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THE

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THE NEW GAUGER;
OR JACK TRAINER'S STORY.

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

INTRODUCTION.

DURING the autumn of 1828, while on a visit to some of my friends in the west of Ireland, I had permission, through the kindness of the resident agent, to fish, for a few days, on the property of Sir Hugh Crofton, not far from the neat little town of Mohill, so remarkable for its cattle fairs, and the vast tracts of bog by which it is surrounded. While on one of my piscatorial excursions along the Clooncahar side of Wren Lough, towards the latter end of September, I had encountered a most terrific gale which came down on me with the velocity of a white squall, and, notwithstanding all my exertions, tore my frail bark from its moorings of bulrushes, and bore me off, together with the lad who accompanied me, far out on the face of the angry waters. For upwards of two long hours, I struggled with a single oar against the fury of the pitiless hurricane, having lost the other through the awkwardness of my guide, but all to no purpose, for we were still swept on towards Toomen, and were beginning to entertain serious apprehensions of our ultimate safety, when, to our unspeakable relief, as night was gathering around dark and dismal, we were driven in upon a low wooded island that had just peeped through the deepening gloom about half a mile from the Brooklyn shore. Here, to our utter surprise, we were surrounded by ten or twelve stalworth fellows armed to the teeth, and each apparently the very reverse of being delighted at our escape, or gratified by our sudden arrival. I explained briefly the circumstances of my position, and was about to commit myself once more to the mercy of the elements, sooner than remain in such questionable hands, when I was accosted by a voice that was perfectly familiar to me, and which was indeed music to my ear at that peculiar moment. It was that of Jemmy MacHugh, the well-known runner between different points of the county Leitrim—a half simpleton whom I had the good fortune to oblige on one or two occasions at the residence of my uncle, where he was in the habit of calling frequently with letters. This, to me opportune recognition, seemed to re-assure all parties; and on being informed that, under any circumstance, it would be perilous in the last degree to quit the island, as the main shore was now nowhere visible, I determined to make the best of the matter, and take up my abode with the strangers until morning.

On being conducted through tangled briar and copsewood a few hundred yards into the interior, the warlike appearance of the temporary inhabitants was no longer a matter of mystery to me; for there, beneath the arches of what was once a castle and fortification of gigantic strength, I beheld, to my extreme gratification, two large stills in full operation, glowing, seething, and rumbling in all their illicit pride, and completing a scene which I fancied, at the moment, the most pictur-

esque that could possibly be presented to the eye of mortal. The darkness, the storm, the men, and the fires reddening the huge rough angles that stood out like sentinels along the dim vaulted depths of the ruined pile, were in themselves the very essence of romance; and I then, for the first time in my existence, felt the full power of the antiquity of Ireland overshadow me. Centuries had passed away since the deserted halls in which I stood echoed to the wassail tread of the mighty O'Connors, or thundered back their battle cry when Henry of England broke his faith with Roderick, and the men of Connaught rushed forth to meet the forces of Fitz Aldelm, and smite them hip and thigh on the banks of the Shannon. I was transfixed to the spot, and might have remained so for some time longer, had not my attention been arrested by the appearance and gesticulations of an odd-looking figure, who was busily engaged emptying the contents of a bag on a long rude form that was placed beside an immense turf fire at the extremity of one of the low-arched passages already mentioned.

"That's Jack Thrainer, sir," said Jemmy, who had just stepped up to me with a knowing shake of his head, "he's preparin' a bit of somethin' to ate for us; and, begorra, it's pleased you'll be with him if you can but only dhraw him out; for barrin' the priesht of the parish himself, the divil a betther scholar stands in Ireland this very day."

"And who is Jack Trainer, Jemmy?" I inquired with some degree of merriment, as I dwelt upon the long frieze coat, short corduroy breeches, and unmitigated caubeen of the individual in question.

"Is it who is Jack Thrainer, you mane?" reiterated the runner, with a degree of surprise as great as if I had expressed my ignorance of the existence of his Holiness himself. "Well, well! be me sowl but that bates all! Isn't he the clark over there at Toomen, whenever Father Tom comes out; and hasn't he taught school down there at Listaddnen ever since Castlereagh made bacon of himself? The Lord have marcy on his poor wandering sowl, the unfortunate thraitor, Amin!"

Not being in possession of any number of facts to the contrary, I felt bound to acquiesce in the statement laid before me; and was about to express my warm admiration of the qualifications evidently involved in the onerous duties discharged by Mr. Trainer, when that personage advanced leisurely towards us, with a large black bottle in one hand, and what he was pleased to term "a little pannikin" in the other—although its dimensions were strongly allied to those of "a quart porringer," requesting me, at the same time, and with a most ridiculous salam, to make myself heartily welcome, and toss off the full of it, as it was not safe to partake freely of the oaten bread and cold game spread so plenteously before us, without having "a naggin, or there away" down a trifle in advance.

To the "naggin" I had no objection, but was obliged to demur to the "little pannikin," although it was urged upon me, with true hospitality, several times during our rare repast; and shared, to an alarming extent, by five or six of the party who had been on the look-out, and had just returned from different points of the island. Trainer, who appeared to be an object of special admiration, was literally in his glory. He drank, sang, joked, and displayed his erudition in a manner the most original. The "Venite" was attributed to St. Patrick, and the "Quid gloriaris" to his wife, who was said to have composed it while labouring under an overflow of affection towards one of "the Fathers," who was in the habit of accompanying her constantly in her "rounds" at Lough Derg; and thus matters went on amid jest and glee, with the utmost conviviality, until the conversation turned imperceptibly upon gaugers, potteen, and hair-breadth escapes. At this point, Jemmy, who had been sitting quietly at my elbow, entranced by the learning of the "Clark," suddenly laid hold of the pannikin, and looking his companion strait between the two eyes, exclaimed with uncommon energy, "Your health, Mr. Thrainer, and more power to you, but you're the boy that can do it; but, axin' your pardon and not intherruptin' you," he continued, "don't you mind what you promised us this mornin' when you were talkin' to

young Thracy about his father, down at the eel-wire?"

"Is it how I came to lose both my front teeth, you mane?" rejoined Jack, with a bright twinkle of his merry grey eye, which induced the runner to give me a slight nudge in the ribs, as much as to say, "now for it, now we'll have it!"

"Troth, then, it's that same, if its pleasin' to you," replied Jemmy, "and sure I am that this gintleman, our friend here, will be glad enough to listen to it, for I'm given to undherstand that 'the Irish rogues and rapperies is but a reading made easy' to it, and that it aquels, if it doesn't bate all out, the histhry of Fin Mac Coul himself!"

I of course expressed the delight it would afford me to hear anything from the lips of Mr. Trainer; and begged that he would be so kind as to favour us with the narration in question, as it would not only tend to keep our eyes open, but, doubtless, be edifying in the extreme, since he appeared to be intimately connected with the story.

To our joint solicitations, Jack expressed his utmost willingness to accede; so, after taking a long pull at the little "pannikin," clearing his throat with a short determined "hem!" and throwing himself back against the huge masonry, until the red glare of the fire played full upon his humorous countenance, he ran his fingers once or twice through the scant grey locks that were scattered over his brows, and began as follows:

CHAPTER I.

The landhrey maids of the sky were just beginnin' to wring out their ethayreal duds, and make a common shough of the nate little town of Mohill and the surrounding counthry, when Harry Thracy—a succond cousin of my poor mother's, the Lord rest her sowl in glory—was comfortably sated by my side, in Mick Fogarty's small backroom, quietly finishin' his eight or ninth tumbler of as good ould pottieen punch as ever dhrew a tear from you, and talkin' over the days when black gandher Hoolahan bate long Paddy Grady at the seven weeks' dhrinkin' acrass the very same table that was then sthramin' afore us.

"Jack," says he to me afther makin' a spyglass of the vesshel he had just put to his lips, "if I get clear with this job," manin' a heavy runnin' that was goin' on over at Toomen, "begorra, I think I'll be able to bring your uncle Corney all round again regardin' my poor darlin' Mary, although I don't know, from Adam, what on earth has got into him; for ever since yellow Doyle took the farm beside him—and that's now upwards of three months ago—he seems altogether off the notion of givin' her to me, and is not inclined to look the side of the road I'm on, and to offer me his hand or a dhrop as he used to do. "Howsomever," says he, "I suspect I did middlin' well in comin' over here to-day and taking a taste in the way I am, as it will be apt to keep the new-comers in their quarthers; for surely they'll never dhrame that there is anything goin' on beyant when Johnny the spy was here towards evenin', and knows that I'm goin' to make a night of it, or at laste believes so. But," says he, risin' cautiously, till he got fairly ballanst in his brogues, "it's rainin', I persave, and be me sowl, for some raison or other, I'm fairly bewildered in regard to the time, although I'm of opinion it's not very late yet," says he, pullin' out his watch at the same moment, and fastenin' his eye upon the back of it, if you plase, for no small while, as if nothin' in life would do him, short of makin' out the time to the very succond, and showin' that the divil a hair was turned upon him.

