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# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO: AUGUST, 1854.—NO. 2.

## HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

### CHAPTER XIX.

WE give below, as promised in our last chapter, Capt. Porter's lengthy vindication of himself for the loss of the *Essex*, and we

\* *Letter from Captain Porter to the Secretary of the Navy.*

ESSEX JUNIOR, July 3rd, 1814—at Sea.

SIR,—I have done myself the honour to address you repeatedly since I left the *Delaware*: but have scarcely a hope that one of my letters has reached you; therefore consider it necessary to give you a brief history of my proceedings since that period.

I sailed from the *Delaware* on the 27th of October, 1812, and repaired with all diligence (agreeably to instructions from Commodore Bainbridge) to Port Praya, Fernando de Noronha, and Cape Frio; and arrived at each place on the day appointed to meet him. On my passage from Port Praya to Fernando de Noronha, I captured his Britannic Majesty's packet *Nocton*; and after taking out about 71,000 pounds sterling in specie, sent her under command of Lieutenant Finch for America. I cruized off Rio de Janeiro, and about Cape Frio, until the 12th of January, 1813, hearing frequently of the Commodore, by vessels from Bahia. I here captured but one schooner, with hides and tallow—I sent her into Porto Rico. The *Montague*, the Admiral's ship, being in pursuit of me, my provisions now getting short, and finding it necessary to look out for a supply, to enable me to meet the Commodore by the 1st of April, off St. Helena, I proceeded to the

think that a more extraordinary production for mingled cunning and blundering it would be difficult to find. Captain Porter appears to have been particularly struck with the display of motto flags, and the number of jacks at the mast heads, apparently quite forgetful that he acknowledges to have sported an equal number himself. An ensign and motto flag at the gaff, another motto flag, "free trade and equal rights," at the fore, an ensign in the mizen rigging, and

island of St. Catharines (the last place of rendezvous on the coast of Brazil) as the most likely to supply my wants, and at the same time afford me that secrecy necessary to enable me to elude the British ships of war on the coast, and expected there. I here could procure only wood, water and rum, and a few bags of flour; and hearing of the Commodore's action with the *Java*, the capture of the *Hornet* by the *Montague*, and a considerable augmentation of the British force on the coast, and of several being in pursuit of me, I found it necessary to get to sea as soon as possible. I now, agreeably to the Commodore's plan, stretched to the southward, securing the coast so far as Rio de la Plata. I heard that Buenos Ayres was in a state of starvation, and could not supply our wants; and that the government of Montevideo was very inimical to us. The Commodore's instructions now left it completely discretionary with me what course to pursue, and I determined on following that which had not only met his approbation, but the approbation of the then secretary of the navy. I accordingly shaped my course for the Pacific; and after suffering greatly from short allowance of provisions, and heavy gales off Cape Horn (for which my ship and men were badly provided) I arrived at Valparaiso on the 14th of March, 1813. I here took in as much jerked beef and other provisions, as my ship would conve-

and several jacks hoisted in different parts of the ship—all these are mentioned by Capt. Porter, and had he not acknowledged it,

James' Naval History would have furnished the information.

We should scarcely note such a trifle, were

niently stow, and ran down the coast of Chili and Peru; in this track I fell in with a Peruvian corsair, which had on board twenty-four Americans as prisoners, the crews of two whale ships, which she had taken on the coast of Chili. The captain informed me, that, as the allies of Great Britain, they would capture all they should meet with, in expectation of a war between Spain and the United States, I consequently threw all his guns and ammunition into the sea, liberated the Americans, wrote a respectful letter to the viceroy, explaining the cause of my proceedings, which I delivered to her captain. I then proceeded for Lima and re-captured one of the vessels as she was entering the port. From thence I proceeded for the Gallipagos Islands, where I cruized from the 17th of April, until the 3rd of October, 1813; during which time I touched only once on the coast of America, which was for the purpose of procuring a supply of fresh water, as none is to be found among those islands, which are, perhaps, the most barren and desolate of any known.

While among this group, I captured the following British ships, employed chiefly in the spermaceti whale fishery:—

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

	Tons.	Men.	Guns.	Pierced for.
Montezuma	270	21	2	
Policy	175	26	10	18
Georgiana	280	25	6	18
Greenwich	288	25	10	20
Atlantic	355	24	8	20
Rose	220	21	8	20
Hector	270	25	11	20
Catharine	270	29	8	18
Seringapatam	357	31	14	26
Charlton	274	21	10	18
New Zealander	259	23	8	18
Sir A. Hammond	301	31	12	18
	3,456	302	107	

As some of those ships were captured by boats, and others by prizes, my officers and men had several opportunities of showing their gallantry,

The Rose and Charlton were given to the prisoners, the Hector, Catharine and Montezuma, I sent to Valparaiso, where they were laid up; the Policy, Georgiana and New Zealander, I sent for America; the Greenwich I kept as a store ship, to contain the stores of any other prizes, necessary for us; and the Atlantic, now called Essex Junior, I equipped with twenty guns, and gave command of her to lieutenant Downes,

Lieutenant Downes had conveyed the prizes to Valparaiso, and on his return brought me letters informing me, that a squadron under the command of commodore James Hillyar, consisting of the frigate *Phoebe*, of thirty-six guns,

the *Raccoon* and *Cherub* sloops of war, and a store-ship of twenty guns, had sailed on the 6th of July for this sea. The *Raccoon* and *Cherub* had been seeking me for some time on the coast of Brazil, and on their return from their cruize, joined the squadron sent in search of me to the Pacific. My ship, as it may be supposed, after being near a year at sea, required some repairs to put her into a state to meet them; which I determined to do, and bring them to action if I could meet them on nearly equal terms. I proceeded now in company with the remainder of my prizes, to the island of *Nooahcevah* or *Madison's* island, lying in the *Washington* group, discovered by a captain *Ingraham*, of Boston; here I caulked and completely overhauled my ship, made for her a new set of water casks, her old ones being entirely decayed, and took on board from my prizes provisions and stores for upwards of four months, and sailed for the coast of Chili on the 12th of December, 1813. Previous to sailing, I secured the *Seringapatam*, *Greenwich* and *Sir Andrew Hammond* under the guns of a battery, which I erected for their protection, (after taking possession of this fine island for the United States, and establishing the most friendly intercourse with the natives,) I left them under the charge of lieutenant *Gamble* of the marines, with twenty-one men, with orders to repair to Valparaiso, after a certain period.

I arrived on the coast of Chili on the 12th of January, 1814; looked into *Conception* and *Valparaiso*, found at both places only three English vessels, and learned that the squadron which sailed from *Rio de Janeiro* for that sea had not been heard of since their departure, and were supposed to be lost in endeavouring to double *Cape Horn*.

I had completely broken up the British navigation in the Pacific; the vessels which had not been captured by me, were laid up and dare not venture out. I had afforded the most ample protection to our own vessels, which were on my arrival, very numerous and unprotected. The valuable whale fishery there is entirely destroyed, and the actual injury we have done them may be estimated at two and half millions of dollars, independent of expenses of the vessels in search of me. They have furnished me amply with sails, cordage, cables, anchors, provisions medicines and stores of every description; and the stobs on board them have furnished clothing for the seamen. We had, in fact, lived on the enemy since I had been in that sea, every prize having proved a well found store-ship for me. I had not yet been under the necessity of drawing bills on the department for any object, and had been enabled to make considerable advances to my officers and crew on account of pay.

For the unexampled time we had kept the sea, my crew had continued remarkably healthy.

it not a part of the ridiculous pretension and sneering which prevailed, and which laid American officers open to the charge that

I had but one case of the scurvy, and had lost only the following men by death; viz.:

John S. Cowan, lieut. Robert Miller, surgeon.  
Levi Holmes, o. seaman. Edward Sweeney do.  
Samuel Groce, seaman.  
James Spafford, gunner's mate.  
Benjamin Geers, } quarter gunners.  
John Rodgers, }  
Andrew Mahan, corporal of marines.  
Lewis Price, private marine.

I had done all the injury that could be done the British commerce in the Pacific, and still hoped to signalize my cruise by something more splendid before leaving that sea, I thought it not improbable that commodore Hillyar might have kept his arrival secret, and believing that he would seek me at Valpariso as the most likely place to find me, I therefore determined to cruise about that place, and should I fail of meeting him, hoped to be compensated by the capture of some merchant ships, said to be expected from England.

The *Phœbe*, agreeably to my expectations, came to seek me at Valpariso, where I was anchored with the *Essex*, my armed prize the *Essex Junior*, under the command of lieutenant Downes, on the look out off the harbour: but, contrary to the course I thought he would pursue, commodore Hillyar brought with him the *Cherub* sloop of war, mounting 28 guns, 18 32 pound carronades, 8 24's and 2 long 9's on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and a complement of 180 men. The force of the *Phœbe* is as follows: 30 long 18 pounders, sixteen 32 pound carronades, one howitzer, and six 3 pounders in the tops, in all 53 guns, and a complement of 320 men, making a force of 81 guns and 500 men; in addition to which they took on board the crew of an English letter of marque laying in port. Both ships had picked crews, and were sent into the Pacific, in company with the *Raccoon* of 22 guns and a store ship of 20 guns, for the express purpose of seeking the *Essex*, and were prepared with flags bearing the motto, "God and country; British sailors' best rights—Traitors offend both." This was intended as a reply to my motto "*Free Trade and sailors' Rights*," under the erroneous impression that my crew were chiefly Englishmen, or to counteract its effect on their own crews. The force of the *Essex* was 46 guns, forty 32 pound carronades, and six long 12's, and her crew, which had been much reduced by prizes, amounted only to 255 men. The *Essex Junior*, which was intended only as a store-ship mounted twenty guns, ten 18 pound carronades, and ten short 6's, with only 60 men on board. In reply to their motto, I wrote at my mizen, "*God our Country and Liberty; Tyrants offend them.*"

On getting their provisions on board, they went off the port for the purpose of blockading

misrepresentation and false writing formed part of an American officer's duty to his country. Captain Porter declares that, in

me, where they cruized for near six weeks; during which time I endeavoured to provoke a challenge, and frequently, but ineffectually, to bring the *Phœbe* alone to action, first with both my ships, and afterwards with my single ship, with both crews on board. I was several times under way, and ascertained that I had greatly the advantage in point of sailing, and once succeeded in closing within a gun-shot of the *Phœbe*, and commenced a fire on her, when she ran down for the *Cherub*, which was two and a half miles to leeward; this excited some surprise and expressions of indignation, as previous to my getting under way, she hove to off the port, hoisted her motto flag and fired a gun to windward. Commodore Hillyar seemed determined to avoid a contest with me on nearly equal terms, and from his extreme prudence in keeping both his ships ever after constantly within hail of each other, there were no hopes of any advantages to my country from a longer stay in port. I therefore determined to put to sea the first opportunity which should offer; and I was the more strongly induced to do so, as I had gained certain intelligence that the *Tagus* rated 38, and two other frigates, had sailed for that sea in pursuit of me; and I had reason to expect the arrival of the *Raccoon* from N.W. coast of America where she had been sent for the purpose of destroying our fur establishment on the Columbia. A rendezvous was appointed for the *Essex Junior*, and every arrangement made for sailing, and I intended to let them chase me off, to give the *Essex Junior* an opportunity of escaping. On the 28th March, the day after this determination was formed the wind came on to blow fresh from the southward, when I parted my larboard cable and dragged my starboard anchor directly out to sea. Not a moment was to be lost in getting sail on the ship. The enemy were close in with the point forming the west side of the bay; but on opening them, I saw a prospect of passing windward, when I took in my top-gallant-sails, which were set over single reefed top-sails, and braced up for this purpose; but on rounding the point a heavy squall struck the ship and carried away her main-top-mast, precipitating the men who were aloft into the sea, who were drowned. Both ships now gave chase to me, and I endeavoured in my disabled state to regain the port; but finding I could not recover the common anchorage, I ran close into a small bay, about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of the battery on the east side of the harbour, and let go my anchor within pistol shot of the shore, where I intended to repair my damages as soon as possible. The enemy continued to approach, and shewed an evident intention of attacking, regardless of the neutrality of the place where I was anchored, and the caution observed in their approach to the attack of the crippled *Essex* was truly ridiculous, as was their



half an hour, he disabled, with three guns only, both his opponents, so as to compel them to haul off to repair damages; this as-

*display of their motto flags, and the number of jacks at all the mast-heads.* I, with as much expedition as circumstances would admit of, got my ship-ready for action, and endeavoured to get a spring on my cable, but had not succeeded, when the enemy, at 54 minutes after 3 P.M. made his attack, the Phœbe placed herself under my stern, and the Cherub on my starboard bow; but the Cherub soon finding her situation a hot one, bore up and run under my stern also; where both ships kept up a hot raking fire, I had got three long 12 pounders out of the stern ports, which were worked with so much bravery and skill, that in half an hour we so disabled both as to compel them to haul off to repair damages. In the course of this firing, I had, by the great exertions of Mr. Edward Barnewall, the acting sailing-master, assisted by Mr. Linscott, the boatswain, succeeded in getting springs on our cable three different times; but the fire of the enemy was so excessive, that before we could get our broad-side to bear, they were shot away and thus rendered useless to us. My ship had received many injuries, and several had been killed and wounded—but my brave officers and men, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances under which we were brought to action, and the powerful force opposed to us, were no ways discouraged—all appeared determined to defend their ship to the last extremity, and to die in preference to a shameful surrender. *Our gaff, with the ensign and the motto flag at the mizen, had been shot away, but Free Trade and Sailors' Rights, continued to fly at the fore. Our ensign was replaced by another—and to guard against a similar event, an ensign was made fast in the mizen-rigging, and several jacks were hoisted in different parts of the ship.* The enemy soon repaired his damages for a fresh attack; he now placed himself, with both his ships, on my starboard quarter, out of the reach of my carronades, and where my stern guns could not be brought to bear—he there kept up a most galling fire, which it was out of my power to return, when I saw no prospect of injuring him without getting under way and becoming the assailant. My top-sail sheets and haulyards were all shot away, as well as the jib and fore-top-mast-stay-sail-haulyards. The only rope not cut was the flying-jib-haulyards—and that being the only sail I could set, I caused it to be hoisted, my cable to be cut, and ran down on both ships, with an intention of laying the Phœbe on board.

The firing on both sides was now tremendous; I had let fall my foretopsail and foresail, but the want of tacks and sheets rendered them almost useless to us—yet we were enabled for a short time to close with the enemy; and although our decks were now strewn with dead and our cockpit filled with wounded—although our ship had been several times on

sertion may, and doubtless will, be readily adopted by readers who know nothing of what three twelve-pounders can effect in the

fire, and was rendered a perfect wreck, we were still encouraged to hope to save her, from the circumstance of the Cherub, from her crippled state, being compelled to haul off. She did not return to close action again, although she had it apparently in her power to do so, but kept up a distant firing with her long guns. The Phœbe, from our disabled state, was enabled however, by edging off, to choose the distance which best suited her long guns, and kept up a tremendous fire on us, which mowed down my brave companions by the dozen. Many of my guns had been rendered useless by the enemy's shot, and many of them had their whole crews destroyed—we manned them again from those which were disabled, and one gun in particular was three times manned—fifteen men were slain at it in the course of the action! but strange as it may appear, the captain of it escaped with only a slight wound. Finding that the enemy had it in his power to choose his distance, I now gave up all hopes of closing with him, and, as the wind for the moment, seemed to favour the design, I determined to endeavour to run her on shore, land my men and destroy her. Every thing seemed to favour my wishes. We had approached the shore within musket shot, and I had no doubt of succeeding, when in an instant the wind shifted from the land (as it is very common in this port in the latter part of the day) and payed our head down on the Phœbe, where we were again exposed to a dreadful raking fire—My ship was now totally unmanageable: yet as her head was toward the enemy, and he to the leeward of me, I still hoped to be able to board him. At this moment Lieut. Downes came on board to receive my orders, under the impression that I should soon be a prisoner. He could be of no use to me in the then wretched state of the Essex; and finding (from the enemy's putting his helm up) that my last attempt at boarding would not succeed, I directed him after he had been ten minutes on board, to return to his own ship, to be prepared for defending and destroying her in case of attack. He took with him several of my wounded, leaving three of his boat's crew on board to make room for them.—The Cherub now had an opportunity of distinguishing herself, by keeping up a hot fire on him during his return. The slaughter on board my ship had now become horrible, the enemy continued to rake us, and we unable to bring a gun to bear. I therefore directed a hawser to be bent to the sheet anchor, and the anchor to be cut from the bows to bring her head round: this succeeded. We again got our broadside to bear, and as the enemy was much crippled and unable to hold his own, I have no doubt he would have drifted out of gun shot before he discovered we had anchored, had not the hawser unfortunately parted. My ship had taken fire several times

teeth of a heavy fire of long eighteens, but cannot impose upon any one else. Other accounts were received of this engagement than

during the action, but alarmingly so forward and aft at this moment, the flames were bursting up each hatchway, and no hopes were entertained of saving her; our distance from the shore did not exceed three quarters of a mile, and I hoped many of my brave crew would be able to save themselves, should the ship blow up, as I was informed the fire was near the magazine, and the explosion of a large quantity of powder below served to increase the horror of our situation—our boats were destroyed by the enemy's shot; I therefore directed those who could swim to jump overboard, and endeavour to gain the shore. Some reached it—some were taken by the enemy, and some perished in the attempt; but most preferred sharing with me the fate of the ship. We, who remained, now turned our attention wholly to extinguishing the flames; and when we had succeeded went again to our guns, where the firing was kept up for some minutes, but the crew had by this time become so weakened, that they all declared to me the impossibility of making further resistance, and entreated me to surrender my ship to save the wounded, as all further attempt at opposition must prove ineffectual, almost every gun being disabled by the destruction of their crews. I now sent for the officers of divisions to consult them; but what was my surprize to find only acting Lieut. Stephen Decatur McKnight remaining, (who confirmed the report respecting the condition of the guns on the gun deck—those on the spar deck were not in a better state). Lieut. Wilmer, after fighting most gallantly through the action, had been knocked overboard by a splinter while getting the sheet anchor from the bows and was drowned. Acting Lieut. John G. Cowell had lost a leg; Mr. Edw. Barnewall, acting sailing master had been carried below after receiving two severe wounds, one in the breast and one in the face; and acting Lieut. William H. Odenheimer had been knocked overboard from the quarter an instant before, and did not regain the ship until after the surrender. I was informed that the cockpit, the steerage, the wardroom and the berth deck could contain no more wounded; that the wounded were killed while the surgeons were dressing them, and that unless something was speedily done to prevent it, the ship would soon sink from the number of shot holes in her bottom. And on sending for the carpenter he informed us that all his crew had been killed or wounded, and that he had once been over the side to stop the leaks when his slings had been shot away, and it was with difficulty he was saved from drowning. The enemy from the smoothness of the water, and the impossibility of our reaching him with our cartridges, and the little apprehension that was excited by our fire which had now become much slackened, was enabled to take aim at us as at a target; his shot never missed our hull,

those furnished by the officers engaged on either side, and, in the private letters from some of the on-lookers, not one syllable is

and my ship was cut up in a manner which was perhaps, never before witnessed—in fine, I saw no hopes of saving her, and at 20 minutes after 6 P.M. gave the painful order to strike the colours. 75 men, including officers, were all that remained of my whole crew, after the action, capable of doing duty, and many of them severely wounded, some of whom have since died. The enemy still continued his fire, and my brave though unfortunate companions, were still falling about me. I directed an opposite gun to be fired, to shew them we intended no further resistance; but they did not desist; four men were killed at my side, and others in different parts of the ship. I now believed he intended to shew us no quarter, and that it would be as well to die with my flag flying as struck, and was on the point of ag'n hoisting it, when about ten minutes after hauling the colours down he ceased firing.

I cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the conduct of those engaged for such an unparalleled length of time, under such circumstances, with me, in the arduous and unequal contest. Let it suffice to say that more bravery, skill, patriotism and zeal were never displayed on any occasion. Every one seemed determined to die in defence of their much loved country's cause, and nothing but views of humanity could ever have reconciled them to the surrender of the ship; they remembered the wounded and helpless shipmates below. To acting lieutenants McKnight and Odenheimer I feel much indebted for their great exertions and bravery throughout the action in fighting and encouraging the men at their divisions, for the dexterous management of the long guns, and for their promptness in remanning their guns as their crews were slaughtered. The conduct of that brave and heroic officer, acting lieutenant John G. Cowell, who lost his leg in the latter part of the action, excited the admiration of every man in the ship, and after being wounded would not consent to be taken below until loss of blood rendered him insensible. Mr. Edward Barnewall acting sailing master, whose activity and courage was equally conspicuous, returned on deck after his first wound, and remained after receiving his second until fainting with loss of blood. Mr. Samuel B. Johnson who had joined me the day before, and acted as marine officer, conducted himself with great bravery, and exerted himself in assisting at the long guns; the musketry after the first half hour being useless, from our long distance.

Mr. M. W. Bostwick, whom I had appointed acting purser of the Essex Junior, and who was on board my ship, did the duties of aid, in a manner which reflects on him the highest honour, and midshipmen Isaacs, Farragut and Ogden, as well as acting midshipmen James Terry, James R. Lyman and Samuel Duzenbury, and master's mate William Pierce exerted themselves

mentioned of the British vessels hauling off to repair damages. Again, Captain Porter endeavours to insinuate that he was attacked

in a neutral port, although confessing, a dozen lines above, that he was unable to recover the common anchorage.

in the performance of their respective duties and gave an earnest of their value to the service; the three first are too young to recommend for promotion, the latter I beg leave to recommend for confirmation as well as the acting lieutenants, and Messrs. Barnewell, Johnston and Bostwick.

We have been unfortunate, but not disgraced. The defence of the *Essex* has not been less honorable to her officers and crew, than the capture of an equal force, and I now consider my situation less unpleasant than that of commodore Hillyar, who, in violation of every principle of honour and generosity, and regardless of the rights of nations, attacked the *Essex* in her crippled state; within pistol shot of neutral shore; when for six weeks I had daily offered him fair and honorable combat, on terms greatly to his advantage; the blood of the slain must be on his head, and he has yet to reconcile his conduct to heaven, to his conscience and to the world.

My loss has been dreadfully severe, 58 killed or have since died of their wounds; and among them Lieutenant Cowell; 39 were severely wounded, 27 slightly, and 31 are missing; making in all 151, killed, wounded, and missing, a list of whose names is annexed.

The professional knowledge of Dr. Richard Hoffman, acting surgeon, and Doctor Alexander Montgomery, acting surgeon's mate, added to their assiduity and the benevolent attentions and assistance of Mr. D. P. Adams, the chaplain, saved the lives of many of the wounded, those gentlemen have been indefatigable in their attentions to them; the two first I beg leave to recommend for confirmation, and the latter to the notice of the department.

I must in justification of myself observe, that with our six twelve pounders alone we fought this action, our carronades being almost useless.

The loss in killed and wounded has been great with the enemy; among the former is the first lieutenant of the *Phoebe*, and of the latter captain Tucker of the *Cherub*, whose wounds are severe. Both the *Essex* and *Phoebe* were in a sinking state, and it was with difficulty they could be kept afloat until they anchored in Valparaiso next morning. The battered state of the *Essex*, will, I believe, prevent her ever reaching England, and I also think it will be out of their power to repair the damages of the *Phoebe* so as to enable her to double Cape Horn. All the masts and yards of the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* are badly crippled, and their hulls much cut up; the former had eighteen twelve pound shot through her below her water line, some three feet under water. Nothing but the smoothness of the water saved both the *Phoebe* and *Essex*.

I hope Sir, that our conduct may prove satisfactory to our country, and that it will testify

it by obtaining our speedy exchange, that we may again have it in our power to prove our zeal,

Commodore Hillyar, I am informed, has thought proper to state to his Government that the action lasted only 45 minutes; should he have done so, the motive may be easily discovered—but the thousands of disinterested witnesses who covered the surrounding hills can testify that we fought his ships for two hours and a half; upwards of fifty broadsides were fired by the enemy agreeable to their own accounts, and upwards of seventy five by ours; excepting the few minutes they were repairing damages the firing was incessant.

Soon after my capture I entered into an agreement with commodore Hillyar to disarm my prize the *Essex Junior*, and proceed with the survivors of my officers and crew in her to the United States, taking with me all her officers and crew. He consented to grant her a passport to secure her from recapture. The ship was small and we knew we had much to suffer, yet we hoped soon to reach our country in safety, that we might again have it in our power to serve it. This arrangement was attended with no additional expence, as she was abundantly supplied with provisions and stores for the voyage.

In justice to commodore Hillyar, I must observe, that, although I can never be reconciled to the manner of his attack on the *Essex*, or to his conduct before the action, he has, since our capture shewn the greatest humanity to my wounded, whom he permitted me to land on condition that the United States should bear their expenses, and has endeavoured as much as lay in his power to alleviate the distresses of war by the most generous and delicate deportment towards myself and officers and crew; he gave orders that the property of every person should be respected—his orders, however, were not so strictly attended to as might have been expected: besides being deprived of books, charts, &c. &c., both myself and officers lost many articles of our clothing, some to a considerable amount. I should not have considered this last circumstance of sufficient importance to notice, did it not mark a striking difference between the navy of Great Britain and that of the United States, highly creditable to the latter.

By the arrival of the *Tagus*, a few days after my capture, I was informed that besides the ships which had arrived in the Pacific in pursuit of me, and those still expected, others were sent to cruise for me in the China seas, off New Zealand, Timor and New Holland, and that another frigate was sent to the River la Plata.

To possess the *Essex* it has cost the British government near six millions of dollars, and yet, sir, her capture was owing entirely to accident; and if we consider the expedition with which naval contests are now decided, the action is a

It may not be, perhaps, known to every one, that in the English merchant service a different style of painting their vessels prevailed at that time to what was adopted in the United States. In British vessels imitation port holes were painted, whilst in American, a plain white or red riband was painted from stem to stern. Captain Porter knew perfectly well when making his statement of his capture of twelve letters of marque, that he would not deceive sailors, especially as he admits that the vessels were employed in the spermaceti whale fishery.

To any one who has ever seen the decks of a vessel while on the fishing grounds and the state of her decks, the absurdity of Capt. Porter's representing vessels of one hundred and seventy-five tons as carrying ten guns, or being pierced for eighteen, is simply ridiculous. We have, however, shown on a previous occasion an attempt by would-be American Nelsons to swell the capture of West India droghers and other coasting vessels, into "gallant and successful carrying of H. M. S. armed vessel, of fifteen tons, twelve guns, and ninety men." Such, in sooth, is very much the spirit in which Capt. Porter dictated his report; the gallant commander forgot, however, in his estimate of the cost to the British Government of the capture of the Essex, to record the fact of the ultimate re-capture of many of the vessels, and of all of their cargoes.

dishonour to them. Had they brought their ships boldly into action with a force so very superior, and having the choice of position, they should either have captured or destroyed us in a fourth the time they were about it.

*During the action, our consul general, Mr. Poinsett, called on the governor of Valparaiso, and requested that the batteries might protect the Essex. This request was refused, but he promised that if she should succeed in fighting her way to the common anchorage he would send an officer to the British commander and request him to cease firing, but declined using force under any circumstances, and there is no doubt of a perfect understanding existing between them; this conduct added to the assistance given to the British, and their friendly reception after the action, and the strong bias of the faction which govern Chili in favour of the English, as well as their hostility to the Americans, induced Mr. Poinsett to leave that country. Under such circumstances, I did not conceive it would be proper for me to claim the restoration of my*

Captain Porter must have had a prodigious opinion of his own prowess, if we may judge by the number of vessels which he represents as having been equipped, manned, and despatched to various parts of the world, for no other purpose than that of capturing the redoubtable Captain David Porter—six millions of dollars spent in despatching fresh vessels to the Pacific, besides those already there, to the Chinese Seas, to Timor, to New Zealand, to New Holland, and as if one side of the continent might be insufficient to restrain Captain Porter's ardour, vessels to the Rio de la Plata were also found necessary.

A Russian squadron, at the present time supposed to be cruising somewhere in our Indian possessions, has not excited half the alarm, nor do we find that half the preparations have been made, which were deemed necessary to ensure the capture of our American frigate. Enough, however, of Captain David Porter and his ridiculous attempt at self-glorification.

The Americans, not yet satisfied that the chance of conquering Canada was hopeless, determined, early in 1814, to make another attempt. We find, accordingly, that, from the beginning of April to the end of June, General Brown, the American commander, was actively engaged in preparing his army of invasion. Towards the end of June, the Secretary at War, at

ship, confident that the claim would be made by my government to more effect. Finding some difficulty in the sale of my prizes, I had taken the Hector and Catharine out to sea and burnt them with their cargoes.

I exchanged lieutenant M'Knight, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Lyman and eleven seamen for part of the crew of the Sir Andrew Hammond, and sailed from Valparaiso on the 27th April, where the enemy were still patching up their ships to put them in a state for proceeding to Rio de Janeiro previous to going to England.

Annexed is a list of the remains of my crew to be exchanged, as also a copy of the correspondence between commodore Hillyar and myself on that subject. I also send you a list of the prisoners I have taken during my cruise, amounting to 343.

I have the honor to be, &c. D. PORTER.

The honorable Secretary of the navy of the United States, Washington.

Washington, judging, it may be supposed, from Brown's despatches, that sufficient preparations had been made, issued his fiat "to carry Fort Erie, and beat up the enemy's quarters at Chippewa;" adding, however, the prudent proviso that "in case his (the British) fleet gets the control of Lake Ontario, you are immediately to re-cross the strait." A few of the heads of General Armstrong's "heads of plan of campaign" are interesting, as they show how very certain the Secretary at War had made himself that all his plans were to succeed. The first was, That such portions of the Erie fleet, and of the garrison at Detroit, as the officer commanding may deem necessary for the purpose, be despatched without delay to the western lakes, with orders to attack or capture a British fort or depot, established at Matchadash Bay, on Lake Huron; recapture Michilimacinae, &c. These orders very explicit, and doubtless, when issued, General Armstrong considered them almost as already executed. We showed, however, in our last chapter the miserable failure which attended all the operations undertaken in this direction, and that the Americans, instead of crowning themselves with glory and rich furs, reaped only a harvest of defeat and disgrace.

Simultaneous orders were also issued to bring all surplus vessels on Lake Erie to assist in transporting the left division to the Canadian shore, and that such division, after landing, should "be marched as expeditiously as possible on the British position at Burlington Bay, to siege and fortify that post, and, having thus cut the enemy's line of land communication between York and Fort George, await the arrival and co-operation of the Ontario fleet." This was, of course, assuming that Chauncey had disposed of Sir James Yeo and his fleet, and that such would be the case, Armstrong does not appear to have doubted, as he adds, "The commanders of the two armies will have within their choice, a speedy investment of Fort George and Niagara; rapid descent on Sackett's Harbour; a junction with the brigade at that post, and a direct attack on Kingston."

Having completed his arrangements, Gen. Brown, on receipt of Gen. Armstrong's instructions, issued the following general order, dated July 2d, 1814:—

Major-General Brown has the satisfaction to announce to the troops of his division on the frontier, that he is authorized by the orders of his Government, to put them in motion against the enemy. The first and second brigades, with the corps of artillery, will cross the strait before them, this night, or as early to-morrow as possible. The necessary instructions have been given to the brigadiers, and by them to the commanding officers of regiments and corps,

Upon entering Canada the laws of war will govern; men found in arms, or otherwise engaged in the service of the enemy, will be treated as enemies; those behaving peaceably, and following their private occupations, will be treated as friends. Private property, in all cases, will be held sacred; public property, whenever found, will be seized and disposed of by the commanding general. Our utmost protection will be given to all who join, or who evince a desire to join us.

Plundering is prohibited. The Major-General does not apprehend any difficulty on this account, with the regular army and volunteers who press to the standard of their country, to avenge her wrongs, and to gain a name in arms. Profligate men, who follow the army for plunder, must not expect that they will escape the vengeance of the gallant spirits who are struggling to exalt the national character. Any plunderer shall be punished with death who may be found violating this order."

After the specimen of humanity afforded by the party under Colonel Campbell, who landed on the 13th May, at Dover, General Brown's assertion that from the United States regulars, he apprehended nothing on the score of marauding or plundering, appears supremely ridiculous. It must be borne in mind that the detachment in question was not composed of profligate men, who followed the army for plunder, but of United States regular infantry, the absurdity is therefore heightened when it is remembered that, so notorious was the conduct of these men, that it was found

necessary, for appearance' sake, to hold a court of enquiry, and that the result of said enquiry was, not a disproof of excesses having been committed, but merely that there were extenuating circumstances. Another point worthy of remark in this general order is the invitation held out to the Canadians to turn traitors. By thus stooping to invite men to commit a most dastardly action, the American General decidedly lowered his own and the character of the troops he commanded. We have found, however, that the same course was adopted on every occasion when temptation could be extended, and from this fact the only inference to be drawn is that the Americans possessed no very keen sense of honor themselves, and, perhaps, from not knowing what honesty meant, were also inclined to give others credit for not being burthened with the commodity.

The force assembled by General Brown,

so far as we can gather from the various American accounts, amounted to at least a body of three thousand regular infantry, besides about a thousand volunteers and Indians, making in all a force of some four thousand one hundred men. This number included four hundred artillery and a squadron of dragoons. Besides this regular force there were, according to James, "between Erie and Lewiston, the 1st regiment of infantry, a regular rifle corps, and from two to three hundred volunteers, under Colonel Swift." These two bodies mustered collectively five thousand strong, and even this is not all, as the militia of the district are not included, nor the regular force which Commodore Chauncey was expected to bring from Sackett's Harbour. It is clear, then, that Gen. Armstrong expected that the attack would be made by a force of at least ten thousand men.

Fortunately for Upper Canada, these overwhelming numbers were prevented, in consequence of Chauncey's not acquiring a superiority in Lake Ontario, from uniting, and the two divisions which crossed the strait did not much exceed four thousand men. Even these numbers, however, were fearful odds when the strength of their opponents is considered, the British troops mustering, along the whole Niagara frontier, only seven-

teen hundred and eighty rank and file, out of which number, too, the garrisons at Forts Erie, George, Missisagu, and Niagara must be subtracted, leaving an available force of seven hundred and sixty regulars at General Riall's disposal. To this number must, however, be added three hundred sedentary militia and as many Indians, in all thirteen hundred and fifty men to oppose an invading force of four thousand. General Riall was compelled, besides, to almost strip the forts of their garrisons when marching against Brown at Chippewa.

It appears as if Canada owed almost as much to the incapacity or differences of the American commanders, as was due to the gallantry of the troops. We have shown that this was the fact in previous invasions, and it would appear that the present attempt did not furnish an exception. This conclusion may be deduced from the following extract from General Brown's memoranda of occurrences in the campaign of 1814, on the Niagara:—

"Toward the evening of the 2nd, General Ripley (the second in command) appeared to be much discomposed. He objected to the division made of the transports, and complained that he would not be able to cross with sufficient force; that the principal fighting would be above the fort where he was ordered to land, and that he had seen lights during the night and smoke during the day, for some time past. Gen. Brown endeavoured to satisfy him, but in vain. He (Ripley) tendered his resignation, which was not accepted, as the General was inflexibly determined that the army should cross agreeably to the arrangements he had made."

It is difficult to understand on what grounds the American General could have based his objections. By their spies the Americans were fully informed as to the smallness of the numbers that could be mustered against them, and, in fact, they were in this instance too well served by their spies, by whom they were led to believe that the British did not amount to one thousand men, regulars, militia, and Indians all included. That this was the case was proved by General Brown dividing his force, in order to prevent the possibility of the garrison at Fort Erie escaping.

Whatever were Ripley's reasons for dissatisfaction, it is certain that the movement of his division across the river was made more slowly than that of the other, under General Scott. It is absolutely necessary not to pass over these indications of want of unanimity among the American commanders, as it would otherwise be laying ourselves open to the same charges that are so justly preferred against American historians of distorting the truth. This insinuation must be particularly guarded against by the English chronicler of the war, inasmuch as it generally falls to his lot to recount the defeat of large bodies of Americans by very inferior force; hence other reasons must be sought than the mere difference in the bravery of the troops, and these are very readily found in the incapacity and quarrels of the commanders.

The two divisions having crossed on the 3rd of July, invested Fort Erie, which, being incapable of actual defence, both from the nature of the fortifications and the smallness of its garrison, was at once surrendered. Here we would direct attention to that part of General Brown's despatch where it is stated that "Fort Erie did not, as I assured you it should not, detain me a single day." This is particularly absurd, when it is remembered that, by American accounts, the garrison only amounted to one hundred and seventy, and that General Wilkinson in his memoirs distinctly states that "Fort Erie was in a defenceless condition."

The American divisions landed, one a mile and a half above, and the other the same distance below Erie, so that no opposition could be brought to bear from the guns of the fort: and, on its surrender, the garrison was promptly despatched across the river, and marched into the interior of New York State, a detachment of artillery and a few infantry being left as a garrison; three armed schooners, under the command of Lieutenant Kennedy, being stationed as a further security under its walls.

It was not until 8 A.M. that General Riall received the intelligence of the Americans having landed, and he instantly, on receipt of the information, ordered five companies of

the Royal Scots to advance as a reinforcement of the post. The advance of this body was, however, checked by the intelligence of the surrender of the fort. General Riall then determined on an immediate attack, but was induced, by its being represented to him that the 8th regiment was hourly expected from York (now Toronto), to postpone the attack until the morning of the 4th. On the morning of the 4th the attack was accordingly made.

In the letters of *Veritas*, some very pertinent remarks are made on this subject, which we transcribe:—"General Riall's attack upon the enemy, under so great a disproportion of force, as probably five to one, has been censured by many; but the probability is, that if he had not done so, and broke in upon their plan of operations, by that daring and unexpected manœuvre, they, probably, without the aid of their fleet, would (by appearing to threaten an attack upon our lines at Chippewa) have marched to the left, and have actually cut off our communication with Burlington, as originally intended.

"In this view of the subject, his attack was fortunate, and the retreat afterwards made by him is deserving of credit, from having been effected in good order, without loss of men, artillery, stores, or baggage; so that the confidence of his troops remained unabated. Had he retreated in the first instance without fighting, the probability is that his men would have been dispirited, as considering such a retrograde movement then premature."

We fully concur with the opinions expressed by *Veritas*, which we think are fully borne out by a consideration of the plans laid down by the Secretary at War, and the adoption of this movement by General Riall, when ignorant of the force of the enemy, can only be considered as a proof of the judgment and bravery of that officer, who was only anxious to prevent a junction with the force that might be expected in the fleet.

*From Major-General Riall to Lieutenant-General Sir G. Drummond.*

Chippewa, July 6.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that the enemy effected a landing on the morning of the 3d instant at the ferry, op-

posite Black Rock, having driven in the picquet of the garrison of Fort Erie. I was made acquainted with the circumstance about eight in the morning, and gave orders for the immediate advance to Chippewa of five companies of the royal Scots, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, to reinforce the garrison of that place. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson had moved forward from thence with the light companies of the 100th, some militia, and a few Indians, to reconnoitre their position and numbers; he found them posted on the ridge parallel with the river, near the ferry, and in strong force. I received instructions from Major Buck, that they had also landed a considerable force above Fort Erie. In consequence of the King's regiment, which I had every reason to expect this day before from York, not having arrived, I was prevented from making an attack that night.

The following morning, the 4th, a body of their troops were reported to be advancing by the river; I moved to reconnoitre, and found them to be in considerable force, with cavalry and artillery, and a large body of riflemen. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson was in advance during this reconnoissance with the light company of the royal Scots, and the flank company of the 100th, and a few of the 19th light dragoons, four of whom, and eight horses, were wounded in a skirmish with the enemy's riflemen.

Having been joined by the King's regiment on the morning of the 5th, I made my dispositions for attack at four o'clock in the afternoon. The light companies of the royal Scots, and 100th regiment, with the second Lincoln militia, formed the advance under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. The Indian warriors were, throughout, on our right flanks in the woods. The troops moved in three columns, the third (the King's regiment) being in advance. The enemy had taken up a position with his right resting on some buildings and orchards, close on the river Niagara, and strongly supported by artillery; his left towards the wood, having a considerable body of riflemen and Indians in front of it.

Our Indians and militia were shortly engaged with the enemy's riflemen and Indians, who at first checked their advance: but

the light troops being brought to their support, they succeeded, after a sharp contest, in dislodging them, in a very handsome style. I placed two light twenty-four pounders and a five-and-a-half inch howitzer against the right of the enemy's position, and formed the royal Scots and 100th regiment, with the intention of making a movement upon his left, which deployed with the greatest regularity, and opened a very heavy fire. I immediately moved up the King's regiment to the right, while the royal Scots and 100th regiment were directed to charge the enemy in front, for which they advanced with the greatest gallantry, under a most destructive fire. I am sorry to say, however, in this attempt they suffered so severely, that I was obliged to withdraw them, finding their further efforts against the superior numbers of the enemy would be unavailing. Lieutenant Colonel Gordon and Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tweeddale, commanding these regiments, being wounded, as were most of the officers belonging to each. I directed a retreat to be made upon Chippewa, which was conducted with good order and regularity, covered by the King's regiment, under Major Evans, and the light troops under Lieutenant Colonel Pearson; and I have pleasure in saying, that not a single prisoner fell into the enemy's hands, except those who were disabled from wounds. From the report of some prisoners, we have made the enemy's force to amount to about six thousand men, with a very numerous train of artillery, having been augmented by a very large body of troops, which moved down from Fort Erie immediately before the commencement of the action. Our own force, in regular troops, amounted to about fifteen hundred, exclusive of the militia and Indians, of which last description there were not above three hundred. Fort Erie, I understand, surrendered upon capitulation, on the 3d inst. Although this affair was not attended with the success which I had hoped for, it will be gratifying to you to learn that the officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry. I am particularly indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson for the very great assistance I have received from him, and for the manner in which he led his light troops into action.



Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tweeddale, and Major Evans, commanding the King's regiments, merit my warmest praise for the good example they showed at the head of their respective regiments.

The artillery, under the command of Capt. Macconnochie, was ably served, and directed with good effect; and I am particularly obliged to Major Lisle, of the 19th light dragoons, for the manner in which he covered and protected one of the twenty-four-pounders which had been disabled. I have reason to be highly satisfied with the zeal, activity, and intelligence of Captain Holland, my aide-de-camp, Captain Eliot, deputy-assistant quarter-master-general; staff-adjutant Greig, and Lieutenant Fox, of the royal Scots, who acted as Major of brigade during the absence of Major Glegg at Fort George. The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Dixon, of the 2d Lincoln militia, has been most exemplary; and I am very much indebted to him for it, on this as well as on other occasions, in which he has evinced the greatest zeal for his Majesty's service. The conduct of the officers and men of this regiment has also been highly praiseworthy. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson has reported to me, in the most favourable terms, the excellent manner in which Lieut. Horton, with a part of the 19th light dragoons, observed the motions of the enemy, while he occupied the position he took on his first landing, and during his advance to this place.—I have, &c.,

P. RIALL, Major-Gen.

General Brown's despatch is short,\* but is remarkable for one feature, viz., that, even with the knowledge of his own strength, he

\* From Major-General Brown to the American Secretary at War.

Chippewa Plains, July 6. 1814.

SIR,—Excuse my silence: I have been much engaged: Fort Erie did not, as I assured you it should not, detain me a single day. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th, I arrived at this place with the reserve, General Scott having taken the position about noon with the van. My arrangements for turning and taking in the rear the enemy's position east of Chippewa was made, when Major-General Riall, suspecting our intention, and adhering to the rule that it

could not have been very sanguine of ultimate success. The General distinctly states that, with his gallant and accomplished troops, he will break down all opposition between him and Lake Ontario; but he is careful to qualify this admission by adding that "if joined by the fleet, all will be well," but that, if such junction should not take place, he will endeavour to avoid disgrace.

Some of the American accounts of the battle of Chippewa are worthy of notice for their outrageous extravagance. Mr. O'Connor, for instance, states that the British regulars suffered defeat from an inferior force, principally volunteers and militia, inferior in everything but courage to the vanquished enemy. Yet this same writer was in possession of official documents which particularized the presence of four regiments of regular infantry and a corps of artillery, and the fact of these bodies having suffered severely in the engagement. This statement was made, too, in direct opposition to General Wilkinson's account, which states the effective strength of General Scott's brigade *alone* at eleven hundred regular infantry, and the force that crossed the strait under General Brown at about three thousand five hundred men, including twenty-seven hundred regulars.†

is better to give than to receive an attack, came from behind his works about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th in order of battle. We did not bank him. Before six o'clock his line was broken and his forces defeated, leaving on the field 400 killed and wounded. He was closely pressed, and would have been utterly ruined, but for the proximity of his works, whither he fled for shelter.

The wounded of the enemy, and those of our own army, must be attended to. They will be removed to Buffalo. This, with my limited means of transportation, will take a day or two, after which I shall advance, not doubting but that the gallant and accomplished troops I lead will break down all opposition between me and Lake Ontario, when, if met by the fleet, all is well—if not, under the favor of heaven, we shall behave in a way to avoid disgrace. My detailed report shall be made in a day or two.

I am, with the highest respect, &c.,

JACOB BROWN.

Hon. Secretary of War.

\* Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. I., pages 646, 652, 654, 658.

One of the strongest proofs that can be adduced of the Americans *not having gained a victory at Chippewa*, is that General Brown remained from the 4th to the 8th before he could summon up resolution to make another attempt against General Riall, who still maintained his position at Chippewa. On the 8th the American General resolved on a forward movement, and after a slight skirmish with some of General Riall's artillery (a small body of men with two guns), the Chippewa creek was crossed, and the Americans advanced as far as Queenston, General Riall retreating to Fort George.

From the 8th of July to the 23rd of the month, General Brown, with his enormous force, was content to remain without striking a blow, unless an occasional demonstration before Forts George and Missisaga, or the wanton conflagration of the village of St. David's, he considered as such. During this time, the American General wrote the most moving letters to Commodore Chauncey, almost imploring his co-operation.

"All accounts agree," writes Gen. Brown, "that the force of the enemy at Kingston is very light. Meet me on the Lake shore, north of Fort George, with your fleet, and we will be able, I have no doubt, to settle a plan of operations that will break the power of the enemy in Upper Canada, and that in the course of a short time. At all events, let me hear from you. I have looked for your fleet with the greatest anxiety since the 10th. *I do not doubt my ability to meet the enemy in the field, and to march in any direction over his country, your fleet carrying for me the necessary supplies. We can threaten Forts George and Niagara, and carry Burlington Heights and York; and proceed direct to Kingston, and carry that place. For God's sake, let me see you.*"\*

This letter is remarkable for many reasons, not the least curious of which is the pathetic and almost touching appeal of a general, with four thousand men at his back, to a naval commander to bring him four thousand more,

to enable him to go in pursuit of an enemy, not mustering more than half his number. The mingled promises and intreaties are very amusing; in one paragraph Chauncey is assured of his (General Brown's) "ability to meet the enemy in the field," and in the very next sentence he is entreated "for God sake" to come to assist in threatening Fort George, a fortification which was abandoned by General MacClure, with a garrison of two thousand men, on account of its untenability. This, too, at a time when the garrison did not number five hundred men, and the force that could be brought against it reached four thousand. Another very ridiculous feature in this letter is the promise to Chauncey that, if he will only come and help, after the upper peninsula is cleared, the army *will proceed to Kingston and carry the place*, this, too, from a man who remained with a force quadruple the strength of that opposing him. for thirteen days, without mustering up sufficient courage to attempt more brilliant enterprises than the burning of an unprotected village, and the plundering of a few scattered farm houses. We have, however, occupied too much space already with the proceedings of such a commander as General Brown, and we very willingly accompany him back to Chippewa, to which place he retreated on the 24th, while under a violent fit of apprehension of his four thousand men being surrounded or intercepted. We gladly turn from such an exhibition of American generalship to General Riall, who, after throwing reinforcements into Forts George and Missisaga retired towards Burlington heights, where he expected to be joined by the 103rd regiment, and the flank companies of the 104th. This meeting taking place, however, at the twenty mile creek, General Riall, instantly retraced his steps, and took up a position about thirteen miles from the American army.

