

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							✓				

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.—TORONTO: SEPTEMBER, 1853.—No. 3.

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

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER IX.

We concluded our last chapter with the observation that "we could find no grounds for sympathy with General Dearborn," and farther consideration of the subject induces us to bring forward additional reasons in support of that assertion.

We have already shown that General Dearborn was, (if we may so express it) his own master, and almost unfettered by instructions, during the entire autumn of 1812. He had ample time, with adequate means to prepare an army of five or six thousand strong, whom, if it had been only to keep them healthy, it would have been better to put in motion. The English Generals had many greater difficulties to contend with, in defending Canada, than the Americans to conquer it. Bonaparte's career in Italy, and Wellington's in Spain, began with, and overcame, much greater disadvantages, and so it ever will be, a true General must struggle against prejudices and hindrances, inflicted by his own constituents, and look on them as things to be overcome, and harder of achievement than the mere subduing the troops opposed to him. The American commanders were not men of this stamp, and, in consequence, the exfoliation of Generals during the

first campaign was excessive, and allowing all indulgence for the novelty of their position, and perhaps the difficulty of sustaining themselves, it was right not only that they should be superseded, but it was also just that they should be censured. The campaign of 1812 ended in a total eclipse of American military pretensions, without leaving one lingering gleam of hope, and the commander-in-chief's inactivity, tantamount to miscarriage, afflicted the friends of the war with the conviction that they were doomed to defeat.

Some of Ingersol's conclusions on this subject are so remarkable as to claim notice, for the extreme ingenuity evinced in finding out good reasons for being beaten, and in showing that Americans were not vanquished by the prowess of their adversaries, but that, "encountering on the threshold of Canada only such insignificant obstacles as Voyageurs, traders, travellers and Indians, animated with but a faint spirit of resistance to invasion," they were conquered by the inactivity and poltroonery of their commanders alone. The same writer adds, "A man of talent leading our armies to Montreal, as might have been done in 1812, would have probably, brought the war to an end that year. England was completely surprised and unprepared for it. Such a General at Detroit, Niagara or Champlain as would have driven the English beyond Montreal, might have produced immediate peace. Hull and Dearborn, and executive inefficiency were answerable for prolonging the war, the vigorous and successful commencement of which might have creditably closed it soon."

after it had begun. The feeling of haughty power did not then stimulate Great Britain, which followed the downfall of Napoleon. The time for war was fortunate for us, our chance of success was good, had either the Government or its agents in command made the most of the opportunity."

Ingersol winds up his lamentation by observing that Dearborn "discouraged *probably by militia disaffection*, (when he should with his regular forces have established himself at Isle aux Noix for the winter, at least threatening Montreal, if not making good his way there, and holding it, and such success would have rallied thousands to his standard), fell back after a failure—the climax of our military degradation."

These remarks are doubtless very satisfactory to subjects of the United States, but we question whether they will be found equally convincing by those who have enquired into the feelings which animated the Colonists at that time, or, from study of history, are enabled to judge of the determined resistance which a body of men, united in heart and hand can offer to an invading force. We, however, entered so fully, in a previous chapter, on this subject, that we think it unnecessary to dwell at greater length on it, or to do more than remind the reader that the failure of the attempts at invasion "were mainly brought about through the gallant resistance of the very colony which was regarded by its invaders as likely to prove an easy conquest, in consequence of the disloyalty vainly imagined to lurk in its heart." Ingersol justly observes, "England was completely unprepared for the war," but we deny the conclusion he arrives at from that circumstance, "that the conquest of Canada was therefore an easy one," and American failures only attributable to the want of capacity in the commanders. We contend that every incident of the war goes to disprove this, the numerical superiority of the Americans in point of numbers, was on all occasions so great as fully to compensate for any alleged inferiority of commanders. The solution of the question is to be found in the justice of their cause. This it was which nerved Canadian arms, and enabled them to overcome an invading force so immeasurably superior.

With the exception of a few hastily planned movements at Prescott, Demonstrations on St. Lawrence. Ogdensburg and Elizabethtown (now Brockville,) no event of importance occurred during the first three months of 1812. There are, however, a few circumstances connected with these demonstrations with which the reader should not be left unacquainted, as one of them in particular was made the peg on which to hang the usual amount of misrepresentation to be found in most American despatches.

The River St. Lawrence affords, in its frozen state, during the early part of the year, an easy and safe mode of transit from the American to the Canadian shores, and advantage was taken of this by Capt. Forsythe, who commanded a detachment of United States riflemen at Ogdensburg, to despatch marauding parties across who did not confine their operations to the destruction of public property, but exercised considerable severity towards the unarmed inhabitants.

A nocturnal predatory expedition, which has been thought worthy of being ranked amongst the "brilliant achievements" of American valour, took place on the 6th February. General Armstrong in his "notices of the war" says, "Forsythe, with two companies of rifle corps in sleighs, ascended the St. Lawrence from Ogdensburg to Elizabethtown on the Canada shore, surprised the British guard, made fifty-two prisoners, (among whom were the Major, three Captains and two Lieutenants), liberated sixteen deserters, and made prize of one hundred and forty muskets and a considerable quantity of ammunition without losing a man of his party." This statement, officially made, was of course highly gratifying and consolatory to the American public; in James' version, however, the affair assumes a different aspect. "After wounding a militia sentry, the houses in the village, the gaol not omitted, were ransacked and the male inhabitants to the number of fifty-two were carried off. Several of these, as in the United States, held commissions in the militia." This circumstance, according to James, was a fortunate one, and "the American public was, a few days afterwards, officially told of the capture, in a very gallant manner, of a British guard consisting of fifty-two

men, including two Majors, three Captains, and two Lieutenants (*of militia not added.*) One circumstance, connected with this affair, will place it in its proper light. Major McDonnell of the Glengarry fencibles was despatched with a flag of truce to remonstrate with the American commander about "the depredations committed by the parties under his command." This remonstrance, James adds, was met with "insolence, taunts and boasts" and a challenge to the British officers to meet the Americans on the ice. This challenge could not then be complied with, as Sir George Prevost declined to sanction the proceedings, assigning as his reason, "that he did not wish, by any offensive acts of the sort, to keep alive a spirit of hostility."

This predatory attack was, however, ere long, punished by the attack on Ogdensburg, which was made on the 22nd, under the command of Major McDonnell, and resulted in the capture of a quantity of ordnance, marine and commercial stores, together with four officers and seventy privates. Two barracks, two armed schooners, and two gun boats were also destroyed. This attack was made under a heavy fire from the American batteries, at the cost of eight killed and fifty-two wounded.

Major McDonnell's dispatch* clearly shows

the actual strength of the party under his command, yet, Mr. Thomson, in his sketches of the war, does not scruple to fix the British force at two columns "of six hundred men each," and to represent (without condescending to particulars) Forsythe's party as very inferior in point of numbers, omitting any mention of the prisoners, guns, stores and, destruction of barracks. We must here correct James, who says, "still the total silence of all the other American historians entitles Mr. Thomson to some credit for the account he has given of the attack on Ogdensburg." We deny that Mr. Thomson is entitled to any credit, even on this score, as General Armstrong in his notices has "the British commander retaliated, (for the Elizabeth affair,) by a visit on the 22nd to Ogdensburg, drove Forsythe out of the place, killing and wounding about twenty of his men, and capturing a quantity of provisions and stores, with six pieces of artillery." We doubt further whether Mr. Thomson would have alluded to the affair at all, had it not been so direct a sequence to the attack on Elizabethtown, to which he has attached so much importance. We may, perhaps, be unjust in denying even this credit to Mr. Thomson, but his whole work proves that, wherever he could, he has never hesitated to double the

* From Major Macdonnell, to Sir G. Prevost. Prescott, February 23, 1813.

Sir.—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of his excellency the commander of the forces, that, in consequence of the commands of his excellency to retaliate, under favorable circumstances, upon the enemy, for his late wanton aggressions on this frontier, I this morning, about 7 o'clock, crossed the river St. Lawrence upon the ice, and attacked and carried, after a little more than an hour's action, his position in and near the opposite town of Ogdensburg, taking eleven pieces of cannon, and all his ordnance, marine, commissariat, and quarter-master-general's stores, four officers and 70 prisoners, and burning two armed schooners, and two large gun-boats, and both his barracks.

My force consisted of about 480 regulars and militia, and was divided into two columns: the right commanded by Captain Jenkins, of the Glengary light infantry fencibles, was composed of his own flank company, and about 70 militia; and, from the state of the ice, and the enemy's position in the old French fort, was directed to check his left, and interrupt his retreat, whilst I moved on with the left column, consisting of 120 of the king's regiment, 40 of the royal Newfoundland corps and about 200 militia, towards his position in the town, where he had posted his heavy field artillery.

The depth of the snow in some degree retarded the advance of both columns, and exposed them, particularly the right, to a heavy cross fire from the batteries of the enemy, for a longer period than I had expected; but pushing on rapidly after the batteries began to open upon us, the left column soon gained the right bank of the river, under the direct fire of his artillery and line of musketry, posted on an eminence near the shore; moving on rapidly my advance, consisting of the royal Newfoundland and some select militia, I turned his right with the detachment of the king's regiment, and after a few discharges from his artillery, took them with the bayonet, and drove his infantry through the town; some escaping across the Black river into the fort, but the majority fled to the woods, or sought refuge in the houses, from whence they kept such a galling fire, that it was necessary to dislodge them with our field-pieces, which now came up from the bank of the river, where they had stuck, on landing, in the deep snow.

Having gained the high ground on the brink of the Black river, opposite the fort, I prepared to carry it by storm; but the men being quite exhausted, I procured time for them to recover breath, by sending in a summons, requiring an unconditional surrender. During these transactions, Captain Jenkins had gallantly led on his column, and had been exposed to a heavy fire of seven guns,

British, and represent the Americans as "whipping their enemies" under the most adverse circumstances that the creative mind of an American historian could conjure up.

Having disposed of these affairs we shall proceed to examine, before entering on the naval part of the history, into the position of both parties, their relative strength, and the plans formed by the American Government.

During the first quarter of the year 1813, the government at Washington had made the most strenuous efforts to prepare for opening, with vigor, the campaign. Ample reinforcements and supplies had been forwarded. To

begin: we find, according to Armstrong, "that within district No. 9, commanded by General Dearborn, there were over thirteen thousand men of all arms. On the Niagara three thousand three hundred regulars, and three thousand volunteers and militia; at Sackett's Harbour, two hundred regulars, and two thousand militia; on Lake Champlain, three thousand regulars, and two thousand militia. In the West, although we are without the data which would enable us to give so detailed

which he bravely attempted to take with the bayonet, though covered with 200 of the enemy's best troops: advancing as rapidly as the deep snow, and the exhausted state (in consequence) of his men, would admit, he ordered a charge, and had not proceeded many paces, when his left arm was broken to pieces by a grape shot; but still undauntedly running on with his men, he almost immediately afterwards was deprived of the use of his right arm, by a discharge of a case-shot; still heroically disregarding all personal consideration, he nobly ran on, cheering his men, to the assault, till, exhausted by pain and loss of blood, he became unable to move; his company gallantly continued the charge under Lieutenant M' Auley; but the reserve of the militia not being able to keep up with them, they were compelled, by the great superiority of the enemy, to give way, leaving a few in a commanding position, and a few of the most advanced, in the enemy's possession, nearly about the time that I gained the height above mentioned. The enemy hesitating to surrender, I instantly carried his eastern battery, and by it silenced another, which now opened again; and ordering on the advance the detachment of the King's, and the Highland company of militia, under Captain Eustace, of the King's regiment, he gallantly rushed into the fort; but the enemy retreating by the opposite entrance, escaped into the woods, which I should have effectually prevented, if my Indian warriors had returned sooner from a detached service, on which they had that morning been employed.

a statement of General Harrison's force, yet we are informed that while Proctor, after defeating and capturing Winchester, was hastening back to Malden, to escape the attacks of Harrison, this last mentioned officer, under similar apprehensions of his adversary, after setting fire to his stores, baggage and defences at the Rapids, retreated hastily to Portage River. The delusion, however,† under which this movement was made was not of long duration, and shortly afterwards, General Harrison announced to his government that "a few days would enable him to resume and defend the position he had left, against anything Proctor could bring against it, and advancing with a force of about two thousand men,‡ on the eastern bank of the Miami, he began a fortified camp to cover his intended operations. Here, for the present, we will leave him with General Proctor watching him

with five hundred and twenty regulars, four hundred and fifty militia and about twelve hundred Indians. We have already shown that Sheaffe's Force. the whole force along the Niagara frontier, thirty-six miles in length, exclusive of that stationed at Fort George, and which may be

I cannot close this statement without expressing my admiration of the gallantry and self-devotion of Captain Jenkins, who had lost one arm, and is in danger of losing the other. I must also report the intrepidity of Captain Lefevre, of the Newfoundland regiment, who had the immediate charge of the militia under Colonel Fraser; of Captain Eustace, and the other officers of the King's regiment; and particularly of Lieutenant Ridge, of that corps, who very gallantly led on the advance; and of Lieutenant M' Auley, and ensign M' Duncell, of the Glengarry regiment; as also Lieutenant Gangneben, of the royal engineers; and of Ensign M'Kay, of the Glengarry light-infantry; and of Ensign Kerr, of the militia, each of whom had charge of a field-piece; and of Lieutenant Impey, of the militia, who has lost a leg. I was also well supported by Colonel Fraser and the other officers and men of the militia, who emulated the conspicuous bravery of all the troops of the line. I inclose a list of killed and wounded. The enemy had 500 men under arms, and must have sustained a considerable loss.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. MACDONNELL,

Major, Glengarry light infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding in the Eastern District of Upper Canada.

Sir G. Prevost. &c.

† Armstrong—page 121.

‡ Ibid.

stated at fourteen hundred and forty regulars, and two hundred and sixty militia, amounted to but three hundred and sixty regulars, and two hundred and forty militia, in all twenty-three hundred men.

It is not so easy to get at the strength of Army in Lower Canada. the force at the disposal of Sir Geo. Prevost, but we can gather from "Veritas,"—who, in his anxiety to criminate Sir George, is not likely to have *understated* his means, whether for offence or defence—that it did not exceed three thousand regulars and militia at the outside.

These numbers show fifteen thousand five hundred Americans to six thousand three hundred British and twelve hundred Indians.

A glance at the state of affairs on Lake Ontario does not give a more satisfactory result, as we find a powerful American force, the united tonnage of which amounted to over nineteen hundred tons, besides boats, lying at Sackett's harbor. This fleet, mounting eighty-six heavy cannon, was in readiness to co-operate in the movements contemplated by the Cabinet at Washington. At this very time our vessels on Lake Ontario were lying unmanned and unfurnished in Kingston harbor and elsewhere, waiting for the arrival of seamen to enable them to be prepared for service!

Having shown the strength, we will now proceed to the plan of campaign proposed by General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey, and, after some deliberation, agreed to by the American Government as certain of ultimate success. According to this plan, it was proposed that three simultaneous demonstrations should be made. At the west Harrison was to attack and drive back Proctor, compelling the surrender of Malden and the evacuation of the Michigan territory; Com. Chauncey and the fleet, with an army under Gen. Pike, were first to attack York, and from thence to proceed to the investment of Fort George by land and water; a third force was to cross over from Buffalo, and, carrying the forts at

Erie and Chippewa, to join that already assembled at Fort George. Canada West having been thus swept, the whole force was to proceed eastward to Kingston, to co-operate with General Dearborn in the reduction, first of that place, and afterwards of Quebec. This was a very well laid combination, and had Canadians been the disaffected body imagined by Americans, would in all probability have succeeded. As they, however, obstinately refused to believe themselves as enslaved and wronged as Hull and Smith represented, it did not realize all that had been expected.

About this time Sir James Yeo arrived to assume the naval command. This officer had formerly commanded the Southampton frigate, and immediately on his arrival he commenced with great energy the work of fitting, manning, and preparing for actual service. Before, however, entering with him on his labors, we must retrace our steps, and resume the narrative of naval events, which we closed with the capture of the Java by the Constitution. We must also remind the reader that, in the fifth chapter of this work, an act of great barbarity on the part of Captain Porter, of the Essex, towards a British seaman, was, on the authority of Mr. James, exposed. An account of this proceeding reaching Sir James Yeo, some natural expressions of indignation at the act, and of contempt for the perpetrator, escaped him; and as these sentiments were uttered in the hearing of several American prisoners then on board the Southampton, they were soon made public, with appropriate emendations. Sir James Yeo's remarks were made to convey a challenge to Captain Porter, and this officer had now an opportunity of thrusting himself into more creditable notice than the inhuman tarring and feathering of poor John Ewing was calculated to gain for him. A formal acceptance by Captain Porter of this (we may call it pretended, as James declares there is no authority whatever for the sending) challenge afterwards went the round of the American papers. We have introduced this anecdote, as it is necessary for us, before resuming our narrative, at the date where we broke off, to accompany Capt. Porter on his first cruise in the Essex. The successful issue of this adventurous expedition did not fail to create

great sensation throughout the United States, and we might expose ourselves to the charge of a *suppressio veri*, did we omit aught that might be supposed to bear on the subject.

We have, besides, an additional inducement to accompany Captain Porter, as we may be enabled to correct a few statements which, inadvertently of course, have been suffered to creep into his record.

The Essex had been prevented from forming part of Commodore Rodger's squadron, as she could not be fitted up in time, but on the 3rd July she sailed from New York, and on the 11th fell in with seven transports bound from Barbadoes, to Quebec, under the convoy of the *Minerva*, twelve pounder, thirty-two gun frigate. The Essex succeeded in cutting off the rear most vessel with nearly two hundred soldiers on board, and Captain Hawkins wore in pursuit but, finding after a while, that by continuing in chase, he must run the risk of separating from, and perhaps losing the remaining six vessels of his convoy, he resumed his course.

James observes on this "Captain Porter was discreet, as well as shrewd enough to chuckle at this; and disarming and paroling the soldiers, and ransoming the vessel, he allowed the latter to proceed with the intelligence of the outrage she had suffered. He of course obtained from his prize, the name of the conveying frigate, whose protection had been of so much service, and by the first opportunity wrote an official account of his exploit, concluding with the, as applied to a British ship, galling words "we endeavored to bring the frigate to action, but did not succeed." Unfortunately for Captain Porter's declaration of inferiority, in point of sailing, of the Essex, this vessel was afterwards captured, and her sailing qualities so fully ascertained as to leave no doubt but that Captain Porter, had he really desired to bring the *Minerva* to action, could easily have come alongside of her. That no such thought, however, entered Captain Porter's head will be clear to all, as we proceed in our analysis of that Officer's claim to wear the laurel. A dispatch to the Navy Department, dated "At sea, August 17th," contains the next claim preferred by Captain Porter, "I have the honor to inform you that on the 13th his Britannic Majesty's

sloop of war, *Alert*, Captain T. L. R. Langhorne, ran down on our weather quarter, gave three cheers, and commenced an action (if so trifling a skirmish deserves the name), and after eight minutes firing, struck her colours, with seven feet of water in her hold, much cut to pieces, and with three men wounded. * * * * The Essex has not received the slightest injury. The *Alert* was out for the purpose of taking the *Hornet*."

Some credit is due for the modesty of this despatch, but when we state what the *Alert* really was, it will be seen that even Captain David Porter could scarcely have made more of the transaction. In the year 1804, twelve colliers were purchased by the British Government, and one of these, the *Oxford*, became the *Alert* sloop of war fitted with eighteen pound carronades, the highest calibre she could bear. By the end of the year 1811, ten of these choice vessels had either been broken up or converted into peaceable harbour ships. Two still remained, and, as if possessing in reality the qualities which their names implied, the *Avenger* and *Alert* were dispatched to the North American station a short time previous to the war. Had the *Alert* been rigged with two masts, Capt. Porter would only have had the glory of taking a small gun brig, but the unfortunate mizen mast classed her amongst vessels which were a full match for any two such craft. Captain Porter disarmed his prize and sent her, as a cartel, with the prisoners, eighty-six in number, to St. John's, Newfoundland, where Captain Langhorne and his crew were tried for the loss of the ship. When we consider the verdict of the Court, however, we may be inclined to admire Captain Langhorne's bravery, we cannot but condemn him somewhat for provoking, with such a crew, so unequal a contest. It was proved at the trial that the crew went aft to request the Captain to strike his colors, and the finding of the Court was "the honorable acquittal of Captain Langhorne, the master and purser," while the first lieutenant was dismissed the service, and the marked disapprobation of the Court was expressed to the remaining officers and crew. On her return to the States, being found unfit for a cruiser, the *Alert* was first laid up in ordinary, and, after some time, then fitted up as a store ship; her creeping pace, however, betrayed her collier origin, and she was finally

sent to New York, to be exhibited to the citizens as one of the national trophies of war.

Capt. Porter's next despatch must have carried with it a pleasing conviction that maritime supremacy had ceased to be "England's undoubted right" and must have inspired American sailors with a most contemptible opinion of their opponent's courage. We give the despatch entire.

"On the afternoon of the 30th August, I discovered one of the enemy's frigates standing forward, as under a press of sail, apparently with an intention of speaking us, stood for him under easy sail with the ship prepared for action, and, apprehensive that he might not find me during the night, I hoisted a light. At 9, he made a signal consisting of two flashes and a blue light, apparently about four miles distant from us. I continued to stand on for the point where they were seen until midnight, when not getting sight of the enemy, I concluded it would be best to heave to for him until daylight, presuming that he had done the same, or that he would at least have kept in our neighbourhood; but to my great surprise and the mortification of my officers and crew (whose zeal on every occasion excites my admiration,) we discovered in the morning that the bird had flown. From her fleetness which enabled her to disappear so soon, *I think it not unlikely that it was the Acasta of fifty guns and three hundred and fifty men sent out with the Ringdove of twenty-two guns to cruise for the Essex.*"

Ships usually carry logbooks, in which are entered every day's proceedings, with the latitude and longitude; a reference to these, unfortunately for the correctness of Capt. Porter's assumption, shows that, on the day mentioned, the *Acasta* was in lat. 43° north, and long. 63° 16' west. The *Essex* being in 36° north and 62° west. The *Ringdove* (only of eighteen guns by the way) was on that day at anchor in the harbour of the island of St. Thomas. The ship that Capt. Porter fell in with, was the *Ratler*, eighteen gun sloop, Capt. Alexander Gordon, who knowing that it would be folly to engage in so unequal a contest, very wisely avoided an engagement.

On the 4th of September Capt. Porter was really gratified with a sight of a ship of war, as on that day, having in convoy the merchant ship *Minerva*, he fell in with (to use his own

words) two ships of war. These two ships of war were the British thirty-eight gun frigate *Shannon* and the merchant ship *Planter*, recaptured from the Americans. The *Essex*, keeping the *Minerva* close astern of her, bore down as if to meet the *Shannon*, then in chase, but having closed to within ten miles, Capt. Porter's better judgment prevailed, and leaving the poor merchant ship to her fate, the *Essex* hauled to the wind and crowded all sail to get away. The *Minerva* was taken possession of and burnt, in hopes that the *Essex* might see the flames and clear down to avenge the indignity, but with no effect. This running away was the last exploit performed by Capt. Porter, who anchored, three days afterwards, in the *Delaware*, "crowned with glory."

We left, it may be remembered, the *Hornet* sloop of war off St. Salvador. where, with the *Constitution*, Capt. Lawrence had been blockading the *Bonne Citoyenne*, and whence she was chased by the *Montague*, seventy-four. After escaping from the line of battle ship, the *Hornet* stood to the westward, captured an English brig with some seven thousand pounds in specie on board, and then directed her course to the coast of Surinam and Demerara. While cruising on this station, the *Hornet* when beating off the entrance to the Demerara river, discovered a sail bearing down on her, which proved to be the British brig sloop, *Peacock*. The engagement commenced a little after five, and ten minutes before six, the *Peacock*, being in a sinking state from the heavy fire of the *Hornet*, hoisted an ensign, union down, from her fore rigging, as a signal of distress. Shortly afterwards her main mast went by the board. Every attempt was now made to save the crew, but all would not do, and a few minutes afterwards the *Peacock* went down in five and a half fathom water with thirteen of her men, four of whom only escaped by crawling into the fore rigging. An American Lieutenant, midshipman, and three men with difficulty saved themselves by jumping, as the brig went down, into boats lying on the booms. Some of the men saved themselves in the stern boat, and, notwithstanding it was much damaged by shot, they arrived in safety at Demerara.

Of her hundred and ten men, the *Peacock*

lost her gallant commander and seven men, besides three officers and twenty-seven men wounded. The Americans state their loss at two killed and three wounded, out of a crew of one hundred and seventeen.

We give the comparative force of the combatants, before introducing James' remarks on the action.

Comparative force of the ships.

	Peacock.	Hornet.
Broadside guns....	9.....	10
No. of lbs.....	192.....	297
Crew	110.....	162
Size	386.....	460

The accuracy of this table has been proved, yet American writers have declared that the Hornet gained a victory over a "*superior British force*." Now for James.—"If, in their encounter of British frigates the Americans were so lucky as to meet them with crippled masts, deteriorated powder, unskilful gunners, or worthless crews, they were not less fortunate in the brigs they fell in with. There was the Frolic, with her main-yard gone and topmasts sprung; and here is the Peacock, with twenty-four instead of thirty-two pound carronades, the establishment of her class, and with a crew that, owing to the nature of their employment ever since the brig had been commissioned, in August, 1807, must have almost forgotten that they belonged to a man-of-war. The Peacock had long been the admiration of her numerous visitors, for the *tasteful arrangement* of her deck, and had obtained, in consequence, *the name of the yacht*. The *breechings of the carronades* were lined with *white canvass*, the shot-lockers shifted from their usual places, and nothing could exceed in *brilliancy, the polish upon the traversing bars and elevating screws*." These remarks are deservedly severe, both on the commander of the Peacock and the authorities whose duty it was to know that the Peacock was fitted in a manner suitable to her class. The brig was new, built of oak, and able to bear thirty-two pounders, and there could then have been no other cause for the change, but that the smaller guns took up less room, and gave a lighter appearance to the deck. It appears extraordinary that the British Government, after so many disasters, and the lapse of eight months from the declaration of war, should not have become alive to the importance of

sending proper vessels to sea. The Peacock, Frolic and brigs of her class were mere shells, when compared with such ships as the Hornet and the Wasp, whose scantling was nearly as stout as a British twelve pounder frigate, but still they were entitled to be ranked in a certain class, and an extract from Lawrence's* official letter will show that he did not hesitate to claim for himself a very sufficient amount of credit. Captain Lawrence could have afforded to have dispensed with this, as we readily admit that he was really a gallant and truly brave officer; after all, we can hardly wonder at his becoming inoculated with the national disorder, especially as it was the policy of a government that has never yet been convinced of the inutility, even in a profit and loss point of view, of making a misstatement. The wreck of the Peacock was visible for a long time after the action, and this was a fortunate circumstance, as it gave an opportunity of ascertaining her relative positions and that of the *Espiègle*. This was necessary, as Captain Lawrence's statement makes the *Espiègle* "six miles in shore of me," and adds, "and could plainly see *he

*"At the time I brought the Peacock to action, the *Espiègle*, (the brig mentioned as being at an anchor) mounting sixteen two and thirty pound carronades, and two long nines, lay about six miles in shore of me, and could plainly see the whole of the action. Apprehensive she would beat out to the assistance of her consort, such exertions were used by my officers and crew, in repairing damages, &c., that by nine o'clock our boats were stowed, a new set of sails bent, and the ship completely ready for action. At two, A.M., got under way and stood by the wind to the northward and westward under easy sail. On mustering next morning, found we had two hundred and seventy-seven souls on board (including the crew of the American brig, Hunter, of Portland, taken a few days before by the Peacock) and as we had been on two-thirds allowance of provisions for some time, and had but 3,400 gallons of water on board, I reduced the allowance to three pints a man, and determined to make the best of my way to the United States.

The Peacock was deservedly styled one of the finest vessels of her class in the British navy. I should judge her to be about the tonnage of the Hornet. Her beam was greater by five inches, but her extreme length not so great by four feet. She mounted sixteen four and twenty pound carronades, two long nines, one twelve pound carronade on her top-gallant fore-castle as a shifting gun, and one four or six pounder, and two swivels mounted aft. I find by her quarter-bill that her crew consisted of one hundred and thirty-four men, four of whom were absent in a prize."

whole of the action." It has been proved that the actual distance between the vessels was twenty-four miles. Lieutenant Wright, senior, of the Peacock, has declared that the Espiègle "was not visible from the look-outs stationed at the Peacock's mast-heads, for some time previous to the commencement of the action," and if further information be wanted, it is to be found in the ignorance, of Captain Taylor, of the action, until informed of it the day after, by the Governor of Demerara. When the authorities awoke from their lethargy, some time afterwards, and began to examine somewhat into the real condition of ships, their efficiency of equipment, and their state of discipline, this same Captain Taylor was found guilty by a Court-Martial of having "neglected to exercise the ship's company at the great guns." It was therefore, perhaps, fortunate that the disordered state of her rigging prevented Capt. Taylor from engaging the Hornet. It was hard, at the same time, on Captain Taylor, that he should be punished for negligence, which was common to two-thirds of the navy, and to which the Admiralty, by their instructions, and their sparing allowance of powder and shot for practice at the guns, were in some degree instrumental.

Captain Philip Broke, of the Shannon frigate, the Chesapeake and gate, was amongst that the Shannon. class of British officers, who mourned the imbecility of a Government, which saw the capture of vessel after vessel by the Americans, and yet could not be persuaded but that diplomacy and procrastination would convert small and inefficient, into large and well equipped vessels. This officer was determined to prove what an English thirty-eight could effect, when the ship and crew were properly fitted for battle.

On the 21st March, 1813, the Shannon, in company with the Tenedos, same force, sailed from Halifax, and reconnoitred, on the 2nd of April, Boston Harbour, where they discovered the President and Congress, the latter quite, the former nearly ready for sea. According to James, the two British commanders determined to intercept and bring to action the two American vessels. It is rather hard to say how it happened, but, nevertheless, happen it did, that the American vessels got

to sea about the 1st of May, unperceived, leaving only the Chesapeake and Constitution in harbour. The Constitution was undergoing serious repair; the Chesapeake was expected to be ready for sea in a few days; Captain Lawrence therefore (as two frigates were not required to watch one,) despatched the Tenedos to sea with instructions to Captain Parkes not to join him before the 14th June, by which time Captain Broke trusted that his desire of meeting an enemy's vessel of equal force would be accomplished. While cruising off the harbour the Shannon captured several vessels, but destroyed them all that he might not weaken his crew. James states that "he sacrificed twenty-five sail of prizes to keep the Shannon in a state to meet one or the other of the American frigates." Our note* will show the comparative force of the two frigates. Captain Broke, on the 1st June, having received as yet no answer to the ver-

*On her main deck, the Shannon was armed the same as every other British frigate of her class, and her established guns on the quarter-deck and fore-castle were 16 carronades, 32-pounders, and four long 9-pounders, total 48 guns. But Captain Broke had since mounted a 12-pounder boat carronade through a port purposely made on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and a brass long 6-pounder, used generally as an exercise gun, through a similar port on the larboard side; besides which there were two 12-pounder carronades, mounted as standing stern-chasers through the quarter-deck stern-ports. For these last four guns, one 32-pounder carronade would have been more than an equivalent. However, as a 6-pounder counts as well as a 32-pounder, the Shannon certainly mounted 52 carriage-guns. The ship had also, to be in that respect upon a par with the American frigates, one swivel in the fore, and another in the main top.

The armament of the Chesapeake, we have already on more than one occasion described: she had at this time, as afterwards found on board of her, 28 long 18-pounders on the main deck, and 20 carronades, 32-pounders, and one long shifting 18-pounder, on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, total 49 guns; exclusively of a 12-pounder boat-carronade, belonging to which there was a very simple and well-contrived elevating carriage for firing at the tops, but it is doubtful if the gun was used. Five guns, four 32-pounder carronades and one long 18-pounder, had, it was understood, been landed at Boston. Some have alleged, that this was done by Captain Lawrence, that he might not have a numerical superiority over his antagonists of the British 38-gun class: others say, and we incline to be of that opinion, that the reduction was ordered by the American government, to ease the ship, whose hull had already begun to hog, or to arch in the centre."

bal challenges which he had sent in, despatched by a Captain Slocum the following letter to Captain Lawrence, late captain of the Hornet, and now commanding the Chesapeake:—

“As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags.” (Here follows the description of the Shannon’s force.) “I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of my meeting the Chesapeake, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can hope to console your country, for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.”

This letter did not reach Captain Lawrence in time to influence his proceedings, as it appears that he had already received permission from Commodore Bainbridge to capture or drive away a British ship that had repeatedly lain to off the port, and in view of all the citizens, had used every endeavor to provoke the Chesapeake to come out and engage her. Captain Broke’s anxiety as to the reply to his challenge induced him to mount the rigging himself and while at the mast-head he perceived that, ere Capt. Slocum’s boat reached the shore, the American frigate was under way, attended by numerous sailing pleasure-boats, and a large (schooner) gun-boat, with Commodores Bainbridge and Hull, besides several other American naval officers, on board. The Chesapeake got under weigh at half-past twelve, and at one rounded the light-house under all sail. The Shannon now filled and stood away from the land. At twenty minutes to four the Chesapeake hauled up and fired a gun, as James has it, “either in defiance, or perhaps to induce the Shannon to stop, so as to afford the gun-boat and pleasure seeking spectators the gratification of witnessing how speedily an American could ‘whip’

a British frigate.” The Shannon now hauled up and lay to. At half-past five the Chesapeake steered straight for the Shannon’s star-board quarter, with a large white flag at the fore, on which was inscribed, as if to paralyze the efforts of the Shannon’s sailors, the words “Sailors rights and free trade.”

At ten minutes to six the Shannon fired the first gun, and between the period of its discharge and Captain Broke’s boarding eleven minutes elapsed. In four minutes more the Chesapeake’s flag was hauled down, and the vessel was completely his. Below* will be

*The following is the damage and loss of men sustained by the respective combatants. Five shots passed through the Shannon; one, only, below the main deck. Of several round shot that struck her, the greater part lodged in the side, ranged in a line just above the copper. A bar-shot entered a little below the water-mark, leaving a foot or 18 inches of one end sticking out. Until her shot holes were stopped, the Shannon made a good deal of water upon the larboard tack; but, upon the other, not more than usual. Her fore and main masts were slightly injured by shot; and her bowsprit (previously sprung) and mizenmast were badly wounded. No other spar was damaged. Her shrouds on the starboard side were cut almost to pieces; but, from her perfect state aloft, the Shannon, at a moderate distance, appeared to have suffered very little in the action.

Out of a crew, including eight recaptured seamen and 22 Irish labourers two days only in the ship, of 306 men and 24 boys, the Shannon lost, besides her first Lieutenant, her purser (George Aldham), captain’s clerk (John Dunn), 13 seamen, four marines, three supernumeraries, and one boy killed, her Captain (severely), boatswain (William Stevens, mortally), one midshipman (John Samwell, mortally), and 56 seamen, marines, and supernumeraries wounded; total, 24 killed and 59 wounded.

Out of a crew of at least 381 men and five boys or lads, the Chesapeake, as acknowledged by her surviving commanding officer, lost her fourth Lieutenant (Edward I. Ballard), master (William A. White), one Lieutenant of marines (James Broom), three midshipmen, and 41 petty officers, seamen, and marines killed, her gallant commander and first Lieutenant (both mortally), her second and third Lieutenants (George Budd and William L. Cox), acting chaplain (Samuel Livermore), five midshipmen, her boatswain (mortally), and 95 petty officers, seamen, and marines wounded; total 47 killed and 99 wounded, 14 of the latter mortally. This is according to the American official account; but, it must be added, that the total that reported themselves, including several slightly wounded, to the Shannon’s surgeon, three days after the action, were 115; and the Chesapeake’s surgeon wrote from Halifax, that he estimated the whole number of killed and wounded, at from 160 to 170.

found the English account and the American despatch, but a glance at the comparative force of the combatants will show that the superiority of force, though but trifling, was still on the side of the Chesapeake:—

	SHANNON.	CHESAPEAKE.
Broadside guns,	25	25
Weight of metal, lbs.	538	590
Number of crew,	306	376
Tonnage,	1066	1135

The capture of this vessel made public some of the extraordinary means of attack and de-

Of the Chesapeake's guns we have already given a full account: it only remains to point out, that the ship had three spare ports of a side on the fore-castle, through which to fight her shifting long 18-pounder and 12-pounder boat-carronade. The former is admitted to have been used in that way; but, as there is some doubt whether the carronade was used, we shall reject it from the broadside force. This leaves 25 guns, precisely the number mounted by the Shannon on her broadside. The accuracy of Captain Broke's statement of his ship's force is, indeed, worthy of remark: he even slightly overrated it, because he represented all of his guns of a side on the upper deck, except the boat-gun, as 32-pounder carronades, when the number were long nines.

As a matter of course, a court of inquiry was held, to investigate the circumstances under which the Chesapeake had been captured. Commodore Bainbridge was the president of the court; and the following is the first article of the very "lengthy" report published on the subject: "The court are unanimously of opinion, that the Chesapeake was gallantly carried into action by her late brave commander; and no doubt rests with the court, from comparison of the injury respectively sustained by the frigates, that the fire of the Chesapeake was much superior to that of the Shannon. The Shannon, being much cut in her spars and rigging, and receiving many shot in and below the water line, was reduced almost to a sinking condition, after only a few minutes cannonading from the Chesapeake; whilst the Chesapeake was comparatively uninjured. And the court have no doubt, if the Chesapeake had not accidentally fallen on board the Shannon, and the Shannon's anchor got foul in the after quarter-port of the Chesapeake, the Shannon must have very soon surrendered or sunk." Some very singular admissions of misconduct in the officers and crew follow; and then the report proceeds as follows: "From this view of the engagement and a careful examination of the evidence, the court are unanimously of opinion, that the capture of the late United States' frigate Chesapeake was occasioned, by the following causes: the almost unexampled early fall of Captain Lawrence, and all the principal officers; the bugleman's desertion of his quarters, and inability to sound his horn; for the court are of opinion, if the horn had been sounded when first ordered, the men being then at their quarters, the boarders would have promptly re-

fence adopted by the Americans in their naval engagements with the British. Among the Chesapeake's round and grape (Vide James, page 206) were found double-headed shot in abundance; also bars of wrought iron, about a foot long, connected by links and folded together, so as, when discharged, to form an extended length of six feet. Other bars, of twice the length, and in number from three to six, were connected at the end by a ring; these, as they flew from the gun, expanded at four points. The object of this novel artil-

paired to the spar deck, probably have prevented the enemy from boarding, certainly have repelled them, and might have returned the boarding with success; and the failure of the boarders on both decks, to rally on the spar deck, after the enemy had boarded, which might have been done successfully, it is believed, from the cautious manner in which the enemy came on board."

It was certainly very "cautious" in Captain Broke, to lead 20 men on board an enemy's ship, supposed to be manned with a complement of 400; and which, at the very moment, had at least 270 men without a wound about them. The court of inquiry makes, also, a fine story of the firing down the hatchway. Not a word is there of the "magnanimous conquered foe" having fired from below, in the first instance, and killed a British marine. Captain Broke will long have cause to remember the treatment he experienced from this "magnanimous conquered foe." So far, indeed, from the conduct of the British being "a most unwarrantable abuse of power after success," Lieutenant Cox of the Chesapeake, in the hearing of several English gentlemen, subsequently admitted, that he owed his life to the forbearance of one of the Shannon's marines. When the American officers arrived on board the Shannon, and some of them were finding out reasons for being "taken so unaccountably," their first lieutenant, Mr. Ludlow, candidly acknowledged, that the Shannon had beaten them heartily and fairly.

Sir—The unfortunate death of Captain James Lawrence and Lieutenant C. Ludlow, has rendered it my duty to inform you of the capture of the late U. States frigate Chesapeake.

On Tuesday, June 1, at 8 A. M. we unmoored ship and at meridian got under way from President's Roads, with a light wind from the southward and westward, and proceeded on a cruise. A ship was then in sight in the offing which had the appearance of a ship of war, and which, from information received from pilot boats and craft, we believed to be the British frigate Shannon. We made sail in chase and cleared ship for action. At half past four P. M. she hove to, with her head to the southward and eastward. At 5 P. M. took in the royals and top-gallant-sails and at half past five hauled the courses up. About 15 minutes before 6 P. M. the action commenced within pistol shot. The first broadside did great execution on both sides, damaged our rigging, killed among others Mr. White, the sailing master, and wounded

lery was to dismantle the shrouds. The canister shot, when opened, were found to contain in the centre angular and jagged pieces of iron and copper, broken bolts and nails. The musket cartridges, as we noticed before, each contained three buck shot, and rifle barreled pieces were amongst the small arms. Formidable preparations these!

The four victories gained by the Americans had exalted the national vanity to such a pitch that the disagreeable task of recording a defeat was somewhat puzzling to the caterers to public taste. It would not at all answer to "tell the story as it happened," consequently the various reasons assigned for the Chesapeake's mishap are not a little amusing. One officer says, † "had there been an officer on the quarter deck with twenty men the result of the action must have been different." Another, "it was with difficulty the Shannon was kept afloat the night after the action, the Chesapeake on the contrary, received scarcely any damage from the shot of his opponent. The English officers do not hesitate to say, they could not have withstood the fire of the Chesapeake ten minutes longer." In one place the public were informed that "the Chesapeake was greatly the inferior of her enemy in every respect, save the valor of her officers." In another, that "the officers and crew were strangers to each other, while the Shannon had a picked crew and was a much stronger vessel than the Chesapeake, and had

Captain Lawrence. In about 12 minutes after the commencement of the action, we fell on board of the enemy, and immediately after one of our arm-chests on the quarter-deck was blown up by a hand grenade thrown from the enemy's ship. In a few minutes one of the captain's aids came on the gun deck to inform me that the boarders were called. I immediately called the boarders away and proceeded to the spar deck, where I found that the enemy had succeeded in boarding us and had gained possession of our quarter deck. I immediately gave orders to haul on board the fore tack, for the purpose of shooting the ship clear of the other, and then made an attempt to regain the quarter deck, I again made an effort to collect the boarders, but in the mean time the enemy had gained complete possession of the ship. On my being carried down to the cockpit, I there found Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow both mortally wounded; the former had been carried below previously to the ship's being

†Niles Weekly Register, page 374.

greatly the odds in guns and men." The American purser declares that the Chesapeake "had the advantage, and that had Capt. Lawrence lived the Shannon must have been ours." Even Commander Bainbridge found in this engagement "the best evidence of the superiority of American over British frigates and demonstrated, much to his own satisfaction doubtless, from its result, that Americans must always conquer when they had an equal chance." We presume the Commodore alludes to the equal force and tonnage of the *Guerrière*, *Macedonian* and *Java*. The Commodore was decidedly of opinion that "it is surely an evidence of our decided superiority that an American thirty-six gun frigate, five hours out of port, with an *undisciplined crew*, (we have merely the Commodore's *ipse dixit* for this assumption,) should put an English thirty-eight gun frigate, the best of her kind, in a *sinking state in fifteen minutes*." The Commodore winds up with the declaration that the British victory "was certainly to be placed to the amount of good fortune on their side." These statements will suffice to shew the nature of the information supplied to the American public and how sedulously careful the journals and naval officers were not to awaken them from the dream of fancied invincibility. The atrocious calumnies invented and circulated throughout the Union, in reference to the treatment of prisoners are not worth the confuting, and do credit to American idealty. One startling fact must not be

boarded; the latter was wounded in attempting to repel the boarders. Among those who fell early in the action was Mr. Edward J. Ballard, the 4th Lieutenant, and Lieutenant James Broom of marines.

I herein enclose to you a return of the killed and wounded, by which you will perceive that every officer, upon whom the charge of the ship would devolve, was either killed or wounded previously to her capture. The enemy report the loss of Mr. Watt, their first Lieutenant; the purser; the captain's clerk, and 23 seamen killed; and Captain Broke, a midshipman, and 56 seamen wounded.

The Shannon had, in addition to her full complement, an officer and 16 men belonging to the *Belle Poule*, and a part of the crew belonging to the *Teuedoe*.

I have the honour to be, with very great respect, &c.

GEORGE BEECH.

The Hon. William Jones,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

omitted, before closing the account, the crew of the Chesapeake, *Proh pudor!* consisted, within about a twelfth part of Native Americans. Thus was the spell, cast by the incapacity of the Admiralty, over the British Navy, broken, and a salutary lesson taught to Americans, that they were not yet equal, much less superior, to British seamen.

One of the most favorite causes assigned for the loss of the Chesapeake was the rawness and want of discipline of the crew. A few facts connected with the manning of American ships in general, and of this vessel in particular, will serve to clear up this point. In order to fill up deficiencies, houses of rendezvous were opened, and as soon as a man declared himself a candidate, he received a dollar, and accompanied an officer to the ship. There he was examined as to his knowledge of seamanship, age, muscular strength, &c. by a board of officers, consisting of the surgeon master and others. If approved, the man signed the articles, and remained where he was; if rejected he returned to shore with a dollar in his pocket. So fastidious were the committees of inspection, that out of five boats loaded with men that would go off during the day, three would come back not eligible. The features of the engagements, we have already narrated, would have borne a very different aspect, could British ships have been manned in a similar manner. In reference to the crew of the Chesapeake in particular, we find in a letter from the secretary at war to Captain Evans (the former commander) instructions to complete the Chesapeake's armament, enumerating the classes at four hundred and forty-three. We also ascertain that the Chesapeake was remanned in April, 1813, and that the greater part of the crew re-entered. In addition to this, several of the Chesapeake's petty officers, after their arrival at Melville prison, confessed that thirty or forty hands, principally from the Constitution, came on board, whose names, in the hurry and confusion, were not entered in the Purser's books. As a proof of the stoutness of the crew, it may be mentioned that the puncheon of handcuffs, provided for the Shannon's crew, and found on the half-deck, with the head readily knocked out, when put on the wrists of the Chesapeake's crew, were found

to be too small, and general complaints were made when it was found necessary to apply them, in consequence of an apparent inclination of the prisoners to mutiny. The best reply to the assertion that the Shannon was in a sinking state is the statement that she arrived at Halifax with her prize early on the 6th.

At the beginning of the war, Ontario was the only lake on which floated a British armed vessel. The small fleet consisted of the Royal George, a ship of three hundred and fifty tons, mounting twenty guns, a brig of fourteen guns, and two or three smaller armed vessels, all under the command of Commodore Earle. We have already had occasion to touch on this Officer's incompetency or, as James terms it, "dastardly behaviour," we therefore allude to the failure in the plan for the destruction of the Oneida, merely to remark on James's sneer at Earle as "a Canadian, we will not call him a British Commander," as very uncalled for. We readily grant Earle's incompetency or want of courage, but we deny that this arose from his being a Canadian. General Brock was a Guernsey man yet he was generally considered an abler general than his chief, who was not a Colonist. We enter a protest against any similar impertinence on the part of any historian. Canada is in feeling an integral part of Britain, and the loyalty and bravery of the Canadian Militia throughout the war, entitle them to be classed as equal to any British subject, in every attribute of a man.

The American force on the lake at the commencement of the war, was a single brig of sixteen guns, and yet from the neglect or indifference of the British commanders (Sir George Prevost and Commodore Earle), by the end of the year, the Americans were masters of the lake and had aloft six fine schooners mounting forty-eight guns, besides the Madison a fine ship of six hundred tons, pierced for twenty-four guns. In the meantime, the British were building two vessels, one at York, an unprotected port at one side of the lake, the other at Kingston, on the opposite shore.

The American Government had the good sense to despatch a competent person, with between four and five hundred prime sailors from the seaboard, to assume the direction of

their naval affairs. This force was divided amongst the vessels, and, of course, assisted most materially in teaching the more undisciplined part of the crews their duty, and the Commodore was soon enabled to chase every British vessel into port, and thus become master of Lake Ontario. Between October 1812 and April 1813, Commodore Chauncey directed his attention and energies to prepare a fleet to co-operate with General Dearborn, in the combined attack we have already mentioned, as in preparation, and by the 25th April, with a fleet of ten vessels, he announced his readiness for action. We will, however, leave him for the present, prepared for sea, and return to Colonel Proctor, whom we left in the west, watching General Harrison's movements.

After a brief glance at the operations in this quarter, we will proceed to take up in order the attack on York, that on Niagara, and follow, also, the fate of Sir George Prevost's expedition against Sackett's harbour. By this arrangement the reader will have placed before him, nearly in order of date, the various movements, military and naval, of the first six months of 1813, and will be enabled to judge of the formidable difficulties against which the British commander had to contend.

After Gen. Winchester's defeat, and when

Expedition to the Miami, and attack on the American defences.

sufficient time had been afforded to General Harrison to enable him to

recover from his panic, he directed his attention to the construction of works, to serve as a sort of *point d'appui*. Gen. Proctor, anxious to frustrate his intentions, and desirous of striking a decisive blow in this quarter, prepared for an expedition to accomplish these designs.

He embarked, therefore, on the 23d April, at Amherstburg with five hundred and twenty regulars, four hundred and sixty militia, and about fifteen hundred Indians, accompanied by two gun-boats and some artillery. The season was wet, and, as is usually the case at this period, the heavy roads presented very formidable obstacles to the transportation of heavy artillery. By the first of May, however, his preparations were concluded, and a heavy fire was opened on the enemy's works. As to the effect of this fire there is a great discre-

pancy in the various accounts. James, in describing it, relates: "No effect was produced, beyond killing one, and wounding seven of General Harrison's men." Major Richardson, who was present, says: "It was impossible to have artillery better served; every ball that was fired sunk into the roof of the magazine, scattering the earth to a considerable distance, and burying many of the workmen in its bed, from whence we could distinctly perceive the survivors dragging forth the bodies of their slaughtered comrades."

Whatever the precise amount of loss experienced by the Americans, at all events General Harrison was desirous of ending it, and of dislodging a troublesome enemy, whose presence interfered most materially with his plans. He was the more inclined to this step as a reinforcement of twelve hundred Kentuckians under General Clay had just arrived. This body was ordered by Gen. Harrison to attack the British redoubts on one side of the river, while he should make a sortie from the fort on the other.

General Harrison's plan was a good one, had it been well carried out, and he had certainly troops enough to have executed any design he might have formed. The overwhelming force under General Clay easily succeeded in forcing the British line on one side, but advancing too far, and failing in forming a junction with the rallying party under Col. Miller, which had by this time carried the battery, they were attacked by Gen. Proctor, and nearly all captured or killed. Col. Miller's party were then in turn attacked by Proctor, and the battery retaken: the Americans making good their retreat to Fort Meigs. Ingersol observes, "thus another reverse was the result of rash confidence and discipline, and the insensibility of inexperienced troops to the vital importance of implicit obedience; perhaps, too, on this, as on many other occasions, to the want of that energetic control by a commander, without which even discipline and obedience fail." Ingersol's concluding remark on this affair is too curious to be omitted. "HITHERTO WAR HAD BEEN CONFINED TO THE SORRY ENDEAVOUR TO DEFEND THE COUNTRY FROM INVASION, WHILE ITS NUMERICAL AND PHYSICAL POWER, IF WELL DIRECTED, WAS ABLE TO HAVE MADE ITSELF FELT IN LARGE CONQUESTS OF EXTENSIVE FOREIGN TERRITORIES."

There is something particularly absurd in this sentence: from the very commencement of the war, a series of aggressive demonstrations had been made by the Americans. Elizabeth, Queenston, Erie and Amherstburg had been successively the point of attack; the main object of these movements had been the occupation of the rich peninsula which forms the western portion of Upper Canada, Gen. Harrison's present works were in furtherance of a combined attack to be made for the acquisition of this coveted territory; yet forsooth we are told that hitherto with Americans the war had been defensive. This very war, denounced in Congress as an unjust attempt to acquire territory which the Union neither wanted, nor had the means to hold; against the prosecution of which, the Eastern States had made so determined a stand as to refuse the quota of militia required from them. The repeated failures of this war we now find put forth as the struggle of a brave, but undisciplined militia, to repel invasion!!

The facts of the war should have prevented Ingersol from setting up so very ridiculous and untenable a position.

The defeat of the Americans was very complete, but Richardson shows that scenes far less satisfactory now occurred. Major R. writes, "the victory obtained at the Miami was such as to reflect credit on every branch of the service; but the satisfaction arising from the conviction was deeply embittered by an act of cruelty, which, as the writer of an impartial memoir, it becomes my painful duty to record. In the heat of the action a strong corps of the enemy, who had thrown down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, were immediately despatched, under an escort of fifty men, for the purpose of being embarked in the gun-boats, where it was presumed they would be safe from the attacks of the Indians. This measure, however, although dictated by the purest humanity, and apparently offering the most probable means of security, proved one of fatal import to several of the prisoners. On gaining our encampment, then entirely deserted by the troops, they were assailed by a few cowardly and treacherous Indians, who had borne no share in the action, yet who now, guided by the savage instinct

of their nature, forced the British guard, and selecting their victims, commenced the work of blood. In vain did the harrassed and indignant escort attempt to save them from the fury of their destroyers; the phrenzy of these wretches knew no bounds, and an old and excellent soldier of the name of Russell, of the 41st, was shot through the heart while endeavoring to wrest a victim from the grasp of his assailant. Forty of these unhappy men had already fallen beneath the steel of the infuriated party, when Tecumseh, apprised of what was doing, rode up at full speed, and raising his tomahawk, threatened to destroy the first man who resisted his injunction to desist. Even on those lawless people, to whom the language of coercion had hitherto been unknown, the threats and tone of the exasperated chieftain produced an instantaneous effect, and they retired at once humiliated and confounded."

"Never did Tecumseh shine more truly himself than on this occasion; and nought of the savage could be distinguished save the color and the garb. Ever merciful and magnanimous as he was ardent and courageous, the voice of the suppliant seldom reached him in vain; and although war was his idol, the element in which he lived, his heart was formed to glow with all the nobler and more generous impulses of the warrior; nor was his high character less esteemed by ourselves than revered by the various tribes over which, in his quality of brother to the Prophet, he invariably presided. In any other country, and governing any other men, Tecumseh would have been a hero; at the head of this uncivilized and untractable people he was a savage; but a savage such as Civilization herself might not blush to acknowledge for her child. Constantly opposed to the encroachments of the Americans for a series of years previous to their rupture with England, he had combated their armies on the banks of the Wabash with success, and given their leaders proof of a skill and judgment in defence of his native soil which would not have disgraced the earlier stages of military science in Europe. General Harrison himself, a commander with whom he had often disputed the palm of victory, with the generous candor of the soldier, subsequently ascribed to him virtues as a man, and abilities

as a warrior, commanding at once the attention and admiration of his enemies."