"It's aither eight or nine, Jack," says he, pushin' it back into his fob again, "for the candle's bad, and I'm a little dizzy; but, notwithstandin', through other and all as I am, be me conscience, I'm able to pass musther yet, as you persave," says he, shlashin' down his hands by way of comin' to a kind of "attinshun," which same ended in the destruction of four as illegant tumblers as ever you clapt an eye upon, and the powdherin' of a bran new picther that cost one and fourpence at Misses Knowlin's, not half an hour afore he enthered the doore.

"That's mabouchal," says I, seein' what was done, "but you're the soger in earnest; and if you have'nt got through with your exercise to your likin', or come to attinshin' accordin' to parade, you have drawn it pretty dacently with your thricks, for here's Splaw

Foot—manin' Mick—comin' round by the counther, or I'm mistaken in his step, to see how you're amusin' yourself at his expense on the present occasion.

With that, my dear, who should march up to the little blind windy, that was betune us and the shop, and raise the crown of the old caubeen that glazed it for many a day, but Fogarty himself, with both his eyes starin' out of his head, and a face upon him the length of a milestone.

"Is Harry able to keep his legs to-night?" says he over to me, for he only could see one of us from where he was standin'. "If he is," says he, "the sooner he's over to Toomen the bether," uttherin' the last words in a low fearful whisper.

"Is it the tumblers, you mane?" says Harry, staggerin' out of the room, and bilin' up at havin' the likes of dhrunkness even'd to him, "If it is," says he, "come in here and I'll pay you on the double for them, and afther that, if you have no sarious objection, I'll mix you on the flure with them, and let you know that I'm of the Thracys that knows the differ not all as one."

"Harry," says Mick, appearin' noways angered, although he was'nt aisily to be matched in regard to a blackthorn, "keep your bravadherin' for a more shutable occasion, for it's rather likely that you won't be long without a plasin' opportunity of amusin' yourself to your heart's contint; but cugger and may be I'd dhrop a word in your ear that will put you on some other thrack, instead of quarrelin' with me, who'll take the liberty of appalin' to you accordin' to the Fogarty's, at the next fair, in respect to mixin' me with your dirty delf that I'd scorn to minshun, and knew nothin' of at all, until you let it out yourself."

When he was done, my jewel, Harry seemed to collect himself, and was lanin' over against the little windy in an instant; but, oh merciful Father! since the hour that I was born I never saw such an altheration take place in the face of mortial man as took place in his, while Mick went on with whatever he was tellin' him.

In the coorse of a minute or so, when Fogarty left off, over he bounces to where I was sittin' in amazement, and if he wasn't as sober as if he was goin' to confession, I'm not here this blessed night.

"Jack," says he, whippin' up a coil of new rope that he bought in the mornin' over at Grady's, "saddle the horses, and let us be off like lightenin'; for the new Gauger and the party that came to town last week are on scent; and if they get the large still and this runnin' into their hands, I'm a done man, and need never show my face in Toomen, or think of Mary Thrainer again."

"How do you know?" says I, jumpin' to my feet as if the house was fallin' in upon us.

"Mick has just got the wind of the word from town, and sent over Terry to put the boys on their guard, and help them to make away with the tubs and things afore the mad dogs get that far," says he, "and what do you think further, but he has larned that Barny Higgins is at the bottom of the whole of it, and that he is a great friend of Yalla Doyle, who went to Dublin two or three days ago, to buy some presents, as he hints, for Mary, in the hopes of dazzlin' her with his fine riches, and who is now thryin' to get her away from me, tellin' Corny that he is as rich as a Jew, and that I am no match for her, although the yalla traitor never laid an eye upon me, and knows no more about me than he does about the man of the moon."

"Nor about me, neither," says I, "for he never saw my face, as I kept away from that part of the townland, and never darkened my uncle's doore since he was off the notion of givin' her to you; except, indeed, when I stole over at night to comfort the poor girl with a word from yourself, when all the world was asleep, and to hear the sad tale that she had to tell of the cruel way in which she was besieged by that black-hearted thief. Yes, Harry dear," says I, "although I never had the courage to tell you till now, that backbitin' robber is brakin' the young craythur's heart, in regard to the manner in which he spakes of you; and what is worse than all, Pether Grady got a whisper yesterday, that my uncle gave his consint, as he has been led to believe that you are a dhrinker, and not worth a shillin', and that, consequintly, the marriage is to take place tomorrow night, if a priesht can be got to 'tis-

shiate on the occasion, regardless of the tears and prayers of a poor, forlorn, and helpless young girl. But, thank God, there's difficulty enough in this part of the story; for Father Phelim is the last man on earth to put his hand to such an unlucky job; and I'm sartin that every clargyman throughout the lenth and breadth of Connaught will take the same stand."

I might have saved myself the throuble of goin' over all this long rigmarowl, as poor Harry didn't hear as much as one syllable of it, he havin' fallen into a kind of riverie, when he had tould me what was afoot. Nor was I at all surprised at his gettin' sober, all in a hape, or le 'n' himself in a state of bewildnerment at the thoughts of bein' deprived of Mary Thrainer, as well as of everythin' else he had in the world; for, not that I say it myself, in consequence of her bein' a blood relation on my father's side, but a fairer craythur never stepped in shoe leather. She was the pride of the parish; and, to my own sartin knowledge, was the cause of eleven pitch battles betune the boys of Cappoch and Rooskey. Of a gloomy day she always put me in mind of a sthray sunbame. No corner was dark where she was sated, no getherin' was sad where her melodious voice was harde, and often, in early summer, when she went out afore grey dawn to look afther a wake lamb or the like, the very larks of the meadow used to start up and sing about her head, as if they mistook the joyous glow of her beautiful face for the rale daybrake that was still fast asleep far away beyant the mountains. Sufficient to say, that she wasn't aisily matched anyway, and that she had a heart as thrue as it was tendher, with all the heavy sthrokes for the poor young fellow that was then standin' afore me, like a stock or a stone, thinkin' of her laughin' black eyes, her dark sthramin' hair, and round snowy arms, as I well knew he was.

"Harry," says I, takin' a boult of him by the shouldher, and givin' him a shake by way of bringin' him to, "rouse up, man. What are you thinkin' about! Come along, and let us see the worst of it, for, from what I can judge, we haven't much time to lose in the matther."

"Well, avick," says he, comin' to himself, "I'm a little asthray whenever I think of her; but here's at you, at any rate; so let us be off," and with that he sprung out of the room with the coil of rope on his arm, myself followin' him hot foot, and was into the ould stable like the shot of a gun.

CHAPTER II.

The night was pitch dark with a kind of warm dhrizzle, for the heavy rain, afther the first-half hour, had dwindled away to a mere nothin'; and as we had no lanthern we were some time afore we got the horses to rights. When we had them fairly ready to start, howsomever, Harry dhraws himself up to the five foot eleven; and if he didn't lay about him in the way of talkin' I never wet my lips with anythin' stronger than wather.

"Jack" says he, bringin' down his foot on the flure and given me a slap on the back that made me cough," take courage, mabouchal, for may be they haven't done it yet; and if they haven't, I'll let them know and Doyle, if he has put a finger in the pie, that its no aisy job to take a still and runnin' out of the hands of Harry Phracy who never wronged a naibour or a naibour's child, and never condescinded to brake a blackthorn on any man undther five foot ten—barrin' Fogarty there; and you know that he tould me, to my teeth, at the Cappoch Patthern, that the cock wasn't a blessed bird, and that he didn't believe in lightin' a soul to glory with the butt-end of a ha'penny candle—the Lord betune us and harm, the unfortunate man, Amin!"

As he was just finishin' the last word, and preparin' to put his foot into the stirrup, I caught a smart boult of him by the arm, and gave him a twist that made him open his eyes, and brought the colour to his cheek, I'll be bound to you.

"What's that?" says he. "Jack what are you afther, or has the ould boy got into you?"

"Whist! don't you hear anythin'" says I.

"What?" says he, givin' a step forred atords the doore.

