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UNION OF THE COLONIES OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

BY P. S. HAMILTON, ESQ.

CONCLUDED.

In departing from the question of the necessity for a union of the Provinces to take up that of their Constitution under such a union, the writer feels that he is beginning to step upon ground hitherto but imperfectly explored. Nearly every one seems to be impressed with a sense of the necessity for something being done to bring the Provinces into closer connection with each other. A vast deal has been said on the subject, in this its general aspect; but very little upon the practical details. When it has been spoken of, it has been most frequently as a *Federal Union*; but without any reason being given for the application of that epithet, or any argument to prove that that particular kind of union is the most desirable. It is sufficiently obvious that any closer union, if to exist at all, must be either a *federal* union, according to the usual acceptation of that term upon this continent, or an *absolute, legislative* one.

The presumption which seems to exist, in so many minds, that the union contemplated must be a federal one, is, no doubt, founded upon our contiguity to the United States. We are accustomed to see, in that great republic—our nearest neighbour, and that with which our intercourse is most frequent—the most remarkable example of a federal union which the world has probably ever

seen. But it will be difficult to find any argument deducible from the history, or condition, of that republic, to favour the establishing of a similar confederation in British America. The foundation of the federal constitution of the United States, was framed to suit the prejudices of the thirteen States which originally formed the North American Confederation; not because, reasoning upon sound political principles, it was the most desirable constitution for the country. But, although not the result of deliberative design, neither has it grown up gradually out of the circumstances and necessities of the country; and it remains yet to be proved that it is the one best suited to those circumstances and necessities. A confederation had been previously attempted in which each State, completely independent in itself, delegated, to the central authority, such of its power as that State pleased. That share was, at the very outset, extremely insignificant; but, as time elapsed, it rapidly lessened and finally became a merely nominal portion. When the Confederation was on the eve of entire dissolution, and whilst the country, involved in internal difficulties and with crippled resources, was yet fearful of attack from foreign powers, it was deemed indispensable to do *something* towards the consolidation of its strength. Between the requirements of the collective body and the prejudices of the individual States, a compromise was, at length, effected; and in the words of De Tocqueville, “the strict rules of logic were evaded,” and a federal constitu-

tion was formed the principal and most characteristic articles of which were "contrary to the spirit of constitutional government." It will be well for the Statesmen of British America, before taking any active steps towards a union of the Provinces, to ascertain if, since 1789, some progress has not been made in the science of Constitutional Government, as well as in all other sciences.

Before enquiring into a Federal Union of the North American Provinces, it may be well to look into the question of its practicability. To form a federal union upon the "American" model, each Provincial Legislature and Executive, as at present constituted, must be expected to degrade itself, in some degree, by yielding to the corresponding federal body, the possession of the supreme, internal power. If the union were proposed in this shape, to the several Legislatures, it is more than probable that one very serious obstacle would be started, at the outset. It is but natural that a man engaged voluntarily in any occupation, should feel a great repugnance to raising up another to preside over and direct him in carrying on that very occupation, whilst he himself is to take a step lower down. However consonant to reason such a course may be, under certain circumstances, it must be, in almost every case, extremely humiliating to the feelings. The individual supposed will, particularly if in difficulty, scarcely object to associating another with himself for successfully carrying on the occupation in question; but as for giving his place to another and occupying a subordinate position himself, such a step will scarcely be submitted to until he is driven to the last extremity. What is true with regard to an individual will also hold good with a regard to a collection of individuals, even where, as in the present case, it consists of a grave, deliberative, parliamentary assembly. The Legislature of Nova Scotia, for instance, may perceive nothing derogatory to its dignity, or hurtful to its feelings, in uniting, bodily and with powers unimpaired, with those of Canada and New Brunswick; but it is scarcely to be supposed that it will, without many internal throes, curtail its own powers and privileges for the purpose of raising up another legislative body similar, but superior, to itself.

But, presume that no such obstacles will be created by the Provincial Legislatures; and that the Federal Parliament and Federal Government are unanimously decided upon. What is to be the prerogative of that Government; and upon what objects is that Parliament to legislate? Of what powers can the several Provincial Legislatures divest themselves to bestow upon the Federal Legislature? It is presumed that each Province would expect to retain the entire control and management of its internal affairs. If it is not to do so, upon what principle can it, in one instance, retain the management of its own peculiar affairs, and, in others, yield such management to another, in this respect, concurrent authority? It is clear that, in this matter of the management of the internal affairs of each Province, there could be no division of authority amicably and satisfactorily agreed upon, in the first place; and if agreed upon at all, it could only lead to clashing of rival claims with no prospect of a generally beneficial result.

It will scarcely be contended, in any quarter, that a union involving an arrangement of this kind is either practicable, or desirable. If then the Federal Government is not to interfere with the proper, internal affairs of the separate Provinces; what shall be its powers and upon what objects shall it be exercised? We are here led to a view of the striking dissimilarity between the political condition and circumstances of the British North American Colonies and those of any confederation of States which has ever existed. The aim and object, in the formation of every such confederation, has been with reference to its *foreign* relations. With scarcely an exception, the authority of the Federal Government, in such unions, has been limited exclusively to the management of what, in political parlance, are called "foreign affairs;" and to the exercise of such powers as are indispensable to that management. The federal authorities, in the United States, have, according to the letter of the Constitution, a more extensive power of supervision over the individual States, and more numerous rights of interference in the internal affairs of the collective body, than have ever been entrusted to any other Federal Government. And what are

the powers of the Federal Government, in that country? First, as the main object for which the union itself was formed, we find the exclusive power to make war, and, for that purpose, to raise and equip armies and fleets; to make peace, and to conclude treaties of commerce with foreign powers; and, as indispensable requisites for the exercise of these powers, the further power of levying taxes. These, it is quite obvious, have reference *only* to the foreign relations of the confederation. The powers of the Federal Government to interfere in what are exclusively the internal affairs of the Union, are few and inconsiderable. The principal are those of controlling the Post Office, and enacting patent and copyright laws. Besides these, authority over all territories belonging to the Union, but not included in any individual State, is vested exclusively in the Federal Government.

It would be extremely difficult—would it not be impossible?—to extend the prerogatives of a Federal Government, in the Provinces, one inch beyond the limits within which they are confined in that republican confederation, without bringing it into immediate and dangerous collision with those of the individual Provinces. But how far must the prerogatives of the Provincial, Federal Government fall within those limits! From the position of the Provinces as British Colonies, their central Government could not, without some very material modification of their present relations with the Mother Country, have the power of making war and of concluding treaties of peace and commerce, on its own account. The possession of the right to exercise that power, and to make provision for its exercise, is that which gives standing to the Federal Government of the United States; and brings it what respect it does possess from the individual States. The Provincial, Federal Government not having this right, and consequently having no power to raise and equip armies and fleets, and so construct and control works of national defence, the only power left for it to exercise, would be—following, when possible, the model of the United States—those of managing the Post Office; and those of legislating upon questions of naturalization,

patent and copyright. It could not be permitted to levy taxes beyond the mere requirements of its own civil list. An inevitable consequence of this would be, that impost duties and other considerable sources of revenue, in the different Provinces, would still be under their separate control. Then there would necessarily be separate customs establishments, and conflicting, commercial regulations, as at present. It is obvious that *it would never pay* to keep up a Federal Government, however moderate the expense of doing so, to perform such comparatively unimportant duties. But, apart from all considerations of expense, such an institution, thus almost objectless and powerless, would become at once, an object of contempt; and would be practically no Government at all.

But in consenting to a union of the Provinces, of whatever nature such union might be, the Imperial Government would probably be ready to yield to them a largely increased share of national privileges, attended with proportionate, national responsibilities, Great Britain obviously desires, even now, to bestow upon these Provinces the charge of providing and sustaining the naval and military forces necessary to their security against internal disorder and foreign aggression. The bestowal of this charge would alone, it cannot be doubted, give to the Federal Government an important rank as a *national* Government; and would ensure it a great degree of moral weight in every section of the Confederation. It is further probable, and certainly very desirable, that, in the event of a Provincial Union, the immense tract known as the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories, or Rupert's Land, would very soon come under the immediate control of the central Government. If that union were a Federal one, this important acquisition to its exclusive jurisdiction, would certainly both raise and strengthen its position. But both these conditions—one of them certainly an essential one—to the successful maintenance of a Federal Government, rest upon probabilities pending in the uncertain future; and upon probabilities over which those most interested in the union have no control.

But let the imperial Government guarantee both conditions; then upon what terms is

the Federal Constitution to be formed? Upon what plan is the Federal Government, on the one hand, to be balanced against those of the individual Provinces, on the other? Which is to be the rule; and which the exception? Upon points of authority, which shall be the principal; and which, the subordinate? Such questions must be extremely difficult to answer, with the view of organizing a Federal Government, in any country; but in British America, owing to its peculiar political position, they are especially so. Yet these are matters which must be settled before such a Union can go into operation. To leave them otherwise, would be to throw the whole confederation into a state of complete anarchy. If unlimited, superior, and general powers are to be given to the Federal Government, whilst those of the separate Provinces shall be limited, subordinate, and specific, it is clear that the present Provincial Constitutions must be nullified, and others, entirely new and essentially different, substituted for them. Hitherto each Province has legislated under the conviction that it had the right to legislate upon all matters immediately affecting its own rights and interests; and has, at various times, assumed the exclusive right to do so. Under such an arrangement as that now alluded to, such legislation would be restricted to certain classes of subjects; and even confined within narrow limits as to them. The possession of the superior and unlimited power by the general Government, would inevitably lead to the extension of its exercise over the local Governments; and these latter would soon become mere shadows, and the position of each Province would be substantially the same as if the union had been a Legislative, not a Federal one in the first place. Let the powers of the Provincial Governments be unlimited as to object, and those of the Federal Government be restricted, and a sweeping change is still necessary in each Provincial Constitution, inasmuch as it must be so materially modified as to allow another Constitution—the Federal one—to operate side-by-side with it, and upon the same community of interests. And here, as in the other case, there is every probability of the equilibrium, between the general and the local Governments, being speedily destroyed.

The Federal Government, limited as to its objects and with circumscribed authority, must be further necessarily straitened, in this latter respect, from being itself the governing power of a Colony, *not of an independent country*. It will, therefore, be wanting in moral weight, as well as in recognised constitutional authority, to hold its nominal subordinates in check. If, therefore, a rivalry of interests should spring up between different Provinces, the central Government would find itself incapable of holding them long together; and would soon become itself an object of contempt to them all.

It is certain that either the general, or the local Government must be superior; and one or the other, or both, must be restricted as to jurisdiction. But it must be remembered that there is yet a *third* whose claims are to be considered. Whether or not the Federal and Local Governments may, in any one Province, be so nicely balanced by an artificial system of checks and counter checks, that one cannot annihilate the other, it certainly seems but reasonable to suppose that, when the Imperial Government claims its share in the division of authority, the most skillful manufacturer of Constitutions will despair of framing such a one as will ensure the "balance of power" between the three. And if such a thing ever should be attempted, and disputes should arise, as they undoubtedly must, between the three ruling powers, it will puzzle the most clear-headed and conscientious British American to ascertain which of the members of this political trinity is most entitled to his allegiance, or how it is to be divided between them. If the Imperial Government is to occupy a position on the soil of British America, on or near a level with those exercising Federal and Provincial authority; and to exercise a direct interference in its internal affairs, conjointly with them; then a state of constant discord must ensue from the clashing of conflicting rights and rival interests thus brought together. If it is not to exercise that interference except in cases of dispute between the Federal and Provincial authorities, but is to have "appellate jurisdiction" in all such cases, the effect will be virtually to place the Confederate Provinces completely at the mercy of Imperial states.

men. This interference from without, and by men unacquainted, in a great measure, with the merits of the questions under discussion, is a point upon which British Americans are, at present, particularly sensitive; and they are much more disposed to curtail, than to extend it. There is no reason to suppose that, in the event of a Union, such a disposition would be at all lessened. But when such disputes did arise between the Federal and Provincial authorities, or between different Provinces, who would decide them? If the adjudicating power, in such cases, is not to come from without, the presumption is that it will be vested in a Supreme Court, as in the United States. The vesting of such a power in a civil, judicial body, would be another sweeping innovation upon the British Constitution, which recognises no higher authority than Parliament as entitled to deal with questions strictly constitutional. But, apart from these considerations, such a Court must, in cases of serious difficulty—the only cases in which the interposition of its authority would be desirable—prove inefficient; for it cannot possess the power to enforce its own decrees. At all events, the creation of a court endowed with such authority, would be to establish a *fourth* independent ruling power over the people of British America; and, of course, would make still more complicated the complication of difficulties previously existing, and which must always exist where any plurality of rulers have concurrent authority over a nation.

Let us suppose all obstacles to the practicability of a Federal Union to be removed. Is such a Union desirable? The objections to the Federal form of Government are numerous; but the principal of them are owing to a few general causes, simple and easily apprehended. It may be sufficient to point out these causes; for whoever will allow his attention to dwell upon them, for a brief space, can scarcely require a guide to indicate, or explain their numerous results. Some of these objections have been already hinted at. Under a Federal Constitution there must be a want of cohesiveness between the various confederated bodies; and consequently of stability and strength in the Federal Government itself—conditions which, under certain circumstances

which are by no means of rare occurrence in the history of any nation, must soon prove fatal to the existence of the Federal Government. Where two Governments exercise concurrent authority, as is done by the Federal and separate State Governments, questions must arise, even under ordinary circumstances, which will bring them into direct collision. Were such differences to arise upon general questions—upon points of policy affecting, in an equal degree, every section of the Confederation, the people of the individual State whose Government was at issue with the central Government, would be quite as likely to give their support to the one ruling power, as to the other; therefore, in such a case—if such ever should occur—the chances of any serious injury resulting from such differences, are comparatively slight. Yet even, in this case, there would be such a chance. But such collisions would be much more likely to take place upon questions of a local nature, in which the people of the disputant State felt themselves directly and, it may be, peculiarly interested. Here, from the nature of the point at issue, the tendency of affairs would be to make the difference between the antagonistic Governments grow wider. The people of the individual State would here rally round the local Government, and support it to the last extremity; for its interests and their own, would be identical. The political organization of a State, furnishing evidence of the strength of its position relative to the disputed point, and also a certain means of making its power felt, would, almost certainly, prevent its yielding without a struggle. People are, almost invariably, more jealous of any curtailment of their local rights, or privileges, than of those of a more general nature. A national insult will pass unheeded where a slight—perhaps an imaginary one—to a town council, or similar local body, will raise a perfect storm of indignation. There are always local patriots enough in every community, to promote the hostile feelings naturally excited towards any power supposed to be adverse to the interests of that community. Political, internal disputes are usually more difficult of adjustment and more protracted in continuance, than those springing from a nation's

foreign relations. In cases where such occur, we find both the opposing parties uncompromising, implacable, and obstinate, in the last degree, as the history of all civil wars abundantly testifies. Thus where a rupture is once made, between the local and the general Government, it cannot reasonably be supposed that anything but coercive measures will bring them together again. Probably if the member of the Federal and local legislatures had, in the first instance, belonged to the same legislative body, the question between them, would, by an interchange of views and by mutual explanations have been satisfactorily and amicably arranged, after a few hours discussion. But where they separately and at a distance from each other, and each collective body with its particular bias, legislate upon the same subject, there is little probability of its merits being fairly discussed by either body; and, under such circumstances, each is extremely liable to mistake, or distort, the opinions and feelings of the other. When a Confederation embraces a considerable number of States, or when its members are separated by geographical position, local prejudices, or interests, it is quite obvious that the probabilities of a collision are largely increased. When a dispute of this kind comes to an open rupture, whichever of the two conflicting parties may prove successful, the result cannot but prove highly injurious to the welfare of the Confederation, and ultimately fatal to its existence as a *Confederation*. The invariably disastrous consequence to society generally, of a serious civil contest of this kind, need only be alluded to.

If, in such a struggle, the Federal Government prove victorious, it will take care, by some means or other to weaken the power of the refractory State and abridge its privileges, with a view to lessen the probability of any future collision. The discomfited State, on the other hand, cannot but regard itself in the light of a conquered country; and, as such, any terms whatever imposed by the Federal authorities, will be felt as an infringement of its constitutional rights. Its position and still existing political organization will afford opportunities of both evading those terms and openly setting them at

defiance. Thus, if the Federal Government persists in the course first adopted, jealousies and heart-burnings must continue to exist on the part of both the contending parties; and open hostilities must become frequent until the individuality of the single State is entirely destroyed.

But suppose the single State in question proves the better of the two in the contest. This is a state of affairs which the evidence of history proves to be the much more probable result of such a contest; and the reasons why it must be so, it is not difficult to discover. In this case, the General Government being foiled by that which is, nominally, its subordinate, must in consequence lose immeasurably both in moral weight and physical strength. The successful issue, on the part of the single State, of one contest with the Federal Government, will naturally lead to renewed contests, on its own part, and to the encouragement of similar attempts, on the part of others, until the Federal Government must, in the natural course of things, become utterly powerless—an object of contempt both at home and abroad; and each individual State will become, to all intents and purposes, an independent country.

It may be said that sectional revolts may take place in any country not having a Federal Government. True, they *may* do so; but the probabilities of their taking place are infinitely less than where the Federal form exists. When the Government is not a Federal one, the popular representatives from every section of the country meeting in the same Parliament, their local prejudices are softened down by this general intercourse; differences are compromised at their inception; misunderstandings are, almost immediately, discovered and rectified, and the whole country assumes the character, in the estimation of those representatives, of a compact unity in which the interests of each section are considered as subordinate to the interests of the whole. If a complete disruption of the representatives of any one section of the country did take place, it could not, in any ordinary case, be productive of very serious results; because the complete political local organization which, under a Federal

Government, would make such disaffection dangerous, would here be wanting. Where but a single Parliament exists, serious disaffection and open revolt can take place only where some flagrant act of tyranny is perpetrated upon the mass of the people: under a Federal Government, they may and do result from local prejudices, from grievances merely imaginary, from misconception of ideas, and from a mere spirit of insubordination.

Another evil of this jealous attitude naturally assumed by the general, and the various local Governments towards each other, is its demoralizing effect upon the people generally. Each of these Governments, as a natural consequence of its relative position, will endeavour, by every possible means, to lessen the aggressive power of the others—such a procedure being the most easy and effective mode of hindering that power ever being turned against the particular Government in question. When all are thus striving with the same object in view, the result must be—unless a state of *open warfare* occurs, to raise and strengthen one State by annihilating others—that they will weaken each other; and this weakening influence must continue incessantly until arrested by some revolution completely changing the relative position of the States participating in it. It need scarcely be said, that a Government cannot be thus weakened with reference to the exercise of its power in one particular direction only. Its strength must be diminished in every respect. It becomes incapable of discharging its legitimate functions within its own territory, and when its authority is unquestioned from without. Not only does its Executive find itself deficient in the actual physical means of enforcing the laws; but it soon proves to be comparatively destitute of moral influence among the people over whom it nominally presides; for when a Government is thus so notoriously hedged in and fettered as to be incapable of acting with requisite freedom, people soon lose all respect for it, and particularly for that branch which interferes most directly with their personal inclinations. The Executive is therefore incapable of discharging the duties which the Constitution imposes upon it; and if the State does not gradually

lapse into a condition of complete political anarchy and social barbarism, it is because the sound moral sense and high intellectual development of a large majority of the people produce, from the outset, an opposite tendency.

This disrespect which, under a Federal Constitution, a person is likely to entertain towards the constituted ruling powers of the land is increased by the two-fold allegiance which, in strictness, he *owes* to the Federal and local Governments. Cases must frequently occur in which a question will arise as to which of the two has the right, and which has not the right, to exert a direct control over his actions. This being the fact, he will naturally set himself to work, when he wishes those actions to be entirely uncontrolled, to play an adroit game between the two, and eventually, to evade the authorities of both. The facility which such a state of things affords for thus playing off one set of constituted authorities against the other, must leave upon the mind of the individual in question anything but a feeling of respect for either.

A further objection to the Federal form of Government may be found in the fact that it renders widely dissimilar, in different parts of the country, certain institutions which the welfare of the people requires to be everywhere alike. The difference in the constitutions of the various Confederate States, is itself an evil of no ordinary magnitude, particularly when attended by a difference in the elective franchise. But the principal evil of this class is, that, owing to a number of separate and independent Legislatures, there must be a like number of distinct legal codes; and this amongst a people all professing to belong to one and the same nation. That all civil laws—with the exception of a few *necessary* local regulations which need not be specially indicated—should be general in their application, throughout the *whole* nation which acknowledges them, and that the mode of administering them should be uniform to the same extent, are incontrovertible; and are also too obvious to require any arguments in proof. The evils which must result from any other arrangement are too numerous to

be specified in these few pages; but any one may easily ascertain them by tracing out, under the guidance of his own reason, the natural consequences of such *other* arrangement; or by noticing its actual results in those countries where it is now in operation. The existence, within the territories of a single nation, of a multiplicity of laws—each having a distinct local application—upon almost every question of human rights; and of a plurality of courts—each peculiarly constituted and having its peculiar rules of practice—administering those laws; must, in any case, hamper the ordinary administration of justice, promote the growth of crime, and seriously inconvenience commercial intercourse between the various parts of those territories. In proportion as those territories are geographically near to each other, and as they are alike in climate, natural productions, and the social condition of their inhabitants, those evils will be multiplied and more keenly felt. In fact, one of the principal reasons why a Union of the Provinces is desirable, is that it may remove those evils from them. It does not very materially affect the result that the differences in laws, or in the administration of them, are only slight: that there is a difference at all, is what makes the difficulty. But the natural consequence of independent local legislation, is to make those differences greater and more numerous. This kind of legislation has the additional evil effect of cherishing those local prejudices, and feelings of separate interests which, as already observed, tend so decidedly to the estrangement of each member of a Confederation from its fellows.

It may be argued against the validity of these objections to the Federal form of Government generally, that the rapid increase in power, wealth, and general prosperity which has taken place in the great Confederation of the United States of America, proves them to be not well founded. It is no part of the object of these remarks to reason, or to speculate, upon the probable future of that republic. It may, however, be observed generally that because the United States have grown so rapidly, under a Federal Constitution, it does not, by any

means, follow that such of the peculiarities of that Constitution as are above indicated, have no evil effect. As well might it be argued—as, indeed, it often and vainly has been—that because, under a system of high protective duties, Great Britain rose to the position of first nation on earth, in power, wealth, and prosperity; therefore such a system must be a sound one, and should not have been abolished. The United States have become great and prosperous in spite of the causes alluded to, not in consequence of them. It might, with much more propriety, be argued, that the Federal Constitution of the United States furnished a reason why that republic has not, as already shown, grown in the same ratio as the British North American Provinces.

That the last of the objections urged against Federal Governments is found to be a real objection, in the United States, few persons acquainted with that country will pretend to dispute. As to the argument that Federal institutions tend to the political debility and dissolution of the Union wherein they exist, there is nothing to be found in the history, or present condition, of those States relative to each other, to controvert it. The partial success which has attended the working of the Federal Constitution, in that republic, has been mainly owing, not to any special virtue in the Constitution itself, but to the peculiar circumstances and feelings of the people—already alluded to—which led, in the first place, to the adoption of that Constitution. But notwithstanding the favorable feeling of the people towards it, and their sense of the necessity of conforming to its provisions, at the outset, frequent examples of the mutual jealousies of the States, of the injuries they inflict upon each other, and of the inability of the Federal Government to reduce to obedience any one of them which may evince a spirit of insubordination are to be found in the history of that Confederation. As notorious and flagrant instances of this latter manifestation of weakness, may be cited the refusal of the Eastern States, during the war of 1812, to furnish, in obedience to the Federal Government and in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, their contingent of militia to aid in

carrying on the war; the protracted and successful resistance of South Carolina to the confederated authorities, upon the tariff question of 1832—a resistance which became successful through acts of open rebellion, on the part of that State; and the “melancholy acknowledgment” made by a member of the Washington Cabinet, but a few years since, to a British Minister, that the Federal Government found itself unable to restrain the piratical expeditions of Louisiana. The population of the United States is scattered over an immense and productive territory, affording to all abundant facilities for providing for their most pressing wants, and hindering those clashings of vital interests which convulse society and endanger its peace, in more densely populated countries; the frontiers of that republic are in contact with the territories of no hostile and dangerous power; and its history, as an independent power, has not yet extended over a period of three-quarters of a century. The Federal Constitution has, therefore, not been fairly tried, in that republic; and the partial trial which it has had, has been under the most favorable circumstances. The results of that partial trial are anything but favorable to the reputation of such a constitution; and when the inevitable progress of events shall subject the United States to those internal, social convulsions and complications of foreign relations which have proved the most trying ordeal of all governments, in older nations, we have certainly good grounds for believing that that constitution, if it shall have existed so long, will be found utterly inadequate to the wants of the country.

On turning to the other side of the question, we find that the benefits derived from a Federal Constitution, are patent—so much so as to be discernable by the most superficial observer—and are traceable to a single cause. The evil effects, when carried to an extreme, of the principle of centralization in carrying on the operations of government, are well known. The local interests of every section of the country considerably removed from the centre of authority, must, under an ultra centralization system, suffer severely. The federal system, by dividing the country into certain sections, and giving to

each the management, to a great extent, of its own local affairs, has a directly opposite tendency, and does not conduce to the prosperity of any one of those sections at the expense of the others. The mode of its operation to produce this effect, is too obvious to require explanation. Two further observations must be made, however, in connection with this branch of the subject. First, this management of local affairs is, in each case, conducted by a power which, at the same time, exercises certain other functions highly detrimental to the welfare of the nation at large, as already shown. Secondly, these purely local affairs can, it is quite obvious, be managed equally well, if not much better, by a local power *not* endowed with those objectionable functions.

The preceding remarks have reference only to such a Constitution as we find in operation in the United States of America, not because such a one is the form most usually adopted by Confederations—it being, in strict point of fact, not a Federal Constitution at all; but because it is the least objectionable, with reference to the case of British America, of any which have hitherto borne that name. Nearly every former Confederation, besides having been formed with reference *only* to the foreign relations of the Union, has combined States having an entirely distinct nationality.

Then as to a Federal Union such as that of the United States, the inferences intended to be drawn from the foregoing remarks are, that such a Union, if attempted, would be repugnant to the feelings of the several Provincial Legislatures; that, if not so repugnant to the Colonies, such a union could not go into operation except by virtue of a divesture of authority, on the part of the Mother Country, which is of a problematical occurrence; that, supposing this condition fulfilled, such a union could be effected only by a radical change in the Provincial Constitutions, making that of the elective body, and those of the various, subordinate Provinces, all essentially different from the Constitution which now prevails in each; that, if effected, there is no probability of its working with even ordinary success, owing to the complication of machinery employed and the

multiplicity of interests involved; and that, if, by any means, some of these interests were withdrawn and this machinery simplified, so as to make a Federal Government at all practicable in British America, the peculiar advantages derivable from a Government of that form, would be more than counterbalanced by the disadvantages.

None of these objections are applicable to the plan of a *Legislative Union* of the Provinces; if, indeed, any valid objection to it can be found. Such a union could take place immediately, and without any change whatever in the Constitution which each now possesses, or in their relation to the Mother Country. No political movement, pregnant with such important results, could be more simple; nor, if a union is so much desired as a very general expression of opinion renders evident, more easy. The formation of the union would, in fact, necessitate no greater change, in any Province, than a mere change in the seat of Government. It would not necessarily follow that, from this centralization of Provincial Legislative and Executive authorities, the local interests of remote portions of the Union would suffer, as is generally found to be the case under such circumstances. Reforms in internal policy have already been adopted, in a part of British America, which, if made general, would effectually prevent any such injurious result. The principle of Municipal Corporations, which has been acted upon with such complete success in Canada, and which is now so extensively advocated in the Lower Provinces, furnishes ample security against any abuses of the centralization system. The plan of having the whole country divided into counties; and then again into townships, towns, and cities, each forming a Municipal Corporation and having the entire management of its exclusively local affairs; would provide, under the proposed Union, a more immediate and effective protection to local interests than could be afforded by that of allowing each Province to retain, for that purpose, its present cumbrous and expensive government machinery. At the same time, no one of those Municipalities, however perfectly organised, could ever become dangerous, or even very troublesome, as a rebel

against the authority of the General Government, a statement which certainly could not be predicated of any Province, under a continuance of its present, political organization. An arrangement of this kind would indeed be, in one sense, a Federal Union; but it would form a Confederation, not of five Provinces, but of some 140 counties and cities; and one differing essentially, both in its nature and operation, from any which has preceded it.

It is more than probable that public undertakings would be found necessary requiring the co-operation of several of these Municipalities; and that questions of a purely local nature would arise, requiring the joint consideration of several of them. To provide for such cases, the principle of county corporations could be carried a step further and applied to certain larger sections of country, each comprising several counties: so that all legislation of that tedious, burdensome, and frequently injudicious character which is employed about "private bills"—all, in short, which is purely local in its character, *but no more than this*, would be thrown off the central Parliament and entrusted to those who are best qualified to deal with it. An arrangement of precisely this nature, for the United Kingdom, has been, in a late number of the Westminster Review, ably advocated by a writer who, as a liberal and philosophical expounder of political science, is probably unequalled by any of the present century. It is spoken of as a scheme the realization of which, in that country, can be hoped for only in the remote future. Here the case is different. Political changes can be easily and immediately effected, in a new country such as this, which it would require many years of difficulty to impose upon the prejudices which exist in the British Isles.

As already observed, the formation of a Legislative Union necessitates no material change in the present Constitutions of the Provinces. The incorporation of counties is not an essential, *preparatory* measure. Without any extension of that system beyond the limits within which it now exists in British America, local affairs would be nearly, if not quite, as well managed, and

local interests as well protected, even after the Union, as they now are under the disunion. But the scheme of Municipal Corporations furnishes an answer to the only serious objection which can be made to the Union. The extension of municipal rights and privileges to every county in British North America, will, doubtless, take place, at no distant day, whether a Legislative Union is ever effected, or not. The formation of Municipal Counties, and of those larger and similar organizations already referred to, should, and it can scarcely be doubted, would immediately follow such a Union.

Only two objections have ever been publicly made to a Legislative Union of these Provinces; and they are so nearly groundless as scarcely to require any serious answer. One is, the difference of race which exists among the inhabitants of the Provinces. It is argued that the people of Canada East, being of French origin, would not closely and cordially unite with their Anglo-Saxon fellow subjects. One great object to be obtained by the Union, is a complete breaking down of all local prejudices, and a fusion of races, throughout the Provinces. That such would be its speedy result, if the Union were maintained, there can be no doubt; and that it could be maintained is clearly proved by the present condition of Canada itself. Almost every species of disaster was predicted of that country a few years since, when a Legislative Union of the two Provinces it formerly comprised, was first carried into operation; yet we find that the closest possible, political union of the two most antagonistic races in British America, has been effected, in Canada, with complete success, and has been followed by a continuance of prosperity unparalleled in the former history of that country, or in that of any other country on earth.

The other objection is that much inconvenience would arise from the remoteness of some parts of the United Provinces from the seat of Government, wherever that might be. To this it may be said, that the same objection might be made to the Canadian Union; but no serious inconvenience of this kind is there found to exist. The distance from

Quebec, the present capital of Canada, to Sandwich, the county town of Essex, Canada West, is greater than from Quebec to Sydney, the most remote county town in Nova Scotia. When the line of Railway between Halifax and Quebec, now actually commenced at the two termini and upon an intermediate section of the line, shall have been completed between those two points, Halifax will virtually be nearer to Quebec than Antigonish, or Annapolis, now is to Halifax. That such a railway communication will, within a very few years, be completed, scarce any one now pretends to doubt; and the consummation of the work, so desirable for other reasons as well as those of a political nature, would be hastened by a Legislative Union of the Provinces.

A union of the Provinces, upon the plan above briefly sketched out, would supply all those wants so keenly felt by British Americans, and which are mentioned in a former part of this pamphlet. The author of these observations speaks the more confidently of the excellence of the plan from the fact that he does not claim to be the originator of any one of its details—they have each and all been discussed and approved of by some of the ablest politicians of the day. It is certainly not too much to say that the *Reformed British Constitution* proposed by that plan is the best suited to the feelings and wants of an intelligent and free people; the best calculated to develop their energies, and promote their prosperity and happiness; the most likely to bind a number of petty, detached nationalities into a compact and powerful empire; in short, the most perfect, of any Constitution which either the mere force of circumstances, or political foresight, has ever yet put into operation. And for British America, with her immense, yet thinly peopled, territories; her vast, undeveloped resources, and superior, geographical position; united under a Constitution so admirably adapted to extend and consolidate her power, to preserve and promote her prosperity: it surely would not be presumption to predict a most glorious and happy future.

Whether the proposed Union would be presided over by a hereditary Viceroy, or by one appointed as at present, is a matter

of no moment. By whatever arrangement the monarchical principle is perpetuated in British America—and small indeed must be the number of British Americans who would wish to see it extinguished—the essentially republican institutions of the land must and will remain unimpaired for ages to come. The accomplishment of the Union will depend almost entirely upon the action of the Provincial Legislatures; for it is evident that it is now neither the interest, nor the inclination, of Great Britain to resist any reasonable demand of the united Provinces. And surely this is not an unreasonable demand, even though it amounts—as it really does—to the formation of them into a compact, powerful, and *virtually independent* State. The time has now arrived—and all interested in this subject feel that it has arrived—when British America must cease to walk in leading strings—to occupy the humble position of a mere dependency of the British Crown. She has now attained her national majority, and possesses a degree of strength and vigor which entitle her to a stand *beside* the Mother Country. It is the obvious interest then of Great Britain to draw more closely and firmly the connection between the two, by making it depend solely upon community of interests and obligations of honor; and to make the Provinces a means of support, not a cause of weakness, to herself, by removing all needless restraints upon their freedom and by aiding in the development of their strength. All this she may do by effecting a Legislative Union of those Provinces, and entrusting to them the entire management of their own local affairs. British America may then become a member of another Confederation upon the vast and widely scattered territories of which “the sun never sets”—a Confederation the grandest that the world ever saw—**THE CONFEDERATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.**

THE COLLEGE OF LA GREVE IN 1703.

CHAPTER I.—THE AMBITION OF LOUIS DOMINIQUE CARTOUCHE.

The bell of the College of the Jesuits, at Paris, had just sounded, announcing the hour of recreation, and the pupils had be-

taken themselves to the gardens, when some servants calling out, “The Marquis Charles de Jumiège and Mons. Louis Dominique Cartouche.”

At these words two boys about thirteen years of age advanced arm-in-arm towards the parlour of the monastery. Their costumes differed widely; the velvet coat of the former, the embroidered sleeves, and the small sword that kept beating about his legs, were indicative of the title of “Marquis” that had been given him. On the other hand, the cinnamon barracan coat, with breeches to match, and the blue-striped stockings of the latter, were in those days signs of a common origin.

Two parties awaited the boys in the parlour; one, in person and dress, was the image of the boy in the cinnamon-coloured costume; the other, a valet, clad in a gay livery, trimmed with lace, showed him to be a footman attached to some noble house.

“Here is what my lord duke has charged me to deliver to the marquis,” said the valet, presenting the pupil in the velvet dress with a beautiful tortoise-shell box, inlaid with gold, to the lock of which was appended a small golden key.

“Comtois!” said the little marquis, calling a valet, “Take this to my room, and place it on the wardrobe.”

The valet bowed, and withdrew.

The little marquis was about to retire also, when his comrade called out to him,—“Wait for me, marquis; I shall soon have done with my father.”

At these words the man in the cinnamon-coloured coat, drawing himself up with an air of dignity, said, to his son,—“Thou art the friend of the marquis, then, that thou addressest him with so much freedom?”

“Am I not a scholar, like he is, and in the same class also?” replied the son.

“Listen well to what I am about to say, my little Dominique,” said the father: “If thou would’st please thy parents, thou must become wise; dost hear? A lawyer, an author, or a poet, or something of that kind. I am only a cooper, and am not ambitious for myself, but for my son. And thou, Dominique, art thou ambitious?”

"Yes father," replied Dominique, with a sad and thoughtful air.

"In what?" asked the cooper.

"To have fine clothes," said the plebian child, his blue eyes brightening.

At this moment the three interlocutors were interrupted by several valets crossing the parlour, saying amongst themselves, in an undertone, "Yes! there has been another theft!"

"Nonsense! It's only report."

"But I tell you that young Lucian has lost a crown piece of six livres; and little Voltaire, whose mother only yesterday sent him thirty livres, found his purse empty this morning. And I, who tell you this" (continued he, who was speaking), "I myself miss a piece of twelve sous."

"Thieves?—What! do you mean to say there are thieves here?" cried the fat cooper.

"Yes, sir, for some time," replied the man; "and very disagreeable for those who are honest."

"Thieves!" repeated old Cartouche, "there is nothing I abominate more than thieves. I love my son, and would die for him; but if he were a thief, I'd wring his neck for him. Never steal, Dominique, for thou knowest my temper, eh?"

"You need not fear that of your son, Monsieur Cartouche," said the little marquis; "Dominique is the best pupil in the college, —good, courageous, and devoted. You see how delicate I am, Monsieur Cartouche; well, then, when any one attacks me, Dominique defends me;—if I cannot study long, its Dominique who writes my exercises for me;—in short we are never apart, and are called the 'inseparable.'" "And have you never lost any money?" asked Cartouche, hesitatingly, and with apparent anxiety.

"How should I know? Do you think I erer count the money I put into my pocket?" said the marquis carelessly. "And even if I did, do you suppose I should suspect either of my companions?"

"Take these few sous as pocket-money, and be careful of them," said the elder Cartouche, embracing his son. "Monsieur le Marquis, I have the honour of wishing you

good day;" and the father Cartouche respectfully retired from the parlour.

CHAPTER 11.—THE LONGING DESIRE FOR THE BOX.

"What is that box they have given thee?" asked Dominique of the marquis, as they returned to the school-room.

"Oh, nothing—only a hundred francs that my father has sent me."

"A hundred francs nothing? How you talk!" replied Dominique.

At this moment Comtois entered, and giving his young master the key of his room, said:—

"I have placed the box on the wardrobe of the marquis, as I was desired."

"Very well," said Charles, putting the key into the pocket opposite the side where Cartouche stood.

The cooper's son did not take his eyes from the pocket which contained the key, but it was not easy to abstract it. Several times he essayed to pass his hand before his companion, under pretence of getting a book or a pen, until Charles remarked it.

"What is the matter with thee?" he asked; "one would imagine thou could'st not sit still."

"It is so gloomy, I cannot see," said Cartouche, embarrassed.

"Let us change desks, then," said the little marquis, unsuspectingly.

Having changed positions, Cartouche could the more easily obtain possession of the key.

"What art thou doing there?" he kept saying every moment to Charles, leaning on him to see what he was writing, and each time touching lightly, either with his body or his hand, the pocket of his friend. At length, at a moment when the marquis was correcting his exercise, Cartouche managed to draw the key from his friend's pocket, and place it in his own feigning indisposition, obtained permission to retire, and quitted the room.

Cartouche had scarcely left the room when he met Comtois, who said he was about to go for his master.

"Very well," replied Dominique; "do not hurry, and I will take your place near Charles in your absence."

Delighted to have rid himself of this man, Dominique sprang up the stairs leading to the apartment of the marquis. It consisted of two rooms, in the first of which Comtois slept, the marquis occupying the other. The latter was locked.

Besides the valet, the marquis had a tutor, a venerable man, the Abbé Verbois, whom the Duke of Jumièges had placed over his son. Dominique, fearful he might then be in the apartment, first assured himself, ere he ventured to open the door.

On entering the room, Dominique cast a look around, and he was not long in discovering the desired box. He took a table, and placing a chair upon it, mounted, when suddenly he heard footsteps and voices in the adjoining room.

There was only one thing to be done, and that was to climb to the top of the wardrobe, which he did, and concealed himself close to the wall.

At this moment the door opened, and the Abbé Verbois and the marquis entered.

"How is this, my pupil, that notwithstanding the reports current in the college relative to thieving, you leave your key in the door?" said the abbé.

"I know not how it is," replied the marquis; "but who is there who would rob me? With the exception of Comtois and my friend Dominique, nobody is aware of my having money."

"How comes it this chair is placed on the table?" asked the abbé looking at the scaffolding erected by Cartouche.

"I have no doubt it is Comtois's doing, when he dusted the top of the wardrobe," replied the marquis, placing the chair on the ground, and pushing aside the table.

It happened to be that time of the day when the son of the Duke of Jumièges received an hour's religious instruction from the abbé. The lesson finished, the abbé and his pupil prepared to leave the room, and Cartouche was already rejoicing at the idea of regaining his liberty, when Comtois returned.

"Is little Cartouche here?" he asked, on entering.

"No," replied the marquis. "Why do you ask?"

"He cannot be found anywhere, and nobody knows what has become of him," rejoined Comtois.

"Good heavens!" cried the marquis, rushing out of the room.

"Are you going out?" asked the abbé of Comtois.

"No," replied the servant; "I have a headache, and will sit in this chair;" and he seated himself opposite the wardrobe.

