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Sept. 1846

BARKEE'S CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. KINGSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1846. No. 5.

“Fovendo doctrina viget.”

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VOL. I. KINGSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1846. No. 5.

THE CANADIAN IN PARIS.

BY GUY FAWKES.

CHAPTER IV.

SOUL of Gemaléddin, holy Mufti of Aden! it will soon be four hundred years since first thou didst taste in the lonely cave of a Persian hermit, that gentle stimulant to joyous wakefulness, so long sought for in vain, and which indeed as thou didst afterwards maintain, in opposition to the Dervish Hadji, was no where to be found, save in the Paradise of the Prophet, and in a cup of the delectable *caluah!* † True, Gemaléddin, many were the contradictions thou didst experience on first presenting thy dark brown beverage to the lips of men.—Religious bigotry and its attendant, ignorance and envy, whose shafts have ever been aimed against beneficent inventions, and their authors, were, in this case too, shot with temporary effect against the introducer of the coffee drink.

The Dervish Hadji, leader of the opposition, even went the length of asserting that coffee was nothing more nor less than *coal*; and opposed it with a text from the Koran, which commands every true believer to abstain from eating even a particle of *coal!* This was certainly a poser for the Mahometan religious world, and at first threatened to annihilate the use of coffee for ever among civilized men.

But if the Doctors of the Law could not agree, the people at least were obstinate in loudly asserting the '*vox populi, vox Dei*;' for, having once tasted of the forbidden cup, they continued practically to maintain the superior excellence and divine origin of their favorite beverage, despite the denouncings and opposition of their spiritual chiefs, and even against the seeming prohibition of the Koran itself.

This long vexed question was however at length submitted for decision to the Sovereign of the faithful; although it was

* Continued from the July number, page 129.

† The Arabic for Coffee.

indeed strongly surmised, that the Sultan Casoub himself had more than once infringed upon the prohibitory clauses in the book of the Prophet, relative to strong drinks. The Sultan's decision was triumphant for coffee, Gemaleddin and the people. He declared, with the voice of the Prophet and the power of the Sovereign, that coffee was not *coal*!—and the coffee-shops which had been closed by the ordonances of the Dervishes and newly appointed Mufti, for Gemaleddin had been deposed, he the Sultan, forthwith commanded to be re-opened. He moreover, by way of putting a signal clencher on the enforcement of his command, ordered the persecuted Gemaleddin to be immediately restored to the Muftiship, and re-instated in all his former dignities. Of the rejoicings which followed this decision of the Sultan, history saith no word; or whether the Town of Aden was illuminated, or Gemaleddin *chaired*, or borne triumphantly through the streets, on the shoulders of the people. To us, this matters but little in comparison to the fact, that the above decision of the Chief of the Believers gave an impetus to the coffee-cause, which spread it in a short time to Mocha and along the shores of the Red Sea, as well as through the whole of Arabia, Egypt and the East; until the seventeenth century saw it come into general use through a great part of Europe, including England and France, the capital of which latter country now stands equally unrivalled in the Christian world, for good coffee and good French.

All hail! to thee Paris, after our eccentric flight to Aden, Mocha and the Red Sea, borne upon gales perfumed with the aroma arising from the beautiful blossoms of the coffee-plant—all hail! to thee once more, and to the Café in the Rue de Tournon which concluded our third chapter.

“*Vive la Guerre et Abd-el-Kader!*” said De Louvencourt, as he took his seat with his friend at one of the small marble tables of the Café, prepared to discuss an excellent *côtelette*, and help its digestion with a cup of coffee *au lait*, delectable even as that which Gemaleddin first tasted with the Persian hermit. “Huzza! for Abd-el-Kader. May he live, my dear Guy, to see the flash of your steel in his Arabian sun, as he has indeed seen mine.”

“That the hero may survive long enough,” responded his companion, “to advance your glory and promotion, De Louvencourt, is my hearty wish; but I have a presentiment that neither he nor you will ever see me serving in the ranks of France.”

CHAPTER V.

“What! can you possibly then have forgotten those ideas of eighteen months since,” said De Louvencourt to his friend, “which caused you to look forward to the time when years would enable you to participate in military companionship

with Alfred and me? You know the General, his father, expects you to enter on this course, and anticipates your advancement in the service as that of his own son." "His goodness, De Louvencourt, I will ever remember with a feeling deeper than that of gratitude; but I will confess that the magic of the sceptre under whose sovereign liege sway I was born, has a potency for my feelings, from which they will not get rid. And my country too—how could I sever myself for ever from that dear far land of the West? Rather do I not wish for the time, pardon me, De Louvencourt, our separation, perhaps for ever, will indeed not be without a pang, but frankness will have me own that I will not regret the day, when, with a flowing sheet and full sail, I shall be borne away once more from your beautiful France, to the lands I yearn for. Joy will there be for me, when, having swept over the surging sea, my vessel's prow shall salute the first American land that greets the eye of the voyager from this side of the Atlantic. Free as the petrel shall I wing past the solemn adamantine cliffs of Terra-Nova—shoot by the lone rock of St. Paul's into the great Canadian Gulf—bow to the saluting breeze that sings its welcome to the sea-worn mariner through the maple, pine, and birchen woods that crown the clay eminence of Gaspé's Cape—tide up and up the ocean river—the grand St. Lawrence so broad and clear and blue, nigh which your Seine and Thames would indeed seem beautiful miniatures; for Art has so decked their borders and Nature would seem so prejudiced thereat, that their course runs narrowly, and their waters flow more and more muddily. Then having *traversed* the St. Lawrence between those *pillar-rocks* that sentinel its waters like a line of guardian genii frowning destructively on the up bound ship, and surveyed from my fleeting poop, the rural shore of Kamouraska—the pleasant villages and their pure white cottages—the parish churches, with their bright tinned spires on the north and southern shores; having seen all these, and a thousand beauties more, upon the lovely Isle of Orleans, with its groves of dark and lightsome green—its flowery fields, and their flitting evening shades; and those stupendous mountains looking at one so darkly, and so near, though in the distant north; behold from afar, the cataract of Montmorency thrown like a silvery scarf over the wooded hill! and then—bursting upon the view, startlingly, majestically, triumphantly!—the glorious vision of the Canadian Acropolis—Britannia's American strong-hold—the shining city of Quebec, throned on her Diamond Cape—her cupolas, roofs, and spires of tin, countless, fantastic, and glittering with the radiance of silver in the sunset! See, too, those plains—the plains of Abraham stretching to the rear—destined to be as ever verdant on the historic page, as are now their gardens gay, and farm-fields, in the vision of the enraptured eye—those plains, once reddened with

the commingled flow of Indian, French and British blood!—where wayward Fortune, in deserting France for England, bid glory shed her lustre upon both—crown the brows of their children with undying wreaths, and point out till the end of time to admiring nations, the names, soul-sirring and imperishable, of Wolf and Montcalm! And now the vessel wavers on her swift course—she seems, like the voyager on her poop, endued with living admiration of the sublime and beautiful scene before her, which her falling topsails would seem incontinently to salute, and her ponderous anchors, with their clanging chains, to sound sonorously and joyously—all hail to at last, from the river-depths below!

“Shall we continue in imagination to ascend Canada’s majestic river until we pass the fair city on the Mountain’s foot?—whose busy marts and crowded streets are as gay and rejoicing as the landscape of her Island, Montreal, are picturesque and charming—that island-city, floating nymph-like on her kindred waters of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa?—Shall we pass still higher up, to breed astonishment and fear in our tremulous souls from the foaming floods and terrors of the roaring rapids?—until we thread the enchantments of ‘the thousand islands’—steam over Ontario’s inland sea, and stand awe-stricken, crushed and confounded before that unparalleled type of the Eternal—the thundering and overwhelming Niagara!”

The Canadian reader will be good enough, in this place, to excuse the above slight enlargement on Guy’s original patriotic effusion to De Louvencourt, who replied, that his friend had certainly entertained him with a somewhat glowing description of his Canadian country. “Indeed,” said he, “you almost make me prefer it to the sands of Africa and Abd-el-Kader; though I cannot help thinking of your description as some do of certain paintings and line engravings,—that they owe more to the colorings and polished exaggerations of enthusiasm, than to actual unvarnished truth. With this latter quality, however, as coming from one I know who loves it, will I take your description,” said De Louvencourt.

“The idea, nevertheless, of your ‘thousand islands’ takes my fancy wonderfully. Numerous Indian tribes there are there, no doubt; and a pretty little Indian queen, too, in poetical perspective, for my friend Guy! By Jove! I think I shall lease a desert oasis from Abd-el-Kader, and there, with some dark Arabian beauty, rival you and your tawny Indian of the thousand isles!” “Come, come, De Louvencourt,” returned his companion “your coffee grows cold while you vainly try to banter me out of my Canadian project. Your leave of absence will soon expire, or you may be speedily ordered back to Africa, with fresh dispatches. Alas! my friend, perhaps in some part of France that vessel is now at anchor, whose

clewed-up sails are not to be again unfurled, until they shall bear one of us far away for ever from the other ! Think of me then, my friend, no more, I pray you, as a subject of France, but only as a Canadian in Paris."

CHAPTER VI.

The two friends now rose up from the table to depart. The Café, as all Parisian Cafés are, was ornamented around with many large and gilded mirrors. De Louvencourt's attention was suddenly arrested as he glanced upon one of them at the other extremity of the room. He had recognized in the mirror, the face of a person certainly not unknown to him.—The individual in question was sitting at a table before the mirror towards which his face was turned ; and De Louvencourt remembered having last seen him some two years before at his Aunt's Chateau de Verzenay, near Rheims, where he resided, and acted as Intendant of her property in and about that city. "Why, M. Gautier can this really be you ?" said De Louvencourt, as he approached and addressed the stranger, who had been hitherto seemingly engaged with a newspaper.

The stranger's age on his turning round to De Louvencourt, appeared to be some thirty-five years or more. His habiliments betokened respectability ; and the somewhat fair and bland expression of his features would have invited conversational intercourse, if certain oblique glances of his grey eyes, accompanying what seemed to be a sinister drawing of his under lip, had not occasionally imparted a forbidden expression to his look. "Truly it is M. de Louvencourt," exclaimed the stranger, starting to his feet, at the same time taking De Louvencourt's hand. "Why, more than two years that I have not seen you, had well nigh effaced your features from my recollection—they have become so embrowned from your African service ; and then, your increased growth and uniform would have gone far to deceive me as to your identity, had you not happily been the first to recognize me." "How is my Aunt ?" said De Louvencourt. "I only arrived here last evening with dispatches, and heard by chance, in the vicinity of the Chaussée d'Antin, where the *estaffette* stopped with the mail, that she was no longer at Verzenay, and had been in Paris for the last three months. Strange, in his letters, my father should not have mentioned it ; and that she has not written me in all that time—neither she nor Mademoiselle de Colmar." Had De Louvencourt or his friend the slightest knowledge of the real cause which had brought Madame de Commènes to Paris, they would have perceived, what they afterwards recollected, the confusion of Gautier, at the mention of Adèle de Colmar. He replied, that Madame de Commènes, notwithstanding her antipathy to Paris, where, he it remarked, she, in common

with those of the nobility, who could sustain one, had a spacious hotel, was detained in the Metropolis by a prolonged suit at law, relative to some portion of her property at Rheims; but that she had written to her nephew in Africa, he had no doubt, for he had himself posted a letter with his address which must have, doubtless, miscarried.

De Louvencourt was satisfied. "But have you heard any thing of young De Rance, since his disappearance from Rheims?"

Gautier's under lip became unusually contracted, and his features assumed a most forbidding aspect. "Not a word has been heard of him," he replied. "And his father," continued De Louvencourt, "so kind and amiable—respected by all at Rheims, for so many long years. Who would have supposed that *he* could ever have been convicted of a base crime like forgery; much less that it could have even been laid to his charge. You were most intimate with him, I believe, M. Gautier, and even when his absence required it, conducted his business for him." Gautier's agitation became strong, but natural, considering his former intimacy with De Rance. "But his son," continued De Louvencourt, "whom we all esteemed no less for his talents than for his amiability and modesty—whose nature glowed with the warmth of true friendship for me, and for all those, who alas! now too vainly mourn for his loss—poor fellow! he loved and was beloved." Gautier's agitation increased. "Can it be possible that Adèle's affection could have been diverted from him on his father's downfall, and have contributed with his other woes, to drive him, perhaps, to the commission of suicide! I myself loved Adèle before I knew of their mutual affection. That knowledge stifled it, and though I feel the loss of De Rance most powerfully tempting me to love her again, I shall stifle that love once more, for I feel that she cannot but be his, as she ought to be inalienable." "And I feel," replied Gautier, with a demoniacal sneer, that Mademoiselle de Colmar can never be the inalienable bride of the son of a Galley Slave! Good bye, M. de Louvencourt, I shall see you again, doubtless, at the Hotel de Commènes," said he, as he seized up his hat and departed from the Café, with a familiar *à revoir*.

CHAPTER VII.

"There is something about that Gautier I could never like," said De Louvencourt to his friend, after the first had departed from the Café. "At times he has all the appearance of a most malignant *Scapin*. I wonder how my Aunt could have ever reposed confidence in him. But habit habituates. Come, let us go—I suppose we part for the present—you for the Chaussée d'Antin, on the affair of M. Berryer, and I for the Hotel de Commènes."

The garçon of the Café now handed a newspaper to Guy, damp and folded, which the carrier had just left.

"Let us first stay a moment," said he to his friend, "and see what this paper says. It is this morning's '*Siècle*.'"—They hastily ran over the contents until they lighted on an extract from the "*Gazette de Rheims*," of two days back.—The following is a translation:—

"We rejoice most sincerely to have it in our power to state that our worthy fellow-citizen, M. de Rance, late, and we trust, soon to be again, principal Banker of our city, whom malignant conspiracy and perjured evidence unfortunately consigned to the Gallies at Toulon, is now fully exculpated from the crime of forgery, of which he was so falsely convicted. The real author of the forgeries committed on the Paris agents of M^{me}. de C——, and Messrs. E. & F., in their names, to all of whom M. de Rance was Banker, is, it now appears from the confession of an accomplice, as well as from other undoubted evidence, no less a person than the Intendant of M^{me}. de C——'s estates in and around this city, who, we believe, has absconded; and whose marriage with M^{lle}. de C——, some of our readers will recollect, was to have been celebrated at the Chateau de Verzenay, in the evening of the day when Mademoiselle so suddenly disappeared. We certainly congratulate her, whatever may be her present lot, for we believe she has not yet returned to her friends, on her timely escape from the lures of a villain who, it seems, had been long exerting his schemes to procure the downfall of M. de Rance, chiefly that he might prejudice her against his son, to whom she was long known to have been tenderly attached. Two years since, when his father was imprisoned under the accusation of forgery, and his effects seized under an execution, in consequence of the failure of his Paris Agents, the younger M. de Rance suddenly disappeared from Rheims; but the force of his genius which would not endure obscurity, has at length revealed him to the learned world as the decipherer and expounder of various abstruse Egyptian hieroglyphics, in conjunction with that celebrated Arabic scholar, the Baron Sylvestre de Lacy. He is also now known to have materially assisted the Abbé Latouche in framing his famous "*Panorama of Languages*," and to be the author of what will add still more to his fame—the political romance of "*Mirandola*," which has monthly appeared in the *Revue de deux Mondes*, and caused so great a sensation in the salons of the capital. While, trusting that he and Mademoiselle de C—— have ere this been re-united, we cannot help felicitating Madame de C—— on having got rid of her misplaced confidence in the villain to whom she would have unwittingly sacrificed Mademoiselle, but for her timely escape. In this place it may be proper to observe, that there is but one palliation which can be given of Madame de C——'s

obstinacy, during the last two years, in retaining that wretch as her Intendant, contrary to the advice of numerous friends, including her own brother M. de L——, we believe, who had begun to ford some of his less deep schemes. This palliation is the fact of Gautier having been in early youth a *protégé* of Madame de C——, and the orphan son of a revolutionary regicide, who procured her escape to England, after the sacrifice of her husband in the reign of terror.

