself, she would not have been so averse to a consultation with "the wise woman." But, to satisfy her friend, she put a salvo on her own conscience, and vowed that she "wouldn't let th' ould pack o' cards to be cut or shuffled the night;" for that all she wanted was "a little bit of advice, which no one, barrin' Peg Morrin, could give her."

The moon was smothered in clouds when Biddy stepped into a little flat-bottomed boat, called a cot, and placed herself at one of the pointed ends that might have been called the prow had not the other been quite similar, there being, in fact no stern. At this other end Tom Fagan stood, and, with a long pole, shoved his fragile canoe across the broad, and at that passage, somewhat rapid stream. The fortune-teller's cabin looked like a black patch on the face of the little field, in a corner of which it stood. And, as Biddy threw a furtive glance at the massive bridge of Magany, with its vaguely defined arches, and thought of the many stories which proclaimed it to be haunted, she involuntarily shuddered.

"Is it a shiverin' you are, Biddy, dear?"

said the compassionate miller. "Wrap your cloak over you, for the night wind creeps up against the strame, an' stales into one's buzzum, without givin' a word's warnin'."

"It's not the wind Tom *agra.* It's something that's inside of the heart within me that's trimblin'! It's a dreary place you live in, Tom. Plase the Lord I'm doin' the right thing in goin' to ould Peg!"

"Arrah, niver fear, Biddy! The divil the harm she'll do you. What if she does look on your palm, or cut the cards with you? Sure, an' its throe enough, she tould me my fortin afore I married Molly, and every word comed to pass. Don't be turned agin by what Molly says. She's a very superstitious woman, Biddy; that's God's thruth, an' believes nawthin but what Father Rice at the Friary tells her. So keep up heart, like a good girl as you are. Here's the field—an' there's Peg Morrin's cabin—an' God speed you wid her. I'll wait here till you're ready, an' bring you back all the way home to the Grange. Now, jump over the flagers—that's it! cliver an' clane—away wid you!"

And away tripped Biddy, with a beating heart, though greatly reassured by Tom Fagan's cheering words. She kept her eye on the cabin before her, and neither looked to the right nor the left; for she was in the very field where young William Barrington had been recently killed by Gillespie, in a duel rarely paralleled for ferocity; and there was not man nor woman, on either side of the river, that could walk fearlessly through that field of a dark night, much less live in it, except Peg Morrin. But it was well known that she carried a protection about her from supernatural ills; and well might *she* walk or sleep, without fear of hurt or harm.

"The Lord save us!" exclaimed Biddy, with a suppressed scream, crossing herself, and clasping her hands together, as a rustling in the large alder bush close to the cabin was followed by a loud whine; while a pair of fiery eyes seemed to fix themselves on the terrified girl. It was only old Peg's black cat, as Biddy was in a moment convinced. In another, she was close to, and tapping gently at the door.

"Come in, Biddy Keenahan; rise the latch, an' niver mind blessin' or crossin' when you step over the thrashold!" muttered the voice of the old hag inside. Biddy started back at hearing her own name thus pronounced; but she raised the latch and stepped in, being glad of any refuge from the darkness; and she took care not to say "God save you!" Just as she entered she received a sharp blow from some hard but feathery substance above the door. She was afraid to say, "Lord bless us!" but she stooped low, and looked up sideways, and saw a large owl flapping his wing at her from a nook over the entrance.

"Ah, then, how did you know it was me that tapped at the dure, Misthress, Morrin?" asked Biddy timidly, by way of beginning the conversation.

"Didn't you hear the black cat spaking as you come up the field, Biddy Keenahan?" replied the hag.

"The blessed Cross be about us!" was on Biddy's lips, but she dared not let the words escape.

"Sit down on that stool, Biddy, an' I'll soon give you what you want," continued old Peg, who was herself seated on just such a three-legged implement as she pointed to, with a little table before her, traced with many mystical lines, a lump of chalk being in one of her hands for that purpose, while the other held a pack of cards, which a cryptical incrustation of dirt and grease had brought to a perfect equality of appearance.

"There, Biddy, I'll put the cards away, for it isn't thim you want to dale with the night. Whin the fortin's cast, and the fate doomed, whether it's hangin' or a drownin', or a weddin' or a berrin', there's no use in the cards, Biddy—an' it's yours an' Lanty's that's settled long ago!"

With these words the crone screwed up her mouth and frowned, and thrust her dirty cards into a huge pocket; and then crossing her arms, she looked on Biddy with the half scowl and half smile of lawless power and vulgar patronage.

"Och, Misthress Morrin, *avic*, don't be afther frightnin' me this blessed night! It's for your advice I'm comed, an' sure it's yourself can serve me, an' do me a good

turn. It's ould Brine Oge, the huntsman, that put me upon comin' to you, or I wouldn't be bould enough to throuble you this-a-way."

"Brine Oge is a dacent man, an' one that nobody need be afeard to do wrong in follyin' his advice. Thin what do you want wid me, Biddy Keenahan? May be it's a love pouthier for Lanty?"

"Och, then, Misthress Morrin, jew'! what's the use of your axing me any questions at all at all, when you can answer thim before you ax thim? Then sure enough it's jist *that* I want from you."

"There it is, Biddy Keenahan, ready for you, for I knew you were comin', an' what you' be afther axin' for. Put out your lift hand, an' take hould of that paper on the shelf beside you, an' put it in your buzzum, for it's the heart that works on the heart! An' take it home wid you an' mix the pouthier wid whatever Lanty likes best—an' what 'd he like bether nor a bowl o' sillybub, the crathur? an' stir it lift-handed, and don't look at it, an' throw the paper over your lift shoulder, an' give it to your lovyer—for he's the b'y that loves you, Biddy dear—wid your own hands, an' watch him while he drinks it, an' say somethin' to yourself all the while, ar a wish, ar what you most wish for in the world. An' from that minute out the charm 'll work, and the philthur—for that's the name av it in the mystery—'ll do the rest. An' good look be on you, Biddy Keenahan, wid Lanty your lovyer, who'll soon spake the right speech to you, an' 'll only want the word av Father Rice at the Friary, afther that, to be your own flesh an' blood, Biddy, an' the father iv your childer, which may good fortin' preserve! Give me half-a-crown, Biddy, an' good night to you! for the miller's cot 'll be waitin', an' the wind' risin', an' it's a hard push Tom Fagan 'll have up the strame to the Grange."

Biddy, in a conflict of wonderment at this knowledge of her movements, and of delight at the wise woman's discourse, put the paper well under the folds of her handkerchief, and felt her heart working against, it sure enough. And she handed the fee to Peg Morrin, and wished her good night, and

gave her half-a-dozen blessings, whether the hag liked them or not; stooped low to avoid another slap from the owl's wing, and closing the door hastily, ran down the path without venturing to look at the alder bush, for fear of the black cat. In a minute or two she was at the water's edge, and safe over the side of the cot. In an hour afterwards she was landed on the "quay" of Grange-Mellon, as the little wharf for facilitating the loading and unloading of turf-boats and others was called. Tom Fagan had done all in his power to make the two miles' voyage up the river, beside the windings, as cheerful as he could to his passengers. She wished him a safe return home, and a good night's rest, and long life to him; and, in high spirits and hopes, with her hand upon the treasure she carried in her bosom, she soon gained her sleeping place and crept into bed, without ever being missed or inquired for.

The next morning, at sun-rise, Bidly was deeply employed in the business of her dairy. Never did she milk her cows, or set her pans, or prepare her curds, with such alacrity and pleasure. A minute's idleness would have been torture to her; she was afraid of having leisure to think, for in spite of everything—Brian Oge's and Tom Fagan's encouragement, Peg Morrin's assurances, and her own bright dreams during the night—the warning of the miller's wife came across her sometimes, like a black shadow on a path of sunshine. She kept the gloomy feeling down by the mere force of employment; and she sung as loudly, and apparently as gaily, during her morning's work, as if it was not to be followed by the most important action of her life.

The love-draught was at length prepared. A richly-frothing bowl of sillybub received the whole contents of Peg Morrin's paper. Bidly never ventured to look on the charm curious as she felt as she shook it carefully into the bowl, and conscientiously stirred the whole with her left hand for several minutes. But she had not thus completed her work when she heard the loud music of the horns, as they left the kennel, and saw Brian Oge and Lanty come riding along, round the offices and orchard.

"God bless your work, Bidly!" said old Brian, reining up his horse at the dairy-door,—the common salutation to any one, however employed. Bidly felt her blood curdle at the words, for she did not think the mysterious and underhand work she was about was a holy one; but this was a moment's thought. She threw the empty paper over her left shoulder, and advanced to the door.

"The top o' the mornin to you, Bidly!" said Lanty, with a sort of half-look of mingled kindness and timidity.

"God save ye kindly, both!" was Bidly's almost inaudible reply; for the faintness of anxiety, the mixture of hope and fear, almost overcame her.

"An' what have you for us this morin', Bidly, *ma chree!*" said Brian, looking significantly at the two bowls of sillybub which he saw on the slab of Kilkenny marble, on which the milk-pans were ranged.

Bidly handed him his bowl, at which he smacked his lips; and having carefully added somewhat from his private bottle, he drank off the whole, and said—

"Why, thin, long life to you, Bidly Keenahan; for it's yourself that's the sowl of a dairy-maid! An' happy's the b'y that that'll get you! Lanty, my lad, you can throt afther me an' the dogs, round by the bawn an' across the tin-acre field, and meet us up at the rath; so don't hurry yourself. Maybe Bidly has somethin' to say to you. My blessin on ye both!"

Brian had good reason for this speech for he had called at Peg Morrin's cabin the previous evening, anxious to have his full share in the business, by warning the fortune-teller of the visit she was to expect, and putting her on the look-out for Bidly, as she was to come ferried across the river by Tom Fagan. The sound of the huntsmen's horse's feet were still echoing in Bidly's ears when she offered the love-draught to Lanty, with trembling hands and averted face. She would have given the world that Brian had waited, to sanction the deed by his presence. But she felt a sort of comfort in the very noise of the horse's feet, and hastened to present the bowl, ere she was quite alone with Lanty.

We know that a Roman empress gave to her tyrant husband a philter to soothe his rage; and that the odious Isabeau of France administered one to her spouse, Charles VI, to attach him to her and her vile purposes. But how much more affecting than all the recorded instances of royal superstition, is the picture of this poor Irish girl, watching in her simplicity the effect of her charmed potion, as the thirsty youth drained every drop of the bowl, unconscious of the draught of mutual destruction, so fondly prepared and so unsuspectingly quaffed. Lanty had alighted from his horse ere he drank, intending to act on the old huntsman's hint, and to while away a quarter of an hour with his sweatheart, as was his wont on every possible occasion. He had thrown the bridle over a branch of one of the shrubs that kept the dairy in shade; and he stood at the door as he drank.

Biddy could not resist her desire to mark the progress of her charm. She stole a side-long glance at Lanty. His first look, as he gave back the bowl, was one of simple satisfaction at the highly-flavoured draught, which, however, the anxious girl did not fail to interpret into an expression of rising love. In a moment more, Lanty stretched forth his hand, placed on Biddy's shoulder, and tottered towards her. Her heart bounded at these tokens of increasing passion; she looked up again. A wild convulsion passed over the poor lad's face. He stretched forward both his arms; and, as Biddy shrunk back with a pang of horror, he fell extended on the floor. Fixed to the spot, Biddy could not attempt to offer, nor had she power to call for aid. A few moments of frightful silence ensued, broken only by the shrill voice of Brian leading the hounds, the yelp of some young dog, or the deep tone of an old one which had caught the scent. At these sounds, poor Lanty's horse neighed and pawed the ground. The unfortunate young man, whose senses had been entirely stunned by the first shock of the overcharged draught, but which were now revived by the fierce revulsion of every spring of sensation, bounded upwards from the floor, staggered round in the wild drunkenness of insanity, rushed to the door, passed the poor agent and victim of his ruin, leaped upon his

saddle, and clapping spurs into his too ardent steed, set off at full gallop, in the direction of the pack, which had already found a hare, and was now in full cry.

The course of the furious chase which Lanty rode that morning, is still marked out by many a trace. Those who witnessed it declared that aught so terrible had never met their view. All who had joined the huntsman stopped, in surprise at first, and afterwards in affright, as Lanty drove his steed along, over ditch and wall, his hair flying in the wind, and spurs and whip perpetually urged into the flanks of the half-maddened animal. Brian Oge, almost thunderstruck at what he saw, pulled up his horse, and with clasped hands gazed wildly on, while the unheeded dog ran far and wide in all the riot of the chase. At length the gallant hunter that had borne the poor whipper-in for so many a hard day's run, fell utterly exhausted to the earth; and its unfortunate rider lay under it, in raging helplessness.

Biddy had stood by the dairy door, transfixed in a trance of despair, and marking almost the whole appalling extent of her lover's progress, when she was aroused by the approach of an old woman, who came towards her with hurried yet enfeebled steps; and as she approached she called out, "Biddy Keenahan, Biddy Keenahan, you didn't give him the philter? say you *didn't*, girl:—don't dare to tell me that you did—ruination and misery is on us all if Lanty tasted the drug—spake, spake! why don't you?—Did he drink it? did he drink it?"—and with these words the trembling hag shook Biddy into sensation, and she answered, "He did, he did Peg Morrin!"

"Thin the doom is upon us all—or how could I ever let you take, or yourself come to take the wrong pouter—a pouter that would drive an elephant mad! Bow down you head, misfort'nate crathur—the curse is comin' over us!"

The poor girl choking with emotions of terror that now reached their climax, fell into a fit of violent hysterics. Servants and others rushed in from various quarters, alarmed by sundry reports of evil. Lanty was brought back towards the house, raging mad. As his hapless sweetheart recovered her senses, they were shocked once more by

the hoarse screaming of his voice, which, even in those heart-rending tones, she recognised as his. The persons about her had straggled out when she recovered from the fit, in newly-excited curiosity, to witness the maniac's approach. Seizing the moment when she could unobstructedly escape, poor Biddy; driven beyond endurance by her mental agony, and the fierce denunciation of the fortune-teller pursuing her like a blade of fire, rushed to the river's edge, and flinging herself from the little quay where she had landed the preceding night so full of hope and happiness, sought to quench in the river's depths her burning misery and remorse. Tom Fagan the miller, coming up in his cot that morning, with some sacks of flour for the Grange, found its progress suddenly stopped on one of the shallows by a heavy substance looking white on the sand bank. On moving it with his pole, the body of poor Biddy Keenahan rose to the surface; and a number of people running along the river's edge, in too tardy search, explained to him the previous horrors of the morning.

Lanty, after undergoing for two or three days excruciating tortures, in confirmed and outrageous madness, was led, as a faint chance of recovery, by some well-meaning theorist, to see the dead body of his sweetheart, laid out in her shroud, and ready for the grave. This, as was expected, produced a fierce shock and frightful crisis. Lanty recovered from insanity. But with a hideous burst of laughter heralding the change, instantly sunk into incurable idiotcy, and so remained till the day of his death. From what motive I have never been able to learn (perhaps in the hope that the sufferer might forget even his own identity with the transactions it involved) the country folk dropped the habit of calling Lanty by his own name; and changed into that of John King, by which he was always afterwards known. He wandered about for a while, harmless and unobstructed, haunting the scenes of the terrible catastrophe, or straggling through the streets of the neighboring town; a living lesson of the danger of forcing the developement of even good passions; and proving the axiom of Molly Fagan the miller's wife, that "True love should be let to run its course;"

RUBENS AND VAN DYCK.

A SCENE IN AN ATELIER IN ANTWERP, 1618.

"Do, pray open the master's *atelier*, good M. Ruys, and let us go into it," exclaimed a party of young men, as they addressed themselves, one fine June afternoon in 1616, to an old servitor in one of the stateliest mansions in the city of Antwerp. The old man, who was busily engaged in mixing colours, shook his head, and replied—

"I promised myself that I would not do any such thing; and when I have made myself a promise, I always keep it."

"Then you keep the promises you make to yourself better than those you make to other people," replied one of the young men in a jesting tone: at least I have heard it affirmed that you make a vow every day to your wife that you will drink no more beer, and yet indulge before night in such copious libations that both head and legs refuse to perform their accustomed office."

"Nonsense, Master Diepenbeke; you must not believe all you hear; and even supposing it to be true, that has nothing to say to my opening my master's *atelier*."

"Come, come, Master Ruys, you must open the door for us," cried another of the young students; "what are you afraid of?"

"Afraid of! Master Van Dyck! I, afraid!" replied the old man, drawing himself up. "I have served at sea in my youth, gentlemen; and a man who has served at sea is not generally a coward, I would beg you to understand; he sees death face to face every day of his life—he becomes acquainted with death,"

"Well, we don't envy you that acquaintance," rejoined Van Dyck; "but we do want to make acquaintance with the style of Master Rubens, and for this purpose it is a matter of actual necessity that you should admit us into his *atelier*, in order that we may examine his works in their different stages of progress—we really cannot get on without doing so."

"Certainly, Master Van Dyck," replied the old man, tranquilly preceeding with his occupation; "If you only wished to visit the *atelier* from such praiseworthy motives as these, I should not like to refuse you; but you see, when you all get in, you begin to

play instead of studying, and then something gets broken. It was only yesterday that little statuette of Diana was knocked down; and when Master Rubens came in, I was obliged to say it was the wind had done it. 'What! the wind!' he exclaimed 'there was not air enough to-day to stir a leaf.' So he gave me the credit of breaking his statue.—No, no, gentlemen, I cannot stand that; you abuse my kindness."

The students, were not, however, so easily to be diverted from their purpose. They gathered round the old man, and assailed him with cries of—"My dear Ruys!—my good Ruys!—do give us the key—you shall have a packet of tobacco for the key—you shall have my beautiful amber pipe, if you will only give us the key!"

At last the old man, utterly bewildered, clapped his hands to his ears. The young men took advantage of the favourable opportunity thus afforded them, and, seeing the key peep forth from his pocket, they seized upon it, and were in the *atelier* before he knew what he was about. "My dear young gentlemen," exclaimed the faithful servitor, who saw that all further attempt at resistance would now be fruitless, "my dear young gentlemen—do, out of pity for me, take care not to do mischief—look at everything you like, but do not touch them. Promise me that you will not touch them?"

But all were too busy either to reply to the old man, or to give much heed to his words. Some were looking at a mere sketch; others, at a finished painting; whilst the largest group were gathered around an easel, on the outstretched canvass of which the painter had commenced his now celebrated picture, "The Descent from the Cross," which forms at present one of the chief objects of attraction in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame at Antwerp.

All, however, appeared to be in a silent and contemplative mood; and Ruys was about to leave them to themselves, when a sudden thought seemed to occur to the old man's mind, and returning on his steps, he encountered a very young man, of dark complexion, whose countenance breathed at once the fire of genius and of youth, and addressing him in a whisper, said:

"Master Van Dyck, I trust to you; you are the steadiest and most studious young man in the school. Will you keep an eye upon those young madcaps?"

Van Dyck smiled and nodded assent, whilst the old man slowly retired.

Ruben's *atelier* opened upon one of the handsomest streets in Antwerp; and the young students loved to frequent its forbidden precincts as much for the purpose of gazing upon the *beau monde* who thronged the busy thoroughfare, as for that of studying the secrets of the great master's art.

For some time after the aged servitor had taken his departure, their conduct it must be allowed, was most exemplary. They discussed the tone of the colouring, the effect of such and such draperies, &c., with the gravity of older heads.

"What a great master Rubens is!" exclaimed one.

"And such a brilliant career!" added another.

"Yes," rejoined Van Dyck, "my father was telling me, the other day, that when Rubens was Ambassador at Vienna, a nobleman, on learning his paintings highly praised at the table of Prince Kaunitz, the Austrian Minister, inquired from one of the guests whether Rubens was not an Ambassador who amused himself by painting?" Casanova replied with a smile: "Your Excellency is mistaken. Rubens is a painter who amuses himself by acting as Ambassador."

During this conversation one of the young students wearied with his morning's work, retired from the group, and began to throw into the air an elastic ball which he had discovered in a corner of the room. Once, it escaped his grasp, and rolled to the feet of one of his companions, who immediately caught it up and laughingly threw it at its owner's head. Immediately all joined in the game, and, totally forgetting where they were, they rushed hither and thither, heedless of the treasures of art by which they were surrounded, until, at length—none could tell how the catastrophe occurred, but so it was—Diepenbeke stumbled against the master's easel; it fell to the ground, and Diepenbeke falling with it, lay extended at full length upon the canvass. He sprang to

his feet without a single moment's delay ; but a cry of consternation burst from every lip ; the arm of the beautiful Magdalen is effaced, and the Virgin's chin is entirely obliterated.

A dead silence ensued, until, at length, looking at each other in dismay, they exclaimed, "Oh, what *have* we done!"

"We are lost," cried another. "We shall certainly be dismissed from the school to-morrow."

"I shall not wait to be dismissed," said a third ; "I shall leave at once."

"And so will I," added a fourth.

"And where, in that case, should we go, gentlemen?" interposed Van Dyck. "Where should we find a second master like Rubens? No; we must make up our minds to bear his anger, and remain."

"His very look frightens me," said Diepenbeke.

"Yes," resumed Van Dyck, in a mournful tone "I feel my heart die within me when he even raises his voice a little higher than usual."

"I think we had better restore everything to its place, and slip away without saying anything," suggested Richard, who had been the originator of all the mischief by first throwing the unlucky ball.

"For shame!" exclaimed Van Dyck.—"This poor Ruys would then have all the credit of the mischief we have done; and we should have to reproach ourselves with having caused the old man's ruin."

"But what, then, is to be done?" asked Diepenbeke, in a tone of dismay.

"We must await our fate, and bear it patiently," replied Van Dyck.

"Gentlemen, an idea has just occurred to me," exclaimed the youngest of the group.—"We have done the mischief, and we must repair it. Let us set to work and do the best we can."

"Cohen's advice is not bad," replied Diepenbeke. "The cleverest fellow amongst us had better seat himself at the easel, and repair the mischief as quickly as he can."

"And which is the cleverest?" inquired one of the young artists.

"Van Dyck!" exclaimed his comrades, as with one voice.

"I!" rejoined Van Dyck, terrified at the task they were seeking to impose upon him.

"Yes; *you!*" replied his fellow-students; "you alone can do it: you have three hours before you. Put a good heart to the work, and save us."

With a trembling hand, Van Dyck seized the palette, and seated himself at the easel; but, as he was about to touch the masterpiece which lay before him, his heart failed him; he laid down the brush and exclaimed—

"It is too great a piece of audacity for me to attempt to put a finger to it."

"Come, come, Van Dyck, you must not forsake us, indeed you must not," cried his friends in an imploring tone; and at length, yielding to their entreaties, he reseated himself before the painting.

The more he feared the displeasure of his master, the greater were his efforts to equal him, if possible.

"Only three hours of daylight left!" he exclaimed, "and I must seek to reproduce this fresh colouring, these unequalled tints of Rubens—may God help me, or, I am a lost man."

The arm of the Magdalen grows rapidly beneath the young artist's touch—the cheek of the Virgin is next retouched—his friends press around him with admiring congratulations, and just as the shades of evening close around, his task is accomplished, and Van Dyck, his brow streaming with perspiration, and his face flushed with anxiety, rises from his seat.

One of the greatest difficulties was thus happily vanquished: but to-morrow when Rubens sees his painting and discovers that an unknown hand has touched it, what will he say? Not one of his pupils, we may be well assured, closed an eye that night!

"Well, I am satisfied with your conduct this evening, young gentlemen," said Ruys, when the elder pupil returned him the key he had entrusted to them—"you have been as quiet as so many mice. I should not have guessed you were in the *atelier*, if I had not known it."

Not a smile lighted up the countenance of any one of the youthful group, at this *naïve* expression of praise on the part of the old servant; and the succeeding morning, when

they repaired to the school, anxiety was depicted on every face.

At length, Rubens entered the room, and many a fearful and inquiring glance was directed towards the master's countenance. He wore an unusually smiling aspect—it was evident that he as yet knew nothing of what had occurred. He went from easel to easel, addressed a word of encouragement to one, of reproof to another, of instruction to each.

Suddenly, however, he paused, and addressing himself to the whole body of students, he said,—

“Gentlemen, I wish to show you my picture; a Church picture which I am now painting—follow me.”

At these words, a shudder passed through the veins of the conscience-stricken pupils—they rose and followed the master in silence. On entering the studio, Rubens walked straight towards his now celebrated painting of the “Descent from the Cross,” and pointing towards that portion of his great work which he imagined he had completed on the preceding day, he observed:

“That is not the worst part of my work—look at it.”

But suddenly interrupting himself, he stepped hastily towards the picture—gazed at it intently, and passed his hand across his eyes as though he could scarcely believe his was aright.

This was a terrible moment. Van Dyck's heart might almost have been heard to beat.

“It is strange,” said Rubens, at last, “it is passing strange. This work is mine, and it is not mine. It is admirably painted—that I must allow; but a strange hand has been at work on my painting.”

And turning towards his pupils, the consternation visible in every countenance betrayed to him, in part at least, the true state of the case.

“You must have made your way into my atelier yesterday!” exclaimed the Master in an impetuous tone. “You meddled with everything, like a set of young madecaps as you are, and you met with a misfortune—is not that the truth? Speak out—tell me what happened? This part of the painting was effaced,” he continued, pointing to the arm of the Magdalen; “and one of you

young gentlemen took upon himself to repair the damage? Will you have the goodness to answer me?—you set me mad with your silence. Which of you painted this? Tell me directly.” Then looking round upon the astounded circle, he exclaimed, “Are you afraid of telling me? Do you think I am going to scold the man who painted that arm? No: I would rather clasp him to my heart, and proclaim him my successor. Yes; he who has painted this, will one day excel us all. Tell me, then, what is his name?”

“Van Dyck!” exclaimed the pupils with one accord as they made way for the young artist, who retreated into the back-ground overwhelmed with confusion.

“Van Dyck!” repeated Rubens, at the same time holding out his hand to his youthful pupil, “I might have guessed as much.—You may now bid farewell to my atelier. I can teach you nothing more—absolutely nothing. You must now go to Italy, my lad, and study the great masters there. Only one word of advice would I give you; devote yourself to portrait painting—that will be your forte. Gentlemen,” added Rubens, “I forgive you your folly in consideration of the manner in which its effects have been repaired.”

When the aged Ruys saw the whole band of young men coming out of the studio with smiling faces, and the Master himself leaning in a familiar manner on the shoulder of Van Dyck, he said to himself—

“Well, at all events, my remonstrances yesterday proved of some use. Master Rubens is pleased with them to-day, good youths! I will not refuse them the key another time—no, that I will not.”

Van Dyck, born at Antwerp in 1599, was at this time seventeen years of age. In compliance with the wishes of his master, he shortly afterwards quitted Rubens, and repaired to Italy. Previous to his departure, he painted three historical pieces, which he presented to Rubens in token of his gratitude, and this great Master of the Art esteemed them so highly that he was wont to point them out as the gems of his collection.

The after-career of this young artist is well known. On his return from Italy, he remained for a short time in his native land:

but, in a moment of disappointment, he repaired to the Hague, whither strangers used to flock in order to have their portraits executed by his hand. The same success attended him in England, where he came on the invitation of Charles I., whose love of art is well known. Van Dyck's portraits were in such demand at the Court of that Prince, that he might have demanded almost any sum he pleased for them; but, still, his wealth did not accumulate. He kept open house, had a numerous establishment of servants, and was ever ready to open his purse to friends, whether real or pretended. In addition to this, he was much given to the study of alchemy, and no inconsiderable portion of the sums which he earned by the pencil, did he afterwards melt away in the crucible.

Van Dyck married the daughter of Lord Ruthven, the head of an ancient and illustrious Scottish family; but his wife brought him no other dower save her noble birth and exceeding beauty. He died of consumption at the early age of forty-two,

THE MUEZZIN'S CRY.

A voice cometh down, where the moon's pale light
Rests on the mosque and minaret's height—

A twofold cry from one voice alone,
Thrilleth the heart with its solemn tone.
The muezzin cries loud, slowly, and deep,—
Awake! for "prayer is better than sleep."

On his darkened form plays a fitful gleam—
A spirit-like light from warmthless beam;
He standeth beneath the full blue sky,
And the stars are twinkling silently,
As though they had heard that voice so deep,—
Awake! for "prayer is better than sleep."

Where the Crescent waves o'er the dark mosque's
dome,

From the Moslem land, this cry doth come.
But, oh! that in Christian land might be,
Where drops to the Cross the bending knee,
A voice to the heart, in its stillness deep,—
Awake! for "prayer is better than sleep."

Awake—awake! there cometh a day,
When the voice of prayer must pass away;
When ye must sleep, to wake no more,
Or wake but once, and for evermore!
Jesu, O Saviour! may Heaven's grace keep
All slumbering souls from that prayerless sleep!

Caroline W. Leakey.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PULITZ.

By ELIZABETH O'HARA.

Two tiny elves sat by the moss-bedecked borders of a sparkling rivulet, watching the wavelets bubbling and plashing at their feet. One was a little, broad-shouldered short-necked, withered, hump-backed old man, and his thin legs, which he carefully drew up under him out of reach of the waters, added to the oddity of his appearance. His dress was brown, rather prim, and his head was covered with a hat or cap of brown leather, which cast a shadow over his plain, pale, but still good-natured and pleasant face. His companion was an elegant, delicate fairy; her yellow hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders and arms; her lovely but roguish face was mirrored in the waters where her naked feet were playing; and she was amusing herself, as often as she could find the opportunity, by flirting the drops in her neighbour's face. She wore an auricula for head-gear, and carried a wand made from the stalk of a flower.

"Ah! Heinzelman," cried the pretty creature, "are you still afraid of the water?"

"I have got my best shoes on," answered the other, drawing still farther from the stream; "but," he continued, in hopes of turning the conversation, "don't call me Heinzelman, my family namesounds strangely in my ears: call me 'Littlecap,' as mankind do when they want to coax me."

"Very good," replied the fairy; "and you are always to call me 'Lilli,' as we are old friends."

And they really were so, in the regular course of events. First they made acquaintance during the bathing season; from that sprung up a season's intimacy, and from this, a friendship which outlasted the time in which alone they met. They had no means of keeping up a correspondence; but perhaps they thought the oftener of each other on that account. They had this evening come to the stream, which had been their meeting-place for some years, and Littlecap was bent on going regularly through a course of bathing, in order to clear himself from the dust and dirt in which his life was passed. Lilli was come for amusement, on account of

the society one meets in those places, and also to revisit the flowers she found at the spring, and cherished so dearly, although Littlecap often assured her that the same species and genera were to be found in a thousand similar places. Littlecap had painfully toiled thither on foot, but Lilli had spread out her butterfly, dragonfly, or firefly wings (I am not quite sure which sort were most in vogue that season), and had pleasantly flown through the soft air, arriving at the selfsame time with her companion. Littlecap at once began to bathe, and to drink his morning draught of dew from the most wholesome or medicinal flowers; while Lilli paid her visits, gossiped, fluttered about, and inquired if any other fairy had made any fresh discoveries in the important art of turning flower-stalks into fairy wands. But on evenings the friends invariably met, and recounted to each other the day's adventures, or their opinions of time present, past, and future. We will listen to them:—

"You are looking pale, Littlecap," said the fairy; and her merry face was clouded for a moment. "You have been working too hard in your dusty, close room."

"I have really much to do. There is a great deal stirring just now amongst books and printing. We are overwhelmed with those abominable political pamphlets, Now and then we come upon a fresh poetical story, or a stately, large, and learned folio. I am but a printer's Brownie, and so I have plenty of work this year. Many letters and printer's signs have been brought to light which had long lain useless in their cases; they were covered with dust, which gets down one's throat and injures the lungs; so the bathing season was most essential for me this year."

Lilli burst out laughing. "I don't pity you a bit," she cried. "What are all those books, letters, and pamphlets, to you, or to mankind even?"

"You know nothing about it, my pretty friend. Every one must work in the place appointed to him by fate; the bee must build its cell, and the ant its hill, and if you destroy their works, they immediately set about replacing them. I must work as they do; it is so ordained. Do you do nothing?"

"I? no; I dance in the moonbeams, I prattle with the flowers, I listen to the glow-worms, I live, I enjoy—"

"You are like a butterfly, it is your nature; and yet this enjoyment is your labour. You see, there are also many differences among men with whom I am so constantly contact; some are industrious, like me, and work themselves to death; others enjoy themselves as you do,—they live in Nature, they listen to and learn from her: these are the poets; their work is to muse; their fellow-men call them dreamers, and laugh at them, because they live in a world of their own creation, and which none others know. If they succeed, however, by means of words, sounds, or colours, in giving mankind a glimpse of their world, they are called poets, or artists, and are extolled, although their state is not one jot changed. Your lot is to live in the poetry of nature; to imprint the Creator in your heart through His works; be thankful for it, but do not jeer at mine."

Did the fairy understand him? Perfectly, and she was flattered by his words. "It may be so," she said: "I must believe that it is your place to work; but, my poor fellow, it must be very hard, very tiresome!"

"Not in the least," replied Littlecap, drawing himself up; "you would hardly fancy how pleasant it is. There lie the black letters each in order in its own little compartment; it is my business to watch that they do not get mixed up together; and at night, as I sit on the case, I sometimes hear a doleful sigh—that is, when something is out of order, and a poor letter is complaining that he has got into strange company; some poor little *a* is being teased and laughed at by the great *A*'s, or a vowel is plagued by the stiff consonants, for every one lives apart, or with his own set—then I come to their help and put them all in order, and when the compositor comes in the morning he little thinks what care I have taken all night; he picks them up from their cases and sets them together; and as the looker-on may see, they fall into terrible confusion; but he does it all according as men have written it for him; and when the letters are printed on paper, they speak such beautiful

and clever things that every one takes pleasure in them. I read all the proofs; that is my recreation."

"A fine recreation," said Lilli, contemptuously.

Heinzelman grew more earnest, coughed as if he had taken some resolution, and said: "we are friends, Lilli, and that gives me a right to speak freely to you; you are clever, you have mother wit."

"I should think so!"

"Do not interrupt me—but you want cultivation, and you despise science, and literature, because you know nothing about them—that is not right."

"Heinzelman," cried Lilli, turning away pouting, "you are ungentlemanly."

"Let that be," said the elf, cosily rubbing his hands; "you know it is not ill-meant—you are so intellectual—what would you not do if you could but read, and you have so much leisure for it in winter."

"In winter?" said the fairy, still rather sulky; "it is just in winter that I have least time; then it is that I visit my dear flowers in the earth's bosom, as they sleep in their brown, hard, little seedling shells. I sit by them and talk to them about the sweet spring and sunny summer, when they will joyfully rouse themselves, and spring out in new life of fragrance, and bright tints; then I peep into the souls of the growing buds, and set them thinking, and they learn how they too must blossom, and blow, and adorn the world."

"The souls of the flowers?" asked Littlecap in a tone of unbelief.

"Do you know nothing of them? Away then with your book-learning," cried Lilli; "if the flowers had no souls, how could they know what to do when they first appear above the sod?"

"You must tell me more about this," said Littlecap with increasing faith. "In earlier times they used to write in books about the souls of the dead, but lately we have not heard much about them—go on."

"When the flowers wither," Lilli began, "the soul is in the fragrance (for the perfume is the flower's soul, as thought is man's,) which still lies hidden in the dried-up calyx. It long hovers round the dead flower, and

then spreads in the air. If man took more notice of these things, he might perceive how often a sweet fragrance steals through the air when the blossoms are opening, though he cannot trace its course. The dead flowers perish, the buds grow till they also mingle with the earth in their turn; but their souls reappear, and watch like faithful guardians over their new-born sisters, to whom they tell all they have seen in the course of their lives, all they have learned of the wondrous ways of nature or of man; they sing this softly to their charge, and it steals into the heart of the yet unformed flower. Thus, in the bosom of the silent earth, life and intelligence are constantly growing and renewing, but man cares not a doit for anything beyond the blossoms' colour, and make, yet they open to love and to serve them."

"You are poetical, Lilli," remarked Littlecap.

"Will you have a proof?" asked Lilli; and leaning back, she broke a Forget-me-not from the flowers that shaded her seat. "Look at this flower; you know the meaning that man attaches to it: it is a Forget-me-not."

"*Myosotis pratensis*, or Mouse-ear," said Littlecap, correcting her.

"What do I care for your learned names?" continued Lilli; "we and man's feelings have called it 'Forget-me-not.' It is a flower sacred to friendship and fidelity; she knows that much now, while she is growing on her little green stalk; but she is still untaught, and wants feeling; on opening, she will be of a red colour, love's own tint; this is her first dress, but in good time her soul teaches her better, and she paints herself of a deep blue, and her petals rise up from her deep yellow cup, like a prayer to the true-hearted, as a solace in the hour of separation. Why should she do this if she did not know her name and its meaning?"

Littlecap, who had studied all the botanical literature in the world, could not, with all his science, answer that question.

"And yet you look down upon me because I cannot read," continued Lilli; "you think, perhaps, that there are no other books than those made out of your ugly black letters. Poor Littlecap! you know more of your stupid printer's room than of all the rest of the

world. The Creator has a thousand thousand other ways of writing, but you cannot read them. I understand many of them: see this Forget-me-not leaf; look at this soft blue velvet; and see, when I hold it against the sun, the tiny veins—how they cross each other!—so complicated, and yet so regular!—do you think they have no sense or plan when the flower springs open so full of meaning? Do you think that Nature's handwriting is less legible than your compositor's, when he picks up his letters from the cases which you keep tidy for him? Every stroke has a sense, each fibre a plan, each breath a thought; something is legibly printed on each petal. I can read it, and so could you, if you were a poet instead of a printer."

Heinzelman pondered between curiosity and unbelief over the fairy's words. He would not ask her to read to him, lest she should think he believed her; and yet he would have liked much to know what was written on the leaves. He expected it would be a scientific classification of the species, a catalogue that each had in their possession. He winked his eyes as if he knew all about it, and let drop a half question—"But all these flowers say exactly the same things?"

"Not at all," answered Lilli; "the Creator's rich invention never repeats itself. Since you are so clever and highly-educated," she continued, with some irony, "I will tell you more about it. You know how the souls of the flowers watch over the germinating root; when the flower itself appears, a story is written on each leaf, so that for those who have learned to read it, it is a book with many pages. I read these in my leisure hours, and yet you mock at me because I do not cultivate literature. What should I know about mankind, with whom I never associate, if the flowers did not teach me?"

"Well, then, tell me what is written on this Forget-me-not," cried Littlecap.

"Very simple things. What adventures can happen to a poor Forget-me-not?"

"Only just what is on the five leaves of the one you are now holding—do, do, my clever, pretty little friend."

Lilli silently studied the leaf for so long a

time, that Littlecap expected that she would not be able to decipher anything.

"This is not like one of your books, where one begins at the first opening," she remarked. "We must first find the clue; the rest quickly follows."

"Like soothsayers, who predict the future from the lines in a man's hand," Littlecap observed.

"Pretty nearly," she replied; "but my art is more certain. Listen: on this leaf is the story of a Forget-me-not's soul. She says:—

"On the meadow where I blossomed, two dear children were running and playing about; a girl, with light waving curls, a brown-haired boy, some years older; they were hunting butterflies—at least, the girl was; but the boy thought more of her than of his sports. They were born in the same village. 'Oh dear!' cried the girl, 'it is muddy herein this deep ditch, and there is such a beautiful butterfly, a peacock's eye, flown across it, and I cannot get over.' She stood mournfully at the edge of the ditch, as if a large fortune had vanished from her before she had had time to enjoy it. Who knows if her grief and loss were not quite as great? 'Don't try it,' said the boy, 'I will carry you across.' 'No, no, you will let me fall,' she answered. But the peacock's eye was still fluttering on the other side; she could nearly reach him with her net. The boy wanted to lead her away; but the fair child, still intent on her butterfly waved him back. 'Quick, quick!' she cried, 'there he is again.' At this, the boy took her in his arms, and leaped into the ditch, where he stood with his dear little burden. 'What will you give me for my help?' he asked. 'Nothing; but do make haste, I am too heavy for you.' 'Nothing! Then, I will stop here.' 'Stupid fellow! you will stick fast. What do you want?' 'A kiss!' 'Oh! silly,' and she suddenly turned her head. 'Ah, what beautiful flowers!' and, forgetting her chase, and her attendant's request—'you must pick them for me.' And she lightly sprung from his arms, and stood on the other side; the boy still remained in the water. 'Do you want the Forget-me-not?' he asked. 'Yes, yes!' So he began

to pick them while she joyfully clapped her hands. 'What are you going to do with those flowers?' 'I will set them in a vase full of water, with a stone at the bottom, there their stems will take root; and I will keep them in my mother's room, where they will grow and open.' Soon after, they were seated side by side on the bank. The girl was arranging a nosegay from the flowers he had gathered for her, her apron was full of them; the boy was thoroughly happy, and had forgotten that she had cheated him of his kiss. 'Give me a flower to keep for your sake,' he petitioned. 'No! why did you want to steal a kiss from me just now?' and catching up the corners of her apron, she raced off towards her home. The boy frowned, doubled up his fist, and shook it at her; the next moment he walked off on his way as if nothing had crossed him. We Forget-me-nots were treated as they had settled; we grew up and opened our budding flowrets, and began to prattle to each other, and to wonder what had become of the boy whom we had never again seen; but our thoughtless little owner had quite forgotten us, the butterfly, and the coveted kiss. At last the boy came on a message from his mother, and as he was waiting for an answer, his eye fell on us, his cheek flushed, and when her mother's back was turned, he stepped over to us, and, plucking me from the vase, hid me in his breast. 'What are you doing?' asked the lady. 'Nothing!' he answered; but he grew still redder, and drew his coat over me. As soon as possible, I was placed between the leaves of his Latin grammar, and there remained till winter. When the snow was deep on the ground, the school-boys began snowballing each other one day, and the books were laid on a stack of wood, when I, slipping out, was carried in with the logs, and was burnt in the school-room stove, as the boy was reprimanded for continually turning over the pages of his book in lesson time, and would not say what he was looking for. I never could discover, however, why he blushed when he stole from the vase."

