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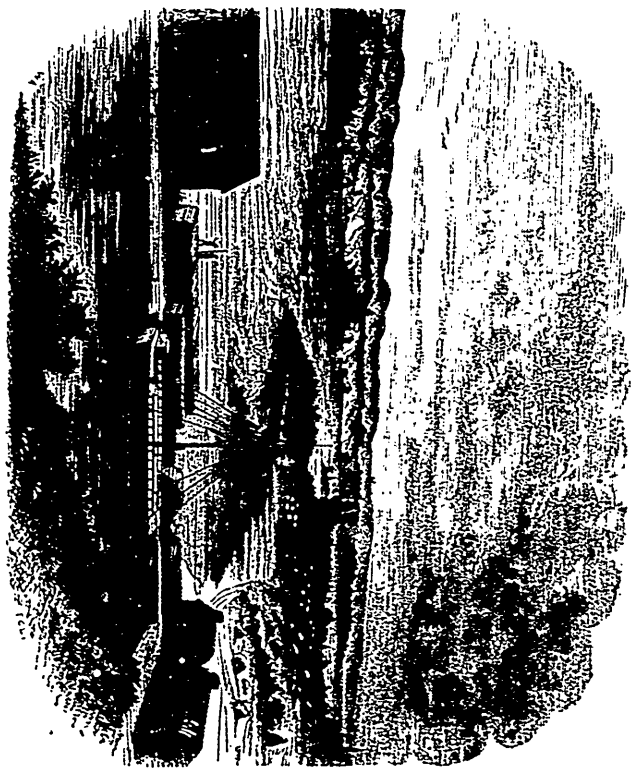
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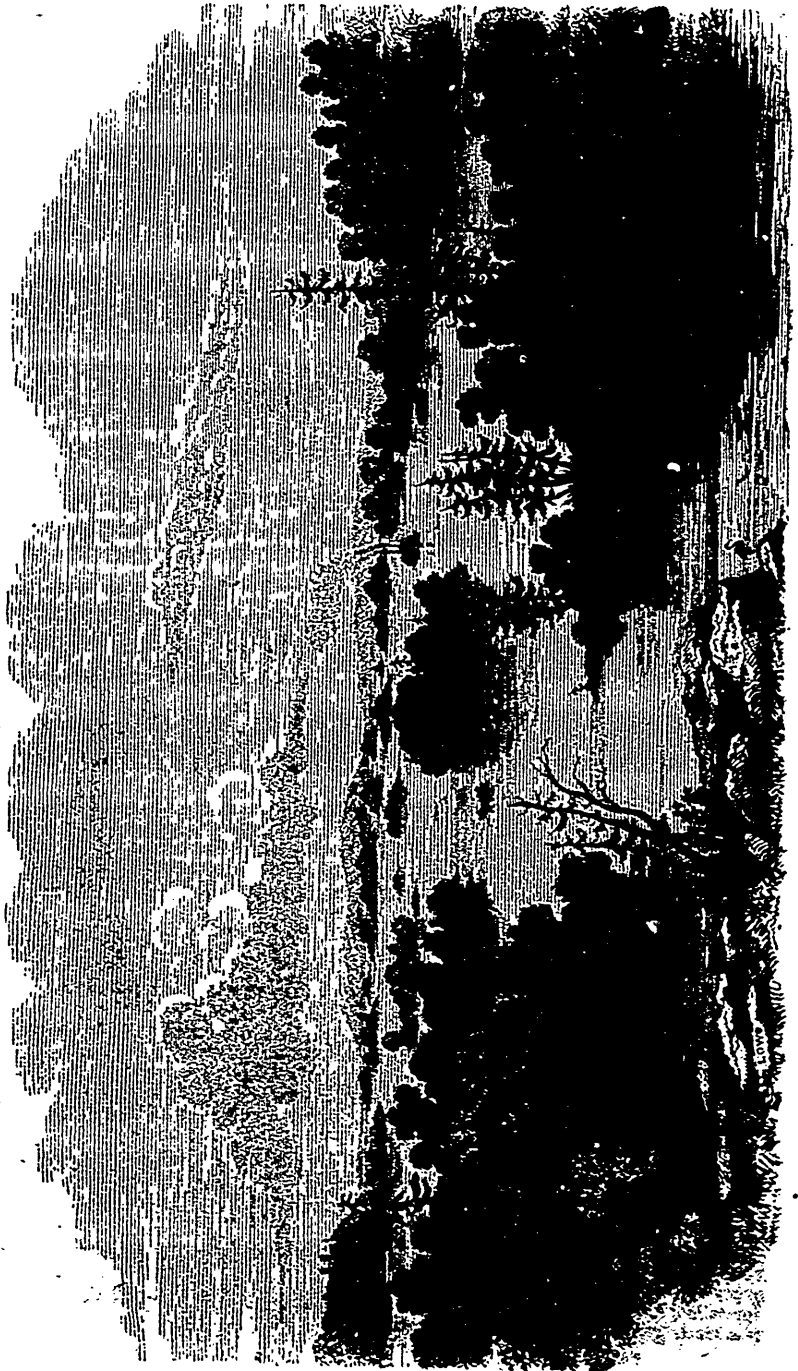
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Paris Fashions for April.



VIEW OF SAULT STE. MARIE.





THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.—TORONTO: APRIL, 1853.—No. 4.

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

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814,

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.

As a foil to General Hull's vaporing gasconade, General Brock's proclamation, which will be found at length in our notes, may appropriately be placed, the one as remarkable

(Continued from page 240.)

The United States are sufficiently powerful to afford every security consistent with their rights and your expectations. I tender you the invaluable blessing of civil, political, and religious liberty, and their necessary result, individual and general prosperity. That liberty which gave decision to our councils and energy to our conduct, in a struggle for independence, and which conducted us safe and triumphantly through the stormy period of the revolution. That liberty which has raised us to an elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which afforded us a greater measure of peace and security, of wealth and improvement, than ever fell to the lot of any country.

In the name of my country, and by the authority of government, I promise you protection to your persons, property and rights; remain at your homes, pursue your peaceful and customary avocations, raise not your hand against your brethren. Many of your fathers fought for the freedom and independence we now enjoy. Being children, therefore, of the same family with us, and heirs to the same heritage, the arrival of an army of friends must be hailed by you with a cordial welcome. You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of freemen. Had I any doubt of eventual success, I might ask your assistance, but I do not. I come prepared for every contingency—I have a force which will look down all opposition. And that force is but the vanguard of a much greater. If, contrary to your own

for firmness and dignity of tone, as the other was noteworthy for presumption and bombast. The artful and threatening language, in which Gen. Hull's proclamation was couched, failed, however, in producing the anticipated effect, and seemed but to nerve, still more keenly for the contest, the gallant few on whom the successful defence of the province depended—even then, in fact, had the foresight and energy of the British General prepared the first of those disasters which were so shortly to overwhelm

interest and the just expectation of my country, you should take part in the approaching contest, you will be considered and treated as enemies, and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you. If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savages be let loose to murder our citizens, and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of extermination. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife, will be the signal for one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner; instant destruction will be his lot. If the dictates of reason, duty, justice, and humanity, cannot prevent the employment of a force which respects no rights, and knows no wrong, it will be prevented by a severe and relentless system of retaliation. I doubt not your courage and firmness—I will not doubt your attachment to liberty. The United States offer you peace, liberty, and security—your choice lies between these and war, slavery, and destruction. Choose, then, but choose wisely; and may he who knows the justice of our cause, and who holds in his hands the fate of nations, guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interests, your peace and happiness.

By the General.

A. P. HULL,
Capt. of the 13th Regt. of U. S. Infantry, and
Aide de Camp, &c.

Head Quarters, Sandwich,
July 12, 1812.

the unfortunate Hull.* Early in the spring, ere events had assumed a decidedly hos-

*The unprovoked declaration of war by the United States of America against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and its dependencies, has been followed by the actual invasion of this Province, in a remote frontier of the western district, by a detachment of the armed force of the United States.

The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite his Majesty's subjects, not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insults them with a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his government.

Without condescending to notice the epithets bestowed, in this appeal of the American commander to the people of Upper Canada, on the administration of his Majesty, every inhabitant of the Province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent slander in the review of his own particular circumstances. Where is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the government, in his person, his property, or his liberty? Where is to be found, in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth, as this colony exhibits? Settled, not thirty years, by a band of veterans, exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty, not a descendant of these brave people is to be found, who, under the fostering liberality of their sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to what were possessed by their ancestors.

This unequalled prosperity would not have been attained by the utmost liberality of the government, or the persevering industry of the people, had not the maritime power of the mother country secured to its colonists a safe access to every market, where the produce of their labour was in request.

The unavoidable and immediate consequences of a separation from Great Britain must be the loss of this inestimable advantage; and what is offered you in exchange? To become a territory of the United States, and share with them that exclusion from the ocean which the policy of their government enforces; you are not even flattered with a participation of their boasted independence: and it is but too obvious that, once estranged from the powerful protection of the United Kingdom, you must be re-annexed to the dominion of France, from which the provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, from no other motive than to relieve her ungrateful children from the oppression of a cruel neighbour. This restitution of Canada to the empire of France, was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to the revolted colonies, now the United States; the debt is still due, and there can be no doubt but the pledge has been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation in the tyranny of France over the commercial world. Are you prepared, inhabitants of Canada, to become willing subjects, or rather slaves, to the despot who rules the nations of continental Europe with a rod of iron? If not, arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the king's regular forces to repel the invader, and do

the aspect, General Brock had provided for the protection of Fort St. Joseph, a small post

not give cause to your children, when groaning under the oppression of a foreign master, to reproach you with having so easily parted with the richest inheritance of this earth—a participation in the name, character, and freedom of Britons!

The same spirit of justice, which will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty, will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is, by deliberate choice, bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy, as well as his own property; to shrink from that engagement is a treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose that if, in this unexpected struggle, his Majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force, the province will be eventually abandoned; the endeared relations of the first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce, and the pretensions of its powerful rival to repossess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be established between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland, of which the restoration of these provinces does not make the most prominent condition.

Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the commander of the enemy's forces to refuse quarter, should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave bands of Aborigines which inhabit this colony were, like his Majesty's other subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity, by the loss of their possessions in the late colonies, and rewarded by his Majesty with lands of superior value in this Province. The faith of the British Government has never yet been violated—the Indians feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity protected from the base arts so frequently devised to over-reach their simplicity. By what new principle are they to be prohibited from defending their property? If their warfare, from being different to that of the white people, be more terrific to the enemy, let him retrace his steps—they seek him not—and cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army.—But they are men, and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find in the enemy's camp a ferocious and mortal foe, using the same warfare which the American commander affects to reprobate.

This inconsistent and unjustifiable threat of refusing quarter, for such a cause as being found in arms with a brother sufferer, in defence of invaded rights, must be exercised with the certain assurance of retaliation, not only in the limited operations of war in this part of the King's dominions, but in every quarter of the globe; for the national character of Britain is not less distinguished for humanity than strict retributive justice, which will consider the execution of this inhuman threat as deliberate murder, for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation.

ISAAC BROCK,
Major-Gen. and President.

Head Quarters,

Fort-George, July 22, 1812.

By order of his honor the President.

J. B. GLEGG, Capt. & A.D.C.

to the north-east of the American island of Michilimacinae, and one of his first acts, on hearing of the declaration of war, was to send a notification of it to Captain Roberts, then in command at St. Joseph's, with instructions to make, if practicable, an immediate attack upon Michilimacinae. This order was acted upon by Captain Roberts with singular promptitude and decision, and on the 16th July he embarked with forty-five men of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, two hundred Militia under the command of Mr. Crawford, and two hundred and fifty Indians, composed principally of Sioux, Ottawas, and Chippewas. This force on the morning of the 17th effected a landing, and, without opposition, this vital post, with a garrison of some sixty regulars, was surrendered. — Lieutenant Hancks, the officer in command of the Americans, has officially stated that the summons to surrender the fort was the first information he had of the declaration of war. This, however, appears but little probable, when we remember that the Americans had been making preparations* for a decisive attack in this very quarter for nearly six months, and that General Hull's army alone, the fruit of this preparation, exceeded the whole available force in Upper Canada. Be this, however, as it may—with Michilimacinae fall at once General Hull's hopes of an easy and bloodless conquest of Canada,—spirit and confidence were thereby infused into the Indian tribes, and the poor old General—already familiarized with Indian warfare, finding them less inclined for neutrality, and the Canadian Militia less favorable than he anticipated—even at this time began to discover the fallacy of the expectations he had so prematurely formed. Michilimacinae, (or Mackinaw, as it is now more commonly called,) is an island in the Straits between the Lakes Michigan and Huron, about four miles from land at the nearest point—its name is derived from a fancied resemblance to a turtle's back. The fort,

on the south-east side, was situated on a rock, almost perpendicular in some places, extending nearly half round the island, and rising some two hundred feet from the water. It overlooked, and, of course, commanded the harbor, a beautiful basin of about a mile in extent, sheltered from Lake Huron by two islands stretching across its mouth, and leaving only a narrow ship channel by which to enter the harbor. This position was a most valuable one, as it commanded the passage by which, if necessary, Hull might expect his supplies or reinforcements. In the fort were a quantity of military stores and seven hundred packs of fur, the first fruits of the war.

While these scenes, so important in their effects, were being transacted in his rear, Gen. Hull commenced an advance on Fort Malden, or Amherstburg. At this time the British force on the frontier was nearly nominal, and could scarcely have been expected to offer much resistance, the garrison at Amherstburg, consisting of but about two hundred men of the 1st Battalion of the 41st Regiment, commanded by Captain Muir, a very weak detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles, and a subaltern's (Lieutenant Troughton's) command of Artillery—such was the material on which Canadians had to trust for a defence of one of the most important points along their frontier. This point was, indeed, of the most vital importance to the British, as it formed the key to their relations with the Indians of the West, and was, naturally, an object of very great interest to the enemy. General Hull had experienced no difficulty in ascertaining the weakness of its defences, and judging from the almost utter impossibility of its obtaining supplies, he looked forward to the fate of Amherstburg as an event which did not admit of a doubt—with this view, therefore, he laid his plans, and against this point was the thunder of the American artillery to be first directed. The fort at Amherstburg could not have sustained a siege of long duration, four bastions flanking a dry ditch, with a single interior defence of picketing, perforated with loop-holes for musketry, offering but little obstacle to an enterprising enemy; a few shells, indeed, would have sufficed to destroy all the defences, as, with the exception of the magazine, all the buildings were of wood, and covered with pine shingles unfit for resisting any missile. The

* We learn from General Armstrong, (Secretary at War at that period,) that preparations had been made along the whole Canadian frontier, in the fall of 1811, and that warlike stores had been sent to Burlington, on Lake Champlain. From the same authority we also learn, that General Hull began his march from Drayton, a frontier town in the State of Ohio, on the 1ST DAY OF JUNE, 1812, twelve days before the declaration of war, to coöperate with such other corps as might be destined to the invasion of Canada.—ED. A. A. M.

disadvantage of remaining in this position, Col. St. George, the commanding officer, well knew—orders were therefore given to the garrison to be ready at a moment's notice, as Col. St. George preferred giving battle, even with his inferior force, to remaining cooped up without the means of offering any resistance whatever.

The want of decision and energy* on the part of General Hull became at this time very apparent to his more enterprising opponents, indeed, the American General seemed to have forgotten altogether the intended objects of his invasion and to have confined his efforts to levying provisions and forage from the inhabitants towards whom the troops behaved with great severity, as if to avenge their disappointed hopes at meeting enemies where they expected to find friends.

This state of inaction was only interrupted by some desultory attempts to cross the river Canard, but the daily skirmishes which ensued led to no action of a decisive character. Here, however, was shed the first blood,† and the gallant behaviour of the troops is apparent from the following extract from a general order dated August 6th:—"The Commandant of the Forces takes great pleasure in announcing to the troops, that the enemy under Brigadier-General Hull have been repelled in three attacks made on the 18th, 19th and 20th of last

month, upon part of the garrison of Amherstburg, on the river Canard," particular mention is here made of the heroism and devotion displayed by two privates (Hancock and Dean, the former killed, the latter taken prisoner,) of the 41st, and the general order goes on "Instances of such firmness and intrepidity deserve to be thus publicly recorded, and his Excellency thinks that it will not fail to animate the troops under his command with an ardent desire to follow so noble an example, whenever an opportunity shall hereafter be offered to them."

Amongst the records of gallant deeds we must not omit to mention the bravery of twenty-two warriors of the Minoumim tribe of Indians, who repelled the attack of a body of Americans ten times their number, who, under the command of Major Denny had advanced with a view of crossing the river Canard, here not more than a few yards wide—a timber bridge crossed the river at this point, but Col. St. George seeing the importance of the position, and anxious to retard the advance of the enemy had caused it to be destroyed, and had placed, in ambush among the grass and weeds which lined the banks, a picked body of marksmen for the purpose of preventing its reconstruction.

The Queen Charlotte, a vessel of some size and force, was also mounted with twenty guns

* The following extract, from General Armstrong's work, will show how eager the Americans were to find any excuse, at whatever sacrifice of previously well established reputation and character, for want of success:—"The General's conduct on this occasion could not escape animadversion. His more severe critics,—combining his uniform indifference to the state of his communications, the pressure necessary to induce him to take any means for re-opening them, and the perverse preference given to those of the most inefficient, shapeless character,—did not scruple to impute to him a secret and systematic cooperation with the enemy; while others, less prone to suspicion, and of more charitable temperament, ascribe it to an honorable but false estimate of the value of the objects to be attained, and of the degree of danger to be incurred in attaining them, and, lastly, to a persuasion that the safety of his own position required cautious measures."

† The first blood was shed here, but the first hostile act was the capture of a merchant vessel in Lake Ontario, by the brig Oneida, commanded by Capt. Woolsey. This vessel was a fast sailer, and, while beating up the Lake from Prescott, in company with several others, was considerably ahead. The Oneida made for her first, intending

to take those to leeward afterwards, but night coming on, they fortunately escaped. The object of the American Government in thus attacking, in time of peace, the vessel of a friendly nation, was to secure as many of the vessels on the Lake as they could, to assist any future contemplated attacks against Canada. One of the owners proceeded immediately to Sackett's Harbour, and reclaimed his property—war not having been declared at the time, nor was it till a fortnight afterwards that it was declared—his renouance and claims were, however, disregarded, and the vessel was immediately armed and manned. This same vessel was, the next year, upset in a squall on Lake Ontario, during a night action with the British fleet under Sir James Yeo, and went to the bottom, very few of her crew escaping.—Strange to say, the owners of the vessel have never been indemnified for their loss, by either their own or the American Government, although repeated applications have been urged on both, and even a joint address to the Crown voted by both branches of the Legislature of Upper Canada,—although more recently we have seen a British fleet sent to Athens, to compel payment of a few hundred pounds to Don Pacifico.—ED. A. A. M.

and anchored across the mouth of the river to keep the enemy more effectually in check.

While Col. St. George was thus engaged in keeping the enemy in check, Gen. Brock was anxiously expecting the time when, having disposed of the business for which the Legislature were about to assemble, he might be at liberty to repair in person to the scene of action—in the meantime he despatched Col. Proctor of the 41st Regiment, with such reinforcements as he could spare, to assume the command at Amherstburg. Immediately on his arrival he learned the fate of a detachment of the enemy, two hundred strong, under the command of Major Van Horne, which, sent as a convoy to guard the mail, and open a communication by which provisions could be obtained, had been intercepted at the river Raisin, thirty-six miles from Detroit, and cut to pieces by Tecumseh with a small party of his Indians; and having been informed that a second convoy with provisions was then on its march to Detroit, Col. Proctor ordered Captain Muir with about one hundred of the 41st, the same number of militia, and about two hundred and fifty Indians to cross the river and occupy Brownstown, a small village on the American side, through which the convoy was expected to pass. The expedition did not, however, prove as successful as former attempts, as the following account given by Major Richardson fully proves:—

“On the morning of Sunday the 9th, the wild and distant cry of our Indian scouts gave us to understand that the enemy were advancing. In the course of ten minutes afterwards they appeared issuing from the wood, bounding like wild deer chased by the huntsman, and uttering that peculiar shout which is known among themselves as the *news-cry*.—From them we ascertained that a strong column of the enemy, cavalry and infantry, were on their march to attack us, but that the difficulty of transporting their guns rendered it improbable they could reach our position before night, although then only at a distance of eight miles. It being instantly decided on to meet them, the detachment was speedily under arms, and on its march for Maguaga, a small Indian village distant about a league.—The road along which we advanced was ankle-

deep with mud, and the dark forest waving its close branches over our heads, left no egress to the pestilential exhalations arising from the naked and putrid bodies of horses and men of Major Horne's detachment, which had been suffered to lie unburied beneath our feet. No other sound than the measured step of the troops interrupted the solitude of the scene, rendered more imposing by the wild appearance of the warriors, whose bodies, stained and painted in the most frightful manner for the occasion, glided by us with almost noiseless velocity, without order, and without a Chief; some painted white, some black, others half black, half red, half black, half white; all with their hair plaistered in such a way as to resemble the bristling quills of the porcupine, with no other covering than a cloth around their loins, yet armed to the teeth with rifles, tomahawks, war-clubs, spears, bows, arrows, and scalping-knives. Uttering no sound, and intent only on reaching the enemy unperceived, they might have passed for the spectres of those wilds, the ruthless demons which war had unchained for the punishment and oppression of man.

“Having taken up a position about a quarter of a mile beyond Maguaga, our dispositions for defence were speedily made, the rustling of the leaves alone breaking on the silence which reigned throughout our line. Following the example of the Indians, we lay reclined on the ground in order to avoid being perceived, until within a few yards of the enemy.—While awaiting, in this manner, the approach of the column, which we knew to be, at no great distance, advancing upon us, our little force was increased by the arrival of Lieut. Bullock of the 41st Grenadiers, who, with a small detachment of twenty men of his own company, twenty Light Infantry, and twenty Battalion men had been urged forward by Gen. Brock, from the head quarters of the Regiment, then stationed at Fort George, for the purpose of reinforcing the little garrison of Amherstburg, and who, having reached their destination the preceding day, had been despatched by Col. Proctor, (lately arrived to assume the command) to strengthen us. Shortly the report of a single shot echoed through the wood; and the instant afterwards the loud and terrific yells of the Indians, followed by a heavy and desultory fire, apprised us that they

were engaged. The action then became general along our line, and continued for half an hour, without producing any material advantage; when unluckily, a body of Indians that had been detached to a small wood about five hundred yards distant from our right, were taken by the troops for a corps of the enemy endeavouring to turn their flank. In vain we called out to them that they were our Indians. The fire which should have been reserved for their foes, was turned upon their friends, who, falling into the same error, returned it with equal spirit. The fact was, they had been compelled to retire before a superior force, and the movement made by them, had given rise to the error of the troops. That order and discipline which would have marked their conduct as a body in a plain, was lost sight of, in a great measure, while fighting independently and singly in a wood, where every man, following the example of the enemy, was compelled to shelter his person behind the trees as he could. Closely pressed in front by an almost invisible foe, and on the point of being taken in the rear, as was falsely imagined, the troops were at length compelled to yield to circumstance and numbers.

“Although our retreat, in consequence of this unfortunate misapprehension, commenced in some disorder, this was soon restored, when Major Muir, who had been wounded early in the engagement, succeeded in rallying his men, and forming them on the brow of a hill which commanded a short and narrow bridge intersecting the high road, and crossing a morass over which the enemy's guns must necessarily pass. This was about a quarter of a mile in rear of the position we had previously occupied. Here we remained at least fifteen minutes, when finding that the Americans did not make their appearance as expected, Major Muir, whose communication with Tecumseh had been cut off, and who now heard some smart firing in the woods beyond his left, naturally inferred that the enemy were pushing the Indians in that quarter, with a view of turning his flank, gaining the high road in our rear, and thus cutting off our retreat. The order was then given to retire, which we certainly did at the double quick, yet without being followed by the enemy, who suffered us to gain our boats without further molestation.

“In this affair, which we never then regarded

as anything more than a sharp skirmish, yet to which the Americans have since attached an undue importance, their loss was eighteen killed and sixty-three wounded; ours, one rank and file killed, two Officers, two Sergeants, nineteen rank and file wounded, and two rank and file missing, but afterwards recaptured by the Indians. The wounded officers were, Major Muir, and Lieutenant Sutherland. They were near each other when the attack commenced, and Major Muir having observed an American taking a deliberate aim at them, hastily placed a short rifle, which he usually carried with him on these occasions, on the shoulder of his companion, and levelled it at his enemy. Both fired at the same instant. The ball of the American, entering Lieut. Sutherland's cheek, came out at the back of his neck, and passed through one of Major Muir's wings (he commanded the Light Company of the 41st,) while the rifleman himself fell dead on the spot, from his adversary's bullet. Major Muir soon afterwards received another ball in the leg, yet without being disabled. Severe as proved the wound of Lieut. Sutherland, (who was borne off the field when the retreat commenced, on the back, if I do not greatly mistake, of one of the Messrs. Caldwell of Amherstburg) he would have recovered had he not imprudently, some ten days afterwards, made premature use of his tooth-brush. This opened the wound, brought on hemorrhage, and before medical assistance could be procured, (the main body of the force being then in occupation of Detroit) he bled to death.—Tecumseh was also slightly wounded, by a buck-shot, on this occasion.”

Here it was that an opportunity was first afforded of proving the extreme disadvantage of opposing regular troops to the enemy in the woods. Accustomed to the use of the rifle from his infancy—dwelling in a measure amid forests with the intricacies of which he was wholly acquainted, and possessing the advantage of a dress which rendered him almost undistinguishable to the eye of an European, the American marksman entered with comparative security into a contest with the English soldier, whose glaring habiliment and accoutrements were objects too conspicuous to be missed, while his utter ignorance of a mode of warfare, in which courage and discipline were of no avail, rendered the struggle for mastery even more

unequal. The principal armies to which the British troops were opposed during the war, consisted not of regular and well-disciplined troops only, but of levies taken from the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, scarcely inferior as riflemen to the Indians. Dressed in woollen frocks of a gray color, and trained to cover their bodies behind the trees from which they fired, without exposing more of their persons than was absolutely necessary for their aim, they afforded, on more than one occasion, the most convincing proofs that without the assistance of the Indian Warriors, the defence of so great a portion of Western Canada, as was entrusted to the charge of the few regulars and militia, would have proved a duty of great difficulty and doubt.

The Americans attached an undue* importance to this affair—and when the disparity of the forces engaged is considered, it will be seen that there was in reality but little to boast of. By Col. Miller's admission the forces under his command consisted of the whole of the 4th Regiment of United States Infantry, except one company left at Sandwich to garrison a fort, built by order of General Hull: a small detachment of the 1st Infantry, and Artillerists enough to man the guns,—this composed the regular force, there was besides about four hundred militia, making in all about seven hundred men: the total force opposed to them, was, as we have shewn, not more than four hundred and fifty men, two hundred and fifty of whom were Indians.

Great stress has been laid on the cruel policy of the English for acting of our Indian militia in concert with allies so little disposed to deal mercifully with the captives placed by the chances of war in their hands, and the Americans in particular have been loud in their condemnation of a measure to the adoption of which the safety of the Western Province was in a great measure to be attributed. These writers are however forgetful that every possible exertion was employed by the agents of the United States

Government to detach the Indians from us and to effect an alliance with them on the part of the States.

"Besides," as Major Richardson observes,— "The natives must have been our friends or our foes; had we not employed them the Americans would, and although humanity must deplore the necessity, imposed by the very invader himself, of counting them among our allies, and combating at their side, the law of self preservation was our guide, and scrupulous indeed must be the power that would have hesitated at such a moment in its choice." On the other hand too the Indians had always been our allies. No faithless dealing nor treachery on our part, had alienated their trust and confidence from a Government which had heaped bounties on them with no sparing hand. We were not the aggressors, we did not, for the purpose of adding to our territorial boundaries, carry ruin and desolation among an almost defenceless population, we only availed ourselves of the right, common to every one, of repelling invasion by every means possible, and while we admit that our allies were in some instances guilty of the excesses peculiar to every savage nation, it cannot be supposed that these acts were sanctioned by the Government, or that, so far as it was possible, principles of toleration and mercy were not inculcated by us amongst our real allies.

In justice, too, to the Indians, we must remark, that acts of barbarous cruelty were not confined to them. The American backwoodsmen were in the habit of scalping also, and, indeed, it is singular enough that, although General Hull's famous, or rather infamous, proclamation awarded death to any one of the subjects of Great Britain, found combating at the side of, and therefore assumed to be a participator in the barbarities attributed to the Indians, the very first scalp should have been taken by an officer of his own army, and that within a few days after the proclamation was issued.*

* This is pretty evident from General Hull's remarks. His official, letter giving an account of it, laments "that nothing was gained by it but honor; and that the blood of seventy-five men had been shed in vain; as it but opened his communications as far as their bayonets had extended."

* James, in his History of the War, writes:—At the action fought at Brownstown, where Major Van Horne was defeated, a letter was found in the pocket of Captain McCulloch (who was among the slain on that occasion) addressed to his wife, and stating that he had shot an Indian near the Canard Bridge, on the 15th of July, and had the

On the 6th of August, General Brock had the satisfaction of finding that he could be spared from the seat of Government for, at least, a short time. He had divided the small force at his disposal for the defence of the Province, in the various quarters most likely to be attacked; but still he was without a military chest, without money enough at his command to buy provisions, blankets, or even shoes for the militia. Under these circumstances, he made his wants known to a number of gentlemen of credit, who formed themselves into what was called "the Niagara and Queenston Association," the late Mr. Robert Grant of Queenston being manager, and several thousand pounds were issued in the shape of bank notes, which were currently received throughout the country, and afterwards redeemed with army bills. Having thus disposed of his difficulties, General Brock found himself at liberty to repair in person to the scene of hostilities, and he accordingly embarked for Burlington Bay, whence he proceeded by land to Long Point on Lake Erie. General Brock's force, on leaving York, amounted to two hundred volunteers,—forty men of the 41st regiment had been, some time previously, despatched to Long Point, for the purpose of collecting the militia in that neighbourhood, and fifty men of the same regiment had been sent into the interior, with a view of encouraging and being joined by the Indians,—part of these troops would, the English General anticipated,

pleasure of tearing off his scalp with his teeth. Now of the fact itself there can be very little doubt, for we had one Indian (and one only) killed and scalped at the Canard. But, although Captain McCulloch is entitled to all the credit of this feat, there is reason to infer that James is incorrect in stating this information was obtained from a letter found in his pocket. In the first instance, it is extremely unlikely that the Indians, in killing and stripping the body, would have brought off anything so valueless to them as a letter, and secondly, it is much more probable that such communication from McCulloch to his wife had been placed in the mail, which the party to which he belonged, were escorting from Detroit, with the correspondence of General Hull's army, and which, it will be recollected, was captured by the Indians. The whole of the letters passed through our hands, and it is highly probable the disclosure was made in this manner.

be ready to join his force on the shores of Lake Erie.

It may not be uninteresting to give a short extract from the note book of one of those veteran militia men who so distinguished themselves during this and subsequent campaigns. It will shew the spirit which actuated Canadians:—

"After having been a few weeks in garrison, and made as much progress in the duties of a soldier's life as was possible, I and several others, having volunteered, in addition to the ordinary duties, to make ourselves acquainted with the great gun exercise, began to be very anxious for the more active duties of a soldier's life, it was with no little excitement, then, we heard that General Hull, with a strong force, had crossed into Canada from Detroit—a proposition was then made to me by two persons much older than myself to aid them in forming a company of volunteers, in which I was to hold the rank of Ensign, to march to the west to meet Gen. Hull. This scheme, however, was put an end to by General Brock's proclamation calling for volunteers of which the York Garrison was to furnish one hundred. When the proclamation, or general order was read on parade by Major Abner, most gladly did I avail myself of my position, as right hand man of the Grenadier company, to shoulder my musket and step to the front as the first volunteer for that service. I was followed in a few minutes by the necessary number, we were then allowed three days to visit our friends and make the necessary preparations for our first campaign. Many were the predictions made that we should never return, and that we should be overpowered by the immense force of Gen. Hull, but, with two exceptions, every man was ready at the appointed time. As far as I was myself concerned, had I even been disposed to hang back, (though such a thought never entered into my head, I was too much elated at the prospect before me,) it would have been at the risk of suffering the most severe reproaches from my mother—who, at parting, as she clasped me in her arms and then tore herself from my embrace, exclaimed—Go, my son, and let me hear of your death rather than your disgrace. I marched off with a full heart but a buoyant spirit."

With such volunteers as these fighting for the protection of their homes and the sanctity

of their native land, General Brock had not much reason to shun an encounter as far as the spirit of his troops was in question.

When passing the Mohawk settlement on the Grand River, General Brock held, on the 7th, a council of war for the purpose of ascertaining how far their professions of friendship could be trusted, and from them he received the assurance that sixty of their braves would on the 10th of the same month follow him.— At Long Point, on Lake Erie, he embarked his few regulars and three hundred militia in boats of every description, collected amongst the neighbouring farmers, who usually employed them for the transportation of their corn and flour, but now cheerfully and willingly urged on the General his making use of them as a means of transportation. The distance from Long Point to Amherstburg is somewhat under two hundred miles, with scarcely a bay for shelter, and this want the little flotilla suffered materially from, as they encountered much rough weather on their passage along the Lake. The spirit, however, of the volunteers was sustained by the hope of ere long finding themselves in presence of the enemy, and they felt each day increased confidence, as the varied resources of their gallant and indefatigable leader were developed. After four days and nights of incessant exertion the little squadron reached Amherstburg shortly before midnight on the 13th, and in a rough memo taken from General Brock's note book the following entry is penned: "In no instance have I seen troops who would have endured the fatigues of a long journey in boats, during extremely bad weather, with greater cheerfulness and constancy; and it is but justice to this little band to add, that their conduct throughout excited my admiration."

Shortly after landing at Amherstburg, Gen. Brock was first brought into actual communication with the Shawanee Chief, the celebrated Tecumseh, and the manner of their introduction was so interesting, that we quote the passage from "Sir Isaac Brock's Life":—

"The attention of the troops was suddenly roused by a straggling fire of musketry, which, in a few minutes, became general, and appeared to proceed from an island in the Detroit river. Colonel Elliott, the superintendent of the Indians, quickly explained that the firing arose from the Indians attached to the British cause, who thus expressed

their joy at the arrival of the reinforcement under their white father. Major General Brock, aware of the scarcity of the munitions of war, sent Col. Elliott to stop this waste of powder, saying: "Do, pray, Elliott, fully explain my wishes and motives, and tell the Indians that I will speak to them tomorrow on this subject. His request was promptly attended to, and Colonel Elliott returned in about half an hour with the Shawanee chief, Tecumseh, or Tecumptic, already mentioned. Capt. Glegg, the aide-de-camp, being present, had an opportunity of closely observing the traits of that extraordinary man, and we are indebted to him for the following graphic particulars:—'Tecumseh's appearance was very prepossessing: his figure light and sleek proportioned; his age I imagined to be about five and thirty; his height, five feet nine or ten inches; his complexion, light copper; countenance, oval, bright hazel eyes, beaming with cheerfulness, energy, and decision. Three small silver crowns, or coronets, were suspended from the lower cartilage of his aquiline nose; and a large silver medallion of George the Third, which I believe his ancestor had received from Lord Dorchester, when Governor General of Canada, was attached to a mixed coloured wampum string, and hung round his neck. His dress consisted of a plain, neat uniform, tanned deer skin jacket, with long trousers of the same material, the seams of both being covered with neatly cut fringe; and he had on his feet leather moccasins, much ornamented with work made from the dyed quills of the porcupine.'

"The first and usual salutations of shaking hands being over, an allusion was made to the late firing of musketry, and Tecumseh at once approved of the reason given by Major-General Brock for its discontinuance. It being late, the parties soon separated, with an understanding that a council would be held the following morning. This accordingly took place, and was attended by about a thousand Indians, whose equipment generally might be considered very imposing. The council was opened by General Brock, who informed the Indians that he was ordered by their great father to come to their assistance, and, with their aid, to drive the Americans from Fort Detroit.—His speech was highly applauded, and Tecumseh was unanimously called upon to speak in reply. He commenced with expressions of joy, that their father beyond the great salt lake (meaning the king of England) had at length awoken from his long sleep, and permitted his warriors to come to the assistance of his red children, who had never ceased to remain steady in their friendship, and were now all ready to shed their last drop of

blood in their great father's service. After some speeches from other chiefs, and replies thereto, the council broke up. General Brock, having quickly discovered the superior sagacity and intrepidity of Tecumseh, and his influence over the Indians, and not deeming it prudent to develop before so mixed an assemblage the views which were at that moment uppermost in his thoughts, and intended to be carried so quickly into execution, directed Col. Elliott to inform the Shawanoe chief that he wished to see him, accompanied by a few of the oldest chiefs, at Colonel Elliott's quarters. There the General, through the medium of interpreters, communicated his views, and explained the manner in which he intended to carry into execution his operations against Fort Detroit. The chiefs listened with the utmost apparent eagerness, and expressed their unanimous assent to the proposed plan, assuring General Brock that their co-operation, as pointed out, might be depended on. On General Brock asking whether the Shawanoe Indians could be induced to refrain from drinking spirits, Tecumseh assured him that his warriors might be relied on, adding, that before leaving their country on the Wabash river, they had promised him not to taste that pernicious liquor until they had humbled the 'big knives,' meaning the Americans. In reply to this assurance, General Brock briefly said: 'If this resolution be persevered in, you must conquer.'

Previous to General Brock's arrival, General Hull had, on the 7th of August, recrossed the river with the whole of his army, abandoning at once all his visionary schemes for the conquest of the western district of Canada, if indeed he cherished the hope of effecting any movement of importance after the fall of Michilimacinae.

The day after his arrival, General Brock resolved on, and began to prepare in his turn for, offensive operations. Batteries had already been erected under the superintendence of Capt. Dixon of the Engineers, and Capt. Hall of the Provincial Navy, on an elevated part of the bank of the Detroit, here about a mile across, and directly opposite the American fort of that name, and Brock resolved to strike a decisive blow ere his opponent should be strengthened by reinforcements.

General Brock despatched a flag to the American Commander, with the following summons, having previously arranged for the

concentration of all his available force on the spot:—

"Head Quarters, Sandwich, August 15th, 1812.

"SIR.—The force at my disposal authorizes me to require of you, the immediate surrender of Fort Detroit.—It is far from my inclination to join in a war of extermination, but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians, who have attached themselves to my troops, will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences. You will find me disposed to enter into such conditions as will satisfy the most scrupulous sense of honor. Lieut. Colonel McDonnell, and Major Gregg, are fully authorised to conclude any arrangement that may tend to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood.

"I have the honor to be,

"Sir, your most obt. Servant,

"(Signed,) ISAAC BROCK, Major Gen.

"His Excellency,

"Brigadier Gen. Hull,

"Commanding at Fort Detroit."

"To which the subjoined answer was returned:

Head Quarters, Detroit, Aug. 15, 1812.

"SIR.—I have received your letter of this date. I have no other reply to make, than to inform you that I am prepared to meet any force which may be at your disposal, and any consequences which may result from any exertion of it you may think proper to make.

"I avail myself of this opportunity to inform you that the flag of truce, under the direction of Captain Brown, proceeded contrary to the orders, and without the knowledge of Col. Cass, who commanded the troops which attacked your picket, near the river Canard bridge.

"I likewise take this occasion to inform you that Gowie's house was set on fire contrary to my orders, and it did not take place until after the evacuation of the Fort. From the best information I have been able to obtain on the subject, it was set on fire by some of the inhabitants on the other side of the river.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your Excellency's most obt. Servant,

"(Signed,) W. HULL, Brig. Gen.

"Comm'g. the N. W. Army.

"His Excy. Major Gen. Brock,

"Comm'g. His Britannic Majesty's Forces,

"Sandwich, Upper Canada."

A requisition of this kind, alike so important and unexpected, coming from an enemy, too, so inferior in force, could meet with but one response, and accordingly, as we have seen, the American General rejected the demand, and to God and his sword committed the issue. Fortunately, however, the defiance was addressed to one who did not for a moment suffer it to abate his diligence or lessen his hopes, and the return of his messenger was but the signal of attack, and a galling fire was immediately opened on the town and fort of Detroit.

On the court-martial held on General Hull for cowardice, the strength of the respective forces was pretty clearly ascertained. In speaking of General Brock's army, it is stated—"The force at his disposal did not exceed seven hundred combatants, and of this number *four hundred were Canadian militia, disguised in red coats*; with this small corps, preceded by five pieces of light artillery, six and three-pounders, he began his operations." Respecting the Americans, the following admissions were made on the same occasion:—"The strength, position, and supplies of the American army have been frequently stated, and even judicially established. The morning reports to the Adjutant General made its effective force one thousand and sixty, exclusive of three hundred Michigan militia, and as many Ohio volunteers, detached under M'Arthur. Of this force, four hundred effectives (native and artillerists of the line) occupied the fort—a work of regular form and of great solidity; surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, strongly frised and palisaded, and sustained by an exterior battery of twenty-four pounders. Three hundred Michigan militia held the town, which in itself formed a respectable defence against the troops. Flanking the approach to the fort, and covered by a high and heavy picket fence, were stationed four hundred Ohio volunteers, while a mile and a half on the right, and advancing rapidly, was M'Arthur's detachment. Of provisions and ammunition the supply was abundant; in fine, everything was then sufficient for the trial of strength and courage which impended."

The following extract from General Brock's official communication to Sir George Prevost will place all the events of the memorable 16th August clearly and succinctly before the reader:—

"The force at my disposal being collected in the course of the 15th, in the neighborhood of Sandwich, the embarkation took place a little after daylight on the following morning, and under the able arrangements of Lieut. Dewar, of the Quarter-Master General's department, the whole was in a short time landed without the slightest confusion at Springwell—a good position, three miles west of Detroit. The Indians, who had in the meantime effected their landing two miles below, moved forward

and occupied the woods, about a mile and a half on our left.

I crossed the river, with an intention of waiting in a strong position the effect of our force upon the enemy's camp, and in hopes of compelling him to meet us in the field; but receiving information upon landing, that Col. M'Arthur, an officer of high reputation, had left the garrison three days before with a detachment of five hundred men, and hearing, soon afterwards, that his cavalry had been seen that morning three miles in our rear, I decided on an immediate attack. Accordingly, the troops advanced to within one mile of the fort, and having ascertained that the enemy had taken little or no precaution towards the land side, I resolved on an assault, whilst the Indians penetrated his camp. Brigadier-General Hull, however, prevented this movement, by proposing a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of preparing terms of capitulation. Lieutenant-Colonel John Mardonell and Captain Glegg were accordingly deputed by me on this mission, and returned within an hour with the conditions, which I have the honor herewith to transmit. Certain considerations afterwards induced me to agree to the two supplementary articles.

"The force thus surrendered to his Majesty's arms cannot be estimated at less than 2500 men. In this estimate, Col. M'Arthur's detachment is included, as he surrendered, agreeably to the terms of capitulation, in the course of the evening, with the exception of two hundred men, whom he left escorting a valuable convoy at some little distance in his rear; but there can be no doubt the officer commanding will consider himself equally bound by the capitulation.

"The enemy's aggregate force was divided into two troops of cavalry; one company of artillery engineers; the 4th United States regiment; detachments of the 1st and 3d United States regiments, volunteers; three regiments of the Ohio Militia; one regiment of the Michigan territory.

"Thirty pieces of brass and iron ordnance have already been secured."

Besides the cannon four hundred rounds of twenty-four pound shot fixed, one hundred thousand cartridges, forty barrels of powder, and two thousand five hundred stand of arms

fell into the hands of the conquerors. The articles of capitulation* will excite in the reader's breast some surprise—some curiosity will be awakened, to ascertain the reasons why to so small a body of regulars and a few DISAFFECTED Militia, *disguised in red-coats*, (Vide Armstrong,) such abject submission should have been manifested, or why, without one blow being struck, or one sign (except of extreme trepidation) exhibited, so powerful a force,—“in sure anticipation of victory, awaiting anxiously the approach of the enemy; each individual at his post, expecting a proud

day for his country and himself;”—should so tamely consent to stack their arms and hoist a white flag, in token of submission to an enemy so vastly inferior in numbers and only with difficulty restrained from deserting. The only solution of the question is to be found in the following position:—That it required all the exaggerated statements, which could be brought to bear on the subject, to induce the citizens of the United States to enter on the service at all, and that, on finding how grossly they had been deceived with respect to Canadian loyalty, and the numbers flocking to their standard, and that the bayonet's point, not the warm grasp of friendship, was the reception awaiting them, they were dismayed at the bold front, and energetic measures of the British commander.

*Camp at Detroit, Aug. 16, 1812, Capitulation for the surrender of Fort Detroit, entered into between Major General Brock, commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces, on the one part, and Brigadier Gen. Hull, commanding the north-western army of the United States, on the other part.

Article I. Fort Detroit, with all the troops, regulars as well as militia, will be immediately surrendered to the British forces under the command of Maj. Gen. Brock, and will be considered as prisoners of war, with the exception of such of the militia of the Michigan territory, who have not joined the army.

Art. II. All public stores, arms, and all public documents, including everything else of a public nature, will be immediately given up.

Art. III. Private persons, and property of every description will be respected.

Art. IV. His Excellency, Brigadier-General Hull, having expressed a desire that a detachment from the state of Ohio, on its way to join his army, as well as one sent from Fort Detroit, under the command of Col. McArthur, should be included in the capitulation, it is accordingly agreed to. It is, however, to be understood, that such part of the Ohio militia as have not joined the army, will be permitted to return to their homes, on condition that they will not serve during the war, their arms will be delivered, up if belonging to the public.

Art. V. The garrison will march out at the hour of 12 this day, and the British will take immediate possession of the fort.

J. MACDONELL,
Lieut. Col. militia, P. A. D. C.,
J. B. GLEGG,
Major, A. D. C.
JAMES MIETFR,
Lieut. Col. 5th U. S. Infantry,
E. BRUSH,

Col. commanding 1st regt. of Michigan Militia,

Approved, { W. HULL,
Brig. Gen. com'g. N. W. Army.
ISAAC BROCK, Major General.

An article supplementary to the articles of capitulation, concluded at Detroit, the 16th of Aug. 1812:—

It is agreed that the Officers and soldiers of the Ohio militia and volunteers shall be permitted to

proceed to their respective homes, on this condition, that they do not serve during the present war, unless they are exchanged.

W. HULL,
Brig. Gen. commanding U. S. N. W. Army.
ISAAC BROCK,
Maj. Gen.

An article in addition to the supplementary article of capitulation, concluded at Detroit, the 16th of August, 1812:—

It is further agreed that the officers and soldiers of the Michigan militia and volunteers, under the command of Major Wetherall, shall be placed on the same principles as the Ohio militia and volunteers are placed by the supplementary article of the 16th instant.

W. HULL,
Brig. Gen. commanding N. W. Army U. S.
ISAAC BROCK,
Maj. Gen.

Return of the Ordnance taken in the fort and batteries at Detroit, August 16th, 1812.

Iron Ordnance—nine 24 pounders, eight 12 pounders, five 9 pounders. Brass Ordnance—three 6 pounders, two 4 pounders, one 8 pounder, one 8 inch howitzer, one 3½ inch ditto.

* Vide Armstrong, page 27.

† We felt it due to truth—to Government—to General Hull, and to all persons directly or indirectly concerned with the facts or circumstances leading to the shameful capitulation of Detroit, to suspend our opinion until a sufficiency of light

to the Administration at Washington, were all imputed to the poor old General. The sentiments and feelings expressed by General Armstrong, in his history of the war, may be fairly taken as a sample of the exertions which were made at the time to find a victim, some-

where, on which to wreak the vengeance of mortified national vanity. In order to make the case still more strong against Gen. Hull, rashness and ignorance are qualities freely bestowed on the English General,—a short extract will, however, enable the reader to

was afforded to chase away the doubts and shadows that rested on the strange transaction. But doubt has resolved itself into certainty—we no longer hesitate to join in opinion with the whole people of the west, “of every sect or persuasion, religious or political,” that the army at Detroit was treacherously surrendered; and that General Brock instead of General Hull ought to have been the prisoner. This idea is powerfully enforced by many private letters from gentlemen of the first respectability in the State of Ohio, who had opportunity to know the verity and strength of the opinion advanced; but the detail by Colonel Cass is conclusive—it is, besides, supported by a host of testimony in all the substantial facts it exposes.—*Niles' Register, Baltimore.*

Extracts from Col. Cass' Letter, with reference to the same subject, to the Secretary at War :

Letter of Colonel Cass, of the Army late under the Command of Brigadier General William Hull, to the Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, September 10th, 1812.

“When the forces landed in Canada, they landed with an ardent zeal and stimulated with the hope of conquest. No enemy appeared within view of us, and had an immediate and vigorous attack been made upon Malden, it would doubtless have fallen an easy victory. I knew General Hull afterwards declared he regretted this attack had not been made, and he had every reason to believe success would have crowned his efforts. The reason given for delaying our operations was to mount our heavy cannon, and afford to the Canadian militia time and opportunity to quit an obnoxious service. In the course of two weeks, the number of their militia who were embodied had decreased by desertion from one thousand to six hundred men: and, in the course of three weeks, the cannon were mounted, the ammunition fixed, and every preparation made for an immediate investment of the fort. At a council, at which were present all the field officers, and which was held two days before our preparations were completed, it was unanimously agreed to make an immediate attempt to accomplish the object of the expedition. If by waiting two days we could have the service of our artillery, it was agreed to wait; if not, it was determined to go without it and attempt the place by storm. This opinion appeared to correspond with the views of the general, and the day was appointed for commencing our march. He declared to me that he considered himself pledged to lead the army to Malden. The ammunition was placed in the waggons, the cannon were embarked on board the floating batteries, and every requisite was prepared. The spirit and zeal, the ardor and animation displayed by the officers and men on learning the near accomplishment of their wishes, was a sure and sacred

pledge, that in the hour of trial they would not be wanting in duty to their country and themselves. The plan of attacking Malden was abandoned, and instead of acting offensively, we broke up our camp, evacuated Canada, and re-crossed the river in the night, without even the shadow of an enemy to injure us. We left to the tender mercy of the enemy the miserable Canadians who had joined us, and the *protection* we afforded them was but a passport to vengeance. This fatal and unaccountable step dispirited the troops, and destroyed the little confidence which a series of timid, irresolute, and indecisive measures had left in the commanding officer.

“On the 13th, the British took a position opposite to Detroit, and began to throw up works. During that and the two following days, they pursued their object without interruption and established a battery for two eighteen pounders and an eight inch howitzer. About sunset on the 14th, a detachment of 350 men from the regiments commanded by Colonel M'Arthur and myself was ordered to march to the river Raisin, to escort the provisions, which had some time remained there protected by a company under the command of Captain Brush.

“On Saturday, the 15th, about one o'clock, a flag of truce arrived from Sandwich, bearing a summons from General Brock, for the surrender of the town and fort of Detroit, stating he could no longer restrain the fury of the savages. To this a .immediate and spirited refusal was returned. About four o'clock their batteries began to play upon the town. The fire was returned and continued without interruption and with little effect till dark. Their shells were thrown till eleven o'clock.

“I have been informed by Colonel Findlay, who saw the return of the Quarter-Master-General the day after the surrender, that their whole force, of every description, vizc, red, and black, was one thousand and thirty. They had twenty-nine platoons, twelve in a platoon, of men dressed in uniform. Many of these were evidently Canadian militia. The rest of their militia increased their white force to about seven hundred men. The number of the Indians could not be ascertained with any degree of precision—not many were visible. And in the event of an attack upon the town and fort, it was a species of force which could have afforded no material advantage to the enemy.

“In endeavoring to appreciate the motives and to investigate the causes which led to an event so unexpected and dishonorable, it is impossible to find any solution in the relative strength of the contending parties, or in the measures of resistance in our power. That we were far superior to the enemy, that upon any ordinary principle of calculation we would have defeated them—the

judge for himself:—"Notwithstanding the repeated blunders of the American General, fortune did not yet entirely abandon him; and on the 16th August, presented a new occasion, requiring on his part only the vulgar quality of defensive courage, to have completely baffled the designs of Brock, and re-established his own ascendancy on the Detroit. This occasion was found in the *indiscretion* of his adversary; who on crossing the river with a force smaller than that it was his purpose to assail, had hastily determined to risk the storming of a fortification, strong in itself, abundantly supplied and sufficiently garrisoned. If it be thought extraordinary, that under these circumstances, General Brock *should have forgotten* all the dissuasions from attack

furnished by history, it was certainly still less to be expected that General Hull should have forgotten all the motives for defence furnished by the same source. Such, however, was the fact; the *timidity* of the one kept pace with the *temerity* of the other; and at last, in an agony of terror, which cunning could no longer dissemble, and which history is ashamed to describe, the fort, army, and territory were surrendered without pulling a trigger." We have been thus particular in exposing the attempt of Americans to bolster up their wounded honor, because every attempt to attach imbecility or cowardice to the American General, tarnishes directly the lustre shed on the British arms on that occasion.

Immediately after the surrender of Detroit, General Brock issued his proclamation* to the

wounded and indignant feelings of every man there will testify.

"A few days before the surrender, I was informed by Gen. Hull, we had four hundred rounds of twenty-four pound shot fixed, and about one hundred thousand cartridges made. We surrendered with the Fort forty barrels of powder and two thousand five hundred stand of arms.

"The state of our provisions has not been generally understood. On the day of the surrender we had fifteen days' provisions of every kind on hand. Of meat there was plenty in the country, and arrangements had been made for purchasing and grinding the flour. It was calculated we could readily procure three months' provisions, independent of one hundred and fifty barrels of flour, and one thousand three hundred head of cattle which had been forwarded from the state of Ohio, which remained at the river Raisin under Captain Brush, within reach of the army.

"But had we been totally destitute of provisions, our duty and our interest, undoubtedly, was to fight. The enemy invited us to meet him in the field. By defeating him the whole country would have been open to us, and the object of our expedition gloriously and successfully obtained. If we had been defeated, we had nothing to do but to retreat to the fort, and make the best defence which circumstances and our situation rendered practicable. But basely to surrender without firing a gun—tamely to submit without raising a bayonet—disgracefully to pass in review before an enemy as inferior in the quality as in the number of his forces, were circumstances which excited feelings more easily felt than described. To see the whole of our men flushed with the hope of victory, eagerly awaiting the approaching contest, to see them afterwards dispirited, hopeless, and desponding, at least five hundred shedding tears because they were not allowed to meet their country's foe, and to fight their country's battles, excited sensations which no American has ever before had cause to feel, and which, I trust in God, will never again be felt, while one man remains to defend the standard of the Union.

"I was informed by General Hull, the morning

after the capitulation, that the British forces consisted of one thousand eight hundred regulars, and that he surrendered to prevent the effusion of human blood. That he magnified their regular force nearly five-fold, there can be no doubt. Whether the philanthropic reason assigned by him is a sufficient justification for surrendering a fortified town, an army and a territory, is for the Government to determine. Confident I am, that had the courage and conduct of the general been equal to the spirit and zeal of the troops, the event would have been as brilliant and successful as it now is disastrous and dishonorable.

"Very respectfully, sir, I have the honor to be, your most obedient servant, LEWIS CASS,

"Col. 3rd Regt. Ohio Volunteers.

"The Hon. Wm. EUSTIS,

"Secretary of War."

*Proclamation by Isaac Brock, Esq., Major-General, commanding his Majesty's forces in the Province of Upper Canada, &c.

Whereas the territory of Michigan was this day, by capitulation, ceded to the arms of his Britannic Majesty, without any other condition than the protection of private property, and wishing to give an early proof of the moderation and justice of his Majesty's government, I do hereby announce to all the inhabitants of the said territory, that the laws heretofore in existence shall continue in force until his Majesty's pleasure be known, or so long as the peace and safety of the said territory will admit thereof; and I do hereby also declare and make known to the said inhabitants, that they shall be protected in the full exercise and employment of their religion, of which all persons, both civil and military, will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

All persons having in their possession, or having any knowledge of, any public property, shall forthwith deliver in the same, or give notice thereof, to the officer commanding, or to Lieut.-Colonel Nichol, who are duly authorized to receive and give proper receipts for the same.

Officers of militia will be held responsible, that

inhabitants of the Michigan territory, and took such precautionary measures as he deemed necessary for the protection of the inhabitants of the conquered territory. To the honor of the Indians, however, be it said, that although many enemies fell into their hands, no loss of life was sustained, beyond that caused by the British batteries. Faithfully did they obey the injunctions of Tecumseh and the other chiefs, who had impressed on them that in nothing could they testify more strongly their love to the king, their great father, than in following the dictates of honor and humanity which he, through his General, had inculcated. This behavior on the part of our Indian allies did not, however, prevent General Hull from basely aspersing them in his attempt to vindicate his conduct. "The bands of savages," wrote the General, "which had then joined the British force, were numerous beyond any former example. Their numbers have since increased, and the history of the barbarians of the north of Europe does not furnish examples of more greedily violence than these savages have exhibited." This passage must always reflect everlasting disgrace on him who penned it, as in no one American work on the war have we been able to discover an authenticated statement of the excesses imputed to the Indians by General Hull. There is very little doubt but that the fear of them, however, operated effectually on Gen. Hull, and produced in a great measure the surrender of Detroit, as in another part of his official despatch he thus expresses himself:—"It was impossible, in the nature of things, that an army could have been furnished with the necessary supplies of provisions, military stores, clothing, and comfort for the sick, on pack-horses through a wilderness of two hundred miles, filled with hostile savages." The General's fears for the safety of his troops certainly here got the better of his judgment, as he goes on. "It was impossible, Sir, that this little army, worn down by fatigue and sickness, by wounds and deaths, could have

all arms in the possession of militia-men be immediately given up, and all individuals whatever who have in their possession arms of any kind, will give them up without delay.

Given under my hand at Detroit, this 16th day of August, 1812, and in the 52d year of his Majesty's reign.

ISAAC BROCK, Major-General.

supported itself against not only the collected force of all the Northern Nations of Indians, but against (save the mark!) THE UNITED FORCE of Upper Canada, whose population consists of more than twenty times the number contained in the territory of Michigan, (as if the General had depended for his defence on the Michigan Militia) aided by the principal part of the regular forces of the Province."

Our readers are in a position to judge of the truth of this part of the statement. The General by way of climax arrays also against him and his devoted army "the whole influence of the north-west and other trading establishments among the Indians, which have in their employment and under their control MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND WHITE MEN. We will close this portion of our subject with an extract from one of General Brock's letters to his brothers, which shows pretty clearly the real secret of his success:—"Some say nothing could be more desperate than the measure; but I answer that the state of the Province admitted of nothing but desperate remedies. —I got possession of the letters my antagonist addressed to the Secretary at War, and also of the SENTIMENTS WHICH HUNDREDS OF HIS ARMY uttered to their friends,—evident despondency prevailed THROUGHOUT. I crossed the river contrary to the opinion of Colonel Proctor; it is, therefore, no wonder that envy should attribute to good fortune what, in justice to my own discernment, I must say proceeded from a cool calculation of the *pours et contres*."

The first and greatest effect was at once to release Canadians of all Effect produced on Canadians by these un- hoped for successes. fears of invasion, and to suggest to them that the frontiers of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky were now open to a retaliatory invasion, either by themselves or their Indian allies. They were now taught how a conjunction of incidents, under Providence, had occurred, which shortsighted man could not provide for or foresee. The boasted prospects of acquiring Canada, at least as far as the Niagara, had been frustrated and overturned, and the whole Union as much astonished at the failure of their long-cherished plans, as if the mighty Niagara had changed its current and been thrown from Lake Ontario to Erie upwards, by earthquakes or other

convulsive phenomena. Such was the revolution from overweening confidence to utter amazement. The effect, indeed, produced throughout the Canadas by the fall of Detroit was as electrical as it was unexpected. It was the first enterprise in which the militia had been engaged, and its complete success not only imparted confidence to that body, but it inspired the timid, fixed the waverers, and awed the few disaffected who might have been inhabitants of the Province. This victory, too, at the very commencement of the campaign, produced the most beneficial results in attaching yet more strongly to the British cause, the Indians of the west—many of whom, had reverses overtaken the British arms, would have seceded from a cause which they conceived us too helpless to defend, or joined the American standard. The tribes, also, and numerous they were, who were undecided which party to join, would have thrown their influence and numbers into the opposite scale.

Fortunate, indeed, was it for Canada, that to a General of such energy and decision as Brock, had been entrusted the defence of the Province, and by the capture of Detroit he may fairly and deservedly be called the saviour of Canada. Had this decisive blow not been struck, both the Canadas must have passed under the yoke of the United States, and cut off, as they were, during six months of the year by ice, from all European assistance, they would, in all probability, have become integral portions of that country. To General Brock it may be ascribed that Canada was not only not conquered, but not even injured, and that a delay of nearly a year was, at least, ensured ere another invading force could be organised from the same quarter. The effect produced in the lower Province, also, was not less marked, and the arrival at Montreal of General Hull and the regulars of the American regular army, as prisoners of war, did not fail to produce a marked and beneficial result. We subjoin a short account of the event:—

“MONTREAL, September 12.