"The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on board the gun boats moored in the river; and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene, the escorting party proceeded to the interment of the victims, to whom the rites of sepulture were afforded even before those of our own men who had fallen in the action. Colonel Dudley, second in command of General Clay's division, was among the number of the slain."

Every one must deplore this transaction, and regret that proper measures had not been adopted to insure protection to the captives; most unhappily, too, it afforded an opportunity to American writers to indulge still more freely in the strain of bitter invective already so common, and they were now enabled to color with some shadow of truth, the numerous appeals made against the British for acting in concert with the Indians. We do not pretend to palliate this inhuman massacre; but still, it must be borne in mind that the Indians far outnumbered their allies, and that they were smarting under the sense of a long series of injuries inflicted on them by the Americans. They had never experienced mercy at the hand of their enemies, the lesson of moderation and mercy had never been taught them, and at this precise time, a reward had been offered by American officials for every Indian scalp. In place of so unjustly condemning the British as participators and instigators in such cruel scenes, Americans should have asked, have we not had meted to us the cup of tribulation and misery so unsparingly measured out by ourselves to our red brethren.

After the action General Proctor ascertained the impossibility of re-
 straining the Indians
 and part of the Militia. from pursuing their established custom of returning home to secure the booty they had acquired. A great part of the militia also represented the absolute necessity that existed for them to return to their homes so as to take advantage of the short Canadian season for preparing their crops. General Proctor, therefore, found himself compelled to embark his guns and stores, raise the siege of Fort Meigs, and return to

Amherstburg. We will begin our next chapter with the account of this embarkation to be found in General Proctor's letters to Sir G. Prevost.

Col. Proctor's embarkation return of the force, of all ranks and services, including Commissariat officers, &c., on this expedition, gives five hundred and twenty two regulars, and four hundred and sixty-one militia. His loss of killed, wounded and missing was estimated at one hundred and one.

THOUGHTS ON TACT.

Tact is the essence of worldly experience drawn out by sharp discrimination and rapidly exercised judgment. It is a high polish produced on the surface of a man's character by constant friction with the world. It has the glibbest of tongues, the sharpest of eyes, the quickest of comprehensions. It is never confounded, never at a stand still, never idle. It acts while others think, performs while others plan, has finished before others begin. It is always prepared for emergencies, and is never daunted by difficulties. For this reason, it puts off creditors with an air that pleases them nearly as well as payment, and breaks promises so gracefully that they are almost as much honoured in the breach as in the observance. It is the readiest of ready-reckoners, for its mistakes are so cleverly glossed over that they are seldom detected; its errors are made to appear like correctness—its lies seem truer than truth. Tact does everything promptly, and nothing out of place. It seizes the exact minute when to pay visits and when to take leave; when to condole; when to congratulate, when to laugh; when to weep; when to jest, and when to moralize; when to be angry, when to be cool. The jest-books relate that Tact and Truth once appeared on the stage as rivals. Tact was a charlatan, who imitated the squeaking of a pig so admirably that hundreds of auditors were wont to applaud him. Truth, in the humble guise of a rustic, afterwards came forward and produced a similar noise, but was hissed and pelted. Before leaving the stage, the countryman drew forth from under his vest a live young pig, from whose throat had issued the real sounds which the critics had so violently pronounced a bad imitation.

"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school mistress seated him with the girls.

A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart—and who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun from behind a cloud to him who thinks he has no friend in the world.

"How is it," asks a celebrated writer, "that the greatest crime and the greatest glory should be the shedding of human blood?"

CITIES OF CANADA.

MONTREAL.

In this number we present to the notice of our readers the city of Montreal, which was founded in 1642, on the site of an Indian Village called *Hochelaga*, by M. de Maisonneuve; and for many years was known as the *Ville Marie* having been consecrated to the Virgin, as its patroness and protectress.

While yet the beautiful slope whereon the numerous and elegant buildings now stand, was covered with dense primeval forest, and partially with congregated huts of the aboriginal owners of the soil, the famous adventurer Jacques Cartier, in 1535, landed at this place, and wishing to obtain a more favourable view of the country than the intercepting woods would permit, determined upon ascending with his comrades the picturesque mountain at its rear. The summit being gained, the sublimity, grandeur, and beauty of the prospect before him, so charmed his imagination, that he gave to that part of the mountain which afforded him this pleasure, the name of *Mont Royal*, in honor of his master the King of France.

Montreal is situated on an Island of the same name bounded on either side by the rivers St. Lawrence and Ottawa, the former being the one which flows in front of the city.

The soil of the Island is of the most fertile character, producing vegetables and fruits of every description. We may particularize the apples which, we believe are unrivalled in flavour and variety by those of any other locality in the Province.

From its yearly increasing population and harbour revenues, as well as the many public buildings and princely mansions which it displays, we must conclude that Montreal has not neglected the many natural advantages it possesses. However, it has not escaped the calamitous vicissitudes incident to all rapidly rising cities where the overpopulation induces a temporary or hasty construction of houses, of cheap material, viz. wood, suited to the limited wants of laborers and mechanics. The consequence of a vast aggregate of such inflammable piles, has been repeated occurrences of devastating fires, which have included in their sweep numerous costly edifices. A succession of these events so ruinous in their results and threatening the utter annihilation of the town, led to the formation of a prohibitory law, by the Municipal authorities, against the future erection of wooden buildings. And since last year, when the most appalling scene of fire which the inhabitants of that city were ever made to witness, happened,

the houses now in course of erection, replacing those that were destroyed, are all built of stone or brick with fire-proof covering.

But turning from these sad interruptions to the progress of the city, let us dwell for a moment on its mercantile relations and the advantages, as to situation, in a mercantile point of view, it enjoys. Montreal has had to contend with many difficulties. The greatest, perhaps, was its inaccessibility from the sea-board and Western Canada, though now these have in a great degree been obviated by the dredging of Lake St. Peter, and the formation of the St. Lawrence canals. Another obstacle to its advancement is the length of the winter season, during which period the river is obstructed with ice; this art can only remedy by the formation of Rail-ways; and to the credit of the inhabitants of this city, be it said that they have not been backward in promoting works of this character. Already are they in connection with Portland, Boston and New York, on the coast; and with Western Canada, though not immediately, by means of the American Railways running West. Soon, and very soon we expect to see a Canadian road, connecting this first of Canadian Cities with all its sister cities and the larger and more important towns and villages. Another matter which is of great interest to the citizens of Montreal is its union with the South shore of the St. Lawrence by a bridge. This is a work that has yet to be constructed, and one of paramount importance to the city of which we treat. Some pretend to say that if this project be not carried out, a city rivalling Montreal in greatness and wealth will spring up on the opposite shore.

That this might be the case we will not deny, but that it should ever so happen, we can hardly imagine; for the Montrealers are too shrewd and energetic a class, ever to permit this event. However, Montreal alone will not benefit by this work; indirectly the two Canadas will profit thereby, for it will form a continuous outlet at all times and seasons for her exports, as well as a means of obtaining her imports.

In the summer season the port of Montreal is crowded with shipping, from nearly all parts of the world, which are accommodated at magnificent quays stretching from the Montreal basin of the Lachine canal to the Bonsecour Market, a distance of about two miles. These quays or wharves are of cut-stone, filled in with earth and macadamized, forming, perhaps, the finest range of piers on the Continent.

The most striking object on approaching this city is the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, the largest

church we believe in America. The following short account is copied from a Montreal Guide-book:—"The corner-stone of this magnificent edifice, which is built in the perpendicular gothic style of the middle ages, was laid on the 3d. September, 1824, and it was opened for public worship in July, 1829. The length of the church is 255 feet 6 inches, and its breadth 134 feet 6 inches. The height of the principal towers is 220 feet, and of the others 115 feet each, and the great window at the high altar is 64 feet in height, by 32 in breadth. The total number of pews is 1244, capable of seating between six and seven thousand persons.

In the North-east tower is a fine chime of bells, and in the North-west tower is placed the largest bell in America, being one cast expressly for this church, which weighs 29,400 lbs. Opposite to Notre Dame and separated from it by a neatly ornamented square (the *Place D'Armes*) is the Montreal Bank, an elegant cut-stone building of the Corinthian order. To the East and adjoining stands the City Bank, the architecture of which is in the Grecian style.

On reference to our plate the reader will perceive in that building which partly conceals *Notre Dame* from his view St. Patrick's Church; a large and imposing Gothic structure, capable of seating comfortably about 5000 persons. To the left of Notre Dame is seen the spire of Christ's Church Cathedral, a plain cut-stone building of the Doric order. This church contains an exquisitely toned organ, acknowledged by judges to be the best on the Continent. Still further to the left and slightly on the fore-ground is that of the Presbyterian Free Church, a neat and well finished edifice. Again on the left is the Dome of the Bonsecour Market, situated on St. Paul and Water streets. This building, though not highly ornamented, is still a magnificent pile in the Grecian Doric order of architecture. Herein are the Municipal Council Rooms, Chief Police Station, &c., there is also a fine public hall in the East wing which is used occasionally for lectures, assemblies, and concerts.

In addition to these, there are many buildings not clearly or easily made out in our plate which presents a view of Montreal from the Mountain. McGill College is not included in the scope of our picture, but is beautifully situated to the West of Sherbrooke street near the base of the Mountain. This College owes its origin to the late Honorable James McGill, who bequeathed ten thousand pounds and the Burnside estate for its endowment. It has the power of conferring degrees and attached to it is the Montreal General Hos-

pital on Dorchester street. This hospital is a large, handsome, and carefully conducted institution, reflecting great credit on the management and is a means of conferring vast benefits on the poor.

St. Patrick's Hospital is a new building, formerly the Baptist College, and is at present managed by the nuns of the *Hotel Dieu*. These benevolent ladies also extend their services to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, situated in St. Joseph street. The cleanliness and comfort enjoyed by the inmates of these charitable establishments strike every visitor with admiration.

The principal Wesleyan Church is in Great St. James street. It is styled "one of the greatest ornaments of the City," and is in the Florid Gothic Style of the 14th century. The arrangement within has been made with judgment, ornate though plain, and has served somewhat as a model for that of Richmond Street Chapel in this city. There are places of worship for the various denominations in the city—among the finest of which is St. Andrew's, Presbyterian church.

The principal charitable societies of the City are the Nunneries, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, the Protestant and Roman Catholic Magdalen Asylums, the Ladies' Benevolent Society, the Asylum for Aged and Infirm Women, besides several minor hospitals, infirmaries and dispensaries for the sick and destitute. The Nunneries are three in number, first in point of age, the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, founded in 1644 for the reception of the suffering poor; second, the Black Nunnery, or the *Congregation de Notre Dame* Nunnery, founded in 1659 and devoted to the care and education of young ladies; and third, the Grey Nunnery for Foundlings and Lunatics.

The squares and promenades of the City must be briefly noticed. The Champ de Mars is the favorite resort of the citizens and strangers of a summer evening, when the bands of the different regiments stationed in the garrison perform for the amusement of the public. The *Place D'Armes* we have already mentioned, but it may be as well to add that a fountain has been lately placed in this square. *Jacques Cartier* square, opposite the new Court House, now in the course of being built, extends from Notre Dame Street to the river, and in it stands the Nelson Monument. Dalhousie square is small and might be improved were it planted in trees. Richmond, Phillip's, Beaver Hall, and Jacques Cartier, are the remaining public squares which adorn the City.

Lying out in the stream nearly opposite the Bonsecour Market is St. Helen's Island, used as a depository for military and ammunitions stores, and as a defence to the City. In the distance

curtaining the horizon are the Mountains of Belleisle and Chambly. What mars in a great degree the beauty of the City is the narrowness of the majority of its streets; a fault we are glad to see remedied in the newer portions of the town. St. Paul's Little St. James', and several others, are so narrow that careful driving is necessary to avoid collision, when only two vehicles pass each other; added to this, the pedestrian in passing through these streets, should the weather unfortunately be wet, is sure to be plentifully bespattered with mud. However, McGill, Great St. James, and Craig streets, with many more in the outskirts of the town are wide and airy, and only require a proper material for paving, which we understand is easily obtained near Montreal, to obviate the horrid nuisance of dust which thickens the heated atmosphere of these streets whenever an otherwise refreshing breeze cools the summer air.

The Island of Montreal affords many points of attraction to the visitor. During winter, the gayest season of the year with Lower Canadians, Montreal and its vicinity, present an aspect so completely changed from what it was in the season of July or August, that the tourist in seeing it at these two different periods would scarcely be able to recognize the identity of the place. In summer, the almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation, and the beautiful far-stretched scenery, viewed from the elevated situations in the neighbourhood of the Montreal Mountains, delight the imagination of the poet or the refined traveller. The Arctic Winter, when the sombre remnants of the past summer lie hid beneath the dazzling mantle of accumulated snows, the eye is no longer delighted with the varying hues of its recent landscape, but has in exchange the sight of jovial and exhilarated competitors of carriage races, and snow-shoe pedestrians. It is now the hard working farmer can relax the labors of the previous season and enjoy his comfortably robed sleigh with his family visiting his friends, hitherto separated from him by the necessities of his avocation; and the laborer of the town, too, may after his day's hard work get a lift from some good natured driver who may happen to be alone in his vehicle. Again, in moon-lit evenings when the crystal flakes of the pure snow glitter beneath the rays of the pale moon-beam, and seem as if they were multiplied reflections of the starry orbs which surround her own sphere—civilians, military, married and unmarried, each attended by some fair friend, spend the greater part of the night sliding down a hill in a species of sleigh called by the Indians *Toboggan*.

For the accomodation of strangers, Montreal is

well supplied with spacious and comfortable hotels. We forbear instancing any of these lest we appear invidious.

In concluding this notice we give an extract from a Journal written in 1535 of a visit of Jacques Cartier and companions to Montreal. Our only authority for the correctness of our extract is that of an old Canadian Newspaper.

"The said town is quite round, and enclosed with a palisade of three ranges of wood, in the form of a pyramid, the middle one as a perpendicular tie,—then tiers of wood laid lengthwise, well joined and bedded, after their fashion, and of the height of about two spears' length—and there is only one gate of entrance, which is fastened with bars, and over above which, and in many places of the said palisade, there are kinds of galleries with ladders ascending to them, which are stored with rocks, and stones for the defence of the same.

"There are in this town about fifty houses, of about fifty paces in length each, and from twelve to fifteen paces in width, all made of wood, covered and garnished with great skins of the bark of the said wood, as large as tables, well sewed together, artificially, according to their mode; and within the same there are several areas and chambers. In the middle of these houses there is a great hall, where they make their fire and live in common, and then retire into their chamber, the men with their wives and children. And in the same manner they have garrets in the upper parts of their houses, where they put their grain, of which they make bread, which they call "Caraconi." * * * * *

"The said people live altogether by cultivating the ground and fishing, for they set no value on the goods of this world, because they have no knowledge of them, and they don't stir out of their own country—not being wanderers like those of Canada (the district of Quebec) and Saguenay—notwithstanding that the Canadian are their subjects as well as eight or nine other nations residing on the said river.

"Thus endeth the chapter."

WALES.

SINGULAR INSCRIPTION.—In Llangollen churchyard, the resting-place of the celebrated Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, there is the following singular inscription on a tomb:—

"Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast, and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are well fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XV.

SETTING FORTH THE UPSHOT OF THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE SALE BY AUCTION.

The last will and testament of the defunct Mungo McMurrich had been read with becoming solemnity, by that legal luminary of Peterhead, Quirk McQuibble, and, as fully anticipated, I had thereby been proclaimed the universal heir and assignee of my revered grand-uncle. The sulky synod of disappointed cousins and nephews had broken up, casting, as they withdrew, many a bitter and malignant look at your humble servant, and invoking anathemas upon their own heads for having been foolish enough to go to the expense of mourning, and to lose a day by attending the funeral. I verily believe that if the kindred of Mungo had had the fixing of his destiny at that moment, a blacker portion than inevitably would have been his, could not, by possibility, fall to the lot of a denizen of earth!

By this time darkness had set in, and having locked and bolted the outer door of that grim and lonesome dwelling, I lighted a candle, and proceeded to the small inner chamber harbouring the fortune which I had succeeded to. It was a wild night! The wind, as if partaking in the chagrin of my kindred, howled and shrieked around the yielding walls of the crazy mansion, and outside of a clattering window, was seated a red-eyed owl which ever and anon emitted an eldritch whoop. If I had been a disciple of that ancient heathen philosopher Pythagoras, I would have been disposed to opine that the warlock-looking fowl contained the soul of McMurrich, and that it was begrudging that any one should overhaul the treasures, toilsomely gathered, and guarded so long with jealous care!

Having set the light down upon a little side table, I took the key of the mysterious cabinet from my pouch, and proceeded to open the brass garnished door. How my heart beat! I could distinctly hear it thumping against my heaving breast. My hand shook like an aspen leaf, and I drew my breath as heavily as if I had been under the thralldom of some grievous, and over-mastering ailment!

After pausing a season, I at length mustered courage sufficient for the momentous undertaking—and shutting my eyes, lest I should be dazzled and overwhelmed by too sudden a view of the wealth which it contained, I threw open the ark, and discovered. Gracious Providence! I feel the sickening stun of that epoch at the present day. I discovered neither silver nor gold, nor plate

nor jewels, nor bonds, nor bank notes, but a parcel of auld books! They presented an appearance so mouldy, and smoke dried, and worm eaten, that any tobaccoist, in the full enjoyment of his seven senses, would have turned up his nose at the lot, if the same had been tendered to him at a farthing per pound for snuff paper!

At that crushing and most horrible moment I felt as if death itself would have been a crowning blessing. The blood left my scunnering heart, and a hideous buzzing sound rushed about my ears, like the noise of the falling stones, of the multitudinous castles I had been building for so long, in the unstable air! To sum up, in one short sorrowful word, I was a beggar!

[Here Mr. Ballingall was constrained to intermit his narration, till he had recruited his exhausted spirits with some of the cordial usually employed in such cases. I am not ashamed to record that I followed the example thus set me. Hard and unfeeling, indeed, would have been my nature, had the recital of my relative's begunk, not necessitated me to have recourse to a restorative! After a short pause, the Bailie thus continued to ply the shuttle of his discourse.]

All news, as the old proverb hath it, is no cripple, and it was not long before I had the character in Peterhead of being a broken and ruined dyvor. When I adventured to show my sheepish visage on the street, all my former intimates shunned my presence as if I had been afflicted with a pestilence. Alas! I was indeed the victim of one of the sorest plagues which can afflict the sons of Adam, and one which is ever attended with the direst mortification! People buttoned up their pockets at my advent, lest the consumption which rioted in my shrunken purse, should communicate its blighting influence to themselves!

Nor was this the worst of the matter. Term time was fast coming on, and a year's rent was due for the tenement which I occupied. The tax gatherer began to give me sundry broad and peremptory hints, touching tribute due to Cæsar. And the butcher and baker, together with a host of other equally pleasant visitors, were regular attenders at my morning levees. To crown all, my late obsequious friend Mr. Quirk McQuibble, conveyed an insinuation by letter, that before long he would, in all probability, have occasion to give me some practical information touching the manner in which the law of Scotland dealt with those notorious, and abominable criminals—insolvent debtors!

The learned gentleman did not lose much time in commencing his course of instructions. One

clear and frosty forenoon I was favoured with a visit from Obadiah Skirl, who combined the duties of Sheriff's officer, appraiser, and auctioneer in the Burgh of Peterhead. This official was so much smitten with the appearance of my small stock of furniture, and other chattels, that, by way of remembrance, doubtless, he jotted down the name of each individual article in his tablets. As a matter of course the muster roll embraced the hateful, and mendacious cabinet, my entire right and title in which, I would have made over with cordial bitterness to Mahoun, if that personage had covenanted to remove it, forthwith out of my disgusted sight!

Mr. Skirl, however, did not trouble his head about the books, which, as was to be expected, he regarded with the most supreme contempt. "It's na use," remarked Obadiah, "burdening the inventory with such feckless and fashionless trash, so ye may just keep them, my man, to yoursell! They will be a nest egg for ye to begin business wi' as a second hand bookseller, and wha kens what cleckin' may yet come frae the same? Laudic Buchan who made his fortune in that line, commenced the world wi' naething but the history o' John Cheap the Chapman, and a Pilgrim's Progress wanting a' the leaves from and after the demolishment o' Doubting Castle!"

The time fixed for the sale drew on apace, and I was sitting one night chewing the cud of reflection, which you may safely swear was not overly sweet, and meditating what I should do when turned out of house and home. I may here mention that my family and connections had given me plain intimation, that from them I was to look for nothing in the shape of alimentary sustentation. Even my father shook his head when I craved relief at his hands, informing me that I was old enough to push my own fortune, and that if was not his fault I had not acquired an inkling of the tailoring craft.

Whilst musing, as aforesaid, a loud rap came to the door, and, upon my giving the necessary permission, a tall man, wrapped up in a capacious blue cloak, strode into the room. He wore a travelling cap of fur, together with a shawl tied around his throat, for it was the winter season, and without stint or intermission he smoked a Dutch pipe, the bowl whereof was fashioned after the similitude of a grinning face.

In a tone, somewhat of the sharpest, I enquired at the stranger what his business might be. To speak the plain and honest truth, I jealousy that he was one of the law gentry, who of late, had taken such a marked interest in my fortunes and affairs. Soon did I discover that I

had been mistaken in this conjecture, and indeed, if it had not been for the clouds of smoke that encircled his visage like a mist, I might have seen that he was too honest-looking to belong to the privateering tribe, I had unwittingly classed him with.

In reply to my interrogatory, the new comer inquired for Mr. Mungo McMurrich, with whom, it seems, he had been in the habit of having occasional transactions, and he appeared to be a good deal surprised when I told him that my venerable relative had gone to his final audit. It turned out that he had called for the purpose of paying a small sum of money which he had been owing to my grand-uncle; and when I explained how matters stood, and produced the thrifless will, he made no objections to hand over the amount to me on my receipt. This welcome and unlooked-for windfall having gladdened my heart, I could not do less than proffer such hospitality as my means afforded to the great unknown before; I put him in possession of the outs and ins of my history. He listened to the recital with more attention than I could have reasonably expected, seeing it differed so little from the every-day story of the disappointments of life. When I had concluded my narrative he asked permission to examine the cabinet, which, with its contents, still remained *in statu quo*. To this proposition, of course, I had not the shadow of an objection to offer, so, lighting another candle, I led him to the chamber, and left him to make his explorations at leisure. By way of apology for not remaining with him, I pleaded a bad cold—though, to speak the naked truth, I detested the place, the sight of it sending a chill to my heart by reminding me of the dismal dispersion of my fondly cherished hopes.

Regaining my place at the convivial board I engaged myself in counting the cash which had, as it were, dropped from heaven into my hand, when I was suddenly aroused by exclamations of wonderment and delight proceeding from my visitor. Thinking that, perchance, he had discovered some secret pose, which I had hitherto overlooked, I lost no time in rejoining him, my pulse, meanwhile, beating more rapidly than it had done since the day of the funeral.

He was standing beside a pile of the ill-favored volumes which he had heaped upon the table—two or three more were in his hands, and half a dozen, at the most moderate computation, below each elbow. Never did I behold a man in such a perfect ecstasy of wonder and delectation. His eyes glistened over the foul reeky pages, as if he had been the Great Mogul examining the points

of a newly captured Circassian beauty! He smacked his lips with more appetite and unction than he did when discussing my modicum of mountain dew! And the water ran in torrents over the sides of his mouth similar to what I have witnessed in a sharp-set epicure at a Town Council dinner, when the virgin charms of a saddle of blackfaced five-year-old mutton were first exposed to his ken!

But his admiration, whatever might be the cause thereof, was not altogether of a silent description. Ever and anon he would break forth into expressions which were perfect Greek and Hebrew to me. "As I live!" he would cry, "a genuine Caxton! the index complete, and containing the immortal tail-piece of the dancing Phoenix!" "By the thunderbolt of Jove, an undoubted Wynken de Worde! which beats his Grace of Roxburgh's all to pigs and whistles!" "What! as I am a bibliopole and a sinner, here is the veritable *editio princeps* of the Boke of Chess! Oh, what would Heber, or Beckford, or Kirkpatrick Sharp give to be here! A *rara avis*! A gem of gems!" And so on he went for a good stricken hour, leaving me staring at the creature in a downright whirl of perplexity, as to whether he was a madman, or merely under the exhilarating influence of my Ferintosh!

After a season, when he had made a careful survey of the entire collection of trash, he seemed to become aware of my presence, and grasping me by the two hands, begged to congratulate me upon being the highly favored owner of such costly and unique treasures! "If you will be guided by my advice and directions," he added, "you will yet be a richer man than you ever dreamt of in your most sanguine moments!"

At this speech, which for downright absurdity, exceeded even the jocosities of George Buchanan, the haverel of King James—I could contain myself no longer. Bursting forth into a loud and long-continued fit of laughter, I cried out, "Well, well, this beats everything I heard tell of! I mean no offence, honest man, by the remark, but of a surety I think that my spirits are more overproof than I had the slightest suspicion of, for never did I see mortal man so sorely vanquished and overcome with three poor tumblers before! Treasures, indeed! I suppose that you will next be calling cockle-shells diamonds, and promoting haddies e'en into fair pearls of price! However, as touching the filthy auld books that you seem to set such a store on, you have my full permission to cut and carve on them as you please! Make a kirk and a mill of them, if it so

please you, and Andrew Ballingall will never call you to account for your proceedings!"

Though my gentleman seemed somewhat nettled at my jeering mirth, he merely asked me for the loan of pen, paper, and ink, muttering, at the same time, something between his teeth, which sounded like "pearls" and "swine." Convinced as I was that the creature lacked at least twopence of the shilling, I humored him in his request, and, so soon as he received the writing materials, he commenced to make a memorandum of the name and date of each individual volume and tract.

"Now," quoth he, when he had finished his idiotical like-task—"Now, sir, will you solemnly promise to follow my counsel? Credit me you will not find yourself the worse for so doing. Though you are, indubitably a stupid colt, (here I made a low bow, as in duty bound!) I would fain do a kindness to the grand-nephew of my old, and much esteemed friend!" "In all that's reasonable," I replied—"I will oblige you, provided, always, that I am not called upon to read any of these fusty, heathenish, incomprehensible trash, which you seem to admire so much." Here my visitor broke in upon me somewhat sharply. "Make yourself easy on that score," he said, "Friend Andrew. I would as soon think of asking you to square the circle, or write a second Paradise Lost! All I have to request is, that you will not part with any of the volumes in this cabinet, till I see you again, which will be before long? Do you promise me this?" "Blythly," quo I, "that's a promise easy to be kept. The inhabitants of Peterhead have mair sense than to take a gift of the trashy lot—and they are certain to be constant housekeepers with me, as the minister said of his old daughter, black-bearded Meg!" "Hang you, and black-bearded Meg, in the bargain," exclaimed the stranger; and without saying another word he clapped his hat upon his head, lighted his Dutch pipe, and passed on his way.

The conclusion I drew from the whole matter was, that the body was but slenderly furnished in the upper story of his tabernacle, and I soon forgot both him and his visit in a more important consideration, viz: where I should first commence my trade as a beggar, which, to all human appearance seemed to be my inevitable and predestinated doom.

On the night preceding the day appointed by the fiat of law, for the vendition of my effects, I chanced to be standing at the front of Fraser's Inn, the leading hostel in Peterhead. All of a sudden I was aroused from a cogitation into which

I had fallen, by the sound of a horn, and presently the Royal Mail Coach——drove up to the door, crowded with passengers inside and out. Being in no humour to mix among the throng, I was moving off, with my bonnet pulled over my eyes, when my attention was arrested by the peculiar appearance of the new-comers. They were, for the most part, men well up in years, sporting broadish brimmed hats, large eyed spectacles, and garments cut after an ancient fashion. The quality of their clothes bespoke that the wearers were well to do in the world, and certain deposits upon their noses and cravats demonstrated that they patronised the dealers in black rappee and Prince's mixture. They seemed all to belong to one fraternity, and yet it was noticed by many that each looked coldly at his neighbour as if he could willingly have dispensed with his presence. By-and-bye other arrivals of a similar kind took place, some in gigs, some in shandredans; and others on horseback, and shanks naggy, till at length the inn was filled even to overflowing, and Simon Salver the rheumatic head waiter, was seen hirpling about the town, trying to secure beds for the overplus.

It can readily be fancied that innumerable were the conjectures as to the intent and meaning of this visitation, the lieges gathering in groups on the causeway, and canvassing the affair, as if it had been a question of life and death. Some said that they were a gang of resurrectionaries seeking corpses for the Aberdeen College. Mr. McQuibble's notion was that they were a band of lunatics who had broken out of a bedlam after murdering their keepers. And Gideon Guffa, the town natural, gave it as his verdict that the pilgrims were a congregation of kirkless preachers on the look-out for employment, like Irish shearers; a speech which got the fool the weight of the minister's blackthorn stick over the head, for his disrespect of the cloth. His reverence suffered dearly, however, for his zeal, inasmuch as an Aberdeen philanthropic newspaper got word of the transaction, and there was little else heard of for months after, in that patriotic journal, but the "HORRIBLE CASE OF CLERICAL OPPRESSION AT PETERHEAD!"

In the meantime the public authorities were not slumbering at their posts. The drum was sent through the town summoning a *pro re nata* meeting of the Council; and Bailce Gawpus, after a speech of two hours duration, in which he remarked that the present mysterious visitation had doubtless an intimate connection with the alarming spread of Popery and the rights of man, concluded by moving that a number of special

constables should be sworn in to protect the loyal inhabitants of Peterhead from the assaults of Jesuits and republicans. A motion which was carried "unanimously and with acclamation," as may be seen by the minutes of the sederunt.

Everything passed off peaceably, and at the appointed time Obadiah Skirl took his stance upon a table in the largest room of my luckless house. Before long the chamber was filled by a crowd, including the bewildering band of strangers who took their seats with looks as sour and grave, as if they had been a synod of superannuated undertakers. Each of them produced a printed paper from his pocket which looked like a list or catalogue, and having pulled their hats firmly on their heads, they began mending their pencils as if preparing to take notes of the proceedings.

The auction commenced. Mr. Skirl exerted himself to set off the articles to the best advantage, and his oratory and eloquence were such that he constrained people to believe that the commonest fir chairs and tables were constructed of the finest rose-wood, and the most costly mahogany. He had indeed a tongue which might have enticed a bird from a tree, and convinced an astronomer that green cheese formed the component of the moon!

But all the powers of Obadiah Skirl were thrown away upon the strangers, who seemed to regard the proceedings with the utmost contempt, never opening their mouths to give a single bode. At length the last article was set up, which was the unlucky cabinet, my Pandora's box. This, after a smart competition was knocked down at five and twenty shillings, the buyer carrying it away on his back after tumbling out its useless contents; and Obadiah wiping the sweat from his brow, and thanking the company for their attendance, declared the sale concluded.

This announcement seemed to come like a clap of thunder upon the old broad-brimmed, snuff consuming vagrants. They looked at Mr. Skirl and then at one another, as if they had gotten a series of slaps on the face; and muttering something about "infamous hoax," and "precious take in," seemed as if about to proceed to some marrow chilling extremity, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and, to my astonishment, the man with the blue cloak, and the Dutch pipe, strode into the room. He seemed, by the jaups of mud which covered him from top to toe, as if he had just come off a long and hasty journey; and so sorely fagged and forfochen was he, that he had to sit down for five minutes, before he could gather sufficient breath to speak.

The sight of this apparition evidently created

a marvellous stir amongst our unknown visitors. They hunched, and coughed, and fidgetted, like so many old women, at the conclusion of the twenty-ninth division of a doctrinal discourse. They bowed and nodded to him as if to a prized and well known acquaintance, and several exclaimed in tones of triumph and satisfaction: "All is right after all!"

In the meantime, the personage who had occasioned all this excitement and stir, was occupied in arranging the doited old books in order upon the table, before which he stood. He blew the dust off them as carefully as if they had been new Bibles, and polished up their faded backs with the cuff of his coat. This done, he cleared his throat—took out a massive silver snuff-box from his vest pocket—lifting up an ugly wee pamphlet in a dingy parchment cover, began a discourse about its virtues and properties, which was past the comprehension both of the minister and the master of the grammar school. If you would believe his story, the match or marrow of that mouldy abomination, was not to be found in the four quarters of the globe, and though I would hardly have touched it with a pair o' tongs, he held it up with the veneration which an idolater would bestow upon his most venerated image. Obadiah Skirl listened to this fanfaronade with the most profound contempt, a feeling which was participated in by the rational portion of the company, and when the speaker concluded by asking what would be bidden for the lot, a titter of derision ran through the great majority of the audience. I trow, however, their laughter was changed into dumb wonder and amazement before the world was many minutes older!

For a space no one seemed inclined to break silence, but at length old Jeremiah Suda the barber, offered a penny for the affair, urging as an excuse for the seeming extravagance of his bode, that the boards would serve to sharpen his razors upon. Every one opined that the lot would be thankfully knocked down to him, without a moment's delay, lest he should take the rae and draw back, when lo and behold! up started one of the snuffiest and grim looking of the strangers and squeaked out "ten guineas!" Another and a third followed in double quick time, and finally, after a keen competition, it was disposed of for no less than sixty sterling pounds!

Here was a prodigy past all created comprehension. Some of the onlookers actually screamed aloud with intolerable surprise, and Jeremiah Suda stood looking as helpless and confounded as if he had received a blow from the mysterious

auctioneer's hammer. It was impossible for any one to reason or speculate upon what was so hopelessly incomprehensible, and as for myself, I did not know whether I was sitting or standing. My brain whirled around like a top or peerie, and I felt mindless and powerless as a new born infant.

When the general consternation had to a certain extent abated, another small volume, more ugly and uninviting than the first, was put up for competition, which produced nearly as high a sum as its predecessor; and at the termination of the sale, I found myself one of the richest inhabitants of the burgh town of Peterhead.

I may mention here, once for all, that the demented buyers paid for their fools bargains on the nail, either in hard cash, or in cheques upon the Bank of Scotland, which were all duly hmooured. My benefactor, who declined to accept of any remuneration for his trouble, placed the proceeds in my hands, and departed as he came, leaving me no trace by which I could expiscate or discover to whom I had been indebted for my astounding and miraculous good fortune.

Quirk McQuibble had always a keen eye to business, and never neglected to glean grist for his professional mill. The marvellous upshot of the sale confirmed him in the idea he had originally formed, that the unfathomable purchasers were a crew of absconding lunatics. Following out this theory, he singled out one of the fraternity, who, he judged by the amount of his transactions at the vendition, was the richest among them, and had him apprehended just as he was stepping into a chaise, on his return to England, as he declared.

I went up the stairs with the rest, to the room of the Inn where they conveyed the captive, and truly I never saw a human being in such a desperate and delirious-like state. He was a little man, somewhat below the middle size, but making up in bulk, what he lacked in altitude, and seemed to take a special pride in his hair, which was of a yellowish colour, and hung about his cheeks in long swirling curls. It was some time before he could be made to comprehend the cause of his capture, but when the truth gradually broke in upon him, he was neither to hand nor hind, He called Quibble a monster—a man stealer—an authophogus, and a score of other horrid and incomprehensible names;—and the conclusion that every one who saw him came to was, that he was as mad as any March hare!

Mr. McQuibble having admonished him to compose his spirits, and keep peaceable and orderly, cleared the chamber, locked up the patient, and

put the key in his pocket. But lo! what a stramash the creature got up when he found himself alone? He first ran to the windows, and flinging them nailed down, he broke every pane to smith in half a minute, waving and yelling to the mob in the street, like a crazed bull of Bashan. When this would not do, he ran back to the door, and kicked at it with his heels in such a paroxysm of fury and desperation, that he drove out two of the pannels, and the very hinges began to give way. This was carrying the joke too far, so Quirk, attended by a score of concnrrents (as in legal phrase he termed his followers) armed with pitchforks, pokers, and such like war-like weapons—re-entered the room, and having strapped him down upon the bed, instructed Jeremiah Strap to shave his head. If the lunatic was mad before, he became ten-fold worse on hearing this sentence. Foaming at the mouth he declared that he was engaged to be married the ensuing week, and swore he would part with life sooner than with his precious curls! Of course no one minded what a crazy creature said, and in five minutes his poll was as bare as a stucco image. The operation seemed to produce the desired result, for when the unfortunate being beheld his hair strewn about the carpet like a collection of dandelions he said never another word, but lay sobbing and moaning as if he had lost all heart and hope!

The lawyer then proceeded to draw up a description of the unhappy man's person, and an account of the circumstances under which he had been apprehended, adding that his friends would get delivery of him on paying the necessary charges. This advertisement was inserted in a host of newspapers, but did not promise to bear any fruit, at the expiring of a fortnight, no claimant appeared, and as, Mr. McQuirk, becoming tired of the job, transferred his patient to the poor's house, when he was lodged in the same cell with Ezra Pirn, a weaver, who had lost his wits by an overly indulgence in whisky, politics, and polemics. When a month had elapsed, however, a member of Parliament arrived in Peterhead from London, who insisted upon seeing the lunatic. Mr. McQuibble accompanied him to the place of confinement, magnifying by the road, the trouble and expense which he had incurred in the transaction. But now he changed his tune, when the senator, who instantly recognised the supposed madman, declared that he was not only one of the greatest antiquarians of the day, but likewise librarian to his sacred majesty—and that consequently the crime of detaining him amounted to little, if any thing, short of high treason.

How the matter was settled I cannot precisely say. It was rumoured that Mr. McQuibble had to pay a solatium of better than five hundred pounds, besides the breakage at the Inn, and other incidental charges. Be this as it may, the liberated captive departed the same evening with his deliverer, in a coach and four, his naked head hung wrapped up in fiannel to keep out the cold, more by token that such a commodity as a ready-made wig, was not to be had within the bounds of the burgh for love or money!

THE GOLDEN GATE.

A Lady stood at the golden gate,
At the golden gate shut close and lorn;
The little spring-birds chirped merry and sweet,
The little spring-flowers sprang up at her feet;
She smiled back a spring-smile, gay and young—
'Twill open, open to me ere long!
Wait,' said the lady—'wait, wait:
There never was night that had no morn.'

The lady sat at the golden gate;
The May had withered from off the thorn;
Warm July roses crushed cheek to cheek
In a rapturous stillness, faint and weak;
And a languid love-air filled the breeze,
And birds ceased singing in nest hung-trees:
'Wait,' said the lady—'wait, wait:
There never was night that had no morn.'

The lady knelt at the golden gate,
The dumb, closed gate—forn, forn, forn;
The sun laid on her his burning hand,
The reapers' song came over the land,
And the same round moon that lighted the sheaves,
Shewed at her feet dead, drifted leaves:
'Alas!' sighed the lady. 'Yet, wait, wait:
There never was night that had no morn.'

The lady crouched at the golden gate,
With steadfast watch—but so lorn, so lorn!
The earth lay whitening in one shroud,
The winds in the woods howled long and loud;
Till the frosty stars shot arrow rays,
And fixed for ever her death-strong gaze.
A soul rose singing: 'No more I wait:
On earth was night—in heaven is morn.'

Two feelings are common to all high or affectionate natures,—extreme susceptibility to opinion, and extreme bitterness at its injustice.

Knowledge unemployed, may preserve us from vice; but knowledge beneficently employed is virtue.

None but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other.

A man of true genius can no more divest himself of freedom of opinion than of the features of his face.

It is astonishing how much easier it is to do evil than bear to be told of the evil we have done. True bravery is as far removed from recklessness as it is from timidity.

THE COTTAGE AND THE HALL.

CHAPTER I.

IMAGINE to yourself, reader, a large comfortable room, furnished with all the elegance of modern taste, though in itself bearing the stamp of another age; the walls of pannelled oak, and the antique slope of its large bow window, giving the idea of times, when the former were perhaps adorned with armour, and the latter, the favorite seat of one or more of the fair and stately dames, whose portraits remained to deck the Hall. There was another window of more recent construction opening to the ground, and leading to a conservatory filled with choice exotics, from which a tempting glimpse of the beautiful gardens and park beyond was presented. The apartment itself was lined with cases well furnished with volumes of every size and variety: as far as concerned their exterior, and the subjects of which they treated, it was indeed the library of one of those good old country-houses, which are ever to be met with in the pleasant village nooks of merry England.

The group at present occupying it, consists of a lady of middle age, preserving however sufficient remnants of the charms which had once distinguished her, to give to her countenance that interesting attraction, which though it can no longer vie with the noontide radiance of youth, possesses all the softness of a summer twilight. In the young girl seated next her you would at once recognize her daughter, so striking is the resemblance between them; but you must acknowledge that however pretty the mother may have been, she is greatly eclipsed by the splendor of her daughters beauty. The dark hair contrasted well with a skin of dazzling whiteness, and the soft expression of her hazel eyes, in which however may be discerned an occasional twinkle of laughter-loving mirth, in full keeping with the smile dimpling the prettiest mouth imaginable, and displaying the pearly row of teeth beneath, and then, her figure so tall and commanding, yet so graceful in its every movement; and, withal, such unaffected forgetfulness of any attempt to captivate. Could you see her as I do, reader, you would pronounce her irresistible.

But it is time for us to turn to the third and last figure of the group, and what a contrast have we here! Seated on the very edge of her chair, her small prim figure drawn up to its full height, her whole aspect enough to send a cold shiver through your frame on this lovely April morning, (in December it would turn you to an icicle,) is a

lady of a certain age, with thin sharp features, and restless piercing eyes; Miss Sedley, the old maid and gossip, (for I believe every village has such,) of Willow-bank, and by listening to the ensuing conversation, you will gain some insight into her character, and other facts of more importance to this story.

"So the family have come at last to 'The Cottage,'" she observed with some eagerness, "they arrived last night, I cannot say that I have seen any of them yet, though I think as I passed this morning—I happened to require something at the Bakers, and so went that way—I caught a glimpse of a cap at one of the upper windows, which might have been Mrs. Montague's; though to be sure it might have been one of the maids, as I could not see very clearly; but I hear there are two daughters grown up, and they are very poor they say, in fact must be, for when Roger Jenkins sent to offer himself instantly, in order to secure the place, he was told they did not want a man: and I rather think they have but one woman whom they brought with them. It is said she is the widow of a Captain in the navy, and has nothing but her pension."

How much longer Miss Sedley would have run on in this strain, I cannot take it upon myself to determine, but Mrs. Percival, who particularly disapproved of all gossip, quietly remarked, that "considering the very short time this family had occupied 'The Cottage,' the people of the village seemed well informed on the subject of their affairs." Though rather disconcerted for the moment, Miss Sedley soon returned to the attack.

"I am quite undecided whether to visit these new comers," said she, drawing herself up, it possible, an inch higher, "you know Mrs. Percival, it is so difficult to act in these cases, they may be very respectable or they may be *nobodies*. To be sure one could not call till they have made their appearance at church, and before then we may learn something more definite about their position in society."

"For myself," said Mrs. Percival, "I shall take an early opportunity of making Mrs. Montague's acquaintance, as an old and valued friend of mine, who knows the family well, informs me that they are most agreeable people, and likely to prove a great acquisition to our village."

"Oh, in that case, I can do no better than follow your example," and Miss Sedley, whose object all along had been to find out whether the Percivals would notice "these Montague's," soon after took her leave, as we will, dear reader, in order that we may obtain, what she is so very anxious for, *the first peep at the strangers*.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. MONTAGUE, whose arrival had so excited the little old maid, was, as she had been informed, the widow of a Captain Edward Montague, R.N. She had lost her husband but two years previously, and in addition to her profound sorrow at so irreparable a bereavement, found herself involved in much pecuniary difficulty. Capt. Montague, though he had inherited a considerable fortune, had by that thoughtless generosity, sometimes so prominent in a sailor's character, lavished it with a too unsparing hand; and his afflicted family found that its remains were in a great measure swallowed up, in satisfying the demands of his numerous creditors. Still, that they were so, afforded them no great uneasiness, so much were they relieved to find, after the final settlement, that no blot could rest upon the memory of so beloved a husband and father. By a life of complete retirement, and the strictest economy, they continued to reside in their old house, until the expiration of the lease, and then having secured a pretty cottage in Willowbank, the rent of which was more within the limits of their means, they arrived there to furnish conversation for Miss Sedley and her friends, when the village was in her opinion exceedingly dull. Mrs. Montague was a quiet, lady-like woman, devoted to her children, of whom she was not a little proud, and in truth with much reason. Ellen, the eldest, was just twenty and was very lovely, there was something in the secret thoughtful gaze of her deep blue eyes, which seemed at once to penetrate to the heart, and the whole countenance of her face was even classically beautiful, every feature perfect; but the expression was rather melancholy, perhaps for so young a girl, excepting when anything excited her unusually, then the countenance lit up, as it were, in a manner which was almost startling, and quite heavenly. Kate presented an almost complete contrast to her sister, a roguish little gipsy of sixteen, with hair that matched the raven's wing, dark eyes full of fun and merriment, and a figure which promised to be tall and commanding. But though these sisters were dissimilar in appearance and even disposition, they were, as we shall see, linked together by the tenderest affection. We have said enough, and will leave them in future, to speak for themselves.

"Nelly," said Kate, about a fortnight after their arrival when they were getting pretty well settled in their new abode, "would it not be delightful to take a long ramble in those woods we noticed yesterday; let me see whether I can persuade mamma to join us."

She had but little difficulty in doing so, and all

three were seen equipped and on their way. Primroses were just beginning to peep out from behind their fresh green leaves, and the purple hued violets, made the hedges gay with the profusion of their blossoms. As the two girls stopped to gather a wild bouquet, they breathed a sigh as the thought would rise of their dear early home, but there is something in the fresh beauty of young spring, with its bursting leaves, glorious sunshine, and sweet flowers, which makes all rejoice, and soon restored them to cheerfulness. They had advanced some distance into the road, when they perceived two ladies approaching in the opposite direction, the elder of whom accosted them to their surprise, and introducing herself as Mrs. Perceval, said she felt they would pardon her want of etiquette, as she and her daughter were on their way to "the Cottage," having preferred the wood road as shorter and more agreeable.

"Then you must permit me to return with you," said Mrs. Montague, "that you and Miss Perceval may rest after so long a walk."

This arrangement, after some apology on the part of the ladies of the Hall, having been agreed to, Ellen and Kate conversed freely with their new acquaintance on many subjects; the views, neighbourhood, and society of Willow-bank, being of course among the chief, and thus much of the stiffness of a first morning visit, that most formal of all formal things, was avoided, and when after awhile the Percevals rose to take their leave, they parted mutually pleased. In due time the call was returned and an invitation to the Hall followed, when all the Montagues were introduced to several country families and all the Willow-bank society; their position as "visitable," being thus established, they were soon quite beset with calls and tea parties. Marion and Ellen discovered, too, that their voices were exactly adapted for duets, and of course they could do no better than practice them together, so that in a short time an intimacy sprung up between the two girls, which promised to lead to the formation of a steady friendship. Besides singing together they formed a plan for reading Italian, Marion having visited Italy, whilst Ellen had never quitted her native land. But it is fitting that we should make the reader a little better acquainted with the family at the Hall.

CHAPTER III.

THE Percevals had for centuries occupied the position of "Squires," in the little village of Willow-bank; and though somewhat shorn of the importance which distinguished them in the good old times, yet do the country gentlemen of England,

in many cases, boast of a more illustrious descent, than many a titled noble in the land, can lay just claim to. The present possessor of the estate was a man of great merit, and some wealth, having by his marriage with the heiress of an old Indian Nabob acquired a considerable increase of property. Their union had been one of affection and happiness, and blest with three children, two sons and a daughter. Walter the eldest born, was at the time we write of, at home, having just finished his last term at Oxford, which he had done with great élat, but the constant study and confinement had, it was feared, weakened a constitution naturally delicate, and perfect relaxation of mind was considered absolutely necessary to his recovery. Frank, the second son, was a lieutenant in the navy, daily expected home after three years' service in China; and with Marion, the only daughter, the reader is already on terms of friendly intercourse.

Walter did not sing, but he often made one of the party when, on some lovely fine morning, the three girls took their work, and some delightful book, to any quiet, pleasant nook, where they could thoroughly enjoy themselves, without fear of interruption, and there, seated on the green-sward, many a happy hour did they pass, listening to his manly voice as he read: or in gay and sparkling conversation. One day, they were thus employed, and in Walter's absence, Marion was giving them one of Tasso's most exquisite passages, when she suddenly ceased, and throwing down the volume, exclaimed "I cannot read, I could not tell you what it is all about, only I know it all by heart."

"Why, Marion," said Ellen, laughing heartily, "You look like a spoilt child! What is the matter?"

"Only that I have a presentiment that Frank will be here to-night, and I can think of nothing else. Oh! if you only knew him, Nelly!" And once launched upon the topics of her favourite brother's praises, there was nothing for it but to listen quietly; so Ellen looked sympathizing and interested.

"But I must not say too much, lest I should raise your expectations to a very exalted pitch, and poor, dear Frank will be the sufferer," added Marion, when quite out of breath; "besides you will see him soon, I hope, and can judge for yourselves."

"I do for your sake wish it may be soon, though I cannot help at times a most selfish regret that our pleasant reading and singing mornings, will cease," and as Ellen spoke, a slight

shade passed over her fair face, which Marion hastened to remove.

"I have often told you, Nelly, that Frank has a most delightful voice, and almost a passion for music, so his coming will, far from interrupting our practising, form an additional motive for its continuance."

"Ah! you will not care for it then," upon which Marion playfully boxed her ears, calling her a "jealous, naughty girl," and they soon afterwards separated. Two days after this, just as the sisters were preparing to set out for the hall, a note was put into Ellen's hands; it was from Marion, who, almost wild with joy, wrote to tell them that her brother had arrived in England, and might be expected by every coach. Abandoning their intention, Ellen penned a few hasty lines of warm congratulation, and looking at Kate a little ruefully, exclaimed, "Well, at any rate, I shall have plenty of time to finish the chain before mamma's birthday, now. Suppose we go and see Mrs. Bruce." Mrs. Bruce was the rector's wife, and a most delightful person; her husband, a zealous, high-minded clergyman, devoted to the care of his parish. With both, the Montagues were already on intimate terms. And Marion! how did the day pass with her? Oh! who, that has watched hour by hour for the coming of some loved one, need be told her feelings, when the last mail passed through, and yet Frank came not. She was forced unwillingly to assent to her father's remark, that he could not possibly be there before to-morrow. To-morrow how often longed and wished for, alas! to be but a repetition of the misery of to-day. But, for the inmate of the hall, not excluding the servants, most of whom had known "Master Frank" from infancy. The morning dawned with brighter promise, and Marion, who could not rest, rose nearly with the sun, and dressing herself simply, yet elegantly, for what sister does not wish to appear to advantage in the eyes of a long absent brother? was soon pacing the avenue. It was not long before her quick ear caught the sound of the guard's horn, as the heavily laden coach rumbled through the village; quick as thought she flew to the iron gates, her heart beating almost to suffocation. Nearer it came, and nearer, she could see it now, and it had, yes it *had stopped!* Another minute and she was clasped in the arms of her darling Frank. "My own Marion, why, how grown! how beautiful! I could not have thought you would be so improved." He looked so proudly on her, with such deep tenderness in his fine eyes, that his sister thought she might well return the compliment. And in truth, they were

a noble pair, so much alike. Frank Perceval could not be called, strictly speaking, handsome; the eyes which were large and dark, were the only beautiful feature in his face, but there was something so frank and manly in his bearing, so much honest truth in his open countenance, that one could hardly wish for more. The news of "Master Frank's" arrival, had spread over the house before five minutes had elapsed, the servants thronged to meet him, and for each he had a kind word, and a friendly shake of the hand; but breaking from them, he was soon knocking for admittance at his mother's dressing-room, calling for his father, for Walter, for everybody. At length they were all seated round the breakfast-table, and a series of eager questionings ensued; no one knowing which spoke most, and sometimes all speaking at once. "By-the-bye," said Frank, taking advantage of a pause, "I have asked Ashton to come down. Of course you know he is Sir Herbert, now; he lost his father about a year after we sailed."

"O yes, we saw it in the papers," replied Mr. Perceval, did you not tell me of it, Marion?" Thus appealed to, his daughter looked up, but her "Yes, I believe so, papa," was a little hurried, and happening to catch her brother's eyes fixed meaningly upon her, the roses in her cheeks assumed a brighter hue.

"Ashton is just the same fellow as ever," added Frank, which means to say the very best I have ever known; he is a landed proprietor now, however, with a clear rental of nearly £5,000 a year; so, I suppose, will cut the service, and settle down into a hum-drum country squire."

"Very much obliged for the compliment; are we not, Walter?" laughingly observed Mr. Perceval, rising from table, which example was generally followed.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHY, Marion," said her brother about a week after his return, "you can talk of nothing but the *Montagues*; who are these friends of yours, and where do they live." I have been here, let me see, ever since Thursday, and have never caught a glimpse of them except in church, though that was quite enough to make me wish for a nearer view!"

Marion had been talking certainly very fast to Mrs. Perceval, of the little gift she had prepared for Mrs. Montague, whose birthday it was. "In that case, Frank, I shall be happy to gratify you. I intend walking to see them presently, and it will be a good opportunity to introduce you." "And," said Mrs. Perceval, "you can ask them

to spend the evening with us, and Frank can prosecute the acquaintance."

The arrangement meeting with that gentleman's entire approval, they were soon on their way, Marion taking with her besides the screens she had painted, one of the most beautiful of bouquets. On their arrival at the cottage, they found the three ladies on the pretty lawn in front; the girls busied with their flower beds, and Frank thought they both looked very charming, in their large straw hats, and simple mourning dresses.

"Oh, Marion, how very kind," was Ellen's eager salutation, as soon as she perceived her friends approach, "I did not expect you to-day."

"But Mrs. Montague did, I am sure, dear Nelly, she did not think I could forget her birthday;" and with a grace which was all her own, she now presented her gift.

"What lovely flowers! Oh how very pretty!" was the general exclamation. "Really, dear Marion, I do not know how to thank you," began Mrs. Montague, but she was not suffered to proceed.

"I have not yet introduced my brother; Mrs. Montague, Mr. Frank Perceval," and the usual forms having been got through, they adjourned to the drawing-room, where with a mother's pride, their hostess displayed her beautiful chair, and Kate's surprise, a knitted Shetland shawl.

"Why, Nelly dear, how you must have worked! I never thought you would have finished it," she remarked.

"I have not had you to make me lazy," was the complimentary rejoinder.

"So that after all, Mrs. Montague may thank me, for her chair," observed Frank drily.

A general laugh followed this, and then they chatted on till the Perceval's rose to take their leave; Marion first delivering her mother's message.

"And by the bye, we can now get up some trios, so Nelly bring your music: you have some pretty glees, I know."