"That is the story of the first leaf," said Lilli, pulling it off, and letting it fall into the stream; "it is finished. There are four more on the cup."

Littlecap was not quite certain what he ought to say about the story, and had sat the whole time in painful impatience; he was half waiting for the point, half inclined to give a criticism which might gently guide his friends to it,—“very good, very pretty indeed,” he remarked, “but you must just once read my books. There is so much more in them, and there would have been written a heap of wonderful circumstances which occurred between the children before they became a pair; I have been expecting something of the sort all along.”

“I know no more about that than my Forget-me-not does,” replied Lilli; “it is no book, it is but a leaf, and my poor flower's soul has told no more than the adventures she herself experienced; shall I go on?”

“It will be all the same to the end,” replied Littlecap, “just what happens to Forget-me-nots, and a few other flowers.”

“Let us see,”—she held the second leaf against the sun, studied it a few moments, and then began fluently to translate what the other soul related.

“I was born on the banks of a sparkling river, though I could not see its waters, for a small meadow, damp with the water drops which the rolling waves scattered over it and with the tiny streams which glided along it through sand and pebbles, was the place where I, with many sisters, first sprung from the earth. I used to hear a rushing, rumbling noise, but I never saw anything, perhaps because I was scarcely full blown, and it was but a day since my leaves had unfolded themselves; but on the other side I saw the high cliffs, to which three ruined castles still clung, rising from the valley, and the only sunset I witnessed cast a ruddy glow over them. He soon sunk, and I was yet watching the still beauty of the evening, when I heard a confused sound of men's voices, the tramping of horses, and the measured splash of oars in the water; I turned with all my might from the old towers, towards which my flowery eyes had been directed, in the hope of seeing more. I felt my curiosity increasing, and pushed my head between my sisters, till I had space to see all that was going on in the road behind me. A long procession of young men arrived on

horses and in carriages. First came three horsemen in boots high above the knees and fitting close to them, and swords by their sides, their scarfs fluttered across their breasts, their heads hardly covered by the little gold embroidered cap. Then came a carriage drawn by six horses, and more riders with swords: these were followed by some carriages-and-four, and then came many two-horse concerns. A loud halt! was sounded, the young men, all with the tiny student's cap on their flowing locks, descended, while the carriages and horses were left in utter disorder to get home as they could. A boat with streamers of the same colour as the scarfs and caps, and further decked with garlands of flowers and branches of oak, was waiting for them at the river's edge, while its band welcomed their arrival with its strains. Most of them embarked immediately, but some wandered with glesome steps along the bank; the ferry-boat started, the music struck up a student's song, and the young voices mingled with it.

'On the Neckar's wooded cliffs
Stand castles bold and high,'

echoed through the air; the oars moved in time to the melody; and I again wistfully turned my looks towards the old castle, which in the sun's rays, and in the glory that the song threw over them, braved the festive groups. I was suddenly withdrawn from my profound meditations. The students who had remained behind had each gathered some flowers or sprays, and wound them round their caps. One cap alone wanted this ornament; its owner remembered it just as he came opposite to us; he stooped, and with one grasp I and many others were plucked; a large garland of Forget-me-nots was fastened on his cap, and I rejoiced at it, as now I should join in the feast, and help to grace an assembly of students. They soon all left the boat, and ramed over mountain or dale, as chance or pleasure directed. I bent over my wearer's brow from the castle which I had watched so curiously from afar; he bore me through ivy and brambles to the highest point of the old tottering walls. I saw the wide, wide world before me, and looked—to my shame be it spoken—with aversion on the lowly spot where I was born. The students who

had followed us went further. My friend clambered all over the loose masonry; my head turned and swam. A yellow wall-flower, whom I had offended in climbing up, mocked at me. 'What are you doing here you flower of the dale?' I looked at her with a proud smile, but was far above her; and before I could answer, my friend sat himself astride the wall, threw his arm round an old tree, whose root had crept down deep in the damp stones, and gazed as I did on the wide earth out-spread beneath us. He had heated himself in climbing; so he took off his cap, on which I still waved, and laid it on a large stone by his side; the first surprise was over, and I rocked myself into such an uncommonly-melancholy train of thought, and was in such a lyrical mood, that I was inclined to compose a poem which should reflect back the deep tone engendered by the ruins in my neighbourhood. The same idea must have struck my student, for he took out his pocket-book, laid himself on the stone beside his cap, and began to write with his pencil. I was most anxious to look over him, for I felt sure that he had taken my poem from me before I had even begun it, and of which I felt not a little proud: but the cap, and I with it, were too far away; the sun fell straight on the paper; the student thought a moment, and then placed his cap so that its flower shaded his writing, and I was thus enabled to read. I was full of joy and admiration! not a bit like my song—no tears for the past, no expectations for the future,—nothing but admiration of the rich scenery! Undoubtedly its writer was a student—a student! that is a reason for every eccentricity.

“ ‘What are you doing up there?’ cried a voice from below. ‘Nothing,’ answered my student, who, looking very red, clasped his pocket-book, threw his cap on his head, and swung himself quickly from the tower, whilst many loose stones rolled after him. Then he went with hasty steps down the mountain to the inn by the water-side, where the whole company had joyfully assembled in one large room. A long table was laid out with many bottles on it; and at each end two naked swords formed a cross; the musicians were in the orchestra, and oppo-

sitate to them was a gay transparency, on which the students' arms were painted. Flowers were spread over the tables and hung from the walls: their coats were thrown aside, but each wore the three-coloured ribbon* across his breast; a sign was given with the swords, every one took his place, and the repast began. All was felicity, brimming over with joy, youthful energy, youthful pleasure, youthful riches! their glasses were quickly emptied and refilled; they were pledging each other on all sides. The music now struck up one of their songs; the swords again clashed against the table. 'Silentium!' shouted their president. Their talking ceased, and their voices joined in the inspiring burden of their song. The first was sacred to friendship; and I, the flower of friendship, waved to the melody as they sung—

Higher, friends, yet higher still,
As our hearts brim o'er with pleasure;
Drink again, your glasses fill;
Drink to friendship—priceless treasure!

I glanced proudly on the other flowers that garnished the caps, tables, and walls, as if I myself were the hero of the song; and when at the last verse, they all stood up, and their glasses clinked against each other, while each hand was firmly grasped by some cordial friend, and each sought the other's eye, I felt as happy as if every drop of melancholy had been pressed from my cup; I was no longer a sentimental flowret. Thus they went on deep into the night, ever growing louder and more jocund, and many a true outpouring was then whispered to a friendly ear. My student passed his arm round a friend's neck, and they went out together on the balcony. Above us were the starry heavens; beneath, the flowing Neckar; behind us, the old castles were dimly shadowed forth in the decreasing light; near us the jingling glasses, the song of many voices. My student pressed his friend's hand; I knew he was full of happiness, for I had read his lay. Once more the swords clashed, and 'Silentium' resounded through the room; all were silent, and resuming their coats,

* In Germany each corps of students is distinguished by a parti-coloured ribbon, a badge worn by all students; its colours mark the corps to which they belong.

returned to their places. After the storm of merriment came a dead calm. 'Our fatherland!' cried the president, and then that glorious air began. The first verse was sung just as the preceding songs had been; and at the second, the two students, who presided at each end of the table, rose and brandished their swords in time to the music:—

Turn your eyes, here, to the left,
On my blade of sheath bereft,
Now I pierce my cap and swear—

As each took his oath, he leaned his hands on the crossed swords with which his cap had been run through.

I will hold my promise good
As all fearless Burschen* should.

Then they passed the swords to their next neighbours; and as the song proceeded, the caps were pierced in time to the music, until the four swords met in the middle of the table. It fared ill for us poor flowers, and I fell off, severed by the steel; but I pushed my head up among the caps, and thus saw how the swords travelled round the table.—The song was over; and now the President began another:—

There, take it back, to deck thy brow;
The sword has made it sacred now.
Brothers, we'll not forget our row.†

Each student caught up his own cap,‡ and placed it on his head; and as soon as all were covered, the president put on his own, and waving his sword, exclaimed, '*Ex est commercium, initium fidelitatis!*' A hurrah, which they seemed to have with some difficulty repressed during the previous ceremony, now burst forth; the walls shook, the glasses jingled. We had been first shaken off or cut off from the caps, and now we were strewn about the floor and tables. Even the Forget-me-nots were forgotten; and he who had plucked me and sworn eternal friendship

* Burschen—students.

† Our author does not give the particulars of the oath; but we understand it is a frequent ceremony with the students, who swear to be true to friends and fatherland, *id est*—Germany; in the aggregate, they care little for its subdivisions or the small states in which they were respectively born.

‡ These caps are elegant and expensive articles, being beautifully embroidered in gold or silver; the colours distinguished the different corps.

by our name, cared not, knew not of our fate. My neighbour fell on the stem of his glass, and hung there, and when he drank his last pledge, she gave him a farewell kiss and dropped exhausted at his feet. I envied her. But yet torn and mangled as we were, we were not quite unobserved. His friend saw me; a sudden memory struck him; he picked me up. 'A Forget-me-not!' he murmured; 'it is just such another as the one she refused me long ago, and she is grown up and is very lovely. Would she refuse it to me now? As if she would give it to me now!' He sighed, and laid me between the leaves of his song-book, exactly over these words—

And Love, when she followed and gave him her hand,
Soon made him a home in the far-away land.

'There I breathed my last. If the youth opened his book again that year, of what did the poor, shrivelled Forget-me-not remind him? Of the maiden at home, or of the student's revel at Neckar Steinach?'"*

Littlecap had listened attentively to the end, whether from interest, gallantry, or resignation we cannot say. "Yes, men have wonderful Tom-fooleries," he remarked; "especially when they happen to be students."

"Our Forget-me-not appears to be quite full of it," said Lilli; "it almost drew tears from her,"

"A Forget-me-not cannot want subjects to cry over," Littlecap resumed.

"And what dreadful things happened to it!" interrupted Lilli.

"Ah, poor Forget-me-not—and such nonsense too! the train of carriages, the drinking, and then spoiling their caps, making holes in them!"

"May be so," Lilli replied: "I am not going to defend my tale," and she let the second leaf fall into the rivulet.

Perhaps Littlecap meant to improve its contents, for he stooped forward to prevent her, but the stream carried the leaf far from his reach. "That's a pity," he said, "I should like to have written out the description of the student's party.

* The whole details of this scene are taken from the life; it is a graphic description of a student's feast. Neckar Steinach, a lovely spot, is about eight miles from Heidelberg. The students visit it in great state and ceremony, but seldom know how they returned from it.

"What's the use?" asked the fairy: "there are a thousand prettier stories than this written on the leaves."

"I might have made use of it perhaps, when I had managed to find time to write it off on the blank side of a proof-sheet. It is good enough for that, though it is not worth much. We have this sort of stories handsomely printed, and bound up with gold edges and fine vignettes. These books stand upon tables now, instead of the other baubles mankind used to be so fond of setting out for show. They like their outsides, and sometimes turn over the pages, but I do not think they care much for their contents."

"A queer race, they are," laughed Lilli: "and so you call that having a taste for literature?"

The sun had now sunk, the twilight spread over all, and the evening mist rose from the damp ground, and hung over the place where the pair sat, like a broad moist veil stretching out into the night air. Littlecap pulled his hat over his ears, and buttoned up his coat, while Lilli making herself a seat of the floating thistle-down, prepared to read the third page.

"You will spoil your eyes," said her friend, endeavouring to take the flower from her.

She laughed, and half-rising from her seat, called out in a clear, silvery voice, "Now glow-worms, wake up, trim your lamps, and light me!" Immediately the sparkles began to twinkle through the grass, till the meadow grew lighter and lighter; the little torches moved through the mist, first slowly, then more quickly, till they glittered and shone all around. "Come here to me," the fairy again cried. "and those who stand quite still and light me nicely, shall hear my story."

Then the rays shone about them, some from their mossy seat, others from the flowers which overhung it, till the friends were in a flood of light.

"I was not born in the free air of nature. A lofty and spacious room, with glazed walls and roof, saw me burst forth into existence. It was very pretty there; but we sadly missed the pure free air. We were a large party of flowers, collected from all parts of the world. The stately palm waved its branches there; the wonderful butterfly

orchis of the *Orcades* hung from the roof, and threw its tendrils and perfume around; the coquettish *camellia* contrasted her rich waxen flowers with her shining leaves; the pomegranate displayed her vivid fiery tints. How they all were called, and if they ever conversed with each other on the home-sickness plants and flowers can feel, I really cannot tell you. I will own that I had no regrets for my own home; but I heard that I had left it many years since; that I had been taken from it in my earliest youth. The sunbeams told me this. They used to visit us when the matting was taken off our windows, and we could look out on a world covered with ice and flaky snow. "But why should they set us?" I used often to ask of a clump of violets who stood near me—"why should they place us, of whom they generally think so little, in the company of so many choice, high-born, foreign plants?" We had not much time to ponder over the question, for the gardener, our guardian and nurse, came one day and cut flowers and branches away, and carried us all off. Tender hands bound us together in small posies, laid us in a crystal vase, covering us up well against the winter, and carried us away all at once. I was half-frozen by the blast which pierced through our protecting cloth, and yet half-rejoiced in the free pure air; and occupying myself with myself, I at last attained the same resignation with which a dark *camellia* braved the wintry breezes, I also heard the soft moans of an orange blossom, who was tightly bound up and lay helpless under the leaves, while a hardy *erica* endeavoured to console her. But suddenly a warm and perfumed air stole upon us—a dazzling light burst through our prison—its cover was removed—the wonders of a ball-room were revealed to my astonished gaze—lights streamed from the dazzling chandelier which hung from the roof—radiance glittered along the walls—a crowd of elegantly-dressed and beautiful young people were collected together—the melodious tones of the orchestra resounded through the room, and the couples moved in unison to its electric measure. We must have been brought in as the revelry was drawing to an end; a myrtle spray which had escaped from a lady's bouquet, and, being carelessly tossed into the vase,

had fallen near me, explained all the mysteries which had so suddenly burst upon and bewildered me. We flowers were set down in a corner, and no one seemed to pay any attention to us; we stood in a window-niche on a *jardinière*, so that I could see everything. At first, I was entirely occupied with the blaze of light which, with the softest tones of the music, pervaded equally every corner of the room, with the brilliant dresses, and the lovely faces. At last I became sufficiently composed to look into particulars, and my friendly myrtle was ready to answer my minutest questions. How wonderfully they moved about. How softly the young men stepped up to the ladies! how lowly they bowed before them! how reverently they received the yielded hand! In a second more, the same couple were rushing past us, their eyes laughing, their bosoms heaving, and the fragile form of the lady trembling on the arm that was clasped round her. But when they returned to their places, there was the same low bow, the same stately ceremonial. It was a sudden blazing up—as suddenly extinguished. And now a longer pause ensued. At last, the instruments began a few sounds; people hurried up and down the room; the chairs were all pushed up together; the ladies were conducted to their places; those who did not dance seated themselves. The first couple opened the dance—the lady was the queen of the night; she was a beautiful girl, tall and slightly made; her fair hair hung in ringlets; her almost regal brow was crowned with the *fuchsia's* delicate bells; her eyes sparkled through the room brighter than the diamonds which shone on her bosom; and her lovely arm, with its heavy-jewelled bracelet, lay lightly on her partner's. The myrtle twig soon remarked my curiosity: "She is the daughter of the house, and they are celebrating her betrothal," he said: "her partner is her betrothed. I know it, because it belonged to her bouquet; and that, and her whole dress, were presents from him!" "How happy she must be!" I sighed. Near the recess sat an old lady and her daughter, who, most probably had found no partner; they were talking to a gentleman standing by them. "Her mother caught him imme-

diately: the task was easy enough; he is not over bright!" "We were most intimate friends at school," said the daughter. "It is scarcely a week since she told me how excessively tiresome she found him; but she is such a flirt, and—" "It is a capital match for her," said the gentleman. Two young officers came near us in the dance. "She is lovely!" said one. "But utterly heartless," replied the other. A young man, dressed in black, stood opposite to me, leaning against a door-post; he did not dance, and spoke but little; but his dark eye constantly followed the bewitching creature, who was the theme of every conversation—the observed of all observers. I pitied him, though I knew not what for. I had thought we flowers were entirely forgotten; but they placed the vase in which we lay so quietly on a little table in the middle of the room. A gentleman stepped up to it, took out a nosegay, and presented it to a lady; a look, a dance, were the return for his gift.* The vase was soon empty; the last dancer had made his choice; and the nosegay in which I was, lay neglected at the bottom. The young man who had so watched the affianced beauty, now left his place for the first time. He hurried up to the vase—"A Forget-me-not!" he cried; and hastily seizing us, carried us to the daughter of the house. As he bowed before her, his dark eye cast a penetrating glance on her. She could not bear his look; hers bent beneath his; she took the flowers; and, as if to evade observation, said, "A Forget-me-not! Do you remember the time when we were children, and used to gather them in the fields?" "And later still," he answered; "but we have no need of memories to-night." He took her hand, and they danced round the room. I looked for him a few minutes after, but his place was empty—he had vanished. The dance came to an end, the company disappeared, the room was empty. The beautiful girl tossed away her many nosegays, trophies of the admiration she had elicited; but she still held mine fast in her hand. She left

the room, looking indifferently on the dazzling lights and the flowers that strewed the floor. Her step was firm, her eye clear, her head as proudly raised as ever. She went to her room, where her maid was waiting for her; the garland was quickly removed from her hair, the diamond unfastened, the costly bracelets unclasped; she threw them on the table without a second look. She hurriedly dismissed her maid, who left her standing in the middle of the room: but she did not turn to her couch. She again drew near to the table where all her ornaments lay. Was it to take another joyful look at the elegance and value of the jewels in which she had shone? She snatched up the poor nosegay; her fingers trembled as they sought among the leaves and flowers. I felt for her; I knew she was looking for me. She thrust everything on her dressing-table on one side; a costly brooch rolled on the ground; she never heeded it, but caught up her scissors, severed the string which bound us together, pushed the other flowers away, and seized on me. She bowed her head over me. My heart too soon sunk withered, for a hot drop fell in my cup, and as I looked up once more, how I wondered that they should have called her cold and haughty! Her head was bent, tears rolled from her beautiful eyes over her pale cheeks; her whole countenance was changed. "Was she not happy, then? Had she a heart?" She sank in her chair, and laid her head on her hand. How long she laid there I know not. The taper was burnt out, day was peeping in through the shutters. I fancied I saw a dark shadow pass before her window. She started up, took an unpretending little locket from her dressing-table, and unclasped it. A lock of hair fell from it. She laid me, who, till then, she had held in her hand, in the case. I felt it; but first, she pressed me to her lips,—and I died in that kiss."

Lilli was silent.

"Is it over?" asked Littlecap; "your stories always finish just as one thinks they are beginning."

The fairy made no answer, but let the third leaf fall into the water. Fortunately, the stars were coming out, or she would not have been able to read, for the glow-worms had fallen asleep.

* This is a description of a figure in the cotillion with which a German ball always concludes. Gentlemen present bouquets to any lady, who, in return, must waltz round the room with the cavalier who has chosen her.

"They are a lazy set," said Lilli; and she stirred up the grass until the worms were frightened, and their lamps began to sparkle on all sides as they swarmed about.

"I pay you for your trouble," she continued; "I am reading a story to you: mind you help me through with it." After all, what interest could the poor little glow-worms, born in a meadow, take in the pleasures of a ball-room? Littlecap himself could not see what they had to do with it.

"Do you know," he asked "why the glow-worms have lights?"

"That we fairies may see on nights when the moon does not shine, and when the stars are hidden behind the clouds," was the answer.

Littlecap laughed in his sleeve. He had a touch on the tip of his tongue at the elfin egotism which only saw a provision for its own special comforts in the Creator's handiwork: but he kept back these remarks, and prepared to give a scientific explanation of this fact in natural history. I did not ask for the reason, he said, "but for the producing causes."

"I know them," Lilli replied.

Littlecap was astonished and rather disappointed to find that he could not bring out his vast stock of knowledge respecting electricity and phosphorescent emanations; but Lilli chattered away without attending to him.

"The caterpillars had a wedding, and all the moths, beetle, and chafer tribe were invited to it. Many had a long journey to make, and grew tired on the road. It was night, for the moth travel best at that time, just as the butterflies prefer to go out in the sunshine. The travellers were near the place which they had settled to reach, before the first rays of morning; but between them and it lay a bog, on which the wildfire was merrily dancing. The party stopped short, and began to consult as to what must be done. "We cannot cross over," said a prudent cockchafer, "this wandering flame will burn our wings." "Then let us fly round the marsh," said a moth; but the smaller travellers would not agree to that; they were tired, and did not like to go out of their way. "Let us take a dragon-fly for guide;

they are all well acquainted with this bog," advised a ladybird. But the little ones would hear of no roundabout paths. After some more debating, the larger beetles endeavoured to fly over the marsh, and the little ones remained melancholy behind, fearing to lose the wedding-feast. Time passed on; a will-o'-the-wisp came nearer to them; the poor things stood undecided; at last the glow-worms, who were then nothing but common grey beetles, spoke up—"We have courage; we will go on, and see if the flames will injure us; stay on the edge of the bog, and watch the issue of our adventure." And thus it happened. The grey beetles cautiously and softly crawled on the shining fiery sprite. At first, when he danced up to them, they were frightened, and turned back to the spectators, who were already triumphing over their defeat. But this spurred them up to new attempts. They soon surrounded the jack-o'-lantern, and rejoiced to find that there was nothing to fear from the flames which so alarmed them; for they expected to be blinded by the rays which he sent right against them, and yet not one of them was in the least injured. Again they fearlessly attacked the enemy, who was soon so environed, cut at, and bound, that he was obliged to yield himself prisoner, and was dragged in triumph to the firm ground. The other insects would now have taken part in the war, and shared the poor prisoner as common booty; but the little beetles claimed their entire right to him, as they alone, had attacked him. He was laid upon an old trunk of a tree, and hewn in pieces with a long blade of grass, whose sharp edge served them as a saw, so that each could have a little bit of his clear ray, which they securely fastened to their tails. The travellers now proceeded securely over the bog, uninjured by the wild-fires, who, frightened at their brother's fate, left the place free for them. And what rejoicings there were, as the little insects came up to the bride, and paid her their compliments long before the big ones arrived, tired and worn out with their long flight; for the dragon-fly had carelessly led them astray, and mischievously left them to find their way as they best could. When the others

asked them how they had managed to cross the burning marsh, they bent their feelers, and mumbled out a few unintelligible words, the glow-worms having begged them not to say a word about their prowess, for they love quiet better than anything; so they wished to be silent about the resolution they had displayed. The day passed on, and the high feasting of the nuptial evening began; the big moths and chafers had been resting, and rose now quite recovered; everyone was making their toilet; the glow-worms alone looked shabby in their plain grey coats, and were scarcely distinguishable in the grass. A golden beetle, who had taken some time to dress himself, looked down contemptuously on them, in his green and gold clothes, and said, "poor fellows, you really cannot set off those dusty cloaks of yours, or else I would offer you some gold filings which I cannot use, and which you will find on a grassy knoll beside a dew-drop, which serves me for a looking-glass."

"We are much obliged to you," answered a glow-worm, offended by his airs of patronage; "but, though we have no gold embroidery to boast of as you have, we have a still more brilliant ornament, which you are in want of." With these words they all lifted their wings up, the bright rays shone out, and there was no end to the wonder and admiration they excited when they whizzed into the marriage party. They were the heroes of the company; and the caterpillar, the blushing bride, was lighted to her home by them. That is a long while ago, but the glow-worms have kept their sparkling rays ever since: and if by chance they are extinguished, they go and find a jack-o'-lantern, and share him between them."

"Stuff!" shouted Heinzelman, losing patience, at last; "it is sheer nonsense."

"No, indeed," the fairy earnestly replied, "it is quite true: I have heard it from credible authority, just as I give it to you; and if you should happen to go through the wood at night, you may judge for yourself. There stands many an old trunk of a tree in the damp grass, shining and glittering through the darkness—some think that a treasure lies buried there; but they must dive deep who come to take it up. The glow-worms bind

the will-o'-the-wisp on these stumps, and then they shine for a long, long time, for neither rain nor dew can extinguish them, since they spring from boggy places, and water does not injure them. There lies a splinter of this sort of wood; I will take it at once and fasten it by our seat, so that it may light us while I read you what the fourth petal says. The stars also are coming to help me; so I think I shall manage it."

Before Littlecap could make the least opposition Lilli was in full career, and thus she deciphered the fourth story.

"I am the latest-born, the last bud of a large family. Many of my sisters who had blown in the same year with me, had reached their appointed time; many had lost their last leaves; and the bare green stem, bereft of its blue crown, stood up ungracefully on the plain. They were born in the bright days of *spring and summer*; I came forth on a cold, foggy, autumnal day; so veiled, I scarcely saw the few rays the sun sent through the alders and willows which grew about the barren land where my lot was cast. As far as I could see, there was nothing but deep marshy ground, and a few full-blown flowers, whose leaves were brushed off by the cold breezes. The colours and perfume accorded to my predecessors, the children of a happier time, were faint and dead with us. My eyes shed tears as I first opened them, for I felt my loneliness, though I could scarcely understand it. The sun sunk—its blood-red and shapeless ball hid itself behind the fog, which hung, heavy and moist, from the trees, who shook their branches angrily, as if they would chase it away. I was expecting a dreary, solitary, night; when I suddenly heard the regular tread of many steps in the distance, and the booming roll of metal, interrupted by words of command. It came nearer and nearer, falling more muffled on the mossy ground, and I soon saw the glitter of weapons glistening through the twilight. A division of soldiers came up in compact, close array, just like a strong wall, and quite near to the place where I was growing; and I shrunk behind a large stone, so as not to be crushed under foot. "Halt!" cried their captain; and they stood as if rooted to the ground.

A few more words were spoken, but the wind bore them from me. A small division were sent off, who began to scour the ground, and were soon lost to my gaze, nor could my ear long follow the sound of their steps, but the ranks of those who remained were soon dispersed; a part went so far away, that I could scarcely discern their figures in the grey back-ground, and those who remained began to disencumber themselves of their weapons and knapsacks. The dead silence, which had only been broken by the word of command, was followed by an unrestrained merry hum of voices, all busy and free. As in my neighbourhood alone the ground was level and thickly strewn with large stones, some seated themselves there; others wandered into the elder thicket, and many rolled themselves up in their cloaks, and rummaged in their knapsacks. The officers formed themselves into a circle; but I could not discover whether they were still under command, or whether entire liberty of speech prevailed among them. At a little distance, I remarked the serjeants, who were noting down the adjutant's whispered directions. Again all was quiet, but not for long. We heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the distance, and of clattering swords, and a squadron of Hussars galloped up. They halted and dismounted; stakes were run into the ground, that they might make their horses fast; man and beast were busy. I could not notice everything, for it grew darker and darker, and my attention soon became absorbed in what took place in my immediate neighbourhood. The soldiers, who had been wandering through the wood, now came in with large faggots, and laid them on the ground which the others had cleared from the stones. From all sides of the heath fires were beginning to burn up. At first, the smoke from the green fuel whirled thickly round; then the flames burst out, and the light sparks shot up high in the black night. It was a wet, cold evening; rain-drops fell on us, and the wind blew roughly and dispersed the smoke of the bivouac fires on all sides. Every one was now at rest; a cheerful chat began among all the parties; the smart jest was interchanged and applauded by a laughing chorus; the soldier's flask was handed round, and here and there a soldier's

song rose over the moor, and won a new outbreak of praise; the trumpeter tuned some merry lay; the officers joked with each other by their fire, or, seated on the drums, formed a still smaller circle. It was a many coloured moving picture; the groups of men lying about now seen clearly by the fire-light, now half hidden in the smoke and night; the numerous uniforms mixed up, but contrasting with each other, and for a back-ground the glistening weapons standing in clusters, and the horses, who, with their backs to the fire, were busily emptying their nosebags. Gradually the place became quieter; one after another they coiled themselves up more tightly in their cloaks, and, stretched at full-length, or leaning their backs against the trees, fell soundly asleep. The rain ceased; we could hear the sentries' footsteps, and distinguish the patrols' cries. The fire had burned down; only two remained by it, and they were quite close to me; a lieutenant of infantry, and a doctor in an Hussar regiment, who sat in confidential talk. They were old friends, and had met at that fire after a long separation. I had noticed them from a distance, and was glad when they came so near to me. The lieutenant seated himself on the very stone which sheltered me; the surgeon, wrapped in a woollen mantle, lay at his feet. I could hear them so nicely. The surgeon looked well, and well pleased with the world: the officer's face and voice, even in the pleasure of seeing an old friend, and talking of old times, bore the tokens of deep sorrow. Among other memories, they recalled the years when they had studied together in Heidelberg. Happy hours were brought to mind; the rollicking "Commerses"* which they had celebrated; and many a name was mentioned whose owner had formed part of their jovial crew before fate dispersed them all; and then they wondered at being brought together, most likely but for a few hours, in a situation of which they had once little thought. The earnest soldier service, and the swords at their sides, reminded them of their playing at soldiers in their college days, and they smiled over those bygone moments.

* The name the students give their drinking-parties.

The surgeon asked the lieutenant what had induced him to enter the service. This question cast a deeper shade over his face; he made no answer, and both sank into silence. A noise, a loud call roused them from this pause. Some weapons had fallen down a little way off. The noise and the sudden glare of the fire had startled one of the horses; it had broken loose and severely injured the soldier who was grooming it, and the surgeon was called from his friend's side. The other remained alone, looking silently and wistfully into the dreary night. I felt that I understood what was passing within him. The happy remembrance of earlier years, when he was full of hope and exultation, were contrasting themselves with those of later days, over which he was still grieving. At last he woke up from his reverie; he shook his dark locks from his brow, as if he could shake his cares off also, and opening his coat, pulled out his watch. Something shining clinked against the stone on which he sat, and fell amongst the grass—his watch-chain had broken. He bent down, and holding his glimmering cigar as a light, felt about for it. One of its rings had entangled itself so completely in my leaves, that he picked us up together. "A Forget-me-not!" he said, "which chance thus places in my hand. It is strange—again this little flower; I will accept it as an omen in the approaching battle." He placed me in his waistcoat pocket, and drawing his cloak more tightly around him, laid himself down to sleep by the expiring embers. There I lay on a man's beating heart; how it stirred and heaved with secrets there locked within it! I listened at the silent chamber, and followed each pulsation as they beat higher or more gently, according to the sleeper's dream.—Morning broke, the fog rolled sullenly away, dispersed by a sharp wind. The sun rose—rose to open a day full of fatal destinies.—The beat of the drum roused the sleepers; the trumpets summoned men and horses.... They were all quickly armed, and ready, in the same perfect order I had admired on the preceding evening. "March!" cried the commanders, and the foot-soldiers stepped with measured tread over the heath, and I with them, still resting on my hearer's heart. We soon reached a high-road, and then we

went on with a quick but cautious step, till we gained a rising ground, where we were once more bid to halt. I could peep over a wide expanse of plain; a bushy ground lay before us; behind that a high wall protecting a village, from whence rose a hill thickly covered with trees. The walls and village were in the enemy's hands in the foreground. The line of battle was marked out. The troops whom I accompanied formed the right wing. "Third rank forwards," was the word of command. The riflemen withdrew within the lines, and the officer who had taken charge of me offered to lead them on again. We stood some time in silent expectation. The fight had already begun on the left wing; the enemy's artillery thundered from the heights, and our men were twice repulsed in an attack on them. The signal was given for us; the light infantry moved on, and I at the head of them, on their leader's breast. The ground was nearly gone over; the enemy should not drive them back. Firmly, manfully, my officer showed his spirit; his orders were given clearly, his eye was bright, his step steady; nothing betrayed his inward emotion. I only knew it, I only felt what was passing in the throbbing heart. Was it the excitement of the battle-field, the forebodings of death, the parting from life, which thus moved him? I know not. We had hardly crossed the ground, when a terrible fire was opened on us. Here and there one of our ranks fell, but "On, on!" was our leader's cry—forwards, was his example. The sharpest conflict was immediately under the walls; we mounted them, but our ranks were now much thinner. The officer bid them fall in, and again the assault began. Then I could plainly hear his heart beating. Did he fear death, or was he seeking for it? The attack was repulsed this time, and again renewed. Death gaped at us from innumerable iron throats; I trembled for myself and my friend. A bayonet-thrust sank deep in his heart, and carried me far into the wound. He fell; the torn heart gave one last throbbing sigh escaped the bleeding chest, and all was still: he cared no more for earthly joys or sorrows. I died in his life blood."

The fourth petal followed its predecessors: it clung for a moment to the stone on which

it had fallen, but a dew-drop rolled from the moss, and washed it into the stream.

Lilli had something obscuring her eyes, and was obliged to rub them; but when Littlecap good-naturedly asked what was the matter with her, she began to scold at the stars for shining so dimly, and to complain of the difficulty of reading by their light. This was what he had already told her; but just as he was reminding her of it, and congratulating himself on his prudent forethought, she turned round, praised the stars and assuring him that theirs was the very light for study, prepared herself to reveal the story of the fifth leaf.

Littlecap saw that all his reasoning would be thrown away, and therefore resigned himself once more to his friend's caprices, and to her course of reading.

But Lilli really seemed puzzled this time, as she bent over the leaf; and a look of mischievous joy, which was seldom seen in him, stole over Littlecap's features, as she owned that he was in the right, by saying, "There really must have been something the matter with my eyes, for I have torn the golden cup, a part of the fifth leaf, in pulling away the fourth. Half the story is gone."

"Then, do not let us go on," said Littlecap, rising from his seat.

"Nonsense!" cried Lilli, detaining him. "I mean to read my story to an end; and you, who are so clever, and have studied so many books, and know all about mankind and their concerns—you can clear up what is obscure. We shall soon have finished; there is nothing wanting after here. Now, listen: 'The maiden stood at the window, and held me tightly. She passed her hand across her brow and eyes, and looked out into the distance. I followed her glance; a rider was galloping along the dale: it was he who——'"

"How are we to understand this, Lilli?" Littlecap impatiently asked. "Who is the maiden? How came the Forget-me-not in her hand? Who is *he*? We don't know anything of all this."

Lilli had taken it into her head that she would decipher her slower from beginning to end. "Don't interrupt me, dear friend," she said; "it is quite clear. It is a young

maiden to whom a young man has, I should say, given a Forget-me not. He is riding off and she is looking after him. What else would you want? Now, let us go on; and the end will show if I am not right.

"When he had vanished in the distance, she withdrew from her lattice; you might have thought that she had repressed her tears as long as he was in sight, lest they should obscure her gaze, for now, as she stood in her room, they fell in a stream over her cheeks. Then she smiled, even as she wept, and pressing me, whom she still held in her hands, to her lips, she murmured—"Is it possible—is it really, really true—he loves me?" She stepped across the room, her foot fell lightly, she was full of inexpressible delight. She stood before her mirror; she saw her features so full of soul, and they seemed dearer to her since he loved them. She was surprised to see traces of her tears. "I weep," she cried, "now that I am happier than I ever was in my whole, whole life." She smiled and dried her eyes, but they still overflowed; and between crying and laughing, the tears stood like diamonds on her cheeks. She paced the room to and fro; then she became more composed, and her thoughts, that had only been occupied with one object, appeared at length to take a farther range. She suddenly stood quite still. "And grandmamma!" she cried, "my grandmother will never allow it; I can never tell her of it!" Her blood seemed to turn cold; she stood there, so deadly pale; her tears froze up, her eyes staring wildly, her lip quivering, her heart wildly beating. She listened; she heard steps slowly approaching; she shrunk together, flew to the work table, caught the first work that came to her hand, and seated herself. I had fallen from her hand, and lay on the table before her. The door opened, and a venerable matron entered. Her unbroken figure, piercing eyes—shaded by her grey hair, and firmly-compressed lips, betokened pride and resolution. Her face was a book, on which life had traced many pages. I saw this at the first glance, as she silently kissed her grand-child, who softly sunk her head before her. Her eyes had long forgotten how to weep. She looked anxiously at the girl,

who felt her gaze, and bowed her head still lower. The matron's features never changed but her searching glance read the lovely girl's countenance like an open book. "You have been weeping," she said, "he is gone—you love him." The poor child had never thought of revealing her sweet secret, but how could she deny him; he, the first, the sacred master of her heart! She was silent; fresh tears answered for her. The grandmother, after a short pause, continued in a milder tone—"This is, most likely, the first battle of your life; but all who live must learn to fight with the world—and with their own hearts. You must forget him!" The maiden's heart beat wildly. "Forget!" she cried; "forget! No, never, never!" "Child!" said the grandmother, "what must we not overcome in this life—what must we not forget?" The grand-child softly shook her head. The feeling that had so newly sprung up in her young heart defied the sorrowful experience of old age. "Has he spoken of anything to you? What did he say when he took leave?" the old woman asked. "Nothing," her grand-child answered. "But I feel sure of him—from his look, from his touch, from his trembling hand, as he gave me these flowers for a farewell present." She had let her work fall, and took me from the table. She held me out so proudly, so carefully to her: I embodied her lover's confession. "A Forget-me-not, said the matron, "A Forget-me-not!" She sank back in her easy chair, and looked long and silently at me; her features worked, her heart began to heave, her thoughts were conjuring up, in the vacant space before her, things that were long, very long gone by. Her grandchild still stood by her side and watched her—half hoping, half fearing. She had never seen her thus, and she waited her decision. "Go to my bureau," said the old woman; and the trembling girl heard her in silence; "open the little drawer—not that one; there, to the left. Move the letters! Do you see a little gold locket? That is it. Bring it to me, my child!" The girl obeyed her. The grandmother took the locket in her thin, white hands; she pressed it; it opened; and a withered, yellow Forget-me-not lay within it. "You love," she said. "Oh, you are

happy! And her tears fell over the poor flower in her hands. The grandchild had never before seen her grandmother weep; the party-wall between them was destroyed; the crust melted off the old and frozen heart; she knelt at her feet, and, astonished at the unexpected secret revealed to her, exclaimed, "You, too, have loved, grandmamma—you have loved!" The grandmother drew her nearer to her, and kissed her forehead, whispered, "You shall be his; you shall be happy!" The maiden twined her arms tighter and tighter round the matron's neck, and in their embrace, I fell from her hands. They sat in silence for a long time. At length the grandmother rose, and closing the locket, which had never left her hands, carefully replaced it, with the withered Forget-me-not, in the drawer where the girl had found it. I was forgotten, and perished on the floor. Love, in its happiness, wants no memorial!"

The last leaf sunk into the rivulet, and Lilli rose from her seat. The dawning day was blushing over the horizon; the long grasses and flowers were raising their heads; the dew was sparkling cheerily. "You must drink your waters," said the fairy; "and I, who have been gossiping here with you the whole night, must see what the other elves are about. Let us go."

Littlecap also rose, and offered his arm to his friend to help her from her stone and over the meadows. "Take care how you tread," he said, "and don't hurt the Forget-me-nots at your feet."

Lilli laughed, and went off without further adieu. She stepped carefully and slowly along, winding in and out among the blue flowers, so as not to injure one of them.

"BOOK-MADNESS" IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"Of the making of many books there is no end," said Ecclesiastes, some 2800 years ago, and Bibliomania has scarcely decreased, we think, but augmented by the lapse of so many centuries. What the intellectual production of the monks in the middle ages consisted of, the great national and private libraries of Europe, with their immense col-

lection of manuscripts, signally demonstrate, as their existence argues that the monks could not have been wine-bibbers and slothful gluttons, and yet have been able to produce those thousands of parchment tomes, with their dazzling illuminations and adornments. With all its imperfections, there is something to admire and much to defend in the Monachism of the middle ages. Regard those—mere relics—the myriad manuscripts on the dusty shelves of the Bodleian and Cottonian libraries in England, or in the rich alcoves of the Vatican, or in the Imperial Library of France, and, as you turn back the "cracking leaves," can you say that you feel no delight and rapture, and this from the labor bestowed by some poor old monkish student in a past and obscure age. And yet, with these, we have reason to wonder that so many have been preserved from the rapacity of barbarians, who took a morbid pleasure in destroying those works, which were the result of the mental superiority of their enemies.

The Saxons, Danes, and the Normans in England were each successively the destroyers of literary productions. The Saxon Chronicle records but too faithfully the melancholy losses of libraries and works of art from fire and by malicious foes. In France, in the year 1790, 4,194,000 volumes were burnt, belonging to the suppressed monasteries, of which some 25,000 were manuscripts, four times as many as are the volumes in the University of Toronto.

The art of printing could not, with all its rapidity, rescue from destruction the treasures of the monkish age. Huge parchment collections were rifled; the finest of volumes mutilated; huge folios, as fuel, chopped up; and immense collections sold as waste paper, after the dissolution of the monasteries. The loss of how many valuable and original records must we not deplore! A taste for classical and general learning, as well as the less worthy study of legendary tales or superstitious missals, was cultivated by the monks. More than a cart-load of manuscripts were taken away from Merton College and destroyed, and a vast number from Balliol and New College, Oxford.