“We have now also to felicitate M. de Rance, senior, on the prosperous resumption of their business by his Paris Agents, which has enabled them to liquidate all just claims against them—thus demonstrating the truth of the old adage, that ‘in prosperity, as in adversity, it never rains but it pours.’”

The wonderment of De Louvencourt and Guy while perusing the above extract, can be only very slightly conceived: and it is unnecessary to say with how many exclamations of surprise, on their parts, its perusal was every now and then interrupted. Every thing it contained, save the names of the parties, was new to De Louvencourt. He was of course delighted at the exculpation of M. de Rance—at the distinguished discovery of his son—but thunderstruck at the flight of Adèle de Colmar, and at the villany of Gautier. The thought that he had been just conversing with the wretch in question—that he had him but a moment since in his power, after whom the officers of justice were now probably in pursuit, roused up the blood to his temples, and imparted the utmost energy to his manly though slight and youthful figure, together with his embrowned and animated features. “Good heavens!” exclaimed Guy, “can it be possible, that he of whom I have written to you so much, and who has been my friend, De Louvencourt, since you left for Africa—who has taken such pains, too, in teaching me good French—can it be possible that Pronier the Student is De Rance?” “Possible! aye, all you have written of him now flashes on my mind, and leaves no doubt that Pronier and De Rance are the same. But let’s away in pursuit of Gautier—he can hardly as yet have got out of the street—I will go down the Faubourg, and do you repass through the Luxembourg. Should you catch a sight of him, watch him, and have him put, if you are able, into custody.—And, hark ye Guy, meet me, if possible, by noon, at the *Obelisque de Luxor*.” So speaking, they both rushed forth from the Café.

CHAPTER VIII.

Madame d’Aumont was the wife of a Counsellor of the Court of *Cassation*—a word derived from *Casser*—to break; for this being the highest Court of Judicature in France, has the power in appeals of reversing the decisions of the *Cour Royal*.

and *Tribunal de premier instance*. To the Court of Cassation there are attached some twelve Counsellors, all of whom are handsomely salaried by the Government. Madame d'Aumont, who from her years might have been more appropriately the daughter than the wife of her excellent husband, was as gay and *spirituel* as she was beautiful and young. Her form was small and elegant, or what the French and their anglo-imitators call *petite*. Her hair and features were fair and flaxen—her blood, by the side of her father and maternal grandfather, was derived from one of the British Isles. But this, in the matter of the fairness of French complexion, is no criterion, for the Parisians, in the opinions of those competent of judging, have considerably the advantage of the Londoners in this regard. Indeed the writer distinctly recollects the crowing of several Parisian editors on this subject, over some London wights of the quill and type, whom they styled their dingy brethren of cockney-town.

In Paris, however, as every object looks bright and gay in its pellucid atmosphere, the smoke of London is certainly a very unfair medium, through which to examine the actual complexion of the ever changing faces in its crowded streets. But to return to Madame d'Aumont. She resided in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, near the gay *Boulevard des Italiens*, in what Parisians call an *appartement*. Now an apartment, as her's was, may be considerably larger than a good sized English dwelling house. Besides sundry detached offices for private use, it consisted of two *suites* of eight or nine large rooms each, running parallel with each other, around a spacious court yard, into which a wide gate-way opened from the outer street. The large six-storied building itself surrounding the court yard, contained at least three of these *appartements*, one on each flat; and the rank and means of the occupants were in the inverse ratio of their storied elevation.

The residence of Madame d'Aumont was *au premier*, or on the first flat above the ground floor, which goes by the name of the *rez de chaussée*. A large wide stone stair, common to all the occupants, ran up the interior of the building; and outside the entrance door of the *appartement* on each flat, hung a bell pull. Flowers tastefully arranged on stands, ornamented the large hall at the foot of the stair-case; and it should not be omitted to state that the porter's lodge, that inevitable adjunct of Parisian abodes on a large scale, stood just at the spot where common sense invariably requires it—near the entrance gate.

“*Dites lui d'entre à l'instant*”—“tell him to come in immediately,” said a voice of silvery loudness from an interior room to the servant who had just announced Master Guy by his proper appellation. The latter was, after passing through four or five large and lofty rooms *en suite*, whose furniture, though

rich, looked somewhat dimly ranged along the walls, and whose floors of empanelled oak all waxed and highly polished, alternately brightened in the sun-light, or darkened with the shades of those who occasionally crossed them. The room into which Guy was now ushered, was of smaller dimensions than those just alluded to. With the exception of its lofty windows half concealed in their recesses behind overhanging folds of transparent gauze, it was hung around from the ceiling to the floor with crimson tapestry. Fauteuils in the style of Louis XV., high backed, soft and low cushioned, and blue and white with silk and muslin, were dispersed here and there over the floor which was carpetted à l'Anglaise. Besides various other objects of utility or ornament, there was also a grand piano of Erard's which lay open, and upon which were strewn various pieces of music. There were also three antique tables of carved and gilded rosewood, on two of which were scattered some curious *bijouterie*, the other being somewhat smaller and unoccupied, save by a few writing materials and a beautiful stand of massive silver, in the centre of which lay the pens and ink which Madame occasionally consecrated to the *feuilleton* of the *Gazette de France*. Half reclining in a *fauteuil* lay the *petite* and elegant form of Madame d'Aumont attired in a plain and close fitting dress of black *gros de Naples*. Black then reigned the paramount color with the Parisian *belle*, and has since been doubtless superseded in turn by every color in the solar spectre. A small white scarf of the finest gossamer lace carelessly thrown around her otherwise uncovered neck, contrasted with a fair and delicate throat, whose tones, whenever music ruled the hour, had they been professionally exercised, might have rivalled those of a Dorus or a Damorean Cinti. Her smallness of figure and surpassing fairness of complexion, with her light shaded hair and small and finely turned features, contributed in appearance to remove her from her actual age of thirty-four or thereabouts, to some ten years younger. She held in her hand an English Review, just brought to her by her brother, the young Count d'A——s, from the Jockey Club, of which he was one of the exquisites, in common with some young Parisians of distinction; all thoroughly imbued with a peculiar spirit of Anglomania, of which a certain kind of break-neck ambition formed a component part, under the auspices of their leader, Lord Seymour. One of these, the Prince de la Moskowa, son of Marshal Ney, had lately almost reached the summit of this peculiar ambition at a steeple chase by making an involuntary somerset over his horse's head into a ditch. As for Lord Seymour he may be styled the apostle of Anglo extravagancies in France. For many years he has now been a continual resident at Paris, and has fairly succeeded in educating the rising generation of Parisian nobility to a taste bordering on the *fureur*, for club-houses, horse-racing, steeple

chasing and pugilistic encounters. Well proportioned, tall and athletic, he may at one time be seen the foremost of the exquisites, 'yelept "*gants jaunes*," his *lorgnette* held listlessly in his hand, at the *ballet* of the Opera—now circling with some fair partner through the mazes of the dance in the gayest salons of the capital—now inspecting the jockeys and their weights, or giving the starting word "off" upon the race course—now engaged at the *harrières* in a personal encounter for pugilistic superiority, with some brawny chested street-porter or cabman. Indeed one might have good reason to suppose that Eugene Sue, in order to depict his Rodolphe, has had recourse for an original to Lord Seymour. With parting reference to the Count d'A——s, should this page ever chance to meet his eye, he will recollect having been described on a certain occasion by the "*National*" newspaper, as a young Peer of a *tournure tant soit peu romantique*. This was the occasion of his *premier pas politique*, when he had the confused satisfaction of first hearing the echoes of his own voice before the legislators assembled, while reading his maiden speech in the *Chambre des Pairs*.

 CHAPTER IX.

Madame d'Aumont, who took an especial interest in the politics and political men, not only of the *Palais Bourbon** but of Westminster, was on the entrance of Guy, perusing an article in the "*Quarterly*," on the last speech of Lord Brougham.

"I suppose," said she, when he was seated, "you have seen M. Berryer." "I have not the honor to be acquainted with him," replied Guy. She then detailed the circumstances of a certain visit lately paid her by M. Berryer, while sojourning in the country, who stated that he had received a letter some time since from the Baron Capel, requesting his favorable attention to the youth in question. Guy expressed not a little surprise, more particularly as he had never been in any manner acquainted or in communication with the Baron Capel. "You had better, however," said Madame d'Aumont, "see M. Berryer to-day. I will give you a short note to him, and, besides the opportunity of forming his acquaintance, he will perhaps enable you to hear the debate at the *Chambre* to-day on the question of Algiers. But," she added, "I perceive you look quite *blasé*—why one would think you had been running this morning over half Paris." Guy then entered into the details which have been already related, and concluded with the

* Chamber of Deputies.

account of his parting with De Louvencourt, and of his own unsuccessful chase after Gautier. "Poor Adèle!" exclaimed Madame d'Aumont, "why she has been the topic of the salons for the last three months. But De Louvencourt will not find his aunt at the hotel de Commènes. It is more than a fortnight since I took my leave of her at her departure for Rheims, whither certain discoveries of the misconduct of this same Gautier, her superintendent there, suddenly called her. These discoveries were made, I believe, chiefly through her brother, M. de Louvencourt; and between them there has been a coolness this some time back, in consequence of her refusals to discard Gautier. But De Rance, who would have thought that he and your eccentric fellow student, Pronier, could have been one and the same person with the author of 'Mirandola.' I don't know if I told you of it, but I am to have a little concert here to-night, and I wish you and De Louvencourt would bring De Rance with you." "Thank you; De Louvencourt and I will use our influence with him; we should feel so indebted to the author of 'Mirandola' for your kind invitation." "Thank you too, cousin, for the retort. You, Latin quarter-boys, surely are not beginning to consider yourselves entitled to the *passé partout* of the Chaussée d'Antin. At least should we presume to resist your pretensions, I trust you will not visit us *en revanche* with another revolution, hatched in your barbarous Faubourgs at the other side of the Seine. But do you know that my expectation of seeing you here this morning, has deprived me of hearing an excellent morning discourse at the church of *Notre Dame de Lorette*."* "Ah, those morning discourses, cousin," replied Guy, "must be excessively interesting. I remember once hearing De Louvencourt say, that the preachers of Notre Dame de Lorette and St. Thomas d'Aquin, were continually complaining that their own particular exhortations were daily rendered more and more unavailing by these morning discourses of their lady-auditory at the churches in question. But who, as De Louvencourt observed, ever knew of true piety being pressed out of a velvet cushion, or extracted from the finely printed pages of a gilt prayer book,"—"or of the mild odour of patience gently arising from the essence of pique," quietly added Madame d'Aumont.—

* The writer omitted to state that the two fashionable quarters of the Chaussée d'Antin and Faubourg St. Germain, had each its peculiar place of fashionable religious resort. Each church being quite in character with the quarter of which it happens to be the peculiar attraction. For Notre Dame de Lorette, which of course no one will confound with the great Cathedral, is as lightsome, glittering and luxurious with gilding and crimson cloth, as its rival of the Faubourg St. Germain, is grave, darksome and solemn looking. Both churches, though small, are well fitted up, each in its peculiar style, and form the religious resort of the *dames dévotes* of the two fashionable quarters, that is to say, of those who dissipate the religion of the morning with the gossip of the afternoon and rout of the evening. Some of the best singers in Paris form the choirs of both churches.

“Permit me,” she continued, “but I really think De Louven-court—ah! he is now in another sphere; but his *ci-devant* companions at the University, might be employed at more useful studies than such as consist in criticising the devout demeanor of the lady frequenters of either Notre Dame de Lorette or St. Thomas d’Aquin. They might then, at least, not have to plead guilty to the humiliating fact of spoiling the fair pages of ladies’ prayer books with such bad epigrams, as the following

LINES ON A FASHIONABLE PLACE OF WORSHIP.

“Here wordlings say the lie is given
 To those whose cares to merit Heaven
 Their wan austerities maintain,
 As needful to celestial gain;
 And blame this gentle-winding move
 Of joys below tow’rd joys above;
 Which, softly blending, seem to lure
 The Heaven and Earth in clare-obscure;
 Or bridge them o’er with easy stairs,
 For those who, when Hell’s chasm scares,
 Devoutly kneel to say—no pray’rs!”

Madame d’Aumont had reached her hand to the ink-stand, and taking up the brightly gilt Manual which lay beside it, read the foregoing lines in a tone of voice bordering on a mock affectation of the comic. She had been taught English in early youth, and the elegance of her delivery was rendered still more interesting by the slight French accent with which her utterance was tinged. Hastening, however, to relieve her only auditor’s embarrassment, for the guilt he had perpetrated some months before was too confusedly apparent on his face, she gave him her note to M. Berryer, with a desire that he should lose no time in delivering it, as he might be gone to the *Chambre*. “And now,” said she, rising and going to the piano, “I have some difficult passages to practise for this evening, in Bellini’s ‘Norma.’ Good-bye, then, *à ce soir*,”

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

MEXICO AND ITS FATE.

BY GORE.