"Oh, Miss Montague will not expect me to enchant her ear with any dulcet tones, I hope," said Frank. "I assure you," he continued, "I have not sung for months. However, I promise to do my best."

"No one can do more, *fratello mio*," said Marianne; "but we really must go now. *Au revoir*."

When the inmates of the cottage made their appearance at the Percevals that evening, they found the party there had been unexpectedly augmented by the arrival of Sir Herbert Ashton, to whom allusion has been already made. His appearance at Willow-bank was warmly hailed by

the elder Percivals, while the blush, mantling in their daughter's cheek, told more than the few words with which she returned his eager greeting. The impression which was left on the minds of both, when they had before met, had never been quite effaced; but as a poor Lieutenant, Mr. Ashton had felt it his duty to restrict his attentions within the limits of what was simply called for, from a guest in her father's house. With what intentions he had now returned he could not himself have told; perhaps he had resolved to be guided by circumstances! However, there he was, with his manly intelligent face luminous as a sunbeam, in laughing conversation with Miss Sedley, who had "dropped into tea," (having seen a post chaise drive to the hall, which intensely excited her curiosity), trying to persuade her, that while in China, their principal food had been birds' nests and rats!

"Ah, I never heard anything so shocking! Miss Montague, Miss Perceval, do listen to this!" and she repeated the assertion to these two young ladies, who were sitting near.

"Of course you do not doubt it, Miss Sedly," said Frank, attracted by that respectable spinster's exclamation. "Why," added he, with a very grave face, "I assure you that you would enjoy them excessively. His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of all the Chinas, is as much enraged if his rat preserves are trespassed on, as he was when we stormed Peking, and he wrote off an express to the moon to send down fire upon us, and burn up all our fleet. He was kind enough, however, to give Sir Herbert and myself a day's shooting, and some capital birds' nest soup at dinner afterwards. I assure you, it surpassed the richest turtle. Almost as good as that we got on board the C—; eh, Ashton?"

At this allusion to a standing joke in the service, both gentlemen laughed heartily; and the entrance of a servant, with tea and coffee, turned the current of conversation. This was succeeded by music, in which Ellen joined Frank Perceval.

Notwithstanding his modest appreciation of his own talents, he was a great proficient. The instant she seated herself at the instrument, Walter as usual, drew near. "Oh, do give us 'Auld Robin Gray,' Miss Montague," said he, beseechingly, and her sweet rich voice soon filled the room, as she sang that most beautiful of ballads, in a manner that thrilled to every heart.

Frank was entranced—he could not speak his admiration—perhaps he preferred *looking* it. Walter would not let Ellen leave the piano till she had repeated the last verse. She thought him very fond of music for one so grave; his

manner was so kind and gentle, she always complied with his wishes. Marion sang but little that night, she and Sir Herbert were trying to discover the clue to some Chinese puzzles Frank had brought her. Mr. Perceval was occupied in the library; the two mammae were chatting on the sofa, and poor Kate was pounced on by Miss Sedley, as the only unoccupied person to whom she could give an account of Mrs. Paphim's last dinner party.

"What a pretty sketch this is," suddenly observed her unwilling listener, taking up a drawing which lay on a table near. "I must ask what it is;" and she escaped to the piano.

"That," said Walter, to whom she appealed for information, "is Roger Prigelley's cottage. Have you ever been there? it is a famous picnic place, and such a lovely spot."

"To be sure," chimed in Frank eagerly, why should not we get up a picnic; what do you say Miss Montague?"

"I should like it of all things," replied Ellen, laughingly.

"Well then we will settle it at once," and Frank walked up to the sofa in a very business like manner. "It is all arranged," he said in a tone only audible to the trio around the piano, when he rejoined them ten minutes later, "but if we let her into the secret," he continued glancing meaningly in the direction where the old maid sat, she will drop in to breakfast every morning for a week." It was now time for the guests to depart, and the three gentlemen prepared to escort them. Poor Frank! pity him, he took a moonlight walk with Miss Sedley.

CHAPTER V.

Two mornings after Frank Perceval's introduction to the Montague's, he entered the breakfast room in "tip-top spirits," as he himself expressed it, and proposed that the excursion to Roger Prigelley's should take place that day: the weather being delightful, and as far as he could see, there being no just cause or impediment why it should not.

"Well, but Frank," said Marion, "how are we to get there?"

"Why, I think," remarked Walter, "my mother and Mrs. Montague can occupy the pony carriage, and the rest of the party can ride. We have mounted the two young ladies before, you know."

"A capital arrangement, and as I consider this my picnic, I shall ride over to the cottage as soon as we have finished breakfast," said Frank, ringing to order his horse. He met with no

obstacles to his plan at the cottage, where all assembled soon after eleven.

Ellen's steed was a pretty chestnut, gentle as a lamb, though spirited widal, and a little timid; but she had often before managed him with perfect ease. Kate was less showily mounted, and as Mrs. Montague stepped into the phaeton, waiting to receive her, she repeatedly charged her eldest daughter to be careful not to excite her horse in any way.

"Oh! never fear, mamma," cried Ellen, gaily. "Benbow and I are old friends, and I never mistrust a friend.

"There, Benbow, show yourself worthy of that pretty speech," said Walter, as they rode off together. The road lay through pleasant, shady lanes, and the six equestrians soon left the carriage far behind; chatting merrily at times, at others enjoying a brisk canter. But Marion and Sir Herbert soon appeared to tire of such accelerated movements, for when Kate on no longer hearing the sound of their horses looked back, they were not even visible. At this moment Walter was with her, Frank and Ellen in front, and Kate was listening eagerly to her companions' description of Morton Abbey, as he told her how picturesque it looked, standing on a bold projecting crag of rock, so near the edge, that from the sea it appeared toppling almost to its fall; and then led back her thoughts to other days when hooded monks abode within its walls, and at its iron gate the way-worn pilgrim came, to seek the rest and refreshment never sought in vain, when they saw, Oh horror! a boy jump up from the bank where he was lying, and in wanton sport, run up to Ellen's horse with a scream, striking its hinder legs with a huge stick. Kate uttered a piercing cry, as she saw the startled animal bound madly forward, almost unseating her sister, whom a turn in the road soon hid from her sight. Frank's first impulse was to follow, but quick as lightning, came the recollection, that by so doing he would but excite the horse still more. Rapidly did he review all the dangers to which its rider was exposed, and, "Gracious Heaven, the precipice," he exclaimed aloud, "And she knows nought of it." The lane in which he then was, extended about half a mile further, and was terminated by an abrupt turn to the left, leading to the Abbey. If the animal should take this path, all might be well; but if, as was far more probable, he continued in a direct line at such headlong speed, nothing could save him from dashing over the the precipice, and appalling thought! carrying his rider with him! But by getting into a field to the right, he hoped to shorten the distance, by avoid-

ing the windings of the lane, as to reach the end before Ellen, and stop her ere it was too late. All this had been but the thought of an instant; the next he had cleared the gate leading to the meadow, and was dashing madly over the turf. On reaching the farther extremity, he threw himself from his horse, which he secured to a tree, and bounding over the stile again found himself in the lane. Another minute and he saw her coming, and his quick eye detected, that though still unmanageable, her horse's speed was visibly relaxed. Placing himself in the middle of the road, Frank prepared to seize the bridle as she passed. As he neared the young sailor, the animal swerved to the right, checking his speed as he did so. Before he had time to recover himself, Frank sprang to his head, and holding the bridle firmly in his iron grasp, succeeded in stopping his wild career. Poor Ellen! no sooner was the sense of danger over, than the strength which had supported her gave way, and a burst of tears relieved her over-tasked nerves. Throwing his right arm round her slender waist, Frank bore her to a grassy bank, and rightly judging, that to allow her tears free course would minister most to her relief, left her to secure Benbow, who trembling in every limb, showed no desire to resume his race. On returning to Ellen's side, he found her already more composed. She held out her hand, which he warmly pressed within his own, and thanked him simply, but earnestly, for his prompt assistance. "Indeed," she said, while her beautiful eyes were raised to his, with an expression he never forgot, "I cannot think without a shudder, of what might have been, had not you——"

"Then, do not think of it at all, dear Miss Montague, if you did but know the relief, the happiness, I feel in seeing you thus in safety."

"Oh, poor Kate," exclaimed Ellen, "she must have been terribly alarmed."

"Oh, I had forgotten! I will ride back and meet them."

A few minutes' fast trotting brought him in sight of the terrified girl and Walter, who had feared to leave her side, though most anxious to do so. Taking off his cap he waved it triumphantly above his head, and the hearty cheer with which the action was accompanied, put an end to the fearful suspense they had endured, and told that all was well. Kate could not speak, but her eyes were raised to heaven, and Walter's murmured "Thank God," told how great had been his fears.

"Mind, not one word to mamma," was Ellen's injunction, after the first hurried greeting was past.

"But, dearest, you will not ride again, surely?"

"Indeed I shall, Kate; poor Benbow! it was no fault of his, and if mamma knows of this, she will never let me mount on his back again."

Dissuasion was useless, and Frank replaced her in the saddle.

"But you must let me make you my captive," he observed, "which is after all but a fair retaliation!" This was said lightly, as he possessed himself of the leading rein, but there was a meaning in his large dark eyes, which restored the colour to her pallid cheek. They were delighted with the picturesque beauty of the Abbey, but Ellen shuddered as she was shown the peril she escaped. Marion and Sir Herbert now rejoined them, and were informed of their adventure, which was still the subject of discussion when the carriage drove up. What a happy party they formed, when they had reached Roger Prigley's cottage, and seated themselves in its pretty summer-house: and how proud was the good old man, as he heard them praise its beauty, and that of the roses clustering around it. He and his wife displayed with honest exultation, the silver spoons and cups and plates, which had been the property of their stout yeomen forefathers, in the days of good queen Bess, and quaint and strange did they appear to modern eyes. After dinner, such a scrambling, merry dinner, in regular prime style, they wandered about gathering wild roses and woodbine, which abounded in the neighboring wood. Ellen's nerves were still a little shaken, which rendered the support of Frank's arm necessary; at least he told her so; and Walter was often at her other side with his usual kind attentions. The summons to return home came all too soon for every member of that happy party; and, when after a pleasant ride, the sisters found themselves once more in their little drawing room, they both agreed, that Willow bank was, after all, a very delightful residence!

To be Continued.

BARTIMEUS.

BY THE REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

"Oh lone and lorn my lot!

To me the sun-beam is a joy unknown;
In vain earth's lap with rarest flowers are strewn—
I crush, but see them not."

"The human face and form,
So glorious as they tell, are all to me
A strange and unimagined mystery,
Dark as the midnight storm."

"Winter's sharp blast I prove,
But cannot gaze upon the mantle white
With which the widow'd earth she doth bedight,
In rough, but honest love."

Sudden a mighty throng,
Tumultuous, passed that beggar's muddy lair,
And listlessly he asked in his despair,
Why thus they pressed along?

A friendly voice replied,
"Jesus, the man of Nazareth is here!"
The words with strange power fell upon his ear,
And eagerly he cried:

"Jesus! our David's son,
Have mercy on me for Jehovah's sake;
Pity, Emmanuel—pity do thou take—
'Mid thousands I'm alone!"

The multitude cried—"Cease!
The Master will not pause for such as thou;
Nobler by far his purposes, we trow;
Silence, thou blind one—peace!"

But bold with misery,
He heeded not the taunt of selfish pride;
More eagerly and earnestly he cried,
"Have mercy Christ on me!"

The ever-open ear
Heard—and heard not unmoved that quivering
voice:

"Come hither!" Hundreds now exclaimed—
"Rejoice;
He calls; be of good cheer!"

How rare—how passing sweet
Sounded the words of hope; he cast away
His garment, lest its folds his course might stay,
And fell at Jesus' feet.

"What would'st thou?" Wondrous bright
The beggar's visage glowed—he felt right sure
That voice so God-like, straight would speak his
cure—
"Lord, that I may have sight!"

He never knew suspense:
"Receive thy sight, thou dark one, for thy
faith!"

And lo! convulsively he draws his breath,
Entranced with his new sense!

Did Bartimeus seek
Once more his ancient nook of beggary?
Oh no!—he felt that he could gaze for aye
On Jesus' face so meek.

Love would not let him stay—
His darken'd soul was lighten'd with his eyes;
And from that hour the Lord whom he did prize,
He followed on his way.

THE SPIRIT-CALLERS OF BERLIN.

IN my college-days, which were passed at the University of Berlin, I had a class-fellow, whom, for the present, we will call Heinrich, as that was his Christian name. His father was a Prussian nobleman, his mother, a French lady of equal rank, whose family had fled from the first Revolution; and by both parents he was connected with some of the best houses in Paris and Berlin. Moreover, Heinrich was an only son, and the heir of large estates in Silesia. Handsome, lively, and clever, all that fortune and parental fondness could do to spoil him had been tried from his infancy with wonderfully small success. Heinrich was a little vain, and a little self-sufficient; but he was an honorable young man, a gay, kindly companion, and a rather promising student. My class-fellow was in high request at the university. His wit and spirit made him equally eligible as the leader in a frolic, or the second in a duel: such occurrences did take place at times among us—though student-life is somewhat better regulated in the well-policed city of Berlin than in most of our university towns—and Heinrich always came off handsomely; but some remarked that the young man's strength was not so great as his courage; his mind did not readily recover its balance after any shock; and he had inherited a delicate constitution, with a fair and fine complexion, from his father. Heinrich had a cousin Rupert, who was some years older, the son of a baron, and a major in the Prussian army. His resemblance to my class-fellow was remarkable; but he was of larger proportions, and of a stronger type. Not less clever or social than his cousin, Rupert was far less liked, for his gaiety was dissipation, and his wit, sarcasm. I do not believe it was jealousy of Rupert's influence that made me think him an unsafe companion for Heinrich; the latter and I were intimate acquaintances, but could not be called friends. Out of college, we did not move in the same circle—I was not a baron's son—but the dashing major spent at least one half of his time on leave of absence at the house of Heinrich's father, a great mansion in Friedrichstadt. Within its walls, every mode of killing time, from quadrilles to card-tables, was in continual practice. Berlin at large talked of its Wednesday receptions and Saturday balls, at which Rupert shone conspicuous in ladies' sight; though he was also occasionally found in the café, the theatre, and, it was said, more questionable quarters. Too sensible not to perceive the moral deficiencies of his character, Heinrich did not esteem his cousin; but in common with most of their acquaintances, he half admired, and was half amused by Rupert, quoted his satirical sayings, and laughed over his city adventures.

It was my second season at college, and ex-

pected to be a gay winter in Berlin, as a royal marriage was on the tapis; but at one of its first balls Rupert led a pretty *fräulein* out to dance from beside a general's plain daughter, and next morning received orders to join his regiment in Breslau without delay. Before his departure could be fairly discussed in the realm of fashion, a more extraordinary subject demanded its attention. In a street behind the church of St. Nicholas, believed to have been built in the time of Albert the Bear, and sacred to the residence of wealthy Jews and Poles, two women, who came from nobody knew where, established themselves in a house which formed part of a Benedictine convent, suppressed in the seventeenth century as a hold of witchcraft.

The rest of the building had been long ago burned down by an accidental fire, and a Jew's warehouse erected on its site. The dwelling had held many tenants since then, but tradition reported them all to have been unlucky. The last occupant was a Bohemian mirror-maker, named Gortz, whose glasses, false or true, were said to have no rivals, even in Paris, although he worked in a primitive solitary fashion, and hanged himself one night in his own shop; whether from overmuch brandy, or unregarded love, the neighbors were not certain. After that, the price of his mirrors rose immensely. He had left none in the shop, and some secret in mirror-making was believed to have died with him.

The house had been deserted for thirteen years when the new inhabitants came. The landlord said they had named the Russian ambassador for reference. The neighbors remarked that they brought but one old servant, and little luggage; but rumour soon began to tell strange things of them. First, it was said they were wonderful fortune-tellers; then, that they cured diseases by some unknown drops; and at length it was whispered, that they practised the long-lost art of the classic *neocymantia*, which summoned back departed spirits to commune with the living. I have often remarked, that some forms of quackery flourish best in the upper, and some in the lower strata of society. In general, this seems to depend on their nature. Anybody's pill or balsam will be profitable among the working-classes; while more spiritual pretensions, especially if mysterious enough, are quite as certain to succeed with their superiors. Casualties, which enter so largely into all human affairs, must be reckoned on, too, in such cases. That street, though antiquated and narrow—though far from the court-quarter, and devoted to Poles and Jews, belonged to a once fashionable neighborhood, and fag-ends of fashion were still about it. People went there to hire costumes for mask-balls, to buy unlicensed books, and to obtain amazing bargains of French goods that never passed the custom-house. China of any age, and all

manner of curiosities, could be bought there. Rare drugs were sold in the same shops, with no questions asked; and a Polish astrologer was among its residents. I know not how far these conveniences contributed to spread the new artists' fame among the rank and fashion of Berlin; but little else was talked of in their private circles, and the tales that oozed out had a strange mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous in them. For instance, it was said that the spirit invoked did not always attend; one not called for occasionally came in its room; neither were the apparitions always distinct, though many swore to having seen their departed friends. Sometimes a column of gray smoke, sometimes a long and shapeless shadow, and sometimes a moving skeleton, appeared; but revelations were generally made which left no doubt on the hearer's mind. Thus an old baroness, who had been twice a widow, and three times at the hymeneal altar, was unexpectedly reminded by her first husband of matters concerning which the world, and himself in particular, were believed to be ignorant; the head of a noble family was admonished by a companion of his wild youth, to restore 10,000 thalers won by false cards; and a foreign ambassador was told of intercepted letters, and a minister ruined in consequence, by a secretary who had died in his service seventeen years before.

A craving curiosity regarding the world to which they are hastening as surely as the grains flow from the sand-glass, is natural to men everywhere; but I cannot help thinking, that a vein of native superstition runs through our German mind—at least we love to dabble in the mysterious. Nothing else could account for the numbers of Berlin's *beau monde* who visited the old house in Margravestrass, behind the church of St. Nicholas. Gradually, the subject extended to families round their hearths, and literary circles at their æsthetic conversaciones. Everybody was interested, and the greater part frightened—but people like that. Mourners went there to see their lost once more, and doubting minds to inquire into the secrets of the grave. I heard of a cabinet-maker who went to question his old master regarding the components of a certain varnish; and of a servant-maid, who sought her grandmother's advice which of two lovers she should choose for a husband. There are in every population masses of minds too shallow to receive a serious impression from anything. Hundreds of this description said they had seen Brother Karl or Sister Martha, who advised them to attend church regularly, and lead honest lives, with commands to pay certain debts, and advices how to invest their savings. Whether deceived or not, these good people would have been as much impressed by Friday's market; but on others little removed from them, strange effects were produced. A gay widow in Louisenstadt, whose

jointure was large, and mind somewhat light, after a visit—paid for what purpose I never learned—retired with all her riches, to the Carmelite convent, becoming at once a Catholic and the strictest nun in that establishment; but the story which amazed all Berlin was that of the old landgrave Smessel, a rich man and a confirmed miser. On some information obtained from his grandfather, whom he consulted regarding a bag of groschens the latter had buried in East Prussia at the time of the Cossack invasion, Smessel sent for his only living relative, a sober, trusty clerk in the Berlin post-office, and made him a present of 5000 thalers in the Prussian Bank. The clerk's good fortune was a subject of general satisfaction. His habitual civility and consideration for the public, made Ernest Smessel much more popular than government officers are want to be among us, and with the post-office authorities he stood in high confidence from the prudent, punctual services of almost twenty years. Ernest was not young, but he had never married; neither had his aunt, who brought him up on her own slender portion, for his mother had died early, and his father, an ensign in the Prussian army, had fallen, with his colours in his hand, at the battle of Leipsic. Frau Adelaide, as they called her, was his mother's sister. The story went, that she was the last descendant of one of the noblest families in Strasbourg—that her ancestors had owned castles and lordships on the Lower Rhine; but all were lost long ago through war and wasteful heirs, except some old farm-houses and fields, which Frau Adelaide had disposed of for a small annuity, to the convent of St. Therese in her native town, where it was said she had been educated. Both aunt and nephew attended the Lutheran church in which my family worshipped. I remember him as a staid respectable man, who looked as if all within had grown old before the time; and her as a tall lady always in black, and the stiff but stately carriage peculiar to our old-fashioned nobility. They lived, in sober comfort, in one of the retired but respectable streets of Berlin Proper. The landgrave's present made no perceptible addition to their style or equipments. More wonderful still, it did not break old Smessel's heart; neither did he want the thalers back, as some anticipated, but, from the day of that donation, the landgrave kept an untiring watch on his relative's expenditure.

Meantime, the spirits continued to be called for, and marvellous stories multiplied. Strange to say, although all this occurred in Prussia, the police did not interfere—perhaps the government thought ghosts might help to keep people out of politics; but the clergy from most of their pulpits denounced the invokers as agents of Satan. Nobody but the old *fräus* minded that; yet it proved the signal for noble and plebeian, sage and simple in Berlin, to

range themselves in two opposing parties, one of whom believed in the old house and its inhabitants, to the uttermost, while the other questioned, reasoned, and tried to laugh them down.

I was young then, and warm on the latter side, for the division extended to the university. Heinrich was, if possible, more ardent than I; he argued, wagered, and asserted that it was imposture. Somehow no one cared to fight on the subject, or my class-fellow might have had some duels on his hands; but the zeal with which both disputed the question at our debating society, naturally drew Heinrich and me more closely together. Most of the members had become converts, but our principal antagonist was a lank laborious student from the Polish, or rather Russian frontier, named Petermann, and remarkable for nothing at college but the cold-blooded tenacity with which he stuck to his point. Petermann said the dead might return, and those people might know how to call them; and from that position neither reason nor ridicule could drive him.

One evening, as our society was breaking up after a stormy debate, in which every soul had lost his temper but Petermann, I heard him say to Heinrich, with one of his frosty smiles; "It is a wonder, mynheer, that you don't test the thing by asking them to call up one of your noble friends or relations; there must be some of them dead."

"There are," said Heinrich haughtily. "But I consider it beneath a gentleman to countenance imposture so far."

"You could bring home the proof though," cried Petermann after him, as he bade me good-night, and walked quietly away.

Our next meeting-night was Monday; but for days I observed that there was something on Heinrich's mind; and as I sat in my own room on Friday evening, reading Humboldt's first lecture, some one tapped at the door, and in stepped my class-fellow, dressed like a common artisan, with a rough bundle under his arm.

"Hermann," said he, "I want you to go with me; here is your masquerade costume."

"Where, Heinrich?" said I.

"To the old house in Margravestrauss," he answered. "I believe it was Petermann who made me think of it first; but I have got a famous test for the spirit-callers. In this trim, nobody will recognise us. I shall play the heart-stricken mourner; you will be my comforter. We are both house-carpenters of course, and our errand will be to see the spirit of Rupert, my hard-hearted brother, who rose to be a major in the French war, but disowned me, and died of a rapid decline. How my cousin, the living Rupert, will laugh when he hears the story! and shan't we have sport publishing it at the society's next meeting? That will open the believers' eyes!"

I thought the jest a capital one, as well as Heinrich. In a few minutes the dress was on, and we were on our way. Heinrich having provided himself with a small, but very accurate likeness of Rupert from his mother's drawing-room, and some ten thalers, which were generally known to be requisites. It was midwinter, and a clear keen frost made the pavement of Berlin—by the way not the best in the world—ring under our feet like iron. The clock of St. Nicholas chimed eight as we reached the Margravestrauss. They kept old-fashioned German hours in that neighborhood. Shop and warehouse were long closed, and there was not a passenger to be seen. The old house seemed in utter darkness; but at our first summons, the door was opened by the servant, taper in hand. She was a stout, middle-sized woman, with dark-gray hair, and a look approaching stupidity in its staidness. There was, moreover, about her something that reminded one, I know not how, of a solid square.

On saying we came to consult her ladies—such was the formula—she ushered us through a corridor into a back-parlor with three doors and the commonest of furniture, except a magnificent lamp which burned on the table. We had scarcely time to take these notes, when the spirit-callers entered at different doors. They were on the wrong side of forty—how far I cannot tell; but the gray had made considerable progress, and there was no attempt at disguise. Each had the remains of beauty, but of a different order. The one had been an extreme blonde, and the other an ultra-brunette. There was certainly no relationship in their faces; but both were tall spare women whose attire, though neither odd nor old-fashioned, was of dingy colors, and carelessly put on; and whose look was at once laggard and singular, as if life had not gone with them after a common or easy fashion. I am thus particular in appearances, because they were stamped on my memory by after-events. The ladies received us with grave politeness, and my friend unfolded his tale. I never thought that Heinrich could tell a falsehood so well; but when he had finished, the dark lady inquired: "Are you quite sure your brother is dead?" "Certain," said Heinrich with a well-affected sob. "I saw the curé who consoled his last moments, and have worn crape for him."

"And is your courage sufficient to meet a departed spirit, young man?"

"O yes," said Heinrich; "I think I could stand it."

"Then I can call to-day, for my planet has power; but there are some points on which it is necessary to warn you;" and like a perfect mistress of her subject, the lady proceeded with a long instructive discourse, of which I only recollect that it treated familiarly of departed spirits, their comings and goings; of occult laws and magnetic sympathies; of

herbs, amulets, and the lost knowledge of the ancients, which herself and partner had discovered through fasts, vigils, and planetary influence. In short, every assumption, old and new, was jumbled up in that oration. It had, moreover, the sound of a daily service, and wound up their benevolent anxiety to serve the less gifted of mankind. I noticed, however, that the lady spoke most excellent German, and was particularly accurate in historical names and dates. At the conclusion, she took Rupert's picture from my companion's hand; while the other, who had listened with apparent attention to every word, took a clasped book, not unlike a missal, from her pocket, and sat down to read by the lamp.

"One of us always reads prayers while the other is engaged in this work," said the dark lady. "Follow me."

Trying to look as like frightened carpenters as possible, Heinrich and I followed through a door on the right, which closed seemingly of itself behind us, and we stood in a great gallery in which there was no light but the wintry moon shining through a high and narrow window. In its gleam stood something like a small Roman altar, with a funeral urn and antique vase upon it.

"Now," said our conductress, "some spirits can come only before, and some after midnight. I know not to which order your brother belongs; but whatever you may hear or see, keep silence on your peril till I bid you speak." Saying this, she took the vase and poured some liquid into the urn. It had a strong odor, but one unknown to me, though I had served two seasons in the college laboratory; and almost the same moment, with a low crackling noise, a steady blue flame shot up, which illuminated the gallery for some distance. Its length, however, seemed interminable, the further end being lost in darkness. I felt certain there was no such space within the house. Our conductress placed Rupert's picture before the flame, bowed three times to the altar, and repeated, in a loud distinct voice, some words which sounded like a mixture of Latin and some old Eastern tongue. As she ceased, we heard an indescribable sound like a moaning under the floor, and then both plainly saw coming to us out of the darkness Heinrich's cousin, Rupert, in the uniform of his regiment, and looking so like life, that I could have sworn it was he. Bold as Heinrich had been, I felt his hand, which was clasped in mine, tremble as our conductress, with a look of malicious triumph which actually appalled me, said, "Speak to your brother now in the name of the old faith."

Heinrich did try to speak, but he could not; and before I could summon words, the shadow, stopping half-way from us, said, in a thin hollow voice, but I observed its lips never moved: "Why do you trouble the dead? Haven't you heard that I was shot

three days ago by Captain Muller, after winning his last thaler at the hazard-table? Go home, and lead a better life than I have done!" and it vanished utterly, as the flame on the altar flickered and went out.

In silence the lady opened the door, and in silence we left the parlour. Heinrich emptied his purse into the hand of the servant at the outer door—for the spirit-callers did not take money themselves—and we were past the old church before either spoke a word.

"It's very strange, Hermann," said Heinrich at last. "I wish we had not gone."

I wished the same heartily. A real terror had come over us both, and we talked seriously of how the thing might have been managed, trying to convince each other that it was a cheat; neither, however, was satisfied with his own arguments; and with a dreary feeling of having done something wrong and dangerous, we parted agreeing to say nothing about it. Next morning, as I was stepping out to college, Heinrich's valet, Keiser, almost ran against me, and with a wild, frightened look, handing me an open letter, said: "Read that sir. The baron received it this morning. My master has been in a shocking fit ever since. There are two doctors with him, but he would not rest till I took the letter to you."

The brief epistle made me stagger where I stood. It was from the colonel of Rupert's regiment, informing Heinrich's father, in stiff military terms, that his nephew had been assassinated on the evening of Tuesday, by Captain Muller, a desperate gamester, who coolly waited for the major, and shot him at the door of the gaming-house, in retaliation for his ill-luck at play. The letter bore a post office mark, which indicated that it had been mis sent to Baden; thus the intelligence was delayed, and Heinrich and I were ignorant of what had happened. In our intended frolic, we had actually broken the quiet of the dead, and talked with one from beyond the grave. My first impulse, on rallying from the shock, was, I know not why, to go and see Heinrich. I found the great house in consternation; but a stiff message from the baroness, informed me that her son could not be seen, as his physician had ordered absolute quiet. By subsequent inquiries, I learned that, in a sort of delirium which succeeded the convulsive fit into which the reading of that letter had thrown him, Heinrich had uttered some wild words concerning the previous night's adventure. I think his family never fully ascertained the story; but an intimation from the Berlin police, doubtless owing to the baron's influence, made the spirit-callers withdraw quietly on following night; and I know that Heinrich's relations ever after had a special dislike to me.

My class-fellow I never saw again; perhaps his mind never recovered from that shock. The baroness travelled with him through Switzerland, France and Italy, for change of

scene; but those who saw him at Rome and Paris, said he walked and spoke like one in a dream. Nothing would satisfy him but retirement at the family-seat at Silesia, and there he died of a rapid consumption in the following autumn. The few fragments of the story that servants had sent abroad, were hushed up long before. It was remarked, that whoever concerned himself much about them, was sure to come somehow under the notice of the secret police. They seemed to take no note of me, but the events I have related made my college-days dull, and youth sober. I pursued my studies, however, and graduated with some honor. Petermann took his degree on the same day; but all the while we remained at college, I observed he rather avoided me, and once I saw him talking earnestly with Keiser at the corner of the street. The fellow had left his master three weeks after he brought that letter to me, and obtained service at the Russian Embassy. Peterman's degree was not fairly in his pocket, till he received a medical appointment in the same household; while I, at the recommendation of our college president, was selected from many candidates as travelling physician to a noble pair grievously afflicted with wealth, idleness, and imagination. In their service, years passed, and I made the tour of Europe; residing from one to six months at every considerable town; but through all the capital cities I traced, rather indeed, by accident than inquiry, the wonderful women of the old house in Margravestrass. In Rome, they had appeared in the character of miracle-workers; in Paris, they had told fortunes; at Vienna, they had been physicians; and the same occupation, together with the manufacture of extraordinary drugs, was renewed at St. Petersburg, where, however they utterly disappeared soon after the Emperor Alexander's death. No clue to their previous history could I ever obtain, but that such a pair had once been novices at the convent of St. Therese at Strashourg, being placed there by the notable Madame Von Krudener on her travels. Tales of their marvellous powers in all the capacities mentioned, met me, and, for aught I know, are yet to be heard in those great cities; but none seemed so well proved and established as that of my own experience.

I had been eight years in the service of my noble patrons, when it pleased them to take up their abode in the oldest and most dingy quarter of Strashourg; and, returning alone from the theatre one night, my eye was caught by a tobaccoist's sign. Being just then in want of the German's indispensable, I stepped in; the dame behind the counter had a face known to my memory; it was the old house-servant. She knew me, too, and we gazed at each other for a minute. There was an impulse to say something in her look, but at that moment a soldier entered, who saluted her

familiarly by the name of Gretchen, and inquired if she knew what had become of old Petermann's nephew who used to live over the way.

"He went home to his friends in Prussia," said the woman coolly; "then to college; and turned out a great doctor after that in St. Petersburg."

"Is he there now?" inquired the soldier.

"How should I know where great people go?" and she smiled as Petermann used to do.

I left the shop with my cigars, but an odd impulse drew me often to that neighbourhood—and whenever I passed, the woman was sure to look anxiously out, and then draw back, as if not yet determined that she had something to say to me. I couldn't get over that thought and made two or three errands to the shop, but all in vain—the woman pretended not to recognise me. On the last occasion, it was very late, and I had reached the end of the street; there wasn't a soul in it but myself, when, without a sound of steps that I could hear, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and the woman's face thrust over. "Doctor," said she, in a husky whisper, "I can't go to sleep this night without telling you it wasn't a ghost that you and the young baron saw that night in the Margravestrass, but a shadow made with a picture in the Bohemian's glasses. It was I that spoke through a tube the nuns left in the floor. We knew you were coming. Take this home with you; I have kept it eleven years, and more," she said, thrusting a crumpled paper into my hand; and before I could speak, the bang of her shop-door, closed up for the night, sounded through the street.

I read the paper in my own bedroom. It was, as nearly as I can recollect, a true copy of the colonel's letter to Heimrich's father; but there was no mark of mis-sending on it, and though in the same character, it was not like ordinary writing. It was long and late before I fell asleep, but my servant awoke me early in the morning with the report that the countess was in hysterics from the sight of a fire which she saw on her return from the mayor's ball, consuming the house of a poor woman who kept a tobacco-shop; and had perished in the flames. The woman was Gretchen, and the only additional light ever thrown on that strange transaction was what a police-officer, to whom I rendered some medical service, told me at Berlin, regarding Smessel. Some years before my return, he had died suddenly, and Frau Adelaide fell into helpless imbecility. The house of course came under police superintendence; and in an out-of-the-way closet, there was found copies of innumerable letters, seals of every variety, and a curious and most complete copying-machine.

The rogue is so much in the habit of cheating, that he packs the cards even when playing at Patience with himself.

THE HOME OF TASTE.

"Give him a home—a home of taste."—ELLIOT.

Mr Margaret, our lowly home shall be a home of taste,
 A sunny spot to nestle in amid the "streeted waste;"
 Though round our door no cool green grass, no cheerful garden grows,
 The window-sill shall blossom with geraniums and the rose.
 Our parlour wall all up and down, for moral and delight,
 We'll hang with pleasant pictures—of landscapes green and bright—
 Of portraits of the wise and good, the deathless sons of man,
 And, to teach us love for all that live, the good Samaritan.
 Of Burns, too, and his Highland maid, much loved, lamented Mary,
 And by its side that AGED PAIR whose love no time could vary;
 For love up-welling, pure and deep, from youth to sober age,
 Shall be a light and blessedness through all our pilgrimage.
 A goodly book-case we will store with learning's precious gold,
 A hallowed temple to enshrine the mighty minds of old;
 With a plaster cast of Milton decked, and one of Shakspeare, too;
 And when my work is done, my love, I'll sit and read to you.
 Some thrilling tale of olden time,—love true in civil day,—
 Some lofty song of holiest bard, some gentle minstrel's lay,
 Or wondrous revelation of science deep and high,
 Or Christian theme, that we may learn in peace to live and die.
 And we'll not forget your music, love, the songs so sad and sweet,
 You sang to me with a tearful eye in your father's calm retreat;
 That simple music of the heart, we'll sing it o'er again,
 And link our days together still with its enchanting chain.
 Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will seek
 The spirit of the Spotless One—the beautiful, the meek—
 All pure desires and high resolves, all lofty thoughts and true,
 And that which duty bids be done, our ready hands shall do.
 Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will bow
 Together at the throne of Him "from whom all blessings flow,"
 And deep in his eternity—beyond the change of time—
 And deep wit'in our inmost soul, possess a peace sublime.

CANVASS TOWN.

I AM the youngest son of a landed proprietor in Essex, and although I have done nothing in Australia of which I need really to be ashamed, the conventional habits and old-established feelings of the mother country are still strong enough in me to cause me to give a fictitious name with the following brief narrative. I will, therefore, call myself Westbrook. As I write I am in the midst of dilemma and distress, so what I have to say must necessarily be fragmentary.

I had a University education, and was *senior optime*; but before I had determined on my future course of life, it was settled for me by my falling desperately in love with the daughter of a baronet in our neighborhood. I married her. We ran away; and, as she was the youngest daughter, and I the youngest son, our parents found our conduct a good reason for cutting us both off with the smallest possible pittance. But we loved, and were happy, and spent nearly every guinea of our meagre inheritance in a prolonged wedding tour. After this I went to work in earnest; and, in the course of a few years, I got the position of managing clerk in a mercantile house in Liverpool, with a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the promise of a rise of fifty pounds every year during the next five years; after which I should have been taken into the firm as a junior partner.

You will easily believe what I am about to say, simply because so many others have committed precisely the same kind of folly, and left a good reality for a chance; and, in a lottery sixteen thousand niles off. The gold-fever of Port Phillip broke out in Liverpool, and I fell a victim to it. I resigned my post, with all its prospects—certainties, I may say,—and set sail for Australia Felix. What felicity!—but I need not anticipate, as I shall make a short cut to the consequences.

I invested one hundred pounds in a speculation in hams; one hundred pounds in boots and shoes; and two hundred pounds in agricultural and mining tools, in which I felt I could not be wrong. After paying all my debts with the passage-money, and outfit, &c., of myself, my wife, and our three children, as cabin passengers, I found myself in possession of three hundred and fifteen pounds, a sum in addition to my ventures, which I believed to be ample, far more than necessary for "a start" in the golden region of Australia.

I pass over the voyage. A thousand things should be said of the bad victualling, ventilation, and general management of the ship, but I must leave them to others. We arrived in Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip, on a hot summer's day, in November, 1852.

Hearing from the pilot that lodgings were very difficult to be procured in the town, I

resolved to be first of all our passengers in the field; and accordingly took my wife and children ashore in the first boat that came alongside. The boatman charged most extortionately, and then the rascal put us all ashore at William's Town, which we naturally supposed to be Melbourne. On discovering our mistake, we had again to induce another boatman to consent to rob us by an exorbitant charge for putting us on board the steamboat for Melbourne.

After several arbitrary delays alongside vessels, we reached Melbourne, were landed on a wharf which was overwhelmed with a confusion of men and things and carts and horses, and began our wanderings over the town in search of lodgings. All were crowded, expensive, and the great majority filthy and offensive to the last degree. I could have got into one of the first-class boarding houses; but they would not receive a lady, nor children. We were nearly exhausted. Luckily we had brought none of our things ashore but two night-bags, or we must have thrown them away.

The sun now sank, and I began to grow uneasy, as I heard all sorts of accounts of the streets in Melbourne at night. But, while I was trying to console myself with the idea that we had at least a good hour's more daylight before us, the sky rapidly darkened, and in ten minutes more the evening became night. Being now in despair, we entered a lodging-house—then another, then another, and so on, offering at last to sleep anywhere if they would take us in. At last one of them consented. It was by no means one of the lowest lodging-houses, as I afterwards learnt, but it was bad enough for the worst; excepting only that our throats were not in danger of being cut. It was only short of that.

It was shocking. The bedroom we were shown into was filthy, very small, and with a very little window which had not been opened to admit fresh air for a week at least. The blankets were hideously dirty, displaying ostentatiously large dark blotches of grease, and net-works of dirty splashes, like foul mockeries of a map of the moon. There were two beds of this description; the room would not have held a third. In this place we had some tea, and bread and butter, with fried meat—such stuff! Just as we were about to take possession of our wretched beds, in walked a man, with his wife carrying a child, followed by the landlady, who announced them as the occupants of the other bed!

I began a vigorous remonstrance, but was instantly stopped by the reminder, that we had begged to be taken in, and had agreed to anything; and if we did not like it we might instantly depart. Our heads fell on our breasts in sick submission.

The night we passed defies description; partly because so much of it is unfit to relate.

The man was drunk and offensive; the woman an unseemly slave, and insolent. The child cried all night. Besides this, sleep was impossible for the fleas, bugs, mosquitoes, and a lively sort of beetle, continually running over our hands and necks, and trying to get down the back. In the morning every part of every one of us was covered with large red swellings, or small red punctures. Not one inch of us had been spared. Our faces, as we looked at each other, were painful to behold. As for me, I could scarcely lift my eyelids, so swollen with bites upon bites. My wife once lovely, and far from bad looking even after all our harassing, was about the most unsightly woman I had ever seen; my eldest daughter, eight years of age, was a speckled blight; my second girl was a squinting ideal; our poor little boy, a moon calf. None of us knew our own hands. My wife's under lip was a tomato. I could have cried like a child, with a mixture of grief, rage, and self-reproach. She bore it admirably.

I paid four shillings each for our tea, four shillings each for our bed—floor inclusive—and four shillings each for our breakfast; at which there was plenty of fried beef-steak, but so tough that we could not eat a morsel. We hurried out of this respectable den (I admit that there were hundreds much worse,) and, meeting one of the passengers who came out with us in the same ship, he told us that he had pitched his tent on the South Yarra encampment among a great number of tents; and that he had slept very comfortably after the confinement of a cabin on so long a voyage. He said the encampment was called Canvass Town.

Not knowing where to leave my wife and children, I took them all on board again, to accomplish which occupied the whole morning, with vexatious delays, and no one able, or choosing to take the least trouble to give the least information—to say nothing of the renewed extortions. We packed up everything. I was anxious to get my goods out of the hold, so as to dispose of the "speculation." After several days the hams were got up on deck. Some of them had been spoiled by the heat of the tropics, and had to be thrown overboard; some had been damaged by the bilge water in the hold, or by the seas we had shipped in rounding the Cape; some had been gnawed in holes by the rats, and a good many had been stolen. The bale of boots and shoes next appeared, all grey and green with mouldiness, but recoverable I was told. Being unable to wait for the agricultural and mining tools, which had been stowed at the bottom of the hold, we left the ship in a boat for Liardet's Beach; having ascertained that there was a small encampment there, and that this was the readiest way to get to Canvass Town. We heard that drays were always waiting on the

beach, or close at hand, to take passengers' luggage wherever they wished.

We accordingly engaged a boat to take ourselves and our baggage. The boatman agreed to do it for three pounds, the distance being barely a mile and a half; but before we had been ten minutes in the boat, he and his mate discovered that we had so many more packages, than they had expected, that he demanded five pounds. I resisted, and tendered him the three pounds, which he took doggedly. They landed us on the beach, close to the sea, where they bundled out all our things. I inquired if the tide was coming in? The owner of the boat said he thought it was. They refused to remove my baggage any higher up. They said they done all they had agreed for. I saw no carts, nor drays, on the beach. There were several near the wooden boat-pier, but when I ran off to them I found they were all engaged. The boat had pushed off, and I had to call the men back, and offer to pay them for helping me to move our goods. They stipulated for three pounds more to remove everything high up, quite out of reach of the tide. There was nothing for it, so I agreed, and it was done. I told them them they had made a good day's work out of me. The principal man said, "Nonsense—this is nothing! I shall soon be away from this. Why should I waste my time here, while there's a fortune a-staring me in the face, up at the Diggings? Good day's work be hanged!"

Here we remained looking in vain for a dray. Whenever one drove up in front of the public-house near the wooden pier, I ran off to it; but found it was engaged. The sun went down. It was dark soon afterwards and there we were, sitting forlorn upon our baggage with every prospect of passing the night there. Under pretence of a last look for a dray, I walked to some distance with my pistols; which I now loaded in case of our being attacked by marauders.

While we were thus sitting, two men, and a young woman approached us carrying bundles. They were passengers by another ship, and had been put ashore like ourselves, and left to right themselves as they could. They had got a small tent, which they proposed to set up at once, in a rough style, and good-naturedly offered to allow us to creep under it. The tent was hung up between two trees, with our baggage in front; and, beyond this, the beach and the sea. We unpacked a part of our bedding—partook thankfully of some very dirty cold plum-pudding—and, being thoroughly fatigued, we all slept soundly till day-light. I had intended to lie awake all night, as a watch; but I dropped off, and never once awoke.

In the morning I confessed to my wife that I had not sent my money to the bank, as she had supposed, but that I had it all about me.

We agreed that I should instantly set off to Melbourne, and lodge it in one of the banks. I started accordingly. Many new arrivals, draymen, sailors and horsemen were going the same way; so I had plenty of company, and the distance was only two miles. I passed Canvass Town on the way. There were no tents between this and the large bridge over the Yarra, leading direct into the town. I walked briskly forward. At this juncture three men came up to me; and with horrible imprecations, demanded my money. I was utterly confounded. The bridge was not two hundred yards off, with people passing over it! The next moment I was knocked down from behind—tumbled over a bank into the dust—and rolled in it, till nearly suffocated. When I recovered myself, a sailor-boy and a new arrival were helping me to rise. I was bleeding from a wound in the back of my head. Every bank-note and every sovereign I had was gone. A dray on its way to the beach, took me back to the tent. My wife dressed my head, for no surgeon could be found. We heard in the afternoon that the police were galloping after the robbers; or rather galloping about to inquire which way they made off.

The people who owned the tent were obliged to strike it before the evening; and as my wife feared I could not safely be moved for a day or two, she bought a tarpaulin for six pairs of boots, and fastened it up between two trees. The weather, however, suddenly became so very cold, and the wind and dust were so distressing, that we agreed next day to go into a room in a cottage just finished, which one of the bricklayers proposed to us. We were to pay three of the best of the hams per week; and for two pair of shoes a man agreed to carry our baggage there. The distance turned out to be about eighty yards.

Our baggage being got in, it was discovered that the cottage had only one room. Other luggage was then brought in, belonging to the bricklayer and his wife, and deposited on the floor. Before night, more baggage came in, and with it a Highlander and his family! Three married people, and seven children were thus arranged to sleep in the same small room. My wife and I immediately insisted on our baggage being taken back to the trees; or, at any rate, placed outside; but a shower of rain now fell, which presently increased to a deluge, and we were compelled to submit to our fate. The Highlander and his wife never said a word in support of my objections, that I know of; for what they did say they spoke in Gaelic. The bricklayer smoked an hour before he went to sleep. He said these things were nothing when you were used to them, with other vulgar remarks.

My wife went out soon after sunrise; and, by seven o'clock, brought a man with a dray to the door, and had everything placed in it,

myself included, and we went straight to Canvass Town. She had agreed to purchase a tent already set up, from some people who were going to the Ovens. She had given her gold watch for it. It was not a bad tent. By these means I was got under shelter before the heat of the day began. The heat was terrible for some hours; after which the wind changed and the air became exceedingly cool, with more rain at night, which ran in a stream all round the trenches outside the tent.

The quiet of a few days restored me surprisingly. The rapidity of events had almost made us forget our ruinous loss. As for the villains, they had safely eluded the police. It became all the more necessary that I should do something. I began to look about me. Of course, my first walk was round Canvass Town.

Canvass Town, as the name implies, is a town of tents; it is on the southern side of the Yarra, and about a quarter of a mile distant from Melbourne. At the time I write there are between six and seven hundred tents—perhaps more—and the population amounts to five or six thousand souls. The tents are arranged in rows more or less regular, and with a squalid pleasantry some of them have been called after well-known streets in England, Regent Street, Bond Street, Liverpool Street; while many of the tents have assumed ostentatious titles of distinction. We have the London Coffee Rooms, the European Dining Rooms, the Great Britain Stores, the Isle of Wight Tent, the Golden Lion Stores (such a lion!), the National Dining Rooms and Lodging Tent, Dover Cliff, Eldorado, the Coffee and Tea Cake Depot. There are tailors, butchers, bakers, shoemakers, ironmongers, blacksmiths, hardware and crockery-stalls, tinnmen. Almost every tent exhibits slops, books, cabin furniture or utensils, with other articles of which the owners have no need here. Nearly every second tent also sells ginger-beer, or lemonade. There are two physicians' tents; who of course are at the same time surgeons, dentists, corn-cutters, and apothecaries. Young gentlemen of family and education drive water-carts about the "streets," and sell wood (felled, and brought from a mile or two off in the bush); and oh, ye classic groves, where the trees have fresh green leaves, of which there are no signs here in summer, how many university men does this strange collection of tents, with all their gipsy-life appurtenances, contain? There are several besides myself; and some ladies also, besides my wife. It took me some days to learn these particulars; but how many days would it take to ascertain the amount of disappointment, privation and misery which these frail walls conceal from view?

Within the canvas enclosures of a few feet are contained the perplexed energies, the blighted hopes and despondency of many a

newly arrived family. Some have tried the Diggings and failed, their utter ruin following in most cases as a matter of course, unless they possess bodily strength and health, and are ready to do the humblest work. This they may generally obtain, and contrive to live. Even tenting upon a piece of waste land is not gratuitous. We had to pay half a crown to the government for the first week, and five shillings for every week afterwards. There is a tent on the ground where a commissioner's clerk, sits all day, to grant permits and to receive rents.

I have hardly the heart to revert to my speculations, and still less to relate what my present position is, now that I have been nine weeks in Canvass Town. The hams that remained, and the boots and shoes—so many of each having been bartered in exchange for immediate necessaries—did not produce a fourth part of what I had rationally expected, and which regular dealers easily obtained. They were sold by auction, and I afterwards found some of the auctioneers had an understanding with certain dealers, and knocked down goods to them at a very early stage of the proceeding. On one occasion, the refusal to recognise a higher bidder was so palpable, that, if I had been a descendant of the Telamonian Ajax, I should have been tempted to assault Mr. Auctioneer severely. As for my agricultural and mining tools, they were all a sheer mistake; gold-digging tools being abundant in Melbourne; as indeed was all common ironmongery. With respect to agriculture, as there were no labourers to be had, implements were useless. I sold most of them at their value as old iron.

At length, we were reduced to selling our clothes and other articles, like the rest of the unfortunates around us. This was effected at first by my going to a strip of waste ground near the wharf, which was called Rag Fair. I was even obliged to consent, on one or two occasions, when I was unwell from the exposure to the heat, to allow my wife to go there and to take her stand behind an open box, with the contents spread out on the ground in front and around it, waiting for purchasers. Strange and sad work for a baronet's daughter! Had any evil witch hinted at such a thing when I saw her dancing in her father's ball-room, or on that moonlight night when, like a sylph, she met me at the bottom of the lawn of her father's garden, and promised—I must not think of all this, or I shall go mad.

We were disposing of our things by these means to a good advantage, and I was just getting a glimmering idea of turning it into a trade to support us, when the benevolent and inexplicable hand of the local government was protruded in the form of sundry policemen, who drove us all away from Rag Fair, and informed us that what we were doing was

no longer allowed. It was alleged that Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town came there. A piece of ground had, however, been allotted instead by the government for this purpose, at a rent of one pound per week. Of this many of the "Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town" immediately availed themselves; but as for us poor people from Canvass Town, we were obliged to retire to our tents, and to exhibit our little stock as a traffic among each other.

I ought not to omit to state, that the government here intended to make some provision for the necessities of new arrivals, who had no place to lay their heads; and, accordingly, a range of wooden shed-like houses has been erected on the South Yarra for this humane and considerate purpose, but (out comes the needy hand again of our paternal authorities!) at a rent of two pounds five shillings for ten days—after which you and your family are turned out. The immigrants, however, declined, for the most part, this hospitable arrangement for turning a penny; and, moving a few yards higher up, pitched tent after tent, till they rose to the humble dignity of Canvass Town. In vengeance, I suppose, for this successful evasion, the five shillings a week was laid on; and as many of the people had placed old boards and pieces of light plank and paling round the bottom, or at the sides of their tents to keep out the weather, an order came one day that they were all to pull down their wood-work, and use no more boards, the "permit" being only for tents. To this order we have paid no sort of attention, and do not intend to do so. If our poor abodes are to be destroyed, somebody must be sent to destroy them, as we certainly shall not do it ourselves; and, whether these five or six thousand people will passively stand by while it is done, remains to be seen.

I have delayed to the last to mention it, not being, in fact, quite determined whether I would do so; but what I have already told of ourselves here, renders it no such very great effort for me to say that I have been working on the roads. Fearing that we should come to want, I was most anxious to get some employment before reduced to absolute necessity, and I tried in vain to get some engagement as a classical tutor, or a teacher of any kind, in the town. After this, I tried the merchants, and was very nearly getting engaged as a clerk; but somehow or other (chiefly because no one had time to listen), it never came to anything. As to seeing a Melbourne merchant for a minute's conversation, you may call three or four times a day for a week in succession, and never get more than a glimpse of him. At last, seeing nothing else, I engaged myself as a common labourer on the roads, the wages being ten shillings a day. This would have done very well; but unfortunately I had no training in this way. The

pain I suffered in the back and shoulders was so extreme, and the exhaustion every night so great—not to speak of the dreadful effort it required to rise at five o'clock next morning and dress myself—that, after a week, I was compelled to give it up. I now sell lemonade and lemon-kali, at a little stand at the corner of Elizabeth Street, near the Post Office, with a few cakes in a basket, and a glass full of acidulated drops and bull's eyes for the rising generation. My wife gets work from one of the milliners in Collins' Street, East.

I always come home to dinner, and now and then we laugh over some little adventure I have met with in my illustrious vocation. When the wind and dust make cooking outside a tent next to impossible, I get a cup of coffee and a chop at the London Coffee Rooms; and on one occasion I went to the National Dining and Lodging Tent, where they profess to have a boiled, or baked joint every day at one o'clock, with potatoes and coffee, all for the small charge of eightpence. The dining department seemed to be managed by a dirty girl of sixteen, and a remarkably dirty little Irish boy, of about twelve, was a waiter. The tent was rather large, in comparison with the average, but it was uncommonly full of furniture; especially of beds and bedding. The whole surface was occupied with wooden stretchers, on which lay a confusion of odiously dirty and torn blankets and coverlets; some of a dull yellow, hammy colour; some mottled, and some of a shade approaching to pale black, while over all of them lay a fine bloom of dust. At one end of the tent was the dining-table, covered also with a blanket for a table-cloth; which, besides being a fellow one to those on the beds (and perhaps doing double duty) had the additional advantage of being bestrewn and besmudged with potato parings, islands of stale mustard, grease, gravy, grime, and grit of cooking ashes, broad plains and continents of coffee and tea, which had been spilled, and smears of wet brown sugar. Knives, forks, and spoons, some without handles, were all equally filthy. The plates, however, were rather clean, and the meat good, though impracticably tough. The dinner table was the same size as the stretchers; and, with its dirty blanket table-cloth, was perfectly in harmony with the beds that surrounded it so closely. None of the beds were made—all in the same confusion as when left in the morning by their respective occupants—and three persons were still lying in bed; one of them rather drunk, and soliloquising occasionally. Two more beds had been fitted up like berths, or bunks, in a cabin, which were exactly at the back of the dinner-table; so that those who sat on that side had their elbows always in the berths behind; and over these two had been built four more, which placed the uppermost ones so near the roof of the tent that the lodger's nose must inevitably touch it as he lay. How

the lodger got up; there, I did not see: but I suppose he clambered from berth to berth till he attained the summit of his wishes. The brown sugar was very dark, sandy, stony, wet, and conglomerated, and the coffee was the colour of muddy water, after it had been stirred. I half shut-to my eyes, and made an excellent dinner. After a man has worked on the roads, he finds a good deal of his fine edge gone. As Hudibras says, on being knocked down,

“I am not now in fortune's power;—
He who is down can fall no lower.”