"Do you hear anythin' now?" says I, layin' my hand on his shoulder.

"I do," says he, "I hear the clatther of a horse or somethin' comin' out this way from the town."

"Stop" says I "there's somebody goin' up along the ould turnpike; for don't you hear Doolan's bull-dog how he tares?"

"I do" says he, "but wait 'till the horseman comes up, and we see what sort of a lookin' article he is for a horse it is and nothin' else."

"Very well," says I, "but I'll wager you my life that there's the whole party goin' round the back way, and that this joker, whoever he is, that's comin' cantherin' along, is just on a reconitherin' thrip, to see what's a foot here; for, no doubt, he has larned that this is the very spot where he might, if he's a sthranger, be able to glane a little information regardin' you and yours."

Now, you see, Mick's was a good mile out of town, at laste; and the ould turnpike lay about a gun shot to the left of the house, ladin' up to the Toomen by a round about way that wasn't much thravelled, as the road past the doore was a great dale betther and shorter; but, it sthruck me, do you persave, that the party, if the party it happened to be, might, by way of consalin' themselves and avoidin' the high road, take the desarted thrack as they could sthrike in upon the new line, at the lonesome corner this side of the ould castle down near the lough, for, no doubt, although new comers, they had information enough of the lie of the counthry, and perhaps of somethin' that was far more sarious to the poor boy beside me.

Afther listenin' about a minute or so, I says over to Harry, with a jump on the flure, "blur an agers maybe this is the new Gauger himself ridin' past this way to see if there is anythin' in the win' that might intherfare with his doin's beyond, and to make sure whether your are here or not, as I'll be bail, Johnny the spy has been collougin' with him since he saw you this evenin';" but havin' never laid an eye on him myself, I axes Harry what kind of a lookin' onshough he might be, and whether he was likely to be aisily handeled if I happened to come into close quarters with him.

"I never saw him in my life," says he, "but Phil Cassiday saw him over at Dhrumsna, and he says that he'd know him again, among fifty thousand, for, that he is a baldish blackavized man about forty-nine or there away, with his nose a little on one side, and a deep scar undther his left eye."

"Well then," says I, "off into the house with you, again, like mad, for I may be right in my surmise afther all; for if it is my lad, and if he has got a wink of where you are from the spy, he'll smell a rat if he dosen't find you here; while if he finds you purty well saisoned, as you must, dear, purtend to be, whoever it is, if he happens to call, he may loither awhile and maybe take a glass or so, and unknownst to himself, lave the boys a thrifle more time to put everything to rights beyond; and then, if we find that we have come over him, my hand to you, that we'll take an evenin' or two on the head of it."

With that, in he bounces, into Mick's once more, tellin' Nelly what he thought was afoot, and preparin' for the newcomer whoever he might be, while myself was posted at the corner of the ould byre or stable with my heart goin' like the clapper of a mill, but middlin' detarmined, afther all, waitin' for the horseman that I knew would have to pass within ten yards of me, no matther whether he took the new road, or went on straight atords Listaddnen.

I hadn't been standing there over four or five breathins' afther Harry left me, when up dashes a gintleman ridin' a coal black horse which he reined up cautiously and fastened carefully undther the big white-thorn that he saw glimmerin' in the light that sthramed out of the little front windy.

"Troth," says I to myself, as I found when he came near the house that he took the bog side of the road so as that the noise of his horses hoofs couldn't be harde within, "you seem to be a purty old hand at the buziness at any rate; and, besides," says I, the moment I saw him put his foot on the ground, "if you're the boy I mane, that's the right sort of a colour for you to ride a night like this, and nothin' surer, as you couldn't be noticed a yard off; howsomever, maybe, afther all, you are merely some thraveller enquirin' for the way, although from your appearance you look rather suspicious, and are just about the cut that I would expect from the mauraudin' breed that we have been talkin' about."

Now, do you persave, this was all very

well in its way; but the moment I saw my bucky look sarchingly about him, and take a sly peep thro' the windy as he stole by it like a cat, I saw by the glimpse that I got of this faytures afore he reached the doore, that accordin' to the description given by Phil Cassiday, there passed into the shop, if he was alive and upon earth, naither more nor less then Mr. Kelly, the new Gauger.

The moment I saw the doore close behind him, I bounced acrass the yard into the kitchen, and glided into the room where Harry was sittin', lookin' as if he was complately mulvadher'd, and purtendin' to be singin', in the greatest glee in the world, a well known favourite song of his, "ma chruiskeen lawn," swarin' at the same time, betune every varse, that he didn't care now for all the Gaugers or Rivinue men in creation; and, that if ever one of them attempted to set his foot in Toomen—afther the narrow escape that he had, the day afore, with the load he brought into town, he'd conshume them, by the dozen, through the manes of Gunpowder; and, maybe, desthroy the townland, if not the whole counthry itself, at one surprisin' stroke.

"You're very consaited and warlike to-night," says I, when I got opposit' him out, and knowin' that my soger in the shop could hear everyword that we utther'd, "and" says I, winkin' over at him, "I think it would be a great dale fitther for you to be home to night with the few pounds you have in your pocket, then be spendin' it foolishly here, now that you have got through cleverly with everythin', and escaped the information laid against you, by raison of the boys puttin' the Informer on the wrong sint.

"What's that to you?" says he, boilin' up, murryah, but at the same time given me a nod to show that he undherstood well what I was at.

"It's no matther what it is to me," says I, "but I'm tellin' you the thruth; but there's not much use in spakin' to you in your presint state; although I have often tould you that my cousin Mary would never become a Thracy on your account, unless you give up that infernal and insartin' business of yours, and turned your hand to somethin' more lawful and pleasin' to herself and her friends."

"If you wern't a blood relation," says he, "and somethin' undersized," raison his voice that you could hear him over at Finnigan's, "I'd let you know that you'd mind your own affairs the next time, and keep you from middlin' in mine in the way that you are," says he sthrikin' the table with his fist.

"Be me sowl," says I, a little nettled like, "but I consave it would require some body to have an eye afther you to night, by raison of all that cursed licker you have taken; and endeavour to make you put your foot through that blackguard infatuation still of yours, that I hope never will return from Rooskey, again; although I don't wish any bad luck to them that borrowed it.

"I won't put my foot through it," says he, givin the table another thump that I thought would split it, "but, as soon as I can get it back, I'll run oceans of it, in spite of the divil or the Gauger," which is all the same thing," says he, stuttherin' and stammerin' the whole time, as if he was on the varge of bein' done for complately.

"Plase yourself, my man," says I, makin' a little clatther like with my feet, "but in the name of God, let us be goin' home out of this; for its now past eight if not more; and we have as long as three miles and a half afore us as ever was thravelled, if not another half to the back of it."

"Divil resave the toe will I lave this to night," says he, rappin' for another tumbler which he well knew would come purty wake, "nor maybe for a week yet," says he, "for any livin' sowl that ever brathed the breath of life."

"Very well," says I, "if you're determined to stay, you may do so; but into town I'll go and stop at my cousin Pethers, and call for you purty betimes in the mornin', if you're able to raise your head, as I don't like to go over without you."

"Shute yourself," says he, quite dhrowsy like, "for I'm able to look afther myself, and to give you another varse too" says he, endeavourin' to get out a line or so of his favourite, at the same time; but the only music that was harde inside, was that of his

tumbler fallin' on the flure when it was smash'd into smithereens; while, with a rapid and appalin' glance atords me, his head slowly sunk down on the table, as if it was all over with him in airnest.

"Well, well you foolish crayture," says I, talkin' to myself, to be sure, "but you're the unfortunate boy, with your goin's on; howsomever, I'll see you in cloth market at any rate afore I go; as, without my stayin' with you, I think you'll be middlin' aisy for the rest of the night afther that stiffner.—Oh dear! oh dear!"

When I got through with my lamentation, round I goes into the shop, through a little narra doorway betune the kitchen and the room where I was standin', and findin' my gintleman lanin' on the counther, with his ear cocked for everythin' that was goin' on, although talkin' to Fogarty at the same time, I asked Mick, in a sort of a pig's whisper, which I knew would rache the lad opposit, to come round and give me a hand in gettin' Harry to bed, as he was now perfectly helpless, and I wasn't able to manage him alone.

"I'll be with you in a jiffy," says he, "and would have been there afore, only that I've been givin' this gintleman a thrifle of information regardin' the road to Mr. Shara's and the murther that was lately committed near Listaddnen; as he had the kindness to inform me that he's acquainted with the family, and is goin' out to spend a day or two with them; although he has selected a very dark night, in those disturbed times, for his journey."