“Last Sunday evening the inhabitants of this city were gratified with an exhibition equally novel and interesting.

“That Gen. Hull should have entered into our city so soon, at the head of his troops, rather exceeded our expectations. We were, however, very happy to see him, and received him with all

the honors due to his high rank and importance as a public character. The following particulars, relative to his journey and reception at Montreal, may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

“It appears that General Hull and suite, accompanied by about 25 officers and 350 soldiers, left Kingston, under an escort of 130 men, commanded by Major Heathcote, of the Newfoundland regiment. At Cornwall, the escort was met by Capt. Gray, of the Quartermaster-General's department, who took charge of the prisoners of war, and from thence proceeded with them to La Chine, where they arrived about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon. At La Chine, Captains Richardson and Ogilvie, with their companies of Montreal militia, and a company of the King's from Lower Chine, commanded by Captain Blackmore, formed the escort till they were met by Colonel Auldjo, with the remainder of the flank companies of the militia, upon which Captain Blackmore's company fell out and presented arms as the General and line passed, and then returned to La Chine, leaving the prisoners of war to be guarded by the militia alone. The line of march then proceeded to the town in the following order, viz:

“1. Band of the King's regiment.

“2. The first division of the escort.

“3. General Hull in a carriage, accompanied by Captain Gray. Captain Hull and Major Shekleton followed in the second, and some wounded officers occupied four others.

“4. The American officers.

“5. The non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

“6. The second division of the escort.

“It unfortunately proved rather late in the evening for the vast concourse of spectators assembled to experience the gratification they so anxiously looked for. This inconvenience was, however, in a great measure remedied by the illuminations of the streets through which the line of march passed. When they arrived at the General's house, the General was conducted in, and presented to his Excellency Sir George Prevost, and was received with the greatest politeness, and invited to take up his residence there during his stay at Montreal. The General appears to be about sixty years of age, and is a good looking man, and we are informed by his friends that he is a man of general information. He is communicative, and seems to bear his misfortunes with a degree of philosophical resignation that but few men in similar circumstances are gifted with. On Thursday last General Hull, with eight American officers, left this city for the United States, on their parole.”

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

BEAUTIFUL are the scenes which present themselves to your gaze, as, seated on the deck of the steamer, you thread the mazes of this lovely Archipelago. As you are hurried past, what appear to be creeks seem to run far inland, and appear like chains of silver, at the next moment the channel becomes almost a sheet of water, studded with countless islets of a romantic beauty, forming a picture of the rarest delicacy of tone. The Thousand, or the sixteen hundred and forty-three Islands, for such we believe is their number, are situated on the St. Lawrence, between Brockville and Kingston, a distance of about sixty miles. They are of almost every possible size and shape, from the small bare granite rock just jutting its pointed head above the water, to the large fertile island, several miles in extent, covered with fields of grain, the abode of some hardy settler; on some of them there are several farms of considerable extent, and well cultivated.

The islands begin a short distance below Brockville, where three of them, called the Sisters, are ranged side by side, forming a sort of advance guard: above the town they are thickly strewn, for about five or six miles, where the river assumes the appearance of a small open lake, almost wholly free from islands. At the upper extremity of this lake, which is about seven miles long; they begin again, more thickly studded than before, and are found more or less densely crowded together till we reach Kingston. The islands are, for the most part, composed of a sort of soft granite, which in some places presents a very singular contrast to the regular stratified lime-stone found on either side of the river at the same place, offering to the geologist an interesting field of enquiry, while quantities of fish of various kinds found in the eddies and deep channels between them, and numerous flocks of wild fowl of almost every variety, frequenting the sequestered bays and nooks with which they abound, hold out the prospect of a rich treat to the sportsman and naturalist, in the prosecution of their favorite pursuits.

Numerous and romantic are the tales connected with these Islands, and it would well repay the curious in these matters, to collect the various traditions still extant. The ex-

ploits of the celebrated (shall we call him pirate or patriot?) Bill Johnson and his daughter are fresh in the recollection of every one, and may yet furnish material to some future Cooper or James to weave a narrative from.

On the occasion of our last visit to this spot, we were busied in contrasting the scenes before us with those of a more southern clime. These islands, covered with the dark, cold foliage of the evergreens, with the land, which almost looks sprinkled with gold from the flowers of the aloe: the rugged rocks bearing perhaps a single tree or massed into a bowery island, with the shores bordered with sand, on which Amphitrite and her train might love to dance, and weave their flowery locks with the dropping sea weed, while zephyrs come laden to you with the scent of tropical flowers. We were lost in admiration that scenes so dissimilar could yet be both so wonderfully beautiful, when our attention was attracted by a deep sigh breathed near us; turning round we discovered a tall and rather elderly person, of a most particularly melancholy look and with a good deal of the military cut about him. Assuming our blandest expression, we made some remark on the scenery around, and we fell by degrees into a conversation which soon became more and more interesting. On rounding an island and entering a reach of more than usual extent, we inquired of our new acquaintance, who had informed us previously of the deep interest he felt in all around, if he had not a store of legends connected with these islands. "Alas!" was his reply, "the only legend I know is one painfully connected with myself; but perhaps the recital of my griefs may serve to while away the time, and be a warning to you never to surrender yourself to the sweet day-dream of peopling the scenes around you with imaginary beings." He then commenced the following narrative:—

The Lake of the Thousand Isles! Ah! with what delight was it, that Harry Randell and I received leave of absence from our Regiment, then stationed at Kingston, in order that we might spend a fortnight in fishing and shooting among these islands. It was the latter end of October, the Indian summer had set in, the weather was delicious. At early dawn we embarked in our canoe with an Indian guide. The country was then but thinly settled, for it was many, ay, a great many, years ago. A

couple of days and we were in their midst.

Some of them were so close together that the confined waters shot with increased velocity through the gorge down which our light bark was hurled with arrowy swiftness. For days and days we wandered through this maze; the scene was an ever-changing one, yet the scenery was still the same,—wild, but beautiful, most beautiful. Wooded to the very shores, the deep color of the various evergreens contrasted pleasantly with the brighter tints of the oak and maple whose leaves, as autumn fades into winter, assume a brilliant orange, red or yellow.

"Hail, Lake of Thousand Isles!

Which clustered he within thy circling arms,
Their flower-strewn shores kissed by the silver tide,
As fair art thou as aught
That ever in the lap of nature lay."

And ah! how pleasant the soft balmy evenings, stretched on the grass watching the dense aromatic smoke arising from a fire of the leaves and dry twigs of some balsamic tree, which had been hastily lighted to cook our evening meal, our tall, gaunt, Indian friend performing that service for us. It was then that Harry would break out into raptures on the unparalleled beauty of scenery and climate we were enjoying. Then, after supper, Harry would take the Indian with him and spend another hour or two in fishing: he was an indefatigable sportsman. I would generally prefer remaining, for I loved solitude and was happy by myself, peopling in my imagination the islands with numerous tribes of Indians, or fancying the changes that would take place in them as the country became more civilized.

It was thus one evening—our guide was teaching Randall how to spear by torchlight—I lay dreaming. Already had I fancied the island on which we were encamped, to be the abode of a small party of Indians, who dwelling together, spent their days in fishing or snaring wild-fowl—nothing was more likely than that such should be the case—and then I thought that they were attacked by an hostile tribe. Was I still dreaming? No! I actually heard their shouts and horrid yells as they met together; and now high above the din, the war-whoop sounded loud and clear, and I shuddered as that fearful sound rang echoing through my ear. A terror came over me, I feared to move. Should I be discovered,—

true my gun lay by my side, yet I would be murdered. My friend away, perhaps far away—I felt happy at this thought, for then he would be safe; but, again, I grieved to think on the sorrow he would feel if, on returning, he should find me—dead. I know not why I did not seek escape, I did not even make an effort; but, in a kind of stupor, I lay listening to the increasing noise. At last the shouts had nearly ceased, and I was in hopes that the Indian warriors would leave the island and that I should remain undiscovered. But my ear, rendered doubly acute by the intensity of fear under which I labored, detected the crackling of branches as if trodden under foot by some one seeking safety in flight. I was not deceived, the sounds approached nearer and nearer. I still lay quiet, happily I might be unnoticed, I did not dare to look. But no! directly towards me, on came the pursued and pursuers,—close, closer, closer still. In an agony of fear I started up to fly. Tripping forwards fell into my arms an Indian girl! Astonished, I held her to prevent her falling, and, looking in the direction from whence she came, beheld two tall ill-favored wretches, who, perceiving me, turned and fled as quickly as they had appeared.

Turning my eyes towards the face of my companion, I saw her large dark eyes, swimming in tears, gazing on me and imploring, as it were, protection. She was very young, scarcely I should say seventeen, and dressed after the manner of her race in deer skins, trimmed and embroidered with porcupine quills, dyed in various colours. Her hair, a rich glossy black, hung in disorder o'er her shoulders; her breast heaved convulsively and her heart beat audibly as she lay in my arms gasping for breath. She was a lovely girl. Gently placing her on the grass, I sat beside her, and when she had recovered, pressed her to relate how it happened she was thus pursued. Long was she silent; at every little noise she would start and cling to me. I assured her that she was safe and asked again her history. With my arm round her I drew her nearer to my side, and heard her tell that she was the daughter of a chief, who, flying from his enemies, sought refuge among the islands. All the past summer had a more powerful tribe been in pursuit of her father and his few followers—her friends. At last it was thought that they had succeeded in escaping from their merciless foes and had

encamped on this island. Here they dwell some days in safety. Alas! this evening, scarce two hours ago, they were discovered and attacked. Her father and his tribe resisted, but after a short and ineffectual struggle, now all lay dead. She alone had escaped and was now — she placed her hands in mine and nestled her head in my breast — “safe,” I murmured leaning over her.

“There!” she suddenly cried, springing to her feet, “there, there,” quick as thought an arrow pierced her heart; falling to the earth she bent and tore the grass with her hands, her death-convulsed body bounding hither and thither in the agony of dying. Ah! horror, horror! Seizing my gun, I rushed wildly forwards; before me were two skulking figures: I fired—one shrill cry rent the air—it numbed my brain—it was a word, that word—my name.

Long years have passed, and they tell me that I am an old man now. I can't believe them; it is as yesterday that Harry and I went on our fishing excursion to the Thousand Isles. But then my hair is scant and grey, and I am partially bald. They say, too, that I never saw the Indian girl, that it was some frightful dream, but it is false, I saw her die, and Harry, am I thy murderer? Merciful Father, have pity on me.

I must cease. I pray God that I may not die a ———

Here we were interrupted by the summons of the steward to supper, and when next I looked at my melancholy friend he was in the act of despatching, with every appearance of gusto, his third pork chop; apple-pie and cheese were also on the plate, and his dismal aspect had nearly vanished. I therefore concluded that the long and melancholy tale I had just heard was the effect either of too long a fast or dyspepsia.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. X.

CONTAINING THE CONCLUSION OF ALDERMAN
DIP'S MISADVENTURE.

The most prominent lion of the “Exclusive Club” was Sir Fungus McKailrunt, the undisputed head of the ancient and chivalrous clan of that name.

Now the aforesaid Sir Fungus chanced to

be richer in blood than in blunt, and had left “his own romantic land” to avoid a certain troublesome adversary, called in North Britain a Messenger-at-Arms, and in merrie England a Bum-Bailliff. This obtrusive personage had, of late, displayed a most impertinent and unseasonable importunity regarding some trifling money matters utterly beneath the attention of a Celtic Thane.

Every gentlemanly device did the illustrious chieftain resort to, in order to get rid of his tormentor, even going the length of offering him the trial by battle. The legal functionary, however, insisted on choosing his own arms, which consisted of a small roll of paper; and bargained, moreover, that in the event of his being victorious, his opponent should submit to dree penance in Sir Hudibras’ “wooden bastile.” To such ignominious conditions the head of the Kailrunts would, on no account, agree; and rather than dispute with so captious an antagonist, he turned his face southwards, till better times should come round.

Our friend, the Alderman, attached himself in a most peculiar manner to the distinguished exile from “mountain and flood.” He paid his *devoirs* to him early and late, and the flattery which he doled out in bucketsfull, joined to the wide-spread reputation of his wealth, soon produced a marked effect upon the titled Caledonian, whose *acquisitiveness* and *self-esteem* were both above the middle size.

Sir Fungus was a widower, and his whole family consisted of a daughter, who faithfully followed the fortunes of her sire.

The Honourable Bridget McKailrunt was, at this period of our narrative, a lady more distinguished for her experience than her beauty. She had outlived her five-and-fortieth year, and was possessed of certain reminiscenary bequests, left her by that most ungalant of all suitors, the small-pox, which, in the opinion of the fastidious, did not contribute much to her personal charms.

Now, though no lady, by any chance, comes to think herself plain, it is difficult resisting altogether the evidence of a truth-telling mirror; and the virtuous Bridget began at last to suspect that her charms, like fresh fish in the dog-days, were not improved by the keeping. She therefore the more readily listened to a hint delicately dropped by her paternal ancestor, at a moment when his exchequer chanced to be at its lowest possible ebb. The suggestion was, that she should pay a little extra attention to the setting of her cap on a particular evening, when he purposed introducing to her notice one of his friends from the “Exclusive.” Dull as a razor which has been prostituted to the opening of oysters, must the reader be, if he requires to be told that the friend in question was the civic magnate of whom it is our privilege and supreme felicity to be the historiographer.

Belonging, as we do, to the ancient frater-

nity of bachelors, we honestly confess ourselves incapable of narrating the passages which occurred during the six months of the Alderman's existence, following his first domestic symposium with the McKailrunts. Most happily, we know of the acts of female warfare only by name; and we should merely expose our ignorance did we attempt to describe the "witchcraft" which the fair daughter of the mist employed to secure the affections of the man of tallow.

One thing is certain, that she soon discovered his weak point, and cut her cloth accordingly. She talked of the romantic situation of her hereditary mansion. She expatiated on the hundreds of devoted vassals, who only lived and moved at the will of their liege lord. She shed tears at the recapitulation of the many noble youths whose hearts she had broken, by refusing their proffered alliance, for the simple reason, that the noblest of the lot was not worthy to be henchman to the Kailrunt. And she soared into the altitudinal regions of poetry as she spoke of the antiquity of her family tree, which was, she asserted, a flourishing sapling, when that which formed the gallows of Egypt's chief butler was, as yet, a puny acorn!

This was a gilding which rendered palatable to our hero a pill, even of half a century's standing. The antiquity of the lady's person vanished before the glorious antiquity of her house, and the upshot may be easily anticipated. One fine morning the Alderman rose from his couch a single man, and, ere the shades of night pervaded the earth, found himself lord and master of the high-born dame, at least as much so as the curate of St. George's and his clerk could make him.

Master Dip had now gained the summit of his ambition, but, some how or other, the prospect from the lofty vantage-ground was not quite so enchanting as he had been led to anticipate when at the bottom of the hill.

Lady Bridget Dip soon gave her "beloved" to understand that he must no longer consider himself the autocrat of either his house or his habits. Sternly did she interdict him from a multitude of little luxuries which long usage had rendered indispensable to his comfort. She banished cheese from the dinner-table,—prohibited the poor man, under pain of her sovereign displeasure, from stewed onions to his potations of "half-and-half;" and even this cherished admixture he was, after a vain resistance, obliged to abandon, as being altogether *infra dig.* But the severest cut of all was the bull which was savagely thundered against his darling narcotic. This was enough to make even a husband valorous; and he actually stood out in opposition to the mandate which extinguished his pipe, for the better part of a week. He was only mortal, however, and the tube perished! Peace to its ashes!

We have heard of a certain worthy comonomer who, when he married a Lady Janet, confidently calculated upon becoming Lord Janet, in virtue of his matrimonial rights. And Master Jeremiah, when he pronounced at the nuptial altar the awful words "for better, for worse," had a certain dreamy impression that the term "better" implied his doffing for ever the base hide of plebianism, and donning the lion's aristocratic skin! Too soon, however, did he make the discovery that though he had bestowed his name upon his lady love, she had not rendered to him in return the smallest perception of her nobility. He was still plain, unvarnished Master Dip; and, what was worse, his high-born connections took pious pains to cherish in him the cardinal virtue of humility, by reminding him of wha. he longed so sorely to forget—his former self, to wit! Whenever he attempted to speak or act in opposition to his "betters," he was certain to be favored with some pointed and caustic allusion to oil casks and tallow,—much on the same principle that dictated the placing of a skull upon the eastern monarch's dining table! The unlucky fat had left an odour on his escutcheon which "all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten;"—and in his bitterness he would doubtless have joined Lady Macbeth in her exclamation of "Out! out! out! out! out! out!" but for the simple reason that he had never perused the works of the inspired poacher!

Nor were these the least of the poor man's sorrows. Lady Bridget, conscious that she was not precisely the model which a painter or statuary would select in depicting the flirting spouse of Vulcan, gave early intimation that she contemplated her husband through an intensely verdant medium.

In his younger days the Alderman had earned the reputation of a man of gallantry,—and even now he opined that there was no peculiar harm in admiring the contour of a nose, or the turn of ankle. It would have been well for his comfort, however, had he possessed as scanty a perception of the beautiful as the scholastic theorists upon that commodity. If his "espoused saint" ever detected him looking at a female anything short of sixty, she was certain to make it the text of a certain homily more practical than pleasing. On more than one occasion, when on the threshold of his domicile he ventured to chuck the chin of a buxom milk-maiden, and unhappily his Xantippe detected the playful gesture, so great a commotion was excited that nothing short of a necklace or pair of bracelets could allay it.

Thus curbed and cribbed at all points, the unhappy Alderman began to feel miserable enough,—and it seemed as if more unlikely things had come to pass than that he should be induced to test the temper of one of the renowned Mechi's magic razors, a few inches below the field of that ingenious instrument's

legitimate operations. The resolution of "the family," however, (he, of course, not being comprehended in the category,) to migrate for a season to their native fastnesses, inspired new life into Dip's drooping spirits, and deprived the Coroner and his myrmidons of the fees of an inquest.

Our hero looked forward to the expedition with much the same ideal delight which an urchin experiences when about to look into the glass of a penny panorama. He had frequently witnessed Highland melo-dramas at Astley's classic establishment, and being an intensely matter-of-fact man, he believed that he was about to see a complete realization of the pomp and parade of these histrionic spectacles. Visions of "men of mould, and maidens fair," enveloped in silken tartan—of boundless forests, and castles of interminable battlements, floated gorgeously before his mind's eye,—and he cherished a kind of hopeful idea that the homage of the clan Kailrunt would be tendered to him as an adopted scion of their race. * * * * *

It was towards the fog-end of a cold, drizzling December day, that the dropsical Kailrunt chariot drew up in front of a damp, dull, desolate-looking mansion, the very appearance of which sent a chill through the marrow of the half-frozen Southern. If Giant Despair had left a widow it might have formed an appropriate jointure-house for the bereaved dame! The windows were small and gloomy;—the gables pinched and puckered, as if they had been pressed together by two opposing battering-rams; and altogether it looked more like an asylum for

"hermit owls and pauper bats."

than a habitation of Christian men. A few miserable looking catiffls, whose noses, from their frigid sharpness, seemed as if they had received an extra squeeze from John Frost, stood shivering before the door;—and as the vehicle disgorged its contents, these living skeletons emitted what was intended for a jubilate of welcome. To the ear of the citizen, accustomed as he was to the hearty, porter-inspired huzza of an Anglican mob, it sounded more like the shriek of a wretch on the wheel begging for the *coup-de-grace*!

The "quality" having disappeared into this tomb for the living, Master Dip, who showed no inclination to leave his quarters, enquired at one of the mouldy on-lookers how far it was called to Kailrunt Castle, and what might be the name of the dismal-looking inn before which he sat. The "questioned knave" eyeing the querist with a look in which contempt and wounded pride were equally blended, replied, not in the most choice English, that this was the great palace of his honor's majesty the chief! He added in a softened tone, for the miserable appearance of the frozen oilman (whom he evidently mistook for a Cockney domestic) that he "had better gang

into the kitchen by the back-door, where he would aiblins get a cog o' brose to warm his hause, as his honour's servants were aye weel seen to!"

"Oh! that I were once more in the Goat and Compasses!" groaned the forlorn victim of the chain matrimonial, as he shuffled out of the carriage and slunk into the house, more with the air of a beaten hound than the son-in-law of the lord of the soil!

Next day the "castle" was literally besieged by a countless throng of kinsmen and cousins of all degrees, even to the fiftieth remove, who came to pay their respects to the head of the house. They brought along with them, however, none of the "pomp and circumstance" which the romantic imagination of the Londoner had imaged to be indispensable to the "gathering of the clan." Instead of gallant warriors

"all plumed in their tartan array,"

he beheld some gross of little smoke-dried, hook-nosed beings, redolent of peat-reek and whisky,—whose sole talk was about crops and cattle, and who seemed to regard our hero with no more reverence than they did the *tyke* or house-dog. Indeed it is questionable whether the quadruped did not stand higher in their estimation, as its kin could be traced for many generations, whilst the biped was only a "bit packman body," whom necessity alone had compelled their Chief to receive into his family!

To add to the delectation of the hapless Alderman, a storm of snow set in which kept him in close ward for the better part of a week, and his sole recreation consisted in listening to certain tender remonstrances which his lady favored him with, touching the peccadilloes he had been guilty of during the journey to Scotland. She brought before his shrinking conscience every glance he had lavished on womankind, from the period of his losing sight of St. Paul's, all which she had carefully bottled up for future use. Nay, we have heard that she even went the length of enforcing her precepts by the application of her slipper to his tingling ears. We agree, however, with the *Times*, that this part of the story lacks confirmation!

Sunday at length came round, as Sundays generally do, and the storm having somewhat abated, it was announced that the Chief and his family meant to gladden the eyes of the much-expecting serfs, by appearing at the parish Kirk which was some seven miles distant.

The London-built chariot—already the pride and wonder of the surrounding country, drew up in due form, and was packed with the fair Bridget, her respected sire, and half a dozen antideluvian-looking aunts, who had come down like eagles from their mountain fastnesses to fatten on the spoils of the Sassenach. It then drove off amid the barking of some

hundred curs, and the wild *riras* of certain red-headed imps of children, attracted from miles around by the fame of "*the parlour on wheels*," as they denominated the locomotive marvel.

As for honest Dip, not even an outside place could be afforded him. After the noblest had departed, he set forth on a dwarfish Highland colt attended by a lineal descendant of the illustrious Deugal Cretur, who to every interrogatory touching the name of this hill or that loch, gave for response a most intelligent and euphonic "Oigh! Oigh!"

The district being unfettered by the slavish Saxon appendages termed toll-bars, our friend's progress was somewhat less velocitous than that of an express railroad carriage. Accordingly ere he reached the barn, termed by courtesy a kirk, he found that the services had been for some time commenced.

His primary impulse was to seek the pew appropriated for the magnates, which was aristocratically situated in a small gallery to which access was obtained by a stair on the exterior of the building. Here, however, there was no admittance, the "loft" being crowded *enque ad nauseam* by a multitudinous collection of Kailrunts, who, from all points of the compass had congregated to pay homage to the head of the *Slioch*. Master Dip essayed to edge himself "side ways" into this Celtic synod, but was soon obligated, like his countrymen General Sir John Cope, to

"Gae taak the gate he cam again."

being put to bodily fear by the scowling glances which the fierce-looking sons of the north cast upon the southern intruder. Not relishing the idea of being absent from his own "kirking," he descended from the ecclesiastical *deus*, and sought the body of the temple, into which, as it was packed to the very door, he insinuated his portly and worshipful person with no small difficulty.

Now it is proper to mention, at this stage of our narration, that in addition to the arrival of the Chief, there was an attraction this day, which in no small degree conspired to increase the throng.

An excise-man, residing at some thirty miles distance, but still within the jurisdictionary bounds of the parish, had committed a certain offence which the Scottish Established Kirk, at the era we speak of, was in the habit of visiting with the most ultra rigour of her wrath. The "session" having satisfied themselves of the guilt of the culprits, for there were two of them—the second, with sorrow we record it, being of the gentler sex, they were cited on this very Sunday to undergo a penance for their fault. The lady tearfully promised obedience to the mandate, but the masculine sinner, who had thought proper to stand his trial by proxy, had given no intimation of his intention to show face in "the hour of cause." Many indeed doubted whether

even the ghostly terrors of excommunication could induce him to travel such a distance for such a purpose. We may add that the peccant excise-man having but lately come to the district, was personally almost unknown; and no small curiosity was excited, particularly among the ladies, to see one who for the last six weeks, had occupied such an engrossing amount of the gossip of the parish.

Return we now to our hero, whom we left in the act of forcing his way into the Kirk.

When he entered, every seat contained more than double the legitimate complement, and the Alderman might have been compelled to stand out the service (which as it extended to three hours without break or intermission, would have been no joke) had pity not been taken upon him by one of the officials of the sacred edifice. This was a tall gaunt personage, who rejoiced in no meaner rank than that of "Minister's man," and who, observing the perplexity of the stranded Anglican, grasped him by the collar, and led, or rather dragged him up the middle passage. The dignitary then opened the door of a pew in the very centre of the edifice, and directly facing the clergyman, which was tenanted only by a pretty, black-eyed damsel. Into this having thrust our hero he drew the bolt, and left him to his own reflections. Ere the functionary went away, however, the oil-man, to reward the first mark of attention he had received since his arrival in the land of kilts, slipped a crown piece into his freckled fist. This donation being equal to the "man's" half-year's stipend, caused him to break forth into a stilled shriek of amazed joy, and he departed muttering some unintelligible sentences in which the words "Braw, braw, gauger!" could alone be distinguished.

Jeremiah, having wiped his fatigue-moistened brow, and adjusted his sorely soiled dress, prepared to render due attention to the homily, which by this time was in course of delivery. But, alas! he might as well have been in a Hebrew Synagogue or a Convention of the Unknown Tongue. The prelection was in the Celtic speech;—and after regaling his ear for some time with the *uchs* and *gachs* of the divine, he found that the eye was the only organ which he could use with any edification. That member, Master Dip, accordingly dedicated to the sightly handmaiden whom destiny had made his companion, and most assiduously did he scan all her noticeable points, which, to speak the truth, were neither few nor far between. Luckily this "exercise" was unnoticed by the orthodox Bridget, who seated immediately above the *ciarlouso*, was too much occupied in keeping up the dignity of the house, to throw away a single glance on what was passing amongst the democracy below.

Very speedily our hero discovered that he had become an object of very extensive regard and consideration—"the observed of all observers!" Every now and then a grim *bronnice*

The face would erect itself from behind the covert of some projection, and, after a peering scrutiny, disappear like the phantom of a magic lantern. The young damsels were especially curious, and the man of molten tallow at last began to feel not a little uplifted by the notice he was engendering. He buttoned his coat up to his chin—frequently gave an adjusting tug to his wrist-bands, and strove to screw his features into something of the importance be-seeming the important part which he doubted not he was at last enacting in the great drama of life.

Meanwhile the sermon progressed, and at its conclusion the Alderman, who ere this had been seduced into the kingdom of the poppy-crowned God, partly by his musings of honors to come, and partly by the cataract-sound of the strange language, was awakened by the aforesaid ecclesiastical officer tapping him on the scone with his dog-eared psalm book. On looking up he discovered every eye glaring upon him, and the officiating sacerdos looking as if about to commence an oration.

Fully persuaded that the time had come when he was to be owned as the adopted "Lord of the manor," Master Dip promptly arose, and having performed one of his most graceful counter-poses, waited with fluttering heart to hear the complimentary address which was doubtless to follow. In the delicious triumph of the moment he could not help casting the tail of his dexter eye upon his fair dame, to see if she relished his exaltation, but her face was gracefully beclouded by a huge fan, doubtless to conceal the blushes which the compliments awaiting her spouse would call forth.

The reverend orator first directed his speech to the female who was Jeremiah's co-tenant in the lonely pew. As, however, the language of Ossian was still employed, the "illustrious stranger" could only conjecture its meaning. He guessed that its purport was to impress his companion with a due sense of the privilege she had enjoyed by sitting beside so altitudinous a personage. In this hypothesis he was the more confirmed by the air of intense humility which the fair mountaineer assumed during the exordium. She covered her face with both her outspread hands, and any beet-root might have envied the crimson which appeared through the intervals between each tremulous digit.

Having said his say to the lady, the *pater* whispered something in the ear of his grim *aidle-de-chaup*, who bustling up to our hero, asked him whether "she could spoke the Gaelic?" A reply was rendered in the negative, which the herald promptly communicated to his principal, and then a deep silence prevailed for some seconds, in which even the dropping of a pin might have been heard.

Thinking that perchance the reverend

speaker was embarrassed and overawed by the surpassing greatness of his rank, the oil-man favored him with a bland smile, waving, at the same time, his cambric pocket-handkerchief, with as great an air of dignified condescension as he was able to summon for the occasion. "Don't be frightened, my good man," he exclaimed in an under tone—"pray speak to me as if I was only your equal!"

Thus adjured, the priest opened his mouth and spake.

But who shall paint the horror and consternation of poor Jeremiah Dip, when the first words which fell upon his erected and tingling ears, were:—"HARDENED AND BRAZEN WRETCH, WHO DAREST TO ADD SHAMELESSNESS TO GUILT!"

Here was "a precious go," to use the Alderman's classic expression when recounting the adventure, in after times, to his boon companion, Guy Cleaver. The breath emigrated from the body of the assailed peregrinus,—a cold sweat drenched his trembling limbs;—and we make no doubt that "each particular hair" would have promptly stood on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," had the thatch of his cranium been derived from nature instead of the perquier! Dip would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to escape from the fascination of the theologian's little blood-shot eye, but there was no dodging the infliction. He was compelled to gaze—and what was worse, to listen,—for the tongue now sported, though not exactly his mother's, was still Saxon enough to enable him to taste all the bitterness of the libation which was now poured upon his aching brows!

For a full quarter of an hour was the pitiless pelting of the tornado of words directed against the helpless and half-crazed Cockney. Every epithet which the lexicon of rage and indignation could supply was launched at him with ruthless energy. "Reprobate," "Villain," "Seducer," "Wolf-in-the-fold," and "Son of Iscariot," were the gentlest and most honied vocables of that hideous nomenclature. A Synod, nay a General Council of scolds, could not have contributed a single additional stone to the cairn of abuse!

Human nature can only sustain a certain amount of torture, and the worried Alderman, at the close of one of his tormentor's choicest periods, lost altogether the power of restraint. Springing from the pew he rushed towards the pulpit, and grasping the baptismal basin, hurled it at the head of the inquisitor, uttering at the same time an exclamation which tradition reports to have sounded vastly like a good round oath!

All now was confusion thrice confounded. The "elders" [Mr. Quill erroneously called them church wardens] stood with uplifted hands, absorbed in horror at the daring sacrilege. The "minister's man" appeared as if waiting a mandate to fell the infidel to the earth with

the ponderous Kirk key. And as for the "precentor," or clerk, he, overcome by terror and surprise, swooned away, and disappeared from mortal ken in the profundities of his capacious desk!

When the first fury of his delirium had somewhat evaporated, the cause of this mighty turmoil turned his eyes mechanically to the select gallery, when he became cognizant of a scene enough to turn a bolder heart into stone.

Drawn up to her full allowance of six feet, he saw his gentle keep-mate in an attitude which might have served Flaxman for the model of a fury half seas-over! One hand clutched the fragments of the demolished fan, and the other played wild havoc with the fiery ringlets which danced around her time-battered, grew-ome visage. Jealousy of the most extatic degree was marked in every line and crowfoot of her countenance. Her teeth gnashed and ground together with the energy of a million mill-stones. And a conningled shriek of rage, hatred, and revenge burst from her foam-encircled mouth. Had Edmund Kean been present he might have acquired some invaluable additional hints for the finale of Sir Giles Overreach.

Jeremiah Dip stood for a moment contemplating in imbecile amazement this Gorgonic apparition, but he was soon brought to a certain measure of recollection by a click-clicking of rusty dirks, which began to leap from the sheaths of the kinsmen of his spouse. What the row was they could not precisely comprehend, but they gathered that the Sasserach had mortally offended the daughter of the Kailrunts, and, as in duty bound, devoted his flesh to the vultures of Glen-Custock!

This was a fraction more than the nerves of mortal tallow-chandler could brook. Our hero never was "cunning at fence,"—and with Sir Hudibras was entirely alive to the perils

"which environ
The man who meddles with cold iron."

Fearful visions of Celtic revenge, gleaned retrospectively from "The Curse of the Mountain Hag," and "The Bloody Philabeg," (each in three volumes octavo) glared before his fevered fancy. He grasped the ladle for gathering in the oblations of the congregation, rushed forward with it *en couche*, like a Crusader charging the Paynim, or rather like a gin-inspired baker, shoving a batch of muffins into the oven;—and by the most desperate exertions gained the open air. The dwarfish Bucephalus was opportunely standing by. With all the agility of "young Lochinvar," he leapt on its back; smote the astounded quadruped in mad energy with his wooden lance; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, was some miles on the road—the blessed, thrice blessed, road—leading to the Lowlands!

As to his after progress we can say but little. How he overtook the post-gig, and by a handsome *douceur*, gained a seat beside the

Mercury,—how he at last reached a Christian town, where horses were let on hire,—and how he never spared whip or pressed couch till the merry peal of Bow Bells fell once more upon his ear,—all this must be recorded by some future Cowper. The chronicler of the race of Gilpin alone could do justice to the theme.

A month passed, and the obituary of the *Morning Post* contained a notice of the decease of Lady Bridget Dip, wife of Alderman Dip, in consequence of the breaking of a blood-vessel. The "bereaved" husband appeared ten days thereafter in the Club room at the once-despised Goat and Compasses, "a sadder but a wiser man" than when he had last filled the chair of President.

Alderman Dip (said Quinten Quill, in conclusion) became from that hour a determined and uncompromising democrat. Lustily does he declaim at reform meetings against the countless vices of the aristocracy;—and it is currently reported in Threadneedle Street that he has destined the bulk of his fortune to endow an hospital, the only restriction on the bequest being that no Scotsman can ever participate in the benefits of the institution!

SAULT STE. MARIE AND THE COPPER REGION.

THE knowledge of copper would seem to have been of great antiquity, and it is mentioned, under the name of brass, contemporaneously with iron, in the oldest records of our race. Only a few generations after Adam we find skill in the working of those metals ascribed to Tubal Cain. It was evidently of extensive use among the Greeks. Combined with gold, silver and tin, it formed the principal constituent of the wonderful shield forged by Vulcan for Achilles; and numerous expressions in Homer, recognise its common applications. It formed the principal ingredient in the colossal statue of Rhodes; was the material first used by the people of Ægina for the coining of money; was the main constituent of the Corinthian brass; and is recognized by Paul in one of his epistles to Timothy, where he makes reproving reference to Alexander, the *copper-smith*.

However abundant may have been the supply of this metal in those early days, in the lands hallowed by the events of the Bible, and in those made classical by profane history, certain it is, that they now furnish no considerable quantity for the consumption of the world. Armenia and the islands of Eubœa and Cyprus—the latter of which furnished at one time a large portion of the supply to the nations around the Mediterranean, and has even given to the moderns the term by which they designate the metal—have long since ceased to yield their contributions to commerce. And though copper is found in most parts of the world, to some extent—in Europe generally, in South America, Africa, Cuba, Japan, China, Kamtschatka, &c., existing as an oxide or sulphuret, or in other combinations; yet it is to

the mines of Sweden, of Germany, Russia, Hungary, and Cornwall, that the arts still look for their main supply.

The recent discoveries in our own country, render it probable that no great length of time shall elapse ere the mines of North America will equal in their produce, and probably surpass those of any other country. A careful estimate of the directors of some of the mines of Lake Superior will give a produce from that region of 2,000 to 2,500 tons. Of this amount, 1,000 tons is assigned as the yield for the present year of the Cliff Mine. Yet it is only eight years since mining operations were first commenced in this region; only six years since the first decisive success was had in the discovery of the Cliff vein, in the vicinity of Eagle River. Copper mining is, however, in its infancy, and all that has as yet been done is hardly more, in any instance, than may be expressed by the phrase, common among the miners, of "proving up" the veins.

The importance which the mineral region of Lake Superior is beginning to assume, may be better understood, perhaps, from a glance at the whole copper produce of the world. This is here given from the latest and best authorities, principally Ure. We thus learn that in

	Tons.
1832. All the mines of Sweden yielded about -	1000
" " Frauer—only a few hundred-weights.	
1833. Russia - - - - -	2000
" Hungary - - - - -	2000
" Hartz Mountains - - - - -	212
" East Germany - - - - -	142
" Hesse - - - - -	500
" Norway - - - - -	7200
" Zacatecos (Mexico) - - - - -	200
" United Kingdom (of which Cornwall furnishes 11,000 tons)	14000
Australia—unascertained.	
1832. Lake Superior - - - - -	2500
	28220

Besides this, Spain derives a small portion from Cuba, as well as from her own territory. Chili and Africa both furnish a little; while in China and Japan an unknown amount is obtained. Probably from all other sources, however, there is not another 1000 tons which passes into the commerce of the Western nations.

It thus appears, that, stating the whole produce of the world in round numbers at 28,000 tons, the Lake Superior region already furnishes over one-fourteenth part of the whole amount. As compared with individual nations, it produces one-fifth the quantity of Cornwall, more than Mexico and Germany, more than twice as much as Sweden, and more than either Hungary or Russia.

The mineral region of Lake Superior, in a physical point of view alone, is a subject of deep and peculiar interest, as well from its volcanic character, as especially from the fact, that of all the mines which history has made known to us, *in none has there been found the native metal in masses of such magnitude and purity as in those located here.* This region, so far as it has been surveyed geologically, extends to the southern shore of the lake, from Chocolate River, in about 87° 20' longitude west from Greenwich, to 90° 40', or the Montreal River, the boundary on the lake between the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. This, it will be seen, includes the iron region of Carp River, or Marquette, which, in the rich-

ness and quality of its ores, rivals, and perhaps surpasses all that the world can show elsewhere.

To confine ourselves, however, to the copper. This has been found generally disseminated all over the region indicated, in its appropriate rocks, but occurs in especial abundance on Keewenaw Point, the Ontonagon River and Isle Royal. Doubtless the mineral region will be found to extend considerably into Wisconsin, on the lake shore, since the same general formation is known to prevail, and copper, in the shape of boulders, has been found abundantly at the boundary, in the Montreal River. On our northern, or British side of the lake also, the geological explorations under the directions of the Provincial government have shown the existence of trap ranges, with the most encouraging indications of mineral wealth.

When the stranger, in making his course for Keewenaw Point, first sails within seeing distance of that coast, his curiosity is deeply excited by the character of the formation. The fiery redness of the rocks, suggestive of a time when this whole region was wrapt "with fervent heat," attaches not only to the conglomerate formation which first salutes him at the water's edge, in rounding the point, but also colors the trap which he will meet with soon after leaving Copper Harbor, and the successive layers of trap, amygdaloid, red-sandstone, and conglomerate, which he will find to constitute the formation at Eagle Harbor and above. He will next observe that these rocks all incline to the N.W., at an angle of 20° to 45°; and after stepping ashore, and extending his observations to the trap range which forms the bold heights of the point so conspicuous from a distance he will find that this inclination is general.

He will next learn that the copper veins run vertically through the whole of these rocks, and with a regular bearing, varying but little from a right angle with the trap range. He will soon find also that the copper is not solid or continuous throughout the vein, as in his innocence he might have supposed, but that it occurs most abundantly, and in the largest masses, in that portion of the vein which traverses the amygdaloid. That what is called the "vein" is in fact chiefly made up of veinstone—"poor stuff," as the miner terms it; and that the copper is either in huge bunches, strings, or sheets, or disseminated in small jaggy points through the mass of the veinstone. He will learn that much the larger portion of the veinstone is destitute of copper; and that while sometimes accompanied by native silver, and ores of lead and zinc, the veinstone is chiefly of quartz or calcareous spar, mixed with laumontite, epidote, or prehnite. These minerals he will often find of great regularity, transparency, and beauty of coloring. If the vein should divide and apparently be lost, as sometimes happens in passing from one formation to another, he will find it to come together again, and run on as before.

Some of the most valuable veins are those whose existence has been indicated by the remains of ancient operations. Depressions run along the surface of the ground, marking the pits whence the ancient race, with their rude stone hammers and copper chisels, separated fragments of the metal from their parent masses. That their skill never reached much beyond such feeble accomplishments, seems fairly inferred from the rude-

ness of the instruments themselves, as well as from the fact of the great boulders, as that of the Ontonagon, remaining evidently undiminished to the present time. Depressions such as here alluded to, may be seen at the Copper Falls Mines. Excavations for the copper are, however, generally made in consequence of a previous prospecting by a practical mineralogist. Taking a vein at the lake shore, where to the uninitiated it may present no indications of metal, but of calcareous spar perhaps, or other mineral, he follows it by its regular bearing, till it enters a rock which he knows by experience is promising of valuable results. Still more frequently, the proper points for excavation are determined from surface observations, which are often made with most fortunate precision. The discovery of the Cliff vein, like the silver mines of Potosi, is said to have been the result of accident. A miner sauntering about, *suo more*, with pick in hand, had sat down to rest. While in this situation, his eye was caught by certain metalliferous appearances in his vicinity, which seemed on examination to justify more thorough researches. The prosecution of the encouraging indications thus disclosed, has resulted in the discovery of a vein, the most productive of native copper in the known world.

The visitor who has looked with curiosity thus far, will hardly be content to return without seeing the interior of a mine. He may have already entered one or more of the mines at Eagle Harbor, as the Northwest, which is one of the oldest and most successful, the Copper Falls, or the North-western. He may have examined the Minnesota, which in the magnitude and productiveness of the mass copper comes nearest rivaling the Cliff, or other mines on the Ontonagon, or the Siskonit on Isle Royal; he will perhaps still conclude that he has not seen mining in its best phase till he visits the "Cliff."

Supposing this the intention, he will do well to step first to the works of the South Cliff, whence he will obtain the best general view of the whole vicinity—the Cliff works, the old works of the North American, the houses of the miners, and the fine old Cliff above. After this *coup d'œil*, he may have pointed out in succession, the Raising-room—the Roasting-room or Kilm, which adjoins the former on the left, near the Wood-shoot—the Stamps, the old, and the new now in process of erection—and the Floors, which are low buildings in front of the Stamps, and a similar one off to the right of the former. Repairing thence to the office, he will make the acquaintance of Captain Jeming, a Cornish miner, and the able superintendent, under whose direction, for six years past, those great excavations have been made which the visitor is now so impatient to see. From the captain he will meet with a very civil reception, and be attended in the descent either by him, or by some one well qualified for the purpose, whom the captain will recommend. Before entering upon this it is necessary, on account of the water which is found more or less in all the mines percolating through the fissures, to "shift," that is, to change one's habit. He will assume instead, the usual miner's garb, which is furnished him at the office; consisting of rough, strong overalls, a large woollen shirt, and hard round hat or cap of woollen material. Seeking thence the Raising-

room, where the metal and vein-stone first sees the upper air, the visitor is handed a lighted candle, with a lump of clay adhering to it; this, is for the greater convenience of carrying, or sticking against the rock if desired, or on the top of the hat just alluded to, in order to leave both arms free. All things being now ready, your guide raises the trap-door, and you descend by ladders firmly attached by iron staples and bolts to the rocks. The ladders are provided mostly with iron rounds, which, though cold to the bare hands, are yet the best material for the incessant use which is made of them. Holding your candle between the thumb and forefinger of your right hand, you assist yourself wholly with the left. The position of the ladders varies very slightly from the perpendicular; the tops of some of them seeming even to incline toward you. At intervals of 20, 30, and even 60 feet, are platforms upon which a momentary rest is obtained. During the whole course of the descent, you are accompanied by the noise of the pump by which the drainage is effected. The "lift column" and the piston are close by you all the while; the latter being steadied in its motion at intervals of 100 feet, by balance-beams and other appliances. This portion of the shaft, which is the main shaft, appropriated to the pump and the descent of the miners, is partitioned off by thick plank, from the other and larger portion, used entirely for the raising of the masses, the vein-stone, and waste material.

In the course of your descent, if you go to the bottom you pass four levels, and rest on the fifth, at the distance, perpendicularly, of 420 feet from the surface. Here you may look down 70 feet more, where the sinking of the shaft is still proceeding. If, having followed the bottom level or drift, you are under the bluff, your distance from the surface is rising of 600 feet. Great as this depth appears, in comparison with that of some of the European mines it is but inconsiderable. Those of Sweden, and Germany, and Cornwall, are often from 1200 to 1500 feet in depth; that of Catoree in Zacatecas is about 2000; while there is one in the valley of the Inn, near Innspruck, in the Tyrol—that of Kutz Puhl—which reaches the startling profundity of 3300 feet. Lower than this, it is perhaps found impracticable to go, from the difficulty of procuring a good air for respiration.

In the Cliff Mine there are at this time three shafts, all of which are in use, though but one penetrating to the lowest drift. The longest drift has a length of 1100 feet. In pursuit of what is most remarkable in the mine, and, especially the largest specimens of mass copper, you will follow the drifts on each level with still excited and unsated curiosity. As your guide points out to you the indications of copper over your head, you are at a loss to know with what facility he distinguishes the lode or metalliferous portion of the rock, from the "poor stuff" or "country"—terms which he uses to designate those portions which are destitute of copper. To your eye the whole appearance will be very similar; and, save where you see the copper, either in bent projections, or in jagged bunches, or in ponderous masses, already laid bare, and prepared for cutting into manageable blocks, you will be at a loss, without some experience, and much trial, to distinguish with certainty the vein-stone from the trap. This

difficulty is enhanced in many cases by the presence of water, and by the effect of the powder-smoke, occasioned by the blasting, giving every where the same hue to the rock. The truth is soon made apparent, however, when the miner strikes it with his pick.

The system of mining pursued at the "Cliff" is the same which is used every where in the like circumstances. Premising, as not altogether superfluous, that all excavations in a horizontal direction are termed, technically, "drifts," "levels," or "adits," while the name of "shaft" is applied to those which are made vertically, this system may be explained in a few words. Supposing the operations to commence with running a drift, it is still carried on until it enters an unproductive formation, as is mostly the green-stone and conglomerate. Another adit, as the drift is generally termed in this case, is then opened lower down on the declivity, if the nature of the ground permits it, to which the shaft is carried down. Thus the shaft is still carried down, until the drifting is done altogether below the surface, having no outlet above. In the Cliff Mine, four of the drifts are altogether below the surface, only one having an outlet above. They are, at intervals, below one another of 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50 fathoms; the Cornish fathom being something over eight feet.

As the shafting and drifting gets only the copper which is in the immediate course of those operations, in order to get that which lies *between the drifts*, further means are resorted to. These are in the first place, the *timbering* the walls and roof of the drift, so as to form a roof or platform of great strength; and, in the next place, excavating over head, above the timbers. This operation is termed *stopping*; and in conducting it, the copper and metalliferous vein-stone is thrown down below into the drift, while the "poor stuff" is left to accumulate on top of the timber-arch. In this way, while the excavation is carried on overhead, the bridge or arch is still elevated by the accumulation of "poor stuff," thus serving as a platform for the workmen, until the process terminates in the drift above.

Progress in excavation is effected by the drill and hammer, followed by blasting. Commencing with a short drill—the common cold-chisel—longer ones are still used as the hole is sunk deeper. In this way the rock is often bored to the depth of six feet. One man holds the drill, which he keeps revolving; while two others, with alternate strokes of seven-pound hammers, gradually drive it to the desired depth. Sometimes what is termed a *ball*, that is to say, a cavity large enough to hold a keg of powder, is formed behind a great mass of rock which it is desired to remove. The aperture is then closed over with packing of stones and earth, the powder having been deposited, and the fuse (which is a kind of cord chemically prepared for burning at a slow rate) having been first inserted. By means of the safety fuse, the miner, with ordinary care, conducts these operations with very little danger to life or limb. The proper length of fuse, united to reasonable caution, generally enabling him to place himself out of danger before the explosion. Often in the course of his explorations, the visitor will hear the thunders of the blasting roll grandly upon his ears.

For the purpose of ventilation, a shaft is often sunk from one level or drift to another, this is termed a *winze*. In raising the copper, the vein-stone, and poor stuff, to the surface, strong iron kettles, made of one-quarter inch sheet-iron, termed *kibbles*, are employed. In this way, the smaller pieces of mass copper, termed *barrel work*, the vein-stone, and the poor stuff, are all raised, either by the same engine which performs the operation of draining, or by means of a capstan, or still further, by the *horse-whim*. This is a combination of the lever power with the wheel and axle; by means of which a horse is enabled to raise great weights with little expenditure of effort. The engine employed at the Cliff Mine is 45 horse-power.

THE AMERICAN PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Representatives in Washington is certainly not so formal or so quiet as the House of Commons in Westminster. It is not composed of the same class of persons. The merchant and the manufacturer; the tobacco, the cotton, and sugar-grower; the liter of labor and the laborer himself are there—men not polished to the niceties of etiquette, but statesmen nevertheless; and though not all wealthy, *now and then* incorrupt. Each receives eight dollars a day, that he may spare his time to make or improve the laws for his fellow citizens. But amid the throng—though an honorable member from Ohio may have one button too little on his coat, and though an honorable member from Arkansas may have an ancient hat brushed the wrong way—there are many of gentlemanly bearing, with ease and dignity of manner—the very models of courtesy and graceful demeanor. Hanging in mid air above them—like the gods in our theatres—are the sovereign people, who generally attend in considerable numbers to observe the proceedings of their representatives. There is one curious difference between the English and the American Parliament. With us members keep their hats on, except when they speak, and strangers must uncover. With them, strangers keep their hats on, while honorable members must take theirs off. With them, too, the presence of ladies is recognized, and clusters of pretty faces may daily be seen brightening the space between two noble columns behind the chair.

In England, too, there is a very distinct division of parties in the House. Members sit either as ministerialists, or as oppositionists, or as on the "independent" benches. In America, Whigs and Democrats manage to keep their opinions separate without having a table and a floor between them. You can never, by glancing at the House, see the relative strength of parties. As a general rule, it is true, those who sit on the Speaker's right support the Government, and those on his left oppose; but a Whig frequently declaims forth amid a mass of Democrats, and a Democrat sits comfortably side by side with one whom, in a moment or two, he will be denouncing as one of the most unpatriotic men in the world.

Perhaps, as we enter, some one is speaking. The echoes, however, are so numerous, and th

interruptions so frequent, that you cannot at once learn what he is saying. He pitches his voice at the highest key; and emphasizes his words even to exaggeration; and adopts all the forms of elocution to command a hearing, but usually addresses only a group of listeners collected around him. Some few members are walking about; others are leaning forward in their arm chairs and talking loudly to others a dozen paces off; others are scratching with a pen; and above all, there is continually heard a succession of reports like the discharges of a small pistol. This sound puzzles a stranger exceedingly. The cause of it is rather characteristic of the place. Every member has a desk with his name affixed to it, and filled, at the expense of the State, with all sorts of stationery, penknives, &c. Accordingly, he writes all his letters here—there being a Parliamentary post-office in the building. Whenever he wants to send a letter to the post, or a motion, or amendment, or message to the chair, he strikes the desk before him with the flat surface of a quire of paper, and this operation being performed, with no little energy, produces the comical sound alluded to—which is at once multiplied by fifty echoes to the furthest recess of the hall. At the summons a boy rushes to attend; but as it generally happens that nearly all the members want the boys at once, there is a regular platoon firing kept up, sometimes rising into a perfect volley, amid which the Speaker may ring his bell, or rap his hammer to command order, but the orator goes on mindless of all, and only resolved to finish "what he has to say."

"These boys," says a traveller, "are quite a feature in the *coup-d'œil* of the House. When they have a moment's rest, they frequently meet on the vacant space in front of the table, where they sometimes amuse themselves with pantomimic gesticulations, not altogether compatible with the dignity of the House. More than once, when something had occurred to disturb their equanimity, have I seen two of them meet and shake their heads at each other, accompanying the action with a by-play which unmistakably indicated a mutual castigation as soon as the forms of the House would permit."

On grave occasions, however, there is nowhere in the world a more calm and majestic assembly than the House of Representatives. And it has this advantage over the House of Commons—which is sometimes as unruly as it can be—that a speaker is never attempted to be put down. The members will not listen unless they choose, but they allow every man to speak. When any grand debate is occurring, the crowded hall is as still as death. The dropping of a pin might be heard. So it was when the correspondence with Great Britain on the Oregon question was read from the table. There had been an offer of friendly arbitration, and it had been refused. There seemed no hope of peace. The exciting and terrific thought of a bloody appeal brooded over the whole body of men, and as one by one the hostile letters were read, the first deep murmur of emotion subsided into a death-like silence, amid which the voice of the clerk, monotonous and solemn, sounded like a prophecy of war.

Whenever, too, a man, influential or eloquent, rises in debate, he is respectfully listened to and

loudly cheered; but the fault of the American House is, that every member feels he must speak. If he only voted, his constituency would think him good for nothing. The pride of the electors is in a "thorough talking man," who will always speak his own opinions or theirs "now or sooner." If he makes a long speech, it is printed and sent down in bushels for the perusal of "his friends and the public." Fortunately, no one may occupy more than an hour with one oration, and at the end of that time, though the eloquence may be up in heaven with the larks, a rap from the speaker's hammer brings it down like a bullet peremptorily and flatly to the ground.

American oratory is often too prodigal of figures,—too plethoric of fine words,—too loaded with historical allusions. Scarcely a set speech is made without reference to the voyage of Columbus,—to the achievements of the pilgrim fathers,—to the deeds of Washington, and the glories of the war of independence. The American Eagle, too, is made to fly over every object, from a tax on cart-wheels, to the addition of a state to the Union. "It is high time," says an amusing writer, "that this poor bird were taken under the Animal's Friend Society." He is never at rest; he is perpetually spreading his wings, sweeping over the length and breadth of the continent,—sweeping down on some fell savage,—frightening the British lion,—or surveying with proud eye some imperial panorama, soon to be called his own! He is now sent to perch on some sublime mountain whence he may pick up a rock, and just drop it so as to sink a fleet in the Atlantic ocean. Then he is instructed to swallow up the whole of Oregon. Next he is to keep a good look out on Canada, as he has already made a prey of New Mexico, and then he is expected to shake his wings over Cuba in due time. This is all well, and we hope that wherever an American sail is spread the Union will one day be erected; but we do think that the poor Eagle might be spared a little leisure to himself to plume himself and whet his bill.

The Senate Chamber is constructed on a similar plan, but is smaller, lighter, and neater than the House of Representatives. It is admirably adapted for public speaking. There are galleries for the public, and seats for the ambassadors, judges, and such members of the Government as chose to witness the deliberations of this assembly. For it should be remembered, that there is this difference between the Parliamentary usages of England and America. Here, the principal ministers must be members of the House of Lords or Commons; there, they are disqualified by law from serving either as Representatives or Senators.

In one circumstance the Upper Chamber of the United States contrasts strongly with our House of Lords.—in the larger attendance of members. Unless detained by illness or peremptory business, every senator is present, daily, during the session. In the gorgeous chamber at Westminster, on the other hand, there are seldom more than a dozen peers and often not half that number. On one occasion, the Duke of Buccleugh, after moving the second reading of a bill, was about to unfold an elaborate statement of his reasons in favor of it, when he was stopped by Lord Lyndhurst, then chancellor, who was standing by the woolsack, impatient to go away and dine, and who asked

him "if he was addressing himself to the noble lords opposite?" Now there was not a single noble opposite,—the mover, the seconder, Lord Stanley, and the chancellor, forming the entire House! So the duke moved, and the lord seconded, and the question was put, and the motion was carried, and the Government was satisfied, and the chancellor went home to his dinner.

With this final peep into the Lords *apropos* of the American Parliament, we leave legislators for the present.

SPRING FLOWERS.

EACH month in the calendar can boast its own especial friends and patrons, that give it a pre-eminence over its sisters. Some love one month for its flowers; some prefer another for its fruits; others welcome a third for its warm days; others again praise a fourth for its customary festivals; and another is greeted for the sake of its sports. To the general observer, the face of Nature does, in truth, seem without a smile, and her brow without a wreath; and they who love Nature's floral gifts must often have borne privations. The rich may, indeed, replenish their vases with hot-house exotics; but they who are less favored by fortune can look only for the productions of the simple garden, the field, and the dell: and how desolate an expanse lies before them! The late autumnal flowers, that lingered with enduring hardihood through many a wintry hour, have at length been subdued: blown away by the winds, washed away by the rains, burned by the frosts; and it is still too early for the full flush of the spring flowers.

Well, then, let us snatch a sunny hour (there will be some sunshine even now), and go forth to seek what flowers April will yield us. It will be a labour of love to gather them, and bring them home for those dear friends who have not been able to brave, like us, the cold air or the damp ground; and it will be an hour's amusement to arrange them as a wreath, or a bouquet, on the social table beside the glowing fire; and to talk together of the historical or legendary reminiscences connected with each flower. And we may find a few simple lays, not inappropriate, which some one of our companions may adapt to a familiar melody, and sing to the easily improvised accompaniment of the guitar—that accommodating instrument, that permits its minstrel to retain his place without leaving or disturbing the comfortable circle.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE CHANT OF THE SNOWDROPS.

Bend down thine ear! Soft o'er thy senses stealing,

Hear'st thou the music of each silver bell?
Listen! our chime speaks to the heart of feeling,
Hymning *His* praise who hath made all things well.

Praise be to Him who called us forth to blossom,
Cheering the chill breast of the wintry earth;
Praise be to Him who thus in mourner's bosom,
Gives to meek hopes and consolations birth.

See! mid wild winds we wave, and are not broken;

Nor doth the dark rain sully our fair hue:
Who doth protect us? He of whom 'tis spoken,
"His love is to man as unto grass the dew."

Praise be to Him who sent us here, foretelling
Winter's reign is passing, spring-tide draweth nigh;

Fair flowers we herald, flowers ourselves excelling—

Sweeter in their fragrance, brighter in their dye.

Praise be to Him, for types and emblems cheering,
Praise, for the eye that learns to read them right;

Praise, for the ear pure Nature's anthems hearing;
Praise, for the voice that can with them unite.

The modest and fragrant Violet, the general favorite, is universally accounted a vernal flower; and we shall not easily find it wild before spring.

The name seems derived from the Latin *via*, a way, from the frequency of the wild flower by the road-sides. It was the national flower of Athens, which city, personified by sculptors and painters, was represented as a majestic female wearing a wreath of violets.

THE EARLY VIOLET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF A. MAFFEI.

"*Odirosa fodiera dell' Aprile,*" &c.

Sweet fragrant flower, that heraldest
The vernal days, how like art thou
To germ of love in gentle breast,
That springs—as thou art springing now.

To this bleak sod thy bloom is bright;
As hope that bids sad thoughts be gay,
As life's glad smile of calm delight,
When pain long borne hath passed away.

From out the snows that round thee melt
I call thee, hermit of the field!
And scent, with rapture deeply felt,
The living breath thy odors yield.

Oh, that to fill my charmed ear
Thy perfum'd breath had words and voice:
Then as to vocal spirit near
My soul would listen and rejoice.

Then would I learn why thus the sun
Woos thee, ere past is winter's gloom;
Why maid who mourns her plighted one
In absence, loves thy tender bloom:

Why the lone wand'rer sheds the tear
For distant home, and native skies;
And renders exile doubly drear
By vain regrets and fruitless sighs.

Companion of the sorrowing!
Thou dost not smile for happy heart;
Thy spells to mem'ry only bring
The bliss of days we've seen depart.

Our joys!—they fly like fickle friends,
(Perfidious friends that fail'd in truth),
Soon as the sweet delusion ends
That charm'd awhile brief, changing youth.

The trailing Periwinkle should be now showing its blue convolvulus-like flowers. Its botanic name, *vincæ*, is from *vinculum*, a band or tie; because its long, flexible stems are applicable for ligatures; and were, in old times, used to bind round limbs affected by the cramp; to cure which it was thought to have some virtue.

De Lille, in his rural poem, "L'Homme des Champs," alludes to Rousseau's long search for the wild flower (called in French, *pervenche*) which is so common in England—

"Quand la pervenche, en nos champs ignorée,
Offre à Rousseau sa fleur si long-tems désirée;
'La pervenche! grand dieu! la pervenche!'—
soudain

Il la couvre des yeux; il y porte la main,
Saisit sa douce proie; avec moins de tendresse
L'amant voit, reconnoit, adore sa maîtresse." *

The single yellow Wallflower contributes its spicy perfume to our bouquets, and reminds us of the troubadours, with whom it was an especial favorite, from its adorning of ruins; whence they adopted it as an emblem of affection surviving time, and of fidelity in adversity. For this floral lover of ruins we shall essay an accompanying sonnet:

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

Heart! thou wert once a joyous temple—there
One idol stood, high o'er the altar plac'd;
And Hope, bright priestess, made the shrine her
care,

With emblem flowers, and votive garlands
grac'd;

Her incense was those pure and painless sighs
That oft from deep calm happiness arise.
The temple now is ruined—not the slow
Hard hand of time wrought this—but sudden blow.
The priestess Hope is dead—the shrine o'er-
thrown;

All is destroyed; but not the idol—no!