This tent life at Canvass Town is certainly a very strange one. If it were really pastoral—not even to hint at Arcadia—or simply a life in the green fields, there is something in human nature, however highly civilised, that has continually made people of the highest education and refinement feel a longing fancy to get rid of stringent conventionalities, and to return for a time to a primitive state of existence. Kings and their courts have often indulged in this, and all our pic-nics are small indications of the same tendency. But this will never do in a tent or grotto in Australia. It is the last sort of thing—particularly for ladies. Besides the want of grass and green leaves—except in the winter and rainy spring seasons—and the consequent want of shade, even among the trees, there is the Plague of Dust; and old Egypt had few that were worse. The climax of this plague is of course when the hot wind sets in; but the ordinary wind, with its long dust-storms, is quite enough to destroy everything we associate with the pastoral and romantic. At Canvass Town it is felt as quite a curse. There is no excluding it. You can keep out rain, even the heaviest, but dust finds its way through the smallest crevices, covers everything, is always between your teeth, and insinuates itself under every part of your dress. My wife has to wash the children from head to foot in strong soapsuds (we have to do the same with ourselves) every night, and if we were all to do so twice a day besides, it would be no more than we all need. Yet, the children do not play about very much: as we send them to an infant school recently started in one of the tents by a barrister of superior attainments. We buy our fire-wood of the young gentleman who deals in that article and brings it from the bush, as he has a horse and dray for that purpose; but our supply of water I get myself from the Yarra, in two water-cans every morning before breakfast, and the last thing at night, by which we save fourpence a day.

The general appearance of this unique Town is not very easy to describe. It has too many tents to be at all like a gipsy encampment, and the utter want of all uniformity in the tents renders it quite as unlike an Arab settlement, or military encampment. The nearest thing of all to it is that of a prodigiously extensive

fair; all tents and small booths, but without shows, music, games, visitors, or anything pleasant. It has no gilt, and very little gingerbread. Luxury, of the most cheap and childish kind, has no place here: even comfort, partly for want of money, but more on account of dust, is impossible. Finally, there is a mixture of the highly educated with the totally uneducated, the refined with the semi-brutal (many a convict with his bull-dog being among us), all dressing as roughly, and faring precisely alike.

Close to every tent is a round or oval hole for the fire, to be protected from the wind; with the addition of an old saucepan lid, or a sheet of tin from the lining of a case of goods. Over the hole a piece of bent or curled up iron hoop is placed to sustain the pot, pan, or kettle. The front of each tent presents a conglomerate specimen of all its owners worldly possessions. The whole surface of the encampment is strewn with the rubbish and refuse of those who are gone; some immigrants only staying a week. Cast-away coats, trowsers, shoes, boots, bonnets, hats, bottles—whole or broken, but mostly broken—by hundreds; broken articles of furniture, cooking utensils, all grimed with dust, if not battered or half buried in the ground. A Jew assured me the other day, that if he could but have found such a treasure in England, he could with ease have made a thousand a-year.

There are several sects of religion here; and, on Sunday, the air is filled with the voices of the praying and singing of these different persuasions, all going on at the same time at different parts of the ground, and all in some degree audible to an impartial listener in his own tent. There are new tents of water-proof canvass, “best twice-boiled navy brown,” number one canvass, number two, three, four, down to brown holland, and bleached or unbleached calico. There are blue tents, bed-tick tents, and water-covered waggons. There are squares, and rounds, and triangles, and wedges and pyramids; frameworks of rough branches, and tents like tall sugar-loaves or extinguishers, and others of the squab mole-hill form, and many of no definite form; being in some instances double and treble (one tent opening inside into another; and, in other instances, having been blown all away by the winds; or set up badly, or with rotten cordage. Here and there you see patch-work tents, made up of all sorts of odds and ends of bedding, clothing, blankets, sheets, aprons, petticoats, and counterpanes; or old sails, and pieces of tarpauling, matting, packing stuff, and old bits of board with the tin lining of a case of goods; old bits of linen of all colours filling up the intervals. Sometimes, also, you come upon a very melancholy one which makes you pause—a so-called tent, of six feet long, rising from a slant to three feet high in the middle, so small and low, indeed, that the

wretched occupant (with, perhaps, a wife) must crawl in beneath it like a dog, and lie there till he crawls out again. It is like a squalid *umulus*. Such as these are made of any old bits of clothing or covering stuck up by sticks cut in the bush. There are but few so wretched as this.

The appearance of this place by night, when nearly every tent shines, more or less, with its candle, lamp, or lantern, is very peculiar, and on the whole sombre and melancholy, the light through the canvass being subdued to a funeral gleam. Singing is heard at rare intervals, with sounds of music from various quarters; but it is generally all over by nine o'clock; and, by half-past, lights out, and the encampment is silent. Tents are continually left without any protection, such a thing as a robbery of a tent being unknown. This is surprising, considering the mixture here, and how close we are to Melbourne, where there are plenty of thieves. I suppose the latter are too high-minded for us poor people.

Deaths and funerals are more than usually melancholy sights in Canvass Town. The dead are often utterly friendless. One day a tent where a man and his wife and child resided, was closed for two or three days, the tent being laced up, and they never appearing. On looking in, all three were seen lying dead among some dry rushes—of want, slow fever, broken hearts—nobody knew anything about them. It is quite as gloomy when there are one or two relations or friends. The nearest relations carry the body; the rest, if any, follow. Sometimes you see the husband and wife carrying the little body of a child enfolded in something—with, I believe, only canvass underneath, for coffin and shroud. Once I saw a husband, alone, slowly carrying the dead body of his wife, with a little child following—the one mourner.

Great efforts were made in this colony some short time since, to induce people to come to Australia—the Home Government still sending out ship-loads. Now, we have come too numerous on a sudden. We did not come to oblige the colonists; but to reach the gold fields, and therefore we should not expect any marked hospitality. Still we ought not to be made to feel that we have landed on the most inhospitable shore on the face of the civilised globe. Yet such is Melbourne, colonised by people speaking our own language, and professing our own religion—in fact, our own countrymen; and many hundreds, nay thousands, will say the same besides the unfortunate denizens of Canvass Town.

The stupid great man, like a clown, only gets up to tumble down.

Preferring the study of men to books is choosing milk in preference to cream.

Christianity is the good man's text; his life the sermon preached from it.

CAT'S MOUNT.

Not every May morning of 1853 breathed forth such a balmy atmosphere as that on which I started on a pilgrimage to the Mont des Cats, or Mont des Chats, as it is sometimes erroneously called. The Catti, or Cats, were a people of ancient Germany, some of whose blood may be supposed still to flow in the veins of the Kittons of England and the Catons of Sutherland; and it owes its somewhat ambiguous name not to having been, at any epoch, the headquarters of a herd of cats, but to the circumstance of being the nest of a warlike clan of human beings. The Mount itself, though Flemish to the backbone, stands just within the limits of France. From that direction I had to approach it. Sweeping down the coasts of Cassel, a few miles south of St. Omer, you skirt the side of a wooded hill. Your road continues to be an unyielding pavement, and the necessity of the arrangement is plain. On the vast alluvial tracts which follow, you have soil and subsoil without a pebble. The squared stone, therefore, which is brought from a distance, is much too valuable to be broken up and macadamised, but is laid down in the shape of a permanently paved road. Once on the plain, the scene becomes, monotonously rich—teeming with abundance, but otherwise offering little to strike either the eye or the imagination. At every step, the country and the people are less and less French. Flemish inscriptions over the door announce the existence of very *goode dranken*. Little roadside chapels of brick face you at the most obvious corners; whilst others of wood, not bigger than bird-cages, and containing only a Virgin and Child, are fastened to the wayside trees. Every person you meet on the road salutes you; and you are thought a pig if you do not return the greeting. To be the first to salute is inculcated in some of the popular catechisms as a religious duty, under the form of an act of humility. Donkeys covered with warm sheepskin saddles trot backwards and forwards, ridden by men and women, who indifferently and universally are mounted sidewise. The national sports of Flanders are represented by an enormously high mast or pole, surmounted at the top with iron branches, on the tips of which little wooden birds are fixed; to be shot at and bagged at holiday times. The national drink is indicated by hopgrounds filled with poles of extraordinary altitude; and, if you only look at the staple of the soil that is laid bare on the sides of the ditches, you will see that it has within it the elements wherewith to make the "bine" mount to the top. The national taste in domestic pets is already but too frequently revealed by blinded chaffinches chanting their blinded but brief melody, in spite of the narrowness of the wretched prison in which they exist, and sing with their

eyes put out. At the door of the next public house which we pass, there lies a savage dog, fastened with a leash; and by his side a formidable-looking carbine leans against the wall. Both the brute and the gun are weapons of offence which belong to the *douanier*, or frontier customs-guard, who is refreshing himself with a pint of beer to sharpen his scent after tramping smugglers. A few furlongs further we meet a man with a haggard face, an uncertain eye, and a shabby blouse, which, in respect to the thinness of his figure, would seem to denote an unusual development of chest. Or is it tobacco which pads his bosom, and which he yesterday picked up in Belgium? Beware, my friend—for so I will call you, though I should not care to meet you alone here in the dark. 'Tis not I who will whistle a signal of your approach; but mind how you step for the next half hour. Because, if the carbine do not check your speed, the dog, let slip, most certainly will. More hop grounds and meadows, and we are at Steenewoorde.

From Steenewoorde to the Mont des Cats let no one venture in a carriage. The distance, about three miles English, must be performed either on horseback, donkeyback, or foot; for the road over the pebble-less alluvial soil is nothing but a stream of slime, which might issue from the nastiest of mud volcanoes. After a few days' soaking wet, the passage would be impracticable, were it not for a sort of footpath at the side, formed by a series of rough-squared stepping-stones, that are let into the earth about the same distance they would be, to help a passenger across a brook. Although by no means easy walking, the stepping-stone path still carries you onwards, now and then joined by like thoroughfares branching off to the right and the left. More hop-grounds, flax-fields, and meadows teeming with cheese and cream; then rows of handsome elms and copses from which the nightingales are singing so loudly and so multitudinously, as to pour a sort of intoxication over the senses. They suggest, by their tones, an irresistible craving to stretch out one's arms after some unknown good. At last we reach the picturesque and ill-reputed village of Godewarerswelde. There is no fear now, as during the first revolution, of encountering troops of well-armed brigands, who, after murdering soldiers and customs men, have put on their uniform, and protect the dwellers on each side of the frontier, exactly as the wolf protects the sheep; still, on the borderland, caution is advisable, and it is pleasanter to walk with a trusty guide or companion, or even to join a *douanier* on his cruise after errant and flitting scamps, than to wander along in single blessedness. Your passport, or other satisfactory documents in your pocket, may happen to be serviceable, should any doubt by chance arise touching your own presentibility.

The foot of the Mount is soon attained, and an easy climb suffices to reach the top. What a glorious prospect! Lovelier even than that from Cassel itself; one of those scenes to which you return delighted, after Alps and Appenines have tired you to death. But view-hunting is not our main purpose to-day. Something more serious stands full in view. In spite of the cheerful noontide and the luxuriant landscape—perhaps in consequence of them—half a word now spoken *à-propos* would fill my foolish eyes with tears. At the northern extremity of the Mount des Cats stands the plain but extensive building of brick, simply roofed with tiles and slate, to which my slow but decided steps are directed, even were there danger to be feared from those walls. To visit *that* in an idle mood, would betray an utter want of thought and feeling.

For, think what a convent of Trappists is! A home sheltering eight-and-forty men as completely dead to worldly things, as they can be without actual suicide. Their profession there is a suicide of the heart, which in some cases may perhaps have prevented a suicide of the body. Many people, on hearing a narrative of fact, will ask, "how can such things be?" There, in that corner, is the entrance door, with the little barred wicket in the centre. Overhead is legibly inscribed the motto, *Ecce elongavi fugiens, et mansi in solitudine*; "Behold, I have fled far away, and have remained in solitude." By the side of the door hangs a slight bell-chain, whose handle is an iron cross. I have carelessly taken the cross in my gloved left hand. It is not thus, but with both hands, and firmly, that a sincere novice must be entered upon.

The wicket opens, and a monk's face appears. On stating that I wish to visit the convent, the door itself turns on its hinges. In reply to my bow of salutation, the cowl is thrown back from the close-cropped head; and a feeble, half-dead, smothered voice which issues from the lips of the porter monk informs me that, if I will return in an hour, my request shall be granted, with the permission of the superior.

On the summit of the Mont des Cats an hour on a fine morning is easily whiled away. One of my passing fancies is to guess what sort of impression the unremitting bursts of nightingale's song must make upon the listening monks. Or do they not listen? Do they stop, perforce, their ears to these spring-tide accents of joy and love? Probably. They have swallowed their bitter draught, refusing to taste all else that is offered to them. They have set off on a path, whose only termination is death. All by the wayside to them is nothing.

And yet, but for this unusual and oppressive presence, there lies within the range of vision enough to delight the eye and interest the heart. Lovely Belgium, rich Hainault,

with mill-crowned heights and inexhaustibly fertile plains! There is enough even to cloy the sight, were it possible for such things to weary us. And, as for towns to dot the landscape, there lies Poperingues, the metropolis of hops; there Ypres and Courtrai, and Menin, and Cassel, once a promontory; but mere names are an unknown language (in spite of the authority of epic poet-) to those who cannot form to themselves in some way the image of the reality.

The hour's delay is at hand. This time the cross is boldly clutched with the right hand. Four beggars, women and boys, are standing at the door! which is soon opened, after an inspection at the wicket. To two of the beggars the porter gives morsels of food; probably cheese, slightly wrapped in paper. Their smallness suggests that they must be remnants of personal self-denial, rather than doles from the convent itself. The pittance is so thankfully received, that, having four sous in my pocket, I extract them and distribute to each beggar one. The last woman kisses the palm of her hand before receiving hers, and utters the Flemish word for thanks. I am admitted into a little low porch, in which stands a green garden-seat. The door is locked on the world outside, and I am shown into a small waiting parlor furnished with four chairs, a table, a glass-case of rosaries, crosses, and medals, apparently for sale, and a lithograph or two of holy men departed. Three priestly hats and three walking canes hint that the superior is receiving a visit. I am left alone for a few minutes, when the porter returns with the announcement that my request is granted. If I require refreshment before returning, that shall be prepared while I am looking over the establishment.

We begin to enter the heart of the building by passing through two doors that are opened with a key hanging from a strap attached to the monk's leathern girdle. My guide is one of the five or six who, out of all those eight-and-forty men, are allowed the sweet solace of speech, and that only so far as the duties of his office demand. Of the other Trappists who may talk, the Superior has unlimited discretion: the agent, who buys and sells, and transacts business, has also considerable liberty. The supposition is not correct that the body conventual of Trappists are forbidden by their vows even to utter a syllable. They may all address the Superior on proper occasion. When at work they may say a needful word to the servant or the farmer, or even whisper into the ear of a brother; but all conversation amongst themselves, or anything approaching to it, is equally contrary to the spirit, and the rule of the order. The porter, turning towards me as we entered the passage, said—in a voice which had hardly a tone, "that if I had anything further to mention, I had better do so now, as within

the house silence must be observed. Afterwards, in the courts and in the garden, we could again resume our chat."

While proceeding a door opened into the passage, and a monk with a wooden leg coming out, bowed to me without turning in my direction, but with a smile and a half glance of his eye; and immediately went on his way. On entering a room at the end of the passage (which had to be unlocked,) the occupant bowed with the same half side-glance, and continued his occupation of folding linen vestments exactly as if no one were present. I left. He responded to my parting bow without looking or even turning aside, and the door was fastened again upon him. He had himself unlocked it again for a moment; and therefore, though locked in, he was not confined there. The next apartment was what, in any other establishment, would be styled a drawing-room. A bench ran round it against the wall, and along its whole course there were shelves containing a few volumes, which were, without any doubt, books of devotion. At the upper end were raised seats for the Abbot and the Prior. Of cushion, carpet, or other means of ease, not the slightest shadow was perceptible. The dining-room, or refectory, was arranged with equal simplicity. At the upper end the same dignitaries were located upon a slightly elevated dais; while, around, plain wooden tables, uncovered by a cloth stood before seats like those in the drawing-room. The place of each monk was marked by a mug, a pot, and a water-jug, fashioned of coarse glazed earthenware; and, upon the napkin containing a wooden spoon and fork with a clasp-knife, lay a wooden label bearing the conventual name of the owner.

Every Trappist, on taking his vows, ceases to be known by his worldly style and title. He becomes Father or Brother Aloysius, Hilarion, or Benedictus, according as he chooses his patron saint; dropping for ever afterwards the names given to him by his father and mother. A register of noviciates and professions is kept, so that all trace of a man is not entirely lost; but, without making a reference to it, there is no means of guessing who any individual monk may be.

In summer, the Trappists eat two meals a day, in consequence of doing extra work. In winter, they have but one meal and a half. Meat is forbidden, except in case of illness; fish, eggs, butter, and poultry are utterly interdicted viands. Their diet consists of bread, cheese, vegetables, and fruits, which they cultivate in their own garden. Cherries, pears, strawberries, and currants are produced in abundance. Their drink is water, and a pint of good light beer at each meal, or two pints a day. None of the Trappists whom I saw appeared the worse or the weaker for this abstemious regimen. During meals, one of the

community reads aloud some edifying book from a pulpit in the dining-room.

The dormitory is up stairs. It is a large airy apartment, fitted up with a series of wooden cabins in the centre, leaving a passage all round. Over each cabin is ticketed the adopted name of the occupant, and the entrance to each is veiled by a screen of canvas, which is drawn aside in the day-time for ventilation's sake. Each bed-place contains simply a mattress, a blanket, and a coverlid; sheets are not thought necessary. The monks retire to rest without undressing, and sleep exactly as they are attired in the day, in order, I was told, to be able to rise more quickly at the proper hour of waking. They go to bed at eight o'clock, and get up ordinarily at two in the morning; on Sundays at one, and on *fete* days at midnight; to perform the prescribed religious exercises. To make up for this scanty allowance of slumber, they are allowed, during summer and while working hard, an hour's repose in the middle of the day. A large bell and a powerful rattle hanging close to the dormitory are evidently used to give the signal when the moment for rising arrives. Their dress consists of a coarse brown cassock, with a pointed hood, an under-garment, breeches, cloth stockings, and strong shoes. In these habiliments they are buried after death, without being laid in any coffin; that posthumous luxury being considered an unnecessary vanity; the hood is merely drawn over the face, and the earth is then shovelled in over the body. Whatever may have been the discipline of other convents in former times, it is not true here and now that every day each Trappist monk digs a portion of his own grave. The cemetery is in the garden, and has ample room for fifty graves at the foot of an artificial mound, or Cavalry, on the top of which rises a lofty crucifix bearing a wooden image of the suffering Jesus. The inscription at the head of each grave is painted on a wooden tablet fixed to a wooden cross, the effect for instance that Brother Gregorius, converted (not born) on such a day, died on such a day; and that is all.

The garden is beautifully cultivated and a model of neatness. It is surrounded with a mixed hedge of holly and hawthorn, which seems intended to serve more as a screen against boisterous winds, than for any purpose of concealment. The monks make no secret of their pursuits and labours; but each goes on with his allotted task, quite unconscious of observation; like Robinson Crusoe at work upon his island. There is a bee-house in the garden, tolerably well stocked with hives; a little honey now and then being among the permitted luxuries.

The rule of silence within the house, and also, I confess, a certain oppressive feeling, prevented anything like a flow of talk; but in

the course of our rounds I learnt that there are no Englishmen, Italians, or Germans in the convent. The majority of the inmates are Flemish; the others, French. There seemed to be no remembrance of the rumoured retreat hither of Ambrogetti, the opera singer, and no disposition to conceal the fact, if it had really occurred. As there are ten or a dozen other Trappist convents in France, the famous personator of Don Giovanni may have betaken himself to one of those. There are monks here who can neither read nor write; but very few—not more than two or three; and, as the number the establishment will accommodate is now nearly complete, the Superior is unusually particular about the novices whom he admits. Desertion, after the profession is fully made, has occurred, but very rarely indeed. There is no law or force to compel a man to stay against his wishes. Nothing but his conscience binds him there. And, as a year of probation (sometimes two) elapses before he takes the vows, a candidate has sufficient time to know his own mind. When this was stated, I thought the delay sufficient; but, upon consideration, it clearly is not. A twelvemonth is not long enough for a man of strong feelings to recover from the impulses of disappointed love, thwarted ambition, wounded pride, excessive remorse, or temporary religious melancholy, which may perhaps have had its roots in bodily and transient causes. A deliverance from the sway of the impelling motive followed by a return to an ordinary state of mind, and the subsequent regret, when all was over, at having taken such a dreary and irrevocable step, must be terrible torture to those who suffer it. Escape would not be easy for an individual clad in so remarkable a dress, without money to aid his flight, and surrounded by a population to whose strong religious feelings such an act of apostasy would be particularly repulsive. It would be hard also to learn exactly what measures of restraint the Superior might think fit to exercise towards any member of the society who might be justly suspected of meditating evasion. But the face of not one Trappist whom I saw bore the slightest mark of discontent. Several were strong, young, good-looking men; and I could not help contemplating with awe the fearful nature of the thirty or forty years which they still might have before them to live.

Farm buildings are attached to the monastery of the Mont des Cats. There are stables, cowhouses, granaries; all which the monks manage themselves. No women are ever admitted; they milk their own cows and make their own butter, consuming the permitted portion of the produce, and selling the remainder, when it does not happen to be required for the entertainment of strangers. There is a blacksmith's forge, a brewery where they brew their own beer, and a carpenter's

shop in which all sorts of useful things are made. A courtyard is well stocked with cocks and hens, although their produce is forbidden food. I was surprised to see a pair of peafowl strutting before the eyes of the silent ascetics. It was almost with worldly glee and complacency that my Trappist guide told me to remark what a magnificent show the most beautiful of birds was making with his erected tail.

On application made and permission granted, strangers (females of course excepted) are not only allowed to enter the convent, but are boarded and lodged there for several days, much in the style of Mont St. Bernard, if they choose to remain and conform to stated rules. Their diet is not restricted to that of the monks. An artist might find it worth his while to linger on the Mont des Cats for a week or so. No charge is made for the entertainment; but, on departing, every one leaves what he thinks a just payment according to his means, for the time he has stayed there and the articles which he and his have consumed; for he may bring horses if he chooses.

After seeing the things to which I was taken, without requesting to be introduced to more, I was finally conducted to the strangers' eating-room, a small apartment very like the parlour. A wholesome repast was soon before me, consisting of a *soupe maigre* of sorrel and bread (it was Friday,) cheese, an excellent omelette, haricots stewed in milk, good brown bread, butter, and a large decanter of beer; the same which serves the monks for their beverage, and which does no little credit to their brewer. The monk who waited upon me was one of the few permitted to speak. He was a young man not more than thirty, with a pleasant open countenance; though disfigured by the small pox and discoloured teeth. He blushed as he uttered his salutation of "Monsieur!" but in an instant we were perfectly at ease. He had fully taken the vows of his order; but his manner was cheerful, and no sign of unhappiness was apparent. Among other things, on my mentioning the struggles people have to go through with in the world, and the benefit which they often may and do derive from them; he replied that they too in the convent had to struggle in their way, and that the grace of God was all-sufficient.

There are two points in respect to which I had been prejudiced against the Trappists. I had been told, in the first place, that they recked with dirt; yet, that everything at the Mont des Cats was clean, except the Trappists themselves. It might have been remembered that personal uncleanness would only be a consistent habit in those who devote themselves to a life of mortification. Visitors have no right to complain, seeing that their presence is not invited, but simply tolerated. But, of the Trappists whom I saw myself, I

should say that they were neither clean nor dirty. Many common soldiers and workmen, if inspected, would probably suffer by comparison with them. I dare say they do not often wash, but that does not prevent them from wiping now and then; like the charming actress who, to preserve the delicate symmetry of her feet, would never allow water to touch them, but only had them scraped a little now and then. Their inner garment is changed once a fortnight, and none of their stockings had a dirty look.

Secondly, I had heard that the great majority of the Trappists bore on their countenance the mark of stupidity; that there were not more than three or four of the number who could be taken to be clever men. But here I must think that outside show had been misinterpreted. The monks have the air of men possessed with a fixed idea. But a fixed idea is no proof of stupidity. Some of the important events in the world's history have been brought about by men with fixed ideas; although not, it must be owned, by ideas fixed unchangeably within the four walls of a monastery. The demeanour of the Trappists is that of persons who wish to avoid all communication—that is their rule, their insanity. The silent members never look you in the face. They rather turn their head aside. They treat any intruding visitor just as if he did not exist. While I was in the dormitory, a young monk chanced to pass through it. His face and gait could not have been more impassive had the apartment been perfectly empty. In the court, two monks were sawing a tree. The lower one had his back turned towards me; but the top-sawyer—a fine strong man who stood full erect before my view—regarded me no more than a withered leaf which the wind might drift beneath his feet in the deepest glade of a lonely forest. Another, measuring a piece of timber, was equally absorbed in his own proper business. The same also in the blacksmith's shop. The monk there (who was aided by a boy from the village) continued his work with exactly the same air as if no stranger had entered the door. Coldness and abstraction assumed in obedience to a supposed duty, have been mistaken for weakness of intellect. Upon occasion, this cutting mode of behaviour is pushed to an incredible extreme. A monk now living on the Mont des Cats was once working in a wood close by: his father had watched for him, and came to the spot to look once more upon the son who was lost to his affections. But his salutation was left unnoticed. The monk, gazing upon empty air, continued his occupation, and remained obstinately unconscious of the presence of his parent. After another vain attempt, the father gave it up and departed weeping bitterly. The father is now dead, But if, as is possible, the son had been driven

to take the vows in consequence of any harsh over-exertion of paternal authority, how severe must have been the final punishment!

The Trappists derive their name from the Abbey of La Trappe, which is situated four leagues from Mortagne, in Perche, on the southern borders of Normandy. It was founded by one of the Counts of Perche in the year one thousand one hundred and forty, during the pontificate of Innocent the Second and the reign of Louis the Seventh. La Trappe was at first celebrated for the holiness of its early devotees, but they fell away sadly from their strict profession. The abbey was several times plundered by the English during the terrible wars of the time. The monks had the courage to remain for a while; but the continuance of the peril compelled them to leave. On the conclusion of peace they returned to their monastery, but with the relaxed ideas which they had acquired in the world. In one thousand six hundred and sixty-two the Abbé de Rancé, converted—after the sudden death of Madame de Montbazou, of whom he was the favored lover—introduced the most austere reforms into the monastery of La Trappe. The lives of De Rancé written by his partizans and by gross flatterers of Louis the Fourteenth are such unsatisfactory reading, that no dependance can be placed upon them. He died in one thousand seven hundred, at the age of seventy-four; after having abdicated his charge, and wishing to resume it. His whole career is full of inconsistencies. He translated Anacreon, and then became the instrument of enforcing the most austere discipline.

And who are the men who voluntarily join the Trappists of the Mont des Cats and elsewhere? "Hither retreat," say the Encyclopedie, "those who have committed secret crimes, remorse for which torments their hearts; those who are troubled with melancholy and religious vapours; those who have forgotten that God is the most merciful of fathers, and who only behold in him the most cruel of tyrants; those who reduce to nothing the sufferings, the death, and the passion of Jesus Christ; and who only regard religion in its most fearful and terrible point of view." A friend stated to me that many here are devout-minded Flamands, who have been crossed in love, or thwarted in something which they think necessary to their happiness, and who then, in the bitterness of their wounded feelings, cast themselves into the convent for life. Others, who feel within themselves something discordant with, and anomalistic to, the every-day world. The problem is not very easy to solve, and no one solution will apply to all cases. So we will refrain from discussing the difficult question propounded by the youth:

"What is life, and which the way?"

"To be, or not to be, a Trappist?" was of course one of the grave interrogatories:

"To which the hoary sage replied,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

BEAUTY AND ITS WEAPONS.

Chief among the absurdities uttered about woman, is that charging her with a peculiar and inordinate love of dress. We have as many coxcombs as we have coquettes. The latter may be charming; the former are always absurd. There is no incongruity in costume, no frivolity in fashion, no vulgar gaudiness of tinsel, no glaring extravagance of figure, no finicking measures of detail, which perpetrated by woman, have not found more than a counterpart in the habiliments of men. Even if it were true that woman has a greater love of dress than man, there is one defence for her. Old Anacreon says,—"Nature has given to woman the empire of beauty;" is it not quite natural that she should seek for weapons to preserve her empire? Happy is it when she employs them with taste and discretion.

None but the envious despise the gifts of loveliness. As there are different styles of beauty, so different styles of dress will be more or less becoming; and as a necessary sequence, a woman's natural and very legitimate desire to appear to the best advantage will lead her to seek such an attire as will enhance her natural charms. We would not believe any woman who proclaimed an indifference to her personal appearance. We should either consider her very affected or very selfish. Love of approbation, when not in excess, is a desirable organ, and the absence of Gall and Spurzheim's. "No. XI." is about the least desirable deficiency in the phrenological development of the fair sex. There is no man, moreover, who will uniformly deny to woman the right to invest herself with all becoming and suitable adornments. Whatever philosophers may cynically say or write in their studios against the vanity of woman's apparel, they recant at once when they come into her presence. There is much to be said on the score of consistency, as to time, place, and station; but the term of a "well-dressed woman" comprehends these details of propriety; for no woman is "well-dressed" who commits herself to incongruities. Indeed, the dress of the fair sex is a pretty good index of the mind, and every grotesque indulgence meets with its adequate reward, from their own sisterhood if not from men. There may be exceptions to the rule of judging by the outer garments. "There are such things as female pirates, who hang out false lights to entrap unwary mariners," says an animated writer; "it is only to be hoped that sooner or later they may catch a Tartar on their coasts: for of all the various denominations of swindlers

who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a dresser during courtship and a dowdy after marriage."

We do not intend even to suggest how long a time a lady may occupy in the mysteries of the toilet, but there are a great many unmannerly men who, because they can put themselves into their uncouth garb in a few minutes, fancy that women can do the same: as if it took no more time to prepare a divinity than a scarecrow. Just let them look back a few centuries to the time occupied by a Roman lady, and they will henceforth wait most patiently in the drawing-room while Araminta Maria dons her most becoming robes.

Mistress Agrippina would rise at ten or eleven o'clock, and repair at once to the bath. Having indulged for some time in that luxury, she would be carefully rubbed with pumice-stone. Then was she delivered over to the mysterious manipulations of the *cosmetes*, slaves who possessed certain scents for preserving the skin and complexion—the Rowlands of those times. Before leaving this temple of Hygeia, a kind of cataplasm, invented by the empress Pappœa, was applied to her face to preserve it from the air. This mask was worn day and night, and only removed on the reception of visitors, or when she went into the streets. Now commenced the toilet. The cataplasm having been removed, a slave sponged her face with asses' milk. Then another slave produced a potent ointment of the ashes of snails and large ants, burnt and bruised, mixed with onions, honey in which the bees had been smothered, and the fat of a pullet: this compound was to impart a freshness to the skin. A third slave appeared with the fat of a swan, wherewith to remove any wrinkles which might have ventured to appear. The next operation was to efface any red spots: this was done with a piece of woollen cloth steeped in oil of roses, while war was waged with the freckles with a little ball made of the scrapings of a sheepskin, mixed with honey of Corsica and powder of frankincense. The depilatory business followed, and with a pair of pincers a slave was for some time occupied in mercilessly removing every superfluous hair from the face of her mistress. By the slave of the dental department, the teeth were rubbed with powdered pumice-stone or marble-dust, and if any were lost they were replaced, and fastened with gold. The lips now demanded attention, and to prevent any roughness on these tender corals they were rubbed with the inside of a sheepskin covered with gall-nut ointment, or which was more esteemed, with the "ashes of a burnt mouse mixed with fennel-root." Another class of slaves now arrived to color the eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair, according to the age and taste of the lady. In great

families this office was committed to the care of Grecian women, and when these could not be procured, they employed the natives of other countries, to whom they gave Grecian names.

The operations of the toilet ended, a slave spread a pomade on the lips of her mistress, to heighten their bloom and freshness, the completed charm being made apparent by the arrival of a slave with a round mirror, which, in the absence of glass, was formed of a composition of several metals, set round with precious stones, and held by a handle of mother o' pearl.

Thou grumbling husband! rejoice that thou livest not in these days, and that the toilet of Araminta Maria is reduced to the greatest simplicity, and conducted in the least possible time.

In the description of a Roman lady's toilet, we find mention of a mirror formed of polished metals. Specimens of these in bronze are still preserved, but some were probably formed of polished gold, as, according to Pliny, those of silver were so common as to be used only at the toilets of slaves. Of whatever they were formed, however, their size was frequently equal to our cheval-glasses; and it is mentioned by Seneca, that their cost was so great as to exceed the sum given by the Roman senate as a dowry to the daughter of Scipio. It was not until the time of the Crusades that a radical change in the mirror took place. The Saracens within the walls of Sidon effected the first improvement by tinning the back of the glass as we now silver it. The Crusaders on returning from the Holy Land brought these new mirrors to Europe, when Venice took possession of the precious discovery, and for several centuries it was one of the sources of her wealth. In 1673, several Venetian artists arrived in England, and made their abode in Lambeth. France became jealous of being left out of this branch of commerce, and in 1690 a company was formed there whose achievements soon rivalled those of Venice; and now, while the most dainty lady of the court may view herself from head to foot in her splendid "Pysche," and the poor village girl will purchase from the travelling pedlar the little glass which will show but one half of her features at a time, the simple children of nature buy with avidity the mirrors of civilized life, and these accessories of beauty become an easy means of exchange and a pledge of union even with the savage tribes.

Jewels are another weapon for which beauty is famous. So prodigiously were jewels in favor with the Roman ladies, that the elder Pliny says he saw Lollia Paulina wearing ornaments valued at £322,916 sterling. It has been said, Agnes Sorel was the first woman in France who wore a diamond necklace. The diamonds were so rough and badly set as to

cause much inconvenience to the neck of the fair Agnes, who used to call the necklace her "iron collar."

Catherine de Medici and Diana of Poitiers introduced the use of pearls, and for some time displaced the diamond rage; but Marie Stuart having brought some superb diamonds into France, the ladies soon reassumed them. At the coronation of Mary de Medici, while diamonds were worn freely on the robes, they were interspersed with pearls. It was the custom of that time to entwine strings of pearls in the hair, which fell in knots over the shoulders. Soon afterwards, ornaments of steel, glass, and beads, became the reigning favorites, driving diamonds from the field, and nearly obtaining a victory over the pearls.

Under Louis XIV. the great love for diamonds revived. Robes were embroidered with them, and besides necklaces, aigrettes, and bracelets, they were employed to ornament the stomachers, shoulders, waistbands, and skirts of the dress. This fashion continued till the approach of the French Revolution, when sentimental ornaments had their turn. Necklaces and bracelets of hair were attestations of the conquests which beauty had made, weapons to use against those it hoped to obtain, or reminiscences and memorials of the dear ones who, in those troublous times, had been consigned to a bloody or premature grave.

We wonder how many ways of "flirting" a fan have been discovered up to the present moment; something like a thousand were advertised a few years back to be taught by a lady, in six lessons. The fans of the present day bear no comparison for beauty with those in use among the ancients. The most beautiful, among the orientals, were composed of very thin plates of wood, upon which were fastened the feathers of the rarest birds. From the shores of Asia the use of fans was adopted by the Greeks, and it soon passed from them to the Romans. The most esteemed fans were made of peacocks' feathers, disposed in rows, and fastened at the extremity of a handle richly ornamented with rings of gold. In the boudoirs of Rome, ladies were fanned by the gentleman who came to pay them homage; but on other occasions, female slaves were the fanners: and especially while the Roman lady indulged in her afternoon sleep, several slaves were employed in keeping her cool. In this country, fans were first used by ladies to hide their faces in church; and now their various uses are better known among our ladies than even among the Romans, with whom the fan, at the theatre especially, was frequently thrown aside for cool crystal balls, which were gracefully thrown from one hand to another, imparting a refreshing coolness. A slave carried these balls in a silk bag filled with rose leaves, and placed in a little fillagree basket. Sometimes these crystal balls were

cast towards a favored lover, and such a gift was considered of inestimable value when still retaining the warmth of the lady's hand.

The Parasol is another desperate weapon of beauty. The use of the parasol is derived from very ancient times, though its form has altered but little. Upon some of the pictures discovered at Herculaneum there are parasols very similar to those now in use. A sort of pipe of a blue color supports at its extremity four branches of the same hue. Upon these is fixed the covering, the interior of which is of a deeper blue than the supporters. The border is of red, ornamented with festoons of azure. The rest of the covering is adorned with quadrangular figures of blue and white, and with yellow arabesques, the whole terminating with a blue flower on the point, which with us is of ivory or silver. Ostensibly, the parasol is to preserve the face from the influence of the sun. How it is used we need not say. Many a disappointment does it produce when dropped to conceal the face *en passant*; while its partial fall, just leaving the lips to view, only increases one's desire to see the countenance so mysteriously shaded.

We have recapitulated some of the outer weapons of beauty. We need not dilate on the inherent weapons: the eye, the cheek, the lip, the undulating figure, the silken tresses, the lovely qualities of the mind. The power of these weapons is acknowledged in every moment of our lives. As Disraeli observes, "It is at the foot of woman we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been gained: it is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, and guides the brain in the august toils of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence; for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty, and can lighten the fetters of the slave."

GIRLS PLAYING.

There is hardly another sight in the world so pretty as that of a company of young girls—almost women grown—at play, and so giving themselves up to their airy impulse that their tiptoes barely touch the ground. Girls are so incomparably wilder and more effervescent than boys, more untameable, and regardless of rule and limit, with an ever-shifting variety, breaking continually into new modes of fun, yet with a harmonious propriety through all. Their steps, their voices, appear free as the wind, but keep consonance with a strain of music inaudible to us. Young men and boys, on the other hand, play according to recognised law, old traditional games permitting no caprices of fancy, but with scope enough for the outbreak of savage instincts; for, young or old, in play or in earnest, man is prone to be a brute.—*Polly Anne.*

OUT OF THE TAVERN.

The following is a translation of a German ballad on a tipsy man, which has been set to music, and is often sung in Germany; it is rather droll in the original, and perhaps has not lost all its humour in being *overset*, as they call it, into English:—

Our of the tavern I've just stepped to-night:
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street! you are drunk, 'tis a very clear case.

Moon! 'tis a very queer figure you cut,
One eye is staring while 't'other is shut;—
Topsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame,
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame!

Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering.—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion; now, is'nt it odd?
I am the only thing sober abroad;
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain,—
Better go into the tavern again.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. X.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

BUSH WEDDING AND WOOING.

WEDDING and wooing in Canada are not always conducted in the sober, matter of fact way, that they usually are in the old country among the lower order, especially where the parties are among the excitable sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, who often contrive to give a good deal of élat to affairs of this kind. From a number of curious facts that I have been made acquainted with, I will select a few for the entertainment of my reader. First on the list stands a bridal with something of romance in it. In short, an Irish Lochinvar. It is nearly twenty years ago since the event of the story I am about to tell, took place in the township of —. An avaricious old settler whom I shall call Mat Doolan, had a pretty smart daughter named Ellen, who was attached to a young man, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and as long as no better suitor offered, old Mat suffered the young couple to keep company as lovers, but as ill luck would have it, the wife of an old man in the neighbourhood died, leaving her spouse, a cross grained, miserly old creature, at liberty to take to himself a third, for I believe that the old wretch had starved to death with scanty fare and hard work two honest wives.

Now old Jim Delany had a log house, sheep and cows, oxen and horse, a barn full of wheat and stacks of hay, the produce of a good lot of bush land. The father of the dear Ellen thought this a famous chance not to be overlooked. The widower was at a loss what to do with his cows and poultry and the wool of his sheep, now the old wife was gone. Mat was invited to the wake, and before the funeral was well over, the widower and the crafty old fox had made a bargain for the fair Ellen's hand, as to the small matter of the heart, that was of no consequence, and as a matter of course would be won when she was endowed with all old Jim Delany's worldly goods.

Great was the consternation of the affianced, when her father with the greatest coolness told her that she was to be married in the short space of a month from that date. She was very indignant, as well she might be, that the matter should have been settled without her consent, but her father gave her to understand that it was useless to rebel and that the best thing she could do would be to put a good face on the occasion. As to her former lover, he would soon get another sweetheart, as to marrying for love that was all stuff.

When Ellen found that it was useless to remonstrate, she dried her tears and said that if it must be so, it must, but told her father that she must have money to buy wedding clothes, as she was in want of every article of wearing apparel and should not like to come to the old man directly for money to buy clothes. The father was so well satisfied with her dutiful acquiescence in his scheme, that he gave her an order on one of the stores in the town to buy anything she required, not limiting her as to the exact outlay, but recommending economy in her purchases.

Ellen got all the things she wanted, and contrived to make out a very handsome outfit.

The important day at length arrived, the guests arrived from all quarters—old men and young ones, wives, widows, and maidens—a goody party. The season was early spring, the roads were in a bad state—half mud, half ice—too bad for a sleigh; so the wedding party arranged to go, some on horseback, and others in lumber waggons and ox-carts.

The breakfast was plentiful; the bride showed no reluctance, but appeared in excellent spirits, bore all the joke and compliments with a good grace, and finally set off at the head of the equestrians, declaring she would have a race to the church with one of the bridesmaids. Just as they reached the concession line near which the old sweetheart lived, who should ride out of the

clearing ahead of the cavalcade, but the gentleman himself, dressed in a new suit, as smart as could be! It had all been arranged beforehand. The bride, at a signal from her lover, gave the reins and a slashing cut to her poney, which dashed forward in good style, leaving the bridal cortège far in the rear. Away they went, stopping for no obstacle—clearing root, stone, and stream; nothing checked them. "They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

The wild shouts and yells of the bride's astonished companions only seemed to give greater spirit to the race. Gallantly the young man led the way, and fearlessly his fair partner kept her seat. At the church they were joined by some chosen friends of the bridegroom—the parson was ready—the license, duly attested, was forthcoming—and the discomforted father of the bride and the mortified husband, that was to have been, had the vexation of meeting the happy couple coming out of the church gates as they went in! The laugh went against the two old men, who had been fairly outwitted by a young girl of seventeen. The young folks declared it was fine fun, and the old ones said Ellen was a lass of spirit and deserved a young husband; and one old farmer was so well pleased that he invited the young couple to eat their wedding dinner at his house, and so ended the runaway wedding.

Of all pride, there is no pride like Irish pride, and an Irishman will bring all his native shrewdness and talent to bear him out in the support of his darling principle, trying to convince you that he is richer, and grander, and a better man than he really is. The Irishman calls it pride; but, in fact, it is nothing but vanity carried to an absurd excess. As an instance, I will relate as nearly as I am able, an amusing story told with singular humor by an Irish clergyman, who greatly enjoyed the joke, though he was the sufferer by it in the end. It was Diamond cut Diamond, and no mistake. So now for the story of

HOW THE PARSON OUTWITTED THE BRIDEGROOM
AND HOW THE BRIDEGROOM OUTWITTED
THE PARSON.

A young fellow, whom I shall call Rody Calaghan, contrived to get in my debt to the amount of some eight dollars. The rogue wheedled me into lending him the money when I happened to be in an unfortunately good humor, and from that time never a copper could I get from him in payment. In despair, I gave the eight dollars up in my own mind as one of my bad debts, of which I had more than enough, and I ceased to think at all about Master Rody; when one day, who

should ride up to me as I was going to church but Rody Calaghan! Surely, thinks I, but the rogue is going to pay me that which he owes me. His errand, however, was on a matter matrimonial. He was going to be married on the following day, and his call was simply to ask if it would be convenient for me to go out into the country to the bride's father's house to marry him and his betrothed—the license was all ready, and no impediment to his happiness. I was in a hurry, and said, "Yes, yes." I would be there at the hour named. I was punctual to the time, as I always like to be on such occasions; but just as I was preparing to enter the room where all the bride's family and friends were assembled together, Rody drew me on one side, and said,

"Och, Parson, but ye're the kind man ye are, and I'll be thinkin' it's yerself will do me the good turn just at this partickler time."

Thinks I to myself, it's to borrow money of me, Master Rody, that you are coming the blarney over me so strongly. But no, as if guessing my thoughts, he let me see a handful of dollar notes as if by accident, which he had cajoled some friend out of, I suppose.

"Ye see, yer Riverence, what it is. I don't want to look small potatoes before them," and he pointed significantly to the party within the room, "and so I shall just put down six dollars on the book as a wedding fee to yerself."

"Oh, very well," says I, "I understand—that's all right Rody, and I am glad to see you so honestly inclined."

"But Parson, dear," says he, again in a great hurry, "you know it's only a make-believe, jist to make them think that I am as well off as she is, and cut a bit of a shine before them all for prides' sake, and so you'll be so good as to give me back the dollars when no one is looking on—ely like."

"And so that's it, is it Rody Calaghan," says I, "and what's to become of my ducs and the money you owe me?"

"Sure thin your Riverence won't be thinking of the dirty rags jist at this raison," he added in a coaxing tone, laying his hand on my sleeve, "yer honor knows that you would not do the thing shabby and they looking on all the while." I laughed to myself, and thought I would play the knave a trick for his blarney and roguery.

The ceremony was over, and the bride and the brides-maid all kissed round as a finale, when out steps Rody from the throng and comes forward with a most self-important air, and lugging out a large leathern purse, took from it notes to the amount of six dollars, counting them out one by one with great exactness, holding them up sepa-

rately to the light as if to ascertain that they were good ones, and bidding me count them twice over that there might be no mistake. I thought of Gil Blas and the six reals that he so ostentatiously dropped into the mendicant's hat one by one, but I entered into the humour of the thing, and paid some compliments to the bride, saying that my friend Rody seemed to value her very highly if one might judge by the price he had paid for her, while Rody affected to think on the contrary that he had been very shabby in paying so little for so great a prize, throwing a peculiar expression of intelligence into his cunning grey eyes which he expected me to understand, as in fact I most perfectly did. I carefully pocketted the whole of the six dollars, taking no notice of the agonized look with which Rody watched my proceedings. At last he could endure the suspense no longer, and beckoning me aside said, "Now your Riverence will you be pleased jist to hand over them six dollars again as we agreed?"

"As you proposed," I said, very coolly; "I shall lend myself to no such rogue's trick, you owe me two dollars and the marriage fee yet, so there is an end of the matter." Rody looked confounded, but said not a word. Just before I left the house, he came up with his bride and several of his own folks and said, "Yer Riverence must do us the favor of giving us your company to a hot supper at our own house this evening." I demurred, but, however, curiosity got the better, and I promised to look in at eight o'clock, and rode home.

A famous feast there was; roast, boiled, and fried; pies, cakes, and tarts of all imaginable sorts and sizes, and at the head of the table a most uncommon fine roast goose swimming in gravy. I had the fellow of it fattening in a pen in my own yard, or I thought I had. I had bought it of Rody's own mother.

"Sure and its no wonder the craythur should be like its own brother," said Rody, as he heaped my plate and wished me a good appetite.

The first news that I heard in the morning was that my fat goose had disappeared. I need hardly say that I had supped off him at the wedding feast. If it had not been so well cooked, I would have sent the rogue to the penitentiary for three months.

This last speech of course was only said for fun, but the truth was that the parson was too kind hearted to distress the newly wedded bride and her family, by a public exposure of Rody's delinquency.

DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

"Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept;" and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold, as his tribute of abhorrence, that *did so*, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon for his share in the tragedy? And, if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself: bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended into this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold, thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, Bishop and Shepherd-girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you, let us try, through the gigantic gloom, to decipher the dying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd-girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her lair at the stake, she, from her duel with fire—as she entered her last dream, saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With these, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages,) was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission had now been

fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood, that she was to reckon for, had been exacted; the tears, that she was to shed in secret, had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burthened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, Bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, Bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as you drew near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but you know them, Bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was that which the servants, waiting outside the Bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not so to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests, in which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; and, towering in the fluctuating crowd, are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English prince, regent of France. There is my lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds: and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is going to take his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, councillor there is none now that would take a brief from me: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody

to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she that cometh in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, that would plead for you: yes Bishop, she—when Heaven and Earth are silent.

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN A HOMELY FRAME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

GEORGE CLAYTON was a good-tempered and well-conducted a young man,—taking the worldly average of temper and morals,—as one would meet with among a thousand. He had served a respectable apprenticeship as a cabinet-maker to an old-established firm, and at the age of twenty-five, found himself foreman of the workshop, and in a condition to "marry and settle in life." George had been born of the humblest of the middle classes, left an orphan at fourteen, and had been put out in the world by the united means of a few kind-hearted relatives, who wisely thought that pity and Christian-like sympathy would be much more valuable if rendered practical, by giving the lad a little moral looking after, and a trade.—and George well repaid them. He grew into a sober and industrious man, and managed to save a hundred pounds during the four years he was courting Emma Serle, a very nice-looking, fine-hearted girl, the sister of one of his shopmates, and who seemed to possess all the qualities most desirable in the wife of an artisan. They seemed well suited to each other, but George had a failing, it was that of being somewhat over-bearing and exacting where he could control; and Emma had a spot in her disc, it was in being apt to become silent and reserved if any mortifying incident jostled against her spirit; but there seemed every probability of their forming a very contented couple; and when George stood at the altar one fine July morning, in his blue surtout, with Emma beside him, in her neat grey silk, the clergyman had a private opinion that they were a remarkably good-looking pair. A pleasant little dinner at the bride's father's and a ramble in the suburbs, filled up the sunshiny hours, and that day two months we saw them snugly ensconced in a pretty four-roomed house, in the neighbourhood of Camden Town. Cleanliness and comfort pervaded the little domicile, with Emma as the sole presiding spirit, blending in her own proper person, cook, housemaid, and page. Everything went on smoothly for some few months; her whole attention was given to George, for she loved him truly

and fondly. Emma was perfectly happy, but as the long winter nights came on, and George sometimes stayed at his Mechanics' Institute, or had a chat with a friend until ten o'clock, why Emma began to find it a little dull; and as her husband had intreated that she would form no gossiping intimacy with her neighbours, sewing, scrubbing, and washing became somewhat monotonous.

George returned to an amateur musical society, and when he did come home soon, generally sat down to practice a quartette part on the violin; unfortunately, his wife had no great love for music, but she bore his scraping and squeaking bravely, and even managed to appear delighted with his efforts, though she would often have preferred a game at cribbage, or a walk, or a little reading; however, she never interfered with his will and pleasure, and George fiddled away to his heart's content. It so happened, that Emma's brother Harry dropped in two or three times when his sister was alone, and found her rather mopy; and the next time he came, he brought under his arm a very pretty spaniel. "Here, Emma," said he, "you are a good deal by yourself, and I thought this little fellow would serve to amuse you, and be a sort of company when George is out; I know how fond you are of dogs, and I'm sure you'll soon like this one." Emma was, of course, pleased and gratified with the gift, and gave her brother an extra kiss as payment for Tiney. Sure enough the evening did pass much more cheerfully, though she had only a stupid, little, long-eared "how-wow" to talk to, and she sat, with glistening eyes, expecting George, being sure that he would be as pleased with Tiney as she was.

When the young husband came home, he was received with the accustomed kind words and comfortable meal, and due presentation of Tiney; but George frowned on the little animal with a look of supreme contempt, and angrily said, "What do you want with that beast; haven't you got enough to employ you without a dog? you had better give it back to Harry to-morrow,—I won't have it here." These few words turned poor Emma's heart into an icicle; and, if we might reveal the secret thoughts that flashed across her brain, we should tell of a momentary impression that George was unkind and somewhat tyrannical, but she smothered her feelings, and said nothing. Tiney was kept for a day or two, but when George saw Emma caress it, or give it food, he betrayed symptoms of ridiculous and pettish jealousy which rendered her unhappy, and, at last, Tiney was given back to Harry. "Well," said her brother, as he took the animal, "I did not think that George was so selfish; you are all day long by yourself, and he goes to his club, and 'Mechanics' three or four times a week, and does everything he likes, and yet he won't let you have

a little dog to keep you company. I think he's very unkind, Emma, but you mustn't mind it."

Emma did mind it though, and had a "good cry" by herself, not that she cared so much about the relic of King Charles, as about George's selfishness in denying her such an innocent indulgence; and it is hardly to be wondered at, that when he returned home that night, and sat down to his music, Emma went up stairs, and commenced needlework in the bedroom. She had no taste for music, and if George would not tolerate her little spaniel, why should she be plagued with his scraping. Days went on, and matters did not mend. George saw he had pained his young wife, but he was too proud to "give way," and rather in dictatorial supremacy, adopted a sort of cold distance toward her. Emma was human as well as he, and though expected by all moral and practical teaching to submit to George's authority with amiable patience and dove-like docility, we must confess that she felt his "rule" rather unnecessarily exacting; and while she remembered how often he stayed out of an evening to gratify his own wish, and how he kept rabbits in the garden, and how he spent his money in "chopping and changing" of fiddles,—why, then a sense of injustice arose in her bosom, and she positively began to agree with her brother, that George was somewhat selfish;—and George was selfish; he possessed the distinguishing characteristic which marks many men, a love of sway in his home, even in the smallest matters, and he thought his manly prerogative invaded if his word or will met with the slightest resistance. He was deeply attached to his wife, but his wife must have no interest in anything but himself. She was to wait for him, and wait on him; she was not to gossip with Mrs. Simpson next door, though he kept up a considerable talk with his fellow workmen all day long. She must give up a long-promised visit to Windsor on her birthday, because George had an invitation to a "club dinner at Hampstead;" in short, she was to be a "perfect" woman, and he above all the little weaknesses which mark our frail nature, whilst he was to be indulged in any fancy that chose to come uppermost. George certainly was a little selfish, and had now made the first serious false step on his domestic boards.