"If you go out, lock the door," said the abbé, leaving the room.

A more disagreeable position than that of Dominique cannot be imagined. Every moment he felt ready to throw himself at the feet of Comtois, confess everything, and beg him not to betray him.

Night came, and the marquis returned to his room, and retired to rest. Cartouche did not deem it safe to venture from his hiding-place, fearing to awaken his friend. He therefore preferred waiting until the hour of study arrived, when that part of the college would be deserted.

On the morning following, Comtois continued too ill to leave his room. Cartouche thus saw all his hopes of liberty vanish. Towards the close of the day the cooper arrived, and in the presence of the little marquis, his tutor, and several of the professors of the college assembled at the foot of the wardrobe, the anxious father expressed all his fears touching the conduct of his son.

"God punishes me for my ambition," said the miserable father, "and for my weakness for this vagabond! Seeing him so pretty, so delicate, so witty, so ingenious, and so clever for his age, I said to my poor wife—'Truly he has more the look of a great lord than of a beggar. We must make a gentleman of him, and then he will do us honour.' Alas! in my paternal pride I forgot all the little peccadilloes of his childhood, or at least I excused them. Everybody in the neighbourhood cried out against him; my wife was inconsolable. Alas! as he grew older, he no longer stole trifles, but money and jewels! I whipped him each time, but he promised to reform, and I believed him!"

Notwithstanding this burst of grief from his father, Dominique, far from feeling any desire of repentance, cursed his parent, and

all who were in any way obstacles to his designs. Suddenly he saw that the marquis had perceived him. He fancied he was discovered, but as the marquis had tranquilly lowered his eyes, he gave up the idea of flight, and was glad when the marquis dismissed everybody from the room, and retired himself.

Certain of his ability to escape unperceived, Dominique awaited the approach of night, when he slid down the wardrobe, and darted towards the door, but it was locked. He was about to force it when the door opened, and Dominique found himself face to face with the marquis.

"You are a worthless fellow," said the latter, "Go! the doors are open. I may perhaps be wrong in not having you arrested."

Saying this, the marquis stood aside, and Dominique, seeing the way clear, darted through the door.

CHAPTER III.—THE GIPSIES.

Cartouche was scarcely out of the college when he busied himself in putting the hundred crowns in his pocket; and throwing the box into a corner, he took the road to the Fontaine de l'Echaudé, in the neighbourhood of Courtille, where his father lived, and who happened to be the first person he met.

"Father," said Dominique, "do not scold thy son; I will confess all to thee. I have found a situation as clerk with Monsieur Courtran, bailiff at Petit Châlet, who pays me two crowns a month. He has already given me one; here it is, take it. It is for this that for the last two days I have left the college. Have I not done well, dear papa?"

"A bailiff's clerk?" exclaimed the good cooper, looking at his son; "thou art then very clever?"

"Very clever, papa; I know everything that a boy of my age can know; I have escaped from study to tell this, and to inform thee that I shall sleep at home to-night."

The simple cooper departed one way, while the pretended clerk went the other. As to where Dominique went is a question; but towards evening, as he was about to enter his home, he saw his brother running out to meet him.

"Everything has been discovered," said the latter, believe me. Do not come into the house, for papa is awaiting thee with a cudgel to break thy bones, and the school-master has sworn that he will have thee placed in the Petit-Châtelet till thy majority."

"Thanks," said Dominique, and instantly turned back.

Disappointed and sad at the intelligence just conveyed to him, Dominique walked away from Paris, and passed through the village of Reine-Moulin; leaving which, he entered a wood. It was night. He tried to sleep, but in vain. Suddenly he heard voices and bursts of laughter, and a gang of gipsies appeared. Then an old woman, the eldest of the tribe, approached Dominique, took him by the collar, and holding him with a firm hand, said:—"Come, come, hold thy tongue." And she emptied his pocket of the money, piece by piece.

"Thieves!" cried Dominique; "return me my money or I will have you all arrested."

"Softly," said the old woman; "do not agitate thyself so. But with thy rough dress thou canst not have so much money without having stolen it. We only required to understand one another, for thou art a little thief and we are great ones, that's all. Now, if you will join our band we shall agree very well, no doubt."

Cartouche joined the band, and from that moment became one of their associates.

Several years elapsed, when one day a young abbé, seeing Cartouche, he stopped, eyed him attentively, and cried, "Dominique!"

"Charles!" replied Dominique, raising his eyes to the young priest.

The two children of the College of the Jesuits had recognised each other. Assuming a piteous look, Dominique said to the young Marquis of Jumiége, "I regret seriously what I have done to you, but I did not profit by your money, for it was stolen from me on the night of the very day I robbed you of it. From that time I have wandered from village to village, working whenever I could obtain employment.

"Why dost thou not return to thy father?" asked Charles.

"I dare not," replied Dominique.

"But thy uncle is here," said the marquis. "I have just met him. I spoke to him about thee; he loved thee much, and will try, I am sure, to obtain thy pardon of thy father. Wilt thou go to him with me?"

Dominique accepted the offer, and they went towards the inn of "The Two Crowns," where Dominique's uncle had temporarily taken up his abode. The result was, that Dominique returned to his paternal roof, was pardoned, and for some time conducted himself well; but vanity tempted him a second time, and lost him for ever.

In those days each class of society was distinguished by a different costume; and Dominique had imbibed a taste for finery, imitated the gentlemen in dress. He kept company with some people of good family, frequenting balls, fêtes, and the gaming-table. But he required money, velvet dresses, lace, and jewellery. To procure these, Cartouche robbed his companions with so much address that they did not suspect him.

One day the elder Cartouche, wishing to put in order some old barrels that were piled up in his shop, discovered a collection of jewels of all kinds, and even money. The sight of these induced the unhappy father to conclude his son had recommenced robbing.

CHAPTER IV.—JUSTICE.

We will not follow Cartouche through all his criminal career, but will only describe his again meeting with the Abbé Jumiège, whom he was destined to see but once more.

Cartouche had become notorious, and his crimes were the theme of conversation throughout all France. He braved the police,—confiding in the fidelity of those he employed. Nevertheless he did not neglect any precaution; he several times changed his costume in the course of the day. He had twenty apartments in different parts of Paris, and did not sleep two consecutive nights in the same room.

On the 17th of August, 1721, Cartouche entered the church of St. Roch during the celebration of mass. He was prompted by a desire to commit sacrilege. In the crowd he had observed a young lady richly attired, and wearing a watch studded with diamonds,

attached to a chain similarly ornamented. Cartouche knelt by her side, and his hand was already stretched toward the desired booty, when another hand seized his, and a well-known voice murmured:—

"Cartouche, respect the church and repent?"

"My dear former comrade," replied Cartouche, recognising the Abbé Jumiège, "every place is good for thieving, and I am not yet inclined to repent."

"Unhappy man!" said the Abbé; "thou may'st be judged by thy Maker to-morrow!"

"Well, then, pray for me!" said Cartouche, disappearing amid the crowd.

That same evening Cartouche went to sleep in a room he had hired at an inn called "The Pistol," in the vicinity of Courtille, situated between Belleville and Menilmontant. The police arrested him, and conducted him to the prison of the Châtelet. His trial soon after followed, but the hope of being rescued by his companions supported him, and induced him to refuse to name his accomplices. He heard with the greatest *sang-froid* the sentence condemning him to execution in the square of La Grève.

On the 27th of November, 1722,—the morning of the execution,—he was tortured by the "*brodequins*." He submitted to excruciating punishment by the aid of these iron vices sooner than name his accomplices. At this stage a priest was sent for.

"Well, Cartouche, the day of retribution has arrived," said the priest, penetrating into the cell.

"Oh! I shall yet be saved," replied Cartouche, recognising Charles of Jumiège, "either by my companions or by thee, Charles."

"Yes, I can save thee, Dominique," said the young priest; "that is to say thy soul. Repent!"

The abbé wept as he spoke, and his tears fell upon the fettered hands of Dominique, who was much moved.

"Charles!" he cried, "save me; save me from death!"

"Death is but the passage from one life to another," replied the abbé; "do not fear death, but fear God before whom thou art about to appear."

These pious words touched the soul of Cartouche, and caused him to reflect. He listened attentively to the exhortations of the young priest, and religion began to enter and soften his heart.

The same evening Cartouche was conducted to the square of La Grève. When the cart stopped, and he saw on the scaffolding two gibbets and four wheels, surrounded by guards on horse and on foot, he could not subdue his emotion.

"This has an ugly appearance!" he said aloud.

Still the hope of being rescued served to sustain him. He ascended firmly the steps of the scaffold, but his courage soon after forsook him. He asked to see his confessor, —and the worthy abbé came instantly. Dominique intimated that he had something to reveal, and was conducted immediately to the Town Hall. There he denounced upwards of forty persons; then finding all hope was lost, he gave up his mind to prayer, received absolution, and delivered himself into the hands of the executioner.

Thus perished Cartouche at the age of twenty-seven.

THE WATCHER OF THE DEAD.*

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

CHAPTER III.

The voice of lamentation was loud upon the morrow in that ancient house. The Countess Stephanie had ceased to exist. The aged nurse had drawn back the curtains of the window, that her mistress might, as usual, be awakened by the cheerful sunlight; but she was no longer conscious of its beams. She lay upon her bed, pale, placid, and unchanged, like one who had passed from the calm slumber of repose to the deep sleep of death. One hand pillowed her cheek, and the other still clasped her rosary. Death had touched her lovingly, for there was almost a smile upon her lips; and the hard lines which the world traces upon the countenance had disappeared beneath his gentle pressure.

The count stood gloomily beside her bed,

awaiting the arrival of the physician who had been summoned. He trembled violently, but he was surrounded by the voice of wailing and the sight of tears; he had lost his only sister, his last relative. How, then, could he have remained unmoved? The physician came; he felt the small and round wrists, but there was no pulsation; he bared the white and beautiful arm to the shoulder, and applied the lancet, but the blood had ceased to circulate in the blue veins. The man of science shook his head, and extended his hand in sympathy to the anxious brother. The catastrophe, he said, was subject of regret to him rather than of surprise. The young gräfin had long suffered from an affection of the heart. A little sooner or later the blow must have fallen. It was a mere question of time. All human aid was useless. And so he departed from the house of mourning.

The few individuals of Nienberg and its immediate neighbourhood who were privileged to intrude at such a moment, crowded to the mansion to offer their condolences to the young gräfin, and to talk over the sudden and melancholy death of his sister; and meanwhile Elsie, unable to rest for an instant in the same place, wandered through the desolate apartments, tearless and silent, occasionally lifting the different articles which had belonged to Stephanie in his trembling hands, and looking intently upon them, as though he dreaded to behold the character of his crime traced upon their surface.

The German ceremonial of interment is complicated and minute, and all persons of high birth are expected to conform to it in every particular. Among the rites which precede burial is one which, trying as it cannot fail to prove to the principal actor, must, nevertheless, greatly tend to tranquillize the minds of the survivors. It is necessary that we should describe this.

For four-and-twenty hours the corpse remains beneath the roof where the death has taken place, and while there all the affecting offices necessary to its final burial are performed. This time elapsed, it is carried to the cemetery, and laid, in its winding-sheet, upon a bed in the inner apartment of the low

* Concluded from last Number.

stone building to which, in our description of the death-valley of Nienberg, we have already made allusion. This solitary erection consists only of two rooms; that in which the body is deposited is called the hall of resurrection, and contains no other furniture than the bed itself and a bell-ropc, the end of which is placed in the hand of the corpse. This cord is attached to a bell which rings in the next room, and which is thence called the chamber of the bell. Thus, should it occur that the friends of an individual may have been deceived, and have mistaken lethargy for death, and that the patient should awake during the night (for the body must remain all night in this gloomy refuge), the slightest movement he may make necessarily rings the bell, and he obtains instant help. It is customary for the nearest relative to keep this dreary watch; and from a beautiful sentiment, which must always tend to reconcile the watcher to his ghostly task, he is fated to watch there alone, that it may be he who calls back the ebbing life, and that none may share in a joy so holy and so deep—a joy, moreover, so rare and so unhopcd for.

The long day, and the still longer night in which the Countess Stephanie lay dead beneath the roof she had so revered throughout her life, passed over; and all the pompous accessories which could be commanded in so obscure a neighbourhood were secured to do honour to her obsequies. The mournful train moved slowly onward to the cemetery, where a grave had already been prepared for her beside her mother; and, passing near the spot where she was finally to rest, entered the hall of resurrection, and gently and carefully stretched her upon the bed of gloom. The wildest of the mourners was the poor old nurse, who, with her gray hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dim eyes swollen with tears, knelt near the head of her mistress, and clasped her clay-cold hands. But it was the young count who was the centre of commiseration. The last four-and-twenty hours had done the work of years upon him; a sullen, leaden tinge had spread over his skin, his voice was deep and hollow, and his trembling hands could scarcely perform their offices. "No wonder," ejaculated

those who looked upon him; "for years they had been everything to each other."

At length the funeral train departed, for the sun was setting. Elric listened in horror to their retreating footsteps, for he felt that he was soon to be alone. Alone with what? With the dead, stretched there by his own hand—with his murdered sister! This was his companionship within; and without, graves, nothing but graves, sheeted corpses, and the yawning tomb which was awaiting his victim. The sweat rolled in large drops down the forehead of the young man. He had watched near the body of his mother in peace and prayer, for she had been taken from him and he was innocent then and full of hope; but now—now! He tottered to the window and looked out. The twilight was thickening, and the light came pale through the narrow leaded panes of the little casement. He glanced around the sepulchral chamber in which he was to pass the night. There was a small fire burning upon the open hearth at which he lighted his lamp, and a prayer-book lying upon the table, on which he vainly endeavoured to concentrate his thoughts. At that moment he was beyond the reach of prayer. The strong man was bowed, body and spirit, beneath the pressure of his crime! Again and again, he asked himself, with a pertinacity that bordered on delirium, what it was over which he watched! And again and again the question was answered in his own heart. Over his sister, his only surviving relative, murdered by his own hand. The murderer was watching beside his victim!

At intervals he strove against the horror by which he was oppressed: he endeavored to rally the pride of his sex and of his strength. What could he fear? The dead are powerless over the living; and yet, fiercer and sharper came the memory that his crime had been gratuitous, for had he not been told that the death which he had given must ere long have come? "A little sooner or a little later" had said the man of science. Oh, had he only waited, promised, temporized; but all was now too late! She lay there cold, pale, stark, within a few paces of him, and tears of blood could not recall the dead!

It was the close of autumn, and as the sun set, masses of lurid and sulphureous clouds gathered upon the western horizon, but save an occasional sweep of wind which moaned through the funeral trees, all remained still, buried in that ringing silence which may be heard; and the moon, as yet untouched by the rising vapours, gleamed on the narrow window of the cell, and cast upon the floor the quivering shadows of the trees beside it. But at length came midnight, the moon was veiled in clouds, and a sweeping wind rushed through the long grass upon the graves, and swayed to and fro the tall branches of the yews and cypresses: next came the sound of falling rain—large, heavy drops which plashed upon the foliage, and then fell with a mullen reverberation upon the dry and thirsty earth. Gradually the storm increased; and ere long, as the thunder began to growl hoarsely in the distance, it beat angrily against the diamond panes, and dropped in a shower from the eaves of the little building. Elric breathed more freely. This elemental warfare was more congenial to his troubled spirit than the fearful silence by which it had been preceded. He tried to think of Mina; but as though her pure and innocent image could not blend with the objects around him, he found it impossible to pursue a continuous chain of thought. Once more he bent over the book before him, but as he turned the page a sudden light filled the narrow chamber, and through the sheeted glare sprang a fierce flash, which for a moment seemed to destroy his power of vision. He rose hurriedly from his chair; the thunder appeared to be bursting over his head, the lightning danced like fiery demons across the floor, the wind howled and roared in the wide chimney; and suddenly, as he stood there, aghast and conscience-stricken, a sharp blast penetrating through some aperture in the walls, extinguished his solitary lamp. At this instant the bell rang.

"The Bell!" shouted the young count, like a maniac—"THE BELL!" And then, gaining strength from his excess of horror, he laughed as wildly as he had spoken. "Fool that I am! Is not such a wind as this enough to shake the very edifice from its foundation? and am I scared because it has

vibrated along a wire? Has not the same blast put out my lamp? All is still again. My own thoughts have made a coward of me!"

As he uttered these words, another and a brighter flash shot through the casement and ran along the wire, and again the bell rang out; but his eye had been upon it, and he could no longer cheat himself into the belief that he had endeavored to create. The fiery vapour had disappeared, but still louder and louder rang the bell, as though pulled by a hand of agony.

Elric sank helpless to his knees. At every successive flash he saw the violent motion of the bell which hung above him, and as the darkness again gathered about the cell, he still heard the maddening peal, which seemed to split his brain. "Light! light!" he moaned at last, as he rose painful from the floor. "I must have light, or I shall become a raving maniac."

And then he strove to re-illumine the lamp; but his shaking hand ill obeyed the impulse of his frenzied will. And still, without the intermission of a second, the bell rang on. At length he obtained a light, and staggering to the wall, he fixed his eyes upon the frightful wire.

"It stretches," he muttered, unconsciously; "still it stretches, and there is no wind now; there is a lull. Some one must be pulling it from the other chamber, and if so, it must be——"

His voice became extinct; he could not utter the name of his sister.

With a frantic gesture he seized the lamp and turned towards the door which opened into the death-chamber, and still the bell rang on, without the cessation of an instant. A short passage parted the two cells, and as he staggered onwards he was compelled to cling to the wall, for his knees knocked together, and he could scarcely support himself. At length he reached the inner door, and desperately flung it open. A chill like that which escapes from a vault fell upon his brow, and the sound of the bell pursued him still. He moved a pace forward, retreated, again advanced, and, finally, by a mighty effort, sprang into the centre of the chamber.

One shrill and piercing cry escaped him, and the lamp fell from his hand.

"You are then here?" murmured a low and feeble voice. "You, Elric von Königstein, the renegade from honor, the soricide, the would-be murderer! Yours is the affection which watches over my last hours on earth? The same hand which mixed the deadly draught is ready to lay me in the grave?"

As the words fell upon his ear, a vivid flash filled the room, the count saw his sister sitting upright wrapped in her death-clothes. A deep groan escaped him.

"That draught was scarcely swallowed," pursued the voice, "ere I detected that it had been tampered with; but it was then too late to save myself, and, for the honor of our name, I shrank from denouncing you, though I felt at once that you were the murderer. But you were coward as well as soricide. You have subjected me to all the agonies of death, and have not merely condemned me to an after-life of suffering, but of suffering to us both, for I shall live on under the knowledge of the fate to which you destined me, and you beneath my irrevocable curse.

The last few sentences were uttered feebly and gaspingly, as though the strength of the speaker were spent, and then a heavy fall upon the bed betrayed to the horror-stricken Elric that some fresh catastrophe had occurred.

With the energy of despair he rushed from the room and hastened to procure a light. A frightful spectacle met him on his return. Stephanie lay across the bed, with a portion of her funeral dress displaced. The arm with which she had rung the fatal bell was that from which her medical attendant had striven to procure blood during her insensibility, and which, in preparing her for the grave, had been unbound. The violent exertion to which it had been subjected, added to the power of the poison that had still lurked in her veins, had opened the wound, and ere the young count returned with the lamp she was indeed a corpse, with her white burial-garments dabbled in blood. The scene told its own tale on the morrow. She had partially awakened, and the result

was evident. None knew, save he who watched beside her, that the fatal bell had rung!

The curse worked. Madness seized upon the wretched Elric, and for years he was a raving lunatic, who might at any moment be lashed into frenzy by the mere ringing of a bell.

COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

By MAJOR CULPEPPER CRABTREE.
BATCH THE SECOND.

XIV.

Not one of Henry Fielding's fictions is so thoroughly saturated with such keen and trenchant satire, as his "History of Jonathan Wild the Great." It is a bitter burlesque upon military and political glory, and we rise from the perusal half inclined to question, whether the notorieties of the Newgate Calendar are not as well deserving of historical canonization as the magnates Dan Plutard, delighted to honour.

We always gave Fielding credit for a large modicum of originality in his method of manipulating the life of Wild, till we recently stumbled upon an ancient broadsheet biography of a Hibernian malefactor, named George Manly. The aforesaid Manly was executed at Wicklow in 1738, for the crime of murder, and according to time-honoured usage he made an oration to the congregated *quid nuncs*, prior to the elongation of his neck. *Jonathan Wild* did not appear till about 1746, and the chances, consequently, are considerable, that Fielding must have been cognizant of the "dying words" of Manly. Be that as it may, they contain the very essence and *cue* of the celebrated story above cited. We subjoin a copy of this masterly and unique gallows valedictory:

"My friends, you assemble to see—what? A man take a leap in the abyss of death! Look, and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leapt into the gulph to save his country from destruction. What, then, will you say of me? You say that no man without virtue can be courageous. You see I am courageous. You'll say I have killed a man. Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions;

Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history for great men. But I killed one solitary man. Ay, that's the case. One solitary man. I'm a little murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries. They were great men. I ran in debt with the ale-wife; I must be hanged.

"My friends, I have drawn a parallel between two of the greatest men that ever lived, and myself; but these were men of former days. Now, I'll speak a word of some of the present days. How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine, during the last war, for settling a King in Poland? Both sides could not be right; they are great men; but I killed a solitary man: I'm a little fellow. The king of Spain takes our ships, plunders our merchants, kills and tortures our men; but what of all that? What he does is good; he's a great man, he is clothed in purple, his instruments of murder are bright and shining; mine was but a rusty gun; and so much for comparison.

"Now, I would fain know what authority there is in Scripture for a rich man to murder, to plunder, to torture, to ravage whole countries? and what law is it that condemns a poor man to death for killing a solitary man, or for stealing a solitary sheep to feed his family? But bring the matter closer to our own country; what is the difference between running in a poor man's debt, and by the power of gold, or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right? and clapping a pistol to a man's breast, and taking from him his purse? Yet the one shall thereby obtain a coach, and honours, and titles; the other—what?—a cart and a rope!

"From what I have said, my brethren, you may perhaps imagine that I am hardened: but believe me, I am fully convinced of my follies, and acknowledge the just judgment of God has overtaken me. I have no hopes, but from the merits of my Redeemer, who, I hope, will have mercy on me, as He knows that murder was far from my heart, and what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked thereto by the deceased.

"Take warning, my dear comrades.

Think! Oh think! What would I now give, that I had lived another life!"

With the exception of the two concluding paragraphs, the address might have been most fitly enunciated by the "glorious and immortal" thief-catcher at *Tyburn Tree*. Jonathan would have denounced the paragraphs in question, as being deformed and emasculated by "cant" and "snivel," to borrow from the illustrious man's peculiar vocabulary!

By the way, what a fructifying nest egg would Mr. Manly's "life-epilogue" have been to Quaker Bright and his Maw-worm conferees of the Peace Society! We would counsel them to reprint the "composure," and strike a leather medal in honour of an unfortunate philosopher, who, with good grounds, may be regarded as the founder of their fallacy-teeming school!

XV.

The first lottery to any amount in England which took place under public authority, was in the reign of James I. We are informed by Sir Edwin Sandys that it was principally directed to defray the expenses of establishing our settlements in America.

An ancient adage indoctrineth us, that, "as the old cock croweth, the young cock learneth." Lotteries, which have been hounded as pestilences from the mother country, have taken firm root in Dollardom, for whose behoof they were first legalized.

XVI.

In the sixteenth, and during the primary quarter of the seventeenth century, the exquisites of London were in the habit of sporting white shoes. Taylor, the "water poet," in his *Superbiv Flagellum*, has the following reference to this usage:

"I saw a fellow take a white loaf's pith,
And rub his master's white shoes clean therewith:
And I did know that fellow, for his pride,
To want both bread and meat before he died."

XVII.

The story which we are about to recapitulate, is true in all its leading features.

Upwards of twenty years ago there landed at New York, that Goshen of adventurers and "smart men," a young native of North Britain, more blessed with mother wit than manum or morality. The leading motto

of his existence was, "get money—honestly if possible—but get money." His absorbing ambition was to become one of the dominant lords of Wall Street, but lacking both coin and credit, he, after a season of bootless struggling, began almost to despair of compassing the much longed-for object.

One day, Andrew McSleeky (as we shall designate our adventurer) received a message from one Lachlan Loon, a fellow-countryman, craving to see him on some matter of pressing importance. Having more than enough spare time on his hands, Andrew acceded to the request, and having sought out his friend, found him in bed, under the custody of a severe if not dangerous attack of sickness.

After some humming and hawing, Lachlan proceeded to state that for some months he had filled a situation of a very peculiar nature. It was neither more nor less than that of butler or major-domo to a club house, owned and frequented by some of the leading mercantile magnates of New York, and the precise character of which was kept a profound secret from the profane vulgar. In point of fact, the establishment was neither more nor less than a private, joint-stock bagnio, no one having access thereto but the members of the libidinous brotherhood, and the depraved females who administered to their illicit gratifications.

Once every fortnight the fraternity had a grand ball and supper, at which all were expected to attend, and where every thing was got up in the most luxurious and extravagant fashion:

"Now, you see," continued the bed-ridden Loon, "there is to be one o' these gatherings this blessed night, and if I dinna' attend myself or find a substitute, I run a sair risk o' losing my place!"

"But how in the name of decency,"—queried Andrew, "can you bring yourself to fill such an infamous post?"

"Oo," groaned forth Lachlan, "I grant that the situation is a trifle on the North side o' decent, but, losh man, I get an unco' fat salary! Every month I draw a hundred dollars in hard cash, and besides there are pickings and perqueesects that are worth some baubees at the end o' the year. If ye

will only put on my livery, and officiate for me this ance, I will willingly pay you fifty dollars, and gie you my best thanks into the bargain."

Mr. McSleeky's virtue could not withstand the potency of this attack. He owed more than the amount of the bribe tendered to him for board and lodging, and that very morning his patience-exhausted hostess had certiorated him, that without a settlement of his score he must no longer look for sustentation at her hands.

Andrew, accordingly, having put on the uniform of the "Sons of Venus," and pocketed the wages of iniquity, set forth to discharge the unorthodox duties of the evening.

Touching the sayings and doings in the club-house that night, it is not our purpose to speak. Enough to say, that they would have furnished ample materials for one of the most high-coloured of Eugene Sue's diabolical fictions.

During the currency of the ensuing forenoon, as Mr. Tunis Bleeker, an eminent merchant in Pearl Street, and the father of a numerous family, was looking over his correspondence, he was informed that a young man desired to see him on special business. Permission being accorded, our friend Andrew McSleeky was ushered into the mercantile sanctum, and asked by the urbane, though somewhat pompous trader, to state the object of his visitation.

"The truth is, Mr. Bleeker," said Andrew, "times are pretty tight with me at present, and it would be an accommodation if you could favour me with a bank cheque for four thousand dollars!"

If the dealer in dry goods had been called upon to part with his nose, he could not by any possibility have been aggravated into a greater tornado of astonishment and indignation.

"Four thousand dollars!" he repeated, like a demented echo, "four thousand devils! Do you think I am made of money, and that I have got nothing to do but toss it to every idle scamp that thinks proper to ask me for it?"

"Pray keep your temper, old gentleman," responded the imperturbable McSleeky, "There is no earthly necessity for putt'ng

yourself in such a flurry, especially when the thermometer is ninety-six in the shade! Though hard up, I can manage to do without your cheque. Here is the prospectus of a work I am about to publish, and which is certain to have an enormous sale. It is to be entitled *A Night with the Sons of Venus*."

Here Mr. Tunis Bleeker gave such a start, that the massive barnacles dropped from his proboscis.

Without seeming to notice the incident, Andrew continued:

"The book will contain a full list and accurate portraits of the *Sons*, and cannot fail to be greatly sought after, especially by the ladies. I am certain that you will permit me to put down your name for a couple of copies at the very least. Mrs. Bleeker will be interested beyond measure by its contents. Widely different from her sex must she be, if she does not relish an appetizing dish of *scan mag*!"

During the delivery of this address, Mr. Tunis Bleeker looked as if he could willingly have mastigated the speaker, without salt, or any other condiment. By turns his face got white with rage, and red with shame—if indeed so grave and upright a member of 'Change,' could be supposed to be amenable to that emotion!

After glowering at Andrew for some minutes, a flash of irksome intelligence, lighted up the little grey eyes of the sorely disturbed merchant.

"By Jove!" he hissed forth, "I see it all as plain as a pike staff! It was a strange butler waited upon us last night, and you are the very man! You must take less, however, than the monstrous figure which you named. Why it is downright robbery!"

"I am a plain man of my word," returned Andrew, "and what I say, I stick to! Four thousand was the sum I mentioned, and four thousand I must have, or——"

"Bring me my cheque book," cried the chop-fallen Tunis Bleeker, and in the course of five minutes the astute Scotchman's purse contained a paper talisman, which had the virtue of transferring ten hundred pounds from the treasury of the temple of Mammon!

Ere sun set our adventurer paid some two

dozen visits, similar to the one above narrated, and with results cognately propitious.

That night Andrew McSleeky went to bed a richer man than he had ever dreamed of becoming, and his literary schemes were cast to the moles and the bats. No typographical notoriety was given to the "high jinks" of *the Sons of Venus*!

As we said before, the above is a record of simple veracities, and Mr. McSleeky, (in his real name,) stands high at this moment on the bead roll of the "cod-fish aristocracy!"

XVIII.

In *Rushworth's Historical Collections*, we find the following curious details touching the engenderation of a Post Office machinery in England:

"1635. Till this time there had been no certain and constant intercourse between England and Scotland. Thomas Witherings, Esq., his Majesty's Post-master of England for foreign parts was now commanded 'to settle one running post or two, to run day and night between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days; and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in the said road; and the posts to be placed in several places out of the road, to run and bring and carry out of the said roads the letters, as there shall be occasion; and to pay two pence for every single letter under four score miles; and if one hundred and forty miles, four pence; and if above, then sixpence. The like rule the King is pleased to order to be observed to West Chester, Holyhead, and from thence to Ireland; and also to observe the like rule from London to Plymouth, Exeter, and other places in that road; the like for Oxford, Bristol, Colchester, Norwich and other places. And the King doth command that no other messenger, foot-post, or foot-posts, shall take up, carry, receive, or deliver any letter or letters whatsoever, other than the messengers appointed by the said Thomas Withering: except common known carriers, or a pactional message to be sent on purpose with a letter to a friend."

We wonder what honest Thomas Witherings would say, if Judge Edmonds, or our gossip E. V. Wilson, could rap him up from his clay dormitory, and introduce him to the

bewildering marvels of the Post-Master General's domain?

NIX.

Non-catholics might do worse than make a note of the following extract from good old Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*:

"It is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent and other fish days, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject, than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, sallads, and plenty of fish."

Greatly is it to be desired, that some "reformed glutton"—some compunctious, sirloin-renouncing Neil Dow, would commence a crusade, and that *quam primum*, and tooth and nail, against the eating abuses of this one-sided nineteenth century!

There cannot be the shadow of a dubitation, that the "flesh pot" boasts of as many victims as does the "wine cup," though its triumphs are not quite so patent to the passing observer. Every one can twig the roll and stagger of the witting who, like Cassio, hath "put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains;" but less apparent are the doings of the spit and frying pan. A head-ache is not visible to the carnal eye, neither can we trace the inward march of apoplexy, or dogged indigestion. Hence it eventuates, that the hue and cry is uplifted against the fraternity of Sherry Cobblers, whilst the equally peccant brotherhood of chops and steaks are permitted to slay their thousands, and tens of thousands, with unbarred impunity!

Surely if Parliament can convert our bars into bath-rooms, they may righteously translate our shambles into root houses?

We call upon that astute senator, Mr. George Brown, who has proved himself not indifferent to the subject of gastronomics, to gird up his loins for this contest! Let him only hoist a cabbage, on the climax of a garden rake, and legions of virtuous vegetarians, who tarry but for a leader, will hasten to do battle under his duxship, against the blood-stained brigade of butcherhood!

We have had too much class legislation already, in matters gustatorial. Anglo-Saxon fair play, cannot brook to behold, the

crimson-hued nose of Bardolph hooted at, and laughed to scorn by the groundlings; whilst, at the same time, not a dog waggeth his tongue against the gross and gigantic paunch of the "fat knight!"

XX.

John Spalding, who was Commissary Clerk of Aberdeen in the early part of the seventeenth century, gives the following account of a monster that visited the above-mentioned city, anno 1642.

"About a day or two before Pasch, (Easter) there came to Aberdeen an Italian monster of a man, about twenty-four years of age, having a birth growing from his breast upwards, face to face, as it were, a creature having head and long hair of the colour of a man's, the head still drooping backwards and downwards; he had eyes, but not open: he had ears, two arms, two hands, three fingers on each hand, a body, a leg, and foot with six toes, the other leg within the flesh, inclining to the left side. It had some signs of virility, it had a kind of life and feeling, but void of all other senses; fed with man's nourishment, and evacuated the same way as his. This great work of God was admired of by many in Aberdeen, and through the countries where he travelled; yet such was the goodness of God, that he could go and walk where he pleased, carrying this birth without any pain, yea, or unespied when his clothing were on. When he came to town he had two servants waiting on him, who, with himself, were well clad. His portraiture was drawn, and hung up at his lodging to the view of the people; the one servant had a trumpet which sounded at such time as the people should come and see this monster, who flocked abundantly to his lodging. The other servant received the money frae ilk person for his sight, some less, some more: and after there was so much collected as could be gotten, he with his servants shortly left the town, and went south again."

From the above cited civic gossip, we extract an account of another prodigy, which in the year 1635, pestilently startled the denizens of the North of Scotland:

"In the month of June, there was seen in the river of Don, a monster having a head like to a great mastiff dog, an hand, arms,

and paps like a man, and the paps seemed to be white. It had hair on the head, and its hinder parts were seen sometimes above the water, which seemed clubbish, short-legged and short-footed, with a tail. This monster was seen body-like swimming above the water about ten hours in the morning, and continued all day visible, swimming above and beneath the bridge, without any fear. The town's people of both Aberdeens came out in great multitudes to see this monster; some threw stones, some shot guns and pistols, and the salmon-fishers rowed cobbles with nets to catch it, but all in vain. It never sunk nor feared, but would duck under water, snorting and bullering, terrible to the hearers. It remained two days and was seen no more: but it appears this monster came for no good token to noble Aberdeen, for sore was the same oppressed with great troubles that fell in the land."

True it is and of verity, that "noble Aberdeen," sustained much damage during the wars of Montrose, which occurred not long posterior to the visit of the "bullering" stranger. That, philo-monster Barnum, however, will, probably, coincide with us in doubting whether the development of the nondescript had any special bearing upon the aforesaid tribulations.

Our worthy fore-fathers were prone to attribute specific effects to very misty, and far-fetched causes.

During the reign of George II., a Commission was appointed to inquire into the nature and origination of the Goodwin Sands. One of the witnesses examined, who was generally regarded as the Solomon of his district, declared that Salisbury steeple, was the cause of the nuisance. "For" quoth he, "before that steeple was built, no one ever heard tell of the sands!"

XXI.

At the present day an English breakfast is a very meagre and unsatisfactory affair, compared with the same meal in Scotland. There is reason to conclude that in ancient times the matin repast was almost entirely neglected, on the south of the Tweed. In fact, it would appear by the following passage from the *Changling*, a quaint old drama by Middleton and Rowley, who were contem-

poraries of Ben Jonson, that breakfast had no place whatever in the programme of the day:

Alibius. What hour is't Lollo?

Lollo. Towards belly-hour, sir.

Alibius. Dinner time: thou mean'st twelve o'clock!

Lollo. Yes sir, for every part has his hour; we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight, walk, that's leg-hour; at nine, gather flowers, and pluck a rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven, lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve, go to dinner, that's belly-hour."

We are thus indoctrinated with the fact, that the mouth was not exercised till ten o'clock, A. M., and that even then, nothing in the shape of solid pabulum was discussed.

Coming down to the reign of the "Merry Monarch," we still find breakfast at a ruinous discount.

Cotton, in his piscatorial work thus expresses himself:

"My diet, is always one glass of ale, as soon as I am dressed, and no more till dinner."

In the same treatise, the excellent angler, maker *Victor*, one of his interlocutors say:

"I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast too."

We will play second fiddle to no man in celebrating the lands of Raleigh's immortal herb. With all this, however, commend us to a more substantial anti-prandial refection, than a mouthful of narcotic vapour!

THE DIVINITIES OF FABLE:

APOLLO, DIANA, AND MINERVA.

In all ages of the world mankind have shown themselves strongly affected with feelings of awe and reverence towards the invisible powers of the universe. These sentiments have exhibited themselves in different ways at different times, according as the character of nations has changed, or their external condition varied; but these external varieties only show how deeply seated is the abiding principle which has made itself felt through all the mutations of out-

ward circumstance. From hence sprung these ancient systems of mythology, of which each nation had its peculiar scheme, and which sometimes, as in the case of the Greeks, was embellished and expanded by the fertile imagination of that most imaginative race. The gracefulness and variety of their legends must not, however, blind us to the fact that their rare ingenuity was employed to mislead the people from the simplicity of truth; and that thereby a principle originally good was diverted to maintain a system of the most complicated and fascinating idolatry.

The early history of these several systems is buried in obscurity, and it has been ingeniously contended that they all had one common origin. However that may be, in very early times peculiar deities were settled in particular localities, or were claimed as the especial patrons of distinct races; and thus, whatever may have been their origin, they soon obtained a restricted and particular nationality.

In Greece, we discern distinct classes of these fictitious beings, which may be generally ranged into two grand divisions. The first and most ancient division consist of those who are emblematic of the different forms, and properties, and powers of nature. The mysterious changes that were perpetually going on in the material world about him seem to have filled the early Greek with strange feelings of wonder and awe. The operations of nature appeared to him as the manifestations of the invisible agency of a race of beings who were always busy, each in his peculiar province, giving fertility to the earth, motion to the winds and seas, and maintaining the continuous reproduction of vegetable life. The next step was to set up in different places symbols of these unseen agents. After a time, these symbols were humanized: and, by a natural process, the veneration which was at first paid to the unseen agent was offered to the visible human representation.

This kind of deity was multiplied to such an extent, that eventually every tree, stream, and hill had its peculiar genius or divinity, to whom vows were made, and rites performed, as occasion offered. Though all these could not have their appropriate ima-

ges, yet the worship, whether paid to the divinity or its image, was in principle the same, as in either case the worshipper paid his devotion to the object of his own invention.

Distinct from these divinities which symbolized external nature, there existed another class, termed Ethical Divinities. These were the impersonations of the qualities of the human mind, or the principles of social communion. Such creations argue a more advanced stage of intellectual culture, when men had passed from material forms to the contemplation of spiritual phenomena, and when the principles of social existence had become understood, or at least furnished food for reflection.

There was yet a third species of beings who were worshipped in certain places with divine honours. These were the demi-gods.—ancient heroes, whose adventures having become blended with fable, were placed on a par with the stories of the gods themselves. These last, however, being the inventions of a later age, and being themselves of human origin, we here pass over.

Of the second of the above-mentioned classes, the most conspicuous of all the Grecian gods was Apollo. His mother, previous to his birth,—so runs the old story,—was chased from land to land by the jealousy of Juno, and could find no place of rest. At length she reached Delos, an island floating about in the Aegean Sea, where she was kindly entertained by the inhabitants, and at length gave birth to Apollo and his sister Diana. All the goddesses, except the unrelenting Juno, attended to give their assistance. One of these, Themis, fed the newborn babe with divine ambrosia and nectar. No sooner had he tasted the heavenly food than he sprang up, and asked for a lyre and a bow. Henceforth, he said he would be the god of prophecy, revealing to men the will of the immortal Jove. Delos bloomed with golden flowers, as though the island itself were gladdened at the event, and for ever afterward remained stationary, and its very soil was deemed sacred.

In the course of time this god became invested with various attributes, and appeared to his votaries under a diversity of character.

He was the god of song and music; and in that respect was placed by the old poets on the same level with the Muses. Homer represents him as delighting the gods with his performance on the lyre, and he was very jealous of any pretended rival in this art. But the most important of the powers attributed to him were those of punishing the proud, and averting evil from those who propitiated him. He was deemed the protector of flocks and cattle, and was likewise represented as delighting in the foundation of towns, and in establishing civil constitutions. Thus the Greeks never founded a city or sent out a colony without first consulting his oracle, and thereby sought to insure his protection for the infant state.

So that this god was, as it were, the representative of the social and civil propensities of the Greeks. In him was typified their love of music, their love of social equality, their anxiety by judicious forethought to ensure a prosperous issue to their undertakings, the care with which they watched over their flocks and herds, and their desire to extend their name and influence by colonial offshoots from the mother country. These were some of the best features in the Greek character; and their worship of Apollo was but the sign of the healthy and vigorous action of these several tendencies. Later traditions associated his name with the Sun, thus uniting in his person the diverse characters of an ethical divinity and a divinity of nature. His oracle at Delphi was the most famous in the ancient world, and its answers were at one time universally regarded as the genuine responses of the god.