Now, you see, I know that Mick made up the story of the murther just to hit a point, and keep my boy back, if he happened to be the man that he almost believed him to be; so, takin' the words out of his mouth, I told him that I didn't think there was much danger; and, besides, that if the gintleman was goin' that way, that I'd go home myself, instead of goin' to town, as his company would be agreeable, and I would thry to make mine so, and come over again for Harry in the mornin'.

This whole scene, from Harry's lavin' the stable, past in the coorse of a few minutes; but, my Joker, buttonin' up his coat which he opened when he came in, informed us that he was on horseback, and, not supposin' that I had a baste to ride, expressed his thanks for my offer; turnin' to Mick, at the same time, and statin' that, as he felt a little damp, he thought he'd just step round and take a dhrop of somethin' hot; and, then, bid us good night.

CHAPTER III.

"What's the matther?" says Kelly—for Kelly it was, by his mug, sure enough, as we all three bowled into the room together, and saw the flure covered with pieces of delf and broken tumblers.

"It's a boy of the Thracys," says Mick, pointin' over to Parry, "who is a little overtaken to-night," givin' him at the same time a shake or two by the shouldher, by way of rousin' him up and gettin' a word or so out of him.

"He appears to have dhrank an immensity," says my customer, sittin' down *opposite him, and puttin' his nose over the* only tumbler that was on the table, by way of discoverin' what sort of stuff he was about to get himself.

"You may well say that, your honor," says Mick, givin' Harry another shake, "and sorry I am to say that the divil himself—the Lord betune us and harm—wouldn't keep him from it, when he has once got a few shillin's in his pocket."

With that, my jewel, Harry raises his head in the most bewildered manner that ever was on the face of the whole born globe, and when he caught a glimpse of my onshough, saited forninst him out, begorra, I think it was the natest done thing that I ever laid my eyes on in the coorse of my whole life.

"Wha' do you want here, you intherloper, you, with your starin' and your lookin'," says he. "Maybe you're another gaugerin thief like the rest of them, that's comin' round honest people's hedges and ditches, prowlin', sasin', and plundherin', and makin' desolation in the counthry! If you are," says he, risin' and slappin' his breeches pocket by way of carrying out what I said about his havin' his money snug and oily in the same, "I'm of the Thracys that can conshume both you and yours, and keep you

from sogerin' an' huntin' aboot dacent people's premises when the whole world is gone to roost; and," says he, gettin' sthraightened up entirely, and givin' the table a kick that made the Gauger throw an eye atords the doore. "I'm the very boy that knows the differ, and can hould my own in spite of all the informers and thraitors that ever hung their heads or blackened the green sod of ould Ireland with their cowardly, nightly thracks, since the days of their ringleadher in the ould House of Parliament."

"Harry, Harry," says Mick, bouncin' over to him, and thryin' to put his hand on his mouth, afther he was sure he finished the last word; "blood and turf, what's the matther with you, or what's got into you, or come over you, to behave in that manner to an honourable gintleman, a friend of Mr. Shara's, that has never laid or wouldn't lay a sthraw in your way, and has never clapt his eyes on you afore, but merely stepped in just to take a quiet dhrop this dreary night, and enquire the way to his particular acquaintance's house, you unfortunate tempered man, you."

"Oh, never mind him," says Kelly, "for the poor fellow's the worse of the wear, and the sooner you get him to bed the betther; for I raly believe," says he, as he saw Harry's head fall once more upon the table, "that, from the great quantity he must have taken, he naither knows what he's sayin' or doin' to-night; and can, therefore be scarcely blamed for what he has just done; although he's a little violent, I admit."

As soon as the Gauger had finished, Mick and myself lays hoult of Harry, and sthreels him out of the room, as if we were takin' him along the mud wall wing to bed, for the body of the house was built with stone, lavin' Kelly, at the same time, with a sneezin' hot tumbler in his fist, that we knew would take him some time to finish; although short a payriod as he was in the town, we harde that the divil of his aquel at dhrinkin' was to be found in the parish; and some went so far as to say that he kilt a relation of the Lodhers of Bonnybeg, through the manes of makin' him lend a hand at finishin' the last naggin of a thirteen gallon keg that they settled betune them in two days and a part of a night, over in the county Roscommon, where they were obliged to fly off from some of Luke White's men, in consequence of attemptin' to intherfere with a great runnin' that was gettin' up for the election.

"Now," says I to Harry, when we got fairly out of earshot, "afore I came into the house, I had a great notion to give that joker's horse a wide birth of it, and let my darlin' foot it for the remaindher of the journey, if he is determined to pay you a visit on the presint occasion; but on succond thought, I was afeared that he might not be exactly alone, and that some spy or other was loitherin' about to see how things got on; and I began to think, too, that, whether there was any one convaynient or not, it would be betther not to rouse his suspicions, with the whole party perhaps within call of him, but to wait until we saw a little more of his manuvers, or got him something farther from town, when, without doin' him any sarious injury, chance might throw an opportunity in our road of disposin' of him in a more effectual and satisfactory manner. So now," says I, "I'll just step out, as if there was nothin' in the wind, and be off, like a gun, on Slasher, takin the short cut across the fields, for I know every inch of the way as well as if it was broad daylight, and when you see him fairly in the saddle, and find which way he is goin', keep afther him cautiously, takin' the first turn to the left, and keepin' inside the double ditch along the hill, if you find he doesn't intend to lade the party down through the whinny glen; although, from the road they have taken, I'm sartin they have got ordhers to go as far as the lonesome gap near the corner below the ould castle; for they can sthrike in there, upon the sthraight line, or go down to the edge of the bog, and wait till he comes up, just as they like; but as we can take a short cut of them, no matter what way they go, I'll wait for you in the gap, where you'll be sure to find me, when he has aither passed by the glen as you'll make out yourself, or by the spot where, I'll be bound to you, I'll rache now, afore one of them will get within half a mile of it."

"That will do, Jack dear," says he, "but you'll have to be middlin' brisk, for I know,

by the dog stoppin', that the men are a purty good sthretch on the way; although we have not much to dhread, as long as that cut-throat inside there is not with them."

"Never mind that," says I, "for I'll warrant you that they won't go the whole way without him; and now that he appears to be a thrifle in our power, it'll be a nate job, indeed, if we let him do much in his line of buziness to-night."

"Begorra," says Mick, "they can't go by the glen any way; for I harde this mornin' that it's fairly dhrowned with wather these four days in consequence of the late storm; but I'd advise you to take care of my joker within, for when he opened his coat in the shop, he gave it a shake which threw it back a little, and showed the but end of a couple of pishtols that were stuck in the inside pockets."

"That's not very pleasin' intelligence," says I, "but be the mortial we must do somethin' with him, or else all the fat's in the fire."

"You be off, anyway, Jack," says Harry, "and I'll dog him just as you say; and, if all goes to all, we must gather all we can beyant, and have a fair scrimmage for it; for there are half-a-dozen Queen Ann's loaded in the kiln. But, before goin', Jack, if anythin' happens to me, you will promise to bear a word to her, for you and I are of the same blood, and that's aquel to somethin' on a pinch. You know what to say. And if tomorrow mornin', Sunday and all as it is, you hear it tould opposit the Chapel out, afther prayers, that a fine still and runnin' was taken, no later than last night, out of the hands of Harry Phracy, you will be able to state, at laste, that I didn't show the back same of my stockin' when it came to the scratch; so, now, give me your hand on it."

"Is it my hand you mane?" says I, catchin' a hoult of him by the fist and lookin' him sthraight in the face at the same time, for Mick brought a candle with him. "If it is," says I, "there it's for you; and it's you that may make yourself aisy in regard to my puttin' my shouldher to the wheel on the presint occasion, or doin' anythin' else that you might ax the Lord betune us, for there never was a Thrainer yet that didn't stick to a Thracy's back when there was need of it; and I'm the very boy that's used to a small taste of hard service now and then, and am now both ready and willin' to go with you to the thin end of the world and jump off; or wade through fire and wather for you."

After givin' him the right kind of a squeeze—one that had manin' in it—Mick and myself laves him standin' in the dark in an ould empty room at one end of the house, where there was a broken windy through which he could see the white thorn in the light comin' from the shop, and get a full view of Kelly the moment he went out and mounted; and in we bowl'd again into the room where my gintleman was endeavourin', with the tears in his eyes, to finish the last dhrop of a stiff tumbler of Scaltheen that was made by Nelly, herself, who, afther what Harry had tould her, undherstood the ins and outs of the whole matther in the right way, when Mick handed her a bottle and whispered, "The Gauger," for he knew from Cassiday's description, of which he harde, that it was Kelly himself that was in the shop, and no other person brathin', and was just as sensible that the word he let out was as good as if he had been prachin' from the althar to her for six months.