WE are not of those Politicians who view in the struggle at present existing between Mexico and the United States, the sure, but progressive absorption of the former people, by the latter power. We do not indeed esteem very highly either the military or financial means of the Indo-Spanish Republic, nor pretend to undervalue the resources of their young, but giant antagonist. Believing thus, notwithstanding, we venture to prophecy a speedy arrangement between the two belligerents, or a disastrous issue to the United States.— Upon the active resistance of the ten millions which Mexico numbers, we have not assumed this belief; on that far more effective, though inert power, which lies in the vast waste, and desert-like character of the frontier, is this opinion chiefly predicated. Between the Neuces and the Rio Grande, the country, with but a few and very limited exceptions, is sandy and waterless; in the more northern track the same characteristics prevail over an immense area,—the travelling distance from Fort Independence to the capital of New Mexico, (Santa Fé.) is no less than 775 miles, while from that city to the Brasos and San Jago, (the two extremities of the line from which effective operations against Mexico are to be directed,) it is hardly under a thousand, throughout presenting the same sterile features the moment the river valley is lost to sight.— This physical peculiarity determines insuperable difficulties to the advance and support of a large force, unless at enormous cost. “The army must act at a vast distance from its base of operations. The country is without inhabitants, roads or supplies; everything for the use of the troops must be conveyed from the valley of the Mississippi.” Think of projecting an ill-disciplined array into such a country, (and however brave the volunteers who will form the bulk of the American troops, such a charge must long apply to them,) we feel it must speedily melt away under the severe privations it will of necessity endure. Imagine a two months’ march of this kind by twenty thousand men—the distance from Matamoras to Mexico, seven hundred miles, could not be crossed in a shorter period,—and the conquest and absorption of the Mexican provinces becomes a matter of difficult if not impossible attainment. Hence, we repeat, that unless the struggle be speedily terminated, it must result disastrously to the United States. A body of men of the amount above indicated, kept well in hand, bearing with them the requisite means of attack and support, might unquestionably, by abandoning their communications, and moving as a caravan or flying camp, be directed upon Northern California

with the very best prospect of reaching in safety some one of the towns on the Pacific seaboard. But marching in the heart of a country, and through a watchful, revengeful, and insurgent population, the greatest circumspection would be needed on the road, and, arrived at the destined point, they would be still in a manner besieged, cut off, without hope of return, unless by the long and circuitous route of the Pacific, by which alone they would still cling to their distant home. A body of twenty thousand men, we say, might succeed thus far, but supposing the war to continue, it would wear away under a constant series of petty attacks, and eventually be destroyed, or consigned to the prisons of Mexico. We again repeat, the sparseness of population, the extent of these northern Provinces of Mexico, their want of grain, forage, and water, utterly forbid the march of a large force, unless it bear with it the means of subsistence for the whole route; that, the preservation of its communications is, even then, all but physically impossible, and that, great as the resources of the United States unquestionably are, we believe they would be found inadequate to support a prolonged struggle. Like the wastes of Southern Asia, these wilds may become the residence of a semi-nomadic people, such indeed are those who now inhabit them, but never the abode of a well policied, civilized, and sedentary population. The character of its inhabitants are stamped ineffacably upon the soil. The feeble and divided Republic of Mexico, therefore, behind its desert rampart, may defy the utmost attacks of any invader. But are these the only difficulties an invader of Mexico will have to meet and master? Waste and vastness are indeed great trials to military efficiency. Afghanistan in this way withered a powerful British force. The deserts of the Caspian, from a like cause, shattered the well appointed Russian columns, directed against Khiva. With these terrible opponents, the giant strength of France, so rich in the means and knowledge to ensure success, has been long wrestling in vain. But this is not the only trial to be endured by the assailant, ere victory be firmly seated on his advancing banners.

The Mexicans are a broken and divided people, but the elements of nationality are not dead. They sleep—they are scattered, but they exist, and may be united. Language, religion, habits,—the sports, the tales, the songs, are alike at Santa Fé and Yucatan, at Monterey and Vera Cruz. Something, too, of the history of their fathers has descended, mingled with the religious romances recited to them. The long and bloody struggle they waged with the Moors—the more modern and equally effective resistance to the Imperial Legions, led by Napoleon and his Marshals, are not unknown to them.—What might be the consequence if these slumbering feelings were aroused?—what if a national war should be created?—

“Not only then,” said one well acquainted with its terrible effects, “have we the enmity of the government to encounter, but the hatred of the people; not merely the efforts of the mercenary soldier, whose power may be great, yet can always be calculated, but the resistance of the population at large, which cannot be subject to any exact means of computation, and which, amid disorder, and even flight, often finds a road to safety and to revenge.” There is no small danger that such a flame as this may be enkindled amid the fiery and mercurial elements that form the Mexican masses, by the advance of the foreigner into their midst,—were such a feeling to arise, we hazard little when we say that the most ruinous defeats would ensue to the American forces—that the whole would be destroyed in detail, be the amount of force however large.—The probabilities of the war, on the part of Mexico assuming this form, are not mere suggestions of the fancy,—strong indications of such an untoward event are already numerous,—private letters from the army of General Taylor, uniformly agree in declaring, that the inhabitants withdraw before them, abandoning all they cannot remove. This ominous feeling is not likely to be decreased by the character of the invaders, a licentious and undisciplined body, confident in the present, and careless of the future, over whose general conduct, their commander can exert, at best, a most precarious authority. The elements indeed of a terrible military power lie hidden in the masses of the United States; but, like the bar of steel, the forge and the hammer must be long employed, to evolve a useful, perfect, and polished weapon. From the contemplation of this possible and contingent danger, let us turn to the actual and existing means of resistance—the material now at least in the hands of the Mexican Executive. The array is not very formidable, and the temper even less so than the amount, neither is it to be entirely overlooked and despised. Our latest returns place the effective force of Mexico at 20,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, 6000 artillery, and a battalion of sappers, in all 50,000 disposable men; considering the extent of the country, the many points on the seaboard requiring defence, and the divided and insurrectionary character of many of its provinces, 15, or at the most 20,000 men only, can be counted on, as applicable to the immediate purpose of opposing General Taylor.

This is not in truth a very imposing force, and were it not backed by the character of the country in which operations are to be carried on, could hardly be expected to present a very stout resistance. Still its composition is not really so humble as we have been over and over assured. If we critically examine the two engagements of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, we shall find them both resolvable into distant cannonades,—the first terminated by night, the last by a gallant charge of the United States Dragoons. The Artillery arm of

the United States was most overwhelmingly strong on both occasions, and on both, likewise, most ably managed. That the check was not of that kind implied by the term rout, is obvious, from the fact, that but few prisoners were taken, and little pursuit ordered. Had General Taylor pressed his retiring enemy hotly, and crossing by the same fords on the Bravo by which Arista escaped, entered Matamoras on the heels of the flyers, the repulse must have become so, and the whole matériel of the Mexicans his prey; that he did not do this, that on the contrary he permitted many days to elapse, before again moving in advance, and placing a dangerous defile in his rear, when we consider the cool and soldier-like bearing, he up to this point exhibited, it can alone be explained by the assumed fact, that the bearing of the Mexican forces in their retreat was too good to admit of such prompt measures, without running much hazard. Had the Bravo been crossed on the night of the last battle, the dispersion and utter destruction of the Mexican forces had ensued, and the whole of the north-eastern frontier, denuded of its defenders, been laid open. This crossing did not take place, and we have assumed, and we think justly, that it ought not to have taken place if such was the case. The Mexicans will require to burn but a little more powder, to become any thing but an enemy to be safely despised.

But the inert resistance of a desert frontier, the desperate guerilla warfare of an entire people, and the utmost that a small but organized force may effect in defence of their homes against invasion, are as nothing, compared to the more formidable and fatal blows which Mexico possesses the power to inflict, on the extensive commerce of the United States, through the agency of *Privateers*. She has delayed to avail herself of this power, she has hesitated in this unnatural war to throw away the scabbard, but not long will this endure: pressed to effect the utmost in her defence, she will at last let loose on the marine of the United States, the hordes of vagabond idlers that infest the sea ports of the old world. The mighty prize is too tempting to rapacity not to enlist these unhesitatingly in the struggle. It will be in vain, under the burden of this curse, smarting at every pore, that the United States invoke the interference of the older governments of the world; they will point them to the law of nations, and to the extension given to its provisions by their own acknowledged acts: severity will avail nothing, and but beget retaliation. The distinction of citizenship, though that in no wise the jurists require, they have themselves annulled, by openly declaring, and supporting in arms, the rights of mankind to divest themselves of their allegiance, and undertake those duties to another than the original sovereign. They have taught those things to be solely municipal, entirely within the power of the state—they choose

to require a *probation of five years*. Mexico may on her part shorten the period to *five minutes*, or make a simple and compendious declaration *that service under her flag shall at once nationalise the vessel and her crew*.

Under the influence of her many provocations, Mexico may do all this; and should she do so, the mighty merchant marine of the United States, second only to that of our own, amounting now to the incredible total of two and a quarter millions of tons, become exposed to the countless letters of marque which would then throng the waters; that magnificent monument of mercantile energy and success would be swept, as if by a whirlwind, from the ocean, leaving its government alike without the power of revenge or retaliation. Trifling therefore as the power to resist or attack, on the side of Mexico, may at the first glance appear, a close and more accurate survey unveils resources which no ordinary dispositions will either exhaust or destroy; and this brings us to the consideration of the financial capabilities of the United States to support a protracted contest. This is the really weak side of the United States, their most vulnerable point. The army of that country has for years presented but the skeleton of a military force, if a few half filled battalions only, scattered over its immense border, numbering scarcely ever twelve thousand sabres and bayonets, deserves even that name. Yet its officers, numerous in proportion to its meagre ranks, are generally understood to have received an excellent theoretical education, and to be fitted admirably to perform the important duties of the Staff and Engineer departments. Thus far, at least in effect, a power has been created and supported, without ostentation, capable of indefinite extension, provided the "*materiel*," the "*impedimenta*," can be purchased and supported. Already in a period of forty days has twenty millions of dollars been expended, yet not more than ten thousand men are yet collected, nor even their means of transport more than half prepared, in fact the penurious has been pushed to the utmost in every department of the military administration.

The United States have plunged into a war, regarded as most trivial, yet likely to be far otherwise; with empty arsenals, without depots of any kind. Food, clothing, munitions of all sorts are thus on a sudden to be purchased at any cost, then to be transported enormous distances in the most irregular, expensive and careless manner. It is hard to measure the waste of inexperience at any time, and much more difficult now, when every check and restraint almost are withdrawn, but looking back, we gain some inkling of the future; under such teaching, we estimate the cost of the first campaign, (considering the revote on Loans and Treasury notes likewise,) at something in the neighborhood of twenty millions of pounds sterling. It will not be less, and is very likely to be much

more. If then the Mexicans hold out, if they resist energetically, the question naturally arises how long will the United States support this expenditure; every hundred millions of debt adds seven millions of permanent taxes. The customs may be made to support, by various fiscal arrangements, perhaps the burden of two campaigns, but thereafter, every dollar of interest for the war expenses, must be wrung by direct taxation from the people. Disgust, division, disunion will be inevitable in the long run. The Eastern and Middle States, soured by the injuries suffered from the enemy's privateers, will be the most anxious for peace, most eager to close on any terms with the Mexican rulers. Upon their shoulders the burden of taxation will press heaviest, and on their rich "Argosies" will the weightiest blows of the war be cast; it is therefore but natural to conclude that these States, by their representatives, will oppose every measure calculated to urge the cabinet of Paredes to extremes. The apparition of a single Privateer, the loss of a single sloop will enlighten these men immensely as to their position, and lend to their opposition an energy that will speedily command attention. We then, from the causes over which we have separately gone, conclude that an amicable arrangement will soon bring the war to a close; any decent pretext will be gladly sought by the United States, and Mexico is far too anxious and divided not to submit to any terms that will quiet for a while her powerful and grasping neighbour. To us it is peculiarly important that an early settlement be completed, should any thing like an annexation of the Northern Departments be attempted, an armed interference on the part of France and Britain may be assured; certain it is that our own country, at least, will not suffer any conquests of such a character to be consummated. She is not "blind to the fact that the Americans," to use an expression of their own, "are about to fight the battle of Oregon in Texas, and that the same passion which is now launching in full career against their weakest neighbor, will ere long incite the most stirring portion of the American people to lay hands upon the American possessions of the British Crown." She is aware that the time has now come for her "to prepare for resistance—firm, absolute resistance—to pretensions which are incompatible with the safety of neighboring States or the peace of the world." God forbid, we say, that this perilous state of things then long endure; and we firmly believe the people and government of the United States have already discovered the magnitude of the task so lightly undertaken, and are now quite as anxious to soften as they were a while since, to exact their demands; were it not thus, our doubts of the future would be dark, indeed, but as both parties appear to desire Peace, we may, in hope, conclude—this cloud will blow over without disturbing the quiet of mankind at large.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 & 1844.*

West Point.

MY DEAR FRANK,—“Royalty,” says Julia, “needs many adjuncts, many adventitious aids to give it due weight.”

Only yesterday, Frank, I read an American account of Her Majesty and Prince Albert riding, I should say in a very Darby & Joan style, in the Park. Her royal habit, blue, her royal hat, the ordinary fashion, and her royal hands covered with French grey gloves,—no state whatever, only one footman, barring that he was on horseback. The witness immediately summoned the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, and apostrophised a ruff and fardingale. I have no doubt she would have frightened him had she made her appearance, for she was no joke.

It should be recollected that the Sovereign of Great Britain is the descendant of a long line of princes, who swayed the sceptre of her realm for more than a thousand years. That state, and dignity, and honors, are her inheritance, due to her of right. It should also be recollected, that the Tudors, the Plantagenets, Houses of York and Lancaster, did not come beggars to the throne. That Her Majesty would have been the lawful owner of vast possessions, which were surrendered by her grandsire to the nation for a stipulated sum, by which arrangement *the nation is greatly benefiting*. That no family upon earth can boast of a longer established right to estates, than hers to those estates which were so surrendered.—That the royal income is therefore her own, by compact with the great Parliament of the nation, and must, in justice, be paid, or the equivalent be restored.—Precisely the same, as if the Patroon of Albany were to relinquish his possessions to the State of New York, for a stipulated sum, to be furnished annually to each succeeding heir to those possessions.

Do you know what stipulate comes from, Frank?—you don't—well, stipula is the latin for a straw, and in ancient times, when there were no steel pens and little papyrus,—on making a contract, the parties broke a straw in two pieces, each retaining one,—whoever brought the matching piece was either the owner or the assignee, and had the equitable claim—wasn't that cute?—uncommon—beats Chancery.

They should recollect, too, that the people demand of Her Majesty, as their annointed Sovereign, that she should support the honor of the nation at home, its dignity abroad; and are ready to assure Her Majesty, that if her royal purse had not been her own, they should readily have voted one, as it would only cost each person in the kingdom, paying assessed taxes, one shilling a year. You don't say so—Jack.

* Continued from the August Number, page 197.

Depend upon it Julia is mistaken. John Bull does not desire to see the Sovereign of Great Britain and its dependencies, ride down to Parliament House, on horseback, with Her Speech under her arm, and hitch her bridle on the iron railing.—'Twould horrify even Mr. Hume.