Diana, the sister of Apollo, or, as she was called by the Greeks, Artemis, when her brother was regarded as identical with the sun, was naturally represented as the goddess of the moon: but there appears every probability that she was originally an ethical divinity, a female counterpart of Apollo. She likewise was represented like him as capable of inflicting or alleviating suffering among mortals, according to their moral deserts, but exerting her power principally over women. They who were favoured by her were deemed certain to be prosperous with their flocks and herds, prosperous in

their households, and assured of long life. Young children were regarded as under her especial care, and also the young of animals, and especially of the beasts of the forest. Thus she became a great huntress, fond of the hurry and tumult of the chase; and in her statutes she is generally represented as equipped for the sport, tall and graceful, with her bow and quiver of arrows, and attended by her dogs. Her priests and priestesses were vowed to chastity, and the breach of their vows was invariably punished with the greatest severity. To her, as to her brother, the laurel was held sacred, and she likewise received honour as the founder and protector of towns.

But Minerva, or as the Athenians termed her, Athena, the god and goddess of the town and territory, was a yet more important divinity than Diana. She too, superior to the weakness of passion, lived in maiden isolation, the august impersonation of united wisdom and power. These lofty attributes were faintly depicted in the severe grace with which the ancient artists represented the honoured maiden, until the greatest sculptor of the world has ever produced brought all the resources of his genius to give a worthy representation of his sublime ideal. To her the famous temple of the Partheon was dedicated; and her image in the temple,—a chryselephantine statue—that is, a statue formed partly of ivory and partly of gold, the workmanship of Phidias,—was one of the wonders of the ancient world; whilst the sculptures and ornaments of the building, some of which are now in the British Museum, had all reference to the mythical history of her life. In her, too, as in the other two divinities we have mentioned, were seen blended the characteristic excellences of the two sexes. This was a favourite idea with the Greeks. Masculine strength and feminine beauty, perfectly and harmoniously united, they seemed to think the *beau idéal* of humanity. Their art, in its best days, constantly strove to achieve this unity of diverse attributes.

Minerva was a finely ethical being, unconnected with any object or power in nature. she was the patron and protector of everything that could give internal stability, and

external security to the state. Agriculture, mechanical skill, and industry she cherished and fostered; while, on the other hand, the walls of the city, fortresses, and harbours were under her especial guardianship. She was the goddess of good counsel and of defensive war; and thus her worship was most popular before the Athenians aspired to the conquest and command of Greece.

According to the favourite tradition, the mighty goddess sprang all armed from the head of her father Jupiter, complete, the instant of her birth, in power and wisdom. The most important event of her life was her contest with Neptune for the possession of the Athenian territory. To decide the dispute, the gods decreed that it should belong to whichever of the two should bestow the most useful thing upon mankind. Neptune created the horse, and Minerva called forth the olive tree; and it was unanimously agreed that the prize belonged to Minerva.

The speculators of later times professed to discover deep wisdom couched in these old fables, and asserted that they were invented to satisfy the curiosity of the vulgar, and to hide from them the knowledge of the mysterious secrets of the natural and moral world. It would appear that the majority of them were purely fictitious inventions, arranged and modified by the taste and skill of the poets; and where taste and skill are exerted there will always be an inner harmony of parts, which, according to the nature of the subject, will always bear a more or less remote analogy to the harmony of external nature.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

The Rose, the sweetest flower that blows,
Has in each leaf a charm;
But on its slender stem there grows
A sharp and deadly thorn.

Thus with the pleasant things of earth,
Each good's pursued by harm,—
In other words, we see from birth
No Rose without a thorn.

The miser's countless store of wealth
Might feed the half-starved poor—
Might comfort give, and joy and health
To those who seek his door.

But no! he hoard's his counters up,
Nor cares for sneer nor scorn;

His anxious care, his fear, his doubt,
Give this rich rose a thorn.

And Beauty, too, that heavenly gift,
Which all our praise demands—
Which if we study well, will lift
Our souls from earthly bands.

This beauteous gift, how exquisite
Its symmetry and form;—
Time kills it soon, and plants in it
A rankling, mouldering thorn.

Honour we all seek here below
With unabated toil,
Make it our idol,—from it grow
Wealth, ease—so rich the soil.

What's honour but a name that's found
To haunt us night and morn;—
Lo, death appears! the very sound
Plants in its heart a thorn.

Religion, though pursued on earth
By cares, by scorn, and doubt,
It oft destroys our noisy mirth,
But never shuts joy out.

But pursue with proper industry
God's holy cause adorn,
And in this you'll find eventually,
A Rose without a thorn.

BETA.

CAPTAIN TODLEBEN: OR, THE IMPERIAL ENGINEER.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

BY JOS. WILSON.

I.

The bells of the principal Russo-Greek Church in the thriving town of Mankeroff, which is beautifully situated about a score of miles inland from the impregnable fortalice of Cronstadt, were chiming merrily in the cool morning air. Already the broad streets were dotted with people, all hastening and bustling along to their several occupations and pursuits. The sound of labour and the hum of industry was borne along by the free breeze, as it swept past and o'er distant hills and dales; and the good burgesses were opening their shops and displaying their tempting wares to the gaze of the laughing, bright-eyed, romping girls, who skipped gaily past on their way to the town market, as an open carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited chesnuts, and followed by several covered vehicles, dashed up the principal street, and, turning to the right, drew up in the ring before the large door of the sacred edifice. The well practised coachmen immediately leaped to the ground, and in a few mo-

ments the occupants of the vehicles were again on *terra firmâ*.

Their gay and happy appearance, together with their fashionable and costly dresses, would satisfy the most careless observer that it was not on a sorrowful errand they were come, but rather on a joyful one. And a joyful one, indeed, it was; for it was no other than the marriage party of Monsieur Edward Todleben, Imperial Engineer, and Mademoiselle De Malenj. They both, indeed, would form a good study for the artist; for his tall and noble figure, which was set off by the uniform of a Lieutenant of Engineers, his frank, open countenance, finely chiselled features, dark eyes, and brown hair, and glossy, well-trimmed moustache, all contributed to form a figure which was the very *beau idéal* of a soldier; while, on the other hand, his expectant bride, with her *petit* but beautiful form, her blooming, joyful countenance, and her dark, silky tresses, that fell in numberless curls over her beautifully formed shoulders, looked as if she was one of those bright and heavenly messengers who are sent as ambassadors from the regions above. The bridal party entered the edifice, and advanced up the main aisle towards the grand altar, on which was tastefully arranged, in honour of the joyful occasion, innumerable lit wax tapers and vases of flowers, which shed a sweet perfume around. All was as lonely and silent as the grave, and the aisles were almost deserted, except of a few solitary worshippers as they knelt opposite some distant chapel altar at their several devotions; when suddenly the deep, melodious tones of the grand organ pealed slowly along the vaulted roof, as it broke upon the solemn stillness of the sacred building, and simultaneously the sacristy door was thrown open, and the procession of priests, at the head of which was borne a massive silver crucifix, entered the sanctuary, and high mass commenced. It was, indeed, a beautiful scene! The ease, and, at the same time, the solemnity with which the servers went through the intricate ceremonies; the acolytes, in their white surplices and black soutans, bearing their lighted tapers; the thurifers, swinging towards heaven their silver censers, which emitted light blue wreaths of smoke

curling upwards to the King of kings, and a sweet perfume that pervaded the sanctuary; the numerous priests, in their silken robes, chanting hymns of praise and adoration to the Most High; the cowed and the hooded monks, of the several denominations, with their shaven crowns and sandalled feet and scourge-bound waists; and the dignified prelate, vested in his heavy velvet, gold-embroidered robes, seated as he was on a large arm chair, raised on a dais, around which his numerous attendants were stationed, and over which was erected a crimson silken canopy. All formed such a picture of grandeur and magnificence, that it could only be surpassed in St. Peter's at Rome. When the grand mass was concluded, the prelate, after divesting himself of his well-studded mantle, appeared in a purple silken cassock, and a deeply laced surplice, and surrounded by the dignitaries of the Church, advanced to the railing separating the nave from the sanctuary, where the happy couple were stationed. The ceremony commenced. The fatal "I will" was pronounced by the doomed candidates for the silken noose, and amid the good wishes of the whole bridal party, they were launched into the troubled waves of "matrimony." After receiving the hearty congratulations of their friends, the bridegroom gallantly handed his blushing bride into the carriage; the rest of the party escorted themselves in the other vehicles. Crack went the whips, a start, a plunge, a leap, and they were off!

II.

When the gay bridal party arrived at the hospitable and comfortable home of Edward Todleben, they were ushered into the dining room, to partake of some refreshments after the eventful occurrences of the morning. A large oaken table that stretched nearly from one end of the apartment to the other, was absolutely covered with the materials of a substantial and elegant repast. Fish, flesh, and fowl were there laid out in plenty, and in such an inviting manner, as would excite even the admiration of an epicure, and could only be arranged in that most useful of all appendages to a well kept house, "the cook's parlor." Luscious fruit was there also, and in abundance, from the golden co-

vering of the delicious Seville orange, which were piled in profusion at each table corner on large Serres China dishes, to the rosy velvet-like juicy peach, which peeped out so blushing and invitingly from among the clusters of dark green leaves with which they were interspersed, that I verily believe were our poor mother Eve restored to her mortal tenement here on earth, with a chance of redeeming her first great fault, which even now bears so heavily upon us, and were the aforesaid peaches fruit of the "forbidden tree," she would be sorely tempted to eat thereof again, even though aware of the fatal punishment which it would inevitably bring down on both herself and us, her descendants. But what gave a more hospitable and generous feature to the entertainment, and what contributed greatly to raise both the spirits and voices of the gentlemen, and make the beauty and vivacity of these bewitching little creatures—the ladies (whom God forbid, I should say, become merry on it)—more apparent, were the goblets filled to the brim with the sparkling juice of the grape, which were placed before each guest, and a goodly array of long-necked, leaden-sealed, old-fashioned looking bottles, which were ranged on the ample side-board, and which told, at the first glance, that their cherished and costly contents were the produce of the vintage some score of years before. The merry laugh and sparkling jest went round and round the ample oaken board, but still they tarried; but as everything has an end, and as that grim, old villain, Time, moved on apace, the ladies in due course retired. Upon which, old Monsieur Todleben being unanimously elected to the chair, he rose up and commenced a set speech he had composed expressly for the occasion, in proposing the health of the happy couple. He had completed about one half of his speech, and was just trying to surmount a regular stumbling block (the gentlemen meanwhile cheering and shouting out vociferously, "Hear, hear," "Bravo," although they knew devilish well that, through their cheering and confusion, not one heard half a dozen consecutive words of the whole production), when he stopped short suddenly, and while his face, which before was flushed and heated, became a

perfect blank, he put down his goblet untasted, and commenced to search his pockets. The gentlemen stared at each other for a few minutes in astonishment, and some at length began to nod and wink at each other with great gravity, and one gentleman, in particular, a little, fat, puffy man, who did not say much during dinner, being always employed at paying his addresses to the different dishes before him, showing plainly that he was well acquainted with the old saying, to eat plenty but pocket none; and that if he, according to the rules of politeness, was prevented from following a very laudable inclination of his to stow away all he could not demolish, he took excellent care that all he would not be allowed to stow away in his pockets, he would stow in a rather large receptacle of his—his belly. Telegraphing to another gentleman what he thought of the matter, tapped his forehead very significantly with his forefinger, accompanying it with a regular chorus of nods and winks, to show that he believed the contents of Monsieur Todleben's cranium not to be in the best order. This being observed by another old gentleman sitting at the other end of the table, whose brain being a little muddled (to use an expressive phrase) by a certain harmless liquid, to which he helped himself rather freely during the evening, and who took all the nods and winks that the gentleman delivered around him as either to or concerning himself. He became indignant with the other gentleman for daring to make such faces at him across the table; and therefore, to show his contempt for his ill-manners, and at the same time give a hint give a hint relating to whom he (the first old gentleman) should be dining with, he managed to rise to his legs, and holding on to the person's chair who was next to him with one hand, and with one eye involuntarily closing, he put the other up to his mouth like a trumpet, to convey the sound better, and desired his opponent in no very respectful voice, to go to the d—, and then throwing himself back in his chair, he helped himself to another goblet of wine, in order to wish himself health and happiness, and abundance of everything; while his opponent consoled himself for not being allowed to

thrash the wine-drinker (although he took confounded good care that he would'nt try), by taking an extra slice of plum-cake.

Meanwhile, old Todleben was searching his pockets. First, he turned out his coat-pockets, but all that he extracted therefrom was a pocket-handkerchief and silver snuff-box, and not finding in them articles the object he was so anxiously searching for, he thrust them back into their places, impatiently emitting at the same time from his half-opened mouth a grunt so much resembling an alarm from a well-fed porker, that several of the party thrust their legs farther under the table, expecting, doubtless, that they would come in violent contact with one of those Moslem-hated animals. The old gentleman, however, continued his search with unabated industry, and at length his perseverance was rewarded with success; for in turning out the last pocket to be examined, a large official-like letter dropped to the floor; upon which the old man, while his good-natured countenance displayed the most intense gratification, picked it up and handed it to his son, saying,

"Here, Edward, is a letter for you, that was brought here yesterday evening; and, ha, ha, ha! I really thought that I had lost it. It looks most confoundedly from an official source, eh! Let us hear what it is!"

The young man tore it open, and ran his eye over the contents, and then while a joyful smile lit up his features, he handed it back to old Todleben, saying simply, "Read that, father." The old gentleman sat down very composedly, wiped his silver spectacles, carefully placed them on his nose, and then read aloud for the edification of the company, individually and collectively, as follows:—

To Lieut. Todleben, Imperial Engineers.

SIR,—I have received instructions from his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas, Emperor and Autocrat of Russia, to inform you that, owing to the death of the Junior Captain of your division of Imperial Engineers, and your own great worth and acknowledged merit, you are on this day appointed to the vacant commission.

I need hardly inform you that, by reporting yourself at Sebastopol, the head-quarters

of your division in your new rank of Junior Captain as soon as possible, you will oblige
RADAZOCHY, Assist. War Minister.

"Bravo!" cried the old man, as he threw the letter on the table, and embraced his son affectionately, "Well done, Ned, my boy! Well done, I say, eh! By Nicholas, you are a credit to me; yes, you are. Where's Maria, eh! ah, you wicked little creature," he continued, as the bride entered the room, with the tears of joy still sparkling on her pretty countenance. "You've heard the news already, have you little tormentor! By the Holy Synod, this portends well, eh, Maria, on the day of your marriage, too. I'll see Ned a general yet; I know I will. Come now, gentlemen, fill your goblets to the brim with the sparkling champagne, as I am going to propose a toast we must honor. Well, are you ready?"

"Yes, yes, we're all ready, we're all charged," chorussed the gentlemen, rising to their feet.

"Well then," said the old merchant, and his cheek flushed, and his eye sparkled as he spoke. "I give you, with three times three, The newly-promoted Captain and his blooming, blushing Bride. May he, actuated and swayed by those motives which are the password of every gentleman and true soldier—those of honour and chivalry—carve a way through the world with the point of his sabre, and at length arrive at that promotion which is at the head of the honourable profession which he has chosen to follow, and which is at the summit of all those earthly hopes entertained by gentlemen embracing the chivalrous profession of arms. May the breath of scandal glide off the spotless fame of his fair bride, without leaving a trace of its polluting passage; may she ever find in the husband of her choice a kind and affectionate partner through life, and earnest desires of living in mutual happiness and love; and finally, may they both, after passing hand in hand through the thorny and rugged paths of this world, and after struggling nobly against its frowns and reverses, sink quietly and peaceably into their mother earth, conscious to the last of having led virtuous and irreproachable lives, and surrounded by hosts of sorrowing friends."

III.

Captain Todleben, the hero of this true story, was the only child and heir of the Todleben family. His father who, was (at the time of which we speak,) a retired corn-dealer, entered that business while young, and unsupported by any friends or relations, he after many long years of hard labor and unwearied industry, became the happy possessor of some few thousands, when thinking that he could not do a better act, (both for himself and for his child,) than to retire from the numerous anxieties and vicissitudes of the business, and spend the remaining years of his life in unbroken quiet, in the enjoyment of those peaceful pleasures, which are denied to any person minus the cash. He removed to the town of Mankeroff, then the place of residence of a great many of his relations. He and his wife were dotingly fond of their son Edward Todleben; but their affection was not like other parent's affection for their offspring. Their son's wishes and inclinations were not indulged; for his parents knew, (what unfortunately for mankind, the majority of parents do not,) how to rear children; and they were acquainted with also, and they also kept it before their eyes, what a great responsibility rested on them, as the parents and guardians of their child. And they themselves being the children of wise and attentive parents, who took care to impress upon their minds, the old adage which says, that "the way the twig is bent, that way will it grow," never missed an opportunity to instil into the yet unformed and innocent mind of their darling Edward, principles of honor, virtue, and religion. And fortunately for themselves and their child also, that it was so, for he never forgot or disregarded the wishes and advice of his fond parents; and consequently, grew up loved and respected by all who claimed his acquaintance, and was often held as an example and pattern, to those children whose parents unhappily for all, pursued a different line of conduct, from that followed by the wiser and happy parents of Edward Todleben.

They knowing well the inestimable advantages ensuing from a good education, and anxious to forward their son in the world as

much as possible, procured for him that valuable acquisition at the best school in Odessa, then his father's place of business. After which, displaying a partiality for a military life, and his parents being of opinion that he possessed the talent necessary for that profession, and that therefore he might even succeed in surpassing their most sanguine desires, sent him as a student to a Military College. And he did not disappoint their fond expectations. Knowing well the inestimable love they bore him, and that the scheme of their felicity was his happiness, and also being aware of the great sacrifices they would make for his welfare, and of the conduct they expected him to pursue, while passing through the collegiate course; he resolved to follow the path which would satisfy and please them, and at the same time, would earn for himself an honor which formed the highest summit of his collegiate hopes, that of receiving from the hands of the Superintendent of the Military College on the day of examination, the blue riband of the third order of merit. For to secure the accomplishment of those praiseworthy purposes, he applied himself so diligently and ardently to his collegiate studies, and with such unhopd for success, that he finished them in a far shorter time, than even he with all his warm blood and sanguine expectations ever supposed possible, and at the next annual examination, at which the Emperor Nicholas himself presided, he passed through so brilliantly, and with such honor to himself, that he received from the hands of his sovereign, in presence of some of the highest dignitaries of the Empire, not the riband of any order of merit, which was the summit of his greatest hope; but was far superior to it, the silver medal, presented to the student annually, who passed the examination second best, as a recompense for his almost unexampled talent and studiousness.

A few months had passed swiftly away, during which time he had resided happily with his justly proud parents, when he one day received a communication from the War Office, informing him, that he was appointed a Senior Lieutenant in the Imperial Engineers.

IV.

Two years passed away, and found Lieutenant Todleben doing duty at Crostak, the celebrated Russian Fortalice. While there, he had been introduced to, and formed an intimate acquaintance with a rich old merchant of that place, a Mr. DeMalery, whose pretty daughter an only child, was then about fit for the matrimonial noose, and to whom would descend by legal right, all the hoarded savings of her father's industrious life. As may immediately and rightly be conjectured, Lieutenant Todleben being a very agreeable companion, and moreover the fascinating owner of a *real* neatly trimmed moustache, and an unexceptionable figure, (the former of which by the by, goes rather far with the gentle sex,) soon found himself in favor with Mademoiselle, and as you may be assured, he never neglected any opportunity to ingratiate himself with her, for she was an interesting, well informed, pretty companion herself; and the young Lieutenant soon began to experience a charm in her presence and conversation; and on examining his conscience carefully, he came to the usual conclusion, which all bachelors do on being admitted to terms of intimate friendship with a young and pretty member of the other sex, that is, he firmly believed that he was head and ears in love, and he really was not mistaken. The young lady seeing plainly the interest Lieutenant Todleben seemed to take in her, and the happiness he visibly experienced in her company, together with the jealousy with which she was regarded on that account, by the two spinsters over the way, who were for the last twenty years looking out for a brace of husbands (some said apiece, but it was only a vile slander,) just like Monsieur Todleben, resolved to admit him for the above important reasons to a seat in her cabinet; and consequently, after giving divers promises of eternal secrecy, &c., &c., she revealed to him some of the greatest secrets which were held by the members of the aforesaid cabinet. First, there was a recipe for the manufacture of a certain kind of starch, through the agency of which Mademoiselle's bewitching little chemisette, became as white as the drifting snow. "And now that is the most im-

VOL. VII.—14.

portant secret," as the charming little dear said in explaining the recipe to the attentive Lieutenant, "for you see now Monsieur, were I to disclose this to any person who would not keep it inviolate, it would be certain to come to the ears of that blue-eyed girl that lately received the fortune of 30,000 roubles from that old boatman the miser you know, and she would have it in that lace collar of hers, and it would be as dazzling white as mine, and then I would lose the ground that I won on the night of the grand fête, and then it would be quite common, and all the novelty of the thing would be gone; and, oh dear! oh dear!" and she folded her tiny little hands in mute despair at the thought of such a misfortune happening; and then there was the sound of a smothered—something, and then wicked little Maria blushed; ah! yes she blushed, and then she slapped the Lieutenant on the face, and said spitefully, "ah! now don't Edward you saucy boy." And then the saucy boy gave an extra curl to his "real" mustachios as if to pluck up his courage, and then there was the sound of another smothered—something, with an echo very much like that always following two pair of cherry red lips coming in alarming contact—and then—and then—well now don't you mind what then. I'll not say what then, nor I'll not reveal anything more respecting the important secrets. No! but I will continue my story. As the old saying hath it that

"Birds of a feather
Flock together."

So it turned out with regard to the youthful Adonis and his charming confidante, for they speedily found out that their tastes exactly agreed, and as neither entertained any particular dislike for the other, and moreover as Monsieur had not the least idea of struggling through the rugged pathway of life without a companion to share both his troubles (on the selfish wretch) and his joys, and as Madamesoille had never even for a moment entertained the horrible thought of dying an old maid, they very naturally one fine day came to the conclusion that they were manufactured expressly for each other, as per order, and consequently they very wisely resolved to get spliced, to use the nautical phrase for that solemn ceremony. But the

next object was to procure the consent of Madamesoille's father. Ah! that was the pinch! The old merchant had noticed the growing friendship between his daughter and the Lieutenant for several months; but immersed in his speculations and rapidly increasing trade, together with a natural carelessness of any thing not interfering with his profits or business, he deferred the consideration of placing a barrier between them, until he was aroused from his lethargy by the almost certainty of their cherishing a closer regard for each other, than that merely of friendship. He determined, however, to remain silent for the present on the subject, and not betray by either word or sign that he suspected aught but friendly regard to be the tie which bound their hearts.

"For" said he, soliloquizing, in the midst of a calculation of interest he was making, "if I told her now, especially when she is on such confoundedly intimate terms with Todleben, that she must act a little more cool and distant with him, why I'll be hanged if the little witch would't marry him instantly—she would—I know it,—not because she is a bad girl—oh! no—no such thing. For do you see" said he, nodding wisely at the old dutch clock, which was ticking away without any intermission in the corner opposite. "For do you see, it's natural you know, contradiction is natural, she's a woman you know, oh! yes she's a woman, a daughter of Eve, yes—yes a poor frail woman, oh! dear yes!" Here the old merchant helped himself copiously to snuff, in condolence with mankind in general, on the frailty of the fair sex, and thus proceeded. "But never mind, don't mind—Maria is a good girl—yes, certainly she is—Maria will mind what I say, and I will advise her not to marry him. Marry him! a Lieutenant of Engineers, what! After slaving from morning to night—from month to month for the last twenty years—after depriving myself of rest and comfort, and in fact every thing that my opulence could procure me—all for Maria's sake—all to procure for her a husband of wealth and rank—all to be capable of bestowing on her a suitable dower on her wedding-day, and her to marry a Lieutenant of Engineers! Tut! tut! tut! it's

foolishness. My crazed intellects magnify the probability of such an occurrence!" And the old man rubbed his cranium very hard, and made sundry wry faces at the old clock ticking in the corner, and seemed altogether in great distress even at the thought of such an occurrence taking place.

V.

On the next morning, as Monsieur De Malery was puffing lustily at his old meerschaum seated in his well cushioned arm chair in the little apartment which he had dignified with the title of Library, but which, in reality, contained nothing justifying such a cognomen, with the exception of a few dusty Volumes piled up in an unwieldy oaken cupboard, which was probably not opened for half a score of years. He was sitting there staring an old picture of a probably distinguished member of the masculine gender, in a sunff-coloured coat, shorts to match, and an extraordinary long queue, out of countenance, and ruminating over the important question, as to which of the most distinguished officers of the Garrison would captivate the heart of the fair maid; for the poor old merchant, in reality, had the welfare of his pretty daughter really at heart, and he could not associate reason with the idea, that two young people could live happily together, because, said he, pursuing his usual train of soliloquizing, variety is the thing for to keep every person in excellent humor. Why, you, said he, pointing with his thumb to the distinguished specimen of the masculine gender, (who was hung ignominiously up on the wall) meaning thereby to convey to the mind of the aforesaid specimen, the understanding, that it was he that was meant, and nobody else. Why, you never seen any two married people, youngsters I mean you know, live without domestic broils and quarrels; never saw them live happily, no, certainly not. There would not be any pleasure in matrimony, or in fact, anything else, unless there was variety. Why, its variety that keeps us alive, and if it was not for that, we would be bored to death. I have proved it myself, yes, I have, and by the Imperial Throne if I ever marry again,—the old codger was 75 if he was a month—yes sir, shaking his fist in a very threatening man-

ner at the distinguished specimen, if I ever marry again, by jove, it shall be a 20 year old. Puff, puff, puff, puff, and he pulled away lustily at the old meerschaum, and threw himself back in the large arm chair surveying with a philosophic stare, the impenetrable veil of smoke which surrounded him, curling lazily up towards the ceiling.

Here he sat contentedly puffing the smoke out in clouds which he watched with a curious eye, while they sailed slowly upwards, and at length mixed with the rest, and applying himself now and then with great industry to a bottle of crusty old port, which was placed on the table beside him. Puff, puff, puff, and he pulled with great gusto as a rent in the smoke showed him the distinguished specimen hanging contentedly against the wall in his gilt frame. Puff— but here he stops, for a low knock at the door breaks in upon his thoughts. "Come in," said the old merchant, turning in that direction for to see who it was that had disturbed his privacy, but the cloud of smoke was so dense that he could not even distinguish the opposite side of the room, and therefore he did not receive any satisfaction. He continued, however, staring in the same direction, and at length, after hearing the door open and close, and a light footstep on the floor, he dimly distinguished the outline of a countenance which in due course of time he made out to be the young Lieutenant's, upon which he started up and catching him by the hand he shook it heartily, saying :

"Hallo, Todleben, how are you, found me out, eh! oh, yes,—certainly; devilish hard work coming up them stairs,—three mortal flights; yes, sir, three, as if one wouldn't do; rascal that Architect—infernal rascal,—I knew it—never mind—here is plenty of wine Todleben—yes, and by the Czar, a box of cigars also. Let us be merry, and—what! won't you take wine?"

"No, Monsieur! I thank you, not at present. I would not have trespassed upon your privacy had I not something of importance,—yes, important to me and to my welfare—to communicate to you."

"Phoo!" said the old merchant, "you know well, Todleben, that you are always welcome here—that you never trespassed on my pri-

vacy, never—here now, do take a glass of wine, will you?"

"No, no, may by and by, though; not at present. Now Monsieur, I will tell you what I came to communicate to you; it is this, I love your daughter,—yes devotedly—and I came to ask her hand in marriage.

"My good friend," said the merchant, giving an ex-tra-or-di-na-ry long puff, "you can never marry my daughter, no sir, never—the reasons are obvious. The first is this, I know (although I didn't ask her) that she will never marry a man who does not possess, at least, treble the amount of her marriage dower in hard cash; you know, Todleben, how much that will be; and secondly—

"My dear ~~son~~," interrupted the anxious Lieutenant, "your daughter!"

"Excuse me Todleben, excuse me; but I'll speak first, and when I have concluded, why then, I'll hear you out patiently. We have sufficient time to discuss the matter. Well, I have given you the first reason, now for the second. It is simply this, that nothing short of a Lieutenant Colonel will go down with any probability of digestion. Now these two reasons are the greatest obstacles that could successfully block up your path, as I've often heard from yourself that you do not possess that which would surmount the first impediment,—enough of money—and as to the other reason; it takes a great many years for a man—no matter how talented he is—to rise from a Junior Lieutenancy of Engineers, to a Lieutenant Colonelcy. So, Todleben, you may see at once that you can never lead my daughter to the altar—never—and it is useless therefore for you to say another word about the matter. Now, Todleben, I see you're pained, but I am only discharging my duty to my child. I've only a few more words to say to you on this subject, which I trust will be immediately dropped. It gives both of us pain. I, because I possess a regard for you, and do not wish to converse upon such a delicate subject, in which, too you were unsuccessful; and you, because you were sanguine of success, which most youths are in such matters, and consequently, greatly disappointed. Thus, to save both you and I from pain, I ask you to

pledge your word of honor, that you will never mention it to either me or my daughter again. Now, if you accede to my request, we will remain friends as heretofore; but if you ever again bring up this disagreeable subject; if you ever even hint at it if it was at the most distant period, you and I shall not be friends,—remember. Now *To 'leben*, we will let the subject drop, I trust for ever. “Come, I’ll ring for another bottle of wine, and some more cigars.”

“No, no, for God’s sake don’t,” exclaimed the young Lieutenant quickly, don’t. “You said a few minutes ago, that when you would conclude, you would hear me out patiently, and now I demand of you the redemption of your promise?”

“Continue,” said the merchant coldly, for he thought Todleben should be satisfied that it was useless after hearing the reasons given him.

“Well,” said the Lieutenant, “I can easily meet your first objection, as I have already received your daughter’s consent.”

The merchant became pale, and his voice quivered as he asked, in a low tone,

“What is it you say, Todleben?”

“I have already received your daughter’s consent,” repeated the Lieutenant slowly.

Old De Malery rose from his seat much agitated, and strode up and down the apartment two or three times, and then stepping before the Lieutenant, he folded his arms tightly across his breast, as if to repress the rising emotions of his heart, and then said in a sorrowful tone,

“Lieutenant Todleben, you have on this day deprived me of a daughter!”

“For Heaven’s sake,” exclaimed the astounded Lieutenant, “how have I done so?”

“I repeat. You have on this day deprived me of a daughter; for this is the last day Maria will reside under my roof, at least for a long time to come. I unfortunately, on last night, took an oath that my daughter would never marry any officer under the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and who did not possess treble the amount of her dowry in cash, with my consent, and that I would not correspond or have the least intercourse with her, until her husband had attained the requisite rank, and became the possessor of

treble the amount of her would-be dowry, if she had married another who possessed the necessary qualifications. Well, now, Lieutenant, as she has pledged her word, and perhaps her vows (for what I know) for to marry you; and as she is twenty-one, and should be able to choose a husband for herself, I will not ask her to relinquish her obligations to you. Oh, no, God forbid,” and he wiped away a few large tears that were overflowing his eyes. “But at the same time I will not break my own oath, and therefore to keep both of our heaven-recorded promises inviolate, I shall make immediate arrangements for her to reside in St. Petersburg with a nephew of mine, until the preparations for your marriage are completed. Meanwhile the income that I settled on her when she attained her twenty-first year will continue for life, if you do not rise to the requisite rank, and possess the money; but if you do, we shall all again, I hope, live happily under the same roof. But whether you do or not, Todleben, all my property, with the exception of a few inconsiderable jointures, shall be willed to her and her children. Now, Todleben, adieu. I hope I shall be visited often by you; for I know that I shall be extremely lonesome when little Maria is gone!” and he pressed the Lieutenant’s hand, who retired, leaving him again sitting in his arm-chair, seeking for consolation in his well-smoked meerschaum, and in the company of the distinguished specimen. On the day after the above-mentioned occurrence, Mademoiselle De Malery started from Cronstadt for St. Petersburg, with tearful eyes and a sorrowful heart, but still entertaining a firm belief that her lover, by his genius and talent once more and in a short time would restore her to the arms of her father. When the preparations were completed for the eventful day, she repaired to Mankeroff, and was there joined in wedlock to the happy Lieutenant, as detailed in Chapter 1.

VI.

Evening was falling over the celebrated impregnable town fortalice of Sebastopol, the batteries and battlements, with their grinning cannon, of which were being gilded by the setting sun, as it disappeared slowly below the western horizon. Already had the

evening gun boomed sullenly forth from Fort Alexander; the Russian ensigns had disappeared from the topmasts of the frigates and vessels of war lying in the inner harbour, and the different regimental bands were making the air melodious with their strains, which stole in musical cadences over the now nearly silent city, as a young man issued from the arched gateway of the engineering officer's quarters, and bent his footsteps towards the northern part of the city. His well-knit and manly form was wrapped in a capacious military cloak, which extended to below the knee, permitting only the lower portion of his sheathed sabre to be seen. After passing through several of the principal streets, he at length turned into Great Alexander Square, then, on account of its great cleanliness and elevated situation, the residence of the aristocratic portion of the inhabitants. Crossing the grass ring in the centre of the square, he ascended the stone steps of one of the principal buildings, and rang the door bell, which in a few moments was answered by a liveried and powdered domestic.

"Is his lordship, General DeOsten Sacken, within?" enquired the stranger.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant, "he is to give several officers an audience to-night, who are up in the ante-room."

"An audience, eh?" said the stranger, "all right, I'll go up." Having ascended a broad, thickly carpeted staircase, he proceeded through a passage, and entered the ante-room. It was a large, handsomely furnished apartment, in which there were sitting or standing in groups about a dozen or so of officers of all ranks, in the service, from the eagle-eyed weather-beaten colonel, who had fought and bled on many a victorious battlefield, to the stripling cornet or ensign, newly commissioned, sporting proudly their gay and handsome uniforms, and a few tenderly cherished thinly scattered hairs on the upper lip, representing the primary state of the long and anxiously expected moustache. All were discussing the unheard-of probability of the invasion of the Crimea by the allied forces of France, England, and Turkey. The young soldier made his way through the crowd, receiving many a nod and sly wink

from his numerous brother officers, and passed over to where an aide-de-camp was standing, leaning on his sabre, beside a splendidly carved and gilded folding-door that led to the General's cabinet.

"Hallo, Todleben!" said the aide-de-camp smiling, and shaking the young Captain's hand cordially. "How are you, eh? I have not seen you for the last three months. I heard you arrived this morning, though. eh. I really forgot. Allow me to congratulate you on your recent promotion, and as the youngest Captain of Imperial Engineers in our army, and also on your unparalleled and brilliant success in the chaste temple of Hymen! Ha, ha, ha! Look here, Todleben! Ha, ha, I really pity you! I suppose you think I don't, eh! Ah, you're a ruined man, when you're brought to such shifts as to be compelled to fall back upon matrimony! It's about, let me see, yes, the second greatest curse that ever fell to the lot of man to bring upon himself!"

"Tut, tut, tut! Lutoff!" said the Captain, gaily, "you're surely only joking when you pronounce it a curse. Why, to my own knowledge, you entertained certain matrimonial intentions with regard to—"

"Hold on there, Ned," interrupted the aide-de-camp, laughingly, placing his hand over Todleben's mouth as he spoke. "Ha, you treacherous fellow! you were near betraying my secret, eh! For to have the whole mess laughing at me. Ah," he continued, sinking his voice lower, "that senora was as bewitching a little creature as ever trod the boards, only that she was so extravagant; she would make a beautiful little wife, and I! y Jove! would have led her to the altar! I suppose," he continued, louder, "I suppose you would like to see the General!"

"Yes," said the young Captain, "I would. for I came here to try and procure an audience. Who is he engaged with, Lutoff?"

"No one," answered the aide-de-camp, "only Lieutenant Burwell is inside, as the General is writing. Give me your card, as I'll go in now. I think you'll be admitted."

"Here," said Captain Todleben, placing it in the aide-de-camp's hand. "Here it is. Ask him to grant me an interview; a quarter of an hour will be sufficient."

The aide-de-camp disappeared within the Cabinet, and in a few minutes returned saying, with a smile, "an interview is granted you, Todleben. Take care, and press your point, whatever it is, for the General is in excellent humour, and you will probably be successful. Well, are you ready?"

"Certainly I am."

"All right, then," and he threw open the folding doors, announcing, in a loud voice, as he did so, "Captain Todleben, Imperial Engineers."

The Captain entered, and found himself in the presence of General Count De Osten Sacken, Commander-in-Chief of the Garrison of Sebastopol.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMING NIGHT.

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying sun, whose light has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west.
Swift is she hailed by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews;
And dews are drizzling from her chariot wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep,
Brainful of dreams, as summer-hive with bees;
And round her in the pale and spectral light
Flock bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast Night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth:
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest: a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

COUSIN LETTY.

'Is this the *Highflier*?' asked a lady, making her way amongst a knot of idle gazers who surrounded the coach which ran between Carlisle and Whitehaven.

'Yes, ma'am; just going to start,' said the coachman. The economy of the proprietors did not afford a guard.

'I'm afraid you have no room for me,' observed the lady, looking at the pyramid of luggage and the crowd of passengers already seated.

'Plenty of room, ma'am, inside: we'll take care of your luggage, ma'am,' and her two portmanteaus were stowed away in

those mysterious little corner cupboard-like places yeilded the front and back boot. But her half-dozen handboxes! those ladies' companions, requiring the mildest treatment.

'What are we to do with the handboxes?' shouted the hostler, as they all came tumbling down from the roof on the first movement of the coach.

'Well done, stupid!' growled the coachman, checking his fine start. 'Why didn't you tie 'em on? Get a bit of twine, and sling 'em over the sides.'

'Are my handboxes safe?' anxiously inquired the proprietrix of those receptacles of caps and bonnets, popping out her head. The now tightly-tied articles answered for themselves, by bobbing and dangling over her upturned vision.

'I'm afraid, ma'am,' observed the remarkably fat gentleman who sat next to her, 'if there's an upset, your handboxes will have a bad chance.'

'Is there any danger then, sir, of the coach upsetting?'

'I shouldn't have given you the corner, and suffocated myself in this middle seat!—there were six inside—' if I hadn't thought so,' said the gallant fat man. 'I'm an old traveller, ma'am, and know which is the safest place.'

'Dear me, it's very alarming!' said a prim thin old maid, who guarded him on the right. 'Coachman! is there any danger?'

'Yes, ma'am, of your catching the toothache if you don't keep your head in,' said the vulgarly facetious fellow, as he pulled up to take an unlicensed thirteenth passenger at the toll-bar.

'Coachman!' said a wizzend, cross-looking little attorney, occupying the third corner of the inside, you've already your number—twelve out, six in, with an unlimited quantity of luggage. I shall lay an information.'

In truth, the coach was most alarmingly top-heavy; and the four smoking horses had some difficulty in pulling it up a steep hill which they were ascending. 'If she back's,' said the remarkable fat gentleman, as if he delighted in frightening the ladies, 'it's all over with us.'

'Oh!' exclaimed an affected young miss in the fourth corner, strangely reversing her little knowledge of travelling: 'why don't they lock the wheels? Coachman put the drag on!'

The coach however arrived safely at the top of the hill. 'Look to your wheel!' said a foot passenger, as he walked on his road, with his bundle over his shoulder. The careless driver took no heed.

'Wilt thou let me speak to the coachman?' asked a comely looking Quakeress—the fat gentleman's *vis-à-vis*—stretching her head out of the window. 'Coachman thou shalt drive me no further: thou must set me down!'

'I'll set you down, ma'am, said the coachman, lashing his horses into a gallop down the hill.

The coach gave a lurch and righted itself—'Going!' said the fat gentleman; another, and again recovered its equilibrium—'Going!' a third time—'Gone!' The wheel came off, and over went the coach with its fearful load thrown into the ditch.

What a scene then presented itself! One gentleman was thrown off the roof, and seated—not very comfortably—on the top of a quickset-edge. A young infant had been jerked out of its mother's arms, and lay unhurt and complaining far up in the ditch. But even in this distressing disaster, where, fortunately there seemed to be more fractured bonnets than bones, the ludicrous seemed to prevail, by the fat gentleman making two or three abortive attempts to squeeze himself out of the window—the door, as usual on all such occasions, being difficult, and almost impossible to open. The ladies and the little attorney, all of moderate dimensions, were easily extricated; but 'the man of flesh,' now properly punished for his selfishness, was left last. He had forced himself so far through the window, that he could go no further—thus unable to advance or recede, when the door was at length opened, never did mortal cut so ludicrous a figure! The difficulty not a bit obviated, there he was, moving daigonally with the door, wedged into the window like a huge thread stuck fast in a small-eyed needle, or tied by the middle like the Golden Fleece! The

coachman, who knew him well for one of the stingiest travellers on the road, took his own time in extricating him, consoling him in the meanwhile with the pleasing intelligence, that his most particular packages were completely smashed. The fat traveller, who generally laughed at other people's misfortunes, had now little sympathy extended to him, as he launched forth a volley of invectives against the coachman, heightened perhaps by the smart twinges of a broken rib. The ladies had escaped unhurt, with the exception of the owner of the handboxes, whose shoulder was severely bruised; fortunately, a surgeon, who happened to have been on the roof, was there to render assistance. To add to the discomfort of the upset, the rain began to pour; and the only alternative was for all the passengers to walk to a cottage some hundred yards off, and wait until a chaise was sent for from the next stage. This afforded Mr. Leslie, the Surgeon, the opportunity of attending promptly to the injured lady—the kind, comely Quakeress bathing the arm with vinegar before the surgeon carefully bandaged it. The prim old maid, however, who was by, thought the hurt far too trifling to warrant the exposure of the fair plump shoulder to any surgeon. Four chaises arrived, and intelligence that a coach would be ready at the next stage to take the passengers to their journey's end.—Into, and on, and all around about these four chaises, were packed the passengers and their luggage. Mr. Leslie contrived that himself, the Quakeress and his new patient, should be the sole occupiers of one of the vehicles—a luxury under the circumstances.