Buried beneath the broken altar-stone
It safely rests—while oft, with noiseless tread,
Memory, a faithless votress, steals alone,
Amid the wrecks her midnight tears to shed.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

CALIFORNIANA.

BY ALFRED H. ST. GERMAIN, OF TORONTO.

HAVING visited California with an object in view, entirely different from nearly every one who arrives in that country, I was enabled, by not being connected with any kind of business whatever, to take a note of everything that I thought sufficiently interesting to entertain those of my friends who might desire to peruse my journal. From the time I sailed from New York, and during my wanderings through Central America and California, until I arrived again in the Atlantic States from those countries, there was not a day passed without something singular occurring that afforded me ample material to write about.

There being in another portion of my Diary, a

* Thus translated—

"The pervenche, thus, with us that never grew,
Its long-sought blossom gave to Rousseau's view;
He marks the treasure with an eager glance:
'Good heavens! the pervenche!' and his hands advance,
Sudden to seize the prey: not more delight
Feels the fond lover at his mistress' sight."

descriptive account of Central America and California, with statistical information, subjoined, the actual condition of California, and a few general observations in regard to the emigration to that country will form the subject of my present remarks.

California has been the source of disappointment, sickness, exposure, destitution, and neglect, to thousands of the most enterprising, industrious, and useful men of all climes. How many husbands have bid farewell to families and homes, around whose fire-sides were every imaginable comfort, to gain a glimpse of the yellow dross on the shores of the far Pacific,—how many sons have shaken the hand of a kind father, and kissed the cheek of a loving mother, to exchange for a season the happy associations of home, for a hut in the mountain gorges, or on the banks of Sacramento and its tributaries? Facts answer—Thousands, whose lifeless bodies now lie mouldering in a strange land, and in unmarked and unmoistened graves.

Since gold was first discovered in California I have entertained the opinion, that no man should leave his country, and risk his all, in travelling thousands of miles through savage and barbarous countries, without first sitting down and counting the cost. It is true that, in every community, there is a class of persons who are inert and useless, many of whom have gone to California and have been impelled there to exertion and production, who would otherwise have been nuisances at home. Yet had those persons been willing to labor in their own country with the same energy and persistency, saying nothing about privations, &c., as they have in a foreign one, I venture to assert, that they would be better off, and happier, than they are to-day, and unexiled from their native land.

The masses are misled with regard to the productiveness of gold mining. We are continually being favored with the perusal of letters in public prints, of the inexhaustible wealth of California and Australia. We learn that men are making ten and fifteen dollars per day, by digging, but we never seem to think anything about the time it takes to reach the gold-bearing region, and the great expense and dangers attending the journey; the anxious days spent in prospecting, hut-building, exposure to all weathers, and the possibility of being shot or *tomahawked*, without having given cause or provocation; the heavy cost of every necessary of life; the dollar-and-a-half per pound often paid in the diggings for meat, and some times *mule-meat* at that; a dollar a pound for meal or potatoes; two dollars per *one* pound of flour, this article, too, often not to be had for either love or money, as was the case ten weeks since; one dollar for the privilege of laying on the bare ground, or on the floor in some small shanty or tent, called a *hotel*, between two old dirty and musty blankets, thereby allowing your breast to become a suspension-bridge, during the night, for rats and other vermin to cross over on *business* to the opposite frontier of the house.

Persons go to these gold-famed countries without ever, for a moment, taking into consideration the palpable realities I have enumerated, and when they arrive the very friends,—whose letters have induced them, and other too credulous citizens, to

sigh for a lodge and a pick on the banks of the Feather or the Yuba,—turn a cold shoulder, and tell them that they were fools ever to leave their country to suffer the privations and hardships incident to a California life. They find that instead of their friends being in prosperous circumstances, as represented in their letters, they are out of situations and living on the charity of others; and merely wrote home favorable letters to console anxious wives and parents. I saw in California, Canadians who had been living on one meal a day for weeks, who were forced to get *even that* on credit, and could not procure employment on any terms. I brought letters from these self-same parties to their friends, and to my astonishment those letters contained flattering accounts of their circumstances, and they begged of me to give an exaggerated representation of their affairs to their friends, and to tell them that they had done well and that they would return home in a few months, when at the same time they *had not money enough* to buy a meal. It seems strange that men will misrepresent matters in this way; but it is invariably the case that nearly every one who goes to California and does not succeed, writes home glowing accounts of the country, and would fain have every one believe that they were *coining* money rapidly, while, perhaps, if the truth were known, they are shuffling in every way to get a living.

When it is taken into consideration that a great deal of time is necessarily spent in tent-building, prospecting, and conveying thither food, utensils, &c., a clearer idea will be obtained of the actual profits of mining, and it will be more fully understood why so many have been digging for years, yet are nearly as poor as when they began. Doubtless many have succeeded better in California than they would have done in the same space of time at home, but when some things are considered, they will not be found to have benefited themselves much after all. Lucrative situations are subject to risk and drawbacks.

The climate of California is not so *salubrious* as is generally supposed—sickness, in consequence, is far more prevalent and fatal than people at a distance are aware of. The year is about equally divided by the wet and dry seasons. The rains commence in November, and continue, with occasional interruptions, until May. Six months rain, with heavy dews every morning! There is every degree of temperature in California. I have statistics in my possession, procured from authentic sources, which prove that there are diseases incident to the present unsettled state of California, and deaths are more numerous than is made public. It is preposterous to suppose that men can enjoy good health while living the life of sots, sleeping on damp ground, between dirty blankets, swarming with vermin, and having to sleep with muddy clothes on, as is the fashion in that favorite Eldorado. In San Francisco there is misery existing that no tongue has told nor pen described. In the streets of California, there are men employed, in all weathers, at the business of blacking boots, who were doctors, lawyers, and members of every profession, in their respective countries, and who have been compelled to enter the *profession* of boot-black, to keep them from starving. In December last, an advertisement

appeared in a San Francisco paper, to the effect that a "Porter was wanted" in a wholesale store, and before ten hours had elapsed, *three hundred and fifty* applicants made their appearance at the office, to solicit the situation, and they embraced all classes of society, from him who might have been considered an aristocrat of the first-water, to the humblest peasant. It is an impossibility to create business for the increasing population. There are from three to four thousand emigrants arriving in the port of San Francisco and *via* the Plains, monthly. Many, yea, there are thousands in California at present, "sucking their thumbs," who have very little prospect of finding anything else to do. Business is as brisk this year as it ever has been since the country was first settled, and mechanics are commanding as high wages, but, unfortunately for those out of employment, there are no situations vacant. Men who can earn from fifty to seventy-five dollars per week, do not often make fools of themselves by changing about, as people sometimes do in other places; and, not infrequently, too, for the worse. No man should go to California now, without having previously a situation secured, or knowing how he will arrange matters, if he be ever spared to reach there. Unless he is satisfied in a degree as to this matter, he is quite likely to be a public nuisance, as they term *loafers*, or men that cannot find work in that country.

I pity the men that are out of employment in St. Francisco for their lot has been cast in *slippery places*, and some rather *ugly* places, too.

My friends in California earnestly persuaded me to remain among them longer; I refused to do so, as it was my intention from the first to merely visit the gold regions for the purpose of having a sea voyage, to become familiar with the process of mining, and to see as much as I possibly could during the few weeks that I might remain. A gentleman from Toronto, who is now in an extensive business in San Francisco, requested me by all means to abandon the idea of returning to Canada without tasting more of the luxuries of Western life, but I respectfully begged to be excused, as I had no particular desire to expose myself to the dangers attending a residence in a land of privation and starvation. He told me that if I would determine to stay, he would obtain for me a lucrative situation. I parted with him, without giving him a definitive answer in reference to his kind proposal. In the mean time he succeeded in procuring me the situation he referred to. I was introduced in due time to the head of the firm, and then had an "excellent" situation tendered to me. I inquired of the gentleman what would be the salary, office hours, &c. He replied that I should have fifty dollars per week; that it would be necessary for me to be engaged every Sabbath, to attend theatres every night during the week, with other duties that he would thereafter mention. I acquainted the gentleman that I would be under the necessity of declining his liberal offer. I mention this circumstance for the purpose of giving publicity to the fact, that there are thousands of persons in California who are engaged in their respective businesses every Sunday throughout the year!

The people of California seem to have lost all trace of the days of the week, they do not seem

to know when the Sabbath rolls round. I witnessed hundreds of the young and the old in this place, who were engaged in their respective avocations on the Sabbath. One of them informed me that they must either comply with their employers' demands in this respect, or sacrifice their situations, and walk the streets in idleness. No matter how religious or moral a man might have been prior to his leaving home, he is soon found violating the laws of God and man, and his only plea for thus acting is, that he was compelled to do so, in order to keep from starving or something else.

In California, society at present is in a very unsettled condition,—the country is blessed with civil laws, and crime is nominally punished, but murders and robberies are on the increase. It is generally believed that some awful calamity must befall the country ere long. Provisions continue exorbitantly high, and there are very many who cannot earn money to buy the necessaries of life.

I consider it to be the duty of every man, who has become personally acquainted with the present deplorable condition of California, to warn his fellow-creatures against breaking up the associations of home and exposing themselves in foreign countries to disease and death, in expectation of realizing that which so many thousands have failed in procuring. Gold is not now to be picked up in California without investing capital. Men leave various countries for the gold regions, entirely ignorant of the fact that now a capital is essential in order to make money.

Emigrants must not expect that they are going to be favored with employment immediately on landing, nor that, if they go the mines, they will at once strike on some rich digging without having first purchased a claim. There are some who think it is only necessary to take money enough to pay their passage, and that directly after arriving, he will find large lumps of gold on the streets of San Francisco and in its immediate vicinity.—But, when these persons arrive they are sadly mistaken; they learn when it is too late, that the "diggings" are very many miles from the seaboard, and that it requires considerable means to be conveyed to where the Simon Pure resides.—And when a man arrives at the Mines he discovers that he cannot locate himself any where without being liable to serious losses. He may borrow money from a friend, and have to pay ten per cent. a month for the use of it, to enable him to prospect around, and to meet current expenses, and after all not be fortunate in making a pile—not even enough to defray the interest on the borrowed capital. He may again borrow money to purchase a claim of a miner, and after working it, learn, to his sorrow,—that the "spot" has been worked out. Such circumstances have transpired recently through different sections of California, and there are a class of speculators in that country who are engaged in no other business but selling worked out claims, for from five to fifteen hundred dollars each.

Business in California is very fluctuating. There is no security for the business man. Flour may be six dollars per barrel to-day, and in one month hence, be two hundred dollars! as it has recently been sold for, in that land of an apology for comfort and plenty. Men may be worth fifty thou-

sand dollars to-day, and to-morrow not be able to raise a single sixpence, in consequence of fires or floods. You can effect no insurance on property. Every thing is at the mercy of the elements of fire and flood.

I trust that my feeble voice and humble pen may save some from destroying their prospects and all in a far-off uncertainty. It is useless in me to attempt to depict life as it is in these regions.

A vast amount of human wretchedness now curses that portion of the world, where thousands still continue to flock to. Gambling saloons, grog shops, and houses of ill-fame seemed to be and,

I was confirmed in my opinion by a gentleman who is well versed in those affairs, that these places are, the principal business of the country. Almost every corner is a hell, and nearly every other house a rum-shop. There are very few women that can be depended on, in California. All seem easily to become habituated to drinking, smoking and gambling. Balls, fights, cock-fights, and grizzly bear hunt's are still to be the order of the Sabbath. In Sacramento all the gambling houses are open on that day, and they are literally crammed with betters. The bands play all manner of profane tunes, and there appears to be a general disregard paid to morals throughout the entire extent of the country. How long such an unfavorable and gloomy state of things will last it is impossible for me to say. I trust that every man who values his soul, loves his family, and is enjoying the pleasing association of relatives and friends in this our own beloved land of security, will ponder well over the dismal aspect of things in those countries where the influx of population is so great that the most appalling evils are apprehended.

OXFORD PUNS.—Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr. Barton, we believe that the following is little known. As he was a man of remarkable insensibility, people told him everything that happened. A gentleman, coming one day into his room, told him that Dr. Vowel was dead. "What!" said he, "Vowel dead! thank God it is neither *u* nor *i*." Dr. Eveleigh, who with his family was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the master of Balliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century, to make his dying pun. Dr. Eveleigh had recovered from some consumptive disorders by the use of egg-diet, and had soon after married. Wetheral, the master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to discharge a pun which he had made. "Well, sir," said he, "Dr. Eveleigh has been egged on to matrimony." "Has he," said Lee; "why, then, I hope the yoke will sit easy." In a few hours afterwards Dr. Lee died. The yoke did sit easy on Dr. Eveleigh, for he had a most amiable wife.

The heart is the only measure of infinitude.

Oaths are the weapons a coward wields, the froth which tells the water's shallowness.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

THE THREE DJINNS.

MR. ALDERMAN PERKINS, common councillor of the ward of —, in the city, was in every respect a thoroughly comfortable man; he knew he stood well with his banker, and was confident of his position, both public and private, which he filled with credit, alike in the important office of alderman, and the hardly less important one of wholesale spirit merchant, as well as in the domestic capacity of husband and father. Each of these posts he had occupied for a double decade. If there were two things Mr. Perkins loved even better than his public duties and honors, it was, first, his pint of port at his half past five dinner, and, secondly, his day's *Times*, in his large spring-bottomed chair afterwards. From this it may be gathered that Mr. Perkins was one of those quietly constituted beings who do not love excitement, always avoiding subjects which occasioned it, whether religious, political or social. Regarding the first, he made a point of holding the same views as the rector of his parish; for the second, he always agreed with the party in power, and consequently, with the "leading journal;" whilst the third he taboed altogether with horror, as entirely French, and therefore inextricably connected with Robespierre and the guillotine. Poor Mr. Perkins! we must pity him; he had lately been tormented about a subject he detested, viz., American slavery. Ever since the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he had had nothing but excitement. In vain he asserted the right of every nation to do what it likes with its own; he was met on all sides with hot-brained, unreasoning interferers, who denied his assertions, and almost roused him enough to make him wipe his brow with his bandana. It was in the hopes of soothing his spirit with some calm, sensible remarks from his oracle, that, after a pleasantly full meal, Mr. Alderman Perkins took his seat on the shining leather cushions, *Times* in hand, at half-past seven, on the evening of the 22nd of October, and turned to the inner leader, which, fortunately, consisted of a rational, able article, on the subject of slavery. Our alderman had not gone far ere his eyes were arrested by the following passage:—"On the one hand, the grotesque and semi-barbarous character of the unfortunate race which forms the subject of the quarrel, imparts a touch of the ludicrous to their justest claims and their saddest wrongs; it infects the eloquence and conduct of their advocates, and alienates from them that large portion of mankind, that fears neither bullets nor swords, but quails before a jest." It might be the port wine, it might be the mock turtle, it might be his day's exertions, but Mr. Perkins began to nod. The *Times* dropped from his relaxed hand, and, it might be, the last words he read suggested a dream, so strange to aldermanic brains, that Mr. Perkins actually remembered and recounted it to the narrator, who thinks it worth offering as a "psychological curiosity" to profounder and clearer heads than either the alderman's or his own.

The grand-master of the Djinnns held a large court in the dreariest part of the desert of Stony Arabia, to consider a subject requiring all their counsel, but a counsel in which no good angel shared. The stars hid themselves, not to look

upon the hideous conclave, and the crescent, symbol of the Prophet of Truth, put a cloud as thick as the veils which cover the face of Allah between it and the agents of evil. Darkness reigned over the face of the desert for every being, save those to whom darkness was light. Their thoughts were darkness, their words were darkness, their counsels were darkness, like their vengeance on the head of those on whom it descended, when the grand djinn rose up and spoke:—"Hear, O ye agents of Eblis, hear, and answer me according to your wisdom. There is a mortal who has offended against me, and slighted my power, and the power of Eblis, on him do I desire to be avenged; and I ask your counsel how best to avenge myself on him. I cannot touch his life, but I can poison it. I cannot take him from the power he serves, but I can destroy his service to that power. Counsel me, then, ye servants of Eblis, how I can make him mine, and aid me in doing it; so shall the glory be to him who can suggest the surest means for the destruction of mine enemy." He ceased, and the darkness grew deeper as a djinn, uglier and more evil than his fellows, rose up and spoke:—"Vicegerent of Eblis, I have counsel for thee. I will go to thy enemy, and make him commit an act which shall rankle in his heart; he shall yearn for some mortal who has been likewise tempted, on whom to repose the burden of his soul, and shall find none. Many shall surround him. They shall smile and speak kind words to him, but not the one he longs to hear. His wife shall look in his eyes and say, 'What ails thee?' His children shall gaze in silence and wonder at him. His friend shall try to probe the wound with gentle words, with loving questions and hints; but none shall find where his secret lies; none shall say the word which could draw it from his bosom. Will he not then devour his heart in silence? will he not curse God and come to thee?" Then answered the grand djinn, "Thou hast spoken wisely, O servant of Eblis, but not wisely enough. Thou hast shown thou canst understand the heavy burden an untold evil secret is to the heart of man, and the torture of vain yearning for human sympathy and relief, and how far it goes to move a weak mortal to make him fly the service of his God. But he on whom I desire revenge loves Allah, and to him will he go with his heavy secret, to him will he unburden his heart, to him will he cry for the sympathy denied to him by man, and his very human loneliness will draw him nearer to a power which alone can know him as he is. If thou triest thy torture, I shall lose my victim. Thou dost not yet understand what the human heart can bear. Learn more evil, O servant of Eblis, and then give me thy counsel." Darker and darker grew the night, as a djinn, still uglier than the last, rose up and spoke:—"Vicegerent of the power we serve, hear my counsel. I will go to thine enemy, and make him commit an act, known but to himself, full of shame, and which he shall not dare to tell, and fear to have divined. He shall hide it in the depth of his heart, and think it is not hid: he shall fear the looks of his wife, his children, his friend, lest they should read it in his eyes. He will not dare to speak the simplest word, lest it should betray him. He will hardly dare to breathe, lest his secret

should escape with his breath. They who love him shall wonder; they shall weep and say 'Alas!' when they see his heart go away from them. He will shun those he loved best, lest they see him as he is. Will not his heart grow dark, O Vicegerent of Eblis? Will he not curse God and turn to thee?" "Thou hast spoken well," answered the mighty djinn, "and thy torture will truly make the soul of mine enemy grow dark. But he loves Allah, and knows that he can pity shame as well as forgive sin. He knows his shame is not hidden from Allah, though it is from the eyes of his fellow-men; and the isolation from man will make the bond of union stronger with God, and my enemy will not serve me. Go, servant of Eblis, and learn more evil, then come to give me thy counsel." A lurid flash swept across the black face of heaven, and threw its glare upon the hideous conclave, as a demon, more frightful than all the rest, gave a low howl of triumph, and approached the grand djinn—"Vicegerent of Eblis," said he, in horrid tones, "on me be thine errand of vengeance, for Eblis himself could suggest nothing better to thee than the counsel I now utter. I will go forth to thine enemy and smite him with a grief, one of those griefs which make the life of these wretched mortals like that of a crushed and writhing worm—a long act of suffering. But this is nothing, did he only suffer; there is hardly a mortal who would not feel with him, or if they could not, he would open his bleeding heart to his God, and feel that he pitied him. His wife, his children, his friend, would all try to bind up his wounds, and pour the balm of their love into them. But with the grief, and in the grief, making it a part of the grief itself, I will interweave a subject of such bitter mockery, that he dare not speak of it to his most beloved, lest the pity should fade from his eyes, and the mocking laugh rise to his lips. His very life shall appear to him a mockery under the influence of this hideous jest, and his grief shall mock itself and him, until he mocks God and turns to thee, for mockery can do no more than cursing." A long, long, laughing howl of triumph greeted the counsel of the third djinn, and the grand-master bade him go forth and avenge him, for Eblis himself could not suggest a better punishment. With the speed of evil intention, the accursed agent took his flight to the heart and home of the doomed man, and hurled the curse upon him with all its power. First, he deprived him of liberty, and all that such a deprivation involves—the erect stature of manhood, the onward course of self-dependent action, the humanity of the heart by social and personal bonds, the elevation of the soul to the Father who gave it, and to whom alone he owed and owned responsible subjection. In a word, he made him that creature whose name is a symbol of degradation—a slave—but a slave with still the feelings of a man who had known and yearned for the free birth-right caught from him. Yet was not the fiend satisfied; a heart and life-crushing grief, the shutting him out from the sympathy of those who had never felt it, might yet call for compassion, but the victim was denied even the poor consolation of contemptuous pity, for to the heavy doom of hopeless slavery, he added a frightful mockery, or, as the words on which the dreamer's eyes had last rested

expressed it, "a grotesque character, which imparted a touch of the ludicrous to his justest claims and saddest wrongs, alienating from him that large portion of mankind (*how large he knew!*) which, fearless of bullets or swords, quails before a jest," making the fear of that jest a punishment such as a fiend alone could conceive or execute.

Mr. Alderman Perkins awoke with a struggle and a start, rubbed his eyes, groaned, got up, and exclaimed "Nightmare!" then, like a wise man, began to consider the cause thereof. It must have been the scalloped oysters; no, it was the pancakes; but no, it must, indeed—it was the curried calf's-head which had given a hot Eastern tone to his horrible dream. He would consult Drugwell to-morrow. He rubbed the gastric region at the thought. His friend Brown had told him of some excellent "chinese pills," for indigestion; he would try them. Something or other he must take, for he was satisfied that the cause of his disturbed dream was purely physical, and lay in the Englishman's seat of thought and feeling, the stomach.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE GOLDEN HEART.*

CHAPTER III.

MR. JOHN MORNINGTON was a tall, stately man, with rather good features, a dark complexion and dark eyes, profusion of dark hair and whiskers; and last, though by no means least in his own estimation, the most military-looking dark moustache in the world! It had been a weakness of Mr. John's youth to pass for a military man; and it was currently reported in B—, that at a review which took place in the vicinity, he had actually fed a little boy to pick up his glove, and on presenting it to him, to say aloud in the hearing of some strangers—"Is this your glove, captain?" However, the weakness had evaporated long ago, and John better liked to count the guineas than to attend reviews now.

As to Mr. John's capacity, that had never been severely tested, his life having hitherto glided on smoothly, and his father's banking-house receiving him into the sinecure and somewhat lounging position he occupied. Mr. Mornington, senior, tolerating very little interference, John stood in awe of his father, whose taciturnity, green spectacles, and extremely important and portly carriage, impressed other folks besides Mr. John with the like feeling. Mrs. Mornington was dressy and fussy, and thought her daughters (but this was a mother's natural and amiable partiality,) the most beautiful, talented, and charming creatures in the whole universe. Mrs. Selby was three or four years older than John, the widow of a man who had been old enough for her grandfather, but who had left her the interest of his large fortune during her lifetime only, there being no children to inherit it. Mrs. Selby enjoyed herself, and lived up to her income, having, as she remarked, no one to leave it to of her own kin.

Julia, or Miss Mornington, properly speaking, was a little, ringletted, flounced, foolish-looking body, chattering a vast deal of nonsense, and reading a vast number of French romances; she

* Continued from page 276, vol. ii.—Conclusion.

talked sentimentally, when she found anybody to listen, of "blighted hopes and a chequered life." Nevertheless, Julia despised not creature comforts, and never refused an invitation to a ball or a party of pleasure. Alfred, the younger brother, came next in succession to Julia, and, being nearly of an age, they assimilated much together; in disposition the resemblance was strong, and in appearance also, allowing for masculine characteristics. Alfred was small in person, ringletted and perfumed, and a very miserable, desponding individual, exclaiming against his hard lot, in being chained to his father's banking-house; but this was done *sotto voce*, and, in reality, Alfred was a steady, industrious fellow during business hours. He had formed hopeless attachments, times without number, concocted verses, and, when the fit was on him, rambled by moonlight in the garden twanging a guitar, the joint possession of Julia and himself.

The youngest of this interesting family was Frances; she was two or three years Aurora's senior, and a pretty-looking, fair creature, with manners laboriously amiable, so strenuously did she endeavour to gain favour in the eyes of all whom she came in contact with. Frances talked hugely about the value of time, and occupying it well, about being useful to others, and unselfish, and giving up one's own wishes. She wrote a quantity of little notes to numbers of dear female friends, and was always busy and bustling about nothing, her letters always ending with the assurance of being in great haste, and not a moment to spare! Frances was brought forward with affectionate perseverance by her sister, Mrs. Selby; and "angel Fanny," "beautiful Fanny," and "darling Fanny," were household words with Mrs. Selby. She infinitely preferred Fanny's water-colour sketches (blue, washy affairs, as all third-rate water-colour sketches are) to the best productions of the old masters; and, on Aurora declaring that she only felt and appreciated the latter, Mrs. Selby remarked aside, with a pitying smile, "How usually we find those devoid of artistic taste thinking thus. My precious Fanny, what a gem this is!"—bending over a sketch, which had one merit at least—being just as likely to realise a scene in Palmyra, as on the banks of the Wye. Mrs. Selby also sketched, and was extremely ambitious to be thought a patron of the arts in general; she conversed with considerable animation and fluency, and with gesticulations positively oppressive to the hearer, who pined for a slight cessation of these fatiguing demonstrations. Fanny was assiduous in cultivating Aurora Desmond's friendship; all sorts of little indescribable attentions she flew to perform; and Aurora, unaccustomed to the companionship of young ladies, began to deem herself a most cold, unamiable, unsociable being, so impossible was it for her to reciprocate the philanthropic feelings of the busy young lady. Nor was Julia backward in affectionate expressions; and, between the sisters, the poor girl had no peace. Mrs. Chatterbin leaving her entirely to them, being engaged in visiting with Mrs. Mornington, and other congenial recreations, Aurora was wearied and confused; John Mornington escorted her and Fanny every day, and scarcely left her side; and ere Aurora thoroughly understood what it all meant, John made

an offer of his hand and heart, and Mrs. Chatterbin, with delighted smiles, informed Aurora that now "she could die in peace." Vainly Aurora protested to Mrs. Chatterbin, that she had not thought of Mr. John Mornington in the light of a husband—that she was astonished, and could not entertain the idea. Then, for the first time, Mrs. Chatterbin betrayed open violence, and her anger terrified the unhappy girl into silence, and soon into submission.

"How dare you speak to me of not entertaining the idea of marrying John Mornington? Do you think I mean to encourage your abominable flirtations, miss? After all the encouragement you have given him, to think of refusing him! Do you think I'll receive you again beneath my roof? Not, I indeed. Fanny tells me that her brother considers you have already silently accepted him. And what an honour is this—you, without a penny of your own to bless yourself with, to be chosen by John Mornington, and he such a fine man, too!"

Aurora at that moment closely clasped the golden heart; then meekly bowing her head, she whispered, "Be it as you will, aunt Chatterbin, I am ready to obey you."

"That's a good, sensible girl," quoth the exasperated lady, smoothing down her ruffled plumes. "You shall not want for a splendid marriage-present."

As Aurora withdrew, Mrs. Chatterbin heaved a deep sigh, as if relieved of some heavy burden, which had long tormented her, exclaiming, "Thank heaven, now I shall die in peace!"

Oh! if all the exclamations heavenward uttered on earth are registered there, what words of blasphemy will one day be proclaimed aloud—that dreadful day, when the thoughts and intents of the heart shall be made known! And Mrs. Chatterbin thanked Heaven, and declared she would die in peace. Her *awakening*—we cannot follow *that*. Offended Heaven thanked for thoughts of revenge and hate! Alas! "peace, when there is no peace," is on the deluded lips of many a dying sinner. Mrs. Chatterbin's words were awfully prophetic; she little dreamt of being so soon called to her account. Pause! May we not be nearer to ours than we dare to contemplate?

Mr. and Mrs. Mornington, with affected surprise, heard of their son's "attachment" to the beautiful orphan niece of the wealthy Mrs. Chatterbin; and Mrs. Mornington got up a scene with perfect conventional propriety—embracing Aurora, and calling her "my charming new daughter." Congratulations poured in from all quarters; and the bride elect, simple soul, felt really touched by the disinterested preference of her intended and his family. She—the ruined chieftain's daughter—to be thus received for herself alone!—oh! all her genuine Irish sympathies and warm-heartedness were aroused. "God sees—I will try and be to him a good wife," she cried, weeping alone in her chamber: "but I cannot understand all about the people round me: they seem very fond of money, yet I have none; and what is in me, that I should make up to them for its absence?" Then, on her knees—casting away all vile suspicion—she prayed for strength to fulfil her self-sacrifice, or what she as faithfully believed such

as did the Hindoo widows on their husbands' funeral pile.

Mrs. Mornington and her daughter Selby were very differently occupied meanwhile; they were driving about in their respective equipages, to disseminate among their world—the fashionable world of B—, the pleasant fact of John's engagement and immediate union with the most beautiful and accomplished creature—the niece and heiress of the enormously wealthy Mrs. Chatterbin, who so doated on the girl, that it almost broke her heart to consent to part with her, even for such happiness.

"I never knew such people as those Morningtons," said their scores of dear friends; "they care for nothing but money."

Notes of congratulation poured in upon Fanny, and Julia and Alfred were unusually sighing and singing doleful ditties—a sure proof that they, in their own way, were especially enjoying themselves. Mr. Mornington had of late been very much pre-occupied, and his mind was evidently burdened with weighty matters, though he asked for no sympathy, and sought for no counsel.

The preparations for the marriage were hurried on by Mrs. Chatterbin's especial desire, and her love for Aurora visibly increased, if outward demonstrations, at least, were proof of the fact. The Morningtons never doubted it, but looked on with great complacency; and the pale bride-elect was fêted, caressed, and courted by all. Sumptuous were Mrs. Chatterbin's presents to the whole family; doubly sumptuous to Aurora—such as became the heiress of scores of thousands—such as became the generous and affectionate donor. Julia and Fanny were the bridesmaids, for Aurora would name no others; but the marriage was a very gay one, troops of friends and acquaintances being present, whom the happy Morningtons could not possibly leave out. Mrs. Chatterbin, in a perfect ecstasy of delight, fluttered hither and thither, shaking hands with all, and sobbing between whiles, just as if she had been the real mother, and Aurora her own and only daughter. It was quite affecting, and all the folks present felt it so, particularly at the breakfast, when champagne flowed, and toasts and speeches ensued. The bride was the only one who appeared calm and composed; and there were some who regarded her lovely countenance that day, who never afterwards forgot its expression—it came to them in dreams, in visions of sleep, when earth and earth's vanities faded from remembrance.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mornington set off for the lakes on their bridal tour, and Mrs. Chatterbin returned home. The former were to occupy Mrs. Selby's retreat for a few weeks, until their own house in B— was prepared for their reception, Mrs. Selby having determined on a visit to Italy, with her darling Fanny for a companion. Mrs. Chatterbin betrayed a feverish restlessness after the wedding to get away. "It had been too much for her weak nerves," she said; "she needed the quietness and tranquillity of home, to restore her exhausted spirits." Alas! good Mrs. Chatterbin, you little thought what sort of a home was awaiting your pampered body, or perchance you might not have been so anxious to approach it.

During John's absence, Mr. Mornington's cares and perplexities had so greatly increased, that even Mrs. Mornington became apprehensive of something being wrong, though she was wise enough to keep her fears and observations to her own breast. The banker assumed a forced hilarity, which passed off with the world as the result of unusual prosperity and flourishing affairs in general; and was also indicative of Mr. John's recent union with a reputed great heiress, having afforded infinite satisfaction to Mr. Mornington. No suspicion of any screw being loose entered the heads of those whose fortunes were in many instances intrusted to his care.

Very busy and important was Mrs. Mornington in superintending the arrangements of her son's new house in the Paragon of B—; and when all matters were finished with scrupulous order and exactitude, as became the small and comparatively economic establishment of a junior partner, then was Mrs. John Mornington ushered into her future home with much warmth and *empressment*. Who would have thought the gathering clouds so soon would have burst, and the whole sunny scene change to a wintry desolation? Aurora's low sweet laugh resounded but for a well-appointed abode, and the innocent *periphrase* was not yet subdued; the voice of unkindness had not yet chilled her soul—she had not yet learnt to fear. From the moment she became John Mornington's wife, Aurora combated with the tender emotions of her nature, and she believed, poor thing, that no lingering weakness lurked in her heart towards him when she had rejected. She had saved him by immolating herself, and ought she not to glory in the sacrifice? Aurora had no correspondents; and if she had, probably her letters would not have conveyed any positive information as to the condition of her mind at this period; an extract from her diary more fully reveals it, though even there she would not permit her pen to indite treason to her solemn marriage vows; and, if she ever thought of Philip Farley at all, it was in prayer and supplication to God.

"And so I am a matron, and settled down, as the saying is,"—thus ran the extract—"and surrounded by good, worthy folks, all intent on money-making, or show-making, or gossiping, or detracting. I ought to be a grateful, happy girl; and I am, save for the lonely corner of my Irish heart. In that lonely corner I garner many early memories. I see Ellen Blane's green grass grave, and the blessed cross, garlanded with spring flowers which marks the spot. A little way beyond my father's last repose. Poor father! he is never named here. I hear old Nelly's voice calling on her princess, and promising a future of unrivalled brilliancy. Then comes Dr. Frogin on the stage, and all is darkness and mystery. I flutter in this gilded cage, and I place my hand on a throbbing heart, and say, 'Be stern—be still—be heroic;' then I smile when Nelly's favorite aphorism, of 'many persons walked under great umbrellas when reason was rained down from heaven,' seems so often applicable now; though I am tempted to fear my vanity flatters me into believing a tiny parasol alone protected my exalted head from the intellectual shower; and, sure I am, the whole race of Morningtons would disclaim even *that* shelter, and declare they walked bare-

headed. Ah! surely I was born beneath the star Soheil—the one genial star that nightly rises over the heads of the people of Zingha, and to which they attribute the unflinching cheerfulness they enjoy. Beautiful star Soheil! were this not so, how could I endure? Dr. Progin must have known this, when he sent me the golden heart by Nelly Blane—a golden heart, containing a priceless treasure, when this poor heart of clay is void. Star Soheil, shine down on me, as thou didst at my birth, on my own fair side, where the princely Desmond's sleep."

Other extracts from Aurora's diary allude frequently to omens, dreams, forebodings, and many ancient superstitions, which she religiously believed, and, in many instances, scrupulously and secretly adhered to. They were foolish and ignorant in themselves, but they fostered the faith of her childhood—the unwholesome diet on which she had been nurtured.

"John," she ventured to say to her husband one day, for her heart was full, and the words fell unadvisedly from her lips—"John, I much fear some heavy calamity is overhanging us all, for I heard the banshee of my race scream at my chamber window last night, and the death-watch has not ceased for a week past, when the hours of darkness set in."

John stared at his wife in blank dismay, evidently thinking her senses had flown; but, on observing her pallid cheeks and serious looks, he broke forth into a laugh, and bade her tell him the next time she heard these dismal warnings.

"But you cannot hear them, John, without faith," replied Aurora, gravely, "and if you did hear them once, you would not laugh, John, dear," she added merrily, for John looked angry, and John was a thorough bull, and muttered, "Pooh, pooh," and something about "Irish folly."

So Aurora never again considered her troubles or sorrows to her husband; and when the news arrived of Mrs. Chatterlin's sudden decease, John had forgotten all about the banshee and the death-warning; he only remembered the old lady's coveted wealth. Not so Aurora; she wept when the tidings arrived, for Mrs. Chatterlin had been kind to her, and she was Philip's aunt. Her departure from this world was awfully sudden, and Aurora murmured, unheard, "Never in vain—never in vain are the warnings sent, and more calamity is in store. The banshee is unquiet yet—the dark shadow floats round the falling, doomed house."

With ill-disguised alacrity, John Mornington obeyed the summons to attend Mrs. Chatterlin's funeral; no doubt the deceased had left a will, and Aurora, as her nearest and dearest, of course stood first and foremost. No one had ever for a moment entertained a wavering opinion as to that natural expectation. John kissed his wife with unusual tenderness, and set off on his journey, which he little deemed would prove the dismal and disappointing one to him it eventually did.

Mrs. Chatterlin had left no will—no need of one; for, unknown to all the world, after the demise of Mr. Chatterlin, she had purchased a life annuity with the handsome principal he had bequeathed her, thereby securing to herself a larger income than she could otherwise have enjoyed, and at the same time cheating the hated Morning-

tons so cleverly, and laughing in her grave at the downfall of their mercenary hopes! Aurora was the victim—the attractive bait held out to lure them, greedily swallowed, and when too late, found to be unreal. Instead of the possession of substantial thousands, she dwindled down into the ruined Desmond's neglected and destitute daughter!—the Irish race, whom the English Morningtons held in contempt and dislike, whose alliance they would have spurned, unless transformed by the talismanic power of gold! The poor victim herself, utterly unconscious that she had any interest in the revelation, and always ignorant of the reason why her husband's family had attached so much importance to her, with dismay and surprise unutterable, cowered beneath the storm which broke in fury on her young, defenceless, and unprotected head.

John Mornington, who had not yet grown tired of his beautiful wife, and really admired her, and loved also (if such feelings as his may be termed love), endeavoured to shield her from the onburst of his parents' wrath. But there was more in Mr. Mornington's disappointment and vexation than met Aurora's ear; he had looked forward to her gold as the means of propping up a crumbling concern, and now the crisis could not be long averted, and ruin and horror stared him in the face. Obligated to confide fully in his son, and hinting to his cautious wife the state of affairs, the unhappy man determined to carry on the game as long as possible; his all was staked, and if the crash did come, it would be tremendous.

Mrs. Mornington gave a grand party, and everything was conducted on a scale of even additional splendour; troops of dear friends flocked round her, and never before had she appeared more smiling and gracious. It was particularly remarked also, how warmly affectionate Mrs. Mornington was to her lovely daughter-in-law, who, pale, silent and trembling, clad in deep mourning habiliments, and looking, oh! so unlike the princess of the old chateau, formed one of the company. "She is in mourning for an aunt," said one, "who has left her an enormous fortune, they say." "She doesn't look very happy, poor thing," said another, "for all that; but old Mrs. Mornington's so sweet upon her, depend she's plenty of gold to buy the sugar with!" Alas! could these wise folks have peeped behind the scenes, what a dark and dreary sight they had beheld! could they have heard Mrs. Mornington's *aside*, such as, "Pray don't look so woe-begone, Mrs. John, or you'll really frighten my friends. They are all people of consideration—society that you have not, perhaps, been accustomed to: therefore I make allowances. But look at my daughter, Miss Mornington, how she comports herself—elegant creature—and take a lesson from her. Stand out of the way, if you please, Mrs. John—you are always in the way—Irish stupidity. Don't you see I want to pass you, to speak to that dear, fashionable Miss Crowden?" A gentle push—a very gentle push, admonished poor amazed Aurora that times were changed. From the petted, cherished, feted heiress, she had become an interloper—an alien. But who may follow the purse-proud vulgarities, the empty-purse assumptions, the mortifications, petty insolence, and long train of impertinences, which poor

Aurora, the sensitive, refined and high-born lady, had to contend with?

The speaking at her was far worse than speaking to her, and this was often done under the assumed guise of kindness. Mrs. Mornington would break in upon her daughter-in-law's morning retirement (how different to the manner formerly adopted!) exclaiming, "I have come, Mrs. John, to look after my poor boy's household! I hope you are economical; I know you Irish folks are often not very thrifty, though I suppose you were not accustomed to *very* good living in your father's house; but my son has been brought up in a luxurious way; all our friends are luxurious—the most charming people in the world. John might have loved, picked, and chosen whom he liked, poor, poor fellow"—here a deep sigh. "But, by the by, Mrs. John, excuse me, but I must say I do think it rather extravagant of you to wear that handsome silk in a morning."

"All my dresses are equally good," replied Aurora, rather distantly.

"Ay, ay," interrupted Mrs. Mornington, spitefully, "that old cheat Chatterbin, took care to bedizen you to good purpose; but, I presume, my son paid for this mourning, and these are hard times, Mrs. John—very hard times, I assure you."

Aurora glanced at her mother-in-law's Geneva veivets and golden chains, but held her peace.

John Mornington had taught her a salutary fear of offending; by what process, God grant gentle woman's heart may seldom know. But it had been instilled; and Aurora feared her husband's frown—feared his mother's tongue. Yet there was a look in Aurora's eye which quailed them—a steadfast look, not scornful, not contemptuous, no, because she was a wife; but it was a look which made Mrs. Mornington late her, and which made John Mornington assert his power, with loud-voiced authority, whenever an opportunity presented. He could not say, "I won't be backed at in that way, madam, I am not your inferior;" but he felt it at his heart, and the victim was in his power. Who could save her? Who could shield her? Who could pre-empt to hint that the husband's authority was unlawful, or the mother's contumely unjust?

"By the by, Aurora," said John, one evening, to his wife; (he was always late home now, irritable and harassed;) "by the by, didn't you see my friend, Philip Eardley, at that horrid old Chatterbin's—a one-armed fellow, but a fair enslaver, nevertheless. Bell Selby writes home that he is very sweet on Fanny; and as he is a monstrous 'cigarette,' I hope Bell may play her cards well, and bring him to the scratch. Do you remember him, Aurora?"

"Yes, John," faintly replied his wife.

"Yes, John," mimicked her husband; "why, what's the matter? Did he make love to you?"

There was no reply; and John became angry, repeating his question.

"Oh, please, John," pleadingly urged Aurora, "do not ask me such questions; indeed, I ought not to answer them." And she wept bitterly.

"I insist, madam, on knowing what took place between you and Mr. Eardley. Did he make love to you, madam, or did you make love to him?" cried John, violently.

"Be content, dear John, when I tell you that

nothing would have induced me to become Philip Eardley's wife," replied Aurora, gravely, and drying her tears.

John felt flattered by the preference she had accorded to him; and, his wrath being mollified, he laughingly remarked, "Well, well, Aurora, my love, don't make a fuss about it; 'twas very natural for Philip to fall in love with you; but you had better taste; and so there's an end of it. However, I hope Fanny won't be such a goose as to refuse him, because he's only one arm, poor fellow; things are not so bright just now, that such a chance for one of the girls ought to be thrown away." The latter portion of the sentence was muttered to himself, and John looked black and gloomy enough.

Mrs. Selby had established herself with the pretty Fanny at Naples, and there Philip Eardley became a constant visitor at her palazzo, being drawn thither in the first instance, by the agreeable conversation of Mrs. Selby, and afterwards attracted by the amiable and lively manners of Frances Mornington. That young lady, not being in the least degree shy or reserved, soon evinced a marked preference for Philip's society, and contrived to be so very sisterly, so very confidential and easy in her demeanour towards him, that the young sailor was led on unawares; and, before he well knew his own mind, found himself entangled in what promised to become a "remarkably serious flirtation," as the English gossips resident in Naples unanimously declared. At this juncture, Mrs. Selby received a letter from her mother, beseeching her, without delay, "to bring Fanny's matter to a crisis," and, if possible, to have the marriage solemnised without returning home. The reasons she assigned were of a strictly confidential nature; reasons, which too soon, however, were before the deluded public; but Mrs. Selby perused her mother's letter with dismay, and calling forth all her latent energies, set to work industriously, and with infinite tact, to bring about this most desirable end, so delicately referred to by Mrs. Mornington. Philip liked Fanny exceedingly, thought her a sweet, dear, natural girl, and often felt inclined to talk to her about Aurora's cruel treatment, and the aching void at his heart. But ere he could quite make up his mind to do this, he found himself one morning *te-a-tete* with Mrs. Selby, and ere they separated, he had pledged himself to make an immediate offer of his hand to Fanny, whose "happiness was at stake for life," Mrs. Selby had assured Philip. The offer was made, and cordially accepted; and Philip to his own surprise and consternation, found himself on the eve of matrimony. Mrs. Selby's talents for diplomacy were now brought into daily requisition, in order to hasten her sister's marriage; and so well did she exert them, that after a short engagement, and with apparent great reluctance on the part of the fair Frances herself, and little else on Mrs. Selby's, Philip carried his point, and after writing to Mr. and Mrs. Mornington for their consent, and receiving their letters of warm approbation in reply, ("settlements, and all that formal stuff," Philip said, "could wait till they returned to England,") the marriage was duly solemnised at the British Embassy. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Selby announced the necessity of her returning to England forthwith, on matters of business; but

she affectionately counselled Philip to remain abroad for some time longer; "Darling Fanny dated so on Italian life, and the climate so agreed with her sweet love." Philip did not like the idea of Mrs. Selby travelling home alone; but he was an easy-tempered being, and Fanny early began to rule. So the widow departed alone, full of anxiety to reach B —, and to gain an insight into the true state of affairs there. They were far worse than she had anticipated, and, full of horror, she almost regretted that she had returned to witness the downfall and disgrace that no longer could, by any possibility, be warded off. Aurora listened to her account of Fanny's brilliant marriage, with sensations indefinable to herself, so vague, contradictory, and mysterious they were. What was Philip to her, or she to him? The fearful gulf she had prayed for yawned betwixt them, when she became the wife of John Mornington. Then, wherefore this perplexity, this dull, stupefying pain, which gathered so darkly around her heart, when she thought of him loving, and wedded to another? Yet Aurora shrank from the sin of such contemplations, and her pure soul revolted at the bare idea of entertaining a passion so unallowed. But the thought flashed athwart her distressed and vexed mind, that if Dr. Progin was fallible, if there was no truth in his words, then what a life of folly had her's been, what remorse she had to endure, what a needless sacrifice had been achieved! It was but a lightning flash of thought, for, had it lasted longer, the poor victim had been struck down, dazzled and bewildered with the shock. But darkness followed, and superstition reigned triumphant, strangely united to a religious faith, which piously inclined her to believe all things possible with God, and that for the benefit of the human race he permitted his appointed agents to read the stars. And the wanderer, who dare doubt his power? Had he not read the glittering page with those wise ones of the East, whose memory is a possession for ever? Yes, and the talisman of the Golden Heart was the spell by which he wielded his power over the last of her race—the Irish Desmond. "Heart of clay, be strong and pure as thou art," cried the votary, pressing to her lips the talisman in secret, "and when I am no more, and my golden secret revealed to him who it most concerns, *then*, perhaps, a tear may fall for her who sacrificed hope and happiness to save the beloved of her soul."

Fond imagination! couldst thou have read futurity, poor Aurora, with what sickening disappointment thou wouldst assuredly have flung thy golden treasure where no human eye could ever pry into its contents.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a short calm after Mrs. Selby's return a hush before the storm broke in all its wild devastating fury. Who may describe the consternation and excitement which pervaded the cotteries of B —, when it was reported that Mornington's bank had stopped payment? In a short time the disastrous intelligence spread with certainty, coupled with rumors of the utter and deplorable ruin which must ensue to all connected with it. Whispers also began to circulate of Mr. Alfred's

disappearance; and at length it was openly promulgated that he had gone off to America, with a large sum of money in his possession. Where is Old Mornington? what has become of the old swindler? was heard on all sides from those whose property had been swallowed up. At his house out of town, skulking, and hiding his misery and disgrace? Yes, yes, there Old Mornington was found, but deaf to reproach, heedless of ruin; for he was found dead in his library, and, to all appearance, he had been dead for hours. An inquest was held, and a verdict returned of "Died by the visitation of God, occasioned by distress of mind inducing apoplexy." But wise folks shook their heads, and mysteriously hinted the dreadful affair had been hushed up; in short, that Mr. Mornington had put an end to his miserable existence. However, the jury expressed a different opinion, and they were quite as likely to be right as the sagacious persons who differed from them. The widow took refuge with her daughter Selby, and thither also repaired poor, silly, little Julia—now, for the first time in her life, made acquainted with real anguish. Stupefied, stricken down, and shrinking from the light of day, John Mornington covered beneath the blow, scarce understanding its full extent. His capacity, never very bright, and his appreciation of the banking details, never very clear, did not improve by calamity; and he was utterly incapable of affording information or assistance. The truth also became noised abroad that he had been cheated into marrying a penniless girl, whose heart he was breaking by unkindness, on discovering the imposition practised by Mrs. Chatterbin. It is astonishing how evil reports accumulate and fly. From the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, they gather and cluster round the fallen wretch. Vainly Aurora essayed to comfort her unhappy husband—in the day of adversity he had no prop whereon to lean, and he scorned to rest, even for a while, on gentle woman's soothing. He repulsed her with coldness, and, wrapt up in egotism and selfishness, moodily abstained from discussion of the past, or consultation as to their future hopes. Aurora was denied admittance at Mrs. Selby's; and in her own desolate home she awaited in silent suspense, from day to day, her husband's signal for removing from their luxurious abode. John had told her he was a beggar—irretrievably ruined and disgraced—and that he could not dig; to beg he was ashamed. What was to be done? Willingly John Mornington would have fled from B —, but he had no funds at his disposal. People rather felt for him too; he had been kept in the dark by his father and brother, and had no ill meaning about him. He gave up all he had in the world; he could do no more, and the tide of popular sympathy set in towards the junior partner of this once highly-estimated firm. That he was unkind to his wife was nothing; with domestic matters, the business world of B — had nothing to do. John had been amongst them all his life, and the "rich Morningtons" were associated with the local impressions of B — in their minds; therefore John was not so hardly dealt with as he might have been, and friends of the family came forward to assist him. In the course of a few months, Mrs. Selby turned her back on the scene of these family misfortunes, and, taking her sister

Julia as a companion, resorted to a distant watering-place, where she eventually fixed her residence. John, after removing to a humble house in a confined street, obtained a mercantile situation in B—, with a very moderate salary; for the present, Mrs. Mornington continued with her son; Mrs. Selby thought it better—she was so “unsettled;” and when dating Fanny and Philip returned to England, *they*, no doubt, would be so delighted to have mamma with them. Alas! Generil and Regan fled, and Fanny was to prove the Cordelia. Poor weak woman! Aurora pitied her deeply; endured patiently all her fretfulness and rude, insulting behaviour, and repaid it with attention, because she had fallen from a high estate, and the sympathies of a Desmond never failed under such circumstances. In her straitened home, on straightened means, Aurora first understood the bitter lesson of actual poverty; in the old chateau it had been a romance of poverty, never realized in cold, biting, petty details.

Besides, *then* she was a hopeful, young, and inexperienced girl, with life before her, and happiness too. Now, alas! how changed the aspect of all things! Mrs. Mornington, deserted by her former acquaintances, and not able to endure the mortifications heaped upon her, shut herself up in the small chamber appropriated for her use, waited on and tended by Aurora, whom she insulted and reviled on every opportunity; her time was passed in selfish lamentations, and in peevish complaints of bodily ailments—the consequence of increasing years and anxiety of mind.

John Mornington, not improved by adversity, began to contract habits of excess, ending in frequent inebriety, which shocked and afflicted his poor wife more than aught that had gone before. *She*—Nelly Blane’s princess of the ancient and chivalrous Desmonds—stood alone in her desolation, amid the ruins and wreck of her young life’s peace. But there was even then one drop of sweetness left in this brimming cup of bitterness. She had saved him, so fondly loved, from a threatened fearful doom; Philip Eardley was safe, though she was sacrificed. There was a secret clinging belief in poor Aurora’s inmost heart of clay, that Philip still cherished her memory—still remembered with tenderness the early love-dream, so transient and so beautiful; and that, when he learnt the truth (and he would learn it when she was no more), he would do her justice, and give a sigh for the hard and mysterious fate which had divided them. She judged of Philip by herself, and forgot how widely sundered, and how different were their paths through the wilderness; one beset with thorns and briars, the other strewn with flowers beneath summer skies. Far was it from Aurora’s pure mind to entertain a wish that Philip Eardley should cherish aught towards her inimical to his peace, or aught that was unhallowed in God’s sight. It was but a natural lingering weakness, scarce deserving the name of vanity, which made her sometimes think how he would feel and look if they ever met again. The experience was vouchsafed ere the contents of the golden heart were revealed.

In process of time, Mr. and Mrs. Eardley returned to their own land; Philip purchased an estate in the vicinity of the watering-place where Mrs. Selby had fixed her abode, and where Julia

still remained her companion in single blessedness. As to Alfred, he had disappeared in the gold regions, and Julia prognosticated that he would one day return triumphantly, and pay principal and interest, besides leaving enough to build a palace of the precious ore, studded with diamonds. Fanny had presented her husband with several fine children, and Aurora clasped to her bosom one little sickly, miserable infant, whom the father never noticed, and Mrs. Mornington detested, because it cried, and disturbed her rest; for the partitions of the ill-built house they inhabited were not thick enough to shut out such “domestic music.” Gladly her mother accepted Fanny’s procrustean invitation, to pay Philip and her a “long visit;” the children had been ailing, the mansion had been under repair, and various other items were enumerated, to account for the apparent neglect. Mrs. Mornington’s departure was a sensible relief to Aurora—it enabled her to devote more time to the poor babe, and she needed rest for herself. Rest! who would have recognized in the wasted shadow, cowering beneath her husband’s violence, the gay, beautiful creature, idling away her time in the sunny gardens of the old chateau, sitting about Dr. Pugin like a butterfly, and coaxing him to read the stas?—a moth fluttering around the flame to its own certain destruction.

John Mornington’s habits became more and more confirmed; he seldom returned home sober, usually late at night, from some disreputable orgies in the neighbourhood after business hours were over. Once, when Aurora gently remonstrated, the man struck her; from that hour she was mute, and death was written on her face.

John rarely heard from his sisters; and when they did write, Aurora was not named. Fanny’s epistles were filled with descriptions (which John never read) of her wonderful children; and Mrs. Selby’s contained good advice, and at Christmas a five-pound note for “dear John,” which dear John took care to pocket for his own especial behoof.

At length a Christmas tide approached, and the snow lay deep on the ground, and Aurora and her little son were almost as white as the snow—(the poor mother often yearned that together they might be swathed in the same shroud, ’twas so cold a world to leave him in)—when a letter, couched in brotherly terms, from Philip Eardley, addressed to John, and containing many kind messages from Fanny, was placed in Aurora’s hands by her well-pleased husband, whose anticipations resembled those of a schoolboy—inamunty from work, and lots of eating and drinking. The letter contained an urgent invitation to pass the Christmas week at Eardley Grange, including the trio—father, mother, and child. Aurora shrank from the meeting; she was ashamed of her husband—ashamed of her own bowed-down, shabby appearance, and, alas! ashamed of her wan and miserable-looking boy. But John listened not to objections—he was decided to go, and there was no appeal from his fiat.

The journey was performed in a stage-coach, as suited their scanty means; and at a certain point of the high-road, as evening was closing in, a luxurious carriage awaited their descent from the common vehicle, to convey them across the

country to Philip Eardley's seat. Cold and weary, the peevish child nestled in a soft corner, saying, "Mamma, why haven't you a nice carriage to ride in like this?"

Before Aurora could reply, her husband, with a hoarse laugh, interrupted her, exclaiming, "Way? you silly urchin, because she was a cheat, and her hide-us old aunt as well, that's why."

A timid and gentle "Oh! John, don't speak so to the child," produced a rude "Hold your tongue."

A tear on Aurora's white cheek was kissed off by her little boy, who, clasping his mother round the neck, whispered, "I know you're not a cheat, my own mamma; I love you so."

Aurora looked out in the cold prospect, and on the glittering snow; but it was congenial to her feelings, for there was a cold at her heart which no sunshine could eradicate and warm. "Poor little creature," she sighed inwardly, as the boy dosed in her arms, "what will become of you when I am gone? This is my last Christmas on earth; the snow will gather on my grave ere another season comes round."

The approach to the Grange was through a noble chestnut avenue, and the dwelling itself was a fine old structure of the Elizabethan era. It was Philip's home; it might have been her's—it had been offered to her. Poor Aurora, she was but human, and these and kindred thoughts crowded into her mind. A kind word, a pressure of the hand from her husband, had assisted to dispel them; it was not privation or even incessant anxiety which had brought Aurora low—it was the outraged and desolated spirit, scathed by the infliction of wrong. Her head swam and her footsteps faltered as, ushered into a spacious saloon, she found herself in the midst of a numerous company, though, as Fanny had said, they were strictly a family party. But the blooming children and their governess, according to custom, were in the apartment before dinner. Mrs. Selby and Julia also were there, and Mrs. Mornington, looking almost as consequential as in her palmy days. Aurora heard a well-remembered voice—she felt her hand kindly taken, and the voice said, "My old friend, Mrs. John Mornington. I am so glad to see you." And this was Philip's greeting to her, after years of separation: her who had died ten thousand deaths to save him. Aurora could not speak; but Philip had turned away to run after one of his saucy boys, who pulled pap's coat-tail.

"Philip, my love," cried his wife, in a peremptory tone, "don't make such a noise, you really encourage the children to be tiresome." Then, approaching Aurora, in a patronising way—the condescension of the rich towards the poor—the elegantly-attired lady mildly continued, "I am afraid you are not very strong, Mrs. John, or your little boy either; perhaps the journey has tired you. You would like to retire to your room, would you not? Pray, let me assist you, Mrs. Mornington." Aurora silently gazed on the speaker; she recovered now—the pang gave way to an unnatural calmness, when Philip's careless recognition was over. Fanny had grown stout, and really handsome; she looked supremely happy and contented, and her extremely beautiful children clustered round her, forming, as Mrs. Mornington declared, "a picture rarely to be seen, and worth

looking at." Philip, too, had become the portly papa, and his bronzed countenance beamed with contentment and good humour; and this was the lover of her youth, whom Aurora had often fancied retaining a secret and sacred remembrance of lost love. It was clear that if he did retain any remembrance of the circumstance, it was to be heartily ashamed of it, and to think what a fool the girl had been to refuse him, and marry John Mornington. There was not a turn of his eye, or a tone of his voice, to indicate that Philip Eardley contemplated Aurora with any other feeling than that of astonishment that such a personal change could be wrought in the course of years. A slight dash of pity, perhaps, mingled with his observation of her wasted form and pallid brow; but he knew that her husband had been "unfortunate"—not that it was possible John Mornington could be harsh or unkind. John was his darling Fanny's brother—John was Mrs. Selby's brother, and Julia's brother; and these ladies saw no fault in him: he had "a sickly, peevish wife," they said, "more the pity." There was not an individual present who believed the angel of death overshadowed them, gazing down with glassy eyes on the victim of a false faith. But she recognised the cold flapping of the dark angel's wings, and that cooled her burning brain and feverish pulse with assurances of soon being beyond the reach of mortal ills.

With real motherly feeling, Fanny regarded her shy little nephew; but the boy could not be induced for a long time to consort with his cousins. At length they won him over completely, and, being generous, high-spirited children, the amicable contention never was settled of which was to take especial charge of "poor little Johnny," because he was "so poorly, and so shy."

"It's quite dreadful to look at John's child," said Fanny to her husband, "it makes my heart ache, he looks so starved and wretched. I don't think he'll live long."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear," replied Philip, "you're so accustomed to see our own beauties, that you don't understand other people's children at all." And Philip proudly thought of his lovely and blooming flock.

"That's very true, my love," responded Fanny, "but I've been thinking it will be a kindness to John if we ask this poor little creature to stay a while with our darlings. He requires companionship and change, I'm sure. His mother was always very odd, very wayward, before she married John, and I'm sure it was a bad thing she ever did; for, as it turned out, John might have done much better for himself."

"She was a most lovely girl, my pretty Fanny," said Philip, patting his wife's cheek fondly, "and you know I had a weakness for her once myself, before I saw you."

"Stuff and nonsense, Philip," retorted Fanny, angrily—"weakness, indeed, just as if she would have refused you, if you had asked her."

Philip laughed; and had he not been so bronzed, he might probably have blushed; as it was, he did not think it necessary to disturb the flattering conclusion which his wife had arrived at, so he merely rejoined, "Well, poor thing, there's no trace of beauty left, she'll make nobody jealous

now; and as to her poor boy, keep him, by all means, my darling."

So the affair was arranged without even consulting Aurora. John was caressed and feted by all his affectionate relatives, but few troubled themselves about his wife—"she moped and sulked," Mrs. Selby declared, "quite annoyingly, evidently desiring to pass for a martyr. John ought to have had a fine, high-spirited, sensible woman for his wife, not a half-wild Irish girl, such as Mrs. John had been."

It was a long, long time ago, Mrs. Selby, since her you designate as "Mrs. John" was a wild, happy girl. It was difficult to recognise the Irish "princess" now in the broken-hearted, dying wife.

"And so, Johnny dear, I am to part with you, it seems," said Aurora tenderly to her child. "I am to return home without you; do you like best to stay here, dear?"

The boy hung his head, and for a long time kept silence; then, gently sliding his little thin hand into his mother's, he said, "I'll go home, mamma, if you wish me to go. But Gerald Eardley has got such a nice little brown pony of his very own, and he says, when the snow goes, I may ride on it whenever I like. Only think of that, mamma?"

The mother said no more; checking in a heavy sigh, the silent prayer arose, "Bring me to thyself, O God, in thine own way, and then in mercy take me home." It was difficult to analyse what train of subtle thought gave immediate rise to the heavy sigh and the silent prayer: could it be because her only child seemed so willing to resign her for mere selfish gratifications? Rare and charming to him, poor fellow, child of sorrow as he was, were these innocent pleasures; it was natural he should cleave to them—it was human nature. But of human nature Aurora was weary; there was not a green spot on earth whereon she could rest: and what if she had been a dupe of superstitious credulity?—what then? Why, then she had taken her fate into her own hands, and cast the ruling hand of Omnipotence aside? And what a destiny she had wove! But was it too late—even at this awful eleventh hour—to seek the Rock of ages, and there to build up a hope for eternity—to cast that fatal golden heart away, and in its place to clasp the priceless cross? No money needed to purchase that jewel beyond cost—nothing save a bleeding contrite heart of clay!