Emma was less attentive to his comforts, and less particular in studying his will, than she had hitherto been, and George resented the neglect smartly. Small quarrels arose, and happiness seemed taking flight from the little dwelling. George stayed out oftener, and Emma found it more dull than ever; at last, he continually saw traces of tears on her face when he returned, and his conscience began to get uneasy. He was good at heart, and when Harry asked him one day "why he

left Emma so much by herself?" he grew rather red in the face, and changed the subject as soon as possible. But the question clung to him; he began to think that he had not been quite as considerate of Emma's pleasures as a husband ought to have been, and, in fact, he was rather ashamed of Harry's remarks on his sister's very reclusive life. It so happened that George was engaged that night at a debating society, but he suddenly thought he would not go, and, turning to his brother-in-law, said, "Have you got that little spaniel yet that you gave Emma?" "Yes," replied Harry, "my wife and young'un dote on him; but I wish you had let Emma keep him, for I think she fretted at your unkindness in sending it back; you know she is a capital girl, and makes a good wife, and you might have let her have a bit of a dog, just to keep her company when you were out." "Well," said George, "do me a favor, Harry, and let me give Tiney back to her."

Harry was truly glad, for he was aware of his brother-in-law's besetting sin, and the spaniel was carefully tucked under George's arm, when he left the shop. "Here, Emma," said he, as he entered his neat parlor, "I have brought back Tiney, and you must take care of him for my sake; I'm not going to the club, but if you'll put on your bonnet we'll have a walk, and buy him a collar." Poor Emma never looked at the dog, but flung her arms about George's neck, and kissed him, while great big tears were rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, George," she exclaimed, "and will you indeed let me keep him without being jealous or angry? I did think it very unkind of you to be so cross about a trifle, and I know I have not been so good as I ought to be ever since, but now I feel quite happy, and you are my own dear George again." The young couple went out for their walk, and George began to find that he lost nothing by conferring a little attention upon Emma, for her extra cheerfulness became contagious, and he was happier than he had been for a month. On their return they met Harry and his wife, and while the two women went on, Harry took the opportunity of telling his shepmate "a bit of his mind." "I tell you what, George," said he, "you'll find it won't do to expect a wife to think of nothing else than cooking and stitching; and to stop at home for ever; they want some amusement, and some change as well as we do, and I don't think it's right of us to go out to our clubs so often and leave them at home sitting up for us; it isn't fair, and we can't expect 'em to be so mighty good tempered when we do come home; and I say it was very stupid of you not to let Emma keep Tiney; women that love dogs, and birds, and dumb things, are always fonder of their husbands and children than other women. You've got your fiddle and your rabbits, you know, and why shouldn't Emma have that bit

of a dog? Take my word for it, George, that a man is a great fool when he acts like a selfish master instead of a kind husband." George slightly winced under this rough truth; but certain it is, that he laid the counsel up and acted upon it.

Some three years pass on since these humble incidents occurred, and what do we see? There is big George dancing little George after the most approved headlong fashion; and there is Emma holding up Tiney for little George's express delectation, while the popular nursery theme of "Catch'er, catch'er, catch'er," is a signal for Tiney's silken ears to be clutched at most unceremoniously by the juvenile gentleman. And now we see the quartette on Hampstead Heath, in the summer twilight, where the duodecimo Clayton makes a dozen consecutive somersets over as many pebbles while in full pursuit of Tiney's tail.

"Why, dear me, George," said Emma, suddenly, "this is the day you always went to the bean feast." "I know it is," replies he; "but it always cost me a good bit of money, and I always had a headache the next day, so I think I'm quite as well off there with you and my boy. His young wife gives him a look which does him more good than a pot of ale would." "Thanks to Tiney and your brother Harry," continues George, "I am not so selfish in my pleasures as I used to be; I had a sort of notion when I was first married, that you were to do everything I wanted, and I'm not quite so sure that I had a notion about caring for your wishes; but when I sent Tiney away, and found you crying upstairs of a night, I began to talk to myself, and thought I had not been quite so kind as I ought to have been; and then Harry said something to me, and so, you see, I've been a better fellow ever since; now, haven't I, Emma?" There is no occasion to record Emma's reply.

Years have now rolled on; we could now point to George Clayton as chief and wealthy agent to great building contractors, and to a descendant of Tiney, who claims especial favor in his household. Emma is as fond of George as ever, and has never neglected him, though he permitted her to keep a little spaniel, and took her out for a holiday ramble when he might have been at a bean feast.

There are seven young Claytons flourishing "fast and fair,"—boys and girls—but we observe that George never permits that masculine domination to exist which deforms the social justice, and ultimate moral and mental happiness of so many families; he permits his daughters to wait upon his sons, but he is equally watchful that his sons should wait upon the daughters. We overheard him the other day talking to his eldest boy, just turned eighteen, "George," said he, "if ever you marry, be sure you don't expect too much of your wife; I should never have been as

rich and happy as I am if I had been a 'selfish master' instead of a 'kind husband.'" These "simple annals" are founded on fact, not imagination; and let every young, aye and old married man learn something from them.

PETER POSTLETHWAITE:

THE MAN WHO HAD "A WAY OF HIS OWN."

In the middle of the last century,—before dwellers in far-off provincial places had learnt to imitate fine fashions which London imports from Paris, and when people chose their garments for capability of biding wear and tear, and not for show,—there lived in the market-place of Sticklewick in Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a notable fabricator of leathern inexpressibles, named Peter Postlethwaite. Peter was no slop-seller. There was simply one pair of the very useful and indispensable article he manufactured hung out over his shop-door by way of sign, but not for sale. Peter worked to order, and not otherwise: and in the acceptance of orders he was not resembled by any stitcher of buckskin within fifty miles of Sticklewick.

"I have a way of my own," Peter used to say; but it would not be easy to say what his way was. The rich were among his customers; yet, it is very certain, Peter did not prefer them. Courtesy he invariably showed when declining the orders of the rich; but no courtesy on their part could persuade him to oblige them against his disinclination. As for threatening him with displeasure, or a withdrawal of custom, nobody ever tried such methods with Peter Postlethwaite: it was known they would not avail with him.

Squire Fullitt, lord of the neighbouring manor, called at Peter's shop-door one morning in spring, just as he had called two seasons before, with a very winning look.

"Good morning, Peter," he began; "I hope you will oblige me for this next season. I like your make and fit better than any other tailor's. Besides, your seams never burst; and, you know, that's a great matter to me, for I stick at nothing,—hedge, ditch, or gate, and am always first in at the death."

"I know it, squire; and I honour ye for your bold riding," replied Peter, with a peculiar humour about the mouth, which the squire did not perceive; "but I cannot have the honour of serving you this season, squire."

"You can't Peter! why, you have not obliged me for two seasons past. What the deuce is the reason why you refuse me this time?"

"I should not be able to serve ye on this side Christmas, squire; and I could not think of being so unhandsome to ye as to keep ye waiting for eight months."

"Then why, man, don't you act sensibly,

like other tailors, and hire journeymen, since you have more orders than you can fulfil yourself?"

"Ah, squire! I'm afraid their seams would burst."

The squire still did not perceive the droll twitch about the corners of Peter's mouth.

"Come, come," he urged, "do try to oblige me this time. Put somebody off."

"Thank ye, squire: but I never do that," Peter said.

"You don't! and why not? Tom Lookfair will oblige me in that way any time."

"That may be his way; but I have a way of my own," Peter replied, with a shake of his head.

The squire turned from the shop-door hastily, thrust the hook of his whip into his mouth, and walked off angrily, not giving Peter "Good day!" but murmuring, "Confound this way of his own!"

Now, all the simple Sticklewickers had a strong regard for Peter; but neither did they understand this "way of his own." It was a mystery they often talked over; but none of them could interpret it. There was a current report—and it was held to be as credible as it was wonderful—that the parson of the parish had tried to comprehend Peter's "way." That he had gone to be measured for a pair of leathern nether habiliments himself on the very day that Squire Fullitt had indignantly told him of Peter Postlethwaite's refusal, and again had failed to comprehend Peter's "way."

This current report enhanced the public estimate of Peter's profundity of mind, by the words it attributed to him in his conversation with the good parson, which remarkable conversation ran thus:—

"Good day, Mr. Postlethwaite," began the vicar, looking through his spectacles over the half-door, as the tailor sat at work; "I want you to measure me for an article in your way, if you please."

Peter opened the little half-door in a trice, welcoming his visitor with a polite bow, but proceeding to put questions which somewhat surprised the vicar:—

"Highly honoured, reverend sir, by your visit, and by the offer of your patronage; but since this is the first offer, may I ask why you make it?"

"Why I make it!" repeated the vicar, in astonishment, staring first through his spectacles at Peter, and then over them.

"Yes, sir; no offence, your reverence; but, why do you make me the offer of your patronage?"

Bless me, Mr. Postlethwaite, what a strange question: why, because I want the breeches to wear, to be sure!"

"Did your reverence ever wear a pair made of leather before?"

"No—never—before," answered the good parson, slowly; "but what of that?"

"Pray, sir, may I ask if your reverence is purposing to join Squire Fulltilt's hounds the next season?"

"No, Mr. Postlethwaite; certainly not. I think I have something better to do—"

"I think so too, sir, and I am glad to hear you say so," observed Peter, interrupting the parson, and immediately proceeding busily to handle the measuring-strip. "Thank you, sir," he said, when he had taken the parson's measure; "you shall have them home by the end of next week, sir."

"Next week," repeated the vicar, in a marked tone, and looking full at Peter in such a manner as he imagined would perplex and confound the workman in buckskin; "if you can serve me by the end of next week, how was it that you told Squire Fulltilt you could not oblige him for eight months to come! I answered your questions: will you answer mine?"

"Your reverence," replied Peter, "I have a way of my own."

"Why—yes—Mr. Postlethwaite," rejoined the parson, doubtfully, "so they tell me you always say; but I cannot understand your way. Pray may I ask—"

"Pardon me, reverend sir," interrupted Peter, with a very polite obeisance, "I honor and respect you as an excellent Protestant clergyman: I say, Protestant. But you know, sir, to insist on auricular confession is—Popish!"

"I beg pardon—I beg pardon, Mr. Postlethwaite. Good day—good day!" said the parson, hurrying away from Peter's shop to the vicarage, where he rehearsed the dialogue to his intelligent spouse three times during the evening, and was as often told that he deserved his rebuff for his busy meddling.

"My dear, I can't forget it," said the parson, rising the third time from his arm-chair.

"My dear, I hope you never will forget it," observed his affectionate comforter.

"If the man had given me any civil and respectful reason for declining to answer my questions, I would not have cared; but to insinuate that I wished to put rank Popery into practice,—it was impertinent! Upon my word, I have a good mind to go and countermand the order!"

"I hope you will not do anything so foolish. You should not have given him an order for an article that you will never want. But, to go now and countermand it—why, the man would raise the laughter of the whole parish against you!"

"I fear he would. You are right, my dear," granted the vicar, re-seating himself in the arm-chair, with the resolution to be quiet. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, after musing uneasily some minutes, "why, yesterday, was St. Mark's Eve!"

"And what of that?" asked the lady, in surprise at her husband's new excitement.

"What of that! Don't you remember that they say Postlethwaite always watches through St. Mark's Eve in the church-porch?"

"Watches in the church-porch! For what?"

"For the—the—visions, you know, my dear; visions of all the people in the parish who are to be brought into the church this year as corpses, and of all the couples who are to enter it to be married."

The lady burst into a fit of laughter. "So, I suppose you have jumped to the conclusion that Peter Postlethwaite has had a vision of Squire Fulltilt's corpse in the church-porch, and therefore has refused to oblige him!" said the lady.

The good parson, after a round of visits the next morning among his parishioners, returned to the vicarage in a very determined state of mind.

"My dear, I must, and will," he commenced, the moment he entered the parlour, "I must and will go again to this strange man, Postlethwaite, and either obtain a satisfactory answer from him about this 'way of his own,' as he calls it, or countermand my order, and have no more to do with him. The whole parish is in a buzz to-day with the reports of the visions he has had in the church-porch on the night before last—St. Mark's Eve, you know. And if he be an impudent impostor, playing on the weakness of his neighbours,—which I shrewdly suspect to be the fact, he deserves to be punished."

"Then, since you 'must and will' go, as you say," said the lady quietly; "let me beg that you will not commit yourself by letting the man suspect that you believe him guilty of the folly people attribute to him."

"Well, my dear, I will be discreet," promised the earnest vicar; "but I must and will have the truth out of him."

At the end of the steeple leading from the parsonage the vicar slackened the hasty pace with which he had set out,—for there was Peter Postlethwaite, talking to a poor man in very shabby nether garments.

"You must patch 'em for me once more," the parson heard the poor man say.

"I can't. They'll not 'bide patching again," was the sharp answer that Peter returned. "Come and be measured for a new pair," he added.

"I can't afford a new pair," objected the poor man.

"Nonsense! come and be measured, I say," pronounced Peter, decisively,—and off he went.

The parson marked that the poor man looked after Peter with a smile. The next moment the man touched his hat to the vicar, who had half a wish to ask him a few questions about Peter, but suppressed it,—for another man was speaking to the tailor. The vicar

could not hear this man's first words; but saw Peter give a very formidable shake of the head. Again the man seemed to entreat Peter.

"No," Peter answered loudly, "and—beware!"

"Mercy on me! Ha' ye seen my shadow in the porch?" gasped the man looking affrighted.

Peter left the man answerless, stalked away, and regained his shop. A minute after, the vicar stood at the half-door, and looked over it.

"Mr. Postlethwaite, can I have a word with you?" said the vicar.

"Twenty, sir, if you please," answered Peter; and quickly opened the door, to let in the good parson.

"I have an important question to ask you; and, though I do not come to play the Popish inquisitor with you, I conjure you to answer it, as you value the health of your soul—your welfare here and hereafter!"

The vicar pronounced these words so solemnly, that Peter looked serious, and then requested his reverend visitor, very respectfully, to walk into an inner apartment, that they might talk without interruption. Once seated in a room which, though small, was better stored with books than any room in Sticklewick, except his own study, the parson felt extreme difficulty in commencing the "case of conscience." Lo! and behold! there were the multitudinous volumes of Archbishop Tillotson on Peter's shelves; and there were golden tongued Jeremy Taylor, and majestic Hooker, and the witty and instructive Bishop Hall, and many other great divines of the Church of England. Peter must be not only a true churchman, but a very sensible man, the parson reflected, if minds like these were his companions. The parson was quite taken aback. He had not entertained the least shadow of imagination that Peter was a person of really intellectual habits, although it now rushed upon his recollection that he had often thought Peter's manner, with all its eccentricity marked the man of thought.

Peter sat and waited respectfully; but the vicar's eyes still wandered over the bookshelves. But he must say something, and so he made an effort: and after a few prefatory words commending the sound teaching of some of the great authors on the shelves, he struck a severe blow, by way of *invento*, at the heinous criminality of those who, despite their enlightenment from such teaching, live immoral lives, and resort to unhalloved practices. Postlethwaite assented most respectfully to the truth of the vicar's observations; but sat with provoking unconscientiousness that they were meant for any party there present. The good parson now held himself conscientiously bound to be plain, and to strike home. What were the exact words he used, the vicar could never remember in after

years: he could only certify that he poured forth a volume of objugations about Peter's "way of his own;" and the watching in the church-porch on St. Mark's Eve; and the refusal of Equire Fullilt; and of the ragged poor man in the street, with a "beware;" and the favour shown by Peter to the other poor man; and a score of scandalous reports about Peter's visions; and that Peter sat and received the torrent with such a look of amused wonder as was indescribable. The good parson's memory as to what Peter replied was more perfect. Peter set out with a question.

"Pray, sir," he asked, "has any one told you that I said I had watched in the church-porch at St. Mark's Eve, either in this year, or any former year?"

"No, Mr. Postlethwaite; not exactly that," answered the vicar; "though everybody in Sticklewick talks of it as an undoubted fact. But you seem a very different man from what I took you to be by report, and I feel that I ought to beg your pardon for having credited, even in the smallest degree, a report so prejudicial to you, as well as so absurd."

"You shall not ask my pardon, reverend sir," said Peter, with a kindly dignity which surprised the vicar. "I know that impressions are often made on our minds by the gossiping industry with which scores around us assert their convictions. I reverence your office, and I love you for your personal benevolence; and, in order to relieve you of any remaining uneasy impression, I will now endeavour to satisfy you as to this 'way of my own.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Postlethwaite, thank you!" said the vicar, eagerly; for, notwithstanding that his estimate of Peter's true character was rapidly changing, he felt very fidgety for the full explanation.

"Very early in life, sir, I became a diligent reader," commenced Peter: "this habit, together with a disappointment of a tender nature,—which, I trust, you will excuse me if I do not further allude to,—gave me a dislike to the company of inns and such like places of resort; and, perhaps I ought to say, to the ordinary conversation of men—though I really am not soured against my species. I only dislike the selfishness and other vice by which I see so many are enthralled and degraded. And I dislike vice as much in the high as in the low. I consider that the rich, who are only the permitted stewards of wealth, under providence, are vicious when they waste their riches on low and useless pleasures, such as keeping packs of hounds, and pursuing fox-hunting as the chief end of existence. Being a free Englishman who possesses the skill to earn a good livelihood, I exercise what I conceive to be my right to refuse to work for Squire Fullilt."

"It is your right, certainly, if you choose to

exercise it, Mr. Postlethwaite," interjected the parson, "but, don't you think you are carrying your right to an extreme?"

"It may be so, reverend sir," yielded Peter; "but it is 'my way;' and I am telling you what my 'way' is, at the risk of your deeming it whimsical. Take no offence, sir, when I say that I should still more resolutely have refused to take your order if you had confessed that you intended to violate the excellent pastoral character which has distinguished you ever since you became our vicar, by joining the squire's hunting parties."

"There I think you would have done right," avowed the good parson. "I do not like to speak uncharitably of any of my brethren of the cloth, being too sensible that I have my own imperfections; but I regard the dissipated habits of some clergymen that I could name as very condemnable."

"I am happy that your reverence approves my 'way' in some degree," Peter went on: "and now let me briefly explain my conduct towards the two labouring men I met in the street. The poor man to whom I spoke encouragingly has a very large family, and, of course, it holds him down in the world. Yet he is honest, sober, and industrious. I can afford to trust him for the new article he so much needs. And even if some unforeseen calamity should overtake him, and I should never get the money—why, I have neither chick nor child to provide for: the loss would not ruin me; and I should have pleasure in reflecting that I had benefited a deserving poor man."

"Mr. Postlethwaite, your 'way' is very creditable to you," burst in the sensitive clergyman.

"The other poor man is an habitual drunkard," continued Peter, without seeming to hear the vicar; "he earns more than the sober poor man; but he wastes nearly all he gets. Now, I hold that I am not bound to work for the encouragement of drunkenness, any more than I am for supplying the demands of people who keep up packs of useless hounds. I have trusted that drunken man twice, and he has been three years in my debt. I have reasoned with him, and rebuked him, for his vices; but he does not change. Today, I finally denied him; and I told him that if he did not reform, he would soon be laid in the churchyard beside his father, who drank himself to death; and the last word I said to him, as you heard sir, was 'beware.'"

"Just so: and then he made that peculiar observation."

"Such peculiar observations he and others have often made, your reverence," resumed Peter, anxious to come to an end; "and I know that the report is circulated, from year to year, that I watch in the church-porch at St. Mark's Eve. How such a notion ever arose I cannot tell. Perhaps it may first have

arisen from people's knowledge that I am fond of books and am thus unlike my plain neighbours; and that I am often seen crossing the churchyard at unusual hours, early and late, my solitary walks for thinking lying in that direction. Students and solitaries, your reverence knows, have in nearly all ages and countries been accused of 'unhallowed practices.'"

"I ought to have had more sense than to accuse you of them, Mr. Postlethwaite," confessed the vicar, catching the meaning of the droll twitch about Peter's mouth; "but I cannot forbear to ask you one more question: since you have known for so long a time that this absurd report was in circulation respecting you, why did you not do all in your power to banish such superstitious notions from among the people?"

"Perhaps I am blameable," acknowledged Peter, "in having taken a little sly pleasure in letting folks talk such nonsense, and laughing at them in my sleeve. The cynical philosophy is not the most humane, I own. But,"—and the tailor stopped, and looked with a gentle smile at the parson, lest the edge of the rejoinder he was about to utter should be felt too keenly,—“but, you know, sir, my calling is to make nether garments in buckskin: it is your's to correct men's hearts and heads. To whom, then, does it belong so strictly as to yourself in this parish to do all in your power to banish superstitious notions from among the people?"

"My good friend," replied the honest parson, rising and taking Peter's hand, "you give me the rebuke I most justly deserve. I will endeavour to perform that part—that important part of my duty, for the future. I thank you for having so patiently borne with me, and explained this 'way of your own. And whenever any of my parishioners speak of your 'way' again in my hearing, I shall tell them that I wish every man's 'way' was as good as Peter Postlethwaite's."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

We should look carefully into the conduct and abilities of our schoolmasters; it is hardly safe to give the acorn, the seed of what will be England's glory, to the keeping of the hogs.

Did we not see it, we would not believe that any man could be conceited because a horse runs fast.

When Vice is united to Fortune she changes her name.

Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as Knowledge.

Virtue is not more exempt than Vice from the ills of Fate, but it contains within itself always an energy to resist them, sometimes an anodyne to soothe.

If we seize too rapidly, we may have to drop as hastily.

PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

So rapid has been the extension of electro-telegraphic communication throughout the world, that we might almost fancy the subtle agent had something to do with its own propagation. Gunpowder took a century or two to make the tour of Europe and prove its superiority to bows and arrows; and steam-engines panted and puffed for many a year before the world thought it worth while to turn them to account. How different the progress of the electric telegraph! It was in 1837 that Wheatstone took out his first patent, and its first application in this country was made on the short railway from London to Blackwall.

Now, as appears by the Electric Telegraph Company's Report, we have nearly 6000 miles of telegraph, comprising more than 21,000 miles of wire—almost enough to stretch round the globe; and for the dispatch-service, there are 150 stations besides those in London. From the central office behind the Bank of England, communications are established with all parts of the kingdom, along the lines of railway, and messages may be sent at any hour of the day or night. The railway business alone keeps the telegraph clerks pretty actively employed; and when to this are added the messages from government and the general public, some idea may be formed of the amount of work to be done. During the elections of 1852, the state of the poll at every hour was transmitted to head-quarters. More than 10,000 such messages were sent in that short but eventful period. Sporting gentlemen all over the kingdom are now informed of the result of a race soon after the winning-horse has come to the post. The state of the weather is flashed to London every day from numerous localities for publication in a morning paper; and whenever desirable, the information can be obtained from twenty of the furthest off stations in the country within half an hour. A fashionable dame at the West End having set her heart on a villa in the sunny environs of Florence, her lord hired it for her by a telegraphic message. On the top of the office in the Strand, a time-ball indicates one o'clock to the whole neighborhood simultaneously with the ball on the observatory at Greenwich, and a clock erected on a pillar in the street opposite tells Greenwich time by the same apparatus. It is under consideration to establish a similar contrivance at different parts of the coast, so as to enable the masters of vessels to get the true time while on their way to port; and in foggy weather, the electric spark is to fire a cannon precisely at one o'clock, instead of dropping a ball. Soon we shall have to report, that the difference of longitude between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris has been de-

termined by telegraph. The difference as at present known is nine minutes, twenty seconds and a half: should it be confirmed, it will say something for the accuracy of past observations.

The prospect of profit appears so good, that the United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company are going to work in earnest. Their wires will be laid under-ground in pipes, following generally the turnpike-roads; and they propose to lease the exclusive use of a wire to any one desiring it. Seeing that one house alone, in London, pays £1000 a year for telegraphic messages, there is good reason to believe that a wire may be rented with benefit to both parties. The company have engaged the services of Mr. Wheatstone, and intend to send shilling messages, and have thus possessed themselves of two elements of success—ability and cheapness. Already an underground telegraph is laid on the old turnpike-road from London to Dover, and it is by this that those brief but important paragraphs of news from the continent which appear in the morning papers are transmitted. Not only are the railway stations of the metropolis connected with each other by underground wires, but the Post-office, Admiralty, and other government offices, the chief station of police, the Houses of Parliament, and some of the leading clubs, are also interwired. The authorities can now send orders, quick as thought, to detain a mail-packet, to despatch a frigate from any of the outports, or expedite equipments at the dock-yards. Gentleman sitting at dinner in the Reform Club in Pall Mall, have instantaneous notice every quarter of an hour of what is going on in "the House," so as to enable them to know whether they may take another glass of wine before "going down," or not.

Most of this progress has been accomplished since 1850, as also the laying down of the under-sea communications. It was in August 1850, that the possibility of sending a message through the Straits of Dover was demonstrated, as though to stimulate ingenuity, for the wire was broken by an unfortunate accident, and the work delayed for many months. The experiment was repeated towards the close of 1851 with entire success, which has not been once interrupted. Future historians will perhaps be struck by the fact, that the first news sent by the wire was of the famous *coup d'état* of the 2d December. If it was then remarked that England had lost her insular position, what shall be said now, when we have a second wire running to Middlekirk, near Ostend, and a third from Orfordness to Scheveningen on the Dutch coast, 119 miles in length? The latter wire was worthily inaugurated on the 14th June last, by the flashing across of the king of Holland's opening speech to his Chambers. Then there are two wires across the Irish Channel; and a third is

talked of, to run from the Mull of Cantyre to Fairhead. Ireland, too, is less insulated than before. By means of these under-sea wires, we can now communicate with most parts of the continent. The Dutch line gives us the shortest route to Copenhagen; and now that wires are sunk across the Great and Little Belts, we can hold telegraphic talk with the Danish capital. Through the Belgian wire, we reach Prussia, thence to Cracow and Warsaw, and on to St. Petersburg; or we may diverge the course of the message to Vienna, and have it forwarded to Trieste, 325 miles further, where it will overtake the Indian mail. The Czar is stretching wires from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and to his ports on the Baltic and Black Seas; and before long, when he wants to quarrel with the Sultan, he will be able to do so with less delay than at present. The Turk, on his part, is thinking he would like to have a telegraph; and should he realise his wishes, Muscovite and Moslem may intercommunicate with equal celerity. Perth on the Tay may now, if she will, hold a "crack" with Pesth on the Danube; and Manchester ask Marseilles for the earliest quotations on Egyptian cotton.

At first, most of the German wires were laid underground, but in many places those stretched on posts have been substituted, as more generally serviceable. They are no longer confined to the railways, but are carried to such routes as are most suitable; and soon the miles of telegraph will outnumber those of railways. Austria has about 4000 miles of telegraph, and the other parts of Germany about as many. The wires are penetrating the valleys of Switzerland, and creeping up the slopes of the Alps: Spain has found out their use, but to a very limited extent: Italy has a few score miles; and in Piedmont, Mons. Borelli, the engineer, has done wonders with them. While waiting the completion of the railway between Turin and Genoa, it was thought desirable to connect the two cities by telegraph; and to effect this, the wires are carried over precipitous steeps, stretched across valleys nearly a mile in width, and buried in some places, where no other mode was possible. The way in which the difficulties of the ground are overcome is said to excel anything similar in Europe.

The Italian wires are to be connected with Corsica and Sardinia by lines sunk in the dividing channels; and from the southernmost cape of Sardinia they will be carried to Africa, striking the mainland a few miles west of Tunis, from which point it will not be difficult to reach Algeria, Egypt, and ultimately India. One stage, from the Nile to the Red Sea, will ere long be complete; and in India itself preparations are being made for the construction of 3000 miles of telegraph.

The establishment of the electric telegraph

in France has been slower than in other countries; but there are now lines which radiate from Paris to Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Toulouse, Havre, Dieppe, Calais, and Strasbourg; and by the close of the present year, the chief towns of each department will be connected with the Ministry of the Interior. The government is master of all the lines; by way of Strasbourg they now reach Germany independently of Belgium; and in that city the French office and the Baden offices are side by side. Besides their own private despatches, no secret messages are sent, except certain diplomatic matters, and the news brought by the Indian mail to Marseilles. The latter is at once flashed onwards to London. Paris time is adopted on the lines all over France.

The vast extent of the United States has caused a greater extension of the telegraph than in any other country; it is now but little short of 30,000 miles, including Canada. There are two direct lines from Philadelphia to New Orleans. Projects are talked of, one of them sanctioned by Congress, for lines from Natchez, on the Mississippi, to San Francisco, a distance of 3000 miles; and from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, and from Missouri to Oregon, with a post of cavalry at every twenty miles to guard the wires, and ride with despatches. Another is to annex Cuba by means of a wire sunk across the channel which separates that island from Florida: it will need to be strong to resist the action of the Gulf-stream, which there flows with great rapidity. In New York and Boston all the fire-stations are connected by telegraph, and alarms are made known with a promptitude that averts much mischief. Private telegraphs, too, are greatly used in the large trading towns.

Much has been said by projectors about an under-sea telegraph to America; but it is a question whether in such a distance the currents generated in the wire by natural causes would not prove fatal to the transmission of an impulse from one extremity to the other. Some physicists believe that the experiment would not succeed from Galway to Newfoundland, which is not more than half the breadth of the Atlantic; and they state the practicable route to be by crossing Behring's Strait; or to run a wire from the Shetlands to the Faroes and Iceland, thence to Greenland, and on to Labrador and Nova Scotia. This task, however, remains for future enterprise, and will some day form an important chapter in the history of the electric telegraph.

There is a great difference between seeking to raise a laugh from everything; and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.

He who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.

Frankness is the stoicism of true friendship.

HYMN ON THE MORNING.

BY RICHARD CRASHAW.

* * * * * O Thou
 Bright Lady of the morn! pity doth lie
 So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die—
 Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise,
 O meet the angry God, invade his eyes.
 ————So my wakeful lay shall knock
 On th' oriental gates, and duly mock
 The early lark's shrill orisons, to be
 An anthem at the day's nativity.
 And the same rosy-fingered hand of thine,
 That shuts night's dying eyes shall open mine;
 But thou faint god of sleep, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary.
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thee,
 Myself a melting sacrifice; I'm born
 Again a fresh child of the buxom morn.
 Heir of the Sun's first beams, why threat'st thou so?
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? Go,
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
 Sickness and sorrow, whose pale like lids ne'er know
 Thy downy finger: dwell upon their eyes,
 Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries!

THE SOUTHCOTEAN SECT.

THIS singular sect, whose head quarters were at Ashton-under-Line, near Manchester, are distinguished by their professing to believe in the forthcoming second appearance of Christ on earth; (the long-expected arrival of Shiloh having not taken place according to the prediction of the celebrated female whose name they bear;) by their adopting uniformity of dress; by their men wearing large bushy beards, or paying a fine to their church for exemption; by their having a chapel, the timber of which is said to be cedar from Lebanon; by their having a powerful military band to accompany their devotional singing; by the professed belief that their prophets (men who occupy their pulpits) can hold personal conference with the Deity; by the stated expectation that they shall ride to Jerusalem on white asses to commence the millennium; and by a thousand other singularities.

Their code of laws, which are in the form of a series of resolutions, are curiously written. The words would be English if the skeleton were filled up; but only one or more of the first letters are used; and we must leave our readers to decipher the record if they can, not choosing to act the part of interpreters ourselves further than giving a clue to the whole. It will be observed that the first ten parts are written in the order of the commandments. In the 12th there is a resolution not to smoke or chew tobacco, or take snuff; in the 21st—5, there is a statement of the days on

which meat or fish may be eaten; and in the 20th—7, there is a determination of not writing a second letter to a female if the first be not answered "between and the new moon." The sect often call themselves Israelites, and their code is entitled the Seal of the Covenant. It is probably the office of the prophets to expound the whole of these apparently-cabalistic sentences; and the backslider who has allowed us to copy it, as a specimen of the literature of the age, has not explained to us more than a few passages of it, one of which we have omitted, for particular reasons.

THE SEA— OF THE COV——.

I.

1. I w h a n o f G b h w liv.
2. An I w se th t ke th ne Cov w th ha ma wi tho o Isr.

II.

1. I w n ma t lik o a thi th th ha ere o cau to gr.
2. N ha th i m pos.
3. N tra, o g a b th.

III.

1. I w n ta th na i v.

IV.

1. I w rem t sab t ke i h.
2. I w n la o t sev d, Sat, i I ha ju me t k it wit.
3. N re ne, wor be.
4. N s o l f o a jou wh w hin m fr mee wi th peo Isr.
5. I w n tra du t ho fr sev o Sat eve t eig o Sun mor, ex t mee o m h.
6. M ani sh n la af s o'el o h ha o th, unl i b t, con m t me wi t peco.
7. Fr sev t eig o'el o Sat eve a Sun mor I w n kin o st a fr, o su a can o al m ser t d i.
8. I I b a ser, I m d nec thi o t Sab, exc in t h fr sev, t eig, eve a mor.
9. Whi I ha t Se o t Cov, I w c n ani foo o unl bre f te da bef t mar a te aft; ev thi ye twe da bef, a twe aft.
10. I w ca n ani fo o Sat, n Sun, n ne no.
11. N cor m chi o ser wh ar ab t ag o sev yea o te da.
12. Wh I ap bef th I wi b cle a i m be clo, a ha n cot up m.
13. I w n div a thi th i re, sa, o do a th tim, to t wor o unc.
14. I I can att a t mee, I w n kr t Sab ho wi t wor o t unc.
15. I thr sic o acc I can I m ser at t mee, nei eve n mor, I w ca hi o he t g to t Com o Sun mor to he t wa.
16. I I d n att t mee nei eve n mor I w se a tic sig m rca.
17. I w h m ho clo bef t su s o Fri, i I b ab.
18. I w ke ev ne moo ho unt th.
19. I w n lab i t ho fr sev t eig exc t La o tian bime;
20. B w app bef th i t San o bra San i m be clo, a m hea ano w mo pre oin o oi, to pre m f t cha fro mor t imm.
21. I I b abs, I w pre t Se o t Cov bef th i m rig han. o i b sic i be, or o wat, I w pre i bef th.
22. I w n beg a wor o jou th w pre m app bef th.
23. O t d o t ne moo n sha rid w m i m car w a n see ex chi und t ag o fou wh par ar sea.

- V.
1. I w hon m fat and mot acc t t l.
- VI.
1. wn ki.
- VII.
1. I w n co adu.
2. I w no unc t nak o cit ma o wo wi a e int.
- VIII.
1. I w n ste.
- IX.
1. I w n be fa wit.
2. I wn ta a fa oat.
3. I w n li.
4. I w n rai ag th th a jo i to cov.
5. I w n sa t a beg I no t sp o I ca gi yan th (i I hi) bu sa, I w n re y.
6. I w n sa t a bor I ha not (i I h) i I n l l i t l e, I w sa, I wh l e t yo.
- X.
1. I wn cov a thi th i n m ow.
- XI.
1. I w re th ev mon.
- XII.
1. I w n smo, o ch tob, o ta sn.
- XIII.
1. I w n cmp a doc exc facc, o a t poi o dea.
- XIV.
1. I w n g dru.
- XV.
1. I w n ha fal ha app.
2. I wn ha m hat cu sh th th in,
3. N le on pa lo th ano.
4. I w n cu m bea.
5. N dro ha wil t thr i ou o sh.
- XVI.
1. I w n ha uns ani.
2. N o ha cu o pl fro th, n th f i e cu, i l ha n par of t wo.
3. I w ke t gee goo.
4. An hav "Hol to t Kin," on t fro pa o t bri, if I ha no par o t wor.
5. I I ha a hor n m col, I w n ke it if on o m bre wan it.
6. I w h a ju wei a ju mea.
7. I w n adu.
8. I w n ha an car ves o ves o gl, o sto, th is bro, sni, or cra, so tha it w n hol tis fu qua o wat.
9. I w n mak a thi o hon, exc t bon o t wha; bu t too o t etc, a t hor of bea I ma use.
- XVIII.
1. I w ha m hou sea eve thr yea, whi i a t mar o t sea;
2. An giv a acc o t val o m pro, to thou o Isr, if I hav an.
- XIX.
1. I w end to p a m ju deb.
2. I w set w m ser eve si da, whi is Fri, i I ha ju me, a at lea ev ne mo.
3. I w pa fo a sea i t San.
4. I w pa fo m clo whe I ord, if I ha it i m pow, bu i no i m pow, I w pa o ha I ord i, an t o t ha w I re i.
5. I w n pu me t in bu int Isr Ba.
- XX.
1. I w a jo a com, o ma lea w t wor, o vot o int.

2. I w n rec t kin oo as a sol, o hi; i b lot I w rel mys i I b ab o ho i m st.
3. I w n mar a unb, o wa wo wh i n in t Cov t tur me fro th la.
4. I w n g t la wi m bro or sis; i th cas ha no be bro bef t Num Tw eld.
5. I w n cou b by let.
6. If I rec a let fro a fem a I acc it, I w sho it t m mot, if sh b joi i th Cov, a i we agr, I w ret a et to th fem bet a t ne moo. I I d n acc it, I w b it bef t au se upo m, a d no dec it.
7. I I se a let t a fem, a d n rec a ans bet a t ne mo, I w n wr a se ti.
- XXI.
1. I w e not w t bl wit it.
2. N an thi b wh is cle: t bea th div th hoo a she teu; t bir th foe n o de car; t fis th ha fin a sea.
3. I w n eat a me th beg t im, b gi o se it t th str.
4. I w n bak an dou th beg t b so, th w int fe unl bre.
5. Fiv do, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, an Fri, I m ea fle, or fru; bu I w n eat t fa whi cle to tent o a ki o be, o fow bu t fa wh gro to t car I m eat. Sat t sev da, an Sun, and ne moon, I m ea fis, her or fru.
6. I m us spi in pud, pie, o dou, o sau fo pu3, o cur win o mo wi the.
- XXII.
1. I w n tou an auc thi th i de wi t blo wit it.
2. I I go a dis w is inf, I w n h i.
3. I w h m li w wit t thi da, Tue, if I ha lin to cha o,
4. I w n wa lin, o wa ta i I ca g a fem t d i.
5. I w n ha m lin, woo, o ski wa i uri, o us i a m.
- XXIII.
1. I w n v a v.
- XXIV.
1. I wi n ca wi m ser.
- XXV.
1. I w n sa th to t wor.
- XXVI.
1. I w gi t m bra sis t n n a t.
- XXVII.
1. I w ke m clo an wat acc to t sudia, to t bes o m kno.
- XXVIII.
1. I w n we ab tw thi o clo, whi ar coe an wai, exc i b f tra.
2. I w we n col bu acc t m tri.
3. I w we dre sto; bu o t ne moo an sab I w we whi sto o sil o lin.
4. I w we a str h o t n mo o sab.
5. I w wea al th orn whi I sha b com; if I b unc I wi del th u to t Com I bel; if th b no a Com the, I wi se th to t Com-roo a Ash.
6. I I li w a fa of unb a am lik t di, I wi cau th t ta bib i the ri ha an prom in the nam o m Go t del u m clo an al orn, whi a n m ow, to th o Isr.
- XXIX.
1. I w b s t t i a p u b t c o g.
2. I w obe the sum o t Com.
3. I w n ke a thi ba fro m mas o mi th i con t th com, i th b joi it Cov.
4. I w n hi an thi fro m wi if sh wal i th com.
5. I w br u m chi a ser to tag o fo-te th fo; I w se th la bef the.
6. I m wi b a unb, I w cor m ch fr inf to tag of fo-te b t wh. Be u i I b a wik, I wh a a hou-ke th i jo in Cov; an co t ma fr to t fo-te.

7. I w n stro o pu an bu ace to t La.

XXX.

1. I w h m ch hap an cir o t ei da, i if ha be i t wou
to mon a li fo lif, i m wi b i n t Cov.

2. If I lau m wi bot b un, an s br for a chi, i can b
num i t ho o Isr.

3. I I b sh on o n joi i t Cov, m off s als ar sh ou tud
fo-tee yea of ag.

4. I I bre t La wit for da o t mar o t se I sha ru a
Lit Bo or a Se.

XXXI.

1. I w se th t rel th wor ev th mo.

2. I w sem Got t le t Heb Lau a hi so.

BENZ—

Of the hou—of Jos—,

Of the Fam—of Asr—

Of the Tri—of Jos—.

No. 144,000.

THE BARBER OF GOTTINGEN.

ONE night about ten o'clock, as the Barber of Gottingen College was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upwards of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, burly, thickset man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a paunch which would have done honor to a burgomaster. His face, his legs, and, in truth, his whole frame gave equal tokens of *en bon point*; and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad-brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock-coat, and brown small-clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind and at each side, underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four days' growth.

The salutation which he made on entering the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Barber, was more remarkable for freedom than for politeness. He pushed the door roughly aside, and strutted into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockeywise into his coat-pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir?" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of this new arrival.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The barber was a tall, meagre, spindle-shanked figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than peruke-maker to the professors of Gottingen—

to stand tamely by, and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling of dread, which, in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visitor with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you, Sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor in which he was engaged; "I can shave any man that ever wore a beard; and I see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless, peradventure, your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedgehog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along, my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neckcloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the College Barber was in no mood of mind to relish such freedoms. He stuck his Dutch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose, projected forward his peering chin in a sarcastic, sneering manner, and eyed the stranger with a look anything but favorable. At last he broke silence—

"I said, Sir, that I could shave any man; but—"

"But what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning round upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave *you*." And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbor. The latter seemed astounded at what he heard. He, in fact, doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rubicund face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage, till they acquired something of the rotundity and proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave me!" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of wrath was tremendous. The barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it, but he uttered not a word.

"Not shave me!" He was silent as before.

"Not shave me!" repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and started from his seat with a bound perfectly remarkable for his corpulency. The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting him—his arms a-kimbo—his eyes flashing fire, and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped,

and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantle-piece.

"Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?" said the barber, with all the courage he could muster.

"Donner and blitzen! Who talks of injuring you? I wish you to scrape my beard. Is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"I can shave no man after ten o'clock," replied the barber. "Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus."

"Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!" observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. "And who may he be?"

"He is the Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto," answered the barber, not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

"Ay—and a pretty dunderhead fellow he must be to give any such orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you won't shave me I shall shave you." And suiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the barber by the nose, and placed him, by sheer force, upon the chair which he himself had just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing, with a mixture of rage and amazement, at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt the brush, loaded with cold soap suds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation. His first impulse was to start up, but he was instantly pushed down by the brawny arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assaults, but this did not mend the matter: his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks, and ears bespattered with the saponaceous effusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out were his efforts more successful: the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand, grasping him by the throat, and the other armed with the shaving-brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying, with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the barber managed, with great difficulty, to get out some words, and cried strenuously for mercy, promising, by heaven and earth, to shave his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up trembling from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly

bedizened with his own peculiar liquid, than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hands. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon the chair, almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind, but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged everything, that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence, when the latter thundered out, "*avant!*" The barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill-suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat?" said the stranger, in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the affrighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word: so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out, that's all." And placing his hand in one of the large pockets of his frock coat, he brought out a horseman's pistol, cocked it deliberately, and placed it on a chair which stood beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and remember, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your numskull."

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as may well be supposed, the barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen leaf, and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the chin of so dangerous a subject, and resolved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay, indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill; on the contrary, his good humour appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving-brush; and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the barber's face, with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still employed at this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily;

and, far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away, and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smoothly over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all this gaiety, however, the shaver did not like his new acquaintance. There was something odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not, at once, forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead, therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humour, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin, every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheeks to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy fully a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from his dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time quiets all things, and his dread, at last, wore off. His hand became steadier, and he thought he might now venture to finish a business, commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell, like thunder, upon his ear, "Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it." And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time the barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the College clock.

Three-quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and, as yet, he saw no more chance of his labor terminating than when he began. The same toilsome, never ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of his labor; the eternal "Brushaway," from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon him for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol hard by, by means of which, doubtless, its owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if within the charmed

ring of some enchanter, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of "Brush away," was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same invoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and thereby get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain? Such was the deplorable condition of the barber of Gottingen University.

"Brush away," cried the sentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of black curly hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well nigh have swallowed the full moon.

"I can brush no longer," said the barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. "I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance."

"Exhausted, say you, my old boy? I shall cure you of that. Here, swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diaboli of Doctor Faustus." So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and, before the barber was aware, forced one-half of it down his throat. "Now brush away," continued he, "nothing like it."

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labor; again was the brush loaded with the supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigour to diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms forgetting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out "Brush away," and laughed and grinned alternately in his face.

But, although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the contrary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexions. The former was a mere puppet over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—a madman—a laughing-stock. Yet with all this knowledge he could not check himself in his nonsensical career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obstreperous customer,

notwithstanding all that inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the College clock struck eleven. Another half-hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp, and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the College court. Every moment the place was becoming darker; and, at last, the barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the wall, were so obscure, that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles: nothing but their dark outlines were discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, still singing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapour from the spout.

This scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy," came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long-drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could, with difficulty, perceive his own brush and soap-box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out; while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon, and was so dark that nothing but the outlines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random, like a blind man—sometimes hitting, and sometimes missing, the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, though the College clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same. "Brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around: his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound. They all re-echoed it; the former with low and sepulchral notes from their wooden sconces; the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and unearthly tones of the

fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and his "Brush away" was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and, between each, a long deeply-drawn "Br-u-sh a-way" was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb: the blocks and the kettle also murmured the tones with kindred slowness. In all this there was something inexpressibly frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound darkness, the barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his fearful companion. His house opened into the College church-yard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls, and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him in his distress: no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out: the lofty wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meanwhile, he continued to ply at his endless task. The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent; but on any occasional pause from fatigue, the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity. Times without number was he obliged to shift the brush from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain: there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment he was sure to be recalled by the incessant "Brush away" of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the barber, was taxed to its utmost efforts, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and, stepping aside all at once, he made to the door, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard towards the threshold, than a "Brush away," louder than any he had yet heard, fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and froze the spirit within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now became more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed, with unabated vigour, his old system of singing and whistling, and laughing fearfully.

"Brush away," continued he with his intolerable laugh. "An't fatigued I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixir, eh?"

"We are more in need of 'gits than of

elixirs," ejaculated the barber, with an effort which cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want lights. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see anything finer, old boy?"

The barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld two horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the fat man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in cemeteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural glare made his whole head visible. His face, so far as the soap permitted its tint to be seen, was flushed to the color of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared converted into sallow snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red-hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within its entrails. Nor was the breath which emanated from this source endurable: it was hot, suffocating, and sulphureous, as if concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a hideous spectacle was more than the barber could endure. It gave speed to his feet; and, dashing down his brush and soap-box, he rushed out at the door, in an agony of desperation.

Away he ran through the church-yard, into which, as we have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over hillocks, tomb-stones, ditches, and everything that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly implanted in the heart of a human being. He had not been half a minute out, however, when his ears were saluted with one of the stranger's horrible laughs, and with his still more horrible "brush away." In another moment he heard footsteps coming after him, which made him accelerate his speed. It was to no purpose; the steps behind gained upon him, and, on looking back, he beheld, to his horror, the fat man—his face covered with soap-suds,—the towel tucked under his chin, his hat off, and the horseman's pistol in his hand. He laughed, and roared out "Brush away," as he pursued the wretched shaver with a speed miraculous for a man of his unwieldy size. The moon, which shone brightly at this time, rendered every object tolerably distinct.

Pushed to desperation, the barber turned his footsteps to the tower of the steeple, the door of which stood wide open. He entered, and attempted to close it behind him. It was too late; the other was close at his heels, and forced himself in. There was no time to be lost. Our fugitive mounted the stair of the tower, and ascended with the rapidity of lightning. There was a door nine stories up, which opened on an outside terrace upon the top. Could he only gain this, all would be well, as he could lock the door outwardly, and exclude his pursuer from coming farther.

His exertions to achieve this were tremendous, but without much success, for, about a yard behind him, he heard the steps and unnatural laugh, and "brush away" of the stranger. He even saw the light of his phosphorescent eyes glaring upon the dark stair of the tower, as he came behind him. Every effort was in vain. The barber mounted the topmost step and pushed through the door: the fat man did the same.

They were now on the terrace—above them rose the church spire to a hundred and thirty feet; below them yawned a gulf of as many more. The first salutation of the stranger to his companion was a hideous laugh, followed by "Brush away! nothing like shaving!" The barber, meanwhile, stood as far removed from him as he could—the monument of pale despair. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, and he knelt down with the agony of terror.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed his tormentor; "what dost thou think now, old boy? Brush away; come, give me a scrubbing till six in the morning—only five hours more—nothing like a little wholesome exercise." He concluded with one of his intolerable laughs.

"Brush away," continued he, holding his sides, and laughing at the mortal fear of the barber. "Out with thy lather-box and thy brush, man; where are they, old beard-scraper?"

"I have thrown them away," muttered the terrified shaver.

"Thrown them away! Donner and blitzen, then I have a good mind to throw thee away also! A toss from the tower would be mighty pretty to look at in such a fine moon-light morning."

So saying, he took hold of the barber by the nose as he knelt for mercy, lifted him up with perfect ease, and held him at arm's length over the terrace. The poor man's alarm at being poised by the beak over such a tremendous gulf may be better conceived than described. He kicked, and threw out his long arms to and fro, like a spider on the rack. He roared aloud for mercy, as well as his pinched nose would admit of—promised to slave his honor to the last moment of his life—mentioned the destitute condition in which his wife and family would be left by his death, and made use of every tender argument to soften the heart. It was in vain—the fat man was not to be moved, for, in the midst of one of the most eloquent appeals, he opened his thumb and forefinger by which the barber was held. The nose slipped down from between them, and its owner—body and soul, tumbled headlong through the abyss of space, a descent of one hundred and thirty feet. Down, down,—down he went, whirling round about like a shuttlecock, sometimes his feet being upwards, sometimes his head. During these multiplied circumgyrations, he

had occasional glimpses of his adversary above him. There he beheld him leaning over the terrace with his soapy face and the towel before him, holding his sides, and laughing with inconceivable vigour—while every now and then he could hear the hated “Brush away,” coming from his lips. But the most dreadful of all the scenes which greeted him, was the glare of his ghastly eyes, which shot down spectral glances, and seemed like sepulchral lights to illumine him on his descent. Dreadful were the feelings of the barber as he approached the ground. His frame shuddered convulsively—his breath came fast—he felt almost suffocated, and drew himself into the smallest possible dimensions, like a snail within its shell.

The fatal moment came at last when he was to be dashed in pieces, but, contrary to the laws of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the more slow his descent became. At last, it was so gentle, that he seemed to be sustained in air. Some good angel had caught him in his fall, and, instead of being shivered to atoms, he was borne as on the wings of light and music, to the ground. On turning round he felt some gentle one reposing beside him. It was his wife. Worthy couple! they were snug in bed together; and the barber found to his inexpressible satisfaction, that he had been dreaming.—*A Modern Pythagorean.*

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.—The Royal Society was lately entertained by Capt. Denham, R.N., of H.B.M. ship *Herald*, with an account of his experiences in deep sea soundings. The expedition under Capt. D. was particularly directed to observe soundings, and it was very successful. The deepest was obtained on a calm day, Oct. 30, 1852, in the passage from Rio Janiero to the Cape of Good Hope. The sounding-line, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, was furnished by Commodore McKeever, U.S.N., commanding the frigate *Congress*. The plummet weighed nine pounds, and was eleven inches long by one-seventh of an inch diameter. When the depth of 7,706 fathoms was reached, the plummet touched bottom. Captain Denham states that Lieutenant Hutcheson and himself drew up the plummet fifty fathoms, but it indicated the same depth after each experiment. The velocity of the line was as follows:

	Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
The first 1,000 fathoms in	0	27	15
1,000 to 2,000 “	0	39	49
2,000 to 3,000 “	0	48	10
3,000 to 4,000 “	1	13	39
4,000 to 5,000 “	1	26	06
5,000 to 6,000 “	1	45	55
6,000 to 7,000 “	1	49	15
7,000 to 8,000 “	1	14	15
Total, - - - - -	9	21	45

The whole time taken by the plummet in descending to this amazing depth of 7,706 fathoms, or 7.7 geographical miles of 60 to a degree, was 9 hours 21 minutes and 45 seconds. The highest summits of the Himalaya are little more than 28,960 feet, or 4.7 geographical miles above the sea.

GOOD LAC.

To avoid all personality, let it be supposed that the city on the Ganges named in the succeeding narrative is Dashapore, and that I had to do there with the house of Blankman, Asterisk, and Co.; although I had not much to do with them. They are the proprietors of a large lac factory, which they permitted me to visit, and I am about to relate what I saw and thought of it; that is all. It should be understood, however, that there is a mystery connected with the manufacture of shell, seed, and stick-lac, and that there may be secrets in the business that I wot not of. There are two great factories in Dashapore. Within one of them no foot of stranger is allowed to tread: it refused access even to Lord Auckland when he was Governor-General. The other, that of Blankman and Co., excludes all traders; but courteously allows the works to be seen by any members of the civil or military service, or by travellers from Europe. That one I have seen and will describe; but I can make no startling revelations, and have looked the subject up in no Encyclopedias. I simply took fresh eyes to a new sight and am able to tell nothing more than what I, as a stranger, saw. I must premise, however, that lac is the product of a very small female insect, deposited round the branches of certain Eastern trees; and is manufactured for two purposes;—as stick-lac and seed-lac it becomes a red dye; as shell lac it is a resin of which the best sealing-wax is made.

Setting out from a neighboring station, and having only two days' leave, it was of no use for me to flinch from the rain, which came down as it is apt to come during the monsoon when it is very much the sort of rain one gets acquainted with in the most rainy parts of Ireland. Splashing away down the road behind a fine Australian horse, yoked in a buggy, passing the bungalows of the civilians and catching a glimpse now and then of the sacred river, which looked very dropsical—it had been swelling for some weeks—I set out, therefore on my expedition. The road, by the time I got to Dashapore, was a small Ganges through which the Australian tramped spattering the water up over his ears. Hindoos who had money to earn, were abroad in the streets under umbrellas, and the west end of the town being paved with stone, one might, with shut eyes, dream of a rattle on the stones of London. That was possible with shut eyes only. Even in London, one would scarcely meet with such a sight as the one-ponied native gig, containing, beside the driver, one fat and one lean native, each with a scarlet turban and a crimson umbrella. You might in London meet an Oriental woman wrapped in a dirty sheet, and carrying a platter, for the contributions of by-standers, but you would not see on her platter a brass cup of water, three or

four gay flowers, two or three bright colored powders, and a few grains of rice; or ever suppose that she was carrying them as a morning offering to the gods Mahadeo and Gunesh. Such a woman I passed, who, as I came near, duly turned her face to the wall, but made a wonderful display of leg. You would not in London see an armourer at work in his shop sharpening a sword, or architecture that reminds you much of the Arabian Nights, gilded mosques, temples elaborately carved; or goats, with their backs curled and their hair staring, quietly standing under shelter half-way up steep staircases that lead from dwellings and project into the narrow street. A smell as of a giant scaling his gigantic letters with gigantic sticks of wax, informed me when the factory was near. I drove into the yard of it, and halting at the door of a bungalow, accosted a gentleman whom I found seated in the verandah, warmly attired in a flannel jacket and jack-boots.