'Where are my handboxes?' inquired the proprietrix thereof, forgetting her pain in her apparently rulling passion.

'Here they are, ma'am, quite safe; I took care of that,' said the unfeeling Jchu, presenting six flattened little articles, looking like blue pancakes. 'They've been knocked down to you, ma'am, at the upset price. Remember the coachman, ma'am.'

'Don't be impertinent, sir,' said the surgeon, 'or we may remember you in a way that may force you to refund your perquisites for the last twelvemonth, to repair the damages of this day's carelessness.'

'Mr. Leslie now discovered that his patient was going to Chesnut-tree Cottage, just in the suburb of the town where he resided, and that the Quakeress was to be set down a few steps from his own house; so finding their destination alike, and their little party very agreeable, they resolved to forsake the *Highflur*, and complete the journey, only some fifteen miles further per chaise.

A pleasant acquaintance sprang up during those fifteen miles; the Quakeress on alighting saying in her own simple phraseology; 'I will call to ask after thee at Chesnut-tree Cottage;' and Chesnut-tree Cottage promising to return the compliment, by dropping in at Jonathan Stevens, hosier.

The chaise now entered the pretty avenue, shaded by trees in full leaf, where, almost smothered in roses and woodbine, was situated Chesnut-tree Cottage. Two or three curly-headed little urchins, who were wheeling their miniature wagons and barrows round the garden, on hearing the rumble of the chaise, made a short cut over the mignonette and verbena beds to the garden-gate. 'Hurrah! hurrah! Cousin Letty! Cousin Letty!' shouted the children, clapping their hands in an ecstasy of delight as the chaise stopped, and Chesnut-tree Cottage poured forth all its inmates to welcome Cousin Letty. What a profusion of questions then ensued. 'How are you, Cousin Letty?' 'What's the matter, Cousin Letty?' 'Have you brought me a new drum?' 'And me my magic-lantern?' and, above all, the 'Rickety-ticks and starlights for the king's birthday?' Poor Cousin Letty! she seemed like a goodly city about to be sacked. The surprise of the family, however, on finding she was accompanied by Mr. Leslie—for he had insisted on seeing her in safety to the cottage—caused some cessation to the confusion of tongues. The details of the coach-accident interested every one, and Mr. Leslie, promising to call on the following day, and hoping that the burise would prove but a slight annoyance, took a cordial leave of Cousin Letty.

And now gentle reader, we must have courage, and tell the truth, which will be sympathised with according to thine own

age and condition: Cousin Letty was thirty-five, and unmarried; but then she was such a cosy-looking woman, neither too tall nor too short, nor too stout nor too slim—with a beaming plump, contented face—that people at a venture always addressed her as *Mrs.* never deeming that such a desirable, comfortable sort of person should have been overlooked by the men, who are generally selfish enough to appropriate to themselves all that is worth having: but so it was; and Cousin Letty, who, moreover, had money, the interest of which brought her in £400 a year, seemed destined to lead a life of single blessedness.

She had now come on her annual visit to her only relation, her cousin, John Middleton, who with his wife and family were residing for the summer months at Chesnut-tree Cottage, on the Coast of Cumberland. Mr. Middleton had a very charming daughter of nineteen, Mary Middleton—an especial favourite of Cousin Letty, to whom it was supposed she would leave her money—and quite a regiment of infantry. Mrs. Middleton was an easy, good-hearted wife and mother; and the whole establishment went on in a very nice, noisy, natural sort of a manner. Cousin Letty seemed to be in her element amongst children; she would talk to them, walk with them, sing for them, do anything to please them; and the result of course was, that she was by far the most popular personage at Chestnut-tree Cottage.

The dilapidated bandboxes were now produced, and there lay the cause of all Cousin Letty's anxiety regarding those ill-used articles—they had been filled with toys for the children. Alas! the drum was beaten as flat as the tambourine, and all the wind-instruments—fifes, flageolets, and trumpets—had breathed their last. The only box that had escaped, was that containing Cousin Letty's new bonnet. The children however, were consoled by promises of taking them into town the following day, to supply the places of the broken toys.

Letty was disappointed at the absence of her favourite, Mary Middleton, who had been on a visit to the Lakes with some friends for the last fortnight, but had appointed to return on the day of Cousin Let-

ty's arrival. However, the evening wore away, and Mary came not; and Cousin Letty, though the most unselfish creature in the world, could not help fearing that she had become an object of less consequence to Mary than she had been. 'Perhaps,' thought she, very naturally, 'Mary has a lover: how can I expect her to quit a delightful party amongst the Lakes merely for my society? No,' she continued, mentally soliloquising; 'Mary is not in love; her letters have been too cheerful, too ingenious for that, besides, she has promised never to fall in love without consulting me; and arriving at this satisfactory conclusion, Cousin Letty, after sitting up very late in expectation of Mary's arrival, was persuaded by Mrs. Middleton to go to bed, as she was sure she must be dreadfully wearied, as well as suffering from her bruise, and there was no chance of her daughter's return until the following day. At that moment, a chaise stopped at the garden-gate; and the next, Cousin Letty was clasped in the hearty embrace of Mary Middleton.

'Dear, dear Cousin Letty!' said Mary, 'I was determined to come, if I had to walk all the way from Keswick, which I was likely to do; for every place was taken—every chaise monopolised for days to come by the crowd of visitors to the Lakes.'

'But how, then, did you get home, Mary, dear?' asked her cousin.

'In a return chaise. I saw it pass, and bribed the postilions with all my money to bring me to our door.'

'How very imprudent!' said Letty. 'Suppose they had picked up another passenger by the way?'

'Oh, they did! I insisted upon it. I was to pay handsomely for the chaise; so it was all my own, to do what I pleased with; and do you know, Cousin Letty, I never before guessed the delight of keeping a carriage, for it enabled me to relieve the weariness of a long journey to a poor woman, who was footsore, with an infant in her arms, and two little children walking by her side. Oh, how thankful she was, and how soundly the children slept all the while! Of course, I gave her all my pocket-money, and have left papa to pay for the chaise.'

This was an act after Letty's own heart, and she pressed Mary's hand in sympathy, though at the same time prudently reproving her for her Quixotic generosity. 'I think, dear Mary, you were very wrong to travel alone. Supposing any of these adventurers about the Lakes had run off with you?'

'Oh, but I never will be run off with,' said Mary laughing.

'You are not in love yet, then, Mary?'

'No, dear Cousin Letty—no more in love than you are, or likely to be. I mean to lead just the same happy sort of single life that you lead.'

'I should be very much disappointed if I thought you were in earnest. No, no, Mary; I am resolved that you shall marry, and intend to look out for a suitable husband for you; some excellent, agreeable person—just such a man as I might have fallen in love with myself in my girlish days.'

'Very well, cousin said Mary. 'When I see any one enjoying your particular favour, I shall make up my mind that he is to be my husband; but you must undertake all the courting—I'm sure I could never endure that. What on earth can be so ridiculous as two rational beings saying to each other: I love you?' Oh, horrible!'

Perhaps Letty was not altogether of the same opinion. She remembered when her cousin, John Middleton, used to call her his 'little wife.' Seven years older than herself, he went into the world to seek his fortune. The fondness of the child grew into the love of the girl: how eagerly did she look for his return! And he, to surprise his dear Cousin Letty, said nothing of what had happened, but came home *married!* And so people supposed that Cousin Letty had never been in love, and wondered why she lavished such devotion on John Middleton's eldest daughter.

On the following day, Letty and Mary sallied forth to the neighbouring town on a shopping expedition. How well they both looked! Mary, with her Hebe-like face, and Cousin Letty bearing an amazing resemblance to her, but—ah! that fatal but—fifteen years older. Still, Mary was so carelessly dressed in her old Dunstable bonnet

and blue ribbons; while Letty's town-made cased white silk, would have taken ten years off any woman's age, that the result was, as they passed through the principal street of the little town, Letty excited almost as much admiration as the more youthful beauty of Mary Middleton.

'I wish, cousin,' said Mary, 'you would go with me to see a poor old woman, a pensioner of mine—that is, if you're not ashamed of being seen in so horrible a part of the town.'

'How did she excite your compassion, Mary?'

'Oh, poor creature! I saw her one day with her basket of tapes and needles, in crossing the street, knocked down by a carriage; she was much hurt, and I had her taken carefully home and attended to. I should like to know how she's going on; will you come with me, Letty?'

'Of course I will, dear Mary,' said her cousin, delighted at every manifestation of kind-heartedness in her favourite.

They now went from one dirty lane to another, until they arrived at the miserable lodging-house of Mary's pensioner.

'How is old Peggy to-day?' asked Mary of the woman who opened the door.

'Very low indeed, ma'am; the doctor's with her just now. He's as attentive to the poor old soul as if he was to be paid for it.'

'I'm very glad to hear it,' said Mary. 'I hope everything that was necessary has been procured for her?'

'O dear, yes, ma'am. I made your money go further than anybody would think, and the doctor gave me five shillings besides, and brought me a bottle of wine in his pocket this morning. Just come this way, if you please, ma'am;' and the woman shewed them up an old creaking, rickety staircase, and threw open the door of the room where lay her poor lodger. An agreeable surprise awaited Cousin Letty, for in the surgeon standing by the bedside she recognised Mr. Leslie, who had been so attentive to her on the previous day. A cordial shaking of hands took place, for Mary Middleton had met Mr. Leslie twice at parties, and she herself had gone to solicit his attendance on old Peggy. Mr. Leslie inquired most anxiously

concerning the injuries of his agreeable chaise companion, who assured him her arm gave her little inconvenience; in fact, that it was quite well. Mr. Leslie said he was delighted to hear it, though he unaccountably looked the very reverse. Arranging everything for the comfort of the old woman, who, according to the surgeon's opinion, was slowly recovering, they left the house, proceeded together as far as High Street, when Mr. Leslie regretted that one or two professional calls prevented his having the pleasure of accompanying them to the cottage.

'But I trust you will favour us with a call very soon,' said Letty at parting, as her hand, in her own cordial way, rested for a moment in his.

'I fear I have scarcely an excuse for so desirable a visit,' said the surgeon rather gallantly, and somewhat confused.

'You forget my bruised arm,' said Letty, becoming suddenly oblivious of having declared it was quite well.

'True,' said Mr. Leslie; 'it really must be attended to.'

'Mamma will be delighted to see you, Mr. Leslie,' said Mary kindly, 'for she fears the children are going to have severe colds, and really I fear so too.' Mary had never before, however, been so anticipatory of sore throats and medical advice. It was agreed, therefore, that Mr. Leslie was to call at the cottage on the following day, and he took his leave. The ladies now proceeded to the principal toyshop of the town, where the children, to whom Mary had so bountifully promised a set of colds and Cousin Letty a set of toys, were to meet them.

All the instruments the Passions played upon, and have since returned the compliment, were selected. Tom took a 'wardenouncing trumpet' of blue-painted wood, while Charlie began to beat a fiery-looking little drum 'with furious beat.' Letty's liberality having now gone almost as far as the covetous eyes of the children, the party stepped into Mr. Middleton's double phaeton, which was waiting for them, accompanied by the 'celebrated brass-band,' the children having 'snatched their instruments of sound,' and, at the risk of frightening the

horses, making a considerable din through the streets and along the road to the cottage.

After dinner, the conversation happening to turn upon the morning's reconnoitre:—'It is a pity,' observed Mr. Middleton, 'that Mr. Leslie is not more successful in his profession:

'Why—is he not considered clever?' asked Letty.

'Oh, very,' he replied; 'and highly esteemed. He supports an aged mother and a poor blind sister by his practice, which, however, they say, yields but a meagre income.'

'Is he not married?'

'Unfortunately not, Letty.'

'Why, he must be nearly as old as I am,' remarked Letty, very naturally.

'O no,' interposed Mary. 'I heard a lady say the other evening, that Mr. Leslie was only thirty.'

'Well, my dear, I'm only thirty-five.' Even Cousin Letty's good sense was not proof against the sensitiveness of being considered older than she was.

'The wisest thing Leslie could do would be to marry,' observed Mr. Middleton. 'A wife and family are as indispensable to a medical man as his degree or case of instruments.'

'I'm sure, my dear,' said his good-natured wife, with kind intentions towards the surgeon, and maternal anxiety for her children, 'we might give Mr. Leslie a job by having all the children vaccinated over again; and, indeed, John, you and Letty and Mary would be the better of it too, if the small-pox were to break out.'

Mr. Middleton laughed heartily at his wife's ingenious device for extending Mr. Leslie's practice, but positively declined being one of the party to be operated upon.

On the following day, however, he gave Mr. Leslie a hearty welcome to the cottage, where he shortly became a constant visitor and a great favourite. The ladies very soon looked upon him as indispensable to their romantic walks and delightful drives; Letty thought it the pleasantest season she had ever passed; and Mary wondered why the long summer day appeared so short. 'How fortunate,' she would say to Letty, 'that we

made Mr. Leslie's acquaintance: he is so intellectual, so good-natured, and'—

'And so good-looking—eh, Mary?'

'I really don't care much about good looks,' said Mary carelessly, as a smart blush made her cheek tingle for the abominable hypocrisy.

'Do you know, Mary,' said Letty, as if anxious to ascertain her sentiment on that occasion, 'I often think that Mr. Leslie is in love with you.'

'Well, I assure you, Cousin Letty, papa said yesterday, he felt convinced that Mr. Leslie was only prevented by his poverty from proposing for you.'

Thus were all parties puzzled. Mrs. Middleton rather entertained a belief that Mary had won Mr. Leslie's affections, until her husband pointed out the greater advantage in a match with Letty, who really was still very pretty, and, in spite of all her protestations to the contrary, could not be blamed were she to enter into a marriage with such a man as Mr. Leslie.

'If Cousin Letty marry, it will be all the worse for our children, you know, John,' said Mrs. Middleton, 'and for Mary especially, who has always been taught to rely on Letty for everything.'

'Now, Bess, that is selfish and unlike you,' said her husband reprovingly. 'I thought you would have been rejoiced at the prospect of such a dear kind soul as Cousin Letty having a good husband; and she'd be sure to make Leslie happy.'

'But remember the disparity of age, John.'

'Only five or six years,' said Mr. Middleton; 'that's of no consequence.'

'Yes; but it's on the wrong side, John,' said Mrs. Middleton, conscious of being a few years her husband's junior.

The good people of the little town had long been busily talking about Mr. Leslie's incessant attentions at the cottage, and were much perplexed in their conjectures which of the Miss Middletons he was in love with. June, July, August, and nearly September had now passed away, and the family was to leave the cottage on the following morning. Surely this last day would bring about an *éclaircissement*.

'Edward,' said Mrs. Leslie, observing her son thoughtful and unhappy, 'are you going to the cottage this evening?'

'Yes, mother, instantly. I can bear this suspense no longer: I must know my fate, whatever it may be.'

'Surely, my dear son,' said Mrs. Leslie, 'you cannot be altogether without hope. Miss Middleton, if she is really the kind, warm-hearted creature she appears to be, must have given some indication of preference to justify your avowal.'

'But my poverty has made me so fearful, mother, lest my motives should be attributed to mercenary views, that I have scrupulously avoided every opportunity of eliciting her sentiments towards me. I doubt even whether the devotion I feel can justify my supposing that any woman would consent to share my miserable prospects.'

'Ay,' said the old lady mournfully—'prospects blighted by the burden of maintaining your mother and helpless sister. My dear son, we have indeed been a hinderance to you.'

'A hinderance, mother! Rather than you should think so, or that my present project should give you one pang, the words that were to decide my fate for ever shall remain unspoken. Though her love is a blessing I covet above all others, I will forego the chance of obtaining it. I tell you, mother, there is not any sacrifice I would not make to secure your happiness, and that of my dear helpless sister.'

At this rather critical moment, Miss Middleton was announced. Letty had walked to town for the purpose of bidding adieu to Miss Leslie, of whom Mary had already taken leave in the morning—for of course a cordial friendship amongst the ladies had resulted from Mr. Leslie's great intimacy at the cottage. There was an unusual embarrassment and sadness in this last visit of Letty, which no one strove to overcome; it was best, therefore, to make it as brief as possible. Kind farewells were exchanged; while the poor blind girl, at parting, said in a low voice, not to be overheard: 'I cannot see your face with my eyes, Miss Middleton: I see with my heart, and that tells me that you must be beautiful, because you are good,

and kind. Have compassion on my dear brother, if'— The approach of Edward caused her to leave the request unfinished. Letty, half comprehending her meaning, pressed her hand in sympathy, while a deep blush overspread her cheek. Mr. Leslie now drew her arm within his, and they commenced their walk in silence; nor was it till they had got beyond the town, and reached one of those beautiful quiet avenues leading to the cottage, that he had resolution to enter upon the theme, which absorbed him. 'I am thankful, Miss Middleton,' he began, 'for this unexpected opportunity of addressing you alone; it gives me courage to reveal—what I had half determined never to divulge. Your approval or disapproval shall govern me; and should you deem my wishes too presumptuous, I promise never again to breathe them to human being.' Mr. Leslie paused, as if expecting some reply, but Letty was silent, and Mr. Leslie proceeded: 'I think I cannot be reproached by Mr. Middleton for taking advantage of the intimacy to which he admitted me. My attention have been—so equal—or rather more particularly directed to yourself than to his daughter— There—there; I see you are surprised at my presumption.'

'No, no; go on, go on,' said Letty hurriedly, and replacing her arm in his, which, the instant before, from some feeling known only to herself, she had suddenly withdrawn,

'That is indeed kind,' said Mr. Leslie. 'May I hope, then, that you, whose happiness seems to be derived from making others happy, will be my advocate with—Mary; with her father, if need be?'

'Yes,' said Letty, echoing his words in a low but earnest voice; 'you are right—my happiness can only be derived from making others happy: I will do all I can to promote yours.'

'Thanks, kindest, best of women,' said Mr. Leslie, taking the little hand that lay trembling on his arm, and pressing it to his lips. They had now reached the cottage. Mr. Leslie proceeded to the drawing-room; while Letty hurried to her own chamber, where, securing the door, she threw herself on her knees, and covering her face with her hands, as if ashamed of being seen even by the light

of heaven, burst into a passionate flood of tears. Poor Letty! the only consolation at that moment was, that her secret was known only to herself. 'How foolish of me,' she said, after a long interval, in which she had striven to recover some degree of composure—'how foolish to suppose, even for a moment, that he could ever care for me! My heart ought to have been secure from such weakness. Well, well, my punishment is somewhat severe; but suppose Mary loves him as—as—I do! Oh, then, 'tis far better that I should suffer, than that her young heart should be wrong by any preference for me; and let me be thankful that he does not even guess at my folly.'

Just at this moment, 'Cousin Letty,' whispered the sweet voice of Mary, as she knocked for admittance.

'Heaven help me!' ejaculated Letty, as, unable to frame any excuse for refusal, she summoned up courage to open the door for her young and unconscious rival.

'Dear Cousin Letty,' said Mary, 'I have so much to tell you that you will be glad to hear. Mr. Leslie— But you look sad, cousin: what's the matter?'

'Nothing but fatigue,' said Letty, forcing a smile. 'I think, Mary, I can guess what you have to communicate. Mr. Leslie has declared his love for you, has he not?'

'Ah, he told me you knew all,' said Mary, 'and were his friend; but I would not listen to him until I had your sanction, dearest Letty.'

'And do you love him, Mary?'

'No, I can tell you the truth, Letty'—and Mary threw her arms round her in her old childlike, caressing way—'though I would not for the world have confessed it while I fancied he entertained a preference for you; and I think I could have worn the willow gracefully for the sake of seeing you married, dear Letty; and though you have often told me that I was the keeper of your heart, yet, to tell you the truth, I sometimes felt jealous lest Mr. Leslie should steal it away from me.'

'No, no, Mary, be assured he seeks no heart but yours.'

'O yes; he has quite convinced papa of that.'—Pride checked the tear that started

to Letty's eye.—'Then you approve, dear Letty?'

'Certainly, love; you know I always said I should approve of your husband.'

'No, no' said Mary, correcting her; 'I always said, that whoever you were very fond of, I would marry; and I now you have the highest opinion of Mr. Leslie; and so you ought, for he says you are the kindest creature in the world. Do you think I shall be happy, Letty?'

'I am sure you will be happy, Mary;' and kissing her affectionately, Letty descended with her to the drawing-room. But if any one deserved happiness, it was Letty, for the admirable manner in which she mastered her own feelings, and entered so cordially into the plans of the young people. Who could have imagined that apparently tranquil heart to have been the scene of so much tumult?

All the arrangements were made that evening. It was decided that the marriage was to take place at the end of the following month; and as business of considerable profit and importance would compel Mr. Middleton to be in London, he resolved that his wife and daughter should accompany him, and the ceremony be performed there. Accordingly it was recorded in the *Morning Post*, and copied into all the Cumberland newspapers, that on the 26th October, 1835, at St. James's Church, 'Edward Leslie, Esq., was married to Mary, daughter of,' &c. On the day of their return to Cumberland, as the carriage stopped at the surgeon's door, a clean, neat-looking old woman, carrying a basket of smallwares, dropped a courtesy to Mrs. Leslie: 'God bless you, madam, and make your new home a happy one!'

'I am glad to see you recovered and looking so well, Peggy,' said Mary; while Edward, pressing his wife's hand, whispered: 'Mary, depend upon it, Cupid was disguised as old Peggy when we met by her bedside.'

Cousin Letty, with her usual generosity, insisted on presenting Mary with a wedding-portion of £500; and as Mr. Middleton gave his daughter the same sum, the report went that the surgeon was a rich man. Money makes money, his practice waxed rapidly, realising a handsome fortune. Cousin

Letty devoted herself to Mary's children, and those of her cousin, John Middleton; but amongst old friends and new friends, she loved to drop in to purchase innumerable pairs of stockings at 'Jonathan Stevens, Hosiery,' but chiefly for the purpose of a kind gossip with the comely Quakeress, who often talked over the incidents of their adventures by the Carlisle coach, generally concluding with the remark: 'Truly, though friend Leslie hath doubtless done well, thou shouldst have been the bride that I would have chosen for him.'

But the gentle Quakeress, like most human disposers of events, was wrong; for although Edward Leslie and his wife enjoyed as much happiness as is generally allotted to mortals, yet it fell far short of the holy tranquility which self-denial imparted to the future years of Cousin Letty."

"EARTH TO EARTH, AND DUST TO DUST."

A FUNERAL DIRGE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side, lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep,
Brothers, sisters of the worm!
Summer's sun, and winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his silent trust,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

But a day is coming fast—
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empires's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands, round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plumage;

Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb,
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be burned to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransomed just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise;
Earth by angel-feet be trod,
One great garden of her God;
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a glorious thousand years,
Now in hope of him we trust,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

PATTY MORRICE.

A SIMPLE STORY.

Patty Morrice was seven years old when she first went to school. She was a thin, pale, meagre little girl, but had a pretty face and a dark bright eye. Her mother was a widow, and ill-supported herself and child at slop-working. This will account for Patty's being so thin and pale. She had not enough to eat, and the room in which they lived, deep down in a damp and dismal alley in the purlieus of Shoreditch, received the light and air which it would be mockery to say they enjoyed, through windows thick-coated with dust and smoke. Two chairs, a small deal table, neither in a very good state of repair, and a mattress on the floor, included the whole of her furniture. On the mantelpiece stood a brass candlestick, an unglazed plaster of Paris figure of a lion, one or two little earthenware nick-nacks, and a few tattered books, the *souvenirs* of days anterior to her widowhood. Behind the scenes, in an old cupboard that stood beside the fire-place, the shelves displayed a scanty row of plates and dishes, a tea-pot and milk-jug, and one or two appendages. Her wardrobe was in a similar condition.

But the Mother of Patty Morrice was superior in many respects to her neighbours. Though struggling with poverty, she loved cleanliness, and though not well-educated herself, she felt the importance as well as the benefit of education. Her apartment, therefore, though scanty of furniture, was kept neat and tidy as far as her means would allow, and the idea of comfort almost suggested itself from the order and the arrange-

ment of the few things that were in the room. Patty also was taught to keep herself clean, and in spite of many drawbacks contrived to do so; and whilst engaged in the incessant laborious occupation by which she gained her living, her mother found time to teach her little daughter to read.

One morning towards the end of March her mother said to Patty, "If I send you to school for a few hours every day, my child, would you like to go?" This was said in a voice and accompanied with a gesture that seemed to anticipate the answer.

The pale girl's countenance brightened up with delight as the question was put to her, and in her childish ecstasy exclaimed, "Oh, what delight!" at the same time clapping her hands at the idea. But a moment after, her eyes lost their brilliancy, her head was hung down as if in reflection, and she was silent, until, with a sudden impulse, Patty, running to her mother's knees and throwing back her head so as to look up into her mother's face, added inquiringly, "But you will have to give money for it?"

"Yes, my child," replied her mother, "but I can easily contrive to raise enough. The nights now are not so long as they were, and what it has cost a week for light and firing will go far to send you to school." That was to a national school, where a small sum is paid by each of the pupils per week. Patty made no further observation on the possibility of ways and means; she was not old enough to understand all the privations of poverty, and she accepted her mother's argument without inquiring whether any extra sacrifice were necessary to enable her to go.

And Patty went to school. It was a bright spring morning. There had been a frost during the night, but it had only served to freshen the face of nature and the pulse of man; and the sun that had been risen some two hours was gaining sufficient strength to melt away the thin crystal layers of rime that covered the slanting roofs, and penetrate with warm quickening beams into bodies and substances now torpid for many months. At a brisk pace Patty threaded the streets, holding her mother's hand, and at length arrived in front of a newly-built church, by the side of which were two commodious-look-

ing buildings. In fact, they were excessively plain, without architectural ornament of any kind; but what of that? To Patty they seemed palaces, as she read over the doorways carved in the stone—National Schools. Her mother went to the left, which led to the entrance for the girls. Patty did not observe the trembling nervousness of her mother's step as they drew near the doorway. Her whole mind was intent upon the new scene that was to open upon her, upon the things she was to learn, upon the playmates she was to have, upon the masters and mistresses, or, as she expressed it, "the great folks" whose acquaintance she was to make, and from whom she expected nothing but kind words and sweet smiles. All these things were sufficient to engross her little heart; but her mother did approach with trembling steps. The consciousness of her poverty and the habitual humiliating treatment she had been subject to by her employers had more than subdued her,—it had destroyed the sense of her own natural rights, and made her timid and faint, even in the presence of a good action. She entered, however. The charge she had clinging to her gown suggested at once the object of her coming, and as she stood hesitating on the threshold a kindly-spoken middle-aged woman with a beaming countenance came up to her:—

"You are about to add one more to our little flock, I presume," she commenced, recognising Patty's presence by patting her on the head.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the poor widow, in a low tone of voice.

"Your daughter?" inquiringly continued the mistress, with a good-humoured smile. The mother assented, and then, encouraged by a little further conversation, went into detail respecting her life and her wishes regarding Patty. She said that she herself had seen better days—it is an old story; that her husband had been master of a small vessel that plied along the coast; that he had been shipwrecked five months before the child was born, and that she had struggled hard to obtain enough to live on, until, failing in other employment, she was obliged to take up with the ill-requited business of

slopworking. She dilated, with maternal eloquence, on the virtues of little Patty, on her cleanliness, on her cheerful disposition, on her love of books, and so on, all which the school-mistress heard with that kind of complacency and that amount of credulity which a good-tempered person, accustomed to a repetition of the similar virtues, and similar accomplishments in almost every boy and girl a mother has had to place with her, is likely to do.

Patty was at first a little awe-struck by the multiplicity of eyes that were fixed upon her, as, after her mother had left, she was led down to the other end of the room. But soon those eyes were exchanged for busy voices, most of them expressive of joy; and laughter occasionally burst forth. This gave Patty her usual vivacity and confidence, and it was not long before she was chatting and laughing herself with several of the little girls who, attracted by her pretty face and fine black glossy hair, flocked around her. She was in the midst of a long account of herself, which was unconsciously embellished—for all is golden to the eye of youth—without any sign to her apparent, the little group around her dispersed as if by magic; every one hastened to a seat, and the most profound silence ensued. The time for work had begun. Patty was left alone where she had been standing, but it was not long before a place was found for her, and what she had to do pointed out. Her instructress in this respect was a tall girl of fifteen or sixteen, with a face pitted with smallpox, but lustrous with a most amiable expression. Such an expression was enough to win the heart of Patty at once, and when she was again by herself she resolved to do her duty as well as she could, if it were only to please a person who bore so benignant a countenance.

Every little incident to Patty was a matter of importance, gilded as it already was in her eyes with the gloss of novelty. Little things made her heart leap, and a word or a sign produced an unusual sensation on her. During the course of the day two gentlemen, both in black clothes with white cravats about their necks, came into the school. The eldest had thin silvery hair flowing from

under his hat; he was of a fair complexion, inclining, however, to redness, and walked with an affected pomposity down the room, now talking to this girl now to that, and occasionally asking questions about them of the mistress. The other was much younger, not exceeding thirty years of age.

Patty was standing up at class as they entered. It was the first time she had ever been in a class, and the first time that she had ever braved the countenance of a mistress. It was her turn to read just as the two strangers arrived to where she was standing. "What!" exclaimed the pompous gentleman, who, with all his corpulent pomposity, intended to be kind, "what! at the bottom of the class, my little girl? oh, fie! oh, fie!" An undeserved rebuke has shaken the philosophy of many a wise man. Patty felt too the injustice of the observation, became disconcerted, and would fain have cried, for her *amour propre* was wounded, but it was explained in time that she had only that morning entered it. "Then begin, my little lady," pleasantly said the officious gentleman, trying to make amends for his unfortunate exclamation by a mildness in his manner and voice. "Let me hear how you can read?" Patty, timid at first, felt her courage revive as she proceeded. She read with great fluency and freedom from that monotonous twing-twang style which has been unfortunately introduced, heaven knows why! into many of our national schools. When she had finished, the silver-haired gentleman complimented her on her cleverness, asked her questions about herself and her mother, expressed himself satisfied with her replies, and encouraged her with some sage predictions to the effect that if she were a good girl she would be loved, and that naughty children came to a bad end. After school Patty learnt that these gentlemen were the vicar and the curate of the parish, who occasionally came in this manner to observe how things went on.

Thanks to her mother's teaching, before the day was over, Patty was at the head of the class she had entered in the morning.

One trait in Patty's character we have omitted to mention. Although so young, her affectionate heart told her that her mo-

ther was in great distress ; she was, therefore, eager to do what her little hands had power to do, to assist ; and where there is a will there is a way. Besides running on errands, which saved her mother time, she washed the things they had used for their scanty meals, scrubbed the floor, and kept the room in order. But she was not eight years old when she engaged, of her own accord, in a more arduous undertaking—that was to help her mother in the disagreeable work she had to do. When the winter set in, Patty could no longer go to school. The expense of candle and fuel was too serious an item. They knew of no charitable person to assist them, and Patty's mother had too sensitive a heart to beg. However, by what they could both do together, they shielded themselves against many of the rigors of the winter season, and when spring-time came round again, with its warmer suns and longer days, Patty went regularly to school. Thus three years or more passed away.

The fourth winter, however, was a very severe one. Their united efforts could not save them from feeling, to its full extent, the bitterness of the cold and the pinching wretchedness of poverty. The price of provisions also rose, whilst even the obtainment of work became a doubtful chance. Tickets for coal and soup, however, came to their relief, and societies for the distribution of blankets mitigated, in some measure, their frightful suffering. Every day Patty was accustomed to go to the Kitchen to obtain her mother's share of pottage. On her way to and fro, however, Patty used often to be annoyed by boys who, idling about the causeways and the streets, have nothing else to do than to block up the path, to the inconvenience of passers-by. One morning, as she was returning laden with a smoking bowl of soup, she saw approaching to her a boy who had frequented her. Crossing over to the other side, she hoped to avoid him. But, alas ! it was in vain, for he pushed up against her, upset the basin, and spilt the soup. He then burst out into a hoarse laugh, whilst Patty began to weep at the idea of the dinner she and her mother had lost. But the triumph of the boy was not long, scarcely had he caused the catastrophe, when

he was set upon by another about his own size, who, seeing the malicious attempt, rushed out from a shop close at hand, and revenged the offence. The shop was a bookbinder's, and the boy who inflicted this summary punishment an apprentice belonging to it. Poor Patty, recovering from her vexation, thanked her deliverer, and went home to tell the sad tidings to her hungry mother. The day was a day of sad fasting.

We passed over a period of four years or more, in which Patty continued to go off and on to schools where she had in the interval gained several prizes for good behaviour and general knowledge. It happened about this time that in the National School which she had frequented so long, a mistress or under-governess was wanted. There was a slight salary attached to the office, and the person lived in the house with the mistress. The idea struck Patty that she was capable of fulfilling the duties of it, and why should she not try to obtain it ? The idea was only conceived to be put into execution. Without saying a word to her mother she dressed herself as well as her scanty wardrobe would allow, and stole away one afternoon to call upon the clergyman's wife. This was for her a bold step, but Patty had by nature the faculty of reading character, and argued from what she had seen of her at the school, which she occasionally visited, that she was a kind-hearted woman. Accordingly, there was no timidity or shrinking in the manner of the poor girl when shown into the presence of Mrs. Menham. She explained the object of her coming in a few simple words, and pointed to the prizes she had gained and the written testimonials that had been given her as proofs of her capacity, moral and intellectual. The reply, however, which she received gave her little information. It was couched in an ambiguous style, and Patty left, hardly knowing whether to hope or despair.

However, the morning arrived when the board of inspectors were to meet for the despatch of business, and amongst other things the election of the mistress. It was a matter of little excitement to the many ; yet Patty determined to be at school that day. The council met in a room adjoining the

school-room. Several candidates were called in, and examined, and dismissed. On their countenances as they came out nothing could be read. However, the court broke up at twelve o'clock, and now it only wanted ten minutes of the hour. The hand of the clock was hastening on. It was now five minutes to twelve, and no notice had been taken of her petition. Two minutes more were gone, when a voice from behind called her and told her to follow. It was the clergyman's wife. She followed and was led into a room, where eight or nine gentlemen were sitting round a table overspread with a green-baize cloth. She curtsied as she entered, and a trepidation came over her. It did not continue long, however. The silver-haired gentleman in the black clothes with a white cravat about his neck was there, and his presence gave her assurance. They asked her many things, all of which she answered in an artless but at the same time a firm manner. Although one or two gentlemen objected to her age, the others considered there was so much decision of character in her manner, and so much modesty in her behaviour that they carried the day, and she was elected.

The chief, I might say the only object, for it was that which had engrossed her whole thoughts, which Patty had in view in seeking the situation, was, that she might be placed in a position in which she might assist her mother. This she intended to do by devoting the small salary attached to the office, which hardly amounted to five pounds per annum, to her use. Besides being no longer a burden, for the monitress was lodged and boarded in the house belonging to the school, there was a possibility that as she became more intimate with the ladies who frequented the school she might obtain a lighter kind of work for her mother, and which would at the same time be more lucrative. When her good fortune was made known to her, however, she could scarcely credit it, so difficult is it to believe news that we have set our heart on. Was it to be expected that a poor girl who all her lifetime had been struggling with want, who was living down a gloomy dismal alley, black with filth, and unhealthy with the effluvia of

drains, where the moral pollution was still greater than the physical, and which every one seemed to avoid, whose mother was an unknown slopworker, who had hardly more than rags upon her back, and who, though tidy and clean, could not give the look of newness to old things, and who was obliged to patch up her clothes until her frock seemed made of twenty different pieces—was it possible that people would regard her petition?

No sooner had the announcement been made known that Patty was to be monitress, than surprise and congratulations poured in upon her from every side. Children older than herself, and little ones much younger, came forward to kiss her and greet her, not so much, they declared, on *her* account as *their own*. They all exclaimed how happy they should be with her as their monitress.

On her return home Patty had another scene of delight to go through. She was the messenger of her own plans and its success. The trembling words of congratulation which broke forth from the quivering lips of her mother penetrated into the deepest cells of her affectionate heart, and in her happiness she felt the richest sources of her own.

All the schemes she had planned for the relief of her mother were put into execution as soon as possible. She saw her mother removed to a healthier locality and a more airy lodging. She was enabled to obtain what she anticipated, lighter work for her which rendered her independent of the selfish, cruel, and dissatisfied taskmasters whose bond-slave she had been so long, and this never-forgetful daughter came as frequently as she could to cheer by her company the lone evenings of her mother.

The quiet gossip of these two, however, was frequently broken in upon by a third person, too important to be omitted. This was William Wellsent. Since the day of the incident above related, he had never lost sight of Patty and her mother. He had frequently assisted them in their severest trials in his small way, and his visits had latterly become so regular, and looked for with such eagerness, that his occasional ab-

sence seemed almost unpardonable. And what was his attraction? To tell the truth, a girl of eighteen, with a fine open countenance, a pale face and pleasing features. These were the outward and visible attractions. The inward and invisible links were an affectionate heart, a quick intelligence, a cheerful disposition, an unwearied energy—in a word, all those virtues and those affections that would create love in one less ardent than himself.

Thus passed five years. Patty Morrice had become too old for her situation, and was talking about going into service.

"That shall never be," cried William Wellsent, "whilst these hands can work and Patty consents to be mine."

Patty smiled the same smile that she had given him a hundred times before in confirmation of her affection for him. Her mother put off her spectacles from her nose, and with a sigh that seemed to say, "We none of us can look into the future," desired William to tell again the story he had told them the night before.

"No mother," said William, "I will never go abroad till want compels me; then, and not before, I will seek a home on the other side of the globe. For honest hearts and honest hands there is enough to be done yet."

Patty's mother sighed again as much as to say, "Have I not been honest all my life, and how have I been punished and persecuted by poverty?"

"But, mother," continued William, "Patty and I have agreed, with your loving permission, to fix next Whitsuntide for our wedding-day. It is barely six weeks, and we can make all ready by then." The blushing maiden who stood at the window now turned round, and threw in some *petit* objection, but before the evening was over it was all arranged. That day six weeks accordingly Patty Morrice became Patty Wellsent, and she and her husband lived as all would wish them to live. Both had learned to regulate their desires and their tempers—the philosophy of domestic happiness, and with their mother, who now only labored for her own gratification and to have a little pin-money in case of need, enjoyed the fruit of mutual forbearance.

PERSIAN POETRY.

TOGRAY, THE POET.

Mouayyad-ed-din Abou-Ismael Hossein al Togray, the son of Ali, was a native of Ispahan, and became very celebrated as a writer, both in prose and verse; for which cause he is frequently called by the title of Fakhr-Elentab, *i. e.*, the Honour of Writers. He was vizier of Mas'oud, son of Mahommed Seljoukide, sultan of Moussul. This sultan being at war with his brother Mahmoud, a great battle was fought near Hamadan, in the year 515, or 15 of the Hegira (A. D. 1120-21), in which the latter gained the victory. Togray, who is commonly called *Alostad, i. e.*, master or doctor, was one of the first who fell into the victor's power; and the vizier of Mahmoud hastened to put him to death, under the false pretext that he professed the doctrine of the Molaheds, or Ismaelians, but in reality, because he feared his talents. Togray was at this time about sixty years of age, as the verses testify, which he wrote at that period on the occasion of the birth of his son, in which he thus expresses himself, "This child, born to me in my old age, has charmed my eyes, and inspired me at the same time with grave reflections; for fifty-seven years leave traces on the face of the hardest stone."

A collection of the poems of Togray has been made, the most celebrated of which is called *Lamiyya-al-adjem*, so called because all the verses terminate with the letter *lam*; the Persian *al-adjem* is added, to distinguish it from an ancient poem of the same name, the Arab author of which is Shanvary.

The poet's surname of Togray he obtained in consequence of his occupation in the chancellor's office, whose business it is to trace, in large character, on the diplomas, the peculiar cypher called in Persian *Togra*, or *Toghrä*, which are generally written in a fine ornamented handwriting. This accomplishment, in which Togray excelled, was one of the causes of the enmity of Mahmoud's vizier, which will not appear surprising, when it is remembered that some of the most distinguished ministers have valued themselves on their fine penmanship.