We will leave the two armies thus posted, while we notice the atrocities perpetrated by the Americans during their three weeks campaign in the Niagara district. In doing this we will take no one sided British account, but a letter from an American officer, a major McFarland; we may also refer to

\* Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. I., page 666.

the fact, that an American officer, Colonel Stone, was dismissed the service by the sentence of a Court Martial, for the wanton destruction of St. David's. Major McFarland writes :—

“The militia and Indians plundered and burnt everything. The whole population is against us, not a foraging party, but is fired on, and not unfrequently returns with missing numbers. This state was to be anticipated. The militia have burnt several private dwelling houses, and, on the 19th instant, burnt the village of St. David, consisting of about thirty or forty houses. This was done within three miles of camp; and my battalion was sent to cover the retreat, as they (the militia) had been sent to scour the country, and it was presumed they might be pursued. My G—d! what a service. I never witnessed such a scene; and had not the commanding officer of the party, lieutenant colonel Stone, been disgraced, and sent out of the army, I should have resigned my commission.”

Lest our readers should imagine that Major McFarland was one of the parties disaffected to the war, and whose report would consequently not be trustworthy, we give a few more extracts from his letter :—“He declares that he desires no better fun than to fight the British troops whom, according to James, this same Major politely calls cut-throats.”—he also glories in being a “staunch American” “What then” asks James, “must have been the scenes and sufferings that could excite compassion in such a breast.”

To return, however, to the two generals. On learning that General Brown had retreated, General Riall advanced with his augmented force, now nearly one thousand strong, and took up a position near Lundy's Lane (about a mile from the Falls), and about two and a half miles from the American position. The American commander, having been instructed that General Riall had crossed over from Queenston to Lewiston, to effect a diversion, and that a small party occupied Lundy's Lane, determined by a counter diversion to advance on that post. He accordingly despatched General

against the enemy, with special orders to “report if the enemy appeared,” and to apply for assistance if necessary. General Scott, having learned that the force occupying Lundy's Lane was more than a mere patrolling party, reported it to General Brown, who immediately pressed forward to support him. General Riall, on the advance of this superior force, very prudentially gave orders to retire on Queenston. Assistance was, however, nearer at hand than General Riall could have hoped or anticipated.

No sooner had General Drummond heard of the landing of a large American force, and the result of the battle at Chippewa, than he hastened from Kingston to York, which place he left on the evening of the 24th, arriving at Fort Niagara on the next morning. The greatest energy seems to have characterized General Drummond's motions, and we find him first dispersing Colonel Swift and his party of volunteers, and then rapidly advancing with about eight hundred rank and file to the support of General Riall.

When within a short distance of Lundy's Lane, General Drummond learned that the force under General Riall was in retreat, and his first act was to change the retreat into an advance upon the position so lately abandoned, and the position was again occupied when the American troops were within half a mile of it. For the particulars of this action we will, however, refer our readers to General Drummond's despatch :—

*From Lieutenant-general Drummond to Sir G. Prevost.*

Head Quarters, near Niagara Falls,  
Sir, July 27, 1814.

I embarked on board his majesty's schooner *Netley*, at York, on Sunday evening the 24th inst., and reached Niagara at day-break the following morning. Finding, from lieutenant-colonel Tucker, that major-general Riall was understood to be moving towards the Falls of Niagara to support the advance of his division, which he had pushed on to that place on the preceding evening, I ordered lieutenant-colonel Morrison, with the 89th regiment and a detachment of the royals and king's, drawn from Fort George and Mississaga to proceed to the same point in order that, with the united force I might

act against the enemy (posted at Street's Creek, with his advance at Chippewa) on my arrival if it should be found expedient.—I ordered lieutenant-colonel Tucker, at the same time to proceed up the right bank of the river, with 300 of the 31st, about 200 of the royal Scots, and a body of Indian warriors, supported (on the river) by a party of armed seamen, under captain Dobbs, royal navy. The object of this movement was to disperse or capture, a body of the enemy encamped at Lewiston. Some unavoidable delay having occurred in the march of the troops up the right bank, the enemy had moved off previous to lieutenant-colonel Tucker's arrival. I have to express myself satisfied with the exertions of that officer.

Having refreshed the troops at Queenstown, and having brought across the 41st, royals, and Indians, I sent back the 41st and 100th regiments, to form the garrisons of forts George, Mississauga, and Niagara, under lieutenant-colonel Tucker, and moved with the 89th, and detachments of the royals and king's, and light company of the 41st, in all about 800 men, to join major-general Riall's division at the Falls.

When arrived within a few miles of that position, I met a report from major-general Riall that the enemy was advancing in great force. I immediately pushed on, and joined the head of lieutenant-colonel Morrison's columns just as it reached the road leading to the Beaver Dam, over the summit of the hill at Lundy's Lane. Instead of the whole of major-general Riall's division, which I expected to have found occupying this position, I found it almost in the occupation of the enemy, whose columns were within 600 yards of the top of the hill, and the surrounding woods filled with his light troops. The advance of major-general Riall's division, consisting of the Glengarry light infantry and incorporated militia, having commenced a retreat upon Fort George, I countermanded these corps, and formed the 89th regiment, the royal Scots detachment, and the 41st light company, in the rear of the hill, their left resting on the great road; my two 24 pounder brass field guns a little advanced, in front of the centre, on the summit of the hill; the Glengarry light infantry on

the right; the battalion of incorporated militia, and the detachment of the king's regiment on the left of the great road; the squadron of the 19th light dragoons in the rear of the left, on the road. I had scarcely completed this formation when the whole front was warmly and closely engaged. The enemy's principal efforts were directed against our left and centre. After repeated attacks, the troops on the left were partially forced back, and the enemy gained a momentary possession of the road. This gave him, however, no material advantage, as the troops which had been forced back formed in the rear of the 89th regiment, fronting the road, and securing the flank. It was during this short interval that major-general Riall, having received a severe wound, was intercepted as he was passing to the rear, by a party of the enemy's cavalry, and taken prisoner.—In the centre, the repeated and determined attacks of the enemy were met by the 89th regiment, the detachments of the royals and king's, and the light company of the 41st regiment, with the most perfect steadiness and intrepid gallantry, and the enemy was constantly repulsed with very heavy loss.—In so determined a manner were their attacks directed against our guns, that our artillerymen were bayoneted by the enemy while in the act of loading, and the muzzles of the enemy's guns were advanced within a few yards of ours. The darkness of the night during this extraordinary conflict, occasioned several uncommon incidents: our troops having for a moment been pushed back, some of our guns remained for a few minutes in the enemy's hands; they, however, were not only quickly recovered, but the two pieces (a 6-pounder and a 5½ inch howitzer) which the enemy had brought up, were captured by us, together with several tumbrils, and in limbering up our guns at one period, one of the enemy's 6-pounders was put by mistake on a limber of ours, and one of our 6-pounders limbered on one of his: by which means the pieces were exchanged; and thus, though we captured two of his guns, yet, as he obtained one of ours, we have gained only one gun.

About 9 o'clock, (the action having commenced at 6,) there was a short intermission

of firing, during which it appears the enemy was employed in bringing up the whole of his remaining force; and he shortly afterwards renewed his attack with fresh troops, but was everywhere repulsed with equal gallantry and success. About this period the remainder of major-general Riall's division, which had been ordered to retire on the advance of the enemy, consisting of the 103d regiment, under Colonel Scott; the head-quarter division of the royal Scots; the head-quarter division of the 8th, or king's; flank companies of the 104th; and some detachments of militia, under lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, inspecting field officer, joined the troops engaged; and I placed them in a second line, with the exception of the royal Scots and flank companies of the 104th, with which I prolonged my line in front to the right, where I was apprehensive of the enemy outflanking me.

The enemy's efforts to carry the hill were continued till about midnight, when he had suffered so severely from the superior steadiness and discipline of his majesty's troops, that he gave up the contest, and retreated with great precipitation to his camp beyond the Chippewa. On the following day he abandoned his camp, threw the greater part of his baggage, camp equipage, and provisions, into the Rapids, and having set fire to Street's mills, and destroyed the bridge at Chippewa, continued his retreat in great disorder towards Fort Erie. My light troops, cavalry, and Indians are detached in pursuit, and to harass his retreat, which I doubt not he will continue until he reaches his own shore.

The loss sustained by the enemy in this severe action cannot be estimated at less than 1,500 men, including several hundred of prisoners left in our hands; his two commanding generals, Brown and Scott, are said to be wounded, his whole force, which has never been rated at less than 5,000, having been engaged.

Enclosed I have the honour to transnit a return of our loss, which has been very considerable. The number of troops under my command did not, for the first three hours, exceed 1600 men; and the addition of the

troops under Colonel Scott, did not increase it to more than two thousand eight hundred of every description.

A very difficult, but at the same time a most gratifying duty remains, that of endeavouring to do justice to the merits of the officers and soldiers by whose valor and discipline this important success has been obtained. I was, very early in the action, deprived of major-general Riall, who, I regret to learn, has suffered the amputation of his arm\* and whose bravery, zeal, and activity, have always been conspicuous.

To lieutenant-colonel Harvey, deputy-adjutant-general, I am so deeply indebted for his valuable assistance previous to, as well as his able and energetic exertions during, this severe contest, that I feel myself called upon to point your excellency's attention to the distinguished merits of this highly deserving officer, whose services have been particularly conspicuous in every affair that has taken place since his arrival in this province. The zeal and intelligence displayed by major Glegg, assistant-adjutant-general, deserve my warmest approbation. I much regret the loss of a very intelligent and promising young officer, lieutenant Moorsom, 104th regiment, deputy-assistant-adjutant-general, who was killed towards the close of the action. The active exertions of captain Elliot, deputy-assistant-quarter-master-general, of whose gallantry and conduct I had occasion on two former instances to remark, were conspicuous. Major Maule and lieutenant Breton of the quarter-master-general's department were extremely useful to me: the latter was severely wounded.

Amongst the officers from whose active exertions I derived the greatest assistance, I cannot omit to mention my aides-de-camp, captains Jervoise and Loring, and captain Holland, aide-de-camp to major-general Riall. Captain Loring was unfortunately taken prisoner by some of the enemy's dragoons, whilst in the execution of an order.

(To be continued.)

\* It was afterwards ascertained, that major-general-Riall, though severely wounded, did not lose his arm.

## THOUGHTS FOR AUGUST.

Then cometh harvest.—

Lift up your eyes, and look in the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—*John iv. 35.*

Spring and Summer, with all the bright hopes they inspired, have now all but passed away, leaving to us the realization of those hopes to which the advent of the former gave birth, and which were fostered by the heats of the latter.

The year has now assumed the appearance of a matron, who, having laid aside the girlish graces of early youth, appears in the full perfection of womanly beauty, and in whom the transition from youth to maturity has been so gently developed as to create a doubt whether instead of beauty lost, fresh charms have not been added.

In like manner it may be said of the present month, that it partakes in some degree, of the beauties of those preceding; and the meadows, from which has been already gathered the crop that now fills the barn yard, again smile with the renewed herbage springing up in the first mown fields.

In a little work, entitled a "Harvest Tract", the harvest and its associations have been made the basis of many interesting and apposite reflections.

The allusions to pastoral and agricultural labours in the Old Testament are indeed calculated to awaken in all minds a lively interest, as links connecting those old times with our own; while, in the New Testament, the harvest is made the type of the most solemn and momentous of all coming events relating to man.

"From the time of Adam," runs the tract, "who was himself the first harvest reaper, the Bible gives many notices of harvest time. We read of Cain being a tiller of the ground, and bringing his first harvest fruits as an offering to the Lord; again we read of Noah becoming a husbandman, or man of the ground, gathering, doubtless, rich crops from the renewed face of the earth. Next, of Ruth following her kinsman's reapers during the barley harvest in one of the valleys of Bethlehem; two hundred years later, we read of the prophet Samuel, when he was bent with age, at the time of the wheat harvest, calling down rain and thunder from heaven." Before giving another extract from the same work, it may be added that our Saviour himself when looking around on the glories of the harvest season, uttered to his

disciples the verses with which this notice is headed.

The second quotation we make shows us that the harvest season is the fulfillment of a covenant promise, pledged to man with all the solemnity and earnestness with which we can conceive the Divine condescension capable of yielding to man.

"One summer-evening after the deluge, Noah was seen standing by an altar of burnt offering. No sooner did the blood of slain animals stream over its sides, and the column of smoke from the blazing sacrifices reach the sky, than a rainbow was observed to span the sky. God pointed out to that aged worshipper that bow in the cloud. He told him it was the sign and seal of a new covenant. In that grant the harvest has a foremost place: while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

When we remember that we read in sacred narrative of the consequences of the failure of the harvests in Egypt, and when we reflect on the misery entailed on European countries, in modern days, by a similar failure, we cannot but feel convinced that the promise "that seed time and harvest shall not cease", was well suited to the advent of that new order of things which succeeded the deluge.

Again, harvest may be looked at by the Christian in another light; by him it may be regarded as a picture of true religion, which having plucked out the tares of this world is now about "to reap in joy", and this view is confirmed when we remember that the Bible takes a harvest field to describe the joys of salvation. "They joy before thee according to the joy of harvest."

August owed its name to Augustus, in the same way that from Julius Cæsar was July named, by our Saxon ancestors it was, however, called, according to Verstegan, *Arn-monath*, *barn-month*, from the filling of their barns; *arn* meaning harvest. It was also named, according to other authorities, *Wood-monath*.

To the sportsman, August in this country lacks one great attraction; to him the 12th sounds no note of preparation. To him the bloody harvest to be gleaned on the moors is denied, and true cause of thankfulness have we all that such is the case. In our happy land the frightful list of poaching penalties is unknown, and to every man is conceded the right

of taking that which the Almighty gave for the use of all.

Our adopted country has yet to don a garment worn by some of the counties of Merrie England at this season. Our fields have yet to clothe themselves with the nodding honours of the hop harvest. Howitt, speaking of this cultivation, observes, "we cannot boast of our vineyards; but we question whether Italy itself can show a more beautiful or picturesque scene than an English hop garden in picking time." This feature will not, however, be long wanting in our Canadian landscape, and some future Canadian poet may then be able to dwell on all the beauties of his, or her, native land as sweetly as Mary Howitt does, concerning an English August, in her *Lays of the Seasons*:—

Arise, thou child of nature, rise!  
Arouse thy slumbering spirit now!  
The Autumn sheaves are on the hill,  
And solemn are the woods and still,  
With clustering fruits on every bough.

There's merry laughter in the field,  
And harmless jest and frolic rout;  
And the last harvest-wain goes by  
With its rustling load so pleasantly  
To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.

There are busy gleaners in the field—  
The old, whose work is never done,  
And eager, laughing, childish bands,  
Rubbing the ears in their little hands,  
And singing 'neath the autumn sun.

There are peasants in the hamlets low,  
Busied among their orchard-trees,  
Where the pleasant apples are red and gold,  
Like token fruits of those of old,  
In the gardens of the Hesperides.

And boys are busy in the woods,  
Gathering the ripe nuts, bright and brown;—  
In shady lanes the children stray  
Looking for blackberries through the day,  
Those berries of such old renown!

—Grey mists at morn brood o'er the earth,  
Shadowy as those on northern seas:  
The gossamer's filmy work is done,  
Like a web by moonlight fairies spun,  
And left to whiten in the breeze.

The sun bursts forth—the distant hills  
Shine out, and splendid is the day—  
A sombre radiance crowns each tree,  
A fading glory solemnly  
Hangs on each leaf in its decay.

Go to the silent autumn woods!

There has gone forth a spirit stern;  
Its wing has waved in triumph here,  
The Spring's green tender leaf is scere,  
And withering hangs the summer fern.

Now to the mountains turn thine eye,—  
How shine they through the burnished air!  
The little flocks, like drifts of snow,  
The shepherds' sheiling grey and low,  
Thou seest them in their beauty there.

Oh to lie down in wilds apart,  
Where man is seldom seen or heard;  
In still and ancient forests, where  
Mows not his scythe, ploughs not his share,  
With the shy deer and cooing bird!

To go in dreaminess of mood,  
O'er a lone heath, that spreads around  
A solitude like a silent sea,  
Where rises not a hut or tree,  
The wide-embracing sky its bound!

Oh! beautiful those wastes of heath,  
Stretching for miles to lure the bee,  
Where the wild-bird, on pinion strong,  
Wheels round and pours his piping song,  
And timid creatures wander free.

—Far sails the thistle's hoary down;  
All summer flowers have passed away—  
This is the appointed time for seed,  
From the forest-oak to the meanest weed,  
A time of gathering and decay.

But go not to the autumn hills,  
Stand not beneath the autumn trees,  
If thy unchastened spirit brook  
No warning voice, no stern rebuke,  
For thy life's ceaseless vanities!

Now lift thine eyes, weak child of pride,  
And lo! behind yon branching pine,  
Broad, red and like a burning sun,  
Comes up the glorious autumn-moon,  
God's creature, like a thing divine!

It is not, as our childhood deemed  
The nightly moon, a silver shield,  
Borne on some viewless warrior's breast  
In battle from the east to west,  
Along the blue ethereal field.

Oh high magnificence of eve!  
Thus silent in thy pomp of light,  
A world self-balanced thou appearest,  
An ark of fire, thou onward steerest  
Thy upward, glorious course aright!

The peasant stands beside his door,  
To mark thee in thy bright ascent;  
The village matron, 'neath her tree,  
Sits, in her simple piety,  
Gazing in silent wonderment.

'Tis well when aught can wake the heart  
To love and faith whose trust is right!  
'Tis well when the soul is not seared,  
And the low whisper can be heard  
'That breathes through nature day and night!

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## THE PURSER'S CABIN.

### YARN II.

EMBRACING MATTERS WHICH WILL BE PATENT  
TO THE PATIENT PURSER.

I almost regret having commenced these papers! The "coil and potter" which my primary "Yarn" has excited amongst the purser fraternity of Old Ontario, almost passes belief! They deem that it is *unprofessional* for one of their number to tell tales out of ship; and during the last month the most strenuous exertions have been used by them to discover the obnoxious delinquent.

Hitherto, however, the finger of suspicion has not pointed in the direction of your humble servant. Whenever the subject is mooted, I invariably assume an air of utter ignorance, and even go the length, at times, of denying, point blank, that I have so much as read the denounced article!

Some rigid moralists may feel inclined to haul me over the coals for adopting such a line of procedure, but, in my opinion, without any legitimate ground. From time immemorial authors on the anonymous "lay," have been permitted to wear their vizards with impunity, and to adopt every *ruse* and "doublement" to prevent quidnuncs from peeping behind the same. There can be no question but that the inditer of *Junius's Letters*—that matchless cento of sparkling Billingsgate—frequently must have turned up his eyes in simulated horror, when the subject of the epistles was alluded to, in his presence, at court. Who ever dreamed of calling Sir Philip Francis (supposing Sir Philip to have been *nominis umbra*) a knave, for thus acting? Surely, according to every canon of fair play, the "sauce" which was conceded to the vituperative knight, will not be withheld from the humble purser of the Hamilton and Montreal "through" steamer ——!

As I wish to be as candid as is consistent with the preservation of my incognito, I hereby depone that I sail under a "pursers name." This declaration is rendered necessary from the fact, that since the spinning of my first "yarn," not a few of my professional confreres have been interrogated by peripatetic Yankees, whether they responded to the cognomination of Stobo! In some instances this line of examination has proved so unpalatable, that it has eventuated in the doubling of fists, and the unfolding of bowie knives! Sincerely do I trust that for the future no cognate disputes will mar the amenity of our steam mercantile navy!

During the currency of the last month, multi-form and multitudinous specimens of the genus *homo* have been temporary tenants of my cabin.

I have been favoured with the society of, at least, a baker's dozen of M.P.P.'s, *en route* for their several constituencies, brimful of patriotism and bunkum! If credence could be reposed in the assertions of these single-minded genetry, the destinies of Canada hinged upon the fact of their re-election! Not a mother's son of them did covet a prolongation of political life—far, very far from it! But then there was something so crushingly overwhelming in the idea of such wretches as Gammon of Gooseville or Thimblbrig of Turncoattown being returned to serve in the ensuing Parliament, that, like Curtius, they were determined to plunge into the gulph in order that they might secure the regeneration of the Province!

It is with sorrow I am constrained to state that the *open sesame* of a goblet frequently disclosed secrets, which somewhat detracted from the "severe virtue" of these colonial Hampdens! At the outset of a communing, Noodle would denounce his opponent Doodle, because he went for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. When, however, the truth-expiscating alcohol had done its work, I generally found out that the "head and front" of Doodle's delinquency consisted in his having an interest in the line of some railway, which, if adopted, would deteriorate the value of Noodle's property! Jupiter knows that I have not one farthing at stake in "this Canada," and hence I may be permitted to record my deliberate opinion that, in nine cases out of ten, "public spirit" and "breeches pockets" are, in these latitudes, synonymous and convertible terms! Fully do I concede that on both sides of the political blanket *bona fide* theorists are to be found, who are guided by *principle* in their proceedings.



Like angels' visits, or plums in a poor's-house contract pudding, however, such exceptions are few and far between, and are generally elbowed into the mud by the votaries of that potent idol, the all-absorbing NUMBER ONE!

But I must turn over a new leaf in my log! The sweltering temperature of a Canadian July is ill-adapted for the discussion of such fever-engendering topics. I do this the more readily because a purser is *ex officio* a non-politician! Like his vice-regal betters, he is bound to preserve a "dignified neutrality," and smile equally upon Conservative and Clear Grit, provided always, that the dollars are forthcoming!

About a fortnight ago, my attention was arrested by the appearance of one of our deck passengers, who was making an aquatic pilgrimage from Hamilton to Montreal. There was something in the cut of the gent's garments, and the Silvester Daggerwood disposition of his "unlovely love locks" (as the old king-killers of Cromwell's time would say), which convinced me that he had "faced the music" in his day and generation. This impression was strengthened by the manner in which he received my demand for the honorarium exigible for the conveyance of his person. Opening his purse, he drew forth the requisite number of bills, exclaiming, with a ten-horse sigh, as he placed them in my hands, "Farewell! a long farewell! Ye come like shadows, and ye so depart!"

Being myself a waif and stray of society, I have always cherished a kindly feeling towards that hair-brained tribe who are "vagabonds by Act of Parliament!" Consequently, having cortiorated myself that my customer was a son of Thespis, I requested him to keep his money in his purse, and to visit my pursorial domain when the hurry of business was over. The invitation was accepted with a profusion of thanks, and after the —— had cleared out from Browne's wharf, Mr Alonzo Fitz Mortimer, for so did my guest designate himself, made his "first appearance" in the "Purser's Cabin."

The heart of Alonzo being warmed by a cigar, and some kindred accessories which it is not essential to specify, he, like the jealous Moor of Venice, recounted "all his story's history." That story I do not intend inflicting upon my readers. It was the "thrice told tale" of life's gay morn dissipated in dreamy idleness, followed by the scorching meridian of disappointment, and the cold, grey afternoon of poverty and carking care!

Having waxed stale as a third-rate provincial actor in the mother country, Fitz Mortimer had found his way to New York, and meeting there no encouragement, was now proceeding to Montreal, in the hope of securing an engagement from the manager of a troupe performing in that city.

During the voyage my new acquaintance recounted to me sundry of his "experiences," a few of which I have jotted down for the entertainment of the perusers of these pages.

In order to avoid the irksomeness and confusion of *inverted commas*, the reader will be so good as imagine that instead of Deuis Lynch Stobo, it is Alonzo Fitz Mortimer who is now holding forth.

#### REMINISCENCES OF A POOR PLATER.

James Sheridan Knowles! How my heart warms at the name of that single-minded and enthusiastic son of genius! For more than two years I was a member of his elocution class in Glasgow, and I look backward to the days which I spent under his tuition as amongst the brightest and most genial of my life.

To become a pupil of Knowles was to become, in a great measure, his adopted child. He loved his "boys" with an affection greatly analogous to that of a father, nor was the kindness ever thrown away. We never looked upon him in the light of a task-exacting pedagogue. There was not one of us that would not have gone through fire and water for "Old Knowles" or "Paddy Knowles," as in kindly familiarity we called him, almost to his face! The severest chastisement which he could inflict upon offenders was to debar them from the school-room for a certain number of days. In other seminaries holidays are the reward of merit and diligence, with us they were regarded as penitential penalties!

Though in the receipt of a considerable income from class fees, Knowles, in process of time, degenerated into poverty. This untoward state of things was not attributable either to extravagance or dissipation. In the words of a kindred spirit—

"Even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Never could he hear unmoved the tale of sorrow, or the supplication of penury. His last shilling was always at the service of the man who could make out a plausible case of hardship or want.

Unfortunately the designing and fraudulent took advantage of this generally known temper-

ament of the dramatist, and shoals of sordid leeches were ever ready to fasten upon him whenever he had a guinea in his purse. Much of the money thus disbursed was in the shape of loans, but as he seldom exacted acknowledgments of debt, the coin might as well have been buried in the recesses of the *Domine's Hole*—the deepest pool in the River Clyde!

And so poor Paddy Knowles began to be in want!

It was whilst creditors were clamorous, and the demands of a numerous family pressing upon him, that he composed the beautiful play of the *Hunchback*. Having despatched it to London, the merits of the production were at once recognised by the parties to whom it was submitted, and it was accepted and put in rehearsal. At that period Fanny Kemble was in the full flush and zenith of her reputation, and she was cast for the character of Julia, the part of the wayward, but honest Master Walter being appropriated to Farren the elder.

Everything went on swimmingly for a season. Each succeeding post brought tidings to Glasgow that the knowing ones regarded the success of the drama as a matter of inevitable certainty: especially when its literary merits were backed by such commanding histrionic talent.

Brightly shone the hopes of the author. Already he felt his limbs freed from the meshes in which he had been so long entangled. By anticipation he breathed the delicious and bracing atmosphere of independence!

At this crisis Farren was smitten by the inexorable hand of sickness! An attack of palsy stretched the mime upon his bed, with the certainty that months, perchance years, would elapse ere he could again assume the exercise of his profession.

What was to be done?

Fanny Kemble's engagement was of limited duration, and the *Hunchback*, if played at all, must be produced within a week or two. No actor could be found willing to study the onerous part of "Master Walter" at such a brief notice, and more especially as the public had expected to see a long established favourite in the role. To walk in the shoes of Farren was like attempting to bend the bow of Achilles!

In these circumstances, the management of Covent Garden wrote to Knowles, suggesting, as a forlorn hope, that he should enact the embarrassing character himself!

Like mocking madness did that proposal sound to the sorely perplexed "Paddy." In

his "green and salad days" he had been for a brief period upon the stage, but for twenty years he had worn neither sock nor buskin. It is true that during that period he had been engaged in the practice and tuition of the elocutionary art, but every one at all conversant with such matters is aware that there is nearly as much difference between reciting detached pieces in a school-room, and representing a character upon the stage, as there is between a sham fight and a genuine passage at arms.

However, there was no help for it. Hobson's choice was the order of the day! Knowles or nobody, was the stern fiat of the fates!

With a heavy heart and care-clouded brow the poor author took his departure for the British metropolis. I accompanied him to the mail coach, and never shall I forget the desponding and non-elastic tones of his voice, as he bade me good-bye. "My dear boy," said he, "before the month is out my destiny will be sealed! I shall either make a spoon, or hopelessly spoil a horn!"

To cut a long story short, the eventful evening came round, and the green curtain rose upon the first scene of the *Hunchback*.

I need not dwell upon the success of this sterling play, or the reception of the author-actor. These are matters of dramatic history, and must be familiar to all who take an interest in such affairs. Enough to say that the enthusiasm of the audience found fresh fuel in every act, and that Knowles fairly divided the plaudits with Miss Kemble. At the conclusion, the house—and it was an overflowing one—rose to the representatives of Julia and her new-found father, and loud, hearty, and long-continued were the *vivas* which rendered that famous theatre vocal!

"How did you feel, sir," quoth I to my old master, when I first saw him after the achievement of his triumph, "how did you feel at the moment when your victory had reached its culminating point?" "I cannot tell you what I felt," was the reply, "but I shall tell you what I did. So soon as I could escape from the stage, I ran trembling and panting to my dressing-room, and bolting the door, I sunk down upon my knees, and from the bottom of my soul thanked God for his wondrous kindness to me! If ever I uttered the prayer of a grateful heart, it was in that little chamber!"

When the worthy fellow was thus speaking to me, the big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and so deep was his emotion, that it was

difficult for him to articulate with distinctness!

He had, indeed, substantial cause for gratitude. The event of that night made him at once a comparatively wealthy man—as wealthy, at least, as the amiable irregularities before alluded to, and which always clung to him, permitted him to be. I know not, indeed, how matters fare with the poet, now that he has exchanged the stage for the pulpit, but I shrewdly opine that in his case the ancient adage, “what is bred in the bone will be seen in the flesh,” can suffer no refutation.

From this moment Knowles became not merely the most popular dramatic writer of the day (a distinction which he retained as long as he cultivated that branch of literature), but also a leading theatrical star. Engagements were tendered to him by every manager of mark in the United Kingdom, and he was as great a favourite in the provinces as he had been in London.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that the triumph of their dear old master filled the hearts of his Glasgow “boys” with surpassing exultation! “Have you heard of ‘Paddy’s’ success?” was a query which was put by hundreds, and I question much whether the tidings of the victory of Waterloo produced a greater sensation in the ancient city of St. Mungo and Bailie Nicol Jarvie!

As a matter of course, Alexander, the proprietor of the Dunlop Street theatre, lost no time in securing the services of such a popular and telling “card,” and due notice was given of the first appearance of our now distinguished townsman.

About ten days prior to that epoch, I received a letter from Knowles, requesting me to engage lodgings for him—his family having by this time removed to the vicinity of Edinburgh. “Be sure,” said he, “that there is a table to accommodate twenty-five persons, at least, at dinner. This must be a *sine-qua-non*.” He likewise expressed a hope that some of the “boys” would be in waiting for him at the arrival of the stage coach.

These injunctions and wishes were duly complied with, and about seven o’clock, on a fine, clear, bracing morning, an unusual number of watchers for the advent of the London mail were congregated at the “Tontine Hotel,” in front of the equestrian statue of that Dutch-Anglo potentate, whose memory is “glorious and immortal.” I very much doubt whether, if William himself had been galvanised into exist-

ence, and expected to exhibit his hooked proboscis in Glasgow, that day, he would have engendered a tittle of the stir which our beloved “Paddy” called forth!

At length, the echoes of the Gallowgate were awakened by the notes of the guard’s horn, and presently the royal “convenience,” as our ancestors were wont to say, bore in sight!

Long before the Jehu reined up his sweating steeds, the little round face of Knowles, glowing like a sun with good-will, excitement, and sincere affection, was protruded from one of the windows of the coach, an apparition which was greeted by his quondam disciples with a perfect storm of shouts! Had a stranger witnessed the manner in which “Paddy” was almost literally dragged from his locomotive quarters to the pavement, he would have been half-inclined to “opinionate” that the aforesaid “Paddy,” having committed some inexpiable and unprecedented delict, was about to undergo the manipulation of Judge Lynch and his “unchartered” myrmidons! Verily, if people could be killed with kindness, our ancient preceptor apparently ran no small risk of such a catastrophe!

I doubt not but that many a one, not in the secret, beheld with astonishment the progress of the gifted Milesian and his “tail” along the Trongate that memorable morning! Wrapped up in his favorite blue cloak, which he wore somewhat after the fashion of a *toga*, Knowles strutted, or rather, I should say, *stotted* along like a Coriolanus just imported from the bogs of Kerry! At the most moderate computation, a hundred, or, “by our Lady” a hundred and fifty of the “boys” swelled his triumph, some acting as pioneers, others as benchmen, and the balance bringing up the rear. Not for a moment was the tongue of the dramatist permitted to lie fallow by the owner thereof. Question followed question, as wave succeeds wave, and the theme of them all was still the same, vile-licet, the state and condition of the “old chaps!” Everything else gave place to this one, absorbing topic of interrogation, “How’s Tom? where’s Dick? is Harry married yet?” Not a single allusion was made to the theatre, or the *Hunchback*, or anything having the remotest bearing upon “the shop.” Rob Roy, when he reached the wilds of Aberfoyle, exclaimed, “My foot is upon my native heath, and my name is Macgregor!” In like manner, no sooner did Knowles find himself once more in the city of his affection, than a wet sponge

was drawn, as it were, over the record of the interval which had elapsed since he last dwelt there! He was once more surrounded by his beloved, and I may truly add, much loving "boys," and all his metropolitan triumphs were for the time forgotten! This may sound to some as the language of exaggeration, but none of the "brotherhood" will assert that one of my expressions is too strong by a single jot or tittle! No pencil could colour too vividly the surpassing affection which existed between this glorious, warm-hearted Irishman and the pupils, who regarded him as a father, or rather, I should say, as a dear elder brother!

In this manner the procession reached the lodgings previously engaged for the "star," as before alluded to. I may mention that they were situated in Argyle Street, near the office of the *Courier*, edited at that time by William Motherwell, author of *Jeanie Morrison*, and now by his accomplished biographer, James McCullochy. Here the convocation dispersed, but only for a brief season as regarded a portion of the members thereof, at least.

"Mark me, boys" said Knowles, "you see this table. My dinner hour is three o'clock, and every day (Sunday excepted) I expect to see as many of my boys as the board will accommodate! I have no time, as you know, to give invitations, and therefore I depend upon you to make my wishes known as generally as possible."

Faithfully were the master's behests complied with, and no sincere had the purveyor or cook of that establishment during the sojourn of James Sheridan Knowles therein!

Very humanizing and full of pleasance were these gustatorial re-unions. They were green spots upon the arid desert of life, the aroma of which lingered long upon the palates of those who assisted at them.

There was something essentially *republican* in the character of these meetings; I speak, of course, not politically but socially. The only qualification of admission being "old boyship," characters the most incongruous, so far as the cold, mechanical, everyday world's shibboleth was concerned, periodically did justice to the cheer of their entertainer. High and low, rich poor, daily were guests of that good and single-minded man!

At his table you might behold the lawyer and his clerk—the manufacturer and his foreman—the prosperous merchant, and the insolvent trader whose name had swelled the last week's

bead roll of bankrupts! All had been pupils of the golden-hearted "Paddy," and consequently all had an equal title to his affections and regards!

You may call it the dotage and drivelling of Utopianism, but I cannot help thinking that these meetings were productive of solid and substantial good. They tended to remove the sordid and paralyzing incrustation of selfishness, which is so frequently apt to gather around the every-day human heart! They re-kindled the generous fire of school-boy life! They constrained the man who for long years had been steeped to the throat in the numbing and petrifying quagmires of the "ready reckoner" and "multiplication table," to remember, that mere gain was not the *to kalon* of existence; and that a retrospective gale from "youth's glad morn" possessed an invigorating power, precious beyond gold and silver!

In Glasgow, as you may probably have heard, there has from time immemorial existed a strong prejudice against theatricals. Of late years the inimical feeling has somewhat abated, but at the period of which I am speaking it was in pretty vigorous blast. Many an honest "elder" or burges would as soon have heard that his son had been in Bridewell as within the precincts of the "D—'s house"—as the temple of Thespis was termed—and the majority of those who visited the forbidden ground did it covertly, and "upon the sly!"

During the professional visits of Knowles, however, to the anti-dramatic city, this state of things was most thoroughly reversed. In the "Golden Legend" we read of some saints, whose *sudorous* virtue was so potent that it neutralized the evil qualities of the most pestiferous poisons, and rendered henbane and arsenic harmless and nutritious as oatmeal porridge. Equally marvellous was the effect of the "Paddy's" presence in Glasgow! A "plenary indulgence" was, by common consent, extended to all who then thought proper to visit the "debatable land." Grave men, members of "Kirk Sessions," not only permitted their children to pass the *tabooed* Rubicon, but themselves ventured over the prohibited strand! I have seen samples and swatches of all religious denominations present in the theatre when Knowles was "holding forth." One evening I beheld a Quaker, habited in the *orthodox* drab flourishing enthusiastically his *canonical* hat at the point when Master Walter reveals to Julia that he is her veritable

papa! On ordinary occasions such a phenomenon might have been provocative of scandal and backbiting, but as it was, no one deemed that anything was out of joint! Aminadab had been an "old pupil," and consequently it was "all right!"

I must do Knowles the justice to say, that he never encouraged his pupils to adopt the stage as a profession. Many a time and oft has he pointed out in my presence the multiform evils and drawbacks which necessarily accompany such a life. Frequently did he assure us that the prizes in the histrionic lottery were few and far between, and that a miserably small percentage of the romance which existed in front of the curtain was to be found behind the same! The best proof of my averment is to be found in the fact that a very small number of the "boys" were led to abandon the pen, the shuttle, or the measuring wand, for the tin-foil-adorned tracheon. This is a truth which

"NOBODY CAN DENY"

who is at all conversant with the circumstances of the case!

Would that I had profited by the lessons thus read to me! What a *mare magnum* of misery, mortification, and grinding penury I should then have avoided!

The stage-struck greenhorn looks upon actors as closely identified with the personages whom they represent. Well do I remember "doffing my castor" to William Macready, the forenoon succeeding the night on which I beheld him wearing the crown and regalia of Richard III. A large portion of the "divinity" which "hedges in a king" seemed to adhere to him, and I thought that none should be too proud to "do him reverence!" I deemed that, at the very least, he must have the *feelings* of royalty, and that next to the *genuine article* these were to be prized and sought after!

Alas! stern experience has convinced me that all this is the mere madness of imagination! The very essence and quintessence of the bathos of boyhood's baseless bewitchment!

Much do I question whether the most gifted rotaries of the tragic muse ever experience anything approximating to an identification with the characters they represent.

Jack Ormond, a provincial actor of considerable celebrity, once told me the following anecdote.

On one occasion he was playing Iago at Belfast, to the elder Kean's Othello. Never was the great tragedian in "higher feather."

Never did he carry the sympathies and feelings of an audience so thoroughly along with him. He did wind them—as the saying runs—around his little finger—and was, *pro tempore*, the identical chivalrous Moor imagined and imperishably stereotyped by the inspired poacher of Stratford-upon-Avon.

At the delivery of that inexpressibly touching passage commencing with—

"FAREWELL THE PLUMED HOST, AND THE BIG WAR,"

the whole theatre was, literally, drenched with tears. There was a "Jonesome and desolate beauty"—as Charles Lamb expressed it,—in the tones of his unequal, but still most musical voice, which no human heart could resist. They expressed the very sublime and climax of utter and careless misery! To the most stolid auditor they conveyed the profound pathos of the story—certiorating him that the fairy dream of a life-time had been broken, and that nothing loomed in the cold prospective save a sea of

"WAVELESS, TIDELESS, SHORELESS, SMILESS WOE."

Even the counterfeit Iago himself—"albeit unused to the melting mood,"—was smitten with a feeling of remorse, and for a moment opined that if he should be tarred and feathered, and then dragged through the most "convenient" horse pool, no great violence would be done to the principles of poetical justice.

"What was my astonishment, however," continued honest Ormond, "when, after having declared that his 'occupation' was gone, Othello turned round his head, and looked at me as impudently as a beggar would do at a bad copper! 'Hang it, Jack! (said the little vagabond, thrusting his tongue into his cheek)—hang it, Jack, I think that will do!'"

After such a crushing case in point, the man who talks about "the poetry of the stage," so far as actors are concerned, may recite his legends to the marines! If he has nothing better to do he may enlarge upon the sentimental sorrows of a shell oyster, or wax maudlin upon the blighted loves of a frosted turnip, with as much hope of a fructifying result!

HOPE is the sunbeam of the heart, which dispels or gilds the chilling clouds of adversity.

INDUSTRY is a young man's capital—every hour spent in study is working for high wages.

A strong mind and a cultivated mind may claim respect; but there is needed a noble one to win affection.

REMARKS ON THE SOUTHERN STATES  
AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

BY A CANADIAN.

Notwithstanding the facilities for information, on all subjects, afforded in these days of Railroads and Telegraphs, when almost every man becomes a "Tourist," and few, indeed, can exist without their newspapers and magazines, it is hoped that the following disconnected and cursory remarks from actual observation, while on a visit for a few months to the South last winter—made for the benefit of impaired health—may not be unacceptable to some readers of the "Anglo-American."

In submitting them to the public, I have not endeavoured to give anything like a continued narrative of my tour, nor, (had I presumed to attempt such a thing) do I flatter myself that it would have possessed any general interest. I have, accordingly, confined my observations to such peculiarities of the country, its institutions and the manners of the people—of a general nature—as I noted down at the time, and which appeared new and strange to me, an unsophisticated Canadian.

Leaving Canada in the month of February last, in the depth of a very severe winter, I looked forward with high-wrought expectations of pleasure and improvement, to the delightful changes of climate, scenery, and habits which, in my imagination would be afforded by a few months travel and residence in the sunny plains of South Carolina. I had also a great curiosity to see the practical operation and effects of that system of Slavery, of which I had often heard and read such horrors. Some of my anticipations were abundantly realized; but in others, and some of the most pleasurable ones, I confess to a decided disappointment. Such, indeed, is generally the result of any anticipated pleasure which is looked forward to for the first time. We have nothing before our eyes to tie us down to the prosaic realities of every-day life—full scope is allowed for imagination to run riot—and when the time comes for the realization of our vision, we awake and find it was but a dream. I have heard it confessed by many visitors to that stupendous and wonderful work of nature—the Falls of Niagara—that on their first visit they were greatly disappointed. They had pictured and seldom set down, in their own minds, what the general appearance of the Great Cataract would and

should present, and the effect that would be produced: and when they find many things different from what they had imagined, they involuntarily feel a species of disappointment, which disables them from fully considering and admiring the wonders and magnificence which everywhere prevail, and which it requires a second visit fully to appreciate. But this is a digression.

Having procured sundry letters of introduction, I set off to New York, a journey which I accomplished in twenty-two hours, where I remained for about a week. I also visited (but on my return from the South) Boston and most of the other large cities of the Northern and New England States; but of these and their notables—being as familiar as "Household Words" to most Canadians, in this travel-loving age—I shall say nothing.

Of all the Cities of the North, and indeed of the United States, Philadelphia, I think, excels in beauty, regularity of its streets, and the fine architectural effect of its buildings. As it is, perhaps, less generally visited, especially by the commercial travelling community, than most of the other great cities of the world, I may be permitted to dwell, for a moment, upon some of its peculiarities. It is beautifully laid out on a peninsula formed by the junction of the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, which, at this point runs Southward, at the distance of about two miles apart, and almost parallel to each other. The Delaware here forms the boundary between New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and also bounds the City on the East, while the Schuylkill, originally, formed its limit on the west side. Latterly, however, with the increasing growth of the place, it has extended itself much to the westward of the latter river; and, although these districts bear distinct names—such as Matua, West Philadelphia, &c.—they may, properly, be considered as forming a part of the city. Philadelphia covers a very large space of ground. More even than New York, although its population is not so great by some hundred thousands.

One of the most remarkable features of this city of "Brotherly Love," is the width, regularity, and neatness of its streets. They all run perfectly straight and at right angles to each other. Those between the two rivers, running east and west, are all distinguished by the names of trees (which, perhaps, at one time flourished on the site.) Such as Chesnut,

Walnut, Pine, &c.; while the streets running north and south, are numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., beginning with those running parallel to the river on the Delaware side, and so continuing up to the Schuylkill. Thus, by attending to this arrangement of the streets, to reach any required point of the City, is no difficult matter, even to a perfect stranger. Another circumstance, which adds much to the beauty of the streets, as well to the general appearance of the City—and which distinguishes most of the cities of the States, that I visited, from our Canadian towns—is, the shrubbery and trees planted, often two or three rows deep, along each street, forming, when in leaf, as well a protection to the houses, as a delightfully refreshing shade to pedestrians.

The scenery on the Delaware is generally tame and monotonous, but on the Schuylkill side, it is much wilder, forming, in summer many agreeable landscapes, and delightful places of excursion for pleasure hunters. Philadelphia contains a host of fine public buildings, such as the United States Marine Hospital, the Philadelphia Bank, &c., but the most magnificent structure in it—and second to none in the United States—is the celebrated Girard College, for the education of Orphan Children, built from the proceeds of a bequest of \$2,000,000 left for the purpose by Stephen Girard, formerly a wealthy but eccentric citizen of Philadelphia. It is situated on an elevated piece of ground near the city, and consists of five fine buildings, all constructed of the most beautiful and richly wrought white marble. The principal one, which is built after the model of an ancient Grecian Temple, is devoted to class rooms, while the others are occupied as residences for the Teachers and Students. The main structure is 218 feet long, and 160 feet wide, surrounded by 34 Corinthian columns. The view of the city and surrounding country, from its roof is magnificent.

Amongst other places which I visited in Philadelphia, and which is looked upon with the greatest interest and veneration by all Americans, is the Old State-house, or, (as it is called) Independence Hall, where the celebrated "Declaration" was drawn up, and from the door of which it was read to the assembled people. I saw there collected many of the old national curiosities and relics; amongst others, a bench or seat (made from Washington's pew; in Christ's church) on which, it is the boast of

the Cerberus who guards the place, to inform all visitors, that "the father of his country," Lafayette and other of the principal men of the Revolution, had often sat. Also, the Old Bell that first pealed forth the (so called) *notes of liberty*, on the memorable 4th of July, 1776. It bears the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout this land unto all the inhabitants thereof." These and a great many other reminiscences of Revolutionary times, are carefully preserved in the Cupola of the Hall, and shewn to visitors as matters of the greatest interest. But I am afraid I have dwelt much too long upon Philadelphia and its beauties; for, although I was greatly attracted by it myself, and although much could be written on the subject, it is hardly relevant to the matter in hand.

After satisfying my curiosity by visiting the places of interest, and seeing the "Lions" of Gotham and Philadelphia I looked about me, to ascertain the earliest and most pleasant way of travelling South. As I had already got a little experience of railway travelling, and found it not at all conducive either to health or comfort—especially for an invalid—when it was necessary to remain all night upon the cars, I resolved to proceed by sea, at all events, part of the way.

Accordingly, on the 21st of February, I took my passage at New York, on the steamship "Roanoke" for Norfolk (Virginia.) On the previous night, there had been a most violent snow-storm, and a high wind; and although the weather had moderated, and was now comparatively fine, the swell upon the ocean had not subsided, and we felt the rocking and rolling of the ship very severely. I have no doubt that many of the passengers heartily wished themselves safely again on *terra firma*. On the following day, however, the sea had calmed down—the temperature was much warmer—and everything indicated our Southward progress. I cannot tell with what delight I enjoyed the fine, soft, and comparatively mild breezes of "old father Ocean," so different from the harsh and cold blasts which we had encountered scarce twenty-four hours before.

It is not my intention to give an account of a sea voyage. Hundreds of pens have already anticipated me in this. Suffice it to say, that after a fine trip of about thirty hours, we landed safely at Norfolk, in "Old Virginia," where I first set my foot in the land of Slavery, and the

land also of "liberty and equality." This inconsistency in terms, I leave Brother Jonathan to explain, as I honestly confess myself unable as well as unwilling, to take such liberties with language and the plain meaning of words, as to attempt to reconcile the two!

Having now fairly arrived in the Southern States, I took every opportunity of noting what appeared to me singular or peculiar to the country or people among whom I was to sojourn for a time.

Norfolk, although one of the oldest towns of the Union, is a small place, of about 15,000. It is, however, the principal port of Entry of the State, and lies about a hundred miles South East of Richmond, the Capital. Situate on the Elizabeth River, about 32 miles from its entrance into the sea, through Hampton Roads, (the basin formed by the James and Elizabeth Rivers,) it possesses a spacious harbour, this is one of its principal advantages, neither the town nor the surrounding country having anything to boast of in beauty of appearance. The ground is low and marshy; and some twelve or fifteen miles from the city, is a marsh or swamp, covering the greater portion of the county of Norfolk, called on account of its extent and gloomy appearance, the "Great Dismal Swamp." The chief attraction of Norfolk is its refined and agreeable society. The inhabitants, principally natives of the place, are mostly of English or Scottish descent, and are entirely free from any of those peculiarities of appearance and accent, which Canadians instinctively associate with their ideas of all Americans or "Yankees," as they are almost universally, though erroneously termed.—Making just allowances for the difference of their sentiments and views on political subjects—the natural effects of the form of Government under which they live, and the "peculiar institution" which prevails among them—the Virginians, as a whole, present, to my mind, a rarer type of the "old countryman," than even we Canadians can, though it is our glory and boast that we are still bound by ties of loyalty and affection to "Fatherland." They are extremely hospitable to strangers; and, if I may judge from my own experience, visitors to the South, possessing the proper means of introduction, may rely upon being received and treated with every attention.