"I suppose," says he, endeavourin' to catch his breath as we both step'd up to him, "that the poor fellow is aisy enough for the night, or soon will be, in consequence of his little frake;—but, let me say" says he pullin' out a fippeny and handin' it over to Mick, "that the divil of the like of that has crassed my lips for the last twenty years, barrin' onst, in the County Galway where there was a few barrels of it bilt without a tint of wather, at Martin's election

"Thank your honour," says Mick, endeavourin' to keep him as long as he could in chat. "I'm glad its to your likin' and, as for the poor boy himself, I may safely say that I never saw him so far gone afore. But, Jack," says he, turnin' round to me, mind that you call for him betimes in the mornin', as they'll not know beyond what has become of him, and be frighten'd in regard to what he has about him."—for Mick, do ye undherstand, harde almost all of our conversation afther my customer arrived.

"My hand on it," says I, "that I'll keep an eye to it; but, remember if he wakes afore mornin', that ye don't let another dhrop crass his lips, for, if you do," he'll go into town as sure as a gun, and stay there or here until every farthen' of it is spint."

"Take my word for it," says he, "that I won't."—And seein' that the Gauger seemed staggered, by what he harde and saw, I left the room with a low bow, bidden' them both farewell, and made the best of my way to the stable once more, where the horses stood already saddled. I pledge you, I wasn't long until I was on the back of Slasher: and stalin' out of the yard at the back of the house, I was soon on my way acrass Mick's monieen, taking the advantage of the party that I supposed were thrudgin' round by Doonegans.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARLY RISING:

"I'LL PACK MY PORTMANTEAU."

"Promises, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken."

——— *Elegant Extracts.*

That is not true. The proverb is a wicked proverb, and deserves to be thrust out from the collection for its wickedness, as do some others for their folly. To act up to the pernicious principles it inculcates, would tend directly to the disorganization of society. Yet there are certain matter-of-course promises which we are in the habit of making, with an implied understanding, on the parts of both promiser and promised, that they will not be kept: we engage in them with just the same degree of sincerity which we exercise when writing to assure an utter stranger that we are his very humble and obedient servant. I shall not attempt to defend either the wisdom or the virtue of the practice: I merely state the fact: it is one of the polite usages of the world. We are requested to do some certain thing—to perform some extraordinary feat; by common courtesy we are bound to engage in the undertaking: the promise is of such a nature—so absurd, so wild, so nearly unaccomplishable—that no man, in his senses, would make it, with a serious attention of carrying it into effect; nor would any one, possessed of a grain of humanity, be so cruel as to insist upon its fulfilment. I will state, for instance, an extreme case. You live somewhere about St. James's. One day, in the depth of winter, you meet an old acquaintance, whose domicile—mark the season and the localities—is near the Zoological gardens, in the Regent's Park. You have not met for a long time before, and are, both, really delighted at the meeting. He can have no possible motive for insulting you, or for drawing you into a quarrel; yet, at parting, he, with a countenance expressive of nothing but good humor, shakes you by the hand, and says, 'I'm heartily glad we have met again: *you will come and breakfast with me at* NINE O'CLOCK *to-morrow!*' Now, if you could, for a moment believe that the invitation, or the insult, (call it which you will, for, in such case the words would be synonymous,) were offered in sober seriousness, you would instantly take a review of your whole past life and inquire of yourself what offence you had ever committed against that man in particular, or against society in general, (of which he might arrogate to himself the right of becoming the avenger,) to warrant him in meditating such an attack upon your peace and comfort: that done, the proper course to be pursued would be obvious. But, no; you, as a man of the world, are perfectly well aware that the "breakfast with me at nine,"—like the Spaniards' "may you live a thousand years," our own "I hope you're well" to every person we meet, or, the "you'll always find me your friend" to the universe entire—is a phrase totally devoid of meaning; you, therefore, cordially return your friend's grasp, and promise him that you'll wait on him with pleasure: consequently you don't go. The thing is well understood on both sides.

But of all the promises which are made, notoriously, and for the expressed purpose of being broken, those relative to early rising, whether we make them to ourselves or to others, are the most common. As I address myself to the members of a community far advanced in civilization, I might spare myself the trouble (but that it is best, in all cases of importance, to come to a distinct agreement upon terms) of defining *early rising* to be the act of getting out of one's bed at any hour before nine o'clock (a.m.)

between Lady-day and Michaelmas, or before eleven (a.m.) from Michaelmas to Lady-day: and, for the same reason, I have insisted upon the a.m. as a protection against my being confounded with those ultra antimatinals who adopt the p.m. throughout the winter portion of the year, and touch on the verge of mid-day during the summer. Again; by *early rising* I mean it in the sense of a constant practice; I do not call him an early riser who, once in his life may have been forced out of his bed at eight o'clock on a November morning, in consequence of his house having been on fire ever since seven; nor would I attach such a stigma to him who, in the sheer spirit of foolhardiness and bravado should, for once-and-away, "awake, arise," even three or four hours earlier in the same inclement season. *I myself, have done it!* But the fact is, that the thing, as a constant practice, is impossible to one who is not 'to the manner born;' he must be taught it, as a fish is taught to swim, from his earliest infancy; he must have enjoyed the advantage of the favourable coincidence of making his first appearance in the world at the very identical moment of day-break:—*to acquire* the habit of it——! as well might he study to acquire the habit of flying. The *act*, then, being impossible, it follows that all promises made to that end must be futile. I know it may be objected to me that chimney-sweepers, dustmen, &c. are early risers; but this I would rather take to be a vulgar error than admit it as a fact: what proof can you adduce that they have yet been to bed? For my own part I am unwilling to think so uncharitably of human nature as to believe that any created being would force another to quit his bed at five o'clock on a frosty morning, if he had once been in it. By the same rule, to which suspicions might not *I* be subjected in the mind of any one who may have seen *me* in the month of June, enjoying the glorious spectacle of the rising sun! *I* see it before I retire to rest; whilst others, drones, sluggards, as they are, have been snoring in their beds since eleven o'clock of the previous night!

I have confessed that, once, in the sheer spirit of bravado, I, myself, rose (or promised to rise) at that ignominious period of the night, known, or rather heard of, by the term "four in the morning." My folly deserved a severe punishment, which, indeed, it received in its own consequences: but since I have lately been informed that a "good natured friend" is of opinion that it merits the additional chastisement of public exposure, I will (to spare him the *pain* of bestowing it upon me) inflict the lash with my own hand. That done, I trust that even my *friend*—for one's friends are usually the most difficult to satisfy in such cases—will admit it as a sufficient expiation of my offence.

I had the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays, very agreeably, with a family at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristolians, save through George Frederick Cook's satire on them,* will be amazed at any one's venturing to bring together, in the same sentence, three such words as 'agreeably,' 'Bristol,' and 'pleasure;' but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city one family, which for good sense, good humour, pleasantry and kindness, is not to be out-done by any in Great Britain. 'The blood of an African,' indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies, no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweeten her coffee after the French fashion,) who would not relinquish the use of sugar for ever, rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Norringtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eight of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when walking along Broad street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "Highflyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a

* "There are not two bricks in your accursed town," said the tragedian, "but are cemented with the blood of an African."

rational hour; the "Magnet" at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the "Wonder" was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. We know, that in our enterprising country, adventures are sometimes undertaken in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for nine-pence, with the charitable intention of ruining his neighbor (so think the worthy public) who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling—the intrinsic value of the commodity being, in either case, a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manœuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o'clock in the morning, was an imposition "tolerable" only in Dogberry's sense of the word—it was "not to be endured." And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking!—for admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers? We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere, in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of our's; and the case in question being, clearly, no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

'So, Sir,' said I, to the book-keeper, 'you start a coach to London, at five in the morning?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied he, and with the most perfect *non-chalance!*

'You understand me? At five?—in the MORNING, rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

'Yes, sir; five to a minute—two minutes later you will lose your place.'

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work, so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

'And would you, now, venture to book a place for me?'

'Let you know directly, Sir. (Hand down the Wonder Lunnunbook, there.) When for, Sir?'

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness—'To-morrow.'

'Full outside, Sir; just one place vacant in.'

The very word "'outside," bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called, 'a take-in.'

'So you will venture to book a place for me?'