Togray added to his numerous names that

of Mounshi (i. e., a man of extensive business)—a person employed to draw up the letters written in the name of the prince.

He was addicted to alchemy, and wrote a treatise on the philosopher's stone.

EULOGY ON KASHMERE.

Hail to the city from whose bowers,
The glowing Paradise of flowers,
Soft zephyrs waft the rose's breath—
By moonlit night and blushing dawn—
Even to the ruby hid beneath
The golden hills of Badakhshān.

Whose gale, with perfume-laden wing,
O'er Arab deserts hovering,
A tint as radiant can bestow
As beams that in the emerald glow.

Upon thy mountains fresh and green
The velvet turf is scarcely seen ;
So close the jasmynes twine around,
And strew with star-like flowers the ground.
The ruddy glow of sun-set lies
Within thy rich pomegranate's eyes,
And flashing 'midst the tulip-beds,
A blaze of glory round them sheds.

Night dwells amidst thy spicy groves,
Thy saffron-fields the star of morning loves.
Thy violets have tales of eyes as fair,
Thy hyacinths of waving dusky hair, [spring,
Thy glittering sunflowers make the year all
Thy bees their stores are ever gathering ;
And from the rose's branches all day long
Pours the melodious nightingale her song ;
Amidst the leaves her bark-like nest is tossed,
In melody, and love, and beauty lost.

The rich narcissus, quaffing dewy wine, [twine ;
Cling to thy breast, where buds unnumbered
No eye can see the bound where end thy bowers,
No tongue can number half thy gem-like flowers.
Such freshness lingers in thy air of balm,

That even the tulip's burning heart confesses
The life its sigh bestows at evening's calm,
When the glad cypress shakes her graceful
The waves of each rejoicing river [tresses.

Murmur melody for ever,
And to the sound, in wild amaze,
On their high crests the dancing bubble plays ;
While Lotus flowers, just opened, raise
Their bright eyes up to heaven in praise.
So clear thy waters that reflected there.

The dusky Abhiop's skin is pearly fair ;
So cool, that as the sun his fingers leaves,
They shiver on the surface of thy waves.
The immortal lily, white as angels' plumes,

All day, all night, the grove with light illumines ;
The groves where garlands by the roses made
Like clustering Pleiads glimmer thro' the shade,
And hide amidst their leaves the timid dove,
Whose ringed neck proclaims the slave of love.
Tell me what land can boast such treasures—
Is aught so fair, is aught so dear ?

Hail ! Paradise of endless pleasures—
Hail ! beautiful, beloved Kashmere !

THE PASHA'S VOW.

The inviolability with which a Turk keeps his vow, forms one of the distinguishing traits of the national character; and although (as must be the case with every rule subject to human direction) exceptions are occasionally to be found, they are of such rare occurrence, that the good faith and loyalty of a Turk, even to an enemy, have become proverbial. Where he has undertaken to protect, he *will* protect at all risks; and where he has resolved to avenge, he *will* avenge, even though his dearest affections are to be crushed by the blow. The following tragical circumstance, which occurred during my residence in the East, will serve as a forcible illustration to my preceding remark:—

I had occasion to go from Constantinople to Salonica, and I performed my journey in the Turkish fashion, on horseback, and under the guidance of a Tartar. I was furnished with credentials to Mustapha, pasha of Salonica, a man high in repute at the Sublime Porte, and a personal favourite of the Sultan; and I had also a letter from an Armenian banker at Constantinople, for a wealthy countryman of his residing at Mielnik, a small town on the road to Salonica; for in Turkey, where banking and mercantile business are monopolised by the Armenians, they are the most useful class of men to whom a stranger can be recommended.

On my arrival at Mielnik, I immediately repaired to the house of Pascal, the Armenian; and on inquiring for him, I was at first refused admittance, but after sending in the letter, of which I was the bearer, I was ushered into his presence. I found an aged man, of most prepossessing appearance, but bearing the marks of such deep grief and, I may even add, consternation, imprinted on his countenance, that I felt convinced some domestic calamity must have recently befallen him; and under that idea, I apologised for the pertinacity with which I had sought my ill-timed interview.

"You are wrong, and you are right, in your conjecture," he answered, with Eastern brevity; "my family is unharmed, God be praised! but to-morrow my friend is to die." This answer was calculated to awaken all

my curiosity, and I contrived to throw into it such an appearance of sympathy, that, before we parted, Pascal communicated to me, without reserve, all the particulars of the event that was weighing upon his mind. They are as follows:—

In the preceding month of January, some travelling merchants, who were journeying from Mielnik to Salonica, discovered, at a short distance from the former place, the bodies of two murdered men; one of whom was evidently a person of superior rank, and the other his Tartar. The former had been killed by a pistol-shot, which had passed through his heart; while the faithful Tartar, who had apparently thrown himself before his master to shield him from the death blow, had been pierced through the body by a yataghan. Their persons had been rifled of every thing, except their fez caps and their under-clothing; and their horses, which were found loose upon the plain, had also been stripped of their baggage. One of the merchants, addressing his companions, said, "If we pursue our journey, we may, perhaps, be suspected of being the murderers of these men; let us return with the bodies to Mielnik, and denounce the crime, so that we may escape suspicion."

The horses were caught, and being charged with the bodies of their late riders, the mournful procession returned to Mielnik, where depositions were made before the aga, and the corpses were exposed in the principal mosque, to be recognised and claimed.

It so happened that Mustapha Pasha was on that day expected from Salonica, and the aga awaited his arrival before any active steps were taken to discover the murderers. Upon entering the gates of Mielnik, rumours of the frightful event reached the pasha's ears; but the persons who communicated it to him were, of course, unable to tell him the names of the victims, or give him any details beyond the fact of the bodies being then lying in the mosque. Mustapha directed his horse thither, and, dismounting at the gate, entered the holy edifice, followed by all his retinue.

In the centre of the building, stretched upon a praying carpet, their faces uncovered, and their feet towards the east, the two mur-

dered men lay side by side. Mustapha approached, and kneeling down to examine them, uttered a cry of horror; then, tearing his beard, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and remained with his forehead in the dust for some time, in speechless grief. After a pause, which his attendants did not dare to interrupt, he arose; his countenance was pale, but stern and composed, as though that brief paroxysm of despair had been succeeded by the concentrated calm of some irrevocable determination, and again turning to the lifeless bodies, he took the hand of the one nearest to him, and raising it to heaven, exclaimed,

"Oh, Seid Mohamet! when in the passes of the Balkan thou didst shield me with thy body from the fury of the accursed Russian, I swore that from thence-forward thou shouldst be unto me as a brother; and now I swear, by Allah, and his Holy Prophet, that I will not rest until I avenge thy death upon thy murderer! I will hunt him down to the furthest corners of the earth, that his blood may atone for thine; his eyes shall be torn out by vultures, his scattered limbs be devoured by chacals, his unburied bones bleach under the winds of heaven! And may my soul descend, like his, to Eblis—may the grave of my father be defiled—if I keep not my vow, oh, Seid, my brother! I have said."

Then, taking a last look of all that remained of the man he had loved so well, he left the mosque, followed by his attendants.

His first care was, that every means should immediately be employed for the discovery of the murderers, and he promised a reward of twenty purses to the person who should first bring him intelligence of them; and, that duty fulfilled, he retired to the house of Sereski, a rich Armenian, where he had always been accustomed to sojourn during his visits to Mielnik, and shutting himself up alone in the interior apartments, he gave way, during three days and nights, to unrestrained grief.

It soon became generally known at Mielnik that the murdered man was Seid Mohamet, the dearest friend of Mustapha Pasha, and that he had been the bearer of despatches from the Porte to Salonica, and had with

him a treasure of 400,000 piastres, destined for public purposes. He had arrived at Mielnik on the afternoon preceding his murder, and had been seen by some of the inhabitants at the public bath, from whence he had gone to the mosque, and performed his devotions; and it was conjectured that he had fallen a victim to the daring rapacity of some Albanian robbers, whose depredatory habits had recently brought them to Salonica, where they had committed so many outrages, that, contrary to the belief in fatalism, and the apathy consequent upon it; which is the directing (perhaps, I ought, rather, to say, passive) principle of a Moslem's actions, few Turkish travellers would venture to pass that road without an armed escort. It was even supposed that the Albanians had emissaries in the town, who secretly apprized them of the arrival of any wealthy traveller.

Sereski, the Armenian, when admitted into Mustapha's presence, was consulted by him upon the steps most advisable to be taken, in order to detect the offenders, and bring them to justice; and he zealously entered into all his views, and joined in execrating the ruthless hand that had dared to raise itself against the life of the brave and virtuous Scid Mohamet.

"But hast thou not another friend, oh, pasha?" said he; "and is not that friend, thy servant, Sereski? Weep not, therefore, like one who is desolate."

"True, Sereski," replied the pasha; I know that thou art my friend, and that, like Scid Mohamet, thou wouldst spill thy blood to save mine; but until I have avenged his murder, I cannot enjoy even thy friendship. If thou hadst died his death, so would I mourn for thee, and so would I wish to avenge thee; therefore, reproach me not, Sereski, but aid me with thy counsels, that the murderers may not escape the doom I have pronounced upon them."

"So be it," replied the Armenian. And, inclining himself before the pasha, he withdrew, and left him absorbed in grief.

While thus lost to all recollections, save those of his friend's tragical fate, Mustapha, reclined upon his cushions, unconscious of all outward objects, the curtain that veiled the entrance of the apartment occupied by

him, was gently drawn aside, and a fairy form entered noiselessly, bearing in her hands a large basket of flowers, covered with an embroidered handkerchief. It was Irene, the only child of Sereski, whose infant graces had long since captivated the pasha's good will. He had been the guest of the Armenian when, seven years before, his wife, Esene, had died in giving birth to this little girl; and from that period, his affection for the father and daughter had progressively acquired such strength, that he had frequently declared to Sereski that should fate deprive Irene of her father, he would supply his place to her, and adopt her for his own.

The little maiden seated herself silently at the pasha's feet, and began to arrange her flowers; but after a time, perceiving that he did not notice her, she took both of his hands in hers, and looking up into his face with fond earnestness, said—

"Pasha, if you will smile upon me as you used to do, I will give you my best roses."

"I want not thy roses, child," he answered: "my heart is full of thorns!"

"Then I will give you a charm to cure the wound," she resumed, producing an amulet.

"Keep thy roses and thy amulets, Irene," said the pasha, "and leave me, for my soul is heavy, and I cannot listen to thee."

"Nay," persisted the child, "my father sent me hither, and I will not go. I will not leave you, pasha, until I have seen you smile; I look upon me as you are wont to do, and I will give you my treasure." And loosening the shawl that bound her waist, she took from its folds a gold ring, encrusted with a sapphire of immense value, and holding it to Mustapha, exclaimed, "This is my treasure; smile, and it shall be yours."

The wish was scarcely uttered before it was fulfilled. The pasha seized the ring, while a smile of exultation lighted up his dark countenance with the portentous brightness of lightning flashing from a thundercloud; the child clapped her hands in rapture: while Mustapha, drawing her towards him, said in a low voice, "Irene, who gave thee this ring?"

She remained silent.

"Speak, I command thee," he continued. She clasped her hands in supplication. "I

have done wrong," she said; "but if I confess my fault to you, will you save me from my father's anger?"

"I will," he replied. "Speak, and speak truly."

"Three days ago," she resumed, "early in the morning, when I went into my father's room, where he keeps his money and jewels, I found him busied in filling a casket, and, in his haste to close it before I approached, some of the jewels fell upon the carpet. I stooped to pick them up; and this ring having rolled to the further end of the room unperceived by him, I put it into my bosom and carried it away. And now I dare not restore it, for my father has never yet been known to pardon theft."

"Fear not, Irene, my soul!" said Mustapha; "thy father's anger shall not fall upon thee, if thou art silent to all upon the subject. Leave me the ring, and here is a jewel in exchange;" and he gave her the diamond agraffe that fastened his vest. "Thou hast charmed away my grief, Irene; thou hast brought hope to my bosom. Leave me, child; I am happy."

She obeyed, and disappeared through the doorway as noiselessly as she had entered.

No sooner was Irene gone than Mustapha, drawing the ring from his bosom, where he had concealed it, ejaculated, "Allah kierim! God is great! Behold, he has chosen this young infidel as the instrument by which the death of his faithful believer shall be discovered and avenged! This is the very ring which I gave to Seid Mohamet, after he had saved my life in the Balkan, and from which he swore never to part while he lived. The stone is beyond price; and here are the characters which I caused to be engraven on it: 'Eternal gratitude, friendship, and attachment, even unto death.' There can be no mistake; this is Seid Mohamet's ring. But how came it here?"

Then approaching the curtain that veiled the entrance of the apartment, he clapped his hands thrice, and a servant appearing, he directed that Sereski should be summoned to his presence.

"Dog of an infidel!" exclaimed Mustapha, as soon as he perceived him, "how earnest thou by this ring?"

The Armenian appeared thunderstruck at beholding the jewel in Mustapha's hands. A deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and his features worked convulsively, as, endeavouring to surmount his emotion, he replied that he had purchased it from an Albanian some time back.

"Who is this Albanian? Give me his name, then," resumed the pasha, "that he may be sought for, and brought before me forthwith."

"I may not do so, O Mustapha!" replied Sereski: "when I purchased that ring, I made a solemn promise that I would never divulge the name of him who sold it to me."

"Thou liest, dog!" exclaimed the pasha, his eyes flashing fire; "this ring belonged to Seid Mohamet, who would only have sold it with his life. Thou art in league with his murderers; but deliver them up to me, and I will forgive thee even this treachery."

"What can I say?" replied Sereski doggedly; "I have spoken nothing but the truth, and I have nothing more to reveal."

Mustapha then commanded that Sereski and all his servants should appear with him before the *cadi*; and when they were in the presence of that functionary, the pasha repeated the whole transaction that had brought the ring of Seid Mohamet into his possession. Sereski persisted in his denegations, and the *cadi* ordered him to be bastinadoed upon the soles of his feet, which sentence was immediately executed in the presence of Mustapha Pasha, and by his own *ghavassess* (guards). But the torture it inflicted wrested no admission of guilt from the Armenian. He writhed in agony, and bit the ground, until nature was exhausted by the fierce struggle, and he became insensible. The punishment was then suspended.

Sereski's servants were also ordered to be bastinadoed, and several of them underwent the ordeal without making any revelation; but when it came to the turn of a Jew, who had long been a confidential servant of Sereski's, and as such had enjoyed the pasha's esteem, his terror at the torture he was about to undergo was so overwhelming, that no sooner had the *ghavassess* laid their hands upon him to bind him, than, prostrating himself at Mustapha's feet, he exclaimed,

"Have mercy on me, O pasha! and I will reveal all!"

The pasha commanded his *ghawasses* to suspend their operations, and the Jew then made a full confession of his master being the murderer of Seid Mohamet. The means he had taken to effect the crime were as follows—Sereski had a garden and a kiosk at a short distance from Mielnik, on the Constantinople side of the town, which he was in the habit of visiting almost daily, and occasionally passing the night there. Having been apprised of Seid Mohamet's arrival at Mielnik, and of the treasure he carried with him, he promptly took his measures to secure it to himself without attracting suspicion, and went, as was his custom, to his kiosk, where he passed the night. But just before daylight he and the Jew arose, and disguising themselves in Albanian dresses, armed with pistols and yataghans, they proceeded to the plain leading from Mielnik to Salonica, and took up their position under cover of a ruined mosque, close to which is a fountain where travellers are in the habit of refreshing their horses. They had not long been in ambush when Seid Mohamet and his guide appeared in sight; and, approaching the mosque, dismounted. Seid Mohamet spread his praying carpet on the ground, and disposing himself for his devotions, soon became absorbed in them; while the Tartar proceeded to water the horses at the fountain. At that instant Sereski, taking a sure and deadly aim at the good Mussulman, shot him through the heart. The Tartar, alarmed by the report of the pistol, rushed towards him, and received the dying man in his arms as he bounded convulsively from the earth; while Sereski, quitting his concealment, threw himself upon the faithful Tartar, and passing his yataghan through his body, laid him dead by the side of Seid Mohamet. Meanwhile the Jew was busied in rifling the baggage-horses; and having collected the treasure, and stripped the bodies of their victims of every article of value about them, they turned the horses loose upon the plain, and returned with their booty before sunrise to the kiosk, where they deposited it in a subterranean chamber; and departing for Mielnik at the hour they were accustomed to do, made their entrance

publicly some hours before the murder was discovered. He also stated that this was not the first robbery and assassination in which the Armenian had been involved, although the apparent sanctity and austerity of his character, and his habits, of charity, had hitherto placed him beyond the reach of suspicion.

The pasha listened with amazement; and ordering the Jew to show him the place of concealment, he proceeded thither with the *cadi*, and found, as the delinquent had most truly stated, a subterranean chamber under the kiosk, in which was concealed a quantity of money; and among the rest the treasure of Seid Mohamet untouched, and rolled up in the Albanian dresses that had been worn by Sereski and his servant when they committed the murder.

These proofs of Sereski's guilt were convincing to Mustapha Pasha. "Detested hypocrite," he exclaimed, "how have I been deceived in him! This is the man whom I loved, and in whose virtue I confided above all others, except Seid Mohamet! This is the man who wept with me over his murder, and called for vengeance upon his assassins! The cull shall be answered; he shall die the death, even though he has been the friend of my bosom; for I will break my heart ere I break my vow."

It was lightfall before they returned to Mielnik, but Mustapha Pasha stopped not until steps had been taken to bring Sereski and his accomplice speedily to justice. One of the recent reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, reflects the most honour upon him, has been to abrogate the power of the pashas to inflict capital punishment—a power which formerly led to dreadful abuses, not only of life, but property, and exposed the mass of the people to the caprice, cupidity, or corruption of men "dressed in a little brief authority." Courts of justice have now been established in Turkey; and when a judicial sentence has been obtained and signed by the *cadi*, time is allowed for appeal. Sereski and his accomplice were tried according to the new laws; and their guilt being fully established, their doom was sealed. The Jew was sentenced to be hanged at his master's door at daybreak, while the Armenian was reserved

for the more dreadful punishment of impalement alive. His property was to be divided into five parts, four of which were to be given to the family of Seid Mohamet, and the fifth to be reserved for his own child.

As soon as the trial was over, Sereski demanded an audience of the pasha, in order, as he said, to make a further revelation to him; but the motive he assigned was merely a pretext to obtain an interview, which he knew would otherwise be refused to him. When admitted into Mustapha's presence, he cast himself at his feet, and in the most abject terms supplicated for life under any conditions. "Let me but live, O pasha!" said he, "and all that I possess shall be thine. I have wealth that is unknown to all, even to Ishmael, the Jew, who has betrayed me. But what is wealth compared to life? Behold, for this boon I will beggar my child; and maimed, impoverished, and disgraced as I am, I will return with her to the land of my fathers, even into Armenia, and repent me of my sins during a life of labour and privation. Hear my prayer, O Mustapha! Thou art all powerful with the Sultan; ask for mercy, and it shall be granted. Behold, have I not already suffered enough in the body?" and he pointed to his mutilated feet "and is not my spirit crushed into the very dust? Sereski, the rich, the honored, and, above all, the friend of Mustapha, whither has he fallen?"

The pasha listened without once interrupting him; and when Sereski paused, and raised his eyes and hands in agony towards Mustapha, he spurned him with his foot, and answered, "Thou hast fallen beneath my contempt—nay, beneath my pity. Cruelty and cowardice were ever twin brothers. Dost thou believe the soul of Mustapha to be so base that, like thine own, it could barter all for gold? The wealth of Stamboul should not tempt me to spare one drop of thy blood!"

"Nay, but," persisted the unhappy Sereski, "wilt thou render Irene, the child thou lovest, fatherless? Who will protect her when I am gone?"

"Hast thou the bowels of a father," replied the pasha, "that even but this moment thou didst offer to make her a beggar, if I would give thee thy wretched life? Dog!

thou art not worthy of the name of father! But the innocent shall not suffer for the guilty; Irene shall not be fatherless; henceforth she shall be unto me as a daughter."

"Thou wert ever great and noble," resumed Sereski; "be merciful as thou art generous, and so shall thou surpass all other men."

"Base wretch!" answered Mustapha, trembling with passion, "nor bribes, nor flattery shall serve thee. Away with him!" he continued, summoning his guards; "I spit upon and defy him!"

The agony of mind, and the bodily torture which Sereski had undergone, had thrown him into a violent fever, which caused the execution of his sentence to be delayed; for the Turkish law forbids that criminals should undergo its last extreme penalty while suffering from bodily illness. Sereski was conveyed to prison, where he was carefully guarded, and attended by a physician of his own country, who was ordered, on pain of death, to restore him to health. Every means that a barbarous humanity could devise were employed to heal his lacerated body, and with such success, that health had become quite re-established; and the day following the one on which I arrived at Mielnik had been fixed upon for his execution.

During the period of his convalescence, Sereski had made a full admission of his guilt, and confessed that he had had recourse to those cruel and unlawful means of enriching himself, that he might leave great wealth to his daughter; for which Heaven had punished him, by making that very child the instrument of bringing him to justice.

Such was the substance of Pascal's relation, and the cause of the sadness in which I had found him. The execution was to take place on the spot where the murder had been committed; the pasha was to be present at it, and I immediately decided upon remaining another day at Mielnik, that I might witness the tragedy.

On the morrow, at noon, the whole population of the town was to be seen thronging through the Salonica gate, towards the plain, on which stood the ruined mosque, near to which was to be seen a tall stake firmly planted in the ground, and tapering towards

the summit, until it terminated in a steel point, which gleamed like a lance in the sunbeams. Opposite to it a temporary platform had been erected, upon which carpets and cushions were spread for the pasha and his suite. I placed myself as near to that spot as the guard would permit me; and shortly after I stationed myself there Mustapha and his retinue arrived on horseback. He dismounted at the foot of the platform, and, ascending the steps, seated himself upon his cushions; his master of the ceremonies stood at his right hand, while his standard bearer, cup bearer, pipe bearer, secretaries, and the numerous other attendants inseparable from Turkish authorities, ranged themselves in a semicircle behind him, his guards surrounding the foot of the scaffolding.

Mustapha cast his eyes upon the ruined mosque and the fountain, on which some pious hand had engraven the words of Sadi, the Eastern poet—"Many, like me, have beheld this fountain, but their eyes are closed in death," (as though to remind the wayfarer of the transitoriness of everything upon earth, and that in the midst of life we should think upon death); and a shade of stern sorrow passed over his countenance. He then turned his eyes to the fatal stake, and a sombre fire flashed from them as they measured it from the sharp point to the widening base, and appeared to calculate the mortal agonies which that brief space would soon exhibit. Then, concentrating his emotions, he remained in silence and apparent indifference, awaiting the opening of the bloody scene.

A rumour in the crowd soon announced the approach of the criminal, who, clothed in his richest vestments, his hands bound behind his back, his tottering steps supported on each side by the executioner's assistants, drew near to the fatal spot. The wretched man cast one shuddering glance at the instrument of death, and sunk motionless to earth. At that moment two ladders were placed against the stake, and the executioner and his assistants surrounding the culprit, quickly stripped him of his clothing; an awful and almost breathless stillness pervaded the crowd; every breath was hushed; every eye was turned towards

the group at the foot of the ladders—and soon we beheld the executioner lightly ascend one of them, and await at the summit, while his assistants guided, or rather forced upwards, the unhappy Sereski. At last the topmost step was attained—the officials closed around him—for a moment they raised him above their heads—the next instant a scream of agony resounded through the air—and the men, displacing the ladders, clung to the shaft of the stake, and, sliding down with the velocity of thought, left to the thousands assembled an unobstructed view of the wretched Armenian's horrible convulsions.

My heart sickened at the spectacle, and, turning my eyes from it, I bent them upon the countenance of Mustapha. He had drawn his fez cap over his eyes—was it to shade them from the sun, or to hide some traces of human emotion lurking there?—his lips were closely compressed, his countenance pale but composed, and with unshaken firmness he listened to the horrible execrations and blasphemies which the fierce torments of Sereski wrung from him. In his mortal agony, he had burst the cords that bound his hands, and with desperate struggles he menaced the pasha.

"Accursed be the day I saw thee, O pasha of evil!" he cried; "accursed be the hour that thou didst enter my house! accursed be the child that has betrayed me! accursed be God for permitting it! accursed—" but a death-rattle choked his utterance.

"Water, water!" he gasped at last, in a fainting voice.

The pasha, motioning to his cup-bearer, said, "Let the wretch drink and die!"*

The cup-bearer immediately approaching the writhing sufferer, presented a glass of iced water to his lips; but Sereski, collecting all his energies at that moment, snatched the goblet from the slave's hand, hurled it at the pasha's head, and yelling out,—“Not from thee, accursed one!” his arms fell powerless by his side his head sunk upon his bosom, and with that last malediction the soul of the murderer passed into eternity!

* A single drop of water administered to an impaled criminal produces instantaneous death; and, therefore, in cases of such executions in Turkey, guards are placed round the stake to prevent such a coup de grace being afforded to the sufferer, who sometimes lingers in torments for two days, if a vital part has not been pierced.

The pasha's guard then clearing a passage through the crowd, Mustapha descended from the platform with a firm step, and, mounting his horse, returned with his whole retinue to Mielnik. The multitude dispersed, and I followed with them into the town, and repaired to the house of Pascal, at the door of which was a covered araba drawn by oxen, and a few people assembled to witness its departure.

When ushered into the presence of Pascal, and after I had given him a sketch of the horrid scene I had just witnessed, I inquired the meaning of the equipage at his door.

"It is Mustapha Pasha's araba," he replied, "come to bear away Irene, the child of Sereski, whom, in remembrance of his ancient promise to her father, he has adopted as his own daughter. He has given the fifth share of Sereski's possessions (which had devolved to her) to be distributed among the poor, and will endow the maiden with a noble portion from his own wealth. Irene was brought to my house last evening, her father's habitation having been rased to the ground during the night by the pasha's order. Thus, you see, Mustapha has kept his vow of benevolence as well as his vow of vengeance; and although the one might have served as a pretext for the non-performance of the other, he has observed them both with Turkish scrupulousness."

At that moment the shuffling of footsteps, and the sound of women's voices in the inner court, diverted his attention from me.

"It is Irene who departs," said Pascal; "I must bid her farewell." I followed him, and we reached the door just as the young Armenian, wrapped in a dark *ferigee*, and closed veiled, appeared, followed by several Turkish women. Pascal raised her in his arms, kissed her eyes, and placed her in the araba; the women took their seats beside her, the lattices were closed, and the cumbersome vehicle drove away.

"Poor child!" said Pascal; "to the last her father refused to see her. She is ignorant of his fate, and of the share she had in bringing it to pass; the pasha has commanded that it should never be made known to her. She believes that Sereski had gone to Constantinople upon business, and that he died

there unexpectedly; and she is now going cheerfully to place herself under the protection of her new father.

"Will he fulfil the trust with kindness?" I inquired.

"I would stake my life upon his doing so," answered Pascal; "and it will be the maiden's own fault if Mustapha Pasha does not remain her firm friend for life."

LAUGHING GAS.

The following lines are supposed to describe the feelings of a person whilst under the influence of its ethereal inhalation:

I could leap! I could hold the owls in chase,
I could clasp the moon in a kind embrace;
I could leap where light and darkness sever,
And mount through space for ever and ever!

And as I kept on so wild and free,
I would with mad and measureless glee,
Though the huge concave were dark as sin,
I would kindle a kingdom of light therein.

And I'd kick with my feet—I believe I would;
And I'd strike with my arms—for 'twould do me good;
And I'd dance, and leap, and war, and sing,
And care not for spirit, or person, or thing!

What have I to do with the earth?
All space is too little for half my mirth;
Or what has the earth to do with me,
With its hillocks of land, and its pools of sea?

O! I'd send your globes all whizzing through space;
And gripe my sides as I watched the chase;
Whilst as one whizzed, and the other whizzed after,
I'd make the whole universe ring with my laughter!

Sorrow and care have ceased to be;
For I've drunk of the depths of the boundless glee.
Give me some more, and let me quaff;
Why should we live but to soar and laugh?

V.

CASTLE BUILDING;

OR, THE MODERN ALNASCHAR.

In that quarter of Clement's Inn, whose dingy chambers look out upon a courtyard where stands the well-known statue of a blackamoor,* lodged Charles Meredith, a young man, about twenty-three years of age, who had just been called to the bar, and was as much encumbered with briefs as such raw, inexperienced barristers usually are. Possessed of considerable literary attainments, which, both at school and at college, had gained him the reputation of a

* This statue was once, if we may credit tradition, an actual living blackamoor, who was in the daily habit, for upwards of thirty years, of sweeping the court-yard of the Inn, and running errands for its legal tenants. Having, in consequence, managed to get an insight into the character of their professional mal-practices, he was, naturally enough, shocked into a petrifaction, and now sits—SEDEB ÆTERNUMQUE SEDEBIT INFELIX THESEUS—a lasting monumental record of the effects produced on a susceptible mind by the inevitable regurgity of lawyers.

“promising youth,” and endowed with a quick, versatile, and even brilliant fancy, Charles was still more fortunate in being blessed with a sanguine temperament, which always inclined him to look on the sunny side of things. On quitting university, where study and dissipation engrossed his mind by turns, he had hurried over to Paris, and there contrived, in one short year, to run through the best part of a small fortune, which had been left him by his father; and now, with but a few hundred pounds remaining in his exchequer, he was, for the first time in his life, awakened to the wholesome but unpalatable conviction, that, if he did not abandon pleasure, and apply himself with earnestness to the stern duties of existence, he must ere long sink into abject poverty. Accordingly, after duly reflecting on his position, young Meredith decided on becoming a lawyer, as being a vocation more congenial to his tastes than any other he could think of. But, unluckily, this did not supply him with an immediate competence, but only put him in the way of acquiring a remote one; so, in order to furnish himself with the means of subsistence until he should have gained sufficient practice as a barrister, he determined, like many a clever young lawyer before him, on turning his literary abilities to account; in other words, on trying his luck as an author.

Having once resolved on a particular line of action, Charles Meredith was not the man to halt or fall asleep. “En avant,” was his motto, as it is of all the ambitious and the enterprising. After casting about for a subject calculated to call forth his utmost energies, he at length decided on the composition of a historical romance—a species of fiction which the Waverley Novels, then in the zenith of their celebrity, had rendered unusually popular. Being well acquainted with the period which he proposed to illustrate—the stirring times of Louis XIV., when the war-minister Louvois was in the height of his power,—Charles, whose fancy was kindled by his theme, wrought it out in a spirited and graphic style. Half a year’s zealous application sufficed to bring his *con amore* task to a conclusion, when, without a moment’s delay, he despatched the precious

manuscript to an eminent publisher at the West End, offering him the copy right for—what the sanguine author, no doubt, thought was a most moderate price—three hundred pounds! As a matter of course, he calculated on a favourable reply within a week, or a fortnight at furthest; but two months had elapsed, and he had received no communication, though he had called twice at the bibliopole’s house of business, and each time left a card, by way of refresher to his memory.

At last, when he had almost despaired of success, and had come to the determination of peremptorily demanding back his manuscript, his fondest hopes were realized. One afternoon, on his return home from the law courts, just as he had entered his chambers, the postman’s brisk rat-tat was heard at his outer door; and presently his clerk made his appearance with a letter, dated—Street, in his hand. Eternal Powers! what were the young man’s transports on perusing the contents of this note! The communication was from the publisher to whom he had transmitted his romance; and, though penned in a dry, terse, and business-like style, yet, in Charles’s estimation, it teemed with the eloquence of a Burke; for it was to the effect that his tale had been read and approved; that the writer *acceded to his terms*; and that, if he would favour him with a visit at his earliest convenience, he would give him a cheque for the three hundred pounds, and, at the same time venture to suggest a few trifling alterations in the manuscript, which he thought would tend to increase its chances of popularity.

Charles read this touching billet at least twice over, to convince himself that he had not misapprehended its import; and then, hurrying out into the street, threw himself into the first cab he met, and—as might have been anticipated—was thrown out just ten minutes afterwards, though fortunately his fall was attended with no worse consequences than developing on the back of his head that particular bump—namely conscientiousness—which, as phrenologists have justly observed, is so invariably found wanting in the skulls of politicians.

On getting on his legs again, young Me-

redith, made cautious by experience, continued his journey on foot, and on reaching his publisher's shop, and sending in his name, was at once ushered into the august presence. The interview, though short, was highly satisfactory. Charles received the bibliopole's compliments with becoming modesty, and his cheque with very visible delight; and, having listened to his suggestions, and promised to give them all due consideration, he took his leave, and posted off to a neighbouring banker's, where he presented his cheque, and received in return a handsome pile of Bank of England notes.

Just as he turned again into the street, he unexpectedly encountered an old college chum, to whom he imparted his good fortune in terms of such extravagant rapture, that his friend, a sedate mathematician, looked at him, not without a suspicion that his intellect was impaired. And let no one blame his transports, for an author's first work—especially if it be of an imaginative character, and he who penned it a green enthusiast—is always an affair of prodigious moment in his estimation! The lover who hears his mistress falter out “yes,” when he feared she was going to say “no;” the father, who sees in his darling first-born the reflection of himself, even to the snub-nose and unquestionable squint; the hungry leader of opposition, who finds himself suddenly transported from the comfortless region on the wrong side of the speaker, to the Canaan of the Treasury Bench, flowing with milk and honey; the turtle-shaped alderman, who, on the glorious day of his metamorphosis into a lord-mayor, hears his health drunk and his virtues lauded at his own table by a real first minister of the crown; these, even in the height of their ecstasy, feel no more intense gratification than does the young unsophisticated author on the success of his first literary enterprise. But how changed the scene, when, the gloss of novelty worn off, he takes to writing as a task! The instant composition becomes a matter of necessity, it ceases to be a pleasure. Fancy flags, and must be goaded onwards like an unwilling steed; invention, that once answered readily to one's bidding, stands coldly aloof; the fine edge

of feeling grows dull; thought refuses longer to soar, but creeps tamely, instead, along the dead flats of commonplace; and the mere act of stringing sentences together comes to be the most thankless and irksome drudgery. Charles, however, had not yet reached this pass. At present he was in the honeymoon of authorship.

After strolling about some time with his Cambridge friend, Charles went back to his chambers, where he occupied himself till the dinner hour in perusing Scott's splendid romance of *Old Mortality*; and in the evening, which set in wet and stormy, he drew forth from its modest hiding-place his last remaining bottle of wine, closed his shutters, wheeled his sofa round to the fire, which he coaxed and fed till it blazed like a furnace, and then, in the true spirit of that “luxurious idlesse” which Thomson has so well described, allowed his skittish fancy to run riot, and, rapt in delicious revelry, began building castle after castle in the air, whose imposing splendour increased in exact proportions to his potations.

“Lucky fellow that I am,” mentally exclaimed this sanguine day-dreamer, as his eyes fell on the heap of bank-notes which lay close beside him on the table, “here are the fruitful seeds from which I am destined soon to reap a rich harvest of wealth and fame! The sum now in my possession will afford me a moderate competence, and I have brought my next literary production to a close, when, of course, my means will be extended; for if I get three hundred pounds for my first work, it is as clear as the sun at noon day that, for my second, which will be twice as good, and therefore twice as popular, I shall get twice, or perhaps thrice, the sum. Then, who so likely on the road to fame as I? My second flight of fancy being successful, my third will still further increase my renown, when public curiosity will be strongly excited to know who and what I am. Mysterious surmises will be set afloat respecting my identity. The press will teem with ‘authentic particulars’ of my birth, parentage, and education: this journal asserting, ‘on authority,’ that I am Sir Morgan O’Doherty; another, that I am a young Irishman who holds his name for

the present, in consequence of having killed his uncle in a duel; and a third, that I am no less a personage than the President of the Noctes! At last the whole mighty truth will be revealed, and an agitated world be calmed by the appearance of my name in the title-page of my fourth historical romance. From that eventful period I shall become the leading lion of the day. My best witticisms will be repeated at every table, and, under the head of 'Meridith's last,' circulated in every journal; my likeness, taken by an eminent artist, will be exhibited in my publisher's shop-window; great booksellers will contend for the honour of my patronage; invitations to dinners, balls, and conversaziones, will pour in hour by hour throughout the season; when I enter a drawing-room, a whisper will go round, especially among the ladies, of "There he is!—What a dear creature!—how interesting he looks!"—and at length the general enthusiasm will reach such a height, that, one night, as I am in the act of quitting a crowded conversazione, one of the most ardent of my male admirers, anxious to possess some memorial of me, will walk off with my best hat and cloak, just as a similar literary enthusiast absconded last autumn with Christopher North's celebrated sporting jacket.

"And what will be the result of all this enviable notoriety? Can I doubt?—No. The sunny future lies spread out before me like a map. A beautiful young girl of rank and fortune, fair as a water-lily, with a pale Grecian face, slender figure, remarkable for its symmetry, and foot so exquisitely and aristocratically small, as to be hardly visible, except through a microscope;—this refined, graceful, and sylph-like creature, attracted by the blaze of my reputation, will seize the favourable opportunity of my being invited to a ball at her father's house, to transfer her affections from the author to the man! The consequences may be anticipated. I shall reciprocate her feelings: sigh whenever she approaches, throwing a fine distraction into my eloquent dark eye; and, finally, one fine day, when there is no one in the drawing-room but herself, make a direct avowal of my love. Grateful creature! She just

clasps her fairy hands—utters tremulously 'Oh goodness gracious!'—and then sinks into a consenting swoon on my bosom. But, alas! the course of true love never did run smooth. The lady's stony hearted parents insist on her marrying a squat viscount of sixty. She refuses: whereupon I press my suit, and driven to desperation, propose an instantaneous elopement. An elopement! Delicious sounds in the ears of romantic youth and beauty! Can Leonora resist its magic? No!

"Accordingly, one morning in the appropriate month of May, when the streets are still and solitary, and the venerable parents of my idolized Leonora are comfortably snoring back to back in bed, I meet her by appointment at the corner of the square where she resides—pop her into a hackney-coach, rattle away to Highgate, and there transfer her to a post-chaise and four, which is in waiting to receive us on the great north road. Away, away we go, swift as the wind—sixteen knots an hour to begin with. Scarcely is one mile-stone passed ere another pops in sight. Trees flit by us as if they were running for a wager. Towns appear and disappear like phantoms. A country is scampered across in an hour or so. Ah, there is another post-chariot dashing madly along in our rear! Go it, ye rascals, go it—or I'll transport ye both for aiding and abetting in abduction! Don't be nice about trifles. If you run over an old woman, fling her a shilling. If you find a turnpike-gate shut, charge like a Wellington, and break through it! If the fresh horses are sulky at starting, clap a lighted whisp of straw to their refractory tails! Bravo! Now we fly again! 'Don't be alarmed Leonora; the little boy was not hurt; the hind wheels just scruched in one of the finger nails—that's all, my life! What, still agitated?' 'Oh, Charles, we shall break both our necks—I'm sure we shall!' 'And if we're caught, my sweetest, we shall break both our hearts a far more agonizing catastrophe.' Behold us now approaching the Border! another hour and we are in Scotland. I know it by the farm-yard cocks who are one and all crowing in the Scotch accent. What village is that right ahead of us? Gretna, as I live! And

yonder's the Blacksmith's! Then Heaven be praised, Leonora is mine! Hip, hip, hurrah! Nine times nine, and one cheer more!!

"The scene changes. Love's first delirious transports have subsided, and ambition resumes the ascendancy. A little love is sweet and palatable enough; too much makes one sick. It is living on lump-sugar and treacle. Tired of my honey suckle cottage, even though it be situated in a valley where the 'bulbul' sings all night, I bring my equally wearied bride with me to the metropolis. The news of the lion's return spreads far and wide. My late elopement has, if possible, increased my popularity—especially, as during my rustication, the main incidents have been dramatized, and played by astounding effect at the Adelphi. Melted by such indisputable evidences of my sterling celebrity, my old father-in-law, who has been sulking, ever since I evaporated with his pet child, sends for me with a view to reconciliation, and flinging his aged arms about my neck, formally acknowledges me as his heir; and, after introducing me to all his titled and influential acquaintance, dies, as if on purpose to give me another shove up ambition's ladder, and leaves me a tin-mine in Cornwall, shares in half-a-dozen London companies, and upwards of thirty thousand pounds in the *three per cents*. Excellent-hearted old gentleman! Here's his health!

"Adieu now to literature. My hopes expand with my circumstances. Who would creep when he could soar? or content himself with the idle flatteries of the drawing-room, when he could electrify a senate, and help on the regeneration of an empire? My destiny henceforth is fixed. The spirit of a Demosthenes swells within me—I must become a member of the imperial legislature. But how? There are no rotten boroughs now-a-days. True, but there are plenty quite fly-blown enough for my purpose—so hurrah for St. Stephen's!—Armed with a weighty purse, and backed by a host of potential friends whom my literary renown and handsome fortune has procured me, I announce myself as a candidate for the borough of A——; make my appearance there in a style of befitting splendour, with ten pounds

worth or so of mob huzzaing at my heels; thunder forth patriotic clap-traps on the hustings, with my hand pressed against my heart; shake hands with the electors, kiss all their wives and daughters—and, as a necessary consequence, am returned by a glorious majority to Parliament.