My friend, a member of the firm, had not yet come to business. Would I wait? it was asked, I would, and did. We offered together, (I and the gentleman in flannel,) a burnt sacrifice of tobacco, over which he confidentially made known to me that he felt desperately seedy, having recently recovered from a fever. That he should have had a fever I thought not surprising, when I learnt that he never went out of "the compound," and saw in that enclosure there were more weeds than were likely to be wholesome. My friend of the firm presently arrived, and talked mysteriously with a bright-eyed and bright-turbaned native, who had gold armbands gleaming through the sleeves of his fine muslin dress. We then set forth on our survey.

The factory is made up of long storied buildings, scattered about without apparent order. We went into one of them. It was a store-room that contained some hundreds of thousands pounds weight of twigs encrusted with a gummy substance. "What have we here?" I asked; and was told that there I had the raw material Stick-Lac, just as it was gathered and brought in from the jungles of Central India, distant between two and five hundred miles away from Dashapore. Two porters passed us, carrying an open sack of twigs slung by a pole between them; my friend Asterisk selected a good specimen out of the sack, snapped it across, and bade me pay attention to the fracture. Of course there was wood in the middle; round about the wood there was a circle of blackish-looking seeds—not really seeds, I supposed, but they resembled them; outside was an enclosing crust of resin. "That," said my friend, "is animal resin, formed by the little insects, the lac cochineals, who produce for us our raw material out in the jungle. The blackish seeds that are not seeds, are little bags of matter which have been formed on the stomachs of the insects, and are left by them after their death

as food for their larvæ; the outer coat of resin being designed for the shelter also of those larvæ. We pass both bags and resin through this factory, and get out of them food and shelter for ourselves, and for a good many men also, our workpeople and others." It occurred to me that there must be some tact required in gathering the twigs at the right season; and, having hinted so much, I had my discernment flattered by the information that it requires a practised skill to gather the stick-lac at a critical period; which is of short duration, that is to say, after the bags have been deposited, and before the larvæ have begun to eat them. "This," said my friend, "is the first stage of manufacture." He led me to an oriental group of women, who were grinding encrusted twigs in hand-mills, two women grinding at each mill. They all talked in a discordant chorus; and their children—their own larvæ—were all there, crawling about them.

We then went to the dye-works, an inner square, edged on all sides with a verandah. Two sides of the square, under the verandah, were occupied by rows of stone vessels sunk into the ground, behind which rows there ran a narrow canal formed of masonry, perhaps a foot wide and a foot in depth. In each of the stone vessels there was a man playing the part of pestle to its mortar. Each man with his face to the wall grasped at a bamboo railing fixed above, and went through, in his own mortar, a system of wonderful contortions. Under the feet of each man in each stone receptacle there lay a portion of the ground and sifted raw material there immersed in water. All the living pestles were at work beating the dye out of the stick-lac—where it had been stored up chiefly in the blackish seeds, for I must beg leave to call them seeds—into the water. When the stick-lac had been in this way made to yield as much of the dye as could be got from it, all that remained of raw material at the bottom of each stone trough was taken out and carried to another part of the factory, where it was again washed by another set of men till it would yield to water not another stain of redness. Then the residue was treated finally by a process, which I suppose to be one of the factory secrets, for I was not asked to see it. By that process it is purified; decayed and rotten portions would be got rid of; something chemical, I dare say, would be done to it; it would finally be dried, and so become seed-lac.

We followed that in our imagination, and remained in person by the vats, wherein the Hindoo-pestles were so industriously kicking up their heels. Each pestle, at the proper time, turned the liquor charged with dye into the canal behind it, along which it flowed to a third side of the square, where it passed over a new series of vats, in each of which it deposited, as a fine flocculent powder, some of the dye matter. This had not been dissolved, but

only suspended in the water, somewhat as earth is suspended in a muddy puddle. The fecula deposited in this way would, in the next place be collected and placed in cloths under screw presses. In these we saw the produce of some former work-days squeezed to dryness. After pressing it was next cut into cakes, each two and a half inches square, and stamped with the house stamp. Another drying and a cleaning process finally prepared those cakes for market.

"And if the question be not impertinent," I said, "may I ask who are your chief customers; I mean what other trades depend on yours, and create the demand for this lac-dye?"

"Why," said my friend, "we are at the bottom of the pomp of war. The red coats of the British soldiers, meaning common soldiers, are all coloured with the inferior sorts of lac-dye. As for the officers, whose cloth is a good deal more brilliant, they are painted up with cochineal from Mexico. But the best lac-dye is not at all behind cochineal in brilliancy. Next to soldiers' red coats, I think the chief demand for lac-dye is created by the extensive use of it in sealing wax."

While engaged in making these few observations, I had been troubled much by the fetid nature of the smell about us, and had narrowly escaped tumbling into vats flush with the pavement, and full to the brim with their dark lake-coloured liquor. Not sorry to change the scene, I followed my friend into another range of single-storied buildings, and passed from an intensely moist into an intensely dry air. Did Blankman, Asterisk, and Company intend to celebrate that evening a feast of sausages? The large room contained a great number of fire-places, all built of mud, and all with their mouths full of glowing charcoal. Before each fire there was a woman cook, turning a white sausage some ten feet long, and a man who at first sight seemed to be basting it. I turned to my friend, and asked what might be the meaning of those cooks, and what sausages they turned before the fire. "They are seedlac sausages," he said. "Seedlac, seasoned with a very minute quantity of fine ground orpiment added in solution, has been tied into those bags, and as they turn before the fire, a gummy juice oozes as you see lazily through the pores of the cloth. The man cook, as you now see, is not basting, but scraping off this juice, and when he has enough upon his spatula, dabs it down before the boy who has charge of the cylinder beside him." For indeed I should have said at first that before each fire, and engaged upon each sausage, there were not only a man and woman, but there was also a boy. The boy had charge of a hollow earthen cylinder, about two feet long and five inches thick, having hot water inside it, and being outside very smooth and highly burnished. As the dab of melted matter bubbled on the top of his cylinder, which was so fixed

that it sloped towards him, he with a palm leaf deftly coaxed it, and flattened it upon his great Italian iron; and having done that, presently displayed to us a flat cake of a bright orange colour, twenty inches square and very thin—not more than a twentieth of an inch thick. "I know what that is," I observed, "for I have seen it often, although never in so large a sheet." "Yes," said my friend Asterisk, "that is shellac, but it is generally broken into little pieces by the time it reaches the consumer. You shall take a whole piece with you for the honour of the shop."

And so I left the shop, in which I had seen employed a thousand men, women, and boys: the premises themselves covering a space of not less than five acres. There are, as I before said, two of the large lac-factories in Dashpore, and there are also several small ones. Together they turn out about forty thousand pounds' weight of the first class dye, and about sixteen thousand of inferior and native manufacture. The whole amount of lac dye exported from Calcutta in one year borders upon four millions of pounds, and the quantity of shell, stick, seed and cake lac that is sent from the same port in the same time exceeds four millions of pounds. That last fact is a flower of statistics, dug out of a heavy book.

THE BOATMAN OF MONTEREAU.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

THE annals of modern French domestic history are full of examples of devotion. Nearly all those who have carried off the Montyon prize—the prize of virtue—deserve a page in history, but few more than Mathieu Boisdoux, the young boatman of Montereau, upon whose biography having happened, we have thought it worthy of the widest publicity. Mathieu Boisdoux was born in a town called Montereau, and got his living as a boatman on the rivers Seine and Yonne. Sober, industrious, and unwearied in his assiduity for labour, he supported with his earnings his aged mother and the orphan children of his brother. At an early age he devoted himself specially to saving the lives of those in sudden danger. He had, at eighteen, the good fortune to drag from the flames an old man and a young girl, and the sentiments thus awakened in his bosom were, he has since declared, so exquisite, that he determined never to lose an opportunity of serving his fellow-creatures in the same way. In the course of the following five years he was present on so many occasions at fires, at upsetting of boats, and had saved so many lives, that men ceased to count them, when an accident occurred which raised his reputation to the highest point.

An inundation took place which covered the plain round the town, while several quarters of

Montereau were inundated. The inhabitants, flying to the neighbouring heights, communicated only by boats. Three men had gone to examine what ravages had happened to their property from the flood, and weary and sick at what they had seen, re-entered their boat and pushed off with their feet. They instantly saw that they were without oars or pole, but it was too late to remedy the omission. The stream carried them away towards the bridge, which was nearly submerged in water, and against which their frail vessel was sure to be crushed. They uttered one cry of despair and anguish, which afar off was heard by Mathieu Boisdoux, who was on the shore. He stood one moment irresolute. Should he fetch his boat?

"No," he exclaimed, "I should be too late. *Par ma foi*, I will swim, and trust to Providence."

In he plunged into the water, despite its raging force and the sharp cold, striking out for the boat, which he could scarcely see, being guided only by the cries of the unfortunate wretches about to perish. They were far ahead of him. But he made superhuman exertions, and presently the boat was all but within his reach. But what shall he now do? He takes council only of his intelligence and his indomitable courage. With one arm, thrust forth like a bar of iron, he checked the boat, and swung it round, thus catching the painter in his teeth; he then again began to swim, this time for shore. The task was all but vain. The torrent sped on with terrible velocity, the bridge was within a hundred yards, and they were carried down upon it to encounter certain death if they reached it. They would be sucked under the arch. A crowd hurried down to the water's edge; some ventured on the bridge with poles, but not a boat was at hand in the confusion. Suddenly a terrible sigh was heard from every bosom. Boisdoux, despite his strength, courage, and agility, was evidently being carried away by the torrent. Some cried to him to save himself, for that his life could not be spared.

Still he plunged upwards.

His aim was to work for shore as much away from the bridge as possible. Men stood ready with ropes. They saw that the heroic boatman was almost fainting. The boat, flat-bottomed and heavy, was a perfect millstone to drag with his mouth. Presently a loud shout of joy and triumph proclaimed his victory, as he sank insensible in the arms of the *maire* of the town, who embraced him before the whole crowd, and proclaimed him once again the saviour of three men's lives.

The reputation of Mathieu Boisdoux was now at its height. He had two medals and a small annual pension from the municipality of his native city. He was able to support his mother and his nephews and nieces in com-

fort. And yet Mathieu Boisdoux was not happy, so imperfect is human nature. For some time he was noticed to be sombre and sad. His character and conduct easily denoted that his mind was elevated above his station. The poor boatman had a heart and a soul that would have done honour to any position in the social scale. One part of his duty was to take passengers from the shore to the old *coche* or passage-boat of Auxerre. This aged vessel, the very conveyance that first took to Paris that student of Brienne, destined, as Napoleon, to have such influence on the fortunes of the world, still periodically performed the journey from Auxerre to Paris by the Yonne and Seine. It was a queer old boat, with a long cabin and little side windows, capable, at a pinch, of conveying some thirty passengers.

The *coche* was owned, and had been from time immemorial, by one Bertrand, a man of substance and property, who still, however, himself directed the operations of the boat, and, in fact, almost lived on board. He was one of those individuals who work all their lives to leave a fortune to others. Now M. Bertrand had a daughter, Euphrasie, who sat in the little *bureau* at the stern, and there took all moneys for passengers and parcels. Mathieu, in the exercise of his business, was much thrown in contact with Euphrasie. He often brought her passengers, parcels, letters, and even once or twice went to Paris in the boat. Being on intimate terms with old Bertrand, he soon became intimate with the daughter, and then loved her. Nor did Euphrasie show any distaste for Mathieu. He was a fine, handsome fellow, and then his decorations made him somebody. But then there was the father, who was rich, avaricious, and who judged a man only by what he had in his breeches-pocket.

Still, Mathieu and Euphrasie avoided for a while all thought about difficulties. They felt the first influence of a passion which is second only to ambition, because that is generally more lasting. For the world they would not have troubled their first delicious dream. But they had continued opportunities of meeting, and at last, naturally enough, these opportunities ended in an explanation. Mathieu Boisdoux declared himself the girl's suitor, and Euphrasie Bertrand agreed that if he could win her father's consent, she would be his.

It was on the 1st of November, 1840, and the *coche* from Auxerre was late. Night had come on, and still the boat had not arrived. Boisdoux was at the water-stairs on the lookout. He knew that the *coche* would put up for the night and not proceed, and had intimated as much to such passengers as were about to venture by this antique conveyance to Paris. Presently a dark mass was seen moving along the waters, and then the old boat came slowly up to the anchorage.

"Two hours behind time, Maitre Bertrand!" exclaimed Boisdoux. "How is this?"

"*Parliou!* my friend," said the old man; "the wind is contrary, and I never knew the old *coche* hurry itself, even for his majesty the emperor, when I had the honour of bringing him upon his first voyage to Paris."

"The wind has been rough and cold indeed," replied Mathieu; "but still the old *coche* is not often so lazy."

"Lazy or not, I'm hungry," said the old man, "and so is Euphrasie, so let's leave the *coche* in charge of Jérôme, and come on shore."

"*Bon soir, maïselle,*" exclaimed Boisdoux, heartily.

"*Bon soir,* Mathieu," cried the fresh voice of the young girl; and next minute she had hold of his arm, and they were on their way to sup at the old house still sadly known as the *Coche d'Auverre*.

Boisdoux, as he was often wont, supped with them. Usually he was a merry and pleasant companion, but this night he was dull. Both noticed it, and Bertrand rallied him on his taciturnity. Mathieu, however, made no reply until Euphrasie had departed, and then he appeared to rouse himself up to an act of courage beyond any of those he had yet ventured on.

"So you wonder why I am dull?" he asked.

"Yes, *rassembleu*, I do. What can make a youth like you dull? Are you not free from the conscription? Have you not a respectable *état*? Are you not decorated with two medals, and looked upon with unusual respect? Would not any man be proud to call you a friend?"

"Monsieur Bertrand, would any man be proud to call me son?"

"Hem! That depends! You are but a workman, and perhaps a *bourgeois* might."

"Would you, Bertrand? I love your daughter: I have looked forward for six months with earnest hope to the hour when I might aspire to ask her hand——"

"What is the world come to!" exclaimed the old man, sarcastically. "Why, Mathieu, you must be mad. I have six thousand francs a year to leave my daughter, and do you think I would let her marry a workman, however good, however respected?"

"I thought as much," said the young man, sadly; "and yet, having Euphrasie's leave, I could not but try. I thought that as you yourself were a workman originally, you might hope that I——"

"Might save yourself fifty years of hard work and economy by marrying a girl with a good fortune. Mathieu Boisdoux, you are a very clever fellow, but the old man is not to be caught. Let us be good friends as ever, but my daughter, *c'est trop fort.*"

Boisdoux made no reply. He was choking,

so he rose quietly and went away, and the old man never saw him again.

It was a week later, on the 7th November, 1840, and a dark, stormy, and terrible night. Much rain had fallen, and the river was swollen; there was scarcely enough space left for any boat to go under the arches of the bridge of Montereau. It was a night for home and home comforts, for a warm fire, and blazing lights, and a cozy supper, and a pleasant chat with pleasant people. In the streets there was no temptation. So the lights burned in vain, the shops lit up uselessly, not a soul was to be seen without. The rain fell heavily, and yet was driven along the streets in a slanting direction, falling on the rough, coarse pavement, and forming everywhere little puddles. The gutters were diminutive rivers, that rushed madly along to plunge in the great stream.

And yet the lights from the river-side windows flashed pleasantly, and fell here and there on the tossed waters, along which glided now and then a boat, that soon gained moorings. And then a rattle of chains, a bustle of oars, proclaimed the eagerness of those, who had manned them, to depart; and then all was silent. The crew rapidly disappeared into some of the streets of the town, again as deserted as ever.

There was one man, however, who braved the pitiless storm, at the northern extremity of the bridge. He wore a tarpaulin coat and cap, and stood leaning against an iron pillar. His attitude was one of deep attention. He was listening for the very first cry of alarm which should denote that on that night there was danger, and some fellow-creature to be saved. One or two who peeped out at windows and doors, and saw his dark shadow by the light of the lamp above his head, would shudder and re-enter their houses, saying:—"It's Boisdoux. God send his courage be not needed to night!"

It was, indeed, Boisdoux, at his accustomed post. It was his habit to pass the night apart near the river on such nights, when his intrepidity and skill might suddenly be called for. Rarely had he been out in such a storm. The wind blew in fitful and terrible gusts, and Boisdoux almost wondered that no waivering cry summoned him to him to his duty.

Suddenly he started. The *coche* was in sight. On it came at a rapid pace, evidently half-mastered by the storm. It was in the middle of the river, and Boisdoux saw that it was about to turn for shore. But just as the bow began to swerve round, the old passage-boat quivered, and plunged headlong towards the bridge, against which it struck with terrific violence. A cry, the terror-struck, despairing cry of three-and-twenty perishing souls, rose wildly to the heavens. Boisdoux saw that the *coche* was upset, and that its two ends were pressed by the force of the stream

against the two sides of an arch. The man acted calmly. He flung off all his clothes but his trowsers and shirt,—for, as he said in his subsequent examination, “I knew there would be work for me that night,”—and then vaulted over the bridge into the stream. A moment stunned by the fall, he next instant was clambering on to the *coche*. He found that the whole stern was under water, and the common room only above the surface. It was so dark, that Boisdoux could scarcely tell how to act.

“We are all lost!” cried a wailing voice; “who will save us?”

“I, Boisdoux,” replied the heroic boatman.

A faint cry of satisfaction came from a small cabin window. He rushed to it. It was too narrow for him to pass. Still, breaking it with his hands, he tried to force himself in, for this way only could he hope to save any of the passengers. Using his great strength with all his wonted energy, he at last tore away a narrow strip of plank, and plunged into the cabin,—death in his heart, for he heard scarcely a sound. He felt near his hand, in the dark abyss, a woman. She breathed, and he at once forced her through the window, followed, laid her in a safe place, and re-entered the cabin. Another woman rewarded his efforts, and then a man. A fourth time he entered the close and now mephitic cabin, half full of water.

“Speak!—is there one here more whom I can aid?” he said, in an agonized tone. He was thinking of Euphrasie.

No sound came.

“Speak, in the name of God!” he exclaimed, “for I am choking.”

But no reply came. All was silent as death.

“Not one muttered!” Boisdoux, feeling about and clasping a man in his arms. “Can I save one more? Help!”

Boisdoux made a desperate effort to reach the window, for he felt himself fainting from fatigue and the close vapours of the cabin. He saw by flashing lights that help had come. Next minute he was dragged forth by one of the police of the town, who, with hundreds of the inhabitants, were now on the scene of the terrible disaster. The first form that caught the eye of the young man was that of Euphrasie, whose life he had saved without knowing it.

Her father had perished.

The boat was dragged ashore after being righted, but too late to save any others. Of the passengers and crew, twenty had perished. Boisdoux had saved three,—his beloved, and a brother and sister, who at the first shock had cowered together.

This time all France applauded the heroism of the boatman of Montereau—the press gave columns to the narrative,—even the *se-date Moniteur*; the king sent him the cross

of the Legion of Honour, never more worthily earned; the Montyon prize was awarded him; men from all parts sent him tokens of their admiration; and best of all, when two years had elapsed, Euphrasie gave him her hand. The boatman retired from his ordinary labours, but, with the consent of his wife, he still devotes his whole mind to the noble task he had allotted unto himself; and if ever she feels dread or alarm, she sends him forth eagerly when, in a low and hushed voice, he breathes the name of the *Coche d’Auxerre*.

The above narrative is familiar to all who dwell on the Seine and the Yonne. Perhaps the trumpet-tongued voice of history never recorded deeds of valour more worthy of record.

His undaunted courage, at all events, deserve a good and noble purpose.

LINES BY WALLIN, THE SWEDISH POET:

WRITTEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Repose, O weary soul, in peace repose:
Let thy last thoughts and cherished hopes ascend
To that eternal home, where, in the end,
A great light shall make clear what no man knows.
Repose, my soul, repose!

Lie, weary arms, crossed meekly on my breast—
Crossed meekly for a prayer in that dread hour:
For now I strive to speak, and lack the power;
Strength leaves me, and I draw near to my rest.
Lie, crossed upon my breast.

Sleep, weary soul! Lo thou hast struggled sore;
But now behold the hour of peace is near—
One loving thought for those who linger here,
And then lie down and sleep, and strive no more.
Lo, thou hast struggled sore!

PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

General Taylor simply made one of the congregation, undistinguishable and unremarked. There was something grander in this than in mere regal display, in so far as solid power, without show, impresses the mind much more strongly than show without solid power. Nothing could well be more original than the personal appearance of the late president of the United States, to whom his countrymen gave the sobriquet of ‘Rough and Ready.’ He was dressed in a suit of plain clothes; his blue coat of any thing but the last Bond-street cut. The weather being cold, he wore coloured worsted gloves, which were something too long. His straight hair fell smoothly on his forehead; while his face, browned under many a sun—his temples crowded with many a thought, gave token of the deeds he had performed, and of the anxieties he had suffered in his country’s cause. He had a pleasing expression in his eye; and now humbly standing in the presence of his Maker, surrounded by his fellow-citizens, all within seemed tranquil and serene.

THE FUNERAL PASTY.

THE peasantry of Estremadura, to whose life and learning centuries have brought little change, still delight in their traditional story of Josas the muleteer, who lived 300 years ago, and was the best onion-roaster in the province. Josas was at San-Martinho, a small and ancient village lying deep among the hills beyond the Portuguese frontier. His father, who was more than suspected of being a Moor, had sought refuge there from the Spanish Inquisition; but after his death, which occurred when Josas was but thirteen, his mother, having repented of all her sins and married a true Catholic, would have nothing to do with Josas; fortunately, however, there was one that would. Old Senaro, the best muleteer and the crosslest man in San Martinho, adopted him in lieu of an only son who had gone as a soldier to India and never came back. Under his tuition, Josas learned to drive mules, to roast onions, and at length (but the old man said he had no hand in that) to fall desperately in love with the vintner's daughter, Rosinda, whose equal for pride and beauty was not in the province.

This misfortune fell on Josas before he was eighteen. Afflictions of this kind come early in Estremadura. The youth's personal attractions were not numerous. It was popularly believed there was not a rat's dinner on Josas's lathy frame; and the sun and wind had so dealt on his long loose hair and brown visage, that no man could distinguish their color from the dust of the Sierra. Nevertheless, having a stock of accomplishments not to be despised in San Martinho, Josas had hopes. He could dance with any youth in the village, sing with any muleteer on the mountains, and talk down the priest himself—never stopping for stories. With this artillery he besieged Rosinda as the mules and Senaro permitted. His throat grew hoarse with shouting love-songs all night under her window; his conscience groaned under a weight of fibs; half his earnings were spent in her father's wine-shop—the rest offered at her shrine in the shape of scarlet handkerchiefs and green ribbons. But the vintner's daughter had more wealthy suitors; besides, it was her glory to be cruel; and at the end of two years' hard service, Josas found himself exactly at the same height in his lady's favor as when his suit began.

He had so often assured her he would die, without executing the threat, that it now fell powerless on Rosinda's ear; and his despair on the last exhibition of her scorn might have gone beyond ordinary limits, if it had not been diverted by a series of more substantial troubles. First, his best mule—which Josas thought could walk up a church steeple—fell over the rocks, and broke its neck one morning; then the remaining two strayed away

from their pasture; and in helping him to seek them through the burning noon and the chilly night, poor Senaro caught a fever, and died. Josas missed the old man, though his temper was bad. He could always escape the cudgel by a run; and being now left muleless and friendless, the youth resolved to leave the proud Rosinda and his native village. Who knew but he might find his mules, or better fortune, beyond the mountains? Accordingly, having filled his wallet with the largest and best onions in Senaro's garden, a few handfuls of garlic, a piece of goats' cheese, and a flask of the vintner's wine, he took leave of his neighbors, his friends, and his fair enslaver, and set forth from San Martinho with the good wishes of young and old.

Josas shaped his course eastward, and soon entered the Spanish portion of the province. All the country was known to him by many a journey. The shepherds gave him shelter in their huts among the hills; and the swineherds in the woods shared their meals with him; but nobody could see his mules, nor could he see any chance of a master. At length, in the noon of a sultry day, his path descended to the rich and cultivated lands that lie along the banks of the Vega. Laden vines and olives covered the slopes; corn waved on the lower grounds; castles and villages rose on all sides as far as his eye could reach; and close by the river, like a white-walled town, half shaded by a chestnut grove, stood the great and wealthy convent of St. Yuste. Josas knew that convent was far too rich and grand to entertain poor travellers like himself—moreover, it was reported that the old king of Spain had become a monk within its walls; but hoping for a shade wherein to rest and roast his onions, the muleteer took his way among the chestnuts.

The old trees grew thick, and were full of wood-pigeons; what a dinner Josas could have made on some of them, but for the fear of sacrilege! Roasted onions were safer than that; and having found a convenient spot in the heart of the wood, where the grass was dry and the withered boughs abundant, Josas collected a heap, kindled a fire with his flint and steel, and laid in the onions with all due precaution. He had scarcely seated himself on the mossy root of an old tree, and pulled out his cheese, when a rustling sound, which had been going forward at no great distance, was followed by a deep groan, and "Alas! alas!" repeated in good Castilian, of which, thanks to the mules, Josas had some knowledge. Cautiously the muleteer rose, and peeping through the screen of leaves which separated him from the speaker, saw leaning against the trunk of a huge chestnut, a tall gray-haired man with a roll of papers in his hand. His bones were as bare as Josas's own; his lace-band velvet hat and doublet had an old-fashioned look, as if time had gone wearily

with both them and their master—yet there was the true *hidalgo* air about him, and something of the soldier too.

"No wonder he groans with all that to read," thought Josas, in whose simple mind reading was indissolubly bound up with masses, prayers, and penitential psalms.

"Alas! alas!" once more broke forth the stranger, turning over the papers in great perplexity—"what shall I do with this? O that his Majesty could write better Latin!"

"Maybe he is hungry," said Josas to himself, as the smell of his own now roasted onions reached him. If the muleteer had one virtue more shining than another, it was that of hospitality; and having heard of even *grandes* being sometimes in the above-mentioned state, he coughed to raise his courage, poked his head through the leaves, and said: "God save you, signor! do you like roasted onions?"

"Where are they?" said the stranger, looking up with avidity.

"Here," said Josas, "in my fire. I have goats' cheese too, and a famous flask of wine. Noble signor, come and help me with my dinner."

The noble signor made no delay. The onions were dislodged from the ashes with a stick broken into the form of tongs, the cheese and wine produced; and Josas never before imagined that a true *hidalgo* could make such a meal. To do him justice, he lost no time in talking till the cheese and onions were fairly finished, and the wine-flask almost empty; then there came to his eye a twinkle, and to his tongue a suppleness, which the best-born Castilian will experience in such circumstances.

"Friend," said he, "your wine is good, and your onions excellent. I may say, there will be no burden on my conscience, though this whole day is a solemn fast with us all, on account of his Majesty's funeral, which he is to celebrate to-morrow."

"Celebrate his own funeral!" said Josas; "can kings do that?"

"Thou art simple, friend," replied the stranger with a smile, the first Josas had seen on his face. "I speak of my master, the most puissant Charles, sometime Emperor of Germany, lord of the Low Country, and King of Spain and the Indies, who has lately become a brother of the order of St. Jerome in yonder convent," and he pointed to the white walls of St. Yuste. "I am his secretary; my name is Don Gulielmo de la Male; with my assistance his majesty is writing the history of his own life. (Here he glanced at the papers, and gave a half groan.) You don't understand Latin, young man?"

"Not I," said the muleteer.

"But you can roast onions," continued Don Gulielmo, "and you carry magnificent wine. Give me another draught. I will make your fortune—you shall be appointed chief cook to

his majesty. Do you know anything of dressing partridges?"

"O yes," cried Josas; "old Senaro taught me to cook them, feathers and all, under the wood-ashes. They were good in the harvest-time."

"Your fortune's secure, young man," said the don confidently, putting the flask into his hand: it was quite empty now. "Come to-morrow to the chapel of St. Yuste: you will see a splendid business; and depend on me for getting you the place. Mercy on me! there's the bell for nones;" and Don Gulielmo dashed through the wood like a hunted deer, as the boom of the convent bell proclaimed its noonday service.

Josas wished the *hidalgo* had not found the wine so good, and had left him a little; but the promise of his fortune being made, comforted the muleteer, and he sat meditating on his future position when appointed chief-cook to the puissant Charles. "I understand the roasting of onions anyway," thought Josas; "as to the partridges, I'm not so sure about them, but doubtless there will be somebody else in the kitchen; they will do the work, while I pocket the wages, grow a gentleman, and marry Rosinda. She cannot refuse the chief-cook of an emperor!"

With a vision of the reverence which all San Martinho, including the vintner and his daughter, would render him, Josas's head dropped back against the chesnut, and he fell fast asleep. Fortunately no adder came that way, and there wasn't a wolf in the neighbourhood; but when the western sun was sending his red rays through the foliage, old Balthazar, who had watched the wood-pigeons and hewed fuel for the brothers of St. Jerome more than thirty years, woke up the traveller with a sturdy shake, admonishing him that the dews fell heavily beside the Vega, and that there was less risk of ague or fever in his hut. Josas accepted the rough-and-ready invitation, and the woodman led the way to his dwelling. It was a log-built cabin, the roof and walls covered with a great vine, and standing in a grassy dell of the woodland. There were two olive-trees behind, and a barley-field in front. There old Balthazar and his daughter Antonia lived content and busy, with their great dog Simmo, their two cows, and a herd of half-wild hogs they kept for the convent. Prudent Spaniards, under Balthazar's circumstances, in those half-Moorish days, would have hesitated at taking home a stranger, but the woodman and his daughter were too humble and honest for the extreme propieties. Antonia helped to till the barley-field and gather the olives, managed the cows, looked after the monks' hogs, and sat spinning at the cottage-door as they approached—a strapping damsel, in her russet kirtle and close fillet, very unlike Rosinda. Her father's guest was kindly welcomed, though his capacity, as exhibited on

the barley-loaf and bacon of their supper, somewhat astonished her. Travellers were scarce in that quarter; and it was a great opportunity for the woodman and his daughter to tell their news, since Josas had none: how the convent-chapel was to be hung with black, and illuminated with 400 tapers, while the emperor's funeral-service was performed for the good of his soul; and lords and knights were coming from leagues round to see it on the morrow. Josas was about to open the budget of his hopes, and Don Gulielmo's promises—for he perceived they regarded him as a rustic who knew nothing of high life—when Simão, which lay before the crackling fire, opened his jaws with a long and friendly bark, as the woodman's latch was lifted, and a youth wearing a monk's hood and frock, but looking marvellously like a man-at-arms, stepped in.

"Whither so late, Jago?" said Balthazar. "I thought the convent-gate was always closed at vespers?"

"So it is," said the youth. "But I have been sent to inquire after a stranger with whom Don de la Male talked to-day in the woods."

"I am he," said Josas, rising with no little pride.

The youth looked amazed, but instantly recovering himself, said in a respectful tone: "Then, signor, it is the don's command that you repair with me to his presence."

Bidding the astonished woodman and his daughter a patronising good-night, the muleteer followed his guide in judicious silence through a winding woodpath, an outward postern, and a covered-way which admitted them to the kitchen-garden of the convent. It was reckoned the best in Spain; and by a walk bordered with garlic, whose scent made his teeth water, Josas was conducted to the back-door of that wing which Charles V., sometime emperor of Germany, &c., had chosen as his retreat from the pomps and vanities of the world. At the back-door he found Don Gulielmo, looking as if the vintner's wine had left him nothing but its lees.

"Welcome, honest youth," said the secretary, like a man endeavouring to reassure himself by talking. "I have spoken to his majesty, and he desires to see you. You can manage partridges: remember you told me so. For the Virgin's sake," he continued into Josas's ear, "do your best, or you and I shall be ruined!"

Mentally resolving to avoid the calamity if possible, though wishing himself back in San Martinho, the muleteer followed Don Gulielmo across a hall, up a stone stair, and through five rooms hung with black and tenantless, to a still more gloomy chamber, where three grave gentlemen stood each at a corner of a statebed, on which, propped up with innumerable pillows, sat one whom Josas would have

called a stout old signor, attired in a monk's gown lined with ermine, with a richly-illuminated psalter in his left hand; while the right, shapeless with the gout, and wrapped in Indian handkerchiefs, rested on a cushion of embroidered velvet. It was Charles V., with his physician Matheoso, his confessor Borja, and his chamberlain Don Quixada. The chamber was lighted only by a great open window opposite the bed, and looking down into the choir, where the monks and the rest of the royal household still remained, though vespers were over, practising a certain chant which was to form part of the grand service next day.

Charles reigned at Yuste as he had never done in Germany, Spain, and the Indies. There were no Protestant princes there to dispute his will, no Luther to defy, no Francis I. to rival him. The abbot said, his example in devotion and good eating edified the whole convent. Signors from every corner in Spain vied with each other in sending him choice delicacies, which he relished in spite of the gout and Dr. Matheoso; attending, nevertheless, to both prayers and fasting, obliging his household—all but those of noble birth—to wear the monastic garb, and keeping the entire convent, for at least a month, busy in preparations for a funeral-service in honour of himself. On the eve of this solemnity, a calamity more serious than gout or physician had overtaken the mighty Charles. His chief-cook had fallen sick that week, and his second thought proper to run away—some said from home-sickness—that very morning, an hour after the arrival of a basket of partridges, fattened by an Andalusian grandee on dough made of ground almonds, and intended for a pasty at the commemoration supper which was to succeed the emperor's funeral, with its foregoing herbs and fasting.

Three couriers had been despatched to as many cities in search of somebody capable of cooking such partridges; but the fear that none of them would return in time troubled the imperial mind and household, till hope was rekindled by Don de la Male. The secretary was a noble by birth and a scholar by learning, but no one had ever seen him talk to his imperial master with such confidential familiarity as after nones that day; and the result was, a command privately given when vespers came on, with no sign of a returning courier, to seek out the cook he had met with in the wood.

"Ha, Brother Pedro!" cried Charles, stopping his chant, "that screech would mar the music of angels. Is this the young man?" he continued, as Don Gulielmo took his place at the fourth corner; and Josas, obedient to his signal, approached, bowing every step. The muleteer knew not on how many of Europe's battle-fields and council-halls that glance had fallen; but it grew keenly earnest as, measur-

ing him from head to foot, the conqueror of Pavia said: "Young man, you know something of partridges, and had, as we hear, a noble teacher. The illustrious rank and lineage of Don Senaro have escaped our memory, which indeed grows weak through years and sickness; but doubtless he was skilful in the table. Tell us, on your conscience, did he boil with Valencia wine or Canary?"

"Valencia," said Josas, who rather preferred that liquor.

"Did he sprinkle with saffron or garlic?"

"Both," said Josas.

"Good!" said the emperor: "he was an instructor. Young man, we will intrust to you our choice partridges. To morrow, after the solemnities, let them appear at our table in a pasty compounded in your master's best style. The office of our chief-cook depends on that pasty. Brethren, let us proceed with the chant."

The canons of cookery at that period were somewhat different from those now in repute, and modern aspirants would not be benefitted by a minute detail of the partridge pasty as given by Don Gulielmo to his protégé, when the almond-fed birds had been delivered by the chamberlain into Josas's custody with the ceremonies deemed proper on such occasions, and the rest of the establishment had retired to be ready for mass still earlier than usual. Suffice it, therefore, that the process began with a boiling of Valencia wine, and terminated with a sprinkling of garlic and saffron. All the intervening particulars were known to Don Gulielmo, for, next to a lamprey-pie it was the emperor's favourite dish; and the secretary knew that he was compromised. As for Josas, things had gone so swimmingly, that although he did not yet believe in the illustrious lineage of old Senaro, his faith in himself was almost perfect. After a sound sleep and a considerable breakfast, our muleteer fell to the partridges with good courage about noon next day, being left sole occupant of the imperial kitchen. How the funeral solemnities proceeded, together with the display of riches, relics, and good company made by the convent on that occasion, may be learned from the chroniclers of the period. Our business is with Josas in the kitchen. It contained many conveniences unknown to his early instructor; he lamented Senaro over the flour, wine and spices so liberally placed at his disposal, and chiefly over a mass of cow-heel, suet, and great onions, which stood stewing by the fire for the scullion's supper.

When high mass commenced, Josas had set the partridges to boil in the Valencia, reserving about a pint for his own consolation, which, having discussed, together with a dish of the said stew, it occurred to him that he might take a little rest on one of the kitchen benches. The wine was strong, the day was warm, and the music came sweet and solemn from the

chapel—an intervening court had been left open by imperial forethought, that the cook might be edified, and doubtless Josas was; but when the first dirge floated over plain and woodland, Antonia who sat spinning at her father's door, because somebody must keep the hogs, was startled by his appearance with hair erect and terror-stricken face, then, exclaiming: "I'm ruined! Don Gulielmo and I are both ruined!"

"What has ruined you?" said Antonia, looking up from her wheel as if she thought that consummation impossible.

"I fell asleep, and the partridges are burned to a cinder?" cried Josas. "Will you hide me?"

"I can't commit sacrilege," said Antonia with a glance at the wood pigeon: "but there is something here,"—and she darted into the cottage.

Josas followed her instinctively. In the corner sat a brooding hen. How near her maternal hopes were to their accomplishment the muleteer never learned; but wringing the neck of the unlucky fowl, Antonia thrust it under his skirts, saying: "Run as fast as you can, boil that in wine, and send it up in a pasty: great people never know what they are eating."

With the last words, she pushed him out, and Josas ran back to the kitchen.

A pasty was sent up to the emperor's supper that evening after his funeral—a pasty which henceforth became a landmark in the imperial life. Don Gulielmo gloried in his cook. The physician in attendance on his sovereign inhaled complacently the rich flavour of almonds which the birds retained; and Charles declared, with his usual deliberation, that more tastefully-boned, or better hashed partridges he had never eaten—only they appeared to him a little rare.

The humility with which Josas heard that flattering judgment when announced to him in due form by the chamberlain's page, astonished the brothers of St. Jérôme; but they were still more surprised when, on the arrival of the three couriers with an equal number of cooks, he craved on bended knee to be excused from further attendance in the imperial kitchen. As among the new-comers there was one master of lamprey-pies, the muleteer's *congé* was graciously granted, with a present of fifty crowns.

Dr. Matheoso said that was the only pasty he ever knew to agree with his majesty, and Balthazar never found out what became of his single hen; as for Josas, it cost him three days of meditation how he should dispose of himself and the crowns—the latter being his chief puzzle; but at length for reasons which neither the vintner, his daughter, nor all San Martinho could ever divine, a wedding was celebrated at the woodman's cottage, and he settled down to watch the hogs and pigeons.

The duplicate of that imperial funeral was performed within the next six months by the abbot and monks of St. Yuste. Antonia continued to spin for years after at the cottage-door, but her husband never cared to roast even an onion, and on no terms could he be brought to talk of partridges or look at a pasty.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

Wood engraving may be divided into two classes,—those engraved for effect, and intended for extremely rapid printing, and those of a minute and carefully finished kind, the printing of which is a comparatively slow process, and gives room for a display of artistic skill little inferior to that of the engraver himself. The first class is generally that employed in illustrated newspapers and similar periodicals, where, owing to the number of impressions required, and the necessarily limited time that can be allowed for throwing them off, fast printing-machines and soft easily-working ink are employed, either of which would be fatal to a fine cut. The other class is that employed in book-work, more or less fine, which is printed at cylinder machines of a moderate speed, or where great care and neatness is required, at the hand-press. Whichever way the cut is printed, the operation of preparing it for giving correct impressions or "making it ready," is the same, only that with very fine cuts it is of course performed with more care. The necessity of attending to this preliminary process of "making ready" arises from the circumstance that some parts of the block ought to receive a heavier pressure than others, when impressions of it are being taken. A soft, fine piece of blanket being used between the cylinder—or the platten, as the case may be—and the cut, it is evident that the cut will to a certain extent sink into this soft material, and that therefore the edges will receive a very heavy pressure compared to the middle of the block. This is just the reverse of what ought to be, for with almost all engravings it is requisite that the centre of the block should receive the heaviest pressure, and that the edges should be as light and fine as possible. Besides this, in all cuts there are places with very fine open lines, which it is necessary should have the lightest possible pressure, as, for instance, the background of any landscape or other subject, the lines and markings in the face of a portrait, the light shading of female drapery, &c. In order, then, to suit this requirement, the pressman having first brought up the block to a proper height and level with the types among which it is to be printed, by placing slips of card or paper below it, proceeds to "overlay" it on the surface. This is done by placing, exactly above where the cut is to

be printed, a number of folds of paper, and cutting away more or less of them over the light or soft effects of the block, according to the faintness of impression required in those parts; the dark shades are left with the whole thickness of a very considerable number of folds above them; which of course has the effect of bringing down on these particular spots the heavy pressure they require. This is a work of very much nicety, and requires great taste, and an almost artistic knowledge of what the effect of a cut should be. Though the artist may have drawn the design with the utmost care, and the engraver exhausted his skill and taste upon it, if this part of the process be not well performed, the care of the one and the skill of the other are thrown away, and the cut will infallibly be spoiled, and present when printed a blotched and unnatural appearance. If it is a landscape, the fine lines of the sky will be transformed into black bars, the soft shading of the clouds into the harsh marking on blocks of stone, and the deep shading of the foreground will appear of a mouse-colour; while if it is a portrait, the smooth features of youth will be metamorphosed into the deep furrows of age, the winning smile into the grin of a demon, and the lines of the flowing drapery will present the appearance of basket-work, or a bundle of rods. Indeed, the immense difference between a cut well printed, and the same cut badly printed, will scarcely be believed, except by those who had opportunities of seeing it. It is so remarkable that it may without exaggeration be said that the effect of the impression of a cut depends as much on the printer as on any of the other artists employed in the production of it.

To obviate the great labour of "making ready" cuts, a method called "lowering" was introduced into the practice of wood-engraving a number of years ago. This consisted in having the block, previous to the drawing being put upon it, lowered or scraped considerably down round the edges, and in all those parts where lightness of effect was requisite. The great objection to this plan was, that it was so troublesome in its use, and uncertain in its results. The drawing had first to be sketched on the block, in order to guide the engraver as to the parts that were to be lowered or scraped down; the scraping of course obliterated the sketch and it had all to be gone over again and re-drawn by the artist. Besides, when the cut which had been thus prepared came to be printed, it was often found that in many places it was either not low enough, or too low, so that the result could not be depended on, and it has been consequently, we believe, except in very fine and carefully prepared engravings, abandoned. This, we think, is much to be regretted, for there can be no doubt that the lowering of the block is the process right in principle,

and which, if it is not, ought to be, right in practice. It is evident that the lighter parts of a wood-engraving, while being printed, should receive less pressure of the inking roller, and consequently a smaller share of ink than the dark parts. In cuts, where the surface is of a uniform height, this clearly cannot be attended to,—the light lines are in fact as heavily smeared by the roller passing over them as the darkest shades; whereas, in blocks where the light parts are lowered, not only is the pressure less in these places, but they also, from lying lower than the rest of the block, receive a less share of ink, and give, consequently, a much clearer impression. It is much to be desired that some spirited engraver would take up the matter, and try to devise some method of producing cuts which could not by possibility be spoiled, as is generally the case at present, through either the ignorance or carelessness of the printer. We feel convinced that it is perfectly practicable, and the great superiority of such cuts over those now produced could not fail, when their excellencies became known, to add much to the credit and profit of the artist who could produce them with speed and certainty.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

All was now hushed in the stillness of a long line of graves. No one who has not seen it can imagine how touching it is to observe, strewed on these fragments of what the brave men wore or carried when they fell. Among the straw of the trodden-down corn, which still covered the field, lay caps, shoes, pieces of uniforms and shirts, tufts, cockades, feathers, ornamental horsehair, red and black, and what most struck us, great quantities of letters, and leaves of books. The latter were all too much defaced by rain and mud to make it worth our while to lift any of them. In one letter we could just make out the words so affecting in the circumstances, "My dear husband." We brought away some leaves of a German hymn-book; and probably, had we had time, might have found something curious in a department in which the peasants seemed not at all to have anticipated us. We noticed a characteristic distinction. While the debris on the allied ground showed leaves of Bibles and Prayer-Books, we saw numbers of playing-cards on the French. The author picked up the *livrette* or account book, much defaced with blood, of a French soldier, lately a conscript.—*Simpson's "Paris after Waterloo."*

Those who receive cringingly, will give superciliously.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of Religion.

Treat not those who when alone in your room will turn over your papers.

PRETTY MARY.

BY JOHN MERWYL.

On a beautiful autumnal day of the year 17—, several wayfarers met at a little Inn, in a small town of Franconia, not far distant from the borders of the Rhine. The French Revolution had already begun, but was not yet at its climax of terror. The pernicious effects, however, of its example and spirit had spread over Germany, making it more unsettled and unsafe than it was previously, and thus rendering travelling a matter of no small risk to those whose fortunes and positions debarred them from a numerous attendance, and the comfort of their own carriages. Public conveyances in those days there were none, or such as were of a description not to be lightly chosen or trusted. The usual mode of transporting oneself from one place to another was on horseback, and glad were those whom business called from their own fireside, to find companions on their lonesome journey, willingly associating with such chance acquaintances as they met on their way, that seemed trustworthy enough to be allowed to share the perils of the long dreary roads of Germany, and of the unfrequent and lonely inns they were so often obliged to put up with.

In the low, scantily-furnished, dirty *stube* of that already mentioned might be easily distinguished, among the boors crowding the room, two travellers of the sort we have already alluded to, indulging in the substantial comforts of a hearty meal. They sat at the upper end of a long table, on which were deposited sundry pots of beer, infallible accompaniments to the pipes which constitute the solace of a German's relaxation. It was evident, by the style of their conversation, that, although thrown together by accident, they had made much progress on the road to friendship, having already entered upon the chapter of confidences. Either drawn on by secret sympathy, or by the pleasure most people find in talking about themselves, and enlarging on their own affairs, certain it is they talked more loudly, and carelessly, than prudence warranted, considering place and time; unless, indeed, they fancied the thick smoke sent forth from many pipes, forming so dense an atmosphere around them, might no less dull the ear than it clouded the sight. Be that as it may, any curious listener might easily have become aware that the tall, corpulent, old gentleman, whose large stomach and ruddy cheeks proved his devotedness to good cheer, and who handled his large ivory-headed whip with such an air of self-importance, was no other than the respectable steward of the Count of Rantzau, and that, having collected his master's rents on the large estates he possessed in the vicinity, he was carrying in his portmanteau this import-

ant sum to his lord, who then dwelt in a somewhat distant residence-town. The florid, rosy youth, opposite to him, with sentimental blue eyes and puffy cheeks, was a young bookseller of —, who had but lately married the divinity of his college years. He had been called from her side by an important and painful circumstance—his only brother, likewise a bookseller in a Rhenian town, being on the eve of bankruptcy—and he was hurrying to him with a large sum, the produce not only of his own little property, but what he had been able to collect among numerous friends and relations; by which timely help he hoped, he said, to save his brother and perhaps enable him to repair all his losses. These sums, were likewise, contained in a portmanteau, a circumstance which explained why these gentlemen preferred sitting on them, rough and uneasy as the seats might be, rather than trust them to the vigilance of their own eyes.

"Since we have such dangerous charges under our care," said the elder gentleman to his neighbor, "were it not better to become companions on the road until we reach the point where our ways must part? The times are bad, and the people not better; and in number, you know, there is security."

"I am by no means anxious," said the bookseller, "for my horse is good and fleet, and I would trust to him for my safety were danger at hand; but it will, nevertheless, be a great pleasure to me to have such agreeable society as will, I doubt not, dissipate the weariness of the journey—my Dorothea will be glad, I am sure, to know I have fallen in with such respectable company."

The thought might, at the same time, cross the young man's mind how much it would facilitate his flight, in case of an attack, should the robbers meet with such a piece of resistance as the heavy, well-fed steward might prove; so true is it that love of self is never for an instant absent from man's breast.

"My horse may not seem very bright, or young," said the steward, "indeed how should it?—the Count of Rantau affords me no better beasts than those, which, unworthy any longer of his own stables, he turns out to grass; but knowing what occasion I might have for his services, I have tried, for some time past, what high feeding would do for my *Klepper*."

"Gentlemen," said a discordant, harsh voice, that seemed to start from their elbows, and which first proved to them their effusions had not been without listeners, a fact somewhat disconcerting, "I am quite of your opinion; the more the merrier, and the safer too. As I am journeying, I believe, along the same road: I readily propose myself as an addition to your number."

The Germans now looked more closely at the speaker, whose strong accent, although

he spoke German fluently, betrayed, no less than his manners and person, his outlandish origin. He was, indeed, a singular looking personage. At first glance one would immediately have set him down as a hunchback; but on closer inspection, it was found that this impression was merely produced by the great disproportion between his large, ill-shaped head, square shoulders, long swinging arms, and his singularly short and attenuated under limbs. His countenance was no less striking than his person, and certainly nature had not bestowed it upon him as a compensation. It bore a mixture of the ludicrous and the fierce; and, although he contrived to shade his face as much as possible, with his large, three cornered hat, he could not neutralise the effect of his sharp, eager black eyes, that shone through the hazy atmosphere with fatiguing brilliancy and restlessness. His complexion was of the darkest tint, and almost made the honest Germans suspect him of being a Zingaro; although his large mouth, hooked nose, and pointed chin, strongly reminded them of an Italian *Punchinello*. His voice was as discordant as his features; and there was a fidgetiness in his whole bearing, which, evidently, nothing but the deep interest he took in his neighbours' conversation could control. His apparel was so worn and threadbare as to add to the distrust so unfavourable an exterior was likely to produce; and doubtless, the steward would at once have negatived his proposal, but for two things, which, after a somewhat protracted deliberation, his mind managed to encompass. The first was, the stranger was not without his own treasures, or, at least, what might be supposed to contain such—namely, two preposterously large saddle-bags, and another singularly elongated package, on which his eyes ever and anon rested with great complacency. Secondly, the old man thought that if there were any danger in the man's company, he could not avoid it, even by a refusal. Slowly, therefore, and not without evident reluctance, he assented—a reluctance, however, which the stranger by no means seemed willing to notice. True, he was more chary of his affairs than the Germans had been, and contented himself with informing them that he was an Italian by birth, and anxiously awaited by a partner (but in what business he did not say) in the very town where the Count of Rantau dwelt, and whither the old steward and his well-stuffed portmanteau were journeying. The conversation soon flagged, for the Germans did not feel comfortable with their new acquaintance, whose vivacity, besides, lay more in gestures than words; the booz were growing noisy and disputacious over their beer, the room stifling, and the travellers tired; so they prudently resolved to seek their rest early, that they might rise by times, having a long day's work before them.

Their host now gave them the news that there was but one room free in the house, in which, however, there being many beds, they could all three be easily accommodated. To this the travellers made no sort of objection; indeed, they were too much accustomed to such difficulties on the road not to make light of them; and after having seen to the comforts of their brutes, they withdrew together to their apartment.

The Germans soon found it more difficult to sleep than they had anticipated. The little foreigner, far from being inclined to seek his bed, went prying about into every corner of the room, looked out at the windows, and opened the doors, as if it were for the mere purpose of shutting them again, walked to and fro with a hasty step, and contrived to knock about, or move every piece of furniture in the chamber. Nor, when he at last condescended to lie down, did his restlessness cease; his bed creaked in accompaniment to the rustling of his curtains, which he seemed to take a particular delight in pulling backwards and forwards. A mischievous child could not have been a more tiresome or inconvenient companion to the sleepy Germans than their vivacious little acquaintance.

In consequence of their troubled slumbers, the sun was high when they awoke the next morning. The Italian had already left the apartment, and our two friends had no time to lose if they would avoid being too late on the road. They began to hope their doubtful companion, displeased at their dilatoriness, had left them behind; but they were soon undeceived by finding him quietly established at the long table of the public room, where they had supped the previous evening, and on which the hostess was now depositing a comfortable morning repast. On contemplating the meagre fare of the Italian, but too much in harmony with the state of his habiliments, the Germans were prompted by their good nature to offer him a share of their own breakfast, which he joyfully accepted; they bore him, doubtless, no small grudge for his wakefulness of the preceding night, but they contented themselves with the determination of banishing him from their room for the future, and otherwise treated him as cordially as before.

They proceeded with very few halts through the whole of a long, weary day, emerging from woods merely to enter forests, with little or no variety of view, and were but seldom cheered by the sound or sight of human habitation; for villages in those parts were rare and far between. When the young bookseller had sufficiently expatiated on the excellencies of his Dorothea, on the poetry of their past love, and their bright hopes for the future, and when he had made his friends admire the tobacco bag, wrought in pearls by her fair hand, expressly for his present trip,

he had nothing more to say; and the old steward had not sufficient breath to speak and ride at the same time, so that the journey would have been dull indeed but for their associate the Italian. He now talked as glibly and as unceasingly as might have been expected from the vivacity of his temperament. Contrary to most men, he did not entertain his listeners about himself, and his immediate concerns; but having travelled much, as it appeared, he had no end of the most diverting anecdotes to tell. The castle of the noble, the palace of the prince, or the common hostelry of the town, seemed equally familiar to him, and he laid the scenes of his stories with equal pleasure in either. He added greatly to the charm of these recitals by the inconceivable rapidity of articulation and gesture, the quaint grimaces, and broken German with which the whole was delivered. So ludicrous was the light he threw on all things, and so comical his own individuality, that he kept his companions in a perpetual roar of laughter; what alone prevented that confidence to establish itself between them, which is generally the result of merriment, was that ever and anon the Italian (and, as it seemed, more from habit than design) assumed in his manners something lofty and mysterious, which contrasted so strangely with the light strain of the moment, that it inspired the Germans with strange doubts and fears; and the idea of the supernatural more than once crossed their simple minds.

Time sped swiftly in this manner, and their surprise, as well as their concern, was not small, when they suddenly became aware how rapidly the sun was sinking behind the curtain of dark firs that yet surrounded them. They knew, by experience, that, however fine an autumnal day, in their country, it closed in suddenly and with chill; and they now dreaded lest darkness and the cold night air would overtake them in the forest. The pull had been a long one for the horses of the Germans, which were evidently getting more and more fatigued, and lagged in proportion as the desire of their masters increased to hurry them forward. But it was not thus with the skeleton charger of the Italian. Although his make was such as to facilitate greatly the study of comparative anatomy, had his master chosen to devote himself to it, and it seemed likely his provender did not greatly swell the saddle bags hanging over his shoulders—though his action was as wild and uncouth as his form, yet his courage seemed to augment with the necessity for it. With a long, tearing trot, nostrils snuffing the air, and eyes as luminous and strange as his rider's, he seemed created expressly for his use; and as he gradually gained upon his companions, the whole apparition gliding through the dark firs, had something in it, to them, truly fantastic. The Germans, on

their side, spurred on their beasts so unsparingly—for they by no means relished the notion of being left behind in the forest—that they succeeded in joining him just at the point where a clearing had been made, and emerging into better light, they saw him quietly surveying the prospect from the top of the saddle, where he sat perched somewhat after the fashion of an ape. He was evidently waiting for them.