To the care of the *armarian* the library of the monastery was entrusted, and with him

all the responsibility of its preservation rested. He had to keep a catalogue of them, and they were to be separately marked with their proper names. To form, without these, a correct idea of the literature of those remote times would be an impossibility. The *armarian*, moreover, had to keep strict watch over his precious charge, lest the moth-worm or dampness injured it. A bond was exacted from the borrower of a volume, and frequently a book of equal value pledged as a security for its safe return. The abbot alone could authorize the librarian to lend the "great and precious books."

The *armarian* provided parchment and other necessities for the work to the scribes, and agreed as to the price. To the monks who were appointed to write in the cloisters, he supplied copies for transcription.

The lending of books by monasteries to each other was extensively practised; and so copies of works which they lacked were speedily multiplied; formal and sealed engagements, in the case of large loans, were drawn up before delivery. In the monasteries, as would be natural, the library was first well stored with those books necessary for the performance of the various offices of the Church. Then the Bible and great expositors—small volumes, because of their liability to being more easily lost or mislaid than the large-sized ones, could not be removed from the library, as was also the case with regard to volumes rare and choice. The sick brothers could get books for solace and comfort; but as soon as lamps were lighted in the infirmary, they were replaced till morning. The utmost care in their treatment was observed. They were not to be left open when the monks went to the refectory, but closed and deposited in their assigned places. The monkish amanuensis was expected to undertake all those matters which required care and learning combined. He wrote the letters of the monastery, and often filled the office of Secretary to the Lord Abbot. The librarian in the cathedral libraries sometimes received a salary for his services.

The librarian sometimes, in addition to his stated duties, acted as precentor to the monastery. Being in constant communica-

tion with rare manuscripts, the monkish librarians frequently became great bibliophiles, and soon acquired a great mania for them. To their pens posterity is greatly indebted. Some of the ablest chroniclers and writers of those times were humble librarians to some religious house. They as well supplicated the blessings of God upon their goodly tomes as they lavished their highest care upon their preservation.

Not only were the monasteries the schools of learning, but their tenants were the guardians of literature. Had they not taken the trouble of transcribing books, the ancients had been lost to us for ever. The profane learning of Greece and Rome were preserved to us, copied, multiplied, and spread by the Christian Church. Ecclesiastical and civil events of the past, the terse records of the monkish churchmen have handed down to us; and we thank them sincerely.

In most monasteries there were two kinds of scriptoria, or writing offices—one, the large and general apartment used for the copying of church-books and library manuscripts; the other, consisting of several smaller ones occupied by the superiors and the more learned members of the community, as closets for private devotion and study. These little cells were in the most retired part of the monastery, and capable of containing several persons, and those only distinguished for piety or erudition. The amount of labor carried on in the scriptorium depended, in many cases, upon the revenues of the Abbey and the disposition of the Abbot. In some monasteries the transcription of books was undertaken as a matter of commerce, and broad lands were thus accumulated. Extensive bequests, by wealthy men of taste, were made for the support of the monastic scriptoria. The abbot superintended their management, and regulated the hours for their labour. Stringent rules to prevent interruption were enforced. Silence was their chief characteristic, and written admonitions were suspended on the walls, to exact care and diligence in the accuracy of the copyists. Adjurations were often added by scribes at the end of their works, to the effect that all who transcribed from them should employ the greatest care, and refrain from the minutest alteration, even of "a jot or a tittle."

To guard against the smallest error with respect to the Scriptures, the most critical care was exacted. Aged monks alone were allowed to transcribe them, and when completed, read—revised—and re-read again. Hence it is, though differences occasionally occur, that so uniform, and so pure and incorrupt a reading has been preserved in the copies of the Scriptures, the fathers of the Church, and the old classics; unexampled by any books which have traversed through the gloom of the dark ages. The *alia lectiones* which we meet with sometimes in manuscripts of the last order, must be regarded as futile emendations or interpolations of the scribe, more than the result of blunder, and are usually very readily detected.

The blunders, nay, the perversions, omissions, and errors frequent in the history of Biblical transmission, are less excusable, and if it was not that we have clear explanations of their origin, would be considerably more incomprehensible than those errors which are found in the ages of *written literature*.

The monks were not careless of Scripture reading. The statutes of the Dominican order enjoin a perusal *semper ante aliam lectionem*. Yet the Bible was not a common book among them—a copy of the Old and New Testament often supplying the wants of an entire monastery. Occasionally they were more plentiful, and numbered two or three copies, in addition to separate portions in their possession.

The completion of a Bible was regarded as a work of great magnitude—as it certainly was; and the disposition of it by testament usual, and of a very valuable character to the legatee. Kings and nobles offered it as an appropriate and generous gift. For its greater security, a chain secured it to the reading desk. But how different the picture is now! Bibles in millions, and in every tongue!

Besides monastic scribes, there were secular copyists, who were an important class during the middle ages, and supplied the functions of the bibliopole of the ancients.

But the transcribing trade numbered three or four distinct branches—the *Librarii Antiquarii*, *Notarii*, and *Illuminatores*. Of these the *Librarii Antiquarii* transcribed and repaired old books especially, re-writing such

parts as were effaced or defective, and restoring the dilapidations of the binding. They corrected and revised the copies of ancient codices.

In the year 1300, a common scribe's pay was about one-halfpenny a day.

The lawyers and monks were the principal patrons of these public scribes—the former requiring copies of legal instruments, and to whom the scribes of the present day answer; and the latter of their manuscripts.

The increase of knowledge, and the foundation of the Universities, gave birth to the booksellers. The librarii, or booksellers, required capacity and critical acumen. To purchase manuscripts, transcribe, revise, prepare materials, illuminate, and bind them, needed talent and discrimination of no mean description. Hence the dealer and fabricator of these treasures was dignified into a profession, whose followers were invested with all the privileges, freedom, and exemption which the masters and students of the University enjoyed. By the University of Paris guarantees of their wealth and mental capacity to maintain and appreciate these important concessions were, on the other hand, required, as well as testimonials as to good character, an efficient security ratified by a solemn oath of allegiance, and a promise to observe and submit to all the present and future laws and regulations of the University. This was between 1375 and 1403. The bookseller, before exposing his transcripts for sale, first submitted them to the inspection of certain appointed officers. If an error was discovered, the book was often burnt, or sometimes a fine evied instead. The student had to depend upon the care of the transcriber for the accuracy of his copies, which rendered such stringent rules next to indispensable; and their service to us in having faithful copies transmitted in consequence, is one not unworthy of our gratitude.

Four booksellers were appointed and sworn in to fix a price upon the new transcripts; and as an advantage to the students, the bookseller was expected to make a considerable reduction in his profit in supplying them with books—four deniers to a student, and six deniers to an ordinary buyer, was to be his profit on each volume, by a law of

the University. Would that some such regulation held in our degenerate day when at College! Another rule of the University forbade the librarii to dispose of their entire stock of books without its consent.

The book merchants grew opulent, and transacted an important and extensive trade. Poor students at Paris, by a law passed in 1342, had the right of hiring books from public booksellers. Paris, Toulouse, Vienna, and Boulogne had their circulating libraries therefore, at this primitive date! The University fixed the rate of charge, which was exceedingly moderate; and the students might transcribe the borrowed books, if they chose. Hence it may be very much questioned whether the opinion so prevalent is correct, that of inaccessibility of books in those ante-printing days.

The extravagant estimate given by some, as to the value of books during the middle ages, is merely conjectural. The price was guided by the accuracy of the transcription and the splendour of the binding.

Sometimes the Gospels and the venerated writings of the fathers were inscribed with liquid gold on parchment of the richest purple, and its brilliant pages adorned with illumination of exquisite workmanship.

The first specimens of an attempt to embellish manuscripts are Egyptian. The practice of this art had spread during the sixth century to Greece and Rome. England soon embraced the elegant art; and as early as the commencement of the seventh century and in the eighth, the illuminating art was profusely practised in Ireland. We have a general exemplification, by these illuminations, of the rude tastes and ideas of the time.

The supposition that the monastic scribes crased *classical* manuscripts for the sake of the material, seems altogether improbable and destitute of proof, when we regard the cheapness of a skin parchment, which, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, amounted to a halfpenny, whilst that quantity written upon, if the subject had any interest, certainly would bring considerably more.

Barbarous invaders, ravaging flames, and petty civil and religious animosities are to be

blamed for the injury to, and total destruction of, many valuable classical works.

Who but mourns the loss of one hundred and five books of Livy? and it was the monks who preserved the thirty which we have, as they carefully did many other treasures at the revival of learning in the fifteenth century.

Undying are the names of Poggio, who discovered a perfect copy of Quinctilian, and of Ascanius and Flaccus, in the monastery of St. Gall; of Langres, whose researches were rewarded with Cicero's oration for Cæcina, and who, with the aid of Bartolimeo di Montepulciano, discovered Silius Italicus, Lactantius, Vegetius, Nonius Marcellus, Ammianus Marcellus, Lucretius, and Colummella, also a complete copy of Tertullian. In the monastery of Casino, he met with and transcribed Julius Frontinus and Firmicus. At Cologne he obtained a copy of Petronius Arbitrator, and other works. Nicolas of Treves, whilst exploring in some German monasteries, discovered twelve comedies of Plautus and a fragment of Aulus Gellius. Had it not been for the timely aid of these great men, many would have been irretrievably lost in the many revolutions and contentions that followed.

Thus much, or rather thus *little*, as a shadowy insight into some of the means by which the monks multiplied their books, the opportunities they had of getting them, the rules of their libraries and scriptoria, and the duties of a monkish librarian. At present we can say nothing concerning some of the English monastic libraries of the middle ages; their extent, and the bibliomaniacs of the cloister, are subjects of a character both interesting and instructive, not alone to the student or the book-worm, but the general reader also.

P.

THE POST-MISTRESS.

On a gloomy October day in the year—, six travellers arrived at the post-house of Nonancourt, a village distant about twenty leagues from Paris, on the road to Nantes. Their harrassed horses, covered with dust and foam, were quite incapable of performing a longer stage. These travellers evi-

dently reckoned upon remaining at Nonancourt merely long enough to afford time to replace their jaded animals by fresh ones; but when they were told that there was no possibility of satisfying their demands for the moment, all the relays being exhausted, their fury and disappointment vented itself in horrible imprecations. The person who appeared to be the commander of the little troop, called loudly for the post-master, hoping to frighten him by menaces, as he suspected, from what was told him of the poor condition of the animals in the stable, that there was but little inclination to furnish him with fresh ones. A young woman, attracted by the noise, made her appearance at the entrance of the court; and as the boisterous clamour went on increasing, she advanced quietly, and by a sign demanded silence; then said in a cold, calm voice—

“What is it you require, gentlemen?”

“The post-master.”

“It is I who hold that office.”

Her brother, a lad barely seventeen years of age, came and placed himself at her side; he was pale with passion, and seemed eager to protect her, but she refused his intervention gently but firmly.

The captain, making use of his authority over his rude companions, commanded silence; and addressing our heroine, Mademoiselle L'Hopital, informed her “that a most urgent matter obliged them to continue their journey without delay, and that if she would consent to furnish them with the necessary horses immediately, he, on his part, promised he would pay her double the regular charge.”

“You have already been told the cause of our refusal,” coldly replied the post-mistress.

“Oh, certainly; but we are not to be duped by such a subterfuge.”

“Lead those gentlemen to the stable, John,” returned Mademoiselle L'Hopital, addressing a servant, “that they may judge for themselves whether any one has tried to deceive them.”

John obeyed, and his mistress, without listening further to the grumbling of the strangers, returned to her ordinary seat in

the small apartment adjoining the common travellers' room.

The strangers after convincing themselves of the injustice of their suspicions, installed themselves in the waiting-room, cursing the necessity they were under of delaying their journey. One of them drew from his pocket a set of dice, which he held up before his companions, urging them to make use of them as a means of killing time. Three of them accepted the challenge, whilst their chief took one of the men aside, and began a very animated discussion. The conversation being carried on in English, Mademoiselle L'Hopital, who was thoroughly versed in the language, unavoidably overheard some words that made her shudder, at the same time causing her to give more attention to what was going on. She drew near to the thin partition which separated the speakers from herself; and pale, but with a strong determination to overcome any emotion, she listened to the details of a foul conspiracy in which the strangers appeared engaged. The wretches were expressing their fears lest this delay might prove ruinous to the success of their enterprise, and thus deprive them of their promised recompense.

Mademoiselle L'Hopital, terrified at their depravity, remained at first motionless, uncertain how to act; but soon her natural energy, augmented as it was by the strength of her indignation, triumphed over this first moment of weakness. She felt that a sacred task had been imposed upon her by Divine Providence, which would demand all her prudence and courage. Every moment she knew to be precious. The courageous young girl sought her brother, and hastily told him that an affair which would brook no delay required her presence at some distance from the village, and during her absence, which she would take care to render as short as possible, she trusted he would use every possible means to retain the strangers at Nonancourt as upon this depended the failure or success of an enterprise of the greatest importance. This mysterious communication excited both the surprise and curiosity of the youth; but his sister positively refused to answer any questions. She did not

dare confide so terrible a secret to one both young and thoughtless; but as he continued to urge her, she replied—

“Later you shall know all; but you strive in vain to make me speak now. Can I rely on your scrupulous obedience?”

“Why not add, also, that I must obey you blindly, my sister,” responded the boy in vexation. “But no matter; do not fear, I will do my best.”

“I am satisfied with your promise. Remember that upon what you are about to do may depend the greatest joy or lasting sorrow, not only to others, but to ourselves.”

“Go without fear, my sister, and the boy will act as a man.”

“Without further delay, Mademoiselle L'Hopital hurried out of the house. She soon passed beyond the limits of the village; and quitting the road leading from it, she hastened across the fields without once pausing to take breath, until she had attained the high-road, which formed at that particular spot a sort of *carrefour*, or place where four roads meet in crossing each other. She looked towards the road to Paris with an intensity amounting almost to agony—but all was silent. She heard nothing but the sound of her own footsteps rustling among the fallen leaves that were strewn along the road.

“Have I arrived in time?” thought the courageous young girl; “can I manage to warn him of the horrible danger that menaces him? Oh, my God! since thou hast willed that I should become acquainted with this intended crime, grant me the means to avert it.”

After thus imploring the assistance of Heaven, she sat down on a small rising ground, covered with turf, and watched as if awaiting some one. But her looks betrayed how painful this state of forced inaction became to her feelings, as with increasing anxiety her eyes scrutinized, and seemed to interrogate, the different routes that crossed at this point.

Would it be the victim or his murderers that would first make their appearance? Horrible doubt—horrible alternation of thought tormenting her mind, caused it to wave continually between hope and fear.

If, incited by impatience, the strangers in her house at Nonancourt chose to proceed with their own horses, however fatigued the animals might be, what expedient, what obstacle could a poor youth throw into the way of six resolute men, formidably armed? It seemed to the anxious watcher, that from one instant to another they must appear before her, and her heart was chilled with fear. How could she flatter herself with the hope of saving one whose ruin they had sworn to accomplish? The fatality which seemed to follow and weigh down all his race, was it also to annul all her efforts? There Mademoiselle L'Hopital asked herself whether she had acted with all the prudence and circumspection that so important a secret demanded. Was it right to have assumed to herself so great responsibility, to trust to no other than her own intervention to prevent the commission of a fearful crime? These doubts preying on her mind became a terrible torment: she accused herself of precipitation, and deplored her own imprudence, as if she had the choice of means, and the time to appreciate between them.

An hour passed away in this trying condition; the courage of the poor young girl became exhausted; sadness and discouragement overwhelmed her. Suddenly a distant noise attracted her attention, but she was not quite certain from what direction it proceeded. She rose with eagerness, and the sound approached nearer, and she imagined she heard the rolling of carriage wheels. A post-chaise at length came in sight on the Paris road, drawn by four horses. Heaven had heard and answered her prayer.

Mademoiselle L'Hopital advanced in front of the carriage, and waving her handkerchief, entreated the driver to stop. The postillion hesitated, but one of the travellers ordered him to obey the signal, in spite of a rather warm opposition on the part of his companion; then, leaning out of the carriage, he desired the maiden to approach, thoroughly convinced that it must be some poor unfortunate person who wished to make an appeal to his generosity. The stranger, whom the young girl regarded so earnestly, had barely attained his five-and-twentieth year. His features, although regular, and of a noble and distinguished cast, bore the

stamp of melancholy, which was more or less peculiar to the whole race of Stuarts, to which he belonged. Misfortune has already left its indelible traces upon his countenance, Remarking all this at a glance, Mademoiselle L'Hopital at once recognized the son of the illustrious exile of Saint Germain, better known as the Chevalier de Saint George, at this time the victim of the French Regent, who was endeavouring, from political motives, to compel him to quit France.

Turning kindly towards the young girl, the Chevalier said—

“Speak without fear, lady; unfortunate myself, I well know how to feel for the misfortunes of others.”

So encouraged, our heroine, in a trembling voice, began to relate how she had become acquainted with the infamous plot formed to assassinate the unfortunate exile. A few abandoned wretches had determined to waylay him about a quarter of a mile off, where the road, being extremely lonely, appeared most favourable for effecting their purpose.

In spite of the prepossessing appearance of his informant, and the truthful accent of her voice, the Chevalier appeared to listen with a kind of incredulity, whilst he gave way to some expressions of anger.

“Assassinate me, in France! They dare not! I know we are no longer in the good times when a great king accorded a generous and noble hospitality. The Regent, on the contrary, thinks he is bound to follow another policy! But what then? Surely even he would never consent to so disgraceful a piece of treachery as this?”

“He has given an order to arrest your Grace?” exclaimed his companion in an undertone. Such a proceeding as that would justify one in supposing him capable of anything.”

During these remarks the agitation of Mademoiselle L'Hopital went on increasing.

“If your Grace does not put faith in my words,” she cried, “all is lost!”

The conviction of the truth of her warning at once flashed upon the mind of the Chevalier. It seemed to him impossible that the emotion she betrayed could be feigned.

"I believe you, madam," he said, after a short pause; "it was not your sincerity I suspected, but I could hardly believe the treachery even of my enemies. Now, however, that we are acquainted with it, the danger is over; for if the assassins do come, we shall know how to defend ourselves."

"Your Grace cannot speak seriously," observed his companion in the carriage, "when you would cross swords with such a band of cut-throats. Fie upon it! such a task is only fit for the hangman."

"To fly before them, my lord, seems to me far more humiliating."

"There are six of them, all well armed," added Mademoiselle L'Hopital.

"Assassins always tremble," replied the Chevalier warmly.

The countenance of his companion expressed how much he suffered from the impatience that burned within him, but which he endeavoured to repress.

"Let your Highness command," he replied, bowing, "be obeyed. I am ready to sacrifice my own life in this unequal contest; but yours, Sire, belongs to England."

"Already on my way in consequence of this cruel and treacherous order, it is not enough but I must now fly before a fear of assassination! Sad Mockery of the semblance of royalty!" Then he added in a milder tone, "Your generous intervention shall not be forgotten, madam. I obey the counsels of prudence, however hard they may be, under such circumstances. My lord, will you inform the postilion that we change our route?"

"Ah, God be praised!" exclaimed the young girl, sinking on her knees in gratitude upon finding that her counsels were received, and the Chevalier would incur no further risk.

"I have a mother, lady," exclaimed the exiled prince sadly, "a good and excellent mother, who will thank you for having saved the life of her son; she will find in the depth of her heart the means of expressing her thanks, which altogether fail me; but misfortune has not so dried up my heart as to leave it incapable of remembering a service like this."

As he added these words he bowed to the

maiden before him, and gazed upon her with a look full of kindness and dignity.

Obedient to his orders, the postilion changed his route, and started his horses off at full gallop. Mademoiselle L'Hopital gazed earnestly upon the receding carriage, which soon disappeared amidst a cloud of dust.

"He is saved!" she murmured to herself; "thank heaven that I have been permitted to be the instrument of this."

She returned with a quick step to Nonancourt, her mind agitated by new anxieties. She longed to know how her brother could have managed to retain the assassins there so long without awakening their suspicions. How could an imprudent and impetuous youth be expected to guard against the anger of such men? The worst consequences must be expected if once they found out that they had been deceived. Of what excesses might not such wretches be guilty!

A few yards from the post-house, Mademoiselle L'Hopital perceived her brother running towards her. She received him instantly in her arms with an affectionate embrace.

"You grant me a recompence before you know whether I deserve it," began the youth gaily.

"Do I not see you safe and sound?" replied his sister; "what can I desire more!"

"What! you do not even ask after our prisoners?"

"What have you done with them? Where are they?"

"They are in the room, just where you left them."

"Their anger must be beyond all bounds."

"Bah! there are as mild as lambs."

"Are you not joking when you speak thus?"

"Not in the least; but you may judge for yourself."

"But how? By what miracle can this be?"

"Ha! ha! I knew well that curiosity would awaken at last; but I am going to be good, and not tantalize you too long. Well, then, as soon as you left, I sent out our servants in all directions, wherever they might meet the horses that were being brought

back to the post, and I contrived to persuade our guests that I acted thus in order to accelerate the arrival of the postillions. They waited patiently enough for about half an hour; but after that loud cries, imprecations, menaces of all kinds burst from them; one would have thought that a whole legion of evil spirits had escaped from the lower regions."

"My poor boy?"

"What would you have done in my place?"

"In truth I know not."

"Well, where your wisdom might have been at fault, my folly knew quite well how to get out of the trouble."

"Be brief, my dear brother, and tell me all."

"I placed at the discretion of these miscreants—and gracious, what discretion!—the best wine in our cellar."

"And now, what are they doing?"

"They sleep, not exactly the slumbers of the blest, but those of the besotted."

"You have indeed been inspired with a happy stratagem. But our task is not yet ended; and when the drunkenness of these wretches is dispelled, they must be treated according to their deserts."

"So be it. But you do not intend to explain all this?"

"Prepare at once to take a few lines from me to the captain of the town guard, which I am now going to write."

"How can you expect me to aid you blindly a second time? No, indeed, that is too much—I revolt at last!"

"Dear brother, my note will be open, and you can read it on the way."

"Well, and good, on such conditions."

"But, above all, be quick; for should our guests awake, I might find myself in a predicament."

"Never fear; they have taken a precious narcotic."

The youth was right. When they did begin to recover from the effects of the intoxication, it was to find themselves manacled, and under the guard of the soldiers.

Shortly after this, Mademoiselle L'Hopital received a packet sealed with the arms of England, containing a letter, and enclosing

a portrait. The first contained the thanks of the illustrious mother of the Chevalier St. George, for preserving the life of her beloved son. The portrait, which proved an excellent likeness of the prince, was surrounded by diamonds of great beauty and value. Our heroine preserved it most precious, and it served to remind her at once of the happiest and most painful hour of her life. Nor was this all. The post-mistress of Nonancourt received from time to time an accession of distinguished visitors, no doubt recommended from the same source, which speedily rendered her prosperous.

FINNOALA.*—FROM THE IRISH.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

Once more! once more! Finnoala, or I die;
Break not the spell that chains my ravished ear,
But let me in those wonderous transports lie,
As tremblingly my pulses paused to hear
That soft low gush that, blending with the lyre,
Calls up thy spirit to that dark blue eye
That's floating in a wave of liquid fire.

But stay!—such beauty, cannot be its own,
Without the dazzling wing and golden hair;
Then tempt not heaven, that sees thee thus
alone,
To break the lovely chrysalis that's there,
And fix my upward gazing destiny,
Till all my being, settles irto stone,
And leaves me but a monument to thee.

Then, where a trace of thee?—The sculptor's
art,

Or pencil dipt in fancy's purest springs,
Or dreaming poet's wild imaginings
Wrought to the full intensity of bliss,
Would all, with their vain Icarean wings,
Fall coldly back upon my widowed heart;
No language can describe that burning kiss,
No touch the swelling bosom can impart.

"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

We were cruising somewhere between the latitude of thirty-six and thirty-seven degrees south, and the longitude of sixty-eight degrees east, in search of right whales. It was in the afternoon, and the ship was moving along under her top-gallant sails at the rate of about five knots the hour. The most hardened grumbler could not find fault with the day. At the fore and main top-

* White-shouldered

gallant cross-trees were two men on the look-out for whales. It was now nearly four o'clock, when the man at the main sung out, "There she blows!" He repeated the cry regularly five or six times. All was now excitement among the officers and men. Every one was anxious to know if it was the kind of whale we wanted. The mate hailed the man at the mast-head, "Where away is that whale? What do you call her?"

"Right whale, sir, on the lee beam, two miles off; look out sharp for her!"

"Sing out when the ship heads for her!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Keep her away!" said the captain to the man at the helm. "Boy, hand me the spy-glass."

"Steady!" sung out the man at the mast-head.

"Steady it is!" answered the wheel.

The captain then started to go aloft. "Mr. A. (to the mate), you may square in the after-yards, and then call all hands."

"Forward, there!" shouted the mate. "Haul the main-sail up and square the yards! Bill!" (to an old sailor).

"Sir?"

"Call hands!"

"Ay, ay, sir. All hands, ahoy!" shouted old Bill, in a voice like a tempest. "Stand by the boats!"

In less than no time the deck was alive with men.

"Boat-steerers, get your boats ready!"

In a moment, as it were, the boats were in readiness, the tubs put in, the lines bent on to the harpoons, and the crews standing by, ready to follow the boats down to the water, when the word came from the captain to lower away.

"There she blows!" sung out the man at the fore; "not half a mile off."

"Down helm!" shouted the captain. "Mr. A., brace up the mizen top-sail. Hoist and swing the boats! Lower away!"

Down went the boats, and down followed the crews. As the boats struck the water, every man was on his thwart, with his hand on the loom of his oar, and all at once the three boats were cutting their way through the water in the direction of the whale.

I was harpooner to the mate's boat, and

she happened to be the fastest goer in the ship, so that, although we all left the ship together, and for a few rods kept nearly head and head with each other, still we knew well enough that, as soon as the word came from the mate to "give way," we should drop the others in a moment. So we did not fret ourselves, but kept cool for a tight pull, when the whale should show himself on the surface of the water again, which he did the moment after.

"Here she is!" cried the mate; "and not over ten rods from the boat. Now, boys, lay back hard! Spring hard, I tell you! There she blows! Only give way, my boys, and she is ours!" The boat bounded forward like a thing of life. "Spring like tigers!" said the mate, his voice sinking almost to a whisper.

I looked over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance I was about to have, at the same time giving a pull at the bow oar with all my might. We were going on her star-board quarter; just the chance I liked to fasten to a whale.

"Stand up!" shouted the mate; and in a moment I was on my feet, and in the next moment I had two harpoons to the hitches into her. "Stern! stern all!" sung out the mate, as he saw the irons in the whale. "Come here, my boy!" said he to me. We shifted ends; he to the head, and I to the stern of the boat. The whale started off like lightning.

"Hold on, line!" said the mate; and away we shot after her, like an arrow from the bow. The mate by this time had his lance ready. "Haul me on to that whale!" he shouted; and all hands turned to hauling line, while I coiled it away in the stern sheets. We had got nearly up to the whale when she took to sounding, taking the line right up and down from the head of the boat. I had two turns of the line round the logger-head, and was holding on as much as the boat would bear, when, all at once, another large whale, that we knew nothing about, shot up out of the water nearly her whole length, in a slanting position, hanging directly over the boat. I threw off the turns from the logger-head, and shouted to the men to "stern," But it was of no use;

she fell the whole length of her body on the boat.

I heard a crash! and, as I went down, I felt a pressure of water directly over my head, caused, as I thought, by the whale's flukes as she struck. How long I was under water I know not; but I remember that all looked dark above me, and that I tried very hard to shove my head through in order to breath. At last I succeeded; but what a sight presented itself when I found myself on the surface of the water! About a rod off was the whale that we were fast to, thrashing the water into a foam with his flukes, the ocean red with blood, and the crimson streams pouring from the wounds made in the whale's sides by the harpoons. In another direction I could see pieces of the boat floating around. At the distance of two or three miles I could occasionally get a glimpse of the ship as I rode on the top of a swell, but not a human being in sight.

Not losing heart or hope, I struck out for a piece of the stern of our once beautiful boat but a few rods distant. The crew came up one after another, catching at anything they could see to help to keep them afloat. One poor fellow came paddling along with two or three oars under him, crying out that his back was broken. Another of the crew and myself got him on the piece of the boat that we had hold of. His thigh was broken, poor fellow, and he could not move his legs at all.

The second mate soon after picked us up in his boat, and so much had we been engaged in looking out for ourselves, that we now perceived for the first time that one of our number was missing. He was a young man, about seventeen years old, and did not belong to the boat, but went in the place of the midship oarsman, who was sick at the time. The whale fell directly over him, and probably killed him in a moment.

With what feelings did we pull around and around the spot where the boat was stove, unwilling to believe, even after we knew there was no hope, that our shipmate was gone never more to return! How silently we glided alongside of the ship, and hoisted in our other poor shipmate, now lamed for life!

Ah, that some of those people who look upon sailors as little better than brutes, and who know little or nothing of the kind feelings and strong affections that are hid under their rough outside, could have seen what I saw on board that ship. Even they would admit that it is not always the polished and educated that have the warmest heart or most generous feelings.

SONG.

Air—Kelvin Grove.

Oh! how brilliant is the night,
 Mary dear.
 Let us drink its deep delight,
 Mary dear.
 Why the very stars above
 Are exchanging looks of love,
 Though they neither speak nor move.
 Mary dear.

Now the moon supremely bright,
 Mary dear,
 Fills all heaven with her light,
 Mary dear;
 While those starry twinkles seem,
 In the flood-light of her beam,
 But as diamonds in a stream,
 Mary dear.

Thus my heart is filled with thee,
 Mary dear,
 In whatever place I be,
 Mary dear,
 Pleasures, friends, the social bowl,
 May, in part, illumine my soul;
 Thou alone canst light the whole,
 Mary dear.

As yon beacon o'er the wave,
 Mary dear,
 Ever shines though tempests rave,
 Mary dear;
 So 'mid life's perplexing din,
 Whether wealth we lose or win,
 We shall have love's light within,
 Mary dear.

And our love shall mock old Time,
 Mary dear,
 In his onward flight sublime,
 Mary dear,
 He shall fan it with the blast
 Of his wings, in rushing past,
 And 'twill brighten to the last,
 Mary dear.

Toronto, January, 1855.

W. P.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN HOUR-GLASS.

Few persons are altogether free from partialities and dislikes which reason does not sanction, and for which it can plead no

excuse. Some mental association, now quite forgotten, may have twisted, and given a permanent displacement on one side or the other to tastes or passions. Now, I confess, that an hour glass is a thing that I very much dislike; and my memory can no more trace the origin of the foolish antipathy, than my judgment can justify its existence. It seems to me that there never was a time when I did not dislike the sight of an hour-glass: but I shall make no attempt to excuse myself for the senseless retention of such a feeling. But as a psychological phenomenon, it would be worth the trouble of analysis, if we had time and space to investigate its origin and growth. Sometimes I say to myself, it is evident why you dislike the sight of an hour-glass—what can be more ugly? That is true enough, I reply, for of all ungraceful forms, none sure are more ungainly, though women do sometimes envy its waspish waist. But this cannot excuse or account for my disgust. There are old-fashioned, ugly things enough in the family cupboard, and they are like old friends increasing in value every day. I have a greater partiality for them to day than I had yesterday, and am convinced the interest will increase as long as I live. My dog is, beyond all comparison, the ugliest brute in the county; any one within ten miles of my house would, if they had never seen him before, know where he came from, and call him by his name, so widely-spread is his reputation from the want of beauty; and yet everybody likes him, and think him the nicest dog they have seen. It is no use trying to excuse my dislike to an hour-glass on the plea that it is ugly.

Is it, then, because the hour-glass is an emblem of passing time that I abjure the use of the instrument—ay, even for the boiling of an egg? He is a fool who does not value time: it is life. Why should that which measures it be disliked? Time well spent is infinite gain. It is a pleasing reflection to know that we have been acting and thinking well; it is a satisfactory one to know, also, that we are, by earnest work, doing well; and it is a hopeful one that we shall continue thus, and in perpetual beneficent action reap the harvest of our well-doing.

These pleasing thoughts an hour-glass might suggest, and it cannot be for this it is disliked.

But I have an indistinct recollection of certain old, grim figures of death with an hour-glass, piercing little innocents with a javelin, and the same personage in a not less repulsive attitude, armed with a scythe, mowing down men by thousands, always with his sand chronometer, as if altogether intent upon the destruction of as many as possible per minute. These sombre, monastic pictures took strong hold on my imagination in youth, and led me to think of death and dying, instead of life, and that holy thing, activity and work. To such morbid efforts of art as these, and the frightful decorations in an old edition of "Quarles' Emblems," with bleeding hearts, and other inhuman subjects, my innate, as it is sometimes called, antipathy to an hour-glass may be traced, with far more probability than to a distaste for its form, or a desire to escape from the idea of passing time. If there be one thing more cheering than another in the prospect of the coming man, it is to be found in the acknowledgment that the holy purposes of life and religion are better secured by teaching the necessity of an active, useful, beneficent life, than by gloomy emblems of the certainties and sorrows of death.

But the hour-glass, though a painful subject when studied under the representations of the illustrator of Quarles, who, strangely enough, evoked fear to excite love, is a fit subject for a more lively essay, and may be associated with the activities, pleasures, and blessings of life as well as its disappointments, fears, and certain termination. These, however, are subjects we must leave to the moralist and divine; our present object is to illustrate its philosophy by its construction and uses, and to teach a few scientific facts with the assistance of a toy.

It has been said, whether in joke or earnest we do not know, that a certain King once asked his Queen how an apple came inside a duppling. If royalty could be disquieted by the want of such information, we should be without excuse were we to omit to tell how sand is introduced into an hour-glass. The form of an hour-glass is known

to all our readers: it consists of two glass bulbs, united by a thin tube, and it most nearly resembles a dumb-bell, with a very short and thin stem, or what a wasp would be if it had a body somewhat less pointed at the tail on each side of its slender and fashionable waist. The blowing of these bulbs is an every-day process in a glass-house; and those who have visited one of these interesting manufactories must be aware of the facility with which an expert glass-blower can draw, when required, hair-like threads from a molten mass. These two operations being understood, there will be no difficulty in finding a way to introduce the sand. Every young chemist who studies his science aright is accustomed to work in glass; and the operation most required is to close, or, in the terms of art, hermetically seal the glass vessels in which his experiments are to be performed. Should he want a thermometer, he closes the open end by directing upon it the flame of a blow-pipe while the contained liquid is boiling; and as the glass approaches a liquid state, he moulds it to the form required. Nor would he, if at all expert, find it much more difficult to make and close an hour-glass than to blow a bulb at the end of a glass tube, bend it into the form he prefers, and seal the open part when he has introduced the substance on which he intends to perform an experiment.

The use of an hour-glass, now clocks and watches can be bought for a few shillings, may be doubtful; but as an antique instrument for the measurement of time it is, to say the least of it, an interesting contrivance, and a curious antiquity. It is designed and constructed upon the assumption that equal quantities of sand will flow through the same aperture in the same period of time. But whether this be true or false is a matter of little importance in the construction of the instrument, for it is always made to measure some specific period. The inventor may have made the first to run for an hour, and from this it may have derived its name; but the time it shall measure is at the option of its maker; and it is as easy to make one that shall run out in a minute, as one that shall continue for an hour. Despise it as we may, in comparison with many more continuing

chronometers, it is the produce of a clever thought; and though melancholic artists and morbid versifiers have converted it to frightful uses, we should like to know the name and see the face of the man who first compared his life to the flow of a definite quantity of sand through a glass artery, and materialized the idea in the construction of an hour-glass. One might fancy him to be some shrivelled, hollow-eyed alchemist, who had wasted life in perpetual efforts to find an elixir that would preserve it, and to whom every unsuccessful experiment suggested the decay of health, and the necessity of making another trial quickly. With what intense interest would he watch it running in ceaseless stream from one bulb to the other, and with what a heavy sigh turn it over to run back again, eyeing it askant at intervals by the red light of his glowing furnace! Or its inventor may have been some melancholic recluse, familiarized with deaths' heads and cross-bones, coffins, and graves, till they had lost all their horrors, and life prolonged made it appear perpetual. With what a malicious satisfaction must he have turned this hour-glass over and over, as the gambler tosses his dice, and chuckled with the idea that he had at last cut time into slips of an hour's length, and that every one as it passed made one less to come. But we have no fancy for either of these enthusiasts; we would rather believe that it was the invention of some earnest cheerful man, who, conscious of the value of his time, and the claims that God and man had upon it, needed some registry of its flight when the mind was lethargic, and industry flagged. This is the man we admire and study; and the hour-glass in his hand pleases us better than in the bony grasp of a skeleton.

Simple as the hour-glass is as a mechanical contrivance, many astronomical discoveries must have been made before its invention. One of man's first necessities in daily life was a means of dividing and subdividing time. The rising and setting of the sun, or what is called the natural day, was from the beginning a division of time sufficient for the purposes of pastoral life, just as the alteration of seasons guides the agriculturist. The apparent motion of the sun, or, to speak more plainly,

its height above the horizon, taught the rudest and least thoughtful men how to divide the day into parts, and to regulate the times of the simple operations required in daily life. But as the natural day varies in its duration, an artificial division was necessary; and to discover and arrange such a system as should be consistent with nature, and convenient in its social application, was probably the first problem man attempted to solve. By watching the progress of the sun through the zodiac he obtained the great primary division of time—a year. The more rapid revolution of the moon gave him another and shorter period—a lunar month. But the greatest discovery connected with the computation of time was the division of the great circle representing the path of the sun, into 360 degrees, and the division of that into twelve equal parts of thirty degrees each, representing in the motion of the sun a solar month. Many hundred years before the invention of the hour-glass all this had been done, and the month had been divided into weeks, the weeks into days, the days into hours, and hours into minutes. We speak of it as an antiquity, though it is one of a modern age, and is rather the representative of a slothful, uninquiring, inert period, than of the thoughtful investigation of the first, or the bold enterprising ingenuity of the present century.

It would be a mockery of science to speak of this instrument as having the least pretension to be called a correct measurer of time. To compare it with an old eight-day clock, such as we remember to have seen in grandfather's kitchen, and of which we have as many pleasant recollections as of any inanimate object we have known, would be highly ridiculous. Why, the pendulum itself, balanced on a knife-edge, without the clock, would measure time better, if one took the trouble to count its vibrations. In truth our hour-glass is a toy, and not a chronometer: curious, but not very useful. The student who would divide his time into periods of equal length, might adopt it as a silent companion; but the necessity of watching its progress, and the consequent distraction of his mind, would soon cause him to reject it as a useless thing.

But before we abandon this old and now almost useless thing, it may be studied for an instant as the expositor of one great principle in nature which it took a Newton to discover, and upon which the existence of the world itself depends. The fall of unsupported bodies is a phenomenon so common that few people think it necessary to ask or give a reason for their doing so. If an uneducated man were asked why a stone thrown into the air falls to the ground, he would probably reply that it was natural—that it could fall no other way; or, thinking even such vague unmeaning phrases to be above the dignity of his reason, disdain to give an answer. But there is a cause for every effect; and the sand in the hour-glass has no more power in itself to fall through the little aperture left for that purpose than it has to remain in the upper bulb without falling when unsupported. There is something to draw it downwards, or it would remain where it was placed. The power or force which causes it to fall is as real as that which draws a piece of soft iron to a magnet, and as invisible. In what this attraction consists, in what way it envelopes all matter, or where it resides, science has not discovered, and will scarcely venture to predict. But on that account it is not the less real. Still more strange may it be to some minds, that though the source of the attraction cannot be ascertained, its laws are perfectly understood. The revolution of worlds, as well as the fall of a handful of sand, is under its control; and were it to be for an instant suspended through the universe, the event would be followed by an inextricable disorder and unlimited ruin. A stone thrown into the air would move forever in a path which would be the continuation of the straight line in which it commenced its journey; and the earth itself, no longer retained in its orbit by the attraction of the sun, would, at the moment of the suspension of the force, fly from the source of its heat, and the support of its vitality, in the direction in which it happened to be at the time moving. The attraction which draws the grain of sand towards the earth is the conservative power of the universe: it is the agency by which the Creator sustains, regulates, and preserves the order

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN HOUR-GLASS.

He has established. The Omnipotent has placed all matter under the same invisible control. The world and the atom are governed by laws, and those laws universal; they are parts of the same great family; and the wisdom of the Creator is in no material arrangement better proved than in the equal preservation of one and the other, the part and the whole, under a unity of design and universality of power.

We might make this the text for a treatise on mechanics, or found upon it an exposition of the motion, of the celestial bodies. If such were our object, we should first demonstrate the laws of gravitation,—that is to say, of the force which causes all bodies, great and small, to attract each other. This being done to our own satisfaction, and the anticipated advantage of our readers, it would be comparatively easy to show under what circumstances bodies may be made to move in curves by the united action of gravitation and the force of projection, illustrating all we had to say on this subject, as authors have done hundreds of times already, by a sling and a stone. To give a reason for motion in different curves, it would be necessary to explain how the path of a moving body is changed by increasing or decreasing the force of gravitation or that of projection. These difficulties being cleared out of the way, what could restrain us from following the elliptic orbits of the planets, or the parabolic curves in which those erratic fiery Bedouins or the solar realm sweep through its pathless expanse? But we, like Galileo of old, care for none of these things at present. It is enough for us to profess just what an hour-glass teaches, and wait for deeper truths till we have another teacher.