Nothing is more mistaken here than the Civil List—"And be it enacted, that there be granted to Her Majesty the sum of two millions five hundred thousand pounds, &c. &c." Oh! awful—the papers are filled with it—such a government—and the horror of Jonathan at the gullibility of John Bull, is extreme,—his gratification equally so.

A little inquiry, however, shews that this enormous sum, which for their own party purposes, half the journals put into Her Majesty's pocket, is disposed of as follows:—*Annuities and Pensions*; *Salaries and Allowances*; *Diplomatic Salaries and Pensions*; *Courts of Justice*; *Miscellaneous Charges*; *Civil List*;—leaving for the Queen, less than hundreds of her subjects have, and not more than many of the millionaires in "our young country" have, and this, too, perhaps, is grudged by some, although by right all her own.

Sneers against Royalty could never have been worse directed than during the reign of Her present Majesty, who fills all the relations of life with an excellence and dignity which may form an example for the world. Witness her progress through her kingdom—at what place was she entertained that we are not told—"in the morning Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended prayers in the chapel, before breakfast,"—at what festival did she remain till midnight?

With all her happiness, she must have many cares, which are escaped in private life—to that life she was not destined; but well does she perform the duties of the station to which it pleased God to call her.

Says Julia, "The very walkings, and drivings, and luncheons, and dinners, of Royalty, must be chronicled, as if they were attributes of superior beings,—as if it were greatly daring in princes to walk, or ride, or eat." It is too long to give you all, *Frank*.—what a non-euphonious name you have—it wont rhyme with anything genteel—lank, bank, blank, dank, crank,—it rhymes with rank,—yours, Jack, crack, track, rack, knack, clack, black, is uncommon.

But what is this I have got hold of in an old paper—"Departure of Governor Bouck.—We learn that the President and Directors of the Railroad Company (British Stock I suppose) have invited the Governor to visit their works, which he has *very politely* accepted. He will therefore leave this city on Thursday, at half-past three, P. M., arrive at Piermont, at a *quarter* after five, remain at Nyack, over night, (which means *sleep* there, *Frank*, you're so obtuse, tho'! *over* does usually mean *above, upon*, but its a hidiom—), he will leave at half-

past seven, on Friday morning, arrive at Chester, by Railroad, at half-past five, P. M., remain at Chester till twelve, at noon, Saturday, men leave for Goshen, *to dine*. He will leave Goshen for Newbury, on *Sunday* evening, or early on Monday morning, remain there till evening, when he will take boat (which means embark) for Albany."

Was ever Royal progress so chronicled!—"at a quarter past five, Mr. Bouck would arrive at Piermont." Now, seeing that he is Governor of *New York State*, and elected only for two years, I do think the Queen of England might make out a fair case of it.

But why should not all this be so!—It rejoices Her Majesty's subjects, who cannot be always lounging about Buckingham Palace, to learn that she is well, and takes airings, and throws off, as much as she can, the restraints annexed to her high station.

It is equally proper that the people of this State should be told where the Chief Magistrate is, whom they have placed as their representative; and it very justly gratifies them to know that he is inspecting their great works—examining the wonderful capabilities of this portion of the Union, and preparing himself to tell their delegates of the immense resources of their beautiful land.

I have been amused by the opinions here, respecting Mr. Hunt's intention to reduce the expenditure of the Royal Household. It is said that he is about to bring in the following bill, of which he has given notice:—

"Whereas there is great deficiency in the revenue, and it is, in consequence, necessary to reduce the expenses of the Royal Household, notwithstanding that the nation, through its representatives, in Parliament assembled, did, in the Reign of His late Majesty, George the Third, make a solemn covenant with the future Sovereigns of these Realms &c. &c. &c.

"Be it enacted, &c. &c. &c., That three or more Commissioners be appointed, with full power and authority, to contract and agree with such person or persons as may be found competent and willing to board Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the Royal Children, for a sum not exceeding pounds, per annum.

"And be it enacted that the said Commissioners be instructed to use the most scrupulous economy in making the said contract—specifying the price to be paid for each article, when, why, and by whom required, and to make annual returns thereof to Parliament, the first day of each Session, immediately after the Speech has been read from the Throne—to be submitted to a Committee of both Houses to report thereon.

"And be it enacted, &c. &c. &c., That the before mentioned Commissioners be authorised and empowered, and they are hereby authorised and empowered to take lodgings for His

Royal Highness, *The Prince Albert*, in the Albany, to consist of a first and second floor, and to furnish him with meat, drink, and clothing, with the same accountability and restrictions as in the last clause provided for Her Majesty."

The other details are too numerous to mention.

If the King of the French, and the Emperor of Russia come then, they will have to live on short commons. What's the origin of short commons, Frank?—don't know if it aint a campaign on the Peninsula.

Fancy the Queen's first speech after the new supply:—My Lords and Gentlemen—I have to thank you for your last provision for my wants, but regret to say, I was obliged to exceed the amount, though not, I trust, extravagantly. The Prince of Wales required a rocking horse for the benefit of his health, and the Princess Royal, new pinnafores;—Alice Maud Mary's doll was entirely destroyed by accident, which shall not occur again, and Alfred Ernest Albert was cutting his teeth, which induced me to afford him a Coral to assuage the pain—with great difficulty, especially his eye tooth.

"The magic words—my Lord," says Julia, "would, I believe, command an Englishman's deference, if his Lordship thought proper to wear his own livery, shoulder knot and all."

And so it should command deference. The Peerage of England can lay claim to the admiration of the world, without dreading the scoffs of any bilious old lady. It is usually considered a very good passport for a gentleman—proving that he is well born, well educated, has passed through the University, and being familiar with the best society from his youth upwards.

When newly conferred by the Sovereign, it is always for some high service in war or peace, as a mark of Royal Approbation. But surely titles are pretty abundant in "our young country." Nothing more common in the *saloon* and on the *piazza* at Saratoga, than General,—“Allow me to introduce Alderman ———, Colonel ———.” I have the honor of making you acquainted with Doctor ———, Commodore ———, Professor ———.” Ninety-nine times out of an hundred, the Colonels, and Generals, and Majors, belong to the Militia, and the Professor is a Schoolmaster. “Oh! the magic title.”

In every country, distinction is supposed to be connected with pre-eminence of some kind or another, and is respected accordingly. When a Lord wears the livery of his servant, he is thought a fool, and fools fare pretty much the same all over the world. No they don't, Jack: for the Indians make idols of them, and believe them to be specially guarded by the good Manitou. You owe me a dozen—ha! ha! ha!—you're so obtuse.—Yours &c.

New York, September.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have left the delightful retreat of West Point, and am again in the busy haunt, as Mrs. Ram used to say, "I have quite a puncheon for that place and its attractions." By the way, I wonder what has become of Mrs. Ram, and the interesting Lary. I hope they have not been cast away on the grand tower—may the dew fall lightly on their graves—they were treasures of learning and refinement.

The heat is intolerable—yet I have visited the neighborhood—took a short peep at scenes which must always be recollected with pleasure. I passed over to Brooklyn—its heights are cool and airy, and the lofty residences, with their long façades, look like *palaces*. They are frequented by persons who desire to remove from the heat and dust of New York, and still be near their business.

New Brighton is a similar place, to visit which you pay the expensive sum of three pence, on the deck of a neat steamer, across one of the finest and most picturesque harbors in the world. This place is less airy, not having the sea breeze; from thence a walk of a mile, which is no joke in this weather, takes you to the Quarantine ground, a very beautiful spot, and then home in another steamer. I am spoiled though, by West Point.

Hoboken is one of the lions, on the shore of Jersey—and there are the Elysian Fields, *par excellence*. They were not filled with shadows. Julia says "the people at Ryde were very offensive." so were they here—smoking, swearing, and brandy drinking—not nectar—prevailed. It seemed on a par with our grog, would-be, gardens—I should not pronounce, however. The heat was scorching, the grass arid, and all the gentry who could get away, were out of town, and moreover it was *Sunday afternoon*, "in our young country."

The mail packet has arrived,—the Great Western returned, and she is always greeted; one delights to see her, and feels nearer home—she was the pioneer of Atlantic line steamers, which, I trust, will draw the countries closer.

The fountains are completed and are the only cooling things, ice excepted, that one sees now-a-days, or nights either; they are very well got up—we have nothing to boast of in that way. To the Croton, and to New York enterprise, the praise is due; it is a noble work, and supplies what was before a great want. The aqueduct passes some thirty miles from the Croton river, and empties the water into immense reservoirs, from which this place is supplied by very large iron pipes. I felt concerned to see the water so much wasted, and amused myself contriving in what manner the battery promenade could be overflowed for an hour or two at midnight, in order to improve the verdure.

or else be thrown on by hose,—water, although so near, is all it wants to make it very beautiful; but it is brown, and the atmosphere torrid.

I enquired whether the frost would not interfere with the supplies, but my eminent namesake has been beaten, by a contrivance of simple ingenuity:—In using the handle to procure water, it opens a valve which, when the supply is completed, closes, and in doing so, opens one to let the extra water escape—none remains to be frozen.

I have just received yours—many thanks for your injunctions not to get naturalized in this favored country. You ask again what is thought of the course Mr. President Tyler has pursued relative to the Irish question. I am glad you have awakened. I reply—just what you and I think. My belief is, that if Mr. Tyler had been at all likely to succeed, which he is not, it would have injured his *chance*. Depend upon it, there is too high a feeling in this country, to allow people to re-elect a President who could descend to enact the demagogue on such an occasion.

After the expensive mission of Lord Ashburton, which arose from the desire of Her Majesty, and her Government, to secure a lasting peace with this country, after the undue concessions for that object, which are quietly chuckled at here, and considered pusillanimity; after the spirit with which every attempt in Parliament to disturb the friendly feeling, was met by Sir R. Peel; after all these, that the Head of this great nation, and members of his family, should enrol themselves with the populace to foment rebellion, and dismember the dominions of that friendly Sovereign, calls forth a feeling of reprobation from every generous minded person—just such as one would wish and expect.

The first impression it gives, is, that John the First, has not dignity and discretion suited to his station; the next, that there must be a great want of that high, honorable feeling which should lead a gentleman to scorn ill-natured interference with his neighbor's affairs—more especially the President of the United States. I ask, what would be his feelings, if, owing to such encouragement, there should be an outbreak?—a laugh is all the reply—as if to say he would care little about that, provided it pleased *the party*. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that great intelligence and high-mindedness have not deep influence in this country.

A thousand things might be picked up to make you doubt it, by accompanying funerals, frequenting gin shops, and discoursing with soldiers and jarvies, &c., but it would not give “a fair just and unexaggerated character” of this people. My conviction is, that when the intelligence and property of these States have cause sufficient to unite their strength—to speak

reason to the people—to discourse of the glory, the dignity, and the justice of their great founder, their weight will be deeply felt, and will assuredly prevail.—Ever, &c.

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—There is nothing more common with us than to talk of the cheap Government of the United States ; a careful examination of facts dissipates the whole affair.

When you take into consideration the expense of the General Government, with that of the different States—Congress and the State Legislatures—Members all paid—Judges and Attorneys General—Supreme Courts, &c. &c. &c., for the whole Union ; I assure you the aggregate is no insignificant sum.—In one year Congress sat more than nine months, each member of both houses having eight dollars per diem—then the printing, the allowances, and the contingencies, it can hardly be called cheap legislation ; with a paid legislature sitting in every State for some five or six months at the same time. They are like Colonels in the Guards, and not much more to do ; for if they can spin a long yarn, talk against time, and have their speech adjourned over to to-morrow, or some time next week, then get it printed, they are sure to get returned again, *if it pleases*.

All this costs a million and a half of dollars annually, at least. You snore on the treasury benches, and cost John Bull nothing—no great bargain after all—you are always first at the Speaker's dinner tho'.

If a deduction of our military expenses were made—and they have nothing to do with our constitution, but arise from the prospinquity of warlike neighbors, who must be prepared for at all times,—if such a deduction were made, with that of the Royal expenditure, Her Majesty's own, by an agreement with the nation for more than an equivalent, there would be little difference between us, perhaps in our favor ; at all events there would not be anything to boast of “in our young country.”

Now, all this should be known ; but I do not see what right we have to blame. If they here choose to have forty judges to do the work of our fifteen, for a population nearly equal, and we have it as well done, and pay no more,—what do they gain ? It is thought that the extent of territory renders it indispensable, and that no one Parliament could transact the necessary business ; certainly, if it take nine months, with all the adjuncts to get through the *Congressional* business, there is little doubt of the fact. The machinery is complicated, but it works well enough, only now and then getting out of order, when nullification, repudiation, Governor Dorr, or some tarnation, gets among the wheels, then they grease them, and all goes on again.

At one time this country had no national debt, but even surplus funds, and that not very long since. Mr. Van Buren and Captain Tyler, preferred our plan, and thought the experiment worth trying, and have got up a little operation of that sort. We, you know, think a good heavy debt a prime thing—beautiful to look at, but bothersome to pay; it does seem rather awkward when we have to borrow from the celestial regions—the brother of the sun and moon—to pay the interest; here they do not pay it at all, which is a more convenient and more easy reckoning.

Too many facilities have existed here with respect to money matters—they must speculate, so when they have no money, they make something else stand for it as long as it will; but one cannot eat swamps, nor get fat in paper streets upon meats sold in paper markets—so they grow worse, until they grow desperate. To relieve all such evils, a most pernicious bankrupt law was passed; six months afterwards there was no such thing as *indebtedness* in the whole country, all smooth and *without a wrinkle*. The lawyers now grew frantic, and the law was repealed. There were hundreds of thousands of persons who took advantage of this anti-indebtedness act; I would not even insinuate what I have heard,—that most of them immediately set up their carriages again.

Over-trading, and over-banking have been the two great evils, and have caused more distress than could easily be computed. Some idea of it may be formed when you learn, that upwards of forty-three millions, in notes of banks since broken, were in circulation, with only ten millions of capital, or assets, to redeem them—a loss sufficient to shake most countries. I take one of them for example:—In Lewis County, with one hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars out, there were eight thousand in specie to meet the demand—of course there were promissory notes, but the promiser had “burst up,” and the payee received pence instead of pounds.

We may hope that such a calamity will prevent the recurrence of a similar evil for a long period; but sad experience teaches how soon it is forgotten. The ruin of 1826, when seventeen millions sterling were sent after mines in Mexico, Guatamala loans, and various equally sensible adventures, did not prevent our running open mouthed after Mississippi and other State scrip. We need not dwell upon the result.

The *State Debts* do not amount to less than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars “in our young country.” They are of course represented by numerous stocks or investments; when lent for public purposes they may repay. In case of revulsion of any kind, however, there is great difficulty in meeting the interest, and sometimes another loan is necessary for that purpose.