At Gosport, on the west side of the river,

nearly opposite Norfolk, there is an extensive navy-yard. Through the kindness of G. P. R. James, Esq., the British Consul, of Virginia, I was introduced to the Commandant, who with the greatest readiness and pleasure (and not the less so, I believe, because I was a British subject) conducted me through the yard; the armoury, and all the other offices connected with it, showing me every thing that might interest a stranger, and explaining what I did not understand. He also accompanied me on board the mammoth ship of war, "the Pennsylvania," then lying in the river, just at the entrance of Hampton Roads.

She is the largest in the American navy, carrying, I think, 140 guns. Although now old and unfit for active service, she is still—*pro forma*, I suppose—kept manned and every appearance of discipline maintained. I found the Captain and Officers most agreeable and liberal-minded fellows, with none of that narrow prejudice on national and political subjects, which (I had supposed) generally characterized republican Americans. While they respected and admired their own Institutions and laws, they were still not wilfully blind to the advantages of any other form of Government because it differed from their own.

One of the principal objects of my curiosity, when approaching, for the first time, the States of the South, was, to see the Slaves—the kinds of labour in which they are engaged—and to observe their habits and appearance. I suppose I must have entertained some undefined, but most exaggerated ideas upon the subject, for I recollect, on my first arrival in Virginia, feeling a degree of surprise—and even something not far removed from disappointment—when I saw the negroes going about on the ordinary business of servants, different in little—from their free brethren of the North, except in a display of subdued and respectful deference towards the Whites.

I seldom saw any come into the presence of a white man, without taking off his hat and making a bow, and even cringing obeisance. In the cities, the Slaves are employed in all the usual household and menial duties of servants, while on the plantations and farms their labour is, of course, varied according to the productions of the country.

Virginia is almost entirely a tobacco-growing State. Wheat is in many parts produced, but very little cotton or rice. There is neither so



much necessity nor demand for slave labour in this State as farther South; and the consequence is, that a vast number of Slaves are continually being exported, and sent "down South" to work on the cotton, rice, and sugar plantations of the Carolinas, Alabama, Mississippi, and other States. The raising and selling of Slaves is, indeed, quite a business—and a very lucrative one too—among the Virginians. They speculated on the production, growth and price of their "niggers" with as much *nonchalance* as a Canadian farmer would do regarding the prospects of his wheat crop. Richmond is one of the principal slave marts of the Union, and negroes are daily bought and sold for the Southern market.

Although Virginia, and, indeed the whole of the older States of the South are crossed and intersected in all directions by Railways, the travelling there is by no means so comfortable or speedy, while at the same time it is much more expensive than the North. When a traveller books himself for a journey of any length on the Railways in the South, especially at night, he must not look forward to the enjoyment of much comfort or ease, or assuredly he will find before he reaches his destination that he has "reckoned without his host." There are so many roads belonging to different Companies, and consequently, so much changing of cars—re-checking of luggage—and so many rivers and ferries to be crossed, that little rest, and no sleep, is to be obtained. I can speak feelingly on this subject, as I do so from experience, having travelled by rail, from Norfolk to Charleston, a journey, which it took two whole days and a night to accomplish.

There is an immense travel on this route. The cars were crowded to excess. Here might be seen the lively Yankee, bent on some expedition, having for its object the multiplication of his darling "dollars and cents." Here also, the more refined and dignified looking Southerner, speculating upon the probable fluctuations of the tobacco and cotton market. While each was engaged in his own occupation or reflections, a group of a very different kind and bound on a very different errand from any of these, was occupying another part of the train—a "gang of slaves," bought at the Richmond auctions, and destined for the plantations of the South. During the day, they had been huddled together in a freight car like so many sheep, until night came on, when they

were turned into a car, of a very inferior class, provided for the purpose of carrying Slaves. To satisfy my curiosity, I went in, during the evening to see them, as well as the dim light of a single lamp would permit. Here I found them all collected together chatting and laughing in the most gay and light hearted manner. Occasionally they varied their amusements, by singing some of their own 'melodies—such as "Ole Virginny," and "The Old Folks at Home," while one, who carried a banjo—the only *souvenir*, that he was taking away, perhaps, for ever, from his native land—accompanied them upon the instrument. It was with a feeling of some surprise and even wonder that I beheld them all apparently so happy—without a care or thought of what was to be their future lot.

I was much disappointed in the general appearance of the country through which we travelled. The whole route through the South Eastern part of Virginia, North Carolina, and the greater part of South Carolina, with little exception, lay in a low and swampy waste, covered with interminable pine forests, and presented the most barren and uninviting prospect that I had ever beheld. As we approached Charleston, however, things began to bear a somewhat less dreary aspect. Although it was still February, the trees and underwood were already beginning to burst forth into leaf, while the yellow jasmin, and innumerable other flowers of every hue—whose names (if, indeed, they possess any) I never learned, or have by this time forgotten—were scattered profusely, in all directions, throughout the woods, adorning the marshes and swamps through which we were travelling. These flowers of early spring, as I afterwards saw, abound in almost all parts of South Carolina.

I was much pleased with Charleston. When I arrived—about the end of February—the climate was delightful, the weather being somewhat similar in temperature to what we experience in Canada about the middle of May. The rose-bushes, in the gardens which are attached to almost every dwelling, were already covered with flowers. I had the pleasure of enjoying the fragrance of a beautiful bouquet, at a time when the "merry sleigh-bells" were still in requisition in the snow covered fields of Canada.

Charleston is a fine old city, built on a point

of land formed by the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, which here unite and flow, at the distance of some seven miles, into the ocean. It resembles New York to a certain extent, but on a much smaller scale. At the Southern point of the City, is the "Battery," similar in general appearance, but even more extensive than that of New York. From this various avenues run northward to the distance of about two miles, while the streets at right angles to these lead down to the different wharves which line the shores of the rivers, and where the principal business of the city is carried on. It has a population of about 55,000, and is thus little larger than Toronto, although it occupies a much greater space than our Queen City. The houses are generally separated from each other by gardens, and are almost universally surrounded on the East and South sides by piazzas, which afford a delightfully refreshing retreat in the afternoons.

There are many very old buildings in the city, such as the Post Office, and St. Michael's church, which were erected long before the Revolution, and the latter of which was designed by the celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

Between the city and the sea, just at the mouth of the River lies Sullivan's Island, a place of much interest to Americans, as the scene of some successful operations of the Revolutionary forces. On this island, which is almost covered with buildings, is situated Fort Moultrie, by which and Forts Pinckney and Johnson, the harbour is defended. Charleston is considered the metropolis of the South Atlantic States, as New Orleans is, of those on the Gulf of Mexico. It possesses a very extensive cotton and rice market; and here the products of the South are shipped for exportation to almost all parts of the world.

The staple productions of South Carolina are rice and cotton. It is also one of the most extensive Slave-labour States in the Union, the Slave population even exceeding that of the free whites. Its soil, however, is poor—being generally, sandy, low and swampy. Along the whole line of coast, and stretching far both to the North and South of this State, lies a strip of comparatively fertile land. It extends inland for about twenty or thirty miles, although its breadth varies in different places. This tract embraces the far-famed *sea-islands* of South Carolina and Georgia, which are separat-

ed from the mainland and from each other by vast numbers of winding channels. These are of sufficient width and depth to allow the navigation of steamers of a medium class, and thus form a passage between the islands and the mainland, called the "inland route," all the way from Charleston to Savannah, although this is not the course that is usually taken. These islands produce cotton of the finest quality, rivalling even silk in softness and strength. This "sea-island cotton" is much prized and brings a price, four or five times greater than that produced in the interior. The principal trees which originally covered and in many places still remain upon these islands, are the live-oak and pine, while interspersed among them is a thick growth of vines and underwood. From the branches of these trees, in many places, hang, drooping nearly to the ground, long fringes of grey moss, giving them a fine and venerable appearance. Here also flourish in abundance the fig, orange, pomegranate, and other fruit trees, peculiar to southern climes.

To the interior of this extensive and fertile strip, stretches, to a distance of upwards of a hundred miles, a vast tract of barren and monotonous sandy land, covered with almost endless forests of long-leaved pine. This country is low, flat, and in some places extremely swampy. The soil is miserably poor, and where it is fit for cultivation, almost the only productions are corn and an inferior quality of cotton.

Wheat is not raised in any part of South Carolina; nor can hay be produced, neither the climate, nor soil being favourable for the growth of grass. The consequence is, that the Carolinas are obliged to import what they require for their horses, and the few cattle necessary for their wants; which causes hay to be extremely expensive. It sells generally at about \$40 per ton.

From what I have already said regarding the nature of the country, it will readily be imagined that there is little in the scenery of South Carolina, or, of almost any South Atlantic State, to attract admiration. Indeed, from what I myself saw, and heard I may safely say that as far westward as the Blue Ridge (which is a continuation of the Alleghanies) it is tame and monotonous in the extreme. I remained, for about a month, at Aiken, a small town (about 130

miles in the interior of South Carolina) which is much resorted to by invalids both from the North and South, on account of its dry and salubrious climate. Although the place itself, has little to recommend it but this, I found it crowded to excess by visitors. There are, indeed, some fine drives in the neighbourhood; and, at the distance of a few miles, lies a picturesque little village, beautifully situated in a valley or dell, and almost surrounded by high and, in some places, precipitous hills. These were densely covered with a rich green foliage, while the jasmin and numerous other flowers, which ran along the banks and twined themselves among the vines and shrubbery, lent their charms and served to make up a scene of mingled loveliness and grandeur.

With some few such exceptions as this, however, the scenery of the South, and, indeed, I may say, of the United States as a whole, as far as my observation enabled me to judge, will not bear a comparison, in variety or magnificence, with that of many parts of Canada,—if I except also some scenes on the Hudson River, and along the shores of Long Island.

One of the most beautiful of the small cities of the South which I visited was Augusta, (Georgia.) It is called the “flower garden” of the South, a name which the abundance of roses, azelias, and other beautiful flowers, that filled the gardens, appeared to me to justify. Here, as well as in Charleston and many other parts of the South, the rose bushes are in bloom during almost the whole year, with the exception of about three months in what they call *winter*. But, from the mild temperature which is enjoyed even in that season, a Canadian would consider the term altogether misapplied.

The people of South Carolina and, indeed, of the Southern States generally, are noted for their social and hospitable habits towards all, but especially to strangers; and my own experience taught me that the enviable reputation was well deserved.

There is little in their appearance or dress that struck me as remarkable or different from what I had seen in the North. I was, indeed, somewhat amused by the fashion in which the men wore their beards. Although I had become somewhat familiarized with the moustache and goatee, I was certainly unprepared for the extremes to which the “movement” is carried among the Southerners. The *fossil*

razor has here fallen much into disuse—the barber’s “occupation is gone”—and the *facial hair* is allowed in many cases to extend itself down even to the breast. The marvels of the old nursery song, which commemorates the days “when the birds built their nests in old men’s beards,” seem here almost capable of actual realization.

Among the ladies, I saw little of that peculiar type of beauty which is generally supposed to characterize the dark-eyed daughters of the South. I was somewhat astonished to find that the fair complexion prevailed almost as extensively as the *brunette*. If a comparison were made between the contending claims to beauty, among the ladies of the South and of Canada, as a whole, in my opinion the palm would decidedly be carried off by the latter. The fair Southerners, however, are extremely social and agreeable in society, and possess a high talent for conversation. They can converse with ease and fluency upon all subjects, from the latest fashion for bonnets to the beauties and advantages of their “glorious” government and institutions.

There are few indications of prosperity or improvement in the Southern cities and towns generally. Indeed the Southerners are much behind us in enterprise, industry, comparative increase in population, and all the marks of prosperity which characterize this progressive age. What they were a century ago, they still are. This condition of laggardness, and even in some cases of retrogression, I set down (and I think justly so) almost entirely to the account of their system of slavery. This, by inculcating the idea, that labour is beneath the dignity of a white man, paralyses industry and almost entirely closes the door to immigration.

Amongst other things in which I considered South Carolina behind the age, was the antiquated state of their laws, especially the criminal code. Having become acquainted with a professional gentleman of Charleston, who gave me every information, and procured me access to books upon this subject, I learned that South Carolina had early introduced the common law of England, which still prevails more intact, in that State than in any other part of America or even Britain itself. There having been little or no legislation upon most subjects embraced by the system of Jurisprudence, many of the old rules and forms of the common law, which, however reasonable and

necessary in former times, are unsuited to the present day, still remain in force. Among these is the absurd and unjust privilege allowed to people of education to escape, in many cases, the deserved punishment of their crimes, called 'benefit of Clergy.' In short, read the 4th Vol. of the Commentaries of Blackstone, without the notes of recent alterations, and you will obtain a pretty just idea of the state of the criminal law of South Carolina.

The law, on other subjects, or, as it is sometimes called, the *civil law*, in contradistinction to the *criminal*, approaches more nearly to our own. Such alterations, however, have been made as was necessary for the proper working and enforcement of the institution of Slavery.

It is a common expression and familiar to all Canadian readers, that the slave is considered and treated as a *mere chattel*. This is shewn in a variety of ways. But, I think, it will be brought home with more force to the mind, at least of legal readers, when I say that *Trover* and *Replevin* are the proper forms of action, by which the title to slaves or the legality of their seizure are universally tried—in the same way as a disputed question of property in a horse would be decided in Canada. I was much amused by noticing, in one of their books of Reports, an account of a case of *Replevin* brought by the owner of a negro boy which had been bound as apprentice to a hair dresser, and, while in the establishment of the latter, had been distrained by the landlord for rent. It was argued, by the counsel for the plaintiff, that the law which allows a landlord to distrain whatever and whosoever property is found on the premises, should not be held to extend to slaves, because they (although doubtless but goods) are still *reasonable* chattels: and he illustrated the injustice that might ensue by supposing a case in which a number of slaves having a dislike to their owner and plotting his ruin, might wilfully go upon the premises of another for the express purpose of being taken for rent. This reasoning, however, was not considered of sufficient weight to control the general law upon the subject. And the counsel then resorted to another and a more successful line of argument, namely, that the boy must, in this case, be considered as goods bailed for the purposes of trade, and consequently exempt from distress. To so great an extent is this "chattel" doctrine carried, and so completely does it deprive the negroes of all civil rights, that, to call

a man a *mulatto* is considered slander, and the words are actionable *per se*, without proof of any special damage.

Although slaves are thus treated by the law as goods and chattels, they are considered to have sufficient reason and legal capacity to commit crimes; and they are strictly held responsible for their actions. In such cases, however, they are not tried by the usual tribunals of the country; but a court, composed of five slaveholders of the County are assembled to try and pass sentence upon the offender.

I have often been asked since my return to Canada what I now think of the system of slavery. And after having seen it in all its phases—in the cities, on the plantations and in the auction rooms—I must confess that the prejudices which I always entertained against it, have not been much strengthened by my experience. We hear but of the evils and abuses of the system here: and, before passing sentence upon it, justice demands that both sides should, at least, be heard. It is true, that the master has an almost uncontrolled *legal* power over the liberty and even the life of his slave; that he can, at will, sever the ties which bind the slave to all that he has hitherto held dear—from his children and his partner—I can hardly, in strictness, call her *wife*, as I believe that the marriage ceremony is seldom if ever performed among them. It is also true that the principles of learning are carefully and strictly denied to the coloured race. Still, although there are so many things in the social condition of the slave and in the uncertain tenure with which he holds his liberty and all family ties, and are abhorrent to our British ideas of right, it is but justice to the Slaveholders to say, that the evils of the system alone, are held up to view, and those generally much exaggerated. The slaves are with little exception, well treated, well fed and comfortably clothed; and seldom, if ever, are any of those scenes of cruelty, so forcibly portrayed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", perpetrated in real life. Neither are they by any means, overworked. A good farm servant in Canada would be required and expected to do twice the amount of labor that is exacted from a slave. I am also bound to say, that in the many sales and auctions of slaves that I witnessed, (which perhaps present one of the most abhorrent features of the system), I observed every anxiety displayed to effect the sale in such a

way as to prevent, if possible, the separation of husband and wife, and mothers from their young children. Again the slaves themselves appear universally happy and contented with their lot, and generally attached to their masters. I have myself conversed with some of them, and particularly I remember, with one—almost completely white, and with little of the appearance of the negro about him—who possessed a greater degree of intelligence than the majority. He told me he was well treated and happy, and in answer to some observation of mine, said that as long as he remained in his present position he would prefer slavery to freedom.

Although while the slave continues faithful to his master and attends to what is there considered his *duty*, he is thus, generally, treated with leniency, no sooner however does he—actuated by what we would consider natural impulse—attempt to escape or obtain his liberty, than all feelings of compassion and pity are scattered to the winds, and every engine of the law is put in requisition to ensure his recapture. He is looked upon as an ungrateful and abandoned outcast, capable, and indeed naturally inclined to every villany. I remember cutting out of a North Carolina newspaper, a notice about a runaway slave, purporting to be an official warrant signed by two Justices of the Peace, of the State; and which I regarded as rather a curiosity in its way. I have unfortunately mislaid it or would have given it here *verbatim*. However, in substance, after reciting that a slave called Sambo (giving his description) belonging to a certain planter of the State had run away from his master, and was supposed (as a matter of course) to be committing *depre-dations and felonies*, it called upon the said Sambo to return forthwith to his owner; or in default thereof, all persons were thereby warranted and required to hunt down, shoot and kill the said slave without mercy and *without impeachment for any crime or offence*.

Whether the bloodhounds thus let loose upon poor Sambo were successful, or whether he voluntarily returned in pursuance of the notice, I never learned. But I think the latter rather doubtful seeing that in all probability he could not read a word of it.

The Southerners are very sensitive on the subject of slavery, especially if anything is said to its disadvantage. They look upon the abolitionists of the Northern States as fanatics

—and little better than promoters and abettors of plunder and robbery. I have heard the gifted authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, called, *par excellence*, “that wicked woman”.

While it is with such feelings that they regard the discussion of this question even at a distance, it may easily be imagined that anything like interference with the slaves, or attempts to seduce them from their bondage, is not only reprobated as an act of the most uncalled for officiousness, but is even punished as a crime. Such conduct would be looked upon in a light similar to that in which we would regard a band of conspirators, plotting to carry off our houses or other property.

Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties in the way of a calm discussion of this question with a Southerner, I have had conversations on the subject, with many slaveholders. As arguments in favour of the system they have pointed to the well-fed, comfortable, and contented condition of their slaves, and contrasted it with the, often, miserable and destitute lot of many of the free Blacks, of whom there are a considerable number in South Carolina. They have even attempted to justify the institution upon grounds of Christian morality as well as expediency. They consider that the poor negro has a claim upon them, for the protection which the system affords—and that if the institution were swept away and the Blacks exposed to free competition with the white man they would be completely crushed under the superior intelligence and physical organization of the latter.

Again while they admit that there is no legal obligation upon the master to grant any rights or indulgence to the slave they contend that as soon as the relation of master and slave is assumed, a *moral duty* arises—binding upon the Slaveholders, and the fulfillment of which is well calculated to call forth, and necessarily requires the exercise of many Christian virtues. Upon this subject, I may be allowed to quote a passage from a well-written little work, entitled “*Slavery in the Southern States*” being an answer to the question “*What do you think of Uncle Tom's Cabin in the South?*” In page 15 the author says:—

“We are reluctant to seem to admit the possibility that the relation of slavery should necessarily exclude the attainment of Christianity by master or slave. For on the contrary we think there is much in slavery, if rightly appreciated, that is eminently calcu-

lated to give rise to the Christian virtues. For it is the only system of labor in which a *recognized moral obligation enters into the contract*. In slavery, if its whole scope be properly appreciated, society is held together by ties of moral duties clearly defined, instead of depending upon that cold irresponsibility that presides over the *traffic* for labor in the great labor-markets. They taunt us with the traffic in flesh and blood; but how is the reality? The Southerner who buys his slaves at the auction-table is buying with the conviction pressing upon him that his property comes to him with weighty claims of humanity, and of Christian duty, that must not be denied. The capitalist who bids for labor abroad buys the sinews and muscles of the man, and there the contract ends. If the pittance per week be insufficient for wife and children, it is nothing to the capitalist, for there is no obligation on him beyond the payment of wages. They taunt us with owning the slave body and soul. Yes! We would have the whole South feel that the soul of the slave is in some sense in the masters keeping, to be charged against him hereafter. The great marts of labor abroad are not so encumbered; flesh and blood are bartered away, but no man who buys is oppressed with any thing beyond. They taunt us with denying all legal rights to the slave. Theirs is the hard letter of the law—nothing that is not “in the bond”! With us the moral code becomes positive law where legal rights end. Society ceases to be a state of war; because a new element is introduced, an element which secures protection for the poor and demands forbearance from the rich, its principle of authority being an ever-present and well defined moral obligation, which, as a security for Christian action, is in strong contrast with the stern demand-and-supply principle.”

As to the sophistry, and even, shallowness of any such arguments, however, as a justification of slavery, as it now exists in the South, I never entertained a moment's doubt; and, I think, they must be apparent to all; but it is both interesting and instructive to notice what positions the slaveholder assumes as a defence for the system.

I had opportunities, while in the South, of seeing and learning a little on the subject of life on the plantations, although the season of the year was not very favourable for sight-seeing. Plantation life is altogether peculiar

to itself and different from anything that I had hitherto been accustomed to. Although generally situated at some little distance from any town or village, plantations have not the appearance of loneliness or isolation. The dwelling of the planter is in itself a kind of palace, on a small scale—the residence of the superior, and over which he holds a species of patriarchal sway; while, at a short distance may be seen the cabins of the slaves ranged in rows, sometimes in numbers sufficient to form a small village of themselves.

I frequently paid a visit to the plantation of Mr. L——, on James' Island, immediately on the opposite side of the Cooper River from Charleston. This is one of the Sea Islands that I have already mentioned and which produce such a superior quality of cotton. Mr. L—— had over a hundred working slaves on his plantation; and when I was there in April—the middle of the planting season—I saw them all pursuing their labours in the field. The soil requires a great deal of digging and hoeing before it is fit to receive the cotton seed. I believe it is generally calculated that five acres of cotton on an average for each working slave, is as much as a planter can properly cultivate. The cotton comes to maturity about the month of August, when the “picking” begins and continues up till about December. I was shown the various processes of “ginning” and other preliminaries through which the cotton has to go before being fit for the market, but this would neither be very interesting to readers, nor do I feel myself capable, at this interval of time, to recall the particulars. On James' Island I met many of the planters, and found them all extremely social and hospitable. In many respects they are not unlike the superior classes of our Canadian farmers. The planters there, and indeed in almost all parts of the State, are obliged, I was informed, to remove from their plantations during the months of July, August, and September. A pestilential malaria, producing fevers of the worst type, prevails during these months to such an extent that no constitution but that of the negro can withstand its ravages. The whites have accordingly to migrate to their several town or village residences, from which they or their overseers pay occasional visits to the plantations to see that the work is being properly conducted. Many of the planters and their families also make tours to the North during these months, where, in some of the

watering places of New England they generally spend the hottest part of the summer.

This inability of the whites to live—much less to work—during three important months of the year, on some of the principal cotton and rice plantations of the South, should form a matter of grave deliberation to those who, without reflection, clamor for the immediate and total abolition of slavery; especially when it is remembered that the Southern States are entirely and essentially an agricultural country, and that without the proper cultivation of the soil they would present a mere barren waste, and might for all practical purposes be blotted out of the map.\* Nor would the evil stop here. Millions of bales of cotton are yearly exported out of these States, and the interruption of this trade alone would exercise a most important and destructive influence not only on the prosperity of European commerce, but upon the employment and even subsistence of thousands of British and European operatives. It would be no answer to say that the free blacks could and would work as well as when in a state of slavery. The history of emancipation hitherto has taught us the contrary.†

If the violently philanthropic spirit, which is rampant throughout all classes of Northerners in these days of abolition agitation, would permit such considerations as these having their due weight, it might be a subject at least of much just speculation whether the continuance for a time of a system of slavery in a modified form and stripped of many of its present horrible abuses, might not operate for the good of both the white and the negro.

But I feel that I have already been far more lengthy in my observations than I originally intended, and must, with all possible despatch, draw my remarks on the South to a close, and bring myself back to Canada, where, happily, there is neither inclination nor necessity for the existence of any such institution as that which is peculiar to the South.

It is not till we have actually left behind us a country, to which a long residence has habituated us, that one can justly appreciate all its natural beauties and advantages. I felt this,

\* Better, far, that such should be the case, than that the state of slavery should be perpetuated.—*Lit. A. S. Mag.*

† This we deny flatly, and if necessary, it could be easily proved, that the decline of the West India Islands is not to be attributed to emancipation, but to causes which originated in the damning effects of slavery.—*Ed.*

while in the States, when making comparisons between that country and our own. I now see in a stronger light than ever, the many splendid natural advantages and facilities for improvement which our noble Province possesses; and look upon it, if not superior, as, at least, second to none in America in fertility of soil, freedom of institutions, and all the genius from which may reasonably be expected to expand a flourishing and prosperous country.

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### I LEAVE THEE FOR AWHILE, MY LOVE

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I LEAVE thee for awhile, my love, I leave thee  
with a sigh,  
The fountain spring within my soul is playing  
in my eye;  
I do not blush to own the tear,—but let it touch  
my cheek,  
And what my lip has failed to tell, that drop  
perchance may speak.  
Mavourneen! when again I seek my green isle  
in the west,  
Oh, promise thou wilt share my lot, and set this  
heart at rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; but every hour  
will be  
Uncheer'd and lonely till the one that brings  
me back to thee.  
I go to make my riches more; but where is  
man to find  
A vein of gold so rich and pure as that I leave  
behind?  
Mavourneen, though a fairy's hand should build  
a diamond nest,  
Till thou wouldst share and make it warm, this  
heart would know no rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; my cheek is  
cold and white,  
But ah, I see a promise stand within thy glance  
of light;  
When next I seek old Erin's shore, thy step will  
bless it too,  
And then the grass will seem more green, the  
sky will have more blue.  
Mavourneen, first and dearest loved, there's  
sunshine in my breast,  
For thou wilt share my future lot, and set this  
heart at rest.

## A LADY'S VISIT TO THE GOLD DIGGINGS.\*

The opening of the second chapter of this book made us a little doubtful as to whether we were about to pursue a volume of "romance" or "reality," for there the writer describes the attempt to get on board the ship destined to convey them to the golden shores, which ship was moored off Gravesend, that popular Cockney resort, where wonderful announcements are to be seen of "Tea made with shrimps," and where donkeys fatten on light food, heavy burthens, and heavier blows. Mrs. Clacy says:—

"Although in the cloudy month of April, the sun shone brightly on the masts of our bonny bark, which lay in full sight of the windows of the 'Old Falcon,' where we were taking up our temporary quarters. The sea was very rough, but as we were anxious to get on board without further delay, we entrusted our valuable lives in a four-oared boat, despite the dismal prognostications of our worthy host. A pleasant row that was, at one moment covered over with salt-water—the next riding on the top of a wave, ten times the size of our frail conveyance—then came a concussion—in veering, our rudder smashed into a smaller boat, which immediately filled and sank, and our rowers, disheartened at this mishap, would go no further. The return was still rougher—my face smarted dreadfully from the cutting splashes of the salt-water; they contrived, however, to land us safely at the 'Old Falcon,' though in a pitiable plight; charging only a sovereign for this delightful trip—very moderate, considering the number of salt-water baths they had given us gratis. In the evening, a second trial proved more successful, and we reached our vessel safely."

We have seen a good deal of rough weather—"wind against tide," and plenty of each—off Gravesend, but should never have described the small riot in the river as "the sea being very rough," nor could we have borne witness to looking on a wave "ten times bigger than a four-oared boat;" but we find on the morning of sailing that "The first sound that awoke me was the 'cheerily' song of the sailors, as the anchor was heaved—not again, we trusted, to be lowered till our eyes should rest on the waters of Port Phillip. And then the cry of 'raise tacks and sheets' (which I, in nautical ignorance, interpreted 'hay-stacks and sheep') sent many a sluggard from their berths to bid a last farewell to the banks of the Thames," and

probably the same nautical ignorance might extend to the height of a wave.

However, we find our writer and her party safely landed at Melbourne, where among the scenes given, here is one calculated to impart very lax notions of the state of Australian manners, and the value of Australian money:—

"Another day, when passing the post-office, a regular tropical shower of rain came on rather suddenly, and I hastened up to the platform for shelter. As I stood there, looking out into Great Bourke Street, a man and, I suppose, his wife, passed by. He had a letter in his hand for the post; but as the pathway to the receiving-box looked very muddy, he made his companion take it to the box, whilst he himself, from beneath his umbrella, complacently watched her getting wet through. 'Colonial politeness,' thought I, as the happy couple walked on.

"Sometimes a jovial wedding-party comes dashing through the streets; there they go, the bridegroom with one arm round his lady's waist, the other raising a champagne-bottle to his lips; the gay vehicles that follow contain company even more unrestrained, and from their noisier demonstrations of merriment may be heard. These diggers' weddings are all the rage, and bridal veils, white kid gloves, and, above all, orange-blossoms are generally most difficult to procure at any price.

"At times, you may see men, half-mad, throwing sovereigns, like half-pence, out of their pockets into the streets; and I once saw a digger, who was looking over a large number of bank-notes, deliberately tear to pieces and trample in the mud under his feet every soiled or ragged one he came to, swearing all the time at the gold-brokers for 'giving him dirty paper money for pure Alexander gold; he wouldn't carry dirt in his pocket; not he; thank God! he'd plenty to tear up and spend to.'"

Mrs. Clacy and her friends progressed through the Black Forest to the diggings of Eagle Hawk Gully, where they ensconced themselves in a tent and commenced operations. Mrs. Clacy says—

"The stores, which are distinguished by a flag, are numerous and well stocked. A new style of lodging and boarding house is in great vogue. It is a tent fitted up with stringy bark couches, ranged down each side the tent, leaving a narrow passage up the middle. The lodgers are supplied with mutton, damper, and tea, three times a day, for the charge of 5s. a meal, and 5s. for the bed; this is by the week, a casual guest must pay double; and as eighteen inches is on an average considered ample width to sleep in, a tent twenty-four feet long will bring in a good return to the owner.

"The stores at the diggings are large tents, generally square or oblong, and everything re-

\* *A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia*, in 1852-53. By Mrs. Charles Clacy. London. Hurst and Blackett. 1853.



quired by a digger can be obtained for money. from sugar-candy to potted anchovies; from East India pickles to Bass's pale ale; from ankle jack boots to a pair of stays; from a baby's cap to a cradle; and every apparatus for mining, from a pick to a needle. But the confusion—the din—the medley—what a scene for a shop-walker! Here lies a pair of herrings dripping into a bag of sugar, or a box of raisins; there a gay-looking bundle of ribbons beneath two tumblers, and a half-finished bottle of ale. Cheese and butter, bread and yellow soap, pork and currants, saddles and frocks, wide-awakes and blue serge shirts, green veils and shovels, baby-linen and tallow candles, are all heaped indiscriminately together; added to which, there are children bawling, men swearing, store-keeper sulky, and last, not *least*, women's tongues going nineteen to the dozen."

This cannot be an agreeable state of things for a lady to go shopping in. For our own part, we should prefer selecting a ribbon at Howell and James's, walking gently on to Mr. Meltem's to order the candles, and dropping a line to Mr. Salter respecting the bloaters; but there is no accounting for taste.

Of the digger's life we hear that—"He must endure almost incredible hardships. In the rainy season, he must not murmur if compelled to work up to his knees in water, and sleep on the wet ground, without a fire, in the pouring rain, and perhaps no shelter above him more waterproof than a blanket or a gum-tree; and this not for once only, but day after day, night after night. In the summer, he must work hard under a burning sun, tortured by the musquito and the little stinging March flies, or feel his eyes smart and his throat grow dry and parched, as the hot winds, laden with dust, pass over him. How grateful now would be a draught from some cold sparkling streamlet; but, instead, with what sort of water must he quench his thirst? Much the same, gentle reader, as that which runs down the sides of a dirty road on a rainy day, and for this a shilling a bucket must be paid. Hardships such as these are often the daily routine of a digger's life; yet, strange to say, far from depressing the spirits or weakening the frame, they appear in most cases to give strength and energy to both. This is principally owing to the climate, which even in the wet season, is mild and salubrious."

Mrs. Clacy's party work and live hard for some time before they light upon any gold, but at last, after no end of "digging," "puddling," and "cradling," they get "a slice of luck," and accordingly the philosopher's stone seems rolling before them. Not content for long with their present

good fortune, they seek to do better, and move on to Iron Bark Gully, where they meet with this incident:—

"We passed a butcher's shop, or rather tent, which formed a curious spectacle. The animals, cut into halves or quarters, were hung round; no small joints there—half a sheep or none; heads, feet, and skins were lying about for any one to have for the trouble of picking up, and a quantity of goods of all sorts and sizes, gridirous, sauce-pans, cradles, empty tea-chests, were lying scattered around in all directions, ticketed 'for sale.' We quickly went on, for it was not a particularly pleasant sight, and at some distance perceived a quick little nook rather out of the road, in which was one solitary tent. We hastened our steps, and advanced nearer, when we perceived that the tent was made of a large blanket suspended over a rope, which was tied from one tree to another. The blanket was fastened into the ground by large wooden pegs. Near to the opening of the tent, upon a piece of rock, sat a little girl of about ten years old. By her side was a quantity of the coarse green gauze of which the digger's veils are made. She was working at this so industriously, and her little head was bent so fixedly over her fingers, that she did not notice our approach. We stood for some minutes silently watching her, till Frank, wishing to see more of her countenance, clapped his hands noisily together for the purpose of rousing her.

"She started, and looked up. What a volume of sorrow and of suffering did those pale features speak!

"Suddenly a look of pleasure flashed over her countenance. She sprang from her seat, and advancing towards Frank, exclaimed:—"Maybe you'll be wanting a veil, sir. I've plenty of nice ones, stronger, better and cheaper than you'll get at the store. Summer dust's coming, sir. You'll want one, won't you? I haven't sold one this week," she added, almost imploringly, perceiving what she fancied a 'no-customer' look in his face.

"'I'll have one, little girl,' he answered, in a kindly tone; 'and what price is it to be?'

"'Eightpence, sir, if you'd please to be so good.'

"Frank put the money into her hand, but retained the veil. This action seemed not quite to satisfy her; either she did not comprehend what he meant, or it hurt her self-pride, for she said quickly:

"'I haven't only green veils—perhaps you'd like some candles better—I makes them too.'

"'You make them!' said Frank, laughing, as he glanced at the little hands that were still holding

the veil for his acceptance. 'You make them! Your mother makes the candles, you mean.'

" 'I have no mother, now,' said she, with an expression of real melancholy in her countenance and voice. 'I makes the candles and the veils, and the diggers they buys them of me, cos grand-father's ill, and got nobody to work for him but me.'

" Where do you and your granfather live? I asked. 'In there?' pointing to the blanket teht.

" She nodded her head, adding, in a lower tone, 'He's asleep now. He sleeps more than he did. He's killed hisself digging for the gold, and he never got none, and he says 'he'll dig till he dies.'"

" Dig till he dies." Fit motto of many a disappointed gold-seeker, the finale of many a broken up, desolated home, the last dying words of many a husband, far away from wife or kindred, with no loved ones near to soothe his departing moments—a no better burial-place than the very hole, pervicance, in which his last earthly labours were spent. These were some of the thoughts that rapidly chased one another in my mind as the sad words and still sadder tone fell upon my ear.

" I was roused by hearing Frank's voice in inquiry as to how she made her candles, and she answered all our questions with a child-like naïveté, peculiarly her own. She told us how she boiled down the fat—how once it had caught fire, and burnt her severely, and there was the scar still showing on her brown little arm—then how she poured the hot fat into the tin mould, first fastening in the wicks, then shut up the mould, and left it to grow cold as quickly as it would; all this, and many other particulars which I have long since forgotten, she told us; and little by little we learnt, too, her own history.

" Father, mother, grandfather, and herself had all come to the diggings the summer before. Her father met with a severe accident in digging, and returned to Melbourne. He returned only to die, and his wife soon followed him to the grave. Having no other friend or relative in the colonies, the child had been left with her aged grandfather, who appeared as infatuated with the gold-fields as a more hale and younger man. His strength and health were rapidly failing, yet he still dug on. 'We shall be rich, and Jessie a fine lady before I die,' was ever his promise to her, and that at times when they were almost wanting food."

The party of adventurers lived a wandering life for a while, and returned to Melbourne; and after some excursive trips, we find Mrs. Clacy returning to Old England, and giving this advice:—

" To those of my own sex who desire to emigrate to Australia, I say do so by all means, if you

can go under suitable protection, possess good health, are not fastidious or 'fine-lady-like,' can milk cows, churn butter, cook a damper, and mix a pudding. The worst risk you run is that of getting married, and finding yourself treated with twenty times the respect and consideration you may meet with in England. Here (as far as number goes) women beat the 'lords of creation;' in Australia it is the reverse, and there we may be pretty sure of having our own way. But to those ladies who cannot wait upon themselves, and whose fair fingers are unused to the exertion of doing anything useful, my advice is, for your own sakes remain at home.

" Young men of sanguine dispositions read the startling amounts of gold shipped from the colonies, they think of the 'John Bull Nugget,' and other similar prizes, turn a deaf ear when you speak of blanks, and determinedly overlook the vast amount of labour which the gold diggings have consumed. Whenever I meet with this class of would-be emigrants, the remarks of an old digger which I once overheard recur to my mind. 'The conversation at the time was turned upon the subject of the many young men flocking from the 'old country,' to the gold fields, and their evident unfitness for them. 'Every young man, before paying his passage-money,' said he, 'should take a few days' spell at well-sinking in England; if he can stand that comfortably, the diggings won't hurt him.'"

This volume is lightly and pleasantly written and any one who wishes to require a cursory knowledge of life at the Diggings, cannot do better than peruse it.

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A LAMANSQUE CEREMONY.—On certain days of high ceremony a Lama Bokte, to manifest his power, "will kill himself, yet not die." On these occasions the Lama seats himself on an altar in front of the temple gate, and there, in the presence of a vast multitude of pilgrims, and after terrible invocations by the inferior Lamas, slits open his stomach with the sacred knife, takes out his entrails, and places them before him. He then replaces his intestines, and the ceremony terminates. During the disgusting spectacle, the Lama predicts future events, and gives oracular answers to all questions. There can be little doubt that the whole thing is a piece of jugglery; but Mr. Hue, in his *Treatise in Turkey, Thibet, and China*, relates the matter very gravely, and seems to consider it as a good miracle as a winking "Maddona," only that it is of the demoniac kind.

## THE EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

(From the German of Zschöкке.)

"We shall certainly be very happy together," exclaimed Miss Louise to her aunt, the evening previous to her marriage; and her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled with inward delight. Every one may easily imagine, when a bride says "we," whom, in the whole world, she means.

"I don't doubt it, dear Louise," replied the aunt; "only take care you remain happy together."

"Who ever can doubt our remaining happy! I know myself, and if I am not quite perfect, yet my love to him will surely make me so; and as long as we love each other we cannot be unhappy. Our love shall never grow old."

"Dear me!" sighed the aunt; "you talk just like a young girl of nineteen will talk on the eve of her wedding, in a paroxysm of charming hopes and expectations. My dear girl, remember what I say. Even the heart grows old. There are days in which the charm of the senses must die away; and that delusion once gone, then only it becomes manifest whether we are truly amiable or not. When habit makes what is most captivating an every-day affair, when youthful vigour fades, when more and more troubles crowd amongst the pleasures of domestic life, then, Louise, and not before that time, is the wife able to say of her husband, 'he is amiable,' and the husband of his wife, 'her gracefulness is imperishable.' But really, on the eve of marriage, such assertions seem, to my thinking, ridiculous."

I understand you, dear aunt. You mean to say that we shall only learn the value of our mutual virtues in future years. But he to whom I belong, is he not the noblest, worthiest, of all young men in the whole town? Does he not show, in all his doings, that goodness and nobility which always procure happiness?"

"Dear Louise," replied the aunt, "you are right; and I may say, without flattery, that you both certainly have virtues. But, my darling, they are but blooming, and will take some time yet before they have ripened, under sunshine and showers. No blossoms deceive more than these. It is never known in what soil they take root. Who knows the secrets of the heart?"

"Oh, dear aunt, you frighten me, indeed,"

"So much the better, Louise: it is well you should be awakened to such reflections on the

eve of your marriage. You know I love you sincerely, and therefore I tell you my thoughts. I am not yet an old aunt. At the age of thirty-seven one still hopes and looks joyfully towards the future. Nor am I a bigot. I have an excellent husband, I am happy; and therefore I think I have a right to speak to you thus, and to draw your attention to a secret of which pretty young girls know little or nothing, and young gentlemen trouble but little about; but nevertheless it is of the greatest importance in every household, and can alone produce enduring love and indestructible happiness."

Louise took her aunt's hand in her own. "Darling aunt," she said, "you know I believe everything you say. You mean to tell me that constant happiness and everlasting love are not ensured to us by mere casualties, by passing charms, but by the virtues of our souls, which we bring each other as the best dowry, and which never grow old."

"That depends, Louise; virtues also grow old, and with old age become like the charms of the body, unattractive."

"Dear aunt, you don't say so. Pray tell me a virtue that can grow ugly with old age."

"When once they have become so, we no longer call them virtues, the same as with a pretty girl, who is no more spoken of when time has turned her into a shrivelled old woman."

"But, dear aunt, virtues are not temporal or perishable."

"That depends."

"How can good-nature become ugly?"

"The very moment it changes into effeminate laxness."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes rough insolence."

"And modesty?"

"Changes into servility."

"And noble pride?"

"To mean haughtiness."

"And politeness?"

"Acting the parasite."

"No, dear aunt, no. You make me almost angry. Thus my future husband can never degenerate. He has one virtue which will keep him from all wrong paths; he has a sound mind and an indelible passion for all that is great, good, and beautiful. And this tender sentimentality for all that is noble lives in me as well as in him." Thus there is within us a born guarantee of happiness.

"And should it grow old with you, it would

become unpleasant sensibility, which is the arch destroyer of matrimonial felicity. Sensibility I do not wish to deny you; but God forbid that the graceful girl should become, in advanced life, a fastidious and querulous lady. You know the Countess Stammern?"

"Who, about a year ago, was divorced from her husband?"

"You know the true cause of her divorce?"

"There are many different reports about it."

"The countess herself told me the whole affair, and now I will tell it to you. It is instructive as well as ludicrous, and may, indeed, be serviceable as an example."

Louise being very anxious to hear the story, her aunt straightway related it:—Count Stammern and his wife passed for the most amiable, the most enviable of couples. Their union resulted from mutual inclination of affection after several years' acquaintance. They loved each other with enthusiasm. Each appeared to have been created for the other—handsome, kind, and regardful—of perfect agreement in graces, sentiments, and ideas. I remember well the scenes that occurred, when they were first formally betrothed, and their parents, happening to disagree, desired the union to be annulled. The countess fell dangerously ill, and the enthusiastic lover threatened to terminate his life like Goethe's *Werther*. To save, however, the life of the young and beautiful countess, and to prevent the count committing so rash an act, the parents were obliged, *nolens volens*, to become, at least apparently, reconciled. The reconciliation prevented the untimely end of the betrothed pair. Scarcely, however, was the countess out of danger when the parents again flew out at each other, and endeavoured to postpone the marriage for a term of years. But this did not suit our young couple; so one fine night they eloped, passed the frontier, got married, and forthwith established for themselves a paradise on earth. From this moment the union of that couple was looked upon as one of the happiest, and as a model pattern of harmony and peace. From morning to night they seemed to think of nothing else but how to please each other. They addressed poems the one to the other, and the other to the one, the most amiable, the most affectionate imaginable. Winter as well as summer each embellished the other's rooms with the most beautiful flowers. Each separate piece of furniture became endeared to them by some sweet reminiscence or other. The second year these excesses of sentimentality

became a little relaxed, and they went abroad. But at all parties, balls, and places of amusement they saw but themselves, looked but for each other, cared only for each other. It became almost offensive. The third year they gave up their amiable naughtiness in public. At home, however, they remained much the same. The fourth year they seemed to recover from this paroxysm of love, and, so far as they were able to, separately; he, here—she, there; passed an evening, and sometimes a whole day, in company, without feeling home-sick. Thus time went on, and each succeeding twelve months reduced the egotism of their affection; until, in the tenth year, they were like ourselves, or rather like all good and excellent people who have been married ten years. Now they had become ten years older, so had their love, and alas! their virtues also. Their sentimentality had made them the proverb of the whole town, and everybody liked them for it, and sympathised with them.

The seventeenth year, misunderstandings occurred, and nothing was easier than to make one suspect the expressions of the other; but this they ascribed to the sincerity of their affection, for no wound is so poignant as the dark look of a beloved person. During the eighteenth year, frequent disputes took place, but without serious consequences, and such as happen in the best regulated families. They looked cold for a day or two, and then smiled again. The nineteenth year their mutual susceptibility made them resolve to avoid too frequent contact.

"You are susceptible," said the Count, "and irritable. So am I—sometimes. That won't do. You may become violent—so may I. I think, therefore, it will be best for me to allow you do as you like, while I do as I like. Thus we can live happily together, without worrying each other. We love each other, of course; we must not, however, allow our love to torment us to death."

The countess thought the same. Thenceforward they kept a double household, and only met at dinner. Neither asked the other, "Where have you been!" or "Where are you going?" Peaceful days returned, and harmony prevailed. If one objected to the other's proceedings, one or two compliments set all to rights again.

One evening, during the nineteenth year, after returning from the theatre, they supped together, and afterwards sat chatting before the fire. They were yet full of emotion produced by one of Island's splendid dramas. The hap-

piness of conjugal and domestic life, the description of which delighted them so much on the stage, seemed to be vivified and advanced to actuality now they were at home.

"Dear me!" said the countess. "It's all very well, if one could but remain young."

"I am sure you have no reason to complain. Where is there a woman looking so well as you do? I cannot see the least difference between my wife of to-day and my wife of twenty years ago. A few whims, perhaps; but these one must submit to. Our union is, nevertheless, one of the most enviable on earth. Were I a single man, and happened to see you, upon my word to none other would I offer my hand and heart."

"Very polite, I must confess," said the countess, sighing. "But, my dear friend, consider. Already twenty years! What am I now, and what was I then?"

"Now a pretty little wife—then a pretty little girl. I would not exchange the one for other!" And he pressed her to his breast and kissed her fondly.

"We should be happy, quite happy, but for one thing, my dear, dear friend. One blessing, which completes the happiness of marriage, is denied us."

"I understand you; you mean an heir or heiress—a being to inherit thy gracefulness and virtue—but," added the count, kissing his wife's hand, "you are only thirty-eight, and I a few years past forty; who knows? Perhaps—"

"Oh! how happy I should be! Although one child gives not less care than joy. The least mishap may take it from us."

"Therefore two children. You are right. And not only two, but three, because, with two, if one should die, you are still in the same dilemma. I am sure Heaven will hear our prayers—and three children will yet play around us."

"Dear friend," said the countess, smiling; "it's almost too much. If they happen to be boys?"

"Well; we have twenty thousand a year—enough for us and for them. The eldest shall enter the army; the second shall be a diplomatist; expensive professions—but they will rise in rank. You know we have relatives and influence."

"You forget the youngest, my dear Charles."

"The youngest—not at all. We'll prepare him for the church; so there is a good prospect in store for him."

"What do you say? My son a priest! No, never! That will never be—never!"