But the philosophy of the hour-glass does not end here; the sand itself, apart from its uses in the instrument deserves a passing thought. Since the day it was produced by crushing and pounding, it has had no resting place; for its fate has always been what it is now in its imprisonment, to wander backwards and forwards without ceasing. A north wind brought it to one shore, a south wind drove it to the opposite one—it has visited ocean caves, and been piled in

banks the tides could scarcely cover—it has been swept over deep valleys in the embrace of ocean—it has been carried over the burning desert by the fever-laden simoom. Upon the sea-shore it has borne the impress of the tidal ripple—upon the desert the footmark of the camel. If we could record its wanderings, what a strange history would it be! One cannot help wishing that it had a tongue to tell all that has happened on that fiery desert, between Egypt and the old land of promise, from the time when it was a part of the shifting bed of an ocean sound, to the day when it was picked up by an Anglo-Indian to be preserved in an hour-glass as a memento of his journey. What a sad record of human woe and insatiable ambition would it unfold, of the period when the Pharaohs built the old pyramids which Abraham passed and wondered at, when he sought Egypt with his beautiful wife Sarah, to escape the famine that was in the land of Canaan. We may imagine with what deep pathos it would dwell on that scene when the Patriarch stood to watch, in pity and wonder, the silent and moody listlessness with which the miserable serfs laboured under their taskmasters, with levers and pulleys, inclines and rollers, to raise the hewn stone, and build a monument of record to the tyranny of power, and the abject submissiveness of ignorant poverty—that a king might teach the world, in a monument of enduring stone, the similitude and difference of the extremes of human degradation—restless, unsatisfied tyranny, and yielding, wrong-bearing slavery. Over the same dreary desert, the sand might say, the Ishmaelite brought Joseph when sold by his brethren, little thinking that he would be the Governor of Egypt, and “save many people alive.” But in after ages came a great multitude escaping from bondage, yet driven away in haste; the sandled foot of Moses was upon me, and the wheels of the chariot of Pharaoh. The emancipated Jewish mother, singing songs of deliverance to her sleepless babe, rested on me in peace, looking with hope into the deep blue, star-strewn sky, and blessing the name of Jehovah! But what more can I say? for I bear the impress, though you see it not, of the footsteps of the Holy One.

THE NEW GAUGER;
OR, JACK TRAINER'S STORY.

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

CHAPTER IV.

When I got fairly undher weigh, and was satisfied that the coast was clear, I'll give you my conscience for it, that I left the thrack behind me at a middlin' dacent rate till I rached the long lane; and when I turned into it, throth, you'd think it was on the Curragh I was, with the way that I made the gutther fly and the hedges and ditches whiz past me; and not that I say it myself, when I was thrown into a brake, as far as the bunch of eldhers out there, by raison of Slasher stoppin' short apposite a large whin stone that frighten'd the seven sines out of him, I was in the saddle again aqual to the flyin' artillery, and dashin' away once more, as if nothin' in life had happened to me.

Well at the rate I was goin' you'll believe me, I suppose, when I tell you, that it wasn't along afore I found myself at the lonesome corner where I promised to wait for Harry, and expected the party to march into the new line: so comin' down of Slasher, I lades him into the gap, and turnin' to the left, about a couple of hundhred yards, I ties him up to the rare of a clump of black-thorn, where I often cut many a tough bot-tien and filled my pockets, in the early frost, with sloes as big as Johnny Magories. Here I prepares myself for whatever might turn up, settlin' my hat tight on my head, and takin' out my pocket knife and cuttin' a bit of a switch about an inch and a half through.—I buttoned up my frieze tight and handy, so as there would be nothin' flyin' loose about me; givin' the skirts, at the same time, a tuck up under my back, by way of makin' sure of a lep or a race, if the likes was put upon me by numbers.

I was now somethin' like three miles from Micks, and close on one from the lime kiln' where the runnin' was goin' on, and where I hoped the b'ys hadn't, by that time, left much, but carried it away to some safer place; and findin' that the collar of my coat, that I pulled up about my ears, was interfarin' with my hearin', I takes it down again, and begins to listen whether there was any one

comin' along the ould turnpike or not. There I stood with my heart sledging away, for I well knew that although the party had not passed yet, they would soon be up, and that at the very best, there would not be time, after Terry rached the kiln, to take the things much farther then the deep dhrair, covered with soil, near my uncles, or else the mouille ditch down attords the bog; there not bein' more then half a dozen or so, that could be gathered to lend a hand on such short notice.

It was, now, about a quarter to nine o'clock; and I hadn't the stick cut in my hand half a minute, when up comes the whole party, thramp, thramp, thramp; sthrikin' in on the new road at the very spot I thought they would. The rain had stopped all out, and as it was, it was not altogether so dark as when I started, or else my eyes were gettin' used to it; so I bounces over to the ditch, to within five feet of them, and saw that there was just a Sargent and twelve men, but no horseman, and, what was more extraordinary, no body in coloured clothes, as a spy or anythin' of that sort. Seein' that the ould chap was not with them, I began to have great hopes, as every moment he stayed behind was worth goold to poor Harry; and besides every sowl of them bein' sthrangers—for we had their whole histhory afore they were a day in town—I was satisfied that they'd come to a dead halt down at the edge of the bog, where a by road branches off in the way of Clooncahar wood; and that, if even one of the Hany's was with them, with that long spit of a thing that they use for sarchin' through spodeough, he wouldn't be in the greatest throuble on earth about hurryin' them on; as Harry and he were ould cronies and more than friendly to one another. Howsomever, my Joker, on the black racer, wasn't long behind them; for they were scarcely out of hearin' of his clatther, when up he dashes at the rate of a hunt, and, as if the devil got into him, or that he was shot stone dead, stops short on the other side of the ditch within about ten yards of me.

"What in the name of the blessed vargin is up now" says I, "fairly bewildered and whisperrin' to myself as I eyed the ould maraudher from behind the ditch; but

wasn't I completely thunderstruck when I saw him headin' his baste into the very gap beside me, and harde him muttherin' to himself about his bein' sure that he wasn't mistaken. I crooched down among the bushes, thremblin' like an aspen lafe at seein' him within a few feet of me, and was about to spring on him and thry and gag him—although the party were but a short distance from us, and I could see that he held a pishtel, which I harde him cock, in his hand—when he calls out three times in a low hollow voice, “Higgins! Higgins! Higgins!”

The whole affair flashed on me in a moment.—“Its Barney Higgins” says I, “that Harry quarrel'd with at Kish, that has informed and promised to meet the Gauger here and lade him to the very nose of the Still by way of revenge.”

Now, at this discovery I thought I would loose my raison complatly, as I always had a different opinion of Barney. But, as he had turned cut-throat, and knowin' that, from our size, look and speech, we had been often taken for one and other in broad daylight, I detarmined to make the most I could out of it. So thurstin' that Kelly would be aisily desaved in this respect, and fearin' that any violence might lade to recallin' the party, for the edge of the bog where the road branches off as I said to Clooncahar was scarcely any distance from us, I bounced up from where I was stoopin' and with every sinew twisted like a gad, glided cautiously up to him just as he was sayin' to himself “surely its fully nine now.”

“Here, your honour,” says I, as I stepped up beside him, “and I hope that I haven't kept you waitin', for, although I have been here this half-hour, I didn't see you till you spoke nor hear you naiter, I bein' up the field a bit.”

“Ha,” says he, “I thought I knew the place, for I reconoithered it at day brake this morning and found it to agree with the information left under my doore afore I returned from Dhumsna last night: although, I wouldn't have acted upon it if other circumstances that came to my knowledge previously, hadn't chimed in with it, and put it beyond doubt that it was naiter a thrap nor a hoax; but where's the party?” says

he, “for I tould them to wait here, and not budge an inch 'till I came up: for they are all sthrangers to this part of the country, and its a new constable we have with us, that came over with me yestherday and has not been out here afore; for, to tell you the truth, they say that Many is a little too friendly, and well acquainted with those Toomen ginthry.”

“The party are not more then ten minutes past, your honour” says I, “and its so dark, I suppose they never noticed the gap, but I wondher Johany the Spy who knows every inch of the ground didn't set them to rights.”

“The ruffin's not with us,” says he, “for he got into a brawl at the Crane about seven and was nearly kilt with a sthroke of a stone turf.”

“Well, then,” your honour, “says I fearin' that poor Harry or the thief Higgins would be in upon us every minute,” it is betther for you to dash afther them, and make them wait below at the two roads, or else they may take the wrong one; for, not seein' you with them, I didn't like to spake, thinkin' that you had just fallin' back in the rare, to let them pass so as to have a few words with me alone; and, besides, I wouldn't for the world be known to any of them.

“But, what's the use of my goin' down and makin' them wait below,” says he, “what good will it do?”

“This good, your honour,” says I, “that I'm not goin' near the kiln, among the men, to be ruined for life or perhaps murdered in my bed; but, the spot is within two fields of us this moment; and I can take you over to within a hundhred yards of it in five minutes, and lade you into a little lane that will bring you aither back to the men, if you like, or else enable you to take them unseen to the very place, when we come round here again; but you'll see, yourself, when you go down, now, the by way that I mane; so as that you'll need no further information on this; for it just lies to your left hand, where the two roads meet, and you cant miss it.”

“Just as you like,” says he, “but will you be so good as to hould this cloak for me, as its not rainin' now: for I broke the clasp

of it when I got about half-a-mile from town, and I'm afraid that I may lose it as it's thrown but loosely over the horse afore me."

"Sartinly, your honour," says I, "layin' hould of the article, but be alive, if you please, for I fear the men may be goin' wrong,"

"With that, my dear, off he gallops afther the party; and it's well he did, for he was scarcely round the corner, when up dashes Harry, bowlin into the gap where I was standin' with the pasperation rowlin' off me."

"What's the word, Jack," says he, jumpin' to the ground and layin' his hand on my shoulder? "Have they all passed, for Bob got stuck in Doonegan field, and I was full fifteen minutes in gettin' him out again."

"Not a whimper" says I, for the life of you: but be quick and tie him up behind the clump with Slasher, and be beside me in an instant; for my name's not Jack Thrainer, or we'll have company here before you can bless yourself—and somebody of your acquaintance too," says I, wrappin' the cloak about me as close as ever I could.

In half a jiffy he was by my elbow again afther doin' what I tould him; and was about to ax me what was that I had round me, when I gave him a nudge in the ribs to keep him silent.

"Look there!" says I, in a whisper, "Down with you! There's a man comin' through the hedge!"

"There is!" says he, "there! He has leapt the ditch!"

"Not a move," says I, as he sank down beside me; but stay where you are till I give you the word, and then be with me like lightnin'!"

"Never fear," says he, but don't let him escape till we find out who he is and what's his business."

"I know both," says I in a low whisper; and movin' a step or two forward in the direction of the ditch, with every narve quiverin' in my body, I called out in an under voice, imitatatin' the Gauger aqual to a jackdaw with his tongue split, "Higgins! Higgins! Higgins!"—Harry listinin' to every word I said.

"Here," your honour," says he, jumpin'

up off his hunkers; for he juked when he touched the ground, for the purpose of givin' a sarchin' glance all around him, "and I hope that I haven't delayed you over long; for I'm rather late by raison of some manuv'ers that took place over at the kiln in consequence of a messenger that arrived about an hour ago, from town I suppose, and sent them all flyin' here and there with the Still and every dhrop of the runnin'; but it's all right afther all," says he, "for all their work, for though there's not a hap'orth of anythin' on earth in the kiln, yet I know where every naggin of it is hid, although keepin' an eye upon them prevented me comin' as early as I should have done."

It was not Higgin's voice! I was sthruck speechless for a moment; but recoverin' myself in quick sticks, I disengages one of my arms from my cloak or rather from the Gauger's, and runnin' it through his, tould 'em to make no apologies, as he was in very good time; but, that, as I had somethin' to say to one of the party that was on the look out a few yards a head, we would just step on a bit till I speak to him; and, then, we were all ready for action.

Fearin' that the Gauger would return every minute, I led him rather hasty from the gap, and when I got him in what I considered a nate little spot, in a twinklin' I slip'd my hand round his waist, and raisin' him on my hip I gave him a hoist that nearly settled him; for he came down on his shoulder, on a great rough sand stone that weighed near a hundhred if it weighed an ounce.

"Harry," says I, but the word was scarcely out of my lips, when my brave Thracy had a houl't of him by the throat gaggin' him with his pocket hankerchief, and tyin' him middlin' tight, I warrant you, with a piece of the rope which, by the best of good luck, but the merest chance in the world, he brought over with him from Mick's—although he might have spared himself the throuble for the moment, for the informer lay senseless afore him; he came down with such a weight, and did not recover for upwards of a minute.

"He's all safe now" says I, bouncin' to my feet, for I was down beside him lendin' a

hand; "and take care of him you, allanah, while I go down and look afther a friend of his, that I'm expectin' every moment;—but, remember," says I, as I picked up the cloak, that fell off me when I threw him, and hung it over my arm, "that you do not touch a hair of his head while I'm away; for he's tied, he is," says I, "and when a man's tied, although thraitor and cut throat he may be, he is aqual to a woman, and should only be stood over in silence; or, at laste, not resave a sthroke that he's not able to return, until fairly decided by more voices then one, that he's guilty, in every sense of the word, and deserves it."

"What do you mane?" says Harry turnin' round to me, and not wishin' to mention either of our names, so as that we might not be known to the thief on the ground, who was a perfect sthranger to us, as I knew by his voice unless he was feignin' one—"What do you mane?" says he, "dont you know that I'm of the vein that hasn't a dark dthrop in it; and why do you spake in that way?—For, before I'd thramp the breath out of this black hearted hound while there is even an inch of rope about him, I'd suffer to have the very limbs torn from my body.—Never! He dies; but a dozen shall be present and pronounce his doom a just one, and to save us from an unfriendly thought afterwards."

I knew I was in the wrong; so the devil a word I could say;—but, turnin' on my heel, down I bowls to the gap—for before I settled the informer I led him up the field a bit—and it is well that I did move along so soon; for I had hardly made the last step, when up canthers Kelly puffin' and blowin' and tellin' me when he got as far as me, that he just overtook the party as they were goin' asthray, and that it was all right now; as he saw the little lane that I described, and warned the men not to stir an inch from the edge of the bog till they got further ordhers; "and, besides," says he, "I have harde so much about this Thracy and a fellow called Thrainer that's always beside him, that I thought it was only right to put them on there peril below not to move for priesht or parson till the Sargent gave them ordhers; while, at the same time, I called him aside

and tould him not to budge, for any mortal man that lived, unless he got the counthersign, 'lawful', which I gave him in his ear, for fear of threachery—I'm so long in this business. But," says he, again "this Thracy that I'm spakin' to you about, is dead dhruunk, I know to-night, for I saw him myself; although I'm as sure as the sun that far gone and allas he was then, both himself and another young man, that is Thrainer I suspect, got an inklin,' some how or other, of who I am, and of my comin' out; for they wanted to make it appear that every naggin' he made was sowld, and that the Still was miles away, while, stagger'd an all as I was by their great actin,' I was almost convinced, from what I had from another quarther that it was otherwise."

"Your honour," says I, winkin' to myself, "is a gintleman of great disarmint, besides been mortal clever; but I'm sure that this will be the grandest night you have had for many a day; for I'm sartin that you may resave more information afore you lave this, as it's a wonderful place intirely; howsomever, as Thracy is dhruunk, as you say, and as Thrainer is with him, there wont be much throuble beyant; and now, you will light, if you plase, as we can make out better and more saycret on foot; for I know every thrawniece that's in the way, and as I said afore, can lade you to the spot, altho' its not over safe for horses."

Upon this, down steps my ould Throjan into my very arms if you plase, myself tellin' him as I was fastenin' up his horse, a short distance from Bob and Slasher that knew aich other like brothers, that it would be as good as two hundhred pounds in his pocket, his comin' out that night, and declarin' that if he could lay his hands on it, a greater runin' never was known to be in the whole townland for years.

"If I have luck, I wont forget you," says he, laniu' on my arm as I led him up atords the spot where Harry was keepin' an eye on the Informer, "but I'd rather that you'd let me ride, as, in-case of any accident I'm not very swift a foot."

"There is no danger in life," your honour, says I smilin' to myself, "and as for your forgettin' me, I'm sensible your'e not apt to

that"—givin' him, at the same time, a little touch undher the ankle that brought him down, quietly within a yard or so of the darlin' worthy that was laid out in state beside Harry.

"Hah! Murther! Robbery! Thraison! Help! says he, roarin' out as well as he could, for, although I was careful, he bein' rather an ould man, to let him fall as aisy as possible, yet the breath was almost gone from him with the surprise and the souse he got."

"Nothin' in life of the sort," says I clappin' my hand on his mouth, to keep him from makin' any disturbance that might be harde below.

"Take the pishtels from him," says Harry, by way of frighten' him, "and send him to sleep, if he doesn't quit of his bawlin' and spluttherin' in that way."

"No! No! genteels" says he thrimblin' all over, "dont commit murther. I was only in the discharge of my duty. It's no fault of mine. I'll be as quiet as you please. I will gintlemen. Dont commit murther. Dont commit murther,—but what in the name of St. Pathrick, is the manner of it all, Oh! blur an outhers, sure I might have known that there was something or other in the whole business."

When he found that we had the barken' irons in our possession, although we didn't intend to hurt a hair of his head, nor to do any very sarious injury to the other vagabone aither, he began to beg for his life once more, tellin' us that he owed us no gridge in the world, as he knew nothin' ill of us, and never saw us afore, and that he was sure, whatever we might do with him, we wouldn't take such a load upon our sowls, as that of sendin' him into etarnity unprepared. When he found, howsomever, that we were spanshellin' him with the remaindher of the rope that was left, he appeared to give up all hope intirely; and lay over just as quiet as if there wasn't a gig nor geow in him.

CHAPTER V.

"There they are for you, both Gauger and Informer—masther and man" says I, turnin' to Harry, when I laid Kelly comfortably beside his intherestin' acquaintance; and the raison I tould you," says I, "not to hurt

a hair of that vagabone's head, was for fear you'd kill him in my absence, and knock me out of the darlin' prospect of lendin' a helpin' hand when the time comes for stoppin' his win'-pipe."

"Here's to you, ma bouchal," says Harry, givin' me a thump in the stomach that took the sight out of my eyes, and not so much as sayin' aye or no, to what I was tellin' him, "Here's to you mavournieen—my hayro of the peninshoola—my Irish Bony—take a sthretch out of it—give it a hoist, my Throgan, for it's you that deserves it"—handin' me over, at the same time, a quart bottle full, that Mick slip'd into his pocket afore he left, and that he had been pullin' and haulin' for upwards of a minute it fitted so tight in his bussum.

"Healts a piece to you ginteels;" says I, takin' a houl't of the jorum and bendin' over my two lads that were barely disarnible at our feet. "And as for you, my ould, boy," says I, afther I took a most detarmined pull at it, "I have no objection to share a dhrop with you; although it would be a dale betther for you, if you left off your gagerin' thricks and turned to somethin' dacent for a livin'—which if you did, you wouldn't be stretched out there now, beside that infernal cut throat, who ever he is, with the black clouds and anythin' but rale friends hangin' over you this blessed Satherday night."

"Gintlemen," says my joker, "I persave, by your observations, that you're not only men of honour but throe christians; and sure I am that you are not goin' to murther or misuse me for the doins' of another. Information was left at my house, or rather put undher my door signed by one Higgins, who was to have met me here to-night, and taken me to some place, close by, where there was a Still and a great quantity of pottieen belongin' to a boy of the Thracy's that's dhruunk down near town this moment. Other circumstances sthrenchen'd this disclosure; and I thought, sure enough, that if I had a Sargent and twelve men along with me, I had nothin' to fear from comin' out to this spot, where all would have been right enough with me, had the men not missed the gap in the dark, and stopped accordin' to the sthRICT ordhers they resaved."

This is the only wapen that will be presented at your head to-night, "says I, rummagin' for his mouth, with the bottle, "but," says I, after a while, endeavourin' to dhraw the neck from betune his teeth, for I found that he was emptyin' it, "as for this descendant of the ancient worthies, manin' the other thief at his side, "there's no such good luck in store for him, for, late and all as it is, I'm of opinion he'll be apt to take tay in purgatory yet."

"Thank you gintlemen," says Kelly, as I got possession of the bottle once more. "thank you kindly; but I'm very tight about the wrists, and would feel greatly obliged if you'd slacken' this bindin' a little, as I feel my hands gettin' altogether powerless, but at the same time, very painful."

"It's not a very vital part," says I, "and maybe if we give you a little more play room you'd be inclined to be troublesome and give your friend here a little quiet help by way of unloosin' him in the dark, if you happened to get close enough to him."

"Ah then, who is my friend, and who is it that you're talkin' about," says he, "for I see or rather feel some one lyin' beside me?"

The Informer to be sure, says I. "Mr. Higgins; or, more likely, some acquaintance of his friend that went to Dublin on Thursday and left a little business to be done in his absence, so as not to get the name of it, for Barney Higgins is not here to-night, and never wrote a letter to put undher your doore."

"As to that, I can't say," says he, "but as to abusin' any freedom or indulgence you may give me, I pledge you my word an honour as a throe Irishman—and that's aqual to swarin' on the Garvarry, if not to the oath of allegience itself, that I'll do no such thing, nor, in any way in life attempt to raise ructions, or thry to effect my escape without your permission."

With that agra we give him a trifle more elbow room, knowin' that the other limb of the devil was safe enough, and that, if the worst came to the worst we had the pace makers in our own hands; so we got him up upon his legs, and carried him over and sated him on the big stone that, as I said afore, was nearly doin' for the Informer.

"Thank you gintlemen,—thank you a thousand times," says he, when he found that he wasn't spansheld so tight, and that he was resavin' great considheration at our hands—taken into account the way that all of his kidney were generally thraited on such occasions, "but is there ever another dhrop in that bottle, for I'm completely done for and afraid that I'll take my death of cowlid in consequence of that dhreadful teem I've been undher,"—although there wasn't as much comin' down as would drown a midge, and he was, at the same moment, neary as dhry as a stick from his head to toe.

"Your health once more," says I, as I took the barest smell in life of the bottle before I presented it to him again, "and by the powers" says I, as I fumbled for his mouth "your the heart's blood of a Gauger any way"—manin' in the way of dhrink; for as I hinted afore, it was common in town and country, that, with regard to this, his aqual was not to be found from one end of the county to the other.

"Blur an agers!" says he, gettin' warm on it and when I had managed to get the bottle free of him again, "but that's the illegant stuff; and, by the eternal Moses, I'd give anythin' for a few gallons of it, for it's neether itself. But its amazin' powerful, Isn't?" says he, fallin' into a fit of coughin' and endeavourin' to get his hand up to his head to scratch it, when he found that his breath was almost completely gone.

When the Gauger came to again, Harry says over to me. "Comrade, what's to be done with the Informer?" for until Kelly's explanation he had no very clear idea of what was goin' on, or how I came to be mixed up in the matther. It was a mysthery to him, although he was sensible he had an enemy in his power, and although I told him that both the Gauger and the Informer—two not very popular characters in Connaught—lay bound at his feet. Still, as I said afore—the thing, in itself, was so amazin' on such short notice, that he didn't undherstand the ins and outs of it fully. Howsomer I soon called him aside and, in addition to answerin' his question, I related to him all that occurred from the moment I left Mike's, 'till he bow'd into the gap.

I said I answered the question regardin' the Informer; and I did; for, on it, we agreed to take him and his companion down to the ould castle there below beside the lough, and lave them snug and oily in one of the vaults 'till we went over to the kiln and tould the boys what was up regardin' the whole affair, and made some comfortable arrangements relatin' to the hayroes that were no doubt anxiously waitin' the return of their lader at the spot already mentioned.

When this point was settled upon, down we goes for the three horses, and placed Kelly on his own baste with the Informer lyin' afore him like a sack of male, and Harry and myself on aich side of them endeavourin' to keep them from fallin' off. We hadn't much trouble with the Gager, who in consequence of the last throw he took was next doore to be'n' as thrunk as an owl: but the other fellow lay twistin' and turnin' like an eel, with the handkerchief in his mouth, until at last down he came betune the horses feet, where he lay rowlin' and kickin' as if he had the colic.

"Take the grindher out of his smush," says I to Harry who jumped down off Bob to relieve my lucky, "or maybe he'll be smothered, and lave us in the lurch for a night's sport,"—although to tell you the thruth, that's all we intended to take out of the white liver'd thief affther all.

"Sartinly," says Harry, whippin' the hankerchief out of his mouth, and placin' him on the pommel of the saddle once more, "and distressed I would be, if ould horney caught a houl of him, afore we had him for an hour or so undher our hands, and nicely dressed up for the journey, such a highly respectable and desarvin' gentleman." But, "he went on," if he attempts to make the slightest disturbance, my word to you, that I'll gag him again tighter than ever; and what's more, tie him to my horse's tail, and 'whips cut away gray' with me,—for I have spur on my heel with every tooth in the rowler as long as a hackle pin."

"Do so" says I, "but as he is sober make him sit upright, as it will tend to prop the other gentleman, and we will travel aisy for our own convenience; for we dont want to be at the throuble of pickin' him up now

and then; and you can readily place him side saddle fashion."

"So I can," says Harry layin' a houl of him again to put him to rights as I recommended; but although the thief's hands and arms were bound like iron, by some means or other, he managed to get a grip of Kelly's coat, and, when Harry gave him a hoist, he gave a short powerful twist that, tied and all as he was, landed him as nate as anythin' in front of the other rider who was almost pulled out of my grasp by the suddenness and power with which he performed the act.

"Be me sowl!" says I to myself, when I saw what he did, "you are no joke, whoever you are, to make such a manuver as that, any way; and, although I'm not the boy that always falls back when I'm axed to step forred, I'd just as lieve have the handlin' of Mickey Photsheen himself, as take half an hour with you if you had the spanshels off."

We, now started a head, and the two jockies kept their position with but little assistance until we came up with the lough and the ould castle, which we did in the coorse of ten or twelve minutes. Here we took them both down, and saited them on a hape of stones undher the dark scyamores forninst the grand archway—it still keepin' so murkey that we could not disarn aich others faytures, although our figures were plain enough. The place was cheerless indeed; and had for ages the name of being haunted—a thruth, I believe, which there was no disputin'—and a creepin' cowl'd as death, came over me as I vainly thried to penetrate with my eye the gloomy depths of these ruined chambers where the dhrear wailin' blast was ever exchangin' sighs and tellin' sad low stories turn about, with the huge dim whisperin' masses of joyless ivy that hung down like broken heart strings from the damp mculderin' walls.

"They're goin' to drown'd us!" says the Informer, over into Kelly's ear, when he harde the sound of the waves that were comin' in within a few yards of him.

"You lie," says the Gauger, "whoever you are,"—thickenin', at the same time, in his speech at an amazin' rate, for the dhrick tould on him in airnist. "But," says he

collectin' himself for a minute, "what in God's name does it all mane, for the like of it I never met although laid for dead three times within the last nine years—twice in the county Galway and once over in Roscommon."

"Is it dirty clane wather with the likes of you?" says Harry, turnin' to the traitor and clappin' the cowl'd iron to his lug by way of whiteuin' him up a bit when he harde what he said." "Cock you up, indeed, with such a dacent death as that—Oh, no amock, for, by the powers of pewther, the tortures of St. Pether and the blessed apostles were only sweet milk to what is in storo for you—you murderer of the world you."

"Aftther that, my dear, we gives him a lift betune us, and carries him into the ould ruins, lavin' the Gauger out side, at the same moment, as we were sure enough of him if he even hadn't an inch of rope around him, and barin' my lad a few steps along the main entherance, we turns to the left, and draggin' an immense clusther of ivy aside, we deposits him in a kind of low narra cell where Harry had often many a pound's worth hid—for both of us knew every hole and corner in the castle as well as if it was our own house. When we had accomplished this, out we goes again to where the Gauger was settin' nuttherin' to himself, and layin' a houl't of him we endeavoured to get him up betune us, but he showed dhreadful resistance as he was under the impression, when he came to think over what the Informer said, that we were goin' to make away with him.

"Keep quiet," says I to him, when I found he was strugglin' so desperate, "and you're as safe, every bit, as if you were in town takin' a dhrup at Brien's."

"Safe indeed," says he, when he found there was no use in his capers, "and why shouldn't I be with as much riggin' about me as would sarve for a Cutther, whatever i for at all at all?"

"It will be all off you by and by" says I, "and I'll give you the mass on it, that, if you behave yourself quietly, a hair of your head wont suffer until you're safe and sound and at home, nor then aither, as far as we are consarned; and, now, aftther what I have

said, I think you may make yourself aisy on that score."

"Sure I know that well," says he, makin' the best of it, "for I'm only takin' a joke out of you; but have you another taste in the bottle; for, my word and honour to you, I'm both could and wet at the present moment."

"Blur alive," says Harry, "I left the bottle on the stone below—when it was handed to me; but, maybe Billy Widdis didn't get an opportunity to come up for the half gallon that Doolin left for him, in the hole in the wall within, aftther his runnin' last week."

"Thry avick," says I, "for it would be a sin and a shame to endanger this gintleman's life by keepin' him out here so long, on this dhreary night, on anythin' like short allowance; but do you think you'll be able to find the place, for it must be pitch dark down below when its so bad up here."

"Lay me a' one for that," says he, shootin' into the low archway once more, and lavin' myself sup tin' the Gauger at its enthrance. or rather a foot or two inside it.

"What are you goin' to do with me?" says the ould lad when he found my arm round his waist keepin' him from fallin' on the ground, and saw that we were not movin' off with him.

"Never mind that," says I, "for its enough for you to know that I have pledged you that your are safe no matter who else pays the piper."

"And where is the other fellow then?" says he, "for as I persave you're alone, I'm of opinion that your friend is off doin' for him."

"The devil a do," says I, will we do for him, any more then tache him a bit of a lesson regardin' his thrade of Informer; and that you'll enjoy yourself, as well as any of us; for I know, that although you make use of such cowardly traitors, you despise them and turn from them in your heart at the same time.

"Maybe you're nearly right," says he, "although I dont know the vagabone that led me into this business; but there is one thing I hope, and that is, that you'll relase me as soon as possible, and let me out of

this dismal place, for it's the most dreadful lookin' spot that I ever set my foot in; and I have been in many a quare half acre in my day."

I coul' barely make out what he was at, for his tongue was very thick in his head, and he was swayin' about as if he was a bouchalawn in march; but, notwithstandin', I was about to answer him, when I harde Harry's foot comin' along in the dark; and thinkin' that, if the half gallon hadn't been disturbed, a naggin' or so would be more soothin' then anythin' I could say, I kept my mouth shut till I larned what look from the hole in the wall.

"All right, my darlin'," says Harry, as he came up to us, with a black bottle in his hand, "and we'll settle the other in due time"—manin' the one he left below, as he didn't like to bring it up and rob poor Billy altogether, if it could be avoided.

"He has kilt him then," says Kelly, misunderstandin' what was said, and lanin' over on me as if he was goin' to faint.

"Kilt who?" says Harry with a low chuckle when he saw the mistake that my onshough made.

"Oh murther, murther," says Kelly, afther all your swarin' and promisn', what have you done with the unfortunate man: and what are you goin' to do with me?"

"To give you a smell of this jorum, afther we amuse ourselves a couple of times with it, and to enthrate you not to make a fool of yourself, but to rely upon what I have tould you already," says I.

When he got the bottle into his clutches, for his hands were almost free, so convinced was he that the Informer was "settled," and that his own turn would come next, he appeared detarmined to rendher himself insinsible to all pain; but, before he got more than about half a pint or so of it down, I whipped it away from him again, and handed it over to Harry, who, as well as myself, began to get a little merry on the head of it—for we found ourselves middlin' safe as to the upshot of the night's work.

"Let us take him in," says Harry, "and make the best of our way over, for the boys will be in great suspense regardin' the news that Terry brought them; and, you

know, that, besides, its warin' purty late, considherin' all that's to be done afore we have everythin' arranged to the satisfaction of the country.

In a very few moments we had both my gintleman securely laid in the same cell or vault, and could here the Informer, who was averse to openin' his lips, grindin' his teeth in the fiercest but most helpless rage, and vainly endeavourin' to dhrag himself along the floore; while, from the heavy brathin' of the Gauger, it was evident that the last bout he had with the pottien, set his griefs almost at rest, and that he was fast sinkin' into a state of insinsibility. Howsomer, afore we left them, I thought it was better to give the Informer a little quiet advice regardin' his conduct when he found that we were not exactly beside him, as we were now about startin' for the kiln.

"Now, my boy," says I, vainly sarchin' for his form in the dark, "you'll remain here with your friend Mr. Kelly, until further ordhers; and as you may be inclined, when you fancy yourself and your companion are alone, to do a little shoutin' so as to attrract the attinshin of any person that may chance to be fishin' for brame below, I may as well inform you, that if you sneeze (God bless us) louder then you have this very minute there will be one of us on the watch, who will lave you quiet enough for the remainder of the night, if not for a thrifle longer."

With this intherestin' little taste of information for the thief, we both step'd out into the archway again' myself tellin' Harry, in a pig's whisper, as he was groopin' for the way, to keep his car open till I returned, and if either of them attempted to budge, to shoot him as dead as a door-nail.

"That, I'll do for you," says he, givin' me a nudge, at the same time, "but I'd like to thry a few experiments upon one of them afore I'd send his sowl to glory, where it will go, of course, when we are done with him, as he appears to be a very dacent harmless crayture indeed."

SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer's breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

THE RIVALS.

A TRUE STORY OF TEXAS BORDER LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

It was the third day after this meeting. Jack, during all these persecutions, had deported himself with the most stolid indifference. Avoiding all intercourse with the settlers, he had continued to hunt with even more assiduity than usual, and was in a great measure ignorant of the unenviable notoriety he was enjoying. He had heard something of the charges with which his character had been assailed, but attributed them all to the jealous enmity he had incurred at the shooting match. He could understand perfectly how one man could hate another who had beat him in shooting, and thought it natural enough; but he could not understand how that hatred might be meanly and desperately vindictive, and, therefore, gave himself no uneasiness about it. He was only anxious that his wife should not hear and be annoyed by any of these things, and preserved his usual cheerfulness of demeanour.

He had just returned from hunting, and, laying aside his accoutrements, partook of the simple meal her neat housewifery had prepared for him; then, stretching himself upon the buffalo robe on the floor, romped with his two rosy-cheeked boys, who rolled over his great body, and gambolled and screamed in riotous joy around him; but mother wanted some water from the branch, and the frolic must be given over while Jack would go and bring it. So, jumping up, he left the little folk pouting wilfully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thicket. It was against Jack's religion ever to leave his house without his gun; but the wife, whom he loved above all the universe of sentiment and everything else, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short, so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by brush, when he felt a light tap on each shoulder, and his career

strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognised the voice of Hinch shouting, "Down with him! Drag him down!" as the men who had hold of the lasso about his body jerked at it violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one convulsive effort, which would have freed him, but that the infernal noose had fallen true, and bound his arms. As it was, he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him over the head with the butt of a gun. The last objects which met his eye as he sank down were the horrified faces of his two children and wife looking out upon him.

The blow deprived him of his senses for some time, and, when he recovered, he found himself half stripped and lashed to a tree a short distance from his house—Hinch in front of him with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and, outside this group, a circle of men with guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eye took in everything at once glance. A shudder, like that of an oak rifling to its core, sprang along his nerves, and seemed to pass out at his feet and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead lintel of his door would have done; and the agony of that poor wife shrilling a frantic echo to every harsh slashing sound seemed to have no more effect upon his ear than it had upon the tree above them, which shook its green leaves to the self-same cadence they had held yesterday in the breeze. His wide-open eyes were glancing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who had stood around—those features are never to be forgotten!—for, while Hinch lays on the stripes

with all his furious strength, blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if it marked them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful—so concentrated, so still, so enduring. He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed—but those intense eyes of his! the wretches couldn't stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other. But it was too late; he had them all—ten men! They were registered.

We will drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say that, after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him, telling his wife that if they were not out of the country in ten days he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and, as it was said, returned with his family to Arkansas, where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

About four months after this affair, in company with an adventurous friend, I was traversing Western Texas. Our objects were to see the country, and amuse ourselves in hunting for a time over any district we found well adapted for a particular sport—as for bear hunting, deer hunting, buffalo hunting, &c. Either of these animals is to be found in greater abundance, and, of course, pursued to greater advantage, in peculiar regions; and, as we were anxious to make ourselves familiar with all the modes of life in the country, we made it a point in passing through, to stop wherever the promise of anything specially interesting offered itself. Prairies, timber, and water were better distributed in Shelby than any county we had passed through—the timber predominating over the prairie, though interlaid by it in every direction. This diversity of surface attracted a greater variety and quantity of game, as well as afforded more perfect facilities to the sportsman. Indeed, it struck us as a perfect hunter's paradise: and, my friend happening to remember a man of some wealth, who had removed from his native county and settled, as he had understood, in Shelby, we inquired for him, and very readily found him.

Whatever else may be said or thought of

the Texans, they are unquestionably most generously hospitable. We were frankly and kindly received, and horses, servants, guns, dogs, and whatever else was necessary to ensure our enjoyment of the sports of the country, as well as the time of our host himself, were forthwith at our disposal, and we were soon, to our hearts' content, engaged in every character of exciting chase.

One day we had all turned out for a deer-drive. This hunt, in which dogs are used for driving the game out of the timber, scatters the hunters very much; they are stationed at the different "stands," which are sometimes miles apart, to watch for the deer passing out; and, for this reason, the party seldom gets together again until night. We divided in the morning, and skirted up opposite sides of a wide belt of bottom timber, while the "drivers" and dogs penetrated it to rouse the deer, which ran out on either side by the stands which were known to the hunters. We were unusually successful, and returned to a late dinner at our host's the planter's house. By dusk all had come in except my friend, whose name was Henry, and a man named Stoner, one of the neighbours, who had joined our hunt. Dinner was ready, and we sat down to it, supposing they would be in in a few moments. The meal was nearly over when Henry, who was a gay, voluble fellow, came bustling into the room, and, with a slightly flurried manner, addressed our host:—"Squire, this is a strange country of yours! Do you let crazy people range it with guns in their hands?"

"Not when we know it. Why? What about crazy people? You look excited."

"Well, I think I've had enough to make me feel a little curious."

"What is it? what is it?" exclaimed everybody, eagerly.

"Why, I have met with either the old Harry himself, a ghost, or a madman, and which it is I am confoundedly puzzled to tell!"

"Where? How?"

He threw himself into a chair, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and continued:—"You know, Stoner and myself, when we parted from you all this morning, took up the right-hand side of the bottom

timber. Well, Stoner accompanied me to my 'stand,' where we parted, he to go on to his; and I have seen nothing of him since. Soon after he left me a deer passed out—I shot it, wounded it, and jumped on my horse to pursue it. The deer had staggered at my fire, but was not so badly wounded as I supposed, and led me off, until it suddenly occurred to me that I might get lost, and I reined up; but I soon found that this sober second thought had come too late, and that I was already out of my latitude. I wandered about nearly all day, though taking care not to go very far in one direction, before I came across anything which promised to set me right again. I at last came upon a waggon trail, and felt relieved, for I knew it must take me to some point where I could get information. The trail was narrow, leading through scrubby thickets; and I was riding along slowly, looking down, in the hope of detecting the tracks of some of your horses, when the violent shying of my horse caused me to raise my eyes. And, by George! it was enough to have 'stampeded' a whole regiment of horse! On the left of the trail stood a very tall skeleton-like figure, dressed in skins, one foot advanced, as if he had stopped in the act of stepping across it, and a long heavy gun, just swinging down to the level, bearing on me. Of course my heart leaped into my throat, and my flesh shrank and crept. Before I could think of raising my gun, my eyes met those of this strange figure; and such eyes! Surprise at their cold, unnatural expression suspended my action: burning with a chill, singular brilliancy, in deep-sunken sockets, they looked as if they had never winked. Dwelling steadily upon my face for a moment, they seemed to be satisfied, and the gun was slowly thrown back upon his shoulders; and, plucking at a long grisly beard with an impatient gesture of his bony hands, the figure made a stride across the trail, and, without speaking a word, plunged into the thicket. I was so confounded by this curious dumb show that he was nearly concealed in the brush before I found my tongue to shout to him to stop; but he kept on, not even turning his head. I was provoked, and spurred my horse in after him as far as I could penetrate: but he kept on and I lost

sight of him in a moment, and whether he can talk at all or not is more than I can tell."

"Did you look at his feet, Henry?" interrupted one of the party "I expect it was old —"

"Never mind what you expect—hear me out," he continued, "I followed the trail which wound about, it seemed to me, towards all the points of the compass, for an hour or more, when at last it led me out into a prairie which I thought I recognised. I stopped, and was looking around to make out the landmarks, when a horse with a saddle on burst from the woods behind me, and tore off across the prairie, as if he, too, had seen the devil."

"What colour was he?" exclaimed half a dozen voices in a breath.

"He was too far off for me to distinguish more than he was a dark horse—say about as much so as mine. I could distinguish the pommel of the saddle and the stirrups flying!"

"Stoner's horse was a dark bay," was buzzed around the table in low tones, every one looking seriously in his neighbour's face.

"Yes!" said the squire, rising and stepping uneasily to the window. "Stoner's horse was a good deal like yours; he must have got away from him, and that is what detains him. But then the nag was a very kind creature, and well trained. I wonder it should have behaved so!"

"Don't believe 'bay' would have done it, squire," said one of the men. "Something's gone wrong, I think! Was the bridle down, Mr. Henry?"

"It was too far off for me to tell. I followed in the direction the horse took, and soon found myself here, and expected to find it here too!"

"No! Stoner's beyond here," said the squire. "That waggon trail you were turning and twisting about in is a road I had opened to a number of board trees we cut and rived out there; you might have followed it for hours and not been more than a mile or so from the place you started from. That ghost of yours, by the way, may be some crazy fellow, who has was

dered off into these parts with mischief in him! Did you hear no gun?"