Maine, Vermont, Delaware, and North Carolina have not any State Debts, but support their Governments by direct taxation. I trust the loss of credit will be sufficient to prevent all future loans, unless returns can be so clearly shewn so as to avert the risk of such a catastrophe. Better to struggle on slowly, and wait longer for benefits, which are too dearly bought by weighing down the State with obligations that weaken her energies, and bring on the effects of premature old age.

Our national debt, is a source of great astonishment, and of the amiable hope with many, that it may some day overwhelm us. They smile when I say it is a bond of union, and that being all in the same boat, the people will help the Government to keep it afloat. Besides, as I very kindly inform them, although a vast mass is distributed among innumerable holders, one equally vast can never be demanded, consisting of endowments for charitable and other purposes, and funded for all time to come, the interest alone being required. Our resources also astonish them—the immense sum of bullion lying idle in the Bank of England especially.

I impart to them, the financial measures of 1822, so soon after a war of eight and twenty years duration. 1st. The reduction of the public expenditure, from the estimate of the former year, by two millions. 2nd. The establishment and maintenance of the sinking Fund, to the amount of five millions. 3rd. The reduction of one hundred and fifty millions five per cents into four per cents. 4th. The conversion of the five millions annual naval and military pensions into an annuity of two millions eight hundred thousand pounds. 5th. The application of the three millions three hundred thousand pounds thus saved, by the operation of these measures, to the remission of annual taxes. A mighty effort in one year, without parallel any where.

Talking of taxes—they too are among the things relating to us, little comprehended. I can scarcely make them believe that the poor pay *no taxes*, except indirectly on their small consumption—much less than they do here with their high tariff. From whence then, they cry, comes all the distress? I answer; you chose for a number of years, in your banking and trading prosperity, to ask for extraordinary supplies, of course extraordinary exertions were made, in consequence, to meet the demand,—of a sudden you broke down; so children, laborers, and others, must be discharged, there being no sale for their productions, and having then swamped us, you now nearly shut your doors upon us. I say, with Sam Slick, 'its as bad as when you joined the French, to try and staminate your old Mam'.

I say to them, we are determined to make you like us. We settled your affairs with that same France, when General

Jackson reigned, and the mediation of William the Fourth was accepted—directly contrary to our own interests, as we should have had the neutral carrying trade, if you and they had only been left to knock each other's brains out. That same too would have saved the late dynasty of France, our Holyrood friends and allies.

We sent out an expensive mission to terminate a doubt that was wholly unimportant to us, having possession of the disputed territory, which we could have kept. We chose rather, almost to roast old Lord Ashburton, in your burning clime, while your Heads of Departments smoked their cigars, with their feet on the tables of their bureaux.

We had the property all marked out with a red line, clear as the order of the Garter, and we gave it up, (as Mr. Brougham, of Brougham Hall, said we ought to do,) and St. John's river to boot. If they would only please let us get into Canada—jist you take that great field, and the wood, and all the water, and all the min'rals, and leave us this narrow lane to get down to the house, we will be content—we won't quarrel with you on no account. You may take Rouse's Point too, as you did Barnhart's Island, and a few more Islands, if you please, or any thing else, only pray don't frown upon us. I have even assured them that a proposition is in progress through the Cabinet, to do any little job they please, or at least to wink at it, if they will only take us into their favorable consideration.

Why man what are you fidgetting about? I wish, Jack, when you finish all them crotchets, while among a nation of geniuses, that can do jist as they please with every body and every thing, you'd get them to invent some cigars that will light themselves—it would be uncommon convenient, instead of two chaps rubbin' their snouts together to strike a light where there aint much—how pleasant it would be—fiz—and there it burns like a lucifer,—you're out there, Frank, its a loco foco.—Good night.

New York.

MY DEAR FRANK,—We were very much startled some time since, by an attempt to assassinate Mr. Wickliffe, the Post Master General, who was travelling with his daughters in a steamer from Philadelphia. The wretch nearly succeeded, but fortunately the *bowie knife* was arrested by the breast bone. He was, however, severely stabbed, and *the excitement* at so horrible an incident is very great.

Julia says, "monomania has been fearfully exhibited in France and England," sneeringly insinuating that nothing of the sort occurs in "our young country." She, however, is much in error; it has crossed the big salt lake, as cholera did, or else it is of native growth, proving that no government can root

out the evil passions of mankind, and no worth avert the unholy attempts of such fiendish malice. I trust they will not follow the example of our worthies, and send the man to a mad house, but give him a benefit in the tread mill.

When your letter arrived, I was in a situation similar to that of Tristram Shandy--“ He had one foot of the compass on Nevers, having made, his travelling calculations, up to that point, when his man Obadiah opened the door to tell him there was no family yeast in the house.” I too was planning a route, but not quite so absorbingly engaged.

And, you say, what is thought of Captain Sidel Mackenzie's case, and of the execution on board his ship? Not what we thought of it, certainly; for you know it was universally condemned. A mark of consideration has been presented to him by some of the citizens of Philadelphia, which of course proves that he is supported by numerous friends. He has been tried and acquitted by the proper tribunal after mature deliberation. I should therefore consider it unjust to say aught against him, which I could not concur in against an officer similarly situated in our service. It is difficult to conceive that so very intelligent a person, with mental endowments of a high order, could feel pleasure in the sacrifice of human beings—one of them a mere youth. That with no personal inducement of hatred or revenge, he should doom to the awful punishment of death, fellow creatures with whom he had been almost in habits of companionship. I hold it to be impossible. The only blameable conclusion, therefore, which one can come to, is that there was a want of proper firmness, after putting down the mutiny, in not securing the ring-leaders, and placing arms out of their reach, in order to conduct them home for a proper trial.

I have conversed with many naval officers on the subject; and they are of opinion, that if there were a doubt in the mind of the Captain that the crew and ship could not be saved, without proceeding to extremity, he owed it to them, and to the service, to proceed as he did. Who can say there was no cause for such doubt?

The frequency of Naval Court Martials has become very annoying, and is much to be regretted. The parties concerned in upholding the national honor, should well consider their acts before they expose themselves to such public inquiry, and their department to injurious comments.

I have by me a paper with the following:—“ Court Martial on Lieut. McLaughlin, U. S. Navy.—A Court Martial has been ordered upon this gentleman, on some twenty different charges, among which is one for murder—sanctioning the whipping to death of Corporal Pierpont, of the Marine Corps by Mid. Rogers. Corporal P. was a cousin of the Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, who is a particular friend of Mr. Secretary Hanshar.”

How gross all this is—it would surely have been but decent to have waited for evidence upon oath, before a proper tribunal, and until then, not to have made such an announcement, prejudicial to the accused, and harrowing to the friends. But this is “our young country.” Of course the sanctioning “whipping to death” is absurd, as I trust the whole may be proved.

The smallness of the number of ships kept in commission is as much to be regretted as it is surprising. That the army should not be increased, can be accounted for, by its being unnecessary, as there is nothing to resist. But the commerce of the United States is afloat on every sea, and the interests, as well as the honor of the nation could not be better upheld than by having her ships of war on every coast.

I have been told that it is difficult to procure men. That I can hardly believe, while so many merchantmen are unemployed; and can only ascribe it to a too rigid economy, which does not extend to the curtailing of long speeches, down to Congress.

Our author says, on the subject of the Sandwich Islands—“That same evening some member asked Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, if the accounts of this session were correct, the minister answered in the negative; no further explanation was asked or given, and the whole matter was as coolly treated as if it had been equally meritorious to take those Islands or to leave them free.”

Now all this is not the fact. If the Islands were properly ceded to Great Britain by their Sovereign, with the consent of the people, and there were no other claim to them, there could have been nothing wrong in accepting them.

Sir Robert Peel, in his reply, said all that was necessary—“That they were not ceded, that it was the intention of the Government to uphold their independence, that it was reported that some of Her Majesty’s subjects had received injuries, which should assuredly be redressed, and that Lord Poulett was not authorised to do more, than refer the matter to his Government,” which is precisely what he did.

I wonder if the Oregon has been ceded to this country—yet a convention was held in July, at Cincinnati—ninety-six delegates, representing nine States, were present; a letter was read from General Cass, insisting strongly upon the right of this country to the territory on the Pacific, and the necessity of maintaining that right, come what may, and resolutions were passed, urging Congress to take the necessary steps. I have little doubt that ere long the whole will be claimed, and, perhaps, as in Maine, concession will be made—then will come a declaration of right to the whole Continent, and General Cass will bawl himself hoarse in support of the claim, as he did in the cause of freedom in Ireland, which, in his mighty opinion, must be maintained.

I have omitted to tell you an amusing incident which occurred at Albany:—I was by the Cars, that had just arrived, when a woman near me discovered her basket on a cart at a distance—to run after it with a child was impossible, so she unceremoniously handed it to me and off she ran. No mother, however, made her appearance for nearly half an hour, and I was beginning to get riley and exclaim, “that’s just my luck,” when she and her basket hove in sight, and I was relieved of the sweet charge. If you had made your appearance, you would have found me in the amiable occupation of nursing a young loco foco. You need not haw! haw! haw! Frank—I’ve seen you in a worse fix.

By the way that word is used variously here, and they have made a noun of fixings. When we were sojourning in the wilderness, if you had had two coats, more than one pair of boots, a brace of shirts, and a small inventory of other articles, and were about to pack them in your portmanteau, you would have been *settling your fixings*. Talking of inventory, do you recollect the true and faithful one of Dr. Swift :

An oaken, broken elbow chair,
 A caudle cup, without an ear,
 A battered, shattered ash bedstead,
 A box of deal, without a lid,
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint,
 A back sword poker, without a point,
 A pot that’s cracked across, around
 With an old knotted garter bound,
 An iron lock, without a key,
 A wig, with hanging, quite grown grey,
 A curtain, worn to half a stripe,
 A pair of bellows, without pipe, &c. &c.

All of which he kindly offered to the Bishop of Meath, till his Palace was re-built, and furnished. Now, if the worthy Doctor had intended moving, and was packing up those valuable chattels for that purpose, which he would no doubt carefully do, he too would have been *settling his fixings*.—Adieu.

THE KANKRA.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN BORDER.

BY CINNA.

CANTO I.

I.

The moon in full orb'd Majesty
Sunk swiftly down the western sky ;
Her sombre shadows slow withdrew
Through giant groups of mountain yew ;
Dark clouds from out the North were thrown—
More sullen gloomed the midnight down—
And still as night more awful grew,
The cold, damp wind all hollow blew.

II.

Athwart the mountain's lonely side
An Indian form was seen to glide :
Erect and firm, his hasty pace
But lightly moved the matted grass—
High o'er his head a falcon plume
Danced blacker than the black night's gloom—
Firm clutched, a light war-axe he bore,
Red with the foeman's dying gore—
His mantle closely drawn around,
Stauched in his side a dagger wound ;—
His eye with deadly passion burned,
And round his pathway darkly turned,—
Each clustering thicket quick surveyed
For treacherous, crouching ambuscade ;
Yet fear his spirit stole not o'er—
No recreant trembling port he wore—
His footstep soft and lengthened stride,
Elastic as in boyhood's pride,
Showed naught to timorous heart allied,
Though loud the tireless deer-hound looed,
And close the rancorous foe pursued,
Though horsemen thronged the valley deep
And marksmen ranged the highland steep,
While hoarse shout, on the night wind borne,
To bugle-horn gave quick return,
And near and far the victor yell
Told where his flying followers fell ;—
By woe and death environed all,
Naught could his vengeful soul appal,
For he was of the forest green,
And peril met with dauntless mien ;

Wild leader of the Braves was he,
 First in the strife, and last to flee ;
 Who o'er his dismal war-path broke,
 But felt the lightning of his stroke ;
 Who met him on ensanguined plain,
 Ne'er turned his footsteps home again,
 And border wives bewail the day
 When first his war-shout urged the fray,
 And border orphans ceaseless mourn
 Their long-lost sires' delayed return,
 And border troopers trembling met
 Dark Kankra with his plume of jet.

III.

Onward his silent way he made
 O'er steep and crag—through wildering shade—
 Where'er the darkest copsewood grew,
 Glided the spectre Chieftain through—
 Threading far down the deep ravine,
 Where deepest silence ruled the scene;
 O'er fearsome precipice's verge,
 There his well practised footsteps urge :
 Where mountain torrent fell below,
 Traced he his toilsome journey slow ;
 Mid tempest's rage—mid storm and show'r,
 There strove he at that midnight hour ;—
 And pressing need—for on his trail
 Was heard the deer-hound's startling wail,
 And huntsmen of the fallow deer
 With cunning eye approached him near,
 By deadly hate and fury flushed,
 All tirelessly they onward rushed—
 Wild as their native torrents' force,
 When hurtling down their wintry course,—
 Envenomed as the reptile's touch—
 Remorseless as the panther's clutch—
 Skilled in the wiles of woodland art,
 The lance to wield, to point the dart,—
 The steed to check in full career,
 While rings the rifle's voice of fear,—
 Through woodland labyrinths to weave
 The errless chace, by morn or eve,—
 Well versed to stab, to scalp, to brain,
 And hurl the glittering axe amain,—
 Unseen in ambushade to lie,
 And upward burst with deaf'ning cry,—
 Fair need had he, ere morning hour,
 To press afar beyond their power,

And still, as faster on they came,
Unflinching fled the noble game.

I V.

All other sign of strife had died
Save that far up the mountain's side :
With toil the weary foe o'erprest
From bloody revel sank to rest ;
No more the echoing rifle gave
O'erwhelming death to flying brave ;
No longer from the greenwood broke
The grappling cry—the axe's stroke—
On one wild track pursuit alone
Far down sent shout and bugle tone,
For there the border leaders throng,
And still the length'ning chase prolong ;
There hunter tall, and agile scout,
Urge on the wild disordered rout ;
For well they recked, no foot but one
Could 'scape the toils of battle won ;
With nimble bound so far could lead,
And foil the deep-breathed sleuth hound's speed—
And *he*—their terror and their hate,
Laid first their border desolate ;
Called forth the battle tribes from far
To wage insatiate, endless war,—
Swept the intruders from the land
To rule supreme with ruddy hand.—
Who first their homes in ruin laid ?
He led the band—by midnight's shade—
Whose voice their quiet dreams awoke ?
From *him* the startling war-whoop broke—
Who foremost fought 'mid battle's roar ?
He on whose winding steps they bore.

V.

O'er steep, and crag, and summit knoll,
Onward the war notes echoing roll ;
Through wide defile and cavern deep,
Their wild, commingling accents sweep,
While from the fierce, marauding crew,
Unchecked the stately Kankra flew.
With steady foot, and desperate bound,
Upward his dubious way he wound :
The cold wind on his bosom beat,
But quench'd not its relentless heat—
Dark were his musings—dark his eye
In fathomless malignity ;
Yet naught his lineaments revealed
Of that deep smouldering fire concealed.