"Will you allow me to ask—why not! He may become a bishop."

"Never, never, I say. I will never be the mother of a priest. Of what are you thinking? If I had a hundred sons, I would never consent to it."

"A strange whim of yours, dear wife! In spite of all and every aversion to priests, you would not, certainly, oppose yourself to his happiness and ours?"

"I declare, most solemnly, it shall never be! Call it bad temper, whim, or whatever you please. I know that *you* have a whim—which is the love of having everything your own way. Don't forget, however, that a mother has certain rights."

"Not in affairs of this kind. The father has judgment—"

"If such judgment should not, however, suffice?"

"If mine should not suffice, miladi, yours would certainly be the last I should ask for. You may depend upon that. Should such be the case, I shall know how to make my will respected."

"Dear me! I am aware that you are my husband and master; but certainly I have not the honor to be your servant-maid."

"Nor I your fool, miladi. I have always shown you indulgence in everything—perhaps too much so; but, willingly as I bear your caprice, pardon me for thinking there are sometimes ideas which are rather *too* ridiculous."

"Much obliged to you for the moralization, of which you yourself have given me this very moment so convincing and practical a proof. Whoever may have been the most indulgent, I know that for many years I have submitted silently to your caprices, and pardoned them generously—ascribing them to want of reflection and breeding rather than to the absence of a good heart; but you tire out the most divine patience—"

"With regard to that, you are certainly in the right, miladi. Your whims and vagaries have tried my patience most severely, and you may call it good luck that I have endured them so long; for believe me that I speak sincerely when I say it has been by no means pleasant to make one's self the obedient servant of your flights. I must tell you so, once and for all."

"If I had only determined to speak my mind, I could have told you years ago of your being

a proud, self-sufficient egotist, with whom it is really difficult to get on in any fashion; a heartless creature, who speaks of feeling just as it is the way of such to boast of what they do not possess."

"Indeed! That accounts for your talking so much about discernment and delicacy. You may deceive others; thanks to Heaven, I am undeceived. The more perfectly I become acquainted with you, the more disgusting do I find your affectations; and, upon my word, were it not that I had compassion upon you, I would long ago have sent you back to your friends, in order that I, at least, might live in peace."

"You only anticipate my wishes. A clumsy and tiresome egotist like yourself, is not created to make the happiness of a sensible woman, and after such an explanation you may easily imagine that no greater pleasure or relief can be in store for me than to be quit of you as soon as possible."

"Delightful, indeed! All comes above board now. I take you at your word, and wish for nothing better. Good night, madame, pleasant dreams to you! To-morrow we will see all this settled."

"The sooner the better, Milord."

Thus they separated. On the morrow a notary was called in. Witnesses were procured, the act of divorce written out, and signed on both sides, in spite of the entreaties, expostulations, and scoldings of friends, relatives, and even persons of high rank. Thus a long and apparently happy union was abruptly broken off. The ridiculous quarrel about the future destination of three sons not yet born broke up, betwixt two persons, that happiness which was expected to last for ever. And really the count and countess were among the most agreeable persons in the world. Nothing can be preferred against them except weakness—and to that, however, we are all liable.

"Ludicrous and amusing you call this tale!" said Louise to her aunt, with a sad look. "I am quite low-spirited about it. I comprehend now how very excellent people may make their union turn out unhappily. You ought to console and comfort me, because you know you have done much towards making me wretched. I should never be able to look my future husband in the face without fear for our future state. Only think! what a misfortune—"

"What do you mean?" asked the aunt.

"Oh, dear aunt, if I could only remain young, I could then be certain of my husband's everlasting attachment."

"You are very much mistaken, dear child. If you were to preserve your freshness and beauty for ever, long habit would be sure to make your husband indifferent towards it. Habit is the greatest necromancer in the world, as well as one of the most benevolent household gods. Handsome as well as ugly, all becomes alike. If one is young and grows old, habit prevents the husband from observing it, and *vice versa*. If she remained young, whilst he became old, it might lead to consequences—the old gentleman might become jealous. It is much better as it is. Only imagine yourself an old matron, and your husband a blooming young man. What would your thoughts be then?"

Louise blushed, and said, "I don't know."

"But," continued the aunt, "I'll tell you a secret, which—"

"That's it," interrupted Louise, eagerly.

"That is just what I should like to hear."

"Now, listen to me," resumed the aunt.

"Take heed of all I am going to tell you now. I have experience. It consists of two parts. The first part relates to the sources of a happy union; prevents, in itself, all possibility of discord; and would, at last, make spiders and flies the very best of friends. The other and second part gives the surest and safest method to preserve female gracefulness."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Louise.

"Now, then, for the first part. Almost immediately after the wedding take your husband, and demand of him a solemn promise, offering to take the same yourself. Vow to each other solemnly, that you will *never*, even for a mere joke, tease or quarrel with each other. *Never*, I tell you—*never*. Because teasing and quarrelling in fun may change at length to teasing and quarrelling in good earnest. Take this as a warning. Then you must promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have any secrets between you, whatever reason or excuse you may have for them. You must know each other thoroughly, and if either of you should have committed a mistake, it should be instantly confessed, without a moment's hesitation—even should it be with tears in your eyes, only confess it. And in the same manner, as there are no secrets betwixt you, endeavour to keep your domestic, matrimonial, and other matters

in secret from your father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. God and yourselves are sufficient to be acquainted therewith. Every third person you include would side with either the one or the other, and create mischief. This must never be. Promise this faithfully to each other; renew your promise with every temptation, and you will find that all will be well. Thus you will unite hearts and souls, and become *one*. Many a young couple, if they had but known on their wedding day this simple recipe of prudence and practiced it, would be happier than they unfortunately are."

Louise embraced and kissed her aunt ardently, saying, "My dear aunt, I easily perceive it *must* be so: and wherever this complete confidence does not exist, the wedded couple remain but as strangers, not knowing each other, even after their union. It *shall* be so, for otherwise there can be no happiness. And now, my dear aunt, *something about the best means to preserve female beauty?*"

The aunt smiled and said, "You know, my dear girl, we cannot deny that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times more than a plain one, and men like very much to see *us* handsome. What, however, we really like in men, and men in us, is not mere skin, hair, features, figure, &c., as with a portrait or a statue, but the prime source of delight is in the heart, and the sentiment which, thence arising, gives significance and eloquence to every look, every word, and every action, to earnestness, to joy, and sadness. Men adore us the more they suppose us to be possessed of virtues of the heart which our exteriors promise, and, on our part, we find a malicious man loathsome, however handsome and polite he may be. A young woman, therefore, who wishes to preserve her beauty, must endeavour to cherish the same mind, the same excellent qualities of the heart, and the same virtues, *by which she attracted her lover*; and the finest agency by means of which virtue may be kept from growing old, and enshrined in perennial youth, is *religion*. Preserve an innocent and pious heart, trusting constantly in God, and you will always have that beauty of soul, for the sake of which thy lover adores thee at present. I am no Pharisee, nor am I a bigot. I am your aunt of seven and thirty years. I am fond of dancing, I am fond of dressing myself, and I like to joke. So you cannot take it amiss that I speak to you thus. Be, and continue to be, a good and sincere Christian, and, take my word for it, you

will be still handsome when a mother—still handsome when a grandmother!"

Louise, with tears upon her happy face, embraced her aunt tenderly. "I thank you," said she, "my dear, dear, angelic aunt!"

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### FREEDOM AND THE RIGHT.

On, on, brave hearts, ye will not lag, there's Glory  
to be won;

Up with our "Cross," and where's the flag can  
better face the sun?

Ye go to fight the noble fight, to teach the creed  
of Ruth,

For honest laws and human cause, for Liberty and  
Truth.

Let British valour help the wrong'd to conquer  
and defy;

Strike, strike the blow, let tyrants know that  
kings may reach too high.

When despot knave would fain enslave by soul and  
crushing Might,

Let England raise the battle cry of "Freedom and  
the Right."

The olive branch is ever blest, and fair and bright  
to see;

We know its worth, and will not let Oppression  
fell the tree.

The fierce marauder who has marred its rich and  
holy fruit,

Will find the barrel and the blade prepared to guard  
its root.

On, on, brave band, by sea and land, and show the  
Northern host,

That English courage never yields, when Honour  
gives the post.

Up with our standard; wide and high, there's  
Glory in the fight,

And let the despot fear our cry of "Freedom and  
the Right."

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THE DIAMOND.—This costly mineral is ascertained to be pure carbon; yet no two things can be more dissimilar than a piece of charcoal and a diamond. If charcoal could be dissolved and crystallized, the result would be a diamond. We cannot tell under what conditions this wonderful operation is performed by the process of nature, but there can be no doubt that vast intervals of time are an essential element in the formation of the gem. Beauty may, therefore, receive admonition from her adornments. What is the span of human life compared with the age of the diamond? What is its age compared with the eternity to which the soul is predicted?



**BARON METCALFE,**

**LATE GOVERNOR OF CANADA**

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto.



## LORD METCALFE.

Lord Metcalfe, the second son of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, a Berkshire baronet of some distinction, was born in 1785, and, through his father's interest, who was an East India Company director, and also a member of Parliament, he received an early appointment in the Company's service.

In the year 1800, when little more than fifteen, he entered, on his arrival in Calcutta, the College at Fort William, and, so rapid was his progress in the native languages, that he was very soon appointed assistant to the resident at the Court of Sindeah, one of the Mahratta Chiefs.

At this Court he remained about a year, and was then recalled for promotion, first as Secretary to the Supreme Government, and, shortly afterwards to a post in the Governor General's own office.

In 1803 Mr Metcalfe attended, as civil servant, during Lord Lake's campaign, and was present at the siege of Bluartpore. From this time he rose rapidly in the service, and the closest application to mastering the languages and obtaining a thorough insight into the policy of the Native Governments, raised him from office to office till we find him in 1834 assuming the duties of Governor General, an office then vacant by the recall of Lord William Bentinck. It was during his tenure of office that he passed the law, which had been long a desideratum in India, granting full freedom to the press of the province.

Relieved by Lord Auckland in 1836 of the Governor Generalship, he resumed the Government of Agra, but being unable to satisfy the Board of Directors in Leadenhall-street, of the justice and propriety of his measure respecting the press, he resigned his office in 1837, and closed his Indian career, having been previously created a Civil Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, by King William IV.

The following eulogy was passed on Lord Metcalfe's career in India:—

“Thus ended his Indian career, in which during a period of 37 or 38 years, he had exhibited talents of the highest order, and filled, with great credit to himself and great benefit to the Company, the highest offices, and from which he retired, beloved by all who knew him, and held in great estimation by the natives of all castes; in proof of which I could produce many teaching anecdotes, but I must omit to do so, as I am in hopes some abler pen than mine, and

having more command of authentic materials, will favour the public with a fuller account of the Life of Sir Charles; indeed, if I am rightly informed, it is the intention of a gentleman well fitted for the task, to give us such a desideratum, and from his talents and personal acquaintance with his lordship, and Indian affairs in general, a guarantee is afforded of the work being ably accomplished. It was the good fortune of the writer of this to be once present at an accidental meeting between his lordship and a native of Bengal, who had been a servant to the gentleman at whose house he stopped in Agra, and the exuberant joy of the man at thus meeting, so far from his native land, one whom he called his country's friend, was very great—“Saib Metcalfe!” was his cry of astonishment and joy, and the effect was heightened by the affability and kindness with which the worthy old man entered into his feelings.”

On retiring from the service of the H.E.I.C., Sir Charles determined to pass the remainder of his life at his paternal estate of Fernhill, in Berkshire. He had, as he said himself, no taste for the political turmoil which then agitated England; besides, his constitution needed assistance—thirty-seven years' active service in India does not usually give health or strength—and he promised himself, for the residue of his days, the richest of all enjoyments, the happy life of an English country gentleman. But his country again called for his services, and to that call he never turned a deaf ear; he at once abandoned his intentions, sacrificed his domestic comforts, and left a home which his presence had gladdened but for one short year, to embark again on the stormy sea of politics.

The new duty imposed on Sir Charles Metcalfe was the assumption of the Government of Jamaica, and the success and popularity of his Government may be judged from the fact that “the scene of his departure from Jamaica is described as having been such as the inhabitants had never before witnessed; all places of business were shut, a general grief oppressed the crowds which flocked to bid him adieu! and amid blessings and prayers he took leave of a people whom he had restored from a state of almost hopeless anarchy, to peace, happiness and prosperity. A proof of the estimation in which he was held, is found in the fact, that within a few months £5,000 were subscribed for a statue to him, and a large sum to found an Hospital, to be called the Metcalfe Dispensary.

The Hospital was completed in 1843. The statue, which was entrusted to Mr. Bailey, is of granite, nine feet high; Sir Charles is represented in a full military Court Dress, with trousers and boots, and a cloak hanging over the left shoulder; it is said to be an exquisite piece of work, and now stands opposite the Senate House, in Spanish Town, Jamaica. The cause of Sir Charles Metcalfe leaving Jamaica, was the necessity of a change of climate, as a sore in his face had assumed a cancerous character, and on his return to England an operation, at the time thought effectual, was performed by Sir B. Brodie.

In 1812, the Governor Generalship of Canada being vacant by Sir Charles Bagots' resignation. Sir Charles Metcalfe, although personally unknown to a single member of the Ministry, was solicited by Sir Robert Peel to accept it, and as his health had materially improved, the offer was accepted.

In 1844 Sir Charles was created Baron Metcalfe, and we may deduce from the fact that the Home Government must have therefore approved of his administration of office. It is not, however, our desire to record more of Lord Metcalfe's career in Canada, than the statement that the terrible disease under which he laboured had, it was hoped, been checked; but in 1845 it again resumed its virulent character, and on the 25th of November he bade farewell to Canada, with the touching and kindly prayer of, "May God bless you all." He arrived in good spirits at Boston, and sailed for England on the 1st of December, where he died shortly after.

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**DISTANCES OF HEAVENLY BODIES.**—The popular mind is very sceptical regarding the simplest facts of astronomical science; and to give an instance, the declared distance of the sun, moon, planets, and stars, from the earth, are deemed mere assumptions. Many will ask, Who has stretched the line between the earth and sun to determine the interval between them? But such an operation is unnecessary. We know the dimensions of the earth whereon we live, and its semi-diameter is a known quantity that forms the base of a right-angled triangle, at whose apex the distant body is situated. This element of calculation makes the determination of the lunar, solar, and planetary distances a problem as simple as the daily operations of the surveyor or leveller.

A man may be great by chance; but never wise or good without taking pains for it.

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

### FEMALE HEROISM: A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

In war, all kinds of deceptive lying and hypocrisy are thought legitimate. The great object to be obtained is how to conquer the enemy. Shall it be done by outmanoeuvring him, by leading him on a false scent, by surprising him at night-time, by bribing the men stationed at the outposts, or by meeting him in fair open conflict? Sometimes the enemy is subdued by force; sometimes by stratagem; and sometimes by accident. Hence, any means are considered good and useful, which are likely to accomplish the object in the most satisfactory way. According to this code of war-ethics, we regard the following incident, recorded by the Duchess D'Abrantes in her Memoirs, to be heroic and affecting in the highest degree:—

A regiment was sent from Burgos against a Guerilla party, under the Marquis of Villa Campo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow foot-paths, were the resort of banditti and Guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified by the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a spy or a guide, while these, when found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement—heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening, where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn, and a quantity of loaves were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder and swimming in floods of wine, which had streamed from leathern skins that had evidently been purposely broached, as

the provisions had been burnt to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves, that after all their toils and dangers no refreshments were to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach! All the inhabitants had fled!—fled into that forest where they might defy pursuit.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in hopes of discovering some food or booty; they proceeded from a young woman holding a child a year old, in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant. 'Stay lieutenant,' said one of them, here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one, who is past speaking: question her a little.'

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains; and was pale, but not trembling.

'Why are you alone here?' asked the Lieutenant.

'I staid with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest,' replied she, haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman; 'I staid to take care of her.'

'Why have your neighbors left the village?' The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire; she fixed on the Lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered: 'You know very well; were they not all to be massacred?'

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders: 'But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine skins?'

'That you might find nothing; as they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them.'

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and more welcome than all, several skins of wine, all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the old woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected

supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman:—

'Whence come these provisions?'

'They are all the same as those we burnt; we concealed them for our friends.'

'Is your husband with yonder brigands?'

'My husband is in heaven!' said she, lifting up her eyes; 'he died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand!'

'Have you any brother amongst them?'

'I have no longer a tie—except my poor child'—and she pressed the infant to her heart:—the poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

'Commander,' exclaimed one of the soldiers, 'pray order a division of the booty, for we are very hungry, and devilish thirsty.'

'One moment, my children; listen,' said he, eyeing the young woman with suspicious inquisition; 'these provisions are good I hope?'

'How should they be otherwise?' replied the Spaniard, contemptuously—'they were not for you.'

'Well! here's to thy health, then, demonia,' said a young sub-lieutenant opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught, but his more prudent commander still restrained him.

'One moment. Since this wine is good you will not object to a glass.'

'Oh, dear no! as much as you please.' And accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

'Huzza! Huzza!' shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

'And your child will drink some also,' said the lieutenant; 'he is so pale, that it will do him good.'

The Spaniard had herself drank without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips her hand trembled: the motion however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid—its features contracted—and its mouth convulsed with agony, gave vent to piteous

shrieks. The mother too, though her fortitude suppressed all complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

'Wretch!' exclaimed the commandant, 'thou hast poisoned us!'

'Yes,' said she, with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle. 'Yes I have poisoned you. I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place;—was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed on her litter! Yes—yes—you will die, and die in perdition, while I shall go to heaven.'

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers at first did not comprehend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated, the Spaniard's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them; in vain their commander interposed; they repulsed him, and dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the brink of the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit—which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me he escaped by miracle.

The persuasion that the bed of death would be disturbed in search of booty, was indeed holding us as savages; and such was the impression produced by the man who could command, 'Let no sanctuary deter your search.' By such means were the populace from the beginning exasperated against us, and especially by the oppressions of General D... If the inhabitants of Argueno had not received information that they were to be massacred, they would not have taken the lead in massacre.

Such were the people amongst whom I dwelt. When this tale was related to me, on the eve of my departure from Burgos, I shuddered in contemplating the murderous war of people against people! I trembled for the first time since my entrance into Spain. I was become timid. Alas! it was

not on my own account—but I was again approaching the great crisis of maternity—and amidst what perils, good God! was my child destined to see the light.

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### THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS.

It is unnecessary, in our notice of the plate of the Allied Powers, which the present number contains, to give a special sketch of any of the persons represented, but the Sultan of Turkey, with whose history our readers may not, perhaps, be so familiar. We therefore confine ourselves to a mere statement of births, accessions, and marriages, reserving our space for a short sketch of

#### ABDUL MEDJID, PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The Sultan Mahmoud, so celebrated for the many radical reforms which he endeavoured to effect in his dominions, died on the 1st of July, 1839, just six days after the entire defeat of his army at Nezib. He was at the time aged fifty-four and had been on the throne thirty-one years.

Abdul Medjid, the prince called to be his successor, was the one and twentieth son of the departed Sultan, and having been born at Constantinople on the 19th April, 1823, had just entered on the sixteenth year of his age. His youth had been like the majority of the princes of his race, and precocious indulgence in the pleasures of the harem had formed the only preparations which he had made as yet for the fulfilment of the duties of sovereignty.

Nevertheless, he laid hold of the reins of power with a strong hand, and gave early evidence of his disregard for established customs whose usages were not sanctioned by any higher authority, and of his determination to proceed in the path of reform trod by his father. For instance, when he repaired to the sacred mosque of Eyoub for the purpose of being girded, according to solemn usage, with the sabre of Othman, the symbol of his authority, he did so dressed in an unorthodox costume, and great debates were entered into upon the question, could the *padischa* be so admitted into the sacred precincts. The Chick ul Islam and all the Ulemas pronounced decidedly and with much warmth in favour of the continued observance of the ancient custom. No former Sultan had undergone the ceremony clothed in any other than the traditional costume, and what would the world say to an innovation so manifestly opposed to the



**QUEEN VICTORIA.**  
**FRANCIS JOSEPH I**  
Emperor of Austria.

**NAPOLEON III**  
Emperor of the French

**ABD-UL-MEDJID**  
Sultan

**NICOLAS I**  
Emperor of Russia.

**FREDERICK WILLIAM IV**  
King of Prussia

# THE BELLIGERENT POWERS OF EUROPE.

MILITARY: 1<sup>st</sup> July, 1870.

true spirit of Islam and the majesty of the Khalifat? All opposition, however, was cut short by the old vizier, Khosrew, who at last exclaimed to the chief of the Ulemas: "By Allah and his prophet! if you raise any more objections, your head shall be nailed to the gates of the palace within an hour! This threat silenced the boldest, and Abdul Medjid entered the holy of holies dressed for the most part, in European fashion.

A still more remarkable instance, to the same effect, may be also adduced. It had been the constant practice of his predecessors, on their ascent to the throne, to put to death the greater number of their nearest relatives, for the purpose of doing away with the possibility of their possession of it being disputed. His own father, Mahmoud II. had thus caused nine of his brothers to be strangled in one day, and as Abdul Medjid had a brother who was of a most violent temper and ambitious disposition, we might have naturally expected him, in his regard to have followed his father's example. To his honour be it spoken, however, the Sultan left him in full possession of life and liberty; nor has he ever had occasion to repent of the humanity he thus exhibited.

His reign was inaugurated under gloomy auspices. Four days only after its commencement news arrived at Constantinople of the defeat and total dispersion of the army of Hafiz, and of the taking by Ibrahim Pasha of the Camp of Nezib, and all the warlike stores of the destroyed army. Nor was this even the worst, for within another forty-eight hours intelligence was brought of the defection of the fleet; which had been given up to the Pasha of Egypt by its commander, Ahmed Fewksy, in consequence of his sworn enmity to the man whom Abdul Medjid had made his vizier, Khosrew.—Master, therefore, both of land and sea, might not a *coup de main* at any moment make Ibrahim Pasha master of Constantinople also? And might not this state of affairs cause Russia to step in and assert that right of protectorate over the Turkish Empire which the convention of Unkiar Skelessi had given her, and had endowed her with authority to exercise whenever circumstances might require her so to do, and thus between the forces of the Czar on the one hand and those of Mehemet Ali on the other, the throne of the new Sultan be all but torn to pieces. Fortunately, however, Russia did not esteem it expedient to press her pretensions to the protectorate just at this moment, and the

states of Western Europe interfering to prevent Ibrahim Pasha following up the advantage which his victory at Nezib and the defection of the Turkish fleet had combined to accord him, Turkey was once more allowed breathing time.

Just four years after the commencement of his reign, Abdul Mejid gave his people the famous Hatté Sheriff, which has been justly denominated the charter of their liberties. It made a vast number of changes in the laws of Government, all tending to the promotion of the welfare of the people, security for whose lives and property is for the first time ensured. All the reforms pointed out in it, however, circumstances have not enabled Abdul Mejid to complete. But he has done all that it has been, humanly speaking, possible for him to do; he has increased the freedom which his subjects formerly enjoyed, as well as added to their security; he has taken all power to insure their education; has radically reformed the administrative machinery of the country, and brought the State's finances into a better state than they were ever before in; and has equitably adjusted the manner in which the taxes shall be gathered and levies for the army made, and made those troops which fifteen years ago, Ibrahim Pasha drove before him like a horde of savages, almost equal in discipline to those of the nations of Western Europe.

Of the political relations which Abdul Mejid has at various times held with the surrounding Governments, we have not in this article space to speak; whilst the grave events which date from the arrival of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople are too familiar to every reader to need recounting. We only allude to them for the purpose of noticing the attitude in which the Sultan has faced the new perils which have recently gathered round his Empire, an attitude in every respect fulfilling the early promises of his reign.

Abdul Medjid is in the thirty-first year of his age, but he appears somewhat older in consequence of his black beard, and the fatigue, both mental and bodily, which he has undergone, and is undergoing. His features are not very regular, nor his complexion very fair, but this last defect is usually remedied by the free use of cosmetics. His eyes are brilliant and piercing, but so fired as to give to his countenance an air which at the first glance is rather unpleasing, and his beard is short, but unusually thick and bristly. His ordinary costume is very simple, and is composed principally of a kind of *paletôt*

of dark blue cloth, European pantaloons, and Japan boots, with a *fez* to which the imperial tuft of heron plumes is attached by a golden buckle adorned with diamonds.

## AUSTRIA.

Francis-Joseph I. Emperor of Austria, born August 18, 1830; succeeded his uncle, Ferdinand I., on his abdication, Dec. 2, 1848 (his father, Archduke Francis-Charles, renouncing his claim in his favour).

## PRUSSIA.

Frederick-William IV., King of Prussia, born Oct. 15, 1795; succeeded his father, Frederick-William III., June 7, 1840; married Nov. 29, 1823, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Maximilian-Joseph King of Bavaria.

## FRANCE.

Napoleon III. Emperor of the French, born April 20, 1808; son of Louis-Napoleon, ex-King of Holland; elected 11th, and proclaimed 20th December 1848, President of the French Republic; re-elected President for ten years December 3, 1851; and declared Emperor December 2, 1852.

## RUSSIA.

Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia, born July 6, 1796; succeeded his brother, Alexander, Dec. 1, 1825; married July 13, 1817, Charlotte (now Alexandra), sister of the King of Prussia, born July 13, 1798. Issue, 1. Alexander, hereditary, Grand Duke, born April 29, 1818; married April 28, 1841, Maria, sister of the Grand Duke of Hesse; issue, four sons. 2. Constantine, born Sept. 21, 1827; married Sept. 11, 1848, Grand Duchess Josssefowna of Saxe-Altenburg; issue, a son and a daughter. 3. Nicholas, born August 8, 1831. 4. Michael, born Oct. 25, 1832. 5. Maria, born August 18, 1819; married July 14, 1839, Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg, who died Nov. 5, 1852; issue, four sons and two daughters. 6. Olga, born Sept. 11, 1822; married July 13, 1846, Charles, Prince Royal of Wurtemberg.

**LIFE IN THE DESERT.**—If a Bedouin tribe be moving in great haste before an enemy, and should be unable to stop for many hours, or be making a forced march to avoid pursuit over a desert, where wells are very distant from each other, the women sometimes prepare bread whilst riding on camels. The fire is then lighted in an earthen vessel. One woman kneads the dough, a second rolls it out, and a third bakes it. Boys or women on foot pass the materials, as required, from one to the other.

## THE BEE.

AN! who is so blest as the honey-bee,  
The sylph and humming-bird of the flowers?  
The light-wing'd elf! who so happy as he,  
Making the most of the golden hours?  
No hermit austere in his waxen cell,  
But an epicure, and a sage as well!

He kisses the rose's blushing cheeks,  
And sucks the balm from the woodbine's lip,  
While a merry murmur his pleasure speaks;  
Nor only doth he sing and sip.  
But reaps besides, and carries away  
A harvest to hive for a rainy day.

The garden's Sultan, he fondly flies  
From bud to bud through his Flower-serai;  
He waits not to see—he is far too wise!—  
His blooming Beauties wither and die;  
But the moment one turns pale, he retreats  
To solace himself with another's sweets.

Come, friends, let's take for our guide the Bee!  
Who the way of wisdom so well can teach!  
Let's follow his gay philosophy!  
Ne'er lose a blossom within our reach;  
Nor fail, 'mid the Present, to garner up  
Some gleanings for filling the Future's cup!

**A TARTAR INN.**—On the arrival of a traveller, he is met by the comptroller of the table, who announces what there is to eat, and as the visitor selects his dishes, this official repeats them in a measured chant to the governor of the pot. Before commencing his repast, courtesy requires the traveller to invite everybody present to partake with him. "Come," he says, "come my friends and drink a glass of wine with me; come and eat a plate of rice." And everybody answers, "No, thank you; do you rather come and seat yourself at my table. It is I who invite you." And so the matter ends. When traveller rises to depart, the comptroller of the table again chants over the names of the dishes, observing this time to include the price in his song.

Enduring fame depends mainly on enduring effects. Posterity care little about any but those who have done something for posterity's interests.

Conscience is the best friend we have; with it we may bid defiance to man; without it all the friends in the world can be of no use to us.

He who beholds the faults of others through his own virtues, is generally disposed to forgive them; indulgenco is the child of purity of heart.

## ROLIÇA.

BY THOMAS CAXTON.

Waiting for the coming combat  
 Stood LABORDE at break of day,  
 Up the valley, forward pressing,  
 Came the Iron WELLESLEY,  
 Up the gorge and through the thickets,  
 On the Plains of Roliça.

Shout the strong advancing columns,  
 Answers vibrate o'er the hills ;  
 On each side along the mountains,  
 Through the air the echo trills,  
 Down into the sleeping valley  
 Bounding o'er the leaping rills.

France's veterans loudly answer,—  
 Answer to the British cheer,  
 With the hearty shout that rises  
 O'er the startled foemen's ear,  
 From a famed, victorious army,  
 That has never bowed to fear.

In the woods the muskets rattle,  
 Through the air the whizzing hail,  
 On the breezes, sharp and piercing,  
 Passing by the wounded's wail,  
 Speak the soreness of the combat  
 Just commencing in the vale.

Gently o'er the mountains stealing,  
 Comes the golden morning's mist,  
 With its rosy folds concealing  
 The fair crag whose brow it kiss'd ;  
 Leaning on Aurora's bosom  
 Like a flashing Amethyst.

Lo! the God of Light uprising,  
 Mounts the brilliant car of day,  
 Coursing through the East resplendant,  
 Fly his swift steeds on their way,  
 Flinging back a flood of glory  
 On the glittering array.

Shake their manes, and hill and valley,  
 Gold-brown rocks and forest green,  
 Purple cloudlets, tinged with radiance,  
 Sparkle 'neath the golden sheen,  
 Glints the bright steel in the sunlight,  
 Moves the heaven's gorgeous screen.

Strike their hoofs, and earth and heaven  
 Glow with showers of diamond light ;  
 Gleam the gold and silver trappings  
 Of the war steeds in their might ;  
 Ope' the standards o'er the battle,  
 Where the most courageous fight.

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Creeping upwards, softly, slowly,  
 On the sun-bright morning sky,  
 Curl the blood-tinged wreaths of battle,  
 Bearing up the startling cry,  
 Bearing up the shrieks and curses  
 Of the wounded ere they die.

Ghastly faces turned to heaven,  
 Gone the human look divine,  
 Anguish—cold and withering anguish  
 Traceable in every line,  
 Like a mutilated carcase  
 Heaved from out a burning mine.

Some in death, and others waiting  
 Listening for the soothing sound  
 Of his silent, welcome footsteps,  
 O'er the trembling, furrowed ground ;  
 Some their stricken spirits yielding  
 With a quick, convulsive bound.

Havoc through the valley striding,  
 Deadly missions everywhere,  
 Desolating either army,  
 Yet no heart is quailing there ;  
 Hotter—thicker—nearer rolling,  
 Curls the red smoke up the air.

Frenchmen, bravely, proudly pressing  
 On the dense opposing mass ;  
 Britons nobly, fiercely rushing  
 Like a red wave o'er the grass,  
 Bearing back the dark battalions  
 Backward to the granite pass.

Through the gorge, a band of heroes  
 Rush, with Spartan courage filled ;  
 Battling—struggling—falling—dying,  
 On that desolating field ;  
 Scarce a handful now retreating  
 Back, to rally, not to yield.

LAKE, with bold, intrepid daring,  
 Cheers them on with sword in hand ;  
 Onward to the charge returning,  
 Where the French in order stand,  
 Striking down the very bravest  
 Of that too-determined band.

Now he reels, that brave commander,  
 Reels and falls upon the plain ;  
 But his death is fast avenging,  
 Fall the French like autumn grain ;  
 Though they meet the fierce encounter  
 As the granite meets the main.

Up the heights of Zambugeira,  
 Rushing to avenge the dead,  
 See! the gallant NINTH are crowding—  
 Not as erst by STEWART led,  
 Death and danger madly braving  
 In the cause for which he bled.



Blood upon the grassy hill-side,  
 On the Adamantine rock,  
 On the myrtle-covered hillock,  
 Where the restless Britons flock ;  
 Blood upon the hill above them  
 Where the Gaul withstands the shock.

From the tangled thickets pouring,  
 Come the French with hasty stride,  
 Pressing towards their massive squadrons  
 As the streamlet seeks the tide ;  
 Backward move the sturdy columns,  
 Backward in their stubborn pride.

Backward, steadily retreating,  
 Went LABORDE upon that day,  
 At his heels, with thundering footsteps,  
 Came the Iron WELLESLEY ;  
 Up the gorge, and through the thickets,  
 On the Plains of Roliça.

Belleville, May, 1854.

THE STARS.—Lord Rosse's telescope has resolved into stars, nebulae which were previously supposed to be part of a thin, diffused vapour, filling vast regions of space, and destined, in long cycles of ages, to condense into worlds. The discovery has disturbed the nebular hypothesis, but it has also revealed a startling truth. The distances of these stars are so amazing and incomprehensible, that the light they send forth requires cycles of ages to traverse the space between them and the earth. We see them, therefore, by rays emitted ages before man appeared on the earth ; and, for ages we can tell, their light was extinguished thousands of years ago. Were they now annihilated (if annihilation were possible), the present dwellers on the earth, and far distant generations of men, could know nothing of their extinction.

SOCIETY.—In the beginning of the world, the common Creator of all vouchsafed to the brute herd only the principle of vitality ; to us he gave souls also, that an instinct of affection, reciprocally shared, might urge us to seek for, and to give, assistance ; to unite in one people, those before widely scattered ; to emerge from the ancient wood, and abandon the forests where our fathers dwelt ; to build houses, to join another's dwelling to our own houses ; that the confidence mutually engendered by a neighbour's threshold might add security to our slumbers ; to cover with our arms a fellow citizen when falling or staggering from a ghastly wound ; to sound the battle signal from a common clarion ; to be defended by the same ramparts, and closed in by the key of a common portal.

## JUSTICE BY JUDGE JEFFERYS.

MASTER GEORGE JEFFERYS, subsequently the notorious Chief Justice and Chancellor, was elected Common-serjeant of the City of London in March, 1671 ; and a trial which took place before him a few days after his elevation to that minor judicial office is, it strikes me, not only curious in itself, but as throwing some light upon the reckless habits and tendencies of the Nero of the Bench, whilst yet but on the threshold of his ruffianly career. The incidents are gleaned from the brief records of the time, and I have done little more than give them sequence and connection.

Charles Carver, a native of Staffordshire, and skilful worker in metals, for some reason not mentioned, crossed the seas, soon after reaching manhood, to the plantations, by which probably Virginia is meant ; but not prospering there, returned in 1670, and took up his abode in London. He was now about thirty years of age, well-favoured, six feet in height, and soon became a constant evening guest at the Lamb, Aldersgate Street, then kept by a widow landlady, Mistress Rebecca Hobson, a year or so younger than himself, and a native of the same country. Whether Carver's voyage to the plantations, recent return, and present friendly footing at the Lamb were referable to a former intimacy with the said Rebecca before she became Mistress Hobson, is not directly stated ; the probability, however, being in the affirmative. Be that as it may, whether it was a reknitting of a previous broken attachment or the formation of a new one, the fact was undeniable that Charles Carver made rapid progress in the dame's good graces, and that if her humour held it would not be long before the Lamb and the lady had a new master—to use the term, ridiculous as it sounds now-a-days, recognised by the marital code and practice of the period when the second Charles was king. There was some danger that her humour would not hold, she having other strings to her widow's bow, and one especially which it was difficult to detach and cast off—a Mr. Nathaniel Betteridge, established in the Minories as a practical jeweller, and reputedly well to do in the world. This person had been assiduous in both morning and evening attendance at the Lamb from the time poor Samuel Hobson had been medically pronounced incurable,—a forecasting tenderness not apparently displeasing to the fair relict, expectant

and actual, till the appearance of Carver, when the light of her countenance was gradually withdrawn from the jeweller, to shine with duly increasing brightness and benignity upon the comely and stalwart worker in metals. Nathaniel Betteridge was not, however, a man to accept defeat in such a struggle if victory might be won by any means, however foul or dishonest; the prize which was fast slipping through his fingers, after they had in imagination already clutched it, being relatively to the condition of the competing parties a highly desirable one, as without taking into account the personal qualities of the lady, of whom in that respect I only find it remarked that she was a buxom, well-reputed dame, she was known to be left by her husband's will upwards of £2000, lent on bond to the worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, together with a freehold of the Lamb hostelry, unencumbered by the troublesome appendages of children. The first mode adopted by Betteridge for regaining the position in the wealthy widow's favour he had fallen from, was the common one of bounce and braggadocia. He gave out that his property considerably exceeded that of Mistress Hobson; and he indignantly warned her that it would be a rash and ruinous step on her part to reject the honest suit of a man of respectability and substance in favour of that of a fellow, the labour of whose hands barely sufficed for his own meagre maintenance. Mistress Hobson was not unmoved by these commonsense considerations; but the effect was temporary only, being sure to presently evaporate in the sunshine of Carver's good-looking, good-humoured countenance; not the less readily, we may be sure, that it began to be whispered about, quite aloud enough to reach Mistress Hobson's sharp ears, that Nathaniel Betteridge was in by no means such prosperous circumstances as he pretended,—so far from it, in truth, that it was doubtful whether without the nuptial transfer of the widow's cash to his own gaping pockets he would be long able to keep himself out of the dreaded clutch of sheriff's officers. Unsuccessful upon his first tack, and still confident that at the worst he stood second in the Lamb landlady's favour, Betteridge fell upon another scheme for compassing his end. He had not failed to remark certain defects of character in Carver, which, judiciously brought into play, could not, he thought, fail to sink him (Carver) in the esteem of Mistress Hobson. As the

first move in his new game, Betteridge formally withdrew his pretensions to the widow's hand, in a flattering, regretfully-gallant way, of course; and forthwith set himself to cultivate Charles Carver's facile friendship. So readily did he succeed, that the whilom rivals soon became intimate companions; simple, forgiving Nathaniel Betteridge opening his purse and house to his new and far from too industriously inclined crony, with the most delightful generosity and unreserve; besides introducing him to various haunts of enticing dissipation, which Carver, comparatively a stranger in London, had till then been happily ignorant of. The calculated result of this evil companionship was that Carver frequently absented himself of an evening from the Lamb; and when he did appear there it was generally late, and he often flustered with drink. He was, it seems, too generous, or too silly to betray his tempter; but Mistress Hobson's widow-wit was of too keen a quality not to easily discern the true bearings of the case. In sooth, she had never believed in the sincerity of Betteridge's voluntary abandonment of his suitorship,—a natural vanity, probably, refusing to believe that her charms, not links of love alone but all-constraining gold, could be so easily cast off; and though exceedingly wroth with Carver, she nevertheless permitted herself to forgive him; marriage would no doubt, as he himself constantly insisted, proved a cure for such irregularities; and Betteridge to his great dismay, heard, whilst discussing some excellent ale and cold beef, one morning in January, 1671, that the union, for better for worse, of Charles Carver and Rebecca Hobson, was definitely fixed to take place on St. Valentine's Day in the ensuing month.

There was no time for further shilly-shallying; so utterly desperate were his affairs, that if he would avoid incarceration, perhaps for life, a decisive blow must be struck without delay; and after brief communing with the devil, meaning thereby his own evil thoughts and reckless passions, the insolvent jeweller hit upon a truly infernal scheme, supposing that, as intimated, his subsequent and crowning deed was from that moment contemplated and resolved upon; which I can hardly believe, his path in crime being, it strikes me, at first, as is almost invariably the case, but dimly outlined and defined.

The first enginery set in motion was the sending anonymous letters to Mistress Hobson,

the burden of all being that Carver was passionately attached to another woman, and desirous only of marrying the wealthy Mistress of the Lamb for her money, which he would infallibly squander upon his leman. These missives, couched in vague and general terms, did not disturb the widow's mind. She rightly guessed from whose quiver such venomously-barbed but, after all, blunt and harmless arrows were supplied; but a letter which reached her in the first week in February, setting forth names, time, and place, which she might, if so minded, verify for herself, made her pause. Carver, it was asserted, had made an appointment to meet the damsel of his heart, on the morrow afternoon, at the Bull Inn, Aldgate; and he had informed Mistress Hobson that he should, though of course much grieving thereat, be absent from the Lamb on the evening of that morrow!

This array of commingling circumstances occasioned even trustful Mistress Hobson some foreboding heartquakes, which had nothing abated when, at about three o'clock the next afternoon, she stepped into the chair hired to convey her to Aldgate; but as she turned round to give some parting direction to a servant, the fox-like glance of Nathaniel Betteridge peering triumphantly from a corner of the cautiously uplifted red curtain of the back boozing-room, threw in a moment, a healthier hue over her green and yellow fancies. Whatever mischief poor Carver had been led into was, she felt strongly reassured, the contrivance of that knave of a jeweller. Still it would be as well to thoroughly convince herself of the falsity of the accusation, and nodding defiantly in the direction of the drinking-room, she, in a loud, chirrupping voice, bade the chairman move on quickly, as she was pressed for time.

Upon reaching the Bull, her first inquiry was for Will Burton, a waiter, formerly of the Lamb. Will, a hard north country blade, sharpened by town practice to a very keen edge indeed, guessed her errand in a twinkling; but so taken unawares was he, that to his own great astonishment he positively felt a red-hot tinge flush through his unaccustomed face, as his former mistress said, with prompt decision, "Charles Carver is here, and there is a young woman with him." Now Carver was a favourite of Will's, and though compelled to admit the perplexing fact so sharply stated, he rallied instantly and declared with emphasis that Carver had no more supposed he should

meet a lady there, than that King-Charles would pay him a visit. Will added, that Carver had been hooked into playing a rather heavy match at shovel-board, which he was induced to do, to his (Will Burton's) knowledge, because thinking he was pretty sure to win, he had a notion to surprise a certain lady with a wedding present of one of the rich cardinals, just then so fashionable amongst the quality. Will, however, did not believe he would win, seeing that——

"Never mind about winning or losing," interrupted the much mollified Mistress Hobson: "it's about Carver's companion I wish to be informed.

"As to that," Will said, "it happened just this wise: Carver had been in the house about ten minutes waiting for the match-man, when a nicely dressed young person, who said she had been informed at his lodgings where he might be found, asked to see and speak with him. Will Burton showed her at once into No. 8 dining-room, where Carver was quietly seated over a mug of Lamb's-wool; and he (Will) being naturally of an inquiring turn of mind, contrived, easily enough, to hear what passed. The stranger pretended she came from the same place, in Staffordshire as Carver; that she knew his father and mother, and having just lost her place, had taken the liberty to see him for the purpose of requesting a small loan to enable her to get back without delay to her native town; she pretending of course, to be in deep distress, and pumping up showers of tears, and all that kind of bother. Carver, however, would'nt have it at all at first, but at last he ordered her some dinner, which she was then eating; and this," concluded Will, "is the whole roundabout of it, I am willing to take oath."

Will Burton was believed. This the widow's condescending smile, as she shook him by the hand, leaving therein a gold crown-piece, satisfactorily proved; although she at the same time requested him to point out No. 8. Will reluctantly complied, but his fear of an explosion was not realized. Mistress Hobson was contented throwing the door suddenly open, presenting herself drawn up to the fullest height, and flaming with tempestuous scorn for a few moments at the entrance, during which brief space she contrived to gaze whole volumes at the utterly confounded Carver; then sailed majestically away, regained the sedan-chair, and departed homewards at double-quick pace.

Nathaniel Betteridge was still at the Lamb when its proprietress returned; and one glance at her crimsoned features showed anger there, indeed, but not a sparkle of jealousy! Greatly perplexed that this should be so, he immediately hastened off to ascertain the cause of the unexpected failure of his device.

Preceding him for a few minutes we shall find that Carver had no sooner recovered the use of his faculties, paralysed for a while by the astounding apparition in the doorway, than he rushed out in pursuit. He was too late: the sedan-chair had vanished, and returning, foaming with fury, he found that the Staffordshire hussey was also gone! Will Burton's quickly volunteered explanation, however, greatly mitigated his angry dismay, and the shovel-board players making their appearance, he subsided by degrees into a sufficiently placid state of mind, fully resolving, at the same time, to make matters right at the Lamb at the earliest possible moment on the morrow. A continuous run of ill-luck, aided by copious draughts of ale, re-inflamed the temper as well as muddled the brain of the imprudent worker in metals. He lost all the money about him, borrowed of Betteridge, who had long since joined the party, till that worthy would lend him no more. This led to a quarrel, and finally, not to dwell upon such disagreeable scenes, Carver was conveyed to bed in a state of brutal insensibility—his drink having, in fact, been drugged by Betteridge. According to Carver's own statement he awoke whilst it was yet night with a splitting headache and a burning throat and tongue. It was some time before he could remember where he was, and at first he had a confused impression that his heavy slumber had been broken by some one groping about the room. When quite awake he noticed by the faint starlight another bedstead in the room the occupant whereof was loudly snoring. He lay for about two hours in a state of fever both of mind and body, and the instant he heard footsteps stirring below he jumped up, bustled on his clothes, hurried down stairs, drank and rinsed his face at the yard-pump, and went away. It was too early to pay a visit to the Lamb; the burning, clammy thirst, partially allayed by the draught of pump water, returned upon him as he was passing through the Minorities, and finding himself alone by a tavern where he could obtain credit he entered the King Charles tavern, called for a measure of spiced ale—another—

then another, at which game of ruin we must for a brief space leave him to ascertain what is going on at the Bull Inn, Aldgate.

On the previous night, directly after Carver had been got to bed, Nathaniel Betteridge concluded that he also was too staggery and too out of sorts to go home, and that he could not do better than secure the other bed in the room where his friend and crony was sleeping. This, as a matter of course was acceded to; Betteridge, it was afterwards well remembered, paid his reckoning from a handful of gold and silver coins, with considerable ostentation, and forthwith retired to bed. He did not awake, or, at all events, did not rise till nine o'clock, a few minutes after which there was a furious uproar in the house. Nathaniel Betteridge, upon putting on his clothes, discovered that he had been robbed of all his money. After the first confusion had subsided, suspicion naturally pointed to Carver, who had left the inn so early and furtively, as the robber, whereupon considerate Mr. Betteridge seemed desirous of hushing up the affair; but the character of the house was now at stake; constables were sent for by the landlord, and a search after Carver was made, first at his lodgings, next at the Lamb, without success. At last information was brought that the unfortunate man was drinking at the King Charles: he was found and captured there, immediately taken to the Mansion House, searched by the order of the sitting alderman, and the coins stolen from Betteridge were found carefully concealed in an inner pouch of his doublet. Five minutes after this discovery, and whilst still in a state of stupefaction, he was committed to Newgate, and, in the judgement of the spectators, as good as half-hanged already.

Mistress Hobson's anger vanished at once in presence of the frightful peril in which Carver was emmeshed, foully so, she was confident; but how to bring home that conviction to others was the rub. The family attorney assured her the case against Carver was so plain that to attempt a defence would be merely folly, and strongly advised her not to waste her substance in so futile an effort. In the very crisis of her distress who should walk into the Lamb but an old customer whom she had not seen for a long, long time, vulture-visaged George Jefferys, the barrister, who, not yet thirty, had already won the reputation of a fierce, unscrupulous, and most successful practitioner. He called for ale and tobacco, and was soon absorbed in the

enjoyment of those luxuries, the taste for which it is well known survived his elevation to the chief justice and chancellorships. Mistress Hobson determined to forthwith consult this formidable personage, and the grim auditor listened to her story with keen attention as the two fierce eyes, gleaming intently at her from out a cloud of tobacco smoke, sufficiently testified, though he only gruffly murmured, *inter alia*, when she paused for breath, that he knew the Bull Inn and Will Burton very well.

At length the lady had said her say, and Master Jefferys, after a few minutes' self-communing, said, "I am of opinion dame, that Betteridge is at the bottom of this affair; and it happens that you can just now render me an essential favour; if you agree to do so, I will, for once travel out of the beaten path to slip the neck of this sweetheart of yours out of the halter. The matter stands thus: I am up as a common-searjeant-ship, and a larger sum is required to ensure success than I can just now command. I have been, you are aware, a borrower of your husband several times; now if you will lend me the required sum, at interest, for six months secured by bond, I will strive to pull your friend through, and without charge."