"Now comes my crowning triumph. On the occasion of some discussion of all-absorbing interest, I enter the crowded house, and catching the Speaker's eye, just as I am in the act of getting up on my 'eloquent legs'—as Counsellor Phillips would say—I prepare for a display that shall at once place me in the front rank of statesmen and orators. A prodigious sensation is caused by my assumption of the perpendicular. A buzz goes around the house that it is the celebrated author, Charles Meredith, who is about to speak. Peel rubs his eyes, which have been closed for the last half hour by the irresistible rhetoric of Hume—Sheil trembles for his tropes—and each separate joint of O'Connell's Tail rattles with visible uneasiness. Meanwhile, I commence my oration. 'Unaccustomed, as I am, to public speaking,' is the modest and ingenious language in which I supplicate the forbearance of honorable members, who, with that generosity so characteristic of free-born Britons, apply to my novel appeal with reiterated cheer. Having thus secured their favourable opinion, I plunge unhesitatingly *in medias res*. I put the question in its broadest and clearest light; I philosophise upon it: am joocular upon it; embellish it by some apt Greek quotations, infinitely to the delight of Mr. Baines, who expressed his satisfaction at my being such a ready *Latin* scholar, and concluded with an impassioned and electrifying apostrophe to the genius of British freedom. Next day the papers are full of my praises. Those which approve the principles of my speech, extol it as a miracle of reasoning; and even those which are adverse, yet frankly confess that, as a mere matter of eloquence, it has never been surpassed within the walls of St. Stephen's. A few nights afterwards I created a similar sensation, which is rendered still more memorable from the circumstance, that a lady of rank and fashion, who happens to be listening to the

debate in the small recess over the roof of the House, overbalances herself in the ardour of her feelings, and tumbles, head foremost through the sky-light, into the Speaker's lap!

"So passes the Session. During the recess, the clubs are all busy in speculation as to my future course of proceeding. Not a gossip at the Athenæum, the Carlton, or the Reform Clubs, but as an anecdote to relate about Charles Meredith. The foreign secretary was seen walking arm-in-arm with me one Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park; and the next day it was remarked that the chancellor of the exchequer kept me fast by the button-hole for a whole hour in Palace Yard. Hence it is inferred that I shall ere long form one of the government. Even a peerage is talked of; but *that* I am doubtful whether to accept or not. Brougham's fate holds out an impressive warning. Weeks, months, thus roll on, and about the period of the meeting of Parliament, ministers, who are sadly in want of a ready, fluent speaker, begin to throw out hints of an intention to angle for me. These hints daily become more significant, and as I take not the slightest notice of them, it is concluded that silence gives consent, and that I have my price. Acting on this conviction, the ministerial whipper-in sounds me on the subject, and lured on by my seeming acquiescence, proceeds to open his battery upon me through the medium of divers epistles marked 'private and confidential,' in which in the event, of my supporting government, I am promised a snug berth in Downing street, and at the end of the session, when certain troublesome questions are disposed of, a foreign embassy, with an earldom and a pension. Ye, who are honest men—and here, thank God, I feel that I am appealing to a vast majority of Englishmen, and the entire population of Ireland—imagine the blush that paints my patriotic physiognomy on receiving these affronting proposals! I am bewildered—horror struck—'tacetotaciously exfunctified,' and when the whipper-in meets me by appointment to receive my final answer, I snatch up his insulting letters, which happen to be lying beside me on the table, and glaring on him, like a Numidian lion, while he, hypocrite as he is, puts his hands into his

base breeches pockets, like Lord Castle-reagh's crocodile, by way of showing his indifference, I exclaim, in the most withering tones of scorn, 'Sir, were I bound to ministers by as strong ties of affection as even those which bind a Burdett to an O'Connell, still I would disdain to join their party on terms such as you propose. If you have no conscience, sir, I have; I know, therefore, that nothing under a dukedom and a pension for three lives will suit my disinterested views of the case!' So saying, I tear the letters into a thousand fragments, and fling them into the fire thus!—thus!—thus,—

"Heavens and earth, what—what have I done?" continued the excited castle-builder, his enthusiasm falling below zero in an instant. "Why I have actually, in the order of revelry, mistaken a pile of bank notes for ministerial communications, and consigned to the flames the entire sum I received but this morning from my publisher!" It was too true. Of the three hundred pounds, not one single vestige remained. The 'devouring element' had destroyed all.

So much for castle-building!

LAMENT FOR MAY-DAY.

Weep, weep, thou Virgin Queen of May,
Sit down and weep with me;
Forgotten is thy festal day,
And lost thy name shall be.

Fling down, fling down that flowery crown,
Thy sceptre cast away;
For ne'er again in vale or plain
They'll hail thee Queen of May.

No maiden now, with glowing brow,
Shall rise by early dawn,
And bind her hair with chaplets fair,
Torn from the blossomed thorn.

No lark shall spring, on dewy wing
Thy matin hymn to pour;
No cuckoo's voice shall shout, "rejoice!"
For thou art Queen no more.

* * * * *
The violet blooms, with modest grace,
Beneath its crest of leaves;
The primrose shows its pale face;
Her wreathes the wild rose weaves.

The cowslip bends its golden head;
And daisies deck the lea;
But, ah! no more, in grove or bower,
The Queen of May we'll see.

Weep, weep, then, Virgin Queen of May,
Thy ancient reign is o'er;
Thy votaries all are lowly laid,
And thou art Queen no more!

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXXIX.

[Major, Doctor, Purser.]

MAJOR.—What in the name of wonder has become of our agricultural associate? Right seldom does he fail to show face at the commencement of our convivial synods.

PURSER.—Why, you know Major, he pursued a pilgrimage to Kingston, and haply the fair maidens of Regiopolis have detained him in that region, by the potency of their multiform blandishments. Bonnie Braes can appreciate the good points of a woman as well as those of a yearling bull, or a stock sow, and I can testify from personal knowledge that the damselfs of Kingston were not made by the "prentice hand" of Nature!

DOCTOR.—Hush! I hear the tones of the unkempt yeoman.

LAIRD.—(without.) Yo ho, my hearties! Tumble up there, you lubbers!

"Ye land loupers o'Canada,
That dwell at hame at ease,
It's little that ye ken about
The dangers o' the seas!"

DOCTOR.—By the conjuring wand of Prospero, here is Caliban translated into Trin-culo!

MAJOR.—Speak no biting words, Sangrado, as you value life and limb! Remember that cradle-scythes have not yet become matters of dim tradition, like battering rams and cross-bows!

DOCTOR.—A fig for all scythes, and the churl wielders of the same!

[Enter Laird, rigged out in popular nautical costume, viz., a blue jacket with anchor buttons, white continuations kept decorous by bell and buckle, and a straw hat orthodoxly haltered by a yard of tar-odoured twine.]

MAJOR.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

DOCTOR.—Why, what new turn of the wheel of absurdity is this? Have we got here John Paul Jones, or Long Tom Coffin?

PURSER.—(aside) If you said Short Tom,

methinks you would be near hitting the nail on the scone!

LAIRD.—What gars ye sit glowrin there, like sac mony haveral stirks? Did ye never behold a mariner before, I wonder? Hech sirs, but its weel seen ye come under the classification o' tarry at hame swabs!

"O for a saft and gentle wind!
I heard a tailor cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

DOCTOR.—Pray, Mr. Mariner, did you ever, in the course of your voyages fall in with a crack-brained body, answering to the name of the Laird of Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—I canna' preceesly say that ever I did. I mind, however, meeting wi' a bit useless quack Doctor, that nearly got his head mowed off by a gentleman farmer answering to that designation!

MAJOR.—Come, come; no bickerings and brawlings or I shall be under the necessity of reading the riot act!

LAIRD.—I tak' ye a' to witness that I didna' begin the cangling! But, Crabtree, rax me the rum bottle. I dined upon saut beef and biscuits, and have na' spliced the main brace since eight bells or better!

MAJOR.—Here are the materials. Whilst you are concocting your grog, be pleased to enlighten us touching this most alarming naval masquerade?

LAIRD.—Man, that venerable Jamaica is a perfect cordial! Wi' a due deference to my worthy gossips Ure and Farewell, it warms the cockles o' a sailor's heart beyond comprehension! Of course, however, I need hardly observe that I never touch the invigorating mercy, except in a medeccinal way. Folks noo a days that hae ony character to lose, imbibe not, save under dispensations frae Galen and Hypocriticus!

DOCTOR.—Pray, who might the last mentioned gentleman have been?

LAIRD.—Heard ever ony body the like o' that? Here's an M. D., that disna' ken, that Hypocriticus was an auld Greek surgeon, that cured Cleopatra o' a sair and festering jag that she got in the thoomb, frae her famous needle!

DOCTOR.—As we live we learn! The afore-said needle, I presume, was manufactured in Sheffield?

LAIRD.—Hoot no! It was fabricated o' stane, instead o' steel, as Dominic O'Squeel instructs me, though hoo the Queen could shoo wi' sic an implement, is mair than I can tell!

MAJOR.—But you have not yet indoctrinated us, Bonnie Braes anent your "sea change" as dear Ariel bath it.

LAIRD.—There's nae change about it! Because I hae ploughed an acre or twa in my day or generation, does that prove that I can advance nae title to the character o' a navigator?

MAJOR.—By no manner of means, but still I never was aware that you made any pretension to be a plougher of the deep!

LAIRD.—Frac my earliest days I had ay a keen hankering after a sea-faring life. Robinson Crusoe, and Sinbad were dream-companions o' mine, lang before I was owner o' a pair o' breeks. For weeks thegither I used to sail wi' the former, round a' the points and promontaries o' his matchless desolate island; and mony a voyage I made wi' the latter in search o' glens, deeper than the deepest coal pit.

DOCTOR.—To hunt up black diamonds I presume?

LAIRD.—Na, na lad! real gems o' the purest water, and far beyond the skill o' lapidary to value! We would sail (I mean the Arabian navigator and me) into a narrow creek, no five feet braid, rinnin' between perpendicular rocks, the taps whereof were lost in the cloudy heavens. On, and on, and better on would we gang for hundreds and thousands o' miles, never thinking o' meat, or drink, or sleep, for in sic explorations, ye should ken, nature craves neither repose nor sustentation.

MAJOR.—What a paradise for a poor annuitant, who could not afford to disburse much for board!

LAIRD.—At length we would come to a wee

bit bay, shaped for a' the world like a crescent, and my circumceesed comrade would mak' signs to me to lend a hand to pull our skiff (it was made o' sandal wood) upon the snaw white beach.

PURSER.—Was the strand white with hoar frost?

LAIRD.—Na! wi' pearls! Yes, bonny feedy pearls, some o' them as big as cerocks eggs.

DOCTOR.—What a bagging of the valuables you would have, and no mistake!

LAIRD.—Stop a blink. Before us lay a green meadow interspersed wi' gowans, and flowers o' a' shapes and hues—at least such was the impression produced upon my unexperienced vision.

MAJOR.—A hoaxing mirage!

LAIRD.—Clean wrang, Crabtree! A' o' a sudden 't'ic an shone out, frae behind a veil o' gauze-like mist, and my een were rendered helpless for a season, by the surpassing magnificence o' the spectacle.

DOCTOR.—You should have provided yourself with a pair of my excellent friend Joseph's conservative green goggles!

LAIRD.—I maist fear to tell ye what I saw, lest I should be written down as a romancer.

MAJOR.—Tut man, do we not know that as a Ruling Elder, you can no more coin an unveracity, than the Queen (here's her health!) can do wrong, even if she should be peccantly inclined?

LAIRD.—The sun, as I said, poured a spate o' light upon the park, and—meracle o' meracle—every tuft o' grass, and every gowan, rose, polyanthus, and Nancy pretty began to sparkle and bleeze like sae mony squibs and Roman candles o' Fairy land!

DOCTOR.—If all tales be true &c., &c.

LAIRD.—The grass and the posies turned out to be nae vegetables at a' but stanes! Precious stanes Major—minerals o' dumb-founding value, Maister Purser—rubies, and emaralds, and carbuncles, and aqua marines, and diamonds, and amethysts, the meanest o' which would hae been a snug competency to ony o' huz!

PURSER.—The detail causeth a fellow's teeth to water consumedly!

MAJOR.—Of course you helped yourself to some of the gauds?

LAIRD.—Thou hast said it! Sinbad took

aff his lang upper garment, and unrolled his turban, and spreading them upon the ground we filled the same wi' the valuables before you could drink a mug o' swipes.

DOCTOR.—Methinks a cup of sherbet would have been a more congruous expression.

LAIRD.—I've heard o' shairn, but I ken naething about your sherbets!

MAJOR.—Pray go on with your story, Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—No muckle mair hae I to tell. We re-embarked in our sandal canoe, wi' the treasures that we had gleaned, and sailed down the narrow channel at the rate o' a hundred and twenty five miles a minute.

DOCTOR.—Be the same more or less!

LAIRD.—How mony weeks, and months, and years we thus carried on, I never could determine we'ony precision. The atmosphere, at length, grew gradually caulder, and I began to experience a craving for something to eat. Provisionally I had in my pouch a slice o' cauld pork, embedded between a couple o' pease-meal scones, which, after a grace somewhat concise in its dimensions, I commenced to masticate wi' the relish which that unrivalled sauce, named hunger, never fails to impart.

PRESEN.—Did you share the ration with your oriental mess mate?

LAIRD.—Hae patience, and ye'll hear. Nae sooner had Sinbad become cognizant o' the fact, that I was making my four-hours upon the flesh o' the unclean, and contraband animal, than he was neither to haud nor bind wi' even doun indignation and rage. He signalled that I should throw awa' the unorthodox rivers, but that was a sacrifice greater than sharpset flesh and blood could mak.' I only winked, and shook my head at the glunching disciple o' the Prophet, pointing, between hands, to my belly, and exclaiming "*toom as an empty gill stoup, ye auld buffe!*"

MAJOR.—Not overly debonair, I must confess!

LAIRD.—Oo, ye ken the creature did na' understand a single work o' Scots!

DOCTOR.—All the better for you.

LAIRD.—I dinna ken that. After a season the bearded reprobate got clean demented wi' fury, and gripping his lang pipe, he dealt me a rap over the head wi' the brass-moun-

ted cocker-nut bowel thereof, that made my lugs sing as if fifty millions o' bum-bees were crying my coronach!

DOCTOR.—Why, I had no idea that Sinbad had been such a clipper? I wonder whither he ever held the office of *Coroner* under the Defender of the Faithful?

LAIRD.—That's mair than I can tell. To gang on, however, wi' my narration, the pain o' the bl τ made me ding my foot thro' the bottom o' the bit cockle-shell o' a boat, and down we sank, diamonds, carbuncles and a' in the fathomless ocean. The salt water ran into my craig like a Lammus flood, and gurgling and snorting after the manner o' a porpoise in a fit o' the apoplexy, I, to a human appearance, yielded up the ghost.

DOCTOR.—Wi' t next eventuated?

LAIRD.—I heard a well known voice exclaiming in accents of ire—"Jamie, ye born sorrow, I'll be the death o' ye yet, as sure as I am a Christian woman!" Confounded,—and sma' wonder,—at sic a greeting frae the womb o' the sea I looked up, and beheld my honest mither standing over me, wi' a pail in ae hand, and a potawto-beetle in the other. "*Ille, worthless loon, that ye are,*"—continued the incensed matron,—"*is this the way that ye herd the kye? The hail drove are eating their fill in the oat field, whilst you, you-cheat-the-wuddy, are lying sleeping sound as a tap, wi' thae misbegotten Arabian Nights Intercements open in your hand! Get up this instant, or I'll gie ye anither dirum wi' the beetle, and a second juw o' cauld water, that will mak' ye look liker a drowned and worried rat than your father's son!*"

DOCTOR.—And this mid-summer's-day-dream-work, you coolly set down to the account of nautical experiences?

LAIRD.—I do, and what for no? Let me ask you a question, Sangrado. Did na' I voyage in the speerit?

DOCTOR.—Granted! What then?

LAIRD.—The speerit, you will admit is the noblest part o' man, indeed, for that matter it is the man himself, as that glorious auld opium eater Sam Coleridge profoundly observes,—"*What we call the body*"—quoth Sam—"*Is merely a doublet, which out of deference to Nature is worn for a season, but is destined*

to swell the bag of that ubiquitous old clothesman Death!

DOCTOR.—Perge!

LAIRD.—I really wish, neighbor, that you would keep a decent tongue in your head!

DOCTOR.—What is wrong now?

LAIRD.—It astonishes me that you hae the assurance to ask me sic a question! Think o' the clatty word that you hae just used, and blush red as pickled beet-root for shame, that is if you hae any shame left, which may fairly be questioned!

DOCTOR.—Why, I appeal to Crabtree, if this out pouring is deserved? I merely said *perge!*

LAIRD.—Again! This is beyond a' endurance! You deserve sir, to be drowned in a loch o' eastor cil, for reiterating your cathartic slang after sic a brazen fashion! The Major is as bad if no waur than yoursel' for permitting the perpetration o' the outrage!

MAJOR.—Really I cannot discover what screw is loose!

LAIRD.—Let the subject drap, I implore ye! As Don Quixote, honest man, says,—*“the mair ye stir it, the warse it will smell!”*

MAJOR.—But returning to your application of Coleridge's doctrine—

LAIRD.—There is nae application needed, in my humble opinion. If the sperit is man, and if I hae navigated for years in the sperit, it follows as a matter o' needecssity that I am entitled to claim the position o' an experienced mariner.

MAJOR.—Small difficulty would there be in demolishing your fallacy, but I hate to deprive people of their hobbies. Let the quadrupeds steer clear of my podagra-vexed toe, and they may caper and canter till the crack of doom!

PURSER.—Pray Laird, go on with the recapitulation of your sea-fairing experiences.

LAIRD.—It is hardly necessary for me to observe that the catastrophe above recected, had the effect of making me part company wi' the eastern adventurer. In fact, my worthy mither took awa' my copy o' the *Thousand and one nights*, and kept it locked up in the naipery kist till the day o' her lamented decease.

MAJOR.—And how long did you remain an exile from the domain of Neptune?

LAIRD.—Up to my fifteenth year. About that time I fell in at the Melrose fair with the *Buccaners of America*, and ere the world was a week aulder I had become a member o' that grim fraternity. Mony and mony a cruise I made in the Spanish Main, extending my trips even to the remote Indian Seas, and countless engagements, I fought under the black flag, garnished wi' a skull and cross-banes. Your hair would stand on end, stiff as the quills o' Hamlet's “fretful porcupine,” if I described a hundredth part of the gowsty scenes in which I was a participator.

DOCTOR.—According to your own cherished theory, a dislocated neck should have been your righteous doom.

MAJOR.—Bear in mind Sangrado that the *body* was out of the scrape; and as Judge Edmonds had not then discovered a pine pathway to the invisible world, it might have been a matter of some difficulty to have procured an unsubstantial Prevost, to have operated upon the erring *spirit* of Bonnie Braes!

LAIRD.—Never can I forget, if I should leeve to the age o' auld Parr, the horror o' a sederunt I ance had wi' Captain Kidd, and some half-score Diel's buckies o' the same kidney. We shut ourselves up in a wee cabin, no muckle bigger than the bar-room o' a steam boat, closing the door and skylight so as to exclude every breath o' air. Jorums o' boiling brandy, unemasculated (I got that word frae O'Squeel) wi' a single drop o' water, and seasoned wi' gunpowder instead o' sugar, circulated without intermission or devaul, and woe be to the wretch that ventured to fight shy o' the infernal browst. As the festivity progressed, the Captain *doused the glim* (that's what we sailors mean by putting out the lamp) and producing a pair o' loaded pistols, fired them off below the table. The upshot o' this mad prank was that Hermann Donnerdoup the Dutch Boatswain received a ball in the knee, which rendered necessary the amputation of his leg next morning.

DOCTOR.—Fine sport, I must say, for a sucking Elder!

LAIRD.—But the crowning spree o' the sederunt was yet to come. Kidd made the Steward (he was a nigger, and answered to the name o' Sawtan) bring in a frying-pan, heaped to the rim wi' flour o' brimstone. The Captain then said that as the company were a' booked for a port that shall be nameless, it would be as weel for them to accustom themselves before-hand to the atmosphere o' that locality. Wi' this remark he threw a lighted match into the middle o' the pan, and presently the den was filled with suffocating vapour. Far, far beyond the power o' description was the lung-racking agony o' that infliction! To this very moment do I realsee the diabolical odour o' the excruciating reek!

PURSER.—And how did you manage to survive such an ordeal?

LAIRD.—Just as I was drawing my last fevered gasp, the aforementioned Ethiopian clutched me by the hair o' the head, and drew me out o' the mimic Purgatory. "*Oh Saetan, Saetan*" cried I, as soon as I could get breath enough to speak—"the guid deed ye hae now done, will atone for a legion o' your transgressions?"

MAJOR.—And what rejoinder did the functionary with the heretical name, make to this complimentary address?

LAIRD.—To my utter and unfathomable astonishment the creature, who previously had chattered a mongrel lingo o' bad Spanish and worse Litch replied to me in my ain kindly mither tongue. Far frae kindly, however, was the greeting which fell upon my legs. "*Railing reprobate! (thus it ran) do you presume to even your ain father to the Prince o' darkness? Put a bridle upon your lips, my braw lad, if he are na' keen for a skin fu' o' sair banes; and mind in future no' to let a bunch o' spunks take fire in your bed-closet!*"

PURSER.—What are spunks?

MAJOR.—Brimstone matches, are so termed in North Britain.

LAIRD.—As my evil genius Sangrado, is enjoying a nap (would that it lasted as lang as the snooze o' the seven slumberers o' Ephesus!) I shall narrate to you another o' the experiences o' my piratical career.

PURSER.—Be persuaded, between hands,

to test once more, the virtues of the alcohol of Jamaica.

LAIRD.—I dinna care if I do. I feel forsochen a trifle, and my worthy medico Crumbie, charged me never to let the system get over low. Here's success to the cause of Temperance a' the world over!

MAJOR.—Having attended to your prescription, like a docile patient, proceed with the yarn which you promised us.

LAIRD.—During aye o' our cruises in the *Roaring Rover*, we captured a galleon richly freighted wi' silver ingots, no' to speak o' cinnabar, and cinnamon. But the maist costly treasure the veshel contained, was a peerless maiden, hardly turned o' sixteen, straight as a poker, and at the same time, soople as an eel. Sic a prodigality o' beauty as Inez—for that was the lassy's name—possessed, I never saw either before or since. To naething else could I liken and compare her than an angel, whase wings some crabbit auld bachelor o' a malevolent genii, had clipped off in a fit o' bull-headed misanthrophy!

PURSER.—So, it would appear that there are clippers amongst caco-demons as well as among Coroners!

LAIRD.—I div na' ken what ye mean by caco-demons, but the word has na' a very odorous savour! To gang on, however, wi' my story. Stern and rough as were my fellow buccaneers, Inez took their hearts by storm, and each aye wanted to mak' her his wife, or I should rather say, his miss. There was little o' marrying or giving in marriage beneath the flag o' the *Roaring Rover*! Weel, ye see, as every body could na' get the misfortunate wean, the company threw dice for her, and wha should gain the prize but Herrmann Donnerdoup, wi' his timber leg!

MAJOR.—A nautical Adonis, and no mistake!

LAIRD.—I really wonder, Crabtree, that you can hae the heart to joke about sac serious a matter! As for puir Inez, it was nae joking affair for her. Donnerdoup was a perfect incarnation o' ugliness and sin. Besides the loss o' his leg, he had parted company wi' aye o' his optics, (as the doctor would say) and he squinted diabolically wi'

its surviving comrade! Then the monster's gab was never devoid o' at least half a pound o' tobacco, the juices whereof were constantly oozing frae the corners o' the same, and staining his ill-faured, poek-marked chin. Oh he was a perfect Ogre, was Herrmann Donnerdoup!

PURSER.—And did the ill-assorted union take place?

LAIRD.—Hae patience, and you'll hear. Inez, as I before hinted, got distracted at the bare thought, o' the horrid destiny that awaited her. She tore her hair, uttered imprecations upon the day o' her birth, and scored her waxen cheeks wi' her nails, as if anxious to destroy the beauty which had brought sic a marrow-freezing calamity upon her.

MAJOR.—Small marvel, all things considered.

LAIRD.—The sight o' the forlorn bairn's tribulation was mair than I could stand or thole. Watching a quiet opportunity, I laid my heart and life at her feet, and swore that I would rescue her or perish in the attempt. Wondrous Bonnie was the smile with which she rewarded my devotion, and the kiss which she permitted me to imprint upon her coral lips, was a thing to dream o' during the currency o' an entire millennium! The luscious zest o' that smack, is as fresh on my mind's palate as ever!

MAJOR.—Have some mercy, Bonnie Braes, upon a luckless bachelor, and do not tantalize him with such glimpses of an Olympus, which he is never destined to enter!

LAIRD.—Hech sirs! I thought that ye had lang out-lived sic vanities! But to continue, for auld blue-pill looks as if he was about to waken—me and Inez covenanted and agreed, that as the "splicing" was to take place at midnight, I should quietly lower a light boat at eleven o'clock, and leave the clipper wi' my trembling charge. When nae body was looking I conveyed to the skiff a quantity o' provender, no forgetting a keg o' something mair potent than cauld water, and this being accomplished I awaited in nae sma' anxiety, as you may be sure, the upshot o' the adventure.

PURSER.—The yarn waxeth exciting!

LAIRD.—On sped the eventfu' night. Nine

o'clock cam'—ten—half-past ditto—and then eleven. How I shook as I heard the hour proclaimed upon the bell by Sawton, who chanced to be on the watch at that epoch. Like a timid mouse Inez stole oot o' her cabin, and joined me upon the deck. Every thing was as still as a Quaker's meeting, when nane o' the drab-coated gentry are moved to hold forth, or as a crowd at a hanging when the drop is just about to fa'!

MAJOR.—Many a time have I been cognizant of that most ghastly, and blood-chilling quietude!

LAIRD.—Mair shame to ye for confessing that ye were in the habit o' frequenting sic ploys! To tell the naked truth, however, and cause somebody that shall be nameless to blush, hae I mair than once been overcome by a similar weakness in my day and generation. I walked a' the road frae Melrose to Edinburgh, wi' only thirteen pence and a bawbee in my pouch, to witness the execution o' Lucky McKinnon. She was an awfu' big woman, reminding you o' an Alderman in petticoats, and when the fatal trap door fell, the rope strained and painted as if its strength had been tested by a hog-head o' brown sugar!

PURSER.—Permit me to recall you from the strangled McKinnon and Auld Reekie, to Pretty Inez and the Spanish Main!

LAIRD.—Just as I was about to lift the maiden over the side o' the piratical craft, I hears a sound o' stump tramp—stump tramp—stump tramp, and presently to my disgust and horror, and the nerveless despair o' Inez, the reprobate, and thrice abominated Donnerdoup stood before us!

MAJOR.—A situation worthy of a melodrama!

LAIRD.—Thank you, Major, but I'll n' venture on a mellow dram just at present! It would gang to my head. Obleegeed, however, a' the same, for the offer!

PURSER.—And what said the hoggish Herrmann?

LAIRD.—Said! He swore after sic a blasphemous fashion that I got clean bewildered. There was a fiendish originality and smeddum about his imprecations that could na' hae been equalled on this side o' perdition! They say that the English

soldiers when in Flanders, where onco gleg at that kind o' wark, but the maist accomplished o' them never could hae held a candle to Donnerdoup!

MAJOR.—Of course the lovers were parted?

LAIRD.—The scoundrel, as soon as he had got to the end o' his string o' impieties, made a savage grab at the fair but frail flower under my curatorship. "*Keep off ye corn ruffian!*" cried I—"and lay not a finger upon this heavenly dove! The very sight o' sic a moving midden, is enough to scunner her into raving dementation!"

MAJOR.—Nothing like plain speaking, when things have come to a crisis! (*Aside.*) But if for one would feel thankful were our rustic friend turned on another track; Esculapius, what say you?

DOCTOR.—What a blissful and spirit-cheering dream I have had!

PURSER.—Will you not make us participators in your felicity?

DOCTOR.—On the wings of Somnus was I waffed into the grain market, and lo' and behold wheat was exchanging hands at the estatic figure of three shilling and nine pence per bushel!

LAIRD.—Whaur's the scythe? Let me get at the croaking miscerant, and I'll let him ken the real value o' breadstuffs!

[*Enter Peggy Patullo.*]

PEGGY.—There's a man in the kitchen speerin' for the Laird.

LAIRD.—What's his name, my bonnie dantie?

PEGGY.—He ca's himsel' Bennett, and says that he is a surgeon.

DOCTOR.—What! keep a member of the Faculty amongst pots and pans! Show him in, my girl, and bring a clean tumbler and glass.

LAIRD.—Bide a blink, Peggy. Josiah—that's his Christian name—is na' exactly a regular practitioner. He only doctors horses, and meers, and swine—in fact he's just in the veterenarian line, and I wudna' like to become bail that he has the Governor General's authority for exercising his gifts upon the lower animals. However he's a skeely body, Josiah, he's a skeely body—nane can deny that, and has invented an oil

for curing the heaves that's perfectly wonderful for its effects.

MAJOR.—And what may be the nature of the ingenious Bennett's business with your worships?

LAIRD.—Oo, no muckle. I met him in Toronto this morning, and made him promise to stop here on his road hame, to look at my auld powny Drumelog, that has na' been very brisk for sometime. Just excuse me for a wee. I'll no' be lang awa.

MAJOR.—Forget not that you have still to recount the memorabilia of your expedition to Kingston.

LAIRD.—There's time enough for that, and to spare. Supper will no' be ready for half an hour, and better.

[*Exit Laird.*]

DOCTOR.—There is small sorrow at our parting, as the antiquated steed said to the dilapidated vehicle!

[*Re-enter Laird.*]

LAIRD.—I've come in again for my hat. Josiah had gone round to the stable, so as to lose nae time. He kens Drumelog bravly by head mark, and wi' guid cause. On that same steed I pursued the Surgeon for sax hours and better, after the battle o' Gallows Hill, bringing him back to Toronto, the captive o' my bow and my spear.

MAJOR.—See that he does not play you some trick for "auld lang syne!"

LAIRD.—Nae fears. Bennett has sobered doon into a decent enough subject, as loyalty noo gangs, and for that matter might hae a seat in Parliament! I wouldna' wonder but that he might chance to meet wi' some ancient brithers in arms, if he happened to enter "the Hon. House!"

DOCTOR.—I protest, Crabtree, against this kind of talk! It is contrary to Legislative etiquette to assert that there ever was a rising in 1837, and as a liberal to the back-bone, I will not listen to any allusion to the matter!

LAIRD.—Man, you are the very model of Tony Fire-the-Faggot, that never could thole to hear mention made o' his heretic-grilling pranks, after he mounted the Puritan steeple hat! Fashions change, but human nature is still the same auld whimsical jade that ever she was!

DOCTOR.—I scorn to bandy words with a bumpkin!

LAIRD.—And I would be sick sorry to dirty my fingers wi' a quack! However, I am the daftest o' the twa, to stand disputing here when I should be in the stable!

[*The Laird vanisheth.*]

MAJOR.—Whilst Bonnie Braes and Josiah of Gallows Hill (beg your pardon for mentioning the tabooed locality!) are communing ament the ailments of Drumclog, we may as well be improving the time with a little literary talk. If you have not read the novel which I hold in my hand, I would strongly commend it to you digestion.

DOCTOR.—What is the "caption" thereof?

MAJOR.—*The Heiress of Haughton; or, the Mother's Secret*, by the author of "Castle Avon," &c.

DOCTOR.—Why, surely that is the "composure," which a Toronto daily journal recently denounced as "another of those trashy novels which are scattered broadcast over the land, to weaken the minds and dissipate the habits of young persons of both sexes!"

MAJOR.—As I would be loath to "write down an ass," the critic whose dictum you have cited, I must conclude that he had not read the work which he devoted to the infernal gods, *alias* the tobacconist's shop! Of most sterling stuff is the *Heiress* composed. Frequently are we reminded, during the currency of the story, of William Godwin and Miss Austin. The writer has much of the concentrated narrative powers of the former, combined with the facility of still-life painting, which so refreshingly marks the latter.

DOCTOR.—If a newspaper man cannot find time to peruse a book, he should hold his tongue, and express no opinion on the subject, either *pro* or *con*. It is too bad entirely either to be "frightened by false fire" from a meritorious production, or seduced by mendacious laudations into the purchase of a trashy one.

MAJOR.—What should we think of a huxter of animal pabulum, who "cracked up" the hind quarter of a cat as having been part and portion of a rabbit?

DOCTOR.—Yes; or of the detractive knave, who protested that an orthodox chicken was

neither more nor less than a plucked crow?

MAJOR.—When I come to be Czar of this Canada, "stap my vitals" if I do not make such critielings eat their deceptive engenderations, fried in the most rancid train oil which can be hunted up.

DOCTOR.—We are wandering, however, from our mutton, as Jack Frog would say. Whilst the Purser, and your humble, obedient servant to command, are enjoying our vapour-creating tubes, perchance you will favour us with a sample of the "trashy novel!"

MAJOR.—Before doing so, I must premise that Albert Faulconer, a young lad, is deeply in love with Imogene Aubrey, the heiress of Haughton. The aforesaid Albert had shortly before lost a much valued school-mate, who had been killed in a fistic duel with a notorious Eton bully. This catastrophe produced a most heart-crushing effect upon Faulconer, who accused himself of having been the cause of the quarrel, which had been attended with such a fatal result. He became an aimless, joyless, despairing creature, and all attempts to rouse him from his lethargic gloom had proved signally abortive. Imogene is residing at the mansion of Sir John Faulconer, Albert's father, and she goes out to take a solitary walk:

Slowly and pensively she descended the flights of steps which led from terrace to terrace of the flower-garden, listlessly gazing upon, yet without seeing, the beautiful flowers with which the borders were filled, till at last she reached the slope of green turf which fell toward the little sheet of water now shining in the sun like transparent crystal, and she stood upon the brink some time, watching the various birds that frequented the place, from the little scudding water wagtails, running briskly along the diminutive shore of sand and pebbles, and the water-rail, delicately tripping it over the broad leaves of the water-lilies, to the majestic pair of swans, sailing along in all their majesty, and shaking out their snowy plumage to the sun. The tiny lake was terminated at one end by the noble trees which grew at the entrance of the glen of which I have spoken, the stream that came down it being, indeed, the feeder to this piece of water.

The romantic and beautiful little glen possessed few charms for the family, as I said, and, except for the narrow path I have mentioned, and

sundry little imperfect ways made through the copse by the neighboring village boys, bird-nesting or nutting, was almost impervious. This place was an especial favorite with Imogene. She loved its solitude and its silence, its broken rocks, its varied copsewood, its pyramids of purple foxgloves, and all the stilly noises of the woodland solitude.

She loitered by the side of the piece of water until at the entrance of the glen she found herself.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was shining in the full glare of a cloudless sky. The deep, shadowy seclusion of the glen was more than usually attractive, and she wandered on, stopping from time to time to admire the colors of the bright blue veronicas and forget-me-nots which grew upon the sides of the stream, intermingled with the golden spear-worts; and the deep mystery which the branches of tall trees, formed arches overhead, threw over the scene, now and then interrupted by the rocks, covered with curious, many-colored lichens, and where various rare, and, to her, unknown plants might be found growing.

She stopped to gather some of the ever-loved and lovely forget-me-nots, of which she had soon quite a nosegay in her hand, collected at the expense of wetted feet and muslins. She kept adding to her treasures from among the beautiful wild flowers that grew around her in abundance, scrambling about after birds and plants till her spirits rose again, and she forgot the disagreeable conversation which had driven her out of doors.

She wandered on and on, farther than she had ever ventured before; but the sun shone brightly through the trees, checkering the path with lights and shadows; the birds sang and chirruped cheerfully among the branches; the blue, yellow, and crimson flowers gleamed forth in such gay and rich abundance, and the faces of rock, as they broke through the turf, so increased in sublimity as she proceeded, that she could not bear to think of returning.

At length the dingle grew sensibly narrower. The flowers were succeeded by a ranker vegetation. The copsewood grew thicker and closer. The rivulet wandering along, almost hidden by the long grasses which fell like disheveled hair over it. The change was not pleasing to Imogene, who loved the brighter aspects of nature; but she kept following the track of the rivulet, wondering where it would at last lead to. She

must find it out, and then she would go home again. It looked very dreary, to be sure, where she was, but the temptation to proceed was irresistible. So on she went until she arrived at a magnificent projection of rock, which stood out, nearly blocking up the passage. There was a very narrow path leading round it; along this, she crept, steadying herself by her hands against the face of the precipice, until she reached the other side, and then suddenly started back, and almost fell into the stream.

There was nothing but a dreary spectacle before her of dark, frowning precipices, rising to the sky, over which the stream had forced its way, and fell, a white, flashing waterfall, into a small natural stone basin which it had scooped out for itself below. Upon one side of this the precipice had somewhat retreated, and was broken into ledges, from which several wildly picturesque trees shot forth almost horizontally amid the crags. One in particular, a dark-foliaged oak, springing from a cleft above, cast out its broad branches over the basin, throwing into a shade, almost as deep as night, the small bare, rocky platform which lay between the receding precipice and the water.

It was a wild, beautiful, and deep solitude. Not a sound but the splashing waterfall broke the silence. Nothing was to be seen but the dark, frowning rocks, the savage, straggling trees, and a small portion of the blue heavens overhead. A dreary feeling of abandonment and desolation, common to such scenes, pervaded it.

But it was not this spectacle, striking as it was, which had occasioned this sudden start. An object presented itself which had made her tingle with terror in every limb, soon to give place to the most affectionate interest.

In the deep shadow formed by the rocks and overstretching oak, a human figure lay extended upon its face, so motionless that her first impression was that it was that of a dead man; but as, shuddering with a natural horror, she kept her staring eye fixed upon it, she heard a sound—there was a slight motion and a groan.

Such a groan!

A voice of misery so intense, no human heart could mistake it.

She might have been afraid, under other circumstances, to find herself thus alone with an unknown stranger in so solitary a place.

But the voice of intense misery roused every kindly feeling of that good heart of hers, and,

without a moment's hesitation she approached the place.

A few steps more, and she was able to distinguish who it was.

It was Albert.

There he lay, stretched upon the ground, his face buried in his hands, which hands were clutched in his hair as if he were wrestling with fierce agony, while from time to time he uttered such groans as made her very heart break to hear them.

He did not perceive her. He was so absorbed in his misery, it was evident he neither saw nor heard anything.

She stood there, that pretty, delicate young creature, in her white dress, like some fair lily in the midst of this surrounding gloom—like a beam of light from a higher and better world in the night around her.

She remained motionless some little while, watching the convulsive struggles of the unhappy boy, listening to his deep groans, and her heart ready to die with sorrow and pity.

It was the first time, much as she had seen of suffering in the course of her peculiar life, that she had ever witnessed such agony. Feelings of shyness, which she did not herself understand, had prevented her expressing what she felt; but now, as she stood a witness of this paroxysm, the new feelings of timidity that had lately tormented her were all forgotten; the old simplicity returned; she was again a loving and unconscious child, longing to help and comfort, and only withheld by the doubt whether it was right to disturb him. Her old affectionate simplicity returned. She was a loving child once more, and her only impulse was to endeavour to soothe and to comfort one so very unhappy.

So she stood, irresolute and hesitating, afraid yet anxious to speak; when suddenly, as with a fresh burst of agony, he gnashed his teeth, flung his arms above his head, cast his eyes in a kind of despairing appeal upward, and, becoming aware of her presence, started to his feet.

He looked so strangely, and almost angrily at her, that at first she felt too much frightened to move; but great compassion like perfect love, casteth out fear.

The anguish written in his countenance was enough. She came nearer; she went up to him, put her kind, still childlike hand in his, looking up into his face with such an expression of innocent tenderness and pity that his soul softened. He sank down upon the ground by her side, and,

laying his face against her dress, burst into a passion of tears.

She let him weep for some time, when she laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder, and sinking upon her knees by him, and bending her face to his, whispered rather than said, "I am so sorry for you!"

He lifted up his face at this, and looked full into those honest, loving eyes, which met his, filled with such a simple expression of childlike holy sympathy and sorrow, that his passion of agony subsided as by a charm.

"Are you sorry for me, indeed?" he asked, sadly. "That's what nobody else is."

"Oh, so very, very sorry! and so they all are."

"Are you sorry? Are you, indeed?" he repeated. "I thought you were quite different. I thought you had cast me off, poor wretch that I am! as unworthy of your affection. But are you still the sweet little Imogene," looking fondly at her, "that I always thought the dearest and kindest of human beings, and is it possible you could come to seek one so utterly worthless and miserable?"