No lingering fond farewells detained Aurora a moment beyond the appointed hour of departure from the Grange. Little Johnny, happy, and surrounded by blooming companions, did not even cast a wistful glance towards his mother; and Philip Eardley, warmly shaking hands with John, as he escorted them to the carriage waiting to convey them to meet the stage, smilingly bade a careless "Good morning" to Aurora, and politely trusted she would soon recover her usual health. Oh, world, world, it is thy way! Thou foolish, blind, time-serving, tuft-hunting, deceitful, heartless, hollow world! There is no resting-place for the noble heart, self-sacrificing and grand, even in its folly!

Moody and discontented, John Mornington returned to his humble dwelling, doubly disgusted with the position he occupied, and more prone than ever to regard the hapless woman whom he had married as the author of much of his ill-

tune. His sisters and his mother continually told him how much better he might have done for himself; they forgot her beauty, her youth, her chance of being wooed in those bright early days for herself alone. What wonder they forgot all this, when Philip Eardley rejected those memories of youth with derision! Aurora entered their dark dwelling with a shudder: a darker one awaited her ere long, and the mortal frame recoiled from the contemplation. She must die alone; her pillow smoothed by the menial's hand, who, fortunately, beneath a rough exterior possessed a woman's heart. John seldom entered the sick woman's chamber, and, when he did, seldom sober: and thus old Nelly Blane's idol turned her face to the wall, and prepared to meet her God. Earthly joys and earthly sorrows faded—faded then to shadows vague and dim; and her last night on earth, slightly delirious, Aurora wandered in the gardens of the old chateau by moonlight, while from the dark forest re-echoed the angel hymns of paradise. She cried, "I am going into the dark shadows, but I am not afraid, for the angels are in the forest," and so fell asleep.

John was in a drunken stupor when she passed away; and the next morning the weeping servant girl, worn out with watching, used but little ceremony in acquainting him with the awful event.—For an hour or two he appeared stricken down with shame and grief; but old habits revived, ere "dust to dust" was pronounced over the remains of one who had indeed been a willing victim on the altar of a false faith—the loveliest and sweetest victim ever adorned for sacrifice with amaranth garlands.

To the hands of her humble attendant, poor Aurora had confided a small packet addressed to Philip Eardley, receiving the woman's promise to deliver it in person, and to repeat the mother's parting solemn benediction to her child. The promise was faithfully performed: and when Johnny heard that he never more would see his dear mamma, sorely he wept, and for long he refused to be pacified. But time worked swiftly with the child—can we wonder at this, when time works so swiftly with the man?—bearing healing on its wings, and dispensing balm.

Philip Eardley opened the packet addressed to himself with some curiosity and surprise; it contained a golden heart, accompanied by a letter, which had been written by Aurora, immediately after her return home, when she felt her end so rapidly drawing nigh. Its contents were these:

"Philip Eardley,—Long before I first saw you, this golden heart was worn next my own. It contains a slip of paper, on which is written the prediction of an astrologer—the Wanderer of ages. I promised never to reveal the prediction, save at the hour of death. When you read it, you read my life's history. Destroy it, unseen by ther eyes, and give the golden heart to my poor boy. My poor boy! From the grave I plead for him. Not because he is mine, but that he is the child of John Mornington. Save him from evil influence: keep him with your children, or place him at school. Frances has a mother's heart, and I commend the motherless child to your notice.

ATROIA MORNINGTON."

Philip was alone; yet with some confusion he opened the golden heart, and found the slip of

paper, which ran thus, written in minute, but fair characters—"Suffer not the hand to follow the gift of thy heart; or so surely shall the widow's coil encircle thy brow, and a bloody shroud swathe thy beloved, ere the May moon fade. *With thee he perisheth; without thee he prospereth.*"

In mute astonishment, Philip Eardley regarded the mystic paper, and at length he broke silence, exclaiming, "Can it be possible that Aurora Desmond actually believed this, and acted upon it? What a fortunate escape I had from a woman who could marry one man when she loved another.—It's quite complicated, when one thinks of her extraordinary delusion. I would not have my fair Fanny see *these* (and Philip cast Aurora's letter and the prediction into the fire together, where they speedily consumed) on any account whatever; she'd never cease her bantering. As to the poor boy, I suppose John Mornington can take care of his own child; however, I shall hear what Fanny says."

Fanny said, "It was very odd that Mrs. John had sent a trumpery locket to her husband, requesting him, indeed, to give it to the child. It was vastly romantic and dolorous, no doubt; but what had Philip to do with it?" As to little Johnny, he would be attended to, "of course;" and it was soon decided that it was quite time to send him to school—John Mornington, senior, being about to join his brother Alfred in the distant regions where the gold reapers congregate.

Ere Johnny completed his fourteenth year, he had bartered the golden heart for some school-boy's bauble; profoundly arguing that a knife with six blades, or such like acquisition, was of far more intrinsic value to him than a girl's ornament. He retained some recollection of a pale silent shadow, which used to glide round his bed, and always tend him with soft and fondling love, and Johnny opined it might be his mother. Such shadows haunt us all, perchance, sometimes; but how truly it has been remarked, that "the veil which conceals futurity was woven by the hand of Mercy."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

Who says a parent's heart must break,
A weeping mother sink?
A kinder, truer voice I hear,
Which e'en beside that mournful bier,
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink,
Bids weep no more—O hearts bereft,
How strange to thee that mournful sound,
Sad parents o'er their only son,
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round.

E'en such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight
On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some church-yard gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.
Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth
For their abiding place be made.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb;
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.
Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new braced and set
To run entire love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met.

K—.

THE AMPHIBIOUS CITY.

On a hot summer day, I left La Rochelle with my face to the north. This part of the western coast of France is very picturesque; but the picturesque was not my object just then. I merely wanted to see the birthplace of certain shell-fish which I had devoured with extraordinary satisfaction at the *table d'hôte* of the modest inn which I had selected with the befitting humility of a foot traveller. They were mussels; but such mussels!—so soft, so rich, so delicate of flavor! and, what was more they had a story, invested with almost a romantic interest. At any rate there was something to be seen where these mussels grew; something widely different, as I was told from the ordinary forms of the picturesque, of which I was by this time well nigh tired; and being then under the "curse of the wandering foot and weary breast," I once more adjusted my knapsack, poised my staff, and set forth to follow my fortune.

I had wandered about five miles along the coast in a northerly direction, when I reached the Bay of Aiguillon, a fine sweep of the ocean into the land between the departments of La Vendée and Charente Inférieure. From the summit of the cliffs that overhang the sea, the view was very imposing—in more senses than one, as will presently be seen. The bay, on the right, looked like an immense lake; while on the left was the long, low island of Rhé, with its picturesque ruins, the fortifications of St. Martin, and the open sea beyond. The sun was intensely hot, and I was glad to sit down in the shadow of the cliff, to enjoy the view at my ease, and to watch the movements of the human pigmies below, on the right, where stood a little fishing town called Esneades. The smooth waters of the bay resembled an immense mirror blazing in the sun; and this, with the excessive heat, fatigued, and at length made me drowsy. The movements of the little beings below became confused; my eyes slipped along the glittering surface of the waters, and then closed against the glare; in a very short time I was sound asleep.

I had been walking a good deal for many successive days, and was in some degree used up. My organism was, therefore, in need of repose, and took advantage of the opportunity. How long I remained in a state of unconsciousness I do not know, but I presume it must have been two or three hours at least. When at length I opened my eyes, and looked round, I was greatly at a loss to know where I was. It is true I had a very strong impression that I had come from La Rochelle that morning, and was now snugly

niched in a precipice: which was the fact. But an immense plain of waters, I recollected, had been below that precipice, and there was now no such thing. The expanse beneath was not merely dry land, but in the middle of it there was a city of some considerable magnitude, with regular streets of buildings running in parallel lines, and wide colonnaded vistas lessening and fading in the distance. That I was broad awake, there was no doubt. It was obviously a delusion, the notion that I was overhanging the sea; and I tried to remember where I ought to be. But facts were stubborn. There below, on the right, was still the town of Esnendes; here was the peak of Aiguillon, which gives its name to the bay: and on the left were the island of Rhé and the ocean beyond. But where were the smooth waters of the bay? Absorbed, no doubt, at ebb tide by the mightier waters of the sea: but what was that submarine city now risen from the deep? I thought at first of the mirage, and was almost loath to use my telescope, lest the fairy picture should vanish. But it stood the test. The buildings, the streets, the colonnaded vistas, all remained, not fragments and ruins of a submerged city, but hid out in a complete and regular plan, and—still more wonderful—crowded with a busy human population!

There appeared to be a considerable traffic of some kind carried on between this mysterious place and the shores of the bay, but its agents performed the journey in a curious manner. The plain of waters did not seem to have entirely dried up: for the whole surface of the expanse glittered here and there with what seemed to be lakes of soft mud, separated from each other by narrow tracks of a firmer consistence. Over the former great numbers of people glided swiftly in what may be termed *beat-velocipedes*; while the tracks of comparatively firm land were traversed by a few provided with a rude modification of snow shoes, and, as it was necessary for them to avoid the mud lakes, flitting in a zigzag line like so many daylight Will o' the Wisp. All this piqued my curiosity so much—for the imperfect account of the scene I had received at La Rochelle had by no means prepared me for the reality—that it was with huge strides I descended the steep to the town of Esnendes.

What I had seen was in reality an amphibious city—in one state of the tide submerged by the sea, and inhabited by millions of mussels and small fish, and in another state of the tide breathing the air of heaven, and affording a field for the enterprise and industry of men. The place was founded long ago by a wandering Irishman of the name of Walton, who at first made his living by catching sea-fowl with nets. This person, an observant, ingenious fellow, finding that the poles of his nets were quickly covered below the water, with marine vegetation containing vast quantities of mussel spawn, set himself to watch this product of the bay. He discovered that the mud mussels grew with singular rapidity, and became so fat and delicate, that the neighboring towns formed a most profitable market for all he could raise; and from that moment he had a new trade. But the numerous poles he fixed in the mud at low water were frequently unfortunate. Sometimes the waves of the sea came in swell-

ing and roaring, and did them great damage; and sometimes an unlucky vessel having misused in the night time the proper anchorage, was driven in among them by the wind, and carried all away.

But Walton was not discouraged. His plan was obviously defective, and it was necessary to offer a larger and more yielding surface to the tide, and yet to present it in such a way as to permit the least possible strain. He accordingly drew upon the muddy plain the initial letter of his name, W, the points being directed seaward, and the sides, several hundred feet in length, extending towards the inner part of the bay, so as to form an angle of from 40 to 45 degrees. Along each line, at intervals of three feet, he fixed strong and lofty posts, sinking them to half their length; and the spaces between he filled with long, pliant branches, forming a sort of close but yielding trellis-work. At the points of the W, which were open, he placed osier baskets to receive the fish which, imprisoned by the palisade, would flow out in that direction on the recess of the tide; and lastly he fastened to the interior old nets of small mussels gathered on the coast, which he knew would attach themselves to the palisade, and fatten and refine in the civilizing mud. This first W he called a *bouchot*, from a Celtic word signifying "wooden enclosure," and it retains the name to this day. His day, however was long ago, and important changes have since occurred. The construction, which was placed exactly 1246 fathoms from Esnendes, in honor of the year in which it was commenced, is now unvisited by the sea, and a meadow flourishes on its site; while far out in the bay—from two to three miles—between 300 and 400 other *buchots* imitate so exactly, at low water, the appearance of a town, that even a spectator standing on the shore might be deceived.

To cross these miles of mud might seem a dangerous service, but the people of Esnendes think nothing of it. The more substantial proprietors have a vehicle they call a *pousse-pied*, formed of three light thin planks, one for the bottom and the others for the sides. These are closed by a square stern—supposing the thing to be a boat—and a slightly elevated bow, allowing it to slide along the mud. Having carried this peculiar set-out on his shoulders to the bay, the proprietor places in it his baskets, and then, kneeling in it with his right leg, and leaning both hands on the sides, he strikes out with his left upon the mud in the fashion of a frog when swimming, and away he goes with a speed which has been likened to that of a horse at full trot. To give an idea of the consistence of the surface, I may mention that neither the tracks of the boat nor of the foot (shod with a triple sole) are obliterated, and yet it would be impossible to walk upon the mud. Some others, however, as I have mentioned—provided with a peculiar kind of shoe, or rather skate, the bottom of which is a flat piece of thin wood elevated at the point—balancing themselves with outstretched arms, glide along other portions of the surface that are somewhat hardened by a greater proportion of sand. But both require to be rapid and incessant in their several motions; and the whole scene brings to mind the journeying of Satan across Chaos—

So eagerly the fiend,
O'er bog or steep, through, straight, rough, dense, or
rare
With head, heels, wings, or feet, pursued his way;
And swims or sinks, or walks, or creeps, or flies.

I slept that night at Esnendes; and the next afternoon, when looking at the stir into which the place was thrown by the sudden rush towards the bay of many hundreds of the inhabitants, I determined to make one of the company, and visit the amphibious city. The *pousse-pied* I could not venture upon; but having provided myself with a pair of mud-skates, which cost less than a franc, I thought if I only followed the tracks of the rest, I could run no peculiar risk. In this idea I was encouraged by the crowd; and one motherly old woman assured me, that if *monsieur* could only keep moving like the rest, and to be sure to return before dusk, and before the mud began to feel the approaching tide, there was no danger in the world. Behold me, then, after looking for a while at the uninviting waste, "pondering my voyage," at length take heart of grace, and dash gallantly off in the wake of a stout young fellow, a skater like myself.

I was at first a little nervous, as I found myself absolutely committed to the adventure, and as I saw the mud lakes around me tremulous even from the weight of the *pousse-pieds* that flew along their surface; but there was nothing difficult in the use of the skates, and very soon I found recreation in the exercise, and interest in the strangeness of the scene. When arrived at our destination, I found the place nothing more than what I have described; yet it was amusing to flit from *buchot* to *buchot*, and watch the quantities of fish taken in the baskets, the mature mussels gathered in the interiors, and the whole deposited in the *pousse-pied*—every thing being necessarily done with a haste and restlessness ("like a hen on a hot griddle") which made me laugh aloud sometimes, both at my comrades and myself. The importance of this curious branch of industry may be understood, when I mention that it produces half a million of francs in the year, and supports 3,000 persons.

My attention was so much occupied with the novelties of the scene, that I was quite insensible of the lapse of time; and surrounded by a crowd of busy men intent on nothing but their occupation, I did not observe the gradual withdrawal of the few who were unprovided with *pousse-pieds*. Chancing to look round, however, I descried a thin silvery haze advancing from the seaward quarter, and pointed it out to those nearest me; who thereupon demanded suddenly, what I did there so late? I at once turned a somewhat startled glance towards the shore, and saw that the nearest of the skaters was a good mile off.

"*Monsieur* need not be alarmed," said an old man, observing my change of countenance: "the haze has nothing to do with the tide; but if allowed time to gather, it might obscure the tracks that are safe for mud-skates."

"And you," said I, "all of you?"

"We are safe," replied the old man, and shall be at home yet before you foot travellers. If caught in the mist, we could find our way were it as dark as night; and even if overtaken by the tide on a calm evening like this, we are in no danger, for our *pousse-pieds* are water-tight, and

each being provided with a pair of paddles, it can be used as a canoe by a man of proportionate weight." By this time the group around us seemed to have become alarmed on my account; and separating in different directions, I could hear them shouting: "*Michel! Michel!*"

"They will find him," said the old man, "for poor *Michel* makes it a point of honor to stay and have a race with the *pousse-pieds*. But take care he does not outrun you—that is all you have to fear, for he knows the bay better than any of us." While he was yet speaking, the crowd came back, some coaxing, some driving before them, a young lad apparently about eighteen. His legs, arms, and neck were bare; flowers were knotted in his long unkempt locks; and his wandering, vacant, yet pleasing eyes, shewed that whatever knowledge he possessed was that of instinct not intellect.

"He will guide you safely," cried they, "there is plenty of time before the tide. Away, *Michel*. *Bon voyage, monsieur.*" But *Michel* hung back with the sullen look of a child who had been disappointed of his favorite pastime; till one of them gave him a lash on the bare legs with a rope—more severe, possibly, than he intended—and the poor maniac sprang forward with a yell of mingled rage and pain. I followed instinctively. My only aim was to keep up with him, for I remembered the warning of the old man; but, as if divining this, he glided out of my way, taking a course which I was persuaded was intended more to lengthen than abridge the journey. For a moment I hesitated as to whether I should not trust to my fortune alone, but whether influenced by prudence or cowardice, I decided that this was hopeless; and on the instant, instead of following him round a narrow mud pool, I dashed desperately across it, and succeeded in catching firm hold of him. Loud laughed *Michel* his applause at this daring feat; and on we flew, arm in arm, over the quivering waste—Folly guided by Madness.

It was but rarely I dared to raise my eyes from the track; but I saw enough of what was beyond to be aware that the haze was gathering fast, that it already rendered it impossible even to guess at the distance of the lofty steeps bordering the bay, and that to seaward all was a boundless expanse of trembling vapor. I was fairly panic-stricken; and when voices, shouts, and wild halloos came floating on the thick air, telling of the passage of the train of *pousse-pieds*, I was utterly unable to determine whether the sound was behind, or before, or around me. This was partly owing to the erratic course and abrupt turns of my companion, who was either unable or unwilling to comprehend what I said to him, and of whose gibberish I did not understand one word; but at length, when the land had been entirely swallowed up in the mist, now darkened by the falling of the dusk, I felt an intense consciousness that we were sweeping out to sea to meet the returning tide.

I became desperate. I shouted in *Michel's* ear till he laughed, and then gripped him by the arm with a force that made him yell. He spoke loud and volubly; pointed resolutely before him as if asseverating something that should dispel my doubts and fears; and quickened his already

headlong pace, till my breath began to fail like my courage. And then a voice came upon my ear—a long, low, desolate, wailing sound, which I felt to be the voice of the tide. There were no longer sandy tracks; all was mud, which grew softer and softer at every flying step; and at length, as a wilder roar came from the open sea, which dispelled all doubt, if any had remained, I was about to throw the maniac from me in horror and despair, when, with a cry of exultation, he sprang upon a tall pole which suddenly appeared beside us, as if growing out of the desert of mud. Even then I was almost too late, for my strength had failed; and if Michel had not grasped me by the collar, I could not have climbed, even with the aid of the sticks that were nailed rudely across the pole to serve as steps.

I think I must have been for a certain time in a state of insensibility; for when I became cognizant of what was around me, I saw that the desert of mud was now a waste of foaming waters. The rising wind came in from the sea to the assistance of the tide; and breaking here and there the clouds that had covered the sky, allowed the broad, full, newly-risen moon to throw down a fitful gleam upon the scene. We were midway between the two sides of the bay, far to seaward of Esnendes; and before, behind, and around us, there was an expanse of rushing waters, breaking ahead in white crested waves. The pole to which we clung was obviously a beacon for the guidance of vessels in the daytime; and there was attached to it at the top a long, narrow streamer of white bunting. Such were the details revealed to me by a sudden glare of moonlight, which vanished in a few seconds, leaving everything in obscurity as before, relieved only by the white foam of the billows, as they broke with a rush and a roar at the entrance of the bay.

Michel had gained his object. The pole was what he had pointed to in the distance as the goal of our journey; and perhaps the idea of reaching it had flashed into his disturbed brain at the same moment the savage lash overturned the ordinary movement of his thoughts or instincts. But the maniac was now in his element. Joy like his I never saw before or since; and at every new apparition of the moon, he burst into wild laughter, clapped his hands, and yelled forth a fragment of a church hymn, in a voice so clear, so piercing, so unearthly, that I was struck with awe as I listened. Then he swung the pole madly to and fro; and the water having by this time reached our feet, the final moment seemed at hand. The imminence of the peril recalled me fully to my senses. Though with hardly a ray of hope, I was determined to cling to life as long as possible. By means of severe blows and stern words, I taught Michel that he was not to move hand or foot, and with the narrow streamer I bound both him and myself securely to the pole. But the sea, by and by, was as wildly mischievous as the maniac; for the waves came on with redoubled force, bending backwards our frail support till we overhung the hissing waters. Had it not been for the well fastened knots of the bunting, I for one should have been very soon finding my way back to the amphibious city.

The bay being of almost the same depth throughout, the water was slow in rising; but still, when it was little higher than our knees, the spray broke so violently in our faces, that I sometimes thought we should be drowned long before the tide overtopped our heads. The wind had risen; the clouds had thickened and blackened in the sky; and the moon was rarely visible. What fancies came over me, as I hung there, helpless and hopeless! What phantoms flitted through the gloom! What memories rose upon my soul? My whole life was gathered into that span; and the dead, the living, and the unborn, crowded around me. Sometimes I heard voices calling, and I hailed in return; sometimes a ship's boat drove against the pole, and, extending my hand to seize hold of her, I grasped only empty water. Higher came the tide—higher—higher. The water was in my throat, it hissed in my ears, and I prepared for the death which was now so close at hand. Michel was still singing his wild songs, still laughing through the spray, still enjoying the recreation he had sought. My heart at that moment softened toward the poor fellow; and I thanked God for the compensations that, from time to time, must have thrown a heavenly sunlight over a fate apparently so dreary and forlorn.

My struggles became easier as my mind became more tranquil. The tide had reached its culminating point; the wind decreased; and as the fear of suffocation at length vanished, I yielded to the sense of fatigue, and fell into a kind of stupor between sleeping and waking. This must have lasted many hours; for when I was at length roused by a violent tugging and screaming, I found, on opening my eyes, that it was broad daylight, and that the waters had retired anew into the depths of the sea. Michel had fortunately been unable to undo the knots of the bunting, and he pointed impatiently towards Esnendes and then to the opening of the bay—informing me, doubtless, in his unintelligible gibberish, that it was now ebb-tide, and time for us to return from our little excursion.

I need not say with what gratitude, mingled at first with almost incredulity, I found myself once more on dry land! It was my intention to take Michel to the inn, and to give him a comfortable meal, but he escaped from me the moment we entered the town. I learned that he was the only son of a widow who, having become paralytic, was supported by the community. But this kind of support implied neither hardship nor degradation. No one in the place was poor but through the visitation of God, and all such were looked upon not only with kindness, but respect. They were accustomed to stand in a line on the beach when the fishermen returned from the bouchots; and each man, in passing, presented them with a handful of mussels and another of small fish, the first-fruits of his expedition. In addition to this bounty, the surplus of which supplied them with other necessities, the good wives of Esnendes, when giving in the bi-weekly bakings to the public oven, always broke off a piece of the dough for the basket of the poor; from which the baker, as his contribution, prepared an immense loaf, to be divided among the pensioners. All this appeared to me to be done with infinite kindness and good-will, both men and matrons seeming to think that the

voluntary offering of a part drew down a blessing upon the rest. Michel, upon the whole, was not uncomfortably situated, for he worked hard in the service of the fishermen, and was generously rewarded. His malady, I was told, was always at its height during the full of the moon; and the present was not the only occasion on which he had passed the night on the beacon pole. A long interval, however, had elapsed since his last escape, and the fishermen had ceased to watch him.

Such was my visit to the Amphibious City. It was productive, it must be owned, of more fatigue and terror than I had anticipated. But, for all that, I say still, the mussels of Aiguillon are excellent.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE OLD CHURCH.

I stood within those ancient walls, time's ruthless sway I felt.—
 The curtain'd niche was still unchanged wherein my childhood knelt;
 Where girlhood's thoughts of vanity roamed from the sacred shrine—
 Oh memories how full and deep through this changed heart of mine!
 Before that solemn altar my young sister knelt a bride;
 I viewed the gallant company with childish glee and pride:
 With wreaths of fairy roses, and tears so strangely springing,
 I sported down the sombre aisles while marriage-peals were ringing.
 And again at that old altar, in the spring-time of my youth,
 Robed in the mystic veil, I heard confirmed my vows of truth:
 'Mid bands of young companions and hand in hand with one,
 Whose sweetness even then was doomed—whose death-call forth had gone.
 Within those sacred walls I knelt a newly-wedded wife,
 With girlhood's smiles yet lingering, and hope, still charming life:
 The old familiar faces! That look good-by with pain,
 May ne'er look on their changed brow, nor I on theirs' again!
 And now within this noble pile, once, once again I kneel—
 Father! 'tis thou alone can'st know the pangs thy creatures feel;
 Fond memories are clinging fast, dark shadows claim their sway;
 Long years have passed—one vivid dream—since childhood's careless day!
 All is unchanged within these walls, all as in days of yore;
 And so 'twill be in future years when I shall be no more;
 And plaints as mournful as my own, from living ones that come,
 Will sound, old church, within thy aisles, like voices from the tomb.

EXTRAORDINARY IMPOSTURE.

In the quiet village of Shottisham, in Suffolk, a young girl is now engaged in an imposture of a most extraordinary kind—only rendered more so by the tender interest which she is fitted in other respects to excite. Her parents are in humble life, but admitted to be persons who have heretofore borne an irreproachable character. Elizabeth Squirrell, for such is her name, gave early tokens of superior intellect, and during two years of schooling, between the tenth and twelfth of her age, made singular progress, spending most of her spare time in reading. She became acquainted with history and the works of the English poets, and devoted much attention to matters connected with religion. At length, as sometimes happens with brilliant pupils, illness, in the form of a spinal affection, obliged her to leave school. After being treated for some time in an hospital, she was taken home, and there speedily became worse. Being assailed with locked-jaw, she could obtain sustenance only from milk poured into her mouth; and this was taken in such small quantities, that her death was daily expected. Still she lived on for many weeks, though deprived, it was alleged, of the powers of seeing and hearing. At midsummer, 1851, she recovered from locked-jaw, but continued, as was given out, to live without solid food.

The case now attracted general attention, and many persons came to see her. They found her in an humble apartment, placed on a bed with pillows to raise her head, and carefully attended by her parents. Her air of resignation, a spiritual grace beaming from her countenance, and the high tone of her religious expressions, added to the interest excited by her alleged abstinence from solid food. Her prayers were particularly admired for beauty of language, as well as elevation of thought. She told her visitors that she had had a vision of angels, and one of them had undertaken to be her guardian. She prayed that, for the confirmation of her tale, some manifestation might be made by this tutelary spirit; and in time this prayer appeared to be granted. A small drinking-glass of antique construction, which stood by her bedside, seemed to give forth faint sounds, which she said were produced by her angel brushing it with his wing. The visitors, especially such as were of a devout frame of mind, listened with wonder to these sounds, and many became convinced that a true cause had been assigned to them.

All through the winter of 1851-2, Elizabeth Squirrell continued in this state, an object of infinite local wonder, though not as yet alluded to in the public prints. At length, early in summer, her mother announced that the milk had ceased to nourish her, and she thenceforward lived without food of any kind. This of course increased the public curiosity, and an immense afflux of visitors was the consequence. Some of these, almost as a matter of course, gave money to the mother, and it has been alleged that a considerable revenue was thus realised by the family; but, on the other hand, the mother has indignantly denied this allegation, and stated that the whole sum did not exceed £7. Clergymen, and other persons of the upper ranks of society,

were among the visitors of the Squirrel cottage, and all came away with a feeling of deepened interest, owing as much to the beautiful expressions which flowed from the child's lips, as to anything of a more marvellous nature connected with her. On being asked when her present extraordinary state would end, she said: "Oh, in my triumphant entrance into glory!"

As might be expected, many of the visitors beheld the whole case with something more than doubt, and were anxious to subject its genuineness to some decided test. It was arranged that two women should remain with the girl as a watch for a week. They did so, one relieving guard with the other, and, at the end of the appointed term, returned with the report, that no food had passed the child's lips during that time. Doubts being still entertained, it was resolved by a committee of gentlemen, that they should themselves mount guard upon the bed of the ecstatic, and minutely chronicle every event that took place. This watch was commenced on Saturday the 21st of August by two gentlemen, who remained at the cottage till the ensuing Thursday, without observing anything of a suspicious nature. They were then relieved by two clergymen, Messrs. Webb and Whitby, the former of whom was more than usually sceptical. While Mr. Webb was absent for a walk, the father came into the child's apartment, and addressing Mr. Whitby complainingly on the scepticism which had been shewn regarding his daughter, proposed that they should seek the blessing of God. He immediately commenced a prayer of great fervour, which extended to a considerable length. In the midst of it, the suspicions of Mr. Whitby were excited by a circumstance, of which Mr. Webb was likewise disagreeably sensible the moment he re-entered the room. Nevertheless, on the bed being searched by the nurses, nothing unusual was discovered. The watchers, being still unsatisfied, called in a medical gentleman, named Francis, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and a new search was instituted. It ended in the discovery of a bundle between the child's arm and body, and which she made great efforts first to conceal, and finally to retain. On its being opened, upwards of twenty pieces of old dress were found, offering indubitable evidence that digestion had taken place, and, consequently, that food must have been received by the stomach. The parents seemed overwhelmed by this discovery; but Elizabeth only folded her hands, and said: "I commit myself to the care of my guardian angel, and know that God will take care of me."

The watching committee now quitted their charge, under the belief, that sufficient evidence had been found that the child did not live without food. The Squirrels made efforts, through the newspapers, to arrest the judgment pronounced against them by the public; and a medical gentleman, named Matcham, announced his conviction, that the testimony against the girl was at least defective; pointing particularly to the fact, that the evidence of the cloths did not apply to a recent date. The decision of the watching committee, as expressed in a report they drew up, nevertheless was, that Elizabeth Squirrel did not practise that system of total abstinence from food which

she pretended to, and that she was capable of both seeing and hearing.

It does not appear that this decision has either stopped the child in her course of deception, or settled the curiosity or the faith of the public in regard to the case. Two or three weeks after the events above detailed, the Rev. Mr. Erskine Neale paid her a visit, which he has described in a volume recently published by him.* We give his statement, with a little abridgment: "I found Elizabeth," says he, "lying on her low pallet-bed, in a small but neatly-arranged room, on the ground-floor of a little cottage, encircled with a garden. The hour was early, but a group of visitors was assembled round her. The attendance she needed was supplied by her mother, who stood at the back of her bed, ministering kindly and sedulously to her wants. The appearance of this widely-controverted personage, by some so greatly caressed, by others so severely stigmatised, is beyond question most prepossessing. She has a very gentle, intellectual, and highly devotional cast of countenance; and her voice, clear, sweet, and touching in its tones, is susceptible of very effective and very impressive modulation. The day was warm, and a parasol lay open upon the bed, to which her mother told me recourse was had to screen her from the light. This, to a person perfectly blind, seemed to me a superfluous precaution; and I said as much. The explanation given was, that the sensitiveness of her skin was extreme; and that the sun's rays seemed to scorch her where they fell. Her countenance was plump; her skin moist and warm; pulse, 85; and what struck me as most unusual, after such lengthened and close confinement to her couch, no excoriation or abrasion of the skin apparent, or complained of. By her side was the old-fashioned drinking-glass, of which so much has been said; which rang out when brushed by an angel's wing, and audibly gave response to prayer! It stood on a little deal-box by her bedside, containing letters and papers and manuscripts, among which was a letter to Elizabeth from the Rev. Thomas Spencer, the temperance advocate, couched in the kindest and most sympathising terms. Our interview was long, for I wished to arrive at some definite conclusion, and thought it sad, that, if a case of well-contrived imposture, religion should be so largely mixed up with its details. I asked her—the finger-alphabet was used—whether she thought she should ever eat again? She replied with emphasis, and with an expression of countenance very animated and very pleasing: 'Never, never, till I eat of the new bread, and drink of the new wine, in the kingdom of my Father.' Now, if the whole affair was based on fraud, there seemed something frightfully blasphemous in this reply. I looked at her again. Her face bore no trace of emaciation. No mark of suffering, or pain, or famine was visible. It was the plump, fleshy face of a smiling, happy girl. She went on after a pause. 'I loathe food altogether. The very sight of it disturbs me. Far from wishing to partake of food, the very mention of it disgusts me.' The mother then added, deliberately and firmly: 'Nothing, either solid or liquid, I SOLEMNLY declare, has passed my poor girl's lips

* The Summer and Winter of the Soul.

for seventeen weeks.' The next question was:—"What object do you think THE SUPREME has to answer by keeping you in this state?" "To make His power known; to shew what He can do; to shew that, with food or without it, He can support the frame." "Do you wish to be released?" After a pause: "I have no wish at all on the subject. I form none. My only wish is to lie passive in the hands of God, to do and suffer His will. If the moving of a finger would suffice to alter my state, to restore me or to release me, I would not make the effort. Sufficient for me to know I am in MY FATHER'S HANDS!" The calm, gentle, and submissive tone in which this was uttered was very touching, and the uplifted eye and devotional expression with which it closed carried the feelings of her hearers involuntarily with the speaker. If acting, no Sidons need have disclaimed it! . . . Her mother then, with considerable tact, as if to escape from a painful subject, and divert her daughter's thoughts, asked Elizabeth to repeat her poem on blindness. She complied. The lines were not many, but the images they embodied were striking, and recited as they were with good taste and emphasis, and in a full melodious voice, told greatly in her favour. One of the party asked her—the mother interpreting by means of the finger-alphabet—whether time did not pass heavily during this long confinement. She replied: "No; I am constantly attended by my guardian angel. *I see him now.* Closely, most closely connected are the visible and the invisible world. You can form no idea of the beauty and earnestness of the countenances of the angelic host. One of that glorious retinue is always hovering around me. *He is with me now.*" This was said calmly, slowly, and impressively; without any rant, or any mock display of feeling, but as the deep and settled conviction of a thoughtful mind. This introduced the subject of the glass. . . . The mother of Elizabeth said it had belonged to her parents. While examining it, one of the party put this question to the sufferer: "Do you consider your life as prolonged or sustained by supernatural influence?" "No, no," was the answer: "I have always objected to that conclusion." "What, then, sustains you?" "The air: I feed on that, and that alone." She then added: "But the question, the material question, is this: do I or do I not hold spiritual and intimate communication with Heaven? I maintain solemnly that I do." The tone and earnestness with which this latter asseveration was made were remarkable. The gentleman before alluded to—I know not his name, but for distinction's sake let us call him 'Mr. Grey'—here said: "This glass, and the legend connected with it, throw great doubts on your story. It is a stumbling-block with many. Why not remove the glass elsewhere? Place it, let me suggest, in some other corner of the house." This advice was communicated to Elizabeth, who said, with much dignity and emphasis: "No: it SHALL NOT be moved. Its place is by my side. There it received direct communications from Heaven, and there it shall remain." Mr. Grey then proposed to take it away, or to break it then and there, promising both mother and daughter that he would replace it by another, or give them its value in money. The mother communicated this proposal

to Elizabeth. In most peremptory terms, she forbade the exchange, and declared in unequivocal language how distressing the destruction of the glass would be to her; adding: "It has been the honored medium of communication between Heaven and myself, and its destruction would be heinous sin." In the unwillingness of the daughter that the glass should be removed, destroyed, or in the slightest degree injured, the mother vehemently coincided. The interview had now lasted nearly three hours, and I took my leave with saddened feelings. It was a grievous spectacle. Before me was a noble intellect. Intimate knowledge of Scripture—great command of diction—an imagination fertile in images—and a most winning and graceful delivery—all these were there, and each all wrecked hopelessly and irretrievably. The web of deceit was woven around all. I was convinced she saw. I was convinced she heard. How she was sustained in being without food was a medical question: with that I had nothing to do."

It is difficult to imagine the state of mind, a mixture of religious exaltation, vanity, and love of excitement, which can lead a young person into a course, attended by so much personal inconvenience, and in which detection is so probable in the long-run, and so certain to be attended with a crushing effect. But we know very well that such things are within the compass of human nature. There is one proof of the subjective character of all such phenomena, which we wonder has never been thought of by any of the good people who have gone to see Elizabeth Squirrell. When such a case happens on the continent, the patient always has visits of the Virgin Mary. Now, Squirrell's other-world experiences are all of a strictly Protestant order. A Squirrell in Italy would probably have had "the five wounds" marked in the appropriate parts of her person. Squirrell, in Suffolk, only sees an angel; she is strictly evangelical in her illusions or deludings. This might be a lesson, too, for the worthy people who are so often imposed upon by ecstasies in Catholic countries—namely, that the analogous persons in England never see the Virgin, and never manifest any especial tendency to miraculous representations of the physical sufferings of Christ; things which, as is well known, are much more dwelt on in their literal character by Catholics than by Protestants.

As for the deception in question, it is not worth while pursuing its history further. We may just mention, however, that at a meeting in Ipswich, held for the purpose of examining the phrenological character of the girl's head, a circumstance was mentioned which was conclusive, even with the most credulous. The wife of a dyer stated, that she had called at the house one day and left a veil, which had been under her husband's treatment. Having occasion to return in a few minutes, she entered the room suddenly, and found the blind saint with a mirror before her adjusting the veil on her head and shoulders!—*Chambers' Journal.*

True living is not thinking what to act, but acting what we dare to think.

Love, only, unlocks the door upon that futurity where the isles of the blessed lie like stars.

AN ODD ADVENTURE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

THE three brothers slept lying along the ground within a few feet of one another. Their tent was gone, and, of course, they were in the open air. They were under a large spreading tree, and, wrapped in their blankets, had been sleeping soundly through the night. Day was just beginning to break, when something touched François on the forehead. It was a cold, clammy object; and, pressing upon his hot skin, woke him at once. He started as if a pin had been thrust into him; and the cry which he uttered awoke also his companions. Was it a snake that had touched him? François thought so at the moment, and continued to think so while he was rubbing his eyes open. When this feat was accomplished, however, he caught a glimpse of some object running off that could not be a snake.

"What do you think it was?" inquired Basil and Lucien, in the same breath.

"A wolf, I think," replied François. "It was his cold nose I felt. See! yonder it goes. See—see—there are two of them!"

François pointed in the direction in which the two animals were seen to run. Basil and Lucien looked, and saw them as well. They were about the size of wolves, but appeared to be quite black, and not like wolves at all. What could they be? They had suddenly passed into a darker aisle among the trees, and the boys had only caught a glimpse of them as they went in. They could still distinguish their two bodies in the shade, but nothing more. What could they be? Perhaps javalies? This thought, no doubt, occurred to the brothers, because of their late adventure with these animals.

"They are too large, and run too clumsily, for javalies," said Lucien.

"Bears!" suggested François.

"No, no; they are not large enough for bears."

All three were puzzled.

They had risen upon their hands and knees, disencumbered themselves of their blankets, and each had grasped his gun, which they always kept close by them when asleep. They remained in this position, straining their eyes up the gloomy alley after the two black objects, that had stopped about fifty yards distant. All at once the form of a man rose up before them, and directly in front of the animals. Instead of retreating from the latter, as the boys expected, the upright figure stood still. To their further astonishment, the two animals ran up to it, and appeared to leap against it, as if making an attack upon it. But this could not be, since the figure did not move from its place, as one would have done who had been attacked. On the contrary, after a while, it stooped down, and appeared to be caressing them!

"A man and two dogs," whispered François; "perhaps an Indian!"

"It may be a man," returned Lucien, also speaking in a whisper. "I know not what else it could be; but those are no dogs, or I never saw such."

This Lucien uttered with emphasis, and in a

serious tone, that caused the brothers to draw closer to each other.

During all this time Marengo stood by, restrained by them from rushing forward. The dog had not awakened until the first cry of François roused him. He was wearied with the long gallop of the preceding days; and, like his masters, had been sleeping soundly. As all started almost simultaneously, a word from Basil had kept him in; for to this he had been well trained; and without a signal from him he was not used to attack any creature, not even his natural enemies. He, therefore, stood still, looking steadily in the same direction as they, and at intervals uttering a low growl that was almost inaudible. There was a fierceness about it, however, that showed he did not regard the strange objects as friends. Perhaps he knew what they were better than any of the party.

The three mysterious creatures still remained near the same spot, and about fifty yards from the boys. They did not remain motionless, however. The two smaller ones ran over the ground—now separating from the upright figure, and then returning again, and appearing to caress it as before. The latter now and then stooped, as if to receive their caresses, and, when they were not by, as though it was gathering something from the ground. It would then rise into an upright position, and remain motionless as before. All their manoeuvres were performed in perfect silence.

There was something mysterious, awe-inspiring in these movements; and our young hunters observed them not without feelings of terror. They were both puzzled and awed. They scarcely knew what course to adopt. They talked in whispers, giving their counsels to each other. Should they creep to their horses, mount, and ride off? That would be of no use; for if what they saw was an Indian, there were no doubt others near; and they could easily track and overtake them. They felt certain that the strange creatures knew they were there—for indeed their horses, some thirty yards off, could be plainly heard stamping the ground and cropping the grass. Moreover, one of the two animals had touched and smelt François; so there could be no mistake about it being aware of their presence. It would be idle, therefore, to attempt getting off unawares. What then? Should they climb into a tree? That, they thought, would be of just as little use; and they gave up the idea. They resolved, at length, to remain where they were, until they should either be assailed by their mysterious neighbours, or the clearer light might enable them to make out who and what these were.

As it grew clearer, however, their awe was not diminished; for they now saw that the upright figure had two thick, strong-looking arms, which it held out horizontally, manoeuvring with them in a singular manner. Its colour, too, appeared reddish, while that of the small animals was deep black! Had they been in the forests of Africa, or South instead of North America, they would have taken the larger figure for that of a gigantic ape. As it was, they knew it could not be that.

The light suddenly became brighter—a cloud having passed off the eastern sky. Objects could be seen more distinctly, and then the mys-

tery that had so long held the young hunters in torturing suspense was solved. The large animal reared up, and stood with its side towards them; and its long-pointed snout, its short erect ears, its thick body and shaggy coat of hair, showed that it was no Indian nor human creature of any sort, but a *huge bear standing upright on his hauns!*

"A she-bear and her cubs!" exclaimed François. "Bat see!" he continued, "she is red, while the cubs are jet black."

Basil did not stop for any observation of that kind. He had sprung to his feet and levelled his rifle, the moment he saw what the animal was.

"For your life do not fire!" cried Lucien. "It may be a grizzly bear!"

His advice came too late. The crack of Basil's rifle was heard; and the bear, dropping upon all fours, danced over the ground, shaking her head and snorting furiously. The light had deceived Basil, and instead of hitting her in the head as he had intended, his bullet glanced from her snout, doing her but little harm. Now, the snout of a bear is its most precious and tender organ, and a blow upon it will rouse even the most timid species of them to fury. So it was with this one. She saw whence the shot came, and, as soon as she had given her head a few shakes, she came in a shuffling gallop towards the boys.

Basil now saw how rashly he had acted, but there was no time for expressing regrets. There was not even time for them to get to their horses. Before they could reach these and draw the pickets, the bear would overtake them. Some one of them would become a victim.

"Take to the trees!" shouted Lucien; "if it be a grizzly bear, she cannot climb."

As Lucien said this, he levelled his short rifle, and fired at the advancing animal. The bullet seemed to strike her on the flank, as she turned with a growl and bit the part. This delayed her for a moment, and allowed Lucien time to swing himself to a tree. Basil had thrown away his rifle, not having time to reload. François, when he saw the great monster so near, dropped his gun without firing.

All three in their haste climbed separate trees. It was a grove of white oaks; and these trees, unlike the pines, or magnolias, or cypress-trees, have usually great limbs growing low down, and spreading out horizontally. These limbs are often as many feet in length as the tree itself is in height.

It was upon these that they had climbed—Basil having taken to that one under which they had slept, and which was much larger than the others around. At the foot of this tree the bear stopped. The robes and blankets drew her attention for the moment. She tossed them over with her great paws, and then left them, and walked round the trunk, looking upwards, at intervals uttering loud "sniffs," that sounded like the "scape" of a steam-pipe. By this time Basil had reached the third or fourth branch from the ground. He might have gone much higher; but, from what Lucien had suggested, he believed the animal to be a grizzly bear. Her colour, which was of a fern or fulvous brown, confirmed him in that belief—as he knew that grizzly bears are met with of a great variety of colours. He had nothing to fear then, even on the lowest

branch, and he thought it was no use going higher. So he stopped and looked down. He had a good view of the animal below; and, to his consternation, he saw at a glance that it was not a grizzly, but a different species. Her shape, as well as general appearance, convinced him that it was the "cinnaumon" bear—a variety of the black, and one of the best tree-climbers of the kind. This was soon put beyond dispute, as Basil saw the animal throw her great paws around the trunk, and commence crawling upward!

It was a fearful moment. Lucien and François both leaped back to the ground, uttering shouts of warning and despair. François picked up his gun, and without hesitating a moment, ran to the foot of the tree, and fired both barrels into the hips of the bear. The small shot hardly could have penetrated her thick shaggy hide. It only served to irritate her afresh, causing her to growl fiercely; and she paused for some moments, as if considering whether she would descend and punish the "enemy in the rear," or keep on after Basil. The rattling of the latter among the branches above decided her, and she crawled upward.

Basil was almost as active among the branches of a tree as a squirrel or a monkey. When about sixty feet from the ground, he crawled out upon a long limb that grew horizontally. He chose this one, because he saw another growing above it, which he thought he might reach as soon as the bear followed him out upon the first, and by this means get back to the main trunk before the bear, and down to the ground again. After getting out upon the limb, however, he saw that he had miscalculated. The branch upon which he was, bending down under his weight, so widened the distance between it and the one above, that he could not reach the latter, even with the tips of his fingers. He turned to go back. To his horror, the bear was at the other end in the fork, and preparing to follow him along the limb!

He could not go back without meeting the fierce brute in the teeth. There was no branch below within his reach, and none above, and he was fifty feet from the ground. To leap down appeared the only alternative to escape the clutches of the bear, and that alternative was certain death.

The bear advanced along the limb. François and Lucien screamed below, loading their pieces as rapidly as they could; but they feared they would be too late. It was a terrible situation; but it was in such emergencies that the strong mind of Basil best displayed itself; and, instead of yielding to despair, he appeared cool and collected. His mind was busy examining every chance that offered. All at once a thought struck him; and, obedient to its impulse, he called to his brothers below—"A rope! a rope! Fling me a rope! Haste! a rope, or I am lost."

Fortunately, there lay a rope under the tree. It was a raw-hide lasso. It lay by the spot where they had slept.

Lucien dropped his half-loaded rifle, and sprang towards it, coiling it as he took it up. Lucien could throw a lasso almost as well as Basil himself; and that was equal to a Mexican "vaquero," or a "gaucho" of the Pampas. He ran nearly sta-

der the limb, twirled the lasso around his head, and launched it upwards.

Basil, to gain time, had crept out upon the limb as far as it would bear him, while his fierce pursuer followed after. The branch, under their united weight, bent downward like a bow. Fortunately, it was oak, and did not break. Basil was astride, his face turned to the tree and towards his pursuer. The long snout of the latter was within three feet of his head, and he could feel her warm breath, as with open jaws she stretched forward, snorting fiercely. At this moment the ring-end of the lasso struck the branch directly between them, passing a few feet over it. Before it could slip back again, and fall off, the young hunter had grasped it, and, with the dexterity of a packer, double-knotted it around the limb. The next moment, and just as the great claws of the bear were stretched forth to clutch him, he slipped off the branch, and glided down the lasso.

The rope did not reach the ground by at least twenty feet. It was a short one, and part of it had been taken up in the hasty knotting. Lucien and François, in consternation, had observed this from below, as soon as it first hung down, and prepared themselves accordingly; so that, when Basil reached the end of the rope, he saw his brothers standing below, and holding a large buffalo skin stretched out between them. Into this he dropped, and the next moment stood upon the ground unhurt.

And now came the moment of triumph. The tough limb that had been held retent by Basil's weight, becoming so suddenly released, flew upward with a jerk.

The unexpected violence of that jerk was too much for the bear. Her hold gave way; she was shot into the air several feet upwards, and falling with a dull heavy sound to the earth, lay for a moment motionless. She was only stunned, however, and would soon have struggled up again to renew the attack; but, before she could regain her feet, Basil had laid hold of François's half-loaded gun, and, hurriedly pouring down a handful of bullets, ran forward and fired them into her head, killing her upon the spot.

The culs by this time had arrived upon the ground, and Marengo, who had now partially recovered, by way of revenging himself for the castigation he had received from their mother, attacked them with fury. The little creatures fought fiercely, and, together, would have been more than a match for Marengo; but the rifles of his masters came to his assistance, and put an end to the contest.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

LADY C. was a beautiful woman, but lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather past extreme youth.—Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had but five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet Prison, and was likely to remain there.

Now, in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Phelan was a great admirer of the fair sex: and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Phelan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.

"So you're not married, Pat?" says she.
"Divil an inch! your honour's ladyship," says he.
"And, wouldn't ye like to be married?" again asks she.

"Would a duck swim?"
"Is there any one you'd prefer?"
"May be, madam," says he, "you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyant Doneraile? Her father's cousin to O'Donoghue, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—"

"Hush!" says she; "sure I don't want to know who she is. But, would she have you, if you asked her?"

"Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thrying that same."

"And why don't you?"
"Sure I'm too poor." And Phelan heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"
"Does a dog bark?"
"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell you?"

"Millia murthers! your honour, don't be tantalizing a poor boy."

"Indeed I'm not," said Lady C. "So listen. How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor devil like Pat Phelan."

"Well, Phelan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds."

"Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," says Lady C. "After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife."

"I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

"But, remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go, and marry her."

"That's thrue," says he. "But, thin, the bigamy?"

"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take

an oath never to cail me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story."

"Divil a word I'll ivir say."

"Well, then," says she; "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a licence, and leave the rest to me;" and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the licence?" says she.

"Here it is my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

"Perform the ceremony," says she.

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Phelan was the husband, the legal husband of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for, sure enough, I forgot to tell you he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," says she; and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay your forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me." And she smiled at Phelan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."

"Where's your husband?"

"There, sir!" and she pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Phelan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Phelan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held

a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Phelan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:

"Go to Doneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you inclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty-pounds for present expenses.
C."

Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he get drunk that same night, and didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, i' faith, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his "Fleet Marriage."

So, remember, as it is a secret, don't tell it to any one, you see.

DESPONDENCY.

When the pale moon her silent course is keeping

Along the sky,

And night-dews on the chilly Earth, are weeping

Their fountains dry,—

Who then in visions, dream amid their sleeping

Of such as I?

My own sad thoughts within my bosom swelling,

Sad company!

Are all the friends that cheer my lonely dwelling,

Or come to me;—

Why should my heart the rest so soon be telling—

"Thy poverty!"

When penury hath in a whisper spoken

Unto the ear;

How cold are friends, how easily are broken,

Like tendrils sore,

Those ties which now pass like the silent token

Of parting year!

Yet on my head the constant stars are shining

So sweetly pale,

As if they grieved to listen my repining,

Which, like the gale,

Seems sadder when no anxious ear inclining

Lists to its wail.

There is a rest, of every rest the sweetest,
 So calm and still;
 There is a river of all the streams the fleetest,
 Lonely and chill;—
 And thou, O River! all the bound'ry metest
 Of human ill!

Wrapped in the mantle of that rest for ever,
 I may find peace;
 Bathed in the billows of that unseen river,
 All woes shall cease;
 Death lays his broken arrow in his quiver—
 And all is peace!

WILLIAM SMITH.

DEATH AND THE MOTHER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A MOTHER sat beside her dying infant's couch, weeping bitterly. The poor baby was very pale; and lay quietly—with its little eyelids closed, and its breathing growing fainter and fainter every moment—until the mother's alarm amounted to agony.

A knock at the door was heard; and an old man slowly entered, wrapped in a large rug to shield him from the cold. He had need of it, for the season was the depth of winter. Everything was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew sharply enough to cut one's chin off. The old man stood shivering with cold, while the mother, taking advantage of a moment when her child appeared easier, placed a can of ale near the fire to warm for her aged visitor. She then resumed her place beside her infant; while the old man, sitting down, rocked himself silently to and fro.

The baby's breathing became more laboured, and the poor mother, taking its tiny wan hand between her own, turned for comfort to the aged beggar—for so he seemed.

"Do you think he will live?" she said. "God will surely not take him from me!"

The old man for reply made a singular gesture, that might be taken for either yes or no.

The mother sighed, and tears flowed over her pale cheeks. She had not closed her eyes for three days and nights; fatigue overpowered her, and she slept. It was but for a moment in the next moment she started up, trembling from head to foot.

"What is that?" she asked, looking wildly round.

An ancient clock droned and ticked in the corner. The noise that startled the mother was caused by the fall of its heavy leaden pendulum, which fell with a crash upon the floor, and then was silent. The mother looked round for the old man, but he was gone; then at her baby, which had appeared to sleep, so still had it lain beside her—alas! it was gone also.

The poor mother rushed frantically out of the house, raving, shrieking for her child. In

the midst of the snow sat an old woman clad in long black garments. She stopped the distracted mother, and she said to her, "Death has been beneath thy roof. I saw him hurry forth with a little infant. He flies swifter than the wind; and what he once takes he never returns."

"Tell me which way he has gone," implored the forlorn mother. "Tell me that I may find him."

"I could tell you with the greatest ease in the world," replied the woman in the sable garments; "but before I enlighten your ignorance, you must sing me all the songs you sang to your child. I am the Night, and your songs have often beguiled me."

"I will sing them all, all," replied the poor mother, "but do not hinder me now. Let me overtake him—let me find my child while yet I may!"

Night remained silent and immovable. The mother wrung her hands and sang. Such songs! flooded, drowned in tears!

At length Night relented, and she said, "Go into yonder dusky pine-forest, for thither I saw Death take his way with the child."

The mother hastened to the forest, but many paths wound through it, and she doubted which she should take. Near her stood a thorn bush, which bore neither leaves nor flowers, but instead thereof, icicles hung on the boughs.

"Have you seen Death pass by with my little one?" said the mother to the thorn-bush.

"Yes," replied the Bush; "but I shall not tell you which way he took, unless you will warm me in your bosom. I freeze to death."

The devoted mother embraced the cruel bush, and pressed it so closely to her bosom that the thorns pierced her delicate flesh and blood began to flow in large drops. Wherever these drops fell, the ground thawed, and flowers and fresh green leaves sprang forth; so warm is the heart of a mother!

Then the Thornbush showed her the way she should go, which led to a wide river. What was the poor mother's despair at finding no means of crossing it! The water was not sufficiently frozen to bear her weight, and it was too deep to be forded. Yet she must pass over to find her child. The insane idea seized her of endeavoring to drink the river dry, and she stooped for the purpose of doing so; for in her distraction she believed that a miracle might happen.

"Nay," said the River, "that cannot be; let us rather try what we can do together. I have a fondness for jewels, and your eyes are the clearest diamonds I ever saw. Give them to me, and I will guide you to the great hot-house where Death rears his human flowers."

"Oh! what would I not give to find my child!" said the weeping mother; and as she wept, her eyes fell to the bottom of the river; where they lay, and glistened like jewels of

the finest water. Then the river embraced her with its watery arms, and in a moment wafted her to the opposite shore, where stood a large and wonderful edifice, so singularly constructed that one knew not whether it were formed by nature or art. But the poor mother could not see it, having wept herself blind.

"Where shall I find Death, who has taken away my child?" she asked of any that would answer.

An old grey woman replied, who guarded the entrance of the wonderful hothouse—"He has not yet arrived. How have you found your way thither? Who has assisted you?"

"God has aided me. He is merciful. Show thou mercy also, and tell me where I shall find my child."

"I do not know it from another," said the old woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers have withered to-night, and Death will soon be here to transplant them to other regions. In every tree and flower that this hothouse contains beats a human heart identified with the life of a human being living upon the earth. Enter; you will perhaps be able to recognize the beating of your child's heart. But stay a moment; what will you give me in return for my good offices?"

"I have nothing to give," said the poor mother; "but I would go to the end of the world for you."

"There is nothing I particularly care for there," said the old woman; "but you can give me your long black hair. It is beautiful, and pleases me. I will give you mine in exchange."

"Is that all you wish for? I give it you willingly."

So the young mother parted with her beautiful tresses, and received in exchange the old woman's snow-white locks.

And now enter with her the hothouse of Death, where plants and trees of every variety bloomed side by side. Here stood splendid hyacinths, under glass shades; there blossomed in nose-water-bites, some fresh and handsome, others half dying with water-snakes coiled round their stems, and black crabs clinging tightly to their leaves; glorious oaks, palms, and plantains, reared their lofty heads in the mist, while primroses and sweet-scented herbs nestled close to their roots. Every tree and flower had its name. There was one peculiarity observable. Many large trees were confined in little pots, which had become too narrow, and were almost bursting with the bulk of the root within. Little weak flowers, on the contrary, were often placed in immense pots, and appeared almost lost to perception in the midst of the rich, black soil covered with moss.

The miserable mother, her bosom slowly heaving with a sigh of hope, bent over the smallest plants, and listened to the beating of

the hearts within. Out of a million, she recognised the heart of her child.

"Here it is!" she exclaimed, stretching forth her hand towards a little crocus, which feebly drooped its head.

"Touch not the flower," said the old woman, "but stand aside; and when Death comes—I expect him every moment—listen to his movements. If he approach the crocus, do not let him root it up, but threaten to do the same with all the rest. He will then be afraid; for none of these plants may be uprooted until God gives him leave."

An icy wind rushed through the apartment, and the blind mother felt that Death approached. He soon espied her.

"How hast thou found thy way hither?" he inquired.

"I am a mother."

Death stretched forth his hand to the little crocus, but the mother protected it with both hers, so as not to disturb a single leaf. Her adversary breathed upon the shield thus interposed, and the hands fell powerless.

"Against me thou canst do nothing," he said, with hollow voice. "I only fulfil the will of the Almighty. I am his gardener. When the appointed time arrives, I take up his trees and flowers, and transplant them into the garden of Paradise, in the unknown land. How they prosper there, it is not for mortals to know."

"Give me back my child," said the mother, and she wept and groaned. Suddenly, in her agony, she seized two delicate flowers, and exclaimed, "I will destroy all thy plants, for I am in despair."

"Touch them not," said Death, gently. "Wouldst thou make other mothers as wretched as thyself?"

The poor mother released the flowers, conscience-stricken.

"I give thee back thine eyes," said Death. "As I passed the wide river, I saw them shining brightly, and took them out, though I knew not they were thine. They are clearer than before. Replace them in their sockets, and gaze into this fountain. I will show you the future human life of the two flowers you would have uprooted."

The mother did as she was desired. She looked down into the depths of the pure fountain, and beheld how one life became a blessing to the world, spreading joy and happiness around. The other, on the contrary, was full of sin and sorrow.

"These lots are equally ordained by God," said Death.

"Whose lives are they?" asked the mother trembling.

"That I may not exactly tell," replied Death. "This much I am permitted to reveal. In thy distraction, thou didst seize upon the little crocus, and one of the fates which thou hast before thee is the future of thine child."

The mother shrieked with terror. "Which is my child? Tell me that. Oh! deliver my child. Preserve him from such misery. Rather than that, take him away to his Father's kingdom. Forgive my tears, my prayers, all that I have done to recall him."

"I understand thee not," said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child back, or must I take him to the unknown land?"

The mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed. "O God! deny my petitions when they are contrary to thy will, for thou alone knowest what is best for thy children!"

Her head sank back upon her breast; and Death conveyed her little one to that unknown "bourne whence no traveller returns."

A WORD IN KINDNESS SPOKEN.

How sweet in the spring, do the green woods ring
With notes of joy and gladness;—
In the sunshine of May, how happy are they,
Who cherish no thought of sadness!
But though we may hear each wood-note clear,
Our pleasure may soon be broken;—
But dearer we find, to a sensitive mind,
Is a word in kindness spoken!

An ungrateful part may wound the heart,
And cloud the spirit with sorrow;
But never repine while the prospect is thine
Of a brighter sky on the morrow!
And look upon this as an earnest of bliss,
As a cheering, promising token,
When falls on the ear, from a heart sincere,
A word in kindness spoken!

WM. SMITH.

MY UNCLE'S STORY.

I AM about to relate a marvellous tale. I know it. Those who have never, in the course of their uneventful lives, had reason to acknowledge the soundness of the axiom, I know not whence derived, that "truth is stranger than fiction," would, on glancing at the following pages, shake their wise heads, and turn away in disgust, with some such exclamation as "P-haw! French romance and sentimentalism." Nevertheless, I am not a Frenchman, nor is my worthy uncle—whose adventures I am about to relate in his own language, as nearly as possible as he related them to me—of foreign extraction. We are both—I being his nephew and godson—plain Thomas Jones.

This is how I came to hear his tale; for he had resided at Rotterdam for many years, and I had not seen him since my christening, if I could be said to have seen him even then. Upon finishing my education, my father, Edward Jones, Esq., of Armitage, Yorkshire, wished me to see something of the world before settling down to a profession; so he provided me with a good supply of the needful, and sent me to the Continent, with special injunctions not to return without seeing Uncle Jones.