Mistress Hobson joyfully consented; the money was she knew certain to be repaid, and the transaction was concluded without delay. The barrister's iterated and last injunctions, when leaving the Lamb, were, that strict silence should be observed, and Betteridge be treated with civility and kindness for a while.

Late the next evening, soon after Nathaniel Betteridge returned home from the Lamb, in a rather jubilant state of mind, Mistress Hobson's manner having been so unexpectedly gracious, a stern-looking, black-habited gentleman presented himself, upon, he announced, peremptory and important business: "You do not know me, I believe, Nathaniel Betteridge? I supposed not; you may call me Master Charles; I chanced to sleep at the Bull Inn, Aldgate, the same night that you and the fellow now in Newgate did, in a small room leading from yours, which you did not, I think, observe! There—there, do not jump up and stare in that way; but sit quietly, if you can, and listen to what I have to say: it were best," added the speaker, with a coarse vehemence, apparently habitual with him. "You must know," continued Master Charles, "you must know, Nathaniel Betteridge, that I am very wakeful. Ha! you guess the rest!"

"My God!" screamed the jeweller, in a panic of alarm; "What are you here for?—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? This:—that I saw you get out of one bed and conceal your money in Carver's doublet whilst he slept; and——"

"Miscreant! devil!" shouted Betteridge, with momentary audacity: "You lie! you lie!"

The disdainful iron smile of the stranger was more potent than his rage: he hesitated, and sense and courage alike forsaking him, he fell, with clasped hands, upon his knees, and gasped out, "Save—save me; I will agree to anything—anything; what shall I do?"

"Do? Why marry the widow, certainly," chuckled Master Charles: "there can be no danger of detection, provided you agree to pay me over £500 in gold caroluses, one week after the wedding."

Stunned, overwhelmed, feeling as if standing upon the brink of a fathomless gulf, down which the hand of the stern stranger could in a moment hurl him, Betteridge, as soon as he could command his nerves, agreed to and subscribed the required conditions. The memorandum only stated that three months after date Betteridge would pay Master Charles, or bearer, £500. His astute visitor did not probably think it prudent to press him for a more direct confession of his villany. "This will do," said Master Charles, as he turned to leave: "Now you may proceed without fear, as I shall, for my own sake, stick by you, be sure of it to the last."

On the 17th of March, Jefferys was elected common serjeant; and on the 28th of the same month, Chief Justice Scroggs, having just left the court, after a protracted trial of importance, he was on the bench, when a true bill was handed down from the grand jury-room against Charles Carver. "Good," exclaimed the serjeant with a gleeful glance at the deputy-governor of Newgate, "let the prisoner be arraigned at once." This was done, and in a few minutes Betteridge entered the witness-box. He did not recognise Jefferys in his robes, and the capacious wig just then substituted for the velvet cap, and gave his evidence, in chief, distinctly. "Now, fellow," roared out the common-serjeant "look well at me, and then tell the jury if you have ever seen me before?"

The terrible voice was enough; the recognition by Betteridge of Master Charles in his fierce questioner was instantaneous as light-

ning. Overwhelming as ruin and despair. "The witness," says the report, "gazed at the common-serjeant as some animals are said to do when entrallied by the glance of a deadly serpent from which there is no escape; and it was marvellous to note how the serjeant firked and ferreted him with questions, and he like an instrument played upon by a man's fingers, gave out such replies and confessions as fully revealed his villanous purposes; and, when loosened from the examination, fell down in a fit. A joyful verdict of "not guilty" was returned; Charles Carver accompanied Mistress Hobson home in a coach, was married to her the following week, and always after led a decent and sober life."

Nathaniel Betteridge was convicted of perjury, and sentenced to have his ears cropped and stand in the pillory. He died a prisoner on the debtor side of Newgate.

#### A SYRIAN LEGEND.

KOJA, the son of a shipwright of Beyrout, became the hero of story simply from the excessive constancy of his attachment to Lisa, the daughter of a Maronite merchant. No one knows to what nation Kojá belonged, or is quite sure of the epoch of his existence. But as mountains in a misty atmosphere seem far off as soon as you recede a little from them, so in the East, where history sheds no steady light on the past, popular personages who have only just died are often removed to an indefinite distance back in time. This point, however, is of no moment. Men who become famous from the mere display of the affections are always near neighbours. We feel for Petrarch, whose house has left no ruins at Vaucluse, just as if he were living in the next street. More so, perhaps; because time flowing over his story has washed away everything but the sparkling gold. So is it with Kojá. There were men who hated and persecuted him in his life; but they are gone, and all now join in lamenting his long separation from Lisa.

The meeting of the two lovers was accidental. One morning, Lisa, who began to find the women's apartment, to which she had been confined during her father's absence at Damascus, somewhat dreary, asked Margota, her aunt, to take her forth, that she might wander on the borders of the sea. The good old lady was well-nigh struck dumb by the request. "All the

saints bless thee!" cried she; "has a Marid (evil spirit) been whispering in thy ear? Why, here am I, at this respectable age. I have lived all my life long at Beyrout, and never once have I desired to go down to the water's edge." Upon this Lisa laughed, and told to her aunt the story of the dove who lived with the tortoise, and who one day expressed a desire to go and eat olives on a hill that was almost out of sight. The tortoise objected, and made a long speech to show the impropriety of such a step; but the dove flashed round and round in the sunlight, and replied, "My friend, you mean to say that you have no wings." So off she flew.

Margota understood from this that her charge would steal out alone, or with one of the slave girls, to satisfy her wish; and with many grumbings began to get ready, first putting on a veil as thick as a towel, then an ample gown of yellow silk, and then a black cloak like a domino. Afterwards she wanted to take all off again to don her yellow boots in greater comfort; but Lisa, who had disguised herself in five minutes, would not allow such delay, and calling to Zarifsh, the slave girl, went down into the court. Margota followed, grumbling at her wilfulness; and so they went forth into the narrow streets, and proceeded in the direction of the sea.

Instead of going down to the port, always full of noisy Greek and Arab sailors, they took a circuitous direction, and reached the water's edge about a mile outside the town. "It is a beautiful evening," said Lisa. "Very cold," quoth Margota, shivering; and indeed a sea-breeze was blowing gently in their faces, and making their silk garments flutter as it passed. The water, however, far out, seemed as placid as the blue heavens above; whilst near at hand small waves, or rather ripples, came creeping up the sandy beach a few inches, and then retreating to return again with a rustling sound. Lisa took off her shoes—she had no stockings—and ran out to try and catch what seemed to her floating diamonds—star-fish that were poisoning themselves near the surface, now expanding, now contracting, and ever leaping out of reach of her hand.

Thus they proceeded slowly until they came to a ledge of rock that jutted some hundred feet into the sea. By this time the wind had freshened a little, and a cloud of spray occasionally played about the extreme end of the point. Margota voted for a return, and tried

to force a cough; but Lisa insisted on running out along the ledge, and away she went. Her guardian, tired and annoyed, sat down on the sand to wait for her return with Zarifeh; both remained looking lazily at the sun, which, with vastly enlarged circumference, was just poisoning itself near the cloudless horizon—a globe of fire in a sea of light.

The time seemed long, and Margota at last said to Zarifeh, "My sight is weak, and I do not desery Lisa on the rock." The slave girl turned her sharp eyes in that direction, and rousing from her apathy, cried, "She is not there!" So she ran forward, while Margota, whose boots were full of sand, followed slowly. The black girl arrived soon, and standing on the rock, shaded her eyes from the sun and looked around. "Where is the child?" cried Margota. "Out on the sea," was the reply. "She is going away!"

On reaching with much difficulty the summit of the rock, Margota to her dismay saw at some distance out on the purple waters, moving towards the golden wake of the sun, a boat impelled by a small sail, and thought she distinguished two persons in it. "Ha!" exclaimed Zarifeh, with a meaning smile, "Lisa has a boatman friend, and he is taking her away. See how the sail swells and bends. But she is not afraid. She stands up clapping her hands; her veil is fluttering; and the stranger is worshipping her face."

Margota could see nothing of all this; but began wringing her hands, for she knew how terrible would be the anger of the father when he heard of what had taken place. The matter, however, was not so serious as she and Zarifeh had at first feared. Lisa, on going out along the rocks, had seen a boat floating near the other side, with a young man seated in it. In the East, when once the formal rules of propriety are disregarded, nature shows itself in its utmost simplicity. Without meaning any harm, Lisa called out, "O, young boatman! this is the first time that I have seen the sea; and I long to ride for one half-hour on its bosom. Take me with thee."

Koja—for it was he—looked up listlessly. He had been sailing about all day, endeavouring to divert his thoughts from themes which trouble youth, and when the wind had fallen, had suffered his boat to float where it listed, just giving now and then a sweep with the oar, more from habit than design. Thus he found himself in that place; and was brought face to face with

Lisa. He complied mechanically with her request, wondering who this maiden might be who was thus out by herself, against all the customs of the country. His fancy suggested that it might be a spirit. She stepped lightly on board when the boat floated up to a projecting ledge; and when the little mast was shipped, and she began to feel the tiny craft glide away from shore, everything was forgotten but the delight of the moment—Margota, and Zarifeh, and prudence, and her father's displeasure—everything was forgotten but the delight of thus passing along like a shadow over the purple waters in the light of the setting sun. Perhaps, too, company so new to her, a handsome youth, who gazed upon her with a bewildered look of admiration, and who seemed silently to entreat her *not to notice that the breeze had unveiled her*, and that she, whom no strange man ever beheld, was pouring love into his heart—perhaps this was the chief cause of her forgetfulness. Love at first sight is common in the East—where beauty can rarely be marked for a longer space of time than a falling star takes to shoot across one quarter of the heavens. Before the shrill cry of Zarifeh came from the shore, Koja loved Lisa, and Lisa loved Koja, and the destiny of the one became indissolubly united with that of the other.

When Zarifeh called out in the strange wailing voice common to her people, Lisa said to her lover, "We must return; and we must part. This is the flower-time of our lives; afterwards will come the withering sun of adversity." Koja took her hand and placed in it a ring, and said, "If we must part, keep this token. We may never meet again; but it will be a means of communion. If good fortune is with me, it will retain its brightness; if evil, it will dim. If I cease to love, and the grave opens for me, it will become black." Lisa wept at the thought of her lover's death, and took the ring. They exchanged no more words; and presently afterwards the young girl leaped from the boat upon the extreme point of the rock and listened to the approach of her guardian. She did not reply to them, for her eyes and her mind were following Koja, who was sailing on towards the open sea—out, out, towards the place where the sun had gone down—moving to and fro like a shadow, for light was gradually fading, the sail growing gradually dimmer and dimmer until the eye confounded it sometimes with the great white birds that were coming landward, flying low and wearily along the waters. At

length it faded altogether, because night began to come rapidly on; then Lisa said: "I came down to the sea-side with a soul; now it is gone. This is only the form of Lisa. My soul is floating over the waters. Let us go home; the wind is chill, and life's heat has departed from me."

"Woe! woe!" murmured Margota. "The master of that boat was a magician; and he hath cast a spell upon the girl. What have I done?"

So they returned to the house; and Lisa remained day after day lamenting the loss of her soul. She knew that love, such as hers, was destined in this world to bring unhappiness to those who suffered it. Marriages among her people are not based on affection. A husband is chosen by the father, and the daughter is not even asked if she can hope for happiness with him. There was no chance that Koja would be selected; for she knew he was of a different race, a race who worshipped God in a different manner, made bows and prostrations in the Church according to another ritual, kissed the palm of the priest's hand instead of the tips of his fingers, and was altogether, therefore, an alien and an enemy. She also knew that the merchant, her father, had quarreled with the father of Koja for the possession of a ship, so that there was a feud between them. The idea of struggling against law and custom never occurred to her; and she sat down in the chamber, which had appeared in the morning so bright and cheerful, to nurse the young love that had been born, as sadly, as if the grave was already open to receive it.

In the meanwhile, Koja, who equally understood that a fatal passion had taken possession of him, continued sailing out, long after the sun had set and darkness had come on—heavy at first, but then partly dissipated by the moon, which rose over the distant mountains of Lebanon. He felt that in the idle life which he had hitherto led by his father's indulgence, the great love which he had conceived would prove poison to him; and he resolved at once to dissipate his energies in adventure. No thought of relations or friends troubled him; and the narrator does not take the trouble to form a justification. Passion is always selfish; and all poets or romancers in the East identify themselves with those who yield to it, and never dream that any other duties have a claim. Away sailed Koja, until he saw a ship with

many sails moving slowly along in the moonlight. He hailed it, and went on board, and voyaged with it to the Grecian islands, and then to the Frank countries, and back to Egypt. He went on shore, and, pursuing his travels for many years, visited Habesh and the Hejas, and El Hind, and Ajern, and many other countries. In all these places many beautiful women became enamoured of him, and sent to him flowers which they had perfumed with their sighs; but he listened to none, and when they remonstrated with him by messengers he departed from that city and went to another. His heart was wholly occupied with Lisa, whom it seemed impossible he should meet again.

The young girl was equally constant, and spent the chief part of her time in watching the ring which Koja had given her, to know whether it retained its brightness. Sometimes it dulled a little; and as she was unwilling to believe in misfortune, she reproached herself with want of care, and took soft linen and rubbed it; but it changed not by her efforts, obeying all the varied fortunes of the departed one. This ring is not supposed to have been originally endowed with any miraculous powers, but derived its marvellous quality simply from the intensity with which Koja had wished for a means of communion with his beloved one.

When the merchant returned from Damascus his first talk was of a husband for Lisa; but the young girl, knowing there was but one means of escape, feigned madness, and went about the house with flowers and straw in her hair, singing wildly. Margota and Zarifch knew the cause of this, but they dared not reveal it; and so the merchant grieved, and Lisa remained a maiden, pitied by the whole city. Koja was forgotten, except by his father, who set up a cenotaph for him, and mourned over it for a whole day once a year—the anniversary of the day on which the youth had disappeared, floating away in his boat towards the setting sun.

Time passed on; and Lisa was no longer a young girl, but a full grown woman, still beautiful; yet no longer sought in marriage. She remained in her father's house; while her sisters, who were mere children when the meeting with Koja took place, all found husbands, and soon brought pretty babies for her to admire and nurse. One night, after seven years had gone to the past, the merchant, happening



to be sleepless, heard a voice raised in lamentation. So, he got up and went in its direction, and found that it proceeded from his eldest daughter's room. He listened, and heard her saying: "Oh, Koja! and art thou near the gates of death? Has this sorrow overtaken me? Is my bridegroom about to be taken away!" The old man marvelled at these words, and quietly raising the curtain that closed the room, beheld Lisa sitting on the carpet with a lamp beside her, holding a ring in the bright light, and shedding tears. "What is the sorrow of my daughter?" said he, gently. She looked up, without any expression of alarm or surprise, and replied: The last hour is approaching, and I know not where he is or what are the means of protection." Then she showed the ring, which had lost all its brightness, and seemed as if made of old copper. The merchant understood that she had nourished some secret affection, and repented that he had not sought to learn the reason of her madness. He was not very aged—his passions were less strong than of yore—his ambition weaker—his prejudices almost worn away; and therefore, when Lisa told her story, he sympathized with her, and said: "Perchance the young man may yet live, for the ring is not yet black; and there is no limit to the power and mercy of God." As he spoke, the gold assumed a still darker hue; and Lisa shrieked and fell senseless on the carpet.

Now, it happened that at this time Koja was returning with a caravan across the desert that separates Arabia from Syria. The simoon blew, and obliterated all signs of the track. The caravan wandered—water failed—death began its work. Koja, though hardened by much travel, suffered the extreme of thirst. Making a last effort, he left the caravan, and wandered away through the sand. Weakness came over him—he sank down, and there seemed no means of escape. He thought of Lisa; and as he felt death coming on, prayed to be united to her in heaven. Then he lost all memory and consciousness; and the ring darkened almost to an ebony-colour. Death had indeed just stretched its hand over him when a troop of maidens from an encampment near at hand, which had been concealed by a hill, came by, on their way to search for some camels that had strayed. One of them saw the dying man, and revived him at first by pressing her moist lips to his. Then she called to one of her companions who had a gourd, and

sprinkled his face with water. Afterwards she made him drink. Then they took him up as if he had been a child, and carried him to the tents, where he was tended all night by the women, while the men went out to save the remnants of the caravan. It is needless to add that before morning, the ring had almost resumed its brightness, and that the heart of Lisa was glad again.

A fresh peril awaited Koja. The Bedouin girl who had saved him, loved him, and with rude simplicity claimed from him, first the sacrifice of his faith; and then, when he had told his story of his long abiding passion, she could not understand that engrossing kind of attachment, urged her youth, her attractions, her wealth, her services, and even uttered threats. Koja remained unmoved; and at last Fatmeh said, "I will go with you to that distant city, leaving my father, and my friends, and my country, and learn if there be a woman who can love the absent for seven years. If it be true, she shall be thy wife, and I will be thy wife also." Koja smiled, and explained that people of his faith could marry but one: a principle which Fatmeh approved, though it disarranged her plans. They escaped together; for the girl said she was determined to view this marvel of fidelity, and perhaps secretly hoped that death might have made the way clear for herself. Wonderful adventures happened to them on their road. But at length Beyrout was reached, and Koja and Fatmeh stood before the gate of the mansion in which Lisa lived: both disguised as beggars. They asked for shelter, and it was granted. Lisa wondered at the marvellous brightness of the ring; it shone more like a diamond than a piece of gold. She went out into the courtyard, and beheld Koja. Neither time nor altered dress could conceal him from her; rushing forward she seized his hand and covered it with tears and kisses, saying, "Oh, my master! and hast thou at length returned to gladden me?" Koja embraced her and then turned towards the spot where Fatmeh had stood. But the Bedouin girl had disappeared, and was no more heard of in Beyrout.

The merchant father of Lisa exacted but one condition, before he would consent to the marriage of the constant lovers,—that Koja should join the Maronite communion. He easily acquiesced, having, no doubt, learned wisdom from travel. So, after a long period of suffering came a long period of joy.

Were men less divided into sects and classes, there might have been no materials for this legend. We must take the world as it is, however. Half our miseries are of our own making; and some of the finest qualities of humanity are expended in overcoming obstacles to happiness, which nature has not created.

### A GREEK GIRL.

She is a baggy damsel with a quaint sly face, and her principal occupation is that of a maid of all work.

But she is dressed to-day; it is St. Somebody's feast, and everybody is idling away their time in consequence. It was St. Whatsisname's day the day before yesterday, and it will be St. Whoist's day the day after to-morrow. Though our balloon-clad young acquaintance is idling, it is with a busy idleness; for she has been occupied ever since eight o'clock this morning in carrying about fruit, jellies, and sweetmeats, with strong raw spirits in gilded glasses, and little cups of unstrained coffee. A very singular and amusing picture she makes, as she stands bolt upright, tray in hand before her father's guests. She is pretty. Yes, there is no doubt of that; but she has done almost everything possible to disfigure herself. Though certainly not seventeen, with the rich clear complexion of the Greeks, she is rouged up to the very eyes. Where she is not rouged, she is whitened. Her eyebrows are painted, and she has even found means to introduce some black abomination under her eyelids to make the eyes look larger. Her hair would be almost a marvel if left to itself: but she has twisted it, and plaited it, woven gold coins into it, and tied it up with dirty handkerchiefs and gummed and honied it, till every tress has grown distorted and angry. Her ears are in themselves as sly and coquettish a pair of ears as need be; and they peep out beneath her tortured locks as if they would rather like to have a game at bo-peep than otherwise: but they are literally torn half an inch longer than they should be by an enormous pair of Mosaic ear-rings bought of a pedlar. Her hands might have been nice ones, for they are still small; but they are as tough as horn, and as red as chaps can make them, with sheer hard work, scrubbing and washing about the house. All Greek women I think have been mere housewives since the time of Andromache. Her figure is, if possible, more generally baggy

than her trousers. It bulges out in the most extraordinary bumps and fullness. A short jacket—as much too small for her as the brigand attire of Mr. Keeley of the Theatre-Royal Adelphi—does not make this general plumpness less remarkable; and she has a superfluity of clothes, which reminds one of the late King Christophe's idea of full dress. Numerous, however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trousers, which are looped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and feet are bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and clapped almost beyond belief, even in the fine piercing cold, of a Greek February.

Her mind is a mere blank. Her idea of life is, love making, cleaning the house, serving coffee, and rouging herself on festival days. She cannot read or write, or play the piano; but she can sing and dance. She can talk too, though never before company. No diplomatist can touch her in intrigue or invention. Not even Captain Absolute's groom could tell a falsehood with more composure. She does not know what it is to speak the truth; and, to use a Greek saying, she is literally kneaded up with tricks. The Greek girl has no heart, no affections. She is a mere lump of flesh and calculation. Her marriage is quite an affair of buying and selling. It is arranged by her friends. They offer to give a house (that is indispensable), and so much to whoever will take her off their hands. By and by, somebody comes to do so; the priests are called, there is a quaint strange ceremony, and he is bound, by fine, to perform his promise. This fine is usually ten per cent. on the fortune which was offered him with the lady.

I have said she can talk, but she can only talk of and to her neighbours; and she spends her evenings chiefly in sitting singing in the doorway, and watching them. This she does herself, but she has a little ally (a chit of a girl about seven years old, and looking forty, that you meet in the houses of all the islanders), who is on the look-out all day. No one ever enters a Greek house but the neighbourhood knows it. All down the street, and in the next, and everywhere, those little girls are watching and fitting about on cunning errands as stealthily and swift as cats. Her father and mother will tell you that her own cousins never saw her alone or spoke a dozen consecutive words to her; but I rather fancy she has some acquaintance of her own; and she is generally on terms

of rather startling friendship with the young man servant, who forms almost part of the family in all Greek houses. On summer nights too, when good people should be asleep, you will see closely hooded figures flitting about noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are Greek girls. What they are about nobody knows. Perhaps, looking for the moon, which will not rise for some hours. At every dark corner of a wall, also, you will see young gentlemen sitting in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near and they do not see you, you may hear them singing songs, but low as the humming of a bee; so low, that they do not disturb even the timid owl who sits hooting amid the ruins of the last fire over the way. The Greek girl knows an amazing quantity of songs, and all of the same kind. They are about equal in point of composition to the worst of our street ballads: full of the same course wit and low trickery. They are sung to dreary monotonous airs; and always through the nose. Never had the national songs of a people so little charm or distinctive character. You seek the strong, sweet language of the heart in vain among them. They have neither grace nor fancy.

With all this, the Greek girl is pious. She would not break any of the severe fasts of her church, even for money; though they condemn her to dry bread and olives for six weeks at a time: nor would she neglect going to church on certain days upon any account. She has a faith in ceremonies, and in charms, relics, and saints, almost touching; but there her belief ends. She would not trust the word of her own father or the archbishop. She cannot suppose it possible that any one would speak the truth unless he was obliged; and she judges correctly, according to her own experience. She herself would promise, and take an unmixed delight in deceiving her own mother on a question about a pin's head; but she would scrupulously avoid doing anything she had promised; and the only way even to prevent her accepting a husband, would be to make her say she would have him beforehand. From that moment her fertile wits would toil night and day to find means of escape. And find them she would, to change her mind the day after she was free.

She has one hope dearer than all the rest. It is that she may one day wear Frank clothes, and see the Greeks at Constantinople. This is no exaggeration; the wrongs of the rayah have

eaten into all classes of society in Turkey, until even women lisp, and children prattle vengeance. It is so strong that it has made the Greeks hate one of the prettiest remaining costumes in the world, as a symbol of their most bitter and cruel servitude.

By and by, the Greek girl will grow old. From a household servant, she will then sink into a drudge, and her head will be always bound up as if she had a chronic toothache. You will see her carrying water on washing days, or groaning and squabbling upon others as she cleans the herbs for dinner. She will have become so old even at thirty, that it is impossible to recognise her. Rouge and whitening will have so corroded her face, that it looks like a sleepy apple or a withered medlar. Her eyes are shrivelled into nothing. Her teeth will have been eaten away by rough wine, and noxious tooth powders. She will be bald when she does not wear a towering wig, that only comes out on St. Everybody's days. The plump figure and all its bumps will have shrivelled into a mere heap of aching old bones, and her only pleasures in this life will be scandal and curiosity.

You will find her croaking about, watching her neighbours at the most unseasonable times. She has wonderful perseverance in ferreting out a secret. She will thus know many more things than are true, and tell them with singular readiness and vivacity. She will be the terror of her neighbourhood, and there is no conciliating her. Kindness, good humour—even money, which she prizes as much as when a girl, and grasps at it as eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and hatch troubles, or she would die. The instinct of self-preservation is strong; so she will go upon her old course, come what may. She will be a terror even to her own daughters.

She has been reduced to this state by having been a thing of bargain and sale so long, that she has learned to consider money as the chief god. She has been subject to insult; to be beaten; to be carried away into the harem of a man she has never seen, and whose whole kind she despises; and has lost all natural feeling. All grace, tenderness, and affection, have been burnt out of her as with a brand. She has been looked upon as a mere tame animal until she has become little better. She has been doubted until deception has become her glory. She has been imprisoned and secluded until trickery has become her master

passion. She has been kept from healthy knowledge and graceful accomplishments, from all softening influences and ennobling thoughts, until her mind has festered. When she is young, she is shut up until she becomes uncomfortable from fat; when she is old, she is worked until she becomes a skeleton. None have any respect or love for her, nor would she be now worthy of it, if they had.

But I drop the pen in weariness, only saying, that if a Greek girl be such as I have described her, what must a Greek boy be?"

### THE TWO ANGELS OF THE CITY.

At the time of which I write we lived in a large mansion in the midst of an old city. The house was old-fashioned, abounding in wide staircases and long passages. It had been the residence of my aunt's family for many generations, and she had spent the greater part of her life there. I never knew how it was that I became an inmate of it, but the earliest and dearest associations of my life are connected with the place.

In the garden at the back of the house was a grass-plot and an arbour of lattice-work, around which grew up the sweet-scented jasmine, and spread its leaves in the summer time so thickly, as almost to exclude the light of the sun. It was entered through a low narrow doorway, and inside was a small table and a few rustic chairs. Many an hour of sunshine and joy I have spent in that cool and calm retreat. In the hot summer afternoons it was very pleasant to sit with a book upon my knees, and listen to the sweet song-birds that built their nests and lived unmolested in the shadowy trees of the garden; and it was pleasanter still when the forms of two cousins were by my side.

Gertrude and Emmeline were the only children of my aunt. They were both beautiful to me. Gertrude was one year older than Emmeline. There was a great difference between the two girls,—one was a timid, fearful thing, fond of reading quaint old story-books, and of listening to ancient legends of the mythical beings of old. This was my cousin Gertrude; she had a light graceful step, and walked along the grass like the fairies and elf-maids, about whom she so often would talk. Her heart was ever filled with the tenderer emotions of woman. Every word was spoken softly and kindly, as though she were fearful lest she might in the slightest way wound the sensitiveness of any with whom she was associated. There was an intensity of feeling in every glance

of her dark warm eyes, not passionate, but soft, loving, trustful. I never heard a harsh word fall from her lips, nor saw her do anything unkind. Hours upon hours we used to pass together in the cooling shade of the summer arbour, sometimes turning over the leaves of an old story book, and sometimes talking of the strange things we had read.

My other cousin, Emmeline, was little like her sister in such things, but there was a charm and fascination about her that few who saw her could resist. To Gertrude she was all in the world, and more than all. She had dark and very beautiful eyes, full of fervour and expression; sometimes they would flash like bright summer stars, and often would rush into their depths a flood of passionate light, that lingered for a few moments, and then died away into a calm, earnest, intense gaze. Her features were Grecian, and very beautiful, and her voice clear and soft, so that the ear that heard it almost hungered to drink again of its music. Emmeline was not so calm and quiet as her sister,—there was more of passion and fire in her nature, more of restlessness and vivacity.

My aunt was like a mother, to me so that I scarcely could have loved a mother more; but I had never known what it was to look up into my mother's face, and clasp her hand in mine, and bury my head in her bosom.

I had lived there many years, and my cousins were growing up from girlhood to womanhood. Gertrude was nineteen and Emmeline eighteen years old. It was in the summertime when there came to live in our city a widow lady of the name of Raymore, with her two daughters and her son. We observed the strangers at the cathedral many Sundays before we became acquainted with them, and how it happened the acquaintance took place at all I know not, but in the course of a few months they became not unfrequent visitors at our house.

Arthur, the only son of the family, had pale and very thoughtful features, and masses of dark curling hair that clustered around his brows. He had particularly taken my attention whenever I had seen him in the cathedral.

From the time the intimacy sprang up between Mrs. Raymore and her family and ourselves, I perceived a change in both Gertrude and Emmeline, and then began to rise within my heart strange emotions, for which I could not account, even after the lapse of many years. I had observed for many months that Arthur Raymore frequently looked to that part of the cathedral in which we usually sat, but I was too young or too thoughtless to understand why. The truth, however, broke in upon me afterwards to my sorrow, for I had loved my cousin Emmeline with all my childish heart; but

I knew then too well that, although she had passed hours with me (and to me none were happier), and had loved me as if I were her brother, yet the warmer love for which my heart sometimes longed would never be mine.

And so the days passed along for many months, and the visits of Arthur and his sisters to our house were continued with little intermission, until Arthur and I became as good friends as we were likely to be, and when at home I could easily perceive (for I could not at times refrain from watching him) that his eyes followed her wherever she moved, and though it was not often I saw them together—and it was seldom that Arthur spoke long to her—yet by the earnestness of his voice, and the expression of his features, I knew he loved her.

There was one night when this truth appeared more distinctly to me. It was in the early summer time, when the roses and many other flowers were abundant and beautiful. He and his sisters had been at our house the whole of the afternoon. When tea was over, we sat some time looking over books of engravings and portfolios, belonging to my cousins. Arthur and Emmeline sat side by side, and I by the side of Gertrude, opposite to them. Arthur's sister Ellen was playing some air on the piano, but Emmeline and he still turned over the leaves of a portfolio, and the few words he spoke to her were inaudible to any one else, though I saw by Emmeline's drooping head and crimson cheeks, that he was saying something to her unusual for him.

The evening was wearing away, and the rest of the girls were busily engaged, each at her own work, but the conversation had suddenly hushed, and there was no sound in the room but the occasional rustling of the leaves of the portfolio as they were turned over by Arthur's hand, and from the parlour walls many pictures were looking silently down on that silent company.

At length Gertrude looked up from her work, and asked her sister to play a piece of music, of which they were very fond.

When Emmeline had ceased playing, she quietly left her seat, and went from the room unobserved by me, and soon afterwards Arthur too left us. A deep feeling of sadness came over me when alone with Arthur's sisters, and a dread of some impending sorrow, and I too rose and went to my room.

It was a small chamber, and the window looked on to the grass-plot and garden at the back of the house. I stood for some minutes in the dark room, and the tears came into my eyes, for I felt very lonely and sad. I drew near to the window, and looked out into the garden. The sky was very bright and beautiful. Many stars were looking

down from the clear blue arch of heaven; there was no rustling of the leaves in the wind, there was no sound above or below, but a deep solemn quiet rested over and upon all.

There were two figures standing together in the garden against the arbour, and one of them was Emmeline. Without her bonnet, for the night was warm and clear, she was standing with her head drooping downwards, and before her was Arthur. I could hear no words spoken, but I could tell that he was speaking to her—to her whom I loved above all others then beneath the stars, so near and yet so far from me, a vision too true and too sad.

I went no more down stairs that night; there was darkness in my room, and darkness in my heart; the bell of the old cathedral told of the flight of the hours, and still I lay sleepless and sorrowful. It was the first dark night that had ever fallen upon me. I could not help the tears that flowed freely; I could not help the restless unsatisfied aching of my heart, and it was long past midnight before sleep came to my heavy eyes. My first waking thoughts were of the past night; they clung to me and made me sorrowful, in spite of the natural lightness of my heart.

The months passed on. Arthur and his sisters were still visitors at our house, and we had the same evenings over and over again, but I could see no change in either Arthur or Emmeline towards each other, and the kindness of my aunt and cousins to me had nearly worn away the sad impression of that bitter night.

When the autumn came, it was my custom after tea to go into the secluded arbour, and sit there in its shade with a book on my knee till the stars sprang silently into the sky. One fair evening I had been sitting there as usual, and while I was so employed, Arthur and his sisters had called at the house, but I did not go in, and after reading for some time, I fell asleep. The wind was sighing sorrowfully through the leaves, covering the lattice work of the arbour.

Towards the hour of twilight I was awakened with the sound of voices near me in a low conversation. I knew them too well, but I was fearful of moving away, lest I should be seen, for Emmeline and Arthur were standing close by the doorway, but not within it. There was deep earnestness of tone in Arthur's voice that I had never heard before, and a wild fervour of expression, as though he were speaking the last words his lips would ever utter. Now he was talking quickly; and then his voice fell into a low, earnest whisper, with a passion almost fearful to hear.

"You know I have loved you, Emmeline," he cried fiercely; "loved you long—loved you like

my life, like my soul; that my heart wishes to know that you will give me all I desire—all for which I long: and now you tell me that it cannot be. O, Emmeline. Emmeline," he whispered, "do you know that if you will not love me, my whole heart will sink and fall and die! that with the loss of you I lose all things else; and will you now slay my heart with this unkindness?"

And after a little silence, Emmeline replied in a low, sorrowful voice, "You must not think that I am heartless. If you will have a sister's love from me, it is yours, but more I cannot give: do not ask me for more."

There was another silence, which was at length broken by Arthur, who cried hastily and bitterly—

"Why do you ask my heart to be satisfied with a drop when it thirsts for an ocean. O pity me, and—and love me."

"I sympathise with you, if you will not refuse my sympathy; but if you will not accept a sister's love, I can offer you no more;" but there was, I thought, a something more than sympathy in her sweet voice, but Arthur seemed not to know it: he did not speak, but stood motionless at a little distance from her, and Emmeline went on.

"You do not know your heart, Arthur; there are worthier objects of its love than I. You turn away: I know you are proud: I know your heart is noble, let it follow a nobler end than to love me. You can accomplish deeds that yet you think very little of. Go out into the world of men—be true to your own heart—have a high purpose. ceaselessly pursue it, and remember me not but in your prayers, for I am very weak and very sinful. You have honoured me, and indeed my heart feels far more than my lips can tell. When you have risen in the world, when you have achieved a great work, and earned a name, or perhaps before, you will thank me for causing you this night's sorrow. Bury the past; go on to meet the future. My prayers will be for your happiness. Do not tell me more. Farewell; we are still friends." And Emmeline walked with a quick step to the house, leaving him standing there silent and motionless. And the glory of the stars was naught to him, and he heard not the whisperings of the peaceful wind, nor felt its coolness on his bare aching brow, and his heart throbbled under the burden of a great love.

He stood long in the same position, and I dared not to move, for I knew he had a grief that alien lips, instead of relieving, would double. Then I saw him as he took a step forwards, and with his head bare and his hands clasped, his soul broke forth in a wild passionate utterance.

Arthur stood there no longer, but strode hurriedly away into the darkness. I saw him no more in

our house after that night; nor did Emmeline. But I often had a feeling of pain that she should have so lightly cast away a heart that was devoted to her as Arthur's was.

Soon after this he left the city, and I knew little of him for many years. The summer came again upon the earth; the birds sang in the garden as of old; and the jasmine twined round and over the arbour, luxuriant as ever; the same stars came tremblingly forth in the calm blue sky, and my two cousins still lived with my aunt in the old house. I had gone away into the world and left the quiet house and the cool arbour for the busy town and the noise of trade, but the recollection of those early and happy days was to me like letters from friends to those exiled in foreign lands. Gertrude and Emmeline had grown up into full and perfect womanhood.

It was with strange feelings that I visited the city again, and walked in the old familiar places, and took my old pathway to the cathedral, with my cousins on either side me.

The evening after I arrived, I half-unconsciously stole away into the quiet graveyard, and my heart's thoughts flew backwards, and dwelt for long in the ark of the past. It was growing dusk; but when leisurely returning, I was startled at the sight of a light figure bending over a low tombstone, and until the moon rose in the sky, that form still bent over it; and still I stood, shielded from observation by the dark shade of the old yew-tree that had cast its mournful shadow over the graves at its feet for many years. I knew the figure was Emmeline, as she rose and turned away: her head was drooping in her bosom, and sorrow deep and strong was in her step. When her form had receded, I passed over to the grave, and on the tombstone I read, in worn letters, the name of Arthur Raymore.

This was many years since. Gertrude and Emmeline have now both found a resting-place side by side in the same cemetery in which Arthur lies. They had been throughout their lives the ministering spirits of the city wherein they dwelt, visiting the abodes of want and of sorrow, and relieving the poor and the oppressed, and to this day they are known, and their memories are blessed, as the two angels of the city.

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APPLYING THE SCALE.—A gentleman, no Solon, having purchased a map on which some animals peculiar to the country were engraved, astonished his friends by boldly affirming that these creatures were several miles in length. Being asked for proof, he coolly produced the map, and taking one of the animals in the compasses, applied it to the scale. "There," said he, "can anything be clearer than that?"

## BEAUTIFYING BY ARSENIC.

AMONG the remarkable luxuries indulged in by the human species, perhaps the most remarkable is that of *arsenic eating*! In this country arsenic is known only as a rank poison, and when medical men use it for curative purposes, they exhibit it in the minutest possible doses. But in Styria, Lower Austria, and the hilly region towards Hungary, many of the peasantry eat arsenic regularly, in considerable quantities. The practice is one of some antiquity, is continued throughout a long life, and is handed down from father to son. The young peasants eat arsenic for the purpose of improving their freshness of complexion and plumpness of figure. Who would have expected such an effect from the eating of poison? And yet, on credible authority, regular arsenic-eaters are generally remarkable for their blooming complexions, and full, rounded, and healthy appearance. The quantity of arsenic with which eaters begin, is about half a grain. They continue to take this quantity two or three times a week, in the morning fasting, till they become habituated to it. Then they cautiously increase the dose, as the quantity previously taken seems to diminish in its effects. At length they are able to take two or three grains at a time with impunity, and even to the apparent benefit of their health; for they look blooming, healthy, and robust. A new and more winning lustre is imparted to the sparkling eyes of the youth, the lips assume a riper ruddiness, the cheeks are painted with fresher bloom,

“Which arsenic’s sweet and cunning hand laid on,”

and the form becomes rounded and filled up, thus attracting the admiration of the youths of the other sex. Sometimes, however, the beautifier acts as a poisoner. For instance, Dr. Tschudi relates the following case as having occurred in his own practice:—A healthy, but pale and thin milkmaid, residing in the parish of H—, had a lover, whom she wished to attach to herself by a more agreeable exterior. She therefore had recourse to the well-known beautifier, and took arsenic several times a week. The desired effect was not long in showing itself, for in a few months she became stout, rosy-cheeked, and all that her lover could desire. In order, however, to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She died poisoned—a very painful death.”

Arsenic is also swallowed by the same peasantry, for the purpose of improving their wind. They say it enables them to climb long and steep heights without difficulty of breathing. The middle-aged

and the old alike, use it for this purpose. In Vienna, the drug is extensively used upon horses in order to produce the same effects. A pinch of arsenic is sprinkled amongst their oats or hay, or they tie a piece as big as a pea in a bit of linen, and fasten it to the bit, when the bridle is put into the horse’s mouth, where it is gradually dissolved by the saliva, and swallowed. Thus is their glossy, sleek appearance improved; and in country districts, the horses are enabled, with the aid of the little piece of arsenic, to ascend steep roads with heavy burdens. And the practice is continued for a length of time with impunity, both in men and horses. “The peasant R—,” says Dr. Tschudi, “a hale man of sixty, who enjoys capital health at present, takes for every dose a piece about two grains in weight. For the last forty years he has continued the habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he will transmit to his children.”

But once begun, the practice *must* be continued. If left off for a time, symptoms resembling those of poisoning by arsenic at once show themselves; loss of appetite, great flow of saliva, burning in the stomach, spasms in the throat, and oppression of breathing. There is only one mode of relief for these painful symptoms—an immediate return to arsenic-eating. Thus, like all other noxious habits, fairly rooted in the system, it becomes an actual necessity of life. It is the same in the case of horses, to which arsenic has been regularly given. If they pass into the possession of persons who do not give arsenic, they soon lose their sleek, spirited appearance, fall off in flesh, and they can only be restored by recurrence to the use of arsenic.

It is difficult to explain *how* these extraordinary effects of arsenic on the animal system are to be accounted for. But a writer in *Blackwood* (in the interesting series of articles on “The Narcotics we indulge in”), thinks it probable that, when experiments come to be made, they will show that the quantity of carbonic acid given off by the lungs is diminished by the use of this drug. Supposing this to be the case, its effects are, first, that less oxygen is required to be inhaled, and hence the greater ease of breathing under all circumstances, but which is especially perceived in climbing hills; and, second, that the fat of the food which would otherwise have been used up in supplying carbonic acid to be given off by the lungs, is deposited instead in the cellular tissue beneath the skin, and thus pads, plumps out, and renders fair the animal that uses it. But however this may be, the *facts* as to the use of arsenic by the peasantry of Styria, and its experienced effects upon them, are now, we believe, quite undisputed.

## A PEEP INTO THE ROUEL TAN-PITS.

EVERY traveller feels sure, after encountering the perils of a pilgrimage, that the world is in wide-mouthed expectancy to listen to his narrative. Partaking of the foible of the traveller, we assume that our readers, the world's most discerning moiety, will indulge themselves with the incidents of an expedition undertaken and accomplished into the domains of Bermondsey.

Olfactory and visual intimations tell the wayfarer when he is verging towards this characteristic district of the metropolis. Breezes, impregnated with odours of various kinds, blow from every point of the compass. The most prominent odor, though far from the most disagreeable, is that of tan, which betrays at once the chief occupation of the natives. So strong is an occasional whiff from some wide, field-like open yard, where the spent tan has been made into the 'sixteen a penny turfs,' which every London ear will recognise, that the incautious stranger might quail at the prospect of going home with an integument of leather, did he not know that living hide is unaffected by 'tan.' Thousands upon thousands of square turfs are disposed like dishes, in long parallel racks, for open-air drying. Soon the goodwife will put some of them into requisition, to make her fire smoulder, while she proposes to herself a Dame Trot peregrination through town. Perfect traditional faith has she inherited from her great-great-grandmother, that her fire cannot possibly go out with a layer of this turf on the top.

Penetrating by degrees nearer the heart of the territory, we are greeted at every step with sights foreign to the north bank of the Thames. Strange black wooden edifices stud the landscape, whose 'lougher' boards gaping open from basement to roof, like Venetian blinds of Patagonian dimensions, or the pantomimic structures of harlequinade, give us a view of innumerable pendant hides within.

Ere long, we discover that we must have stumbled on a part of the metropolis possessing features altogether unique, and having few sympathies with the rest of the leviathan capital. It must be one of those curious dis-

tricts which, without always an assignable reason, attract craftsmen of one kind, to the exclusion of all others. Here are inhabitants sufficient for a large town all engaged in operations that have *leather* for their result. The inscriptions on the houses and the carts introduce by hook or by crook the word 'leather.' Stop a pedestrian, and be sure, in his rejoinder to your inquiry as to your route, you will hear something of leather. It is written on every passenger's brow; it is inhaled with every breath. A vague thought, insensibly acquiring force and shape, steals over the mind, that leather is the primal object of life.

If we peep through the broad gates of one yard, we perceive the insignia of a colony of careful housewives who have had a good clean-up; an array of naked skins like wooden cloths, stretched out and nailed to the house walls. Another yard displays a huge avenue of woolly skins, enough to turn a butcher pallid. We conjecture it belongs to a 'fell-monger,' whose office, a special branch of trade, it is to denude them of their wool. Some of the most unpleasant gusts come from these places, for, in order to get the wool off easily, the skins require to be in a half putrescent state.

On the outskirts of this outlandish country, just where the grass assumes courage to put up its head again, and kitchen gardens try to wear a verdant aspect, we come to a busy nook, exemplifying, on the largest scale, the avocations of the whole neighbourhood. A community of two hundred souls make it their daily rendezvous. The chiefs are well known in the world of leather, as extensive manufacturers, both for export trade and for home consumption. With the courtesy distinguishing our great manufacturing princes, we have been enabled to make a crow-quill tracing of tableaux vivants, as interesting as any with which Vauxhall has delighted us, and daily exhibited at the ROUEL TANNERIES.

The wide entrance introduces you to a fine park, rather than to a hive of human industry. A lawn, fringed round with fruit-trees, lengthens out till it is bounded by the residence of one of the chiefs. Upon it a cow is browsing, and a kid gambolling with a lamb, significant symbols of business. Skirting



this lawn, we reach at last a narrow lane, which, traversed in turn, brings us to a spacious square court, chequered like a chess-board with pits of lime and tan. A spirited game is playing, that will not be finished till dusk.

Facing us is a mountain of spent tan. It is the refuse removed from some of the pits, after doing long and good service. Barrow after barrow comes wheeling along, adding to the height in pigmy mimicry of Ben Nevis, the whole being appropriately crowned with a snow-cap of spent lime. If not made into 'turfs,' this tan will probably lay the noise of some granite-paved thoroughfare, and disseminate its fragrance in the vicinity of an invalid knocker, whose fair owner is in that ambiguous but interesting condition of 'as well as can be expected.'

One chequer of the court-yard is surmounted by a tremendous cistern, from which issue self-controlled rivulets to satisfy the need of every thirsty pit. Aqueducts traverse the space, here, there, and everywhere. Pumps also, scattered about, are sending forth gushing deluges of 'ooze,' like floods of new-brewed porter at Whitbread's. In the most human-like manner, they rob Peter to pay Paul; fill one pit at the expense of another. An inspection of the bottom of the empty vats explains the mystery in some degree, which is quite cleared up by the aid of a little information from the proprietor. Connecting all the pits are tubes, by means of which, when the 'taps' are turned, the tanning infusion may be made to pass from one to the other, extracting, successively, the strength of several supplies of bark, till the liquor becomes of premier quality.

'Will you come this way?' exclaims our pioneer. Forthwith we are ushered under a low door into a dry and dusty hermitage, whose tenants are a man and a boy, a great heap of dry bark, a plethoric mill, and an incessant din. Like the cistern and pumps, Mr. Mill acts on his own responsibility, entering into the spirit of work so well, that he seems to have made up his mind not to leave off till put on the superannuated list. To feed him well, and keep him in good condition, is the office of the man and the boy. That he can demolish a goodly meal, is indi-

cated by the diminishing heap of bark. From the internal but loud grumbings going on, one would imagine him kept lately on short commons. Old Gormandiser's purveyor-in-chief remarks, that the bark is tolerably small when brought to the mill. Like the whale, whose appetite is capacious, yet would choke with a herring, so the throat of the mill is too limited for large pieces of bark. Besides which, 'Profit would eat its own head off,' the mill's guardian adds, using an emphatic but frequent phrase with London business men, 'were we to give warehouse room to pieces as large as they are stripped from the tree.' Submitted to the masticating apparatus of the corpulent mill, whose grinders are working in his stomach like the gizzard of a bird, the bark is quickly ground as fine as you please.

Oak bark and sumach, separately or mixed, are the exclusive tanning ingredients used here, though many manufacturers use other materials. Oak bark is supplied by our own sturdy forest-trees in every titling of England, and is of the greatest value from young trees. Sumach is the dried and ground leaves, pedicles and young stalks of a shrub of the same name (*Latine, Rhus coriaria*), that sometimes decorates our own shrubberies, but grows of commercial importance in Hungary, Illyria, and particularly in Sicily. Large quantities are shipped every year for this country from the port of Palermo.

Oak bark has curiously maintained its ground in the tanner's favour, despite all the efforts made to supersede it. Sir Humphrey Davy showed, by elaborate and lengthened experiment, that many vegetable substances contained the tanning principle to a degree as great, or even greater. Terra Japonica, or Catechu, contains seven or eight times as much as oak bark. Experience has shown that the value of the tannin does not depend upon the quantity rendered. It appears to possess qualities varying with the vegetable substance that yields it. Thus, with Catechu, a leather is produced much more pervious to the wet, and, owing probably to an earthy extract with which it is blended, very likely to crack.