'Yes, Sir, if you please.'

'And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?'

'If you please, Sir,—one pound two.'

'Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole?'

'If you please, Sir—two pound four'

I paid him the money; observing at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury,—'you shall hear from me again.'

'If you please, Sir; to-morrow morning, at five punctual—start to a minute, Sir—thank'ee, Sir—good morning, Sir.' And this he uttered without a blush.

'To what expedients,' thought I as I left the office, 'will men resort for the purpose of injuring their neighbours. Here is one who exposes himself to the consequence of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town, in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning!'

The first person I met was my friend, Mark Norrington, and——

Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when as-

sured by him of the frightful fact, that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach, which, really and truly did start at five in the morning. But as the novel-writers of the good old Minerva school used, in similar cases, to say—'in pity to my sympathizing reader's feeling,' I must draw the mysterious veil of concealment over my, oh! too acute sufferings! These, I must own, were in no little degree aggravated by the manner of my friend. Mark, as a sort of foil to his many excellent qualities, has one terrible failing: it is a knack of laughing at one's fortunes; or, to use his own palliating phrase, he has a habit of looking at the ridiculous side of things. Ridiculous! Heavens? as if any one possessing a spark of humanity could perceive any thing to excite his mirth in the circumstance of a fellow creature's being forced out of his bed at such an hour! After exhibiting many contortions of the mouth, produced by a decent desire to maintain a gravity suitable to the occasion, he, at length, burst into a loud laugh; and exclaiming (with a want of feeling I shall never entirely forget,) 'Well I wish you joy of your journey: *you must be* UP *at four!*' away he went. It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me; so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I—I will not I say walked—I positively swaggard about the streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the miseries, it was but fair I should enjoy the honours of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, 'I start at five to-morrow morning!' at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar: and I went into three or four shops and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory, in saying, 'Be sure you send them to-night, for I start at five in the morning!' But beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart, like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions—my heart was ill at ease. I have often thought that my feelings, for the whole of that distressing afternoon, must have been very like those of a person about to go, for a first time, up in a balloon. I returned to Reeves' hotel, College-green, where I was lodging. '*I'll* pack my portmanteau' (the contents of which were scattered about in the drawers, on the table, and on the chairs) —'that will be so much gained on the enemy,' thought I; but on looking at my watch, I found I had barely time to dress for dinner; the Norringtons, with whom I was engaged, being punctual people. No matter, I'll pack to-night.' 'Twas well I came to that determination; for the instant I entered the drawing room, Norrington rang the bell, and just said to the servant who appeared at its summons, 'Dinner:' a dissyllable which, when so uttered, timed, and accompanied is a polite hint that the dinner has not been improved by your late arrival.

My story, however, had arrived there before me; and I must do my friend the justice to say, that all that kindness could do for me, under the circumstances, was done. Two or three times, indeed, Mark looked at me full in the face, and laughed outright without any apparent cause for such a manifestation of mirth; and once when, after a few glasses of wine, I had almost ceased to think of the fate that awaited me, Miss Adelaide suddenly inquired, 'Do you *really* start at five? 'isnt that rather early?—'*Rather*,' replied I, with all the composure I could assume. But for a smile, and a sly look at her papa, I might have attributed the distressing question to thoughtlessness, rather than a deliberate desire to inflict pain. To parody a well-known line, I may say that, upon the whole

"To me this Twelfth-night was no night of mirth."

Before twelve o'clock I left a pleasant circle revelling in all the delights of Twelfth-cake, pam-loo, king-and-queen, and forfeits, to pack *my portmanteau*.

"And inly ruminate the morning's danger!"

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of 'Boots,' at the hotel, was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman

who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, thereby, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

'Boots,' said I in a mournful tone. 'you must call me at four o'clock.'

'Do'ee want to get up, zur?' inquired he with a broad Somersetshire twang.

'*Want* it, indeed, no; but I must.'

'Well, zur, I'll *carl*'ee: but willee get up when I *do* carl?'

'Why, to be sure I will.'

'That be all very well to zay overnight, zur; but it bean't all the zame thing when *marnen* do come. I knoa that of old, zur, Gemmen doan't like it, zur, when the time do come, that I tell'ee.'

'*Like* it! who imagines they should?'

'Well, zur, if you be as sure to get up as I be to carl'ee, you'll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes I'll have'ee out, dang'd if I doan't! Good night, zur!' and *exit*, Boots.

'And now I'll pack my portmanteau.'

It was a bitter cold night, and my bedroom fire had gone out. Excepting the rush candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment,—the wall of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rush-light, as they struggled through the holes of the box,) were of a dark-brown wainscot,—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trowsers, linen, books, papers, dressing-materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair I sat me down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau: so, resolving to defer the packing till to morrow, I got into bed,

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials of a large size,—and, at last, enormous steeple-clocks all pointing to FOUR, FOUR, FOUR. 'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,' and endless processions of watchmen moved along, and mournfully dinning in my ears, 'Past four o'clock.' At length I was attacked by night-mare.—Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe above my head—he grinned at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear———

'Vore o'clock, zur; I zay it be vore o'clock.'

'Well, I hear you.'

'But I doan't hear you. Vore o'clock, zur.'

'Very well, very well, that'll do.'

'Beggin' your pardon, but it woan't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore, zur.'

, The devil take you, will you——'

'If you please zur; but'ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore—no use for'ee to grumble, zur; nobody do like gettin' up at vore o'clock, as can help it, but he toald I to carl'ee, and it bean't my duty to go till I hear'ee stirrin' about the room. Good deal past vore, 'tis I assure'ee, zur.'—And he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him in order to satisfy him of the fact—'That'll do, zur; 'ee toald I to carl'ee, and I hope I ha' carl'ee properly.

I lit my taper at the rush-light. On opening the window shutter I was regaled with the sight of a fog, which London itself, on one of its perfect November days, could scarcely have excelled. A dirty drizzling rain was falling. My heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau *must* be packed—and, run as fast as I might I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured: at that villainous hour, not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe, in the universe entire,) had risen my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen; but by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the

poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might, almost as easily, have bent. The tooth-brushes were rivetted to the glass, of which (in haste to disengage them from their strong hold,) they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appaling, Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—'Who's there?'

'Now, if'ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-vive minutes to vive.'

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of any thing like comfortable toilet. I resolved, therefore, to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. 'I'll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done.' *In* went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of my host's frozen towels. Every thing must come out again.—'Who's there?'

'Now, zur; 'ee'll be too late, zur!'

'Coming!'—Every thing was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pairs. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was every thing to be undone.

'Now, zur, coach be going.'

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders. 'I'm coming,' groaned I; I have only to pull on my boots.' They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

'What in the name of the——do you want now?'

'Coach be gone, please, zur.'

'Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?'

'Bless'ee! noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins to droive.—He be vive mile off by now.'

'You are certain of that?'

'I warrant'ee, zur.'

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. 'Boots,' said I, you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me——'.

'At what o'clock, zur?'

'This day three months at the earliest.'

NIGHT.

Oh! sweet and beautiful is Night,
When the silver moon is high,
And countless stars, like clustering
Gems, hang sparkling in the sky,
While the balmy breath of the summer
Breeze comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard;—oh!
Night is lovely then!

But when that voice, in feeble moans of
Sickness and of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives
To catch its sounds in vain,
When silently we watch the bed, by the
Taper's flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how
Terrible is Night!

SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

It is now but a few years back that the Rochester knockings astonished us inhabitants of Canada; and it is only a month or two ago that the world appeared to run wild on the new science (?) of Table Turning and Table-Moving, which, if true would subvert all the established laws of nature. Even now, men are to be found who gravely assert that they have witnessed tables and other inanimate bodies moving without any apparent cause, advancing or retreating, rocking to and fro, or raising and remaining suspended, mid-air, at the will of the operator

or medium. Communications from the spirit world have even been received by enquiring spiritualists from their deceased relatives rapped out to them, through the intervention of some piece of furniture acted on by media. Likewise written documents, some of them most lengthy, and some of them purporting to be from clever minds yet of most wretched composition,* have been received into the world by means of the pens of admiring Spiritualists; and oral communications have been delivered by speaking media, during a state of inspiration or trance, to groups of professors learned in Spiritualism. Verily the people of the nineteenth century are as credulous as those of the ninth!

Our present object is merely to introduce to our readers a few specimens of spiritual literature culled from the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the organ of the Spiritualists, a paper containing some of the most blasphemous articles that ever sprung from the pen of erring mortals.