After traversing almost the whole of Europe, I at length found myself at Rotterdam. My uncle was very easily discovered, for the first individual

I addressed pointed out his house, which was pleasantly situated at the angle of two canals, and in the middle of one of those gardens peculiar to the country. Unfortunately, the season was autumn, which is almost winter in Holland, so I had not the pleasure of seeing the place looking its best. The outer door opened immediately upon a grand hall, or rather saloon, which was almost filled with plants, and formed the centre pavillion to two galleries, stretching right and left. In this saloon I found a stout, good-looking elderly gentleman, who was giving orders to two or three servants as to the degree of heat he wished to be kept up in the galleries, which were of great extent, and lighted up by windows imbedded in beautiful creepers, loaded with white and rose-colored blossoms, while the floors were crowded with palms and bananas, cocoa-nut trees from the Maldives, mangusteen and cassia-trees, and the most splendid Polynesian shrubs.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the owner of all these vegetable treasures, in whose honest pliz, so like that of the worthy governor at home, I believe I should have recognized my uncle anywhere—"I beg your pardon, sir, did you want me?"

"Uncle," said I quietly, "don't you know me?" My uncle took me by the shoulders; but no, these recognitions have been often enough described; so I will merely say, that having satisfactorily established my identity, I received a hearty invitation to remain with my worthy godfather as long as I could make myself comfortable. I was then introduced to my aunt; and, having sipped a glass of liquor, and smoked a huge black cigar with which my uncle presented me, we sat down to breakfast in a snug room opening out of the saloon.

It was some evenings afterwards, that my godfather related to me the following episode of an eventful life. I well remember the scene. The hour was twilight. My aunt sat apart, in the embrasure of a deep window, against which were defined her handsome profile and the flowing lines of her well-proportioned figure. "In her youth," thought I, "she must have been a splendid woman."

"She was, my dear boy," said my uncle, for in my absence of mind I had unwittingly spoken my thought aloud. My aunt looked up in amazement. Laughing heartily at my confusion, my uncle proceeded. "I should like you to have seen her some thirty years ago, that's all. But I will tell you a story thereabout."

We were seated at a table curiously woven of twisted and varnished bulrushes, bamboos, and cocoa filaments—a kind of vegetable mosaic transported from New Holland. Having sipped from a long-ribbed glass a few drops of his favorite liquor, and laid aside his huge black cigar of exquisite flavor, my uncle proceeded.

In the year 18—, I was on my way to Batavia, on behalf of my employers, Messrs Clarkson and Co., the eminent Liverpool merchants. It is impossible to describe the charm of sailing in those seas. Our evenings especially were delightful, for most of the passengers were young men like myself. We agreed on almost every point—in tastes, sentiments, and opinions. To this amicable state of things there was but one exception

—an English lieutenant on his return from his native country, whither he had been for the restoration of his health.

Buxton was the sworn enemy of the imaginative—reveries and poetical emotions excited alternately his mockery and his indignation. Strange to say, he played admirably on the flute, drawing from it such pathetic tones, as to make the hearts of the listeners melt within them. It was the only sign of feeling which he showed.

On the particular evening in question we were crossing the line. The captain had dispensed with the usual ceremony on such occasions, and we were tranquilly enjoying the beauty of the hour. The evening was calm and serene, and the sea reflected in its glowing waters the tints of the magnificent heavens above.

"Well, Buxton," said one of the admiring group, "does this make no impression upon you, excite no feeling?"

"I feel," replied the phlegmatic lieutenant, "a mingled odour of tar and salt-water, and there is nothing very agreeable in these."

"But this splendid sunset!"

"I wish I were in the place of that luminary: I should then be certain of sleeping until morning."

"Then, these glorious stars!"

"What of them? One sees them night after night, and they are always in the same place."

Buxton, you are a wretch; only observe the tinting of those clouds!"

"They promise very bad weather to-night, I can tell you. The pretty yellow cloud is hail; that graceful bluish one a waterspout; that magnificent green cloud a tempest that will cause us to dance upon the waters like a nut-shell."

"Gentlemen," interrupted the lieutenant of the Galathea, "the captain requests your presence at the baptism of his little son."

We all assembled on the quarterdeck. The father and mother ascended from the cabin, the latter carrying her little son in her rounded arms. Behind followed the chaplain of the vessel, book in hand. The boatswain let down a small silver bucket from the poop, to draw up the water which the priest was about to bless. A flag was hoisted, the cannon thundered a salutation, and every one took off his hat. Just then the boatswain took from the bucket a plain glass bottle.

There was nothing surprising in such an incident. It is a common thing with sailors to commit these bottles to the waves, containing information of some unknown danger which they have discovered in their route, or a prayer to the charitable that they may make known to their friends the disaster which has overtaken the unfortunate writers. Still at sea the slightest occurrence creates an interest; and it was singular enough that the bottle should have got into the bucket.

I am afraid that our curiosity made us somewhat inattentive to the ceremony that followed, during which the bottle was laid aside. Scarcely had the service concluded, than we gathered round the captain; who, delivering the bottle to me, begged me to unseal it. I rapidly cut away the packthread, canvass, and tar which secured the cork, then, drawing the latter, and reversing the bottle, a small roll of paper fell into my hand. The captain, his lady, and all the officers sur-

rounded me closely; while the crew, eager to know the result, had climbed into the rattlings of the mizzenmast. The contents of the paper, written in a fine, though tremulous hand, were as follows:—

"I, Margaret Floreff, perished by shipwreck. I entreat the person who by divine permission picks up this bottle, and reads the note therein enclosed, to cause prayers to be said for the repose of my soul. I die in the true faith. Farewell, my mother!"

A few hours later, I was alone upon the deck. The calmness of the night still continued, and nothing prevented me from giving way to my imagination. Somehow or other (there is no accounting for these things, they seem like destiny), the contents of the bottle had made a deep impression upon me. I pictured to myself the features, age, and character of the hapless Margaret Floreff; who, I felt quite certain, had been young and beautiful. I had preserved the paper, and I now re-opened it, and minutely examined the handwriting. Evidently written by a young and delicate hand, it was quite in the modern style, as was a so the paper, which, from its smooth and even texture, was certainly of European fabrication. All this I could distinctly see by the splendid moonlight of the tropics.

I leaned over the gunwale, and, giving the rein to my present hobby, was lost, I know not how long, in a fantastic reverie. From this I was suddenly roused by a huge swell of the sea, as if a submarine volcano had exploded beneath the vessel. Looking up, I saw that the aspect of the heavens likewise betokened a strange commotion. The moon was veiled as if by an eclipse, and the stars, after gleaming with a sanguine lustre, paled and disappeared. The water became black, the sky of a dull yellow; the sacking sails flapped against the masts, a sign that the wind was sinking, which it did so rapidly that we soon felt stifled for want of air. A frightened sailor, who rushed past on his way to the poop to rouse the captain, muttered to himself, "the monsoon!" I daresay you know, my dear boy, that the monsoon is the name given to a certain wind which prevails at regular periods upon the Indian and Chinese seas. During these periods, tempests are frequent and devastating.

Scarcely a second elapsed, when the Galathea was assailed by a dozen blasts at once. Every one crowded upon deck. The first onset of the storm tore away our sails; the resistance of the remainder, which no human effort could furl, caused the vessel to rear like a vicious horse. Ten of the crew disappeared, to re-appear no more. We could not even hear their cries. The others, clinging by their horny hands to the ropes, which snapped, one after the other, like the strings of a violin, awaited the captain's orders.

"Cut down the foremast," shouted he. "Quick with your saws and axes. Cut away."

It was done, but with no result. The ship could not right herself.

"We have sprung a leak!" cried a sailor, who had discovered that the hold was filling.

"Man the pumps!" shouted the captain.

"Some of you cut down the mainmast."
The pumps were manned, and the mast fell; but this last operation, instead of contributing to

the safety of the vessel, only rendered her position more critical. Retained by the numerous ropes, to which it served as pivot, and hurled against us with immense fury by the waves, the mainmast was transformed into a huge battering-ram, which threatened to split the side of the ship by its incessant attacks. As for the pumps, they were of no service whatever; for one bucket of water that they got rid of, twenty entered by the large breach in the hold.

Suddenly one half of the moon's disc re-appeared, and at the same time we were assailed by a terrific shower of hail-stones, which fell diagonally upon us, bruising and cutting us like so many knives and pestles. The vessel filled rapidly. Every one crowded upon the poop, the only part of the ship that was not submerged. The captain's wife, with her newly baptized child in her arms, ran, half-dressed as she was, to her husband, and frantically implored his protection. He hurriedly embraced her, placed her at his feet, where the wind would have less power over her, and continued to give all his attention to the vessel and crew.

"Cut down the mizenmast," he shouted, in an agitated voice, "throw overboard all that you can, and hold in readiness the long-boat and the barge."

The water already poured in by the port-holes; the chaplain knelt upon the poop, murmuring the prayers for the dying. A sudden thought struck me like an inspiration. It was strange that I should have it at such a moment, and stranger still that I should have the coolness to carry it into execution; but, as I said before, there is a destiny in these things. I accordingly rushed into my cabin, already two-thirds submerged. Taking a sheet of paper, I wrote some words in pencil, and rolled the paper round that on which Margaret Florell had traced her last request. Then putting the two together in a bottle, and enclosing with them £50 in bank-notes, I sealed up the bottle with as much care as the urgency of the time permitted.

I hastened upon deck, to throw the bottle into the sea, but the vessel saved me that trouble. With a shuddering groan, she disappeared beneath my feet, sinking plump down, like a stone; and I found myself battling with the waves, amid the thousand relics of our disaster. At a short distance, the long-boat, crowded with men, made useless efforts to escape being engulfed; and the barge, in which I could distinguish the captain and his wife, capsized a few fathoms farther on. Arms, heads, tresses, sailors' caps, hats, dogs, chests, were for an instant scattered upon the foam of the turbulent billows. One wild, simultaneous shriek, and all had disappeared. Drenched, suffocated, dragged down by the weight of my wet clothing, I found myself, I knew not how, hurled upon a large piece of wood that floated near me. I grappled with it, slid off, caught it again, slid off again. My strength was failing, and I should certainly have been drowned, had not a strong hand seized me by the collar, and pulled me on to the plank. It was Buxton.

Day dawned, and with its first beams vanished the last traces of the tempest. The sun rose majestically out of the ocean, which shone like an

silver mirror. Buxton and I still remained seated upon the large piece of wood, where we had so miraculously found safety. It measured twenty feet by four, and had been destined to repair the keel of the unfortunate Galathea.

We passed the long day in a species of stupor. Night came, and we were still nearly in the same place. The following day a light breeze ruffled the sea, but no sail appeared upon the surface of the waters.

Buxton happened to find a biscuit in the pocket of his jacket. All crumbled and soaked as it was, we divided it between us, and then we resigned ourselves to our fate. I leave you to imagine the pangs of hunger—the aching, sinking sensation at the stomach—then the raving and the despair.

My uncle paused, covered his eyes with his hands, then resumed.

About five o'clock in the evening of this day I felt myself dying. I lay almost insensible on my back, on the raft, with my eyes closed, dead to all external things. Suddenly my friend's voice sounded shrilly in my ear.

"Jones," he exclaimed, raising my languid head upon his breast, for he still retained a little strength—"Jones, my dear fellow, rouse yourself and look before you."

With considerable difficulty I obeyed. "A vessel!" I feebly cried, "Thank God!"

"We are saved," said Buxton; and the joker at spiritual things, the would-be sceptic, knelt down, and humbly thanked the Providence that had come to our relief in our extremity.

I now, in the strength of this new hope, sat up, and opened my eyes wider.

"Oh, Buxton!" I said, "look again. Is it not on fire?"

"I fear so," he replied, "God grant that we be not deprived of this timely refuge. See with what rapidity the wind drives it towards us. Be of good courage, my friend. What a strange and mysterious-looking craft! It has not a single sail."

"It is, perhaps," said I, "a steam-packet. How quickly it comes! I shall not have time—"

"Here it is! One effort! Grapple with it for dear life!" cried Buxton.

I had swooned. When I recovered, I found myself lying on the deck of a bark, similar to several that I had met with during a previous voyage to the Maldive Islands. It was not on fire as we had feared; but in the centre, on a species of altar, a pyramid of aloes and sandal-wood was slowly burning. The ends of the bark were pretty high, but as the sides descended in the middle, to only about three feet above the surface of the water, Buxton had managed to jump upon the deck, and lift me after him.

This strange vessel, without sails or crew, was one of those which the inhabitants of the Maldive Islands launch upon the waves to appease the God of tempests, after loading them with perfumes and spices, which they set on fire, and provisions destined for the invisible priests of the hidden, though powerful deity. The tempest in which we had been wrecked was doubtless the occasion of this new sacrifice of the Maldivians, who were far from suspecting who would profit by their devotion. The sacred bark was full of fresh water, cocoa-nut milk, enclosed in vases, fruits and meats dried in

the sun. Our lives were saved! When our strength returned to us, we availed ourselves of the oars with which the vessel was provided—for they always make it as complete a thing as possible—and directed our course according to the wind.

The next day, at sunrise, we awoke to find ourselves surrounded by nearly a thousand barks, that respectfully hovered about ours, which they recognised as sacred. We were before Colombo, the capital of Ceylon. They towed us in triumph, when they had learned how we met with the expiatory ship, evidently believing that we were under the especial protection of the God of tempests.

Our sojourn at Colombo was but short. We remained only enough to recover the shock which we had received from our fearful adventures. Buxton sold a magnificent diamond ring, which he had happened to wear at the time of our disaster, and thus realised more than sufficient to carry us to Madras, where he had friends. Once in that city, it would be easy to wait until we could make known our position to our relations, and my employers.

While awaiting the answers to our letters despatched from thence, I occupied myself in exploring the city and its environs. In the course of these explorations, chance or destiny one day conducted me to the vast cemetery, where repose the mortal remains of the English and other strangers who so speedily pay their tribute to death, in that delightful, but murderous climate.

Having examined the more striking monuments, I came where a catalpa, with its drooping branches, barred my further passage. Lifting one of these, I perceived a small marble tombstone. This secluded monument excited my interest and curiosity. I stooped to decipher the epitaph, engraved in golden characters. Thus it ran:—

“Here sleeps eternally, in the arms of her Saviour, Margaret Floreff, 27th August, 18—. Weep not for her.”

You may imagine, my dear boy, how mortified I was by this discovery. She then, whose fate and last request had so excited my youthful imagination, was not at the bottom of the sea at all, but had quietly reposed for ten years in the cemetery at Madras. Her body had doubtless been tossed from wave to wave, in one of the terrible storms incidental to those seas, until, flung on the shore like a decayed weed, it had been rescued by some pious hand, and interred where I now found it, beneath a marble monument, surrounded by verdure and shade; its guardians the azure birds, with their crimson beaks, that fluttered quietly away at the sound of my footsteps.

A few days after this discovery, our expected letters arrived. Buxton was ordered to Batavia, where his regiment then was; and I was requested by my employers to proceed thither at once, to arrange the business upon which I had left England. Furnished with these orders, and with the needful funds, we bade our friends farewell, and prepared for our expedition, in high spirits at the idea of not being separated; for it is needless to say, that the constant association of two characters, not unpleasantly contrasted, and the dangers we had escaped together, had by this time produced a fast friendship between us.

“Buxton,” said I, when all our arrangements were completed, “will you not go with me before we leave, to see the tomb of poor Margaret Floreff?”

“My dear fellow, what nonsense! It is a tomb like all others, I presume.”

Buxton had become more pliable and less sarcastic since our perilous adventures. This, as may be supposed, rendered him infinitely more agreeable. We visited the tomb of her he called my dead sweetheart. The next day we sailed for Batavia.

Nothing particular occurred during our voyage, which was long and tedious. On our arrival at our destination, I was initiated by Buxton into all the gaieties of garrison life, which in the colonies is luxurious and dissipated in the extreme. The business which had brought me to Batavia was a delicate one, and promised to be some months in settling. I had therefore plenty of leisure to attend the numerous dinners, balls, and fetes that followed each other in rapid succession, and were to me attended with but one drawback—the incessant and enormous consumption of wine, rum, and tobacco.

Three months had quickly sped in this gay and thoughtless life, and my business was drawing to a close, when a grand religious service was celebrated one Sunday in the most beautiful temple in the island. Buxton, his comrades, and myself, repaired thither, in full dress, and we all took our places beneath the pulpit. The service was performed in the usual manner amid the most profound silence; the orator favoring us young men with an eloquent morsel prepared expressly for our edification. All at length being over, we were preparing to return to our dwellings, when the preacher requested us to reseat ourselves.

“Brethren and sisters,” he said, “this morning a French captain deposited in my hands the sum of £50 sterling, for the purpose of erecting a handsome tomb to the memory of two persons whose names I am about to give you. Providence charge! my friend with this mission, to which his avocations will not permit him to attend, and which he has therefore transferred to me. These are the facts. My friend, on his last voyage, fished up a bottle containing the £50 sterling in bank notes, and this paper, (the priest held it up for all to see,) which I am now about to read to you:—“The undersigned, being about to perish by shipwreck in the open sea, bequeaths the sum of £50 sterling in bank notes, contained in this bottle, to him or her who shall cause prayers to be said for the deceased Margaret Floreff, according to her request in the paper, likewise herein contained, and who shall cause a monument to be erected to the joint memories of the said Margaret Floreff and the undersigned—”

“Stop!” cried I, hastily making my way up to the pulpit, “I am the person who wrote these lines, and assuredly I am not dead.”

“And I,” said a woman, coming up from the other side, “am Margaret Floreff!”

To describe the sensation caused by this denouncement, would be impossible. The whole congregation stood up, while those furthest off leaned and strained over their neighbors, to catch a glimpse of the two resuscitated ones who met thus strangely before the same pulpit. I glanced

at Buxton, who was with difficulty restraining his laughter.

"But, uncle," said I at this point of the narrative, "how could it be? Did you not find the tomb of Margaret Floreff in the cemetery at Madras? How, then, could she—"

"The explanation will come all in good time," replied my uncle.

"And was she young, pretty—just what you imagined her?"

"She was frightful," answered my uncle, "frightful! And this was the cause of the mischievous hilarity of that abominable Buxton."

My uncle resumed his tale:—

"It is very right and just," said Buxton to me the next day, "that those who, like you, pursue the ideal, should invariably meet with discomfiture. You will know better in future. Here is your Margaret Floreff, whom your fancy had exalted into a deceased angel; and what does she turn out to be? A toothless old woman, with a very bad complexion." I did not reply. "Take my advice," he continued, "marry some rich Creole, who will bring you plenty of pepper and cinnamon for dowry, and make you the proud father of half a dozen picanninies. Leave in peace your brain, which is, after all, but a soft, whitish substance, and your heart, which is nothing more than a big muscle."

This time I answered, "Come with me; we will go and see this woman."

"What! you are not convinced?"

"No more than the priest was, before I brought my proofs. There is too much improbability."

"But this public avowal. Why did she make it?"

"No doubt she had some interested motive. She is poor, and—"

"Well, let us go. Do you know where she lives?"

"I have inquired."

"Come along, then."

We went, accordingly, and found the object of our visit in a miserable lodging, where everything around testified to an extreme degree of penury.

"My good lady," said I, after the first salutation, "I am Mr. Thomas Jones, whose name has been so strangely mixed up with yours. I dare say you thought it very odd that I should take the liberty, in a moment of peril and confusion of mind, of requesting that our names should be inscribed on one and the same monument."

"Indeed, sir—" stammered she.

"But," I continued, "if my request was extraordinary, your position is not less so. You were shipwrecked—"

"In the Indian Ocean, sir, two hundred leagues north of Madagascar."

I must confess that the precision of this reply straggled me. If she had not been shipwrecked, how could she have spoken with so much topographical exactitude?

"You were shipwrecked," I resumed, "and in the moment of peril you wrote your last request. This you carefully enclosed within a bottle, which afterwards came into my possession; when, under similar circumstances of danger, I added my request to yours. Now, may I ask what followed your throwing the bottle into the sea?"

"It was picked up by you, and then by a French captain, who —"

"Excuse me, there was another circumstance," said I, with an ironical smile. "Your corpse was thrown ashore."

"The lady being dead," said Buxton, slyly, "was probably unaware of the circumstance."

"She is then likewise ignorant," said I, more and more convinced that we had to do with an imposter, "that she was interred —"

The woman finished my sentence for me.

"Yes," said she, "interred in the cemetery at Madras."

Our mirth came to an abrupt termination.—The unimaginative Buxton shivered to the last hair of his moustache. What had we to deal with?

"Well, my good woman," said I at length, striving to resume my calmness, "if you had been dead —"

"I never said that," replied our tormentor, with a smile, "you held me so closely to the funeral style, that I was compelled to follow your lead. However to be serious, the Margaret Floreff, whose tomb you have met with, did not perish by shipwreck. She was the daughter of a Dutch merchant, and died tranquilly upon her bed."

"And you, who bear the same name, who are you?"

"Her niece and god-daughter."

All was explained. Buxton's looks told me that he was equally satisfied with myself. It was indisputably Margaret Floreff who stood before me. But how different from the being of my imagination! Still—the handwriting. I would yet have another proof. The woman herself paved the way.

"As you were willing to give so much to erect a tomb to my memory, you would, perhaps, at any rate, allow me, being alive, half the sum, in consideration of my miserable poverty."

"I am quite willing," I said, "to do so much for charity. Get pen, ink, and paper, and give me a receipt for £25. I have the money about me."

The woman began to write, in obedience to my request, which, nevertheless, she must have wondered at, for one does not usually demand a receipt for a gift. At the second line I stopped her.

"This is your own handwriting?" I said.—

"This is your usual style?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then this"—and I took from my pocket-book the paper which had been in the bottle, and which had been returned to me along with the bottle and the rest of its contents—"this writing is not yours?"

The deception was discovered. The eyes of the unhappy woman filled with tears; she hung her head, and uttered not a word. She was in reality named Floreff, but she was a distant relation, and not the god-daughter, of the lady who had died at Madras. Upon hearing the proclamation of the minister, she had said to herself, with the greedy instinct of poverty, "If they bestow so large a sum upon the memory of the dead Margaret Floreff, they will certainly not grudge some of it to the same person living. I will personate the young girl who suffered the perils of shipwreck. I do not fear her returning to give

me the lie; for she is, doubtless, long ere this, a prey to the fishes."

"This was the sum of the imposter's confession. "Take the money, nevertheless," said I, when she had concluded; "but tell me truly, did the Margaret Floreff whose hands traced these lines perish on the ocean?"

"I do not know what may have happened to her. I have not heard anything of her since she was here with her father, eighteen months ago." "Here?"

"Since you seem so interested in her, sir, I will show you some letters that I once received from her, and her portrait. You can compare her writing with the paper in your pocket book, and see if it be really the same."

The writing agreed perfectly with that which I possessed. "The portrait!" I cried; "the portrait!"

Buxton leaned over me to look at it. The portrait represented a young, fair face, with large blue eyes, and locks of paly gold. It was very much like the Margaret of my imagination. I could not suppress some slight agitation. Buxton observed it, but he did not smile this time. He was, perhaps, half a convert to the ideal, formerly the object of his sneers. I wished still to know a little more.

"You said that Miss Margaret Floreff was here with her father. May I ask his rank and position?"

"Certainly. He is inspector-general of the colonial customs.

"When they left here, were they going to Europe?"

"No, sir, to Surinam."

"Your romance is ended," said Buxton, taking me by the arm, and drawing me out of the house. "You have pushed it far enough, in all conscience."

Are not these things pre-arranged for us? or how can you account, my dear boy, for the fact, that the lovely face I had beheld in the portrait from this time took close possession of my heart, and that to such an extent, that it was impossible for me to enjoy our usual gaieties? The thought that she might have been preserved from the perils which menaced her, and might now be dwelling, in all her loveliness, safe and unharmed, at Surinam, her heart still free: but no—on that I dared not think: this idea completely haunted me. Tired at length of dragging about a listless, absent companion—a body without a soul—Buxton bethought himself of a desperate remedy.—One day he took me to the Marine Office, and addressed himself to one of the clerks, with whom he had some acquaintance.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether a vessel that left this place for Surinam about eighteen months ago, met with some disaster during the voyage?"

The clerk turned over one of the Atlantic registers. "The Nicobar, Captain Van Kessel, left about that time for Surinam. Here it is. Here is a cross upon the folio. Yes, she perished."

Buxton pressed my hand. "And how did she perish?" inquired he.

"It is impossible to say, since no one was left to tell the tale."

"How? She was never heard of?"

"No, sir, that was not the case," said another

and older clerk. "I think I can give you the desired information. Here is our colonial correspondence. If I mistake not, we shall find it here." He read over several names. "The Albatross, Captain Boxwell; no, that is not it. The Arrow, Captain Verhagen; no. Here it is—the Sumatra, Captain Suyers."

He pointed out a report, which I read aloud for Buxton's benefit. This report certified, that on a certain day, at sunset, the captain and crew of the Sumatra had perceived through the mist, at about five leagues' distance (being then off the archipelago of the Maldives,) an intense light, which turned out to be a ship on fire. That the Sumatra immediately tacked about, and hastening to the relief of the burning vessel, succeeded in saving the lives of all on board save two—the boatswain and a young female passenger—who fell back into the flames. The rest were received on board the Sumatra, and conveyed to their destination.

If this young passenger were she!

"Buxton," I said, a few days afterwards, hastening to him with an open letter in my hand, "congratulate me. Such a singular coincidence!"

"I think I am never to hear the last of your coincidences," replied he, good-humoredly. "How is it? Some poor fellows never have them. Witness your humble servant."

"But, Buxton, this is a real one. Listen." And I read a letter from Messrs. Clarkson & Co., that morning received, to the effect, that a bankruptcy having taken place at Surinam, in which a firm with whom they were connected was involved, they requested me to put my business at Batavia in such a train that it might be concluded by correspondence, and immediately go to Surinam, to look after their interests, prior to my return to England.

"I wish you joy," said Buxton. "I only hope you may not find your Margaret Floreff already snapped up for her guineas and her pretty face."

The rest is easily told. I found out the country-house where the father of my Margaret—for, with the presumption of youth and hope, I had already called her so a hundred times—lived, they said, in retirement. It was situated at the entrance of a village similar to those of my adopted country. I was directed to an alley of citron-trees; at the end of which was seated a young girl. "Allow me to introduce her to you," said my uncle, approaching his wife, who rose with a smile and a blush, and leading her forward.

"You! my aunt! Margaret Floreff!" exclaimed I, in amazement.

"Even so," concluded my good uncle, laughing heartily at the effect of his *coup de theatre*. "After this, never say, my dear boy, that there is not a destiny (may we not humbly say a providence?) in marriages."—*Hogg's Instructor*.

He who is satisfied with existence as long as it shines brightly, forgets that snuffing the candle will not prevent it from burning to the socket.

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in but unfurnished.

A NIGHT AT THE SMUGGLER'S.

"O we'll hae the gude French wine,
We'll hae the brandy and tea,
And in spite o' the law and excise,
We'll drink 'em duty free."

Old Cumbrian Ballad.

In the afternoon of a very cold October day, about five and twenty years ago, I left the town of Workington with a single companion, our intention being to reach Maryport that night by the road along the sea shore. As the shades of evening began to close around us, we found ourselves upon a desolate common, one isolated habitation only being in view; it was the "Coin House."

The Coin House is, or rather was, an old and nearly ruined building, standing alone upon the wild and barren waste, about half-way betwixt Workington and Maryport; it fronted the Irish Sea, and in high tides, or stormy weather, the ocean spray flew over its turf-built roof.

As we approached the gloomy building, my companion, who had never travelled this way before, eyed it very inquisitively, and then remarked, "Well, if ever man did meet witches on the blasted heath, this would be a proper spot for the purpose, and yonder ruined cottage a fitting place for their nocturnal deviltries; it looks as though ghosts alone were its inhabitants."

"I know not," returned I, laughing, "whether it be the habitation of *ghosts or not*, but of this I am certain, that many an honest gentleman has *raised spirits* in it, and with your good leave we will try if we cannot succeed as well as our predecessors."

Being at that moment close to the door, we made bold to enter, and in a long low room, that served "for parlor, and kitchen, and all," and was bedecked with fishing-nets, boat-hooks, old sails, and other articles that betrayed the ostensible profession of its proprietor, we found a rough-looking, hard-featured, strong-limbed man, about fifty or fifty-five years old. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and his weather-beaten visage showed that he had, during the course of his life, fought through many a tough gale. A tall haggard looking female, somewhat under his own age, was his only companion. I cannot describe the uncerthly hue of her countenance better than by comparing it to a stewed muscle; to water, her neck, face, and arms had long been strangers; in short, I know not that I ever before saw a being, bearing "the human face divine," of a more forbidding appearance. These persons apparently formed the only inhabitants of the lonely dwelling.

Upon entering, I addressed the witch-like female by the title of "my good dame," and asked her "if she could sell me a couple of glasses of French brandy; for, as we had walked from Workington, and were both cold

and tired, a little spirit and water would be very acceptable." "And wha may ye be," responded the woman, in a shrill Cumbrian, or rather Scottish accent, "that expect to get the wee drap o' gude liquor frae the like o' us?" "Tush, tush, my good woman," replied I, "ye have nothing to fear; we are honest folk, and neither excisemen nor informers; you may produce the free trader's spirit without any dread." "That may be, sirs," said the female, "and for ought I ken, ye may be canny folk enough: but ye'll guess there be plenty o' uncanny folk wandering here awa, ready to take advantage of a puir body's attempt to get a living by ways that the Justice may say are na our muckle honest, an' it behoves the likes o' us to be wary and guarded; not that I mean to say there is onything to fear frae gentlemen o' ye're appearance, but ye ken we canna be too cautious." "My good dame," replied I, "there is such a thing as being over-cautious, and I'm sure when I tell you that we are going to be the guests of Mr. —, at Maryport, you will think so; for I warrant, long before bed-time, we shall, in his house, have had a pretty good stock both of *cheap brandy and Hollands*."

"Ye yellow d—!" cried the man, who had not before spoken, "will ye hae done wi' ye'e objections, and gie the gentlemen what they want; I'se warrant we's nae rue letting them hae a drap o' free brandy." The woman approached her lord and master, and whispered something to him, of which I could only catch the words, "may be expected to arrive every minute;" but whatever was the purport of her speech, he heeded it not, for suddenly rising from his seat, he seized a boat-hook, and exclaimed, "Haud yere tongue, ye blatherin' jade, and fetch the brandy directly, or I'se mak yere bones feel the weight o' this boat-hook, and no mistake; am I to be eternally brow-beaten and contradicted by a crazy half-witted noddie like yeresel?" The woman, with evident marks of reluctance in her countenance, left the room to obey his orders, and the husband then apologized for his apparent roughness, adding, that he did not mean to strike her with the boat-hook, but only intended to frighten her into compliance. "Puir woman," continued he, "She's not at all times sound in her upper works, and then if she taks a crotchet into her head the d—l himself can't drive it out. She's afraid that ye'll inform of a puir fellow, but I know better; so sit ye down by the fire, and the old dame will be here with the brandy in the setting of a top'gan't-sail." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the woman re-entered with a quart bottle of brandy, which she placed upon the table without saying a word, and then retiring to one corner of the chimney, she began to knit, but at times continued to eye myself and friend with looks that fully denoted there was but little good-will for us in her composition.

We, however, unheeding the sulky looks of our landlady, assisted ourselves without scruple to the smuggler's brandy, and in this occupation our host, notwithstanding the forbidding glances of his better half, freely participated. Whilst we were drinking the second round, the wind began to sigh and moan, and at intervals blew with such violence as though it intended not to leave one stone of the crazy building upon another. It was now quite dark, and I stepped forth to look at the weather: large heavy drops of rain were falling, and before I could re-enter the cottage, they had increased to a most tremendous shower: in short, to borrow the language of Burns,

"The wind blew as 'twad blaw its last,
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast,
'That might a wean might understand,
The de'il had lusness on his hand."

Just as I was returning into the house, a child came to the door, and we entered the kitchen together; it was a pretty little girl about ten years old, the sole offspring, as I afterwards understood, of our entertainers: she came from the neighboring village of Flimby, whither she regularly went to school. On seeing the little girl, the mother rose from her seat, and clasping the child in her arms, eagerly exclaimed, "Ah, my puir bairn, art not wet through the night?"—"Nae, mither," replied the child, "the rain 'gan noe to fau' fast 'till I reached hame;" without uttering another word, the mother placed her little one on a low stool by her side, and provided her with a porringer of sweet milk and some buttered oaten bread, on which the young girl began to make a very hearty meal. "Landlord," said I, on resuming my seat by the capacious fireplace, "it is altogether impossible for my friend and myself to leave your house whilst this soaking rain continues, and, for aught I see to the contrary, it may continue a pretty while, cannot you, therefore, extend your hospitality, and furnish us with something to eat?"

"Deed that I can, and quickly too," cried the good-natured fellow, "my old dame has some tea in her possession, that I ken ye wad na be able to match in the Black Lion, at Whitehaven; come, Meg," continued he, "stir yer stumps, put on the kettle, an' gie the gentlefolk some o' yer best gunpowder; we'll show them what kind o' tea an auld Cumberland cottage can furnish." The woman silently obeyed her husband's directions, whilst he, raising his hand to the roof, from which hung a large quantity of dried flukes, took down several of the finest, and said, "Perhaps, gentlemen, ye'll be able to eat some o' these flukes and buttered cakes to yer tea." "That we can," replied I, "and the sooner you have them cooked the better." Upon this our host left the room for a moment or two, and returned with an armful of oaten straw; this he placed upon the house floor, and throwing the flukes into the middle of the bundle, set it on fire, and when the straw was consumed, the fish

were ready for eating. Upon flukes cooked in this primitive manner, plenty of oaten bread and butter, and some most excellent tea, we managed to make a very comfortable repast, nothing the worse because the tea was drunk out of half-pint cups, and minus cream; but for that, the brandy formed a very good substitute. I know not how it arises, but certainly if there is any degree of sociability in a person's disposition, an enlivening cup of tea is sure to draw it out, and so it was with our hostesses, who joined us in the meal, and during its continuance, lost much of the reserve that she had hitherto maintained.

The storm still continued to rage with unabated fury, and we, being determined to make ourselves happy whilst it lasted, as soon as the sea equipage was removed, again commenced operations upon the brandy, and the landlord, to add to our stock of comforts, produced two or three dingy tobacco pipes, and a seal-skin pouch of *real kamm ster*; this was totally an unexpected enjoyment, and the room was soon filled with volumes of curling smoke from our steamers.

"You see, gentlemen," said our host, "that puir as ye ma' think this cottage is, I am na' without some o' the comforts o' life." The brandy he had taken began to make him very communicative: he related several anecdotes of his former life, and pretty plainly hinted at his present profession.

By this time the night was pretty far spent, and I quitted the house to have a second peep at the weather, as we wished very much to reach Maryport, if possible, that evening; the wind had in a great measure fallen; but the rain still continued with undiminished violence.

Whilst I stood in the doorway with my face turned to the sea, I saw several blue lights suddenly thrown up; I hastened to our landlord, and told him in a hurried manner, "that there was a vessel in the offing in distress, and that she was exhibiting blue lights as signals." "What's that you say?" said the fisherman; "blue lights! why, Meg, can it be?" "To be sure it is," replied Meg; "did I not tell you? but ye'll never be advised. If *I might hae had my will*, they wad hae been at hame noo, instead o' kenning what its likely they will ken, lang afore sunrise." "Weel, weel, Meg," answered the husband gruffly, "let's hae na mair o' that, ye aye ken I will hae my ain way;" so saying, he took some rockets from an old oaken chest, and with a blazing piece of pine waving in his hand, hastened into the open air, and I, curious to witness his proceedings, in spite of the woman's remonstrances, instantly followed him.

On looking towards the sea board, we saw the vessel, or whatever it might be, still throwing up blue fires; and the fisherman, whilst he replied to them by lights of a similar description, said, "Its nae wreck, sir, that sends

up yon rackets, but one o' the finest little craft that evar ran a cargo betwixt St. Bees and Skimburness."

We then turned our eyes towards Flimby, and saw two rockets ascend in that direction. "It's a' right noo," cried the smuggler, "the game's alive, an' in half an hoor the hale kintra for miles roun' will ken that the free trader is upon the coast; but let's noo gang back till the hoose, for there's naething mair to be done this gae while."

I followed him into the kitchen, and upon entering it, the smuggler thus addressed his wife—"Dame, do ye an' the bairn gang tull bed directly, an' if onything be wantin' thae night, I'll ca' ye up. Let's hae nae words," seeing that she was about to remonstrate; "do as I bid ye, or maybe ye's rue it." The woman obeyed without a murmur; then turning to us, he thus continued his discourse—"It's likely enough, gentlemen, that ye ken we are to land a cargo thae night, awfu' as it is, an' I should certainly hae bin verra glad o' ye're room, instead o' ye're company. But what can I do? Was I to turn ye out ye'd lose ye're way, an' perhaps ye're lives too, on this dreadfu' night; an', smuggler though I am, I hae still some sma' matter o' humanity in my breast; an' I wad na turn a dog out this weather, let alone a Christian. I's sorry there's nae bed i' th' hoose, but that whar the wife an' bairn sleep; but, however, I'll do my best to mak' ye comfortable; an' if *onything particular should happen* during the night, if awake, ye maun hear, see, an' say naething." We offered, at all hazards, to leave the cottage, rather than put him to any inconvenience or trouble on our account. "Nae, nae," returned he, "that will never dae; I wad na hae ye're lives to answer for gin I might hae the cutter an' her hale cargo." Thus saying he quitted the room.

When the smuggler was gone my friend remarked, "I think we are in a pretty predicament; but it's all your fault; if you had not been so fond of *raising spirits* we should, at this moment, have been snug in our beds at Maryport." "It is a fit thing, indeed, for you to reproach me," said I, "who have been quite as partial to *raising spirits* as myself. But it's useless to recriminate; we have had our pleasure: and if pain follows we must bear it patiently; but from what I have yet seen of our good-natured host, I think there is nothing to fear; so don't be down-hearted, man; 'screw up your courage to the sticking place, and I warrant this formidable adventure will, in the end, prove only a laughing matter.'" This I said to cheer the spirits of my comrade, who, to use a vulgar expression, had begun to funk most terribly; for as to myself, I was very little satisfied with our situation, but to turn out upon the moor, on such a wild and stormy night, would have been madness; and, with Shakspeare, I thought "it was better to

bear the ills we had than to fly to others that we knew not of."

By this time the smuggler had returned, with his arms full of straw. This he threw down on the floor, as near to the fire as he dared, and spreading thereon some old sails, we stretched ourselves upon this wretched substitute for a bed without undressing, and our host proceeded to cover us with one or two large Scotch cloaks, so that we lay warm and comfortable enough. Having repeated his caution, that "if anything happened during the night, we should hear, see, and say nothing," he mixed a couple of cups of warm brandy and water, and upon giving them to us, he requested that we would endeavour to obtain a little sleep, adding, that we had nothing to fear, and that he would pledge his life for our safety. Having said thus, the smuggler threw himself into an old arm-chair, and as he speedily fell asleep, we were convinced that we might without immediate apprehension of danger, follow his example.

In this situation, it may readily be supposed that our slumbers were not of a very refreshing nature, we, however, did sleep by fits and snatches, but after lying about three hours, we were awoke, for good, by a heavy knocking at the door, whilst, at the same time, a hoarse rough voice loudly shouted "Hilloa! house a hoy!" Upon this the smuggler instantly rose, and as he passed our bed in a low voice said, "Gentlemen, if ye be awake tak nae notice of what ye see or hear; be silent an' ye'll meet wi' nae harm." He then opened the door, and four rough looking fellows, dressed like sailors, with pistols in their belts and cutlasses by their sides, immediately entered the cottage, each of them being heavily laden with four five-gallon kegs, which, from their appearance, I judged to contain Hollands; after depositing their burthens on the floor they severally shook hands with our landlord, and one of them exclaimed, "By H—, Jock Anderson, it has blown great guns all night, it's surprising how well the cutter has weathered it: at one time I never thought we should have been able to land a package, but the wind having lulled, and the swell moderated, we ventured through with one boat load." "Ye're frae Rotterdam I guess this trip," said Jock Anderson. "Ay, ay, lad," replied the first speaker, "and we've a pretty tolerable cargo of gin, tea, and tobacco, besides a little lace, and some other trifling articles; but how the d—l does it happen that it is now past two o'clock, and there's ne'er a cart upon the shore yet?" "One can hardly expect them in such weather as this," answered Jock.—"Expect them, nonsense," returned the captain, "it's the best weather in the world for a free trader; it keeps the hawks at home; but who the deuce have we here?" pointing to us; "is this your caution, Jock Anderson?" By G— you will sometime or other ruin us

with these tricks."—"Pshaw, pshaw," replied Jock, "they are only a couple of honest gentlemen, who were benighted in the storm, and I sheltered them; I could na' do less; and had the muckle de'il hissel' knocked at the door, I wad na hae turned him fra it in such weather. I dosed them pretty well wi' brandy, an' they're sleeping as soundly as tho' they never meant to wake again." "I'll see to that," said the captain; "and if they are awake, why hang me if I don't give them a mittimus to the other world." Upon this he approached our bed, with the candle in his hand; but we having taken Jock Anderson's hint, betrayed every outward and visible sign of sound sleep; the smuggler held the candle over us for a moment or two, and then muttered, "Ay, ay, they're fast as a church; there's no fear of them, for some hours at least: besides, they do seem to be honest lads enough."—"I tell ye, Harding," responded our friend Jock, "ye hae naething to fear frae them; the young men are bound on a visit to your good friend, Mr. — of Maryport: so ye may rest satisfied that they're not likely to turn informers, even though they should awake."—"Well, well," returned Harding, "for this time all may be right; but the pitcher that goes too often to the well gets broken at last; I'd still have you, friend Jock, to be a little more cautious: and now," addressing his discourse to the other three men, "do ye go to the boat, bring as much as ye can carry, whilst Jock and I stow away the cargo." The men obeyed his orders, and the two smugglers being left alone, removed the old lumbering chest of drawers, and raised a flag, which displayed the entrance into a vault. Jock descended into the cavity, and the captain handed him the kegs; the other smugglers soon returned with more kegs and some packages of tea and tobacco. As they were securely depositing them in the vault, the rumbling of carts was plainly heard. "Ah, ah," said the captain, "there are our friends at last; let us hasten to meet them." Upon this they closed the entrance into the vault, replaced the chest of drawers, and taking care to lock the door on the outside, left my friend and myself alone in the cottage kitchen.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO DIDDLE A SCREW.

It was verging, one summer in the early part of Elliston's career, towards the close of the theatrical season of one of his many country theatres, and the reputed best night in the whole year had been appropriated to the benefit of our manager, who had provided an exceedingly tempting bill of fare for the occasion.

Elliston was a universal favorite, and his benefits invariably proved bumpers; which is not always the case with popular actors. Downton, though quite as good an actor in private as in public life, and excellent and

admired as he ever was, never made a good benefit; and old Delpini, the most companionable of clowns, and in general request from the prince to the apprentice for his social and comic qualities, was equally unfortunate in this respect. It is related of him that meeting a friend one day shortly after he had taken his accustomed "benefit" at the Italian Opera-house, his friend, knowing the usual ill-luck that attended him on such occasions, inquired somewhat anxiously what had been his success.

"What sort of a benefit had you this time, Delpini?" said he.

"Oh, begar, grand *benefice*, very good *benefice*, indeed," returned our *Scaramouch*, "I get sixty pound by him dis time."

"Ah, indeed! I congratulate you; but how did you manage to do that?"

"Ah, begar, oui, yes—but I shall tell you all about him. You see, amico mio, I lose a hundred pound de last time I take de *benefice*, but dis time I only lose de forty pound; so dat I get de sixty pound quite clear."

But to return to Elliston—as may be supposed he was much interested in the success of the night in question, but there was another person quite as much interested, and this was a certain wine-merchant and bill-discounter of the town, whom we shall take the liberty of calling Sloejuice, though his real name is well known. This worthy was in the habit of cashing hopeful young gentlemen's post obit bills, at the moderate discount of some fifty or sixty per cent.; being content on this "consideration" to wait till the death of their honored sires: a consummation he devoutly endeavored to hasten, whenever he had an opportunity, by furnishing them with a liberal quantity of his fine old port fresh from his own cellar, neat as concocted, its crust and bees-wing being manufactured *secundum artem*.

This Mr. Sloejuice, in the technical slang of his craft, had smashed two or three bits of stiff for our friend Elliston; in other words he had discounted two or three bills for him, on the most moderate terms of course, besides supplying him with a few dozens of London particular Madeira—particular for nothing else than being really London Madeira, composed as it was in Mincing Lane, of approved Cape, properly devilled with alcohol, &c. &c. The public not having accepted Mr. Elliston's bills quite so freely as he had done those of Mr. Sloejuice, "No effects" was the natural consequence, and Mr. Sloejuice's account had amounted with interest, &c., to about eighty pounds.

The bill-discounter had read Elliston's announced benefit bill with great interest, though in-text of being headed for the benefit of Mr. Elliston, he thought it ought to have been headed for the benefit of himself, he having fully determined that the whole of his de-

mand should be liquidated out of the night's receipts. Accordingly he applied to a legal friend of his, who lived in the town, through whose agency a *tickler* for the comedian was immediately placed in the respectable hands of Mr. Lumber, one of the principal body-borrowers of the place, who with his faithful follower, Mr. Bill Shackle, playfully called Nabbs by his intimates, soon after departed under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Sloejuice himself, and his foreman, clerk, and cooper, Mr. Broadlist, to hunt after their man, whom they (fortunately as they thought) picked up as he was returning from a late rehearsal, and within an hour of the usual time of opening the doors.

"Well, I'm blowed," said Mr. Lumber, familiarly tapping the comedian on the shoulder, "but this ere is apropos; you are the very identical gent as we vas a looking arter."

"The familiar scoundrel!" muttered the disconcerted actor between his teeth. "Plaguey unlucky—the doors just on the point of opening, too. Can't this business be settled any how, my friend?"

"To be sure it can—nothing so easy," returned Mr. Lumber, "you have only got to pay down the debt and costs—seventy-eight pounds and no mistake, vith any little compliment you like for my being so very civil; and as the office is already sarched, why I stashes this ere bit of parchment in a jiffy, and then the job's douc—I likes to make things agreeable."

This mode of settlement, however, neither suited Elliston's pocket nor his inclinations; he talked of the usurious interest that had been exacted, the infamous quality of the Madeira that had been supplied, &c., and proposed to give a cognovit at a month. Mr. Sloejuice, on his part, strongly objected to any mode of settlement but that of money down; he dwelt on Elliston's want of faith, the number of times the bills had been renewed, and declared the affair must now be finally brought to a close.

"You will be sure to have money enough in the house to-night," said he.

"More, more than enough," said Elliston; "it will hold nearly a hundred pounds, properly packed, and I know it will be crammed. Only let me act to night, and I will pay you every farthing on the conclusion of the performance—nay, more,—give you a bonus into the bargain."

"No, no," cried Mr. Sloejuice, "I can't trust you, Mr. Elliston; you forget, Sir, you are a *telegraph-actor*—in Bath one night, in London the next. If I was to let you play to-night, you'd be up to town to-morrow morning, and then it would be all up with me and the receipts."

"Very just," returned Mr. Lumber, "so you see it's no go, Muster Elliston—we're all on us up to you, sir."

"What's to be done?" cried the comedian, writhing with indignation.

"Let me take the money in the front of the house to-night," returned Mr. Sloejuice, and you may do what you like behind."

"But," said Elliston, "the receipts of the house will be sure to be considerably more than your demand. However, since it seems *volens volens*, give me a ten pound note, and a release of the present action—which of course will be a settlement of your debt, and I consent. You will have no objection to let me place my own check-takers, I suppose?"

"Indeed but I shall, though," cried Mr. Sloejuice, knowingly: "No, no, Mr. Elliston, I take the money myself in the front of the house to-night, and place my own check-takers, or its no go—I don't mind giving the ten pounds."

"Well, well," said Elliston, "needs must, you will have your own way I see—but as it is near time of opening the doors, and I've got to give a few directions behind, if the thing is to be done, let it be done at once."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Lumber, "that's vot I calls quite right and equivocable, Mr. Elliston; so we'll just step into the Dolphin here, and over a bottle of your best black strap, Mr. Sloejuice, we can prepare the dockeyments and conclude the business all reglar."

This was agreed to; the bottle of black strap was duly brought—which did not helie its name, being an ingenious brewage of vin ordinaire and logwood, doctored with a due proportion of B.B.—British brandy, and almost thick enough to be cut with a knife.—Over this precious decoction the dockeyments, as Mr. Lumber called them, were regularly drawn up and signed, the bottle was emptied, and Elliston received his release from Mr. Sloejuice's demand, together with ten pounds. He then proceeded, according to his agreement, to put the man of dregs and discount into full possession of the front of the house, with all the emoluments and advantages thereunto accruing, to be received by him for his own use and benefit, "for that night only."

Mr. Sloejuice was forthwith formally installed into the money-box, and supplied with a sufficient quantity of brass checks, soon to be exchanged, as he fondly thought, for gold and silver. His fingers perfectly itched at the idea.

There was but one entrance to the pay-place, from which other entrances conducted to the different parts of the house—a common thing in provincial theatres.

Mr. Lumber was placed as check-taker at the gallery door, he being supposed to be more capable of tackling the gods, should they prove at all uproarious, being a known good one with a rum customer. Mr. Broadlist, the cooper, having been used to check the cellar, was placed to watch over the interests of the pit, while Mr. Nabbs begged permission to

"wait" on the gentry in the boxes, as he observed he "knowed most on 'em, they being pretty nearly all old acquaintances of his'n."

The manager having now seen them all inducted into their several posts as stipulated, retired to give the directions he had hinted at, observing that he would send a man to open the doors the moment everything was ready. He was as good as his word.

Having got the wine-merchant, to use his own words, snugly bottled up, his first step, when he got behind the scenes, was to cause one of his largest bill-boards to be fixed at the top of a long pole, on this he put a written placard, which ran to the following effect:

TO THE PUBLIC.

TICKETS ADMITTED AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE ONLY.

Pay round the Corner.

With this notice he directed his stage-door keeper to parade backwards and forwards in a conspicuous manner before the front of the theatre at the time of the doors opening, taking care however to keep out of sight of Mr. Sloejuice and his assistant check-takers, though this was easy, as they were safe at their several posts.

A great number of tickets to the boxes and pit were soon presented and admitted, but no money appeared.

"This is very strange," said Mr. Sloejuice, who began to think that he'd got into the wrong box.

The fact was, the intimation on the placard attracting the attention of each fresh comer, it really, as had been anticipated, drew all the money round the corner, where, when the payers arrived, they saw another very legible intimation conspicuously posted over the entrance of the stage door, "PAY HERE," in enormous characters. Accordingly thither they all repaired, where they found Elliston himself in attendance to take the money.

"Pay here, pay here," said he, "Four to the pit? thank you, sir—half a guinea—two and sixpence," giving change. "Pass on, master carpenter, take the party under the stage, through the orchestra into the pit. Six boxes? thank you, ma'am—obliged to admit you this way, the crush is so great in front. Open the side door, prompter. Five gallery, Wingman, let those gentlemen through the door in the flies into the gallery. Mind how you go up the ladder, gentlemen."

As had been expected, there was very soon a tremendous house, the pit was in a short time literally choked.

In the meantime Mr. Sloejuice and the check-takers were much astonished at the apathy of the public. Presently, however, the mystery of no money presenting itself seemed to be explained by a shrill voice outside, which was heard, exclaiming:

"Box ticket for half a crown, take two into the pit and save you eighteen pence. Got any tickets I'll buy them of you. Pit ticket for eighteen pence, take two into the gallery, and save you six pence."

"Oh, ho!" thought Mr. Sloejuice, "its this that is spoiling the money, is it?"

Here he most energetically consigned all persons who sold tickets at the doors to a place much too low to be mentioned to "ears polite," concluding by loudly calling to the woman to come in, and bring her tickets with her.

"How many tickets have you got, my good woman?" said he, on her appearing.

"Eight box, and six pit, sir," said she.

"Give them to me, I'll take them all; there is the money for them: I'll not have the cash spoiled any more to-night if I can help it, so take yourself off as fast as you can, or hang me if I don't give you in charge of the constable."

The poor woman did not want twice bidding, but gladly shuffled away.

But not even the strong measure of buying up the tickets seemed to bring a farthing more to the pay place, and Mr. Sloejuice began to fear that some intimation of the bailiffs being the check-takers had got wind, and kept every body out of the house.

The performance had now commenced, and Mr. Lumber had enough to do to keep matters at all going; which he only accomplished by biting his name very often in a quart of brandy and water previously ordered. Towards the conclusion of the first act, however, a party with tickets, who had just been admitted by Mr. Nabbs into the boxes, returned with the intimation that there was not even standing room. Mr. Sloejuice was electrified, and declared that there must be some mistake.

"Not standing room! How can that be! Why there can be scarcely twenty persons in the house," said he; "the boxes must be nearly all empty!"

They angrily reiterated their assertions, and while he was disputing with them the first act ended, and between two and three hundred thirsty souls descended from the lofty regions of the gods, and demanded checks from the astonished Mr. Lumber, in order, as they observed, to procure a little refreshment.

"Vy, vere the deuce do you all come from?" said that gentleman, completely astounded.

"Why, where should we come from but up stairs to be sure," said they, "there aint room there to cough; it's quite picking one's pocket to take one's money; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Veil, I'm blest!" said Mr. Lumber.

A similar number at the same time issued or egress from the well crammed pit, to the

equal amaze ment of Mr. Broadstif, the cooper, who began to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Where did you come from?" said he.

"Why from the pit to be sure," said they.

"It must be the bottomless pit, then, for I swear you never came in this way!" returned he.

"Scoundrels!" roared the enraged Mr. Sloejuice, "you have been letting them in without paying. This it is having people for check-takers that don't know their business."

"Vy blow my dickey, vot do you mean by that? Nobody passed without a check!" retorted the indignant Mr. Lumber, "so if there's any body to blame it's yourself. It's you as don't know how to take the money."

Here some very unparliamentary language passed on both sides, and matters might have become serious had not the truth suddenly flashed on the horrified Mr. Sloejuice. Precipitately leaving the money box to take care of itself, he rushed to the stage door, and obtaining access behind the scenes, easily found the comedian, who was then in high glee. He at once loudly accused Elliston of robbing, cheating, tricking him, &c.

Robert William heard him with the most provoking composure.

"What have you to complain of, my good fellow?" said he coolly; "how have I robbed, how have I cheated you? I have kept my agreement, sir, to the very letter. I agreed to give up the front of the house to you, but I said nothing about the back. If you have not turned the front to account, that is your fault, not mine; I have done the best I could with my part of the building, and have not been so much behind as you may imagine. You said I might do what I liked here, you know. You had the advantage of me at first I own, but I think I have made it equal now. Yes, friend Sloejuice, while you have been waiting to take the money in the front, I have been giving change for it behind here; so now I think we are about even. I wish you a very good night—take care of the traps!—carpenters, show this gentleman out."

It is but justice to say, that Elliston, afterwards, (not, it is true, till his own perfect convenience) repaid Mr. Sloejuice every farthing he was entitled to.

THE FLIGHT OF DEATH.

He riseth—he riseth slowly
From his bed—the vast—the lowly,
Where ages have swept o'er his slumbering form,
Unknown to the sunshine, unknown to the storm,
With greatness and power he has slept,
The Mammoth beside him reposed,
The vast Megatherium near him had crept,
When his terrible eye had closed.

Since he lay down to rest, their giant bones
Had crumbled to dust, and harden'd to stones;
And heaved, in chaotic slime,
O'er the hills that had shelter'd their giant play,
And the boundless woods that had melted away
With the moon from the night, and the sun from
the day,

The wrecks of a perishing Time.

He riseth—the Phantom King,
On his strong and shadowy wing,
And he feels the breeze as fresh as at first,
When an earlier world on his vision burst.

The woods and the hills were there;
The ocean beyond them was roll'd;
The sun with his glory filled the air,
And bathed the springs in gold.
The soft blue sky and the woods were rife
With music, and beauty, and joy, and life,
And the bloom had a fragrant breath.
Together the fawn and the lion play'd,
And Might with Innocence gambolling made,
When rose from the sunless deep the shade
Of the terrible wings of Death.

He snuffeth the wind—Ha! ha!
Earth shudders with secret awe;
There is blood on its bright and flow'ry sod,
And it feels the frown of an angry God.

The first of human gore
On the blushing earth has been shed;
It held of human kind but four;
Now one is cold and dead.
And one with a fierce and bloodshot eye,
And crimson club, is standing by—

A scar'd and blasted man.
"Thou earliest child of a mortal race,"
Said the Phantom King, as he hover'd in space,
"Shalt hold, for the deed, the proudest place
In Death's pale army's van."

He saileth aloft, afar,
In a heaven where shines no star,
O'er a silent, dark, and moaning sea,
Where Earth and its isles were wont to be,
The living have passed away;
Their myriad heart is at rest;
It had leap'd into gladness at opening day,
With life and music bless'd.
But the tumbling tide, ere daylight's close,
Had still'd the tumult of joys and woes
O'er all the hills and dales:

The tribes of the cold and the burning zone,
The city and empire, the monarch and throne,
Have pass'd from the scene with a hollow groan,
Where Death's gray pinion sails.

He poiseth his plumes,—again
The day-star illumines the plain;
And again the forest melody floats
To the heart of heaven in million notes;
But other sounds are there;
The yell, and the shout, and the groan,
And the hickering blades as they cleave the air,
And the dying's anguish'd moan.
A female arm is uplifted high,
Guiding the March of Victory
O'er red and smoking plains;
Assyria's queen—she trampleth down
An empire's might, and the pride of its crown;
And the Phantom smiles to behold her frown,
Blight Asia's rich domains.

Time passeth—His centuries weep
 Assyria's throne on the steep
 Where it tower'd—a beacon of flame and might
 Claiming eternity—quenched in night.

The eye of the Phantom shone
 On the earthquake that shatter'd its pride,
 And upheav'd the glories of Babylon
 On empire's changing tide.
 It glow'd with delight when the voice of wal
 Pass'd over the city and shrines of Baal,
 By the Persian trampled low.

It sparkled when Asia's haughty crest
 Had stoop'd to the conquering spears of the West
 And flash'd when the foot of a Cæsar prest
 Achaia's plumes of snow.

Time ageth—his looks are hoar;
 He hath gathered a ghastly store
 Of years and of nations to darkness and sleep
 In the tombs of the earth and the caves of the deep;
 Still, the shade of the wings of death,
 In motion or terrible rest,
 Is falling wherever there heaves a breath
 On the vale or the mountain's breast.
 Refreshed by the lapse of a thousand years,
 He smiles, as of old, on the clash of spears;
 On the swift or the slow decay
 Of imperial pride, with its pomp and power,
 Of altar and pyramid, statue and tower,
 And calmly awaits the last bright hour
 That shall o'er their ruins play.

They gather—a mighty host!
 All that have yielded the ghost
 Since Time began. At the midnight hour
 Death summons to meet him his ghostly power;
 A vast and shadowy train.
 They circle the earth in a zone:
 With one hand the Phantom touches Cain,
 With the other Napoleon.
 Around they sweep on an infinite wing,
 By race and by nation, the subject and king—
 The lowly and the high.
 And a voice they blend, like the awful chime
 Of a distant ocean roll'd sublime,
 "We are thine, O Death, till the terrible time
 When Death himself shall die!"

THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

THE well-known custom, so long used in Ireland, of keening, or lamenting over the dead, is of the most remote antiquity. History informs us, that it was known to the Greeks and Romans, who, however, seem to have borrowed it from the eastern nations, among whom probably it had its origin; and from the Scriptures we learn that it was practised among the Israelites. Dr. O'Brien tells us, that the word in the Irish language, as originally and more correctly written is *cine*, and not, as modern orthoëpists have it, *caoine*: and this makes it almost identical with the Hebrew word *cina*, which signifies lamentation or weeping with clapping of hands. The learned Jezreel Jones, in speaking of the Shillah or Tarmazeght, a language or dialect of the inhabitants of the mountainous part of south-western Barbary, in a letter to John Chamberlayn, dated "Westmonasterii, 24 Decembr. 1714," declares that "the Shil-

henses have the same custom as the Arabs, the Jews, and the Irish, of lamenting over the dead, uttering various cries of grief, tearing their hair, and asking the deceased why did he die? why did he leave them? and desiring that death would seize them also, in order that they might rejoice him whom they lamented." According to an old work, Armstrong's History of Minorca, the peasantry of that island, in their lament, ask the dead "if he had not food, raiment, and friends—and wherefore, then, did he die?" Sir Walter Scott informs us that the *coronach* of the Highlanders is precisely similar to the *ullaloo* of the Romans, and the *ullaloo* of the Irish; that the words of it are not always articulate, but when they are so, they express the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

The funeral song introduced in Shakspeare's beautiful play of Cymbeline, where the scene is laid in Wales, upon the supposed death of the disguised Imogen, will, no doubt, recur to some of our readers.

From the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, we transcribe the following passages, descriptive of the ancient observance of the custom—

"The Irish have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them; and it seems derived from their Celtic ancestors, the primæval inhabitants of this isle. Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, says the Irish then musically expressed their griefs; that is, they applied the musical art, in which they excelled all others, to the orderly celebration of funeral obsequies, by dividing the mourners into two bodies, each alternately singing their part, and the whole at times joining in full chorus.