"I think," said he, as soon they came within hearing, "it is time to decide on our plans for the evening, for it is rapidly advancing."

"You are right," said the old steward, who, panting and breathless, had his own reasons, however, for not suffering any one else to take the lead on this occasion. "Look there to the right; a little nearer to the next wood than that we have just left; do you not see a large farm-like building? It is an inn; and though one of a somewhat inferior order, no doubt we shall find very tolerable accommodation for the night."

"It is a lonely-looking place," said the foreigner, after examining it a moment in silence, "and all inns are not safe as times go."

"It seems to be in a very dilapidated state," added the bookseller. "I am afraid we shall get but very poor fare."

"And," continued the Italian, his eye quickly glancing over the whole prospect, and finding nowhere the trace of human industry or habitation, except the miserable dwelling which the old steward had pointed out to his attention, "I cannot help thinking it would be safer to continue our journey a few miles further, than to put up at a place of so very uninviting and suspicious an appearance."

"If our beasts were not so jaded, I should partly be of your opinion," said the bookseller.

"Nonsense!" interrupted the old German. "It is not the first time I have passed here. I know the inn well, and the people who keep it,—the woman of the house I have, indeed, been acquainted with for many a long year. Poor, pretty Mary!" he added musingly.

"Then you think the place quite safe?" said his young companion. "If it were not for that, I should be myself of opinion to take our chance in the next wood."

"Ay," said the Italian; "though it there be danger in the house, there would be danger in the forest; but we might easily, by leaving the open road, give them the change on our movements."

"Yes," said the steward, "and pass the night uselessly in the open air. Come, gentlemen, I tell you I know the house and the people well, and take all the responsibility upon myself;" and, spurring his horse forward, he was reluctantly followed by his two companions.

After having ridden on silently for more time than they could have supposed necessary

to clear the space between the place where they had stood and the lonely house, they pulled up at the very moment when a woman and a child attracted by noise of the horses' hoofs, appeared at the threshold. This, of course, put an end to further discussion; but the travellers saw at a glance, that the building, though large, was in bad repair, and denoted either great misery or neglect.

"Ah! it is you, pretty Mary?" said the old steward, greeting cordially the squalid female.

This exclamation caused the other two to gaze with more curiosity at the woman who stood before them;—there was little, however, to justify the epithet "pretty," so generously granted her by her old acquaintance. Poverty, ill-health, and their invariable concomitant, filth, seemed to have done their worst for her. Her sharp, thin features, pallid yet sallow complexion, and wasted figure, not much improved by the dirty habiliments hanging loosely around it, did not even betray the past existence of those charms to which their companion so confidently alluded. Her eyes, alone—large, black, and lustrous—might have been a redeeming point in her face, had not the dark, heavy shades which ill-health, or other causes, had drawn beneath them, and the bold yet repulsive expression they imparted to her whole countenance, diminished their beauty. The child was a faithful copy of herself; and it was evident, whatever the influence which had blasted the parent tree, it had likewise wasted the bud before its opening.

"You come, doubtless," said she, "to rest here this night? Will you please to alight, gentlemen." And, without calling any other assistance, she offered, herself, to hold their horses, by which attention, however, her old friend the steward was the only one willing to profit. She tried to throw a bold coquetry in her manners, evidently more the effect of habit than her present humour, and which would even have impaired loveliness, had she possessed any share of it. She now invited her guests to enter the public room, bidding the child to show them the way whilst she prepared to lead the horses round to the stables.

"It is strange," muttered the Italian, as he gazed after her, "strange that there are no ostlers, or help of any kind to be seen."

"Poor girl!" muttered the steward aloud; "her husband has not, it seems, grown more laborious or kind with time. I dare say it is like of old, she has all the fag and he all the profit."

The boy pointed to a low door to the left, the lock of which was too high for him to reach; the travellers opened it, and entered a large room of very unpromising appearance. The small, ill-shaped window-panes were too deeply encrusted with filth to allow a sight of

what there might be without; the benches and tables, of the coarsest description, were broken, and so indented with knives, and here and there so evidently burnt by the unsmuffed candles of careless night-watchers, that there could be little doubt left on the minds of the lookers on, but the room must often have been the scene of drunken brawls and shameless revelry. Each man involuntarily drew his treasures nearer to him, and felt chilled by the want of comfort and regularity visible everywhere about them. The hostess had hardly entered the room when her eye was attracted by the objects her guests were so cautiously guarding.

"You are heavily laden, sir," she said, addressing the elder traveller. "The Count of Rantzau will not be sorry when he sees the contents of your portmanteau. Every penny of it due by this time, I'll warrant you."

"Very likely, pretty Mary," answered the steward, without an attempt at evasion; "but let us not busy ourselves about my master's affairs; let us rather speak of your own, my good girl. You looked fagged and ill, and seem to have all the work yourself—your husband, doubtless, is as lazy and drunken as ever?"

The woman looked displeased, and cut short the colloquy by the usual inquiries about what they would want for supper; but the travellers soon perceived these questions were merely for form's sake, and that they would be obliged to put up with whatever their hostess had in the house, which was not much.

"We scarcely expect travellers so late in the season, particularly on week days, and are, therefore, but ill-provided," said the hostess; "we have no meat in the house; but if a good beer soup, quite warm, sausages, and *saur kraut* and *melchpics*, will content you, I will soon prepare your supper."

"Well, if you have nothing better, serve us that, and quickly," replied the steward, who had taken upon himself the office of spokesman on all such occasions.

"I thought so," sighed the bookseller; "our fare will not be over bright."

"It is a somewhat out-of-the-way place to expect much," answered Mary's friend apologetically, considering himself obliged in conscience to make the best of everything, since it was he who had enticed his friends to put up with such wretched accommodation; a feeling which enabled him to conceal his own chargin, when, after intolerable delays, the promised supper appeared, and proved un-
 eatable. It was served up by the hostess herself, who tried, but in vain, to reanimate the spirits of her guests. Her jests felt coldly on the ear of the disappointed and hungry steward, and her affectation of girlish coquetry was unheeded by the young German, who felt inconceivably repulsed by her whole

appearance, almost shuddering when his eye accidentally met hers. The Italian's vivacity had quite forsaken him since he had entered the house, but his eye was constantly resting on Mary's, who by no means shrank from its keen penetrating expression. He had before supper, as usual, been prowling about the premises, and, after having satisfied his appetite with dry bread and a cake of chocolate, which he drew from his pocket, he again became restless. Regardless of the hostess's presence, he rose, and crossing deliberately the apartment, was about to open a door, evidently leading to a room beyond; but scarcely was his hand upon the lock, when a gruff voice from within warned him away; he came back, silently and crest-fallen, to the table.

"That's Peter Stieber by the voice," said the steward, looking at the woman. "Ay, pretty Mary, you might have done better, indeed; but you have had your own way, and I am not the only one who has been sorry for you."

"I am satisfied with my fate," she answered, looking with distrust towards the door of the room whence the voice proceeded.—
 "Come, gentlemen, do you wish to retire?"

"Do not forget to ask her for two rooms," whispered the bookseller to the steward, for he felt an unconquerable reluctance to speak to the woman himself; "remember last night."

"True," said the other with a sapient nod of the head, "I had nearly forgotten;" and, whilst he was explaining his wishes to "pretty Mary," as he continued to call her, the Italian silently crept out of the room; so that the party was obliged to wait for his return before being lighted up stairs.

When he came in again, his companions immediately communicated to him the determination they had taken during his absence, and that he must be content with occupying a separate chamber. A smile passed over the stranger's countenance.

"At any rate, you will permit, I suppose," said he, "that our rooms communicate?"

(To be continued.)

"Feller-citizens," said a candidate for Congress recently, somewhere out west—"Feller-citizens, you are well aware that I never went to school but three times in my life, and that was to a night school. Two nights the master did not come, and the other night *I had not any candle.*"

Nobody likes nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

The artist who would build a work to last, must go to Nature for his corner-stones.

THE POET'S MISSION.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

WHAT is the poet's noblest work? To sing
Of Nature's glories, light, and birds and flowers,
Of star-gemmed eyes, of fair bright skies?—To
swing

A peunoned censor o'er this earth of ours;
To wreath the world with beauty's magic zone?
Not this—not this alone?

To catch the spirit-murmurs of the sea,
The low, sweet whisper of the forest airs;
To pour them forth in one wild melody,
A grander, softer chant by far than theirs,
All feeling linked to music's tracing tone?
Not this—not this alone!

More high and noble still I deem to be
The Poet's work; with his rapt soul, clear eyes,
His "thoughts that wander through eternity,"
His proud aspirings, world-wide sympathies,
His burden and his woe, his raptures, tears—
His doubtings and his fears.

'Tis his to bear a message from high Heaven,
To flash God's sunlight o'er the minds of men;
To sheathe in burning words fair thoughts, God-
given,
Till Earth awake to beauty—truth again;
To point with Faith's firm finger to the skies:
"Henceforth, thou sleeper, rise!"

To scatter seeds of precious worth; to shout
In high appeal against the powers of wrong;
To tinge with golden light the clouds of doubt;
To "raise the weak, to animate the strong;"
To seal all souls with Love's pure signet-kiss:
The Poet's work is this!

IBIS-SHOOTING IN THE SWAMPS OF
LOUISIANA.

THE ibis (*tantalus*) is one of the most curious and interesting of American birds; it is a creature of the warm climates, and is not found in either the northern or middle States—the tropics, and the countries contiguous to them, are its range. Louisiana, from its low elevation, possesses almost a tropical climate; and the ibis, of several varieties, is to be met with in considerable numbers.

There are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports, I have gone ibis-shooting; it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befel me in one of these excursions that may interest the reader. The southern part of the state of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. These bayous are sluggish streams that glide sleepily along, sometimes running one way and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are

outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to shed off its waters more than 300 miles from its mouth. These bayous are deep, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, with islets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great habitation of the alligator and the fresh-water shark—the gar. Numerous species of water and wading fowl fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret, the trumpeter swan, the blue heron, the wild goose, the crane, the snake bird, the pelican, and the ibis; you may likewise see the osprey, and the white-headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These swamps and bayous produce abundantly fish, reptile, and insect, and are, consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places, the bayous form a complete net-work over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southwards towards the Gulf, you get clear of the timber; and within some fifty miles of the sea, there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country I went Ibis-shooting. I had set out from a small French or Creole settlement, with no other company than my gun; even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had the day before been bitten by an alligator while swimming across a bayou. I went, of course, in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the country.

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of did not appear, I struck into a "branch," and skulled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye could see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor aught that betokened the presence of man. It was just possible that I was the first human being that had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game; and I succeeded in bagging several, both of the great wood-ibis and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*) which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles up stream, and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that, a little further up, the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and after pulling a few hundred strokes further, I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep,

dark, marshy around the shores, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, hungrily hunting for fish and eating one another; but all this was nothing new, for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most, was a small islet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright forms of a bright scarlet color; these red creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes; I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the islet was low, and altogether without cover, it was not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless, I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling; and as the bright scarlet was magnified by refraction I fancied for a long time they were flamingoes. This fancy was dissipated as I drew near. The outlines of the bills, like the blade of a sabre, convinced me they were the ibis; besides, I now saw that they were only about three feet in height, while the flamingoes stood five. There were a dozen of them in all. These were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or *buried in deep thought*. They were on the upper extremity of the islet, while I was approaching it from below. It was not above sixty yards across; and could I only reach the point nearest me, I knew my gun would throw shot to kill at that distance. I feared the stroke of the sculls would start them, and I pulled slowly and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat—for it was as hot a day as I can remember—had rendered them torpid or lazy. Whether or not, they sat still until the cut-water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flown off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes; and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when, to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downwards! In my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bay current had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but it might as well have been a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down to the lake, and after the boat; this impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth.

Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores it is true,—alone, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea of danger. These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery—when I looked around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim, I could not reach them—that upon the islet there was neither tree, or log, nor bush; not a stick out of which I might make a raft—I say, when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well-defined and absolute horror.

It is true I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either see or hear me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed, I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was the first keel that had ever cut its waters. The very tameness of the birds wheeling round my head was evidence of this. I felt satisfied, too, that without some one to help me, I should never go out from that lake: I must die on the islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, the sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no suppositions hinge upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for: there was no one to search for me. The simple *habitans* of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them: they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual; one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never before seen, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days: I had often been absent before, a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute, my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntarily than with any hope that I should be heard; I shouted loudly and fiercely: my answer—the echoes of my own

voice, the shriek of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guerilla banditti, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation—nor was it so to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie—the land-sea—without bush, break, or star to guide me—that was worse. There you look around! you see nothing; you hear nothing: you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence; your senses swim; your brain reels; you are afraid of yourself; you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by everything else, you dread lest it, too, may forsake you. There is horror in this—it is very horrible—it is hard to bear; but I have borne it all, and would bear it again twenty times over rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone; beings like yourself are near, though they be your jailers. Lost on the prairie, you are alone; but you are free. In the islet, I felt that I was alone; that I was not free: in the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie and the prison combined.

I lay in a state of stupor—almost unconscious; how long I knew not, but many hours I am certain: I knew this by the sun—it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance: I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length: my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It sounded like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects: they were forms of the *crocodilide*, the giant lizards—they were alligators.

Large ones they were, many of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channeled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognising the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself; and began to reflect with some

degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinised—the moulted feathers of the wild fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh-water mussels (*unios*) strewn upon its beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand-bar, formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it—not a stick. A raft indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape. I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in; everywhere it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to my neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp: the qua-qua of the night-heron, the screech of the swamp-owl, the bittern, the el-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bull frog, and the chirp of the savanna-cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the plashing of the alligator and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling round me—so close that I could put forth my hand and touch them.

At intervals, I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they shewed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle round me. Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired; I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye, or under the forearm. It was too dark to

aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and half-stilled by a strong musky odour that filled the air. I threw out my arms; my fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy: it was one of those monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack; as I saw that he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he with the rest once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion—for I had had a long pull under a hot tropical sun—I could have lain down upon the earth, in the mud, anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning, I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chase them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only shewed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swampflies and mosquitoes, that all night long had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Towards evening, I began to hunger; no wonder at that: I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough; I had more to fear from want of food.

What could I eat? The ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that: there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathemised the hour that I had ever imbibed such a taste; I wished Audubon, and Buffon, and Cuvier, up to their necks in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh

above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *déjeuner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next? starve? No, not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators during the second night one of them had received a shot which proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days' fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a steak from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun; its odour filled the islet.

The stench had now grown intolerable. There was not a breath of wind stirring, otherwise I might have shunned by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with the fearful effluviium. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half-decomposed carcass into the lake; perhaps the current might carry it away. It did; I had the gratification to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float: It was swollen—inflated with gases. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas—the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines, what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life-preservers! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time: I was full of energy: hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that swam near the shore received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume-quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-like skin expand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together, and fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon, when these creatures lie in a half-torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the debouchure of the bayou. Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the

sedges. A few minutes more, and I had swung myself over the gunwale, and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Jour.*

FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.

DOES THE DEW FALL?

THERE are few of you, dear young readers, we will venture to say, who have not admired the beauty of the drops of dew, as they have glistened in the bright rays of the morning sun. How light and cheerful they look, as they hang like rows of pearls on the points of the grass, and along the edges of the leaves! And when you have been up thus early for a walk in the fields, the consciousness that you have not wasted your hours in bed has contributed, together with the freshness of the morning air, to put you into excellent spirits, and to make you fit to admire the beauties of nature. You walk on with a light step and a cheerful heart and everything looks smiling around you; for

“Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet every herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going.”

Perhaps you have wondered where the dew can have come from, and how it is formed, and who has formed it; perhaps, too, thought, with the people of ancient times, that those delicate particles of dew which you see so abundant, after a fine, clear, starlight night, must have descended from the skies; though you may not, like them imagine that they are shed upon the earth from the bright moon and stars.

It was, indeed, long believed that dew, like the rain, descended from the sky. And, doubtless, this belief was natural enough; for it was observed that the dew was formed in the greatest abundance when the sky was bright and cloudless; and was never formed at all unless the night was tolerably clear. Thus it became evident that there was some connection between the state of the sky and the quantity of the dew; though the nature of this connection was not understood. We cannot wonder, then, that men should believe that the dew fell from the sky when no clouds were in the way to prevent it; and that they could conceive no other way to account for the dew, if they did not admit that it had come down from above. Yet this belief continued to prevail after the formation of dew had been truly explained; and, even at the present day, there are perhaps few people who have quite got rid of the old opinion. For this

reason we will explain to you, as clearly as we can, where it is that the dew comes from.

The first experiments that were made in order to find out where the dew comes from, seemed quite to overthrow the ancient belief; but they led people into another mistake, for they appeared to prove that it ascended from the earth. It was found that, when plates of metal were placed out in the open air, and raised at some distance from the ground, their under surfaces were alone covered with dew. In addition to this, it had been noticed that the leaves of the trees had often plenty on the under side, and little or none on the upper. So too, when a number of plates of glass were exposed, placed at different heights above the ground, it was found that the under side of the plate was covered with dew soon after the evening had set in, then the top of the same, afterwards the under side of the second, and so on to the uppermost. From these experiments, it was thought that the gentle dew arose out of the earth, like the vapour which the sun's warmth causes to rise from the moist ground in the daytime, but, though these observations were all correctly made, it was afterwards proved that the opinion founded upon them was erroneous.

Before we can explain the origin of dew, you must first understand that the air which surrounds us contains at all times a considerable quantity of moisture. Without this, it would be totally unfit for us to breathe; and in hot weather would become so burning and pestilential that animal life could not exist. This moisture is dissolved in the air, just as salt is in the water of the sea; and is contained in it everywhere, but in larger quantity near the surface of the earth than higher up; because near the earth the air is denser, and is, on this account, able to contain a greater quantity of moisture.

Now, if you want a proof that the air contains moisture, you may have it very easily. Take a decanter of very cold water from a very cold well or spring, and let it be stoppered down; when you have made sure that it is perfectly dry on the outside, carry it into a warm room, and, after it has stood upon the table a short time, you will see moisture gathering about the outside of the neck. This will go on increasing, till the water within becomes as warm as the air in the room, and then the moisture will gradually disappear. This is nothing else than dew, artificially produced, and is occasioned by the moisture suspended in the warm air of the room being deposited upon the cold glass.

Now, it is found that the warmer the air is, the more moisture it is able to take up; so that, on a

warm summer's day, when the air becomes greatly heated, and when the sun causes a large quantity of moisture to rise out of the earth, there is always much more contained in the air than there could be on a cold day. So, too, the air in a warm room occupied by people always abounds in moisture; and hence it very soon shows itself upon the cool surface of the decanter. When any circumstance causes the air to be cooled down so much that it is no longer able to contain all the moisture that was before suspended on it, that moisture must fall in the shape of water; just as the vaporous clouds become converted into rain, when they meet with a cold current of air. It rests upon any cool surface that may be near.

You may easily have a very good illustration of the settling down, or the precipitation, as it is called, of a dissolved substance, when the fluid in which it is dissolved becomes less able to support it. Take, for instance, some common alum, and dissolve in a small quantity of hot water as much as it will contain; now, as the water cools, it is not able to hold so much of the salt in solution; no part of it again becomes solid, and sinks to the bottom in the form of crystals. Indeed, those of you who are familiar with experiments in chemistry will know that very often, when solutions of salt are cooled, the whole becomes suddenly converted into a mass of beautiful crystals. It is by a process similar to this that the moisture which is dissolved in the air becomes changed into dew on the cold ground, or on the grass, or the windows.

You well know that the warm rays of the bright sun make the ground hot in the daytime; so hot, that you can scarcely bear to put your hands upon it in the days of summer. Thus you may be sure that the sun in the daytime warms the earth very much more than it does the air, so that the moisture can never become dew upon the ground while the sun is still up in the sky. But no sooner has the sun gone down, than the ground begins to cool; it sends forth heat into the air aloft, and rapidly cools down, till it becomes much colder than the air itself. This is called radiation; and the earth is said to radiate its heat into the sky.

Now, you will know, by the fact of snow lying all the year round upon the tops of high mountains that the air is always much colder high up in the sky, than it is near the earth. But the heat that is radiated from the earth warms first the lowest portion of the air, and this, thereby becoming lighter, rises, and then the cold air from above rushes down, and cools still more the earth and lower air. After the ground and the things upon it have become cooler than the air, and the lower

air itself has become cooled down by the cold currents which descend from the upper regions, the dew begins to form, and is deposited upon the cold grass, and leaves, and ground.

Now, after the earth has become colder than the atmosphere above it, it naturally tends to cool the air that is close to it; and the cold currents rushing down also assist in cooling the air near the earth. Thus it is that moisture is always formed into dew first near the ground; and then the air gradually becomes cool higher and higher up, and more and more moisture continues to settle. This explains how it was that the plates of glass, we spoke of before, first had dew settled upon those nearest the ground, and then the dew appeared gradually to rise and cover the higher plates; and it also explains another phenomenon, which you have very likely often observed, viz., the rising of the mist after the setting of the sun, which seems to form along the ground in meadows and has the appearance of rising out of the ground, as it gradually forms higher up in the air, but which is no other than the moisture of the air becoming visible, and beginning to settle, as it is cooled.

We see, then, that the dew neither falls from the sky, nor rises out of the ground. It descends not from the broad expanse of heaven, nor is it the offspring of the rising morn, though such has been the language of the poets. Thus Tasso sings:

"Aurora smiling from her tranquil sphere,
O'er vale and mountain sheds forth dew and light."

Such is the charming imagery of the poet; but the plain truth is this, that the dew is derived from the moisture accumulated in the air during the day, and which the coolness of night causes to collect into those extremely minute and beautiful drops which cling to whatever is exposed to them.

But you will very likely begin to wonder why it is that we do not always find dew upon the grass after a warm day; and how it comes to pass that there is sure to be most dew when the night is clear. The reason is, that clouds prevent the cooling down of the air. The clouds themselves radiate the heat which they receive from the earth back again to it; and thus the heat is confined within the space between them and the ground, so that the air cannot be sufficiently cooled down for dew to appear. But a few clouds, or even a single one, will have the effect of preventing the escape of heat into the open sky above, and thus of lessening the amount of dew. Even the thinnest caudric handkerchief, spread near the ground beneath it, by which you will at once understand

how it is that the gardener is able to protect his tender plants from the cold of the night, by covering them with a thin light matting. A strong wind, too, by keeping the air in constant motion, effectually prevents the heat from passing off, and thus diminishes the amount of dew.

It is only when the night is calm ;

“ When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o’ercasts the solemn scene,”

that the dew appears in the greatest abundance. It is then that the heat which is radiated from the earth can be readily dispersed into the immeasured depths of space; and, if the air is at the same time loaded with moisture, then everything is covered with the glittering dew, which contributes to make the fields appear so fresh and green in the early morning.

You have no doubt observed that the dew does not lie equally on all kinds of substances. If, for instance, you have noticed how it lies upon a gate, you have always seen much less upon the iron-work, such as the screws and hinges, than upon the wood-work. There will also be found much more on glass than on any metal; for it is found that bad conductors of heat have always more dew on them than good conductors. The reason of this is, that whatever prevents heat from accumulating serves to keep up the cold, and of course the colder the body, the more dew is deposited upon it. By using very delicate (that is, very fine) instruments, the grass is found to be colder at night than the garden mould, and the garden mould cooler than the firm gravel path. So, too, the surface of snow is always very cold; and that of wool or swan’s-down laid on the snow is still colder. These soft loose substances are therefore very good for experimenting on the quantity of dew falling; and they can easily be weighed before and after the experiment.

On a cold and frosty morning, you may see the dew formed on the inside of your bedroom windows; for the moisture contained in the warm air of the room is deposited upon the glass panes, which have been cooled by the air without. And, if your window has a close shutter, there will be more dew, because the shutter prevents the heated air of the room from warming the inside of the panes, and thus, by keeping them cooler, allows the greater accumulation of dew.

You will now understand why it is so dangerous to be out late in the evening, and especially after midnight. Then the dew is forming, and the air is so damp and chilly, that you are almost sure to take cold; for nothing is worse than that cold, chilling dampness which pervades the air when the dew is forming. On a cloudy night there is

far less danger; for the air is then warmer and drier, and dew is not deposited. Dew is, however, always more abundant when a clear and bright morning succeeds to a misty evening, and when dry weather follows rain; so that at such times it is not prudent to venture out until the sun begins to rise, and to warm the air with its morning beams. But, at the first touch of the sun’s rays, the air, warmed thereby, begins again to absorb the moisture that was forming into dew; and soon the glistening dewdrop is no longer seen upon the grass.

WHAT IS MAN?

—
A DREAM.

—
BY A CANADIAN PYTHAGOREAN.

SOME people have great faith in dreams, believing implicitly in the visions of the night: and at morning dawn seek a solution to the riddle their brain has conjured up. I am one of these. At the breakfast-table I invariably relate at length the fancies of the previous night, asking for an interpretation, and am intensely delighted if the opinions of my family coincide with my own. I would extend my family circle, and ask you, reader, the meaning of the following dream:

I thought I was borne gently through the air, on one of those large light-coloured clouds, that skirt the horizon on a summer’s eve, its edges tipped with a golden fringe,—the rays of the setting sun. Suddenly appeared before me as I reclined on my soft and airy couch, a being, such as I had never seen in any dream. His height was variable, at one time appearing gigantic, at another like unto a dwarf. On his touching the cloud on which I rested, it became transparent, and I saw the earth, as if from a fixed point in the heavens, revolving beneath me. Trees, rivers, forests, lakes, villages, towns and cities, in succession passed beneath me. I could even distinguish the inhabitants of the world, and felt surprised that the being called man (it did not occur to me that I belonged to the human race) could so perfectly change the face of nature, he is but a mite in comparison to the world, but the whole surface of the earth feels his presence.

Involuntarily, I exclaimed, “What is Man?” The earth ceased to move, and I hovered o’er a grave yard. On a newly made grave, I saw an infant playing, and in the grave I saw the mother; and, afar off, appeared the husband in the prime of life, bowed down with his mighty grief.

The pictorial answer to my exclamation must

have been unsatisfactory for again I repeated the words, but this time with a melancholy accent.

"What is man?" The earth vanished! all was darkness. I felt some one seize my hand and lead me forward, he was doubtless my aerial visitor. We were in a species of vault, for our footsteps echoed after us, hollowly, as they fell on the stone pavement. The air, too, was damp, and smelt foul. In silence we continued our way for about a hundred yards, (I counted my steps,) when turning suddenly to the right we entered a large and gloomy looking apartment, circular in form and lighted by many lamps suspended against the wall. In the centre of the room stood a table upwards of three feet in height, of about seven long, and nearly three wide. Something lay there, but what it was, I could not tell, for a large white sheet enveloped it and the table on which it rested. All this I took notice of before I turned to my guide, who was a grave, yet curious looking old man. I did not wonder, or even suppose, that he was the same I had seen before. My dream "had changed."

"My dear sir," said the old man taking off his hat, revealing his few straggling grey locks that in vain attempted to conceal his head, now nearly bald. "My dear sir, I shall be enabled to shew you the experiments, I spoke to you about; this evening," and he lay aside his cloak appearing in a tight-fitting suit of black.

"The experiments!" for I did precisely remember to what he referred.

"The experiments!" he exclaimed, advancing quickly towards me, and scanning my face closely, "was it not you that I told—no, I see I am mistaken, but I will tell you."

I was impressed by his manner. "Look here," he continued, "look at this face." Turning down the sheet from off the body lying on the table, I saw the features of her who reposed in her grave whilst her child played above. I shuddered.

"I have been long engaged," said the anatomist, for such he was, "in investigating the passions of man and their connection with the body. Love and Hatred you may see depicted in the countenance of the same individual at different times, and I have sought the several nerves that, acting on the muscles, produce these appearances. For a long time I supposed the agent to be a species of fluid resembling electricity called into existence by the heart of the being; but I was wrong. The passions have a separate and individual existence in the body. At death these beings do not depart, nor do they die. They are immortal, and should the evil

beings or passions preponderate, they tyrannize over the good and render the soul miserable. During life man appears to have the power of cultivating and nourishing the good, but if he neglect their care, the bad seem to have a self-producing power, and will make the good their slaves."

"I will shew you some of these here," he said, handing me a microscope; "you see the good beings I spoke to you of? they are most beautiful little creatures; see their beautiful faces and figures; look at their splendid attire, a red scarf across their breasts, and a breast-plate of pure transparent crystal; this shows that their actions are as pure and free from stain as their breastplate; they are all armed with a sword. Yet they are not all alike, yonder is one called Conscience, his principal weapon is a spear, whose diamond point rivals the needle in sharpness. Conscience employs himself in goading or spurring on the good to their duty; how often do we speak of the 'stings of Conscience, little do we think how literal our remark is."

"Honor is a curious being; he has his heart outside his body, and is most careful to keep it pure and undefiled, you can comprehend now a man having a 'stain on his Honor.'"

"Charity, that tiny spirit capable of such great actions, reclines on her box of wonderful ointment, which I have not yet analyzed, but its effects when judiciously applied are astonishing. However, it is hardly worth while describing these fellows individually. You can see at a glance Patience, and Mercy, Generosity, Truth and Devotion, also Faith, Humility and Modesty, with many others. Let us regard their antagonists the evil passions."

He reversed the microscope through which I was looking.

"You now see the children of the devil, they are black in heart and ugly in feature, they have cloven hoofs, which shows their origin. Their arms are various, but perhaps the most curious, are those of Deceit and Revenge. Deceit's is a veil, which, when he casts it about himself, renders his outward appearance as fair and pleasant as any of the good, he is thus enabled to mingle with them undiscovered, and to cause more mischief than almost any of the others. Revenge is strong, inasmuch as he never sleeps."

"All this," I said, noting that he paused, "I see, but—" the whole faded, and I again reclined on my cloud-couch, with a being like an angel resting beside me.

"You have seen strange things," whispered

the form, "do you believe them? Listen to a tale.

KING CHEEKAZZIM.

King Cheekazzim, "good old King Cheekazzim," he was usually styled, was one of the noblest and most virtuous kings that ever ascended the throne of Savia, since Serone the founder of the kingdom.

The kingdom of Savia was situated in the East, but the exact locality is at present undetermined, notwithstanding the diligent researches of numerous learned doctors, who have devoted their attention to this question, and as it is not likely that their labours will ever be crowned with success, I will not trouble you with any of their opinions; this much, only, have they admitted, namely, that Savia was so called after Savinia, who is supposed to have been one of the daughters of Solomon, and was the wife of Serone, the first king of the Savinians.

King Cheekazzim had an only son, who on arriving at manhood was seated on his father's throne by the father, who resigned his office in nearly the following words:—

"My son, take this shield, of polished steel, and let thy honor be as unsullied as its pure bright face. This lance, preserve it; may it never be stained in hasty quarrels, or with the blood of cowards. This sword, well has it served me, its edge is keen and true, the metal is well tempered, be you like it. My sceptre, it has ever been wielded in the cause of virtue and truth, disgrace it not. And lastly, O my son! This crown. Kneel,—Arise King Cheekazzim! Officers, soldiers and citizens assembled; behold your king!"

"Long live the King Cheekazzim. Long live our noble king!"

"And now," continued the old King as the shouts subsided, "may the Great King preserve thee. These instructions read. Farewell my son, farewell." The aged monarch handed him a roll of parchment which the young lad took and retired from his father's presence. King Cheekazzim immediately afterwards left the court for his beautiful country palace, where at a distance he might enjoy his son's fame, and spend the remainder of his life in tranquility.

The young King entered on his onerous duties with a zealoussness that surprised his court, that every day in his royal robes he administered to the affairs of state, and when the fatigues of the day were over, he took his accustomed siesta. Indeed, he had been so occupied that he forgot to read his fathers last bequest, the roll of parchment, on awaking he remembered his negligence, and drawing it forth, read with intense interest its contents. It consisted of most sober, wise, and

just commands, recommending him to consult daily the great work, containing the words of life, to attend without fail morning prayers, and never to omit the prayers at sunset. He was to be a model, and an example for his people, and never to be guilty of any act that, though excusable in him, might merit condemnation in one of his subjects. "Never," urged the document, "never be imprudent, for imprudence merits censure, and how can you censure others, deserving censure yourself?"

When King Cheekazzim had finished, the parchment dropped from his hands, and he exclaimed, "Oh my father! may I be enabled to obey thee!"

"King Cheekazzim," whispered a hoarse hollow voice, that appeared to issue from the parchment.

"Who speaks," said the king?

"'Tis I, Zoddajh, the Genie of your family," and the king saw the paper kindle into a flame, which filled the room with a blaze of light. It vanished and before him stood the form of a man, gigantic in size, "'Tis I, Zoddajh, the Genie of your family," spoke the form, in a voice that seemed to the ear of the child-king as the rolling of thunder.

"What would you, O most mighty Zoddajh?" asked the king.

"Know, king Cheekazzim, that I am the guardian of your family and throne, till now I have never revealed myself to mortal, and why? I am the special guardian of the reigning member of your family, and had to act in secret, whilst he who reigned was married. Know, young king, you are the first that has ever ascended this throne without a Queen since the days of Senone. To you I reveal myself to be your slave and counsellor, visible to none but you, and ever at your call. Speak! what am I to do?"

"Nay I, know not for what to ask."

"Then" said the Genie, "listen to me. It is thus that you shall command me when you require my assistance, take your fathers roll of parchment which you will find at your feet when I disappear, burn it, and collecting carefully the ashes, place them in this phial. When time to bathe before evening prayers, anoint yourself with its contents and then to prayer. On the morrow, by placing any part of your body in contact with a lighted taper, for a space, I'll appear,—your slave."

"What!" exclaimed the King; would you have me to burn my father's last command?"

"Here," replied Zoddajh, taking a roll from his breast, "is a parchment similar, burn the one at your feet; remember my instructions." Slowly

the Genie dissolved into an aromatic cloud, which when dissipated revealed the parchment at the feet of the King, after many doubts and much hesitation, he determined to follow the commands of the Genie.

An hour before sunset the King retired to his closet, and to his astonishment found the phial full of a red liquid though it was empty when he placed in it the ashes of his father's parchment. He bathed, and anointing himself with the oily fluid, hastened to prayers. The wonderful events of the day were forgotten in the exercise of his religious duties; and humbly and devoutly did he return thanks for past benefits, soliciting a continuance of the divine mercy. After prayers his thoughts again reverted to the Genie, but he determined not to test the truth of the experiment he was trying until the morrow. He slept but little that night and arose at dawn. It was now, that approaching his hand to the lamp, that remained continually burning in his apartment, he was seized with doubts, several times he withdrew his hand, being fearful lest he should be burnt; at last he held his hand steadily in the flame. His hand appeared to burn, but painlessly, and the flame ascending assumed the form of a man.

"Wherefore am I called?" asked the Genie.

Wherefore? Why I merely wished to make a trial of your charm."

"Thou hast succeeded," said Zoddajh in a terrible tone and threatening gesture, "but beware of calling me for naught; take heed lest you summon me in vain."

"Pardon."

"Know you not the danger of idle supplications? Have you not in your youth been taught the use of prayer, and the benefits arising therefrom? Do you not know that they are petitions offered up unto the Great King for good objects to be attained, or thanks for favours already granted? Have you not also been informed that prayers uttered in a thoughtless manner are sinful and unacknowledged, the evil thereof reverting to the head of the petitioner? In ancient times," continued Zoddajh, "a favourite officer of a great and glorious King demanded of his master a favour. It was granted. Mark you, a good king is ever ready to listen to the entreaties of his subjects, and to grant their requests. However, this officer laughed and informed his master, that he did but jest, he wanted nothing, but would only try his goodness.

"Ye shades attend! The blind earth-worm grovelling in the mire, jesting with the sun-beam—the rays and light of which are in

a manner necessary to his existence! The king was angered, and spake in anger. "What! dost thou trifle with me? Fool! hast thou forgotten that every idle word thy lips utter, must be accounted for by thy spirit?" The officer was cast into prison. But further: a widow, poor and afflicted with many cares, prostrated herself at the feet of this same king. "O king, I pray thee, hear me." "Speak," he replied. "Yestere'en a soldier of your guard, entering my house on a pretence, robbed me. I demand justice." "Point him out, and he shall restore thee fourfold, and shall be punished by the tormentors. You, my good woman, I have heard of, your deeds of charity, your fortitude under afflictions, and your husband's death in my service; my palace is large, enter you in, care will be taken of you; 'tis fit that the good and faithful be rewarded." You see here, O king Cheekazzim, the reward of an idle request, and the prayer of her in necessity and tribulation. Never speak thoughtlessly, nor act idly. Idleness is ever an evil. Never act lightly or foolishly, to while away an hour. Time is invaluable. 'Tis as easy to engage yourself in something that will prove of benefit to yourself or your people, as to waste it to the injury of both."

"Good Genie, may your words take root in my heart, and bear fruit in my lips."

"I hope so, and now, since you have summoned me by fire and your body, I will be ever present with you, though invisible; yet whenever you need me, I'll appear on your breathing upon this ring. Take it, and guard it jealously; should you lose it, the charm is broken and destroyed." King Cheekazzim placed the ring on his finger; he looked up—the Genie had gone.

Many days passed on, and many times did the youthful king summon to his aid the Genie of his family. Great was his fame, great was his wisdom and justice. His subjects loved them, he endeared himself to them by many acts of liberality and kindness, he set an example to them by his virtuous habits, and was rewarded by their devotion.

Zareenna, the principal city in his kingdom, and the one in which he usually resided, lay beautifully situated between two lofty mountains. The plains at their base were covered with flowers, which peeping above the long grass with which they were surrounded, nodded to and fro, moved by the gentle breeze; and many trees, producing fruits delicious and abundant, stood every here and there. The city itself appeared composed of palaces and temples; and through the city ran a stream, leaping from stone to stone, from fall to

fall, 'till lost in the far distance. Yet, within the city walls, it sometimes swelled into a small lake, covered with aquatic birds and flowers of various kinds, and again it narrowed so much, as to allow the trees on either side to meet and interlace their boughs, and so form an arch above the stream. Now, on a summer's day, might be seen groups of children, scattered along its banks, sporting together; anon, an aged man, feeble and infirm, moves slowly by, musing, perhaps, on life, and comparing it to the stream whirling past him. The children with the respect due to age are silent and stand apart, while he passes by; and, as onwards he walks, he sees a sheltered bay, the water passing slowly and quietly through it.

"E'en so is life," he says, "some there are that thus calmly live and peacefully die. Ah! How happy must they be, that are thus blessed; whose lot is cast, whose life is passed, as unruffled as thy bosom, and who, like this stream, move onward steadily to attain the great object of their creation; the stream, the broad sea, the mighty ocean; man——?" he paused and trembled.

He had now come to a portion of the river which was shallow; its surface broken by numerous rocks and shoals, and at last dashed and scattered into spray by a succession of falls; below it was hidden by fallen rocks, but again appeared at a short distance as still and motionless as before.

"Here," said the old man, "here let me gaze on this. How many unfortunate mortals are there whose life closely resembles this picture; broken and troubled; full of dangers and trials; one hurried bubble, soon broken and lost forever. And here is a deep pit, the waters enter, they know not where; so it is with man. Who knows what takes place in this its course, 'till we meet it flowing on again, the same as ever and ever flowing. From childhood I have known this stream, 'twas ever thus. May it not be taken as an emblem of eternity? and may we not believe that man passes through such an unknown passage? We see him enter it in death. He knows Eternity after Death."

Years passed, and Cheekazzim was about to marry a beautiful princess. On the eve of his marriage the Genie Zoddajh appeared to him uncalled. "To-morrow you marry, and I leave you; keep that ring on your finger in remembrance of me, and when in trouble think on me."

"But——,"

"I know what you would say," interrupted the Genie; "you cannot fail to be happy if you keep in mind all I have taught you, or to be prosperous if you remember my counsels; Farewell."

The Genie appeared to dwindle into vapour, when he thought he heard a voice call from it, "Prince Cheekazzim." "Prince," he said, "why I am king." But again "Prince Cheekazzim" was uttered in stern accents, and the voice was that of his father; and, lo! his father's form issued from the cloud in which the Genie had disappeared.

"Shade——" he commenced, when the shade seizing him by the shoulder said,

"My son, you have overslept yourself. 'Tis time for evening prayer."

"Ha! my father, you are not dead, nor am I king."

"Alas! my son. Have you already thought of being king? Do'st thou wish it?"

"Nay father, you know I wish it not; but my dream was so vivid, that I for a moment thought it real. Happy am I that I am still a prince, and happy for your people that you are yet a king."

"Come, my son, to prayers."

The angel form by my side ceased to speak and vanished like the Genie in his tale, into the cloud on which I rested. The cloud became again transparent, and I saw the earth making its revolutions beneath me, but on its surface I saw no men. It was peopled with beings like unto those the anatomist shewed me, and they were warring with each other. I could recognize them all, and felt interested in their movements. It presently appeared that the good spirits triumphed, for the evil ones retreated and vanished. It was then, that bursting into a loud chorus, they sang,

"Come, brother Feelings, virtuous sprites,
Ever thus maintain our rights:
Check each evil Thought and Feeling,
Be just and upright in our dealing
With the world and each other.
Ever kind and virtuous be,
And we will gain the victory."

They ceased their song, and one with a banner, cried, "To prayers!"

The cloud on which I rested, melted and fell. Now beneath me is a bleak and barren spot, covered with rocks; I shall inevitably be dashed to pieces. Quickly I approach the earth, and the air whistles round me as I cleave the space. Another minute and I am lost. I struggle, and striving to spring upwards,—wake.

I awakened to receive the first kiss of the morning sun, who shot his rays across my face, through the half-closed shutters of my bed-room window. The shout, "To prayers!" still rang in my ears, and starting from my bed, I obeyed the mandate.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XV.

DOCTOR.—Pray Laird, what is that dainty little volume which you have got so carefully stowed away in the vast profound of your waistcoat pocket?

LAIRD.—Oh, just a collection o' poems, which Jappencott, Grambo & Co. o' Philadelphia hae just published. It is mony a blessed day since I hae seen sic a tastefully prented buik.

MAJOR.—And pray who may be the "maker," whose rhymes have so touched your unsophisticated affections?

LAIRD.—Dinna rin awa' wi' the harrows man, in sic a hurry! In the first place the author disna' deal in rhyme, at least to ony extent, but in blank verse; and secondly as I have na' perused the affair, my affections are still unshackled as the north wind racing and roaring frae Ben Nevis to Ben Lomond.

MAJOR.—With the characteristic caution, or rather, I should say costiveness of your countrymen, you have eluded giving me a direct answer to my inquiry. Once more I beg to be indoctrinated touching the name of the Philadelphian bard.

LAIRD.—'Deed Major, it's no in my power to stoken the drowth o' your curiosity. The title page merely says that the poems are composed by *Meditatus*.

MAJOR.—Pray Laird, if it be a fair question what did the volume cost you?

LAIRD.—Only twa shillings and sax pence. It is na dear, especially when ye consider that it is bound in clath and lettered on the back wi' goud!

MAJOR.—Estimating the paper as being worth two-pence for shaving purposes, you have only lost two and fourpence by this transaction.

LAIRD.—What div' ye mean?

MAJOR.—Simply what I say! Except as an auxiliary to the razor, the production of *Meditatus* is as useless as a frying pan minus a bottom, or a gouty Alderman on a tight rope!

DOCTOR.—You have read the work then?

MAJOR.—Enough of it at least to make me marvel exceedingly that our cannie chum Bonnie Braes should have been seduced to invest four Yarkers in such a thriftless bargain!

LAIRD.—Allow me to explain! Ever since the appearance o' that inspired laddy Smith's glorious collection, I hae been keeping a gleg ce upon every new publication in the poetical line. It

would be a grand thing to earn the credit o' bringing a fresh Milton or Wordsworth to light!

MAJOR.—True for you, oh most golden-hearted of agriculturists, but unfortunately, in the present instance, you have culled a paddock stool, instead of a blushing retiring flower!

LAIRD.—That's a bitter verdict, Crabtree, and some proof will be required before we can cry amen thereto.

MAJOR.—Why every page presents sins sufficient to convict the unfortunate author of being an unredeemed and unadulterated chucklehead, who should never be permitted to handle paper, pens, and ink. For example take the first six lines of the opening poem (!) entitled "THE STARTING PLACE."

"I stand upon a rock, beneath I see,
Like waves dashed at its base, the troubled world,
Within a small white space they surge and boil,
But their spent roar breaks not the still calm here,
Beyond the ocean stretcheth—smooth,—unspecked,
As doth an angel's sight Eternity!

LAIRD.—Ye were right, Major! I hae been shamefully cheated out of my half-dollar, and if Maclear does na tak back the fusionless gear, he's no' the honest man I esteemed him to be!

DOCTOR.—What does the twaddler mean by asserting that Eternity presents a "smooth, unspecked" appearance to an angel?

LAIRD.—Wha' can tell the meaning of a silly object's maunderings? Why if *Meditatus* had read his Bible wi' ordinary attention, he never could have uttered such a self-contradictory sentiment.

MAJOR.—Pray go on, good Laird, I love to hear you open out upon such a theme!

LAIRD.—Rax me the jug then, because what wi' the heat of the afternoon, and seven saut herrings that I had to breakfast, I feel as if, like the guid fairy in Mother Bunch, that I could spit naething except sax-pences!

MAJOR.—Your thirst being quenched, *perge*.

LAIRD.—Hoo often hae I warned you never to speak Greek to me! Nae body, noo a days quotes the dead languages in common writing or conversation, except some scheming pedant wha wants to make the lang lugged mass believe, that he is wiser than his neighbours!

MAJOR.—Well then, in simple Anglo-Saxon, allow me to ask your opinion regarding *Meditatus*' notion of Eternity?

LAIRD.—Why the idiot describes it as if the

annals thereof presented naething except an endless succession o' blank pages! According to his tale, Eternity is like a boundless Dutch canal, whose sluggish waters are never kissed by the passing breeze!

MAJOR.—*Per-Hem*, I mean proceed!

LAIRD.—Eternity *smooth* and *unspecked*, indeed! Let me ask *Meditatus* whether *Hell* is not a component of Eternity? Would he speak of the sting of the immortal worm as *smooth*, would he characterise as *unspecked* that fathomless lake the surface of which is dotted with the sentient writhers of reprobate humanity? Na' na! the idea o' perdition is teeming,—hotching, I was a'maist ganging to say, wi' restless energy, and unwinking power; no the less power, because it is sensual and devilish!

DOCTOR.—I rise merely for information—to use the slang of polemical conventions—but would the expressions of *Meditatus* not be correct if they were limited to a happy Eternity?

LAIRD.—I really wonder to hear ye ask sic a ridiculous question! Do the glimpses which Revelation gives us o' HEAVEN, warrant the use of the terms which I am denouncing? Did *Meditatus* ever study the magnificent and mysterious visions o' Saint John, which he saw frae the wild rugged crags o' Patmos? Did he never, wi' the ear of fancy, hear the blasts o' the angelic trumpet which shook the celestial arches—if I may use sic an expression—each flourish followed by signs and portents, grand beyond the power o' finite imagination to grasp or realize? Tak' the book out o' my sight, Doctor, or I'll be tempted to pitch it out o' the window, which would be a thriftless speculation when a' was done!

DOCTOR.—I'll tell you what to do Laird. Return *Meditatus* to our bibliophilic friend, accompanied by the fourth part of a dollar, and receive by way of excambion a copy of another work put forth by the aforesaid Lippencott, Grambo & Co. entitled "*Summer Stories of the South*."

LAIRD.—Wha' wrote it?

DOCTOR.—T. Addison Richards, a name hitherto unknown to fame, but which, in all probability is destined to attain a respectable altitude on the ladder of fame. The stories present well-constructed plots, and are written in correct English, which, let me tell you, is no small modicum of commendation in these latter days when slip slop so pestilently abounds. Mr. Richards evidently takes Washington Irving as his model, the only *native* model, in my humble opinion, which a writer of republican America can safely adopt!

LAIRD.—I am no' disposed to question the correctness of your criticism, but just as ye were

speaking I turned up a passage in Mr. Richards's book, which is very far to the north of good taste, as honest auld Bailie Nicol Jarvie would say.

MAJOR.—Pray read it. As the Doctor so unmercifully used his dissecting knife upon your *Meditatus*, you are quite entitled to pay him off by taking some of the shine out of his *Richards*!

LAIRD.—Here's the backsliding to which I refer.

"Oh, what a glorious conception was the Travellers' Club. Our president and secretary were the oldest members of the society, and residents of the city, having attained the requisite qualification,—for the privilege of "settling down," where cars and steamboats *cease from troubling*, and the traveller is *at rest*!"

DOCTOR.—Well, what is so peculiarly out of joint in these words?

LAIRD.—I am sorry to hear you ask sic a question, Sangrado! Is there nae harm in making a ribbald jest o' the word o' God? Between the twa covers o' the Bible there is not a mair touching or poetical sentence than that which your client, T. Addison Richards, has thought proper to hash up into a slippery mess for the amusement of the witless and the profane!

MAJOR.—Give me your hand, honest old valet of mother earth! "Blessings on your frosty pow" for protesting against one of the most revolting iniquities of our age! You can hardly unfold a newspaper without having your eye pained by a Merry Andrew misapplication of sacred writ! Would that the wittings who thus transgress could have grace and judgment sufficient to understand that genuine wit and profanity can never walk hand in hand. Even an infidel, if possessed of taste, would shrink from placing a cap and bells upon a volume so pregnant with sublimity as the record of the Christians' faith! Why such a one would refrain from pasting a meretricious caricature upon one of the magnificent columns of the heathen temple of Elephanta! A feeling of incongruity, to speak of no higher motive, would keep back his hand from such an act!

DOCTOR.—I cry *peccavi*, for not having sooner twigged the Laird's meaning, and emphatically endorse the sentiment of the poet, that,—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

[Enter Mrs. Grundy.]

MAJOR.—Welcome, thrice welcome back to the Shanty! I presume you have just returned from Niagara? You enjoyed your trip I hope? Mrs. GRUNDY.—Exceedingly! I trust that all things went smoothly during my absence? The servants received minute directions from me as to the management of affairs, but still I fear that ●●

MAJOR.—Pray give a truce to your anxieties my good lady! The simple fact is that like yourself, I have been a truant from our *dulce domum*.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—Indeed! I had no idea that you meditated a peregrination, or I should have paid some attention to your wardrobe. Pray what quarter of the globe have you been visiting?

MAJOR.—The truth is that our mutual friends the Laird and the Doctor persuaded me to accompany them on a pilgrimage to Orillia, a part of the Province which had hitherto been a *terra incognita* to me.

LAIRD.—Greek again! The old man is plainly getting into his dotage. I must carry a Lexicon in my pouch, if I would hope to keep pace w' him!

Mrs. GRUNDY.—I should like to hear how you got on. When did you leave?

MAJOR.—On Monday morning, by the Northern railroad. After a very agreeable trip, we were transferred from the cars to the steamer *Morning*, and ere sunset the thriving town of Barrie received our august persons.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—What kind of a place is Barrie?

DOCTOR.—It is very prettily situated at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay, and gives promise of being a most important town. Two newspapers emanate from its bounds, the *Herald* and the *Northern Advance*—there is no lack of stores and hotels—and the back-ground is crowned by that invariable concomitant of civilization—a prison!

Mrs. GRUNDY.—Pardon me for interrupting you, but in my humble opinion the ideas of civilization and a jail are somewhat incongruous and contradictory!

DOCTOR.—Not a bit of it my good madam! Did you never hear the story of the honest Frenchman who recorded the fact of his falling in with a gibelet in the course of a tour which he had been making. "By this token," said the worthy traveller, "I knew that I had reached a Christian territory!"

Mrs. GRUNDY.—And what was your course from Barrie?

LAIRD.—After spending the night in a change house, where we could na' get a wink o' sleep on account of a bickering between twa drunk men, touching the wife o' one of them, and the landlord who was the most drunk of the three, we re-embarked in the *Morning*, and after a pleasant sail, landed at Orillia, and took up our quarters w' Mr. Garrat of the Northern Hotel.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—I trust that you found him a more acceptable host than the one of Barrie?

MAJOR.—He is a *brick*, Mrs. Grundy, in the ullest acceptation of that most comprehensive,

most classical and expressive word! To the most of his resources he strives to make his guests comfortable, and never seems so happy as when contributing to their gratification.

DOCTOR.—What a lovely locality that of Orillia is! Situated upon Lake Couchiching the village commands a view of one of our most picturesque inland seas; interspersed with richly wooded islands,—and abounding with piscatorial treasures, rich enough to extract water from the mouth of a disciple of Epicurus!

LAIRD.—Dinna say anither word about the fish, Sangrado! It is an ill deed to tantalise a pair body w' the vision o' luxuries which can only be compassed on the spot! I havo na' had such a treat as I enjoyed at Orillia since the day that I breakfasted at Inverary upon fresh herrings, which were living when put into the pot to boil!

Mrs. GRUNDY.—How did you amuse yourselves at Orillia?

MAJOR.—On Wednesday morning we engaged a party of Chippewa Indians, denizens of the village of Rama, on the opposite side of the lake, and set out on angling expedition. Each of us had a canoe to himself, navigated by a brace of *red men*; and, as *Inns* are not to be met with in the unsophisticated regions for which we were bound, we took good care that the *pragmatical* part of the arrangements should not be neglected.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—I should much like to hear the details of your adventures. The narration, I should think, would be as interesting as a description in one of Cooper's novels.

MAJOR.—Why, my dear Mrs. Grundy, though the expedition was full of enjoyment, the particulars thereof would hardly repay you for the trouble of listening to the same. Our Indians demonstrated themselves to be a very worthy, painstaking set of people; their only shortcoming being an occasional departure from strict veracity when their own interests and comfort were at stake.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—I do not quite follow you, Major.

MAJOR.—Why, for instance, when we proposed a trip to a specific point, the Chippewas would frequently assert that the distance was four times as great as it really was, and all to save themselves from paddling a few additional miles!

LAIRD.—I wish you could hae seen us, Mrs. Grundy, on the night when we *camped out*, at the head o' Couchiching Lake, near the saw mill o' Mr. Saint George.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—Camped out! Do you mean to tell me that there was no roof under which you could lay your weary heads?