According to the kind of leather required, the varieties of tannin are chosen: with some

kinds, that from the Leicester willow, or Spanish chestnut, both of which yield as much as oak bark. For Russia leather, the bark of the black willow is preferred, together with a smearing over of an extract of birch bark, to give its peculiar and much-prized smel. Even mineral waters containing iron and copper, are known to make skins to some extent incorruptible.

Leaving now philosophy, to follow a barrow of ground bark, we see it toppled over into one of the 'taps,' where an emulative Hercules turns a stream out of its course to flow upon it and its fellows who have gone before, and who help to fill the deep receptacle. A brown astringent infusion will result, to be pumped up and over other taps of bark, till it holds in solution as much tannin as possible.

Over the spot where our Hercules stands is along shed, dividing the surface of chequers into fair halves. Important work, requiring protection from sun and frost, goes on underneath. Numbers of workmen are moving about as busy as the day is long. With a prolonged crook, having a fork at the end like a serpent's tongue, or sting, as smock-frocks maintain, they are hooking up and 'handling' the hides. Now they heap them in miniature Cordilleras, such as the country boasts from whence they came; now they raze their own work. The range of hills disappears under oceans of lixivium, to be again 'handled' and immersed in successively stronger infusions, till no more strength can be absorbed. The tan, combining with the hide, will then have formed the compound substance leather. The liquid, ooze, lixivium, deprived of its strength, remains behind, limpid water. To preclude the possible waste of a particle of strength, this liquor pumps itself afterwards along the wooden aqueducts upon fresh bark in the outer pits, so that water is necessary only to supply waste and evaporation.

In due course, our instructor says, we shall see how beautifully clean the skins are made before going in the tan. Were the least impurity attached to them, it would prevent the tan taking good effect. Various manipulations reduce them to the state of pure gelatine, for which tan has a chemical affinity.

In this condition, they are as clean as tripe, and as tempting to a gourmand as that edible delicacy; while, like glue and size, they are soluble in water. Comparison, or rather contrast, of their various stages of manufacture, gives interesting illustrations of the chemistry of common things, and shows how little need there is to travel from home, in order to find the wonderful.

At this point, we are introduced to another preceptor, the foreman of a department. He owns a good-humoured, hearty-like countenance, though somewhat rough in his greeting withal. He takes us aback by a remark to our late guardian—'Do you mean I am to tell the gentlemen the truth?'

'Why, of course,' we interrupt; 'wouldn't you tell the truth under any circumstances?'

'Oh, you dont know what I mean, sir. We working-men cannot use the proper words, like you gentlemen.'

'But gentlemen and workmen too can tell the truth, can't they?'

'Yes, sir; but, you see, we should'nt tell *everything* to everybody we show over our place.'

He is the embodiment of the peculiarities, feelings, and bluntness of the English artisan: while identifying himself with the place of his work, speaking of *our* men and *our* place, yet preserving his native yeoman-like independence. Either we mollify the good fellow by joining in a hearty laugh, or he judges from our looks that we are not clever enough to run off with many of his secrets, for he soon becomes very chatty and communicative.

'We have all our men here to-day for a wonder,' he incidentally remarks.

'Why shouldn't they be? Tanners are not as thirsty as shoemakers on St. Monday, are they?'

'Are they not, by Jove!' he ejaculates, as an all-sufficient reply. 'You wont find many men who don't keep St. Monday.'

'You find it hard to get your hand in after a day's rest?'

'Yes, sir; I do myself, let alone the others. You see, we like to indulge ourselves on Sunday; it's the only day we can. Maybe we have a pint or two extra, and we

are apt to eat a little more than usual at dinner.'

'And you get tired at church,' we added, with a twinkle.'

Our blunt friend laughed outright:— 'Ah! that doesn't trouble me much.'

We are afraid that he is culpable on this point, and has room for improvement, but he calls our attention to the pits before us, which are filled with a composition of lime and water. A bath in this mixture is the preliminary ordeal to fit the hides for the manifold operations to which they are subsequently doomed. It is continued for a time proportionate to the substance of the hide. Castlereagh's expedient of 'digging holes and filling them up again,' to keep workmen employed, would be a productive occupation, compared to that of a group at these pits. Leather-legged and leather-gloved men are 'handling' the hides in the lime pits. The unseemly slime into which they have changed, glides through the operatives' hands as easily as eels slip through the fingers. They clutch hold of them floating in one pit, and slip them into another. The process will be repeated day by day, till the bulbous roots of the hair are loosened, and the extraneous matter on the flesh side is easy to remove.

Following our leader, we enter the 'beam-house.' He startles us on the route by saying, that the hides are put upon the horses here and fleshed. Considering that the original animals once ran wild on the plains of La Plata, and that now, peradventure, their fat is turned into 'long-eights,' their bones into *bona fide* 'dust,' and their flesh into primeval clay, the operation to which the foremen alludes would make even Frankenstein quail.

One glance at the interior, and our mind is no longer benighted. Not that the scene is refulgent: it is as dirty as well can be, and grotesque enough to excite a good laugh. Horses are stalled round the room, but, like the notable Trojan traitor, they are of wood. Semi-cylinders rampant, sometimes 'horses,' sometimes 'beams,' form inclined curves, rising from the ground as high as a man's chest. Over these the hides or skins are thrown by the workmen, who

whether 'unhairing' or 'fleshing,' keep up an incessant bow and bend, as though repeated forgiveness were craved for every discourteous scrape of the knife.

'Hide' is a term applied to the produce of the oxen and horse, which give thick and solid leather for soles. 'Skin,' to that of the calf, seal, and sheep, which give thinner and more flexible leather for 'uppers' and harness. A blunt-edged instrument with two handles is used to delipate them. To flesh them, a knife is used, somewhat similar in shape, but broader, and with double edges, one of which, the foreman assures us, 'cuts like a razor.'

It seems to do so, too, in the dexterous hands of one designated by his foreman 'a right clever fellow, who can use the carrier's knife as well.' He is working some beautiful, almost transparent calf. In appearance, his sharp blade slashes recklessly over the surface, yet with exceeding skill he just removes the thin finest coatings of impurity in succession, without a chance slip or injury to the skin.

'I keep the men at one sort of thing,' we are told in reply to a query, 'and then they get used to it, and do more work. Our men can all use either the unhairing or the fleshing knife, but it would take two or three days to get into the way again, if they changed.'

Each little heap of hair at the men's feet will serve a useful end at the hands of the plasterer or feltmaker. If of too little value for this purpose, it will go the way of all seemingly useless things, and, with the dirt, blood, fat, and other impurities, will make invaluable manure.

Some of the men are scraping and paring down hides as large as a carpet. Others are working 'kips,' or the small-sized cow-hides of India. Every hide and skin has to pass through this house. In regular gradation we may trace the different sizes, till it is pardonable to believe that we have reached rabbit-skins. But we are told that they once belonged to kids who skipped on the Swiss mountains. Immense numbers of skins of calf, goat, kid, and lamb are supplied by the states of Europe. The continental cuisine demands veal and lamb much younger than

ours. The skins are consequently smaller. Morocco of the finest quality, for coach furniture, is manufactured from skins of the goats of Switzerland. Germany also supplies goat-skins. Comparatively few come from elsewhere. Of sheep-skins, our own markets supply nearly all. The provincial fellmonger and the skin merchant traverse a large circuit of country round their yards, and collect the sheep-skins of the farmers. In London the skin-cart is a frequent object. Half a million skins are obtained of the farmer from lambs still-born, or that die soon after birth. London and its vicinity provide  $1\frac{1}{2}$  millions of lamb-skins, and the same number is appropriated by us from the south of Europe. Sheep and lamb-skins are not submitted to the action of the lime-pits. The process would spoil the wool. A 'pelt' or simple membrane is worth from 2d. to 10d.; the wool, an equal number of shillings. After washing, the skins are hung up in a room heated by flues. This causes a thick, filthy slime to work up, when the wool comes off with a slight pull. Were it allowed, the skins would soon become an incohesive putrescent pulp. But more of the sheep anon.

Holstein and the Baltic chiefly supply calf-skins. A modern application of this leather is nearly a monopoly in the hands of Messrs. Bevington and Morris, the proprietors of the Rouel Tanneries. The scarcity of kid for gloves of late years has introduced calf as a substitute. Properly prepared it makes gentlemen's gloves of a very strong and durable nature, which would trouble sharp connoisseurs to distinguish from kid.

What we learn of the antecedents of the skins, while environed by them, may well excite astonishment. Every part of the world has been laid under tribute to supply this house. Heaps of 'skins' which one man is fleshing once clothed the cows of India.—One and a half millions are ruthlessly flayed every year to supply the British demand.—Our peasantry and mechanics are indebted to them for their strong boots. Let them ponder a moment upon how many backs are bared to keep their toes tidy and warm.—Durability and low price are excellencies disdained by the West-end exquisite, but

prized by folks less fastidious, who follow Dobbin. Bourdeaux calf must encase the tender feet of Belgravia, which, with the expenditure of further processes, would be flexible enough for ladies' shoes and kid gloves.

From the cow hides of India we pass to trophies of the power of man over the equine hordes of South America. When Columbus in his voyage to the Indies was intercepted by another world, no animal larger than the Llama existed in America. Now, the progeny of the Spanish horses bound over wild and illimitable plains in herds equally illimitable and wild. After alternations in public favour, the fickleness of which was depressing the trade not long ago almost to extinction, hides from Buenos Ayres have *carried* favour with England's daughters, and of course begin to look up again. You ladies, who these last two winters have stamped your pretty feet, either in dudgeon or to sound the high military heels of which you have been so unconscionably proud, would hardly like to acknowledge your obligations to the slimy sheet before us. Yet in a little while that same soft hide will inclose your feet in as nice a piece of 'cordovan' as ever a La Platen barb supplied. Just think that you incur the charge of robbery, and cruelty, and slaughter, for you bring about the death of many thousand noble steeds, by indulging this new comfort. No judge could sentence you condignly—you look so guileless; yet no criminal at the bar is guiltier. Every time your toes give a furtive, ratlike peep from under your dress, they are crying evidence against you. You have torn a seal-skin from the Arctic for your glossy toes; pillaged the Columbian highways for the cordovan uppers; traversed the parched plains of Hindostan, to snatch your soles and heels from an unoffending cow.

Considering the size of the horse, it has a very thin skin. The reputation of South American hides is at present very high.—The importations are immense. Half a million horses, and half that number of oxen, are killed to supply England alone. These come partly from tame cattle, partly from wild. The hide is the chief consideration: and the value of that sounds strangely small.

Sometimes sold with the animals *in* them, they have fetched only about 3d. each. Then they have to be hunted, and caught, and slaughtered, and prepared, and shipped, and tanned, and made into boots, all of which give accumulative value, till if the original possessor want enough back again for leg-gings, he must yield up half a hundred living steeds to pay for it.

The tame animals are kept in a corral or circular enclosure, near the dwelling of the proprietor. Up to their knees in mud, and with nothing to eat, they occupy their time in lowing at each other. Upon the posts which form the supports of the corral, is usually a grave assemblage of idle hawks and ill-looking vultures. Intermingled with these are large white gulls, some on the ground earnestly pecking at the slops of thick blood, while others, on tiptoe, are flapping their wings in luxurious emulation of a human yawn after dinner. A goodly banquet do these birds of omen make. Each drop of blood is where a horse or an ox has died. It is all he has left of his history; and pigs, and gulls, and hawks are rapidly consuming it. The flesh is absolutely valueless. Horns and bones bestrew the ground to an extent greatly more appreciable than their worth. The beef of the ox and tallow have not even a nominal price. It seems pitiful that so much good meat should be absolute waste, whilst in other parts of the world it would be so great a boon. Early in the morning no blood will be seen. A number of horses, with the long slip-knot lasso hanging from their saddles, will be standing in groups apparently asleep. The matadores, meanwhile, lie at full length, smoking their cigars. The cattle are waiting for the last moment of their existence to strike. At the stroke of the clock the men will instantly vault into their saddles, the gates be thrown wide back, and through them the riders rush into the pens. In less time than it takes to say so, every one will have a horse at the end of his lasso. The victims are jerked off the ground, with a jerk that might well break every bone in their bodies. The frenzied beast tries to run away; another flies at his merciless captor; occasionally, one breaks from the lasso;

and here and there is one hamstrung, and limping about on his stumps. Rider and horse often fall together, through the struggle to escape. For an uninitiated wight to get into the middle of this odd scene is an awkward fix. It is Scylla and Charybdis; without knowing where to go, he has to scamper for his life,

Wild cattle are caught and killed in a somewhat different manner. Herds are to be inveigled into a huge corral, and despatched by the 'bolas,' a weapon consisting of two balls connected by a leather thong eight feet in length. One of those balls is held in the hand, while the other is whirled round the head of the hunter, and the whole then flung at the animal. This twists round the creature's legs, and flings it. The merciless Gaucho, or native of the plains, comes up and cuts its throat while prostrate and powerless. When slaughtered, the animals are dragged out, and skinned on the adjoining grounds.

There is a picturesque barbarity in the huge slaughter that takes place in this manner. Indeed the whole proceeding is of a most exciting nature. The noble but doomed tenants of the forests and plains congregate in herds of from 5000 to 10,000. The finest of many herds is selected by a band of fifty mounted huntsmen, who form a semi-circle and keep closing in upon the flock.— Gradually contracting, they drive the nearly maddened creatures forward, with wild, unearthly shouts and cries, till they rush out like a cataract upon the plain. Over this they are driven in the direction of the corral. Many break the guard of agile horsemen, and escape, but many more are pressed into the capacious enclosure. The hunt is repeated till the corral is filled.

There is a dread romance about the slaughter of wild oxen, transcending this beyond comparison. These animals seek the deepest recesses of the forest for their dormitories. Lying down amongst the underwood, with a canopy of foliage impervious to the rays of the moon, they have to be felt for, rather than looked after. Hunters little less wild than their game grope on their hands and knees, with all the stealthiness of serpents. When the shaggy back of a wild ox is touch-

ed, the wily assassin winds round to its throat, draws his keen broad blade across, and leaves the huge unresisting gory beast to welter till morning. More than a hundred will oftentimes disclose to the rising sun the marks of the bloody visitation of only one knife. Meanwhile fifty others have been equally murderous. In one night the destruction is terrible. Thousands upon thousands of a vast herd, which only the day before were scouring the country, lie dead and cold.

After being flayed, the hides are stretched on frames, and dried in the sun. In this condition they come into the hands of the European Merchant. He salts them, to save them from putrefaction, and packs them in bales, and ships them. The history of a hide, from the time of its being on the horse's back till it covers a lady's foot is full of interest. We have remarked the price at which the wild steed is valued. A contract for 20,000 at that rate has been taken and delivered more times than once. The relative value of the animal, and the territory upon which it roams, presents a still more remarkable feature. Formerly when the proprietor sold his horses, an almost unlimited estate went with them, as a perquisite unnecessary to mention. This is not often the case now. The owner of an estate merely disposes of the right to catch and slaughter any number of horses, and retains his lands, although still regarded as very unimportant property.

Many of the skins are injured, and sometimes the greater part of a cargo lost, by the depredations of a little insect called the *pollilla*. The extensive and rapid ravages of this creature necessitate strict examination before shipment. The hides are whipped repeatedly, but, despite every care, they do a great deal of damage, as the London merchants well know.

There, Mr. Foreman, this philosophy is for your special behoof, in part payment of the knowledge you are giving us. To you we are indebted for the fact, that what cordovans are not used up by the ladies' new boots, are less delicately finished for the wear of our servant-maids and country wives.

Missing a good many of the 'beams' during this disquisition, we come to one over which is thrown what we are told is the skin of a seal. The history of this one article would make a paper lengthy, useful and interesting. It gives employment in the proper season to a fleet of 300 or 400 vessels. It is in a great degree the mainstay of trade in the bleak region of Newfoundland. About three-quarters of a million of seals are, without metaphor, knocked on the head in the Polar seas and on the coast of Greenland yearly. Breeding season is considered the best time for the seal-hunt, as they are then in the finest condition. Young ones are the chief capture, being easily taken, as they do not leave the ice-floes upon which they are whelped for three months after birth. Old ones are too wary often to become the prey of fishermen, but dive out of sight on the least alarm. The slightest tap of a club, or a bat on the back of the head despatches them. When killed, they are stowed away, and carried to St. John's, where they afford additional employment to many hands.—When flayed, their skins are salted down for exportation, and their blubber, that is nearly their whole body—is boiled down into seal oil, a commodity, every body knows, of great commercial value. The fleet is then ready to begin the cod-harvest, while vessels from home are freighted with the valuable crop just got in. One fine fellow's skin gives us a much more respectful appreciation of a seal's bulk than hitherto we felt to be his due. Evidently he was no mean prize. His skin alone weighs more than thirty pounds.

The bright-eyed seal, when alive, looks more like a bursting bag of oil, than anything else, and, when dead, the skin is completely saturated with oil. A waggon load, just turned out to form a heap in the yard, seems rather to consist of dirty, unctuous, heavy, thick calf-skins. More oil will be pressed from them; then they will be limed, unhaired, fleshed, *splitted*, curried, and pared down, till the tens of their weight will be reduced to units, the result will be a close, beautifully grained material, the toughest and most durable kind of leather. It is manufactured into the varnished shoes that ladies and children wear. Occasionally, with the

fur or hair remaining, it is made into strong caps for men and boys,

A nudge from the foreman:—‘You will not like the smell of this,’ he observes as he leads us to the end of the beam-house, and where, hooking up a seal-skin from one out of a number of portly tubs, he at once proves the justice of his remark. An essence, most disagreeable, battles with our desire to see everything, and makes us think of a retreat. It is a bath of ‘dogs pure’—so called by the man as if in facetious violation of the fact—with which the skins are treated to prepare them for tanning. A great tank adjoining holds a solution of pigeons dung, the action of which is not nearly so powerful. These baths cause the pores of the skin to gape open, which the stringency of the lime had made to shrink. Washing in clean water and bran afterwards, and “striking out” on an inclined board, thoroughly removes the lime, and leaves the skins thirsty for the tan. ‘If we left any lime in those calf or seals,’ says our most indefatigable dominie, pointing to the skins in question, ‘they would go black in the vats; so we put them in the strongest bath. But,’ he continues ‘it wouldn’t do to take all the lime out of these thick hides for sole leather, so that they get treated only to the weak solution.’

An undesirable occupation, to say the least of it, as the collection of these ordures, curiously show what people will do for a living. Seven or eight hundred men and women make it their avocation in London.

‘Precious independent they are, too,’ the workman adds. ‘If we don’t treat them civilly, they wouldn’t come again, I assure you.’

That a manufacture ranking fourth amongst the manufactures of England, should be dependant on a trade or profession (which?) so disgusting, exemplifies the nature of some of the links of art. Dog-fanciers and pigeon-keepers know of the ready market for these substances, and enter an item in their balance-sheet accordingly. No substance has been discovered to supersede the business of the *merchants des ordures* as they are entitled in Paris. Their produce must pay well, to judge from our informant’s assurance, ‘It

is indeed an expensive article,’ is the reply to an interrogation: ‘we pay fourteenpence a-pailful to the dog-fancier, and half-a-crown a bushel to the pigeon-dealer.’

When the skins are ‘pured,’ or, in some cases, ‘raised’ by means of dilute sulphuric acid, and cleansed from the impurities of their bath, they are dipped into the tan-pits. During the early stages, they are ‘handled’ every day; then they are stratified with ground bark, and remain untouched for three months, absorbing the strongest lixivium. Fresh stratification succeeds for six weeks, or two months. This process repeated once, twice, or thrice, produces ‘crop-hides,’ which when curried and finished, furnish the principal part of the soles used in England. To test the perfect tanning of the hides, they are put into liquors 15° or 20° strong. If, after three days, the liquors are not reduced the least, complete impregnation is accomplished.

Persons whom it may concern are warned by the ‘Tanner’s Key,’ that ‘bark must be added to keep up the natural appetites of the hides.’ Their capacities for high seasoning increase, like that of good livers, by what they feed upon; or like folks who imbibe strong liquors, they need increasingly strong stimulants. The appetite of a hide palls or fails altogether, if kept long on one beverage, or fed by mistake, as is often the error in common tan-yards, with a weaker ooze: imperfect tanning in such a case is inevitable. If hides are thrown into liquor, shifted occasionally, and allowed to lie long enough, they must turn into leather. By proper attention to the strength of the infusion, better leather may be made in a few months, than in several times as long by an unscientific process. In this matter consists the only real progress of late years in the art of tanning. What once took three years, now is done in fifteen months. In light work the difference is even greater.—There is still scope left for the chemist.—Though it has engaged research, all experiments to bring about a radical change have been failures. The manufacturers are enlightened and enterprising men, and would hail success. Time, apparently, is an essential element in the operations. Wherever

rapidity has been gained, it has been at the cost of quality. Hot liquors have been tried, and the substance has been destroyed or deteriorated. Forceful injections, under pressure, have given leather, irregularly saturated; the hard parts not being uniform with the rest. The Rouel Tan-pits were established a long time ago, for a fair trial of some of these patented methods, which only resulted in a return to ancient custom.

It might have been imagined that the comparison of methods, so well promoted by the Great Exhibition of 1851, would have brought about decided improvements. Mr. Morris, assures us, however, that the trade has received hardly any benefit in the chemistry of the art from that source, although, as far as increase of business is concerned, benefits have accrued as great as could be wished. English leathers, thought to be inferior to foreign, were fairly compared, and proved otherwise. Orders have been reversed in consequence. Goods formerly imported have been sent abroad. The craft feels its elasticity in the removal of the iron girdle of an excise, and shares in an eminent degree the present unparalleled prosperity of our trade and manufactures. The wonderful demands of Australia for boots and shoes, have been 'diggings' to every branch of the leather trade. Commercial dealings altogether are very flourishing. Blessed as we are with free trade, may they continue so long, or for ever. No hides or skins have as yet been received from our antipodial brethren. Our supplies of wool, on the other hand, are in good faith, a golden fleece.

Tanning by sumach is a much more expeditious process than by oak bark. Bidding good-day to our genial 'beam-house' friend, we go into the building where the process is effected. The method looks very odd; in fact the whole interior has a remarkable aspect. Bags of olive-green powder are piled carelessly in one part, a box of it loose is in another, while a fragrance fills the atmosphere stronger and less agreeable than that with which the oak bark regaled us. At one end are two enormous tureens holding a Baltic each of luscious 'green turtle.' An alderman would caper for joy to see them, or, if too fat for that—the alderman, not the tur-

tle—would smack his lips with a real gusto.

Floating in this rich element are large white soft lumps, which the dragon, who of yore, played such havoc amongst babies,

'And at a sup would eat them up,  
As you would eat an apple,'

might by an error quite pardonable mistake for his usual fare. They are not babies, but seal-skins sewed up into bags, and filled with the sumaching infusion. Rows of them piled upon one another on 'dresser boards,' which surmount the soup, look like tremulous jelly-bags, which, by their own weight, make the same infusion to percolate through their substance. By and by, they will be floated along with their families in the bowls, where, through perforations in the dresser-boards, the liquid is now dripping, and where they have had more than one tumble about already. They have been sewn up into bladders—as gipsies flay a sheep—so as to bring about a more thorough and rapid saturation; or, as the young superintendent who is stirring them about says, 'to help the sumach get into the heart of the skin.'

At this juncture we are startled with groans, and moans, and gurglings, and spasms, and struggles; indications that a portly water-tub is taken poorly. Its resemblance to an alderman in corporeal protuberance give the idea that its temperament is similar, and that it has been indulging too repletely in the unctuous fare under its nose. Otherwise, the unseemly riot is as unaccountable as the working of the pumps outside. Clearly we tread enchanted ground.

'Oh, it is only the tub boiling,' says a voice quite goblin-like for the moment; 'they have just let the steam on.' A few moments more, and the sumach bowls are equally turbulent. We see no steam; no fire. The surface of the water is quite smooth. Gradually, however, it becomes twilled, then bubbles, and in five minutes the whole is a Maelstrom. A single iron pipe dips into the water through which the steam struggles, and very readily raises the temperature to boiling point.

Tracing the pipe at the suggestion of our companion, we see it disappear in an out-of-the-way place, where peradventure, if we go,



we may get an elucidation of these mysterious phenomena.

‘Open Sesame!’

No sooner does our gallant captain lift the latch, and push, than the door opens. On one side roars a fire, and hisses a boiler. Opposite, plays a twelve-horse-power engine. The genius Vaporifer it is, responsible for all the marvels enumerated, and for our bewilderment.

Only the lighter skins, or those that have been *split*, are tanned by sumach. Two machines for rending skins remind us of their presence, and of their claims to notice, by their continual clatter. Proud of the exceeding ingenuity with which they are splitting seal skins at this moment, they will not suffer us to pass, without a mark of approbation. They well deserve the highest encomiums.

Amongst the manifold contrivances to facilitate manufactures which have made our age pre-eminent, the skin-splitting machine takes a prominent position for the skill displayed in its mechanism. By its means, the ‘grain’ side may be completely separated from the ‘flesh,’ or under-side; each surface being of the same superficial dimensions as the original. Two rollers, one above the other, at an interval just enough to bite the gelatinous integument, revolve, and present the skin, as it emerges on the other side, to the action of a rapid blade, moving horizontally to and fro, and so delicately adjusted, as to slice off only a filmy surface, or to give two equal thicknesses, as may be desired. The grain is sewn up and sumached; the ‘flesh’ is used for manure. To devote the latter to this ignominious end, seems to our eyes wanton waste; a term, the use of which we thought lost in the economics of modern trade. We think it would be better even to make it into glue or size, but are quickly informed that the gelatine is so deliquescent, that ‘it would run to water in two or three days.’ Sometimes, if particularly good, it is tanned; generally so in the case of calf, from which the rough covering for law-books comes.

In the Rouel Tanneries, a greater variety of processes are going on than in those of smaller extent. Other methods of preparing

leather are carried out, called in tanners’ technicology ‘tawing.’ Colored skins of all kinds are tanned; white are tawed. In tawing, the skins are made thick and tough by steeping in a solution of alum and salt. They are then reduced by washing, in a vat of bran and water, which gets the alum and salt out of them. Dried afterwards in a lofty heated chamber, they are white and flexible, but harsh. These preliminaries correspond to the puring and raising before alluded to. Another soaking in water, and they are ready for the operation that affects changes similar to bark or sumach infusion.

Again they are steeped; this time in a mixture of water and yolk of eggs. The famished pores eagerly imbibe the yolk, and leave the water free. It will somewhat surprise our readers, to learn that six million of eggs are consumed every year in the preparation of glove-leather alone. Many thousands are taken from our breakfast tables to supply the Rouel Tanneries, where they are preserved in brine till wanted. Tawed leather receives little further preparation. A room is appropriated by a few men who finish it off. You may see them bending over inverted cheese-knives, fixed upright in wooden blocks, and pressing the skins with considerable force upon the edge, stretch them to almost double their former superficialities.

At imminent risk of suicide they continue their work. Every moment we see a slip impending, and expect the edge to go through, not merely the man’s *skin*, but through his ribs and body as well. Were you to change places with him, it would be so very quickly; but the workman, from long practice, knows exactly the degree of force he may venture upon. Blacksmiths’ and farriers’ aprons are tawed. The white leather ‘for doctors’ bottles is tawed lamb-skin.

On our route to the sanctum of the carriers, we pass through airy lofts filled with hides and skins of every kind, hanging from poles like sheets in a drying-ground. Æolus himself would be satisfied with the arrangements. It is a temple open to all the winds of heaven. A few moments gives practical assurance that no place could be better adapted for drying. When the weather is

very inclement, the lougher boards are shut up, one side of a house at a time, making the edifice wear more of a civilized aspect to a passer-by, but hiding the characteristic stores that usually peep out upon him.

Leather tanned and dried, is to be reduced evenly, well extended, and made supple. Hides are curried on a polished 'beam.'

To see the men at work, it would seem that they were most unmercifully disposed. Their knives 'strike' at the skin with tremendous force, taking off the superfluous 'curriers' oil—a composition of oil and tallow previously well rubbed into them. Oil cannot be dissipated by exposure, and takes the place of the moisture so liberally imbibed before. Another drying in a stoved room, or in the wind temples, and the skins are ready for the trough of the dyer, or the tool of the finisher.

In our days commodities must not merely be intrinsically good, but must put on a good front. The care that is taken in reducing or paring down a skin or pelt, is surprising. Sliced off at first in shavings, as profuse as under a carpenter's plane, portions get thinner and smaller, till they end in fine dust and nothing. Between the white, smooth face of finished leather, and the dull, discolour of unfinished, there is a contrast that proves the labour not ill bestowed nor unproductive.

The black surface of leather is given by rubbing in with a stiff brush an iron liquor, which, uniting with the gallic acid of the sumach, strikes an ebon black. Morocco, and imitation morocco from sheep, are, on the other hand, dyed.

The dyeing house at the Rouel Tanneries is an exhibition in itself. You see pans and tubs, and troughs, bubbling and troubling of their own accord. Here, a thick Black sea, heaved up as though the Fiend of Strife abode beneath. There a Red sea, furious as when the waters returned to overwhelm the Egyptian hosts. Near these, a restless Yellow sea, more turbid and shallow than that which laves the China coast. Cochineal is used for the brilliant reds, which, with the other dyes, is expensive. As only one side

pelts round the edges, flesh to flesh, and dipping them, thus united, in the dye.

Representatives of the chief races of mankind superintend these operations: Ethiop, Indian, Mongolian. Sometimes half-castes, who have left one vat for another, suddenly appear—part Indian, part Circassian. Tomorrow the Ethiopian may change his skin, and don the tawny hide of a Moor. After the colouring, the 'grainer' takes the skins in hand. His work is of a bellicose designation. He has to 'pommel' them, till he makes them thoroughly pliant. As he folds the membrane under a small flat board, fastened to his hand with a strap, and rolls it backward and forward, it becomes more flexible and soft, and receives the 'grain' admired by connoisseurs. Another species of graining is adopted for finer skins. First, being placed on an elastic board, a wheel of hard wood rolls to and fro along the surface. Wood-work attaches the wheel to a hingo in the roof beam. As it swings over the surface of the yielding board, it leave ridges upon the leather corresponding to grooves cut in its own tire of circumference. The operation is repeated with a 'dummy,' or smooth-surface wheel, which induces a splendid polish. These wheels are moved by hand; but, with the spirit of enterprise that makes the names of Bevington and Morris as conspicuous in the leather-market, as 'Rothschild' on 'Change,' machinery will soon displace manual labour. All round the Rouel Tanneries are evidences of the innovation of steam-power. We have throughout picked our steps amongst bricks and mortar. 'This is where our new engine is to be,' says the foreman of the beam-house, —'We are going to have them work by steam,' says the grainer.—'Our new machinery will do it very much sooner;' and like remarks meet us at every turn.

Amongst the diversity of employments at these tanneries, the manufacture of wool-mats is important and distinct. Anxious to learn all we can, we spare five minutes more to listen to the young man who has the management of the department. He is quite enthusiastic in his trade, and displays, what is always a gratifying trait in an operative, an emulative spirit to get first in skill. He

points to the square lake in the open yard, where a strong fellow stands, naked up to his thighs, with a long pole in his hands, pointed with a bullock's horn. This weapon he uses to cleanse the skin floating on the water before him. 'Look, what a fine woolly skin it is,' the young manager says: 'it will be as white as snow when he has washed it.' He does not bestow unmerited praise. The wool, when its greasiness is beguiled out by means of scrubbing with the bullock's horn, and soap applications and water, is beautifully white. In the heated chamber, where the skins are put when they have been stretched upon square frames, he picks out one amongst hundreds as quite a prize for dimensions. 'It is the biggest sheep-skin in England; yet it isn't so big as one we had in the Exhibition.' Gratifying him by our astonishment as well as we are able, he leads us to the men scraping the slime off the flesh side, which the heat has caused to work up. He is evidently proud of his position over men much older than himself, and enters into the details of manipulations like a master-man. We follow him through his dyeing processes, all self-working, and listen to his gratulations on his own skill. Speaking of another manufacturing firm, he evinces his disdain of them for not being 'scientific,' and for doing everything in old fashion. His chief triumph is in the dyeing-house. It has ever been held impossible to dye a skin black: but he has achieved it, and believes no one has done so besides.

We wonder that these wool-mats are not commoner in England. Our transatlantic cousins appreciate more than we their peculiar richness and beauty. Glancing over the stores in the show-room, and examining the deep, thick borders with which women-workers are fringing them, we feel that nothing more silky soft ever touched our hand—nothing more magnificently bright ever met our gaze.

As if the numberless branches of business upon which we have expatiated were not sufficient to harass the heads of a large establishment, an extensive manufacture of cocoa-nut fibre and aloe fibre matting is annexed to the Rouel Tanneries. Both these

are modern appliances of art. Their utility is seen in the extensive and everyday increasing demand for them. Messrs. Bevington and Morris claim the merit, if not of introducing, yet of bringing under public notice, the material called 'aloe fibre.' It is obtained from the leaf of a species of aloe, is exceedingly strong, and lighter in colour, of a finer thread, and more even, than the fibre of the cocoa-nut. But we are at the end of our foolscap.

When the myriad hands set to work in the leather manufacture, the value in gross, amounting to twenty millions sterling per annum, are regarded, together with the complicated and lengthened preparations leather submits to, and the antiquity of the art—for that skins were amongst the first coverlits of mankind, and a process known, therefore, to save them from putrefaction, there can be no doubt—and, finally, when the end of this terrifically long disquisition is reached, the adventurous reader will certainly cry, 'Surely, surely, there is nothing like leather.'

**PRAYER BARRELS.**—The Buddhists, in Tartary, have a method of simplifying pilgrimage and devotional rites. In all the Lamaseries you find at short intervals figures in the form of barrels, and turning upon an axle. The material of these figures is a thick board, composed of a vast number of sheets of paper pasted together, and on which are written in the Thibetian character, the most reputed prayers throughout the country. The pilgrim or devotee has therefore only to see these barrels whirling prayers for him, and may then eat, drink, sleep, or indulge himself in any other way he chooses. Sometimes two parties arrive at the barrel together and a furious quarrel ensues, until an old Lama terminates the dispute, by turning the barrel himself for their joint benefit.

**PROVEN MONDAY.**—The first Monday after Epiphany, on which day it was usual to examine the ploughs and other agricultural implements. Until recently the ploughman in England were accustomed to gather at noon, and, with blackened faces and in fantastic gear beg plough money from door to door.

## "AT THY PERIL."

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Awake from dreams to-day!  
Arouse thee, careless sleeper,  
Cast not the thought away.  
Thou from a golden chalice  
Dost drink the ruby wine,  
Thine home a stately palace,  
Where wealth and splendour shine.

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

Life's page to thee reads fair,  
But gaze a little deeper,  
And other tales lie there.  
With sullen look and stolid,  
'Mid wretchedness and strife,  
Beneath yon roof-tree squalid,  
How drags thy brother's life?

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

Swift as the viewless wind,  
Speeds on one mighty Reaper,  
His harvest sheaves to bind;  
His earliest prey finds shelter  
These sordid roofs beneath,  
Where vice and misery swelter  
In hot beds ripe for Death.

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

Such horrors abut on thine,  
The dim eyes of the weeper  
Mocked by thy banquet's shine.  
Say'st thou, "Such ills are nameless,  
They touch not such as we!"  
Alas! canst Thou be blameless,  
That things like this should be?

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

One course the foe doth run,  
Nor Volga's stream nor Dnieper  
Bars out this ruthless Hun.  
Who shall the myriads number,  
This "Scourge of God" may kill?  
While sunk in selfish slumber  
Securely dream ye still?

Thou art thy brother's keeper,  
This charge thou canst not flee,  
The path of right grows steeper  
Daily to him, to thee.  
A reckoning shall be taken,  
A reckoning stern and deep.  
Woe! unto those who waken  
Then first from careless sleep!

## THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

## CHAPTER I.—THE POOR BLIND MAN.

ON the morning of the 15th of May, in the year 1756, the sun rose in all its splendour over the fertile plains of Brittany; upon the roof of every house in the little village of Charhaix were reflected the brilliant rays. It was Sunday, on which sacred day all the schools were closed, and the numerous children, belonging to the better class of families in the neighbourhood, taking advantage of the beauty of the morning, had assembled together, and like a flight of birds liberated from their cages, had hastened to the green fields to engage in a sham battle. It was a pretty and interesting sight to behold the juvenile band, in all the buoyancy and joyousness of youth, and enthusiasm of the moment, marching off *à la militaire*, some in the strict order of a well-disciplined regiment of infantry, and others bestriding pasteboard horses, like the sham steeds at Astley's, prancing about as cavalry, all being clad in paper uniforms, and carrying wooden sabres and assuming the fierce moustache provided on the occasion by the aid of burnt cork.

The "scene of action" having been reached, the parties took up their respective positions. The attack commenced, and amid the general din a stout battle was fought. Shrill were the pigny words of command, to advance to the charge, or retreat, given by the youthful leaders, who endeavoured in vain to deepen their voices as though to impart solemnity to the mimic scene, and occasionally might be heard the rallying cry after a partial reverse; so that the battle was energetically persevered in, until at length the contending forces, finding themselves exhausted by the severity of the engagement, came to a truce, and sat down upon the cool refreshing grass (the field of battle) for momentary repose.

After a slight cessation of hostilities, one of the most spirited of the army of "young France," who had scarcely recovered his breath (and whose chubby face was besmeared with paint which the heat had caused to run further than was anticipated), evinced a seeming inclination to resume

the combat ere the rays of the declining sun had disappeared beyond the horizon. The hours of sweet freedom and recreation caused the day to appear short to him, and at length he broke silence, exclaiming,

"What shall we play at now?"

"It's tedious," said another, "to be always playing at the same game.

"Hold!" observed a third, "look yonder at the old blind man approaching towards us; look at his spaniel!"

"Is he not ugly!" cried the children.

At this moment the old man, who was within a few paces of them, approached close to the juvenile camp, and addressing the youngsters in a supplicating tone, said,—

"Charity, if you please, my little gentlemen, charity;" and his dog, with the intelligence natural to its species, seemed to assume a sorrowful and resigned countenance.

Meanwhile the mischievous idea entered into the head of one of the children to cut the string attached to the dog's collar and release the animal from its blind owner, for which purpose the boy raised himself from the grass and drew a knife from his pocket. Most of his companions, without reflection, responded to the proposal with loud huzzas, when, on instant, one of the party started up, with pale anger and indignation.

"You shall not do it," cried he, "you shall not commit so unworthy an action."

"Who dares prevent me?" said the other, at the same moment suiting the action to the word by severing the cord.

The old blind man, feeling himself no longer guided by his faithful dog, uttered lamentable cries, and the poor animal, regretting the liberty that had been given him in spite of himself, licked mournfully the hand of his afflicted master.

"You are a coward thus to attack and insult the blind," cried the boy who had refused to listen to the proposal, and rushing upon his comrade and throwing him down upon his knees, in which position he held him, he exclaimed,—

"Now, repair your fault, and give this old man the money you have in your purse; I hear some crowns chinking in your pocket."

Refusal was out of the question, and the mischievous youngster was obliged to deliver up the contents of his purse to his bold companion, who, after allowing the former—burning with shame and anger—to rise from his vanquished position, advanced towards the blind man, adjusted the cord round the dog's neck, and drawing from his own pocket double the pieces of money he had forced from his thoughtless playmate, said, in good-natured tone.

"Here, my good man this will purchase you bread for some time to come. My friend is willing through this means to atone for his fault by doing you good."

The venerable recipient of this unexpected donation had not retired many paces, when the children surrounded their generous comrade.

"But," said they, "Maurice did not give half the money that you offered the old man in his name."

"Well, what does that matter," replied the noble boy disdainfully; "I could not handsomely accuse my companion of both cowardice and avarice at the same moment."

Some pieces which had dropped from the pocket of Maurice during the scuffle proved he was unwilling to give up all, and hence a general enthusiasm was felt for the young hero of the day.

"*La Tour d'Auvergne!*" exclaimed all in one loud chorus, "you're a brave fellow; we appoint you our general, and you shall command us!"

But Tour d'Auvergne declined to accept the proffered honour, and laughing he replied:—

"*I prefer to remain a private soldier!*"

#### CHAPTER II.—THE HERO.

No life had ever been turned to better account than that of Tour d'Auvergne, the child—destined in maturer years to figure as a distinguished soldier; no soul could be more generous,—no heart more courageous and disinterested. The hero of modern days equalled in his plainness, the warriors of ancient times. Like Æschylus—at once a writer and a soldier—Tour d'Auvergne knew how to handle the pen as well as the sword; and the same hand that in the

morning had grasped the sabre was in the evening devoted to writing works of erudition and talent.

In the year 1781, Tour d'Auvergne was admitted as a volunteer into the army of Spain that besieged Mahon, then in the power of the British. He refused to accept of either rank or recompense, although he contributed materially towards the success of the enterprise. He signalized himself by acts of great bravery; nevertheless, he only sought an inward satisfaction, rather than the praise of his superiors or the applause of the crowd.

On another occasion, being surprised and taken prisoner by the English the officer wanted to deprive him of his cockade; but Tour d'Auvergne, indignantly snatching it from his cap, attached it to the point of his sword, exclaiming, "There it is! tell him to come and take it!"

At the period of the French revolution, Tour d'Auvergne was made a captain, his modesty and simplicity dictating the refusal of a colonelcy which was offered him; and it was at the head of his company, afterwards distinguished as "The Infernal Column," that he led the assault, and on several occasions routed the battalions of the enemy. At length, old and fatigued, he had quitted the army and returned to Paris, where he learnt that the son of his friend was about to depart for the war as a conscript. Tour d'Auvergne, however, without a moment's hesitation, engaged himself as a substitute, and enrolling himself once more as a volunteer, hastened, with knapsack on his back, to rejoin as a private that army in which he had fought as a superior officer.

France was at that time at war with Austria, and Tour d'Auvergne, now fifty years of age, found the opportunity of again displaying his energy and boldness. A party of Hungarian grenadiers were desirous of seizing upon a windmill, in which had been placed a store of arms and a quantity of gunpowder; but so sharp and deadly was the fire kept up from within, that the Hungarians were compelled to retire, with much loss. At length, after many hours of heroic defence, the besieged garrison in the mill demanded permission to capitulate; a window opened, and a soldier

presented himself. It was Tour d'Auvergne.

"We desire," said he, addressing the enemy, "to evacuate our quarters with all the honours of war; with arms and baggage, drums beating, and colours flying."

These conditions were acceded to by the Austrian chief, who accordingly drew up his men in two lines to receive the devoted garrison of the windmill. Tour d'Auvergne then slowly descended the steps of the mill, with musket shouldered, and passing between the double ranks of the enemy's bayonets, presented himself before the Austrian officer.

"Well!" observed the commander, "where, then, is the garrison?"

"Here it is!" replied Tour d'Auvergne, raising his hand, *à la militaire*, to his cap.

"But *where* is it, then?" again asked the officer.

"Here!" repeated Tour d'Auvergne.

"What! you alone?" observed the Austrian.

"I alone was in the windmill," rejoined the veteran; "I was the only garrison!"

It was then that Napoleon, admiring the courage of the soldier and not knowing how to recompense him worthily for his gallant deeds, conferred on Tour d'Auvergne the title of "First Grenadier of France;" sending him at the same time a sabre of honour in compliment of his services. The brave grenadier, desiring still further to shew his appreciation of the honours thus conferred on him, persisted—in spite of his age and suffering—in remaining with the army of operations.

"I ought not to die in my bed," he said to his friends; "I ought rather perish on the field of battle in the midst of my brave comrades!"

These heroic words of Tour d'Auvergne were fulfilled on the 25th of June, 1800. He fell, mortally wounded, having been pierced with a lance: and thus was his prediction realised.

The old soldiers of the army—they of the grey *moustache* and furrowed brow, who had never shed a tear since the days of their childhood, wept for their illustrious companion-in-arms, and went into military mourning for his loss. His sabre of honour

was deposited amid pomp in the *Hotel des Invalides*, Paris, and his name was honourably retained on the regimental roll. His heart, enclosed in a golden case, was entrusted to the senior sergeant, whose post was that next to the ensign, bearing the colours of the forty-sixth demi-brigade: and every day at parade, at the call of the name of "*Théophile-Malo Corret de la Tour d'Auvergne*," the oldest of the grenadier company responded, "*Died upon the field of honour!*"

How much more affecting than any monument of brass or marble is this strange tribute to the memory of a heroic soldier!

### A SILENT WITNESS.

I WAS a resident of Rome in the winter of 1839, pursuing a course of law study that was pertinent to a purpose at that time influencing me; and my associations necessarily brought me very often into the petty courts of the city, where criminals were most summarily tried, often being sentenced to the death penalty and executed in the same hour. But at that time the populace were in a peculiarly fermented condition, and every third person was suspected as a conspirator; the dungeons being thronged the while with innocent and guilty, thrown indiscriminately together.

Notwithstanding this sad state of affairs, justice was not unfrequently meted out to those on trial with great skill, judgment, and actual knowledge of human nature. It was a fine school for my purpose, and I gained much experience for after service in the five months which I passed in the "Eternal City." It was while in attendance at one of these petty courts, as they were designated, and yet where cases involving the penalty of life and death were constantly being tried, that I witnessed a scene that has suggested the title with which I have prefaced this sketch.

A fearful and singular murder had been committed by some foul wretch the previous night in the outskirts of the city, upon the person of a young and beautiful girl of humble rank in life, but who was yet well known in her neighbourhood for her excellent cha-

acter, her personal beauty, and her unostentatious charities in this city of beggars. The authorities who took the matter in hand to investigate, were entirely at a loss for a long time as to what possible motive could have influenced the perpetrator of the deed. It could not have been robbery, as there was not the least article disturbed; the deed alone was the purpose of whoever had entered the girl's room in the night. At least this was the conclusion arrived at.

Surette, the girl's name, was the subject of much general admiration, and received frequent and decided attentions from many youthful admirers, among whom was Carlo Stozzi, whom the neighbours of Surette accredited as the favoured lover, though this was simply conjecture on their part, inasmuch as she was a truly modest girl, and did not talk of these matters to any one. On the morning after the murder, Carlo Stozzi was found among the lamenting throng, as sad and apparently broken-hearted as he might be supposed to be on such an occasion, and yet for some reason which did not appear to me, the police regarded him, as it seemed, with searching glances, and at last arrested him, and he was brought before the court charged with the murder of Surette.

His assertions to the contrary were boisterously persisted in, and he boldly demanded the proof, challenging scrutiny with an unblushing front and apparent indignation. The fellow seemed to me at this stage of the proceedings to be innocent, but it appeared that the judges understood these things better. A few witnesses were examined—the prisoner was proved, or at least partially so, to have been seen coming from the vicinity of the house at midnight, on the night of the murder, but he instantly produced a witness on his own part who swore most straightforwardly, and unhesitatingly, that Carlo Stozzi was with him at that hour, before and after it, for a long period, in another part of the city. The witness evidently spoke honestly, and the judges for a moment seemed puzzled, and whispered together in consultation.

An officer was quietly summoned to the seat of the judges, and some directions were whispered to him, after which the prisoner

was again engaged in answering fresh questions from the judges. In the meantime I observed the officer just referred to, approach the little table beside which the prisoner stood, and without attracting his attention, deposit something upon it as he passed. When he had left the table I saw laying there a bright stiletto, or dagger, which had not been there before! The judges continued their questions for some moments longer, when there was a momentary pause, and the prisoner turning from them noticed the weapon upon the table, and apparently all unconscious of what he did, placed it in his bosom, in the usual place where the Italians wear the dagger.

The singularity of permitting the prisoner thus to arm himself, struck me for a moment, and I even turned to a friend hard by, and referred to the circumstance; but a certain sinister expression of the judge's face, who had thus far acted as the spokesman of the rest, caused me to pause and watch for some *denouement*, that I half realised was about to follow the act of the prisoner's possessing himself of the weapon, that the officer had so lately placed upon the table. My friend had already divined the course of the whole business, and bid me be silent, for the judge was about to address the accused.