"The body of the deceased, dressed in grave-clothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier, or some elevated spot. The relatives and *keeners* (singing mourners) then ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head, the other at the foot of the corpse. The bards and crotaries had before prepared the funeral coömon. The chief bard of the head chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the foot semichorus began the lamentation, or *ullaloo*, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the head semichorus; then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot semichorus began the second *gol* or lamentation, in which they were answered by that of the head, and, as before, both united in the general full chorus. Thus alternately were the song and the choruses performed during the night. The genealogy, rank, possessions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased—as, why did he die? If married, whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors? If a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste? If a young man, whether he had been crossed in love? or if the blue-eyed maids of Eria had treated him with scorn?"

In ancient times it was the duty of the bard, who was attached to the family of each chief or

noble, assisted by some of the household, to raise the funeral song; but, at a more recent period, this has been entrusted to hired mourners, who were remunerated according to the estimation in which their talents were held. We are told that formerly the metrical feet of their compositions were much attended to, but on the decline of the Irish bards these feet were gradually neglected, and they fell into a kind of slipshod metre among the women, who have entirely engrossed the office of *keeners* or mourners.

From Mr. T. Crofton Croker, the talented chronicler of many of our old legends and customs, we quote the following highly graphic account of the performance of a *keener*, by profession, of the present day.

"Having a curiosity," he says, "to hear the *keen* more distinctly sung than over a corpse, when it is accompanied by a wild and inarticulate uproar as a chorus, I prevailed on an elderly woman who was renowned for her skill in keening to recite for me some of these dirges. This woman, whose name was Harrington, led a wandering kind of life, travelling from cottage to cottage about the country, and though in fact subsisting on charity, found everywhere not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations on account of the vast store of Irish verse she had collected and could repeat. Her memory was indeed extraordinary; and the clearness, quickness, and elegance with which she translated from the Irish into English, though unable to read or write, is almost incredible. Before she commenced repeating, she mumbled for a short time, probably the beginning of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backwards and forwards, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then began in a kind of whining recitation, but as she proceeded, and as the composition required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered, proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject; but her eyes always continued shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object."

Till about the middle of the last century, the custom was very generally adhered to in Ireland, as well in families of the highest condition, as among those of the lower orders; and many of the elegiac poems, composed on such occasions, have come down to us, which, by their figurative language and highly poetical imagery, evince astonishing genius, and are strongly indicative of the natural talent of our people. The learned Dr. Adam Clarke has preserved one of considerable beauty, the music of which he tells us, though rude and simple, is nevertheless bold, highly impassioned, and deeply affecting, and is often used among the descendants of the aboriginal Irish on funeral occasions. We, however, prefer giving the following "Lament of Morian Shehone for Miss Mary Bourke," which is literally translated from the original Irish:—

"Silence prevails; it is an awful silence. The voice of Mary is heard no more in the valley.

"Yes, thou art gone, O Mary! but Morian Shehone will raise the song of woe, and bewail thy fate.

"Snow-white was thy virtue; the youths gazed on thee with rapture; and old age listened to the soft music of thy tongue.

"Thy beauty was brighter than that of the sun which shone around thee, O Mary! but thy sun is set, and has left the soul of thy friend in darkness.

"Sorrow for thee is dumb, save the wailings of Morian Shehone: and grief has not yet tears to shed for Mary.

"I have cried over the rich man; but when the stone was laid upon his grave, my grief was at an end. Not so with my heart's darling; the grave cannot hide Mary from the view of Morian Shehone.

"I see her in the four corners of her habitation, which was once gilded by her presence.

"Thou didst not fall off like a withered leaf, which hangs trembling and insecure; no, it was a rude blast which brought thee to the dust, O Mary!

"Hadst thou not friends? Hadst thou not bread to eat, and raiment to put on? Hadst thou not youth and beauty, Mary? Then mightest thou not have been happy?

"But the spoiler came, and disordered my peace; the grim tyrant has taken away my only support in Mary!

"In thy state of probation, thou wert kind-hearted to all, and none envied thee thy good fortune. Oh! that the lamentations of thy friends—Oh! that the burning tears of Morian Shehone could bring back from the grave the peerless Mary!

"But alas! this cannot be; then twice in every year, while the virgins of the valley celebrate the birth and death of Mary, under the wide spreading elm, let her spirit hover round them, and teach them to emulate her virtues.

"So falls into the depths of silence the lament of Morian Shehone."

Of late years the custom has fallen greatly into disuse, and is now of rare occurrence, except in some very few old families, and among the peasantry, and with them it has now generally degenerated into a mere cry of an extremely wild and mournful character, which, however, consisting of several notes, forming a very harmonious musical passage, approaches to a species of song, but is almost always destitute of words.

The crowd of people who assemble at the funerals of the peasantry in some parts of the country, is amazing, often exceeding a thousand persons, men and women. They gather as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or approach any houses, the wail swells out still louder than before, which gives notice that a funeral is passing, and immediately the people flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is said that it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask, "Arrah! who is it that's dead? who is it we're crying for?" The peasantry everywhere are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationships branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life, is his having a crowded funeral. Even the poorest

people have their own burying places, that is, spots of ground in the churchyards, which are situated sometimes in the wildest parts of the mountains, their situation indicated by some remnant of a ruin, and a few scattered tombstones, and the low green hillocks of the graves. Here, they say, their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland; and, though these burial places should be many miles from the place where a man dies, his friends ad neighbors take care to carry his corpse thither.

The first time I ever heard the funeral cry, I was greatly struck by it, owing, perhaps, in some degree to its coming upon me quite unexpectedly. I was riding along an unfrequented road in one of the most retired parts of the County of Meath; I well remember it was a lovely morning early in spring; the trees were rapidly assuming their most brilliant clothing of green, there was a genial warmth in the air, the sun shone out brightly, and the lively songs of the birds added their animating influence at once to cheer and tranquillize the feelings, and I sauntered on in that delightful state of mind which one enjoys, when all the cares and anxieties of life for a few short moments are utterly forgotten, one is engaged solely in drinking in a variety of undefinable, but yet highly pleasurable emotions from every quarter. A faint wailing sound, so wild and indescribable, that it seemed almost something unearthly, came floating on the light morning breeze, but so indistinct and so faint from distance, that it was repeated more than once before I could be quite certain it was more than mere imagination. However, I heard it again and again at intervals of a few seconds, the sound becoming each time more distinct as I approached the quarter from whence it came, or the wind bore it a little more strongly towards me. From a sort of murmur it swelled out into a full tone, and then died away into silence; I know nothing it resembled so much as the sounds of an Æolian harp, as they rise gradually in strength, and then sink into the softest cadences. At length reaching a turn in the road, I perceived at some distance a vast crowd approaching towards me, and stretching along a considerable extent of ground; part of them only I was able to see, the remainder were concealed from my view by the windings of the road. In the front, where the crowd was most dense, I distinguished by their cloaks (several of which being scarlet gave a highly pictorial effect to the group) twenty or thirty females, and in the midst of them a bier carried by men, who were occasionally relieved by others of those nearest to them. I soon perceived that the funeral song was begun by some of these women, that it was gradually swelled by the voices of the remainder, and the men joined occasionally their deeper tones. The effect of the whole was most striking, and had something even grand in it: the song was guttural, but by no means monotonous, and whether the contrast with the bright and joyous spring morning may not have rendered it more melancholy and lugubrious I know not, but certainly it struck me as the most singularly plaintive and mournful expression of excessive grief that could well be imagined.

As I drew nearer I perceived that the persons who composed the cortege were affected by very different feelings indeed. Some few of those who

followed close to the coffin were evidently overcome by the most poignant and heartfelt affliction. Some of the women especially gave way to the most unrestrained and vehement expression of the liveliest sorrow, weeping loudly, throwing up their hands and clapping them together, or striking them violently against their bosoms. It occurred to me, involuntarily, that it was no small trial of the true pathos of this ancient melody to see that it bore with undiminished effect so close a juxtaposition with the real demonstration of genuine and unartificial grief; indeed I fancied at times that some of them, even in the utmost abandonment of their sorrow, joined in the wail of the other women, who, by their undisturbed countenances and unagitated demeanour, pointed themselves out as the professional *keeners* who assisted on the occasion.

As soon as the foremost persons came up to me, I raised my hat for a moment, and turned my horse's head about, aware that it was deemed unlucky if any person meeting a funeral passes it without turning back to accompany it at least some short distance. I am always anxious to yield to such prejudices as these among my countrymen; it costs not much trouble to show some slight respect to their feelings, and I think one is especially called upon to do so upon such occasions. It always appeared to me that trifles like these serve greatly to draw the bonds of charity and friendly feeling between the different classes in this much-divided country, which it is to be lamented are often heedlessly and rudely broken through by many who, unobservant of mankind, know not that it is one of those immutable laws inherent in our very nature, and nowhere of more force than in the bosoms of our warm-hearted countrymen, that a far deeper feeling of gratitude and affection is engendered by an expression of sympathy or participation either in sorrow or joy than by labored kindnesses, which, in truth, are often felt as absolutely oppressive.

By reining in my horse, I gradually allowed the whole crowd to pass me by, though it seemed almost to be interminable; I was astonished at finding that it extended probably along upwards of a mile of the road, and consisted of not less than two thousand people. I then resumed my journey, and in a few minutes the intervening ground hid the entire procession from my view, and the funeral wail gradually became distant, and at last totally died away.

I subsequently learned that the deceased was a very extensive farmer, claiming to be the descendant of one of the old native families, who derive their lineage from the ancient princes of our land; that he had just terminated a long life spent from his childhood on his paternal inheritance, in constant intercourse with the poor peasantry, by whom he was much beloved, not only in consequence of his ancient descent, but from his having had the character of exercising lavishly the hospitality of the olden time, besides possessing pre-eminently in his own person many of the other virtues and qualities which stand highest in the estimation of our countrymen.

It is an interesting fact that Curran, who was from his infancy familiar with the language of his country, and in his youthful days took especial pleasure in constantly mixing in the social meet-

ings of the peasantry, has been known to declare that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the compositions of the hired mourner over the dead.

PARASITES.

AMONGST the wonders of creation, there is a large class of animals whose very existence is unknown to the majority of mankind. Indeed, most of them are so minute, that they can only be seen with the help of a microscope; and, had it not been for this invaluable instrument, we should never have become acquainted with the tiny population of our globe. They are a world within a world. We now allude to those creatures, called parasites, because they cling to and feed upon the bodies of other living creatures. They consist of a great number of species, and are of endless variety of form and structure. Their food and habits are as diversified as their places of habitation. These parasites infest every animal, and every organ of the body. They are found thriving in localities where no person would expect that they could live. They fatten upon the eyes, the blood, the gall, the bladder, the liver, the intestines, the kidneys, and all the muscles of the corporeal frame. They cast their grappling hooks in the mouth and jaws of the most voracious animals, and pursue the unwearied operation of sucking their juices, in spite of all the whirlwinds and earthquakes that are going on around them. Nay, they even find entrance into the brain, and unceremoniously take a seat upon the throne of sense and understanding. The operations of most of these parasites are unfelt and unperceived; though there are larger and irritating ones, especially of the louse genus, which we shall not attempt to describe.

Many of our readers will scarcely believe us, when we tell them that three hundred and sixty little worms have been taken out of a single eye of a perch. Each of these animals had a perfect organization, having organs for taking and digesting its nourishment, and for propagating its species. The minuteness of the animal world will appear more extraordinary when we add, that such parasites are themselves infested with animacules still more diminutive. A certain *monad* feeds upon them, as they do upon the juices of the perch's eye; and perhaps those monads have their attendant leeches. But human curiosity has its limits; and though the microscope discloses wonders within wonders, yet it at length leaves us in the depth of our researches, amazed at what we have seen, and imagining what may still remain undiscovered beyond the curtain of sight.

The structure of insect parasites is skillfully adapted to the various situations in which they are placed, some of which are very strange and hazardous. Another parasite which infests a different part of the fish to which we have already alluded, has been minutely described by Dr. Nordman. Some people have wonderful patience and tact for investigating the forms and habits of the creatures which people the microscopic world; and they think themselves well repaid for their trouble by the new exhibitions of creative wisdom which they perceive in every new discovery.—The doctor has made us acquainted with a para-

site which he denominates *Aetheres percarum*, or *pest of the perches*. It is a fresh-water insect; but instead of floating about in the liquid fields of nature, and enjoying the free exercise of liberty, until engulfed by some superior of the finny tribe, it boldly enters the mouth of the perch, and extracts nutriment from the very masticating organs of this voracious fish. As the perch is notoriously greedy, and often swallows its prey entire, the contortions and pressure of its mouth must sometimes be very great. Yet the *Aetheres* hesitates not to attach itself to the palate, and even to the tongue, of this gormaudiser. It, therefore, needs a very strong anchorage when it stations itself in the vortex of such a *Charrybdis*. Nature has provided for this emergency. The *Aetheres* is provided with two strong arms, proceeding from the base of its cephalothorax, or that part of the head which also serves for a neck; and these taper, like the trunk of an elephant, till they unite in a single sucker. The creature buries this organ so deep into the cellular membrane of the perch's month, that it can neither disengage itself, nor be extracted by foreign violence, without rupturing its arms. These arms are bent in a circle round the head, and in the same plane, just as if we should clasp our hands a little above our foreheads. The sucker, also, is placed in front. Hence the parasite lies with its whole body close to whatever part of the fish it may happen to fix upon, and is like a scale or small protuberance within its month. Still there would be a danger of the parasite being displaced by the violent gesticulations of the fish, or carried down with the food which it gorges. To prevent this catastrophe, and to keep itself as comfortable as possible, it throws out or raises a quantity of saliva, by which its back is well lubricated; so that the perch's food passes over the flat and slippery surface, without inflicting any injury by the temporary pressure.

We suppose that this little creature never sleeps, or else it possesses the power of *holding on* during its slumbers. Its whole occupation and enjoyment consist in sucking, a work which must be continued when once begun, for the instant it should let go its anchorage, it would be hurried down the perch's *faucis* into the gulf of its stomach, and entombed in the food which is there exposed to the action of the gastric juice. But the *Aetheres percarum* is itself attacked by another parasite of more diminutive form; a very small species of mite, called the *Gamasus scabieulus*, finds an opportunity of bleeding the bleeder, and preys upon its blood, as it does upon that of the perch. The saliva, also, with which it is covered, becomes a sort of muddy pond, in which numbers of a species of *Infusoria*, of the tribe *Vorticella*, fatten and feed upon the back of the *Aetheres*. The parasites are thus multiplied upon one another; and each species affords sustenance for others inferior to itself in the scale of being. The deeper we carry our researches into nature, the more does it seem to teem with living wonders, and its population to increase, the more diminutive that they become.

The next animacule that we shall mention is the *Pteroptex*, a species of bat-mite, which infests the wings of this night-loving bird. As this organ of flight is a large and naked membrane, it would

appear almost impracticable for an insect to fix itself so firmly upon the bare surface, as not to be cast off by the violent flapping. But the creature is peculiarly constructed to meet this emergency. Its 8 feet are furnished with vesicles which it can use as suckers, and firmly cling to the smoothest object. Like a ship in an open bay, sheltered from the ocean's waves, but not from the violence of the winds, which rides in safety by anchors thrown out from various quarters, so the Pteroptes fixes itself by as many of its feet as it deems necessary to its security. But lest any unwonted motion or sudden jerking should drive it from its moorings, it possesses the singular power of instantly turning up as many of its legs as it pleases, and laying hold of the object which was previously above its head. It can walk in this inverted position as if upon its back. In seasons of great tumult, it may be seen with four legs upwards and four downwards, ready to grasp either the ground or the roof of its strange dwelling. Such an organization would be useless to a parasite which nestles amongst feathers or upon a downy skin; it is only available to a creature which lodges in the wrinkles of a bat's slippery wing. The dangers of its situation are provided against by this unique expedient.

Another parasite which infests the same bird has been termed the *Bat-louse*. The structure of this animal also is contrary to the usual process of nature. Its head is placed in the back of the thorax, behind the attachment of the fore-legs. There is a cavity in the back terminating in a kind of pouch, into which the creature throws back its head when it is going to feed, and continues in this position whilst engaged in suction. It therefore takes its food with the belly upwards, and its head ensconced in the hole in its back! But this little monster, if so it may be called, is furnished with an eye, and with antennæ and feelers, so that it knows well what it is about, and where it is going. Its legs are not fixed, as is usual, in the lower part of the trunk, but in the upper margin, and its motion is so swift as to resemble flight rather than creeping. Whilst it is feeding, we might easily mistake the under for the upper part of its body, were it not for the form of its legs. It seems to have been made on purpose to show how manifold are the designs of the Creator, and what strange forms of beings can be produced by his skill, each complete in itself, and perfectly adapted to its particular sphere of action. It is this that renders an investigation into the secrets of natural history so satisfactory in the results, that we find every animal equipped with all necessary organs, and placed in a situation suitable for their exercise. This is the perfection of a creature.

Another parasite deserves special notice, from the singularity of its structure, as a double-bodied animal. The *Diplozoon* inhabits the inner gills of the *Bream* fish. What tempted a naturalist to look for anything in such a locality? As the leaves of this organ are in constant motion, and a perpetual stream of water passes through them, we might imagine it to be a very insecure place for feeding. But the *Diplozoon* is provided with all the requisite tackling for such a station; like a ship in a river, firmly moored to buoys, fore and aft, and on either side, so that it rides safely in the same spot, whether the tide ebbs or flows,

and whether the water is high or low. The *Diplozoon* has two bodies, united at their centres, leaving the upper and under limbs free of each other. Being provided with a number of suckers from each half, it attaches itself at once to two leaves of the gills, with so firm a hold, that it is not moved by the constant motion of this slippery organ. Each of its upper limbs has a triangular mouth, with a sucker to steady it in performing its operations. The organ of suction resembles a tongue, which appears to be incessantly in exercise. The alimentary canal of this wonderful creature branches into both its lower sides. The circulation of its blood is carried on through four principal channels, each half of the animal having an exterior and interior tube; in the former of which the blood flows upwards, and in the latter downwards, the circulation being performed with great force and rapidity. The generative organs are also double. The lower lobes always move in the same direction, but each of the upper arms seems to have a separate will and power of motion. When its suckers are examined by a strong magnifying glass they are found to consist of very complex machinery, with hooks and stays, admirably adapted for hooking firmly to a proper object.

It is supposed that these parasites are created, not only for personal enjoyment, but for the good of the animals on which they feed. A great part of them, including all the microscopic species, pursue their avocations unknown to the creatures from whom they extract their nourishment. They cause no pain or irritating sense of their presence. Perhaps there is a surplus quantity of juices produced through the taking of food, which requires to be thus disposed of; or, there may be some unwholesome particles which would injure the organs, or pollute the circulation, which it is the office of these parasites to consume. Such a supposition, far from being extraordinary, is only analogous to other provisions of nature. Each of its departments has appropriate scavengers to devour the refuse of animal and vegetable substances. Birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, and insects of various orders, perform this necessary work in the forest, the fields, the water, and in populous cities of the East. And why should there not be similar workers in the streets, lanes, and nooks of a living body? When we consider the strange compounds that are swallowed, the delicacy of most of our organs, and the facility with which the capillary tubes would be hurt or impeded, we shall not wonder at nature's care in furnishing cohorts of invisible leeches to cleanse every part, and keep it from being overloaded.

Every creature has its use. The larger parasites, to which we only made a passing reference, and which breed in the feathers or woollen coats of various birds and beasts, are supposed to be of important service in cleansing the roots of the hair from various impurities which it is liable to contract; and which if allowed to remain undisturbed, might harden and seriously injure the pores of the skin. This may be the case even with those revolting creatures which infest the human body, when kept in an uncleanly condition; and their presence is a warning that healthful ablutions have not been attended to. They are at once a bane and an antidote. We can easily understand such a position. An animal

may be repulsive, on account of its occupation, whilst its office is a dire necessity. Few persons would choose the employment of a chimney-sweeper, or a deporteur of offensive matter, and when in their dirty robes of office, they are naturally shunned by sensitive organs; yet their labors is needful, and we could not dispense with their assistance. So it is with some of those disagreeable creatures which nature employs to purify larger or smaller portions of the earth or its inhabitants. We instinctively repel them from us, without acknowledging the great obligations under which we lie to them for their ill-requited services. We import leeches from distant lands, and gladly avail ourselves of them to reduce an inflammation which is palpable to the senses; whilst we feel no gratitude for that abundant provision of nature which supplies us with thousands of unseen bleeders, who cause us no annoyance whilst they pursue their unwearied task of preventing a plethora. But the regular and unperceived works of nature are far more wonderful and kind than extraordinary cures or flashy expedients. A sensitive imagination may shrink from the idea of his body being a world sustaining a living population; whilst he hesitates not to engulf hundreds of animalcules at every breath, and feels no repugnance at devouring scores of shrimps or oysters at a meal. Why should we grudge a little superfluous juices to afford food and enjoyment to thousands of useful parasites?—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

(Being an Old Ballad altered to suit the times.)

Would you hear a Spanish ladye
How an Emperor she won?
Very marked attentions paid he,
But she was not to be done.
The belle of all the Tuilleries balls was she,
And had a gross of titles and a mil-^l of pedigree.
To be mistress of the master
Of the French she was too high;
Cupid's bonds did hold him faster
All the more that she fought shy;
In her charming company was all his joy,
But to favour him in anything he found her coy;
Till at last he gave commandment
At Compiègne a hunt should be;
To chase the dear was his intention—
But not the one spelt double e.
Then said the ladye milde, "His game I see,
But mine is not a heart that's caught so easilie."
"Gentle ladye, show some pitie;
I'm an Emperor—no lesse!"
But the ladye was too wittie
To be caughte with chaffe, I guesse;
"There's one way from my chains yourself to free,
My gallant Emperor—that is, to marry me."
"Aught I'll swear, so thou but love me;
See, on marrow-bones I goe!"
"Sire, fair words no parsnips butter,
Swearing don't coste much, you knowe.
Some people I have known swear over nighte,
Who all their oaths next morning have forgotten quite.

"The Assemblée saw no reason
'Gainst your treading Gallic grounde;
Then all traitors and all treason
How you swore, Sire, to confounde!
But now the Assemblée you have overthronne,
And in their place you sit, as Emperor, alone."

"Hold your tongue, free-spoken ladye,
Hold your tongue, you are a bore:
Of fair ladies there are plentie,
France doth yielde a wondrous store;
Spaniards to their own fortunes may be blinde,
But the French ladies to my prayer will be more kinde.

"Yet forgive me, lovely Spaniard,
You alone possess my heart;
And with thee, if so it *must* be,
My Imperial crowne I'll part.
With all the Royal houses to wedde I've done my best,
But all decline the honor—Cobourgs 'mong the rest."

"I have neither golde or silver,
To maintain me in such place;
To be Empress is great charge,
As you know, in any case."
"My cash and jewels every one shall be thy owne,
The sums I've made by dabbling in the Funds are quite unknowne."

"On French thrones are many changes,
Quick they fall who quickly rise;
Then the way you've been behaving—
Poisoning, shooting, telling lies!"
"A better man henceforth I mean to be,
And all the credit of the change they will set down to thee!"

"Then your friends, Sire, of both sexes,
Have a reputation sad;
Louis Quinze and his Dubarrys,
Other Louis are as bad."
"I'll set them all a packing, whate'er age, sex, or claims,
Till your court's dull and decorous as that of sour St. James."

"Well, Sire, upon these conditions
I to share your throne consent;
Spanish ladies are no greenhorns,
With bare love to be content;
But Empress—though of such an Emperor—to be
Is a chance I can't resist, though a true blue-blood grandee."

Affection is the stepping stone to God.
Will is the root, Knowledge is the stem and leaves, Feeling the flower.
The human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth, as the household lamp for light.

To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled; but when we find that we have ate poison, it is doubtless mercy to warn them against the dish.

THE DREAMERS.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

It was on a fine harvest morning, when nature, decorated in her rich robe of natural beauty, wears the smiling appearance of pleasure and plenty, that old Nona na bocough (Nona the Cripple) sat on the little bench outside of her cabin door.

She looked sharply about her as she sat at her cabin door this beautiful morning. "Well," she said, thinking aloud, "it's not for nothing that the rap came to my door so early, before the birds were awake on the boughs—and it's not a good sign to see a black beast or bird the first in the morning—and I did not like that raven I saw flying about Ulick Maguire's house when I looked out—besides, I have been dreaming that one of my teeth fell out last night; umph! I'll lose a friend—I'll lose a friend that's certain; however the will of God be done; he knows what is best for us, what we can't know ourselves; and that he'll give us, glory be to his high and holy name. But as I live here's Kathleen coming in haste—I hope there is no harm."

The person she spoke of was a young girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age who with flying hair, flushed countenance, kilted petticoat, and bare legs, came running to her.

"Well, Kathleen, do you want me, or what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, Nona, the mistress wants you above the world; she says you must come over immediately; she has something to say to you."

"Is she sick, Kathleen?—is Ulick sick?—or has any thing happened good or bad?"

"Why they are all well, thank you kindly Nona—but the mistress is some way uneasy in her mind and wants to see you about it."

"Well tell her, Kathleen, that I'll be over after you the very mimit I put on my clean cap and kerchief. I'll make no delay."

"Well, good morning, Nona."

"Good morning, Kathleen, and God bless you child; and mark you to his holy grace, and amen."

Away ran Kathleen with the speed of a frightened doe, and old Nona pursued her soliloquy.—

"Well, as I said before, the Lord bless us. I am afraid there is something bad over some one in the neighborhood. Heaven preserve Ulick Maguire and his family at any rate, for they are good."

Ulick Maguire was a farmer in Nona's neighborhood, who married about six months previous an interesting girl to whom he had been long attached, and by whom he was tenderly beloved. He was in very happy circumstances, and generally esteemed by those around him as an obliging neighbour and a good, sensible, well conducted young man. Mary, his handsome wife, was sitting, in a melancholy posture with her head leaning on her palm, by the fire side, when old Nona made her appearance at the cottage door.

"God bless and save this house and all that's in it, and all that's out of it belonging to it; may neither sickness, sorrow, trouble, or inquietness ever enter under the roof," said Nona, devoutly crossing herself as she entered.

"You're welcome, Nona," said Mary, "sit down here and rest yourself."

"Well, child," said Nona, taking a seat oppo-

site the young woman, and looking earnestly and anxiously into her face; "what is it that troubles your mind?—You dont look to-day like the smiling girl, I saw here on Sunday last—but tell me, what is it that troubles you?"

"Oh! Nona, I had such a horrid dream last night that I think still that it is half real, it terrified me so; my heart is beating fearfully yet."

"Dreams my child," said the sagacious old woman "often come from God; but there are many which we do wrong in attending to; indeed almost every one, so don't let this trouble you."

"But Nona, this was such a one as I never dreamed before in my whole life; it makes me shudder even now; but I will tell you, Nona, and you are a wise woman to judge for yourself. I thought I was on the road by *Shenus du more* O'Flanagan's, (big black James) who you know was courting me a long time, and was so very mad when I married Ulick that he vowed he'd have revenge; and though the priest told him the sin of it, and the badness of what he said, still he is a dark *budhough* (churl) and wont forget: well I thought I was there, and that I had a beautiful hound along with me that I was very fond of, and that a great raven dashed at him and killed him in an instant; and that he then tore out his bowels and flew away with his heart. I then thought I was running home when I met a funeral and all the people sprinkled with blood; and a stream of blood flowed from the coffin down to the ground. I thought they stopt me and laid the coffin at my feet, that they opened the lid and showed me Ulick all murdered, and his heart tore out. I was so frightened that I awoke and I can't content me to do even my business about the house."

"The Lord preserve all we wish well," said Nona, "and keep them out of the hands of their enemies and—" here she was interrupted by Paudien, a poor, harmless idiot, Ulick's first cousin, whose parents were dead; he lived with Ulick, and was attached to him with that degree of fondness which a dog bears his master. Paudien thrust his face in at the door, with that unmeaning grin which betrays the imbecile being who is deprived of reason.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he mirthfully exclaimed.

"Riddle me, riddle me right,

Tell me what I dreame last night?

All the birds in the air, all the fish in the say,
Couldnt tell me what's that dreame to-day."

"Oh, Paudien go away," said Mary, "your breakfast is not ready yet avick, go away like a good boy."

"Let him alone," said Nona, "till we hear what he says about his dream."

"Did you dream, too?" he asked as he advanced cautiously inside the door; then recognising Nona, "the queen of the fairies scatter a shower of blessings on you."

"There was an old woman that lived alone,

Alone, alone.

She'd a cat, three ducks and a hen, all her own,

Her own, her own."

"But I'll venture to gether a bag of misheroons (mushrooms) as big as the horn of Knockaree for any of you's that'll guess my dreame."

"Come, Paudien," said Nona soothingly, "come, like a good boy, and tell me your dreame? to me Paudien."

"Ha! ha! ha! pusheen cat,
God bless your soul and gi' me that."

"Well, then, I'll tell you—listen to it all; listen I say!"

"His beak was drooping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With his raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

"Then again, are you's listenin'?"

Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd and bearers, and keeners, and all,
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And streamed from the coffin along the ground."

"Oh, Nona, dear," said Mary convulsively seizing the old woman's hand, "my very dream! as I live and breathe there is something in such dreaming; you look sad, too, Nona, what do you think?"

"Make yourself easy," said Nona, "he might have been listening to you telling me about it.—The dream itself is certainly an ugly one, I acknowledge, but then God is good and merciful, and you are too good Mary, and Ulick's too good to deserve the Almighty's anger, so don't fret child; but put your trust in him that never deceives, and pray to him to turn away any evil that may hang over you." Thus Nona sought to calm the agitation of the trembling girl, catching even at the shadow of a probability to hide the fears that rose in her bosom, and the evident alarm created in the coincidence of Mary's fearful dream with that of the innocent Paudien. Still Mary was uneasy; thoughts that she could not control forced themselves on her:

"A secret grief was at her heart,"

secret even to herself.—

Ulick came in to his breakfast, and observed Mary silent and sad, though she was evidently forcing herself to taste the victuals; but he soon perceived the efforts she was making to appear even easy.

"Mary dear," he tenderly enquired, "what is it that makes you so downcast this morning? has there any thing occurred to fret you? you don't look so pleasant as you used to do; why don't you take your breakfast, Mary dear?"

"I can't Ulick, I can't eat; my heart is full and my mind uneasy; I can't eat any thing this morning."

"Well, tell me, Mary, what troubles you, you know I can't bear to see you so; and Mary if you love me (here his tone assumed a something of earnestness,) and Mary, looked up at his face anxiously and reprovingly, yet tenderly, "and I know you do," he added mildly, "tell me what it is that has made your heart full?"

"Oh! Ulick," she sighed, "I am very foolish, I believe, and I should'nt give way to half the fancies that come into my weak head; but you have sense, Ulick, and won't mind what a poor giddy girl like me thinks; but don't laugh at me; tell me I am wrong, but don't laugh at me when my heart is sorrowful."

"No, Mary, dear," tenderly replied the now alarmed husband, "I won't laugh at you; but for heaven's sake don't keep me in this state any longer; if it is any thing bad, tell me at once; I am thinking of fifty things; what is it that makes you miserable, and makes me miserable looking at you?"

"Oh! Ulick, I was dreaming about you last night a terrible bad dream, and I was so frightened that I sent for Nona na bough this morning, and she says—"

"Psha! and is that all," interrupted Ulick, "and aren't you or ought'nt you be ashamed to give away to such fooling, and to alarm and frighten people from their breakfast. With such a 'fish nonsense that even the omedhaun Paudh would'nt think of such things?"

Here Paudien thrust in his whimsical phony; and sung in his wild strains.

"His beak was dropping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

"Ha! ha! ha! who'd think the ugly prehaun (raven or crow) could kill such a purty dog all out! but where was Shemus dhu more and his gun?—fire! ha! ha! ha!"

"Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd and bearers and keeners and all;
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And it streamed from the coffin along the ground."

"There now, listen to that—see if poor Paudien hasn't been dreaming the very thing that I dreamed: O, Ulick! there is something in this—there is a heavy cloud hanging over me that I cannot account for, I am so much afraid"—

"Well, well, sure no one ever heard the like!—a woman and a fool—get out of that, you rhyming omedhaun, and if I catch you ov' of the corn field this day, I'll lay the black thorn on your lazy back."

"Oh! Ulick, don't speak cross to him, the creature—the hand of God is heavy on him, and he's so quiet and harmless that no one could have the heart to hurt him."

"Well, for God's sake, Mary, let me have no more of this; I'm going to the fair, so make yourself easy till I come back,—you know I'll be home early."

The fair was held in a little town, about two miles from the house of Ulick Maguire; his business was but of a trifling nature, and he expected to be soon home; but the meeting with one friend or another delayed him, and the night was falling fast and darkly, when Ulick turned to retrace his way to his own comfortable fire-side—but he never reached it alive:—yes, it is useless to conceal the thing for the sake of effect, Ulick was murdered that very night.

Poor Mary was anxiously expecting him the whole evening—night fell and she could not conceal her fears:—hour after hour passed, still no sign of Ulick, and she became more and more alarmed; she proceeded to town with one of the servant boys and the girl Kathleen; they inquired at every place where it was likely he might have called during the day, but they only heard that he was seen leaving the town in the evening by himself. They came home again—the night passed, a sleepless night with Mary—the morning dawned, no sign of Ulick, all was wonder and alarm. But what can paint their astonishment and horror? what words that I could use can convey an adequate idea of the scene, when poor Paudien leapt from his bed, and exclaimed, with all the energy he was capable of using—

"Ulick is kilt!—Shemus dhu more kilt him,

and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden: I dreamt it all last night, every word of it. Now the ugly prehaun done his duty."

The neighbors crowded in; some went to a magistrate, and informed him of the mysterious affair; he came to the house, and heard the story from the distracted Mary. The new ditch at the back of O'Flanagan's garden was quickly levelled, and, beneath a certain part, the body of Ulick Moran was discovered, with the skull nearly severed in two: search was made, but in vain, for O'Flanagan; he had absconded.

Some twenty soldiers, who had been relieved from a guard, are assembled round a blazing fire, telling old stories of their young home-days, or chatting of their old adventures by "flood and field." One has not joined the group; he lay extended in silence and alone on the guard bed.

"Come, Dick Anderson, give us a song, we'll all go noddin', like Jem there, if you don't sing us something to rouse us," said one of the men, to a young hale Englishman with a fair brow, who sat enjoying the tunes of his pipe, with all the gusto of an epicure.

"Then by gum, you shall wait, Jack, till I have gotten this yere smoke to an end; I have no notion as how a man can sing and smoke a pipe at one time."

"Whistle, and claw male," said a deep, sonorous, Irish brogue-tipped voice in the corner.

"Why, that's true, Dick," said the man who first made the request, "take your whiff—pull away, my hearty," and Dick enjoyed his pipe some minutes longer.

"I say, comrades," said another, "did you hear the news?"

"No," said one, "what?" said another, "why," said the first, "I hear there's a man to be flogged to-morrow, three hundred on the bare back."

"Who is he?" asked one, "what did he do," inquired another.

"Why, he kept a pipe in his mouth till he smoked it down to the very bottom," answered the first, such being contrary to the general rules and regulations, the standing orders, and mutiny act, and conduct unbecoming a soldier and a man."

Dick quietly resigned his pipe to this indirect claimant.

"Come now, Dick, let us have a verse, my son, your own favourite."

"Why now," said Dick, "I think I feel as though I should loike to have a drink of water."

"Come fetch Dick the bucket," and with a draught long and deep he slaked his thirst.

"Now," said Dick, "the very best day of my life I should prefer a good pull of yale to that there pure sort of staff."

"Ay, ay, Dick, we dont doubt you, but let us have the song," and Dick after a few hems to clear his pipes, with a full harmonious voice trolled forth this merry ditty.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Come, my love—O come with me
And oh! how happy we shall be;
O'er the mountain o'er the sea,
We'll rove along so merrily.

Woe shall never come us nigh,
Sorrow always pass us by;
Leaving, reckless us the wind,
Care a long day's march behind.

"Bravo Dick—that you may never lose the use of your voice!"

"Bravo, bravo!" was echoed from all quarters.

Still O'Flanagan lay extended motionlessly on the guard-bed, undisturbed by the noisy mirth around him.

"Now," said Dick Anderson, with the tone of one who has a right to make a demand, "I should loike very well to hear Moran there, spin us a yarn about them ere fairies, and such loike folk as he knows so well about."

"No excuse, Moran, you heard Dick's song, and you must give him a story: out with it old boy."

"Oh!" said another, "let him alone for that, Moran was never backward in his part where fun or fighting was going on."

"Well, an sure boys," began Moran, with all the readiness of his nation, and the rich *patois* of a Connaught brogue, "myself id be sorry to refuse you's anything in rason, when we're so reg'lar entirely. Now I'll tell you's about an aunt's cousin ov my own, and what happened him one night. Do you's know where Lough Corrib is? O, the sorra know I suppose; well iv you's dont, I do; and that I'll do for us all, so you's all know Lough Corrib now as well as I do. Well, there was a young man, once upon a time, coortin a purty young girl, ov course, they were coortin for a long time, and used to meet every night in a shweet little shpot down by the lake. But to make my long story short, the big blackguard decaived the crethur, till she didn't know what had become ov her, 'Will you marry me Teady jewell,' says she, one night, 'an I in the condition I am in?' 'Divil a bit at this presint, Aileen,' says he; 'I'm goin to go to England, but maybe it id do phen I come back.' 'Well becomes her,' says she; 'I'll go to Father Luke, an he's my cousin Biddy's aunt's daughter's second cousin's son, and you'll see iv he won't do somethin on you, you bad man.' With that you see, Teady got frikened, and then he grew vexed, and that I may never enter a sentry box, but the villain murdered her on the spot, and threw her into the lake."

Here O'Flanagan started to his feet, with a deep, hoarse smothering groan of agony, and wildly exclaimed "O God!"

The soldiers stood up alarmed, and inquired what was the matter? "nothing, nothing," said he, recovering his self-possession; and he lay down quietly again, and Moran resumed his tale.

"Well, you see, after the devil temptin Teady that way, he got no rest or pace, for she used to be hauntin him day and night: and one night as he was goin in his cot to a little island across the lake, who should he see comin sailin after him like the wind, but the poor anfortunate Aileen that he murdered, an she all bloody. He showed nilia murder—but the divil a use it was, for she jumped into the boat, and the mimit she got in she caught hold of him, and down sank the boat in the middle ov of the wather, an he or it was never seen after."

Flanagan again leapt up all wild and terrified; his large fur cap hung behind at the back of his

head; the strap which fastened it under his chin had slipped up to his forehead, his eyes and ears were set in terror, and his hair stood erect.

"For God's sake," he imploringly screamed, "have done—say no more. My God, my God!" apostrophising himself, "what will become of me!"

The sergeant, a keen old veteran, fixed his penetrating eye steadily on O'Flanagan, and observed with astonishment the workings of his countenance. O'Flanagan caught his eye on him and quailed beneath its searching glance: he appeared confused for a moment, but mastering his emotions with a strong effort, he continued, "My God! what a horrid dream I've had—I'm not right even yet," and he paused as if recollecting his scattered thoughts. "No," said the sergeant, "I dare say not, nor will be for some time: a mind ill at ease gives frightful dreams."

"What do you mean?" said O'Flanagan fiercely, *my mind is at ease; yes,* he aided, lowering his high tone, "my mind is quite at ease."

"Why," said the sergeant, "I mean what I say just; but few folks say what they mean as I do, and I always suspect people to be either fools or knaves who act different from other men, without having some good reason for what they do."

"Psha-a!" said O'Flanagan, assuming a manner half careless and half contemptuous, and again extended his length in silence and darkness on the guard-bed.

Nods and winks were exchanged among the men, and half whispered surmises went round little to the credit of O'Flanagan.

The conversation gradually flagged round the fire, till at last it ceased entirely. The song of the singer was done, and the story-teller was silent for the night. The weary watchmen began to slumber about the fire, now waxing faint and dim, and the candles were fitfully flickering in their sockets, throwing the shadows of the herculean group in gigantic figures on the opposite wall. Jem Flanagan was sleeping alone, and entirely in the shade of the cold guard-bed, but his slumbers were broken and disturbed; he moaned painfully, and a slight convulsive shivering ran through his frame: his breathing became thick, short, and heavy; his moaning gradually grew loud and long, till at last extending into one wild, terrific, unnatural shriek, O'Flanagan again stood erect, panting and motionless; the sickle light exhibited his features, pallid and distorted, as he screamed in horror, conveying yells—"who, said I, killed Ulick Maguire?—who called me a murderer?—eh?"—and the last sound seemed to expire hollowly and fearfully in the uttering.

"Ha," said the sergeant, "is that the quarter the land lies; my five fellow, I think I am right still."

"What is that you say?" asked O'Flanagan frantically; "was it you that said it? was it you that dared to call me a murderer?—there,"—and with one desperate blow, he felled the veteran to the earth.

He was soon overpowered, and made a prisoner. The sergeant, next morning, made a formal report of the transactions of the night. The colonel inquired the time O'Flanagan joined the regiment. "exactly the 25th of August last," answered the clerk.

"Let me have the hue-and-cry of that week," said the colonel; it was hauded him, and he examined it with attention. He then proceeded to the prisoner's cell, accompanied by the sergeant and one or two of the officers.

O'Flanagan stood before him without changing a feature; he was much altered in his appearance, by even one night; his face was pale, his lips were compressed, and his looks firm and determined, yet tempered with something like calm resignation.

"O'Flanagan," said the colonel, "you are from —"

"I am," said O'Flanagan, coldly and collectedly.

"Listen, while I read," said the colonel; O'Flanagan inclined his head, and bent his eyes on the ground.

"On the night of the 12th of August, on his return from the fair of —, a farmer named Ulick Maguire, was barbarously and inhumanly murdered, and a man accused of the murder, named James O'Flanagan, otherwise Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan, has since absconded. The said O'Flanagan is about 6 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, black hair, dark complexion, and —."

"You need read no more, colonel," interrupted the prisoner, "I am the man."

"You are an unfortunate man, then," said the colonel, "and I am sorry I can't do anything for you."

"I thank you, Sir, but I don't want you to do anything for me," said O'Flanagan, firmly. "I couldn't live with the load of such a crime bending me through life. I thought to live—I thought time might relieve me of the burden; but I daily grow worse and worse. I don't wish to live; I couldn't live now. Day and night he was before my eyes, mangled and bloody; now my life will pay for his, and I am satisfied to give it up; but I wish to be alone, as my bosom is relieved of its fearful secret."

The soldier who brought O'Flanagan his dinner, found him calm and easy; he merely requested a drink of water. Next morning the constables came to receive him from the military; they opened the cell, but Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan was a lifeless corpse: they found him hanging by his braces out of a clothes rack, and the chair on which he mounted was lying broken against the wall, on the opposite side of his cell, with such violence and determination did he kick it from under him.

He was buried that evening in the dark, and without the honors of a soldier.

NOTE.—It may be necessary to say here, that all the circumstances detailed above, are strictly true.

MEN OR GIANTS OF PRODIGIOUS STATURE.

OLD ASA IN A NEW DRESS,

Selected from a *Magazine* published in 1634.

We read in the 3rd chapter of Deuteronomy, of a giant called Ogge, of the town of Rabath, who had a bed, of iron, which was nine cubits long and four cubits broad.

In the 17th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings

there is mention of Goliath, whose height was a palm of six inches, which is more than nine of our English feet. He was armed from head to foot; the curmat, lance and other armor which he wore weighed, of our weight, at least 500 pounds.

In the time of the Grecian Wars, after a great overflowing of the rivers, Salinus reports, that there was found upon the sands the carcase of a man whose length was 33 cubits, (which in our measure is 49½ feet.) A prodigious carcase! for the face must have been five feet in length.

Pliny reports that, after an earthquake, there was found in a mountain which was cleft by it, a body standing upright which was 46 cubits high. Some report it to be the body of Orion, but whose ever it was it must have been monstrous, for what can be thought of a hand seven feet and a nose two feet and a half in length.

Plutarch reports, in the *Life of Scutorius*, that in Tingy, a maritime town, Scutorius, to convince himself of the truth of what he had heard reported, caused a sepulchre to be opened, and found a body therein which was 60 cubits in length;—according to which proportion it must have been 15 of our feet in breadth, the face nine feet and the thumb three feet in length, which is nearly the dimensions of the Colossus at Rhodes.

It is reported by Symphoris Campesius, that at the foot of a mountain near Trapani, in opening the foundation of a house, a cave was discovered in which was found a giant who held in his hand a great post like the mast of a ship;—upon hauling it, it all mouldered into dust except the bones. It was of so great a size that the head would hold five quarters of corn; from which proportion his length must have been 300 feet, the length of his face 30 feet, and his nose 10 feet.

Josephus Ancosta, in his *Italian History*, reports that in Peru were found the bones of a giant 18 feet high; and other histories are full of the description of giants of nine, ten, and twelve feet high.

In the Senate House at Lucerne, in the year 1584, I was shown, says an old author, the fragments of some bones of a prodigious size; they were found in a cave near the Monastery of Reiden, under an old oak which the wind had blown down. When I had considered them, says he, though they were wasted, spongy and light, I observed that they answered (though the skull was not there) to the body of a man, and wrote upon each of them what they were, as the lowest bone of the thumb, a cheek tooth, the shoulder-blades, a heel bone, and many others, all which differed nothing from the bones of a human body. These bones I compared with a skeleton of my own, and caused an entire skeleton to be drawn of such greatness, as all those bones would have made, if they had been whole and together; and it amounted to full 19 feet in height.

Walter Parsons, an Englishman, born in Staffordshire, was apprenticed to a smith, and grew so tall that a hole was made for him in the ground to stand in up to the knees, to make him adequate to his fellow workmen. He was afterwards porter to King James the First. He would think nothing of taking two of the tallest Yomen of the Guard under his arms at once, and do with them as he pleased.

William Evans, born in Monmouthshire, may

justly be counted the Giant of his Age, for he was full seven feet and a half in height. He was porter to King Charles the First,—he succeeded William Parsons in his place, and exceeded him in height two inches, but he was not so well proportioned as Parsons was.

WESLEYANA.

[THE voluminous "Journals" of the Rev. John Wesley are replete with quaint and interesting matter, demonstrating that the writer was a wit and a humourist, as well as a divine. We subjoin a few extracts from the above volumes, of a non-theological character, and more may perchance, be forthcoming hereafter—Ed. A. A. M.]

A WITTY RETORT.

Having been sent for several times, I went to see a young woman in Bedlam. But I had not talked with her long, before one gave me to know that, "none of these preachers were to come there." So we are forbid to go to Newgate, for fear of making them wicked; and to Bedlam for fear of driving them mad!

VOLTAIRE AND PASCAL.

I read over Pascal's Thoughts. What could possibly induce such a creature as Voltaire, to give such an author as this a good word? Unless it was, that he once wrote a satire. And as his being a satirist might atone even for his being a Christian!

CORPORATION OF ALNWICK.

We came to Alnwick, on the day whereon those who have gone through their apprenticeship are made free of the Corporation. Sixteen or seventeen, we were informed, were to receive their freedom this day: and in order thereto, (such is the unparalleled wisdom of the present Corporation, as well as their forefathers!) to walk through a great bog, purposely preserved for the occasion, otherwise it might have been drained long ago—which takes up some of them to the neck, and many of them to the breast.—1753.

CARISBROOK CASTLE.

In the afternoon I walked to Carisbrook Castle, or rather the poor remains of it. It stands upon a solid rock, on the top of a hill, and commands a beautiful prospect. There is a well in it, cut quite through the rock, said to be seventy-two yards deep, and another in the citadel, near an hundred. They drew up the water by an ass, which they assured us was sixty years old. All the stately apartments lie in ruins. Only just enough of them was left, to shew the chamber where poor King Charles was confined, and the window through which he attempted to escape.

A RARA AVIS.

I preached in Gwenap at five; and afterwards saw a strange sight—a man that is old and rich, and yet not covetous!

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY'S PHILOSOPHY.

He undertakes to solve all the difficulties in the Christian Revelation, allowing him only a few postulates. 1st. That all human souls existed, and personally sinned in Paradise. 2nd. That the souls of brutes are fallen angels. 3rd. That pain is the only possible means whereby God himself can cure sin, and 4th. That he will in the end by the pains of Purgatory, purify and restore all men and all devils. Amazing work this!

OLD SARUM.

I walked to Old Sarum, which, in spite of common sense, without house, or inhabitants, still sends members to the Parliament. It is a large round hill encompassed with a broad ditch, which it seems has been of considerable depth. At the top of it is a corn-field; in the midst of which is another hill, about two hundred yards in diameter, encompassed with a wall and deep ditch. Probably before the invention of cannon this city was impregnable Troy was! But now it is vanished away, and nothing left but the stones of emptiness.

STATUTE OF MORTMAIN.

To oblige a friendly gentleman I was a witness to her will, wherein she bequeathed part of her estate to charitable uses; and part, during his natural life, to her dog Toby. I suppose, though she should die within the year, her legacy to Toby may stand good. But that to the poor is null and void by the statute of Mortmain!

A SKY VISION.

Last year (1754) a strange letter, written at Penzance, was inserted in the public papers. To-day I spoke to the two persons who occasioned that letter. They are both of St. Just's parish, sensible men, and no Methodists. The name of the one is James Tregeer of the other Thomas Sackerly. I received the account from James two or three hours before Thomas came. But there was no material difference. In July was twelvemonths they both said, as they were walking from St. Just church towards Sanchrist, Thomas, happening to look up, cried out, "Jam's, look, look! What is that in the sky?" The first appearance, as James expressed it, was three large columns of horsemen swiftly pressing on, as in a fight, from south-west, to north-east, a broad streak of sky passing between each column. Sometimes they seemed to run thick together; then to thin their ranks. Afterward they saw a large fleet of three mast ships, in full sail towards the Lizard Point. This continued above a quarter of an hour. Then all disappearing, they went on their way. The meaning of this, if it was real, (which I do not affirm) time only can shew.

"THE FABLE OF THE BEES."

I looked over a celebrated book, the Fable

of the Bees. Till now I imagined there had never appeared in the world such a book as the works of Machiavel. But Dr. Mandeville goes far beyond it. The Italian recommends a few vices, as useful to some particular men, and on some particular occasions. But the Englishman loves and cordially recommends vice of every kind; not only as useful now and then, but as absolutely necessary, at all times, for all communities? Surely Voltaire would hardly have said so much! And even Mr. Sandiman could not have said more!

IMAGINATION.

I took a walk in the Charter-house. I wondered that all the squares and buildings, especially the school-boys looked so little. But this is easily accounted for. I was little myself when I was at school, and measured all about me by myself. Accordingly the upper boys, being then much bigger than myself, seemed to be very big and tall; quite contrary to what they appear now, when I am taller and bigger than them. I question if this is not the real ground of the common imagination, that our forefathers, and in general men in past ages, were much larger than now, an imagination current in the world eighteen hundred years ago. So Virgil supposes his warrior to throw a stone, that could scarce be wielded by twelve men.

"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Whereas in reality men have been, at least ever since the deluge, very nearly the same as we find them now, both for stature and understanding.

DOUGLAS.

To-day, Douglas, the play which has made so much noise was put into my hands. I was astonished to find it is one of the finest tragedies I ever read. What a pity, that a few lines were not left out, and that it was ever acted at Edinburgh.

NOT OF THE PARISH.

I took my leave of Newcastle, and about noon preached at Durham, in a pleasant meadow on the river's side. The congregation was large and wild enough. Yet in a short time they were deeply attentive. Only three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London, who was so gay and unconcerned, while Dr. Sheriock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment. One asked: "Do you not hear what the Doctor says?" He answered, "Yes: but I am not of this parish!"

PEACE AT LAST.

I buried the remains of Joseph Yarrer. The peace which filled his breast, during his last hours, gave such a bloom to his very countenance as remained after death, to the surprise of all who remembered the cloud that used to hang upon it.

FROM JOHN CANADA,
(FOR SELF AND FAMILY.)
TO MAJOR CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. II.

DEAR MAJOR:

During the time I was inditing my last epistle to you, touching the self-glorification of Brother Jonathan, in his letter to John Bull, one of my juveniles came into my study, shouting out, "Oh, listen, listen! is not this funny?" "*Perge Puer*,"* said I, whereupon John, junior, proceeded as follows:—

"Why, cook, what are you thinking of so steadily?" said Martin.

"Why, I was thinking, sir," returned Mark, "that if I was a painter, and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how I should do it."

"Paint it as like an eagle as you could, I suppose."

"No," said Mark, "that would not do for me, sir. I should want to draw it like a bat, for its short-sightedness; like a bantam, for its bragging; like a magpie, for its honesty; like a peacock, for its vanity; like an ostrich, for its putting its head in the sand, and thinking nobody sees it—"†

"Stop, stop!" said I, "that writer had a glance like an eagle, no doubt, but he did not write that about Canada!" and so I went on with my epistle. Since then I have reflected that as Brother Jonathan is a fast man—as he is horn in a hurry, cats in a hurry, and goes a-head like "greased lightning," he could not wait until April for the remainder of my communication; so I wrote the accompanying note and had it put into his own hand by a member of the Charleston Jefferson Lafayette Guards and Sons of Freedom, who had been travelling in the Provinces, to see with his own eyes the melancholy fruits of our subjugation and slavery under British tyranny:—

FRIEND JONATHAN,—I suppose that as we are "slaves governed at a distance," there must be something worse in our estate than if we were "slaves governed at home." You have more experience in that department of government than we possess, or are ever likely to enjoy. We are thankful that the fetters,

and cow-hides, and brutal slave-marts, and all the civilizing institutions of "slaves governed at home," have no existence in the Provinces. We are better pleased that the wail of mothers parted from their children is not heard in our households,—that the moralizing influences of the slave-breeding yards should cast the halo of their glory elsewhere. We know, and we bless God for it, that the instant the bondsman touches the soil of Britain, his chains are rent asunder; and we are proud and thankful to know, that amid the darkness and desolation of your "tutelage," the long-ing captive, as he pines in the night of his bondage, never casts his wistful eye towards the pole, without yearning for that land in the north, which it lightens, as the home of liberty. We want not your "tutelage"—without it, we are growing into "powerful communities."

My friend, the Major, has already given you satisfactory evidence of a truth which you don't like, I doubt not, to hear. When you inform I John Bull that your population was so rapidly advancing to 100,000,000, why did you not tell him that we in the Canadas could boast of a progress even more surprising? Why did you not tell him that during the ten years between 1840 and 1850, the increase of population in the Free States was only 45 per cent. (that of the whole Union being 33½,) while the growth of Upper Canada has been 94 or 95 per cent. You might have told him that an increase of 50 per cent. has taken place, within the last seven years, in the county of Quebec; but, as you politely and kindly observe, "Figures are unhandsome things to introduce into polite writing, and very dull, too,* but they are, unfortunately, often necessary, in this arithmetical world." Now that we are dealing with figures, it may be well that you should lay the following aside for your next trans-Atlantic epistle:—

"To compare any of our cities as to growth, with cities of such world-wide repute as Boston or New York, may perhaps be deemed somewhat too bold. As this, however, is an adventurous age, it may be worth while, were it but to prove we are not behind the times, to run the hazard.

"Begin we then with Boston—New England's noble capital—which, taken all in all, is without question one of the finest cities in the world. Boston contained:—

* Which, being interpreted, may mean in Yankee parlance, "Go ahead, my boy!"

† Martin Chuzzlewit, pp. 410, 411.

* Especially when they tell in favor of a British slave Province.

In 1790, 18,038 inhabts.	In 1830, 61,391 inhabts.
1810, 33,250 "	1840, 93,000 "
1820, 43,298 "	1850, 135,000 "

— *World's Progress*, pp. 212, 694.

"Divide the above into two periods of thirty years each, Boston contained at the close of the first, about two and a half times its number of inhabitants at the commencement; while the close of the second shows three and one-tenth times the number of the beginning. The population of 1850 is eight times, or nearly, that of 1790: Toronto being in 1850 over six times what it was eighteen years before, to wit, in 1832; more than 75 times what it was 49 years before, or in 1801. Between 1840 and 1850, the increase is—on Boston, 45 per cent.; on Toronto, 95. The recent census makes the increase between 1842 and 1852—100 per cent.

"New York, the emporium of the New World,—a city that for its age, will, we suppose, vie with any on earth—numbered:—

In 1790, 33,131 inhabts.	In 1840, 312,710 inhabts.
1810, 96,373 "	1850, 517,000 "
1830, 202,548 "	

— *World's Progress*, pp. 444, 701.

"Its increase thus stands as compared with Toronto, two and a half times in the twenty years between 1830 to 1850, against six times in the eighteen years between 1832 and 1850, or nearly eight times in the twenty years between 1832 and 1852; sixteen times in sixty years against seventy-five in forty-nine; sixty-six per cent. between 1840 and 1850, against ninety-five.

"Hamilton contains now (1852) over five times its population in 1836,—an interval of only sixteen years. In 1850, Montreal contained over three times that of 1816; Quebec fully two and one-eighth times—now over two and one-third—and Sorel about four and one-half times, or 6,646 inhabitants in the place of 1000.

"Perchance we may be asked how our Canadian cities compare in growth with Cincinnati, or St. Louis? Very favorably, we reply, as the following statistics prove:—

"The population of Cincinnati was in 1850,—when it reached 115,590,—about twelve times its amount in 1820, (thirty years before,) when it numbered 9,642—[*World's Progress*, p. 215];—while Toronto had, in the same year (1850) eighteen times its population in 1817—that is, thirty-three years before; and has now (1852) over twenty-five and a-half times.

"Davis's *Half Century* (p. 29) reports Cincinnati at only 82,000—nearly 24,000 less than the statement we have adopted. We give the larger number, because being professedly taken from the census of 1850, we suppose it the more correct; and because too we would do our neighbor full justice.

"Saint Louis contained in 1820, 4,597 inhabitants; and in 1850, 70,000—a trifle over fifteen times the previous number. Toronto, as we have seen, had in the latter year, eighteen times its population in 1817.

"During the last thirty years our growth has thus, in its rate, exceeded that of both these cities, which among those of the West hold first rank."

I am sure that this information will please you. But we have not done with the subject of the growth of your great American cities. If your letter have any meaning at all—any logic—you must and you do convey the idea that your progress in the great cities of the Republic, and generally over the Union, has arisen from the fact that your institutions, as opposed to ours and to British institutions,—that your energy as "inventive, intelligent, daring, invincible, and sound-principled Americans," as opposed to the stupid, sluggish, and indolent condition of Canadian and British temperaments, have made your cities and states what they are. Now, what are the facts of the case? Hear the testimony of one of the leading men of the age, the celebrated Professor Johnston, of Durham University. I quote from his "*Notes on North America*":

"New York has certainly attracted many native-born Americans from the interior of the State and from New England to settle within its bounds, for the purposes of traffic, but it has drawn its main increase from this side of the Atlantic (the European). Every manufacturing district in Europe, and every large commercial port has sent its agencies and branch establishments with similar trading objects, so that during these sixty years New York may be said to have been built by Europe rather than by the exertions of America herself. This fact becomes more striking when we are informed that at the census of 1845 *two-fifths* (about 150,000) of the whole population were foreigners born, and that, with their children, these formed a considerable majority of the population. Were we to go back to the grandchildren, how many persons of what may be called real American blood would remain?" Vol. 2, pp. 376-377.

If the figures were not so unpolite and dull, it would be a capital subject were you to inform John Bull of the enormous amount of British funds that have been sent across the Atlantic, and which have so largely made New York what it is. Yes, British energy and British talent and industry have made Great Britain the workshop of the world, have covered the island with the monuments of her progress, and enabled her to send in unknown millions the dollars that have built your stores, erected your public institutions, permeated your country with canals and railroads, and thus materially raised the States to the position which they now so vauntingly occupy. Honesty and candor would give credit where credit was due, and no better example can be found than New York, whereby to show the

† Canada: its Growth and Prospects, by the Rev. A. Little. Toronto. T. Mackay, 1852.

nature and source of American enterprise, when that enterprise is really so largely British in the elements of population, education, moral principle, industry, wealth, and successful application. To pass from New York to Philadelphia, would you learn what Great Britain is doing in that city? England admittedly has some energy, but the ignorant, idle, thriftless Irish, can they, in a city of such surpassing beauty and elegance, have made themselves of any social importance? Examine the leading streets, enter the magnificent mansions, look at the lofty and extensive stores, and witness the two or three-and-twenty crowded churches in which the Presbyterians of Ulster worship, and the numerous churches where the Roman Catholics of Ireland assemble, and deny, if you can, that Philadelphia is largely an Irish city. For fifty years the north of Ireland has been a great nursery in which the population of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania have been trained and educated. And then, again, as to funds and the sinews of commerce in this city likewise, very interesting facts could be revealed by "figures" as to the share of property in the gorgeous hotels and other buildings of this "metropolis," which belongs to the enslaved British capitalists, that are trodden under foot by a bloodthirsty aristocracy. There are times and places among friends where the truth oozes out. Yankees, friend Jonathan, have no objection that England should build up the prosperity of the States by her people and their wealth, but there are prerogatives which it is not convenient even in a land of liberty to accord to such generous benefactors. Hearken to a modern philosopher of your own:

"European capital and European enterprise, which have been eagerly and extensively seeking this country within the last thirty years, are now coming faster than ever; and one result of it, aided by some other things that we could mention, is an extensive and increasing European ownership of property in the United States. Should this process advance as rapidly during the next fifty as it has during the last thirty years,* a large portion of the United States will be owned in Europe and mostly in England. Already do Europeans own the greater portion of our public debts, State and Federal, and even of our railroads and canals. They own extensively, under cover, large amounts of the best real estate in our seaports, and the American flag boastfully flaunts

over more than one fine ship covertly owned in England.* We may add that, in New York at least, if not in New Orleans, not a few of the importing merchants are foreigners,† aliens, who have no intention of becoming citizens, and who, in their great business, involving millions on millions, pay no taxes."‡

For my part, I see little difference between England building railroads, digging canals, erecting stores, and contributing to commercial and social prosperity on the east or the west side of the Atlantic. It is England all the while; and nothing but a brazen-faced ingratitude and overweening conceit that struts and vapors in borrowed feathers and unpaid garments, and calculates on the ignorance of others, could exhibit such a spirit as your vain-glorious epistle displays.