"I thought I did—about an hour after parting with that man, or devil, whatever he was; but the sound was so faint and distant, that, for fear I might be mistaken, I did not go to it; and the road had turned so frequently, I could not tell whether it was in the direction he went off or not."

Here the "driver" interposed, saying that he had heard a rifle about that time on the right, but, supposing it to be Henry or Stoner, he thought nothing of it. And a half-laughing discussion followed as to the probable character of the wood ghost Henry had reported of—some asserted that he was quizzing us—for these men were too much accustomed to the exigencies of a hunter's life to be for more than a moment seriously affected by the circumstance of Stoner's non-arrival. In the midst of this, a horse's feet were heard galloping up to the door, and a loud "Hilloa!" followed. The squire rose hastily and went out. In a moment after he entered, looking pale and excited.

"Tom Dix (one of Stoner's neighbours) says that his horse has come without a rider, the reins upon its neck, and a clot of blood upon the pommel of the saddle! Boys! he's been shot! Just as I suspected from the first!"

Everybody rose at this announcement—looking in the face of him opposite with a blank pallid stare.

"The crazy man!" ejaculated several.

"Strange!"—"Very mysterious!" said others.

"I tell you what," said the squire, after a pause, "has struck me from the first. It is that this strange-looking fellow Henry saw mistook him for Stoner, until he looked into his face—for Henry's horse and general appearance are not unlike his—and when he found that he was wrong, got out of the way and went on till he met Stoner himself and has shot him!"

"No doubt of it," said several. "But it's a very mysterious affair," continued he. "I know of no such looking man in this region as Henry describes; but at any rate he will be hunted down to-morrow, for Stoner was one of the Regulators, and

Hinch is a perfect bloodhound. He can hardly escape him—crazy or not crazy!"

This seemed to be the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and, as it was too dark for us to do anything that night, we resumed our seats to discuss over and over again these details; while the squire sent off a messenger, summoning Hinch and the Regulators to be on the ground early in the morning.

Before sunrise in the morning Hinch arrived with six men. I was waked by his loud blustering and swearing. He was raving, as I afterwards understood, about Henry, calling his story about the meeting with the remarkable personage all humbug, and asserting his belief that, if a murder had been committed, Henry was its author. Our host quieted him in some way, and when we came out to join them he greeted us with a snarling sort of civility. He was a thick-set, broad-shouldered, burly-looking wretch, with blood-shot eyes, and face bearing all the marks of riotous debauchery! Our search was several hours entirely unsuccessful, until Henry by accident found the place where he had encountered the Bearded Ghost, as some one christened him. Here one of the keen-eyed hunters found the traces of a large mocassined foot. These were pursued for several miles and lost. But, on spreading our line and continuing the same general course for some distance farther, we at last found, indeed, the body of Stoner! It had been so much mutilated by the wolves and ravens that little examination was made of the bones. We gathered them together to carry them home to his family, and in doing this I noticed the fracture of a bullet through the back of the skull. It had been stripped bare of flesh, and both eyes plucked out by the birds, and was too shocking an object for close examination. But what puzzled all parties most was the discovery, a short distance off, of the trail of a shod horse. Now, there was, perhaps, not a horse in Shelby county that wore shoes, and certainly not one in our party. Shooing is never thought of, being unnecessary where there are no stones. This was as perfect a poser as even Henry's story, and threw yet a greater air of inexplicability around the

affair! It was thought that this track might be easily traced to any distance; but, after worrying about it for several days, it was given up in despair, and the Regulators, fatigued and disheartened, scattered for their respective homes.

But one of their number never reached his. Being missed for two days, there was a general turnout to look for him, and, as had been the case with Stoner, his body was found torn to pieces by the wolves. The report was, that he, too, had been shot through the back of the head.

These murders, and the singular circumstances accompanying them, created great sensation. Hinch and his troops scoured the country in every direction, arresting and lynching suspicious persons as they called them. One poor, inoffensive fellow they hung and cut down four or five times, to make him confess; but nothing was elicited; and they left him with barely a spark of life.

That evening as they were returning to their head-quarters at the store, one of them, named Winter, missed a portion of his horse furniture, which had become accidentally detached. He said he had observed it in its place a mile back, that he would return to get it, and rejoin them at the store by the time they should be ready to commence the spree they had determined on going into that night. He left them, and never returned. They soon got drunk, and did not particularly notice his absence until some time the next day, when his family alarmed by the return of his horse with an empty saddle, sent to inquire after him. This sort of inquiries had come to be so significant of late that they were instantly sobered, and, mounting, rode back on their trail. Very soon a swarm of buzzards and wolves, near a line of thicket ahead, designated the whereabouts of the object of their search; and there they found his fleshless bones scattered on every side. They were appalled! The reddest-bloated cheek among them blanched! It was terrible! They seemed to be doomed! Three of their number dead and torn to pieces within ten days, and yet not the slightest clue to the relentless and invisible foe, but that ghastly story of Henry's,

and the tracks which only served to tantalize them! It must be some dread supernatural visitation of their hideous crimes! They shivered, while the great drops started from their foreheads, and, without thinking of looking for any trail, or even gathering up the bones, they started back at full speed, spreading the alarm everywhere. The excitement now became universal and tremendous. Nearly the whole country turned out for the purpose of unravelling this alarming mystery; and the superstitious frenzy was in no small degree heightened by the report that this man had been shot in the same way as the others—in the *back of the head!*

CHAPTER III.

These incidents were all so unaccountable, that I own I felt no little sympathy with the popular association of a supernatural agency in their perpetration. Henry laughed at all this, but insisted it was a maniac; and, to account for the peculiar dexterity of his escapes, and whole management, related many anecdotes of the proverbial cunning of madmen. The wildest, most absurd, and incredible stories were now afloat among the people concerning this deadly and subtle foe of the Regulators, for it was now universally believed and remarked that it was against them alone that his enmity was directed. The story of Henry was greatly improved upon and added to; and, as some reports had it, the madman—as others, the bearded ghost—was seen in half-a-dozen places at the same time; now on foot, stalking with enormous strides across some open glade from thicket to thicket, passing out of sight again before the observer could recover from his surprise: then, mounted, he was seen flying like the shadow of a summer cloud over the prairies, or beneath the gloom of forests, always haggard and lean, dressed in skins with hair on, and that long, heavy, terrible rifle on his shoulder! I noticed that there was only one class of men who ventured to assert that they had actually seen with their own eyes these wonderful sights, and that was constructed of those who either had suffered, or from their character and pursuits were most likely to suffer persecution from the Regulators—the class of hunter

emigrants. These men were most industrious in embellishing all the circumstances of character, feats, and relentless hatred to the Regulators, as highly as the excited credulity of the public would bear. They never saw him except in the vicinity of the homes of these hatred tyrants. In their versions this being was for ever hovering around them, waiting the moment to strike while they were alone and far from any help.

They carried this thing so far as to attract attention to it, and arouse in the cunning mind of Hinch the same suspicion which had recurred to Henry and myself, namely, that all this was the result of a profoundly acute and thoroughly organised scheme of this class, headed by some man of peculiar personalities and consummate skill, with the object of exterminating or driving off the Regulators. It seemed impossible that, without collusion with many others, the murderer should have been able to so baffle all pursuit. Hinch and his band had been thoroughly cowed and awed; but, the moment this idea occurred to them, the reaction of their base fears was savage exultation. Here was something tangible; their open and united force could easily exterminate an enemy who had acknowledged their weakness in resorting to secret combination and assassination from "the bush!" They forthwith proclaimed "war to the knife" with the whole class; and during the next week several outrages, so revolting that I will not detail them, were perpetrated upon these men in different parts of the county; and the fact that, during this general tumult, nothing more was seen or heard of the mysterious rifleman, encouraged them with the belief that they had succeeded in getting rid of him through the intimidation of his confederates.

They had now been for nearly a fortnight in the saddle, had glutted themselves with vengeance, and, as they conceived, broken down this dangerous conspiracy against their power; and, if they had not succeeded in detecting and punishing, had at least frightened off their singular foe. They now concluded they might safely disband. That day after, they separated one of their number, named Rees—almost as bad and savage

as Hinch himself—was riding past a thicket, in sight of his own house, when he was shot from it. His negroes heard the gun, and seeing his horse galloping up to the house, riderless and snorting wildly, they ran down, and found him stretched in the road dead. *He was shot in the eye, and the ball passed out at the back of his head.*

When Hinch heard this, he turned perfectly livid, his knees smote together, and, with a horrible oath, he exclaimed, "It's Jack Long, or his ghost, by —, come back for vengeance!" It was now perceived, for the first time, that all the men had been shot through the eye, instead of in the back of the head, where the ball had only passed out after entering at the socket. The other heads had been too unpleasantly mutilated for examination, and this fact had not been before observed. Of course everybody was satisfied now that this terrible being was in one way or another identified with Jack Long; for the notoriety of his favourite mark and his matchless skill instantly occurred to all, as accounting for much that was unaccountable in these occurrences. This produced a great change in public feeling. The better sort began to conceive that they understood the whole matter. The lynching Jack had received was fresh in the memories, and they supposed that its severity had shaken his mental balance and made him a monomaniac, and that the disease had endowed him with the marvellous cunning, the stanch, murderous hate and the unnatural appearance which had created such a sensation. They could not understand how a being so simple-hearted and sluggish as he was reputed to have been could have been roused or stung to such deeds by the mere depth and power of his natural passions. But, monomaniac or not, such a vengeance, and the daring conduct of the whole affair, were very imposing to their associations and prepossessions, and they sympathized heartily with him. It was only while the general uncertainty left every man in doubt whether his own person might not be next the object of this murderous aim that the public were disposed to back the Rangers in whatever violent measures they might choose to resort to to drag the secret to light and the actor to pun-

ishment; but, now that it was apparent his whole hate was levelled against the Rangers, and all that uncertainty was confined to them, be he devil, ghost, madman, or Jack Long, the public had no intention of interfering again. It was a personal issue between him and them—they might settle it between themselves! Indeed, men felt in their most inmost hearts that every man of the ten engaged in the lynching of Jack Long deserved a dozen times over to be shot; and now they looked on coolly, rather enjoying the thing, and earnestly hoping that Jack might have the best of it.

And of this there seemed to be a strong probability; for the Regulators made only one more attempt to get together; but another of their number being killed on his way to the rendezvous, his body bearing that well-known and fearful signature of skill, the remaining five, perfectly unnerved and overcome with terror, retreated to their houses and scarcely dared for several weeks to put their heads outside their own doors.

The class to which Jack belonged, at least those of them who had managed to keep a footing during the relentless proscription of the Regulators, now began to look up, and hinted that they had known of Jack's return from the time of Stoner's murder, and had aided and abetted his purposes in every way in their power; furnishing him with fresh horses when the noble animal he rode back from the States became fatigued; assisting his flights and concealments, and furnishing him with information, as well as spreading the exaggerated stories about him. One bluff old fellow remarked:—

"You are fools who talk about Jack's being crazy! He's as calm and cold as a frosty morning in old Kentuck, and his head is as clear as a bell; he's just got his Indian-fightin' and Tory-hatin' blood waked up in him by them stripes! That's a blood you know that's dangersomer than a catamount when it once gets riz!"

Jack was now frequently seen; but it was known that his work was only half done, and that he meant to finish it, and he was regarded with great curiosity and awe. The five wretched men were entirely unstrung and panic-stricken they made no attempt at

retaliation, but all their hopes seemed to lie in the effort to get out of his reach. That long heavy rifle haunted them day and night. They saw its dark muzzle bearing on them from every bush, and through the chinks of their own cabins!

One of them named White, who was an inveterate toper, with all his terror could not resist his inclination for liquor; and, after a confinement in his house for nearly three weeks, determined to risk all and go to the store and buy him a barrel. He went in a covered waggon, driven by a negro, while he lay stretched on the bottom in the straw. The barrel of liquor was obtained—he got into the waggon—lay down beside it, and started for home. All the way he never raised his head until near the mouth of his lane; a log had been placed on the side of the road which tilted up the waggon in passing over, so as to roll the barrel on him. He forgot his caution, and sprang up with his head out of the cover to curse the boy for his carelessness, and at that moment a rifle was discharged. He fell back dead—*shot through the eye!* The boy said that his master suddenly cut short his oaths, and exclaimed, "There he is!" at the moment the gun fired. He saw a tall man with a beard hanging down on his breast, and dressed in skins, walking off through the bush with his rifle on his shoulder.

The next man, named Garnet, about two weeks after this, got up one morning about sunrise, and in his shirt sleeves stepped to his door and threw it open to breathe fresh air. He was rubbing his eyes, being about half asleep; and, when he got them fairly open, there stood the gaunt avenger beside a tree in the yard—the fatal rifle levelled, and waiting till his victim should see him distinctly. He did see him—but it was with his last look! The bullet went crashing through his brain too! Long is said to have told one of his friends that he never in a single instance shot one of those men till he was certain the man saw and recognised him fully.

All were gone now but Hinch and the two youngest men of the party, Williams and Davis. The two latter were permitted to escape. Whether it was from relenting or

the part of the dread avenger, or that he had observed some trifling thing in their demeanour on the occasion of the outrage he was thus punishing which recommended them to mercy, now that his resentment had so deeply drank of the bitter delight of atonement, or that, in his anxiety to secure Hinch, he confined his efforts and watchfulness to him alone, I do not know. They made a forced and secret sale of their property, and cleared out during the night. But it was for Hinch he had with passionless calculation reserved the most inconceivable torture. He had passed him by all this time, while one after the other he struck down the tools and companions of his crime.

He doomed him to see them falling around him with the certain knowledge that the avenging hate which slew them burned with tenfold intensity for his life—that it must and would have it; But when would the claim be made? Should he be the next one? No. The next one? No! But then each succeeding death so sure to take one of their number drove away every sophistry of hope, and realized to him in bare and sterner horror that his own fate was as fixed as theirs. As each one fell away the circle of doom was narrowed—slowly, steadily, closing in about him. Soon there would be no one left but him! How could he call an hour his own? When could he feel safe? That relentless subtlety had baffled them all! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, strong men had all gone down before that fearful rifle—*every one of them shot through the eye!* God of heavens! and the sharp agony would spangle keen points of burning light through his brain, as if the ball were already bursting through a socket. “I, too, must be shot through the eye!” Horror! It was worse than ten thousand deaths, and he died them in lingering tortures told over day by day.

From the time of Rees’s death, he looked a changed and a stricken man. In a few weeks he had lost a great deal of flesh, and became piteously haggard—his eyes and gait and voice were all humble. His turbulent and fierce animality faded before the harrowing suspense of this fear. The bully and murderous ruffian trembled at the rustling

of a leaf. His own imagination became his hell; and hungry remorse grew stronger and stronger with feasting at his heart! He never left his house for weeks, until the escape of Williams and Davis inspired him with some hope. He procured a fine horse, and set off one dark night for the Red River! Everybody regretted his escape—for men had looked in quiet expectation upon the progress of this affair, and in strong faith that the sense of wild border justice would be gratified in seeing this stern, righteous, and unparalleled vengeance consummated by the fall of Hinch—the monster instigator and chief actor in all the grievous outrages which had roused the simple-hearted Long into a demon executioner of doom.

Hinch reached the bank of the Red River, sprang from his foaming and exhausted horse, after looking cautiously around, and threw himself upon the grass to wait for a steam-boat. In two hours he heard one puffing down the stream, and saw the white wreaths of steam curling up behind the trees. How his heart bounded! Freedom, hope, and life, once more sprang through his shrivelled veins and to his lips. He signalled the vessel; she rounded too and lowered her yawl. His pulse bounded high, and he gazed with absorbing eagerness at the crew as they pulled lustily towards the shore. A click—behind him! He turned, with a shudder, and *there he was!* That long rifle was bearing straight upon him—those cold eyes dwelt steadily upon him for a moment—and crash! all was for ever blackness to Hinch the Regulator! The men who witnessed this singular scene landed, and found him *shot through the eye*; and saw the murderer galloping swiftly over the plain stretching out from the top of the bank! And so the vengeance was consummated, and the stern hunter had wiped out with much blood the stain of stripes on his free limbs, and could now do, what I was told he had never done since the night of those fatal and fatally expiated stripes, look his wife again in the eyes, and receive her form to rest again upon his breast.

It was an awful deed. In view of all its circumstances, the provocation, the character of Long, the deranging influence of the

outrage upon the brain, though no other indication appeared of impaired sanity, the mind is lost in uncertainty as to the judgment which should be passed upon it. He did not remain in Shelby county; but in what direction he had intended to go, after returning to Arkansas for his wife and children, I could never hear. He is probably living now his old quiet and good natured life in the heart of the green wilderness; and it is as likely as not that one of those two chubby boys who rolled with him about the floor of his log cabin on that memorable night of which I have simply related the events and the consequences will some of these days come to Washington from congressional districts beyond the Rocky Mountains.

THE HUNTER.

Stealthily through the tangled brushwood
steals

The cautious hunter, while the sleeping deer
Reposes seemingly secure, nor feels
The least unquiet. On his startled ear,
Comes not a sound to break his deep repose
Beneath the clustering growth of underwood;
But his deep haunt the wary hunter knows,
Has marked him for his size and antlers good,
And through the boughs, self-ruffled by the
breeze,

(His brawny shoulders bent half crouchingly)
With keen clear eye, he pauses as he sees
His prey before him unsuspecting lie.

Then to his shoulder, slow and stealthily
(With muzzle lowered) brings his rifle's breech,
And through the ranges, quick but steadily,
His glancing sight along the bore doth reach,
And slowly raising up the muzzle then,
Till rests his aim upon the sleeping deer,
He pulls the trigger. Fire leaps out, and when
A sharp report breaks on the silence there,
Then all too late, the wounded buck bounds
past

With fleetness of the wind. The hunter's art
Hath his best wishes at the length compassed,
And sent a bullet through a bleeding heart,

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES.

No. III.

ROBERT MACNISH.

The life of Robert Maenish, as well known, perhaps, by his magazine designation of "*the Modern Pythagorean*," affords but scanty materials for the pen of the biographer.

Born in Glasgow on the 15th of February, 1802, our author adopted the profession of his father, an eminent medical practitioner, and at the early age of eighteen, having undergone with credit the usual examinations, obtained from the University of his native city the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ*.

After nearly ruining his constitution by acting as the assistant of a country medico in the shire of Caithness, Macnish, at the expiry of eighteen months repaired to Paris, for the purpose of perfecting himself in his profession, and re-establishing his health. Here he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Gall—the "germen," as his friend Moir remarks "of his future conversion to Phrenology."

On this head we shall only remark, once for all, that after having long ridiculed the above science, he became one of its most enthusiastic champions, and in the "*Catechism of Phrenology*," gave to the world one of the best text books extant on the subject. Very diligent was he in collecting facts, so as to assure himself of the truth of Gall's theory, before declaring himself one of his disciples. The writer of this article accompanied him, on several occasions, to prisons and executions for the purpose of taking casts from the heads of remarkable criminals, whose antecedents presented features of special interest. In the appendix to the aforesaid "*Catechism*," will be found recorded the result of one of these cranial explications. We refer to the case of a murderer named Campbell, which strikingly confirmed the truth of phrenology.

In the *Scottish Annual*, Macnish gives the following account of a re-union which he attended at Dr. Gall's house in Paris:—

"At the hour appointed I was in his *salle a manger*, and had the felicity of meeting not him only, but his eminent colleague and disciple Dr. Spurzheim, Baron Dupaytren, Surgeon to the King, Cuvier the illustrious naturalist, and two other eminent men of science, whose names at this moment escape my memory. Spurzheim struck me as a man of a ponderous, solid, Germanic intellect, without fancy or elegance, but learned and profound, and very amiable. He was a tall, heavy-looking, powerful man, with a great pile of forehead, a long flattish chin, a dull eye, and an expression of countenance generally inanimate. Cuvier was rather under the middle size, but his head was one of the noblest I ever saw. I remember attempting to

draw him into a discussion on the Mosaic account of the creation, but he seemed afraid to enter upon the subject, and amused himself with *punning*, a habit which I thought strangely at variance with his great scientific reputation. Dupuytren was a tall, stoutish, gentlemanly person, whose finely formed face was somewhat disfigured by an appearance of asperity lurking about the corners of the mouth."

Whilst in the French metropolis Dr. Macnish witnessed the decapitation of a murderer, the circumstances of whose crime excited considerable attention at the time. He published a narrative of the scene in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which we subjoin, as furnishing a good specimen of the writer's descriptive powers. Charles Dickens could not have drawn the picture with more lively colours.

AN EXECUTION IN PARIS.

In the month of March 1825, Louis Auguste Papavoine lost his head. He was guillotined at the Place de Grève for the murder of two children in the Bois de Vincennes. The man was mad, beyond all doubt, and in Great Britain would have been sentenced to perpetual confinement as a lunatic; but the French criminal court refused to admit the plea of insanity, and he was given over to the executioner: the Cour de Cassation having rejected his appeal from the decision of that which tried him.

The day on which Papavoine suffered was beautifully fair; and, profiting by this circumstance, the idle population of the French capital flocked in myriads to witness his exit. It was calculated that there were not fewer than eighty thousand spectators. The Place de Grève was literally paved with human beings. A person might have walked upon their heads without difficulty; and so closely were they wedged together, that had any object larger than an apple been thrown among them, it could not have found its way to the ground. Men, women, and children, were clumped into one dense aggregate of living matter; and as the huge multitude moved itself to and fro, it was as the incipient stirring of an earthquake, or as the lazy floundering of the sea, when its waves, exhausted by a recent storm, tumble their huge sides about, like the indolent leviathan which floats upon their surface. There was no spot of the Place unoccupied save immediately around the scaffold, where a portion was squared off, and kept clear by a strong body of mounted gendarmerie, who kept back with their horses the living wall, which was every moment threatening to break asunder by the pressure behind, and intrude its animated materials into the proscribed area. Nor was the Place de Grève the only spot so crowded. The quays along the Seine were equally peopled, and even the opposite banks of that broad stream were filled with multitudes. Notre Dame shone with spectators, who had mounted its beetling

towers to catch a dim prospect of the sacrifice; and every window and height, which afforded the most distant view, were similarly occupied.

In Paris, as in London, it is customary to let out those windows where a good view can be obtained; and on any occasion of particular interest—as the present happened to be—considerable sums are asked, and given. Sometimes half a Napoleon is demanded for a single place; and the sum varies from that to half a franc, according to the eligibility of the situation. Many of the windows are so near to the guillotine, that a very favourable prospect of the painful spectacle can be obtained; and these, of course, are crowded with persons who can afford to pay well for the gratification of their curiosity—if there be, indeed, any gratification in witnessing the instantaneous and sanguinary death of a fellow creature. Yet the view, even from the best windows is not equal to that from within the opera area. But into this space, it is no easy matter to get a footing; the few who are admitted being military men, and such of their friends as they choose to bring along with them. Indeed, at this time, there were few or no officers of any rank within the opening. It was mostly occupied by the gendarmes, who were there upon duty; and by a few dozens of common soldiers, whom curiosity or idleness had brought together. This, however, was the spot to which my wishes led me; and under the guidance of a young French officer of hussars, I was led into the area, and placed in front of the guillotine, not ten feet from its dreadful presence. But dreadful as it is from association, and from its destructive rapidity, this machine is by no means so appalling to look at as the gallows. The same feeling of horror does not attach to it; nor is the mind filled with the same blank dismay, or the same overpowering disgust, which are universally felt on beholding the gibbet, with its looped rope, its horrid beam, and its deceitful platform, which, slipping from beneath the feet of its victim, leaves him dangling and gasping in the winds of heaven. Somehow the same strong idea of disgrace is not connected with the axe as with the gibbet; but this may be from the thought that the noble and the good have shed their blood in torrents beneath its edge, thus giving it a sort of factitious interest, and deadening even with the most criminal the ignominy of its punishment. Nor is it coupled with such inveterate disgust, and such decided outrage to the feelings of humanity. Prolonged physical suffering is at all times revolting; and to see a human being struggling with a violent death—writhing in agony, and perishing like a dog—is the most detestable sight in existence. The guillotine distracts the fancy with no such sickening imagery. Whatever agony is sustained, is the more noble and enduring agony of the spirit, previous to the fatal hour. There is no struggle here with the grim tyrant—no painful encounter between life and death—no tortures like those which wrung Laocœon and his miserable off-spring. From perfect life, the individual is transported to as perfect annihila-

tion. He does not enter eternity by slow, unwilling steps: the spirit does not quit its fleshy mansion painfully and tardily, but leaves it with a sudden bound, and plunges at once into a new existence, there to be saved or lost, as its fate chances to be decreed in the Book of Life.

At the period of my admission, it was two o'clock—one hour exactly from the time of execution; and I had, therefore, abundant leisure to contemplate the engine of death, and to witness the behaviour of the vast multitude around it. Things were as quiet as could well be expected in so great an assemblage. There was plenty of talking, but much less disturbance than would have occurred in England upon any similar occasion. In truth, the only quarter which manifested tumult, was in the immediate neighbourhood of the area, which threatened every moment to be broken in, not so much by the fault of those directly in front of it, as by the immense pressure of those in the background. Every now and then its square proportions were destroyed by a portion of the crowd which bulged inwards in a solid mass; and almost at the same moment, this violation of the straight line was repaired by the gendarmes, who kept riding along the square, and pressing back the intruding body into its proper place. The recklessness and fierce temper of the French soldiery were manifest, and formed a strong contrast to the good-humoured forbearance of our own troops. No ceremony was used towards intruders. Whoever came, or was forced into the square by his rearward companions, was thrust back with wanton violence. Where the pressure of the horses was resisted, the gendarmes made use of the flat sides of their sabres, and belaboured the crowd without mercy. The whole scene presented a strange picture of the fearful and the ludicrous. While it was distressing to witness the terrified crowd recoiling before the soldiers, it was amusing to witness the dexterity with which the latter treated the refractory—sometimes pushing them back with their steeds, sometimes beating them with their swords, and sometimes dexterously pitching off their hats into the assemblage. When any unfortunate fellow lost his *chapeau* in this manner, or received a salutary blow from the weapon of a gendarme, a loud shout of laughter was set up among the spectators. In fact, the whole, except those within reach of punishment, were in excellent humour, and seemed to have come together more to enjoy a farce than witness the horrors of a public execution.

Things continued in this state till the hour of three, which, pealing from the clock of the Hotel de Ville, announced the approach of the criminal. Scarcely had the fatal sounds swung upon the air, than the whole host was hushed into silence. They knew that the destined time was at hand, and that Papavoine was on his way to the scaffold;—and every man held his breath with deep interest, and felt, in spite of himself, a solemn awe fall over his spirit.

But this dreadful silence did not continue long—for far off, in the direction of the bridge over which the criminal must pass, there was seen a heaving among the assemblage, which moved as if borne on the bosom of a vast wave; and murmurs like the half-suppressed voice of a remote volcano, were heard to proceed from this moving multitude. It was now evident that the procession approached; and every eye was turned towards that direction, and every ear wrought to its keenest pitch to catch the strange sounds which denoted its coming. Each moment the noise became louder, and the motion of the crowd more general. At last the trampling of horses was heard, and a troop of gendarmes, forcing a path through the recoiling people, were seen to approach. Behind them came a cart drawn by two horses; and in this cart sat Papavoine and an old Catholic priest. To the rear of this a second body of gendarmes brought up the procession.

The criminal was a small, thin man, of about five feet six. He was dressed in a shabby blue surtout, and brown trowsers, and wore a fur cap upon his head. His arms were pinioned behind him, not by the elbows as with us, but by the wrists. He had no neckcloth on, nor shirt; and the collar of his surtout was drawn some way over his shoulders, so as to leave the neck quite bare and ready for the axe. Though pale and death-like, and seemingly impressed with the marks of sorrow and bad health, he exhibited no sign of terror or dismay. His demeanor was quiet and composed; and to the exhortations of his spiritual adviser he appeared to pay deep attention.

Now, here a scene took place which baffles description. No sooner had the wretch entered the area appropriated for his fate, than a shout of deafening execration arose from the hitherto silent multitude. No preparatory murmurs of hatred and revenge preceded this ebullition of feeling. It sprang up simultaneously, and as if those from whom it proceeded were animated with one soul, and felt one pervading vengeance thrilling through their hearts. "Wretch!" "Villain!" "Miscreant!" "Assassin!" arose in a wild swell from the crowd; and above the deeper voices of the men were heard the shrill imprecations of females, denouncing, with even more bitter wrath, the murderer. Had it been for almost any other crime, the women would have felt towards him more kindly than his own sex; but that for which he was to suffer was one of all others the most heinous to a maternal heart—and the natural fountains of woman's tears were no longer free to flow in their wonted channel.

But Papavoine did not seem to hear the imprecations which were poured like vials of wrath upon his head—nor did he even appear sensible of the presence of those who so bitterly reviled him in his last moments. The cart stopped at the foot of the scaffold, and descending firmly, he conversed for one moment with the old priest, previous to mounting the fatal steps. I was at this time only a few yards from

him, and marked him most distinctly. His look was perfectly calm and composed, and, had he died in a better cause, it would have been impossible not to admire his steady heroism. He said a single word in the ear of the priest who kissed him on the cheek, and left him, apparently much affected. Papavoine now ascended the guillotine rapidly and firmly, and committed himself to the hands of the executioner and his assistant satellite. At this part of the scene the loud execrations of the people had melted into breathless awe. Not a whisper was heard, nor even a movement among the vast and silent assemblage. The whole spectacle was dreadful—the very stillness of the crowd had something appalling in it; and the systematic dispatch with which the executioners proceeded among such universal silence was sickening to the last degree. While gazing upon the victim, my respiration was almost totally suspended—my heart beat violently, and a feeling of intense anxiety and suffocation pervaded my frame.

The process was incredibly short. In a few seconds Papavoine was bound to a board which stood upright, and reached to the middle of his breast. The board moved on a pivot, and as soon as the malefactor was buckled to it, it was depressed, and shored with its burden towards the groove of the guillotine, at the top of which hung the axe, ready to descend, on the pulling out of a small peg which kept it in its situation. A moveable piece of wood being now drawn down upon the root of the neck, to prevent all attempts at motion, and everything being ready, the executioner pulled a cord, and with the impetuosity of lightning, down came the axe upon its victim. Papavoine was annihilated in a moment. I saw his head slip from the body and tumble into a basket ready to receive it, while the blood spouted forth in little cataraets from the severed trunk, and dyed the scaffold with a purple tide. From the time when he appeared upon the guillotine till the head was severed, only twenty-five seconds elapsed—such is the appalling, yet humane rapidity of a French execution.

I looked attentively to observe if there was any motion in the trunk—any convulsive start at the instant of decapitation, but there was none. It lay from the first perfectly motionless, nor exhibited the slightest shudder—the least quivering—or the faintest indication that, the moment before, it was part of a sentient being, instinct with all the energies of life. This I did not expect. I conceived that a strong muscular spasm would have convulsed it at the fatal instant: and such, I am told, was the case with Brochetti, an Italian, executed some time before, and whose trunk sprang violently from its situation, and shook with universal tremor.

The momentary silence which pervaded the crowd previous to the axe's descent was now broken, and an instantaneous movement ensued among its before tranquil numbers. The windows were deserted by their occupants; the doors poured their population into the streets;

and the house-tops and black Gothic towers of Notre Dame were rid of the crowds which sat perched like eagles upon their lofty summits. But long ere this assembly had melted away, the guillotine had disappeared from the Place de Grève. Two minutes were allowed to elapse, that the head and body of the criminal might part with their blood. They were then thrown into a long basket, and sent in the cart—which brought them alive—to the Ecole de Medecine for dissection. And the scaffold, after being cleansed of the gore, by having several buckets of water dashed over it, was taken to pieces, and deposited in the Hotel de Ville, till its sanguinary services were again required. The execution, together with the process of cleansing and dismantling the guillotine, did not occupy above seven minutes.

Next morning, the same curiosity which led me to witness this revolting sight took me to the Ecole de Medecine, to witness the remains of Papavoine. There were a number of scientific men present—among others, the celebrated Doctor Gall, who was employed in investigating the developments of the head, and pointing them out to several of his pupils. There was no portion whatever of the neck remaining attached to the trunk. It, as well as the head, had been severed from the body. The axe had struck at its very root, and even grazed the collar bone where it is fixed to the sternum. This is not in general the case, the neck being in most instances pretty accurately cut through the middle—one half of it adhering to the head, the other to the trunk.

I am not sure that I had done right in making such a scene as the above the subject of an article. There is something in the minute details of an execution, at which the mind shudders; and it is probable the reader may think that my impressions of the spectacle just related, should have been confined to my own bosom instead of being made public.

For several years Macnish had been a contributor to periodicals of a minor description, but without creating any sensation in the Republic of Letters. In 1826 he sent to *Blackwood*, under the borrowed name of "MacKay Gordon" his now celebrated story entitled "*The Metempsychosis*." The astute publisher of *Maga* at once recognized the merit of this composition, and conferred upon it the distinction of a *leading article*, besides complimenting the author with a substantial *metallic* mark of approbation, to use Thomas McQueen's cherished word.

"Whether we consider *The Metempsychosis*!"—says DELTA,—“with regard to style or to story, we must allow that here our young author at once assumed his highest ground, as Akenside did in his *Pleasures of Imagination*, and Campbell in his *Pleasures of Hope*. The conception is forcible, and the details are brought out with a judgment and discrimina-

tion than which nothing can be better in a tale of diablerie. The probable, the possible, the common place, the impossible, and the vraisemblable, are everywhere dove-tailed into each other, with a nicety which reconciles the now and then started apprehension of the reader, into a willingness to float down the stream of illusion, and yet suppose it the current of life;—and while we are convinced that such, logically thinking, never can be the aspect of human existence, yet the boundaries of truth and fiction blending themselves so pleasingly together in the distance, that we are spell-bound, and not at all anxious to discriminate where the one terminates, and the other begins."

Gladly would we have presented our readers with this quaint and outre legend, but its length forbids. We give, however, an Irish tale as a sample of our author's story-telling abilities.

TERENCE O'FLAHERTY.

The diel cam fiddlin' through the town,
And dauced awa wi' the exciseman,
BURNS.

Now, if you will just hold your tongue for a short space, I shall tell you all about Terence O'Flaherty, the little, red-haired tailor, who lived down in Kilrandy, just as you pass the door of Dermott Reilly, and get upon the common. I shall tell you all about him and his cross-tempered wife Judy; and how he snuffed, and chatted, and drank poteen with the ould enemy; and how he made the devil a pair of buck-skin breeches, and at last got rid of his wife, and lived happily till he died,—if he be, indeed, dead, which is the only thing concerning him which I don't know about.

Well, then, it happened one winter day, about eleven o'clock at night, that Judy had gone to bed, and left Terence sitting upon the shop-board, patching a pair of corduroy breeches belonging to Father O'Phelim, the parish priest. Now you must know that, before turning into rooster, Judy had had a bit of a row with the tailor, and had lent him a thump on the side of the head with a large three-cornered potato, which made his eyes to water; but whether it was the potato, or a stiff glass of whisky he had just taken before, that made them to water. I'm sure I do not know. "Ochone!" said Terence, as he stitched away at Father O'Phelim's breeches, "my case is a plaguy bad one, and I am all in a bother what to do."—"As you say, your case is bad enough," spoke some one nigh at hand; and, on raising his eyes from his work, whom did Terence see but a good-looking, dark-faced, elderly gentleman, dressed in black, and having Dutch spectacles upon his nose, seated opposite to him, with his elbows leaning upon the shop-board, his chin supported upon his hands, and his eyes fixed upon O'Flaherty!

"My case, an please your honour, is bad enough, in all conscience," quoth Terence "but

I am afraid it must stand as it is, as there is no help for it at all."

"That is as may be hereafter," observed the stranger. "I know better than you do yourself, that you are as thoroughly henpecked as any man in Ireland."

"And that's as true a thing as ever was spoken," said Terence.

"And then your wife—"

"Arrah, now, please your worship, don't say anything about her, for she sleeps in the next room, and will hear every word that comes out of your mouth."

"Ah, there you go!" replied the gentleman, "I wonder, Tailor O'Flaherty, you aren't ashamed of yourself. Devil a word dare you utter above your breath. Throw off this foolish bondage, and be yourself again. Can't you speak, man?" But Terence was as dumb as a fish, and, instead of answering the worthy ould gentleman, he began to mope and sigh like a quaker, and looked as melancholy as if he were a parson singing the service over the dead.

"Did you hear what I was saying, tailor?" demanded the gentleman again.

"O yes I did," quoth Terence, "but my wife—"

"Pugh! pack your wife to the devil can't you?"

"I wish she were there, from the bottom of my sowl," said O'Flaherty.

Now, it would have done your heart good to see how the stranger looked when he heard these words. He took Terence by the hand, and shook him so hard, that the tears started from his finger-ends, and he thought himself in purgatory or in a worses place.

"Well, tailor, I am glad to hear you say so; blood and wounds! I am; and it is for the purpose of ridding you of Judy that I am here." So spoke the ould gentleman, and Terence, for very joy threw his arms around him, and hugged him as if he had been his grandfather.

"Och! if it be that your reverence has come about, you are sure the most worthiest carratar in all Kilrandy; and I will follow you to the world's end, and drink your health every day of the year, and every hour of the day."

Now, what think you the old gentleman did! he took from his side pocket a small blank paper book, and a phial of red ink, and a pen. and when he had done this he dipped the pen in the ink, and gave it to Terence, and told him to write his name in a particular part of the book, which he pointed to with his finger. But when Terence was going to do this, he suddenly recollected that he could not write a single letter; but the stranger told him it was no matter, for his mark would do as well. So Terence made his mark, and when he had made it, he inquired if there was any thing more to be done.

"There is nothing more," said the gentleman, "but to make my breeches as fast as you can."—"What breeches, an please your honour?" axed O'Flaherty.

"Now, Terence, aren't you a downright

blockhead, not to know what you have put your mark to? Don't you see you engaged to make me a pair of buckskins, on condition that I free you from your wife? and don't you see farther, that if you break the contract, your sowl becomes mine for ever?"

"Ah, you are a run one!" said Terence, shaking his head, and smiling good-humouredly at the stranger. "But no matter—I shall make you such a pair of buckskins as Counsellor O'Connell might be proud to stuff his legs into. But, remember you are to do for Judy. If you fail to give her a snoozer, you shall neither get my sowl, nor the breeches, recollect your honour."

"Never fear," said the ould gentleman. "As sure as I am a Christian, you may depend upon me—adeed you may, Terence O'Flaherty."

"Your very appearance," rejoined Terence—for the cratur would always be talking—"proclaims you a Christian. If all Christians were like you, your honour, this world would be a pleasant place to live in; but by —"

"Will you not hold that tongue of yours?" said the ould gentleman in a great passion, as Terence uttered the last word of his sentence. "I tell you, O'Flaherty, what it is—if you presume again in my presence, by the powers, I shall cut you for ever: and Judy shall hang like a millstone around your neck as long as you live. What the deuce! can't you converse without having resource to pofane swearing?" When Terence heard this, he thought, the old man was going to kick up a row, and he fell down upon his knees, and begged his pardon; but, while he did this, he could not help thinking that his reverence was not so averse to hear himself a-swearing as he was to hear other people. Then without spauking a word, the tailor went to the chest, and brought out three or four pieces of good kuckskin, which he had purchased some weeks before from Mr. Murphy O'Leary, the cloth-merchant, at the Cove of Cork. And he took the measure of his new customer, and began to work in sober earnest.

And while he was working, the gentleman sat opposite to him, sometimes whistling Paddy Carey, sometimes humming snatches of songs in an outlandish lingo, and sometimes chatting upon indifferent subjects. As for Terence—poor child—his brain was not much given to the sin of thinking; and for a time he abstained from any sort of indulgence in this respect. But, notwithstanding all this, he could not so far get rid of his senses, as to give over reflecting upon the circumstances he was placed in, and upon the carrator of the worthy stranger who had so opportunely come to his assistance. As soon, therefore, as his ideas were somewhat settled, he began to wonder how his honour—God bless him—had got into the house.

There was another thing which bothered him not a little, and it was this—that before an hour had gone by, the buckskins he was working at were nearly finished. But the greatest wonder of all was, that the thread with which he commenced never grew shorter. It remained the same, and looked as if it could stitch all

the breeches in Ireland ten times over. However, these things, although they surprised, gave him no sort of uneasiness: he looked upon the whole affair as a miracle, and he had seen miracles performed fifty times ere now by Father O'Phelim, the parish priest. While he was reflecting in this manner, the ould gentleman offered him a pinch of snuff, and axed him how he liked it. "Och! an plaise your honour," quoth Terence, "it is just excellent; but, plague take me, if I don't think it smells confoundedly of brimstone." Nor did the stranger's goodness end here, for he brought a bottle and glass from his side pocket, and, placing them upon the shop-board, he desired the tailor to pledge him in a thimbleful. O'Flaherty was not the boy to refuse such a challenge; and he swallowed, at one gulp, a bumper of the liquor—which, much to his heart's content, proved to be excellent poteen. "Now get done with your work," said the gentleman, after clearing a glass to the health of the tailor. "That I will, your honour," answered Terence; and he sewed at such a furious rate as never was heard of since the days of O'Brien the Great, or Phineas O'Donachy the first King of Munster. So rapid was the motion of the needle, that it was invisible even to himself, and he worked more by a kind of frenzy than by the mere efforts of his own free will. I do not know whether it was the whiskey which had taken to Terence head, but, sure enough, whenever he happened to look at his ould friend, he saw something about him that put him all in a puzzle. His eyes—that is, the ould gentleman's—which was naturally as brown as the bog of Allan, seemed to glare like burning coals. "What can this mean?" said Terence; "sure my brain is getting muzzy, or there is something odd about your honour's eyes."