"But you shouldn't be so *very* miserable, Albert; you have no reason to be so *very* unhappy. Every body says so."

"Yes, I know that's what every body says," he said, with a slight gesture of impatience, as he raised his head, which, as they now sat side by side, he had again buried in his hands. "But, Imogene, if ever you should become such a very wretch as I am—which Heaven in its mercy forbid, and which you never can be, for you will never have self-reproach to endure—but oh, Imogene! if you ever know real misery, then you will understand what sort of comfort is found in being told that you ought not to be unhappy."

And he turned from her again.

"I wish I knew—I wish I knew," she kept repeating in a faltering voice, "what to say that would do you good; but I am so young and unused to things; yet, dearest Albert, I am so truly grieved;" and again she laid her hand gently upon his shoulder. He once more raised his head and looked up, and beheld that gentle, anxious face fixed on his with eyes brimming with tears. This artless expression of sympathy evidently touched and soothed him. The agony had subsided. He said nothing for a little while, but continued to sit by her, absently plucking at the grass by his side. At length he

began, with more composure than she had yet seen in him,

"I will tell you what it is, Imogene, they none of them understand me; they never did, and they never will. They judge of me by themselves. But we are different. I don't know why we should be, but we *are*. They have no more idea of what I feel than that stone has; not because they are ill-natured, but because they can not enter into it. They wonder '*I choose to make myself miserable*,' as if misery was a willful indulgence, and not torture, as it is—as if, having done what I have done—having lost, through my own pride and folly, what I have lost? . . . but you never saw him. Imogene, he was the bravest, cleverest, finest fellow, and saved my life at the risk of his own; and I threw his away, and he is dead, and I killed him! and he loved me, and I loved him, as I shall never, never, not while I live, love anything again." Saying this, he once more buried his face in his hands, and wept long and bitterly.

He was little more than a great boy still. The child wept the man's agony.

"But you must not go on crying so sadly," said Imogene, softly. "Dont you know that it is wrong? Don't you know, Albert, dear, that we must all be patient, and submit to God!"

"Nobody tells us to be patient when we have done wrong," said he, sorrowfully. "*There it lies. That's the sting of it—that's the sting of it now, and it will remain forever. I may live and grow up to manhood—I may live to be an old man, perhaps—but if I live a thousand years I shall never forget this, because, Imogene, there is something in being wrong that one never can forget—no, never! never! for that is hell,*" he added, in a hollow voice.

She was a young creature to enter upon the fearful and mysterious subject of sin and death, and she shuddered and trembled to hear him speak as he did, but the clear reason, the bright and sound understanding with which she was gifted, animated by her warm, large heart, seemed never to fail her.

"But wrong things *are* forgiven, and you know what beautiful things are said in the New Testament about it—about the Good Shepherd going and looking for the lost sheep, and when he had found it, loving it better than all the rest of the fold, because he is so pitying of sinners. And that must be true; for when one is sorry for a person, as I am for you, dear

Albert—and so doubly, doubly sorry for you, because you have been wrong as well as unfortunate—one almost loves you better on that account than one does people that are quite happy and quite right. One understands the blessed Saviour's loving compassion for sinners, as I can not help loving you, Albert, because I am so sorry for you."

He fixed his eyes upon her, and listened as if he could have listened forever.

"The Good Shepherd! Yes, that is indeed beautiful. But is it so? Is it really there? I don't know much what is in that Book. I hear it read at church, but I never read it to myself. None of us do, I believe. It's not the custom among us at Drystoke. What you tell me would be indeed comforting, if one could only believe it. And I think," he added, cheering up a little, "I almost *can* believe it, because you do not hate me, though you are such a perfect angel yourself. Perfect as you are, you do not hate me. And yet you are not like the others. You don't try to persuade me that I did nothing wrong. You are so good yourself, that you feel *all* the wrong of it and yet you love me even because I have been wrong. Oh, that *is* beautiful!"

"I think," said the young reasoner, "what I love you for is because you are so unhappy at having been wrong; and I think I feel that, if I were in your place, I should be as miserable as you are. I believe I can understand all you must feel, but still I think that people are not intended to be miserable forever, and that, where they were not very, very wicked, the good God must mean they should find comfort somewhere. He is so good, and his compassions fail not. And so, dear Albert, I can not help saying that if, instead of lying upon the ground in this desolate place, giving way to your grief, as you do, you would strive to be patient, and bear with fortitude, and humble yourself before God, and be soft and good like a little child, you would be comforted."

Oh! how, for many and many a year—how, during his life, would the soft, persuasive tones of her voice, the gentle words which fell from her lips, and the image of that kind, earnest face bending over him, recur to his heart, never, never to be forgotten!

"Oh, Imogene, how can I ever feel happy again?"

"I don't know about being happy, poor Albert but I think it is of little use considering

about happy or unhappy. If I were you, dearest Albert, I would only think about being good. When I am unhappy, it's my receipt," she said, with a grave smile, "to try to be doubly good, and indeed it answers."

"You are an angel from heaven," he said, fervently.

"Oh, don't speak in that way, Albert: don't pray, flatter me. People do so flatter me, and I am so ashamed of it!"

"Well, then, I will not; but tell me, darling Imogene, how one sets about being good?" said Albert, with one of his sweetest and most winning smiles; "for I think you could persuade me to anything. Tell me what I ought to do; for, indeed, I am a very distracted and senseless creature."

"Oh, if I were but a boy!" she began, with enthusiasm.

"Well, and if you were a boy, what then?"

He began to be much interested, and his melancholy subsided for the moment. They were sitting side by side, at the edge of the stream, just as in the days of childish confidence, and as he watched her face, he thought he had never beheld any thing so beautiful.

And yet she was certainly not to be called regularly beautiful; but the charming openness of her countenance, the sweet expression of her affectionate eyes, and innocence-breathing mouth, rendered her far more captivating than the most peerless beauty could have been.

"And if you were a boy? But can you wish to be any thing but what you are? Can you wish to be a boy, seeing what wretched brutes boys become?"

"All boys are not brutes—you are not a brute. Don't shake your head; I am sure you are not. Oh, if I were like you, Albert—a boy! such a boy as you are!—wouldn't I strive hard to be a noble man!"

"And can't you be a noble woman as it is? and is not that as good?"

"I do try—I will try—I wish I may; but a man—oh, that's a different thing."

"How a different thing?"

"Oh, I mean he can do so much—such a great, great deal more. Oh, Albert, if you were to be excessively learned and excessively clever, and excessively good, what a world of poor creatures you might prove a friend to!"

"And can not you? Nay, Imogene, if any

one can help a world of poor creatures, who has so much the power as you have?"

"And I mean to do it—I hope to do it," with her face all in a glow. "Mr. Glenroy says I shall. Mr. Glenroy already lets me do a good deal now; but that's not quite all I mean. When I see the immensity that is to be done, and what a vast, vast number of wrong, and wicked, and cruel things to do, oh, then I do so wish to be a man!"

"What would you do if you were?"

"I'd get into Parliament."

"And if you did? Suppose you could not speak so as to get the people to listen to you," said he, affected, and almost amused, and impatient to hear what would come next.

"That's it—I'd make them listen to me: and that was what I was going to say. If I were a boy, I'd work so hard that I would be clever, and I would make them listen to me, and I would do some good. Oh, Albert, so unhappy as you are—poor, poor Albert! ought you to lie upon the ground giving all up in despair? Would it not be better to be strong, and patient, and endeavor to please God, and make yourself clever, that you might do good? Because, you know, dear, when one has been very miserable one's self, as you have been, one knows what it is, and one can feel for poor bad people as no one else can. Oh Albert, you know what Armidale was before Mr. Glenroy took it in hand, and you can understand what I mean."

"But I have no Armidale."

"No," said she, and laughed, "that's true: but, foolish boy! is there no good in the world to be done but in Armidale?"

He felt refreshed and cheered as by gushing waters in the desert. His heart almost smote him for the relief. He felt almost remorseful that he could for a moment be so comforted.

His face darkened again.

"All this is fine talking," he said, "but the weight I have upon my soul I must carry with me to the grave. I am a lost creature, and shall never be anything but a lost, useless man."

She turned and looked in his face so anxiously.

"Oh, don't—don't say so; don't—don't think so. It is almost wicked, Albert. I don't mean that you are wicked. Oh no, but the thought is wicked. God is so very, very good; and though what has happened is a terrible thing, yet, dear Albert, you must not—must

not despair. Look up to Him—He sits beyond those heavens—look at his own blue heavens, which are, in their clearness, his likeness. He who made those beautiful skies must be so good—is so good. The Viking is gone to Him. He's gone to Him, Albert, and nothing is hopelessly bad in the good Father's world, so don't think and look in that way. You are unhappy—you can't help it; but try for better things, and don't waste the time, and the strength, and the powers the great God has given you in vainly bewailing over what is past."

"You talk *like* my sisters, and yet how *unlike* my sisters! But would you really have me go to the ball and the regatta with this broken heart of mine? I tell you, Imogene, it's impossible to do it. I don't know what would become of me. I do not know what extravagance I might commit. Oh, can you wish it? What a contrast! what a fearful contrast!" he burst out, wildly. "I see nothing but him, as he lay, all bruised and swollen, in his coffin. I tell you, Imogene, he is forever before me; and to think of a waltz!—gay music and a whirling waltz!—I am certain I should go mad."

"I would not have you be there for the world. I think it would be a very shocking thing, as well as too painful to endure, to be dancing, and a friend so lately dead. I never thought your sisters right. I have told them so. I would never wish you—I should be sorry, indeed, if you *could* do it."

"Ah! sweet girl, then you feel with me in this?"

"*That* I do. Who could help it? No, dear Albert, the time, I hope, will come when you can oblige your sisters and please your father by being able to appear and go about like other people, though perhaps you never will feel *quite* like other people again; but that time has not come yet; and it was not that, indeed, I was thinking about—it was the wasting your life. I was so afraid you would throw your life away. There is a poor wretched man near us—he was a common sort of man—not like you—but he met with a misfortune something resembling yours, though perhaps worse. However, he gave himself up to despair, and wanted the energy to resist sorrow, partly, I believe, because he thought his sorrow a meritorious thing. So he grew at last almost into a moping, moonstruck idiot, and so he goes about. He lives near the works, and I see

him often when I go down there, mooning up and down, looking so shocking and wretched, and all but foolish—a helpless burden upon the earth. Oh, Albert, it would break my heart to think you could be like that."

He seemed very much struck with this last speech.

He remained pensive some time; then he suddenly broke out with,

"You are right, Imogene. I see the danger of it."

Her face brightened.

"You do! Oh, how candid you are, dear Albert."

"It is just—I see it—what I might have become. Those people at the house would have driven me into it."

"Do not let us talk of them, but of you."

"You care to talk of *me*!" he said, with a peculiar tenderness of look and tone that made her heart begin to thrill and her color rise, and threatened to call back her shy feelings. "Now Imogene, listen then: I see what you mean, and I know what I will do. I will strive to make *amends*. I have led an idle life at Eton, doing nothing as I ought to do, wasting my time, and throwing the means of education away. It is perhaps well that I must leave it, deeply as to do so has wounded me. I see now that my duty is to redeem lost time as fast as I can. I will get my father to send me to a private tutor immediately. This will take me away from home, where—well, you will not let me talk of it, but where, in short, I can not just now be happy."

"You want me to work hard. Whatever our want me to do, I will do—(now don't turn your head away)—because you are a thoroughly sensible girl, though you are the last creature in the world to make a display of it; and what you urge, in spite of the sweet simplicity—well, well, I beg your pardon—what was I saying?"

"I mean that your advice is good, and I will take it, and you shall see I will *not* throw away my life. I will *not* become a moping, moonstruck idiot. I will try to be what you tell me to be. A career is open before me. I am very thankful I have one, and a very plain one. Hundreds of boys are ruined every year for want of a definite object."

"Yes, sweet Imogene, what you say is true. It shall go hard but I will *deserve* to be listened to some time or other."

Her head was turned to him again as, with a

face glowing with almost rapturous delight, she drank in every word.

As he uttered the last syllables, his eyes, which had been looking forward as if penetrating into a future, full of hope and enterprise, turned to her and caught that look.

He laid his hand on hers.

"But, Imogene," he said, in a softer and lower voice—a voice faltering in its extreme emotion, "I dare not . . . it is too soon—I am not worthy yet; but I will strive to be worthy. Imogene, will you keep that little, little place in your affection which I used to hold—which I thought I had justly forfeited—will you keep it open? And if I should be—if I should ever be—in some degree worthy to fill it, oh, Imogene, will you restore me to it then?"

Her happiness at these words was such that she felt as if that one intense joy was enough for a life.

Her eyes fell beneath his. She tried to speak, but could not.

"Not one word, Imogene?" he said, anxiously.

She looked up. It was but one glance and one smile.

He asked for nothing more.

He seemed to desire nothing more. He rose from the ground, and she followed his example.

The shadows were lengthening across the valley—the sun was already out of sight. It was full time to return home.

They went down the path together, he leading the way, she following, but neither of them exchanging a syllable.

The brook ran babbling over the pebbles amid the garlands of blue veronica, forget-me-nots, and golden spear-worts; the soft breeze of evening whispered among the leaves over their heads; the stock-dove cooed softly in the brakes; the little birds chirped and crept among the bushes: all was heavenly calm and peace; but what was the peace around to that within their hearts?

What is the sweetest tranquillity of the outer world compared to the peace within—the peace ineffable—that peace which passeth show!

As he opened the little gate that led into the garden for her, he saw the branch of forget-me-nots in her hand.

"You will give me these, won't you?"

She said not a word, but held them out.

Doctor.—And that is what the Solon of Muddy Little York calls "trash!" Lack-a-daisy! lack-a-daisy!

PURSER.—Pray, Doctor, have you read the *Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett*?

Doctor.—I have; and a more brazen ollapodrida of bookmaking and puffery never came under my ken.

PURSER.—Such is precisely the impression which I have formed of the affair.

MAJOR.—Having dipped into the mess of ill-cooked hash, I emphatically say ditto to the verdict.

Doctor.—Bennett is utterly undeserving of the distinction of a biography. That he has been eminently successful in a mercantile point, I am willing enough to concede; but is the world to be burdened with a drop-sical duodecimo about every jog-trot speculator who has contrived to realize a plum?

MAJOR.—You seem to forget, Saugrado, that a plum is the *το καλον* in the land, the denizens whereof bow the knee in adoring homage to Baal Dollar!

PURSER.—With what cool impudence is the volume swelled out to nearly five hundred closely printed pages, when fifty would amply suffice to contain all that could be said about the *fishy* editor and proprietor of the *New York Herald*. Notice *in detail* is taken of every prominent occurrence which emanated during the curriculum of the journalist.

MAJOR.—At that rate, what a voluminous memoir could be made of our excellent and absent associate, the Thane of Bonnie Braes! For example, the historiographer might state that in the year of grace 1854, the Laird learned that hostilities had been commenced against Russia, and then proceed to tell the story of the Crimean "difficulty!" Thus three volumes, at a very moderate computation, of the life of the Autocrat of Bauldie Stott might with ease be manufactured.

PURSER.—Even so does the Yankee blow-blower swell out the annals of his employer—for I make no doubt that if Bennett did actually compile the book, it was done to his order, and at his own proper charges.

MAJOR.—This mode of doing business reminds me of a jocosity of the Hon. Henry Erskine. Early in the present century, Thomas Rennie, a worthy North British teacher of writing, put forth a tiny shilling treatise on the subject of stenography. Conceiving that his bantling had been pirated by the

Edinburgh Encyclopædia, Thomas called upon Erskine, to consult him as to the expediency of instituting an action for damages against the proprietors of that voluminous compilation. After hearing his story Henry shook his head, and expressed an opinion that law would afford no redress in the circumstances. "But I'll tell you what to do," said the forensic wit, "just publish a new edition of your tract, and reprint the Encyclopædia as an appendix thereto!"

DOCTOR.—If we may credit James Gordon Bennett, he is the only virtuous and disinterested journalist in the model republic. Just listen to the following fanfaronade which the fellow executes upon his brass trumpet:—

"Praise or dispraise—abuse or condemnation are equally thrown away upon me. Born in the midst of the strictest morality—educated in principles of the highest integrity, naturally inclined, from the first impulses of existence, to be a believer in human virtue, I have grown up in the world, holding with a death-grasp on the original elements of my soul, while every new discovery in human affairs has only revealed a deeper depravity in every form and every principle of the present state of society and morals, both in this country and in Europe. I speak on every occasion the words of truth and soberness. I have seen human depravity to the core. I proclaim each morning on fifteen thousand sheets of thought and intellect the deep guilt that is encrusting over society. What is my reward? I am called a scoundrel—a villain—a depraved wretch—a base coward—a vile calumniator—a miserable poltroon. These anonymous assassins of character are leagued and stimulated by the worst men in society—by speculators—by pickpockets—by sixponny editors—by miserable hypocrites, whose crimes and immoralities I have exposed, and shall continue to expose, as long as the God of Heaven gives me a soul to think, and a hand to execute. Slanders the most vile and dastardly that ever blackness of heart can conceive are circulated against the *Herald* and my personal character, —a character that never yet has been stained either in the old, or the new world."

MAJOR.—There is much quaint truth in Farquhar's remark—"Whenever you hear a wife boast loudly of her chastity, mark well the forehead of her husband. The odds are great that the same is adorned with a pair of posterous outlers!"

DOCTOR.—Dismissing mouldy Bennett and his man Friday, permit me to introduce you to an exceedingly amusing volume, entitled, *Waikna: or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*.

MAJOR.—Who is the parent thereof?

DOCTOR.—A model republican answering to the somewhat lyrical name of Samuel A. Bard, and who ranks under the categories both of author and artist. Judging from the pictorialisms of his brochure, Samuel is equally happy with the pencil as with the pen.

PURSER.—How came citizen Bard to vagabondise on the shore of Mosquito?

DOCTOR.—I shall permit the gentleman to respond to that question himself. Thus does he commence his yarn:—

A month in Jamaica is enough for any sinner's punishment, let alone that of a tolerably good Christian. At any rate, a week has given me a surfeit of Kingston, with its sinister, tropical Jews, and variegated inhabitants, one-half black, one-third brown, and the balance as fair as could be expected, considering the abominable, unintelligible Congo-English which they spoke. Besides, the cholera which seems to be domesticated in Kingston, and to have become one of its local institutions, had begun to spread from the stews, and to invade the more civilized parts of the town. All the inhabitants, therefore, whom the emancipation had left rich enough to do so, were flying to the mountains, with the pestilence following, like a sleuth-hound, at their heels. Kingston was palpably no place for a stranger, and that stranger a poor-devil artist.

The cholera had cheated me of a customer. I was moody, and therefore swung myself in a hammock, lit a cigar, and held a grand inquisition on myself, as the poets are wont to do on their souls. It ran after this wise, with a very little noise but much smoke:—

"Life is pleasant at twenty-six. Do you like life?"

Rather.

"Then you can't like the cholera?"

No!—with a hurried pull at the cigar.

"But you'll have it here!"

Then I'll be off!

"Where?"

Any where!

"Good, but the exchequer, my boy, how

about that? You can't get away without money."

There was a long pause, a great cloud of smoke, and much swinging in the hammock, and a final echo—

Money! Yes, I must have money!

So I got up, spasmodically opened my port-manteau, dived deep amongst collars, pencils and foul linen, took out my purse, turned its contents on the table, and began to count.

Forty-three and a half, forty-four, forty-five, and this handful of small silver and copper. Call it fifty in all.

"Only fifty dollars!" ejaculated my mental interrogator.

Only fifty! responded I.

"I won't do!"

I lit another cigar. It was clear enough, it wouldn't do; and I got into the hammock again. Commend me to a hammock, (a *pita* hammock, none of your canvas abominations,) and a cigar, as valuable aids to meditation and self-communion of all kinds. There was a long silence, but the inquisition went on, until the cigar was finished. Finally "I'll do it!" I exclaimed, in the voice of a man determined on some great deed, not agreeable but necessary, and I tossed the cigar stump out of the window. But what I determined to do, may seem no great thing after all; it was only to paint the portrait of my landlady.

"Yes, I'll paint the old wench!"

Now, I am an artist, not an author, and have got the cart before the horse, inasmuch as my narrative does not preserve the "harmonies," as every well-considered composition should do. It has just occurred to me that I should first have told who I am, and how I came to be in Jamaica, and especially in that filthy place, Kingston. It is n't a long story, and if it is not too late, I will tell it now.

As all the world knows, there are people who sell rancid whale oil, and deal in soap, and affect a great contempt for artists. They look down grandly on the quiet, pale men who paint their broad red faces on canvas, and seem to think that the few greasy dollars which they grudgingly pay for their flaming immortality, should be received with meek confusion and blushing thanks, as a rare exhibition of condescension and patronage. I never liked such patronage, and therefore would paint no red faces. But there is a great difference between red, bulbous faces, and rosy faces. There was that

sweet girl at the boarding-school in L— Place, the Baltimore girl, with dark eyes and tresses of the South, and the fair cheek and elastic step of the North! Of course, I painted her portrait, a dozen times at least, I should say. I could paint it now; and I fear it is more than painted on my heart, or it wouldn't rise smiling here, to distract my thoughts, make me sigh, and stop my story.

An artist who would n't paint portraits and had a soul above patronage—what was there for him to do in New York? Two compositions a year in the Art Union, got in through Mr. Sly, the manager, and a friend of mine, were not an adequate support for the most moderate man. I'll paint grand historical paintings, thought I one day, and straight-way purchased a large canvas. I had selected my subject. Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, bearing aloft the flag of Spain, rushing breast-dee, in its waves, and claiming its boundless shores and numberless islands for the crown of Castile and Leon. I had begun to sketch in the plumed Indians, gazing in mute surprise upon this startling scene, when it occurred to me—for I have patches of common sense scattered amongst the flowery fields of my fancy—to count over the amount of my patrimonial portion. Grand historical paintings require years of study and labour, and I found I had but two hundred dollars, owed for a month's lodging, and had an unsettled tailor's account. It was clear that historical painting was a luxury, for the present at least, beyond my reach. It was then some evil spirit, (I strongly suspect it was the —) taking the cue doubtless from my projected picture, suggested:—

"Try landscape, my boy; you have a rare hand for landscapes—good flaming landscapes, full of yellow and vermilion, you know!"

Although there was no one in the room, I can swear to a distinct slap on the back, after the emphatic "you know" of the tempter. It was a true diabolical suggestion, the yellow and vermilion, but not so sulphurous as what followed:—

"Go to the tropics boy, the glorious tropics, where the sun is supreme, and never shares his dominion with blue-nosed, leaden-coloured, rheumy-eyed frost-gods: go there, and catch the matchless tints of the skies, the living emerald of the forests, and the light-giving azure of the waters; go where the birds are

rainbow-hued, and the very fish are golden; where—"

But I had heard enough; I was blinded by the dazzling panorama which Fancy swept past my vision, and cried, with enthusiastic energy,

"Hold; I'll go to the glorious tropics!"

And I went—more's the pity—in a little dirty schooner, full of pork and flour; and that is the way I came to be in Jamaica, dear reader, if you want to know. I had been there a month or more, and had wandered all over the really magnificent interior, and filled my portfolio with sketches. But they did not satisfy me; there were other tropical lands, where Nature had grander aspects, where there were broad lakes and high and snow-crowned volcanoes, which waved their plumes of smoke in mid-heaven, defiantly, in the very face of the sun; lands through whose ever-leaved forests Cortez, Balboa, Alvarado, and Cordova had led their mailed followers, and in whose depths frowned the strange gods of aboriginal superstition, beside the deserted altars and unmarked graves of a departed and mysterious people. Jamaica was so useful certainly, but I longed for what the transcendentalists call the sublimely-beautiful, or, in plain English, the combined sublime and beautiful—for, in short, an equatorial Switzerland. And, although Jamaica was fine in scenery, its dilapidated plantations, and filthy, lazy negroes, already more than half relapsed into native and congenial barbarism, were repugnant to my American notions and tastes. They grinned around me, those negroes, when I ate, and scratched their heads over my paper when I drew. They followed me everywhere, like black jackals, and jabbered their incomprehensible lingo in my ears until they deafened me. And then their odor under tropical heats! Fugh! "Twas rank, and smelt to heaven!"

I had, therefore, come down from the interior to set up my easel in Kingston, paint a few views, and thereby raise the wind for a trip of the mainland. Of course, I did not fly from painting red-faced portraits in the United States, to paint ebony ones in Jamaica. My scruples, however, did not apply to customers. There was a "*brown man*," which is genteel Jamaican for mulatto, who was an Assembly-man, or something of the kind, and wanted a view of the edifice at Spanish-town, wherein he legislated for the "emancipated island." I had agreed to paint it for the liberal compensation of twenty pounds. But one hot, murky morning,

my brown lawgiver took the cholera, and before noon was not only dead, but buried—and my picture only half-finished!—*Mem.* As people have a practice of dying, always get your pay beforehand.

Voltaire, I believe, has said, that if a toad were asked his ideal of beauty, he would, most likely, describe himself, and dwell complacently on a cold, clammy, yellow belly, a brown, warty, corrugated back, and become ecstatic on the subject of goggle eyes. And, I verily believe, that if my landlady had been asked the same question, she would have coquettishly patted up her woolly curls, over each oleaginous cheek, and glanced toward the mirror, by way of reply. Black, glossy black, and *fat*, marvelously fat, yet she was possessed, even she, of her full share of feminine vanity. There was no mistaking, from the first day of my arrival, that her head was running on a portrait of herself. She was fond of money and penurious, and careful, therefore, not to venture upon a proposition until she had got some kind of a clew as to what her immortality would be likely to cost. I had, however, diplomatically evaded all of her approaches, up to the unfortunate day when my Assembly-man died. He brought me the news herself, and saw that it annoyed rather than shocked me, and that I stopped painting with the air of a man abandoning a bad job. She evidently thought the time favorable for a *coup de main*; there was a gleam of cunning in her little, round, half-buried eyes, and the very ebony of her cheek lightened palpably, as she said:

"So your picture will be no good for nothing?"

No!

"You have not got the ——?"

And she significantly rubbed the fore-finger of one hand in the palm of the other.

No!

There was a pause, and then she resumed:

"I want a picture!"

Eh?

"A picture, you know!"

And now she complacently stroked down her broad face, and exhibited a wide, vermilion chasm, with a formidable phalanx of ivories, by way of a suggestive smile.

No, I never paint portraits!

"Not for ten pounds?"

No; nor for a hundred,—go!

And my landlady rolled herself out of the

room with a motion which, had she weighed less than two hundred, might have passed for a toss.

It was on the evening of this day, and after this conversation, one half of the Assembly-house at Spanish-town staring redly from the canvas in the corner, that I lay in my hammock and soliloquized as aforesaid. It was thus and then, that I re-olved to paint my landlady.

And having now, by means of this long parenthesis, restored the harmonies of my story, and got my horse and cart in correct relative positions, I am ready to go ahead.

I not only resolved to paint my landlady, but I did it, right over the half-finished Assembly-house. It was the first, and, by the blessing of Heaven, so long as there are good potatoes to be dug at the rate of six cents per bushel, it shall be my last portrait. I cannot help laughing, even now, at that fat, glistening face, looking for all the world as if it had been newly varnished, surmounted by a gaudy red scarf, wound round the head in the form of a peaked turban; and two fat arms, rolling down like elephants' trunks against a white robe for a background, which concealed a bust that passeth description. That portrait—"long may it wave!" as the man said, at the Kossuth dinner, when he toasted "The day we celebrate!"

My landlady was satisfied, and generous withal, for she not only paid me the ten pounds, and gave me my two weeks board and lodging in the bargain, but introduced me to a colored gentleman, a friend of hers, who sailed a little schooner twice a year to the Mosquito Shore, on the coast of Central America, where he traded off refuse rum and gaudy cottons for turtle-shells and sarsaparilla. There was a steamer from Kingston, once a month, to Carthagena, Chagres, San Juan, Belize, and "along shore:" but, for obvious reasons, I could not go in a steamer. So I struck up a bargain with the skipper, by the terms of which he bound himself to land me, bag and baggage, at Bluefields, the seat of Mosquito royalty, for the sum of three pounds, "currency."

Why Captain Ponto (for so I shall call my landlady's friend, the colored skipper) named his little schooner the "Prince Albert," I can not imagine, unless he thought thereby to do honor to the Queen Consort; for the aforesaid schooner had evidently got old, and been condemned, long before that lucky Dutchman woke the echoes of Gotha with his baby cries. The

"Prince Albert" was of about 70 tons burden, built something on the model of the "Jungfrau," the first vessel of the Netherlands that rolled itself into New York bay, like some unwieldy porpoise, after a rapid passage of about six months from the Hague. The wise men of the Historical Society have satisfactorily shown, after long and diligent research, that the "Jungfrau" measured sixty feet keel, sixty feet beam, and sixty feet hold, and was modeled after one of Rubens' Venuses. The dimensions of the "Prince Albert" were every way the same, only twenty feet less. The sails were patched and the cordage spliced, and she did not leak so badly as to require more than six hours steady pumping out of the twenty-four. The crew was composed of Captain Ponto, Thomas, his mate, one seaman, and an Indian boy from Yucatan, whose business it was to cook and do the pumping. As may be supposed, the Indian boy did not rust for want of occupation.

It was a clear morning, toward the close of December, that Captain Ponto's wife, a white woman, with a hopeful family of six children, the three eldest with shirts, and the three youngest without, came down to the schooner to see us off. I watched the parting over the after-bulwarks, and observed the tears roll down Mrs. Ponto's cheeks as she bade her sable spouse good-by. I wondered if she really could have any attachment for her husband, and if custom and association had utterly worn away the natural and instinctive repugnance which exists between the superior and inferior races of mankind? I thought of the condition of Jamaica itself, and mentally inquired if it were not due to a grand, practical misconception of the laws of Nature, and the inevitable result of their reversal? It can not be denied that where the superior and inferior races are brought in contact, and amalgamate, there we uniformly find a hybrid stock springing up, with most, if not all of the vices, and few, if any of the virtues of the originals. And it will hardly be questioned, by those experimentally acquainted with the subject, that the manifest lack of public morality and private virtue, in the Spanish-American States, has followed from the fatal facility with which the Spanish colonists have intermixed with the negroes and Indians. The rigid and inexorable exclusion, in respect to the inferior races, of the dominant blood of North America, flowing through different channels perhaps, yet from the same great Teutonic

source, is one grand secret of its vitality, and the best safeguard of its permanent ascendancy.

Mrs. Ponto wept; and as we slowly worked our way outside of Port Royal, I could see her waving her apron, for she was innocent of a more classical signal, in fond adieus. We finally got out from under the lee of the land, and caught in our sails the full trade-wind, blowing steadily in the desired direction. I sat long on deck, watching the receding island sinking slowly in the bright sea, until Captain Ponto signified to me, in the *patois* of Jamaica, which the deluded people flatter themselves is English, that dinner was ready, and led the way into what he called the cabin. This cabin was a little den, seven feet by nine at the utmost, low, dark and dirty, with no light or air except what entered through the narrow hatchway, and, consequently, hot as an oven. Two lockers, one on each side, answered for seats by day, and, covered with suspicious mattresses, for beds by night. The cabin was sacred to Captain Ponto and myself, the mate having been displaced to make room for the gentleman who had paid three pounds for his passage! I question if the "Prince Albert" had ever before been honored with a passenger; certainly not since she had come into the hands of Captain Ponto, who therefore put his best foot forward, with a full consciousness of the importance of the incident. Ponto had been a slave once, and was consequently imperious and tyrannical now, toward all people in a subordinate relation to himself. Yet, as he had evidently been owned by a man of consequence, he had not entirely lost his early deference for the white man, and sometimes forgot Ponto the captain in Ponto the chattel. It was in the latter character only, that he was perfectly natural; and, although I derived no little amusement from his attempts to enact a loftier part, I shall not trouble the reader with an episode on Captain Ponto. He was a very worthy darkey, with a strong aversion to water, both exteriorly and internally. The mate, and the man who constituted the crew, were ordinary negroes of no possible account.

But Antonio, the Indian boy, who cooked and pumped, and then pumped and cooked—I fear he never slept, for when there was not a "sizzling" in the little black caboose, there was sure to be a screeching of the rickety pump—Antonio attracted my interest from the first; and it was increased when I found that he spoke

a little English, was perfect in Spanish, and withal could read in both languages. There was something mysterious in finding him among these uncouth negroes, with his relatively fair skin, intelligent eyes, and long, well-ordered, black hair. He was like a lithe panther among lumbering bears; and he did his work in a way which accorded with his Indian character, without murmur, and with a kind of silent doggedness, that implied but little respect for his present masters. He seldom replied to their orders in words, and then only in monosyllables. I asked Captain Ponto about him, but he knew nothing, except that he was from Yucatan, and had presented himself on board only the day previously, and offered to work his passage to the main land. And Captain Ponto indistinctly intimated that he had taken the boy solely on my account, which, of course, led to the inference on my part, that the captain ordinarily did his own cooking. He also ventured a patronizing remark about the Indians generally, to the effect that they made very good servants, "if they were kept under;" which, coming from an ex-slave, I thought rather good.

MAJOR.—Of a surety, neighbour Bard writeth after an appetising fashion. You might do worse than favour us with another cut from the same round. The ration you have doled out has given me quite a whet.

DOCTOR.—As you are a devout admirer of royalty in every shape and form, and would do homage to a crown even if it hung upon a thorn bush, I shall let our Yankee adventurer introduce you to the Sovereign of the Mosquito kingdom:—

The approach to the coast, near Bluefields, holds out no delusions. The shore is flat, and in all respects tame and uninteresting. A white line of sand, a green belt of trees, with no relief except here and there a solitary palm, and a few blue hills in the distance, are the only objects which are offered to the expectant eyes of the voyager. A nearer approach reveals a large lagoon, protected by a narrow belt of sand, covered, on the inner side, with a dense mass of mangrove trees; and this is the harbor of Bluefields. The entrance is narrow, but not difficult, at the foot of a high, rocky bluff, which completely commands the passage.

The town, or rather the collection of huts called by that name, lies nearly nine miles from the entrance. After much tacking, and backing, and filling, to avoid the innumerable banks

and shallows in the lagoon, we finally arrived at the anchorage. We had hardly got our anchor down, before we were boarded by a very pompous black man, dressed in a shirt of red check, pantaloons of white cotton cloth, and a glazed straw hat, with feet innocent of shoes, whose office nobody knew, further than that he was called "Admiral Rodney," and was an important functionary in the "Mosquito Kingdom." He hustled about, in an extraordinary way, but his final purpose seemed narrowed down to getting a dram, and pocketing a couple of dollars, slyly slipped into his hand by the captain, just before he got over the side. When he had left, we were told that we could go on shore.

Bluefields is an imperial city, the residence of the court of the Mosquito Kingdom, and therefore merits a particular description. As I have said, it is a collection of the rudest possible thatched huts. Among them are two or three framed buildings, one of which is the residence of a Mr. Bell, an Englishman, with whom, as I afterwards learned, resided that world-renowned monarch, "George William Clarence, King of all the Mosquitos." The site of the huts is picturesque, being upon comparatively high ground, at a point where a considerable stream from the interior enters the lagoon. There are two villages; the principal one, or Bluefields proper, which is much the largest, containing perhaps five hundred people; and "Carlsruhe," a kind of dependency, so named by a colony of Prussians who had attempted to establish themselves here, but whose colony, at the time of my visit, had utterly failed. Out of more than a hundred of the poor people, who had been induced to come here, but three or four were left, existing in a state of great debility and distress. Most of their companions had died, but a few had escaped to the interior, where they bear convincing witness to the wickedness of attempting to found colonies, from northern climates, on low, pestiferous shores, under the tropics.

Among the huts were many palm and plain-tain trees, with detached stalks of the papaya, laden with its large golden fruit. The shore was lined with canoes, *pitpans* and *dories*, hollowed from the trunks of trees, all sharp, trim, and graceful in shape. The natives propel them, with great rapidity, by single broad-bladed paddles, struck vertically in the water, first on one side, and then on the other.*

* The *dory* is usually hollowed from a solid piece of ma-

There was a large assemblage on the beach, when he landed, but I was amazed to find that, with few exceptions, they were all unmitigated negroes, or Sambos (*i. e.* mixed negro and Indian.) I had heard of the Mosquito shore as occupied by the Mosquito Indians, but soon found that there were few, if any, pure Indians on the entire coast. The miserable people who go by that name are, in reality, Sambos, having a considerable intermixture of trader blood from Jamaica, with which Island the coasts has its principle relations. The arrival of the traders on the shore is a signal for unrestrained debauchery, always preluded by the traders baptizing, in a manner not remarkable for its delicacy or gravity, all children born since their last visit, in whom there is any decided indication of white blood. The names given on these occasions as as fantastic as the ceremony, and great liberties are taken with the cognomens of all notabilities, living and dead, from "Pompey" down to "Wellington."

Our first concern in Bluefields was to get a roof to shelter us, which we finally succeeded in doing, through the intervention of the captain of the "Boliver." That is to say, a dilapidated negro from Jamaica, hearing that I had just left that delectable island, claimed me as his countryman, and gave me a little deserted thatched hut, the walls of which were composed of a kind of a wicker work of upright canes, interwoven with palm leaves. This structure had served him, in the days of his prosperity, as a kitchen. It was not more than ten feet square, but would admit a hammock, hung diagonally from one corner to the other. To this abbreviated establishment, I moved my few damaged effects, and in the course of the day, completely domesticated myself. Antonio exhibited the greatest aptness and industry in making our quarters comfortable, and evinced an elasticity and cheerfulness of manner unknown before. In the evening, he responded to the latent inquiry of my looks by saying, that his heart had become lighter since he had reached the continent, and that his Lord gave promise of better days.

"Look!" he exclaimed, as he held up his talisman before my eyes. It emitted a pale

hogany or cedar, and is from twenty-five to fifty feet in length. This kind of vessel is found so buoyant and safe, that persons accustomed to the management of it, often fearlessly venture out to sea, in weather when it might be unsafe to trust to vessels of a larger kind.

The *pitpan* is another variety of canoe, exceeding the *dory* in point of speed. It is of the same material, differing only in being flat-bottomed.

light, which seemed to come from it in pulsations, or radiating circles. It may have been fancy, but if so, I am not prepared to say that all which we deem real is not a dream and a delusion!

My host was a man of more pretensions than Captain Ponto, but otherwise very much of the same order of African architecture. From his cautious silence, on the subject of his arrival on the coast, I inferred that he had been brought out as a slave, some thirty-five or forty years ago, when several planters from Jamaica attempted to establish themselves here. However that may have been, he now called himself a "merchant," and appeared proud of a little collection of "osnaburghs," a few red bandanna handkerchiefs, flanked by a dingy cask of what the Yankees would call "the rale critter," which occupied one corner of his house or rather hut. He brooded over these with unremitting care, although I believe I was his only customer, (to the extent of a few fish hooks), during my stay in Bluefields. He called himself Hodgson, (the name, as I afterwards learned, of one of the old British superintendents), and based his hopes of family immortality upon a son, whom he respectfully called *Mister* James Hodgson, and who was, he said, principal counsellor to the king.

This information, communicated to me within two hours after my arrival, led me to believe myself in the line of favorable presentation at court. But I found out afterwards, that this promising scion of the house of Hodgson was "under a cloud," and had lost the sunshine of imperial favor, in consequence of having made some most indesecret confessions, when taken a prisoner, a few years before, by the Nicaraguans. However, I was not destined to pine away my days in devising plans to obtain an introduction to his Mosquito Majesty. For, rising early on the morning subsequent to my arrival, I started out to see the sights of Bluefields. Following a broad path, leading to a grove of cocoa-nut trees, which shadowed over a river, tall and trim, I met a white man, of thin and serious visage, who eyed me curiously for a moment, bowed slightly, and passed on in silence. The distant air of an Englishman, on meeting an American, is generally reciprocated by equally frigid formality. So I staved coldly bowed stiffly, and also passed on. I smiled to think what a deal of affectation had been wasted on both sides, for it would have been unnatural

if two white men were not glad to see each others' faces in a land of ebony like this. So I involuntarily turned half round, just in time to witness a similar evolution on the part of my thin friend. It was evident that his thoughts were but reflections of my own, and being the younger of the two, I retraced my steps, and approached him with a laughing "Good morning!" He responded to my salutation with an equally pregnant "Good morning," at the same time raising his hand to his ear, in token of being hard of hearing. Conversation opened, and I at once found I was in the presence of a man of superior education, large experience, and altogether out of place in the Mosquito metropolis. After a long walk, in which we passed a rough board structure, surmounted by a stumpy pole, supporting a small flag—a sort of hybrid between the Union Jack and the "Stars and Stripes"—called by Mr. Bell the "House of Justice," I accepted his invitation to accompany him home to coffee.