It is sickening to read or hear the everlasting exaggeration and bombast of your press and orators on the subject of your endless fertility in invention, your progress in the arts, and the discoveries of your philosophers. Every paper in the Union will praise and laud to the skies "the genius of our great AMERICAN SCULPTOR, CRAWFORD, and anon it leaks out that he is an Irishman, from Donegal, in the north-west of Ireland. Agriculture would become a losing concern only for the inventive genius of our American farmers—and lo! some reaping machines have been *invented* and paid for or rewarded in Scotland and others in Northumberland, in England! London resounds with the fame of American productions, and by and bye it is found that the solid and useful articles have come out of the hands of English mechanics, and the fanciful and ornamental have been produced by the French or Italian artificer, whose skill and taste were matured in Paris or Florence! To quote again from Professor Johnston:—

"To appreciate the full force of what is said in regard to American mechanics and American mechanical skill, it is necessary to be aware of the kind of men with whom their workshops are filled. I went into some of the machine-shops, where the materials for the new line of steamers were in process of manufacture, and heard almost every working man talking with either an English or a Scottish tongue.

"I have a clever Englishman in my workshop,"

* What portion of the "Collins Lane of Steamers" is really American and what English? Figures could show, and the steam and vapor of American braggadocho might be condensed a trifle!

† The writer might have added Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, &c.

‡ Public Ledger and Transcript. Philadelphia. Feb. 26th, 1852.

* The very period in which your country has so rapidly advanced. Have you gratitude to the people who helped you forward? The world can judge!

said a wholesale hardware merchant of Philadelphia to me, "and if any English article is wanted that we have never made, I send for him and ask him if he can have it made for me and he has never failed me yet."

Well and truthfully may the learned Professor add:—

"Workshops filled with British workmen are British workshops, on whichever side of the Atlantic they may be, and engines made by them are British engines; so that we in reality feel no jealousy in being beaten by ourselves."—*Notes on North America*, vol. 2. p. 384.

The manly, generous and frank spirits of your Republic would be independent enough, especially when they are abroad, to admit the truth of these positions. They know that it was European enterprize that first peopled your shores,—it was the free spirit of British liberty that founded all your valuable social institutions,—it was the healthful stream of British population and British wealth and British religion that has carried your Union forward, and by wholesome infusions from year to year has leavened many a corrupted section of the country. I say your citizens when abroad, have courage then, to avow this—for after all what have you that is not British, except Mormonism and the Hicksite Quakers. Your religion, your literature—but more of this anon, your laws so far as they are valuable—all—all are British. You have a wide territory and prairies that invite the stranger. Britain came and bought at the beginning, and sends to you, from season to season, that which makes you as a nation what you are. Speak then of your prosperity, but give the credit where credit is due. Remember "*Qui facit per alterum facit per se*," and be assured that if you are not ashamed of your ingratitude all intelligent people know, as Professor Johnston* has well observed:—

"The poorest Irish immigrants who land at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or New Orleans bring with them some money, the greater number enough to pay the travelling expenses of their families, to buy a piece of land, and to maintain them for a year. The fare alone from New York to Chicago in Illinois, is \$15 a head, which is about £10 for a man and his wife and two children. The English, and Scotch, and German emigrants, appear to be better and more thoughtfully provided for than the Irish; but *Pat's* ragged coat, as the captains of steamers know well, often conceals more gold than the decenter garments of the

emigrants from other countries. Taking rich and poor together it is a very moderate assumption, that the emigrants, on an average, carry out £10 a head, which for the 200,000, who land at New York alone, makes the sum of £2,000,000 sterling, added at once to the money capital of the districts through which they pass, and in which they settle. Then, a single year's labor of this 200,000, in agricultural operations upon new land, must add, at least £5 a head, or another £1,000,000 to the capital of the New States, while the increased consumption of imported articles by the added proportion, augments the Federal revenue which is derived from the duties levied upon imports.

"It is *Europe*, not *America*, therefore, that is the cause of the rapid growth of the United States—European capital, European hands and European energy. *If all the native-born Americans, not being the sons or grandsons of Europeans, were to sit down and fold their hands and go to sleep, the progress of the country would scarce be a whit less rapid, so long as peace between America and Europe is maintained.*" Vol. 2, pp. 245-6.

And now, friend Jonathan, do not the actual facts of the case, does not the relative condition of your states and cities bear out all that is affirmed in this extract, and the preceding observations. If all your progress, and the greatness of your glory, is real American—pure and unadulterated—free from the base blood and truckling spirits of the Britishers—why has Bath, in the State of Maine, and Wilmington, in North Carolina—why have Richmond, in Virginia, and Nashville, in Tennessee—why have nearly every town and district north of Boston, and nearly every city and district south of Baltimore, stood still, or at least, advanced with tardy steps? Why have they not been enriched, and stimulated, and sustained, and carried forward by the energy, and wealth, and morality of the British immigrants. New York, Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago and every place within the influence of the life-giving and life-inspiring stream have grown as rapidly as the gourd of Jonah? If it be said that the New England States lie to the north, and have a poor soil—does not Canada East lie farther north? or is climate to be an apology for the Yankee, but not for the Canadian? Is a warm climate to account for the stereotyped condition of the South, notwithstanding the advantages of "our Institutions!" How comes it then, that Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans, the cities which contain the largest impression of British residents, and possess the largest British trade, are the cities that take rank next

* I am fond of quoting from "*Professors*," because they are appreciated in the States, whether as School-masters, Fiddlers, Tooth-drawers, Barbers, or Teachers of Theology.

in order to the British made cities of the middle States?

Don't deceive yourself, friend Jonathan, or think that others are deceived as to the cause of the great prosperity of the middle States and cities of the Union. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin have flourished just in proportion to the ratio of the European element that has settled in them respectively. And so also with the cities and smaller towns.—Go where you will, to Iron-works, to Coal regions, and to towns rising up in such neighborhoods, and everywhere you find enterprise and progress associated with the presence and influence of the foreign element. And farther still, the districts and cities of the Union that receive the first shock of this impetus, are galvanized into the greatest prosperity. Why is New York “a metropolis,” and Wheeling, or Sandusky places of moderate importance? Why is Philadelphia growing apace, and bidding fair to outstrip New York, while St. Louis, or Cleveland lag behind? Simply because the elements of their prosperity—a healthy, industrious, toiling population, are annually landed on their wharves, and as many remain as suffice to carry them forward, while the others, in finding their way to the interior, confer similar advantages on the districts and cities that lie on the path of their westward journey. Here you find a solution of the problem of the rapid growth of Eastern cities, followed by the growth of others lying still farther to the Westward;—here also, friend Jonathan, we have an important principle in its connection with the towns and cities of Canada.—I like to quote from “Professors,” it is almost as genteel as to shake hands with a Judge, or a Governor:—

“It is thoughtless in travellers, to contrast the towns of Buffalo, Rochester, and Oswego, on the New York side of the Lakes, with Colburn, at the mouth of the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side of Lake Erie—or with Toronto and Kingston, on the opposite coast of Lake Ontario; to draw comparisons, unfavorable to Canadian energy and enterprise, from the relative prosperity of these several places. There is quite as much energy in the blood of Upper Canada, as there is in the British and German blood of western New York. But the local position of these towns of Upper Canada, and the condition of the inner country, forbids their becoming, for many years, equal in size, or in wealth to the towns I have named. Suppose Colburn, like Buffalo, being at the head

of canal navigation, had as large and growing a population behind it, and as extensive and valuable western territory before it, and that the highway from Europe lay through it instead of through Buffalo, then Colburn would have rivalled or exceeded Buffalo, even at this early period of their several histories. But this slow town of Colburn, as many have called it, has, nevertheless, a great future before it. The natural outlet of this Western region is by the St. Lawrence. The Erie Canal is already unable to accommodate its traffic. As this increases with the growth of the North-Western States, more and more of it must proceed by the Canadian canals and waters, and drop its fertilizing contributions as it passes through the country. With the settlement of the interior also, and the increase of the means of inter-communication, Toronto, as the natural course of the cross-country traffic from Lake Huron, and Kingston, from its situation at the head of the St. Lawrence, will both become seats of commercial wealth, and towns of political importance.”—*Notes on North America*, vol. 2, pp. 246-7.

When you addressed our venerable parent, had you set before him a full array of all your miles and acres of territory, had you told him of your towns and cities, of your commerce and social prosperity, and, in the language of filial gratitude, expressed a becoming thankfulness for the people and the means that made you what you are;—had you not manifested the supercilious pertness of the upstart, the mongrel smartness, that Yankee ignorance receives as wit;—had you said, in the genial spirit of a grateful bosom, “Behold, O parent! raised up by Providence to the highest rank of nations—behold the prosperity of thy children on the Western Continent! Mightier than Greece, and the parent of more blessings to the world than Rome—behold in the hearty life and vigorous pulse of this young nation, and in the giant strides and manly growth of our kindred neighbors, the guarantee that if in the East the sun of thy glory should set, it will shine onward in this Western world with a lustre that is perennial!” Had you not, in exhibiting your condition, shown a hatred of Britain, and of every country and people connected with Britain, that was not even veiled by the appearance of gravity, the calm of your self-complacency would not have been ruffled by this communication. You might have desecrated on your greatness, and truthfully said, behold the influence of our British origin even in the legislation of our Empire State. You might have pointed to the following table, in which an instructive lesson is contained. Read it, I beseech you, and ponder it well:—

Table showing the influence of British blood in the Legislature of the State of New York :

In the year 1850, there were of 128 members, the undermentioned members descended from a parentage from the father's or mother's side, that shewed a national origin, as follows :—

	By the Father's side.	By the Mother's side.
England	77	72
Wales	10	5
Scotland	10	10
Ireland	8	9
Holland	11	9
France	7	7
Germany	4	10

So that five-sixths of the whole were from the British Islands by the father's side, and about two-thirds of the whole from England. You might have pointed to your army, also, and while expatiating on the martial achievements in Mexico, you might have honestly admitted that a great proportion of your troops, both volunteers and regulars, were native-born Irishmen, and so largely was this the case, that many of your volunteer regiments were in this particular quite remarkable.* You might have hinted, also, at your obligations in the world of literature. You might have said that the great mass of all the books in your public libraries and in the studies of your ministers, and on the shelves of your bookstores, were either printed in Britain, or reprints of the standard works of the fatherland. You might have said that in no country does a greater deluge flow from the press than in the United States; but that the works which sell and keep their place, and inform and educate your men of intellect and learning, are mainly British. You might have said that in 1852, there were 1288 books printed in the United States, of which 322 were British reprints, leaving 966, of all kinds and sizes, as the produce of the American mind,—that these 322 would live and sell, and that of the 966, as

* During the war of 1812-14, just before one of the actions near Washington, the English and American troops were separated by a stream, which position they occupied until the following day. In the twilight an American soldier approached the stream, and in a loud voice called out, "Is there any one there from Saintfield [a market town in the county of Down, Ireland]?" "Yes," said a British soldier, "I am from Saintfield; who are you?" "Oh, my name is James Thompson; what do they call you?" "William Young." "How long are you in America, and where do you come from, and who was your father?" These questions were answered, and the genealogies and birthplaces of the two young men settled, who were born within a mile of each other, and their histories traced. After a lengthened conversation, in which they renewed their acquaintance, one of them said,— "Good night." "Good night," said the other. They parted, and next day this Britisher and this American were face to face in mortal combat.

many as were pilfered from the British authors* would live, also, but that before the year was expired, the great mass would be in the dead sea of oblivion. Perhaps you cleared your conscience by the following avowal :— "It is also a happy sign, which I get from the publishers, that the best books generally sell best,—by which I mean, solid, well-written, instructive books,—not your Reynolds' and Ainsworth's romances, but the works of Macaulay, Carlyle, De Quincey, Alison, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, &c." Be assured that even this array of names, British as they are,—the last three honored ones excepted,—gives no adequate idea of the indebtedness of the Union to British mind and British talent. In the departments of science, antiquities, classics, history, and every branch that is profound and influential on the nation's mind, your only refuge is in the intellectual wealth of Britain and the Continent.

So far I have been compelled to go, in vindicating Britain, even in attempting to explain the relative position of the States and Canada. The age and circumstances of the Middle States—the places which have prospered—when compared with the British Provinces, are adequate to account for their respective development. "Retarded by our slavery?" We cast the slander back with indignation! We possess all freedom for healthy social action and under the care of a liberal, generous government we are growing apace in all the elements of a stable, healthy, and free nationality. Our liberty has not become anarchical, and our legislation is not a synonym for flagitious turpitude and disgraceful speculation. Our Judges wear unsullied ermine, and our laws are not the spawn of bribery and corruption.† There are departments in which we concede your superiority. Our halls of legislation have never yet become a boxing

* Again and again, when London publishers have heard a good report of a work in America, and have procured and published it, they have learned to their surprise from another London house, that it is a British copyright with a new name and additions or abstractions—and thus their capital is lost by the speculation. One notorious author is well known to buy English works, cut out the title page, hash the volume, and publish it under his own name, being sure that some of them will sell!

† See "Politics for American Christians," and all the periodicals that can afford to speak out. The last item we have heard of Congress purity is the statement that a bill has not yet passed (which certainly should have been granted long ago), as only \$800,000, was the spoil to be divided among these patriotic sons of purity and freedom.

ring, and our senators consult not at the pistol's mouth. Our Judges are men in whom all classes can confide, for they are not the nominees of the rabble, and they hold their office as the dispensers of law and equity. We can produce no parallel in any section of our country to the unhallowed abominations that prevail in the States, from the East to the West. Would you like a specimen? Take the following:—

A REMARKABLE SCENE.—“On Saturday last the shocking spectacle was witnessed in our city, of a criminal indictment being brought into one of our courts against the judges themselves. Men whose sworn office it is to hear and determine cases of alleged violation of law are themselves arraigned as criminals of the worst sort! It will not strike our distant readers with all the force it does those living on the spot, but it is an event which deserves to be pondered far and wide, as a practical comment upon the theory of government. The public have long had reason to believe that a degree of profligacy and corruption exists in the governing councils of this city not elsewhere easily matched. At last the prevalent impression has taken the shape of actual testimony, and the truth distances expectation. A Grand Inquest, charged with the duty of investigating the rumoured malfeasances of our city officials, came into court on Saturday last, and after reciting sundry instances of corruption which had come to their notice, and more than hinting that there were other and grosser cases of fraud in high station which, but for the conniving absence of witnesses or their refusal to testify, they should have presented for judicial investigation, they deliberately presented two out of the three judges on the bench before them as guilty of bribery and most shameless corruption!”—*New York Independent, March 3, 1853.*

Or, perhaps you prefer a specimen from the West? If so, here is one at hand:—

“The subject of duelling is attracting attention, and an effort made to enact a stringent law, and such an one as can be put in force. It is wanted bad enough through the elements of California: society is such, that violence will exist, and personal rencoures will take place. It is only the other day that the Honorable Judge Murray attacked Mr. Conner, a member of the Assembly, for speaking in a free and open manner, on the floor of the Legislature. A short time since, two members of the great California Legislature had a personal conflict on the boat going up to the capital. General Estel talked about personal satisfaction and responsibility, &c., on the floor of the House, the other day; and here in town, a Judge of the Superior Court, had a personal rencontre with a public administrator. The former is a man totally unfitted for the office, but no matter, he is only one in a long category of similar tricky officials.”—*Extract from Letter from San Francisco, Jan. 31, 1853. See Transcript, March 8, 1853.*

Need I advert to the murders which have made New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore famous all the world over, which in the second

city have seriously affected the value of property, and in the last so terrified the inhabitants that churches have been closed in the evenings through dread of the savage and reckless population? Need I remind you of your leading cities, the tragedies of your firemen's fights and murderous mobs—and youths pervading your towns with knives and revolvers, have given you a deserved and world-wide reputation. Are not even your policemen armed with pistols, and in the exercise of a martial law, as if it were a time of siege or armed occupation, are they not called upon to shoot your ruffians down? And yet, in face of all this, you have the temerity to say, “It is certain that there is more public order in the United States than anywhere else!” Oh! spirit of the Cockney Dickens,—is this the chirping of the Bat, or the crowing of the Bantam?

We are not ashamed of our progress, and we can exhibit our “figures” when assailed. We desire to cherish a spirit of amity where amity can be maintained,—but as far as the ratio of population, the spirit, industry, comfort, morality and general happiness of our people are concerned, we yield to no nation on earth. We have already exhibited a specimen of our progress, in this letter, and there is abundance of the same material ready at hand.

The connexion of Imports and Exports with a people's industry and comfort is obvious—how then do our people stand in relation to some of these points when compared with the United States? The following returns will show:—

“The total customs received into the Treasury of the United States, for the year ending June 30th, 1849, amounted, as given by the *American Almanac* for 1851, to \$28,346,738 82 cents—that is, between eleven and twelve times the customs of Canada (£615,694 13s. 8d.—\$2,462,778 74 cts.) with a population more than fifteen times ours.

“The value of the products of the United States exported in 1849, was \$132,666,955—*American Almanac*, 1851, p. 172)—less than thirteen times ours in 1850 (£2,679,998, o. \$10,679,992) for a population fifteen times as large.

“Between the value of the imports of the two countries, for the years specified, the difference is still greater, those of the States being under nine times ours—to wit—\$147,857,439—against £4,245,517 or \$16,982,066.”

The intelligence of a people is shown not by the number of the Newspapers they possess, so much as by the intellectual and moral

elevation of their contents. Judged by this criterion, a more demoralizing agency than a great portion of your Republican press is known to be, could exist in no country. Its vile slang, its descending to the level of the lowest in tone and sentiment, instead of lifting the readers to a higher and purer position, its murderous, reckless attacks on character, its pandering to the prejudices and passions of the mob, are deplorable, and lamented by the moral and virtuous of your people. And yet in numbers we can compare with you, and in talent we feel that we are not behind:—

“Mr. Smith tells us that the number of newspapers in Canada in 1810 was five, which were all published in the Lower Province. Kingston has now, if I am not mistaken, as many; Hamilton has, I believe, one more; Quebec somewhere about twice, and Montreal and Toronto each more than thrice the number. Canada West, which in that year had none, and only eight or ten when *Bouchette* published, (vol. 1, p. 111,) must, I conclude, from a list I have just seen, have over ninety—not much probably under a hundred. The whole number in the Province I cannot positively say; but judge it must be at least a hundred and fifty—or thirty to one what it was forty-two years ago.

“This, I am disposed to believe, our friends on the other side would call *going ahead*. Ninety where within the memory of by no means “the oldest inhabitant” there were none, they would, at all events, recognise as a very credible advance.

“On few things do our neighbors pride themselves more, justly we believe, than on their newspapers. Yet, young as we are, we have nothing to fear from comparison even here.

“The number of newspapers in the United States, as stated by Davis in his *Half Century* (p. 93) was 200 “as nearly as can be ascertained,” in 1800; 359 in 1810; 1,000 in 1830; 1,400 in 1840; and in 1850 about 1,600. Of this last number 371 were in the New England States, and 460 in New York. The *World's Progress* (p. 445) reports 1,555 in 1839. A calculation I have lately seen reckons them now 1,800.

“Taking this latter as their present number the supply would be, in proportion to population, equal to about 180 to us; or 90 to Canada West, which is rather under than over the fact.”

And farther still on the all important subject of education, we have nothing to be ashamed of, although we have yet much to do, as the country is opened up to the increase of our people. The following particulars, derived from the Chief Superintendent the Rev. Dr. Ryerson's very valuable Report for 1850, are worthy of your observation:—

“The number of Common Schools in operation in 1846 was 2,589; containing 101,912 pupils, and being sustained at an expense of £67,906 19s. 1½d. In 1850, the schools numbered 3,059, and the pupils 151,891; with an expenditure of

£88,429 8s. 7½d.—an increase of 470 on the schools; 49,979—close on fifty per cent.,—on the pupils; and, on the amount of expenditure £20,522 9s. 5½d. Besides this, £14,189 14s. 0½d. was appropriated to the erection or repair of school-houses—an item of which, previous to 1850, no return was made. As compared with 1842 the sum available for the salaries of common school teachers was considerably more than double—being £88,429, against £11,500.

“Between 1847 and 1850 the private schools have increased in a still greater ratio, having advanced from 96, with an attendance of 1,831, to 224, with 4,663 scholars—a result gratifying on a variety of accounts. The Academies and District Grammar Schools have advanced, within the same time, from 32, with 1,129 pupils, to 57, with 2,070; which is nearly doubling both the institutions and their attendants in the brief space of three years.

“The grand total in attendance on educational institutions was in 1842, 65,978: in 1846, 101,912; and in 1850, 159,678.

“Compared with previous years there is in 1850 some diminution in the number of pupils in Colleges and Universities; which will, we trust, prove only temporary, the attendance having risen between 1847 and 1849, from 700 to 773.

“The following particulars, derived from the American Almanac for 1851, will assist us in forming an idea as to how we stand when compared with our neighbours, in regard to the number of our common schools and the parties being educated in them, with the sums expended in their support.

“In Ohio, with a population over two and three-fourths ours, there were in 1848, 5,062 schools, with 94,436 pupils, sustained at a cost of \$221,801 44 cents—or £56,200 7s. 3d.; of which \$149,205 44 cents were from public funds, and \$75,596 from other sources (p. 277.)

“Illinois, whose population is over a fourth more than ours, had in 1848, 2,317 schools, with an attendance of 51,447 pupils, supported partly by the proceeds of a school fund and partly by tax. The amount expended for the year I could not gather from the statement given (p. 286.)

“Michigan with a population nearly two-thirds ours, had in 1849, 3,060 schools, containing 102,871 pupils: towards the support of which \$52,305 37 cents were paid from the School Fund, and \$75,804 92 cents from taxation—in all \$128,110 29 cents, or £32,275 1s. 5d.

“Michigan had thus in 1849, in proportion to its population, about the same number of scholars we had in 1850. While, however, the number of schools was a third more than ours, in proportion to population (one more only in fact); the sum paid for their support was much under one-half—a circumstance which, when we consider that our teachers are under, rather than overpaid, suggests doubt as to efficiency. With them the number of female teachers is much larger than with us, which accounts, in part, for the difference.

“It would thus appear that in the very important matter of Common Schools we are decidedly before the states just named, which may, we suppose, be taken as a fair specimen of those of the west generally.”

Yes, friend Jonathan, the Canadas, without your "tutelage," are growing "into powerful communities." We have our Welland Canal, at a cost of £1,400,000, and a revenue already of £30,000 per annum. We have our canals on the St. Lawrence—the Williamsburg, of four miles long, with six locks, at a cost of £245,000; the Cornwall, 11½ miles, with seven locks, costing £75,000; the Beauharnois, twenty-four miles long, with nine locks, costing £310,000; and the Lachine, nine miles long, at an expense of £350,000. We were not asleep in the erection of these works. Below Montreal, our works on Lake St. Peter have cost us £75,000, and we have expended on the harbour of Montreal itself the sum of £231,000. The bloodthirsty, tyrannical Home Government, at a cost of £800,000, have united the waters of Ontario with the great basin of the Ottawa by the Rideau Canal. Altogether, our sleepy, thriftless people have permitted the Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada to expend on works connected with the navigation from the Lakes to the Atlantic the sum of £3,000,000 currency, or \$12,000,000. Consider our age, our northern position, our currency and revenues, and even you will admit that if we are the slaves of Britain we prosper in our serfdom. We feel that we have a fair and fertile country, a land worth living in, a country worth contending for. With our mighty rivers, inland seas, and the chain of railways that will soon unite the Provinces in an iron bond, and bring even Goderich to the ocean in the winter season? We contemplate the future with thankfulness. We can afford to allow our neighbouring States the place that Providence has allotted them. You have 2,750,000 square miles of territory, and we in British America have 2,810,000 square miles—an ample domain. We have each our place and each our duties. Let duty be our watchword, and leave vaporing and boasting to the braggart. There are spots on the sun, and it is easier to find faults than to mend them.

Your friend and well-wisher,

JOHN CANADA.

--Such, my dear Major, was my epistle. Of course you who know the facts of the case, "the exact figures, &c.," are aware how much more might have been advanced. Had time permitted, I would have analyzed that valu-

able repertory of information—Smith's Canada (a work which does the author and the country credit), and sent the result to your correspondent. He has never had his eye off Canada since 1812, for even while looking of late with one eye to Cuba, he has squinted with the other to "the Provinces." The pear is not yet ripe, however; but the allusions of the late inaugural speech of the President (if the democratic targums expound it aright) show that the fruit is still most anxiously looked for. Let our friends be wise. The past should be sufficient to teach wisdom.

With much esteem, my dear Major,

Yours, as ever,

JOHN CANADA.

A HIT AT THE FACULTY.

Calling on a friend, I found him just seized with all the symptoms of a pleurisy. I advised him to apply a brimstone-plaster, and in a few hours he was perfectly well. Now, to what end should this patient have taken a heap of drugs, and lost twenty ounces of blood? To what end? Why, to oblige the doctor and apothecary? Enough! Reason good!—*Rev. John Wesley's Journal.*

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

I read over a curiosity, indeed, a French heroic poem—Voltaire's *Henriade*. He is a very lively writer, of a fine imagination; and allowed, I suppose, by all competent judges, to be a perfect master of the French language. By him I was more than ever convinced, that the French is the poorest, meanest language in Europe: that it is no more comparable to the German or Spanish, than a bag-pipe is to an organ: and that with regard to poetry in particular, considering the incorrigible uncouthness of their measure, and their always writing in rhyme, (to say nothing of their vile double rhymes, nay, and frequent false rhymes) it is as impossible to write a fine poem in French, as to make fine music upon a Jew's harp!—*Ibid.*

A FAITHFUL HUSBAND.

I talked with one, who by the advice of his pastor, had very calmly and deliberately, beat his wife with a large stick, till she was black and blue, almost from head to foot. And he insisted, it was his duty so to do, because she was *surlly and ill-natured*. And that he was full of faith all the time he was doing it, and had been so ever since!—*Ibid.*

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. VII.

FEMALE TRIALS IN THE BUSH.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

It has been remarked how much more prone to discontent, the wives of the emigrants are than their husbands; and it generally is the fact, but why is it so? A little reflection will show the cause. It is generally allowed that woman is by nature and habit more strongly attached to home and all those domestic ties and associations that form her sources of happiness, than man. She is accustomed to limit her enjoyments within a narrow circle; she scarcely receives the same pleasures that man does from travelling and exchange of place; her little world is *home*, it is or should be her sphere of action, her centre of enjoyment, the severing her at once forever from it makes it dearer in her eyes, and causes her the severest pangs.

It is long before she forms a home of comfort to herself like that she has left behind her, in a country that is rough, hard and strange; and though a sense of duty will, and does, operate upon the few to arm them with patience to bear, and power to act, the larger proportion of emigrant wives, sink into a state of hopeless apathy, or pining discontent, at least for a season, till time that softener of all human woes, has smoothed, in some measure, the roughness of the colonists' path, and the spirit of conformity begins to dispose faithful wives to the endeavor to create a new home of comfort, within the forest solitudes.

There is another excuse for the unhappy despondency too frequently noticed among the families of the higher class of emigrants; and as according to an old saying, "prevention is better than cure," I shall not hesitate to plead the cause of my sex, and point out the origin of the domestic misery to which I allude.

There is nothing more common than for a young settler of the better class, when he has been a year or two in the colony, and made some little progress in clearing land and building, to go to England for a wife. He is not quite satisfied with the paucity of accomplishments and intellectual acquirements among the daughters of the Canadians, he is ambitious of bringing out a young lady, fit to be the companion of a man of sense and taste, and thoughtlessly induces some young person of delicate and refined habits to unite her fate to his. Misled by his sanguine description of his forest home and his hopes of future inde-

pendence, she listens with infinite satisfaction to his account of a large number of acres, which may be valuable or nearly worthless, according to the local advantages they possess; of this, she of course knows nothing, excepting from the impressions she receives from her lover.

He may in a general way tell her that as a bush settler's wife, she must expect to put up with some privations at first, and the absence of a few of those elegant refinements of life which she has been accustomed to enjoy; but these evils are often represented as temporary, for he has rarely the candour to tell her the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Deceived by her lover and deceiving herself into the fond belief that her love for him will smooth every difficulty, she marries, and is launched upon a life for which she is totally unfitted by habits, education and inclination, without due warning of the actual trials she is destined to encounter.

There is not only cruelty but even want of worldly wisdom in these marriages. The wife finds she has been deceived, and becomes fretful, listless and discontented; and the husband, when too late, discovers that he has transplanted a tender exotic, to perish beneath the withering influence of an ungenial atmosphere, without benefitting by its sweetness or beauty. I need hardly dwell on the domestic evils arising from this state of things, but I would hold such marriages up as a warning to both parties.

Some will say, but are these things so? and is the change really so striking between a life in England and one in the colonies? I speak that which I have seen, and testify that which I do know. Even under the fairest and most favorable circumstances, the difference must necessarily be great between a rich fertile country, full of resources, and one where all has to be created or supplied at the expense of time and money. But I speak more especially of those, who, living in the less cultivated and populous portions of the colony, are of course exposed to greater privations and disadvantages, as settlers in the bush must be.

In towns and populous districts these hardships are less remarkable.

I remember among many instances that have fallen under my notice, one somewhat remarkable for the energetic trials of female fortitude that were called forth by a train of circumstances, most adverse and unexpected.

A young man residing in a ... neighbourhood, of sanguine disposition and slender property, had contrived by means of credit and a little money to start a large concern, a saw mill, a store, tavern,

and other buildings, which were to form the germ of a large village. Full of hopes of the most extravagant kind, if he deceived others, I believe he also deceived himself into the vain belief that all his various castles, were destined to make his individual fortune, and confer a lasting benefit on the country where they were situated. Under this delusion, and finding moreover that it was absolutely necessary to raise resources for carrying on his schemes, he went home, and was not long in forming an acquaintance with an accomplished young lady of some fortune. She was an orphan, and charmed with the novelty of the life he described, she consented to marry him and become the queen of the village of which he gave her so glowing a picture. Perhaps at that period he was not fully aware of the fact, that the property of the young lady was under the controul of trustees, and that the interest only was at her command, and fortunate it was for her that the guardians were inflexible in their principles, and resisted every solicitation to resign any part of the capital.

The young bride, accustomed to the domestic beauties and comforts of the mother country, beheld with dismay the long tract of gloomy pine wood through which she journeyed to her forest home, and the still more unseemly fields, blackened by charred pine and cedar stumps, in the midst of which rose the village, whose new and half finished buildings failed to excite any feeling in the breast but bitter disappointment and aversion; and she wept and sighed for all that was fair and beautiful in her own beloved country, rendered now ten times more lovely by the contrast with all she beheld around her; yet though she was miserable and discontented, she clung with passionate love to her husband, and, with womanly fondness, made every sort of excuse for him—even to herself, and always to others. It was this love which, as it increased, upheld her as the sad reality of ruin arrived. Misfortune, as an armed man, came fast upon the devoted pair—every fair and flattering prospect vanished. Unable to provide for the satisfaction of his importunate creditors as he had expected to do from his wife's property, they would no longer be put off and he became a perfect prisoner in his own house. The land, buildings, all, faded as it were from his grasp; even the yearly income arising from her money, had been fore-stalled, and all her costly clothing went by degrees, all her pretty ornaments and little household business were disposed of piece-meal, to supply their daily wants. All, all were gone, and with fresh trials, fresh privations, came unwonted courage and energy to do and to bear. She was now a mother, and the trials of maternity were

added to her other arduous duties. She often lamented her want of knowledge and ability in the management of her infant, for she had been totally unaccustomed to the trouble of young children. To add to her sorrows, sickness seized her husband, he who had been used to a life of activity and bustle, scarcely caring to rest within doors, unless at meal-times was sunk under the effects of confinement, chagrin and altered diet, and a long obstinate intermittent ensued."

Though to some persons it might appear a trifling evil, there was nothing in all her sad reverse of condition that seemed so much to annoy my poor friend as the discolouring of her beautiful hands; she would often sigh as she looked down on them and say, "I used to be so vain of them, and never thought to employ them in menial offices, such as necessity has driven us to.

Poor thing! she had not been trained to such servile tasks as I have seen her occupied in, and I pitied her the more because I saw her bearing up so bravely under such overwhelming trials; she who had come out to our woods, not two years before, a bride, a proud fastidious woman, unable and unwilling to take part in the best household labour, who would sit on the side of her bed while a servant drew the silk stocking and satin slippers on her tiny white feet, and dressed her from head to foot—who despised the least fare that could be set before her by any of her neighbors—who must despatch a messenger almost daily to the distant town for fresh meat and biscuits—and new white bread, was now compelled to clothe herself and her babe, to eat the coarsest fare, black tea unsweetened and only softened with milk, instead of rich cream which she walked twice or thrice a week to fetch from my house or that of my sister-in-law, bearing her stone picher in one hand, with the additional weight of her baby on her arm. So strange a thing is woman's love, that she, whom I had been wont to consider decidedly selfish, now showed a generous and heroic devotion towards the man whose thoughtlessness had reduced her to that state of poverty and privation that seemed to make her regardless of poverty. What personal sacrifices did she not make, what fatigues undergo? I have met her coming from a small field where oats had been sown, with a sheaf on her back, which she had cut with her own fair hands to feed an old ox—the only remnant of stock that escaped the creditors, and which was destined to supply the household with beef the ensuing fall. Yet she was quite cheerful and almost laughed at her unusual occupation. There was a poor Irish girl who staid with her to the last and never forsook her

in her adverse fortune, but she had been kind and considerate to her when many mistresses would have turned her out of their house, and now she staid with her and hel ed her in her time of need.

One day I came to visit her, fearing from her unusual absence, that something was amiss with the child or herself. I found her lying on a rude sort of sofa, which she had very ingeniously made, by nailing some boards together, and covered with chintz, after having stuffed it with hay,—for she was full of contrivances; “they amused her, and kept her from thinking of her troubles,” she said. She looked very pale, her fair hair being neglected, and there was an air of great languor and fatigue visible in her frame. But when I expressed my apprehension that she, too, had fallen a prey to ague or fever, she eagerly replied,—“Oh, no, I am only dreadfully tired. Do you know, I was wandering in the woods a great part of the night!”

“On what errand?” I inquired, in some surprise,—on which she related her adventures, in these words:—

“I had reason to suppose that English letters of some consequence had arrived by post, and as I had no one to send for them, to whom I dared trust them, I made up my mind, yesterday morning, to walk down for them myself. I left my little boy to the care of Jane and his father, for, carrying him a distance of so many miles, and through such roads, was quite beyond my strength. Well, I got my letters and a few necessary articles that I wanted, at the store; but what with my long walk, and the delay one always meets with in town, it was nearly sunset before I began to turn my steps homeward. I then found, to my great distress, that I had lost my faithful ‘Nelson,’—[a great Newfoundland dog that accompanied her wherever she went.] I lingered a good while in the hope that my brave dog would find me out, but concluding, at last, that he had been shut up in one of the stores, I hurried on, afraid of the moon setting before I should be out of the dark wood. I thought, too, of my boy, and wondered if his father would waken and attend to him if he cried or wanted feeding. My mind was full of busy and anxious thoughts, as I pursued my solitary way through these lonely woods, where everything was so death-like in its solemn silence, that I could hear my own footsteps, or the fall of a withered leaf, as it parted from the little boughs above my head and dropped on the path before me. I was so deeply absorbed with my own perplexing thoughts that I did not at first notice that I had reached where two paths branched off in nearly parallel

directions, so that I was greatly puzzled which of the two was my road. When I had walked a few yards down one, my mind misgave me that I was wrong, and I retraced my steps without being at all satisfied that the other was the right one. At last I decided upon the wrong, as it afterwards turned out, and I now hurried on, hoping to make up, by renewed speed, for the time I had lost by my indecision. The increasing gloom of the road thickly shaded with hemlocks and cedars, now convinced me I was drawing near swampy ground, which I did not remember to have traversed in my morning walk. My heart thrilled with terror, for I heard the long-drawn yell of wolves, as I imagined in the distance. My first impulse was to turn and flee for my life, but my strength suddenly failed, and I was compelled to sit down upon a pine log by the side of the path to recover myself. ‘Alas! alas!’ said I, half-aloud, ‘alone, lost in these lonely woods, perhaps to perish miserably, to be torn by wild beasts, or starved with hunger and cold, as many have been in this savage country! Oh my God! forsake me not, but look upon the poor wanderer with the eyes of mercy!’ Such was my prayer when I heard the rapid gallop of some animal fast approaching—the sudden crashing of dry boughs, as the creature forced his way through them, convinced me it was too near for escape to be possible. All I could do was to start to my feet, and I stood straining my eyes in the direction of the sound, while my heart beat so audibly that I seemed to hear nothing else. You may judge of the heartfelt relief I experienced when I beheld my dear old dog, my faithful Nelson, rush bounding to my side, almost as breathless as his poor terror-stricken mistress.

“You know that I don’t often indulge in tears, even when overwhelmed with trouble, but this time I actually cried for joy, and lifted up my heart in fervent thankfulness to Him who had guided my dumb protector through the tangled bush to my side that night. ‘Come, Nelson, I said, aloud, ‘you have made a man of me.’ ‘Richard is himself again,’ dear fellow, I shall fear neither wolf nor bear while you are with me. I then fastened my bundle about his neck for my arm ached with carrying it, and on we trudged. At first I thought it would be best to retrace my steps, but I fancied I saw light like a clearing breaking through the trees, and conjectured that this bye-road led in all likelihood to some of the hush farms or lumberer’s shanties. I resolved to pursue my way straight onwards; nor was I mistaken, for some minutes after brought me to the edge of a newly burnt fallow, and I heard the

baying of dogs, which no doubt were the same sounds, I, in my fright, had taken for wolves.

"The moon was now nearly set, and I judged it must be between one and two o'clock. I peeped into the curtainless window of the shanty, the glimmering light from a few burning brands and the red embers of the huge back-log in the wide clay-built chimney showed the inmates were all asleep, and as the barking and growling of the dogs, who, frightened by Nelson's great size, had retreated to a respectful distance, had failed to rouse them, I took bush-leave, opened the door, and stepped in without further ceremony. On a rude bed of cedar sticks slept two females, the elder of whom was not undressed but lay sleeping on the outside of the coverlet, and it was with great difficulty that I managed to rouse her to a consciousness of my presence and my request for a guide to the mills. "Och! och! och! my dear crayter" she said, raising herself at last upon her brawny arm and eyeing me from under her black and tangled locks with a cunning and curious look, "what should a young thing like yourself be doing up and abroad at such a time of night as this?"

"Good mother," I said, "I have lost my way in the bush, and want a lad or some one to show me the way to the mills."

"Sure," said the old woman, "this is not a time to be asking the boys to leave their beds, but sit down there, and I will speak with the master." She then pushed a rude seat in front of the fire, and roused up the logs with a huge handspike, which she wielded with strength of arm that proved she was no stranger to the work of closing in log-heaps, and even chopping, and then proceeded to wake her partner, who, with three or four big boys, occupied another bed at the farthest end of the shanty.

"After some parleying with the man it was agreed that at day-break one of the elder boys should be sent to guide me home, but not sooner. 'There Mistress' said the man, 'you may just lie down on my old woman's bed, the girl has the ague, but she is as quiet as a lamb, and will not disturb you.' I preferred sitting on my rude seat before the now blazing fire, to sharing the girl's couch, and as to a refreshment of fried pork and potatoes which my hostess offered to get ready for me, I had no appetite for it, and was glad when my host of the shanty and his partner retired to bed, and left me to my own cogitations and mute companionship of Nelson. One feeling was uppermost in my mind—gratitude to God for my present shelter, rude as it was, the novelty of my situation almost amused me, and then graver

thoughts came over me as I cast my eyes curiously around upon smoke-stained walls and unbarked rafters from whence moss and grey lichens waved in a sort of fanciful drapery above my head. I thought of my former life of pride and luxury. What a singular contrast did it present to my situation at that moment. The red flashing glare of the now fiercely burning logs illumined every corner of the shanty, and showed the faces of the sleepers in their humble beds. There lay close beside me on her rude pallet, the poor sick girl, whose pale visage and labouring breath excited my commiseration, for what comfort could she have, either mental or bodily. I asked myself. The chinking in many parts, had been displaced, and the spaces stuffed with rags, straw, moss, wool and a mass of heterogeneous matter, that would have plainly told from what part of the world the inmates had come, if their strong South of Ireland brogue had not declared it past all disputing. Few and scanty were the articles of furniture and convenience. Two or three unplanned pinewood shelves, on which were arranged some tinware and a little coarse delf, a block of wood sawn from the butt end of a large timber tree, and a rude ricketty table, with a pork and flour barrel, some implements of husbandry, among which gleamed brightly the Irish spade, an instrument peculiar so the Irish laborers' cabin, and a gun which was supported against the log walls by two carved wooden hooks, or rests, such was the interior of the shanty. I amused myself with making a sort of mental inventory of its internal economy, till by degrees weariness overcame me, and leaning my back against the frame of the poor sick girl's bed, I fell sound asleep, and might have slept on till broad day, had not my slumbers been suddenly broken by the rolling of one of the big logs on the hearth, and looking over, I almost started at the sight of the small, sinister-looking eyes of my host, which were bent upon me with so penetrating a glance, that I shrank from before them. In good truth more stout-hearted persons might have been justified in the indulgence of a cowardly feeling, if they had been placed in a similar situation, so utterly helpless and alone; but my courage quickly returned. I thought it wisest not to show distrust, and addressed the uncouth-looking personage before me with a cheerful air, laughing at his having caught me napping. Yet I remember the time, when I was a youthful romance reader, I should have fancied myself into a heroine, and my old Irishman into a brigand; but in my intercourse with the lower class of Irish emigrants, I have learnt that there is little cause for fear in

reality. Their wild passions are often roused to a fearful degree of violence by insult, either against their religion or their nation, to acts of vengeance; but such a thing as murdering or robbing a helpless, unoffending stranger, seeking the hospitable shelter of their roofs, I never yet heard of, nor do I believe them capable of an act of covetousness or cruelty so unprovoked. While I thought on these things my confidence returned, so that I would not have hesitated to take the man for my guide through the lone woods I had to pass, trusting to this impression of the Irish character, which, with many defects, has many virtues, while that of hospitality is certainly one of the most prominent.

"The first streak of daylight saw the old woman stirring, to prepare their morning meal of pork and potatoes, of which I was glad to partake.

"One by one came stealing sleepily from their nests four ragged urchins, whose garments I verily believe were never removed for weeks, either by day or night. They all had the same peculiar smoke-dried complexion, a sort of dusky greyish tint, grey eyes, with thick black lashes, and broad black eyebrows, with a squareness of head and a length of chin which I have not unfrequently noticed as a characteristic feature in the less comely inhabitants of the Irish cabins. The boys stole looks of wonder and curiosity at me, but no one spoke or ventured to ask a question; however, they bestowed great marks of attention on Nelson, and many were the bits of meat and potatoes with which they strove to seduce him from my feet.

"When our meal was ended, I gave the old woman a small piece of silver, and, accompanied by Master Michael, the biggest boy, I left the shanty, and was glad enough to seek my own home, and find all as well as when I had left them, though some anxiety had been felt for my unusual absence."

Such were the midnight adventures of my poor friend. It was only one of many trials that she afterwards underwent before she once more regained her native land. She used often to say to me, "I think, if you ever write another book on the backwoods, some of my adventures might furnish you with matter for its pages."

I would not have it inferred from these pages that, because some young men have erred in bringing out wives, unsuited by their former state of life, to endure the hardships of a bush-settling life, there are no exceptions. I would warn all who go home for British wives, to act openly, and use no deception, and to choose wisely such as are by habits and constitution able to struggle

with the trials that may await them. It is not many who have the mental courage that was displayed by her whose adventures I have just narrated.

SCRAPS.

Perhaps no work ever exhibited such general attractions as the celebrated "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver." The air of simple veracity and minuteness of invention maintained throughout by the writer, causes "Gulliver" to be wonderfully amusing; whilst the rich satire with which it abounds is able to gratify the most cynical mind. "Gulliver's Travels" were given to the world under the mystery that usually shadowed Swift's productions. It offered personal and political satire to readers in high life, incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and better philanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition.

Young readers do not view Gulliver as a satirist, but simply as an adventurer. It is right that future youthful readers should know that the voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court of Anne and George I., and to the politics that prevailed during Walpole's administration. Sir Robt. Walpole is plainly intimated, under the character of Flimnap. The factions of high-heels and low-heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs; the small-endians and big-endians, the religious division of Papist and Protestant; and, when the hair-apparent was described as wearing one heel higher than the other, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.), who at that time divided his favors between the two leading political parties, it is recorded, laughed heartily at the comparison. Blefusco is France. Some passages of the court of Brobdingnag were supposed to be intended as an affront upon Queen Anne's maids of honor. The voyage to Laputa ridiculed the Royal Society, then just formed. Swift here satirizes Sir Isaac Newton, on account of an accidental error of calculation which crept into the philosopher's great work. The office of flapper was suggested by Newton's habitual absence of mind. The idea of the satire of Laputa itself is taken from Rabelais.

It was no motive of regard for mankind that originated this work. "The whole building of my Gulliver's Travels (says Swift) is erected upon a foundation of misanthropy. The chief aim I propose, in all my labors, is to vex the world rather than divert it."

We perpetually fancy ourselves intellectually transparent when we are opaque, and morally opaque when we are transparent.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing; the weak falters, although it be standing on a rock.

Every man's follies are the caricature resemblances of his wisdom.

Lies are the ghosts of truth—the masks of faces.

People who do a wrong, seldom have any difficulty in finding out excuses and justification for it.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT X.

[SCENE:—*The Shanty. Present—The Major, Laird, and Doctor.*]

LAIRD—What are ye glowerin' at sae lang and intently, Doctor? Ye're een are as bright as twa bawbee dips.

DOCTOR—I was thinking over the contents of a rather unpleasant epistle from my friend Cuticle, who does not seem over well pleased that our last sederunt should have embraced his opinions touching the hospital.

MAJOR—Is the epistle intended to be made public?

DOCTOR—I think so. You can judge, however, for yourself. [*Doctor reads.*]

Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,
March 21st, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—Had I for a moment supposed that you were so miserably poor in editorial furniture, as I now find you to be, certes my note-book should never have been opened in your presence, nor my rough jottings respecting the Toronto Hospital displayed to your subscribers' gaze. Do not fancy, however, that I am about, in the common vernacular, to eat my words, or that I said anything which I wish to retract. No. I am too sincere for that, too devoted an admirer of science going hand in hand with humanity to hide the truth; but I fear lest my remarks might not have been taken in the spirit in which they were made. Faults sometimes exist independent of crime, so in dealing with those faults we should be careful to separate the vices or defects of construction and arrangement, from those which may very properly be laid at the door of the authorities of an establishment. I am very unwilling to say or do anything that could possibly induce the learned Toronto Esculapii to give the "rheumatic shoulder" to their travelling Yankee brethren; but that I may more fully explain myself to you

and your guests, I must ask you to give me a corner in your Shanty.

To begin, then, with your medicine Chief, the gallant old English gentleman, who, at some eighty odd years, goes about as light of foot as the youngest student—I thought, "well, if all the officers are a ditto of this old man, Toronto has in truth an admirable staff of medicos. However, as Mrs. Malaprop observes, comparisons are odorous, so I will make no further remarks touching your chirurgical Nestor, except that I was struck with the earnest anxious zeal, so characteristic of the true surgeon, displayed in the lively, cheerful, though sometimes unworthodox queries put by him. It is with the directors of the Institution, whoever they may be, that I have to deal, not with the mere officers. I presume, for instance, that, as is the case with similar institutions elsewhere, your corporation has somewhat to say and do with the Hospital, or that there is a Board for its regulation. It is to such bodies that we look for the removal of any evil that may have crept into an association directly or indirectly within their jurisdiction; and it is to them we look, should they not have the power to remove the evil, to take some measures to counteract it, and to ensure the desired good in some other way to the public.

Kindness and zeal are not alone sufficient for the cure of disease or alleviation of misery. If the poor victim of a mechanical injury be laid in the pestilential atmosphere of an offensive chamber, what art can prevent the poison from entering and contaminating the stream of life as it flows through its meandering course? Is it just towards the surgeon or physician to compel him to house his patient in a kennel where, in a city by no means overburdened with charitable establishments, you may easily find both room and means to ensure to the poor and sick destitute all that art and science can afford to make his suffering lighter, and, it may be, to render the pillow of

death less hard to him? If it was the custom *now*, as it was once, for the wealthier and more polite classes to seek out, in these abodes of "charity," as they are called, their suffering brothers and sisters, both you of Toronto and we of Philadelphia, should have fewer grievances and less real mischief uncorrected; but where a community leaves the pauper patient to be tended by a hired menial, where true charity gives not the "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple," when the offensive sore is suffered to exhale its noxious odors day and night into the nostrils of the poor, wasted, haggard being, who lies not even two feet from his equally unfortunate fellow-sufferer, the charity of the nineteenth century may not be vaunted. If you and others would but visit the dying couch of the victim of neglect, and stay beside their now deserted pallets, I trow scenes would be witnessed which would make you blush at the desecration heaped on the name when you hear men talk of their "Christian institutions;" nay, how much has the lapse of Christian charity tended to turn what ought to have been an imitation of the abode of happiness into a fac-simile of the regions of torment.

Contrast the fate of an inmate of such an institution as yours, with what you see daily taking place in the private home. Is a brother—not a Christian brother—but a brother *in station* and rank, thrown on the bed of sickness, instantly busy and willing hands are ready to minister to wayward wants, and with soft and tempered tones to sooth and quiet peevish moanings; perfumed waters scent the air, light elastic tip-toe steps steal through the room, lest perchance the light sleep be broken, and what expressions of sympathy greet the ear, as the bare possibility of danger falls from the lips of some one.

How eagerly is the physicians foot-fall watched for, and how anxiously does each one listen to and scan his every look as he notes the workings of disease on the frame of his suffering patient. To this scene your Hospital offers a contrast which proves "that though we give all our goods to feed the poor, we have not charity."

But before you can persuade men to undertake even what they may admit to be a duty, you must remove all those serious impediments which interfere with the performance of those duties. Build a proper asylum in which the sick man may be in reasonable comfort; give space that he may at least breathe a little of the pure air of Heaven, and so arrange, by the help of an improved architecture, for the cleansing of the atmosphere of his room, that pestilent and disgusting vapour hang not over his couch.

Next to cleanliness, ventilation and Christian sympathy, I would rank order and punctuality on the part of attendants, and the utmost *candour and publicity* of the condition of the affairs of the Institution. Of course, I am not fully informed of the internal management of your Institution, but judging from what passed before my eyes, I was not inclined to admit that your system was anything like what it is in the Old Country, as you call it, or as it is with ourselves. If I was correctly informed, the attendants have most of them been in office for some ten years or more, and yet up to this time they have made no Hospital Report of their successes or failures, nor did I see,

save with one exception, a single Case Book which contained a regular well-kept record of the diseases and their treatment; this struck me with more force when I noticed the throng of students which blocked up the room in the "screened off" portion of which I noticed the bottles protected from the light by "the spider's silken web." Indeed, I was sarcastically informed by a Hibernian candidate for Esculapius' mantle:—"The only Reports that ever left the Institution were 'evil reports,' and some successful operations on the eyes of patients, who never after could see the difference between an altar candle and the bright beams of the mid-day sun when gone twelve by the town-clock."

Such, sir, are the remarks which, tho' I did not wish, I have been forced to make on your Toronto Tabernacle of erysypelas and death; but under the hope that you will strive to perfect its imperfections, I hope that your misjudged publication of Shan'y chat has still not been unproductive of good.

Yours, &c.,
DAVID CUTICLE.

DOCTOR.—There is one part of the letter relative to the disposal of bodies, after the manner of the London Fever Hospital, but I do not think it particularly interesting.

LAIRD.—Ye're just richt, decent folk are no extraordinary fond o' having their own or their freen's bodies cuttet and carvit as if they were sae munny howtowdies.

MAJOR.—Doctor, did you or any other rational being ever take up a scull without having a train of thought awakened, that though sad, was yet not unpleasing?

DOCTOR.—I cannot say what feelings are generally evoked by handling a scull, but this I know, that the last one I handled, produced no such train of thought in my mind, I assure you, but just the contrary.

MAJOR.—Cause, sir, cause.

DOCTOR.—A friend was shewing me some skulls, pointing out their comparative thickness; one was, at least, three-quarters of an inch thick, another was something similar to ordinary pasteboard. He then (but I must premise, that he is no very firm believer in phrenology) put into my hands the remainder of his skulls, and two charts of a head taken by the same person at an interval of four days, pointing out at the same time, the difference of the skulls and the difference in the charts. He then asked me to explain how it was that fixed rules could apply to heads, where, in some cases, there was an *internal depression* without a corresponding *external elevation*, and then fairly posed me by enquiring how one head, in four days, could so change, that, in that short space of time, the two charts would materially disagree.

LAIRD.—Eh man! that's surely no' possible.

DOCTOR.—I have the charts in my pocket, the skulls are at home.

MAJOR.—Produce the charts, but remember that Phrenology, as a science, should not be hastily condemned, because a few incompe-

tent persons are found amongst its priesthood.

DOCTOR.—The person in question is, I really think, a fair specimen of the priesthood, as you call them. Here are the characters, judge for yourselves. I will only add, that my friend made some alteration in his dress and played his part so well that the learned Doctor did not recognise him, and consequently, I presume, made out a new page from the examination of his cranium.* [Doctor reads].—

ANALYSIS No. 1.

Individuality. 8½.

Is a great observer of men and things.

Form. 8½.

Never forgets the countenance, form, of persons and things seen.

Size. 8½.

Has an excellent eye for measuring proportion, size, height, angles, perpendiculars, &c.

Weight. 8.

Balances himself tolerably well in ordinary cases, yet has no great talent in this respect.

Colour. 8.

Can discern and recollect colours, yet seldom notices them; with practice, compares and judges of colours well.

Order. 8.

*Appreciates order, yet not enough to keep it.

Number. 8½.

Can add, subtract, divide, &c., in his head with facility and correctness.

Locality. 8.

*Has a fair, though not excellent, recollection of places.

Eventuality. 8½.

Has a clear and retentive memory of historical facts, general news, what he has seen, heard, read, &c., even in detail.

Time. 8.

*Recollects about, but not precisely, when things occurred.

Tone. 8½.

Delights greatly in singing; has a correct musical ear.

ANALYSIS No. 2.

Individuality. 8½.

Is a great observer of men and things; quick of perception; sees what is transpiring, what should be done, &c.; has an insatiable desire to see and know everything.

Form. 9.

Never forgets the countenance, form, of persons and things seen; easily learns to read and spell correctly; reads and sees things at a great distance; has excellent eyesight.

Size. 8½.

Has an excellent eye for measuring proportion, size, height, angles, perpendiculars &c.

Weight. 8½.

Balances himself tolerably well in ordinary cases, yet has no great talent in this respect.

Colour. 8½.

Can discern and recollect colours yet seldom notices them.

Order. 8½.

Is systematic.

Number. 8½.

Can add, subtract, divide, &c., in his head with facility and correctness.

Locality. 8½.

Recollects distinctly the looks of places, where he saw things, &c.; seldom loses himself, even in the dark.

Eventuality. 9.

Has a clear and retentive memory of historical facts, general news, what he has seen, heard, read, &c., even in detail; never forgets any occurrence even though it is trifling; has a craving thirst for information and experiment.

Time. 8½.

Tells dates, appointments, ages, time of day, &c., well.

Tone. 9½.

Delights greatly in singing; has a correct musical ear; learns tunes by hearing them once or twice; is literally enchanted by

good music; shows intuitive skill and spends much time in making it, sings from the heart, and with melting pathos.

Language. 8½.

When excited expresses himself freely, yet not copiously.

Causality. 9.

Always gives and receives the reason; has by nature an excellent judgment, good ideas a strong mind, &c.

Comparison. 8½.

Has a happy talent for comparing, illustrating, criticising, arguing from similar cases, discriminating, between what is and what is not analogous, or in point.

Imitation. 9.

Has a great propensity and ability to copy, take pattern from others, do what he sees done, &c., needs but one showing gesticulates much, describes and acts out well.

Constructiveness. 8.

Has fair mechanical ingenuity.

Wit. 9.

Has a quick keen perception of the ludicrous; makes a great amount of fun.

Order. 8.

Rather credulous; desires novelty.

Ideality. 8½.

*Love of poetry yet not a vivid imagination.

Sublimity. 8½.

Admires and enjoys mountain scenery, thunder, lightning, tempest, a vast prospect, exceedingly, hence, enjoys travelling.

Language. 8½.

Can write better than speak; when excited expresses himself freely.

Causality. 9½.

Has by nature an excellent judgment, good ideas, a strong mind; is endowed with a deep, strong, original comprehensive mind.

Comparison. 9½.

Has a happy talent for comparing, illustrating, criticising, arguing from similar cases, discriminating, between what is and what is not analogous, or in point, classifying phenomena, and thereby ascertaining their laws.

Imitation. 9½.

Has a great propensity and ability to copy, take pattern from others, do what he sees done, &c., needs but one showing gesticulates much, describes and acts out well; can mimic, act out, and copy almost anything; describe, relate anecdotes &c. to the very life.

Constructiveness. 8½.

Has fair mechanical ingenuity.

Wit. 8½.

Has a quick, keen perception of the ludicrous.

Wonder. 8½.

Believes some but not much in wonders, forewarnings &c.; is open to conviction. Delights in the supernatural; desires novelty.

Ideality. 9.

Has a vivid imagination, great love of poetry, eloquence, fiction, good style, the beauties of nature and art; often gives reins to his erratic imagination; experiences revelling, of fairy, ecstasy, rapture of feeling, enthusiasm.

Sublimity. 9½.

Is a passionate admirer of the wild and romantic, feels the sublimest emotions whilst contemplating the grand or awful in nature, dashing, foaming, roaring cataracts, towering mountains, peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, commotions of the elements, the starry canopy of heaven, &c.

Approbativeness. 8½.

Enjoys approbation, yet will not sacrifice much to obtain it.

Self Esteem. 8½.

Respects himself, yet is not haughty.

* The contradictions are marked with an asterisk.