"Why have you placed that stiletto in your bosom?" asked the judge.

"Because it is the usual place where I carry it," was the unconscious answer.

"Then the weapon is your own?" asked the judge.

"Whose else could it be?"

"You acknowledge that it is your stiletto?"

"I d.!" replied the half hesitating prisoner, now seeing his own danger, and realizing the fearful power of this *silent witness!*

"Take the prisoner hence," said the judge, "he dies to-morrow!"

Such was the brief, summary, but just trial of a culprit, a murderer. The dagger, though it bore no evidence of being his, was yet identified as his property, by placing it thus within his reach. It had been found that morning in the room of the murdered girl, where this Carlo Stozzi had dropped it after murdering Surette, actuated by a fit of jea-

lousy. On the morrow Carlo Stozzi was beheaded!

But the sequel of this story is the strangest of all. Being in the quarter of the town a short time afterward where the crime was committed, I paused before the house, and seeing a young girl there, I reverted to the sad murder that had been committed there so lately.

"Murder?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, of Surette, by one Carlo Stozzi."

"It was *nearly* a murder," she repeated.

"Nearly?"

"Yes; have you not heard that Surette breathed again some hours after they thought her dead, and finally that she moved?"

"No."

"I am Surette!" she replied, dropping me a low curtsy.

"And did you not love Carlo Stozzi?"

"Not I; he was bold and bad."

I opened my eyes in amazement, and walked on, musing upon the subject, and *that silent witness!*

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GEORGIANA THE ACTRESS.

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She had been educated as a dancer from infancy. She had been on the stage all her life—had literally grown up behind the scenes of a theatre. Her parents were respectable, though it is difficult to define their position in the social scale. At the time I knew her, her mother was paralytic and bed-ridden. Her father was enfeebled by age, and could only earn a pittance by copying law papers. Georgiana, the ballet girl, their only child, by her energetic exertions, supplied the whole wants of the family.—And what were those exertions? The mind of the most imaginative reader could hardly picture what I know to be a reality.

Georgiana's parents kept no servants; she discharged all the duties of the household—cooking, washing, sewing, everything. From daylight till midnight not a moment of her time was unemployed. She must be at rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock, and she had two miles and a half to walk to the theatre. Before that hour she had the morning meal for her parents to prepare, her



marketing to accomplish, her household arrangements for the day to make; if early in the week, her ironing; if at the close, her sewing, for she made all her own and her mother's dresses. At what hour in the morning must she have risen?

Her ten o'clock rehearsal lasted from two to four hours—more frequently the latter.—But watch her at the theatre, and you never found her hands idle. When she was not on the stage you were sure of discovering her in some quiet corner—knitting lace, cutting grate aprons out of tissue paper, making artificial flowers, or embroidering articles of fancy work, by the sale of which she relieved her mother's wants. After dinner she received a class of children, to whom she taught dancing for a trifling sum. If she had half an hour to spare, she assisted her father in copying law papers. Then tea must be prepared, and her mother arranged comfortably for the night. Her long walks to the theatre must be accomplished at least half an hour before the curtain rose—barely time to make her toilet. If she was belated by her home avocations, she was compelled to run the whole distance. I have known this to occur. Not to be ready for the stage would have subjected her to a forfeit. Between the acts, or when she was not on the stage, there she sat in the snug corner of the green room, dressed as a fairy, or a maid of honour, or a peasant, or a page, with a bit of work in her hands, only laying down the needle, which her fingers made fly, when she was summoned by the call boy, or required to change her costume by the necessities of the play.— Sometimes she was at liberty at ten o'clock, but oftener not until half past eleven, and then there was the long walk home before her.

Her mother generally awoke at the hour when Georgiana was expected, and a fresh round of filial duties was to be performed.— Had not the wearied limbs which that poor ballet girl had laid upon her couch earned her repose? Are there many whose refreshment is so deserved?—whose rising up and lying down are surrounded by a circle so holy? No one ever heard her murmur.— Her fragile form spoke of strength overtasked; it was more careworn than her face.

That had always a look of busy serenity off the stage, a softly animated expression when occupied before an audience in the duties of her profession. She had a ready smile when addressed—a meek reply when rudely chided by the churlish ballet master, or despotic stage manager. Many a time I have seen the tears dropping upon her work; but if they were noticed, she would brush them away, and say she was a fool and cried for nothing.

Her answer to a sympathizing "How weary you must be at night," "Yes; but I am so thankful I have health to go through so much. What would become of my poor mother, or of my father, if I felt ill?" How many are there who could render an account of their stewardship as this poor girl may do in the hereafter? How many can say with her, that life has been

"One perpetual growth of heavenward enterprise."

And this flower blossomed within the walls of a theatre; was the indigenious growth of that theatre—a *wall flower*, if you like—but still sending up the rich fragrance of gratitude to Him by whose hand it was fashioned. To the eye of the pharisee—who denounces all dramatic representations, while with self-applauding righteousness he boldly approaches the throne of mercy—this ballet girl, like the poor publican, stood "afar off." To the eyes of the great Judge, which stood the nearer?

Her devotion to her parents was the strongest impulse of her nature. In her early youth she had been engaged to a young man, a musician belonging to the orchestra. They had been betrothed for several years. Some fairer face—though he could scarcely have found a sweeter—had rendered him faithless. She bore her deep sorrow with that lovely submission which elevates and purifies the spirit, but gave her heart away no more. The breath of slander had never shadowed her name. Gayer girls in the theatre used to designate her as the "old maid;" but this was the hardest word any one ever applied to Georgiana. Was not such a heart as hers what Elizabeth Barrett Browning has described as

"A fair still home well kept,  
Which humble thoughts had swept,  
And holy prayers made clean.

## THE CANKERED ROSE OF TIVOLI.

ALLANDALE and other places are in this country celebrated for their roses. Who has not heard of a rose with violet eyes or a lily breast, or teeth of pearl, or even taper fingers? In musical botany such flowers are frequently described; there is no doubt about them. I speak here of a rose belonging to a sister art, a rose belonging to the botany of painters. This flower has a sickly odour strongly impregnated with the fumes of wine, is of a dark brown colour, tall, and has a coarse bold handsomness of feature. It is not a lovely woman, but an ugly man: at least a man morally ugly—Philip Roos—who, being a German or a Dutchman, settled at Tivoli, and, naturalised, among the people of the sunny south, had his name converted into soft Italian, and was and is commonly known as the Rose of Tivoli. A century or two ago he was a cheery fellow, and he still lives in his pictures.

The Dutchmen claim him, and may have him if they like: so at least I should say if I were a German; for it is so much a worse thing to be a bad man than it is a good thing to be a good animal painter, that I should like better to repudiate than claim a share in the Roos blood. If he were Dutch by race, he was a German by birth, for he was born at Frankfort-on-Maine in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five. Because his life is a story I propose to tell it, without departure by a hair's breadth from the truth. Should this meet the eye of any person who has a humiliating consciousness that he could never paint a cow fit for posterity to look at, let such a person be at ease and sit contented in his easy-chair uncared-for by Europe. For his large contentment let him read this story of the Rose of Tivoli.

The old Rose, Henry Philip's father, was a painter who had lived at Frankfort and been very careful of his gains. Miserly fathers commonly make spendthrift sons. Old Roos one night being burnt out of his house rushed back into the flames to save some of his treasures. He collected what he could, and took especial care to secure a costly gold-lipped vase of porcelain. On his way out he stumbled. The vase dropped

from his hand. The porcelain was broken, but the miser stopped to gather up the gold. Smoke covered him, and he did not rise again. He died for the gold lips of his vase, as younger gentlemen are frequently said to have died for ruby lips on vessels of more precious clay.

That I may not begin my tale too soon, let me add that Philip Roos of Tivoli had not only a father, but also a brother, and that he too was a remarkably odd man. He was not miserly, he was not cheery, but he was magnificent. His name was Nicolas, and he too was a painter. He lived at Frankfort in an enormous house, though he was as poor as any church mouse that inhabits a cathedral. He had an immense train of miserable servants—a set of ragged creatures—who moved to and fro like a large colony of ghosts by whom the edifice was garrisoned. That was the state of Nicolas; he had grand furniture as well as a great mansion; the only vexation was that he and his people generally wanted victuals. When he had sold a picture for a good price, and received the money, he would come home snuffing the air. His hungry servants knew then by the height of his nose how much he had with him, and there was instantly a running to and fro with the most eager preparation for festivity. Fire was kindled on the cold hearths, lamps were lighted, the artist's wife wore sumptuous attire, and Nicolas enjoyed the luxury of princely pomp until the money was all gone. His establishment then starved or lived upon their credit, and the ghostly garrison of lacqueys held the fortress against all assaults from the besieging duns. If the siege became too hot the painter worked with zeal and finished a new picture. "The poor creature," says Weyerman, "took up and put down his brush as often as a suitor puts his hat off and on in the antechamber of a prince." Sometimes when matters went so very ill with him the distracted magnifico ordered all doors to be shut, and immured himself and his men alive in the house as in a mausoleum.

The brother of this Nicolas was Philip Roos—the Rose of Tivoli. In his youth he had been encouraged and protected by a liberal and kindly patron, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who attached him to his court,

encouraged him, and developed rapidly his talent. Further to assist in his development he placed in the young painter's hands a considerable sum of money, and bade him go and become perfect in his art by studying in Italy.

One day when Philip, then aged about thirty, was in the Campagna of Rome, sketching from nature, there drove by an elegant carriage in which was a prosperous old gentleman, with white hairs, a painter, who enjoyed great fame and a thriving business, Hyacinth Brandi. The old gentleman stopped his horses and alighted to examine Philip's canvass. That was the first meeting of the Hyacinth with the Rose. Great masters of painting in those days in Rome and Florence habitually spoke to the pupils whom they found sketching about the country, assumed a sociable paternal tone, corrected errors, gave advice, even made alterations on the canvass, and sometimes presented aid in money to such students as were poor. Italy was a studio in which the painters lived together upon terms that became men who were of one liberal profession, members as it were of the same household. Hyacinth Brandi liked Roos's goats so much, and was so much surprised at his rapidity of touch, that as he wanted somebody to paint good animals into some pictures of his own, he hospitably bade the young man to his house

Philip went willingly. Brandi had commissions by the dozen on his hands, and he had also a charming daughter. Of the charming daughter, and Italian beauty, Philip had a passing glimpse on his first visit, and for her sake when he went up to Brandi's painting room he recklessly praised everything that he saw so as to obtain at once free invitation to the old man's intimacy. He took pains to find out in the course of a few days that Hyacinth's daughter inhabited a wing of the house abutting on an inner garden. One day, therefore, calling when Hyacinth was busy, he said that he would wait his leisure in the garden; and having marched thither, lay under a tree to look out for the windows of the lady. When he had found out where they were, he stationed himself under them, and as soon as Miss Brandi appeared at her casement made her

a courteous bow. She was surprised; but, as she saw that it was a handsome young man who bowed, she smiled as she shut the window and departed. From that point the Rose proceeded in due time to conversations and to the winning of the lady's heart. She had agreed to marry him. A cruel father then discovered these proceedings, forbade Philip admission to his house, and shut up his daughter in a nunnery. In his anger he repeated twenty times a day that "she was not reared for a painter of beasts."

Philip Roos was a German and a Protestant, but as he was not at all particular about his religion, it occurred to him that he could do nothing better than renounce his errors, and throwing himself on the bosom of the Church, Miss Brandi's mother, ask of the mother what the father had denied him—the young lady's hand in marriage. He went therefore one morning to the house of the cardinal-vicar, and represented himself as a man awakened to a sense of his own heresy; the prelate was charmed, and, claiming him for his own convert, gave him instruction and enjoyed the honour of presenting him as his own gift to the holy Church. Then the painter told the cardinal the story of his love, and asked for help. On the day following, the cardinal called on the Pope, the Pope asked who was the father of the young lady.

"Brandi the painter."

"Very well," he said, "then they are both painters. There is no disparity of condition; I can see no obstacle."

Hyacinth was sent for to the Vatican; it was no matter to the Pope whether Roos painted men or beasts or stones, the young convert deserved his reward, and Brandi, compelled to restrain his pride, gave up his daughter.

On the day after the wedding, Philip Roos sent back to the old man all the girl's clothes, even to her shoes and stockings saying that a painter of beasts wanted none of his frippery, and that her beauty was his wife's sufficient ornament. Brandi, who was a very rich man, thereupon disinherited his daughter, and left her entirely to her husband's care.

He had taken her to a strange dwelling near Tivoli, at some distance from Rome.

The house was formed out of the ruins of an ancient monument, and was situated in a sort of zoological garden that was full of birds, and beasts instead of flowers. Inside and outside it was peopled by pet rats and mice, dogs and cats, oxen and asses, goats, vultures, owls, and other such company. These were the painter's models that he kept about him, and it was no pleasant discovery for the poor wife to make during her honeymoon, when it appeared that her husband was not a whit less brutal than his oxen and his goats. He never stayed long with her, for he was a cheery fellow who had both his business and his tavern friends at Rome. The beautiful young lady soon found herself left by the week together in the old ruin which was more picturesque than comfortable, bewildered by the incessant concert made out of the crowing of cocks, clucking of hens, grunting of pigs, barking of dogs, miaowing of cats, bleating of goats, screeching of owls, lowing of oxen, all occasionally enriched by the finer tenor notes of the ass who had the best voice in the company; Weyerman says that any traveller coming upon the young Roman girl, living there all alone with such companions, might have taken her for a Circe surrounded by the victims of her enchantment. The creatures seemed to be all besieging her with cries for restoration to their pristine shapes. Poor girl, the only victim to her charms was herself.

Roos and his servants used to quit her, and set out for Rome, where the master spent rolicking days in taverns, and when money failed dashed off a picture which the man sold to the first purchaser who would give for it enough to keep the merry game alive. His pictures were in this way made so cheap that they lost all respectability and formed but a poor source of subsistence to their author. Yet his genius had no rival then upon the spot, and he might easily have become a wealthy man.

The society of painters from the Netherlands at Rome—a society that called itself the Bent—styled Roos, Mercury, for his rapidity, a quality in which he was equalled by no other artist of his time. Count Martenitz, an Austrian ambassador, and

General Roos, a Swede, famous for duelling propensities, once disputed on the subject of the speed of hand that characterized Philip Roos the painter. The Count betted a number of gold pieces that Philip would begin and complete a picture while they played a certain game of cards, that usually occupied about thirty minutes; as we might now say, while they played a rubber. The bet was taken, and the painter readily enough submitted to the the trial. Easel and brushes were brought into the drawing room and a canvass of the size usually employed or the sketching of a head—a *tela di testa*—was laid upon the easel to be filled. The gentlemen sat down to their cards, and Roos began to paint. Before the game was over he informed them that his work was done. He had covered the canvass with a shepherd and two or three sheep and goats placed in the middle of a landscape. The general paid his lost bet, of which some of the gold pieces went into the hands of the artist, who, within a few hours, managed to transfer them to the pocket of a tavern-keeper.

The same painter once having aspired to execute a grand piece, took a canvass forty feet square. In sixteen days he filled it, having put upon it in that time six hundred figures of animals. In the foreground were horses and oxen of the size of life; others were in the distance, and they were all so well designed and grouped, and placed in so complete a landscape, that nothing but the united testimony of many people would induce belief that he had not spent many months in the production of the piece; for, notwithstanding his rapidity, his work was good: of course his best pictures were those that he had composed with care and much deliberation, but in his most rapid painting he was always accurate in outline, harmonious in colour, and above all remarkable for skill in grouping, and for the variety of effect that he had at his command. His backgrounds were all different. He never repeated himself, and he drew animals of any kind, not being addicted specially to dogs or cows or goats or sheep.

These were the talents that he wasted. They scarcely paid his tavern bills and ill maintained his wife. That ill-fated woman

lived as she could, hungrily at Tivoli, not only wanting proper maintenance herself but unable to provide properly for the animals that constantly distracted her with hungry cries. When her husband came to her sometimes for a few days and brought with him a very little money he was deaf to all her pleadings. Then she fell into a melancholy silence, and he found her dull, so that he travelled back the sooner to his jolly company.

The painter's servant took advantage of his master's folly. That shrewd follower had saved a little money and he borrowed more. Then when the Roos of Tivoli got caught in a tavern he painted a picture whereby to effect his escape and sent off his man to sell it "to the first dealer he found who was not too much a thief;" the man carried it to a room of his own, looked it up and brought back out of his own money, as if from the dealers, whatever price he supposed would be enough to satisfy his master. In that way he had not only accumulated a great number of Roos's works, but at the same time withheld them from the market and enhanced their money value. When Roos died he sold off his collection and acquired a little fortune.

Of Philip as of his brother Nicholas, it was easy to see at a glance whether he had or had not any money in his pocket. His contemporaries have recorded that whenever he had an empty pocket he sneaked along the house-walls with a bowed head and a contrite look, and dived into an alley if he saw any one of his acquaintances upon his path. When he had dollars in his pocket he held up his head, poked out his chest, rested a hand upon a hip and snuffed the air. He charged down then upon any comrade whom he saw, shook hands with him and dragged him off whether he would or not, to treat him at a tavern. All this time his wife pined in the old ruin at Tivoli, ceasing to think of him and mourning for her father who was dead, and had cursed her in his dying hour.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel who had sent Philip Roos to Rome, not hearing from him or receiving any pictures, supposed that he was dead too, and coming afterwards by chance to Rome himself, about the years sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, was vexed to find

how ill his patronage had been rewarded. Roos for a time avoided meeting him; but was at last urged to present himself and honestly confess his errors. The landgrave received him kindly, and asked for a picture which the painter vowed he should have. But, rapid artist as he was, and great were his obligations to the langrave, both for social aid and for hard money given to him, he did not spend ten minutes in a picture for him. He sent nothing and again kept out of his way.

While he was thus wasting his opportunities and powers, Philip Roos on one occasion went to Tivoli, and was met with more than the ordinary clamour from his birds and beasts, who surrounded his house with the urgent, painful cries of creatures that for many hours had not been fed. He ran to his wife's chamber and found her white and still upon her bed, her fatal beauty marred with the few lines that had been left there by a long despair. In her cold right hand there was a piece of paper firmly grasped; it was the last letter written to her by her father; she had died thinking of him, and not of Philip.

The husband was not capable of worthy grief. He plunged into fresh excesses, became prematurely haggard, staggered about the streets enveloped in the odours of the wine shop, and died, at fifty, of decrepitude. The Italians, embarrassed by his German name, called this great painter the Rose of Tivoli. A great painter, but a little man.

After all, perhaps, the immortality of genius, taken alone, is not worth envying. He is both a great man and a happy man who knows how to be respectable as he is clever; but sever the two qualities, and who would not rather be the honest man of Hackney than such an ever-blooming Rose as that which, by help of the clever little memoir lately compiled from the first authorities by M. Alfred Michiels, has been here depicted?

CHARITY, OR LOVE.—The desire of power to excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge to excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.—*Bacon.*

## A FEW SIMPLE FACTS FROM DOG TRUSTY.

Having watched my master at his writing, I have fortunately picked up something of the art, and write, as you may perceive, a very tolerable paw, by which I am enabled to state to the public some of the grievances under which I and my brethren labour; hoping, thereby, to awaken their compunction. They have become so familiar with the wrongs which they inflict on us that it is not unlikely that they never reflect on them! It is indeed very mortifying to me and my fellow dogs, who have been emphatically called "the friends of men," to have insults and affronts heaped upon us. The friends of man, indeed! And good reason to be so. The usage he receives may be gathered from what our masters themselves imply, when they speak of any one who has been ill-treated! "He has," they say, "been used worse than a dog;" even their own ideas of ill-usage cannot go beyond *that*. Abuse of character, disposition, or manners, is never considered complete unless the epithet, *dog*, is added. I will not speak of the personal injuries which we have received at the hands of him who has been pleased to call us his especial friends. I might, indeed, tell of the barbarous coercion resorted to, in what they call *breaking us*; I might advert to the cruelties of lopping tails and ears, and worming tongues; I might allude to chains, and that badge of slavery, the collar, to which so many among us have been compelled to submit; I might, indeed, descant on the hardships we endure, and the confinement to which we are frequently subjected; but I shall restrict myself merely to the insults and affronts which are put upon us. Noble animals they allow us to be—but does this acknowledgment agree with the derision and contempt which they cast upon our name, a *cut-throat dog*, a *con-founded dog*, a *cowardly dog*, a *mean dog*, a *sneaking dog*, a *dirty dog*, a *stupid hound*? Their name for a spendthrift is a *good-for-nothing dog*. Don't I hear the way they go on, if a servant neglects his business? He is forsooth an *idle dog*, a *lazy dog*. Pray who takes care of the house when all the family are tucked up in their warm beds?

Who is it then, I'd be glad to know, who is idle, who is lazy then? Is it indeed we who take our rounds of the premises at the dead hour of the night, to see that all is safe, and to give warning of approaching danger? Is that lazy? The term used to a presuming fellow is *impudent dog*. Are we impudent, then, who are ready to do our master's bidding at every turn, who never assert a will of our own, or consult our own comfort and convenience? And yet we are held up as an example of all that is vile, base, and mean and disagreeable, from the very moment our eyes are opened? Nay, I might say before: if an insufferable dandy appears, he is called a *conceited puppy*. Even in the very chiding of their children they have their sneer at us; "troublesome cur" and "mischievous whelp" are their terms of reprehension, and they think are the worst names they can call them. We never remember to have once heard of them saying of one whom they wished to commend, "the good dog," "the industrious dog," "the gentlemanly dog," "the unaffected puppy," "the intellectual hound," "the engaging cur," or "the sweet whelp;" no, no, they tack the word *dog* to everything they wish to stamp as disagreeable or contemptible, a *dogmatical man*, they say, of one who takes on him too much in giving his opinion; those who are morose or cross they are called *dogged*; to such a degree do they carry their wish to depreciate us, that they add the word *dog* whenever they would express worthlessness. The rose which they think undeserving of cultivation they have named them the *dogrose*; the lowest and most despicable rhymes they designate *doggerel*. They say *dog cheap* of what brings no profit in the sale; *dogs' meat* is the very refuse of the market, the *offal*, which they think good enough for us—for us who help them to catch their game, and furnish out their tables with the choicest dainties; who watch their flocks that they may have their mutton. Even if the leaves of their books are crumpled, they say they are *dog-eared*; they tell you, that one who has ruined himself by misconduct has gone to the dogs;—how obliging! The dogs, I can tell them, have other company to keep. In fact, everything hateful or disagreeable

suggests the idea of a dog. As gay as a lark, as merry as a cricket, as busy as a bee, as gentle as a lamb, all give a pleasing idea; and even "you monkey," is accompanied by a caress. Not one instance can be mentioned in which we have been favourably named. When dead sick, they will tell you they are sick as a *dog*; when fainting with fatigue, they are as tired as a *dog*. They even go out of their way to heap affronts upon us; their ridiculous man in the play is called *Dogberry*; and the incensed Jew speaks in his wrath of having been called *dog*, as the greatest insult which could have been offered; and yet they all say that we are fine noble creatures, and pretend to love us; but this soft sawder is a poor set-off for all the affronts which they put on us. They know in their hearts that we are better than they are, and they feel their dependence on us. Happening to cast my eye on a book which lay open on the table at the word *dog*, for it was a dictionary by one Doctor Johnson, who, it seems, is a great authority here in England, I read this,—“*Dog*, a particle added to anything to mark its meanness and degeneracy; *dog-trick*, surly or brutal treatment; *dog-days*, vulgarly repeated unwholesome; *dog-fly*, a voracious biting fly;” even in sifting their grain, the loose part of the meal is known as *dogsbolt*—food only fit for us!—“*doggish*, churlish, brutal; *dog-hearted*, cruel, pitiless, malicious; *dog-hole*, a vile hole, a mean habitation.” They even turn us into a verb, for the sake of another insult, “to *dog*, to follow insidiously.” I’d be glad, after all, to know what they would do without us. What would they do at their coursings, their shootings, their huntings, if we were not along with them? Pray who used to roast their meat for them, in what they call the good old times? What man of them all would have worked at the spit as we did when we were almost as much done as the meat we turned for them? They often bring up an old story against us, something about a dog and a man; a story that never was authenticated. I would be glad to know who would be shown up, if we were to tell but the half of what we hear and see. It is said that it is more difficult to forgive insults than injuries; and every one must know that

patience has its limits—I will say nothing of open rebellion, we are too loyal for *that*; but passive opposition might be irresistible. Now just suppose we were to go to sleep in our kennels at a treasonable hour every night, and let the robbers come if they will. What harm can they do us? They cannot rob us of money or valuables. Where would be the game if we declined to set or retrieve? Where would be the coursing or the hunting if we would not so much as look at a fox or a hare? Who would keep the sheepfolds if we walked another way? Though we have been derided and treated with contempt, we are not without power; and if men will take from us our good name, let them beware: they may yet be left in the lurch; they may find some bright spring morning, when mounted on their hunters, and when the huntsman’s horn is echoed from the hills, no hound to answer to the well-known call; instead of the exhilarating cry of the eager dogs, a silence which they may deplore but cannot break. This is a hint in time from

DOG TRUSTY.

St. JOHN BAPTIST—MIDSUMMER DAY.—This festival was instituted in 488, to commemorate the nativity of the Baptist. It is the Midsummer Term day, and, on the evening preceeding, it was customary, until the year 1529, to set the Midsummer watch with much circumstance and splendour of procession. Those were days when gas-lumps and peelers were unknown and undreamed of, and when the good city of London required an army of mounted watch and cresset-bearers to protect the citizens from outrage.

TRANSMIGRATION.—A Grand Lama, or high priest of Buddiah, never dies; he transmigrates. Shortly after, what ordinary mortals calls his death, intelligence is received from Thibet by his Mongol worshippers that he has reappeared in the person of a child. His disciples immediately proceed on a long and perilous journey to the place of his metamorphosis, and having satisfied themselves, in their peculiar way, that the young chaberon is none other than their own Lama, they conduct him in triumph to the Lamasery, where he is to be very deity, the Buddiah himself.



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXVI.

(Major and Doctor seated in front of the Shanty, smoking.)

MAJOR.—What a pity that tobacco had not been discovered in the days of Mahomet!

DOCTOR.—May I crave your most "exquisite reason" for enunciating such a regret?

MAJOR.—If the Prophet had been cognizant of the million charms of the glorious narcotic, he would have replenished his paradise with pipes and cigars, and so invested that mythical clearing with charms far out-climaxing the wishy-washy attractions of honey and milk!

DOCTOR.—Why, you are as enthusiastic an adorer of the weed as Byron himself! With what gusto does the bard celebrate its praises:

"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest,  
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides  
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides:  
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,  
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand:  
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe.  
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe:  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazzlingly when darning in full dress:  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!"

MAJOR.—I enter my protest against the doctrine promulgated in the closing couplet of your quotation! Whilst conceding that the cigar is not devoid of charms, they can never compare with the blandishments of a clay tube!

DOCTOR.—Much may be said on both sides, as honest Sir Roger De Coverly hath it; but what

brown study have you now fallen into? Like Guido's head, you look as if you were looking at something beyond this earth!

MAJOR.—Pardon my abstraction! The surpassing beauty of this twilight scene constrained me to bend in silent homage before the glorious Architect thereof! Do you remember these unrivalled lines of Wordsworth:—

"——— I have seen

A curious child, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,  
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul  
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy: for murmuring from within  
Were heard sonorous cadences! whereby,  
To his belief, the monitor express'd  
Mysterious union with his native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of faith: and doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things:  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power:  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation!"

DOCTOR.—How the darkened eye-balls of John Milton would have dilated if he could have heard that magnificent outburst of holy melody!

MAJOR.—I say, Sangrado, what military man is that who is riding up the avenue?

DOCTOR.—Nay, how can I tell? Did you not invite one of our friends from the barracks to share our vesper symposium?

MAJOR.—Not that I remember. But hush! The equestrian, whoever he may be, is uplifting his voice in song. Surely these tones are not unfamiliar to mine ear.



[*Stranger sings.*]

"Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the  
sea,  
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,  
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh the braid swords of auld Scotland!  
And oh the auld Scottish braid swords!"

DOCTOR.—I could make affidavit that I have likewise heard that voice before, but I cannot condescend upon any holder of Her Majesty's commission who owns it. Here comes another screed of the warlike canticle!

[*Stranger continues.*]

"Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the  
Forth,  
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the north,  
Then go, blazon their numbers, their names, and their  
worth.

All the braid swords of auld Scotland!  
And all the auld Scottish braid swords!"

MAJOR.—By the bones of the Bruce of Bannockburn, I am blessed if it is not Bonnie Braes!

DOCTOR.—You are right, Crabtree; but how comes the quiet priest of Ceres to be sporting the livery of Mars?

MAJOR.—Here he is to answer for himself!

LAIRD [*reining up his nag, and making the military salute*].—Hoo's a' wi' ye, bairns? But I must finish my sang!

"The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,  
Stand united in glory, as kindred in grace,  
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.

Oh the braid swords of auld Scotland!  
And oh the auld Scottish braid swords!"

DOCTOR.—In the name of wonder, Laird, what is the meaning of this mysterious masquerade?

LAIRD.—Nae masquerade at a', ye auld mixer o' Epsom sauts! I hae as guid a richt to wear this dress, as ye hae to prin the letters M.D. after your name! Masquerade, indeed! Set the body up, and shove him furrit!

MAJOR.—Peace, thou railing agriculturist, and read us the apparent riddle of thy raiment.

LAIRD.—Let me get down frae my gelding first. Here, Jock, ye born sorrow! tak' Sowans, and turn him into the pasture field! If I catch ye riding the pair beast, confound me if I dinna cut aff your worthless lugs, and mak' ye eat them without saut! Weel do I ken your tricks, evil buckie that ye are!

DOCTOR.—Quench your thirst, Laird, from this poculum, and then take the cork out of your mouth, that we may drink in your tidings!

LAIRD.—I dinna ken what *poculum* means; but there's nae mistaking the virtues o' that draught! Hech, sirs, but there's a charm in a

"Richt gude-willie waught"

o' strong yill to a worn-out soldier, that's far beyond the poor o' man to describe!

MAJOR.—Worn-out soldier! What do you mean?

LAIRD.—Neither less or mair than that I am a Captain in the Queen's Canadian Militia, and that I am just come frae the annual training o' oor Invincible Battalion!

MAJOR.—I cry you a thousand pardons, most noble Captain, for not sooner guessing how the case really stood! And pray, how did the inspection go off?

LAIRD.—Oo, na that ill! The troops turned out brawly, considering the thrang time o' year!

DOCTOR.—The whole scene is patent to my mental vision!

LAIRD.—Nae doubt you're a witch o' a guesser! Gie us the benefit o' your second sight!

DOCTOR.—There is the Colonel, looking magnificent as Nebuchadnezzar, and valorous as Alexander the Great, but sorely incommoded by the unwonted weapon which hangs at his thigh. There is the Adjutant *jeering* and *having* to the full privates, in order to get them into something like order. There are the men with their hands buried in the recesses of their pockets, exhibiting all the tokens of people who "cannot help it," and casting many a glance towards the canteen, *alias* the bar-room! There is the Laird——

LAIRD.—Shut up, ye ill-tongued tinkler! Another word oot o' your mouth, against the noble service to which I belong, and I'll thrav your neck before the world is twa minutes aulder!

MAJOR.—But, Bonnie Braes——

LAIRD.—And div ye mean to say that ye defend that auld quack in running doon the militia o' this Province? What wud we do, I should like to ken, without such an establishment?

MAJOR.—Far be it from me to assert or affirm that Canada requires no force of the description in question. On the contrary, I have ever held that it is indispensable for our security and well-being.

LAIRD.—And if such be your sentiments, what tempted ye to side wi' that auld ne'er-do-weel, when he was rifting oot his jeers and jibes?

MAJOR.—Simply because our militia system, as at present constituted, is the most sorry and contemptible of all mundane humbugs! It is a shadow without a substance! a name, without one atom of flesh, skin, or bone!

DOCTOR.—Hear, hear, hear!

LAIRD.—Carry on, Crahtree, and never mind that roaring gowk!

MAJOR.—There is no necessity for my enlarging upon the humiliating theme. The idiotical absurdity of the thing must be self-evident to every reflecting mind. What discipline, let me ask, can be communicated to a *drove* of civilians in the space of an annual half hour? Why, it would take double that time to convince Hodge and Pat that it was unsoldierlike to smoke in the ranks, or to demonstrate, to their comprehension, that the feet of a soldier should not form a conjunction like the blades of a pair of scissors!

DOCTOR.—Hear, hear, hear!

LAIRD.—For ony sake, haud your tongue, man, if you should be paid for sae doing! There is some truth, Culpepper, in your observations; but what remedy would ye propose for the evil?

MAJOR.—Why, I have not given the matter sufficient consideration to enable me to return a satisfactory answer to your enquiry. My respected friend, General A——, of Toronto Township, once proposed the organization of *skeleton companies*, and my judgment freely admitted the reasonableness and practicability of his scheme.

LAIRD.—And what was the General's plan?

MAJOR.—That gallant and experienced officer has promised to favour me with a full detail of his theory, and I shall probably have the pleasure of submitting it to you, at an early seditur. In the meantime, permit me to dismiss the question by remarking that *Training Days*, at present are the most indefensible of all conceivable absurdities! The men lose a precious day's work for no purpose, and, besides, are tempted to dissipate their reason and their hard-earned money in the bar-room. As for the officers——

LAIRD.—Gang on; I'm no' thin-skinned!

MAJOR.—As for the officers, they can be likened and compared to nothing else than overgrown, lubberly, mush-brained children, *playing* at Colonels and Captains for the amusement of boys and the scorn and contempt of sensible women!

LAIRD.—No anither word! What ye hae said is bitter as aloes; but then, there is a glimmering o' truth about it! No long ago, I shaved my beard at your bidding, and noo I'll strip aff my warlike coat, if you'll only lend me a pea-jacket or a dressing-gown!

DOCTOR.—*Vade in pace!*

LAIRD.—Nane o' your Welsh, ye pedantic reprobate! [*Exit.*]

MAJOR.—Coming from war to literature, have you read *Aubrey*, the new fiction by the author of *Castle Avon* and *Ravenscliffe*?

DOCTOR.—I have not. Does it sustain the clever writer's reputation?

MAJOR.—Most thoroughly! It is a story of surpassing power, replete with nerve and sinew. Though fagged and jaded when I took up the volume, I could not relinquish it till I had come to anchor at *finis*!

DOCTOR.—That is the description of criticism which I like best! Commend me to the tale which says to the winking eye, "keep open!"

MAJOR.—Though dealing with the characters and situations of every-day life, there is nothing common-place about *Aubrey*. It is just the kind of novel which Kit Marlow might have written, if living in the days of Queen Victoria instead of those of good Queen Bess.

DOCTOR.—Pray lend me, or loan me (as Jonathan would say) the production you praise so highly, and accept, by way of excambion, this very readable duodecimo.

MAJOR.—What name does it answer to?

DOCTOR.—*Twenty Years in the Philippines*.

MAJOR.—And the author?

DOCTOR.—Paul P. De La Gironiere, Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honour.

MAJOR.—Many thanks for putting the book in my way! I have long wished to be indoctrinated minutely touching these same Philippines.

DOCTOR.—In the Chevalier's volume you will find abundance of "sustentation." Though the style of honest Paul is a trifle too *French* for my taste, he presents his reader with a mass of information, statistical as well as descriptive, touching those interesting possessions of Spain, which could not be gleaned from any other source.

MAJOR.—What may be the number of these same Philippines?

DOCTOR.—I shall answer your question by reading you an extract from the work:—

The Philippines are a large group of islands in the North Pacific Ocean, and were discovered by Magellan in 1521; they were afterwards taken possession of by the Spaniards, in the reign of Philip II, from whom they take their name. The islands are said to be eleven hundred in number, but some hundreds of them are very small, and all are nominally subject to the Spanish government at Manilla.

In order to give the reader an idea of their riches, and the vast resources they can furnish to Spain, I shall here give some details of the division of the country into provinces, with the

number of towns contained in each, of the population, and of the various branches of industry exercised by the Indians, and, finally, a description of the principal agricultural products.

DIVISION OF ALL THE PHILIPPINES INTO PROVINCES AND MARKET-TOWN DISTRICTS, AND THEIR POPULATION, ACCORDING TO THE CENSUS TAKEN IN 1833.

Provinces.	Number of Towns.	Population.
Tondo . . . . .	30 . . . . .	285,030
Bulacan . . . . .	18 . . . . .	187,735
Pampanga . . . . .	26 . . . . .	182,360
Bataan . . . . .	10 . . . . .	38,920
Zambales . . . . .	15 . . . . .	39,510
Pangasinan . . . . .	31 . . . . .	215,635
Ilocos (South) . . . . .	23 . . . . .	206,085
Ilocos (North) . . . . .	14 . . . . .	190,160
Islas Batanes . . . . .	3 . . . . .	800
Cagayan . . . . .	34 . . . . .	107,600
Nueva Ecija . . . . .	15 . . . . .	23,285
Laguna . . . . .	33 . . . . .	135,810
Batangas . . . . .	13 . . . . .	196,695
Cavite . . . . .	10 . . . . .	83,019
Tayabas . . . . .	16 . . . . .	77,315
Camarineo (North) . . . . .	11 . . . . .	25,035
Camarineo (South) . . . . .	27 . . . . .	187,315
Albai . . . . .	38 . . . . .	139,595
Zamboanga . . . . .	2 . . . . .	10,000
Misamis . . . . .	23 . . . . .	35,180
Caraga . . . . .	30 . . . . .	30,501
Leite . . . . .	31 . . . . .	91,275
Samar . . . . .	28 . . . . .	92,730
Zebu . . . . .	38 . . . . .	203,555
Isla de Negros . . . . .	23 . . . . .	60,980
Haila . . . . .	31 . . . . .	232,055
Antique . . . . .	11 . . . . .	78,250
Capis . . . . .	22 . . . . .	115,440
Calamianes . . . . .	12 . . . . .	20,730
Mindoro . . . . .	8 . . . . .	41,190
		3,345,790

In this number—3,345,790—of inhabitants, which constitute all the population under the Spanish Government, are comprised from 25,000 to 31,000 Chinese. Exclusive of this population there exist unknown number of Indians, who, to avoid the payment of taxes, have found means to escape from the census; and also the wild savages in the interior of the island of Luzon, whose number there is no means of knowing.

MAJOR.—If Spain had any skill in colony work, what wealth she might extract from such a source! But she lacks *the root of the matter*, as Bonnie Braes would say.

[Laird appears.]

LAIRD.—What's that you are saying about Bonnie Braes?

DOCTOR.—Oh, nothing; save and except that Crabtree's monkey coat fits you to admiration!

LAIRD.—Ye may be speaking the truth, but I ha'e my doubts.

DOCTOR.—Here is a description of the grotto of San Mateo, one of the lions of the Philippines:—

The entrance, the form of which is almost regular, represents pretty well the portico of a church, with a full arch, adorned with verdant festoons, composed of creeping plants and bind-weeds. When the visitor has once passed under the portico he enters into a large and spacious hall, studded with stalactites of a very yellowish colour, and there a dense crowd of bats, frightened by the light of the torches, fly out with great noise and precipitation. For about a hundred paces, in advancing towards the interior, the vault continues to be very lofty, and the gallery spacious; but suddenly the former declines immensely, and the latter becomes so narrow that it scarce admits of a passage for one man, who is obliged to crawl on his hands and knees to pass through, and continue in this painful situation for about a hundred yards. And now the gallery becomes wide again, and the vault rises several feet high. But here, again, a new difficulty soon presents itself, and which must be overcome; a sort of a wall, three or four yards high must be climbed over, and immediately behind which lies a most dangerous subterraneous place, where two enormous precipices, with open mouths on a level with the ground, seem ready to swallow up the imprudent traveller, who, although he has his torch lighted, should not walk, step by step, and with the greatest precaution, through this gloomy labyrinth. A few stones thrown into these gulfs attest, by the hollow noise produced by their falling to the bottom that they are several hundred feet deep. Then the gallery, which is still wide and spacious, runs on without presenting anything remarkable till the visitor arrives on the spot where the last researches stopped at. Here it seems to terminate by a sort of rotunda, surrounded by stalactites of divers forms, and which, in one part, represents a real dome supported by columns. This dome looks over a small lake, out of which a murmuring stream flows continually into the precipices already described. It was here that we began our serious investigations, desirous of ascertaining if it were possible to prolong this subterraneous peregrination. We dived several times into the lake without discovering anything favourable to our desires; we then directed our steps to the right, examining all the while, by the light of our torches, the smallest gaps to be seen in the sides of the gallery, when at last, after many unsuccessful attempts, we discovered a hole through which a man's arm could scarcely pass. By introducing a torch into it, how great was our surprise to see within it an immense space, studded with rock-crystal. I need not add that such a discovery inspired us with the greatest desire of more closely examining that which we had but an imperfect view of. We therefore set our Indian to work with his pick-axe, to widen the hole and make a passage for us; his labour went on slowly, he struck his

blows gently and cautiously, so as to avoid a falling-in of the rock, which would not only have marred our hopes, but would, besides, have caused a great disaster. The vault of rocks suspended over our heads might bury us all alive, and, as will be seen by the sequel, the precautions we had taken were not fruitless. At the moment when our hopes were about to be realised,—the aperture being now wide enough to admit of us passing through it—suddenly and above our heads we heard a hollow prolonged rustling noise that froze us to death; the vault had been shaken, and we dreaded its falling upon us. For a moment, which seemed to us, however, very long, we were all terrified; the Indian himself was standing as motionless as a statue, with his hands upon the handle of his pick-axe, just in the same position as he was when he gave his last blow. After a moment's solemn silence, when our fright had a little subsided, we began to examine the nature of the danger we had just escaped. Above our heads a long and wide split ran along the vault to a distance of several yards, and, at the place where it stopped, an enormous rock, detached from the dome, had been most providentially impeded in its fall downwards by one of the columns, which, acting as a sort of buttress, kept it suspended over the opening we had just made. Having, after mature examination, ascertained that the column and the rock were pretty solid, like rash men accustomed to defy all danger and surmount any sort of obstacle or difficulty, we resolved upon gliding one by one into the dangerous yawning. Dr. Geny, who till then had kept a profound silence, on hearing of our resolution was suddenly seized with such panic of fear that he recovered his voice, imploring and begging of us to take him out of the cavern; and, as if he had been suddenly seized with a sort of vertigo, he told us, with interrupted accents, that he could not breathe—that he felt himself as if he were smothering—that his heart was beating so violently, were he to stay any longer amidst the dangers we were running, he was certain of dying from the effects of a rupture of the heart. He offered all he possessed on earth to him that would save his life, and with clasped hands he supplicated our Indians not to forsake him, but to guide him out of the place. We therefore took compassion on his state of mind and suffered the Indian to guide him out; but as soon as the latter returned, and having ascertained during his absence that neither the rocky fragment nor the column had stirred, but which had been the momentary cause of our alarm, we put our project into execution, and like serpents, one after the other, we crawled into the dangerous opening, which was scarcely large enough for our passing through. We soon ceased thinking of our past dangers, nor did our present imprudence much pre-occupy our minds, all our attention being entirely absorbed by what presented itself to our ravished eyes. Here we were in the midst of a saloon wearing a most fairy aspect, and, by the light of our torches, the vault, the floor, and the wall were shining

and dazzling, as if they had been covered over with the most admirably transparent rock-crystal. Even in some places did the hand of man seem to have presided over the ornamenting of this enchanted palace. Numberless stalactites and stalagmites, as pellucid as the limpid stream that has just been seized by the frost, assumed here and there the most fantastic forms and shapes—they represent brilliant draperies, rows of columns, lustres, and chandeliers. At one end, close to the wall, was to be seen an altar, with steps leading up to it, and which seemed in expectation of the priest to celebrate divine service. It would be impossible for my pen to describe everything that transported us with joy, and drew forth our admiration; we really imagined ourselves to be in one of the Arabian Nights' palaces, and the Indians themselves were far from guessing the one-half of the wonders we had just discovered.

Having left this dazzling palace, we continued our under-ground ramble, penetrating more and more into the bowels of the earth, following step by step a winding labyrinth, but which for a whole half-league offered nothing remarkable to our view, except now and then the sight of the very great dangers our undaunted curiosity urged us on to. In certain parts the vault no longer presented the aspect as being solid as stone, earth alone seemed to be its component parts; and here and there, recent proofs of falling-in showed us that still more considerable ones might take place, and cut off from us all means of retreat. Nevertheless we pushed on still far beyond our present adventurous discovery, and at last arrived at a new, magnificent, and extensive space, all bespangled, like the first with brilliant stalactites, and in no way inferior to the former in gorgeous beauty of its details. Here again we gave ourselves up to the most minute examination of the many wonders surrounding us, and which shone like prisms by the light of our torches. We gathered from off the ground several small stalagmites, as large and as round as hazel-nuts, and so like that fruit, when preserved, that some days later, at a ball at Manilla, we presented some of them to the ladies, whose first movement was to put them to their mouth; but soon finding out their mistake, they entreated to be allowed to keep them, as they said, converted into carrying drops. Having fully enjoyed the beautiful and brilliant spectacle presented to our eyes, we now began to feel the effects of hunger and fatigue. We had been walking in this subterraneous domain to the extent of more than three miles, had taken no rest or refreshment since morning, and the day was already far advanced.

I have often experienced that our moral strength decreases in proportion as our physical strength does; and of course we must have been in that state when sinister suppositions took possession of our imaginations. One of our party communicated to us a reflection he had just made—which was, that a falling-in might have taken place between us and the issue from the grotto; or, what appeared still more probable,

that the enormous rock, that was suspended and buttressed up by the column, might have fallen down, and thus bar up all passage through the hole we had so rashly made. Had such a misfortune happened to us what a horrible situation we should have been in! We could hope for no help from without, even from our friend Genu, who, as we had witnessed, had been so upset by fear; so that, rather than suffer the anguish and die the death of the wretch buried alive in a sepulchre, our poignards must have been our last resource.

All these reflections, which we analysed and commented upon, one by one, made us resolve upon returning, and leaving to others, more imprudent than ourselves, if any there be, the care of exploring the space we had still to travel over. We soon got over the ground that separated us from the place we had most to dread. Providence had favoured and protected us—the large fragment of rock, that object of all our fears, was still propped up. One after the other did we squeeze ourselves through the narrow opening, avoiding as much as possible the least friction, till at last we had all passed through. Joyous were we on seeing ourselves out of danger after so perilous an enterprise, and we were already beginning to direct our steps towards the outlet of the cavern, when suddenly a hollow, prolonged noise, and below our feet a rapid trembling excited once more all our fears. But those fears were soon calmed by our Indian, who came running towards us at full speed, brandishing in his hand his pick-axe. The imprudent fellow, unwilling to sacrifice it, had waited till we were some paces distant, and then pulling it to him most forcibly, while all the while he took good care to keep quickly moving away, when thanks to Providence, or to his own nimbleness, he was not crushed to atoms by the fragment of the rock, which, being no longer buttressed up by the column that had been shaken, fell to the ground, completely stopping up the issue through which we had passed one after the other: so that no doubt no one, after us, will be able to penetrate into the beautiful part of that grotto which we had just passed through so fortunately. After this last episode we no longer hesitated in returning, and it was with the greatest delight that we beheld once more the great luminary of the world, and found our friend Genu sitting upon a block of marble, reflecting upon our long absence, and, at the same time, our unqualified temerity.

MAJOR.—I see the book contains pictorial illustrations.

DOCTOR.—It does, and they are well executed, and apparently characteristic. Altogether a better bargain for five shillings never was offered to the “reading million” by Harper Brothers.

LAIRD.—Is there anything new in the poetical line? It's unco wersh wark speaking continually about prose, prose, prose!

MAJOR.—Right glad am I that you have been the means of reminding me of a work which I wish much to behold a welcome inmate of the Shanty.

LAIRD.—Wha's the author? What's the name o' his buik?