LAIRD.—That is my meaning, indubitably! If

we hadna' erected some poles, and covered the same wi' canvas, which we brought in our canoes, we must e'en have made the clouds our curtains, and *Macfarlane's booit* our night lamp!

Mrs. GRUNDY.—Macfarlane's booit! What do you mean?

LAIRD.—Beg your pardon, madam! I forgot that you were a Southern. I mean the moon! It is an auld Scottish name for the celestial patroness o' lunatics!

MAJOR.—Verily I think that we were all a parcel of lunatics to expose ourself to such inconveniences, as we experienced then and there, and all for the sake of abducting a few luckless black bees from their native element! Look at my hands, dear Mrs. Grundy, how they are bitten with black flies and mosquitos. I say nothing of my nose from which the sun hath

“——peeled the flesh,
As you peel a fig when the fruit is fresh!”

LAIRD.—Hoot awa, man! Folk wad think that you were made o' sugar, and liable to melt under the gentlest summer shower! In my humble opinion, the draw-backs ye ha'e enumerated, were mair than counterbalanced by the racy twang o' the gipsy-like life we led. Let me ask you, did ever ham and eggs taste sae sweet as the mess thereof we discussed at the head o' Lake Couchiching, by the light o' the brushwood fire kindled for the occasion? Od, I think that I feel the appetizing smell playing about my palate yet!

DOCTOR.—Here I must call a halt! Mrs. Grundy is tired with her trip, and doubtless will be anxious to see whether there is anything to be had for her supper!

LAIRD.—Ah, Doctor! Doctor! I see you will be the same old sneak-drawer to the end o' the chapter. For one word that ye speak for worthy Mrs. Grundy, you speak twa' for yourself! But never mind. I have muckle to say touching Orillia, and the prospects and capabilities thereof, upon all which I shall crave liberty to enlarge at our next diet, or sederunt; but Major, what was ye gawn to say about the Toronto Esplanade at our last meetin', when Mrs. Grundy telt us the supper was ready? I see the newspapers are makin' a great fuss about it now.—One day we has a lang report from Mr. Cumberland to the Northern Railway Directors, anither day a letter fra the City Surveyor about it, on anither it is announced that Gzowski & Co. or the Grand Trunk contractors, are gawn to mak' the thing at once: did ye hear onything mair about it?

MAJOR.—I was then going to draw your attention to a long letter which appeared in the May

number of the *Canadian Journal*, prior to any of those you have just mentioned, the author of which signs himself “a member of the Canadian Institute,” and advocates strongly the importance of making provision for public walks, baths, wash-houses, &c. and sets forth a new plan for the Esplanade, by which the Railways can be brought into the very heart of the city without the necessity of level crossings. I thought at the time that the plan, although probably too costly and on too grand a scale, was a feasible one, and deserving of more attention than it seems to have received; since then I am glad to see that the chief engineer of the Northern Railway has taken it up, and strongly recommended its adoption, with slight modifications.

LAIRD.—Before we gang ony farther, I wud like to ken the correct meaning o' “level crossings” for there were nae railroads when I was at schule maist sixty years syne, and I'm rather particularly concerned in this matter—an o' my friends has a water lot near Yonge Street.

MAJOR.—When one railway crosses another on the same horizontal plane, or where a railway crosses a street or road in a similar manner, that is to say without *either* being bridged, it is termed a “level crossing,” and they are the cause of a great many accidents.

DOCTOR.—You will recollect Laird of that serious collision only a few months ago near Detroit, when one passenger train ran into another on a “level crossing,” to the great destruction of life and property—“level crossings” have always been a source of danger, and should at any cost be avoided, if possible, in crowded thoroughfares.

LAIRD.—I understand it noo: indeed I thoct it was that, yet I aye like to mak' sure, but I dinna see why they needna gang slower through a town, there's nae use to *biss* through as if the deil was at their heels.

DOCTOR.—Yes my good Laird, but there are innumerable chances of danger however slow the trains may travel, the locomotives themselves have been known to become unmanageable and run away—horses are apt to get frightened—women and children may be overtaken while crossing the tracks, or old gentlemen like yourself and the major who do not hear quite so well as in your younger years may make even as narrow escapes as *he* did at Waterloo.

LAIRD.—Toot man, I can hear your whusale half a mile awa, I'm no sae deaf as a' that, and may be there are some aulder and deafer than me (joking.) I'll telt ye doctor, gin there be as muckle danger as ye say, gentleman in your

profession should keep a *calm sough*, a broken leg noo and then would aye be mair grist to yer mill. I think we'd better cry quits noo, as we're gettin' all the thread, and I'm anxious to hear about this plan o' the Major's. It's strange I didna see the letter he spoke of.

MAJOR.—Indeed Laird, it is altogether my fault; I lent the Journal for May to a friend who only returned it a few days ago, but here it is, and although the letter is rather long, it refers to various other matters which we may discuss at another time; with your permission I will read the whole.

DOCTOR and LAIRD.—Do, go on, go on.

MAJOR.—There was a lithographed plan which accompanied the letter, and you will have some trouble to understand the letter without it, however, here goes:

(Major reads letters.) *To the Editor of the Canadian Journal.*

The water frontage of Toronto, extending over a length of from two to three miles, and up to the present time almost unoccupied, is now about to be used for Railway purposes. Adjoining thereto, and extending about three-fourths of a mile along the south side of Front Street, immediately to the east of the Old Fort, a tract of land averaging in width about one hundred feet, was some years ago reserved for the public as a promenade or pleasure ground, which reserve is also being appropriated by the Railway Companies for their own use.

Much has lately been written, and far more has been said, regarding the occupation of the water frontage by the Railway Companies, and the appropriation by them of the above mentioned reserve—one party advocates the conversion of every foot of ground now lying waste into "track," "brick and mortar"—another party, with more concern for the healthful recreation of future generations than the convenience of the present, insists on these reserves for pleasure grounds being retained for the purpose they were originally intended to serve. But the question is not whether the portion of ground referred to should or should not be used in the manner proposed; for the Railway Companies are empowered by their charters "to enter into and use these lands or such parts of them as may be necessary for the making and maintaining of their works," and the fact that the use, intended to be made of these lands, may probably be most conducive to the public weal, is a mere accidental or extraneous circumstance; the lands would not be so used unless it was believed by these Companies to be conducive to their own interests.

All must admit, however, that the interests of the public and of the Railway Companies are one in the most important particulars, and that every facility should be afforded them in endeavouring to establish their works at the most suitable points; but if in so doing it be found expedient that these public grounds should be peaceably surrendered for the purposes of business—the life and soul of all commercial cities—it ought

not to be forgotten that posterity has some claim on the representatives of the public at the present day, and surely some effort should be made, before it is too late, to provide breathing space for those who come after us. The great demand for building space, the rapid filling up of that which is vacant, and its consequent increasing value, will in a very few years, make it next to impossible to open up grounds such as are provided for the adornment of older cities, and considered not only beneficial, but necessary for the recreation, amusement, and instruction of the masses. It will, indeed, be a reproach, if within the limits of the City of Toronto, comprising an area of six square miles, and which half a century ago, was just emerging from the wilderness, a few acres be not set apart and held inviolate for these purposes.

Again, without one general plan subscribed to by all parties concerned, it is not quite clear how the location of the various Railway Termini can be otherwise than fraught with litigation, inconvenience, and even difficulties of an engineering character;—the first has already commenced, but the last is in store for the future, and will, doubtless, along with the first, increase in a ratio proportionate to the number of Railways from time to time constructed. In proof of which, we have only to observe what is now taking place, and what may probably follow. The Directors of the first Railway constructed take possession of the most eligible part of the water frontage, make wharves, erect buildings, and lay down tracks leading thereto; the second Railway secures space sufficient for its Terminus, but in reaching it, has to pass through the grounds of the first; the third Railway, with some trouble and such expense, procures length and breadth for its wharves and buildings, but in approaching thereto has to cross the tracks and cut up the arrangements of the first and second; and so also with the fourth and fifth Railways constructed to the water frontage, either forced to pass along the public streets to the only available positions left, or crossing and re-crossing the tracks previously laid, and interfering with the terminal arrangements of other Railways.

The disadvantages of such a course of proceeding may be summed up in a few words:—Making and unmaking works of a costly character (reckless expenditure;) crossing and re-crossing of the tracks of the various Railways, (increased chances of collision;) innumerable level crossings, (danger to foot passengers and horse-vehicles;) Termini improperly connected with each other, (inconvenience to travellers;) and destruction of pleasure ground reserve without giving an equivalent in kind, (probably expedient, but not desirable;) all of which may be obviated by adopting in good time a plan of arrangements on a scale commensurate with the prospective business of the City; and although many years may elapse before its entire completion, yet each part could be made in accordance therewith, and in such a way as to form a portion of a grand whole.

The accompanying plan, briefly described underneath, will show how easily extensive arrangements could now be made without interfering with existing structures, while delay of even a few

months would, to say the least, make the carrying out of any general plan a matter of some difficulty. It is unnecessary to trouble you at present with the financial portion of the scheme, or the manner in which the private holders of water lots could be fairly dealt with, since this is a matter for careful consideration and legislative enactment. That the plan proposed, embracing a space of from 250 to 300 acres, devoted chiefly to Railway terminal purposes, and shipping, will be considered by some persons far too extensive or even, utopian, is not unlikely; but knowing the lavish expenditure and embarrassment which too restricted arrangements have caused in other places, and seeing the almost magical advancement which the city is now making, I venture to say, that without some comprehensive scheme, more money will eventually be sunk, directly and indirectly, than might be required to carry out, step by step to completion, any plan however extensive or however costly.

It is proposed to set apart a strip of land throughout the entire length of the city, of a width sufficient to accommodate nine Railway tracks to be level with the wharfs, to be crossed only by bridges, and to be used solely as a Railway approach and for Railway connections.

Front Street to be converted into a Terrace above the level of, and separated from the "Railway approach" by a retaining wall and parapet, to be 120 feet wide, and planted with rows of trees throughout its whole length.

The entire area south of the Front Street Terrace to be on the wharfrage level, and reached by slopes from the bridges. The bridges may be of iron, of a simply ornamental character.

The space to be set apart for each of the Termini to be determined by the Government, the Corporation, and the agents of the Companies.

Each Railway to have its own particular tracks on the Approach, with sidings to the various Termini for the purpose of forming connections.

The number and size of the "slips," and the detail generally of each Terminus being governed by the requirements of the Companies, to be designed and carried out by them in accordance therewith, it being only requisite that the piers do not extend beyond certain defined limits.

It is also proposed to reserve certain portions (to be under the surveillance of the City Corporation) for the landing of steamboats unconnected with the Railroads, for private forwarders, for baths and wash-houses, or for general public service; the places allotted for this purpose on the plan, are situated at the foot of York and Yonge Streets, and at the rear of the St. Lawrence Hall, and are named respectively the "Niagara," the "City," and the "St. Lawrence Basins."

No localities are better adapted for extensive arrangements of this character, and at no future time will it be possible to carry out any general plan at so little cost, since few erections of any consequence now exist, and none need at present be interfered with. All the Railways would have free intercourse with each other, without a single level crossing. And a grand terrace, perfectly straight for upwards of two miles, planted with trees, like the "Paseo" of Havana, would be more than an equivalent for the pleasure ground reserve taken from the public for other purposes.

From this terrace the fresh breezes from the lake might be enjoyed—the arrival and departure of shipping, and the marshalling and moving of trains viewed by the young and the old without fear of danger.

While contemplating improvements on so grand a scale, the selection of a site to be dedicated to a great Public Building should not be lost sight of,—I refer to one of which even now the want is felt, viz: "The Canadian Museum," for the formation of which the Canadian Institute is making strenuous exertions,—and also a permanent home for that Society. The very best situation would doubtless be on the vacant space at the intersection of Yonge Street, with the Grand Terrace, (where the Custom House and Soap Factory now stand) or south of the Railway tracks facing the bridge from Yonge Street, as shown on the plan. There can be no good reason why the building should not be sufficiently extensive to include a Merchant's Hall and Exchange under the same roof, or offices for Telegraph Companies, Brokers, &c., in its basement—or why it should not be as ornamental and imposing as its central position would require, or the purpose of its erection demand.

It is unnecessary to advocate farther the adoption of some general plan acceptable to all concerned, and suitable to the wants and wishes of the public, for the advantages must be evident and manifold. There would doubtless be considerable difficulty in bringing to a satisfactory issue, a matter involving so many different interests,—but by the union of the City Authorities with the various Chartered Companies and the appointment of a Board of Directors from among each to carry out a plan suited to their common interests the most beneficial results would be produced, and, instead of each acting independently of the other, and adopting various and conflicting regulations, a bond of union would be thoroughly cemented between them and plans might be matured and carried out, on a scale so extensive and so perfect as would be one of the greatest—the very greatest characteristic of Toronto.

DOCTOR.—I quite agree with the writer in many respects. It will indeed be a great reproach to Toronto if space be not left for a few parks, and public walks. She has now, exclusive of the proposed Esplanade and Terrace, only one "lung" for the airing of 40,000 human beings, with almost a certainty of that number reaching 100,000 in ten years. I refer to the College Avenue, a strip of land about half a mile long, by 130 feet wide, and if that be insufficient now for the recreation of the inhabitants, what will it be in 10 years hence with such an increase? And again, the all important subject of Public Baths, ought to receive the very gravest consideration; the City Fathers instead of promoting health and cleanliness, by encouraging bathing in the summer months, have an ordinance to prevent any one from using the lake in daylight for the purpose of ablution; and I am told that several little boys have been punished for unwittingly breaking this

City Law. My ideas on this subject, however, I propose deferring until a future meeting.

LAIRD.—Only body will admit that the arguments in favor o' Public Works are guid, an' that it's better to hae nae "level crossings" if ye can arrange so as no to hae them. Yet, if I understand yer plan, Major, I dinna think it'll work weel—look at the number o' bridges required to cross the railways, and the trouble it wad be to climb up a slope as high as the tap o' a locomotive, just to come down theither side again; and a the gudes frae the wharves wad hae to be drawn up to the bridges an' doon again to the street in the same way. I rather think the carters would gie up wark a' thegither.

MAJOR.—Ah Laird! I see you are labouring under a mistake, you have forgot that Front Street is already about as high as the bridges would require to be, and that slopes would be wanted only from the wharves upwards, similar to the present roads from the wharves up to the level of Front Street; for a full understanding of this, hear the following extracts from Mr. Cumberland's practical report:

"The general level of Front street is from 18 to 14 feet above the level of the wharf lines, or in other words from 23 to 19 feet above the mean water line; but the gradients of Front Street might be very materially improved, so as to give a more uniform level, and in places an increased height above the wharf and water lines. It will be remembered, too, that this bank is broken not only in regard to height but projection from the line of Front street, and my suggestions contemplate true alignment as well as improved levels.

"Assuming then the southern boundary of the Esplanade to be true in alignment throughout the frontage of the city, and at a regular height (of 16-6) above the railway and wharf grades, I propose to build on that boundary a retaining wall, having its coping fenced by an iron railing (as at the Montreal wharves) with a general railway track at its base, of width sufficient for the number of lines considered necessary, which for the present purpose I assume at five.

This general railway track being thus 16-6 below the level of Front street, and the Esplanade would be bridged over in one span opposite each of the intersecting streets from the north, whereby direct and safe communication would be preserved from the city to the wharves and water frontage.

"The southern limit of the railway track on the lower level would be fenced throughout its length; and to the south of this again, and parallel with it, a common road would be constructed to facilitate communication on the wharf level.

"It is, I believe, well understood that the Esplanade as originally designed, and, indeed, as contemplated even under the Act of last Session, was intended to be built on the wharf or lower level, on a line nearly parallel to Front street, and equi-

distant, or nearly so, from it and the frontage of the wharves, or what is commonly known as 'the windmill line;' thus severing the water-lots at or about the centre of their projecting length by what would be neither more nor less than a street although dignified by a higher name. Such a proposition could not have been made in view of railway service, and yet I believe it has been seriously proposed to make it subservient to railway traffic. Such a use of an 'Esplanade,' and such a location of the railways would, I submit, be unwise in the last degree. The Esplanade (either as an Esplanade or a street) would be ruined, and the railway service obstructed, whilst further, the city would be cut off from its frontage on the bay, except under the permanent hazard and embarrassment of crossing (say) five lines of railway on a level. When we remember that these lines will be worked under different management, and at all hours, we may appreciate the danger, difficulty, and obstruction to the lake trade of the city, resulting from such an arrangement. Nor can it be intended to devote the Esplanade solely to railway tracks; a common road must be provided upon it or in its immediate vicinity, whereby the further disadvantage of parallel and abutting lines of railway and common road on the same level will ensue, increasing the danger and inconvenience.

"I accordingly conclude that such an arrangement will, on reflection, be abandoned, for I am convinced that common sense, as well as professional opinion, will condemn it as a system: to be justified only by positive necessity, in this case by no means apparent. On the contrary, the natural levels, (fortunate and valuable to a degree it availed of) point directly to the construction of a retaining wall and a perfect system of bridging over the railways for the city streets; by which appliances, whilst all the common road communications with the water may be kept up free and unobstructed, the railway tracks may be safely and conveniently admitted from both extremities into the very core of the city, to be diverted (at intervals and wherever the trade may demand) by curves and sidings on to the edge or frontage of every wharf.

"Thus we see that (apart from questions of cost or property) the purposes of the railway companies, the forwarders, and the city will be conveniently secured; of the Railway companies because their lines will be free from obstruction by level crossings, whilst their tracks may connect with every wharf in the city; of the forwarders and citizens generally, for the same reasons, viz., ample and safe connections between the common highways, the railways and the water; and of the citizens especially, because, beyond all this, an enclosed avenue may be provided, 66 feet wide throughout the entire frontage of the city, overlooking the Bay and Lake Ontario, and connecting with the proposed Park on the Garrison Common.

"That such works properly executed in detail, would result in a water frontage uniting great beauty with very ample commercial facilities, can scarcely be doubted; and in no locality with which I am acquainted do the provisions of nature as well as original plan of location, so clearly denote a system.

"The magnitude of the work may possibly startle those not prepared to appreciate the prospective value of the water frontage served but not obstructed by railway connections. On consideration, however, I think its cost may not be an insuperable obstacle. The present opportunity is such as rarely occurs in any city, and certainly will never again occur in this. We have the following public bodies all interested in the question. But none as I am informed, as yet committed to any particular scheme: 1st. The Corporation in regard to the Esplanade, its property in water frontage, the city railway service the preservation of its street communications, and the provision of public walks and gardens. 2nd. The Harbor Commissioners, who contemplate a public or city wharf. 3rd. The Railway Companies, viz., The Grand Trunk (including the Guelph and Sarnia,) the Northern, and the Hamilton and Toronto, none as yet committed to any particular location of depots, and all of whom must of course secure adequate right of way somewhere. And lastly, the owners of water lots, who, standing pledged to some expenditure on the Esplanade, would find their interests promoted by this system.

"If then it can be shown that by one general and harmonious scheme, all the provisions contemplated by these bodies can be secured, we have at once an expenditure predicated on the different purposes as a fund applicable to the united works now proposed. The amount involved, its equitable distribution, and the settlement with owners and lessees on the frontage in regard to their rights and privileges, (which, however, in most cases would be improved in value,) are all matters of detail which cannot be safely estimated or fairly stated without due enquiry and very mature consideration. It is apart from my present purpose to do more than submit to you the outline of a scheme intended to provide permanently for these important public services; and I apprehend that such a proposition, as may most conveniently unite all in one comprehensive work, will recommend itself so strongly to public favor as to overcome any financial obstacle not altogether insurmountable.

"The trade of the City will hereafter to a great degree depend for its success upon the facilities afforded it by the Railway and Harbor services. If an error be now made in these, permanent embarrassment will result; and these considerations are the more important, because the Harbor frontage of this city is comprised within a fixed limit incapable of extension, whilst the difficulties of Railway introduction will increase daily with the growth in population and the value of real estate."

MAJOR.—After these two documents, we come to the last that has appeared on this subject—a letter from Mr. Thomas, City Surveyor. I feel rather fatigued Doctor, perhaps you will read the extract marked. We may not have time to draw a proper comparison between the several plans this evening, but the subject will be open for discussion at our next sederunt. You will see that the leading feature of Mr. Thomas' plan is to build a

Street or Esplanade over the Railway tracks on stone piers and brick arches extending the whole length from Simcoe to Parliament Streets, with flights of stone steps leading up thereto at intervals. I can scarcely yet venture an opinion, but it seems to be rather an extravagant idea of the value of space to put one street over another on arches when the same object can be attained at much less cost by taking in 60 or 70 feet more of the Bay.

Doctor reads.

I purpose therefore, to make Front street from Simcoe street to Parliament street a business street, and of such a width as not to destroy the Custom House, or the valuable wholesale and other stores already built, and now in course of erection on the South side of Front street to the Esplanade securing the frontage of these valuable water lots. I would then leave from Front street a depth of from 100 to 150 feet for the building lots, whereon to erect, as may be required the Railway Stations, the proposed large Hotel, Wholesale Stores and Goods Warehouses, with other principal frontages to the Railroad on the wharfrage level on the South; also to an Esplanade on the South front, constructed on piers and arches over the lines of Railway 66 feet in width, on the Front street level, with an open space of 20 feet area for light and ventilation to the lower story of the buildings in front of the tracks. The buildings would have their North frontage on Front street, passengers would enter the respective Stations, as the goods would be received on Front street. Passengers may also enter the Stations from the Esplanade, by bridging over the areas, and a flight of stone steps would be made to the lower level from each line of street. The goods would be sent down to the trains from Front street, through the warehouses, and brought up and delivered on that level, so that but little cartage would be required in comparison across the Esplanade and down the inclines to the wharfrage level, except to and from the boats, &c. The Esplanade to commence over the Railroad and with the building frontages, at Simcoe street, or as far to the westward as may be thought desirable, and the Government land improved to the westward of it, planted with trees, continuing the Esplanade in front to the bay, on the north side of the Railroad a bank or slope to connect with the west park.

The Esplanade, by this arrangement, across the most central part of the City, would be in the proper place, on the Front Street level, with the Railroad cars running underneath, having arched openings on the north side of the railroad to the buildings, and on the south side to the wharfrage, being in appearance like a continued station. The locomotives passing under the arched covering through the central part of the city, would be less liable to cause damage from their fire sparks, and would make much less noise. The passengers would be protected from heat and dust in summer, and the trains from snow accumulations in winter; easily accessible on both sides for receiving or discharging goods, whether by water or land. The buildings being erected with handsome stone

frontages to the Esplanade and Bay, would give the City a magnificent appearance, with the arched frontage of the Esplanade as a basement to the whole. Trees may be planted for shade opposite the piers on the lower level, which would form an avenue for the raised Esplanade along the entire distance, which might be limited at the outset from Simcoe Street, where that street would enter it at right angles, to George Street, on the East, which would enter it in a similar manner. From that part, East and West, the railroad may be open, with buildings to the north side at the East to Parliament Street, twenty feet north from the line—and I am of opinion that West of Simcoe Street, a good open fence on the top of a grassed slope would be thought most desirable for the enclosure. The raised Esplanade over the railroad to have the five lines of rails, if so many are required, with five arches, in brickwork, turned over them, continuous on stone piers, backed up with brick work and coated on the top with asphalt and gravelled, with side walks and carriage drive, the whole sixty-six feet wide in the clear of parapets on each side, with bridged entrances to it from the north side. The rain-water would be carried off by cast-iron pipes, to make it secure from leakage.

LAMB.—Ah Doctor, I canna say I like yere plan either; name o' them are equal to the one I had mony a chat about wi' my auld friend Sir R. Bonnycastle, now dead poor man, an' wi' Mr. Howard the architect. Keep awa yere new fangled plans frae me,—what wi' yere bridges, an' brick-arches, an' trees planting, and level crossings an' so on, its enough to dumfounder a body. Na na, gentlemen, the auld plan is a plan ye can understand, its a simple one, and the simplest way is often found to be the best way.

DOCTOR.—I confess I feel quite taken aback not having thought of the subject before.—one requires to have a thorough knowledge of all the plans, and to study them carefully, before giving an opinion as to their merits. It appears to me, however, that there are many good things in all of them, which, if combined together, might form even a better plan than any one of them.

LAMB.—Ye mean to mak a' kind o' "Gregory's Mixture," or a "Dover Powder" out o' them, do ye,—O Doctor, Doctor, "the Cadger has aye mind o' Greels."—

MAJOR. (*who has been for some time reading.*)—Trace to more palaver about railways for the night. Have you read *Yusef—a Crusade in the East*, by J. Ross Brown? If not, I advise you to purchase it forthwith from our friend Maclear. At first I was averse to take up the book, but in skimming over the preface I have put it into my pocket, and have spent many pleasant hours over it.

LAMB.—But a preface is only put to a bulk to catch the eye o' some light skimmer as ye are.

MAJOR.—Not always; however, the preface in this case promises nothing. The author merely alludes to himself, and mentions the difficulties under which he accomplished his crusade. When a boy he had a longing for the East, and started from Washington with fifteen dollars in his pocket, and got as far as New York, from thence he shipped in a whaler for the Indian Ocean, and, after some years spent in a roving life, returned to Washington. He here worked four years at Treasury reports, &c.—the East still in the distance. He now made another start, and accepted office in the revenue service, and found himself after many adventures in California. However, he got back to Washington, and made a third and successful attempt. He thus sums up: "I got there at last, having thus visited the four continents, and travelled by sea and land a distance of a hundred thousand miles, or more than four times round the globe, on the scanty earnings of my own head and hands." "Let him who thirsts for knowledge go out upon the broad face of the earth, and he will find that it is not out of books alone that he can get it; let him make use of the eyes that God has given him, and he will see more in the world's unwritten revelations than the mind of man hath conceived."

DOCTOR.—Very true; Mr. Brown is a sound sensible man.

MAJOR.—He is a sensible writer, and has produced a work that is pleasant to read, not only for its subject matter, but for its free, easy, gentle style. He is at times fond of satire, and ridicules in a pleasing manner the glowing and poetic accounts given of the Holy Land by other writers. I will read you an extract at random:—

"In my rambles about Jerusalem I passed, on several occasions, through the quarter of the Lepers. Apart from the interest attached to this unfortunate class of beings (arising from the frequent allusion made to them in the Scriptures), there is much in their appearance and mode of life to attract attention and elicit the sympathy of the stranger. Dirt and disease go revoltingly together here; gaunt famine stalks through the streets; a constant moan of suffering swells on the dead air, and sin broods darkly over the ruin it has wrought in that gloomy and ill-fated spot. Wasted forms sit in doorways; faces covered with white scales and sightless eyes are turned upward; skeleton arms, distorted and fetid with the ravages of leprosy, are outstretched from the wall moving mass; and a low howl is heard, the howl of the stricken for alms; 'Alms, O stranger, for the love of God! alms to feed the inexorable destroyer! alms to prolong this dreary and hopeless misery! Look upon it, stranger; you who walk forth in all your pride and strength, and breathe the fresh air of heaven; you who have never known what it is to be shunned by

your fellow-men as a thing unclean and accursed; you who deem yourself unblest with all the blessings that God has given you upon earth; look upon it and learn that there is a misery beyond all that you have conceived in your gloomiest hours—a misery that can still be endured: learn that even the leper—with death gnawing at his vitals and unceasing tortures in his blood, cast out from the society of his fellow-men, forbidden to touch in friendship or affection the hand of the untainted—still struggles for life, and deems each hour precious that keeps him from the grave.”

I might give you many mere selections I have marked as worthy of a corner in my commonplace book, but this is sufficient for my present purpose. I have another book to call your attention to, one that has been out for several months and one that I am afraid many in search of a *something* to pass a leisure hour would be apt to overlook. It is a novel by Caroline Lee Hentz, and entitled *Helen and Arthur or Miss Thusa's Spinning-wheel*. It is a well written tale and interesting; the design a great and good one, but its execution hardly comes up to my expectations. The failure, if it can be called, is rather the result of the difficulty of the design than inability on the part of the author to accomplish it. She handles her characters skillfully, and many of her descriptive parts are good, altogether the narrative is well calculated to please and instruct children. The following passage is true of many children:

“Never had a child a more exquisite perception of the beautiful, and as at night she delineated to herself the most awful and appalling images that imagination can conceive, by day she beheld forms more lovely than ever visited the Poet's dream. She could see angels cradled on the glowing bosom of the sunset clouds, angels braiding the rainbow of the sky. Light to her was peopled with angels, as darkness with phantoms. The brilliant winged butterflies were the angels of the flowers—the gales that fanned her cheeks, the invisible angels of the trees. If Helen had lived in a world all of sunshine, she would have been the happiest being in the world. Moonlight, too, she loved—it seemed like a dream of the sun. But it was only in the presence of others that she loved it. She feared to be alone in it—it was so still and holy, and then it made such deep shadows where it did not shine! Yes! Helen would have been happy in a world of sunshine—but we are born for the shadows as well as the sunbeam, and they who cannot walk un-fearing through the gloom, as well as the sightless, are ill-fitted for the pilgrimage of life.”

Mrs. GRUNDY.—Gentlemen, supper is ready.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

LAIRD.—Mrs. Grundy, ye ken weel how to please an auld man; thae cruds were maist refreshing; the thermometer o' my wame stood at aughtly when I went ben, and the noo it's down to

forty. Major, here are my “facts.” Doctor, your bellows is in better order than mine, tak and read them for me. (*Doctor reads.*)

ROOT CROPS AND STRAW FOR CATTLE.

Robert Baker an eminent English Agriculturist, gives the following as a summary of his practice in feeding roots in connection with other food, and which he has found to be very successful. Our readers may derive some valuable hints from it. The advantages of mixed food over feeding single substances to cattle are well known:—

“The mangold wurzels, or Swede turnips, are plucked (not sliced) with a machine constructed by myself, of which many are now in use in this district. This consists of a revolving cylinder, into which hooks are inserted, acting against a row of knives to facilitate the operation, and which plucks the roots of Swede or other turnips, and mangold wurzel, into small pieces from the size of an egg downwards, thus avoiding the sharp edges produced by turnip slicers, and preventing the choking of the animals, as well as facilitating the readily mixing them with the cut chaff. The latter is cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch lengths, in the proportion of one part of hay to three parts of straw, and is moistened by an application of linseed meal that has been previously steeped forty-eight hours in cold water, in the proportion of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. to 2 lbs. for each bullock, to which is added 4 lbs. of barley-meal, sprinkled in the chaff. The morning meal is prepared the evening previous, by mixing one bushel of the plucked roots with about two bushels of cut chaff, prepared as above; and in the morning the evening meal is prepared in the same way. If it is found the bullocks will eat more, it can be increased by adding chaff only, or with a further admixture of the roots. The advantage of this mode of feeding, will, upon experiment being made, become at once apparent. The bullocks will thrive faster, and will never be relaxed, as is too frequently the case when fed upon the roots by themselves, and the quantity of the latter per diem may be exactly apportioned. They will also eat the chaff cut from straw without hay, if found desirable. But when fed upon the roots alone, they will not rest satisfied until they have had their fill, and then will refuse chaff cut from straw altogether. The stomach of ruminating animals is larger than that of other animals, and requires to be filled before they will lie down to rest; and the large quantity of roots they will consume (if allowed to feed without restriction) becomes absolutely injurious to them, while 50 per cent. more will be consumed with less benefit to the animals.

“If oil-cake is bruised and steeped in the same way, it will be found more beneficial than when given alone, and the whole of the nutritive properties will become extracted, as will at once be perceived by the difference of the manure; but the latter, of course, will at the same time not be so valuable.

“With store stock one bushel of roots with cut chaff is sufficient, and one or more pounds of linseed meal per diem may, if required, be added; but if an attempt be made to keep them upon one bushel of roots, given separately, they will

pine after more, and remain constantly restless and dissatisfied. The vegetable food may also be 'marshalled to meet the jaws,' and an exact calculation made of the extent of time they may be required to last."

A few remarks on the culture of mangel wurzel will be found note-worthy by some of our farmers, especially those residing in the neighbourhood of large towns:—

"For the benefit of the readers of your journal, I beg to inform them that Mr. Charles Bagley, of Fulham, a market gardener of the first magnitude, within the last five years has grown, and weighed publicly, when topped, tailed, and well cleaned, upwards of 80 tons of mangel wurzel per acre, and sold it to the London cow-keepers at 27s. per ton. I understand he grew about seven acres of the said mangel. He lays 100 tons of manure per acre per year; and he plants upon the land that is for mangels, after Michaelmas, cabbages, in rows one foot asunder, being 43,560 cabbages upon an acre. Early in the spring, every other row of cabbages, containing 21,780 upon an acre, is taken away, and they are sold in bunches as greens, and a row of mangel wurzel is planted in the place, by the side of 21,780 cabbages upon an acre, being then a row of cabbages and a row of mangel adjoining the cabbages. The cabbages stand until they are fit for market; they are then taken away to make room for the mangel, being one root of mangel in two square feet, alias 24 inches by 12 inches, or 288 square inches for each mangel wurzel. Of course a market gardener of such great discernment would not let a plant be wanting to make up a full crop; at that rate and management there is not a foot of ground lost, very unlike the crops of many farmers.

"This market gardener occupies about 80 acres of land, a great part his own property. I have known him in what they call the gathering season, pay £100 a week for labour; and I have seen, not in the busiest time, 50 men labourers leave the gardens to go to dinner, and also with them 25 women, making together 75 people, employed on 80 acres; and I have seen them return again after dinner. I have known this persevering market gardener to have two crops in a year, besides a crop of mangel. The first early row of cabbages being taken away, a row of lettuce is planted where they stood, and the mangel wurzel is planted after the last row of cabbages is taken away, getting three crops in one year. There being 21,780 plants of mangel in an acre, to produce 80 tons per acre, the plants ought to average 8½ lbs. each, which amounts to a little over 80 tons per acre.

PRESERVATION OF TREES ON TOWN PLATS.

BY T. M.

In all parts of the country are springing up towns that grow with great rapidity. Some of these are destined to rival the Atlantic cities in population and importance; many others will become second class towns of note, while a still greater proportion, though destined to an humbler rank,

have still an equal interest with their more fortunate neighbors in attaining and preserving a character for pleasantness and beauty.

The sites of many of these towns are beautiful beyond description. Nature has spent centuries in growing and perfecting for their adornment the most graceful and the most magnificent forest trees. She has diversified the surface with hill, and plain, and dell; she has sent sparkling rivulets among the woods, and festooned the trees with the ivy and the grape. The oak, and the elm, and the maple, mingle their diverse beauties together, while modestly beneath their shade are to be found the less ambitious but scarcely less indispensable trees that are needed to complete the picture.

Unfortunately the founders of new towns are apt to be people who fail to appreciate sufficiently such beauties. They are men whose thoughts are bent upon speculation, and who find their highest and almost only enjoyment in the rapid acquisition of wealth. They call around them to build their houses, dig their canals, and construct their railroads, a population principally of needy emigrants, transient persons, who go to and fro with the demand for labor, and who, having no permanent interest in the place, are only anxious while they remain in it, to use as little as possible of their dollar a day in current expenses. Among such a population, a tree is of no value, except as it may be turned into lumber or firewood. Robbery of the woods is universally esteemed fair plunder, and while the one steals from the forest its best timber, another is cutting his fuel from the remainder, with an equal disregard of titles and of division lines.

In most Canadian towns there are yet clumps of trees that have not been sacrificed, and among these are to be occasionally found the sugar and the scarlet-flowering maple, while the graceful elm is scarcely ever out of sight. The buck-eye is also frequent; the honey-locust throws out its long thorny branches on all sides; the aspen is to be seen in the neighborhood of the stately ash; and now and then a mulberry, with the black walnut, the butternut, the plane, and the linden, complete the picture. No; not complete it, for the hickories are all about us—rugged and sturdy, but full of unpolished beauty, and deserving all the better care in their preservation where they have planted themselves, because of the impossibility of transplanting them. The button-wood, the tulip tree, and the willow, are also to be found in particular localities, and the glossy-leaved thorn, the dogwood, the cherry, the balm of Gilead, and the sassafras in others. The red cedar, that once grew along the banks of the rivers, has unfortunately been already exterminated, and the lovers of rural beauty mourn its departure as that of a cherished friend. But the list already given is sufficient to show how profusely and variously the ornaments of nature still adorn this neighborhood.

It seems a matter of surprise that such advantages fail to be appreciated; but it is very commonly the case that the forest trees are all cut away before the inhabitants take a thought about shade trees.

In the towns which, though injured, are not yet so badly defaced—and there are many such—it is

to be hoped that a different policy will prevail. Proprietors ought to guard their trees with far more vigilance than they would their money, because they are far less quickly replaced. Town authorities ought sedulously to protect avenue trees, not only as a means of rendering their place pleasant to its inhabitants, but also because the beauty of the town is a part of its wealth, and has an extensive influence in attracting capital and valuable citizens to it. If he who plants trees is a public benefactor, how much more so is he who preserves those already grown, and which, for a long time, will be far more valuable than any which he might plant?

It is to be hoped that this subject will attract more attention than it has hitherto received, and that our new towns, while so rapidly attaining strength, will preserve, in some degree, that comeliness which nature designed for them.

Now, Mrs. Grundy, we want your "gatherings;" but I warn you to make them short; there is no room, and I have been obliged to give up my page of musical chit-chat to make way for Chess Intelligence.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—Doctor, you always serve me in this shabby way. While at Niagara, I collected a host of receipts from some Indians I met, and I intended to have given instructions for bead and quill work, but I suppose I must submit. (*Mrs. Grundy reads.*)

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Silks of chequered patterns are, at present, extremely fashionable, and nearly all the newest silks of this description have the squares large and formed of three different shades of the same color. A dress composed of white and green chequered silk has just been made up. The pattern comprises four or five different tones of green. This dress has been made for a very young lady, and is intended for a showy style of out-door costume. The corsage has a basque trimmed round with a fluted quilling of ribbon of different shades of green. The corsage is very open and is edged, like the basque, with a quilling of ribbon. A bow and long ends of ribbon is fixed at the waist in front of the corsage. Within the corsage is worn a chemisette of organdy muslin and formed in small folds or plaits. This habit-shirt is finished at the throat by a ruche of Mechlin lace. With this dress there is intended to be worn a white muslin mantelet profusely ornamented with needlework and trimmed with a double frill or flounce of the same, scalloped at the edge. The bonnet, of white gauze lisse, has the brim formed of three bouillonées, each separated by a cordon of small flowers of different colors. Under the brim, a cordon of the same flowers is placed in the *arcade* style, terminating in bouquets on each side.

Another dress of chequered silk has been prepared for a very elegant walking costume, the details of which we may here describe:—Dress of chequered silk, the pattern large, and the colors pink, fawn, and white. A small mantelet of black glacé entirely covered with rich embroidery in black silk. This mantelet was edged with a fall of black lace, half a yard deep. The

front of the bonnet was of exceedingly fine Leghorn, and the crown and bavolet of pink ribbon, ornamented with a design of black cut velvet. A bow with long ends of the same ribbon was fixed on one side of the bonnet, and on the opposite side there was a large moss-rose. The under-trimming consisted of loops of black and pink ribbon on one side, and on the other small tufts of rosebuds. A parasol of white moire lined with pink and trimmed with guipure, completed this very *distingué* costume.

Several of the new evening dresses intended for the country are composed of white and colored tarletane or organdy; and they are ornamented with bouquets or wreaths of flowers. These dresses usually have the skirts trimmed with three, five, or seven flounces. Many tarletane dresses have full corsages, in the style which the French dressmakers call *à la vierge*. The fullness is gathered at the waist on narrow bands. A ceinture with long flowing ends should be worn with this style of corsage. The top is edged round with a ruche of tulle illusion, the same trimming being repeated round the bottom of the short sleeves. This corsage is not new, but very pretty and becoming. The coiffure best suited for dresses of the kind just described is a combination of flowers and ribbon. None can be prettier than two bouquets of pail, and white roses attached with long ends of ribbon. A wreath of flowers, having long sprays drooping towards the back of the neck and shoulders, may also be worn.

The most fashionable morning or *déshabille* costume consists either of a dress of the old favorite *peignoir* form, open in front, or one composed of a skirt trimmed with flounces and a jacket corsage. The latter is preferred to the *peignoir*, and many dresses composed of muslin, are very elegant, though plain. Dresses of jacquet muslin, made in this form, have the jacket trimmed with ruches or frills of the same simply hemmed.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE—COSTUME FOR HOME.

Dress of light purple silk; the body high at the back is low and square in the front, *à la Marquise*; the waist is of a moderate length and is slightly pointed; the body does not close in the front, but is laced across and finished by a bow in the centre: A small cape *à revers* terminating in a point in front, gives a finish to this body; the edges are festooned and trimmed with a narrow fringe: the small double jacket is cut separate from the body; the edges are festooned and trimmed to correspond with the *revers*. The sleeves are open to the bend of the arm in front, they are finished by a narrow festooned *revers*, and are lined with white silk. The skirt is long and very full; a narrow bias lace, the bottom edge festooned and trimmed with fringe, is set on full, at a distance from the waist of about one fourth of the whole length of the skirt, and has the appearance of a narrow heading to a very deep flounce. Cap of *valencis* lace trimmed with satin ribbon.

DOCTOR.—And now for my song—the words by a Canadian backwoodsman, the music by a Toronto lady. (*Doctor sings, and set runt closs amid great applause.*)

SIMPLE THOUGHTS.

A Ballad.

MUSIC, BY A LADY OF TORONTO; WORDS, BY F. WRIGHT, ESQ., SPENCERVILLE.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody is simple and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line and the word "Fine." written in italics.

Many a trif - ling in - ci - dent Rest - ing on the mood or will,

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics "Many a trif - ling in - ci - dent Rest - ing on the mood or will," are written below the treble staff.

Oft hath prov'd an in - stru - ment Of bless - ed good or fear - ful ill:

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics "Oft hath prov'd an in - stru - ment Of bless - ed good or fear - ful ill:" are written below the treble staff.

From the spi - der on the wall, Man may good in - struc - tion take ;

And at re - so - lu - tion's call, Stronger every ef - fort make.

An apple falling from the tree
 Woke a Newton's thought profound,
 And the drifting wood at sea
 Proved a Colon's reason' sound:
 Human wisdom naught can teach us,
 Learning, Science, Skill, combined
 Try their wits in vain to reach us
 While we're to our errors blind.

C H E S S .

An apology is again necessary for not being able to give a problem this month, although the type are supposed to be on their way, yet they have not reached us. However, we give a few more enigmas and the report of a game played in the Berlin Chess Club:—

ENIGMAS.

No. 4. *By H. B., aged 13 years.*

WHITE.—K at K B sq.; R at Q 4th; B's at K Kt 6th, and K B 2d; P at K R 2d.

BLACK.—K at K Kt 5th; B at K B 5th; P's at K R 6th; K Kt 4th, and K B 3d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 5. *By Mr Annet.*

WHITE.—K at his 4th; Q at K 6th; R's at K Kt sq. and Q 5th; P's at Q Kt 2d and Q R 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q B 5th; Q at K R 3d; R at Q Kt 3d; B at K 6th; P's at K B 5th: Q Kt 4th and Q R 5th.

White to compel Black to mate in three moves.

No. 6. *By * * **

WHITE.—K at K R sq.; Q at K 2d; B at K B 6th; Kt at Q 3d; P at Q R 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 6th; R at Q Kt 7th; B at Q R 5th; Kt at Q B 5th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CONSUETUDINE GAME, PLAYED IN THE BERLIN CHESS CLUB, BY HERR MULLER AGAINST HERR WOLF AND V. D. GOLTZ.

WHITE (Herr M.)

BLACK (The Allies.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Q P two | K B P two |
| 2. Q B P two | K Kt to B 3rd |
| 3. Q Kt to B 3rd | K P one |
| 4. Q B to K Kt 5th | Q P one |
| 5. K P one | K B to K 2nd |
| 6. B takes Kt | B takes B |
| 7. K B P two | Q Kt P one |
| 8. K B to K 2nd | Q R P one |
| 9. K B to his 3rd | Q R to his 2nd |
| 10. K Kt to K 2nd | Q Kt to Q 2nd (a) |
| 11. Q to her R 5th | Q R P one (b) |
| 12. Q Kt to his 5th | Q R to his 3rd |
| 13. Castles. | Castles |
| 14. K R to Q sq (c) | K Kt P two (d) |
| 15. K Kt P two | B to K Kt 2nd |
| 16. Q to her B 2nd | P takes K Kt P |
| 17. B to K 4th | K R P one |
| 18. P takes K Kt P | Q takes P |
| 19. Kt to K B 4th | Kt to K B 3rd (e) |
| 20. Q Kt takes Q B P (f) | Q R to his 2nd |
| 21. Q Kt to his 5th | Q R to Q 2nd |
| 22. B to Q B 6th | Q R to Q sq |
| 23. Q to K Kt 6th | Q takes Q (g) |
| 24. Kt takes Q | K R to B 2nd |
| 25. P to K 4th (h) | K to his R 2nd |
| 26. Kt to K B 4th | Kt to K sq |
| 27. Kt to R R 6th | Kt to Q B 2nd |
| 28. Kt takes K B (i) | K takes Kt |
| 29. Kt to Q B 3d | Kt to Q R 3d (k) |
| 30. Q R P one (l) | B to Q Kt 2d |
| 31. B takes B (m) | R takes B |
| 32. K R to Q 2nd | R to Q B sq (n) |

WHITE (Herr M.)

BLACK (The Allies.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 33. Kt to Q Kt 5th (o) | R to Q 2d |
| 34. Q Kt P one | Q R P one |
| 35. P takes P. | R takes P |
| 36. K R to K Kt 2. | K R P one |
| 37. K R P one | R takes Q R P (p) |
| 38. P takes P | P to K R 5th |
| 39. R to Q B sq | R to Q R 4th |
| 40. K R to Q Kt 2d | K P one (q) |
| 41. Q R to Q B 6th | P takes P |
| 42. K tks P at Q 4th (r) | R takes Q R P |
| 43. Kt to K B 5th (ch) | K to Kt 3d |
| 44. K R takes Q Kt P | R to Q R 5th (s) |
| 45. Kt takes Q P | Kt to Q Kt 5th |
| 46. Q R to Q B 8th | R to Q R 3d |
| 47. R takes R | Kt takes R |
| 48. K P one | R to K 2d |
| 49. R to K 8th | R takes R |
| 50. Kt takes R | Kt to Q B 4th |
| 51. K to R 2d | K to Kt 4th |
| 52. K to R 3d | Kt to K 3d |
| 53. Kt to K B 6th | Kt to K B 5th (ch) |
| 54. K to R 2d | Kt to Kt 3d |

And the game was resigned as drawn.

(a) B to Q 2nd would have been a better move.

(b) The only play to save the Rook.

(c) White's object was to occupy the centre of the board with his two Rooks, but it would have been better to play the Q R to B sq before this move.

(d) Black is so confined, that he can only develop his game by an attack on this side.

(e) White has nothing to apprehend from this attack, as Black's Q R and Q B cannot be brought into action.

(f) With the view of exchanging Queens, and not to win the King's Pawn and Rook for the Kt. by the taking K P next move: this would cause him the immediate loss of the game.

(g) The best move.

(h) Black is now in a very confined position: he must strive to prevent the advance of his adversary's centre Pawns, and most particularly avoid exchanging both Rooks.

(i) White takes this Bishop, as, so posted, it might become dangerous.

(k) Q B to Q R 3rd, would also have been a good move.

(l) Better than Q Kt to R 4th, in which case Black would have been able to break up his centre Pawns if White took Q Kt P.

(m) K B to R 4th would perhaps have been still better, in order to bring it afterwards into play at Q B 2nd.

(n) The only correct move.

(o) If White had played Q Kt P one, Black would have played K P one. Q Kt might also have played with advantage to Q B sq.

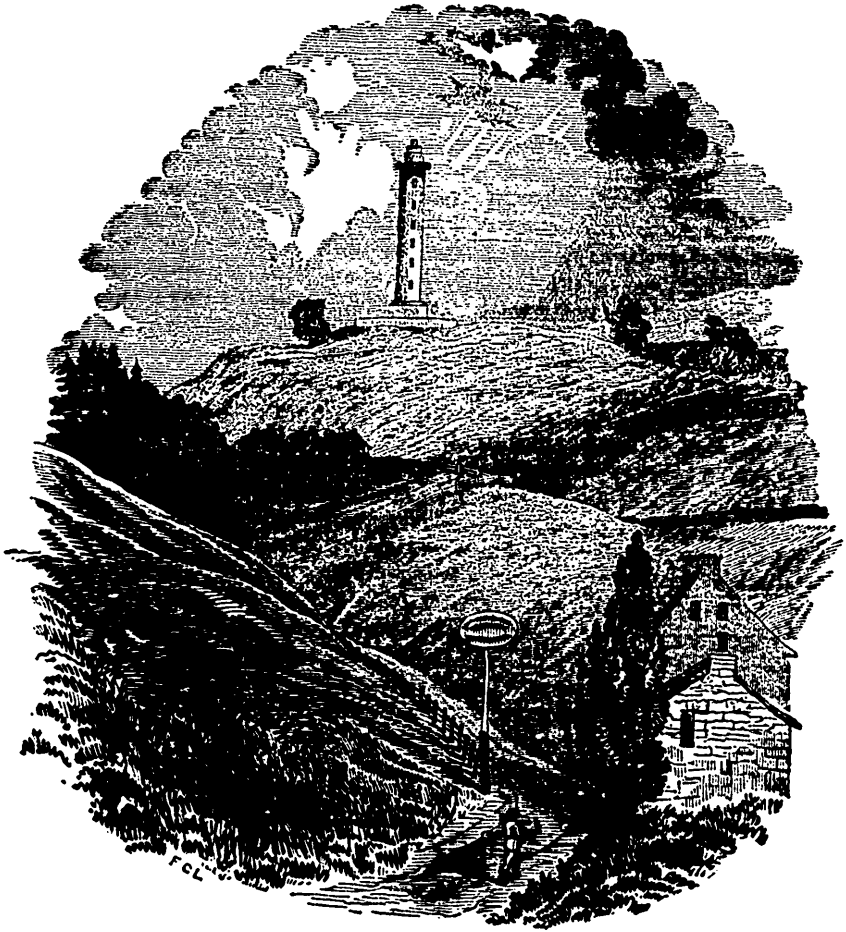
(p) A bad move, by which Q B occupies the open file of the Q B 2nd.

(q) The only chance of drawing the game.

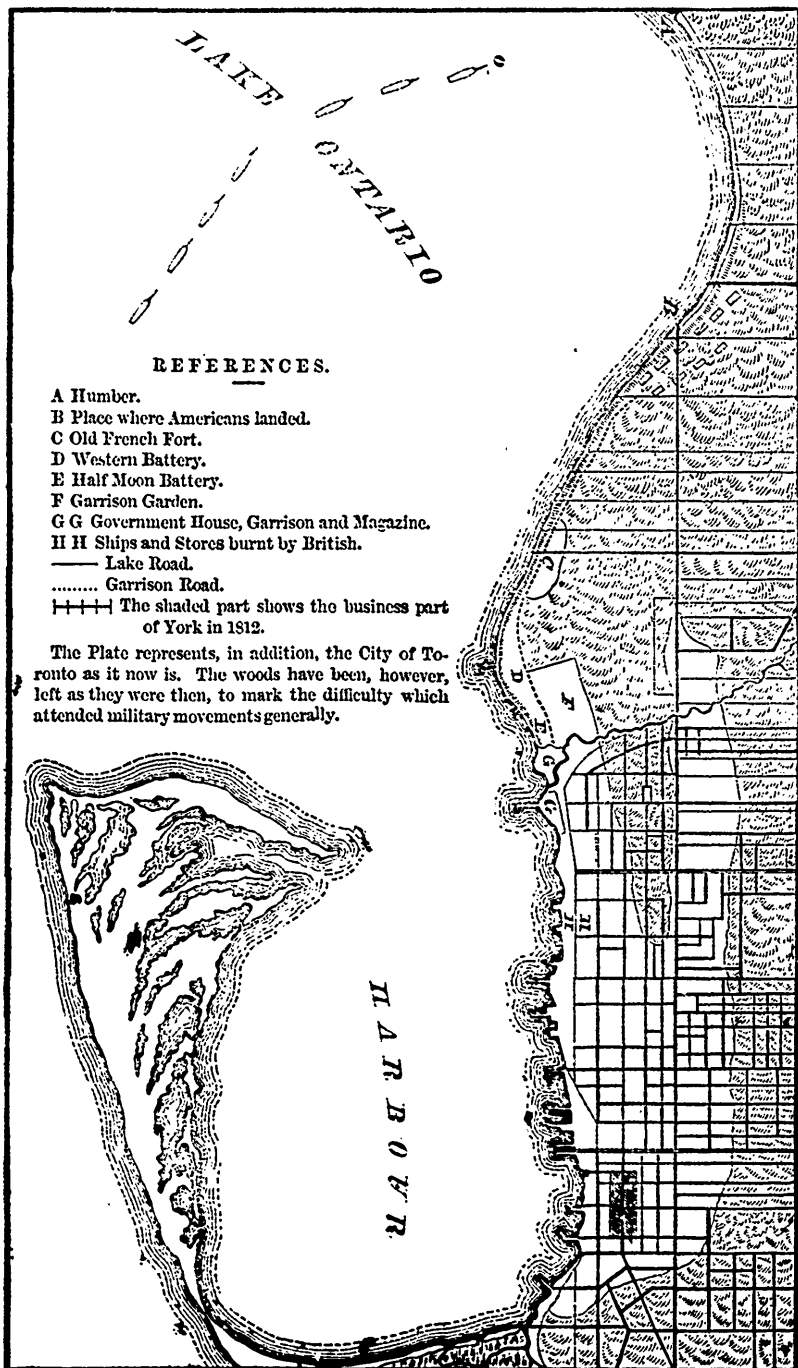
(r) Kt takes P at Q 6th would have been stronger, but Black might still have rendered the advanced P troublesome.

(s) Black, who only strives to win the White Pawn for his Knight, which is quite inactive, saves the game by it. If White took the Kt he could not, after losing his Pawns, expect to win with two Rooks and a Kt against two Rooks.

BROCK'S MONUMENT, AS IT WAS—QUEENSTON.



CITY AND BAY OF TORONTO (YORK IN 1812).



REFERENCES.

- A Humber.
- B Place where Americans landed.
- C Old French Fort.
- D Western Battery.
- E Half Moon Battery.
- F Garrison Garden.
- G G Government House, Garrison and Magazine.
- H H Ships and Stores burnt by British.
- Lake Road.
- Garrison Road.
- ++++ The shaded part shows the business part of York in 1812.

The Plate represents, in addition, the City of Toronto as it now is. The woods have been, however, left as they were then, to mark the difficulty which attended military movements generally.