<p>*Firmness. 8}. Is set in his own way; hard to be convinced or changed at all; holds on long and hard. Consistentness. 8}.</p>	<p>Firmness. 8}. Has some decision, yet too little for general success; has perseverance enough for ordinary occasions. Consistentness. 8}.</p>	<p>Acquisitiveness. 8. Loves money but not greatly.</p>	<p>Acquisitiveness. 8}. Loves money, but not greatly, can make it, but generally spends it freely; sets by property, both for itself and what it procures, yet is not penurious.</p>
<p>Loves and means to speak the truth; cannot tolerate wrong. Hope. 8}.</p>	<p>Is honest; faithful; upright at heart. Hope. 8. Is seldom elated: is quite sanguine.</p>	<p>Secretiveness. 8. Is generally open, can conceal.</p>	<p>Secretiveness. 8. Is not artful nor very frank; is generally open.</p>
<p>Is seldom elated: is quite sanguine; yet renounces about what he expects. Veneration. 7}.</p>	<p>Is not serious nor respectful; may feel religious, yet little respect for men. Veneration. 8. Is not serious nor respectful; may feel religious, yet little respect for men.</p>	<p>LAIRD.—Well, hat is a poser and no mistake; but what are a' thae figures for, Doctor? DOCTOR.—The comparative size of the organ is indicated. You will find by these figures that my friend's head grew considerably in three or four days; however, let us leave phrenology. By the by, Major, I rather expect a gentleman here to-night, who has just returned from California. He promised to bring me some notes on the gold diggings; I daresay, too, that he will be able to enlighten our ignorance as to the difficulties which must be encountered in reaching the "land of promise." Our worthy friend, Mr. Lanyard, the</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>May feel religious, yet little respect for men. Benevolence. 8}.</p>	<p>Is kind, obliging, glad to serve others. Benevolence. 8}.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Is kind, obliging, glad to serve others. Suavitiesness. 9. an say and do hard things without creating difficulty—obtain favors—get along well; so say and do things that they take.</p>	<p>Is kind, obliging, glad to serve others. Suavitiesness. 9. Readily wins confidence and affection even of enemies; can say and do hard things without creating difficulty.—obtain favors—get along well; so say and do things that they take.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Moral Intuitiveness. 8}. Naturally understands human nature.</p>	<p>Moral Intuitiveness. 9. Naturally understands human nature; apprehends at once the moral truth or beauty of a subject or system; is prescient.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>*Amativeness. 8}. Feels much love and tenderness for the opposite sex.</p>	<p>Amativeness. 8. Is rather deficient in sexual love, attentions to the opposite sex, &c.; may have ardor, yet less strength of this passion.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Philoprogenitiveness. 8}. As a parent is tender, but not indulgent.</p>	<p>Philoprogenitiveness. 7}. Dislikes those of others: as a parent is tender, but not indulgent.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>*Adhesiveness. 8}. Loves friends with indelible tenderness and strength of feeling.</p>	<p>Adhesiveness. 8. Is highly social, yet not remarkably warm hearted.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Inhabitiveness. 8}. Soon becomes strongly attached to the place in which he lives.</p>	<p>Inhabitiveness. 8. Soon becomes strongly attached to the place in which he lives.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>*Concentrativeness. 8}. Is disposed to attend to but one thing at once, yet can turn rapidly from thing to thing.</p>	<p>Concentrativeness. 7}. Indulges variety and change of thought, feeling, occupation, &c.; is not confused by them; rather lacks application.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>*Vitativeness. 8}. Desires life, but not eagerly.</p>	<p>Vitativeness. 8. Loves and clings tenaciously to existence.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Combativeness. 8}. Seldom either courts or shrinks from opposition.</p>	<p>Combativeness. 8. Avoids collision, strife, &c. yet once excited, is quite forcible.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Destructiveness. 8}. Has not really deficient enough yet none too much indignation.</p>	<p>Destructiveness. 8}. Has sufficient severity, yet requires considerable to call it out.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Alimentiveness. 8. Has an excellent appetite.</p>	<p>Alimentiveness. 8. Enjoys good food.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>
<p>Cautiousness. 8}. Is always watchful, on the look-out; careful.</p>	<p>Cautiousness. 9. Is always watchful, on the look-out; careful; anxious; solicitous; provident; against real and imaginary danger; hesitates too much.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>	<p>— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [Bell rings.] Ah! here they are, I daresay.</p>

[Enter Mr. Lanyard and Mr. St. Germain.]

DOCTOR.—Welcome, gentlemen.

[Doctor introduces them to the Major and Laird.]

MAJOR.—Our friend, the Doctor, informs us that you have just returned from California.

MR. ST. GERMAIN.—I left St. Francisco on the 1st of January last, and arrived on the 27th of the same month in New York.

MAJOR.—Quick work. By what route, may I ask?

MR. ST. G.—Nicaragua.

LAIRD.—Is that a fair expeditious route than the Panama one?

MR. ST. G.—I think so, as the officers of the line engaged to forward us from St. Francisco, either to New York or New Orleans in twenty-two days. It took us twenty-eight, but still we beat the Mail line by three days, although we encountered heavy weather off Hatteras and in the Gulf, besides meeting with some unexpected delay on the Isthmus.

DOCTOR.—Is there not a railroad on the Panama route?

MR. ST. G.—There is, but unfortunately there is also a land journey of twenty-five miles, and this, in the rainy season, is utterly impassable. Now, though the Nicaragua route cannot boast of a railroad, there are good river and lake boats from San Juan del Norte to Virgin Bay, which is but twelve miles from San Juan del Sud, whence the steamers start for St. Francisco. But go by which route you may, privations and hardships innumerable are in store for the luckless travellers.

DOCTOR.—Have you quite recovered your health, Mr. St. Germain?

MR. ST. G.—Very nearly, although in my

efforts to reclaim the fugitive, I had to pass very nearly through the valley of the shadow of death.

MAJOR—What part of the world did you discover that valley in?

MR. Sr. G.—In Central America, on the spot that John Bull and Brother Jonathan are at present quarrelling about. It is on the Isthmus that the g. in monster is shadowed forth.

MR. LANYARD—Give us a peep at the monster then, tell us what his shadow was like.

MR. Sr. G.—The man has yet to be created who possesses descriptive power sufficient to convey an adequate idea of the realities of crossing the Isthmus in the rainy season. However, it was on the 10th November last that I landed from the steam-ship Prometheus at St. Juan del Norte. Immediately on our landing, three small river steamers were in readiness to convey us up the river St. Juan to the Nicaragua lake. As soon as we had been all stowed away, we numbered four hundred and twenty-five, among whom were one hundred women and children, we commenced ascending the river, along whose banks we could distinguish hundreds of alligators of large size, sunning themselves. As the boat glided along, the passengers picked with ease the twig; from the branches that almost swept our hurricane deck, while birds of every hue chattered around, and we could distinguish the monkeys in numbers a short distance off. After proceeding about fifteen miles we were alarmed with a report that the boiler was likely to burst; this I thought not unlikely. It, however, proved a false alarm, and only resulted in a detention of five hours, after which we proceeded. On reaching the boats with the steerage passengers, we found that the captain of one of them had been killed by a blow from the bough of a tree. Into our already crowded boat we now received a great number more passengers, with a very large quantity of baggage. There was, however, no alternative left; we must either act the part of good Samaritans, or leave our fellow creatures to perish. The first person who stepped forward was a woman about forty years of age; she was, alone, on her way to join her husband in California. She slipped, fell into the river, and was drowned. We were again alarmed by a man (who had been sleeping on a bench) rolling overboard into the rapids; the captain of our boat sent two of the crew in search of the unfortunate man and woman, but owing to the darkness of the night and the rapidity of the current, the woman could not be rescued from a watery grave: the man was picked up; he saved himself by swimming. After all were on board, we proceeded on our way, but not without apprehending danger, as the vessel was very much crowded, and the navigation difficult, besides having to stem a current five or six miles an

hour. We, however, arrived safe at the Castillo Rapids, where we waited for twelve hours. The Castillo Rapids is a fortified post, where there is an old Spanish fort, commanded by a detachment of native soldiers, whose military uniform consists exclusively of one garment, a *napkin*, no hat or cap; while *huge rusty* muskets and bayonets formed the materials of warfare. Here we had to stop all night. We took tea and breakfast, which cost us two dollars. It was raining all this time, and as it would not, under existing circumstances, be agreeable to sleep *al fresco*, as is the custom in that country during the dry season, all were compelled to seek shelter where they could. Those who were accommodated in houses of entertainment had to pay *one dollar* for the privilege of lying in hammocks, without beds, sheets, blankets, or pillows. I secured an Indian's hammock, and paid *one dollar* also for the use of two posts to tie it to in a smoky wigwam. The mosquito luxuries were *gratis*. The water is so bad in that region, that it is considered dangerous to drink it without its being first boiled; therefore we had to pay twenty-five cents for each cup of coffee that we drank, and the meats were so salt, which we were forced to partake of, that our thirst was intense and prolonged. We had chickens at this place, but they diffused such an aroma that we unanimously resolved on their removal from within reach of our olfactory nerves! After our baggage had been carried round the Rapids to the other boat, which was to take us up to the mouth of the Nicaragua lake, the bell rang for us to embark, and we were soon again on our course. The natives are engaged by the Isthmus Company on this route, to carry baggage and to provide mules. In the evening we arrived at Fort San Carlos, a place inhabited exclusively by Indians. Several ladies and gentlemen went on shore to see the *native standing army!* which presented rather a *naked* appearance. Native "civilians" came in canoes alongside of our steamer, which was anchored, they exposed for sale oranges, limes, coconuts, pine-apples, flour, biscuit, &c. &c. After leaving this place, we entered into the Nicaragua Lake. During the night, we passed the towns of St. Magill, Grenada, and Rivas, besides several small villages; we also passed several high mountains, the loftiest of which, called Homatecca, is a volcano; we arrived at Virgin Bay early in the morning. Virgin Bay is another military station, at which place several of the Isthmus Company's officers reside, and it is here, too, where we take the mules for the last twelve miles of the Isthmus travel, previous to reaching the Pacific steamer. During the morning we got our baggage checked, by paying fifteen cents per pound for freight charges on it. At one o'clock some hundreds of mules made their appearance,—some already bestrode by pas-

sengers of the steamship *New Orleans*, which had arrived twelve hours previously at San Juan del Sud, on the Pacific side, from San Francisco. We now selected our mules, after having procured our tickets, which had the words "Good for one beast," on them. Some of the women and children were carried on hammocks, on Indians shoulders; it now had stopped raining, and the sun was out: the heat was insufferable. We were told by persons who had just come over the road, that it was almost impassable, in consequence of the recent incessant rains; however, we started, but before I had proceeded *one* mile, my mule sunk down head-foremost into a mud-hole, and pitched me, like a shot, into the mud! I tried to extricate myself, but began rapidly to sink. While in this *fix* several of my fellow-passengers came along and were similarly dismounted, at short distances from me, but they were more fortunate than I, for they soon extricated themselves, and went on their way rejoicing, leaving me to my fate, if I could not "help myself." I implored "mercy" from every passer-by, but all excused themselves by saying that they would share the same fate with me, if they attempted to render me any assistance. By this time I had sank down nearly to my chin, when a Dutchman came up, on foot: he had sold his mule, as the animal could not get on through the mud; he replied, coolly and snappishly, that he would not. I told him that I would give him two dollars if he would render me his assistance; he told me he could not comply with my request. I then offered two dollars and a half to him; he still refused. I now felt myself sinking still deeper, and not knowing but that I might go through to the antipodes, I hallooed out to him at the top of my voice, that I would give him just what he would ask, if he would instantly assist me; he came up, and said that "he would lift me right up for three dollars." I told him to commence operations. He brought a stump of a tree that was near at hand, and, standing on it, took hold of the collar of my coat, and *lifted me clean out of my boots!* We then lifted the mule also, which had nearly been suffocated, as his nose had been sticking in the mud for some time. I re-mounted and renewed my journey until I met with another mishap. I noticed several mules with their riders, stuck in the mud, to avoid which, I commenced ascending a hill, but before I had reached the summit my mule slipped and fell, when both of us rolled into the abyss of mud below. Fortunately I received no serious injury, but I lost or had destroyed several articles of wearing apparel, worth from \$50 to \$70. Nearly every passenger lost something,—accidents and misfortunes were many and various,—having to pass through mud and streams of water five feet deep. When we arrived at San Juan, the noble Steamship

Brother Jonathan, (Capt. Baldwin,) was at anchor in the Bay. Here we stopped another night, and during all the next day, waiting for our baggage; about five o'clock in the afternoon the ship's gun was fired, notifying thereby that we were to go aboard. A number of small boats now made their appearance to convey us to the ship. Two or three hundred natives stood on the shore to carry us on their backs through the surf to the small boats which were some distance out. We paid *one dime* a piece for this *back-ride*, and two dollars to the boat-men for taking us to the ship. At two o'clock the next morning we sailed for San Francisco. We were four days crossing the Isthmus. The passage was accomplished, notwithstanding in twenty-nine days from New York to San Francisco.

LAIRD.—Eh! but surely your lot was cast in pleasant places.

MAJOR.—The "auri sacra fames" must indeed be strong that can tempt men, and above all, women, to brave all these dangers—for my part if my boys get dissatisfied with home, Australia shall be the bourn to which I will recommend them to turn their attention.

MR. LANYARD.—Six of one and half a dozen of the other, Major. I have promised the Dr. here, to give him some accounts which I can assure you are very similar to what we have heard from Mr. St. Germain.

MAJOR.—Did you travel much about California?

DOCTOR (interrupting).—Mr. St. Germain has given me a short sketch of his California adventures. It will appear in this number.

MR. LANYARD.—And I promise you, for your next, my experiences in Australia, and if Canadians, after reading them, are not satisfied with the condition in which it has pleased God to place them in, a fine country with every aid to enable an honest and industrious man to secure a competence, why then I say, they deserve all the hardships and privations they may meet with. I for one will not pity them—but about the yachts.

DOCTOR.—Ah! have you got the paper you promised me?

MR. LANYARD.—I have not had time to make it out yet, but I have jotted down a few figures to shew of what value this amusement is to Toronto, and that it is the interest of the citizens to encourage it. There are now connected with the club thirty boats that cost £2737—with fifty smaller craft that cost over £3000—in addition to this the repairs annually amount to more than £800, making a sum total of nearly £6500. This sum is surely worth looking after, but I fear that unless the club have some place assigned for their use to moor at, and if they should be compelled to go to the Island for that purpose, that this amount which now goes to support our shipbuilders, will be diverted into some less healthy channel.

MAJOR.—Well, we shall soon learn the fate of their petition, and you will I hope have your statistics ready for our next meeting.

DOCTOR.—I trust that we have done with "gloomy winter" for this spell at least. Despite the combined attractions of oysters, and ice-boats, my spirits always mount above zero when the latest remnant of snow weeps itself to death!

LAIRO.—As I cam in through Mrs. Grundy's bit garden I noticed some bonnie wee advanced guards o' spring, in the shape o' a wheen sna' draps. Od, Major, but the Shanty must be weel sheltered frae that grewsome carle, auld Boreas! At Bonnie Braes I canna coax a flower oot o' the ground do what I like!

MAJOR.—Apropos to the advanced guards," of which you were speaking, did you read some sweet stanzas from the last number of the Dublin University Magazine, entitled, "*The Chant of the Snow-Drops*," and which appear in the present Anglo-American?

LAIRO.—I did. A sweet hymn in truth. Oh! that the dull ears o' regardless men were mair on the alert to notice sic anthems! We dwell amidst an atmosphere laden wi melody, but alas! the sordid grunts o' Mammon possess superior charms to our vitiated tastes. Rax me a cigar, Doctor, my man.

DOCTOR.—What a pestilent sinking in the sublime and beautiful, from the music of flowers to the reek of Raleigh's narcotic!

MAJOR.—Have you read the last published fiction by Mrs. Marsh, *Castle Avon*?

LAIRO.—I hae.

DOCTOR.—I have.

MAJOR.—One at a time, gentlemen, an' so it please you. The husbandman, methinks, caught first our eye.

LAIRO.—In my humble opinion the story is ane o' nae common power, and possesses an interest that clean taks awa the breath o' the reader.

DOCTOR.—So far I agree with you, but the main plot is somewhat lacking in originality. The resemblance between the fortunes of Clareber, Lord Aylmer and those of that somewhat spoony young gentleman, Henry Bertram, is as obvious as the huge green bottle in the window of Mr. Richardson's drug emporium. Blind, likewise, as a beetle, or the patient of a quack oculist must be the man who, in Parson Gorhambury, recognizes not our old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin, with the slight addition of holy orders!

LAIRO.—Noo that ye speak o't I see the resemblance. When I was reading the buik, I thought that I had seen something like it be fore; but I'm no very gleg at the uptak. Admitting, however, that there is a spice o' plagiarism in the production, ye maun admit that it presents many redeeming features o' merit. For instance, I defy you to wale oot o' ony modern novel a mair powerfu' scene than that in which the auld limner, Mrs. Gor-

hambury, breaks aff the match between her son Philip and the puir, ill used lassie, Hermana Lovel!

DOCTOR.—I agree with you that the passage is a powerful one; but even here the scent of a sharp-set critic would detect a literary petty larceny. Mrs. Goriambury is an indubitable sister of the excellent Lady Ashton!

LAIRO.—Excellent! my conscience! I would gladly walk ten miles in my shoon, like Peter Pindar's Pilgrim, to set fire to the pile in which the hard-hearted carline was to be brunt. Excellent, quo he!

DOCTOR.—Most literal of agriculturists! But I have another exception to take to the scene which you have cited. There is too much power about it.

LAIRO.—What div ye mean?

DOCTOR.—Simply what I say. Mrs. Marsh piks up the agony (as our Yankee friends phrase it) beyond all endurance.

LAIRO.—Is that a fault?

DOCTOR.—Unquestionably it is. Irreligiously hold that no author has a right to torture the feelings of his readers. It is his office, I grant, to excite the sympathies, but not to goad them to agony. A leech may lawfully open a vein, whilst he has no right needlessly to excoriate the healthy flesh of his patient.

LAIRO.—It may be because I am a trifle doited, but I canna follow ye ava! In my humble opinion the mair excitement the greater genius!

MAJOR.—I must give my suffrage in favour of the Medico. The highest genius is at fault, when a certain altitude of the tragic is over-topped.

Take a case in point. In the whole range of the Anglo-Saxon drama you will find few plays more artistically constructed than "*The Fatal Curiosity*" of George Lillie, and yet the painfulness of the catastrophe has caused it to be shelved by universal consent. After laying dormant for many years it was revived during the dynasty of John Kemble and Sarah Siddons, the great brother and sister playing the leading characters. What was the result? After two representations it was withdrawn in consequence of the unsupportable misery of its wind-up.

LAIRO.—Weel, weel, it's maybe because we farmer bodies hae stronger nerves frae being sae muckle in the open air, but I am free to confess that a' the fatal curiosities in the world wad never mak me say nay, when a Welsh-rabbit, or half a hunder o' natives woo'd my affections!

DOCTOR.—Here is a volume which I can heartily commend, the more by token that it soothes and elevates the heart instead of splintering it, as an iron wedge does a pino faggot.

LAIRO.—Name your pet!

DOCTOR.—It is entitled *A Hero and other*

Tales, from the pen of the author of the *Ogilvies* and *The Head of the Family*.

MAJOR—I would augur favourably of the work from the antecedent productions of the writer.

LAIRD—I hae nae conceit o' your *soothing* stories! A when fushionless havers, filled fu' o' rling brooks and cloudless skies, and laddies that never tell lees, and lassies wha keep their frocks as clean as a new-laid egg even when walking through mire up aboon the shoon!

DOCTOR—Pray shut up. To use one of your own jaw-breaking proverbs, you are fairly running away with the harrows. The duodecimo under notice is as far removed from the "fashionless," as you are from Beau Nash. In particular, the story denominated "*Bread upon the Waters*" is replete with quiet beauty and the most genuine pathos. Though the leading actress is a simple day-governess of the present era, and moving amidst the prosaic scenes of every day life, she exhibits a heroism wha h compels our admiration as potently as Joan of Arc herself could do. I regard this little tale as a veritable gem, and over-crowded indeed will be my library when no standing room can be conceded to the volume which contains it.

LAIRD—What hae we here? "*The Misceries of Human Life*." Oo sake, I thought we had plenty o' sic commodities without paying a tax to Maclear for the same.

MAJOR—It is a re-hash of a work amazingly popular in my "green and salad days." The author was a clergyman named Beresford, related, I believe, to the Irish prelate of that name.

DOCTOR—I remember the affair. Though occasionally somewhat long-winded, it contained a considerably infusion of quaint humor.

MAJOR—Some Yankee bookmaker has got his clutches upon the poor divine's bantling, and by way of *improving* and *modernizing* the same, has mightily diminished its gust.

DOCTOR—I lack all mercy for such *renovators* of literature, and if autocrat president of the republic of letters, wou'd consign them to the gallows without benefit of clergy! What right has a great hulking penny-a-liner thus to cut and carve upon another man's property? Why, if such escapades are to be tolerated, we shall be favored some of these fine days with a *fashionable* version of the Vicar of Wakefield, with the characters dressed according to the costume plate of the Anglo-American Magazine for the current month!

LAIRD—Or what wad ye say to an edition o' the *Bride o' Lammermuir* wi' a happy ending, to suit the delicate nerves o' this feckless and fastidious generation?

DOCTOR—Peace, Laird! You are determined to be pugnacious this night!

MAJOR—The idea of the transmogrifying Yankee has not even the merit of originality.

John Wesley, who, as a man of sterling genius, ought to have had more sense, played the same unsavoury trick with that most exquisite novel, Brooke's *Fool of Quality*." He published an edition thereof, omitting as *superfluities* the episodal "dialogues between the author and reader," which, in my humble opinion, form the very cream and quintessence of the work. I never forgave John for that sore back-sliding, and never shall!

LAIRD—I can furnish you wi' a mair aggravated case in point. About a fortnight ago, Grizzy asked me to bring out a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and accordingly, being in the market, I bought a copy, to all appearance orthodox and sound. When I got hame, however, I discovered, to my horror and disgust, that some barbarian editor had expunged what he was pleased to term the "*antiquated expressions of the pious author*," and "*made his rough versification more consonant with the modern ideas of harmony*." I never was in sic a rage sin' the day that my drucken ploughman, Gibby Stott, sat down in the dish o' sowans that was cooling for supper at the back-door. If ever a ruling elder swore, I fear that I was guilty o' the sin on that occasion!

MAJOR—I am sorry to break up our confabulation, but

"Hark! the bell is ringing!"

A sheep's head and *locomotive organs*, as the ingenious Mr. Goadby terms *trotters*, forms the leading attraction of our symposium this evening, and as Bailie Nicol Jarvie remarks, "*a sheep's head too much boiled is rank poison!*"

POST CENAM SEDERUNT.

[Major, Laird, and Mrs. Grundy.]

LAIRD—Eh! Mrs. Grundy, but you was a grand tup's head, and gin you could hae had it properly singit, it wad hae been just ambrosia.

Mrs. GRUNDY—The people here do not understand that work, and you know I am but a beginner, and have not yet mustered resolution to attempt a haggis.

LAIRD—Eh, mem, dinna mention that word, unless you wish to renew my hunger.

MAJOR—Come, Laird, the goodwife takes such care of your inner man at Bonnybraes, that you are getting fastidious. Let us leave the lower regions, and see what is provided for our upper works. Let us first decide a point on which I wish to consult you. In looking over that part of our literary bantling devoted to Colonial Chit-Chat and News from Abroad, I confess that I have been struck with the meagreness of our reports, and on asking myself to explain this state of affairs, I could only do so by the fact that politics are an interdicted subject. I will premise by supposing it fixed, that we are not to depart from this rule, and will only observe that, unless

permitted to discuss the various questions constantly brought forward both here and in England, the sooner this part of our editorial work is set aside the better. Look over Harper's Magazine, you will find that all his current events have a decidedly political hue. Restricted as we are, our summary is nothing but an uninteresting compilation from papers that every one has seen. If a good article is taken from the United Service or Army Despatch, it is, sure to be something or other; in short, we do not profess to be an "Annual Register," consequently, we can, I think, very well afford to drop this part of the Shanty.

Mrs. GRUNDY—But will it not be useful to refer to hereafter, Major?

MAJOR—I think not; for in these days, when every one writes, no difficulty is experienced in procuring the particular book that will give you the best and clearest information on any desired subject.

DOCTOR—I entirely agree with the Major.

LAIRD—I'm sorry to lose Colonial Chit-chat. I have a prime field o' fall wheat, that I was thinking ye might aiblins chronicle the yield o't.

MAJOR—Our Shanty will then be divided into the Shanty proper. Your part (*turning to Mrs. Grundy*), my gentle friend; your's, Laird; and, Doctor, your music.

Mrs. GRUNDY—I had prepared quite a basketful, but your Californian Anas have compelled me to discard everything but a few general observations on dress, &c.

LAIRD—And your precious friend, Dr. Cuffie, has ta'en up a' the room that I should have had about spring work and other interesting subjects. Doctor, you must not cheat me again in sic a fashion.

DOCTOR—Not till next month. Major, here is my music.

MAJOR—And here are my books for the month. Now to business.

[Laird reads:

THE SCIENCE OF MANURING—ON SPECIAL OR PORTABLE MANURES.

Superphosphate of Lime.—This manure is formed by using two parts by weight of crushed bones or coprolites (substances which will be subsequently noticed) and one part by weight of brown acid. To make it properly the bones and acid ought to be thrown into a leaden cistern, laid on tiles or thick iron hearers, so as to keep the fire from melting the lead. Farmers cannot make the article for less than manufacturers profess to sell the genuine superphosphate—viz., 7s. per cwt.; but with this substance, as with guano, an immense amount of adulteration is practised by fraudulent dealers and manufacturers.

Nitrate of soda was extensively applied a few years ago, but greatly decreased since the introduction of guano into general use. As a source of nitrogen it is equal in value to commercial sulphate of ammonia; in fact, when the price is equal, the preference ought to be given to nitrate of soda.

Sulphate of lime can be procured in abundance in gypsum.

Sulphate of soda has not infrequently been used both as a top-dressing and as a drill manure, when mixed with other substances. In some instances beneficial results appear to have followed its application, and that in cases, too, where it could not be accounted for on account of the sulphuric acid contained in it; in such cases the only theory that can be assigned for its beneficial influence is, that it has the effect of more speedily decomposing the inorganic substances in soils existing in a mineralized state, and thus rendering them susceptible of absorption by the roots of plants. The double decompositions which are known to take place when certain salts of potash and soda are mixed in a liquid state would seem to countenance this supposition.

Chloride of sodium or common salt, is composed of chlorine and the metal sodium, which, in the presence of water, is converted into muriate of soda as a source of chlorine and soda. On soils where these substances are absent the application of salt promotes fertility. As the quantity required for most crops is, however, small—except the horticultural plants, carrots and asparagus—some other cause must be assigned for the extraordinary effects which are sometimes seen on fields after an application of salt. One cause may, perhaps, be attributed to a property similar to that alluded to in noticing sulphate of soda; another very probable reason is, that it may combine with the lime in the soil, and, according to the state of dryness or humidity, form carbonate of soda and muriate of lime, and revert to their original forms of muriate of soda and carbonate of lime. A small quantity of muriate of lime, having the effect of abstracting moisture from dews, may, in dry seasons, produce a very beneficial effect.

Sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, is useful in affording sulphuric acid and magnesia; it has been recommended to strew this salt over dunghoops, in order to fix the ammonia; but cheaper substitutes can be obtained. Sulphuric acid can also be procured at a cheaper rate by employing gypsum; magnesian limestone, or dolomite, will afford magnesia.

Sulphate of lime, or gypsum, is the well-known substance from which plaster of Paris is made, the latter being merely sulphate of lime, with the water of crystallization driven off: from the finer varieties chimney ornaments are manufactured. It may be well here to mention, that in crystallizing salt for household and other purposes at the large salt works, a scale forms at the bottoms of the pans, sometimes as thick as a couple of inches in the course of three weeks, and, in consequence of its slow conducting power of heat, has to be removed; this cake, known as pan scale, is thrown away in large quantities, it is composed of 75 per cent. sulphate of lime and 25 per cent. of common salt.

Animal charcoal is merely burnt bones, and is of little more utility than well-crushed bones, whilst the price is much higher; it is an article much adulterated.

Soot.—The beneficial effects of a top-dressing of soot have been known for many years, particularly when applied to young clover and wheats; these results are wholly attributable to

the sulphate of ammonia which is found in the soot, the quantity being, on an average, about one-tenth of that obtained from an equal weight of common sulphate of ammonia. Great quantities used to be sent to the West Indies, particularly to Barbadoes. This is an article which is also much adulterated. Recently it has been stated that potash has been found in appreciable quantities in the soot from iron furnaces, not sufficient, however, we believe, to make its extraction profitable.

Saltpetre refuse consists principally of common salt; occasionally it is also accompanied by a very appreciable per centage of muriate of potash; it may also contain about one-half per cent. of saltpetre, which has not been washed out. As, under the existing state of knowledge of the sources whence potash may be derived, saltpetre promises to afford the largest quantity, and in the greatest permanence, it is interesting to know what quantity has been consumed during the last few years, and also the prospect of future supplies. Compared with many years, the price of saltpetre during the past two or three years has been relatively high, the importations being comparatively small; this small production was the result of previous low prices: a large supply is expected for the present year (1853): so that, if a demand arises for agricultural use, the prices may still be expected to rule moderately. The imports during the last twelve months amounted to 11,070 tons, which would increase in future years to 50 per cent. if present prices are maintained.

Soda-ash.—This article has been much recommended of late as a remedy for the wireworm; its utility for this object, is, however, very dubious. Soda-ash is manufactured on the large scale for the use of soap-makers, making soda crystals for washing, &c. The commercial article used formerly to consist of a mixture of carbonate and caustic soda, but the manufacturers now usually carbonate the whole; whether in the carbonated or caustic state, it is sold according to the per centage of caustic soda in the ash, the standard being 48 per cent., the price per ton being regulated according to the per centage, the market value, on an average, being 24d. per cwt., which at the standard will be equivalent to £10 per ton. According to some experiments, it would appear that the soda-ash had some slight fertilizing influence; but it is quite as probable that this was owing to the presence of the sulphate of soda, or common salt which always accompanies soda-ash, as to the soda-ash itself.

In concluding these remarks on special manures, it will be well to remind the reader that above all things it is requisite that whenever he buys an article it is of the utmost consequence that he should know its composition; for, even with genuine guano, cargoes differ materially with regard to the quantities of phosphates and ammonia which they may contain. This is a point of great practical importance, because, if the guano is to be applied to potatoes, grass, or clover, the guano containing the most ammonia ought to be preferred; if for turnips, that containing the most phosphate should be selected. If this care is requisite for the economical use of guano where the genuine article has only to be selected from,

how much more requisite is it for the farmer to be careful when he is about to purchase guano of doubtful quality.

THE IMPORTANCE OF POULTRY TO FARMERS.

At a recent meeting of the members of the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club (Leicestershire,) Mr. Harrison read a most interesting paper on this subject, in which he says—"I set out by endeavouring to combat an opinion which I find is pretty generally held by farmers, that hens and chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys especially, are to be regarded in the light of depredators, whose business it is to rob the fields and stack yards, for the sole advantage of the mistress of the family. There may, we admit, be some grounds for the prevalence of this opinion in the fact that whilst the master sees the mischief which is done both to the field and stacks by the poultry, he is kept by the mistress as much as possible in ignorance of the profit, and is scarcely ever allowed to know its return. I shall at once admit that fowls and poultry generally will make great havoc in a growing crop of corn. I will admit, too, that they are very great nuisances in a well-kept rick-yard, that they are intolerable pests when they make frequent visits to the garden. But, allow me to ask, will not a little care and extra labor greatly lessen such evils, if not prevent them altogether? Now, it has more than once met my observation, that a farmer who has well scolded his wife and daughters for the depredation of their poultry committed near a gate or in the corner of a field, has allowed the sparrows to feast at their ease until they had stripped the head land of the field entirely of its corn. I have heard a very considerable farmer grudge a breakfast to his wife's hens out of his corn field, and is there not many a farmer among us who will chase the hens from the rick-yard from the feeling that he cannot permit such wanton waste, whilst he views with comparative indifference the depredation of vermin, and tolerates the ravages of rats and mice? Now, I must not be supposed to justify waste in one place, by proving the existence of it elsewhere. I merely wish to ask, whether prejudice may not cause us to *overrate* the damage in one case, as much as it leads us to *undervalue* it in the other? A corner in a field of wheat or barley trodden down is very offensive to the eye; but value the damage, then measure the ground, and : will answer for it than an acre (at the same rate) will be worth a very considerable sum. So, in the stack-yard, a good fork-full of corn pulled from the rick, and distributed around it, would appear nothing less than a decent waggon-load. But I am not even advocating *this* waste. Let all the gates and gaps against the corn-fields be thorned; let, also, all the stock of loose corn standing upon the ground in the rick-yard be protected by hurdles or faggots, and if the poultry will not pay the expenses of this precautionary labour, let it at once be given up. There are times, I believe, at which it may be a matter of good policy, as well as of necessity, to supply the poultry in the farm-yard with a small allowance of food. It would be folly to leave our cattle and our sheep to procure their own living in the fields during the winter, thereby to become so poor that the summer

would be expended in restoring their condition and strength; and equally so would it be to withhold from the feathered inhabitants of our yards, during times of scarcity, the assistance which it is man's office to afford to the creatures beneath his care. But I would recommend that the cost of such assistance be ascertained, that its repayment may be insured, or similar outlay avoided for the future. In combating successfully the opinion that poultry are universal depredators on the farmer's property, it will be necessary for me to show that very extensive supplies for their support are scattered by nature around us, and that, by availing ourselves of these supplies, poultry may be made the source of very considerable revenue to the mistress of the farm-house, without at all interfering with her husband's corn, either when growing in his field or stacked up in the rickyard.

No one who has lived about a farm can have failed to notice the activity displayed by a brood of turkeys in beating a grass field. We cannot see the gnats upon the grass; but their eyes detect the hidden food, and every movement of their heads indicates the death of a gnat, or fly, or moth; and if we examine them when they return to shelter, their craws will be found filled. I will not say that their living is entirely secured by insect life; for I have noticed ours more than once, during this season, rob a nettle of all its leaves, and by a clever twist of their beaks, strip the grass seeds from a bent—thus blending vegetables with animal food. No one who has passed any portion of his life upon a farm can entirely have overlooked the hens watching a digging operation going forward. When a disturbance of the soil takes place, their food is exposed, they scratch for themselves in the looser ground, and they avail themselves of every opportunity of picking up their prey. Only last week I noticed several attending upon two pigs (who were rooting up the grass), and thereby obtaining a good supply of grubs; the hens in this case follow the pigs from place to place, as if they considered the latter were only labouring for their pleasure and advantage. It must also have been noticed by hundreds of farmers how ducks wander among the grass in the dew of a summer evening; this is the season at which the earth-worms rise to the surface of the ground, and ducks are then only seeking their supper, and the earth-worm forms their prey.

Now, when it is considered that numberless insects are scattered over the whole of our fields, that animal life exists in abundance, not only above, but also beneath the surface of the soil; and when it is seen that our hedges are covered with fruits and other productions, which at present are not available to the use of man, it must certainly appear desirable that we should adopt the means within our power to bring them to profit and advantage. Worms, snails, gnats, flies, grubs of all descriptions, beetles, earwigs, &c. &c., would indeed be loathsome food; and farther, they are so widely distributed, their collection would be impossible, even did they possess a marketable value; but Providence has kindly furnished us the means of converting all these things into human food. It has created a higher order of creatures to collect and consume these insects for man's es-

pecial benefit and food. We find this higher order of creatures in the poultry which run about our ground; they assimilate food for us, in eggs and in their own flesh, and render matter of value to man which was completely valueless before.

A philanthropic farmer can never regard the cultivation of poultry as an object beneath his care; he will always look upon it as a means of increasing the supply of human food, and to carry out these means to the fullest extent, he will use that knowledge which observation and experience confer. He will look to the fowls in his yards with as much consideration to the improvement of their size and necessary qualifications, as he does to the improvement of his cattle and sheep. He will not patronize a degenerate race, but will import, from a distance, some better and healthier breeds. The interest lately exhibited in the article of poultry, shows that the value is now generally, if not nationally appreciated. Exhibitions are now held in various parts of the kingdom; and the breeding of hens calls forth as much rivalry now as the breeding of horses. It is not my purpose, nor is it my intention, to touch upon the cultivation of fancy poultry. I certainly would wish to see our fields and yards filled with birds of fine plumage and symmetrical form; but I would not wish to see these unless they were at the same time patient assiduous mothers, good layers, and of great value in the market for their size and favour. My closing advice, founded on my own experience, is this: treat your poultry with the utmost gentleness, care for their comfort, and feed them liberally in times of scarcity of food, and then I will venture to promise that your turkeys, your hens, your ducks, and even your geese, shall gratefully yield you a profitable return.

AVORAGE OF WHEAT CROPS IN CANADA.

The general average of the wheat crops, either in Canada or the United States, are not half what is the general average of Britain. The question for us to determine is, whether it would be advantageous for us to adopt the improved mode of cultivation practised in England, and thus increase our average products, or rest satisfied with our present imperfect system, and very short general average produce resulting from it. We do not pretend to say that we have not good farming in Canada. The fact is, that we have very many farms that would be creditable to any country, but unquestionably, the late census returns, if they are correct, show a very low and unprofitable average produce, and it should be the earnest desire of every friend to Canadian prosperity to augment this produce as much, and as soon as possible, by every means that can be adopted. If they had remained content in England with the averages of fifty years back, that country would now be in a very different position as regards her wealth and prosperity. Within that period her agricultural average products have been increased perhaps one-third or one-fourth.

LARD.—And now, Mrs. Grundy, it's your turn
[Mrs. Grundy reads:

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of *glacé* silk, with lace under the silk flounce, the lower part of the lace flounce covering the head of the second flounce; pointed

corsage with *ruches* of ribbon; the cape trimmed with lace to match the flounces. The *frisquet* trimmed also with lace. Hair worn in bands, with artificial ringlets of roses.

Fig. 2.—YOUNG LADIES' COSTUME.—Dress of black velvet; the skirt short and very full,—above the hem are several rows of very narrow, colored silk braid: the openings of the pockets, in the front breadth, are finished by two rows of braid, with a gold button at each end of the opening.—The jacket body does not close in the front, it is trimmed round with three rows of braid; the sleeves are of the pagoda form, the braid forming a *mousquetaire* cuff. Embroidered waistcoat of white silk, buttoned to the throat; a very broad collar of *guipure* lace, with *engagantes* to match. Bonnet of drawn pink silk, the front edged with narrow blond.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The number of evening entertainments recently given in Paris, and those now in preparation both in the French capital and in London, have directed attention almost exclusively to evening costume.

A very elegant dress just completed consists of a double jupe of pink tulle over a jupe of pink silk, the tulle jupes reaching only to the top of the trimming on the silk jupe. The upper jupe of tulle is looped up nearly on the waist, and the gathering fixed by a bouquet of white roses with pendant sprays. On the opposite side, the jupe is gathered up and ornamented by a similar bouquet placed much lower down. The trimming on the silk shirt consists of bouillonnes of tulle intermingled with small white roses without leaves, and loops of very narrow ribbon. The berthe is of tulle bouillonné, ornamented with small white roses and loops of narrow ribbon. With this dress white roses will be worn in the hair.

Another dress recently made consists of light blue moire trimmed with two deep flounces of Alençon lace. These flounces are gathered up on each side by white roses with pendant sprays.—The corsage is draped. The coiffure is to be white roses intermingled with foliage of white crape and wheat-ears of diamonds.

A much-admired dress, worn a few evenings ago at a fashionable party, consisted of three jupes of plain white tulle over a slip of white satin. The tulle jupes were each edged with a trimming formed of loops of cerise-colour ribbon intermingled with white satin ribbon cut in the form of leaves. The two other jupes of tulle were gathered up by tufts of white feathers tipped with cerise-colour. The draped corsage was trimmed with white and cerise-colour ribbon, intermingled with blonde. In the hair were worn feathers and aiguillettes of diamonds, fixed by a diadem comb of diamonds.

At all the evening parties given last week in Paris, dresses ornamented with gold and silver were very general. We select from the most approved Parisian bulletins of fashion a description of one of these costumes. The dress, composed of gauze broche, with silver, is trimmed with three flounces, each edged with silver fringe. The corsage à la Grecque, and short sleeves also trimmed with silver fringe. In the hair foliage of crape of various shades of green intermingled with diamond wheat-ears. *Bouquet de corsage*, com-

posed of crape foliage, same as that in the hair, intermingled with diamond wheat-ears. This bouquet was not placed in the centre of the corsage, but on one side.

A novel style of ornamenting ball dresses has recently been very fashionable in Paris. It consists of trimmings made of various kinds of feathers. Bands of feathers, curled and uncurled, are, like bands of fur, employed to trim the corsage of dresses and opera cloaks. These feather bands, spotted with gold, form a highly elegant trimming for brocaded silk and capes of pale colours. This new trimming has been employed in very broad rows on the skirts of dresses, for which purpose ostrich and morabout feathers are commonly intermingled. Among the newest dresses ornamented with this trimming, one was composed of pearl-grey therry velvet, trimmed with three rows of feather fringe, having an open work heading in the net form. This fringe is of the same colour as the dress, and of the usual depth of a flounce. Another dress consists of pale green watered silk, trimmed with rows of white feather trimming. Above each flounce is a row of embroidery representing a wreath of flowers, worked with white silk and dead silver. The corsage is made with a small basque, or skirt, at the waist, and is ornamented with feather fringe and embroidery. With this dress is worn a *gilet* of Alençon lace, over pink silk, fastened by pearl buttons with pendants. We may mention a third dress, which consists of light-blue watered silk, trimmed with four flounces of the silk edged with fringe made of white marabouts. The corsage, high, and with basquines edged with marabout trimmings in the form of fringe; the sleeves, which are open at the sides, are also trimmed with marabout fringe.

A greatly admired and very becoming dinner dress has been made of light green satin. The front of the skirt trimmed with a double bouillonné of tulle, of the same colour as the satin. These bouillonnes, which widened at the bottom and became narrow and close together as they approached the waist, were interspersed with small bows of green satin ribbon, disposed in the quincunx form, and becoming progressively smaller and closer together as they ascended to the waist. The corsage, which was half high, was trimmed with the same bouillonnes, producing the effect of a berthe or *revers* round the top; and the ends of the sleeves were trimmed to correspond. The beautiful dark hair of the lady who wore this dress was arranged in a double plait; above the front bandeaux, and with each plait, was entwined a row of diamonds. The back was disposed in plait, and fixed by a large diamond comb in the form of a cornet, placed very backward, near the nape of the neck. On one side of the head was worn a water-lily, exquisitely made in crape, and the stems ornamented with very small diamonds.

PAINTING ON GLASS.—The methods by which glass is stained are scientific, and require a profound knowledge of chemistry and such apparatus as must preclude the practice of this, which is the highest branch of the art, as an amusement. But that which may be treated as an accomplishment is the decoration of glass flower stands, lamp-shades, and similar articles, with light and elegant designs. Flowers, birds, butterflies, and

pleasing landscapes yield an extensive range of subjects. The glasses may be procured ready ground, the outline may be sketched in with black-lead pencil, which can be washed off with a sponge when the colours are dry. The whole of the colours employed must be transparent and ground in oil. They may be purchased in small bladders, only requiring to be tempered with fine copal or mastic varnish, and a very little nut oil, to be ready for use. Blue is produced by Prussian blue; red by scarlet or crimson lake; yellow by gamboge; green by verdigris, or a mixture of Prussian blue and gamboge; purple by a mixture of blue and red; reddish brown by burnt sienna; and all the other tints required may be obtained by combinations; for white or such parts as are required to be transparent without colour, the varnish alone should be employed. A very chaste and pleasing effect may be produced by painting the whole design in varnish, without colour. The work must of course be carefully dried, but may afterwards be cleansed with soap and water.

MRS. JULIA TYLER'S LETTER

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

The address from Stafford-house to the ladies of America has just met with the response that we anticipated for it. The highborn dames of Virginia, who, with their mothers before them, have held slaves now for more than two hundred years, have risen as one woman to resent this interference with their immemorial privilege. Through the columns of the *Richmond Enquirer* they have appealed to Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, or Mrs. ex-President Tyler, as she would be described in an American Court Circular, a lady whose parentage and accomplishments, whose birth and education at New York, whose marriage with the ex-President, and whose residence for the last eight years on a Virginia plantation as mistress of its colony of slaves, render her no mean champion of "the social institution." Prompt at duty's call, the illustrious citizeness has taken up her pen, and not laid it down till she has done summary justice on the Duchess and her friends. Mrs. Julia G. Tyler, extends the Munro doctrine of non-intervention from the soil to the institutions of North America, and retaliates on the Duchess by industriously stringing together all the unpleasant allusions which her imagination, her memory, or her friends could suggest. In fact, when we come to sit the matter, it consists nine-tenths of retaliation; and as it is the peculiarity of the British press to tell foreigners everything that goes wrong in our country, the lady's task is not difficult, and the result will be no novelty to the British reader, always excepting the style of the document.

When we have said that Mrs. Julia G. Tyler's line is principally retaliation of the most screechy and indiscriminate species, we have expressed our opinion both of the Sutherland address and of the American reply. It is rather to the credit of the American ladies that no one has yet been found to retort but the mistress of a tobacco plantation, who wields the pen with a significant fierceness, and who was singled out as one of a thousand at a reply. Our fair castigatrix does not

leave a raw place untouched. Ireland, the metropolis, the Ducroin estate, the old slave trade, the Duchesse of Sutherland's diamonds, the press-gang,—nay, the very amount of our poor rates and charitable collections, our Queen, our bishops, our statesmen, our cotton imports, and our crocodile tears, are all lashed in succession with merciless dexterity. There is not a point of the whole body politic that does not come in for its share of the chastisement.

We cannot be quite resigned under Mrs. Julia's lash. The crushed worm will turn, and the schoolboy will remonstrate from the block if he has a shadow of a ground for a complaint. It is rather too much for even Mrs. ex-President Tyler to write as if England had done nothing, suffered nothing, paid nothing, in the cause of abolition. We cannot admit that we are perfectly unchanged since the days when Queen Anne and the King of Spain divided the spoils of the slave-trade, and that our statesmen, legislators, prelates, and peers are just the same sort of people they have been for two hundred years. In order to carry out this violent supposition, the fair Julia is obliged to set down the cause of Wilberforce and Clarkson—to what does the reader imagine? To envy of the United States, to revenge for their successful revolt, to grief at the loss of their market (which, by the bye, we have not lost), to the nefarious design of sowing discord between the northern and southern states, and to various other such motives, intelligible to a certain class of feminine understandings, but utterly inconceivable to any rational man. We must also beg to ask the fair ranger of Sherwood Forest, Virginia, U. S., just to look at the comparative space on the map occupied by her country, washed, as she says, by two oceans, and the British Isles. She will see that we may be excused for finding more difficulty in feeding thirty millions than the Americans in feeding twenty-six. If, in defending her own institutions from British interference, she really let ours alone, she would do enough, and more than enough for her part in the quarrel.—But she does not let our institutions alone, and by attacking them at every point she gives up her vantage ground, and almost justifies the intervention of the Sutherland-house philanthropists. The Royal and aristocratical institutions she speaks of are more than a thousand years old, and even if we wished, we could not easily get rid of them; nor can it be denied that they contributed much to the formation of that national character of which the United States are so illustrious a result. As for the patriotic eulogies of her country with which she has adorned her reply, we are only too happy to acknowledge their general truth. We appreciate as they deserve the territory, the rivers, the two oceans, the soil, the harbours, the population, the enterprise, the political spirit, the cotton, the rice, the tobacco of the United States; and even though we have heard all about them before, we are glad to be reminded of them by so beautiful and accomplished a lady, but we do not see why all these magnificent advantages should prevent measures being taken with a view to the ultimate abolition of slavery.

Mrs. Grundy—We are now ready, Doctor, for your music.

MARY O' LAMMERLAW.

A Ballad.

THE POETRY BY JAMES PATERSON, ESQUIRE,

THE MUSIC

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

Voice.

Andante Gravis.

P. Forte.

Sym.

f

Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, What's a' the world to sweet

Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, Out in a muirland glen herd-ing a ewe or twa.

There I first met wi' young Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw,

Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, There I first met wi' young Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw.

The sun was just risen, the ewes were new clippit,
 The blue bell and gowau wi' dew-drops were tippit,
 The hare limpit by and the grey mist seemed laith to draw
 Up the green glen frae sweet Mary o' Lammerlaw.

Mary o' Lammerlaw, &c.

It wasna her cheek like the first rose o' simmer,
 It wasna her breath like the bud o' the timmer,
 But something baith sweeter and fairer forby than a'
 Made me the slave o' young Mary o' Lammerlaw.

Mary o' Lammerlaw, &c.

The lav'rock frae up i' the blue lift aboon us,
 The burnside our seat wi' the pladdie between us,
 Wi' breathless emotion I tauld her my luve a'
 And proffered my heart to sweet Mary o' Lammerlaw.

Mary o' Lammerlaw, &c.

The artless and innocent "ask at my daddie,"
 She whispered and hid her sweet face in her pladdie,
 And to my last breath will I bless the green bracken shaw,
 Where I first met wi' young Mary o' Lammerlaw.

Mary o' Lammerlaw, &c.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

MR. PAIGE'S SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.

THIS Concert took place on the 3rd of March, and consisted exclusively of Sacred Music.

If a crowded and attentive house may be considered as a criterion by which to judge of the success or failure of any undertaking, then the success of this Concert may be said to have been complete. We confess that we were scarcely satisfied—perhaps, however, this was owing to our having no seat, and very little standing room. Half an hour before the Concert commenced every available chair and bench was occupied, and there were many present who could but hear, and that indistinctly, and who never had a chance of even getting inside the gallery door, but were compelled to remain outside on the stairs.

On Mr. Humphries' opening song, "Comfort ye my people," we will offer no remarks. We ascertained that Mr. Humphries should rather have been in bed, had he listened to the dictates of prudence, than singing in the St. Lawrence Hall, we have, besides, too vivid a recollection of the pleasure his performance afforded us at the first Concert, to be too critical. Mr. Hecht's "God have mercy," was well given,—we would, however, venture to make a suggestion to that gentleman—the old-fashioned custom of giving utterance in singing to intelligible English sounds, has a good many advocates among the million, but were we in that gentleman's place, we would not sing in any language with the intonation of which we were not thoroughly conversant—Mr. Hecht ought not to sacrifice himself to please a false and uneducated ta-te. Miss Paige's singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was expressive and artistic, and gave general satisfaction, as did also the "Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater." "Lord, what love have I!" was pleasingly given by the Misses Ellen and Emily Paige. The execution of "Deeper and deeper still," from Jephtha, established Mr. Paige's claim to be one of the most finished vocalists in our city, and met, as it deserved, a very hearty and rapturous encore.

The Chorusses, with one exception,—a solo and chorus—failed, we think, to please, and we would give Mr. Paige a hint,—to avoid, in future, undertaking any chorus where he has not full power to exercise his own judgment without any appeal. The last of this series of Concerts will come off, we believe, early in April, and from what we can learn, will comprise nearly all the musical talent, (private and professional) in the

city. Mr. Paige announces his intention of sparing no pains or expense in making it a real musical treat, people should therefore lose no time in securing tickets.

VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.—The open meeting of this Society will take place the first week in April. Subscribers will be supplied with their tickets by the Secretary, Mr. G. B. Wylie, 18 King Street, east, and non-subscribers can procure them for 1s. 3d. at the same place.

MUSICAL ON DITS.—Marzteck has leased Niblo's Theatre in New York, for three months from the 28th March, and among his list of attractions we notice Alboni's name, so that we are unlikely to have the pleasure of hearing her, at all events, before July or August. Some excitement has taken place in New York, caused by the unwarrantable exclusion of the Musical Critic of the Albion from the Opera, by the Sontag management. Count Rossi seems to be the party blamed for the exertion of authority, and we think the Count will find that it is a mistake to attempt such a proceeding in this country. Sontag's engagement at Niblo's terminates on the 20th June. We have not ascertained her future movements.—Our thin skinned neighbors have had a hard pill provided for their digestion lately, in Mr. Fry's "American Ideas about Music," from which we make a few extracts. Mr. Fry sums up his remarks with the following conclusions, that—

"There is no taste or love for, or appreciation of, true Art in this country. That,

"The public, as a public, know nothing about Art—they have not a single enlightened or healthy idea on the subject. That,

"A sort of childish wonder is the only tribute paid in America to exhibitions of high Art, and even this tribute is only called forth by solo performances. That,

"We pay enormous sums to hear a single voice, or a single instrument, the beauties and excellencies of which (if it have any) we cannot discover.

"As an evidence that Art and artists are practically and publicly ignored by this nation, the lecturer would ask, Who ever heard Art or any eminent artist toasted, or complimented, or in any manner referred to, at Fourth-of-July celebrations, or on any public occasion?

"The American public are too fond of quoting Handel, Mozart, Bethoven, and European artists generally, and decrying whatever is not modeled after their rules. That,

"The American public decry native compositions and sneer at native artists. That,

"The ignorance of the American people generally, in relation to artistic matters is lamentable; they never can say whether they admire a composition until they see whose name is attached to it as composer."

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH.

AT T. MACLEAR'S, 45, YONGE STREET.

HARPER & BROTHERS have issued the first volume of *Coleridge's Works*, to be completed in seven volumes; the volume issued contains "Aids to Reflection," and "The Statesman's Manual." The edition thus commenced will contain the entire works of this distinguished writer, his Newspaper "*Essayson his own Times*" (forming a separate volume and already before the public) excepted. The first volume is introduced with an admirable preliminary Essay by President March, D.D., the whole work to be conducted under the editorship of Professor Shedd. The introductory Essay is on the Philosophy and Theology of Coleridge, and is itself in point of composition, style and talent, a valuable contribution to the Theological Literature of our day. Coleridge stands among the foremost of the literary men of the 19th Century. His name is known as a poet and a philosopher to two continents, and will descend to posterity enshrined in all the glory of the age which his genius brightened and his talent enriched. With Wordsworth, Byron, Scott and Southey, his labors and character are intimately associated, as in their society he mingled, and with much of their spirit he sympathized. The history of Coleridge's progress is somewhat strange. He set out in the world of letters a rank Socinian,—indeed, we might almost say, an infidel—and by a process of close study and rigid application, his mind gradually threw off the slough of its natural scepticism and rose to the rational position of a common-sense believer in an inspired revelation. After wading through the mazes of ancient pantheism, and the empyrical theories of modern Germanism, he was conducted to the sensible conclusion that both were an outrage on the *intuitioe* as well as the *revealed* Theology of the Bible, and, deriving his doctrine of ideas from Plato, and his opinions of the intellectual powers of our nature from Kant, he betook himself for his Theology to the fountainhead of all moral truth, the inspired volume, and on this ground he stood as immovable as the rock, whilst entrenched in the impregnable rampart of a revealed Theology, he hurled with destructive effect the artillery of his gigantic mental prowess against all the modern scepticism of the 19th century.

Pastoral Theology, or the Theory of the Evangelical Ministry, by A. Vinet; translated and edited by Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York: with notes and an editorial chapter by the translator. Among their most recent issues, Harper and Brothers have published this most valuable volume, which, next to his Bible, may be deemed the Minister's *endomecum*. There is one grand difficulty which every clergyman, but especially a young clergyman, has to deal with, and experience is often tedious in teaching it, we refer to the right management of his flock. In his intercourse with men, his social nature is frequently taxed, his patience is taxed, his time is taxed, he often falters and founders in his sphere of labor from a want of *knowledge*, not a want of book learning, for this may be got in the library or the study, but from a want of knowledge of

human nature. To remedy—at least in part—this evil, a course of *Lectures on Pastoral Theology* in its various departments, has been deemed essentially necessary, and hence it has been made a separate branch of collegiate education, and a distinct and separate Professor has been set over it. The work before us is devoted to this important part of the preparatory education of the ministry. After an admirable Introduction, written in a racy but pithy style, and breathing an excellent spirit, the work opens with what the author appropriately calls "Individual and Internal Life." Next he treats of "Relative or Social Life," next of "Pastoral Life" and finally of "Administrative or Official Life."

The Adopted Child, by Miss Jewsbury; *Agatha's Husband*, by the author of *Olive*; and Bulwer's *My Novel*, are among the most recent of the Harpers' issues. *The Adopted Child* we have read, and admire very much—so far at least as the intention of the learned authoress is concerned, we deem it due to say that her style and sentiment are very popular. The treatment of children, however, in this country we think somewhat defective,—a wise, indeed, an inspired author has said, "The rod and reproof bring wisdom."

Harper & Brothers, in the last issue of their Magazine, announce the fact that Auguste Comte has published a new work entitled *Catechisme Positioniste ou Exposition Courte de la Religion Universelle*, in which his views of religion are fully made known. This work we suppose may find its way into this country. His opinions are, of course, those of the modern philosophical school—full of scepticism—full, more properly speaking, of infidelity. He is one of the *progressionists* of the 19th century, and though a man of gigantic mental powers, and a profound scientific scholar, still his catechism, we fear, will do very little for the cause of modern Christianity—what a pity that such a splendid intellect should be so viciously squandered, and that the loftiest powers of mind should be lost on trifles, or desecrated by being lent to a service so ill-calculated to benefit the cause of humanity, or to promote the moral well-being of our race.

PUTNAM & Co. have issued the third number of their *New Monthly*, which we have taken some pains to examine. This is the March number,—and having in our last noticed the work, we deem it due to this enterprising and extensive house to say a few words *ancut* its pretensions and merits,—and, without *exordium*, we beg to premise that Putnam's "Monthly" is, on the whole, a very readable Magazine. This periodical seems to us to promise fairly—its style and design are likely to render it more popular than Harpers' with some readers, inasmuch as its articles are all original—though sometimes labored, with a mixture of profundity and flippancy. It pretends to advance the interests of a substantial rather than a popular and light literature, and with this view the editors and publishers have evidently engaged the master minds of America in this great enterprise. Among the scientific and would-be *literati*, the periodical will doubtless find a very extensive circulation, and to this we consider it fully entitled. It fills

an important place in the periodical literature of America, and we cordially welcome it as an honorable competitor in our department of Letters.—Our readers may form an estimate of its excellencies from the following facts:—Each number contains about 112 pages of doubled columned 8vo., and about twenty original and well-written articles on every leading topic of interest in the scientific, literary, political, and commercial worlds. The March number embraces "Japan," "Review of Reviews," "Robinson Crusoe's Island," "Women, and the Womens' Movement," "Are we a good-looking People,"* "Excursion to Canada," "Literature, American, English, French, German and Italian," &c.

The Bible of Every Land.—This good work, so universally lauded, has recently been published by G. P. PUTNAM & Co. The work is a history of the Sacred Scriptures in every language and dialect, and must be a *sine qua non* in every clergyman's library.

Bagster's Analytic Lexicon to the Greek New Testament.—This work has also been given to the public by the Putnam's. It is a standard work in all Bible reading countries—an indispensable help to the reading of the Scriptures in the Greek language.

The Anglo-Saxon Series.—This Series embraces a number of the most valuable and excellent works now extant on the Anglo-Saxon Scriptures, as well as on the Philosophy of the Language.

APPLETON & Co. have issued a work which will be read with much interest by the British in America, entitled "*English Items, or Microscopic Views of England and Englishmen*," by Mott F. Ward. We remember reading, a few years ago, an article in the *North American Review*, which was entitled "British Morals, Manners, and Poetry," intended as a *polite* retort upon a talented and erudite article which appeared from the pen of a master writer, in the *London Quarterly*, on "American Poets," and seldom, if ever, did we peruse a more unjust, not to say malicious, production. Such a conglomeration of abusive epithets, we have seldom met with; and certainly the effusion was by no means a becoming article for a journal pretending to be a leader of the *taste* of the adjoining Republic. But the book under notice, written by some disappointed and ill-tempered traveller in Great Britain, "out-Herod's Herod." Mr. Ward has been in England and he has not been just so fortunate as some of his countrymen; and, probably for a *good reason*, he has not found access to the more respectable circles,—in consequence of which he has returned a disappointed and a chagrined man; and like the mouse nibbling at the beard of the lion, he entertains his countrymen, not by telling them what he saw, or whom he saw, but by proving to them that such a "great unknown" as he could really pass through England, without being noticed. Mr. Ward would have shown alike his prudence and his policy by keeping his own insignificance in the back-ground, and along with it his book. John Bull cares very little for his abuse and his

vituperation; nor is it at all likely that any reviewer in England will honor the book even by a little ridicule. We thought the time had come when travellers from each country, speaking the same language, and every day becoming more and more closely allied by commercial and diplomatic ties, could afford to admire each other's excellencies, and, to speak at least respectfully of each other's peculiarities—but, so long as peevish and irritable perigrinators like Mr. Ward, work themselves up into fumes of petulance, and puff these fumes off in such books as that before us—stifling and choking every feeling of respect, which ought to exist in the national mind of each country, it is to be feared that some time will elapse before those reprehensible recriminations, so justly deplored by the wise and sensible of both countries, shall be buried in an ignominious grave.

LEONARD, SCOTT, & Co.—This firm have during the last month issued the February number of Blackwood's Magazine, and the January number of the Edinburgh Review, which contains *nine* great articles, each of which is good, but the leader is an excellent review of Chevalier Bunsen's great work on Hippolytus, which has created a great sensation in the literary and theological world. The London quarterly has also been issued by the same firm, and is replete with both elaborate and useful literature. This firm are doing a great deal to help forward the cause of modern literature. This house reprints Blackwood's Magazine, the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, (which we regret, and would commend them to discontinue,) and the North British Review; any one of which may be had for three dollars, any two for five dollars, any three for seven dollars, any four for nine dollars, and the whole five for ten dollars annually!

REDFIELD has published an edition of Macaulay's speeches in the House of Commons, which we have seen, and which we believe will prove a popular book. It is in two volumes, and handsomely got up.

HARPER BROTHERS announce the works of Sir William Hamilton—the *Wateley of Scotland*—a publication which we sincerely long to see, and of which we shall give a proper notice, or introduce perhaps into our Shanty on its appearance.

THE ENGLISH PRESS has given forth some *large literature* of late. Among other works the learned Chevalier Bunsen has published the result of a tedious investigation, in four volumes. His work is on Hippolytus and his Age, being a powerful refutation, that the work placed in the National Gallery of France by the Minister of Public Instruction in 1842, as one of the unpublished works of Origen, is genuine and authentic. The Prussian Minister has demonstrated that this work is the production of Hippolytus, who was Bishop of *Portus Romanus* from A.D. 220 till A.D. 250. The Rev. Mr. Conchayre has published a splendid work on the Life and Epistles of St. Paul, said to be a great accession to the theology of the Church of England.

* These two articles we shall duly notice—the excursion to Canada more especially.