Let us, however, charitably suppose that the proprietors of this paper in publishing such matter are sincere and not altogether actuated by mercenary motives.

We must permise that nearly all communications are of a religous character and oftentimes a poetic nature. The author of the following pieces is a young girl named Ada, of only fourteen years of age, the history of her devlopement as a writing medium is described as follows by a correspondent of the *Telegraph*:—Ada until quite recently has been known only as a quiet and affectionate child—a docile, modest, and amiable school-girl, attractive only by the sweetness of her disposition, the simplicity of her character, and a sedate, retiring deportment—in complexion, a rather pale brunette, with an exuberance of dark hair, rather large, deep set eyes of a peculiarly soft dreamy, and somewhat melancholy expression. She has not attained her growth, and retains all the *naivete* of childhood.

About the middle of June last several gentlemen and ladies of Galveston formed a circle and met twice a week at the house of her mother—she and her husband being members—for improvement in spiritual knowledge and intercourse. Ada was always present, but not until after several sittings was it intimated or suspected that she *was or would be* a medium. The medium relied on was a gentleman (Mr. G.), who, being seized with illness soon after our organization, was unable to attend, and consequently the members met almost hopeless of success. After continuing around the table, however, for nearly two hours, faint and feeble raps were at length heard, which in the course of another half hour became very loud, frequent and distinct. The alphabet was called for, and some seven or eight of the most distinguished musicians who ever lived, announced their names, among whom were Mozart, Handel, Hayden, Paganini, Beethoven, Von Weber, etc.

They would not communicate or converse with any member of the circle but Ada; refused to answer any other; stated that their object was to aid in her development as a medium; directed that the circle should continue its sittings; and informed us that she was to become an extraordinary medium. All questions had to be put by and answered to her, with a few exceptions, and after a few sittings the *physical manifestations* became very astonishing.

About the first of Juiy I was compelled to be absent from the city on business, and did not return until Saturday evening, the 15th inst. On entering my door my wife informed me that Ada had become developed as a *poetess*, and proceeded at once to exhibit pieces of her poetic composition, all written during my absence, upon reading which I was not only greatly astonished, but deeply affected.

I called at her residence the next morning, and after reading all the pieces she had then written—amounting to fifteen in number—I requested her to describe to me the mental

* This *curious fact* is thus explained by spirtualists;—The writing medium may himself be a well educated man and still his hand be impelled to write an ill constructed letter, he himself unconscious of the matter contained in the letter, or the signature that will be attached, which may prove to be Daniel Webster's or a Dancing Master's. Should it appear as Webster writing trash, they say that it is the Dancing Master, who was a bit of a wag during life, and cannot leave off his old tricks now that he is dead, but must personate a Webster, to have a lark with the medium; while, should the Dancing Master write a finished epistle, it is some sly Dan returning the compliment.—Ed.

and physical condition in which she wrote such charming poetry. She complied, and from her description it seems that she continues in her normal condition. She does not pass into a state of trance, but at some time during almost every day she feels strongly impelled, as by some resistless agency, to write. She takes her pen; the piece—be it poetry or prose—*is vividly impressed on her mind*, and her hand glides with great celerity, and without the action of her own will, over the paper, and in the course of a few minutes, quicker than it could be copied by the most ready penman, the piece is completed.

She is delighted, but in no degree vain or elated with her talent; claims no merit of authorship; believes herself an instrument in the hands of some superior and beneficent intelligence for the accomplishment of a great work, which, by the way, has been repeatedly promised by the mysterious source from which she derives her inspiration and God grant that she may never be other than the pure, humble, and unsophisticated being she now is.

We make the following selections from Ada's pieces, remarking that if she is really so young as she is described, and that the time occupied in their composition no more than stated, she is in truth a wonderful girl.

OH, HOPE NOT THOU FOR HAPPINESS.

Ada's first piece, written July 6, 1854.

Oh, hope not thou for happiness,
That paradise below,
That idler's dream—and poet's guess,
And—mortal's never know!
For while the human passions sway
A single smile or tear,
So long unrest and bitterness
Will have dominion here.

And look not on some glittering state,
And wish such lot were thine;
We ne'er can know what thorns may mar
The flower for which we pine;
What though thy path be gemmed with gold,
And fond ones strew thy way,
Dark clouds will oft the heart infold—
No human power can stay.

And while thou'rt brooding o'er thy lot,
Thou'lt find the evil throng
Come trooping through thy own pure heart,
That hath such hate of wrong;
Then lowly let thy spirits be,
And in thy heart abide
That gentle maiden charity,
To turn life's thorns aside.

MY CHILDHOODS PRAYER.

My childhood's prayer! oh, not a flower
But minds me of its purity;
The lowliest daisy in the bower
Brings back that gentle prayer to me
With all the looks of infancy.

I never look upon a star
But that its radiance seems to be
A beacon from the days afar—
A memory of the joys that were
All fleeting—but my childhood's prayer.

TO THEE, ADA—SPIRIT-COMPANIONS.

The following poem was written (exclusive of the fifteen lines next after the first verse) on Saturday, July 8th, within the space of about five minutes, by Ada. The same evening her mother, while mentally invoking spiritual aid for her child, heard a voice distinctly and impressively whispered in her ear, thus:—

MOTHER.—"Oh! preserve her pure and spotless."—

VOICE.—"I will! I will!"

MOTHER.—"And not suffer her to be overpowered by temptations to sin!"

VOICE.—"No!"

Above, around, in every nook,
Where nothing seems but viewless air,
Strange faces peer with watchful look,
Strange figures hover near.

[But other shapes are crowding near,
Shadows that fill my soul with fear!
Though some are passing fair to see,
Yet others!* some are fierce and grim!
Monsters, from which my soul would flee,
All flitter 'round; these phantoms dim,
Beck'ning and drawing nigh to me,
And seek to win mine ear!
They come! I can not drive away
The outstretched arm, the living eye—
Their progress! but in vain they try!
Bright angels, fold me with your wings,
Mine ear with tempting voices rings,
My soul with sudden fear is tost—
Help! help! or all is lost!]†
Bright feet upon the dew-drops press,

* The *quos ego* of Virgil.

† These fifteen lines included in brackets were written the 9th inst. (Sunday), together with the following directions, by the hand of Ada: "Place the verse last written next to the first, then all will be right. Comfort your mother—she must not be fearful. No harm will come to you. I will watch over and protect thee. I was the angel that whispered, "*I will! I will!*" and "*No!*"

Rose-tinted pinions stir the air!
Then in my heart my God I bless,
That his bright angel-guards are near,
And sometimes to my drooping eye
They show like sunbeams passing by.

But, shrinking from the garish light,‡
Oft sit I in my lonely room,
And through the silent hours of night
Gaze on the forms my Spirit-sight
Discovers in the teeming gloom—
Forms that have hovered by my side,
Seen or unseen, for solemn years,
At times with hope and pleasure bright,
Radiant at times with heavenly light,
Oft vailed and dimmed with bitter tears,
Now heeded—now defied!

I see you now, my Spirit-friends,
Folding me with your loving arms,
Bending, as a fond mother bends
To shield her child from frights or harms,
And, 'mid the forms that guard me 'round,
One figure makes it holier ground,
For, grandmother, thou art there!

THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

It e'er hath pealed in strains sublime
Since first began the march of time,
When morning stars together sang
And new-born earth with music rang;
Then over all more bold and free
Was heard the anthem of the sea.

At times it breathes a gentle note,
And sweetly o'er the breeze doth float,
Then swelling high, in chorus vast—
Borne perchance on the stormy blast—
Is heard in higher, grander key,
The fearful anthem of the sea.

The deep-toned base in Nature's song,
It pours its mighty voice along,
And wide is heard the sounding roar—
As forth it rolls from shore to shore;
A worthy praise, oh, God to thee,
This glorious anthem of the sea.

Roll on thou anthem, ever roll
Thy chorus shout from pole to pole,
And bear upon thy soaring wing
The notes of praise that mortals sing,
And e'er till time no more shall be,
Roll on thou anthem of the sea!

This stirring anthem was written on Thursday, July 13th, 1854, in *five minutes*.

INVOCATION TO THE SAVIOUR.

The following (doubtless) Invocation to the Saviour (the subject was not expressed) was written on the 6th of July, within not exceeding seven minutes:—

Offspring of heaven's Almighty King,
Co-equal with the Eternal Sire!
Whose glories from Light's fountain spring,
Whose God-head glows with holy fire;
Behold the gloom of Night decay
Before the lucid eye of Morn,
While distant skies and fields display
What splendors Day's approach adorn!