"Och! Terence, you are a sad fool," spoke his honour,—"can't you mind your work, and be done with it?" So the tailor once more set himself a-going, and in three minutes the buckskins were completed. "Now, O'Flaherty," said the stranger, "you must put on them there things, and we shall have a comfortable glass afterwards."

"Plaise your reverence, I have no objections to the glass; but rot me if I wear the breeches."

"You must put them on, Terence; I insist upon it, you must."—"May I never get out of purgatory if I do!" answered the tailor. "Then," said the other, "there is an end of the business. I shall leave you to your wife, and she shall torment you both in this world and in the next; so have a care of your conscience, Terence O'Flaherty." This threat had the effect it was intended to have. Terence put on the breeches as he was commanded, and set about assisting his comrade to empty the whiskey bottle of its contents.

Of a truth, they were not long in doing this. Glass after glass disappeared like magic, and the spirits of both got up to such a pitch, that nothing would serve them but they must sing songs and tell stories, till the very roof resounded with the echoes of their voices. Judy must

have been in a devil of a snooze not to hear them, and it would have been well for her had she been snoozing still, poor soul, as you will see before I am done with my story. Terence, in truth, forgot there was such a cratur in the world, which was a thing he had not done since he was joined to her in the holy bonds of matrimony by Father O'Phelim, in the parish church of Kiltandy. He was thinking upon something else all the time; he was thinking of the good poteen that stood before him, and praying to the saints that it might last for ever and ever. But while he was thinking upon this with all his might, it did not escape him that there was something devilish queer about the ould gentleman. Those luminous eyes, which formerly struck his observation, now appeared more luminous than ever. They were like cat's eyes or owl's eyes, when these animals prowl in the dark, and they cast such a dazzling glitter upon the tailor as well nigh to deprive him of his own. Nor was this all; for, whenever the stranger was highly tickled with any thing that Terence said, there was heard a rustling and wagging, backwards and forwards, as if something underneath the table swept the floor. "Och! your honour, what can that be that makes such a noise at your feet?"—"Say nothing about it, Terence," quoth the ould man; "it is only my tail, which has got a bad habit of moving itself when I am pleased."—"Your tail!" said Terence, laughing heartily. "Ah I have found you out at last. Now I will wager you anything you have cloven feet as well as a tail."—"In good truth have I," said his honour, "as you may see with your own eyes." And he lifted up his two feet, and showed them to the tailor; and they were as cloven as any cow or sheep in the country side. You will perhaps suppose that Terence was frightened at all this, but devil a bit: he thought the joke a mighty good one; and putting his finger to his nose, and winking silyly, and giving a facetious nod and smile, he let the ould gentleman understand that he knew all about him, "Aha! you are a sly one," quoth he: "I said so at first, but you see I have discovered you; and you shant stir from this house till you have played me a tune upon your fiddle, for I am sure you carry it about with you."—"You shall not want for a tune," spoke his reverence; "but I think a dance would be no bad accompaniment. Suppose we rouse up Judy; and you and she will dance a twosome reel, while I furnish the music?"—"Botheration, no! that will never do," answered O'Flaherty "but if you will just let me dance a hornpipe by myself, in the first place, you and Judy may dance to purgatory by yourselves afterwards—an it please your honor."—"Well, then, Terence," said the ould man, "I take you at your word; and I'm sure you'll bless me for it as long as you live." And he brought out his fiddle, and struck up a hornpipe; and Terence danced to it upon his own shop-board, leaping up like a lunatic, till his crown stuck in the roof, and shaking the room like thunder; while his reverence stood upon the floor playing his fiddle,

stamping delightedly with his cloven feet, and wagging his tail in all directions in long spiral turns. Nor was this all; for no sooner did Terence begin to dance, than his scissors, and needles, and goose, and smoothing-board, did the same thing. Their example was followed by the poker and tongs, and, at last, by all the furniture in the apartment. The whole were dancing, both the living and the dead, and the longer they danced, the more violent and unruly their gesticulation became. But och, what a pity! this fine party was in a moment blown up by Judy, who suddenly opened the door of her own room, and popped her meagre, ill-natured face into the shop. All at once the music stopped, Terence leaped down alarmed from the work-board, and poker, tongs, and furniture tumbled headlong to the ground. There was not a soul in the room who preserved a particle of coolness except the ould gentleman, who kept his temper and spirits marvellously well, and neither shewed any signs of fear nor passion. I need not tell you, that when Judy saw all these pretty goings on, she was mightily bamboozled. She did not know what to make of it, and gazed like a stuck pig upon the scene which lay before her. But she soon made up her mind how to act, and, laying hold of the poker, she advanced to Terence with the intention, no doubt of letting the light of day into the numscull. Terence, like a wise man, slunk behind his honour, and left him to bear the first brunt of the engagement; and, when Judy came on, the ould gentleman kept between her and her husband, and saved the tailor's skin, from whatever compliments were charitably intended for it. But this would not do for Judy, who swore by the rowley powley and the tumbling Tom, that if she could not have her will of the one, she would have it of the other. So she struck the worthy ould man an infernal whack on one side of the scone; but he only laughed at it—and so did Terence; for a long black horn sprouted out from the gentleman's head at the very spot where he received the blow. Judy was not slow in repeating the compliment upon the other side, when a second horn, precisely the same as the first, came instantly forth. As for the blows they did not harm him a bit; and he laughed them off, as if he had been struck by a feather.

When Judy saw this, she smelt a rat; she smoked his reverence, and thought it would be no ways inconsistent with her valour to sound a parley, and, if possible, make a safe retreat. Poor soul, she got alarmed; for the gentleman had not only a couple of horns stuck out from his head, but his eyes, as they shone through the glasses of his spectacles, were like red hot iron; and, in addition, she perceived, for the first time, that he had a long tail, and was cloven-footed. "Saint Peter, help me now!" said she, "for as sure as my name is Judy O'Flaherty, you are the devil himself, and the sooner I take myself off from you the better."

When she spoke these words, she made towards her own room, in the hope of getting

fairly in, and of bolting his reverence and her husband as fairly out.

But the ould gentleman was too quick for her, for he placed himself opposite to the door; Terence still keeping his station comfortably at his back. Then he began to play again upon the fiddle, and Judy, in spite of her teeth, got into the middle of the floor, and commenced dancing about in all directions, as if she were bewitched.

And no sooner had she begun to dance, than Terence did the same thing; and the poker, the tongs, and the rest of the furniture, recommenced their old pranks, and danced as briskly as at first. In vain did Judy weep, and shriek, and tear her hair in agony; she was compelled to dance; there was no help for her pitiful case; dance she must, by hook and crook, so long as his worship—God bless him—played upon the fiddle.

"Now, Terence," said the ould gentleman, after a little time, "will you open the door, and Judy and I will take a dance by ourselves in the open air, but see, my dear child, that you keep to the house, and don't be following after us."

Now, when Judy heard this, she got more alarmed than ever, and prayed to Terence, as he valued her soul, not to do what his reverence desired him; but Terence did not value her soul a frosted potato, and he opened the door in the twinkling of an eye. Out then passed the ould gentleman playing the fiddle, and out after him went Judy, tearing her cheeks, and dancing in the extreme of terror and amazement. As soon as they were out, Terence stood at the door to observe whither they were bound. It was moonlight; and he saw them first dance down his potato-garden, which stood in the front of the house; then they got into the bog beyond it; but where they went after that he could not tell, for they soon melted in the gloom of night; and the sound of the fiddle and Judy's shrieks shortly afterwards dissolved away in the distance. But before they had gone too far to be heard, he was reminded of the buckskin breeches he had on, and called aloud to inquire if his reverence would not take them along with him. "Och! no, Terence; keep them to yourself, and wear them, like a good boy—and my blessing be with you." Such was the answer of the worthy ould gentleman who danced away with the wife of Terence O'Flaherty.

On hearing this, and being assured of his riddance, Terence laughed himself to death with joy; and tumbled into bed, clothes and all, he slept soundly till the light of morning, peering in at his window, awakened him.

The first thing he did was to look for his wife, lest the gentleman might have got tired of her, and she might have taken it into her head to come back; but no Judy was to be seen, dead or alive. He then began to examine whether he still had on the buckskin breeches which he made for his reverence, but they were gone too;

and he found, to his surprise, that instead of them, he had got the corduroy breeches of Father O'Phelim.

How this happened, neither the tailor himself, nor any man, woman, or child in Kiltrandy could ever tell, but so it is; and I give the story as it was related to me by Terence's own mouth. He gave it as his own opinion, that the thing was done by a miracle, and I am free to confess that this is my opinion likewise.

There is something else which I must mention; and that is a report of Judy O'Flaherty having been seen three months afterwards in company with a corporal of the Connaught Rangers, who was seen lurking about the house the very night she danced away with the ould gentleman. But I don't believe any of them things; and how, in the name of the Saints, could I? seeing that Terence swore upon his Bible, that he saw her go off in the way I have here circumstantially related. All I have got to say is, that if she really danced off in this manner, there is no great likelihood that we shall ever see her again in Kiltrandy; and, for the sake of poor Terence and my story, I hope we never may.

Unquestionably, the work on which the fame of Macnish will mainly rest, is his *Anatomy of Drunkenness*. It was originally composed as an inaugural thesis on the occasion of the writer's receiving his diploma from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, candidates for admission into that body being required to print their observations on some professional subject. So well was the brochure received by the public, that the author was induced to extend its plan, and in 1825 he put forth what purported to be a second edition of the work, but which in point of fact was a new production.

The *Anatomy of Drunkenness* is so well known on both continents, having been frequently reprinted in the United States, and still continuing a *stock book* in the parent country, that it is unnecessary for us to enter upon any detail of its merits. We shall merely cite a portion of the opinion which Professor Wilson, the immortal Christopher North, pronounced upon it in *Blackwood's Magazine*:—

"This little book," says the Professor, "is evidently the production of a man of genius. The style is singularly neat, terse, concise, and vigorous, far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind; the strain of sentiment is such as does infinite honour to the author's heart; and the observation of human life,

by which every page is characterised, speaks a bold, active, and philosophical intellect. As a medical treatise, it is excellent; but its merit is as a moral dissertation on the nature, causes, and effects of one of the most deplorable and pernicious vices that can degrade and afflict all the on-goings of social life.

"It is perfectly free from all quackery and pretension. The writer does not belong to the stupid, Gold-headed-cane School. He writes with much of the animation and *vivida vis animi* of the late incomparable John Bell; but the character of his style, of his sentiments, and of his opinions is his own; and his little, most entertaining, interesting, and instructive, treatise is stamped from beginning to end with the best of all qualities—originality—of itself sufficient to hide a multitude of defects, but which is here found allied with uniform sound sense, sagacity, and discretion."

Before dismissing the *Anatomy*, we deem it proper to notice a statement made by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, in his excellent edition of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, recently published by Redfield of New York.

Speaking of our author, Dr. Mackenzie says—"When he visited London, he met Dr. Maginn, of whom he sent very warm eulogies to Scotland. Maginn afterwards said of him—"I was never in Macnish's company before but once, and then he got blind drunk!"

Now, lest it should be imagined from this anecdote—which, by the way, Mackenzie repeats more than once—that Macnish was given to dissipated habits, we beg leave to state, in the most emphatic manner, that nothing could be more unfounded than such an idea. For years we enjoyed the intimate friendship of Robert Macnish, and were in the habit of frequently meeting him at convivial gatherings. Never, on one solitary occasion, did we know him to transgress the strictest line of sobriety. On the contrary, he was uniformly a model to his companions in this respect. So much so, indeed, was this the case, that he has often been laughingly addressed as *Dr. Sobersides!* Should another impression of the *Noctes* be called for, we trust that Dr. Mackenzie will, in

justice to an amiable and virtuous man, make amends for having given currency to a statement, which we are convinced originated in the inflamed brain of its accomplished but sadly erring author. Few juries, we opine, would be credulous enough to credit poor Maginn's evidence, in any question bearing upon temperance!

In 1830, appeared *The Philosophy of Sleep*, the subject whereof is sufficiently indicated by the title. Though hardly equal in point of originality and general interest to the *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, it is a work of unquestionable merit, and contains a mass of curious medical facts set forth in a lively and appetizing manner.

The only other volume put forth by our friend, with the exception of the Phrenological treatise before mentioned, was the *Book of Aphorisms*. It consists of a series of some six or seven hundred observations on men and manners, continually shifting "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." As might be predicated, they are of very unequal merit, but on the whole demonstrate a shrewd observation of life on the part of the aphorist, combined with a keen eye for the humorous and absurd. Much instruction may not be gleaned from the volume, but the lover of a hearty, harmless laugh, will find there juicy matter in generous abundance.

As a poet—we speak so far as versification is concerned—Macnish never attained any special distinction. The best of his metrical essays seldom soar above the flats of mediocrity. One or two bantlings of his muse, however, are worthy of preservation.

There is a considerable dash of light fun in the following ode, which originally appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*, the hero whereof being one of the publishers of that serial.

ON A PIMPLE.

I.

Should John Frazer
A sharp razor
On his chin ere chance to lay,
May he never
Be so simple
As to sever the huge pimple
That stands—a mountain in his way.

II.

I can't say, Sir,
How John Frazer
Got the pimple on his chin—

But he passes
Hours in draining
Quarts, pots, glasses,
All containing
Beer or brandy, ale or gin.

III.

Cut this mountain
And a fountain
Of red blood will straightway squirt,
Hugely spoiling
Chin of Frazer,
And thus soiling
Both the razor
And clean collar of his shirt.

IV.

Thus may mortals,
Through the portals
Of imprudence never go.
Men from simples
Draw much sorrow ;
And even pimples
May to-morrow
Convert our present joys to woe

Of a higher order of merit are the sub-
lined stanzas, which grace the April num-
ber of *Blackwood*, 1830. The difficulty of
ring even the faintest outline of an author's
characteristics, in four short lines, must have
been very great ; and no small laudation is
due to the Pythagorean for the manner in
which he has executed the task.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKSPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain ;
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home ;
Of aspirations high ;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers :
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo ! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENCER.

Within th' enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves whose gloom
Is lit by Una's eye:

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pale shrine ;
And, placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line. ✓

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong ;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves ;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON,

Romance and high-souled Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crowded with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy sings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustained on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan fife"
Thrills through his startling song

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polished Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

O! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee!

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock
An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meand'ring calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power—their harrowing truth,
Their scenes of wrath or woe—
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skilful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium rolled
Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wild-flowers bloom
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
For I'm of puny brood;
And thou wouldst punish me
With pungent hardimood.

In 1836 there was privately printed in Glasgow, a small volume bearing the *spasmodic* title of "*Sparks of Promethean Fire; or Chips from the Thunderbolt of Jove.*" It was the joint production of Dr. Macnish, the Rev. N. Macleod, D.D. (now Minister of the Barony Parish), and the writer of this sketch. As the "caption" of the brochure intimates, it was intended to ridicule the *Fec, Faw, Fum* school of poetry, which, since the above date, has increased with such calamitous fecundity. One of our author's contributions to the *Sparks* was a burlesque upon the style of Dugald Moore, an uneducated bard of considerable genius, but sadly tainted with the measles of grandiloquence. Subjoined is a specimen of this extra-sublime eruption of "Promethean Fire," which we may state originally appeared in the *Glasgow Courier*. So accurate was the caricature, that even Dugald himself was constrained to confess that the cap fitted his sconce to a hair.

THE TRIUMPHANT WHALE.

A BOMBASTIAD.

'Twas night! Ten million ghosts,
Rose from ten million graves,
The snoring sea's enormous hosts,
Groaned in their coral caves.
The scaly-snouted shark then drew
His blistered fins about him,
And clove the ocean's breast in two,
As on the crocodile he flew,
With muttering yell to rout him.

Then Etna glared on high,
A vast sepulchral urn!
Earth tossed her lank arms to the sky,
While, deep in ocean's churn,
The waves were crushed, till hard as stone
They seemed like petrifications;
And all the monsters, one by one,
Gave yell for yell, and groan for groan,
As they were torn in fractions.

Then, mightiest of them all,
Leviathan arose;
His tail, like monstrous funeral pall,
Lashing to dust his foes.
He stamped on ocean with his hoof;
He shrieked with voice of thunder,—
Till nature felt the stern reproof,
And madly grinned and stood aloof,
In pale galvanic wonder.

With teeth of ebony hue,
That wear a ghastly smile,
He moves along, and biteth through
The snoring crocodile.
To him the turtle hath no charms;
All nature seems distortion,—
With crouching jaws and open arms
He thunders on, and spreads alarms
O'er Oceans fairest portion.

The monsters of the deep
Have wildly disappeared:
There is no bristly shark to sweep
The Baltic with its beard,—
No fin to leap, no snout to snore,
In frolic mood diurnal.
From wave to wave, from shore to shore,
The finny tribes have ceased their roar,—
Their silence is eternal.

The moon is singed in heaven,
While the fierce sun distils
Hot lava, like the burning levin,
Down on earth's sultry hills.
But thou stupendous form,
Hast for thy cooling potion,
The mighty streams that madly storm
From dark Glencoe and black Cairngorm,
To swell the enormous ocean.

Robert Macnish died on the 10th January 1837. "And so perished," says his affectionate friend D. M. Moir, "in the prime of life—for he was only in his thirty-fifth year—and in the bloom of his fame, as well as of his professional usefulness, a man who could not be known without being beloved, and whom Scotland may well be proud to number among her gifted children."

Many a bright and genial hour have we spent with the gentle *Modern Pythagorean*. A warmer friend, or more delightful companion has never fallen to our lot. His conversational powers were very great, and he had a wonderful faculty of giving rapid ideal

histories, of odd, out-of-the-way looking pilgrims whom he might chance to encounter *sub Jove*. We have known him to rattle off a dozen of these extemporaneous mythical biographies in the course of half an hour, the text for each being some physical peculiarity, such as a club foot, an oblique eye, or a back *a la* Richard III. Had they been jotted down by a locomotive short hand writer, they would have made excellent literary articles with very slight pruning or addition.

In person, Dr. Macnish was rather below than above the middle stature; but powerfully and athletically built, broad chested, and capable of great muscular exertion. He had cultivated "the noble art of self-defence," and if necessary could have "taken the conceit" out of bullies double his own bulk—a feat, indeed, which he more than once performed. His head was finely shaped; and at the angles of the mouth lurked a mercurial humour, which ever and anon developed itself in a half-formed smile. But the eye was what gave its character to the whole face. Beaming out with mild penetration, from dark lashes of unusual length, it bespoke in the same glance a shrewd insight into the on-goings of the world, and the gentlest spirit of humanity.

THE NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walk'd the ocean strand,
A pretty shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One ling'ring look I fondly cast,
A wave come rolling high and fast,
And wash'd my lines away.

And so I thought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place.
Where I have trod the sand: shore
Of time, and been to be: no more
Of me—my day—the name he bore
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I knew a lasting record stand
Inscribed against my name:
Of all this mortal part has wrought—
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

A SUMMER'S RAMBLE
ON
THE NORTH-WEST SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

My Dear "ANGLO,"

Having promised you an account of my summer wanderings, I have never felt the disposition or had the time until this morning, when the sharp tingle of a December frost brought to my mind, and with a tinge of regret, the scenes of broiling August, and reminded me of the promise unfulfilled. You already know that after ascending the Mississippi as far as St. Paul, and then the St. Croix to the point where the boundary line between Wisconsin and Minnesota bears northward, leaving the river, we arrived at Superior about the middle of August, and laid up for a time to recover from the fatigue of a march through sixty miles of wood and tamarac swamps.

From this point I will take up my narrative, and commence by discussing Superior—the starting point. Situated at the western extremity of Lake Superior, on the shore of St. Louis Bay, it is the most westerly commercial point of the great chain of lakes and the valley of the St. Lawrence, and only awaits the opening of the Sault St. Marie canal, next spring, to burst into the ranks of the prosperous and important lake cities. A glance at the map will show that it is the same distance from New York, by water, as Chicago, and will therefore be the cheapest route for imports to Minnesota and part of Wisconsin; and, by way of the St. Lawrence, the cheapest emigrant route to the far west. It is located on a level expanse of land forming the south shore of St. Louis Bay, for the most part covered with the primitive forest, and elevated about forty feet above the level of the lake. The harbour bears a great resemblance to that of Toronto, only that the entrance is to the east instead of the west. In like manner it is formed by a sandy promontory on the lake side, which bears the name of Minnesota Point, and has been formed by the St. Louis River, as the Peninsula in Toronto by the Don. Beyond this promontory, and coming down to the shores of the lake, rises a succession of high mountain ranges, over which light and shadow perpetually play, bringing out the light green of the birchen spray, or giving a more sombre tinge to the dark foliage of the stately spruce. Day after day I gazed on this, to me, new and beautiful sight, until at length I could wait no longer; and having

purchased a birch-bark canoe, and secured the services of a couple of half-breeds, started to coast along this romantic shore.

The day previous to the one of our departure had been stormy; so to avoid the swell we rowed up the bay to the base of the peninsula, and there made a short portage, the voyageurs first carrying over the provisions, tent and blankets, and then returning for the canoe. Meanwhile I rambled about for native flowers, and found several, chiefly of an alpine character. There were two varieties of cherry, one a low shrub, bearing red fruit similar to the cultivated, but very small and acid; and the other a prostrate shrub, bearing a dark, astringent, but larger fruit, somewhat resembling the bearberry, which latter also grew in profusion. A beautiful little heather also grew in the sand, and, with the *Linnaea borealis*, gave certain indication of the coldness of the climate. Returning from my ramble, I found the voyageurs had built a fire on the beach and prepared a cup of tea and some smoking hot paucakes, which we speedily disposed of. While speaking on this subject, I may as well mention that all these voyageurs are good cooks, and have as many dishes composed of the two staples, flour and pork, as would reflect credit on a professional *cuisine*. Add to this that they are uniformly polite, attentive, obedient, and withal hard working, and you have the best men for a cruise you could possibly wish. After dinner we got everything into the canoe and stretched along under the hills I had so often longed to see. The shore was rugged and showed fine geological sections at every bay. The surface soil was like that of Superior, red clay silt, resting on metamorphosed shale, through which trap dykes were interposed, and generally formed, from their greater hardness, the outer points of the shore; the changes in the rocks adjacent to these dykes were various as the beds themselves, and the eye was constantly caught by some new appearance. Towards sun-down we made the mouth of the Passabika River, into which we ran, and encamped for the night on its banks, among a thick growth of alders. During the night I awoke, and hearing a stealthy tread near the head of the tent, challenged, when it slowly moved away. Towards morning my brother woke me and said he heard the tread again. I seized my gun and rushed out to find an Indian dog stealing our pork, when the cause of alarm at once became evident, to my shame, for causeless trepidation.

As the dog belonged to a friendly Indian, I did not shoot it, but afterwards we took care to hang our pork out of reach of such visitors. Before leaving this spot I ascended the river some hundred yards, and gained an elevation of between four and five hundred feet above the level of the lake. There was no great fall, but numerous small ones, from ten to thirty feet, dashing down in the wildest manner until quite close to the shore of the lake. Waterfalls were, during the whole voyage, the greatest sources of amusement, and often we would stay the canoe to watch a mountain stream pouring its dark waters over a precipice directly into the clear blue bosom of the lake. At other times the first intimation of the neighborhood of a stream was the exclamations of the voyageur, as with attentive ear he listened for a moment, ceasing from his endless talk and rowing, and then on our own dull ears would come the sound of rushing water, and the white spray could be seen glancing like light through the dark recesses of the forest. But this is a digression, and I must back to my narrative.

Next morning we were again under way, and landed about noon for the mid-day meal. Here I found the *Euphrasia*, *Pinguicula*, *Primula Mitassinica*, and *Lobelia Kalmii*, and *Potentilla tridentata*, and *argentea*, growing in the crevices of the rocks, while the sand beach was strewn with cornelians, agates, and other beautiful silicious minerals. Every succeeding day added something to my acquired knowledge, and some strange animal, bird, fish, flower or mineral claimed examination and admiration. However, it would be tedious in a letter to enumerate them, and you, I know, will gladly excuse me. To give you the journal of one day after another would also be wearisome, so I will just give in few words the results of our trip.

After experiencing several days of head winds, we made a beautiful little harbour improperly called by the voyageurs *Grand Marais*. It is nearly circular, and has some fifteen feet of water at the entrance; here we tried our trolling lines, and with great success, getting several fine salmon trout in a few minutes; previously we had tried for brook trout in the streams, but with poor success, and we subsequently found that they run into the lake during the Summer. The temperature of the lake never varies much from 39° of Fahrenheit, and during August and September is much cooler than its

tributary streams. The Indians catch brook-trout during this season with their gill nets a considerable distance out in the lake; sometimes, however, they are confined in the streams, for the waves of the latter throw up such a quantity of gravel and sand that the smaller streams have their entrance closed during the summer, until swollen by the fall rains they burst a new channel. Landing one evening we were surprised to find a pond of water on the inner side of the sand beach, and on looking for the outlet found a colony of beaver, alarmed by the lowness of the water, had built a dam in the channel parallel with the shore, to prevent a further escape; it did not, however, speak much for their sagacity, as the fall from their dam to the shore could not have been more than three inches; the dam was perhaps in an incomplete state, and they may have intended to have raised it higher. Some of these sand-beaches were completely covered with the *Beach-pea*, or *Lathyrus maritimus*, which had quite a gay appearance, being still in flower, and such beaches seemed to be the favorite camping place of the Indians, as we judged from the deserted lodges; this whole shore is, in fact, their great fishing-ground, but they were at that time at Fort William and Isle Royale, a circumstance we did not at all regret, as for the most part they are importunate beggars. The only Indians we met were a few old men and squaws at Grand Portage Harbour, where Mr. McCulloch, an American, has a trading post. I afterwards met him at La Pointe, while the Indians were receiving their payment from the American government, and found him an exceedingly intelligent and gentlemanly man. He informed me that the greater portion of the Grand Portage band were employed by him in fishing at Isle Royale, but for the sake of a few dollars they had left their work and came to loiter here for a fortnight, when they might have made twice as much by remaining at home. This band could some of them read and write, and were generally well dressed. The only other band that had a good appearance was that from the Upper Mississippi, under "Hole-in-the-day," who being completely independent of the white man, and in a constant state of warfare with the Sioux, were good specimens of the untamed savage.

I may as well mention here that a treaty, since approved of by the United States Senate, was effected at the time of payment for the

cession of all that part of Minnesota extending west from Lake Superior to a line drawn north and south through Mille Lacs, thus opening up an extensive mineral region, comparatively unexplored, and completing the cession of all lands lying on the American shore of Lake Superior.

I wish I could speak as highly of the Indian traders as a class, but candour compels me to confess that I had but little sympathy with them. The poor Indians soon fall completely under their power, and a payment is flocked to by them as ravens fly to the battle field to baton on the slain. The Indian seeks his wigwam, with a blanket, kettle, and handful of fish-hooks, while the thousands of dollars paid by the government, line the pockets of the scheming trader. It is proposed in future treaties, I am glad to observe, to make the payments solely in provisions and clothing, which will be a decided improvement and benefit to the different tribes. But I am digressing again.

Our journey still continued by a rocky shore, but strange to say every day we found new rocks; generally they were varieties of trap and greenstone, strongly magnetic, but oftentimes of a most compound character, and evidently formed from the fusion of other primitive rocks. To my eye several of them were granitic, but on reference to the report of Major Owen, U. S. Geologist, I find no granite mentioned in this section. The thunder here was extremely loud, and sometimes heard when we could not see a cloud; this was owing to the precipitous nature of the shore, which excluded any distant prospect towards the west. Many of these rocks rose above a hundred feet in perpendicular height from the water, and at the palisade rocks as high as three hundred; in the crevices, a species of hawk, with yellow marks round the eyes and at the base of the bill, had built, and sailed over us in evident curiosity as we floated far down in the shade below. If ever the sport of "hawking" was introduced into America, these I am convinced will prove to be the boldest and swiftest birds that can be had. Often were we witnesses of the chase, and many a golden woodpecker did we see seized by this greedy hunter; the gulls, here very numerous, are afraid of him, and once we saw nearly a hundred of them kept in a state of terror by an enterprising fellow, who, soaring easily above them, distributed his strokes in the most impartial manner, and when tired of the sport easily left them behind, and leisurely

made for his lofty nest. At times we saw the eagle on the top of a blasted pine coolly looking out on the blue expanse of water. I have already mentioned the constant appearance of beautiful waterfalls, owing to the high elevation of the shore; the last one, and that which terminated our voyage, was the falls of Pigeon River. I had started on the 5th September, before breakfast to shoot duck, and having gone some distance from camp heard the sound of the fall. I immediately paddled up stream to the rapids, and after following an Indian trail for a quarter of a mile found the sheet of water before me, on rounding a steep rock. This point of view was evidently a favorite one with the Indians, who are keenly alive to the beauties of nature, as the path was well beaten and led from several houses lower down stream occupied by them during the winter. But little water was passing over, and I found that the old maps gave a most inaccurate impression of this river.

The Fall is only two miles from the mouth of the stream, which is navigable for only a mile and a half. If ever a city be built here, it must be on the Canadian side, as the American shore is extremely rugged and precipitous. I am inclined to think, however, that the communication with the Red River settlement will be by the old Hudson Bay route, from the Harbor of Grand Portage. The country is too cold and unproductive to induce settlement, until the fine prairies of Iowa and Minnesota are taken up; and the pine timber is of a very inferior quality, even were there any facilities for getting it to the Lake shore.

The principal woods are birch, spruce, balsam, and poplar, interspersed with mountain ash and white cedar. These are covered with a gray lichen, and have a very venerable appearance when seen from the water. This lichen forms the food of the caribou or reindeer, which sometimes descend to this latitude in the winter, and are hunted by the Indians on snowshoes.

On our way up, we had made a portage of about three-quarters of a mile over to Pigeon River, and, on our return, followed the course of the River and Bay around Pigeon Point. Here Isle Royale was easily seen at a distance of about fifteen miles, and the high lands on the Canada side near Thunder Bay. The different aspect of the mountains, as varied by distance, was here finely shown. While the nearer



OMER PASHA.

ranges were a bright green, those more distant darker, the most remote appeared of a dim indigo hue, and had their outlines very indistinct. From this point home we passed along the same shore we had seen in coming up, but always managed to encamp at different streams, thus securing new fields for geological and botanical study.

The duck had now commenced to fly to the south, and afforded us considerable sport. Indeed, we had seldom, during the time we were out, recourse to the supply of salt pork, and lived, for the most part, on game and fish. But it is useless to dilate on the different delights of a summer ramble on Lake Superior. Suffice it to say that one month gave me an increase of twenty pounds in weight, and a corresponding muscular vigour and development. Civilization has now again somewhat reduced me; but I hope that next year many persons will, as well as myself, leave the broiling city, and seek, for a time, health and enjoyment on the health-imparting shore of Lake Superior. The facilities for travelling will be much greater than last year, as the Sault Ste. Marie Canal will be opened early in the spring, and the traveller can thence get at once to Superior City, and wherever his inclination may lead him.

R. N.

OMER PACHA.—WITH A PORTRAIT.

The portrait of Omer Pacha which is given with the present number of the *Anglo*, is from a Photograph taken by Mr. Robertson at Constantinople. The portrait realises the most striking characteristics of the physiognomy of Omer Pacha, described by our contemporaries. He wears a fez cap, which shews to advantage the clear, well-marked lines of his calm and resolute face, embrowned by exposure to wind and weather for many a year of a soldier's life, and the hue of which is well contrasted with his snow white whiskers and beard. In the rude mouth, with compressed thick lips, is traceable enormous firmness and resolution. The chin, full and square, evinces the same qualities, which may also be discerned in the general form of the head. All the rougher features, the coarse nose, and the slight prominence of the cheek bones, are more than redeemed by quick, penetrating, and expressive eye, full of quiet courage and genius, and by the calm though rather stubborn brows, marked by lines of thought, rising above the thickly shaggy eyebrows.

THE CRUISE OF THE CHALLENGE; OR NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

BY BOB YARN.

There was very general applause at the conclusion of this mythological explanation of the origin of that most uncomfortable of all uncomfortable "ills that flesh is heir to,"* and the main brace was spliced in the narrator's honor. After a pause, Bob, the sailor who had been at the helm all this time an attentive listener, said that that was all true and he know'd it, though the gentlemen might laugh, for he had sailed in the *Mercury* hisself, to the Injies. Ay, and a tight lively craft too, as didn't care a rap for old Nep nor none of his sea sarpiants. I remember (Bob had a queer way of amalgamating the words recollect and remember) off the Cape just such a night as this, calm as butter-milk, and the old barky, not minding her helm a bit, but shovin' her nose about first north and then south, as the swells might please to send her, just as if she was smellin' out which way the wind was going to come next, and was too lazy to care. Well, she was pitchin' and rollin' in the long swells, flappin' her sails against the mast, and strainin' her timbers like a skittish gal trying to bust her staylaces cos' she hasn't got nothin' better to do,—t'was hot too, I tell you, not a cat's paw anywhere's, and the sky looked mighty ugly,—the skipper, he com'd on deck, and took a squint all round like a pig afore a storm, and then he ordered all sail to be taken in, and the ship made snug and ready for all mischances, for in them latitudes their's no knowin' when a storm may come on, and there's nothin' like being beforehand with a squall, and that makes me think, sir, addressing the owner of the yacht, that we mought as well take in a reef or so, and make all ready for the night, for to my thinkin' them clouds in the Nor'-West will be down before mornin', and we'll be apt to catch it."

Bob was our oracle, and being a good careful seaman his advice was taken. The *Challenge* took in two reefs and set her storm jib; and as soon as the craft was snug the party set about getting supper, and then, one of the number being left on deck at the helm, the rest turned in, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

Before morning, however, the correctness of Bob's judgment was made manifest: first, large

* Alludin; to the "Origin of Sea Sickness," by Bob Yarn, in Vol. IV., p. 250.

white fleecy clouds came slowly drifting from the NW., occasionally obscuring the pale orb of night, and the appearance of the heavens gave every reason to suppose that one of those stiff Nor'-West gales so frequent on the lake was nigh at hand. All hands were turned up, and the last reef-point was barely tied before the storm struck the yacht. For a short time she drifted bodily to leeward, careening fearfully, then gradually gathering way she laid her nose as close to the wind as possible and made for the shore, about ten miles distant, to gain smoother water under its lee; and when morning broke she was spanking down the lake with a bone in her teeth, along the land at a rattling pace. The night's work gave all hands a keen appetite, and breakfast over they settled themselves comfortably for a long day. Now then, said the narrator of the previous story, I think some one else must spin a yarn. Jack, old fellow, can't you give us some of your travels' history, as Othello says?

"Well, I don't know but I might," said the party addressed, lazily stretching his long legs.

"Then heave ahead, old fellow."

All hands were attentive and the yacht's man commenced as follows:—

"I am not much of a story-teller."

A low quiet whistle here escaped the lips of one of the party at this commencement, a dubious sort of whistle which might mean anything or nothing. However, Jack began again:—

"I am not much of a story-teller, and can't spin a yarn about Mercurys and Venuses, and such like cattle; but I'll relate a circumstance that happened to a friend of mine, whom I met travelling some years ago at Montpellier, in the South of France.

"I was then on a visit to my friend Q.—, who resided at a charming chateau, near the village of Gignac, on the borders of a small salt lake, or as it is called by the peasantry *etang-de-mer*. This lake is about four miles wide here, and the town of Cete with its mountain is nearly opposite. The lake is divided from the Mediterranean only by a narrow belt of sand varying in width from one hundred yards to half a mile. Q.— had a capital four-oared gig, which had been sent out from England for him, and one of our principal amusements was pulling over to Cete and rambling along the sands, picking up the shells, with which the beach is thickly strewn, and shooting sea gulls. There is nothing remarkable about Cete except

its dirty narrow streets and quaint stone houses. Most of the people are engaged in the wine trade, and if report speaks true they are most accomplished scamps, manufacturing from the common vin ordinaire of the country any sort of wine of any age or vintage from rich nutty Madeira to sparkling Champagne. From the top of the mountain, however, there is a lovely view on a clear sun-shiny day such as are only and many a time seen in the south of France, here I lolled at my ease with my cigar in my mouth, watching the numerous Genoese fishing craft, with their triangular lateen sails flying up and down along the blue Mediterranean, looking for all the world like a fleet of ice-boats on the bay at Toronto, only they didn't travel quite so fast. To the west, faintly perceptible in the distance, might be traced the pale blue outlines of the Pyrenees, whilst to the North the jagged edges of the Cevennes, the scene of many a gallant struggle for freedom to worship God, were clear and distinct, distant only about thirty miles, and on the east, Montpellier and the singular mountain of St. Loup could plainly be seen. An old peasant assured me, in jargon patois, that at times even Marseilles could be seen, and Nimes and Arles were common sights. Be that as it may, I never saw them, and I suspect the worthy Christophe was "bawming" me, though he looked very sincere, and asseverated it most vehemently when I presumed to doubt the fact.

"Q.—'s chateau was a rum old transaction, looking more like a barrack than anything else; but it was precious snug inside, and many a pleasant day have I spent there. Occasionally we diversified our amusements by shooting, though game was very scarce—a few rabbits and snipe, and now and then, as a rarity, a red-legged partridge, was all we bagged. Our principal fun in the sporting way was shooting larks, of which there are enormous quantities, and as the means in which we coaxed them within range was rather novel, I will give you a description:—We had a pyramid-shaped piece of wood dotted all over with small glass lozenges. This was fixed on top of a strong peg, which was driven firmly into the ground. On the top of the peg was a movable piece of glass, and attached to this was a string about thirty yards long, by means of which the top piece was twirled round rapidly, thus causing the glass to sparkle, so as to be seen at a distance. The birds, attracted by the glitter of the lozenges, would hover over, and become an easy

prey; but it was small potatoes, and few in a heap, and we soon began to tire of this "Murder of the Innocents," though it was only a lark.

"Q—— and I frequently went to Montpellier by the railroad from Cette, which only took an hour to run the distance, and came back the same day. However, we agreed just before New Year's, to spend a fortnight there, and accordingly we packed up our traps and took up our abode at the Hotel Nevet, close to the Parade. Here, to my surprise and delight, I found my friend Charley Forsyth with his friend Wellbanks, who was rather an invalid, and had come to Montpellier for the benefit of his health. Charley was a rattling young fellow, full of life and spirits, and being good-looking as well as rich, was considered quite a catch at the good town of Bedford, where I had first made his acquaintance.

Charley, I think, was equally glad to meet us, for Wellbanks was unable to join him in any of his pranks, and he was beginning to find Montpellier rather dull. The Peyron and the Parade already began to tire him; however, we took a box at the theatre, a very mediocre affair, *par parenthese*, and amused ourselves in the daytime with billiards, &c., and visiting the Musée Fabre, which contains some very fine paintings and original sketches.

"The custom of visiting one's friends on New Year's day is kept up in France with as much spirit as it is in Canada, with one additional custom, which is, that gentlemen always provide themselves with a trifling present for the ladies, consisting usually of bouquets of flowers or boxes of *confitures*, for which Montpellier is famous.

"As Q——'s list of acquaintances was extensive, we three, for Wellbanks was too unwell to accompany us, started on New Year's day to pay visits; and I assure you our carriage was well stocked with *bonbons* and bouquets. Charley's good looks and gaiety made him an universal favourite, and our calls were highly appreciated; in fact, without egotism, three better looking fellows could hardly be found anywhere—certainly not in Montpellier.

"At last we drove into the courtyard of a quaint old mansion in the Rue St. Roche, and were ushered into the presence of Madame la Marquise de St. Maurice and her two lovely daughters. The first compliments over, Q—— occupied the attention of Madame, and Charley and

I did the agreeable to the young ladies. After remaining ten minutes or so, we took our leave, and on entering the carriage again, Charley commenced raving about Mademoiselle Adelaide. She was divine, exquisite, enchanting, in fact everything perfect. Q—— allowed him to go on for a while, and then laughingly told Charley that he was treading on forbidden ground, for that the young lady in question was fiancée.

"Who to?" demanded Charley.

"I don't know," replied Q——, "and I dare say Madlle. doesn't know any more than myself."

"What a villainous custom they have here of forcing young girls to marry a man whether they like or not," said Charley, turning to me. "In all probability he is some old, broken down, spavined roudè, or blackleg, and the poor girl will be miserable for life."

"Well," said I, jokingly, "you had better cut in, Charley; you have made good progress, and at any rate she has made a conquest."

"Oh, stuff," replied he, "but it is a vile, rascally custom. I pity that poor girl from my heart."

"Well," said Q——, "we all know what pity is akin to, and if you like her, why don't you run away with her? T'would rather astonish your Governor, and would assuredly create no small excitement in this quiet place. Running away with a man's wife is not at all uncommon, but eloping with a young unmarried lady is unprecedented. You would be quite a hero."

"I'd do it in a minute, if I thought I had the slightest chance, for she is the most angelic—" and here he again relapsed into a rhapsody in praise of the fair Madlle. Adelaide.

"That is the asylum for the insane," said Q——, quietly winking at me.

"I wonder if we could borrow a strait waistcoat, for certainly, if Charley goes on at this rate, it will be required."

"Arretez cocher," shouted Charley.

"I'm going home," said he, turning to us abruptly, "I would not desecrate that girl's memory by seeing another female face this day. She is the loveliest—"

"Whew," whistled Q——, "what, at it again, I don't think it is safe to trust you alone in the streets."