His house was a plain building of rough boards, with several small rooms, all opening into the principal apartment, in which I was invited to sit down. A sleepy-looking black girl, with an enormous shock of frizzled hair, was sweeping the floor, in a languid, mechanical way, calculated to superinduce yawning, even after a brisk morning walk. The partitions were hung with many prints, in which "Her Most Gracious Majesty" appeared in all the multiform glory of steel, lithograph, and chromotint. A gun or two, a table in the corner, supporting a confused collection of books and papers, with some ropes, boots, and iron grapnels beneath, a few chairs, a Yankee clock, and a table, completed the furniture and decoration of the room. I am thus particular in this inventory, for reasons which will afterwards appear.

At a word from Mr. Bell, the torpid black girl disappeared for a few moments, and then came back with some cups and a pot of coffee. I observed that there were three cups, and that my host filled them all, which I thought a little singular, since there were but two of us. A faint, momentary suspicion crossed my mind, that the female polypus stood in some such relation to my host as to warrant her in honoring us with her company. But, instead of doing so, she unceremoniously pushed open a door in the corner, and curtly ejaculated to some unseen occupant, "Get up!" There was a kind of

querulous response, and directly a thumping and muttering, as of some person who regarded himself as unreasonably disturbed. Meanwhile we had each finished our first cup of coffee, and were proceeding with a second, when the door in the corner opened, and a black boy, or what an American would be apt to call a "young darkey," apparently nineteen or twenty years old, shuffled up to the table. He wore only a shirt, unbuttoned at the throat, and cotton pantaloons, scarcely buttoned at all. He nodded to my entertainer with a drawling "Mornin' sir!" and sat down to the third cup of coffee. My host seemed to take no notice of him, and we continued our conversation. Soon after, the sloven youth got up, took his hat, and slowly walked down the path to the river, where I afterwards saw him washing his face in the stream.

As I was about leaving, Mr. Bell kindly volunteered his services to me, in any way that might be made available. I thanked him, and suggested that, having no object to accomplish except to "scare up" adventures and seek out novel sights, I should be obliged to him for an introduction to the king, at some future day, after Antonio should have succeeded in rejuvenating my visit of ceremony, now rather rusty from saturation with salt water. He smiled faintly, and said, as for that matter, there need be no delay; and, stepping to the door, shouted to the black youth by the river, and beckoned to him to come up the bank. The youth put on his hat hurriedly, and obeyed. "Perhaps you are not aware *that is the king?*" observed my host, with a contemptuous smile. I made no reply, as the youth was at hand. He took off his hat respectfully, but there was no introduction in the case, beyond the quiet observation, "George, this gentleman has come to see you; sit down!"

I soon saw who was the real "king" in Bluefields. "George," I think, had also a notion of his own on the subject, but was kept in such strict subordination that he never manifested it by words. I found him shy, but not without the elements of an ordinary English education, which he had received in England. He is nothing more or less than a negro, with hardly a perceptible trace of Indian blood, and would pass at the South for "a likely young fellow, worth twelve hundred dollars as a body-servant!"

The second day after my arrival was Sunday, and in the forenoon, Mr. Bell read the service of the English Church, in the "House of Jus-

tice." There were perhaps a dozen persons present, among them the king, who was now dressed plainly and becoming, and who conducted himself with entire propriety. I could not see that he was treated with any special consideration; while Mr. Bell received marked deference.

It is a curious fact that although the English have had relations, more or less intimate, with this shore, ever since the pirates made it their retreat, during the glorious days of the buccaneers, they had never introduced the Gospel. The religion of the "kingdom" was declared by the late king, in his will, to be "the Established Church of England," but the Established Church has never taken steps to bring the natives within its aristocratic fold. Several dissenting missionaries have made attempts to settle on the coast, but as the British officers and agents never favored them, they have met with no success. Besides, the Sambos are strongly attached to heathenism rites, half African and half Indian, in which what they call "*big drunk*" is not the least remarkable feature. Some years ago a missionary, named Pilley, arrived at Sandy Bay, for the purpose of reclaiming the "lost sheep." A house was found for him, and he commenced preaching, and for a few Sundays enticed some of the leading Sambos to hear him, by giving them each a glass of grog. At length, one Sabbath afternoon, a considerable number of the natives attended to hear the stranger talk, and to receive the usual spiritual consolation. But the demijohn of the worthy minister had been exhausted. He nevertheless sought to compensate for the deficiency by a more vehement display of eloquence, and for a time flattered himself that he was producing a lasting impression. His discourse, however was suddenly interrupted by one of the chiefs, who rose and indignantly exclaimed, "All preach—no grog—no good!" and with a responsive "No good!" the audience followed him, as he stalked away, leaving the astonished preacher to finish his discourse to two or three Englishmen present.

MAJOR.—Bell is an old friend of mine, and a very clever fellow. Not for many years have I heard of him, and it rejoiceth me to learn that he is still a tenant of this mundane farm.

DOCTOR.—I say, Crabtree, have you had time to overhaul the recent publications upon this the land of our adoption?

MAJOR.—Yes; I have read, and that with much satisfaction, the essays of the Rev. Dr. Lillie, and Messrs. Hogan and Morris, the last-mentioned gents being the first and second prizemen.

DOCTOR.—And what estimate have you formed of the productions?

MAJOR.—They all do credit to the writers and to the subject handled. As a popular view of Canada, Mr. Hogan's work is entitled to primary commendation. Very graphic are the sketches which it contains, both of the external features of the Province, and of the distinguishing characteristics of the inhabitants thereof. Dr. Lillie's volume—for it is a duodecimo of commanding bulk—is composed of "sterner stuff," being mainly occupied with matters of statistical information. The author has palpably bestowed a vast amount of labour and research upon his task, and the result is a book most valuable to all who desire to be thoroughly indoctrinated with a knowledge of our capabilities and resources. Very beautifully is the *ome* imprinted by a firm of whom you possibly may have heard—Maclear, Thomas & Co.—presenting one of the most creditable specimens of typography which Toronto has as yet produced.

DOCTOR.—And touching the essay of Brother Morris? I believe he is a member of the "black brigade."

MAJOR.—The barrister-at-law has no reason to blush for his *hairn*. Though lacking the artistic touch of Mr. Hogan's essay, and inferior to Dr. Lillie's in the comprehensiveness of its information, it may be read both with pleasure and profit.

PRESER.—Looking over a recent number of the *Country Gentleman*, a neatly got-up Albany journal, I stumbled upon the subjoined choice morsel of bathotic bunkum:—

"The mighty pyramids rising above the deltas of the Nile—

'Flinging their shadowy forms on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time,
Had raised to count his ages by,'

stand forth, the everlasting monuments of art, reflecting the glory of a lost empire through thousands of years, while the names of their illustrious architects are lost in the oblivious repose of ages. And the pilgrim who wanders over the ruin-piled streets of "shrunken Baby-

lon," beholds nothing in the vast wrecks of her grandeur that tells of the happiness of its inhabitants. They speak only of the servile toil of oppressed thousands, whose constrained sinews raised those noble piles of masonry, only to satiate the vain-glorious pride of conquering monarchs. Such is the tale coming forth from the ruins of the imperial city—from desolate Nineveh—from the ruin-strewn plain where once Eden's proud metropolis arose."

MAJOR.—I marvel hugely what traces the future pilgrim, who wanders over the "ruin-piled" plantations of "shrunken" South Dollardom, will find of the happiness of its ebonyed inhabitants? Sick as a dog doth it make me to hear that skulking, double-faced, canting pedler of human flesh, Jonathan, snuffle forth the lauds of liberty! Mahoun quoting Scripture is a sight not one jot or tittle more incongruous. And yet the vagabond perpetrated the deadly sin of treason, because, forsooth, he had such an unquenchable furor for freedom!

PRESER.—In connection with your most righteous outpouring, I may be permitted to read a fruitifying passage from the Toronto *Daily Globe*. Commenting upon the character of the late Abbot Lawrence, a New York broadsheet observed that he was "one of a class of men indigenous to the Republic." Tackling this piece of snobbish bravado, the *Globe*, *inter alia*, thus "improves" the subject:

"The question is, have no men of equally humble parentage been equally honored in Britain? Lloyd, the banker, was in 1850 made Lord Overstone; the first Lord Plunkett was the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman; the present Chief Justice of England, Lord Campbell, is the son of a Scottish clergyman, and long supported himself by reporting for the press; the present Bishop of Exeter is the son of an innkeeper; the Earl of Eldon's father was a coal-dealer in Newcastle; Lords Keane, Hardinge, and Gough were made peers only for military service, and though of reputable, were by no means of high origin; the father of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer commenced his career as a porter in Liverpool; the Right Hon. Talbot Baines' father was, and his brother is, a printer; Canning was Prime Minister, and nobody seems to know almost anything about his father; Sir Robert Peel was likewise Prime

Minister, and his father was a cotton-spinner; Mr. Phinn, member for Bath, now in high office under this Government is the son of a surgeon; Mr. Layard is the son of a clergyman; Mr. Lowe, also holding office under this Government, is the son of a clergyman; Lord Metcalfe, Governor General of Canada, was son of a Major in the army; Lord Lyndhurst's father was a painter; Sir Colin Campbell's father was a grocer in Glasgow; and we presume that neither Generals Brown nor Simpson have the least pretence to be aristocrats. But there is really no end to the list. We stop here, however, the more willingly, because we feel assured that we have quoted names and facts enough to show that poor men—men whose early advantages were no greater, or very little greater, or much less—have risen in Britain, during our father's days, in our own, and are rising now, to offices and honours (to say the very least of them) as great as any which the United States ever conferred on Abbot Lawrence; that such have, in fact, repeatedly risen to an elevation—as in the case of Prime Ministers and Lord Chancellors—only short of Royalty itself."

MAJOR.—Bravo, Globe! Though occupying a different side of the political blanket from yourself, I cry *plaudite* to your patriotic out-pouring with all my heart!

DOCTOR.—Right happy am I to notice that we shall soon be favoured with Alfred Tennyson's "*Maud*," Ticknor and Fields of Boston, have the volume in press, and its appearance may be looked for every day. One swatch of the poem has wandered into a newspaper, and I shall read it for your solacement and delectation. It is headed

A SONG.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses are blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky.
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;

All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has the heart to be gay,
When will the dancers leave her alone;
She is weary of dance and play.
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day,
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away."

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel in wine,
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and over, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood.
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the
Our wood that is dearer than all. [wood,

From the meadow your walks have left so
That whenever a March wind sighs [sweet
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rose bud garden of girls
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out little head, sunning over with curls
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead,
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

MAJOR.—I wish we had our confrere Bonnie Braes to give us his opinion of the lyric, as he is a judge of amorous pastorals. The lines, unquestionably, are rich and melodious, but, if I may say so without felony, appear to be a leetle—only a very leetle—tinctured with something approximating to the spoony!

[*The Laird without.*]

LAIRD.—You needna' say anither word Josiah! Dead lame as Drumclog seems to be, I'll no tak' ae brown bawbee less for the pair brute than fifteen dollars. This blessed morning if ony body had offered me twenty pounds for the creature, I wud hae speered if he was wanting to mak' a fool o' me! Fifteen dollars is the very lowest word! Why man, his hide is worth half the sillar in thae hard times!

SURGEON BENNETT [*without.*].—Well Capting, I guess and kalkilate that you are determined to take the advantage of a poor feller, and I suppose you must have your way. Can you change me this here twenty dollar bill?

LAIRD.—I'll see if ony body in the house has got as muckle sillar.

MAJOR.—So it would appear that our friend has been doing a small stroke of business. I marvel how his charger has fallen lame so suddenly. There were no perceptible tokens of such a calamity when horse and rider arrived here this afternoon.

[*Enter Laird.*]

LAIRD.—I say Crabtree, lend us five dollars, for a minute or twa, like a decent man. I want to complete a wee bit transaction wi' the Surgeon oot thae.

MAJOR.—You will find the needful in this purse, but is the gelding so much deteriorated in his locomotives?

LAIRD.—Dinna speak sae loud! Between oursel's the creature is na worth a couple o' yark shillings. Every copper that I get for it is gained money!

[*Goes to window.*]

Hae Josiah! there's your five dollars o' change, and you hae made a guid speculation for ance in your life, if you should never mak' anither!

DOCTOR.—By Mercurius, but you are a thorough bred jockey, and no mistake!

LAIRD.—Oo, I maybe ken a thing or twa as weel as my betters! But I say lads, rax me the bottle and the other necessaries o' life. I am dry as a whistle, argul-bargulling wi' that auld sneek drawer. The loon said to worthy Deacon Wells, yesterday was three weeks, that he could tak' the measure o' my foot ony day, but I trow I hae sent him awa' wi' a flea in his lug!

PURSER.—We are all impatient to hear the particulars of your trip to Kingston.

LAIRD.—Hoot toot lad! I canna settle down a' o' a sudden into the cauld realities o' life, after making sic a sappy bargain! Here's a verse o' an auld stave for you:—

“We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.
 Hey, ca' thro,' ca' thro,'
 For we hae mickle to do;
 Hey, ca' thro,' ca' thro,'
 For we hae mickle to do.”

[*Enter Peggy Patullo.*]

PEGGY.—If ye please, Maister Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—I'll no' listen to a single word, my lass, till I hae finished my lilt. There's just another verse.

“We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.
 Hey, ca' thro,' ca' thro,'
 For we hae mickle to do;
 Hey, ca' thro,' ca' thro,'
 For we hae mickle to do.”

Noo Peggy my queen, what's your wull?

PEGGY.—Are you sure, sir, that that Ben-lott is an honest man?

LAIRD.—What gars ye ask, Peggy?

PEGGY.—Neil Blain, a lad that comes to see me whiles, happened to be passing the stable wheel the Surgeon was wi' your horse, before ye cam oot to him.

LAIRD.—Weel, Peggy!

PEGGY.—Looking through the window Neil saw him lift a leg o' your horse, and put something or anither in the hoof thereof.

LAIRD [*starting up*].—Confound the idiot, what for did he no tell me?

PEGGY.—He couldna' wait! He was rining to bring the howdie for Mrs. Bunny, wha has been taken wi' her troubles sooner than was expected! The very moment he was at liberty, he cam' back wi' the information.

DOCTOR [*at window*].—Laird, Laird, come here! Your friend Bennett is extracting some foreign substance from the foot of Drumclog! He has got it out; and the nag uses its pins as well as ever!

LAIRD [*rushing to window*].—Come back, Josiah! Come back, ye born reprobate, or I'll break every bone in your skin, when I get a haud o' ye!

SURGEON BENNETT [*in the far distance*].—Remember Gallows Hill, Capting! Ha, ha, ha! G'lang, Drumclog!

MAJOR.—The dog is making his new purchase progress down the avenue, at the rate of ten miles an hour!

LAIRD.—I'll after the atrocious scoundrel on my shanks, and raise the hue and cry! Help! murder! robbery! arson!

[*Bonnie Braes makes a somersault through the window, and the seditant breaks up in "much admired disorder."*]

FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.*

GAS TAR AS AN ANTISEPTIC PAINT.

The preservation of wood is a subject of great and increasing importance. In this country and in Europe, patent after patent has been taken out for various processes of accomplishing this object. Metallic Salts are generally employed, and afford, unquestionably, the means of increasing to a great degree the durability of timber. The high price seems to be the chief objection to their use, and especially to the use of corrosive sublimate.

To exclude the oxygen of the atmosphere is the first thing to be secured—decomposi-

tion cannot take place unless oxygen be present in some form or other. The albuminous matter of the sap, too, is a great cause of decay, and the more so, if in a moist state. It acts precisely as yeast in the fermentation of bread. If we boil yeast, its fermenting power is destroyed. By steaming wood we coagulate the albumen (white of egg) of the sap, and thus, to a certain extent, lessen its liability to fermentation or decay. The exclusion of the atmosphere and water, and the coagulation of the albuminous matters of the sap, or recently formed portions of the tree, are the two great points to be secured in the preservation of wood,—and, we may add, of almost every vegetable or animal substance.

The various metallic or mineral paints secure to a certain extent the former object, and a solution of a metallic sulphate the latter; and we would advocate the use of both articles to a much greater extent than is now practiced by most farmers. We hope to live to see the time when every wooden implement on the farm shall receive a good coat of paint every year. Such a practice will pay, now that good timber is getting scarcer and higher every year.

There is a substance, however, that to a certain extent, at least contains, in itself, both these qualities. Gas tar will coagulate albumen, and exclude the air and moisture. It is cheap and easily applied; why then is it not more generally and bountifully used? In England, hedges take the place of our not very picturesque rail fences, and the homesteading is of brick or stone, but the extent to which gas tar is used on the doors of buildings, gates, &c., affords conclusive evidence that, were board fences used, as with us, they would be preserved, if not ornamented with a frequent coat of this odoriferous paint.

It is said that the agents used by the Egyptians to preserve mummies were of an asphaltic nature, and tho' this perhaps cannot be clearly established, it is certain that asphaltic oils, such as exist in gas tar, possess powerful antiseptic properties.

In 1838 some sleepers were laid on the Manchester and Creive Railroad which had been saturated with gas tar. A short time

* From the CULTIVATOR.

since they were taken up, in order that they might be replaced by some of a heavier description, when it was found that the old sleepers were *perfectly sound*, and they are about to be used on parts of the line where there is less traffic. The unprepared sleepers did not last more than four or five years.

An English scientific writer says: "A great many improvements in this country are stopped by the prejudice which people have against anything having the smell of gas." If this can be said of England, where gas tar is as extensively used as paint, &c., what shall be said of our farmers, who use little if any? He gives the following instance, which shows that a love of things "far fetched and dear bought" is not confined to this country, or the ladies. "For instance," says he, "pitch and other products of tar are highly important in ship building, yet, so prejudiced are the English ship-wrights against coal tar and pitch, that they will only use the tar and pitch from Archangel or Stockholm, though it costs ten times as much as the English. In the Mediterranean the native vessels which are not coppered suffer very severely from the worm, and the Maltese and Sicilians found that the Archangel and Stockholm pitch would not protect them, but with the coal pitch and tar no worms would touch the vessels, and there is, therefore, a great demand for the English pitch and tar in the Mediterranean, the boat-builders of which would readily give more for it than for the vegetable pitch or tar; but there is a prejudice against it in England because it can be obtained cheaply at our very doors. In fact, all pitch and tar from the mineral kingdom is much better and stronger than that from the vegetable, and much more of a preservative." Is prejudice or ignorance the cause of the general neglect of gas tar as a paint and as a preventive of decay? The experience of those who have used gas tar on posts in the ground is, so far as we know, without exception, in favor of gas tar. We have met with one gentleman who thought that, while gas tar retarded the decay of timber in the ground, it accelerated its decay above the ground. We cannot think that there is any foundation for this opinion; if there is, we should be pleased to hear from

those who are competent from experience to speak on the subject. We have many such among our readers. Will they not favor us with their experience in the use of gas tar?

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

An esteemed correspondent, at New Haven, Conn., has sent us a communication of some length, on the "Influence of the Moon in Agricultural Operations." Its length precludes its insertion entire, but we will state briefly its ground and reasonings.

Our correspondent thinks the repeated agency of the moon, even if it does not merit notice on account of its truth, should claim more attention in this age of investigation and progress, from the general prevalence of the belief in relation to it. He mentions several instances of the popular belief, which he thinks worthy of further examination, among which are Pliny's notions that grain, to sell, should be cut at the moon's increase, being heavier;—and to keep, should be cut at its decrease, being then more incorruptible. He cites the opinion of the French poultry fanciers, that eggs will be more likely to produce chickens at full moon; that pigs should not be killed at the moon's increase; that trees should be cut near the new moon, &c. &c.

He thinks it "time enough to seek for a cause, when we ascertain the facts" in the case; and that when Arago made his accurate and extended observations, his mind had been previously "made up" on the subject.

Now, we can assure our correspondent that we highly approve at all times, a spirit of investigation, and a system of observations with a view to useful and practical results. But there may be some points towards which our time and labors may be directed with so little prospect of success, as to render it very unwise for us to waste our energies upon them. Life is short; and they who accomplish most, usually do so, in proportion to the judgment they evince in directing their labors towards the most profitable pursuits,—and not always to the *amount* of labour they perform.

For example,—suppose we expend five years of labour in observing the influence of

an increasing or decreasing moon on the ripening of grain—for nothing short of five years of labour would answer, to distinguish this influence from the innumerable operating causes of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, clear and cloudy skies, soil, cultivation, manure, blight, and so forth—and then find the opinion groundless, what have we attained? We have, it is true, settled *this* point; but we know of no limit to the number of similar "opinions" that would also need settling. Shall we not therefore, as some guide to the probability of success, look a moment at "the cause,"—which our correspondent thinks best not to do? Wherein then, can ripening vegetation be affected by the difference, whether the sun happens to be shining on the right or the left side of the moon—which in fact constitutes all the difference between a decreasing and an increasing moon?

We are sometimes told that the difference in the growth of plants at new and full moon, is owing to the increased light at the latter period. Now, it has been fully demonstrated that the light of the sun exceeds that of the moon by more than two hundred thousand times; consequently a plant would get more light during one good day of sunshine, than in two hundred thousand nights, or *six hundred years*, of full moon. Now, to examine this influence on vegetation, (in connexion with a thousand other influences,) would not only require several years, as we have already shown, but the examinations would have to be made with a minuteness and accuracy, in order to determine such nice shades of difference, far exceeding anything ever yet attempted in accurate agriculture. So great, indeed, would be the other disturbing causes, as compared with the nice influence of lunar light, that it would be very much like trying to determine the increased depth of the sea occasioned by a drop of rain, by sounding on a rough and stormy surface.

Now, all or nearly all the popular opinions of the moon's influence on vegetation, boiled pork, and setting hens, have resulted from the loosest and most random observations. Many of them are at direct variance with each other; and yet such conflicting opi-

ons will both become verified about half the time. There is no rule whatever, that would not be likely to come right occasionally. Suppose, for instance, that the robin, by singing with his tail pointing due west, denotes rain within seven days,—would not this rule sometimes hit the mark? As with all other similar rules, its supporters would always observe the coincidences, and forget the failures. We have known the admirers of these rules dodge about in the most ingenious manner, when reminded of the failures. A prediction of drouth, for example, would be sustained by such remarks as, "O we have not had *much* rain—a small shower, comparatively." Or the reverse, with, "Well, there were a few drops fell—it looked very much *like* raining, at any rate."

We would much rather trust the observations of ARAGO, the astronomer, even if his mind was "made up,"—for these observations were made with careful and *accurate measuring* of the precise quantity of rain that fell, from which there could be no dodging—we would much rather trust such observations as his through a series of years, than the loose and one-sided ones we have just mentioned.

Many years ago, a "Weather Table," called Dr. HERSHELL'S, (to give it currency), was published in some of the Agricultural Almanacs, with a blank leaf for a corroborating register at every month. One season's careful observations, and a record kept for each day, (and not, as is usually done, registered in the memory, to be forgotten or not, as was most convenient,) told very plainly at the end of the year, that there was nothing the least reliable in this, or any other set of rules, for the weather was found to "go on" without any regard to the moon or any thing else. For although there were occasional coincidences, there were as many contradictions at other times.

But the great leading objection, it strikes us, to any attention to the changes of the moon in controlling the operations of the farmer, is its improper interference with his regular routine of labour and operations. The cultivator, who delays sowing a crop, or securing a harvest, because the right time in the moon has not yet arrived, will often

lose most important advantages, or incur serious disaster. The *unavoidable* delays and interruptions to the farmer's plans, are already sufficiently great, without any further addition. The importance of undivided attention in any pursuit, was forcibly and justly expressed by a wise writer "He that observeth the winds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap;" and with no less propriety it may be added, "He who governs his labor on the earth, by the changes of the moon, shall have a scanty harvest."—*The Cultivator*.

THE BIG TREE OF CALIFORNIA.*

Having already given several articles from the *Horticulturist*, relating to this tree, we give the following, communicated by Mr. Barry, of Rochester:—

I think the readers of the *Horticulturist* should have further particulars respecting this wonderful tree, not only the "Monarch of the Californian forest," as it has been styled, but the Monarch of the vegetable kingdom. Only think of trees ninety feet in circumference, and four hundred and fifty feet from the roots to the extremities of the branches! Imagine a hollow tree that a man can enter on horseback, and ride through for a space of two hundred feet, as if he were in the Thames Tunnel! The idea of such magnitude in a tree is almost beyond comprehension, and really becomes oppressive. Nothing short of the most accurate and reliable statements, which we have now in abundance, can compel us to regard these prodigious measurements as anything more than mere fiction.

To this add the remarkable fact, attested by various travellers and persons who reside in California, and have explored the forest, that this tree occupies a circumscribed locality of some two hundred acres in extent, forming a sort of natural grove, beyond which it has nowhere been found, nor is it likely to be.

It was evidently intended to be one of the wonderful productions of nature, which, like the Falls of Niagara, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or the Giant's Causeway on the

coast of Ireland, should be remembered and spoken of to the end of time. Nothing connected with the natural history of that golden region is so well calculated to arrest the attention of the more enlightened portion of mankind than this amazing tree, and the fact that it has excited comparatively little curiosity here, only shows that our sylvan taste has not reached that degree of culture necessary to a just appreciation of the wonders and beauties of the vegetable kingdom. In Europe it has set thousands of persons in ecstasies; it has been lectured about and written about with far greater enthusiasm than was the discovery of gold either in California or Australia. And why should it not? What is a mine of yellow metal to a grove of such trees, whose age is reckoned by the thousand years, and whose size is of almost incredible magnitude?

This great continent has been most bounteously dealt with in the distribution of sylvan treasures; look at our long list of the noblest trees in the world, more than forty species of oak, and as many and more of pine. As Downing once said,—“What a forest of wealth compared with that of Europe!” Now, to crown all, comes this glorious *Sequoia Wellingtonia*, or whatever the world may please to call it.

Ah! that Downing had but lived to record this latest and grandest discovery, in his bold and brilliant style. How his blood would have warmed with enthusiasm over such a theme, and how stirring and irresistible would have been his portraiture of this monarch of the woods!

When Dr. Lindley connected the history of the oldest *Wellingtonia* with some prominent historical events, he set the English lovers of trees in a frenzy. “What a tree is this!” said he, “of what portentous aspect and almost fabelous antiquity! They say that the specimen felled at the junction of the Stanislaw and St. Antonia, was above three thousand years old, that is to say, it must have been a little plant when Sampson was slaying the Philistines, or Paris running away with good pater Anchises upon his filial shoulders.” He closes with the emphatical remark that “it is an important acquisition;” and so to England and to all

* *Sequoia Gigantea* of Torrey. *Wellingtonia Gigantea* of Lindley.

the temperate and highly-cultivated parts of Europe, it is an important acquisition. Is it not important to us also? Surely it is. It may not, perchance, resist the rigors of our extreme northern winters, but over all the continent south of, say 38° or 30° lat. it will. It may stand at New York. The "Big Tree" grove stands at an elevation of five thousand feet above the sea level, and where they have snow for two months. A friend who resides within two and a half miles of the grove, says the soil is a sandy loam, moderately dry, and he thinks the tree will succeed in the soil and climate of Western New York. I trust it will; but taking its near relative, the *Sequoia (Taxodium) sempervirens*, as a guide, I do not entertain strong hopes. But what if it cannot be grown in New York or Pennsylvania, or in any part of New England, if it will, as it undoubtedly will, flourish in Virginia, Kentucky, and all the States south of 39°. If we fail with it in the North, our chivalrous, patriotic, tasteful brethren of the sunny South must take charge of the *Big Tree*. Let them plant it at once beside that loveliest of all evergreen trees on the earth, the *Magnolia grandiflora*, and they will have, side by side, the most gigantic and the most beautiful of trees—trees that in the heathen ages would have been deified. What, let me ask, is to become of this grove? Will the people of California, I mean, the government, guard it against destruction? The men who flock there as to all new countries, are too eager in search of wealth to bestow any thought upon trees, and it is greatly to be feared that unless some protecting power be thrown around it, the Big Tree grove will fall beneath the ruthless hand of speculation and improvement.

What a calamity this would be! These glorious *living* monuments, whose history dates so far back in the records of time! There are men in California, however, who do appreciate these trees, and we sincerely hope they will awaken public sentiment favourable to their preservation.

Now as to the name. I see you have adopted Lindley's view, that it is a *new* genus, and give his title "*Wellingtonia*." This may be correct, but I think otherwise. There

is no real ground for creating a generic distinction between this tree and the *sequoia sempervirens*.

It is true that they differ in foliage, that is, the foliage of a full-grown *S. gigantea* is different from the foliage of a full-grown *S. sempervirens*; but among the junipers, podocarps, and other families of evergreens, we see differences quite as strongly marked.

Then the cones are precisely alike, except in size; that of the *sempervirens* being about the size of a hickory nut, and that of the *gigantea*, as shown in your plate, about the size of a pullet's egg. The cones of both have the same persistent wedgelike scales, with a transverse depression on the outside: the seeds of both are the same in number, situation, and appearance, and the trees contain the same red colouring matter, which has given the name of "*Red wood*" to the *sempervirens*. For a time the absence of the male flowers prevented botanists from arriving at a complete decision; and when Dr. Lindley gave the name *Wellingtonia*, he had not seen them, or I believed he would never named it a new genus.

Last February Dr. Torrey received specimens of the male flowers from California, and these enabled him at once to place it without hesitation with the *sequoia*; both he and Professor Gray are agreed in this, and these two gentlemen, as you are aware, stand at the head of botanical science in this country. I see, too, that M. Decaisne, M. Carriere, and several other learned botanists, and arboriculturists reject the name *Wellingtonia*, and adopt that of *sequoia*. Let us do so in this country. We can afford to drop the name of *Wellingtonia*, and especially as the truth of science demands it.

HEDGE PLANT.—Now that some attention is being paid to the subject of good hedge plants, I would beg to suggest for trial by those experimenting, a native, which seems to have all the qualities of a good hedge plant, viz., *Zanthoxylum Americana* (prickly ash). This plant has quite a shrubby habit, and cattle do not browse upon it, at least so far as I have observed, nor do I think it throws up any suckers.—G., *Gall, Canada West.*—*Horticulturist.*

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

TYRO, KINGSTON.—If you bring out your pieces too soon before you have opened the road, they will confine your pawns and crowd your game; if you play them near your adversary, so that he may drive them back by pushing forward his pawns, the same bad consequences ensue. You had better get Staunton's Handbook, and study well the rules.

ANDOVER, LONDON.—We are rejoiced to hear that you have organized a Chess Club in your city. The Problem you have sent appears in the present number, and we shall be glad to see the others you refer to.

R. E. B., MONTREAL.—You have made some error in the position sent, as mate is impossible by the method proposed. Send the position on a diagram, with the character of the piece marked on its square by its initials, viz. W. K. (White King), W. B. (White Bishop), or B. Kt. (Black Knight), &c.

P. T.—For admission to the Toronto Chess Club, apply to any member.

Solutions to Problem No. 21, by Amy, C. J. H., and J. B., are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Amy, T. J. R. Law, and J. B., are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XXI.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. R takes Q Kt P (ch). | K takes R. |
| 2. B to Q B 6th (ch). | K to 2d. |
| 3. R to Q R 7th (ch). | K to Q Kt sq (A). |
| 4. R to Q Kt 7th (ch). | K to R sq. |
| 5. R to Q 7th (dis ch). | N moves. |
| 6. R takes B (ch). | K to Q B 2d. |
| 7. R to Q 7th (ch). | K to Rt sq. |
| 8. R to Q Kt 7th (ch). | K to Q B sq. |
| 9. Kt takes Q P (ch). | K to Q sq. |
| 10. R mates. | |

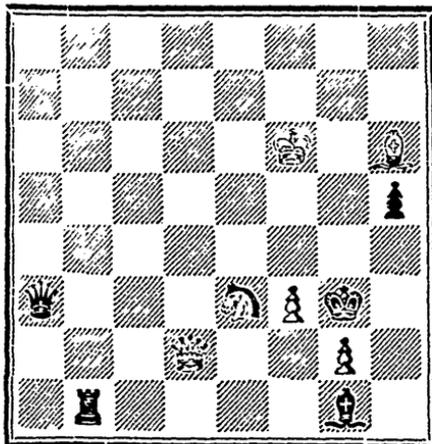
(A.)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| 2. | K to B sq. |
| 4. Kt takes Q P (ch). | K to Rt sq. |
| 5. R to Q Kt 7th (ch). | K to R sq. |
| 6. R to Q Kt 6th (dis ch). | K to R 2d. |
| 7. Kt mates. | |

PROBLEM No. XXII.

By Andover, London, C. H.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and check-mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 60. By an Old Subscriber.

WHITE.—K at C 3d; Q at her B 7th; Ps at K Kt 5th and K B 2d.

BLACK.—K at his 3d; P at K B 4th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 61. By Mr. R. A. B.

WHITE.—K at his 2d; B at K 3d; B at K 6th; Kt at K B 5th; Kt at Q 5th.

BLACK.—K at his 5th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 62. By Mr. McG.

WHITE.—K at his Kt 7th; Q at K Kt 3d; R at K R 6th; Kt at Q 7th; P at K R 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q 4th; Q at her B 2d; R at Q 3d; P at Q B 5th.

White to play, and win in four moves.

No. 63. By ———

WHITE.—K at his 2d; Q at her 7th; R at Q R 4th; Bs at Q Kt 4th and 7th; Kt at K R 5th; Ps at K 3d and Q 5th.

BLACK.—K at his 5th; Q at her R 2d; Rs at K B 4th and Q R 6th; B at K R 5th; Kts at K R sq and Q 3d; Ps at K Kt 5th, K B 2d, and Q Kt 7th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

We give the following game from a match, played some time since, between Messrs. Staunton and Horwitz, on account of the very copious and instructive remarks appended:—

CHESS IN ENGLAND,

BETWEEN MESSRS. STAUNTON AND HORWITZ.

White (Mr. H.).

Black (Mr. S.)

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. K P two. | K P two. |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 3. K B to Q B 4th. | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 4. Q B P one. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 5. Q P two. | P takes P. |
| 6. K P one. | Q P two. |
| 7. K B to Q Kt 5th. | K Kt to K 5th. |
| 8. P takes P. | B to Q Kt 3d. |
| 9. Castles. | Castles. |
| 10. K R P one. | K B P one. |
| 11. Q Kt to B 3d. | P takes K P. |
| 12. B takes Kt. | P takes B. |
| 13. K Kt takes P. | Q B to Q R 3d. |
| 14. Q Kt to K 2d.* | P to Q B 4th. † |
| 15. B to K 3d. | P takes P. |
| 16. B takes P. ‡ | B takes Kt. |
| 17. Q takes B. | B takes B. |
| 18. Kt to Q B 6th. | Q to K B 3d. § |
| 19. Kt takes B. | Q takes Kt. |
| 20. Q R to Q sq. | Q to her B 4th. |
| 21. Q R to Q B sq. | Q to her Kt 3d. |
| 22. Q Kt P one. | Kt to K Kt 6th. |
| 23. Q to her 3d. | Kt takes K R. |

And after a few more moves, White surrendered.

Notes.

* We should have taken off the Knight in preference. Black, then, as his best move, would probably have taken the Knight (for taking the Rook would be dangerous, on account of Queen's Knight to King's Knight 5th), and then the game might have proceeded thus:—

White.
 14. Q Kt takes Kt.
 15. Q to her Kt 3d (ch).
 16. Q takes Q.
 17. K R to Q sq., &c.

Black.
 Q P takes Kt.
 Q to her 4th.
 P takes Q.

The position, however, would, even then, have been much in favor of the second player, from the commanding situation of his two Bishops.

† This is stronger play, we believe, than taking the Q Kt. After advancing the doubled Pawn, Black remarked that, had his position been less favourable, and the advantages springing from this move less obviously certain, he should have much preferred the more enterprising play of taking the K B P, with his Kt—a sacrifice, as he demonstrated in an after game, which leads to many strikingly beautiful situations. For example—

White.
 15. R takes Kt (best).
 17. K takes R (best).

Black.
 Kt takes K B P.
 R takes R.
 Q to K R 5th (ch).

In the first back game White now played—

18. K to his B sq.

Whereupon Black mated

him prettily enough as follows—

18. R to K B sq (ch).
 19. K Kt to B 3d.
 20. Q to K sq. (His only move, unless he give up the Q for the B.)
 21. P takes R.

R to K B sq (ch).
 B takes Q P.
 R takes Kt (ch).
 Q takes K R P mate.

In second back game, instead of K to B sq, White play ed

White.
 18. K Kt P one.
 19. K Kt to B 3d (or a).
 20. Q Kt to K B 4th.
 21. Q takes B.
 22. K to his 3d.

Black.
 Q takes K R P.
 R to K B sq.
 B takes Q P (ch).
 Q to K B 5th (ch).
 R to K sq (ch).

(If now, White plays Kt to K 5th, he loses his Q; therefore)
 23. K to Q 2d. Black may now take the Kt, or play R to K 5th, in either case having a winning game.

α—19. Q Kt to K B 4th.
 If White take B, he loses his Q in three moves; therefore
 20. K to B 3d [b].
 21. Q takes B.

B takes Q P ch.
 R to K B sq.
 Q to K R 5th ch.

If now the K be played to B 2d, or K 3d, Black wins the Q; therefore

22. K to Kt 4th.

B to his sq [ch], and Black wins.

There are many other variations, but these will suffice to show the resources of the attack.

β—He may also play B to K 3d, upon which Black can check with his Q, and afterwards take the Kt with B, having a better game.

‡ This move loses a clear piece. Play as he could, however, the game was irredeemable.

‡ A move White overlooked, when he, unfortunately, took the P with Bishop.

BETWEEN CAPT. KENNEDY AND MR. STAUNTON,

In which Mr. S. gives the King's Bishop's Pawn and two moves to Capt. K.

White (CAPT. K.). *Black* (MR. S.).

1. K P two.
2. Q P two.
3. K Kt to B 3d.
4. Q B P two.
5. K P one.
6. Q Kt to B 3d.
7. B to K Kt 5th.
8. Q B P one (a).
9. Q B to K 3d.
10. B to Q 3d.
11. P takes P.
12. Castles.
13. P takes B.

- Q Kt to B 3d.
- K P one.
- Q P two.
- B to Q Kt 5th (ch).
- K Kt to K 2d.
- Castles.
- Q to K sq.
- Q to K R 4th (b).
- Q Kt P one.
- Q R P takes P.
- B takes Kt (c).
- K Kt to K B 4th.

14. K R P one.
15. Q R P two (e).
16. Q to K 2d.
17. P takes Kt.
18. B to Q B 2d.
19. Q to her 3d.
20. Q takes Q.
21. Kt to K R 4th.
22. B to Q 3d.
23. Kt to B 3d.
24. Kt to Q 2d.
25. R to K B 2d.
26. Q R to K B sq (h).
27. Q B P takes P.
28. B takes K B P.
29. R takes Kt.
30. R takes R.
31. R takes R (ch).
32. P to K 4th (i).
33. Kt takes P.
34. Kt to Q 2d.
35. K to B 2d.
36. Q P one.
37. Kt to Q B 4th.
38. K to his 3d.
39. K Kt P one.
40. P takes P.
41. K to K B 4th.
42. Kt to Q Kt 2d.
43. K to Kt 4th.
44. Q P one (ch).
45. K takes P.
46. Kt to Q 3d.
47. Kt takes P.
48. Kt to B 4th (ch).
49. K to Kt 5th.
50. Kt to Q R 3d.

- K R P one (d).
- Q B to Q 2d.
- Kt takes B.
- Kt to K 2d.
- Kt to Q B 3d (f).
- Q to K B 4th.
- P takes Q.
- Kt to K 2d.
- K Kt P two.
- B takes P.
- Q Kt P one (g).
- Q B P two.
- P takes P.
- Q Kt P one.
- Kt takes B.
- R takes R.
- R to K B sq.
- K takes R.
- P takes P.
- B to Q B 7th.
- B to Q 6th (k).
- K to his 2d.
- B to Q B 7th.
- Q Kt P one.
- K R P one.
- K R P one (l).
- P takes P.
- B to Q 6th.
- B to K B 5th.
- B to K Kt 7th.
- K to his 3d.
- B to Q B 3d (m).
- P one.
- K takes P.
- K to his 3d.
- B to Q Kt 4th.
- B to Q 6th.

Drawn game.

Notes.

α—This is an objectionable move. It not only loses time at an important moment, but permits Black to free his pieces on the Queen's side.

β—The second player has now a very well-developed game: far better, indeed, than is usually obtainable by the giver of such odds. This is partly owing to his opponent's feeble play at moves 7 and 8.

γ—It is imperative to take off this Knight, which would otherwise obtain an offensive position at his 5th square.

δ—Tempting White to *fork* the two pieces, which would have given the advantage to Black.

ε—He prudently refrains from advancing the K Et P two, foreseeing that the enemy would instantly capture the Bishop.

ζ—A lost move, which arose from Black having inadvertently touched the Knight.

η—To prevent the advance of White's Q B P.

θ—He would have played very ill in taking the offered Q B P.

ι—Well played; the only move, it would appear, to save the Knight.

κ—That the Kt should not be moved to Q B 4th.

l—To keep one, at least, of these Pawns on a diagonal, at command of the White Bishop.

m—White would evidently win here, if the Black King took K's Pawn.