MAJOR.—In answer to your first question, I respond, Gerald Massey. His volume is intitled, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other Lyrical Poems.*

DOCTOR.—Though I flatter myself that I keep pretty well up with the literature of our age, the name of Massey falleth strangely upon mine ear.

LAIRD.—I never heard tell o' the chiel before.

MAJOR.—Not many days have elapsed since I first met with the little lyrical duodecimo which I hold in my hands, and up to that epoch I likewise was ignorant of the existence of a new and a true poet.

LAIRD.—Indeed, man, let's hae a pree o' the lad! But first and foremost, what are his antecedents?

MAJOR.—Gerald Massey, who has just attained his twenty-sixth year, is the son of an English canal boatman. A large percentage of his existence has been spent in toil and grinding poverty. Hear how bitterly he alludes to his cold and sunless early days:—

“Having had to earn my own dearly won bread,” he says, “by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived, none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world, like a new coin upon upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth to their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony.”

LAIRD.—Waesock! waesock! Folk speak o' the pleasures o' memory, but I doubt few sic pleasures can fa' to the share o' puir Gerald!

MAJOR.—At the age of fifteen the stripling came to London, where he procured employment

as an errand boy, and found opportunity for reading. This was the beginning of a new world, so to speak. He tells us:—

“Till then I had often wondered why I lived at all—whether

‘It was not better not to be,  
I was so full of misery.’

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the book stalls, where I have read a great deal, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if ever I met with any, I immediately skipped it over, and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sunbursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood, and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in Gods own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon ‘Hope,’ when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print.”

DOCTOR.—Having “rushed into print,” how did the young poet fare? Has he drawn a prize in the lottery of the republic of letters?

MAJOR.—Yea, verily! Within a brief space three large editions of his volume have been reprinted in England, and I hold in my hand a Yankee reprint of the same.

LAIRD.—There, now, enough about editions! The success of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* is a clear and humbling proof that clap-trap can tickle the lang-lugged million out o’ their bawbees, faster and mair effectually than genius can!

MAJOR.—Not utterly devoid of truth is your remark, but still it has no bearing upon the case in hand. I think you will agree with me that there is something far superior to clap-trap in the following stanzas. They form the prologue of—

#### THE BRIDAL.

She comes! the blushing Bridal Dawn,  
With her Auroral splendours on!  
And green Earth never lovelier shone.

She danceth on her golden way,  
In dainty dalliance with the May,  
Jubilant o’er the happy day!

Earth weareth heaven for bridal ring,  
And the best garland of glory, Spring,  
From out old Winter’s world can bring.

The green blood reddens in the rose:  
And underneath white-budding boughs  
The violets purple in rich rows.

High up in air the Chestnuts blow,  
The fire-green Apple-trees’ flush bough  
Floateth a cloud of rosy snow!

Cloud-shadow-ships swim fairly  
Over the greenery’s sunny sea,  
Whose warm tides ripple down the lea.

The Birds, a-brooding, strive to sing,  
Feeling the life warm ’neath the wing;  
Their love, too, burgeons with the Spring!

The winds that make the flowers blow,  
Heavy with balm, breathe soft and low,  
A budding warmth, an amorous glow!

They kiss like some endearing mouth,  
More sweet than the Sabeian South,  
And balm the splendor’s drooping drouth.

Such a delicious feel doth flood  
The eyes, as laves the burning bud  
When June-rains feed ambrosial food.

O, merrily doth Life revel and reign,  
Light in heart, and blithe in brain!  
Running like wine in every vein.

LAIRD.—Ye were richt, Crabtree! There’s nae clap-trap there! Gerald has got the root and fang o’ the matter in him, as my brither elder, Ezra Crookshanks, would say!

MAJOR.—What I am about to read is equally fine. The poet is describing the

#### BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Sumptuous as Iris, when she swims  
With rainbow robe on dainty limbs,  
The Bride’s rare loveliness o’erbrims!

The gazers drink rich overflows,  
Her cheek a liveller damask glows,  
And on his arms she leans more close.

A drunken joy reels in his blood,  
He wanders an enchanted wood,  
He ranges realm of perfect good.

Dear God! that he alone hath grace  
To light such splendor in her face,  
And win the blessing of embrace!

She wears her maiden modesty  
With tearful grace touch’d tenderly,  
Yet with a ripe Expectancy!

Her virgin veil reveals a form,  
Flowering from the bud so warm,  
It needs but break the *Costus*-charm.

Last night, with weddable, white arms,  
And thoughts that throng’d with quaint alarms,  
She trembled o’er her mirror’d charms,

Like Eve first glassing her new life:  
And the Maid startled at the Wife,  
Heart-pained with a sweet warm strife.

The unknown sea moans on her shore  
 Of life: she hears the breakers roar:  
 But, trusting Him, shall fear no more.  
 For, o'er the deep seas there is calm,  
 Full as the flush of all-heaven's psalm;  
 The golden goal—the Victor's palm!  
 And at her heart Love sits and sings,  
 And broodeth warmth, begetting wings  
 Shall lift her life to higher things.  
 The blessings given, the ring is on;  
 And at God's Altar radiant run  
 The currents of two lives in one!  
 Hush'd with happiness every sense  
 Is crowded at the heart intense;  
 And silence bath such eloquence!  
 Down to his feet her meek eyes stoop,  
 As *there* her love should pour its cup;  
 But, like a King, he lifts them up.

LAIRD.—Three cheers for Gerald Massey!

DOCTOR.—Why it is plain that Smith is not going to have a monopoly of poetic fame, in our mercantile latter days! Pray give us another draught from this newly discovered well of the water of genius!

LAIRD.—Hoot, awa' wi' your water! There's nae smeddum in sic' a similitude!

MAJOR.—Water of late has been a scarce commodity in Toronto, O, Bonnie Braes, and whatever is rare is valuable! Hence, doubtless, the reason of Saugrado's aquatic compliment!

LAIRD.—We are graciously pleased to accept o' the explanation! Read on, Culpepper—that is, if ye hae got ony mair gems for our delectitude!

MAJOR.—Surely I err not when I say that Ben Johnson might, without blushing, have fathered the following exquisite little song:—

#### A LOVER'S FANCY.

Sweet Heaven! I do love a maiden,  
 Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden:  
 When she's near me, heaven is round me,  
 Her dear presence doth so bound me!  
 I could wring my heart of gladness,  
 Might it free her lot of sadness!  
 Give the world, and all that's in it,  
 Just to press her hand a minute!  
 Yet she weeth not I love her;  
 Never dare I tell the sweet  
 Tale, but to the stars above her.  
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O! to live and linger near her,  
 And in tearful moments cheer her!  
 I could be a bird to lighten  
 Her dear heart,—her sweet eyes brighten:  
 Or in fragrance, like a blossom,  
 Give my life up on her bosom!  
 For my love's withouten measure,  
 All its pangs are sweetest pleasure:

Yet she weeth not I love her;  
 Never dare I tell the sweet  
 Tale, but to the stars above her,  
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

LAIRD.—I'll mak a knot on my handkerchief to keep me in mind to speak to Maister Clarke about that sang! If the Mus. Bac. doesna get it to music, he's no the lad I tak him to be!

DOCTOR.—Massey appear; to possess in perfection the rare faculty of song-writing. Can you favour us with "another of the same?"

MAJOR.—What think you of this?—

#### NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

No jeweled beauty is my Love,  
 Yet in her earnest face  
 There's such a world of tenderness,  
 She needs no other grace.  
 Her smiles, and voice, around my life  
 In light and music twine,  
 And dear, O very dear to me,  
 Is this sweet Love of mine!

O joy! to know there's one fond heart  
 Beats ever true to me:

It sets mine leaping like a lyre,  
 In sweetest melody:

My soul up-springs, a Deity!  
 To hear her voice divine,

And dear, O very dear to me,  
 Is this sweet Love of mine!

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,  
 'Twas all for her, I trow;

And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,  
 I'll twine it on her brow.

There may be forms more beautiful,  
 And souls of sunnier shine,

But none, O none so dear to me,  
 As this sweet Love of mine!

DOCTOR.—Beautiful exceedingly!

LAIRD.—Willie Motherwell come to life again, as I'm an honest man and Captain o' Militia!

DOCTOR.—No more of that, Hal, an' you love me!

MAJOR.—Witlings are prone to discharge the pop-guns of their dismal idiocy against wedded life. I wish that all railers of this description would read and inwardly digest the following noble lines. It is an open question whether anything finer of the kind is to be found in the whole range of British poesy:—

#### WEDDED LOVE.

The summer night comes brooding down on Earth,  
 As Love comes brooding down on human hearts,  
 With bliss that hath no utterance save rich tears.  
 She floats in fragrance down the smiling dark,  
 Foldeth a kiss upon the lips of Life,—  
 Curtaineth into rest the weary world,—  
 And shuts us in with all our hid delights.  
 The Stars come sparkling through the gorgeous gloom,  
 Like dew-drops in the fields of heaven; or tears  
 That hang rich jewels on the cheeks of Night.

A spirit-fee! is in the solemn air:  
 The Flowers fold their cups like praying hands,  
 And with droopt heads await the blessing Night  
 Gives with her silent magnanimity.  
 'Tis evening with the world, but in my soul  
 The light of wedded love is still at dawn!  
 And skies my world, an everlasting dawn.  
 My heart rings out in music, like a lark  
 Hung in the charmed palace of the Morn,  
 That circles singing to its mate 't the nest,  
 With luminous being running o'er with song:  
 So my heart flutters round its mate at home!  
 There, with her eyes turned to her heart, she reads  
 The golden secrets written on its heaven,  
 And broodeth o'er its panting wealth of love,  
 As Night 't the hush and hallow of her beauty  
 Bars throbbing heaven to its most tremulous depths,  
 And broods in silence o'er her starry white;  
 And, fingering in her bosom's soft, white nest,  
 A fair babe, beautiful as dawn in heaven,  
 Made of a Mother's richest thoughts of love,—  
 Lies like a smile of sunshine among lilies,  
 That giveth glory—drinketh fragrant life!  
 Sweet bud upon a rose! our plot of spring,  
 That burst in bloom amid a wintry world!  
 How dear it is to mark th' immortal life  
 Deepen, and darken, in her large, round eyes,—  
 To watch Life's rose of dawn put forth its leaves,  
 And guess the perfumed secret of its heart—  
 And catch the silver words that come to break  
 The golden silence hung like heaven around.  
 But soft! Elysium opens in my brain!  
 Dear Wife! with sweet, low voice, she syllables  
 Some precious music balm'd in her heart's book,  
 And I am flooded with melodious rain,  
 Like Nature standing crown'd with sunlit showers.

LAIRD [*with solemnity, and wiping his eyes*—]

God Almighty bless the man that wrote that!

DOCTOR.—Amen! amen!

MAJOR.—Doctor, it is getting late, so I will give you my Colonial Chit-chat, and News from Abroad, which I have purposely cut very short, in order to give Mrs. Grundy as much room for fashions as possible, and also to allow the Laird some space for Facts. If you will attend, gentlemen, I will begin:—

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Quebec *Gazette* says that the delegates who met in that city with the view to arrange matters connected with the Reciprocity Treaty, are agreeable to the proposed articles. Those from the Lower Provinces cordially approve of the project as at present drafted.

A Savings' Bank, says the *Colonist*, has been established in Toronto by the Roman Catholics, in which sums of from one shilling and upwards will be received in deposit, and interest allowed thereon. It is high time that a Savings' Bank should be established for the benefit of all parties—in which even smaller deposits than the above would be received, say 3d.—as is done in the Savings' Bank in New York. Our present Savings' Bank receives no deposit under one pound, and consequently is altogether useless

for the purpose for which these Banks were originally established. The encouragement of habits of saving and forethought amongst the poor.

The Quebec *Gazette* says that the Directors of the Quebec Bank, in order to assist trade and facilitate the daily demands made for loans, have resolved on selling at par to the present shareholders its balance of the unsubscribed stock.

It is said that a silver-mine has been discovered in the Township of Anderdon in the County of Essex. The *Canada Oak* says that the farm on which the discovery was made belongs to Mr. Paton and adds:—There is no doubt of the purity of the metal. Mr. Paton assures us that the person who made the discovery has a larger mass than that which he has now shown us. The farm is a rich alluvium, and the silver was found near the remains of an ancient tree. The mineral resources of Canada are only just coming into bloom; if diligent search be made round about the old stumps, perhaps many a farmer may yet find silver, where he now only dreams of weeds and vermin.

The New Brunswick papers announce the following force for the protection of the fisheries this season:—Brig *Daring*, 12 guns; steamer *Buzzard*, 9 guns; Canadian steamer *Darris*, 2 guns; Government schooner *Daring* and the *Alice Rogers*, and the *Adaline*, of two guns each.

At Russell's hotel, in Quebec, on the 4th of July, all the company, including several American gentlemen, left the table because Judge Mondelet was seated at it.

One hundred and forty female emigrants from the Limerick workhouse sailed for Quebec on the 6th of June.

On the 14th of June, His Excellency, Governor Hamilton of Newfoundland, gave his assent to the bill regulating the currency—legalizing the Sovereigns as a regular tender in Newfoundland at 24s. currency, and also several other bills of a local character. After which he prorogued the House until the 9th of August. In his speech, His Excellency said:

“The Session having extended over four and a-half months, and the Assembly having, at the expiration of that protracted period, stated their determination for reasons mentioned in their Address to Her Majesty's Secretary of State, not to grant to Her Majesty supplies for defraying the expenses of the Civil Government of the Colony, I am induced by regard for the honour of the Crown, formally to terminate the session by prorogation.”

We are happy to learn that her Majesty has caused it to be intimated to the Hon. Mr. Chief Justice Robinson, that it is intended to confer on him a baronetcy. This honor is well deserved by the Chief, and will be regarded by Canadians as an honour done to themselves. We also learn that the Hon. Mr. Justice Draper, the Hon. Robt. Baldwin, and Major Camp-



bell, Lord Elgin's first Secretary in this Province, are to be made "Ordinary members of the civil division of the third class, or companions of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath."

The *Niagara Chronicle* says, "We have been informed, upon reliable authority, that the military stationed at this place and Toronto will all be removed during the present season."

The *Hamilton Spectator* of July 1, says:—"We regret to notice that, in this neighbourhood, the potato plant has been attacked by a new enemy, that threatens to be almost as destructive as the rot. This new assailant is a sort of caterpillar that, in a night or two, eats up the whole of the leaves, leaving the stems quite naked. Destructive, however, as this insect may be, we should think that it would not be very hard to deal with. If the plants were sprinkled over in the evening with hot lime, we think it would put an end to their ravages; but we direct public attention to the fact so as to have the advice of more experienced agriculturists, and we earnestly solicit information. The matter is of very great importance."

The fishery and reciprocity treaty has been sent to the United States Senate, but the probability is that it will not be taken up for immediate consideration. The measure will have to sustain the unmitigated opposition of powerful interests in the States; for although at present there appears to be no serious opposition to the measure, the apparent calm is like that which precedes a violent storm.

When the canal now constructing across Wolf Island, opposite Kingston, is completed, which it now nearly is, it will reduce the distance from Kingston to Cape Vincent from thirty to eleven miles. The latter is the terminus of a line of railway which directly communicates with those of New York, and also with its water transit.

Canadian money is now circulating extensively in various parts of the United States. In Portland our bank bills circulate freely. In Oswego they may be said to be the only current money, as we are told there is little other currency to be had in that city.

ELGIX.—The village of Elgin, at the Suspension Bridge, is growing very rapidly, and promises fair to become a large and important place. The Great Western Railway brings a continual concourse of people to it, and the Erie and Ontario will also soon add its quota to the throng. It possesses a post office, the largest and best arranged in Canada West, except that of Toronto perhaps, and a custom house and bank, all in one very large building erected by Samuel Zimmerman, Esq., solely with a view to facilitate the business and assist the progress of the place. It would have been long enough perhaps, before the Government could have been induced to erect so stately a building for the transaction of its business at the Bridge.—*Niagara Mail*.

On Friday, the 9th June, 1854, an iron pad-

dle-wheel steamer was launched from the building yard of Mr. Archibald Denny, Dumbarton. Her dimensions are as follows—length, 195 feet, breadth of beam, 19½ feet, depth of hold, 9½ ft. She was named "Her Majesty" by Miss Sword, daughter of Archibald Sword, Esq., Greenock. Her Majesty is intended to ply on Lake Ontario, and will be steamed across the Atlantic as soon as possible. Thomas Dick, Esq., of Toronto, is the owner of this fine vessel.—Her Majesty's engines are by the celebrated firm of Robert Napier of Glasgow. This splendid craft is to act as sister to the Peerless.

A market gardener in Hamilton advertises for the first time in Hamilton, green groceries, free from dust, and not blanched by the sun.

The inhabitants of Cobourg, in public meeting, adopted several resolutions expressing great indignation at the wanton burning of the Roman Catholic Church in Cobourg, and deeply sympathizing with their friends of that church, for its sacrilegious destruction, and pledged themselves publicly to assist by their subscriptions the members of the Roman Catholic Church, to rebuild their church, so ruthlessly destroyed by an incendiary.

#### NEWS FROM ABROAD.

The news from the East has been, during the past month, of a chequing character, only tempered by uncertainty as to the ultimate intentions of Austria. The Turks have not only held out at Silistria, but have, unaided, by vigorous sorties and their skilful manœuvres, compelled the Russians to raise the siege, and this defeat, in conjunction with the advance of the allied forces, have compelled the Russians to retire across the Danube. The fighting at Silistria was very severe, and the loss on the part of the Russians very heavy. From the movements of the allies, it is conjectured that an attack is contemplated on Sebastopol both by sea and land. In the Baltic one or two unimportant places have been bombarded, but the principal feature in the operations is the success which has attended Sir Charles Napier's attempts to divide the Russian fleet, part of which is at Sveaborg, and the remainder at Cronstadt, with the combined fleets between them, and within twenty-five miles of Cronstadt. From Spain the news have been of a very important character, and the last steamer brought intelligence that a most serious insurrection had broken out, having for its objects the forced abdication of the Queen and the resignation of the Ministry. The latest accounts represent the position of affairs as being in a most critical position, but nothing certain was known as to the results of the insurrectionary movement.

In Great Britain a debate has taken place on the new Canadian Legislative Council act. This, however, is a subject of so much importance to this country, that we propose to give it a separate place in the next issue.

The reciprocity treaty has been thrown overboard at Washington, at least for the present, and the chances are that the treaty, as it stands

at present, will never meet the approval of both countries, and that its provisions must be materially modified before it can ever become law.

### FACTS FOR FARMERS.

#### VALUE OF LIVE STOCK IN THE UNITED STATES.

Taking the last census as the basis of calculation, there are at this time about six hundred million dollars worth of live stock in the United States. Their value exceeds that of all the manufacturing establishments in the country, and also exceeds the capital employed in commerce, both inland and foreign.

#### WOMEN ON THE BONE QUESTION.

The question "What is the best way to dissolve bones?" has been greatly agitated amongst our agricultural exchanges. The *Country Gentleman* published a elaborate editorial on the subject. Mrs. Swisshelm—the universal precedent in her case, is our justification for quoting her by name—pitches into the *Country Gentleman's* article as follows;—

"It is a fact, Mrs. Smith! You need not rub your eyes and look again, for there is no mistake about it. The *Country Gentleman* is right, and the agricultural papers are positively discussing the question, 'Will ashes dissolve bones?' Aye, and discussing it as gravely as if it was a profound mystery. One agricultural paper says ashes will dissolve bones, and another says they will not, which only proves that every agricultural paper should have one house-keeper in its editorial corps, to keep them from being ridiculous occasionally.

"Any Western farmer's wife or daughter could answer this mooted question on the instant, and would at once say, 'that depends upon the ashes.'

"Any ashes that will make soap will dissolve bones, if you put enough on; but when so dissolved they are rather an expensive manure. We should as much think of sending to the chandler's for a dozen boxes of soap, and putting a quarter of a pound on each hill of corn, as putting all the bones of the kitchen into a hogshead, dissolving them with ashes, and using the mixture, as did the writer in the *Country Gentleman*.

"His was rather an expensive economy. His manure was simply very strong, unrefined soap, which with a very little difference in the manner of preparing, would have done all the washing and cleaning in the family, when, in the form of refuse suds, it should have been poured on a bed of loam or clay, to make manure for the corn field, or around the roots of the grapes and fruit trees, as a liquid manure.

The only difference between the plans of making *clean soap* and the dirty mixture he did make, would be to empty the ashes into a hopper, put the water on them there, let it run off in the form of ley, pour this upon the bones, and either boil them in it, or let them stand in the sun. The bones would dissolve, the limy

part settle to the bottom, and the animal fatty and glutinous matter unite with the ley to make the soap.

"One hogshead full of bones and good ashes Would make a full hogshead of soap, leaving the leached ashes and phosphato of lime from the bones, into the bargain.

"But quick lime used in this same manner will dissolve bones until they are good food for plants, and this is cheaper than soap ashes."

#### EXHIBITION OF THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION OF UPPER CANADA.

Our readers are already aware that the Provincial Show, for the present year, will be held at London, on September 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th, and we are happy to assure them that everything at present, promises a successful result. A most convenient site on the Barrack Ground has been chosen, and the Local Committee are proceeding with the arrangements for erecting buildings, fences, &c., with energy and dispatch. The enterprise has been taken up by the citizens of London, and the United Counties of Middlesex and Elgin, with a zeal and liberality, which leave no doubt of its being satisfactorily and triumphantly carried through.

The Premium List has been considerably extended, and many of the Prizes, particularly for Live Stock, have been much increased. With a view of encouraging the introduction of improved Stock, the Board passed a regulation offering double the amount of the advertised Premiums to all male animals that shall obtain First Prizes, provided such animals have been imported into the Province, since the date of the last Exhibition.

We are authorized in stating that good specimens of all breeds of Stock, not enumerated in the Prize List, will receive liberal attention and encouragement; and this remark will apply to Implements and productions generally. "A Tenant Farmer" may, therefore, rest satisfied that Galloway Cattle will form no exception,—It will continue to be the desire of the Board of Directors to conduct the affairs of the Association in as economical a manner as is compatible with convenience and general efficiency, that as large a sum as possible may be distributed in the form of Premiums.

The Directors of the Great Western Railway Company have, with a commendable liberality, engaged to carry all Stock and articles to and from the Exhibition *free of charge*; and they will run additional trains to meet the convenience of visitors; so that with these advantages, it is confidently expected the public will experience no want of accommodation.

Prize Lists, containing full particulars, will be sent to the different Agricultural Societies and Post Offices in the Province, and may be obtained from the Secretary of the Local Committee, J. B. Strathy, Esq., London; or from the Board of Agriculture, Toronto.

The Office of the Board is situated on the corner of King and Simcoe Streets, close to the Old

*Government House, where all farmers feeling an interest in the promotion of Agriculture, &c., are respectfully invited when in Toronto, to call.—Hours of attendance from 10 to 4, daily.*

#### BAD AIR.

Bad air is a slow poison. That is the trouble. People go on taking it day after day into their lungs, and night after night. They grow pale, their lungs suffer, the circulation is languid, they take colds readily, the chest, the stomach, the skin, become disordered, and a host of chronic diseases attack them. A little carbonic acid taken every day does not kill a man. It is almost a pity it don't! If a red-hot stove destroyed instantly one man in every town daily for a week, there might be some salvation for the nation. If, instead of fainting away in crowded and badly-ventilated public assemblies, people occasionally died outright in convulsions, the authorities would take the matter in hand, and make it penal for owners of such buildings to open them for public use without attending to the proper condition for the preservation of health. When a thing is only a slow poison, the age is too much in a hurry to attend to it.

In such cases we must wake up the public lethargy by facts. And here is one of them.—We have before us the history of the Dublin Lying-in Hospital. Some years ago this building, erected in the common way, without the slightest regard to ventilation, was found to exhibit a great amount of mortality among the young children born there. In four successive years—healthy seasons too—out of 7,250 infants brought forth in the hospital, 2,544 died within the fortnight after birth, of convulsions, or what the nurses call nine-day fits. These children foamed at the mouth; the faces swelled and assumed a purplish hue, as though they were choking—These last circumstances suggested to the physician that a deficiency of wholesome air was connected with the great mortality. Air-pipes were immediately contrived; the rooms were ventilated. What was the result?—That in the three following years, out of 5,358 children born in that hospital, only 165 died; in the very same rooms too, where, according to the old ratio before the ventilation took place, the number of deaths to the number of children would have been 1,682. To save the lives of more than 1,000 human beings in three years, by putting in a few pipes! Can any one say there is nothing in ventilation, after such facts as these?

### MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FIRST PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Dress of rich blue silk with very broad black stripes: the skirt is long, full, and has three deep flounces. Jacket body, high at the back, opening in front *en demi cœur*. *Talma* of black satin trimmed on the bottom by a broad black lace, above which is laid a black velvet band *en bias* finished at each edge by a very narrow silk braid: this velvet is continued up the left side of the front and round the neck,

but on the right side, which crosses over a little, is a Grecian border of velvet, and four small buttons close it towards the top. Bonnet of white silk trimmed with blond; low on the right side is a white feather; a smaller feather is placed on the left side above the flowers.

No. 2.—A dress of pink taffeta. The berthes, sleeves, and tunics of blonde. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with puffed pink tulle. The body is cut straight-way of the stuff, and has a piece in front with a long point. It is pointed before and behind and makes the waist very long. Four large bows decorate the front.

The double round berthe is deeper behind than before. The sleeve of pink silk is very short and slightly puffed. The blonde sleeve forms a puff which envelops the taffeta one, and falls in the pagoda style rather below the bend of the arm in front, forming the *sabot* behind.

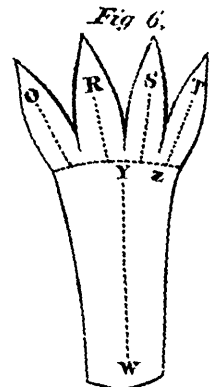
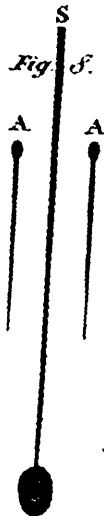
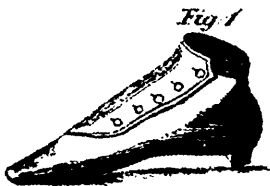
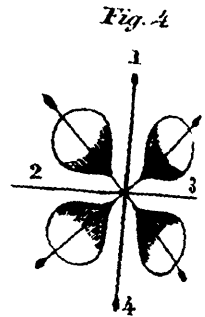
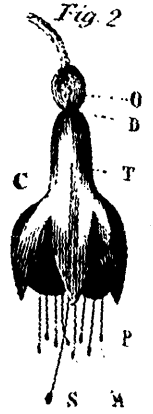
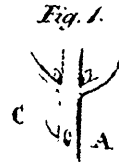
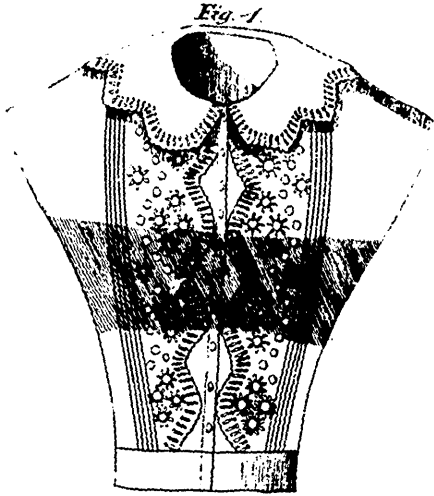
The bottom of the skirt is covered for a depth of fourteen inches with pink tulle placed across and puffed slantwise. This ornament is based upon a piece of Lyons tulle which is afterwards sewed on the skirt and can be taken off without spoiling the skirt. The puffs are fastened down by a single cord of pink silk.

As these added puffs cannot follow all the undulations of a very ample skirt, it has only six widths.

#### SECOND PLATE.

No. 1.—Is a chemisette of French needlework, and one of the beautiful specimens just forwarded by our Paris correspondent. The material is delicate Indian muslin. It fits close in the neck where it terminates in a rounding collar, edged with a range of pointed scallops the collar is filled with exquisitely wrought stars, each star having an eyelet in the centre and delicate points in satin stitch. Down the front the chemisette is edged with those pointed scallops that meet upon a band where each point fastens with a lace-button; beyond this edge, wherein the open dress leaves the chemisette visible, it is thickly beset with these tiny stars and exquisitely formed eyelets. The great beauty of this chemisette lies in the perfection of the needlework upon it, and the extraordinary fineness of the material. The form, too, has all the symmetry peculiar to French designs, for with the artists of Paris neatness and an accurate fit is of far more importance than the material, while here expensive materials must be used, let the form be what it will, no lady being quite satisfied that her position as a gentlewoman is secured unless it can be estimated in the cost of her garments. The undersleeves described in No. 2 are worn with this style of chemisette.

No. 2.—Is also a chemisette from the same French depot, but of different pattern and material. It is of muslin like the one we have just described, but fits to the neck, leaving the throat exposed; a long collar of Honiton point





PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto.

is fitted to the neck, uniting upon the bosom, with a bow and ends of ribbon and graduating down the front till it is concealed by the bodice. This, when worn with an open dress leaves nothing but the lace in sight, thus the whole opening is filled with delicate point. Undersleeves of Honiton point are made to match this chemisette, and the fine styles of lace are once striking and so delicate.

#### SLIPPERS.

No. 1.—Is a slipper of brown bronzed kid, soft and pliable to the foot as satin itself. It is cut low upon the foot, bound with narrow galoon and a large bow of brown satin ribbon, edged with brown blonde lace, half covers it in front. The lining is of soft white kid. The soles are delicately polished, and they are mounted behind on rather high well shaped black heels.

No. 2.—Is a gaiter-boot of fine drab stuff. No leather is used above the soles, and these are furnished with great skill and delicacy. The stitching up the front is perfect. A narrow lappet folds over the foot to the left, where it is fastened with five drab buttons fitted to neatly wrought button-holes. A block-heel of moderate height throws the boot forward in walking.

No. 3.—Is also a bronze slipper with a more golden brightness on the brown tint. It is without heels, and the front, cut low like that we have described, is embroidered with an arrow head pattern of white satin, apple-green embossed over with a cluster of wild flowers and leaves cut from the bronze kid and wrought with crochet edges in green, red, gold and purple; a binding of white galoon and a white satin rosette completes this beautiful morning slipper.

#### WAX MODELING.

The color may be made with carmine and ultramarine, and applied with a common camel-hair pencil. As indicated upon the pattern the parts of the calyx are to be applied in two rows of three each, with the painted side inwards. If the calyx is properly curled, it should appear a little crumpled by the harder pressure of the smaller pin; and the upper edges should be much everted, to show the striping.

The flower head is now complete. The stalk is made by covering the wire with green wax cut in narrow strips, and pressed on lengthwise. This stalk wax should be made to cover the lower part of the calyx, to steady and strengthen the petals, &c.

To make the leaf, the usual and most simple proceeding is as follows;—Having selected a camellia in leaf of embossed calico, a thin wire of about eight inches in length should be laid along its upper side, in the hollow of the central vein, leaving the stalk free; a sheet of dark green wax, with the glossy side outwards, should then be so pressed with the thumb and finger to the calico, that it completely adheres, and holds the wire in its place, between the wax

and calico. If this is properly done, the impressions of the calico should be indistinctly impressed *through* upon the layer of wax. The under side of the leaf of the camellia, like that of most evergreen leaves, is of a very light color, and therefore a light green shade of wax is chosen to cover the calico on the under side, in the same manner as on the upper. When thoroughly adherent, the superfluous wax must be cut away, leaving the edge *serrated*, or cut like a saw; the superfluous wire should then be twisted spirally round the principal stem, so that the base of the leaf is close to it, the leaves of the camellia being nearly stalkless or *sessile*, like those of its near relation, the orange tree. There should be two leaves—one close to the flower; the other lower on the stalk: when these are attached, the stalk covered, and the leaves arranged tastefully, the flower is complete.

We have now given the complete history of the formation of a waxen imitation of *Camellia alba plena*, or a large white camellia—which is interesting, not only on account of its beauty, but because it is a near relation to a plant which furnishes to us the most indispensable article of diet—TEA. The infusion of the leaves of the camellia makes a very good imitation of this beverage, and the plant which actually supplies it, belongs to a genus of the camellia tribe. The camellias also are allied to the camphor tree of Jamaica on the one side, and to the orange tribe on the other.

As the sheets of wax of which artificial flowers are composed may be easily procured, we shall postpone for the present the instruction in the method of preparing materials, and give instruction for the formation of another flower; taking for granted that for the purpose of learning, the pupil has procured a small stock of wax in sheets, and the proper brushes and colors.

The first thing for the learner is to procure a piece of cardboard, marked with circles and divisions in such a way as to enable him or her to lay out the parts of a natural flower in a particular order. We have been thus particular because we wish the beginner to learn how to imitate real flowers in wax, and not servilely to stick together pieces of wax cut according to pattern. In ignorance of natural flowers the wax-flower maker must depend on patterns purchased, and will make the bequests in a stiff and formal manner; in the other case the artists in wax will be able to make all their own patterns, and will learn lessons of elegance which will give a peculiar gracefulness to their arrangement of leaves, flowers, and stems, and add a natural charm to their groups of waxen portraits which the mereworker by card patterns can never attain. We do not wish our pupils always to be dependent upon us; but rather to be able at any time to imitate the exquisite gems of the meadow, hedge-side, or green-house, without directions.

In the present article we propose to gather a fuchsia, and to proceed, step by step, to its facsimile in wax.

The first thing to be noticed is the general appearance of the plant. There is a great variety of fuchsias, and each of them has peculiar habits, i. e. each of them carries its stalks, leaves, and flowers in a slightly different manner.

Of the varieties which look well in wax, that with the pale-pink calyx (or outside leaves of the flower, with the vermilion corolla, (or inside part of the flower,) is the best. It is to be found in every green-house, and almost every cottage window where flowers peep out at the casement. It is less difficult to imitate well than the deep crimson fuchsia, which is known by most gardeners as "the old original." Having procured a specimen of the variety we have first described, the cardboard plan should be laid before the learner, and the sprig with the flowers and buds upon it held in the left hand.

It will be observed that the leaves arranged opposite E D E each other on the stem. The stalks of the leaves E, growing out from the stem D on either side, have in their axil (or armpit,) a bud more or less developed, according to the lateness of the season, and a flower on a pendulous stalk. The next set of leaves grows out of another aspect of the stalk, and the mark of one is seen at A, while the base of its fellow leaf would be on the other side of the stalk indicated by C. All these points are important to those who wish their flowers to bear criticism. Having noticed the drooping position of the flowers, pick off some of the best leaves and lay them upon square pieces of gummed paper, press them close and lay them on one side.—then pick off a bud and lay it on the corner of your cardboard and put a pin through it. Having taken one of the best flowers, pin it in like manner to another corner. This will serve as your guide to the putting up of your wax model when the parts are ready. A flower slightly faded may be used to pick to pieces.—The flower is suspended upon a thin drooping stalk, and is joined as it were, to the colored calyx by a green knob, the seed vessel or ovary, (O.) Beyond this a tube, extending and dividing into four segments. This is the colored calyx, (C.) A division may be made at D, and the stalk and ovary may be pinned down on another corner of the cardboard. The tube of the calyx (T) should then be slit up with a sharp pointed knife to the base of one of the notches between the segments and opened out. The stamens whose points or anthers are marked A in the diagram, and the leaves of the corolla, P (the purple petals,) will be found to adhere to his tube, these must be carefully removed and laid out in their proper order on the cardboard. As there is only one row of petals, they may be laid in any of the circles, f, g, or h. The numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4, are understood to be points representing the segments of the calyx. The stamens should be then arranged with reference to the petals, as in the diagram, as that is the relative position of these parts in the flower. The long pistil marked S in the diagram of the complete flower, and the tube of the calyx will now remain in

the left hand; the former should be stuck in a pin-hole in the centre of the cardboard, with its delicate knob or stigma (S) upwards; the tube of the corolla should be laid flat on a piece of very thin cardboard, and a pattern cut from it at once. The segments are never exactly regular in size, but the above diagram will be found a pretty good guide. The pupil is now ready to commence making the wax flower; but before doing so it is recommended, to save future trouble to cut out in cardboard, a pattern of the shape of the leaves of the corolla, and mark it according to directions before given. A piece of starched braid with a small knot at the end should be cut the length of the pistil, and eight pieces of cotton with knotted ends, as mementoes of the length and number of the stamens.

We subjoin patterns of the proper length of the pistil S, and stamens A. The scraps of light green wax which remained from the sheets used for the under side of the camellia leaves must be pressed with the finger and thumb, so as to make a knob. Beyond and above this, more silk may be wrapped round the pistil, which should be dipped in the scraps of pink wax which will remain after setting out the pattern of the calyx. With the fingers the basis of the flower should be made to assume the form given in this diagram, by folding the other scraps of wax for an inch above the ovary. Eight pieces of white netting silk the length of the stamen, should now be dipped in the melted pink wax, and having been allowed to stiffen, the tips should be re-dipped and these touched with a little flour; they must be made to adhere to the basis at the point T, at equal distances all round. A little fine silk tied round the lowest point of the stamens is a good security, but must be well pressed in.

The four petals cut from the darkest shade of pink should be colored with carmine, and ultra-marine applied on the dull side and at the point T over the bases of the stamens. The colored surface will of course be outside, and the edges will overlap each other as the series in the camellia. These petals must not be curled.

The calyx has now to be applied. Presuming that it had been cut out of pale pink wax, according to the pattern given above, it must be curled with the smallest pin in the following manner:—The pattern being laid upon the palm of the left hand, the head of the pin must be rolled along the dotted line X, Y, Z, very lightly, and then with considerable pressure along each of the segments in the direction of the dotted lines to Q, R, S, T. The handle of a paint brush should now be laid along the line from X, Y, Z, to W, and the sides of the calyx folded over it. The edges being made to fold over each other slightly, should be rubbed down with another brush: and the tube of the calyx having been thus formed, the first brush handle should be withdrawn. The tubular calyx should then be slipped up from the bottom of the wire over the ovary, and pressed firmly to its place.

## CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

ENQUIRER.—The position you have sent us is a *four*, not a six move one. We, however, publish it as an Enigma.

CLOVERFIELD.—We have examined the position sent, though you omitted to send us the solution, which ought to accompany every problem sent for publication. Your position will appear, with a few alterations, which you will pardon us for, in our next, if not as a problem, as an Enigma.

AN AMATEUR OF GUELPH.—Thanks for the game: it shall be examined. There is an error, we apprehend, in the position sent: mate cannot be given in three moves.

H. C. H.—Get Staunton's Hand-book, and study it thoroughly. We will publish the solution to the game in our last, where mate was announced in nine moves. As yet, no correspondent has attempted it.

Solutions to Problem 8 by J. D., Betty Martin, and J. H. R. are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Betty Martin and Enquirer are correct.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. VIII.

WHITE.

*P Queens.*

1. Q to K B 2d.
2. Q to R 4th (ch).
3. K to Q 2d.
4. Q mates.

BLACK.

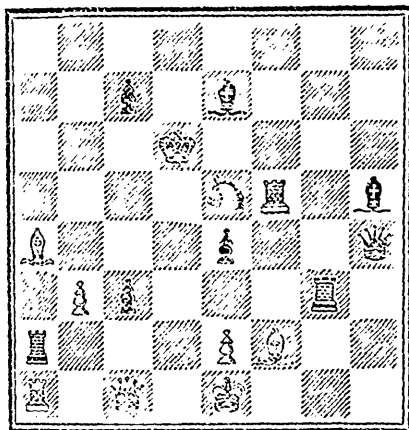
*P to K Kt 7th.*

All Black's moves  
are forced.

## PROBLEM, NO. IX.

*By a Canadian Amateur.\**

BLACK.



WHITE.

*White to play and mate in five moves.*

ENIGMA.

*No. 30. By Enquirer.*

WHITE.—K at his B sq; Bs at K B 2nd and 3rd.

BLACK.—K at his R 7th.

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

\*This beautiful stratagem is extracted from a late number of the *Chess Players Chronicle*.

## THE STATU-QUO CHESS-BOARD.

We copy the following description of this very useful invention from a late English newspaper:

In this invention a convenience long since considered by chess-players has been attained, viz., the peremptory and instantaneous fixing of the men, and the power of deferring the completion of the game. A simple but most effectual mechanical process secures these advantages. By pressing a pair of small buttons on the outer rim of the board, the pieces are secured firmly on whatever squares they may happen to be; while a counter pressure on a button in the inside as immediately releases them. The value of a chess-board of this character does not require to be pointed out. Students of the game—those who investigate the theory of moves, who try combinations, and who work out problems, with a view to elucidate and confirm principles—will perceive its utility at a glance; while players of a less critical class will not be uninterested to know that a board is now within their reach which will allow them to discontinue a game at will, and recur to it just as often as opportunity permits. The action of the *Statu-quo Chess-board* is quick and facile. It is, as far as we have had the means of testing, not liable to disarrangement, and does that completely which it undertakes to do. It is, in short, an ingenious piece of mechanism, and reflects great credit upon the inventor and patentee, Mr. John Jacques, of Hatton Garden.

## CHESS IN TORONTO.

We have great pleasure in presenting, in this number, the last series of games played in the Chess Club between Mr. G. Palmer—an excellent amateur, and winner of the late tournament, who has since left Toronto, and whose loss the Club cannot but feel—and the President, Professor Cherriman:—

## GAME I.

WHITE.

*Mr. G. Palmer.*

1. P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th.
3. K Kt to B 3d.
4. P to K R 4th.
5. Kt to Kt 5th (a).
6. Kt takes K B P.
7. B to Q B 4th(ch) (b)
8. Q takes K Kt P.
9. Q to K R 5th (ch).

BLACK.

*The President.*

- P to K 4th.
- P takes P.
- P to K Kt 4th.
- P to K Kt 5th.
- P to K R 3d.
- K takes Kt.
- K to his sq.
- P to Q 4th.
- K to Q 2d.

and White gives checkmate in three moves.

Notes.

(a) This forms the Algaier gambit, the variation on which, by playing Kt to K 5th, has been lately brought so much into vogue by Harrwitz.

(b) This move is not given by any of the authorities: it occurs in the games between Prince Ouronoff and a Russian amateur, and gives a strong attack; the best reply appears to be P to Q 4th.



## GAME II.

BLACK.

*The President.*

WHITE.

*Mr. G. Palmer.*

- |                                      |                 |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th.                       | P to K 4th.     |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d.                     | P to Q 4th (a). |
| 3. P takes P.                        | Q takes P.      |
| 4. Q Kt to B 3d.                     | Q to K 3d.      |
| 5. K B to Kt 5th (ch).               | P to Q B 3d.    |
| 6. K B to R 4th.                     | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 7. Q to K 2d.                        | Q Kt to Q 2d.   |
| 8. B to Q Kt 3d.                     | Q to K B 4th.   |
| 9. P to Q 4th.                       | B to Q 3d.      |
| 10. Q Kt to K 4th.                   | B to Q B 2d.    |
| 11. Q Kt to K Kt 3d.                 | Q to K Kt 5th.  |
| 12. B takes K B P (ch) and wins (b). |                 |

*Notes.*

(a) Very unsafe.

(b) For if K takes B, Black wins Q by Kt to Kt 5th check; and if K moves, Black equally wins Q, by P to K K 3d.

## GAME III.

WHITE.

*Mr. G. Palmer.*

BLACK.

*The President.*

- |                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th.          | P to K 4th.       |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d.        | Q Kt to 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. P to Q 4th.          | P takes P.        |
| 7. Castles.             | P to Q 3d.        |
| 8. P takes P.           | B to Q Kt 3d.     |
| 9. B to Q R 3d.         | K Kt to K 2d (a). |
| 10. K Kt to Kt 5th.     | P to Q 4th (b).   |
| 11. P takes P.          | Q Kt to R 4th.    |
| 12. K R to K sq.        | P to Q B 4th.     |
| 13. P tks P en pass.    | Q Kt takes P.     |
| 14. K tks K B P (c).    | Q takes Q P.      |
| 15. C. to K 2d.         | Castles (d).      |
| 16. Kt to K 5th (d. ch) | K to R sq.        |
| 17. B takes Kt (e).     | R takes K B P.    |
| 18. Q to K 3d.          | Q takes Q.        |
| 19. R takes Q.          | B takes R.        |
| 20. Kt takes Kt.        | P takes Kt.       |
| 21. Kt to Q R 3d.       | R tks Q R P.      |

discovering check, and wins.

*Notes.*

(a) A mistake, which should have cost the game.

(b) His only move, as he dare not Castle, on account of White's playing Q to K R 5th.

(c) Up to this point, White has most ably taken advantage of his opponent's mistake, but he here lets the victory slip from his grasp: had he taken this P with B checking, the game was won, for if Black moves K to K 2d, he loses his Q by Kt to K 6th, or if K goes to B sq., White plays P to Q 5th with an irresistible attack.

(d) Q dare not take Q R.

(e) Better to have tried for perpetual check by Kt to K B 7th.

## GAME IV.

In this game White (Mr. Palmer) played the same opening, and Black corrected the mistake he committed in the previous game at his ninth move, by playing instead Q B to K Kt 5th, which effectually stopped the attack, and Black won easily, the game was not recorded.

## GAME V.

BLACK.

*The President.*

WHITE.

*Mr. G. Palmer.*

- |                                   |                   |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th.                    | P to K 4th.       |
| 2. P to Q 4th.                    | P takes P.        |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d.                  | Q Kt to B 3d.     |
| 4. K B to B 4th.                  | K B to B 4th.     |
| 5. Kt to K Kt 5th (a).            | K Kt to R 3d.     |
| 6. Kt takes K B P.                | Kt takes Kt.      |
| 7. B takes Kt (ch).               | K takes B.        |
| 8. Q to K R 5th (ch).             | P to K Kt 3d.     |
| 9. Q takes B.                     | P to Q 3d.        |
| 10. Q to Q B 4th (ch).            | K to Kt 2d.       |
| 11. Castles.                      | K R to B sq.      |
| 12. P to Q B 3d.                  | Q to K B 3d.      |
| 13. P to K B 4th (b).             | P to Q R 3d.      |
| 14. K to R sq.                    | B to K 3d.        |
| 15. Q to K 2d.                    | Q R to K sq.      |
| 16. Kt to Q 2d.                   | Q to K R 5th.     |
| 17. Kt to K B 3d.                 | Q to K Kt 5th.    |
| 18. B to Q 2d.                    | K to Kt sq.       |
| 19. K R to K sq.                  | B to Q 4th.       |
| 20. P to K R 3d.                  | Q to K R 4th.     |
| 21. Q to K B 2d.                  | R takes K P.      |
| 22. P takes Q P.                  | Kt takes P (c).   |
| 23. Kt takes Kt (d).              | R takes Kt.       |
| 24. K to Kt sq (e).               | P to Q B 4th (f). |
| 25. R to K 7th.                   | Q to K B 4th.     |
| 26. B to B 3d.                    | Q to K B 3d.      |
| 27. Q R to K sq.                  | Q takes K B P.    |
| 28. B takes R.                    | Q to K R 3d (g).  |
| 29. Q to K 3d. and White resigns. |                   |

*Notes.*

(a) This is not considered so sound as P to Q B 3d.

(b) K R to Q sq is better, as it compels White to take the Q B P. White has conducted this defence very well, having played the best moves throughout.

(c) This is unsound, and ought to have cost White a piece.

(d) Instead of this move, Black should have taken B with R, and the game would have proceeded thus—

BLACK.

WHITE.

- |                                     |                     |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 23. R takes R.                      | B takes R.          |
| 24. Kt takes Kt.                    | Q takes K R P (ch). |
| 25. K to Kt sq.                     | Q to Kt 5th.        |
| 26. Q to K 2d.                      | Q takes Q.          |
| 27. Kt takes Q. and Black must win. |                     |

(e) If Q takes R, he is evidently mated in two moves.

(f) This is not good, but it is not easy to find a satisfactory move for White at this point.

(g) Q takes B would have been better, but White's game is hopeless in any case.