Twice, as o'er shelving rocks he sprang,
 The foremost deadly rifle rang ;
 Oft might he hear their cautious hail
 Borne fitful on the passing gale ;
 Oft as he turned, with listening ear,
 The crackling brake betrayed them near ;
 While close the slow-hound faintly yelled,
 In leash by foremost huntsman held ;
 Full on his foot-prints still they toil,
 And vain his arts the chace to foil,
 Though singly none the effort dare,
 To brave the tiger in his lair—
 Or deem alone they might withstand
 The terrors of *his* sweeping hand,
 Who oft had scatheless burst away,
 By numbers hemmed, in battle fray,—
 And well they recked, few dare impede
 His grim course in his hour of need.

V I.

Inveterate all, yet hushed and mute,
 Maintained they still the long pursuit :
 Along the mountain side they strove,
 And still the warrior toiled above ;
 The eagle in her eyrie slept,
 So light and warily he stept ;
 The mountain panther heard not when
 He glided past his rocky den ;
 With feet by granicæ pebble torn,
 And garments rent by mountain thorn,
 And frame by giant effort worn,
 Still on his way he held,
 Tho' gloomily his pathway towered,
 And closer yet the foemen cowered,
 And darker still the tempest lowered
 And far the summit swelled.

V I I.

His eye, despite all toil and pain,
 Still scanned the path he late had ta'en—
 Tho' fiercely gleamed that falcon eye,
 Night veiled the lurking prowlers nigh ;
 Naught he discerned, save far below
 The watchfires' dim and flickering glow :
 But straight the gloom slow wore away,
 Dread presage of the coming day ;—
 It tipped the mountain's summit hoar,
 And soon would glance his pathway o'er.

Soon must he sink like hunted game
 Beneath the deadly rifle's aim :
 Such fate thy Monedo commands,
 Proud leader of the dusky bands !

VIII.

While morn approached with ruddy hue,
 The Bushmen rais'd their wild holloo ;
 The warrior turned with ready ear,
 And marked their far divided cheer ;
 A new-born hope shot through his brain,
 When thus disclosed their tardy train ;
 With quick resolve, he sprang aside,
 Their stealthy coming to abide ;
 A jutting rock protection gave—
 " Here let them meet the hated Brave—
 " Of all bereft, thus much have I,
 " To choose a fitting place to die—"
 Thus spake the Chief—and o'er his brow
 No shade of sadness flitted now ;
 Calm as the granite summit bare,
 His features wore no sign of care :
 His eye though deadly, yet serene
 As when it look'd on council scene ;
 Stern and immovable he stood,
 Like panther waiting in the wood ;
 Scarce rustles as the wild winds sing
 Above his head the falcon's wing,
 So safely shaded his retreat
 Where beetling cliffs high arching meet.

IX.

With cautious ear, and silent pace,
 Two forms gigantic led the chase ;
 The narrow pass all sombre lay,
 Not yet illumed by morning's ray ;
 Mutt'ring low curses as they strode,
 He heard them near his still abode—
 Their tow'ring, heavy forms he saw
 Nearer and nearer onward draw ;
 Loud startling howled the jaded hound,
 And bristling snuffed the tainted ground ;
 With ready weapon points advanced,
 Their dark eyes round the covert glanced—
 That moment as they doubtful stand,
 The light axe left the warrior's hand !
 One casiff's heaving breast it tore,
 To beat 'gainst forest child no more—

Far forward as the stroke he lunged,
 Deep o'er his brow a bullet plunged,
 And on him fierce, with eye of flame,
 With knife on high, the Bushman came—
 A panther spring—a dying groan—
 The stately Kankra stood alone !

X.

Arose behind exultant cries,
 As down the rifle's echo dies,
 " Ay, well we know that sounding peal,
 " Black Asa there has set his seal,
 " Full well he keeps the oath he swore.
 " The Kankra seeks his sunset shore—"
 With idle triumph on they strain,
 To mock above the fancied slain,
 But in the lonely pass instead,
 Grim lay the giant huntsman, dead !
 With sullen eye, and bosom gored,
 Dark Asa pressed the mountain sward,
 No more to stalk in gloomy pride,
 The idol of the border side :
 Before him many a red man fell—
 Their Chieftain has avenged them well !

XI.

While o'er his pallid corse they leant,
 With mingled fear and fury blent,
 Arose a sudden cry—" Ha ! fly—
 " Or with slain Asa stay to die,
 " Yon tow'ring cliff's high brow above,
 " I saw the skulking Kankra move ;
 " Asa's long sounding gun he bears,
 " And like the cat of mountain glares,
 " E'en now he singles out his prey,
 " Flee for your lives—away—away !"

XII.

As wild fowl, torn by murderous hail,
 Fly flutt'ring down the passing gale—
 As flocks, at famished wolf-dog's breath,
 Burst timid o'er the pasture heath,
 So fled they down the threat'ning steep.
 With fearful and tumultuous sweep—
 But ere they left that fatal pass,
 Their leader stumbled on the grass—
 And not unchecked their mad career—
 The Kankra loitered in their rear :

The twanging rifle gave reply,
 Aimed by no trifler's hand and eye,—
 With triple vengeance he repaid
 Their dastard chase by midnight's shade ;
 Tremendous o'er the panic rout,
 He gave his tribe's victorious shout,
 Suregd high in air, the caitiff's knell,
 And woke the horsemen in the dell ;
 Fresh terror added to the flight
 Of those who scoured the mountain height,
 New impulse to the coward gave,
 And awed the slow-retiring brave ;
 While some, with heedless leap amiss,
 Dashed frightful o'er the precipice,
 Down—down—they went—
 With swift descent—
 And sunk into the vast abyss !

XIII.

Morn's bright banner, waving high,
 Fans with freshness earth and sky ;
 Flames with meteor rush and tremble
 Where the cold, storm-mists assemble ;
 Spreading mystic joy and beaming
 Through the dark abodes of dreaming ;
 Burns along the placid river,
 'Neath the dewy woodland's quiver ;
 Wraps the mountain's summit hoary
 In a crimson crest of glory ;
 While anon the scene expands—
 Lo ! the far off praisic lands !
 Lengthening, like the silver awning
 Woven ere the fairy dawning,
 By those sprites of ether lightness
 From the Isles of joy and brightness,
 'Twixt the cavern and the grove,
 For the trysting hour of love :—
 Lost, the rapt eye still surveys
 Where the dimpling-sunlight plays
 O'er the magic realm sublime,
 Fresh in Nature's bursting prime :—
 Vain, the life-lorn spirit courses
 Through the full heart's joyous sources,
 To drink in the vast delight
 Of a scene so glad and bright.

XIV.

They fled, in crowds, in pale dismay,
 With sudden burst, and mad essay,

Fast down the craggy mountain range,
 Who know not fear, nor time, nor change ;—
 Unheeded lie they ghastly there,
 Save those who in the defile lay
 Beside the panther's fetid lair,
 To feast the wheeling birds of air,
 Or call the cougar from afar,
 And wolf-cub, o'er their forms to war ;
 While he who bore the name of fear,
 All scornful hovered on their rear.

XV.

High t'wards the Zenith rose the sun
 Ere ceased its peal that echoing gun.
 And when the valley's base they won,
 Confused and trembling all :—
 The horsemen marshalled their array,
 Closed firm behind their headlong way,
 The re-united Tribes to stay,
 And on them firmly fall :
 Yet there no thundering bands pursue—
 Nor rose on high the war halloo—
 But midway up the mountain blue
 A stately form was seen,
 High on a cliff's o'erhanging brow,
 To careless watch the route below,
 Then calmly turn, with footsteps slow,
 Behind the rugged screen.

XVI.

The Chieftain walked that mountain lone,
 As one who naught of toil had known :
 Relaxed his brow—his bearing free,
 And steady beamed his tranquil eye,
 Save when a glance of scorn it gave
 At livid foeman's bloody grave.
 Beside dark Asa's corse he found
 The hunter's toil-worn, faithful hound ;
 When soothingly he deigned to greet,
 It crouched with meekness at his feet :
 The mood of fury passed away,
 With him who on the mountain lay ;
 " Fleet loyal creature come with me—
 " With man I war, and not with thee—
 " Well did'st thou do their fierce behest—
 " When were these limbs so sorely pressed ?
 " Allegiance—truth—thy meek eye blands,
 " And now I have not many friends !"

XVII.

While spake the Chief, a throb of woe
 Palsied his heart's convulsive throe ;
 The carnage, gloom, of yesternight,
 Apalling burst upon his sight ;
 The death-stroke and the victor cheers
 Which then he heard, again he hears,
 His falling bands again he sees,
 And hears their wailings in the breeze—
 Too true the dire reality
 Came to his heart—came to his eye—
 And now he is an outcast from
 Where sleep his sires—his forest home,—
 With none to succor—none to cling
 By him who wears the Falcon wing ;
 With waning vigor, wounds unhealed,
 The Future, by the Past, revealed,—
 He who but late so proud and stern
 Had naught of hardihood to learn,
 Unconscious drooped his lordly head
 As memory—memory—backward sped ;
 That form so stately and erect,
 Quailed at the harrowing retrospect.

XVIII.

He walked that mountain's steep ascent,
 While torturing fiends his bosom rent ;
 A crag peered out beyond the rest,
 He gained its utmost summit crest,
 And from the far commanding height,
 Stretched to the vale his aching sight ;
 Convulsive pangs his bosom tore,
 His face a settled sorrow wore,
 Yet lamentation spake he none
 For tried companions dead and gone—
 No sadly figured requiem—
 No wailing plaint—no dying hymn—
 For those who died defending him,
 And for their country nobly fell :—
 He only looked a long farewell !
 And breaking up the mournful spell,
 Pale o'er the mountain battlement,
 A homeless wanderer he went.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

NOTE.—In adopting the clipt heroic, or octo-syllabic verse, for an attempt which he has long contemplated in reference to the Indian wars on the Western frontier, the writer was aware that comparisons must be provoked which could in no way favor him, or in truth any other poetaster since the days of the great Sir Walter's time ; but

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN THE ARMY.

BY THE OLD SOLDIER.

THE death of a soldier of the 7th regiment of Hussars, while recently undergoing corporal punishment on Hounslow Heath, has been made the subject of judicial investigation in England; and the legislative wisdom of the British nation is now engaged in considering how far it may be possible, not wholly to abolish this revolting punishment, but to render it applicable only to particular offences, and in no instance to exceed a certain number of lashes—I believe fifty.

Schools are to be established, books procured, and other laudable means employed, with the object of improving the moral character of the soldier, and of repressing insubordination without the aid of corporal punishment.

Although intended for something better, as I shall presently shew, it has been my fortune to have borne arms in the service of my country, in the humble but honorable capacity of a private soldier; and it was due, more perhaps to good luck than my own good management, that I succeeded in escaping the terrors of the lash.

A wise woman, skilled in astrology, is said to have predicted at my birth, that if not spoiled in the course of training, I might be certain of finding myself one day either Lord Chancellor of England, or Primate of all Ireland. My fond parents lent a willing ear, and no expense was spared to prepare me for an office which, they imagined, would ennoble myself and enrich my kindred for many generations.

Man, they say, is the arbiter of his own destiny. In my case I believe it to be true; for, pitching Law, Latin, and Divinity to the d—l, off I scampered one fine summer's morning, and soon found myself, not Chancellor or Primate, but absolute master of a bright English shilling, and a costly bunch of ribbons dangling from my bonnet.

This event—must I declare it to the young ladies of Canada—happened seven-and-forty years ago. Flagellation was then, and for many years after, the only punishment known in the army. The occurrence of crime was not by any means more frequent, or marked with a higher degree of enormity than at the present day. Members of Courts Martial were not sworn

that rush of verse which this style admits of could not so easily be aimed at in any other. Indeed, this field is common now, and were it not so, the fact seems well understood, that he who attempts to write verse in these degenerate days, has a perfect license to deliver himself as best he may. The second Canto will be, like this, after the manner of Sir Walter Scott. The third will do Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as far as may be; and the fourth will be a downright sacrilegious attempt upon my Lord Byron. Should the gracious public, by which we are all the readers of *Maga. Jr.*, require more, we pity their stomachs. That will finish the cakes and etc.

—each pledged his word and honor as an officer and gentleman to administer justice according to the rules and articles for the better government of His Majesty's forces; and it was no rare delusion for a poor prisoner to "throw himself on the mercy of the court," which the next hour pronounced his guilt, and sentenced him to receive a thousand lashes. 300 lashes was considered a lenient sentence,—the scale seldom graduated lower.

Clemency is very rarely a strong feature in the composition of laws framed for the government of troops carrying on the duties of war: that humane maxim of our criminal code, to temper justice with mercy, is inapplicable to the emergencies that call for their execution. At the period of which I write, a Commanding Officer, schooled as all were in the discipline of the field, if possessed of any power to mitigate the severity of corporal punishment, or lessen the amount, seldom made use of it. If a prisoner was considered by the surgeon incapable of bearing his punishment at once, he was remanded to a special ward in the hospital, and ordered out from time to time, as his back healed, until every lash was inflicted. I have heard of a sentry being taken off his post to receive the balance of a former sentence.

Indecent haste and a total absence of common decorum frequently attended those mock trials. The whole proceeding, in many cases, seldom occupied one half the time that I have been writing those few sentences—the records were brief—more pens and paper are now consumed at a trial than would have then sufficed for a hundred; and it was no uncommon occurrence to see a soldier under arms, on parade—the same man a prisoner in the guard room, again tied up as a criminal, and finally in hospital in the hands of a regimental surgeon—all within the short space of a single hour.

The best conducted soldier in a regiment could not assure himself in the morning that he would not, before evening, be laid up with a broken skin, in the punishment ward of his hospital.

Much sympathy has been expressed, in the case of a dishonest little girl, detected in the act of pilfering fruit, and heaven and earth invoked to witness the cruelty of detaining her for a few moments in a place of security, and adopting legal proceedings, by which she was subjected to a fine of two shillings and six-pence. For taking two or three apples from a neighboring orchard, when on guard, a young lad, not sixteen years of age, received in my presence 300 lashes. Poor Frank!—he and I were comrades, we came from the same place, joined the Regiment at the same time, and passed the happy days of our childhood together: and now the vicissitudes of fortune, or rather the unrestrained waywardness of youth, had flung us loose upon the stormy ocean of

life, without "sails or rudder" to direct our course—without a friend to control, to counsel, to admonish—left to the uncertain direction of our own will, at the most critical period of man's existence : many a pleasant hour used we to spend, after our evening drills, innocently ranging the verdant glades that skirt the charming town of Kilkenny, or luxuriating in the limpid waters of the "Barrow." Poor fellow, when I saw him fastened to the triangles, and his youthful blood bedewing the earth on which his feet barely rested, I thought my heart would break, and worlds would I have given to be back again with my mother—but that could not be, I had yet to see more of a soldier's life—to witness more of human suffering—to learn how man can treat the image of his Maker. The poor lad bore his punishment well—his proud spirit disdained to utter a sigh—no complaint escaped from his lips ; but it was easy to perceive that the effort was too much for his slender frame—the punishment too severe for his tender years. He was soon dismissed from the hospital, and returned to his duty ; the glow of youth had fled from his cheeks—his clear manly brow assumed a shade of sadness—he became cheerless and melancholy, and descended broken hearted to the grave ere he had completed his twentieth year. This is no forced picture, no fancied exaggeration, but a sad, mournful reality.