But Charley was off with an indignant snort, and we drove on to finish our calls, laughing at our friend's sudden attack of *mal de cœur*.

On returning home, after finishing our visiting list, we found Charley expatiating to Well-

banks about the lovely Adelaide, but he stopped on our entrance, and though we rallied him unmercifully during dinner, he remained pertinaciously silent and reserved.

"A few days after this occurrence, I met Charley walking along with a venerable grey moustached gentleman, wrapped in a cabou, an amphibious kind of garment, partaking of the greatcoat and nightgown, to whom he was paying great attention and deference. This I subsequently learned from Wellbanks, was the Marquis de St. Maurice, though how Charley had managed to get an introduction, I never found out; and shortly after, Q—— and I left for the country again.

"We had been at Gignac for about a month, quietly enjoying ourselves, as before described, when one morning I received a letter from Charley, telling me that he was on the point of running off with the fair Madlle. Adelaide, and entreating me to come in haste to Montpellier, to help him in his need. Knowing that Charley was well off in a worldly point of view, I felt little or no scruples in assisting, and accordingly started at once for Montpellier.

"Charley was profuse in his acknowledgments, and then proceeded to inform me that during my absence he had been making the most of his time, had brought over the governante and had been in the habit of meeting his fair inamorata daily, whilst walking on the outskirts of the town; that just before he had written me, she had told him that her father had intimated to her that she must prepare to meet her future husband, and that the marriage was to take place shortly. Charley, of course, had declared his love, and the distraction he felt at such a thing taking place, which the young lady had reciprocated, and now he wanted my help in carrying the damsel off.

"I at once proposed that he should have a chaise and four in readiness for the next day, and carry the young lady off to Gignac, and there be married by the good old Curè, M. Beziers; that I would proceed to Cette, and hire a fishing vessel to carry him to Marseilles, and then cross over and meet him at Q——'s, and then we'd pull him over the etang de mer to Cette in the English gig, and so throw the good folks off the scent in case pursuit were attempted.

"Charley at once acquiesced, and commenced making the necessary arrangements, and I left him to proceed by rail to Cette, where I knew

there was an old fisherman and his son, nicknamed Le Maigre, on account of his extreme gauntness, who would do anything for money. Fortunately I found the old fellow at home, and immediately made my bargain with him, which, as the old rascal saw I was anxious, was about three times what it ought to have been. However, there was no time for higgling, and I was only too glad to have succeeded at all, and hurried across the etang in a crazy fishing craft, to make all the preparations at Q——'s. The old curè, good old soul, consented to become *particeps criminis*, in consideration of sundry Napoleons which he was at great pains to assure me were for the repairs of his church, and but for which he would not have permitted himself to have anything to do with so nefarious a transaction. Worthy, disinterested old gentleman, how I admired your morality and anxiety for your cure. Verily *semper eadem* is a righteous motto for the Holy Roman Catholic Church!

"Having dismissed this model of purity and integrity, I at once imparted to Q——, who was my bosom friend, what I had done, and asked his advice as to the furthering of my plans. When I had concluded, he shook his head, "Ah, mon cher," said he, "you don't know our South of France people yet."

"Hillo," said I, "what's up now?"

"Why," replied he, "the odds are ten to one that you are betrayed some quarter. Either the governante, or Le Maigre, or our worthy curè, M. Beziers. If either of them fancy there is the least chance of detection, you will be sold as round as a hoop, for they will make a merit of the disclosure, so as to endeavour to screen themselves in case the police taking the matter up."

"Well," said I, "here's a pretty kettle of fish after all my trouble. What do you advise?"

"It is rather late to ask my advice after having made your plans without me. You must now trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry. Perhaps the very rashness of your scheme may prove its salvation. It was not a bad idea if you had not taken so many people into your confidence."

"But I took no one into confidence."

"Oh, of course not. You only told Le Maigre that you were going on a cruise, and must leave his craft to-morrow at all events, and promised him three times his usual fare, and then you paid the priest in advance, and I won't

answer for any qualms of conscience he may have which, particularly if a reward is offered for the detection of the parties, may prompt the honest old soul to betray you to the *gens-d'armes*."

"Well, well, what's done can't be helped. *Sauve qui peut*, and the devil take the hindmost. Let's have a pipe, and to bed, for I am tired, and expect to-morrow to have a hard day's work."

"So we sat down together, smoked our pipes, and talked over the matter quietly, and after partaking of supper, with a thimbleful of kirchenwasser, we bade each other good night, and retired.

"Oh, what a weary, dreary night that was; how fervently and frequently I prayed for morning; and when I did fall asleep, how I started up, my hair on end with fright at the supposed screams of poor Adelaide, which turned out to be an abortive crow from an aboriginal Shanghai! How intensely I have detested these yellow stilted jaundiced farm-yard intruders ever since!

"Finding sleep out of the question, a rivalry between this blackguard Shanghai and a rake of a Spanish cock, a sort of life-guardsmen in the farmyard, I turned out very early, and having bathed, took my wide-awake, and strolled to the village. Shanghai's sometimes crow in the right season. Strange to relate, Monsieur L'Abbe Beziers was also up, and dressed, and what is more, was proceeding to embark in a skiff for Cette. This was clearly contrary to Hoyle, so I at once put my veto to the transaction, and finally the Abbe promised to breakfast at the chateau in consideration of my pulling him over in the English gig. The infernal old villain was *en route* for the *gens-d'armes*, as true as my name is Bob Yarn, and I knew it by the twinkle of his eye. However, having got him to Q—'s, I felt little doubt but that he was safe for a few hours. My principal difficulty was that I could not tell when Charley and Adelaide were to arrive, but I determined to keep old Beziers *vi et armis*, if necessary. Providence, however, decreed that such a proceeding was uncalled for. Before breakfast was near ready, a chariot and four steaming nags pulled up at the gate. The postillions shouted like demons, worse than the Shanghai; the gatekeeper swore; his wife shrieked; old Patou, the Pyrenean wolf dog, bow-wow'd vociferously; and to cap the climax, the peacocks

screamed like a steam-whistle! Oh! what a row! There they were, though. Charley triumphant with the bride elect. Wellbanks the *banquète*, grinning like a Cheshire cat, having polished off a refractory postillion in wooden boots two stations back. To cut my story short, in less than half an hour Charley and Adelaide were belayed as fast as our main-sheet. So far so good, thought I. The old curé's work is done, and there is one less to depend on. I was taken aback, however, at hearing from the bride that the *duenna* knew all my plans. Thinks I to myself, thinks I, the sooner we reach Cette, and get on board *La Belle Pauline*, the better. I've cleared one shoal, but may run high and dry yet, so I hurried them as much as possible; but, spite of all I could do, it was six o'clock in the evening before I got them under way. With the aid of a good glass I had seen that *Le Maigre* was all ready for sea, as I could distinguish his tan-colored sails half hoisted, and knowing the breeze was fair, I thought all was now safe. *Nemo mortalium*, &c., which being interpreted means, No one is a match for the French police; may the devil admire them. However, I must not forestall my story. We left Gignac about six, and about seven were in the neighbourhood of Cette. It was a kind of half and half light, such as one never sees in this country. I was steering, and thought the coast was quite clear, when of a sudden there came a challenge, "*Qui vive*," close to us.

"Give way, boys," I yelled, for an immense six-oared barge, with two or three police officers in the stern, were well nigh aboard.

Charley and Q— were pulling. With a stroke that almost smashed the stout ashens oars, they shot past the police boat in safety.

"*Arretez la*—" shouted somebody.

"Oh, would a cat ate fish," answered Charley. Wellbanks and I jumped to our oars, and we were well under way before the clumsy Frenchmen could turn their craft.

"Now you must know, boys, that the harbor of Cette is extremely narrow." This I knew right well, having pulled up and down it many a time; and my first anxiety was to get the gig turned back to the *etang*, where I knew we could beat their heads off. We soon accomplished this, by doubling sharply round a fishing craft, and then gave way for the broad waters.

"Easy, lads, now," said I, "and don't let them miss us, or we are gone."

"Not miss us," said Charley, "what the mischief are you thinking of?"

"It's quite right," said Q——, "if they miss us now they'll not leave the harbour; but if they see us they will follow us all night, and we'll coax them a long distance across, and beat them back in a canter."

"Oh," said Charley, "I see. Easy then, it is." Accordingly, in less than two minutes the police boat was close astern, plunging like an old grampus after us. The men puffing and blowing audibly.

"Take it coolly, lads," said I, "and we can pull a waiting race."

We kept the beggars about twenty-five yards astern of us, and steered away to the middle of the Lake, until we were about two miles from Cette, then by an easy detour we started back again, and gave way with a vengeance. In less time than I take to tell, our enemies were out of sight, although we could hear them puffing, blowing, and sacred in grand style.

My object was to put Charley and Adelaide on board the fishing craft, see them safe at sea, and then boldly demand of the police what they meant by challenging us. It never occurred to me that there could be two boats on the alert. Yet so it proved, and as soon as we were all safe on board *La Bella Pauline*, and the anchor half tripped, than we heard oars again, and again the cry "*Qui vive?*"

There was no running now. I seized a handspike, and Q—— another; Charley was below, consoling his bride, who was tremendously funky, though altogether she behaved remarkably well; there was a great cocked hatted buffer in the bow, who received the results of a twirl that I gave my handspike, and Q—— demolished another. The row brought Charley and Wellbanks on deck in a jiffey, and the *melée* became general. The police, however, were too strong for us; and after a gallant defence they made good their footing on board the craft, but the fight was not over. Two great overgrown brutes made a rush at me, but I "whipped it into" one with my fist. My handspike had vanished long ago, and Charley demolished the other. Q—— smashed an individual in tremendous style, and assisted him overboard with a free and easy kick.

Mademoiselle Adelaide, or rather, I beg her pardon, Mrs. Forsyth, was a very anxious spectator from the cabin door of all that was going on, and her frantic scream, "*Mon pere!* Ah!

mon pere!" as the last-mentioned individual capsized revealed the fact that Q—— had spilt "the Governor" in the drink. In a minute Charley was overboard, and had him by the collar. Somebody got me by the collar too, I believe, but at any rate we were all in custody about two minutes afterwards, and were being conveyed to shore.

Q—— took the matter very phlegmatically, and my head ached too much to resist or complain; but Charley swore like a fiend because he was separated from his bride. The old Marquis had too much water in his mouth to say or do anything, but as soon as he got on shore, and had poured a glass of brandy down his throat, he broke out into a furious rage, stamped and *sacr-r-r-r-ed* in beautiful style. We should all be sent to the galleys, every man Jack of us, for life too, nothing less. He would spend a million of francs to accomplish this desirable end. All, except le brave garcon, who had saved his life, and where was he, Charley of course was immediately identified by his wet clothes. For a moment or so the old Frenchman struggled with his wrath; but like a gallant old fellow as he was, "Ah, coquin! it was you. Eh bien! I must submit, you have robbed me of my daughter, but you have risked your life to save mine, and I cannot bear your enmity after that," and he held forth his hand to his son-in-law.

"You're a brick!" Charley ripped out, and gave the old gentleman a wrench of his fist that brought tears to his eyes.

The old Marquis, of course, withdrew his complaint. The *gens d'armes* were soon satisfied for their bruises, and a merrier party never sat down to supper at the *Lion d'or* in Cette. There were sundry marks of the battle, but the champagne soon drowned all thoughts of that, and the next morning we were all in Montpellier early, and the affair was bruited about like wildfire; and I'm not sure that Alex. Dumas did not write a novel of three volumes on the strength of it. At any rate, we were lionized to any amount. Charley and his bride left shortly for Bedfordshire, where I afterwards visited them, and a happier couple don't live, and so ends my yarn of "*News-Year's day in France.*"

A STORY FROM TATARY.

Prince Battyr Shorah sat in his tent; his chief men were near at hand, and counsel was

taken as to the crafty Gliński and the terrible Suremetev. Innumerable were the hosts of the Russians, like brambles they covered the plain, and the Tatars took counsel against these many-wiled traitors.

The heart of Battyr Shorah sighed for victory, the spirit of the ram-warrior was afflicted at the might of the sons of Ivan! Dark and doubtful was the future, and the prophets could make nothing of the aspect of the stars. There was no help in the hosts of heaven for the Tatars: resistless was the course of the Russians; and Battyr Shorah's only comfort was in the depths of Dunah's affection. Dunah, the flower of the harem of Battyr! Gentle and sad were the eyes of Dunah, but loving and trustful were they in the Tatar's power. Surely the night of the sons of Islam must prevail, surely the hand of the tribes must break the bones of the locust warriors from the north!

So counsel was taken in Battyr Shorah's tent against the foes of the race of Taranah.

"Victory! victory!" was the word in the camp. "A prize, a prize in the general's own son!" And the Tatar host shouted until the swarthy tents trembled, and the echoes rang aloud and far! "See the giaour! see the son of a dog! May the curse of asses descend upon the burial-grounds of his fathers! See the youth of handsome feature, the crafty, subtle son of Gliński!" And many hands were stretched out to drag the young Ivan forward into the presence of Battyr the terrible, Battyr the hunter of men, the foe of the men of Muscovy!

Ruddy of feature, fair of countenance was Ivan, Gliński's son. Pity entered into the heart of Battyr, for Battyr thought of his brother, the slayer of enemies, who was pardoned and honoured in the camp of the Russians when they bound him a captive in the hands of his enemies. Pity entered into his heart, and he loosened the bands of Ivan.

"Thou shalt be mine own son!" said Battyr; "pride of my nation shalt thou be. I swear it by the sword of Ali, the noble successor of Mohammed! Verily, I will drink blood with thee, and son of the soul of Battyr shalt thou be!"

Then answered Ivan, and said: "Battyr, prince of the Tatars! Invincible is thy power! Verily thou art a nobleman! Thou released the bound from captivity! Thou freest the young from the fear of death! Great is thy might! Thy arm smiteth the enemy with

grievous slaughter. Who is the White Chief of the North, that I should obey him? He rolls in luxury, while his soldiers win battles for him. Rather will I be the brother of Battyr Shorah, rather will I bear a shield before the prince of the horsemen! Fetch hither the goblet, the nuptial beaker of the Tartar, and let us drink blood, and be brothers for evermore!"

Now Ivan, the son of Gliński, was a spy.

Then Battyr fell upon Ivan's neck and kissed him between the eyebrows.

"Bring hither, bring hither the goblet! and let us drink blood together, and be brothers for ever!"

Then Battyr lifted up his voice and sang:—

"No more, no more shall Ivan, the son of Gliński, be numbered among the foes of Battyr, the chief of the horsemen! Ivan is Battyr's brother, the apple of his eye, the core of his heart! Like to a strong bow are the eyebrows of Ivan; his eyes are two burning coals! Mighty is he, and great among the tribes of the horsemen. Let him drink blood, and fight against the White Chief, with the horsemen!"

Then answered Ivan again, and said (for he was crafty):—"Who is the White Chief that I should honour him? Does he not fly before the steed of Battyr, and hide like a trembling girl in the depths of the groves? The shout of Battyr is mighty, the cry of the prince shakes the firm mountains, and causes their crests to shake with fear, so that the snows fall down into the valleys! Battyr is like the horse, he loves the fight, and strives against his enemies for ever. Fortunate is the unworthy Ivan to be the brother of Battyr the prince!"

Now this crafty and traitorous speech won the heart of Battyr, and he was mad with joy.

And Ivan was decorated with a dress of honour, a noble steed of pure race was given him, and a sword from far-away Damascus; shining was the blade, resistless the stroke of the sword. And Ivan sat next to Prince Battyr in the council tent of the Tatars.

But Ivan, the drinker of the blood of Battyr,* was a traitor vile and crafty. He beheld the faithful Dunah, and his heart burned fiercely with the flame of love; he thought but of her, and sought to get possession of her. This could only be done if Battyr were ruined and destroyed; for Battyr loved Dunah, and she was the chief of his wives.

* To drink blood with any one in Tatar, is to adopt him for your brother, and an unalienable relationship exists between you.

One day, Ivan went into the presence of Battyr, and bowed down his head before him; for he seemed as if grief were weighing him down, as if sorrow were creating a void in his spirit.—

Then said Battyr:

“Brother of my soul! Ivan, son of Glinski, thy favour is granted. I swear to you by the white-handed sword of Ali.” Ivan lifted up his voice and said,—

“My heart is heavy within me. Grief withereth up my days. The White Chief’s soldiers are powerful, but Ivan dare not go to the fight with them. Ivan, brother of Battyr Shorah, desireth to go against the Russians, and manifest his good will to the power of his benefactor, the mighty Battyr, prince of the horsemen.”

Then Battyr raised up Ivan, and swore by the two-handed hatchet of his father, that Ivan should go and bring back skulls as a comfort to the Tatars.

Arms of price were prepared, a horse of the race of Vargileh, Ali’s own loved steed, was saddled, and Ivan went forth to take the skulls of the men of Muscovy.

Battyr went back to his tent and wept, for he loved the lad as his own soul.

But when black-mantled night closed over the tents of the tribes, when Battyr slept within the goatskin tent, Ivan returned. Coming to the tent of Dunah, he simulated the voice of Battyr, and called her forth into the camp. No sooner had she came forth, than he forced a gag into her delicate mouth, and holding her in his arms, fled away to the Russian camp, and unfolded the plans of Battyr to his father.

And he said in scorn:—“Ha! ha! ha! Battyr is the son of a dog, indeed he is a vile cur! We drank blood, but is the compact binding on a Christian; never? Rejoice, my father, with me, for I have revenged myself, compassed the design of the enemy, and confused their counsel! Woe to Battyr, the dog! Woe to the whining cur of the horsemen!”

Then the Russians marched away and got to the city of Kazan by night; they compassed the plans of the enemy and took the fortification. And the Russians rejoiced greatly, for they were the winners.

But Battyr awoke in the morning, and his first prayer was for the safety of Ivan, the brother of his adoption, the loved of his heart. “May he triumph over the armies of the White Chief! May he smite the nations with confusion! Strong is his arm, irresistible his course; may he triumph, and return with many

skulls! Even now the tents of the Russians are filled with the dead—even now is he succeeding!” Yet was Ivan a traitor, though Battyr knew nothing of it.

Then Battyr sought Dunah, his loved wife, that she might console him for the loss of his brother, the ram-warrior, Ivan, son of Glinski. But Dunah was lost, and no one knew whither she went.

Battyr Shorah saw it all! The brother of his adoption, the warrior Ivan had fled to his own nation, and had betrayed the sorrowful chief of the Tatars.

That day he passed in sorrow, for with the sun of yesterday he had lost his brother, the intimate of his soul, and his Dunah, chief flower of the harm! Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow sat heavily on him.

Then came a breathless messenger from Kazan; fear was in his looks, sorrow and shame in his aspect.

“Woe! woe! woe!” resounded through the Tatar camp, “the city of Kazan is fallen, the loved beauties of Kazan are hidden in dungeons, the old men and the children are smitten with the sword? Our fathers are slain, the blood of our brothers is on the sword of the men of Muscovy!”

And Battyr Shorah gat him up, desperation sat upon his forehead, the bow of his eyebrows was bent with anger. His noble, pure-blooded Arzamack was brought out, and he mounted.

“Cursed be the Tatar that putteth faith in the oath of a Russian, let him be cast out!—Cursed be the traitor who drinks blood, and yet forgets his compact! Confusion alight on Glinski, relentless vengeance pursue Sheremetev, but everlasting fury assail Ivan, the breaker of oaths, the stealer of women, the discloser of counsels!”

Battyr Shorah and his tribe rushed forth to the rescue; the minarets of Kazan glistened in the sun; victory seemed floating before them a certainty.

“On, on!” cried Battyr Shorah, “for the honour of Ali, for the name of Mohammed, for the cause of Allah, the great and glorious, on!”

And a cry went up to Heaven from the troops of the Tatars, a cry of grief, consternation, and sorrow! Battyr Shorah looked behind him and found himself alone in the marshy plain.

The earth had given way, and the five thousand devoted warriors had sunk into the depths of the marsh!

But Battyr rode onward, and forced his way into the town. Onward he fled on his good steed until he came to the palace of Gliniski. — He smote the heads of the guards from their bodies, and strode onward.

In an inner chamber he found Ivan and Dunah.

What had Ivan done? When he came to Kazan he tried in every way to corrupt the faith of Dunah but she refused. He offered her violence, and she stabbed him and herself. — There they lay in their death struggle, and Battyr Shorah wept over them.

In one instant he had drawn the dagger from the heart of his wife, and stabbing himself, went into the presence of Allah!

* * * * *

[It is but due to the reader to tell him that the groundwork of the foregoing tale is true, and that the taking of Kazan occurred in 1552: the sinking of the men in the marshes is a well-known fact among the Astrakhan Tatars.]

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come, genial Spring! The winter now
Hath dwelt with us too long;
We pine to see thy flower-clad brow;
We long to hear thy song.

Brow-wreathed with pale anemone,
And fragrant violets white;*
Song, trilling from each budding tree,
And swelling with delight.

Come, gentle Spring! The sleep of death
Hath held too long the grove;
'Twill waken 'neath thy thrilling breath,
Bloom at thy touch of love.
The grove will waken and display
The tassel'd birch with pride;
The thorn, soft clad with snowy spray,
By the crimson maple's side.

Come, lovely Spring! The icy bonds
Have bound too long the mere,
Brook, rivulets, and prisoned ponds
All sigh to see thee here:
The laughing leap in sunlight clear,
The streamlet fain would try;
And lake no longer look so drear,
Waves smiling to the sky.

Come, fickle Spring! We tire to see
For aye the constant snow.
Bring us thy smiles, tho' dimm'd they be,
Full oft by tears' sad flow.
Smiles, that are gladdening sunbeams bright,
Tears, April sunlit showers,
Recalling scenes of past delight,
Green grassy meads and flowers.

R. N.

* The fragrant violets of Canada are all white.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SERENUS XXXIII.

[Major, Doctor, Laird, and the Purser.]

LAIRD.—Noo that I hae got time to speer
Maister Purser, hoo div ye like Canada after
year visit to the auld countrie?

PURSER.—Better than ever, oh Thane of Bon-
nie Brier! I breathe ten times lighter than I
did in the foggy little island over the water.
There is an elastic purity in our atmosphere
which the United Kingdom, with all its attrac-
tions—and their name, I admit, is legion—can-
not match.

MAJOR.—A cognate remark I have frequently
heard enunciated by such of our denizens as
have shaped their course over the extensive
looming pond.

LAIRD.—But surely your heart warmed to
behold ance mair the scenes o' your youth, and
to shake hands wi' weel remembered freends?
Oh sake, I often think that I would willingly

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part wi' a crap o' wheat—and it's still com-
mandin' a braw price, thank Providence!—if I
could only get ae look at bonnie Melrose, before
I am laid in the kirkyard o' Streetsville!

PURSER.—Even so used I to excogitate when
navigating the waters of Ontario, but when
my aspirations were realized, I found that
here, as in too many other cases of terrestrial
longings, all is not gold that glitters.

LAIRD.—What div ye mean?

PURSER.—Why, simply this, on reaching
Scotland, I found that the Glasgow of my boy-
hood had vanished.

LAIRD.—Guid preserve us a'! I heard nae-
thing o' the awfu' catastrophe! Hoo did it
happen? Was the city o' Bailie Nicol Jarvie
burned like Sodom; or did a crater burst oot
in Garnet Hill, and smother it wi' ashes after
the manner o' Herculaneum?

PURSER.—You take me up somewhat too lite-
rally, my worthy sir. All I meant to infer was,

that so prodigious have been the changes, call them improvements if you will, that hardly a spot was left on which the dove of memory could rest her weary foot.

LAIRD.—Ye gie'd me an unco fright! Od, my heart's beating yet like a bass drum!

PURSER.—Here and there, I grant, some ancient landmark held its place, but so surrounded by novelties that the *character* thereof was utterly destroyed.

DOCTOR.—But surely your topographical disappointments were made up for, by the sight of well remembered faces? You cannot build up the features of the human face divine, so as to destroy their identity.

PURSER.—Alas! You speak as if time had intermitted his work of change during the ten years of my expatriation! Strangely painful was the sensation which I experienced, as one by one, nine ancient chums came under my ken. I had expected to have met them exhibiting the physical attributes which they had worn at our parting, making no allowance for the tear and wear of the tenth instalment of a century!

LAIRD.—On second thoughts, I think I'll just keep my bit handfu' o' wheat, and gie up a' notion o' my jaunt to Melrose! When I lie meditating in my bed o' a morning, I can bring to mind every tree, and cottage, and burn, and know within sax miles o' the Abbey, just as I saw them thirty years ago. At this blessed moment I find in my mental nose, the delicious smell o' the celery, and parsley, and apple-ree, and sweet breer coming frae the minister's garden, after a balmy summer shower! Na, na! Catch Bonnie Braes ganging hame to see, aiblins, that garden intersected by a misbegotten railroad! Whaur wud be my genial and sunny day-dreams then?

DOCTOR.—Pray, Mr. Stobe, what do the people at home think about the conduct of the late administration in reference to the management of the Crimean war?

PURSER.—So far as my observation extended, but one opinion prevailed, and that is, that Lord Aberdeen and his official conferees had made themselves amenable to impeachment.

MAJOR.—Such is my own view of the case, and Britain, most assuredly, will not rest satisfied without a searching and sternly-impartial investigation into the doings of the ex-Ministers.

LAIRD.—If I was on their jury, confound me if I wadna let them hae a taste o' *Jeddart justice*! I wud chap aff their heads, and then tak' my ain time to try the loons!

MAJOR.—One is unwilling to cherish the idea of *treason*, but really, when we consider the state of our troops compared with those of France, it is difficult to conceive of an intermediate stage between treason and utter demerit! If the ex-Premier be not a fitting subject for Tower Hill, most assuredly he should rusticate for the remainder of his days in St. Luke's Hospital!

PURSER.—Delighted am I to find that in "this Canada" the enthusiastic *favor* which the Patriotic Fund has evoked, is equal to that which prevails at home.

MAJOR.—Yes! Our lads have demonstrated that they are veritable chips of the old block. The "Satanic dozen" of Annexationists, who still drag out a feeble existence in the Province, are pestilently chopfallen to witness the copiousness with which contributions pour in from every quarter of Canada. Tories, Conservatives, Coalitionists, and Clear Grits are all setting their shoulders harmoniously to the common wheel; and the *tottle*, as ancient Josephus Hume hath it, will doubtless be most creditable.

LAIRD.—Hae ony of you read Grace Greenwood's production, entitled, *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*.

DOCTOR.—Not I, for one. Is it worth anything?

LAIRD.—There is na' muckle substance about it, but still ye might get waur diversion for an idle half hour or sae.

MAJOR.—Pray tip us a swatch of Miss Grace's experiences.

LAIRD.—Wi' a' my heart. Here are a wheen sketches o' notabilities that she met wi' in England.

MR. DISRAELI.

"Yesterday Mr. Cobden did me the kindness to show me the Houses of Parliament. He first introduced me into the gallery of the House of Commons, behind that Turkish barbarism, the lattice-work screen, where I beheld, 'as through a glass darkly,' a few scattered M.P.'s—some sitting bolt upright, some lounging on long green benches, leisurely legislating with their hats on. The speaking was brief, conversational, and common-place. Mr. Disraeli spoke for about a quarter of an hour on the affair of the expulsion of the missionaries from Austria. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a look decidedly and darkly Hebraic. When I say this, I must confess that I have in my eye the modern Abraham, who lends money to fast young men with handsome expectations, or the modern Moses, who presides at the pawnbroker's counter, rather than the faithful patriarch of old, or the wise lawgiver, leader, and feeder of Israel. The face wears to me no high character,

but is cold, politic, and subtle in expression. I could only see the sentimental exquisite who penned 'Henrietta Temple' in the dainty waistcoat and spiral black curls of the Chancellor."

MR. COBDEN.

"In the evening I took tea quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, to whom I had brought letters. Richard Cobden I found to be, personally, all that his noble political course, and high-toned eloquence had led me to expect. He is most kindly and affable in manner, converses earnestly and thoughtfully, though with occasional flashes of humour and nice touches of satire. He seems full of life and energy, and will, I trust, yet answer all the great hopes the people have reposed in him."

BARRY CORNWALL.

"I found this prince of song-writers a most agreeable person, a little shy and reserved at first, but truly genial and kindly at heart, and with a vein of quaint humour running through his quiet, low-toned talk."

CHARLES DICKENS.

"He is rather slight, with a fine symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humour. Yet, for all the power and beauty of those eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for those on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting-paper, and the last written pages of 'Bleak House.'"

A PARTY AT CHARLES DICKENS'S.

"Next to me at a table sat Walter Savage Landor—a glorious old man, full of fine poetic thought and generous enthusiasm for liberty. Opposite sat Charles Kemble and his daughter Adelaide, Madam Satoris. At the other end of the table were Herr Devrient, the great German actor, Barry Cornwall and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Basil Montague. Charles Kemble is a grand-looking old man, animated and agreeable in conversation, and preserving to a wonderful degree his enthusiasm for a profession around which he and his have thrown so much of glory. In Adelaide Satoris you recognise at a glance one of that royal family of Kemble, born to rule, with a power and a splendour unsurpassable, the realm of tragic art. Herr Devrient is a handsome Hamlet-ish man, with a melancholy refinement of voice, face, and manner, touching and poetic to a degree, though not quite the thing for a pleasant evening party."

DOCTOR.—With all due deference to Grace Greenwood, I think she might have been better employed than in jotting down and publishing the peculiarities of parties who admitted her into the sanctum of their dwellings.

MAJOR.—I perfectly agree with you; but people in England who have any pretensions to society, now make up their minds to be

"printed," whenever they are visited by a denizen of Dollardon. It is quite common, as I hear, for an author or artist to warn his family to be upon their guard that evening, because he expects a visitation from Mr. Jonathan Timbertnutmeg of Boston, or Miss Cordellia Minerva Pantalette of New York!

LAIRD.—A Welsh laddie, that I hae in my employment the noo, was deavin' the very life oot o' me yesterday for a leek to wear in his cap on the 1st. o' March, being Saint David's day. The creature could na tell me the meaning o' sic a custom. Can ony of you gie me some illumination anent the matter?

DOCTOR.—Walpole, in that curious work entitled the British Traveller, informs us that "in the days of King Arthur, St. David won a great victory over the Saxons, having ordered every one of his soldiers to place a leek in his cap, for the sake of distinction." The author adds, that "in memory whereof, the Welsh to this day wear a leek on the first day of March."

MAJOR.—The English court at one time practiced this usage. In the *Flying Post*, a London journal published in 1699, we find the following paragraph;—"Yesterday, being Saint David's day, the King, according to custom, wore a leek in honour of the ancient Britons, the same being presented to him by the serjeant-porter, whose place it is, and for which he claims the clothes which his Majesty wore that day. The courtiers, in imitation of his Majesty, wore leeks likewise."

LAIRD.—If I had been the King, honest man, I wud hae taken special care to wale oot the auldest pair o' breeks I had, to sport on that ernal. Catch me sacrificing my best claes, for the best saint in the calendar!

DOCTOR.—It would appear that there were other observances practiced in London upon the anniversary in question, not peculiarly complimentary to Cambria. From the following lines in Poor Robin's Almanac for 1757, we learn that on that occasion a Welshman used to be suspended in effigy by the Cockneys:—

"But it would make a stranger laugh
To see th' English hang poor Talf:
A pair of breeches and a coat,
Hats, shoes, and stockings, and what not,
All stuffed with hay to represent
The Cambrian hero thereby meant:
With sword sometimes three inches broad,
And other armour made of wood,
They drag hur to some publick tree,
And hang hur up in effigy."

MAJOR.—Since we have got into an anti-quarian vein, I may read you an extract from

Pepys his Diary, illustrative of the last-mentioned mocratic high jink:—

“In Mark Lane I do observe, (it being St. David's Day,) the picture of a man dressed like a Welshman, hanging by the neck, upon one of the poles, that stand out at the top of one of the merchant's houses in full proportion, and very handsomely done, which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while.”

DOCTOR.—I had almost forgotten, Major, to inquire your opinion concerning the *Life of P. T. Barnum*. You have read it I presume like the rest of us?

LAIRD.—‘Speak for yourself, honest man! Blate would I be, for aye, to confess that I had sae muckle as touched the clatty trash wi a pair o’ tangs!

MAJOR.—Even at the risk of incurring the excommunication of Bonnie Braes, I must admit that not merely have I perused the affair, but enjoyed it exceedingly.

LAIRD.—Heard ever ony body the like o’ that? Do ye ken what the New York *Albion* says about the affair?

MAJOR.—Not I.

LAIRD.—Listen then wi’ baith your lugs.—The *Albion* says that it is “the most contemptible book of the season—unless indeed the immorality of which it is the setter forth, entitle it to more emphatic condemnation.” What say ye to that neighbour?

MAJOR.—Simply this, that as the *Albion* is not my literary Pope, I am under no obligation to swallow his Bulls! Barnum is neither more nor less than a showman—or mountebank, if you like that word better. He makes no pretension to any higher status in the social circle. Now what man of sound common sense ever expected of the Merry Andrew fraternity to warrant the truthfulness of every marvel which they produced for public delectation? Nay more, would the public feel obliged to the Jack Pudding who evinced such an “outrageous virtue?” I trow not! When a fellow enters a show, it is for the purpose of being amused, and if his wonder or mirth be excited he deems that he has got full value for his Yorker.

LAIRD.—Listen to the auld Jeezoocet!

MAJOR.—In the work before us, Barnum simply details the expedients to which he resorted in order to tickle the fancies of the *hoi polloi*. Just so might our necromantic friend Dugald Macallister, reveal the process by which he translated watches into rabbits, or

gloves into pancakes. Who would have the folly to accuse Dugald of “immorality,” because he confessed that he had cheated his patrons? I lack all patience for such emaculated idiocy, whether evidenced by the *Albion* or—

LAIRD.—Your humble, obedient servant to command!

MAJOR.—Oh!—Of course the present company is always excepted!

LAIRD.—Humph!

DOCTOR.—Thoroughly do I homologate your verdict, Crabtree. I have seen books puffed in the *Albion* which were as complete shams as Barnum's Fejee Mermaid. The *Albion*, however was not “immoral” in so acting! Oh no!

LAIRD.—Sic a graceless pair o’ sophisters I never met wi’ in a’ my born days!

MAJOR.—The showman narrates his adventures with much effect. He is a fellow of infinite jest, possessing a keen perception of the ludicrous, and, when occasion offers, laughs as heartily at himself as at other times at his dupes. I speak advisedly when I assert that a more amusing book of its class is not to be met with in the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

LAIRD.—The sooner that you get a stance on the cutty stool, the better!

DOCTOR.—Perchance if our “*unco guid*” gossip heard a passage or two of the “composure,” he might see cause to modify his opinion.

LAIRD.—Read awa’, if ye feel sae inclined, till the chap o’ twull, but confound me if I diinna’ keep my fingers in my lugs!

MAJOR.—I have just turned up, at hap hazard, a droll incident bearing upon the beard movement, which I shall recite.

Danbury and Bethel were and still are manufacturing villages. Hats and combs were the principal articles of manufacture. The hatters and comb-makers had occasion to go to New-York every spring and fall, and they generally managed to go in parties, frequently taking in a few “outsiders” who merely wished to visit the city for the fun of the thing. They usually took passage on board a sloop at Norwalk, and the length of their passage depended entirely upon the state of the wind. Sometimes the run would be made in eight hours, and at other times nearly as many days were required. It however made little difference with the passengers. They went in for “a sprec,” and were sure to have a jolly time whether on land or water. They were all fond of practical jokes, and before starting, they usually entered into a solemn compact, that any man who got angry at a practical joke should forfeit and pay the sum of twenty dollars. This agreement frequently saved much trouble, for occa-

sionally an unexpected and rather severe trick would be played off, and sadly chafe the temper of the victim.

Upon one of these occasions a party of fourteen men started from Bethel on a Monday morning for New-York. Among the number were my grandfather, Capt. Noah Ferry, Benjamin Hoyt, Esq., Uncle Samuel Taylor, (as he was called by everybody,) Eleazer Taylor, and Charles Dart. Most of these were proverbial jokers, and it was doubly necessary to adopt the stipulation in regard to the control of temper. It was therefore done in writing, duly signed.

They arrived at Norwalk Monday afternoon. The sloop set sail the same evening, with a fair prospect of reaching New-York early the next morning. Several strangers took passage at Norwalk, among the rest a clergyman. He soon found himself in jolly company, and attempted to keep aloof. But they informed him it was no use, they expected to reach New-York the next morning, and were determined to "make a night of it," so he might as well render himself agreeable, for sleep was out of the question. His "Reverence" remonstrated at first, and talked about "his rights," but he soon learned that he was in a company where the rights of "the majority" were in the ascendant; so he put a smooth face upon affairs, and making up his mind not to retire that night, he soon engaged in conversation with several of his fellow passengers.

The clergyman was a slim spare man, standing over six feet high in his stockings, light complexion, sandy hair, and wearing a huge pair of reddish-brown whiskers. Some of the passengers joked him upon the superfluity of hair upon his face, but he replied that nature had placed it there, and although he thought proper, in accordance with modern custom, to shave off a portion of his beard, he considered it neither unmanly nor unclerical to wear whiskers. It seemed to be conceded that the clergyman had the best of the argument, and the subject was changed.

Expectation of a speedy run to New-York was most sadly disappointed. The vessel appeared scarcely to move, and through long weary hours of day and night, there was not a ripple on the surface of the water. Nevertheless there was merriment on board the sloop, each voyager contributing good-humour to beguile the tediousness of time.

Friday morning came, but the calm continued. Five days from home, and no prospect of reaching New-York! We may judge the appearance of the beards of the passenger. There was but one razor in the company; it was owned by my grandfather—and he refused to use it, or to suffer it to be used. "We shall all be shaved in New-York," said he.

On Saturday morning "all hands" appeared upon deck—and the sloop was becalmed opposite Swipotts! (now Port Chester.)

This tried the patience of the passengers sadly.

"I expected to start for home to-day," said one.

"I supposed all my combs would have been sold at auction on Wednesday, and yet here they are on board," said another.

"I intended to have sold my hats surely this week, for I have a note to pay in New-Haven on Monday," added a third.

"I have an appointment to preach in New-York this evening and to-morrow," said the clergyman, whose huge sandy whiskers overshadowed a face now completely covered with a bright red beard a quarter of an inch long.

"Well, there is no use crying, gentlemen," replied the captain; "it is lucky for us that we have chickens and eggs on freight, or we might have to be put upon allowance."

After breakfast the passengers, who now began to look like barbarians, again solicited the loan of my grandfather's razor.

"No, Gentleman," he replied; "I insist that shaving is unhealthy and contrary to nature, and I am determined neither to shave myself nor loan my razor until we reach New-York."

Night came, and yet no wind. Sunday morning found them in the same position. Their patience was well nigh exhausted, but after breakfast a slight ripple appeared. It gradually increased, and the passengers were soon delighted in seeing the anchor weighed and the sails again set. The sloop glided finely through the water, and smiles of satisfaction forced themselves through the swamp of bristles which covered the faces of the passengers.

"What time shall we reach New-York if this breeze continues?" was the anxious inquiry of half a dozen passengers.

"About two o'clock this afternoon," replied the good-natured captain, who now felt assured that no calm would further blight his prospects. "Alas! that will be too late to get shaved," exclaimed several voices—"the barber shops close at twelve."

"And I shall barely be in time to preach my afternoon sermon," responded the red-bearded clergyman. "Mr. Taylor, do be so kind as to loan me your shaving utensils," he continued, addressing my grandfather.

The old gentleman then went to his trunk, and unlocking it, he drew forth his razor, lather-box and strop. The passengers pressed around him as all were now doubly anxious for a chance to shave themselves.

"Now, gentlemen," said my grandfather, "I will be fair with you. I did not intend to lend my razor, but as we shall arrive too late for the barbers, you shall all use it. But it is evident we cannot all have time to be shaved with one razor before we reach New-York, and as it would be hard for half of us to walk on shore with clean faces, and leave the rest on board waiting for their turn to shave themselves, I have hit upon a plan which I am sure you will all say is just and equitable."

"What is it?" was the anxious inquiry.

"It is that each man shall shave one half of his face, and pass the razor over to the next, and when we are all half shaved we shall go on in rotation and shave the other half."

They all agreed to this except the clergyman. He objected to appearing so ridiculous upon the Lord's day, whereupon several declared that any man with such enormous reddish whiskers must necessarily always look ridiculous, and they insisted that if the clergyman used the razor at all he should shave off his whiskers.

My grandfather assented to this proposal, and said: "Now, gentlemen, as I own the razor, I will begin, and as our reverend friend is in a hurry he shall be next—but off shall come one of his whiskers on the first turn, or he positively shall not use my razor at all."

The clergyman seeing there was no use in parleying, reluctantly agreed to the proposition.

In the course of ten minutes one side of my grandfather's face and chin, in a straight line from the middle of his nose, was shaved as close as the back of his hand, while the other looked like a thick brush fence in a country swamp. The passengers burst into a roar of laughter in which the clergyman irresistibly joined, and my grandfather handed the razor to the clerical gentleman.

The clergyman had already well lathered one half of his face and passed the brush to the next customer. In a short time the razor had performed its work, and the clergyman was denuded of one whisker. The left side of his face was as naked as that of an infant, while from the other cheek four inches of a huge red whisker stood out in powerful contrast. Nothing more ludicrous could well be conceived. A deafening burst of laughter ensued, and the poor clergyman slunk quietly away to wait an hour until his turn should arrive to shave the other portion of his face.

The next man went through the same operation, and all the rest followed; a new laugh breaking forth as each customer handed over the razor to the next in turn. In the course of an hour and a quarter every passenger on board was half shaved. It was then proposed that all should go upon deck and take a drink before operations were commenced on the other side of their faces. When they all gathered upon the deck the scene was most ludicrous. The whole party burst again into loud merriment, each man being convulsed by the ridiculous appearance of the rest.

"Now, gentlemen," said my grandfather, "I will go into the cabin and shave off the other side. You can all remain on deck. As soon as I have finished I will come up and give the clergyman the next chance."

"You must hurry or you will not all be finished when we arrive," remarked the captain, for we shall touch Peck Slip wharf in half an hour."

My grandfather entered the cabin, and in ten minutes he appeared upon deck razor in hand. He was smoothly shaved.

"Now," said the clergyman, "it is my turn."

"Certainly," said my grandfather. "You are next, but wait a moment, let me draw the razor across the strop once or twice."

Putting his foot upon the side rail of the deck and placing one end of the strop upon his leg, he drew the razor several times across it. Then as if by mistake the razor flew from his hand, and dropped into the water! My grandfather with well-feigned surprise exclaimed in a voice of terror, "Good heavens! the razor has fallen overboard!"

Such a picture of consternation as covered one half of all the passengers' faces was never before witnessed. At first they were perfectly silent as if petrified with astonishment. But in a few minutes murmurs began to be heard and soon swelled into exclamations. "An infernal hog!" said one. "The meanest thing I ever knew," remarked another. "He ought to be thrown overboard himself," cried several others; but all remembered that every man who got angry was to pay a fine of twenty dollars, and they did not repeat their remarks. Presently all eyes were turned upon the clergyman. He was the most forlorn picture of despair that could be imagined.

"Oh, that is dreadful!" he drawled in a tone which seemed as if every word broke a heart-string.

This was too much, and the whole crowd broke into another roar. Tranquility was restored! The joke though a hard one, was swallowed. The sloop soon touched the dock. The half-shaved passengers now agreed that my grandfather, who was the only person on board who appeared like a civilized being, should take the lead for the Walton House in Franklin Square, and all the rest should follow in "Indian file." He reminded them that they would excite much attention in the streets, and enjoined them not to smile. They agreed, and away they started. They attracted a crowd of persons before they reached the corner of Pearl street and Peck Slip, but they all marched with as much solemnity as if they were going to the grave. The door of the Walton House was open. Old Backus the landlord was quietly enjoying his cigar, while a dozen or two persons were engaged in reading the papers, etc. In marched the file of nondescripts with the rabble at their heels. Mr. Backus and his customers started to their feet in astonishment. My grandfather marched solemnly up to the bar—the passengers followed and formed double rows behind him. "Santa Cruz rum for nineteen," exclaimed my grandfather to the barkeeper. The astonished liquor-seller produced bottles and tumblers in double quick time, and when Backus discovered that the nondescripts were old friends and customers, he was excited to uncontrollable merriment.

"What in the name of decency has happened," he exclaimed, "that you should all appear here half shaved?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Backus," said my

grandfather, with apparent seriousness. "These gentlemen choose to wear their beards according to the prevailing fashion in the place they came from, and I think it is very hard that they should be stared at and insulted by you Yorkers because *your* fashion happens to differ a trifle from theirs."

Backus half believed my grandfather in earnest, and the by-standers were quite convinced such was the fact, for not a smile appeared upon one of the half-shaved countenances.

After sitting a few minutes the passengers were shown to their rooms, and at tea-time every man appeared at the table precisely as they came from the sloop. The ladies looked astonished, the waiters winked and laughed, but the subjects of this merriment were as grave as judges. In the evening they maintained the same gravity in the bar-room, and at ten o'clock they retired to bed with all due solemnity. In the morning, however, bright and early, they were in the barber's shop undergoing an operation that soon placed them upon a footing with the rest of mankind.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the clergyman did not appear in that singular procession of Sunday afternoon. He tied a handkerchief over his face, and taking his valise in his hand, started for Market street, where it is presumed he found a good brother and a good razor in season to fill his appointment.

LAIRD.—Haw, haw, haw! Ho, ho, ho! Hi, hi, hi!

DOCTOR.—Why Bonnie Braes, I thought that the vents of your ears had been inexorably closed against every thing in the shape of *Bar-nu-mania*?

LAIRD.—Just mind your ain business and rax me the tobacco! In for a penny in for a pound! Let us hae anither taste o' the forbidden fruit!

MAJOR.—It must be brief then, as the night is rapidly absconding. Listen to this story of diamond cut diamond.

"What is the price of razor strops?" inquired my grandfather of a pedler, whose wagon, loaded with Yankee notions, stood in front of our store.

"A dollar each for Pomeroy's strops," responded the itinerant merchant.

"A dollar apiece!" exclaimed my grandfather; "they'll be sold for half the money before the year is out."

"If one of Pomeroy's strops is sold for fifty cents within a year, I'll make you a present of one," replied the pedler.

"I'll purchase one on those conditions. Now, Ben, I call you to witness the contract," said my grandfather, addressing himself to Esquire Hoyt.

"All right," responded Ben.

"Yes," said the pedler, "I'll do as I say, and there's no back-out to me."

My grandfather took the strop, and put it in his side coat pocket. Presently drawing it out, and turning to Esquire Hoyt, he said, "Ben, I don't much like this strop now I have bought it. How much will you give for it?"

"Well, I guess, seeing it's you, I'll give fifty cents," drawled the 'Squire, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, which said that the strop and the pedler were both incontinently sold.

"You can take it. I guess I'll get along with my old one a spell longer," said my grandfather, giving the pedler a knowing look.

The strop changed hands, and the pedler exclaimed, "I acknowledge gentlemen; what's to pay?"

"Treat the company, and confess you are taken in, or else give me a strop," replied my grandfather.

"I never will confess nor treat," said the pedler, "but I'll give you a strop for your wit;" and suiting the action to the word, he handed a second strop to his customer. A hearty laugh ensued, in which the pedler joined.

"Some pretty sharp fellows here in Bethel," said a bystander, addressing the pedler.

"Tolerable, but nothing to brag of," replied the pedler; "I have made seventy-five cents by the operation."

"How is that?" was the inquiry.

"I have received a dollar for two strops which cost me only twelve and a half cents each," replied the pedler; "but having heard of the cute tricks of the Bethel chaps, I thought I would look out for them and fix my prices accordingly. I generally sell these strops at twenty-five cents each, but gentlemen, if you want any more at fifty cents apiece, I shall be happy to supply your whole village."

Our neighbors laughed out of the other side of their mouths, but no more strops were purchased.

LAIRD.—I see twa new parts o' the "*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore,*" lying on the table. Do they show any improvement upon their predecessors, Crabtree?

MAJOR.—Very little, if any. The small editor, Lord John Russell, continues to dole out to a helpless public every thing, good, bad, and indifferent, which the Hibernian Anacron left behind. He appears to have as pestilent a horror of the scissors, as has an adherent of the beard movement to a chin-reaping machine.

LAIRD.—And does Tummas cut any more creditable appearance, than he did in the first parts o' the work?

MAJOR.—Deil a snap! to use your own Doric exclamation. He is as much the crawling, boozing, Lord-adoring, tuft-hunting fribble as ever. Constantly boasting about his independence, the creature smells of flunkysim from

top to toe. As a literary production, the work is profoundly beneath criticism, and is only to be saved from the hands of the common executioner because some few scores of amusing *ana* may be gleaned from its pages.

DOCTOR.—If I had not read the affair, I should have predicated that your fossil Toryism did injustice to the same, because both the author and the hero belonged to the abominated Whig school. Having, however, waded through the dull and frivolous chronicle, I emphatically respond amen to your knouification, and exclaim,—

“———lay on Macduff,
Until wee Johnny sqeaketh—hold! enough!”

LAIRD.—Hae ye picked oot ony raisins, frae this ill-concocted and indigestible ploom-puddin’?

MAJOR.—A few;—and here they are very much at your service:—

GRATTAN.

Grattan, on the night when it was probable the Catholic question would be carried said, “What shall we do? we’ll get very drunk.” Ellis described him, on one night when he spoke, as dragging in with him a large bag, which contained, in the first place, heaps of petitions on the subject, then quantities of orange, and a bottle full of water, which he drank during his speech.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Smith full of comicality and fancy, kept us all in roars of laughter. In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking, “Sir, your observation has caught fire.” Then imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the waterworks being an Unitarian or an Atheist.

DR. BULL.

Mentioned the story of Dr. Bull, the celebrated contrapuntist paying a visit to a foreign composer whom he did not find at home, but saw a piece of music arranged by him for forty parts; Bull sat down and wrote forty more to it; which, when the composer on his return saw, he exclaimed, “This must be either the Devil or Dr. Bull!”

VANSITTART IN A FIX.

Lord L. mentioned the circumstance of Vansittart going to see the Millbank Penitentiary, on a day, as it happened, when the prisoners, who had been long discontented with their bread, meant to take vengeance on the governor by shying their loaves at him. Poor Van. having been recommended to sit down in the governor’s chair, as the best place to see the prison from, was no sooner seated than a

shower of these loaves from all quarters flew about his ears, and almost annihilated him.

WILLIAM III.

Walked with Napier; talked of King William being a coward: quoted Marshal Berwick’s anecdote of the difficulty of finding William during the action, when he, the Marshal, was taken prisoner and they wanted to conduct him to William; and of their at last finding him in a retired valley in such a state (Berwick says) as no general ought to be found in.

SAM. FOOTE.

A witticism of Foote’s: “Why are you for ever humming that air?” “Because it haunts me.” “No wonder, for you are for ever murdering it.”

CONTRAST.

Scott mentioned the contrast in the behaviour of two criminals, whom he had himself seen: the one a woman, who had poisoned her husband in some drink, which she gave him while he was ill; the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon’s surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, “Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?” and stepping behind a tree and killing it. The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added, that this suggested to him the scene in “Marmion.”

MIASMETER.

Talked of the man who wrote a book some time since on the “Malaria of London,” and who, it seems, keeps a person that is particularly liable to ague as a sort of *miasmeter*, wherewith to measure the degree of badness of the air in different parts of London.

HENRY ERSKINE.

Talked of Erskine’s speech in defence of Peter Pindar for a libel against Lord Londale, in which he had compared Lord Lansdale to the devil. Erskine dwelt on the grandeur of the devil as described by Milton, and insisted that it was rather he that should be displeased at being compared to Lord Lansdale. The devil (Lord Lansdowne said) was always a favourite theme with Erskine, and he had once heard him say that he looked upon him as “great celestial statesman out of place!”

BROUGHAM AND CREEVEY.

Creevey very amusing, drawing out Brougham (as he calls him) on his late speech at Liverpool: reminding him of their former time there, when Brougham, he said, was pelted “with precious stones (a man having flung a ring into their carriage) and he with real ones.” Mentioned Brougham having exhausted every topic in his speeches, leaving him (Creevey) nothing to say;

and on Creevey remonstrating with him, B. said, "Oh, well, I shall behave better to-morrow." Accordingly, on the morrow, he took particular pains not to have a single topic connected with the subject untouched, and having fairly picked it to the bone, concluded by saying, "but I ought to apologise for having so long occupied your attention, and the more so as Mr. Creevey, who is to address you after me, has a great deal of new and interesting matter to submit to you."

BARING AND ROGERS.

After dinner, in talking of Peter Coxe the auctioneer, F. Baring said, "Didn't he write some poem about 'Human Life?'" (Rogers was sitting beside him.) There was a dead silence. "No," answered Brougham at last, putting his finger up to his nose with a look of grave malice; "no, it was not Peter Coxe that was the author of 'Human Life.'" B.'s look and voice irresistible, and there was a burst of laughter over the table, in which Rogers himself joined.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE HIGHLANDERS.

Allen remarked to-day on the contempt Scott shows for the Highlanders in his novels; always represents them as shabby fellows. "Quentin Durward," Allen said, is the most gentlemanlike of his heroes.

TRANSMISSION OF INTELLIGENCE.

In talking of the quick transmission of intelligence, Lord L. said the most remarkable instance, perhaps, ever known was that of the news of Buonaparte's coronation being known at Rome twenty-six or eight hours after it occurred. A number of balloons, containing bulletins of the event, were sent up at Paris to take their chance of where they might light, and one of them, falling in with a fair wind for Rome, performed this rapid flight. It lighted, I think he said, at Bolsena, and was from thence dispatched to Rome. Palmella told him the story, and vouched for its truth.

PROFESSOR PORSON

Said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in an argument, "Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I'll be damned if I'll argue with you now that I'm drunk."

NO POET.

Plunket told some things of Scott, when he was at his father's; his painful exhibition in scrambling into St. Kevin's bed. Somebody said to one of the guides who attended him, "Well, ho do you like that gentleman; that's Sir Walter Scott, the great poet." "A poet," answered the fellow, "No, no, the devil a poet he is, but a real gentleman, for he gave me half-a-crown."

RAPPROCHEMENT.

In talking of the close rapprochement which long-lived individuals establish between distant periods of history, he said, as an instance, that he himself had been acquainted with Sir Edward Baynton, who knew Sir Stephen Fox, who had

been on the scaffold with Charles I. I mentioned, as another instance, William Spencer, having, when a boy, played on the sofa with his grandfather Lord Vere, who had done the same thing (played on a sofa), when a boy, with Charles II. Lord L. remarked how curious it was to think that, by this sort of links, the number of persons necessary to carry tradition down from the time of Adam to the present day might all be contained with ease in the room we sat in, calculating them at a rough guess, about seventy persons. As an instance of confusion between history and romance, he mentioned some old lady, who always used to be talking of Sir Charles Grandison, having persuaded herself that she had known him and danced with him when a young girl.

THINKING ALOUD.

[A man once (not very remarkable for agreeableness) proposed to walk from the House of Commons to the Travellers' Club with Lord Dudley, who discussing the proposal mentally (as he thought) with himself, said audibly, "I don't think it will bore me very much to let him walk with me that distance."] On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his carriage from some country house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself, "Now shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town!" It is said that the fellow traveller, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in the same sort of tone, "Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation?"

A DREAM BROKEN.

Before luncheon Mrs. A. whispered to me that there was a lady in her house as governess, who met me many, many years ago, and she knew it would annoy her, if I did not recognize her, she thought it right to prepare me. This was a Mrs. —, whom I saw for one evening (and about half an hour next morning) near five-and-twenty years ago; whom I danced with, sung to, and made love to in that short space of time, and who has been a sort of dream to me ever since. Was sorry to see her again; her beauty was gone; her dress was even prematurely old and mob-cappish, and, in short, I'm sorry we have met again, for she will never be a dream to me any more.

LEGAL CRITICISM.

Mentioned somebody's criticism on the passage in "Henry V.,"—

"And their executors, the knavish crows
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour."
[Act iv. sc. 2.]

that Shakespeare must have meant *legatees*, as executors get nothing by it. The judge answering to a barrister, who queted "A deed without a name," "Void on the face of it."

A GHOST STORY.

This introduced ghost stories, and Tierney told one, rather good, about the two rival lovers of a young lady being seen going into a wood, in some dreary part of England, accompanied by the servant of one of them; the favoured

lover found dead, professedly in a duel; the survivor (Mr. Baker) ingratiating himself afterwards with the young lady, and (the surprise being, that he, who was no swordsman should have gained the battle of the other, who was an expert one) confessing to her that he had murdered his rival; and that he had gone to a fencing-master, who in a few lessons had taught him a trick, by which he might seize his antagonist's arm and dispatch him. The girl marrying Mr. Baker; his being haunted by some phantom unseen to all but himself, and wasting away; had told her of the dreadful look of his antagonist in grasping the arm that was about to dispatch him, and now for ever complained of a deadly pain in that arm. At last, as if something irresistible urged him going alone into the wood where the deed had been committed, and never being seen afterwards. I ought to have mentioned that, during the whole of this time, he was visited occasionally by a person muffled up, whose coming he seemed to dread, and who always left him agitated when he departed. It was supposed that this was the servant who accompanied him into the wood at the time of the pretended duel, and that they both overpowered and murdered the other.

ANOTHER BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Scott proceeded to tell a story of Mrs. Hook, the wife of Dr. Hook, who wrote the "Roman History," "it being as well," he said, to have some real person to fix one's story on." Mrs. Hook becoming acquainted and intimate with a foreign lady, a widow, at Bath; their resolving to live together on their return to London. Mrs. Hook, on coming down stairs one day at this lady's lodgings, meeting a foreign officer on the stairs, saying to her friend next day. "You had a visitor yesterday?" the other answering "No; she had seen no one since Mrs. Hook left her." Mrs. H. thinking this odd; going another day into her friend's dressing-room by mistake, and seeing the same officer there alone, stretched on the sofa. Being now sure there was something not right, determined to mention it to the lady, who, at first, said it was impossible, but on hearing a description of how the officer was dressed, fainted. Mrs. Hook convinced that it was some improper *liaison* she was carrying on, determined gradually to give up her acquaintance. The foreign lady soon after was preparing to go to London, and Mrs. Hook being in the room when her maid was packing (the lady herself not being present), saw a miniature case fall out of the portmanteau, and taking it up and opening it, saw the portrait of the very person whom she had met on the stairs. "That," said the maid, "is the picture of my mistress's husband." "Her husband!" "Yes," answered the maid, "he died a short time before we left Germany." In a few weeks afterwards there arrived an order in England to have this foreign lady arrested on a charge of murdering her husband.

FIRST LOVE.

Pearce's account of Lord Stowell and Capt.

Morris; the former saying to the latter (both being of the same age, eighty-five), "What is it keeps you so young Morris!" "It is all owing (says M.) to my having fallen violently in love at sixteen, and that has kept my heart warm and fresh ever since. I have married in the interim, but never forgot the impression of that first love, though the girl never knew I felt it for her." Lord Stowell pleaded guilty to the same sort of youthful passion, and it turned out, on comparing notes, that it was for the very same girl, who was a celebrated beauty in their young days in the town of Carlisle where they both lived. On coming to inquire what had become of this common object of their admiration (whom Morris supposed to have been long dead), it appeared that she too was still alive, and also in her eighty-fifth year, having changed her name from "Molly Dacre," under which they first knew her, and being now a widow.

Lady Clarke, upon being informed of her two old lovers (for, I believe, the first time), wrote a letter to one or both very playfully and cleverly expressed.

MATERIALS FOR WHIGS.

About a hundred sat down, all good Whigs, I took for granted; good materials for Whigs, certainly, being chiefly dissenters, unitarians, Nottingham editors. &c. &c.

POLITE EPITAPH.

Lord Ashburnham quoted an epitaph he had met with in a churchyard, and which he said "contained poetry, piety, and politeness." The following are the lines:

"You who stand around my grave,
And say, 'His life is gone';
You are mistaken—*parolon me*—
My life is but begun."

LAIRD.—Is it true that the stano model o' Brock's monument, is to be sent a' the way to Paris, as a swatch and sample o' Canadian art?

DOCTOR.—Sorely do I fear that there is no un-
veracity in the rumour!

LAIRD.—Weel! weel! after that ony thing! What will the Monzies think o' huz? Beyond a' dubitation we will be set doon as a drove o' uncivilized stots, without the slightest idea either of the picturesque, or of common propriety. Why, the committee might just as reasonably have lifted the auld shanty at the side o' my hoose, and transmitted it to the French capitol, as an illustration o' oor rural architecture.

MAJOR.—It is a redeeming mercy that Paul Kane's fine pictures, have not been rejected by the "inquest of taste." He is almost the only artist, in the proper sense of the word, that Canada boasts of, and I cherish strong hopes that he is destined at once to immortalize himself, and do honour to the land of his nativity.



FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.

TEMPERANCE AND THE VINE.

The total abstinence advocates have not exclusively enjoyed the satisfaction of desiring to diminish the use of spirituous liquors among our people. Many good men have anxiously cast about to discover some mode of attaining this good end, without resorting to the doubtful process of legal enactments and penalties. The gratification, however, derived by mankind in general in fluids somewhat more stimulating than cold spring water, seems so natural to man, on social and festive occasions certainly, and if we note the evident relish with which even infants partake of them, not limited to such occasions, as to render it extremely uncertain if strong liquors can ever be banished, or rendered unpalatable and unwished for, save by the substitution of some such healthful, pleasant, but slightly-stimulating beverage, as we find in the pure blood of the grape. Chemical analysis has shown us that this fluid is but slightly stimulating, sufficiently so, nevertheless, to make glad the heart of man, since in its pure condition it contains only from seven to twelve percent. of alcohol. In a very excellent publication before us, entitled "The Culture of the Grape and Wine-making," by Robt. Buchanan, Esq., of Cincinnati, State of Ohio, a work which has afforded us much pleasure as well as information, we find the following statement:— "We have long been of opinion, that the best remedy against the love of strong drinks, a besetting sin with the Anglo-Saxon race, is the free use of pure wine. It is a remarkable fact that in the wine districts of Europe, the people are comparatively free from the brutal habit of intoxication. Among the rural population of France, Italy, and Spain, the wholesome light wines in common use are considered as essential

to the table as bread and meat. The same may be said of all classes. We have heard it remarked in derision, that give a man of this class a piece of bread, a few dry figs, a little sweet oil, and a bottle of claret, and he will feast like a lord and be happy. This mode of living is coeval with the introduction of the vine and olives of those countries. A modern temperance reformer would probably obtain new and valuable ideas upon the subject by visiting Havannah. There a temperance society, except by American newspapers, was never heard of. Yet in a population of nearly 20,000 souls, it is a rare thing to hear of a Creole or Spaniard, who is in the habit of using distilled spirits. In regard to wines, however, especially claret and Sauterne, all classes make free use of them at every meal." Again, "The pure juice of the grape is an innocent beverage, grateful to our senses, and nourishing to our system. In every country where wine has been produced in abundance, intemperance is scarcely known."

Frequently have we heard an intelligent Scotch gentleman say that while French clarets were admitted into Scotland nearly or quite free of duty, they were cheap and in general request; but that, upon the imposition of a heavy tax, they were necessarily so enhanced in price, as to place them beyond reach of the multitude, who were thus led to the manufacture and consumption of whisky to an appalling extent.

The agitation of the total abstinence movement, by calling special attention to the prevalence of intemperance from the free use of strong liquors among all ranks in the United States, gave a great impulse to the culture of the vine for wine in that country, both because many good, but not extreme men, longed with equal ardency hugely to lessen the use of alcoholic drinks, and because the movement itself

prepared the way, by changing the tastes of the people, for the introduction of a light, pure *native* wine. It gave an impulse to it, but did not create the vineyard culture of the grape there. In various parts of the Union attempts had been previously made. At Vevay, State of Indiana, also at Philadelphia and Brooklyn, the *foreign* varieties were planted, with the hope of their proving adapted to a climate in which the peach was so easily and abundantly produced. But the hope proved vain. A Mr. Loubat, from France, planted forty acres with 150,000 vines, but failed. Mr. Longworth, to whom the American cultivators of the grape freely acknowledge their vast indebtedness, and who has, through many years, and with a great expenditure of money, strove to perfect the vine culture, tells us "that a long while since he obtained a large variety of French grapes that were brought from the vicinity of Paris and Bordeaux. From Madeira he also obtained 6000 vines of their best wine grapes. Not one was found worthy of cultivation, and were rooted from the vineyards. As a last experiment, he imported 7000 vines from the mountains of the Jura, in the vicinity of Salins, in France. But after a trial of five years all have been thrown away." We have since learned, from other sources, that he has at last found one grape adapted to the climate of Ohio, and not likely to mildew—the Red Traminer, called also the Delaware, a much esteemed wine grape from the River Maine.

The total failure of the foreign varieties at that time did not induce the abandonment of the object. These men were not to be discouraged. Before narrating their further efforts, however, let us observe, that the Government of the United States, with true paternal care, desirous of encouraging the cultivation of the vine, and the making of wine, made extensive grants of the public lands for this patriotic service, to some of the distinguished exiles from France, who chose Greene County, in the then territory of Alabama, as being the most promising climate for the grape. They planted a small colony of cultivators, who brought out numerous varieties of their favourite vines; but after great labour and perseverance, they were compelled to relinquish it in despair. This conduct of the American is in strange contrast with that of some of the ancient and modern European governments. A late writer, M. Thiebaut de Berneaud, says that from the first appearance of the vine in France, it spread with great rapidity,

so strikingly so, as to excite the jealousy of Rome. In A.D. 82, the ferocious Domitian, under pretence of preventing the recurrence of famine, decreed that the vineyards should be turned into wheat fields; and so rigorously was the decree executed, that the inhabitants were obliged to resort to beer made from roots. The decree continued in force nearly two centuries, until A.D. 282, indeed, when Probus restored the cultivation. A long festival of rejoicing was held by the people, who renewed the vine culture with the utmost alacrity.

In 1556 the vines were again prohibited throughout France, on the ground of their monopoly of the earth and the labour from more important tillage. After eleven years the law was revoked, and the vine once more allowed a free growth. About the beginning of the eighteenth century another attempt was made at restriction; and it was not until the Revolution of 1789 that every owner of the soil was allowed to improve it in his own way, but since then the prosperity of the vine cultivation in France, has added immeasurably to the happiness and wealth of the people.

But to return from this digression, which has not, we trust been without its interest to the reader. On the total failure of European grapes, in open culture, attention was immediately turned to the native grapes. Two sorts seem to have come rapidly into favour.

The Cape, Alexander, or Schulykile grape was first employed. It is a native of Pennsylvania. A very hardy variety, which makes a good wine, resembling claret. But the grand favorite of the Ohio, now known as the "Rhine" of America, is the Catawba. This has had as yet no rival there. It makes a fine wine, varying from a clear water color to a straw colour and pink; of a fine fruity aroma; makes an excellent champagne, and a good dry hock. It seems that Major Adlum of Georgia first introduced this grape, and in so doing he remarked that he was rendering his country a greater service than had he paid off the national debt.

Wild and extravagant as this assertion may sound in the ears of those who are not acquainted with the present and prospective spread of this important branch of horticulture, it is likely to prove no more than the words of truth and soberness.

Within a circle of twenty miles around the city of Cincinnati, there are in vine cultivation

already 1200 acres, in charge of 295 proprietors and tenants, yielding 500,000 gallons.

When it is remembered that this great interest is of recent creation, and that the instance above quoted is only one of several, vineyards being found also in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana, and New York, it may well be said that the production of wine in the Union has become a great and unquestionable fact.

But what, our readers ask, is the character of this wine? In answer, we may say that the following is the opinion of one whom we would deem likely to be a good judge:—"The natural wine which the Catawba makes is a genuine hock—a wine so much like the ordinary wines of the Rhine, that we could put three bottles of the former among a dozen of the latter, and it would puzzle the nicest connoisseur to select them by either color or flavor. In other words, the Catawba wine (made as it is on the Ohio, made without adding either alcohol or sugar) is a pleasant light hock, a little stronger than Rhine wine, but still far lighter and purer than 19-20ths of the wines that find their way to this country. Its subacid flavour renders it especially grateful as a summer drink in so hot a climate as ours; and the wholesomeness of the Rhine wine no one will deny.

In the culture of the Catawba and other American varieties in the vineyard, there appears to be no special difficulty; still, it was doubtless a wise precaution in Mr. Longworth and other gentlemen, at the outset, to import German vignerons, who were familiar from their youth up with the processes of wine-making: as well as of cultivation. These people also had an additional advantage over other people, in being able to cultivate the grape to greater profit. As for the most part the work of the vineyard is performed by their wives and daughters, without interfering with household affairs, the expenditure for hired labour, which would otherwise be necessary, is saved to them.

Our readers will peruse with some feeling the account given of Mr. Longworth's oldest vinedresser, Father Ammen. He was, says Mr. L., a worthy old man, who some twelve years since lost his wife, and deeply regretted his loss. He assured me, with tears in his eyes, "she was just so good in the vineyard as one man, and he might just so well have lost his horse." He got a second wife, but she proved of hasty temper. After being my tenant ten years, he was ruined by selling his share of the crop for 800 dollars.

He cleared out, went to the north part of the State, bought land, and planted a vineyard. The location was too far north. His vines were killed, and he came back a poor man, and began a new vineyard on a farm of mine. This year his vineyard came into bearing, and the old man's heart rejoiced to think that he should again be able to sit under the shade of his favorite tree, and enliven his heart with wine of his own making. But alas! the rot came and blasted his prospects. He became dispirited, which the cholera discovering, a few days since seized its victim. He was taken to the house of his son-in-law (for he lived alone, and I could not prevail on him to take a *Frau* for the third time), when they urged him to take medicine, but he refused. He was told that if he did not, in a few hours he must die. 'What I care,' said the old man, 'I take none. What I want to live for? My grapes all rotten.' A few hours and he was no more. Peace to his ashes!"

But hasten we on to glance at the profits and to describe the *modus operandi* of this new source of national wealth, and regenerator of national morals. The vines are planted at varying distances—3 feet by 6, 3 by 5, 3 by 7, and 4 by 8. At the first-mentioned distance 2420 vines are planted in an acre. A probable average for a ten years would be about 250 gallons of wine to the acre. But in some specially favourable seasons the yield is enormous. For instance, from a letter now lying before us, from Mr. Buchanan, we learn that in the year 1853 he obtained, from five acres, a yield of 4236 gallons, or 847 gallons per acre. Mr. B. may well assure us, as he does, that he has found it both a "pleasant and a profitable hobby."

No plant in cultivation requires a more simple treatment than the grape. Where the aspect and soil are favourable, there it may be grown with perfect ease. Preference is generally given to a south-eastern aspect in our climate, and the soil deemed most suitable is a dry limy loam, with a subsoil not retentive of moisture. It is prepared by deep trenching either with the subsoil plough or spade. Cuttings are planted, which usually give a large return in the fourth year.

The pruning of the vines is an operation of much importance to their large production. We cannot now enter into particulars, but the following cut will give a clear idea of the manner of pruning and training at different periods:

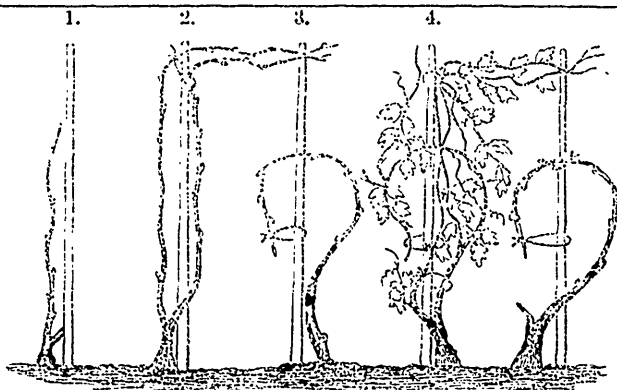


Fig. 1—The Vine second year before pruning.

Fig. 2— “ third.

Fig. 3— “ fourth—pruned.

Fig. 4— “ fourth—summer training.

There are many other items which we should gladly communicate, but must be content to urge such of our readers as may attempt the grape culture, to consult the truly excellent work of Mr. Buchanan, and to indicate, for their sakes, the sorts most likely to be successful in our climate, as well as the grounds we have for the assurance that among us the vineyard culture of the grape for wine will yet succeed.

Firstly, then, for our application must be brief, we have a long stretch of fertile land, shielded from late spring and early autumnal frosts, by our great lakes. The influence of these great bodies of fresh water in moderating the climate is very great.

Secondly, In Europe vineyards are found profitable as far as 54° of north latitude; surely it will be so 10° further south on this continent, that is, up to 44°, in favourable situations.

Thirdly, There are three varieties at present that may be confidently recommended—the Cape or Alexander, the Clinton, and the Isabella. The first named has long been tried; the second and the third have also been tried: but to speak fully, more general experience of the amount of saccharine matter in their “must” is desirable.

Fourthly, For our encouragement we have to remember that the grape, far more than any other plant, is susceptible of an almost endless diversity in the modes of cultivation. Although in its native position it is found to be a plant attaining great age and size, yet the cultivators of France have so changed its characteristics, that they have brought it almost to the condition of an annual. Two or three years being

the usual time at which they are renewed by layering. Furthermore, that if we have not at present any other than the three sorts to be confidently recommended for trial, we soon shall have. For we ourselves have a variety, and others are endeavouring to obtain more, that will be altogether suited to our clime and soil. We ought to add that the Alexander, the Clinton, and the Isabella are to be had in quantities at the Toronto Nursery, and probably at the establishments of Hamilton and London. We mention this, as, after having awakened the reader's attention to the subject, it would be deemed unkind to leave him without the necessary materials for entering upon this pleasing and profitable occupation.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

FIG. 1.—A silk dress of Maria Louisa blue, the skirt ornamented with two deep flounces, edged with brown and white plush trimming. Cloak of black velvet, with a pelcrino front, rather full drapery at the arms, and enriched with a border of plush like that upon the flounces of the dress. Bonnet of pink taffeta, trimmed with moss roses, pink ribbons, and blonde niches.

FIG. 2.—Dress of purple silk, with a plain, full skirt. Basque waist, fitting close to the form, and closing to the throat; deep round basquine, trimmed in front by loop and ends of velvet, that passes in a trimming over the shoulders; loose padoga sleeves, trimmed with velvet bands and loops.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A change, which may be regarded as an improvement, has, within the last few weeks, been gradually effected in the shape of bonnets. They are now worn more forward and less open round the face, the crown slopes less backward, and the ends of the front meet under the chin. The material with which the frame is covered, whether silk, satin, or velvet, is usually put on quite plain, and upon it velvet and black lace are disposed in a variety of tasteful ways. For bonnets adapted to a plain style of walking dress, velvet is much employed, and it is a material well suited to the present cold weather; the various shades of maroon, dark blue, and green, are most fashionable. Bonnets composed wholly of velvet are usually trimmed with bands of the same, or with bands of satin, each band being edged with narrow black lace. Round the front of the bonnet there may be a fall of rather broad black lace, turned back, or a small black lace veil may be worn, descending sufficiently low to cover the upper part of the face. The under trimming should consist of coloured flowers, mingling with the bows of black or coloured velvet, disposed in a simple style, so as not to interfere with the *neglige* effect of the bonnet.

For bonnets of a more showy character, silk or satin are favourite materials. Silk is particularly fashionable. A bonnet of grosgrain-colored silk, trimmed with black velvet and lace, has a most elegant effect. Brown, green, and dark blue are also highly fashionable. We have seen bonnets in each of the above-named colours, entirely covered with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon; the rows being crossed one over the other, so as to form a lozenge pattern. Sometimes the rows of velvet are partly disposed in this manner, and partly laid straight; the straight rows being usually edged with narrow black lace. The velvet, instead of black, may be of the same colour as the silk which covers the bonnet. The same style of trimming is employed for fancy straw bonnets, which, even at the present season, are not wholly laid aside, and which derive an appearance of warmth and solidity from the trimmings of black lace.

The fashion of wearing jackets or casques of velvet, with skirts of different materials, is still at its height, and we are pleased to see it, for never was there a more graceful article of dress. The trimmings are infinitely varied. Some are richly trimmed with jet, or have the basque and

sleeves edged with deep fringe, intermingled with bugles. Others are ornamented with embroidery in twisted silk, executed in such a manner as to produce a relief which shows very effectively on the velvet. Black lace is a favorite trimming for jackets, whether made of black or any dark coloured velvet. The basque and sleeves may be edged with three rows of narrow lace, or one row of broad lace forms in itself the basque. When the basque is formed in this way, the sleeves are edged with two rows of lace, somewhat less broad, and set on full, so as to form a sort of double ruffle just below the elbow.

We have seen a very elegant jacket composed entirely of bands of velvet, separated by rows of violet colored ribbon. The ribbon was edged at each side with narrow black lace and drawn so as to form a bouillonne between each band of velvet. The basque and sleeves were edged with three rows of narrow lace, drawn in fullness. The jacket corsage was worn with a jupe of violet coloured taffety, with three flounces. At the bottom of each flounce there were two rows of narrow black velvet, edged at each side with narrow black lace. This very elegant dress was worn with a round cap of black lace, encircled by a wreath of pansies made of violet colored velvet. Two barbs, or lappets of black lace, flowed loosely over the shoulders.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

AMY.—The Black Knight, in the position sent, gives legal check to the adverse King.

E. S., HAMILTON.—Your solutions are perfectly correct, but in your remarks on our last problem you have evidently mistaken R at K Kt 3d for one of White's pieces, owing, doubtless, to the badness of our Chess fount, which has been very imperfectly cast.

V. W.—Certainly a King can Castle after being checked. Get the "Chess-player's Handbook," and familiarise yourself with all these things before you attempt to play a game.

F. W. S.—You must retract the moves to the point where the first check was given by White; and, if then Black cannot evade that check, he is of course checkmated.

Solutions to Problem No. 15, by J. B., E. S. of Hamilton, W. C. C., and Amy are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by E. S. of Hamilton, Amy, Tyro, A. M. S., and J. B., are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XV.

White.

Black.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. Q takes B (ch). | K takes Q. |
| 2. R to Q R 4th (ch). | K to Q Kt 4th (best). |
| 3. R to QR 5th (ch). | K moves. |
| 4. Kt to K 5th (ch). | K moves. |
| 5. Kt to Q B 6th, drawing the game by giving perpetual check. | |



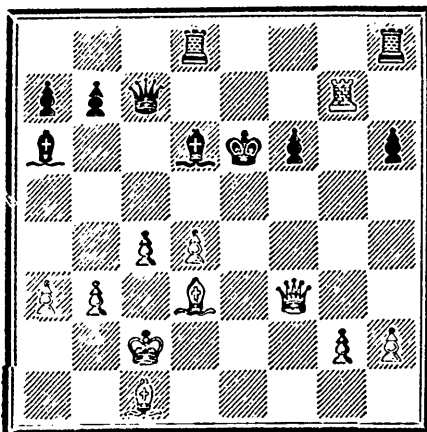
PARIS FASHION FOR MARCH.

Maclear & Co Lith Toronto.

PROBLEM No. XVI.

By Ali Shatranji.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in eight moves.

The above position is given as one of eighteen by Khajja Ali Shatranji, and is said to have occurred to Ali when playing against an opponent to whom he had given the odds of the Queen's Rook. The position is quite simple and natural. Ali had the White, and we see that already he had gained two Pawns of his opponent. There must have been a great deal of manœuvring with the Knights and Rook on the part of Ali, so as to have brought the game to this state. It is now White's move. The reader must bear in mind that in the mediæval game the Queen commanded only the four diagonal squares next to her, and the Bishops, the four diagonal squares next to them but one; in short, the Bishop was the weakest of the pieces, as there were only eight squares on the board on which he could leap, backwards and forwards, without any change. For instance, in the above problem the White Rook can take the Black Queen at once, for the Black Bishop does not command the square she is on. These conditions must be remembered in attempting the solution of this Problem.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Our thanks are due for the following games, which were recently played at the rooms of the Toronto Chess Club, between the President and a member, Mr. R——:

* From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Vol. XXVI., p. 118.

GAME I.

(Evans' Gambit.)

White (Mr. R——). Black (PRESIDENT).

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3d. Kt to Q B 3d.
3. B to Q B 4th. B to Q B 4th.
4. P to Q Kt 4th. B takes Kt P.
5. P to Q B 3d. B to Q R 4th.
6. Castles. Kt to K B 3d.
7. P to Q 4th. Castles.
8. Q B to K Kt 5th (a). P to Q 3d.
9. P to Q 5th (b). Q K' to K 2d.
10. B takes Kt. P takes B.
11. K Kt to R 4th. P to K B 4th.
12. P takes P. Kt takes P.
13. Kt takes Kt. Q B takes Kt.
14. Q to K B 3d. B to K Kt 3d.
15. Kt to Q 2d. Q to K R 5th.
16. B to Q Kt 3d. P to K B 4th (c).
17. Q R to Q B sq. K B to Q Kt 3d.
18. K to R sq. K to R sq.
19. Q to K Kt 3d. Q to K R 3d.
20. Q R to Q sq. Q R to K sq.
21. Kt to K B 3d. K R to Kt sq.
22. Q to K R 4th. B to K R 4th.
23. P to K R 3d (d). R takes K Kt P.
24. R to K Kt sq. B takes Kt.

And White resigns.

Notes.

(a) The Q B can seldom be advantageously employed on the R's side in the Evans' gambit. To this and the next move White's defeat is due.

(b) This compels Black to double a Pawn, but it locks up White's B for the rest of the game, the doubling of the Pawn being actually an advantage to Black in this position.

(c) Intending to dislodge Q and win the Q B P

(d) This provides against Black's taking Kt with B, leaving his Q en prise, and threatening mate, but does not prevent the other attack actually made. R to Kt sq. might have prolonged but could not have saved the game.

GAME II.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

Black (PRESIDENT). White (Mr. ——).

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th. P takes P.
3. B to Q B 4th. Q to K R 5th (ch).
4. K to B sq. P to Q 3d (a).
5. Q Kt to B 3d. P to Q B 3d.
6. P to Q 4th. K Kt to B 3d.
7. K Kt to B 3d. Q to K R 4th.
8. Q B takes P. Q B to K Kt 5th.
9. P to K 5th. P takes P.
10. P takes P. K Kt to Q 2d.
11. Q Kt to K 4th. K B to K 2d (b).
12. Kt to Q 6th (ch). K B takes Kt.
13. Q takes B. B takes Kt.
14. B tks K B P (ch). Q takes B.
15. P to K 6th. B takes K Kt P (ch).
16. K to Kt sq (c). Q to K Kt 3d.
17. P takes Kt (ch). K to Q sq (d).

and Black mates in four moves.

Notes.

(a) This is equivalent to resigning the gambit pawn; the move P to Kt 4th is absolutely essential to preserve it.

(b) Taking the P would have led him into difficulties.

(c) The situation of the pieces is now extremely curious.

(d) K to B 2d would have been much better.