An old man, a corporal, for spending a small sum of public money, which might have been replaced by stoppages from his pay in less than a fortnight, was degraded from his rank, and made to suffer, on the same parade, a corporal punishment of 500 lashes. This was a remarkable man. Possessed of Herculean strength, though not exceeding five feet seven inches in stature, he could seize the stoutest grenadier in the regiment and fling him from his arms as if he were but a child, and yet quiet and inoffensive as an infant. A singular fete performed by him, near Dublin, immortalized him in that City, and I venture to say that those who remember the achievement, relate it with astonishment to the present day :

There is in the vicinity of the City a large enclosure called the Phoenix Park, always inhabited by an immense flock of wild deer. Among these, at that time, was a furious animal, the terror of every one whose business led him through the Park. Several attempts had been made to secure this brute, but in vain, and Florence McCarthy undertook, single-handed, to accomplish the bold task. Sallying forth one summer's morning, in his shirt sleeves, armed with a black-thorn stick, and followed by an immense multitude of spectators, he soon found himself in presence of his fierce antagonist. A furious conflict immediately commenced—McCarthy plying his faithful shillelah with overwhelming force and precision—the infuriated deer using his natural weapons with terrible effect. The contest lasted upwards of an hour, at the end of which time

Florence subdued his powerful victim, and led him in triumph through the principal streets of the City; but his own lacerated frame, streaming with blood, and the few articles of dress which he wore, torn to shreds, gave ample proof that the victory had been pretty well earned. A large subscription was collected as the reward of his prowess, on the spot, and, amidst the deafening shouts of thousands, he returned to his barrack with flying colors.

This brave man was destined, not many years after, to shed his blood ingloriously, when deprived of all power to aim a blow in self defence; although if at liberty, he could have thrown triangles, Drum-Major, and all his instruments of torture, over his manly shoulders, and pitched them into the noble stream that rolled murmuringly past the lofty walls of our barracks, as if expressing its horror of the inhuman carnage unnecessarily carried on within.

Various modes were adopted for increasing the severity of those punishments. Cats were often steeped in brine.—The Drum-Major invariably inflicted the first 25 lashes, and seldom failed to leave the marks of his toes in the ground, no matter how hard and solid the earth may be. Drummers were regularly trained to this part of their duty, and exercised two or three times a week in wielding the cat against the trunk of some tree—flogging, in fact, was reduced to a science; and at that time it was considered disgraceful to the service to commit a soldier to the common gaol or to any other public prison.

Such was the service less than 50 years ago. Improvements, suggested by a period of peace, the longest ever known in Europe, and never, I hope, to be disturbed, have been gradually introduced, and the character of the soldier raised above its former level, not only by a better classification and definition of military offences, but by reducing the number of lashes, and discountenancing undue severity in their infliction, by the substitution, in many cases, of less degrading modes of punishment. In addition to these, strict orders have been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, requiring all officers in conveying necessary admonition or reproof, to abstain from the use of harsh and abusive language, calculated only to irritate the soldier and lessen him in his own estimation. The result of this humane regulation, is, that a man now approaches his officer with confidence and respect, whereas formerly he could not look him in the face without feelings of indignation and terror. This single fact, which no old officer or old soldier will attempt to dispute, goes far to prove that humiliating, disgraceful, and torturing punishments are by no means indispensable for maintaining discipline in the English army. Fifty lashes are now deemed sufficient punishment for an offence which, half a century back, would have been visited with one thousand.

Insubordination is one of the worst crimes a military man can commit; it subverts all order, and no dependance can be placed in a body of troops among whom it obtains a footing; but I deny that it exists or ever did exist, unless caused by some great misapprehension, in the British army; one thousand instances of refractory behaviour, growing out of intoxication, fail in establishing to my mind a single act of insubordination; something else is wanting, and that other thing, whatever it may be, has never yet been discovered in the British service. It is unwise therefore, and highly impolitic to retain suspended over the head of a good man, this last fragment of a cruel system, as an emblem of his degradation.

Am I here understood to say that corporal punishment could safely have been abolished, although it unquestionably might have been mitigated and considerably abridged, consistently with the strictest rules of military discipline, thirty or forty years ago; or that any other means could be substituted for repressing licentiousness and disorder among large bodies of troops, should the same circumstances of the service unfortunately return? Certainly not. An army in the field or traversing a friendly territory, where the state of its supplies must depend chiefly upon maintaining a good understanding with the inhabitants, can as safely dismiss its commissariat as do without a Provost Martial.

In the order of Providence we look in vain for anything unreasonable or paradoxical, anything inconsistent or that contradicts itself; a superficial observer, arguing from these principles, might arrive at the conclusion that all warfare is contrary to the will and sanction of the Deity, because here he discovers the apparent anomaly of a relaxation of discipline, while the reins of authority are held more firmly than would be requisite in any other situation in which an army can be placed. Discipline is never relaxed in the field; but some men, ever guided by the ungovernable impulses of their own bad passions, will commit excesses which, if permitted, would soon bring the best conducted campaign to a disastrous conclusion.

Prompt and energetic measures must be adopted for repressing such disorders. In every well disciplined army marauders and stragglers in search of plunder are treated with the greatest rigor. A necessary act involves no cruelty, and any one that condemns it, in this case, would condemn the judge who orders a highway robber for execution. Severity of example is sometimes as indispensable, on service, as food and raiment.

The General Officers are frequently reminded in public orders to hold their divisions and brigades constantly prepared, and as complete as possible, for any movement that may be directed. How can they be expected to give obedience to those orders, if constantly thinning the ranks and reducing

the number of their fighting men, in sending culprits to the rear to undergo various periods of imprisonment for every punishable offence that occurs? According to this rule, it might very soon happen that one-half of the division or brigade would find itself engaged in guarding the other half as prisoners.

They must be in possession of a more summary check: deprive them of that check, by doing away with corporal punishment, and you must never attempt to send an army into the field. The consequences of such mistaken humanity are too obvious, and no general officer would be so foolish as to assume the command.

Sometimes too, in peaceable times, on the line of march, it may be indispensable to resort to it; but the number of lashes in every case, if you wish to retain the man's services, should never exceed five-and-twenty. This chastisement will be sufficient to recal the most turbulent and refractory soldier to a proper sense of his error, and will not disable him for resuming the march, or performing any other duty.

It is only in such cases, and to such an extent that I ever could approve of the use of the "cats." In settled quarters a commanding officer, unwilling to incur the charge of cruelty, will not find it necessary to have recourse to them.

They are never used in the French army; and we, the most enlightened and civilized nation on the face of the globe—men who tremble at the horrors of the Guillotine, turn pale at the bare name of the Spanish Inquisition, endow plans of education and chairs of humanity; expend millions in improving the social condition of the sable African; we, who reproach other States for trafficking in human flesh, are cast into hysterics when the screams of the Virginian black, suffering under the excruciating lash of his master, wafted over the expansive ocean by the western breeze, appeal to our sympathies;—in the teeth of all this fuss, in the middle of the nineteenth century; when civilization, refinement, and humanity have arrived at the highest point of perfection,—with one of England's sons, lacerated and torn, stretched before us upon his lowly bier;—one of those brave fellows whose indomitable valor and stern submission to command, vanquished on their own ground the chosen masses of the French nation, headed by the greatest soldier that ever waved a sword or led an army to battle,—and emblazoned Wellington's name on a pinnacle of martial renown hitherto unattained by any other subject.—With this sad revolting spectacle before us, and the recollection of that glorious achievement, not yet faded from our memories, we sit calmly down, and unblushingly proclaim to an astonished world, that the discipline of our noble army, in its settled quarters, in time of peace, with the laws of the realm within our reach, cannot be maintained without the torturing aid of the lash!!!

Well, John, but you are a queerish old fellow—full of native good humor, but sometimes unfeeling and very selfish.—Accustomed to handle your fists in manly combat, you think nothing of a sound drubbing; the case would be different I believe though, were another to stand before you, thumping away at your portly figure, and you deprived of the power to throw up a guard, and let fly at his “potato trap,” in return—that would not be fair play—would it John?

Seated in an easy chair, before a cheerful good fire, enjoying the luxury of a foaming mug of ale, and a pleasing long pipe, about the moral debasement of the soldier you don't care a button. So long as he fights your battle, extends your empire, guards your possessions, and protects your firesides and altars from domestic foe and foreign aggressor—so long as you are safe, he may, for all you care, be shot down like a dog, or flogged to death the next minute. I am not your enemy, John, and all the harm I wish you is, that you and all other abettors of corporal punishment, beyond the limits I have suggested, may be compelled to receive fifty lashes, over the bare shoulders, each summer's morning, for one week, before breakfast. Be me sowl, old chap, I think you would soon burn the “cats,” and rather than have the discipline renewed, e'en consent to let DAN have his own Parliament.

Unlike persons in civil life, a soldier is a mere machine—freedom of thought is all that can be reckoned as his own—in nothing else can he be said to possess any will whatever, but moves and acts by the command or permission of others; it is not difficult, therefore, to perceive that example must exercise a powerful influence in the direction of his conduct. Prevail upon the soldier to abstain from the *abuse* of strong drink—treat him with humanity and the consideration due to a fellow creature—address to him rational and consistent orders—be as strict as you please, but do him no injustice, and, take my word for it, you do not require the assistance of the Drum-Major to maintain subordination in your regiment.

The course here recommended cannot at all times be free from unavoidable interruption. The officers of a regiment seldom approach their men oftener than twice in the four-and-twenty hours. During the remainder of the time their jurisdiction is maintained through the agency of the non-commissioned officers, and if they suffer the authority of this useful class to be impaired, or neglect to sustain it with their own, that moment, to a certain extent, they sap the foundation of discipline. A non-commissioned officer therefore, in the execution of his office, unless manifestly guilty of some gross irregularity, is always, very properly, declared to be in the right, and a soldier interrupting him in the discharge of his duty, or refusing to obey his commands, if the case is no worse, must make a suitable apology, or incur the risk of mere serious

consequences. Apart from the effects of strong drink, from acts of dishonesty and theft, nine-tenths of a soldier's crimes originate in misunderstanding. The natural warmth of some men—the nervous anxiety with which they require their orders to be instantly obeyed—the stubborn disposition and hesitating manner of others,—those adverse tempers frequently produce altercations between non-commissioned officers and privates, which in many instances, from the character they assume, can only be adjusted by the interposition of a Court Martial; but being the result of accidental causes, I do not regard them as furnishing proof of insubordination, although that expression may be employed in designating the offence.

I do not remember, in the course of my career, many instances of a non-commissioned officer properly and strictly discharging his duty, being treated, in its execution, with contumely or disrespect by his men; or that such a person often found it necessary, on his own account, to bring a soldier to punishment; for this reason, when I hear of "disobedience of orders," or disrespectful language to a non-commissioned officer in the execution of his duty," I always examine both sides of the question, and although I should find nothing to justify, seldom fail to meet with some extenuation in favor of the accused party. A hasty word or command unnecessarily urged on the one side, is followed by some improper observation on the other, and this simple beginning I have known, in my time, not unfrequently to end in a Court Martial. Who then can hold up his hand before his Maker, and conscientiously affirm that cases of this description, when both parties, though of course in a very unequal degree, are not free from culpability, should be visited with equal punishment, or deny that almost any other will answer all purposes much better? What officer requires to be told that no soldier ever brought to this disgraceful punishment, through the instrumentality of a non-commissioned officer, will forgive that man to the day of his death?—he may and will forgive him after undergoing imprisonment, because he has time for reflection and seldom fails to convince himself that he had no right to make any reply whatever. In the society of his comrades he soon forgets the solitude of his cell; but reflection, in the other case, only recalls the torturing punishment he has endured, and no matter what impartiality he may use in examining his own conduct, he never can pardon the author of his disgrace so long as he bears the marks of it about his person. Is this human nature, or is it not? If it be, sound policy, ere it recognise the value of good understanding amongst men who are placed side by side fighting the battles of their country, cannot omit to condemn the unnecessary use of the lash.

Who, moreover, can say that other crimes known amongst soldiers differ from those of the same class which occur daily

in civil life, or that the means employed by the ordinary tribunals of justice are not sufficient for repressing them? And if no man can conscientiously make those affirmations, where, I ask in the name of common humanity, is the necessity for continuing this cruel and disgraceful punishment in the garrisons and settled quarters of our troops?

With the view of adding to the respectability and comfort of the unmarried sergeants of the army, messes have been formed; and to prevent them from associating with the privates they are permitted to purchase their own liquors. These excellent institutions like all others of human origin, are not however without their attendant evils. The permission to introduce liquor has invested them, in a variety of instances with the character of canteens—habits of intemperance are there formed, prejudicial to correct discipline; for it cannot be supposed that a person at all excited by drink, can exercise his authority with moderation and judgment, or expect to have his orders obeyed with the same degree of alacrity, as if emanating from a sober man. This was a great evil in my time—I don't mean to say that it is the case at present.

I also observed in my time that some of the officers made no scruple of transgressing, after dinner, the salutary effects of prudence and good example; and it often seemed odd to me how they could conscientiously unite in giving judgment next day in the case of a soldier charged with the same offence.

But circumstances alter cases. In those days it was not the act itself, but the party committing it that constituted crime. In the officer's case it was considered nothing more, among his own class, than "taking too much wine after dinner"—in the soldier's, according to the opinion of the same men, "unpardonable drunkenness"—the venial indiscretion of the one became heinous guilt in the other—there was one law for the officer, and another for the soldier. This one-sided rule, however, seldom extended beyond the limits of the regimental circle. The General Officers, much to their credit, in no instance ever subscribed to it. A single incident familiar to many will confirm this statement:

It happened in one of our Eastern possessions, that the officer commanding a guard, and his corporal, were both absent when visited by the field officer on duty. They were ordered for trial and sentenced—the officer to be severely reprimanded, and the corporal to be reduced to the ranks, and to suffer a punishment of 300 lashes. "Upon the word and honor" of thirteen gentlemen, this was an equitable decision. The General Officer in command thought otherwise; the advantages of birth, of superior education, high station, and responsibility, conferred, in his opinion, no license to commit crime, no impunity from punishment; and the offence being the same, he

assimilated the penalty, by directing the corporal to be severely reprimanded. Here was even-handed justice, and under such a system, I maintain that insubordination cannot exist.

Drunkenness is the fruitful source of every crime committed in the British army. Strike at the root of the evil, and insubordination becomes a mere phantom. Soldiers, if properly managed, and acting under the influence and encouragement of good example, will soon perceive the superior advantages of sober, steady habits; but the fable of the "feasting the shepherds and the wolf" must not be reduced to practice: they must not witness in their superiors, excesses which are denied to themselves. Let every regiment be one great temperate meeting—abolish canteens, for with what color of justice can you punish a man for drinking liquor, when you place it in the centre of the barrack square for the express purpose of being sold to him? and having thus laid the foundation of sound morality, you may purchase books and open schools to some purpose.

In conclusion, I wish to observe that what I have stated in relation to excessively severe punishments—to one-sided systems of legislation, and to unfair decisions of unsworn Courts, has reference to remote periods of our military history, far beyond the experience of any soldier serving in the present army. No officer under the rank of Colonel can have any knowledge of the subject, except by consulting the public records of his regiment.

Were it my business to pass through the garrisons and quarters of the British army at the present day, and "unfold the interior to exterior light," I might exhibit a far more pleasing picture, sullied only by one single blot,—the last remnant of a barbarous system—practically, I am happy to say, in many regiments long since exploded; but there hangs the foul vestige, and so long as it remains, a feeling of self humiliation will retain possession of every good soldier's breast, which certainly cannot be considered an advantage to the service.

As I cannot subscribe to the opinion that refractory behaviour, originating in drink, or casual squabbles between non-commissioned officers and privates, constitute insubordination; so neither do I admit that a solitary instance of severity, although unfortunately resulting in the death of a fellow creature, can be regarded as an indication of the existence of systematic cruelty. It is a melancholy accident, which, despite all human prudence and foresight, must sometimes happen in the best regulated army; and I deny that any army in the world is better managed, particularly as regards the comfort and advantage of the soldier, than the present military force of Great Britain.

Partial evils, some one has told, oft'times bring forth universal good, and who knows but this may be one of them.—Strong indeed must be the necessity for corporal punishment, irresistible the influence of its advocates, and unanswerable the arguments in its favor, if it now stand the test of public opinion. When an important subject is taken up by the English Commons for investigation, the whole nation with eager curiosity look forward to the result. The press, I had nearly said the pulpit, ordinary citizens, all classes, high and low, unite in examining its merits; and I see no subject so likely to arrest public attention in England, as one that excites public indignation, and with a trifling exception, the reprobation and disgust of all men.

Without claiming any pretension to the gift of prophecy, I have no hesitation in declaring my humble opinion, that the late unfortunate event, much as we justly deplore it, will give a death blow to Corporal Punishment. A consummation devoutly to be wished for.

THE AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR AUGUST, 1846.

The Canadian Harvest of 1846, on the whole, must be pronounced one of the most plenteous with which a bountiful Providence has blessed the Province. From no part do we hear of any failure, although the extra production has not been every where alike. The long continued drought felt so severely in the central parts of Canada West, has not been universal, but seems to have confined its ravages to between Hamilton and Brockville. Consequently, such spring grain as was late sown, together with Potatoes, Turnips, and Garden stuffs, are, in the parts which escaped the drought, plentiful as usual, and from the abundance there, the other portions of Canada, not so fortunate, will be supplied.

Of Wheat a more than full average crop is the result. In a few places west of Hamilton, some injury was done by rust, but not sufficiently to gainsay this general assertion. Wheat is so abundant, even where the rust prevailed, that it was selling at Brantford, on the 29th August, at 2s 3d per bushel. Nearly the whole of this year's crop is still in the barn, owing to the want of water to set the mills in motion.

Of Rye, Oats, Barley, Peas, &c., the produce has been good every where, save where the drought raged, and there Oats and Peas are scarce and dear; but as we observed before, one part of the Province will supply the other, and no general scarcity will be experienced. Although the Eastern Military Contract for Forage has been taken at a very low rate, it is not believed that Oats in the vicinity of Kingston, will range below 1s. 6d. per bushel at any period of the year.

Of Potatoes our accounts are very contradictory. In many parts, some of the newspapers speak of the early ravages of the Murrain, by which the tops of the plant have been destroyed, as if cut with a scythe; while again, other newspapers, published in the same vicinity, declare these accounts to be exaggerated, and that the supply of potatoes will be much as usual. The same remark may be made of the United States Journals, in those States where potatoes are cultivated. Our own opinion is, that the Murrain is gradually spreading itself, and exhibiting new features of disease. In former years the root was destroyed chiefly in the cellar:—this season it takes place very early in the field. When the drought raged, the growth of potatoes was early checked; and the Murrain does not seem to have made its appearance, or at least very partially; but the crop is extremely scanty, and in some places hardly worth the digging. In England the potato blight is general—east, west, north, and south, the cry is "still it comes." In Ireland, the devastation is general, every where the root is rotten, or progressing towards decay.

Of Hay, the supply is abundant in the extreme, in all parts of the province—unprecedentedly so.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY M.A. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, 1st September, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.
ASHES—Pearl, & cwt.....	0 18 0
P.11	0 17 6
Sal Erates (Morton's) per cwt.....	1 5 0
FLOUR—Superfine, & bbl. 196 lb.....	0 18 9
Fine, do.....	0 17 6
Middlings, do.....	0 15 0
HIDES—Cow, & 107 lb.....	1 0 0
Calf Skins & B.....	0 0 5½
PRODUCE—Wheat, & bushel, 60 lb.....	0 3 0
Barley, do 48 lb.....	0 2 0
Oats, do 34 lb.....	0 1 3
Pease, do.....	0 2 0
Beans, do.....	0 5 0
Rye, do.....	0 2 3
Corn, do.....	0 2 0
Buckwheat, do.....	0 2 0
Hay, & ton.....	1 5 0
PROVISIONS—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	0 17 6
Beef, mess, & bbl.....	2 10 0
" prime mess, do.....	2 0 0
" prime, do.....	1 12 6
Mutton, & B.....	0 0 4
Pork, fresh, & B.....	0 0 3½
Do mess, & bbl.....	3 10 0
Do prime mess, & bbl.....	3 0 0
Do prime, & bbl.....	2 10 0
Potatoes, & bushel.....	0 2 0
Turnips, do.....	0 1 9
Butter, & B.....	0 0 9
Fowls, & pair.....	0 2 0
EGGS, & dozen.....	0 0 6
SEEDS—Timothy, & bushel.....	0 5 0
Red Clover.....	1 15 0
STAVES—Standard.....	20 0 0
West India, do.....	5 10 0
Black Oak, W I do.....	4 0 0
Headings, 2½ feet by 1½ inch.....	10 0 0
SOAP, & B.....	0 0 2½
TALLOW, & B.....	0 0 4½
Candles, & B.....	0 0 6½
TIMBER—Pine, & cubic foot.....	0 0 3
Oak, do.....	0 1 0
Pine and common Boards, & thousand feet.....	1 15 0
Cleared do. & thousand feet.....	2 5 0
Black Walnut, & thousand feet.....	6 5 0
WOOD, & cord.....	0 7 6
WOOL, & stone of S B.....	0 10 0

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

(Our quotations are the prices of articles of the first quality.)

MONTREAL August 29, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, & cwt	1	1	9
Pearls	1	1	0
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good.) & lb	0	0	8½
FLOUR—Canada Fine, & bbl 196 lb	1	1	6
Superfine	1	3	0
American Superfine	1	2	9
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, & 50 lb	0	4	5
Middling do. do.	0	4	0
Lower Canada Red, & minat.	0	0	0
Barley, & minat.	0	3	0
Oats	0	1	9
Peas, boiling	0	3	6
IRON—English Bar, & ton	14	0	0
English Hoop, do.	16	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	6	7	6
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blast & B	0	3	4
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, & box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, & gallon	0	1	8
OILS—Linsced, Boiled, & gallon	0	3	1
Linsced, Raw, do.	0	2	10
Olive, do.	0	4	1
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	6
Seal, do.	0	2	8
Palm, & B	0	0	5
Castor, do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Prime Mess, & bbl.	2	1	3
Prime, & bbl	1	15	3
Pork, Mess, do.	3	6	3
Do. Prime Mess, do.	2	13	9
Lard, & B	0	0	5
Butter, do.	0	0	8
SEEDS—Clover, & B	0	0	10
Linsced, & minat.	0	5	0
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, & B	0	0	2½
Canadian, do.	0	0	2½
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, & cwt.	2	4	6
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	2	2	6
Bastards, white.	3	0	0
TEAS—Gunpowder, & B	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	3	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Hyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twanky, do.	0	2	6
Coogon, do.	0	2	6
Souchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, & B	0	0	4½
Pig, & B	0	0	6

FORSYTH & BELL'S PRICES CURRENT OF TIMBER, DEALS, &c.,
FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING WEDNESDAY, 26th AUG., 1846.

QUEBEC, 26th August, 1846.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	
White Pine, according to average manufacture:—					
Inferior	0	3½	@	0 3½	
Ordinary rafts	0	4	@	0 4½	
Good do.	0	4½	@	0 4½	
Superior do.	0	4¾	@	0 5½	
In shipping order, according to average and quality	0	4	@	0 5½	
Red Pine, in shipping order, 40 feet average.....	0	11½	@	1 0	
In the raft, according to average and quality	0	9	@	0 11½	
Oak, by the dram.....	1	3	@	0 0	
“ In smaller parcels.....	1	3½	@	1 4	
Elm, in the raft, according to average and quality.....	0	5	@	0 8	
Ash according to average.....	0	3	@	0 7½	
Tamarac, flatted	0	4	@	0 5½	
Staves, standard & M. fair specification.....	£37	10	@	0 0 0	
“ All Pipe.....	38	15	@	0 0 0	
“ W. O. Pan., Merchantable.....	12	0	@	0 0 0	
“ Red Oak do.....	9	0	@	10 0 0	
“ Barrel.....	4	0	@	5 0 0	
Pine Deals, floated.....	£10	@	10 10 & ⅓rds	for 2nds.	
Do. Bright.....	£11	10	@	12 & ⅓rds	for 2nds.
Do. Spruce, 1st quality.....	7	15			
Do. do. 2nd quality.....	6	0	@	£6 10	

Parties in England will bear in mind that Timber sold in the raft, subjects the purchaser to great expense in dressing, butting, and at times heavy loss from Culls—if sold in shipping order, the expense of shipping is only to be added.

REMARKS.

Our market which had been all Summer in a state of great depression, from the numerous supplies from above—the heavy stocks in England, and consequent dullness, and the scarcity of money here and there, has all at once assumed a more buoyant and animated complexion, especially in Pine, both Red and White, and the transactions, since the sailing of the last packet, have been very extensive.

WHITE PINE.—from its low price, compared with the two former seasons, has been an object of considerable speculation, and a great deal has changed hands at about 4½d. for good rafts, and within the last week a more marked improvement has been perceptible in inferior rafts, on which we advance our quotations from 3d. to 3½d @ 3½d, are now saleable at 4d @ 4½d. For good rafts 4½d @ 4½d, we consider the fair criterion, though 5d is asked for some, which a month ago could have been purchased at 4½d. One superior lot was sold at 5½d measured off, but it consisted of most valuable sizes. At these quotations the demand is very fair, and the transactions extensive, which is the more remarkable, from the advices from England to the 4th instant, inclusive, of the great scarcity of shipping, and consequent enhanced rates of freight, which will materially lessen the number of vessels that otherwise would have sailed this fall for our port. White Pine had not materially improved in Liverpool, but there was a more healthy tone in the market, and parties interested were sanguine of improvement.

RED PINE.—Which a few weeks ago was dull at 9d for 40 feet in the raft, is now firm at 11d, and higher in proportion in shipping order, and smaller averages, which were, with difficulty, placed early in July at 7½d @ 8d, now find buyers at 9d @ 9½d on arrival.

ELM.—Comes in generally very sparingly after the first week in August, but the quantity that has been measured by the Supervisor is very large indeed, in comparison to preceding years, still it is in fair demand, especially for large averages, though for small which requires dressing, 5d @ to 6d is with difficulty obtained.

OAK—Is selling by the few drums at 15d for Lake, and good lengths and sizes in shipping order command 16d @ 17d & foot, but for small undersized and second hand there is little demand.

TAMARAC—Is enquired for, especially for square and for flatted, if full sized.

STANDARD STAVES—Are doing better in London where they are quoted at £62.10s. @ £65. Here they have hitherto arrived in limited quantities, but latterly they are coming in rather more freely, sales to some extent have been made at £37.10s, by the specification.

White Oak Punccheon are scarce at £12, notwithstanding their decreased value in England, owing to the very large supplies from the United States, which ultimately will drive us out of the market.

Red Oak Punccheon are also scarce, as high as £10 has been realized for the few which have been brought down.

DEALS.—Both Pine and Spruce are more enquired for, especially second quality Spruce.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT of Arrivals, Tonnage, and Settlers, at the Port of Quebec, in the years 1845-6, up to the 25th August, inclusive:

	Vessels.	Tonnage.	Settlers.
1845.....	1070	393,255	23,260
1846.....	862	328,569	28,760
Less this year.....	208	64,659	More, 5,500

FORSYTH & BELL.

FREIGHTS—FROM MONTREAL

To London, Flour,	5s. 3d. @ 0s. 0d.;	Ashes, 35s. 6d. @ 37s. 6d.;	Wheat, 9s. 0d. @ 10s. 0d.
" Liverpool, do.	5s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.;	do. 32s. 6d. @ 35s. 0d.;	do. 9s. 0d. @ 10s. 0d.
" Clyde..... do.	5s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.;	do. 00s. 0d. @ 00s. 0d.;	do. 9s. 0d. @ 0s. 0d.

EXCHANGE AT MONTREAL.

Bank.....	.60 days on London,	0 @ 10 per cent. premium.
Private.....	.90 days on do.	8 @ 8½ do. do.
Bank.....	3 days on New York.....	1½ @ 0 do. do.
Private.....	do. do.	1¼ @ 0 do. do.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

During the past month, only one book has been laid upon our table—"Smith's Canadian Gazetteer," a handsome volume of 290 pages, *Octavo*, well printed, and published at Toronto, by H. & W. Rowse, for the author, Mr. Wm. H. Smith.—The plan of this book is exceedingly good, and such a work has long been much wanted; but its execution is sadly deficient in correctness. In describing Kingston, the writer falls into all manner of mistakes and blunders; and his errors of commission, as well as those of omission, are enough to cast discredit on any undertaking of the kind. In fact had any person taken the pains to travestie a short description of Kingston, he could not have done it more effectually than has the compiler of "The Canadian Gazetteer." This is to be regretted, because correctness is the only thing valued or looked for in a book of the kind. The other portions of the Gazetteer we have not looked at, being so thoroughly disgraced with what at first naturally attracted our attention.