But oh! untouched by Wisdom's beam,
The soul in error sleeps profound,
And wandering in her sensual dream,
Heeds not the scene of ruin 'round!
Oh! Sun of truth, divinely bright,
Bid Earth's dejected features smile,
Scatter the deadly clouds of Night,
That would our wayward steps beguile.

Bid every passion-storm subside,
And hold the heart's emotion still,
Dissolve the snows of human pride,
Teach us to know and do thy will.
Oh! pour thy sacred influence down,
Let Life's celestial dews be given,
Let deathless flowers our Eden crown,
And Earth become the gem of Heaven.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

SIXTEENTH PIECE.

In the hush of the evening alone,
A mother sat watching her child,
When a light o'er its fair features shone
And its lips in soft murmuring smiled;
And she listens to catch every sigh,
And joy took the place of a tear,
For it talked of the Angels on high
And whispered—My Father is here!
My Father is here.

And her heart grew so calm and serene
As she gazed on the vacant old chair,
Where so often the lov'd one was seen
For she knew that "his Spirit was there!"
Then she press'd the soft lips of her child,

‡ After this poem was completed on the 8th, a question arose respecting the word "garish;" neither the medium nor any of her friends, to whom the poem was shown on that day, recollecting ever to have seen the word in the English language. At their suggestion, Ada inquired of the Spirit whether it was the proper word. She received an immediate and emphatic *answer in the affirmative*. And surely, in the connection, a more fit or appropriate word can not be found—"*garish light.*"

And felt that an "angel was near!"
For it woke to her pressure and smiled
And whispered—My Father is here!

My Father is here!

Search for the meaning of this (comparatively speaking) fable. It is given under the semblance of a mother's love.

NOTE.—The above was written on Sunday, the 16th of July, 1854, at 1 o'clock P. M., in three minutes. The punctuation and quotation marks are copied from the original.

The *Telegraph's* correspondent thus concludes: "May we not anticipate the accomplishment of *something great* through such a medium—the realization of the prophetic assurance announced in her behalf by the bright but invisible intelligences which surround, guard, and inspire her? How superior to the graces of the drawing-room are those immortal graces, woven in the wreath yet to adorn thy brow, sweet Ada! daughter of the muses and beloved of angel-hearts! if thou canst but hold thee unsubdued by surrounding temptations, and ever pure as thy "*Childhood's Prayer!*"

The following strange and mysterious narrative is by John Waters, who states that it is "in all its particulars *strictly true:*"—

THE IRON FOOTSTEP.

"What may this mean, that thou, dead corse! again
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous!"

Most families, I believe, have their traditionary ghost story, which, when narrated to the group that gathers around the wintry fireside, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, terror, sympathy, doubt, incredulity, or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances—the story is kept alive and recollected in after life; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of untried being, which approaches toward us with its slow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming, movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before in the island of Dominica.

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that island in the year ——, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff of land that forms one point of a crescent-shaped bay, and overlooks the town and harbour. Inland towards the east, a small plain extends itself; while on the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, and consisting all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side toward the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade during the earlier part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other by means of a side door, which was occasionally left open for the free circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third, whose name I can not at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard, for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way *affect us more than others.* The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The caulker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of

this truth; the songster has it, in the line—

"His very step hath music in it,
When he comes up the stairs:"

And Lamb felt it, when he said of his physician, that "there was healing in the creek of his shoes" as he approached his apartment. Associated with this movement of the major was his deep, cherry voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or, as now, amid the sickness which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

The sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and, after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The major was confident of recovery; and, indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now, it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said: "Poor Hamilton! Well, God have mercy upon us."

He felt at the moment that some one near him said, "Amen!" with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, "Who is there?"

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing, save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, "It is all mere imagination," and again endeavored to compose himself and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause, as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was beautiful; the moon had gone down, the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and repose-ful. "It is very remarkable!" said he; "I would have sworn I heard it." He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and, though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and, though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him presented arms.

"Have you been long stationed here?" said Capt. Gordon.

"Half an hour," was the reply.

"Did you—did you happen to see any one on the piazza during that time?"

"I did not."

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. "My old comrade," said he, "what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends—kind-hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?"

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread by the recurrence of the same well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was, therefore, with great earnestness that he exclaimed:—

"In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you?

A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sunk deeply into his soul: "Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. — Jermyn Street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which established the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!"

Captain Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend, but when he arose it was broad day. He dressed himself and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. *Within the ten days he applied for* a furlough, but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having, however, brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation the sound of the major's iron step filled his ears.

He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn Street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronised by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached at the time this tale *was told to me.*

It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer and a fortunate general.

The following extract from "Notes and Queries" is curious, and is received by spiritualists as a proof of the antiquity of their art or belief,

ST. AUGUSTINE ON CLAIRVOYANCE.

There is an important passage in St. Augustine's treatise, "*De Genesi ad literam*," B. xii., c. 17, p. 34, in which, after saying that demons *can read men's thoughts*, and know what is passing at a distance, he proceeds to give a detailed account of two cases of *clairvoyance*. The whole is written with his usual graphic power, and will well reward the perusal. I must content myself with a brief outline of the facts.

1. A patient suffering from a fever, was supposed to be possessed by an unclean Spirit. Twelve miles off lived a presbyter, with whom, in mesmerist phraseology, he was *en rapport*. He would receive no food from any other hands; with him, except when a fit was on him, he was calm and submissive. When the presbyter left his home the patient would indicate his position at each stage of his journey, and mark his nearer and nearer approach, "He is entering the farm—the house—he is at the door;" and his visitor stood before him. Once he foretold the death of a neighbour, not as though he were predicting a future event, but as if recollecting a past. For when she was mentioned in his hearing, he exclaimed, "She is dead. I saw her funeral; that way they carried out her corpse." In a few days she fell sick and died, and was carried out along that very road which he had named.

2. A boy was laboring under a painful disorder, which the physician had vainly endeavored to relieve. In the exhaustion which followed on his convulsive struggles, he would pass into a trance, keeping his eyes open, but insensible to what was going on around him, and passively submitting to pinches from the bystanders. After awhile he awoke and told what he had seen. Generally an old man and a youth appeared to him; at the beginning of Lent they promised him ease during the forty days, and gave him *direction by which he might be relieved and finally cured*. He followed their counsels with the promised success.

Augustine's remarks (c. 18, p. 39) on these and similar phenomena are well worth reading. He begs the learned not to mock him as speaking confidently, and the unlearned not to take what he says on trust, but hopes that both will regard him simply as an inquirer. He compares these visions to those in dreams. Some come true, and some false; some are clear, others obscure. But men love to search into what is singular neglecting what is usual, though even more inexplicable; just when a man hears a word whose sound is new to him, he is curious to know its meaning; while he never thinks of asking the meaning of words familiar to his ear, however little he may understand them. If any one, then, wishes for a satisfactory account of these strange phenomena, let him first explain the phenomena of dreams, or let him show how the images of material objects reach the mind through the eyes.

J. E. B. MAYOR.

St. John's College, Cambridge.

We conclude by giving a few "Facts" extracted bodily from the *Telegraph*, leaving our readers to form their own opinions regarding spiritualism. We may, however state that we have given some attention to the subject but have not as yet witnessed anything wonderful or supernatual. Even its hot-bed, the New England States, we have passed through without personally meeting with one convincing fact or argument.

SINGULAR WARNING AND SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.—Some few weeks ago, John Doddenhos, a German, residing in Newark, while hoeing beets in the garden of a neighbour, found a leaf of one of those plants which was green on one side and perfectly white on the other. He cut off the leaf, observing that in the country whence he had emigrated such a phenomenon in nature was considered as a sure sign of death in the neighbourhood, and he expressed his belief in the reality of that form of monition. Shortly afterward he discovered a similar leaf in his own garden, and again expressed his belief that there would soon be a death in the neighbourhood. It did not however, seem to occur to him that *he* might be the destined victim: nevertheless, a day or two afterward he was drowned. His death may or may not have been a mere accidental coincidence with the promonition; but the most singular part of the story re-

mains to be told. At the very hour that Doddenhos was being drowned, a sister of his, residing in Brooklyn, being overcome with the heat fell asleep and dreamed vividly that she saw her brother drowning. On awaking she found the vision of her dream so vividly impressed upon her mind as a real occurrence, that she immediately set out with all possible haste to Newark, and arrived there just as they were putting her brother in his grave-clothes! The Newark *Mercury*, from which the foregoing particulars are gathered, states that it is prepared to substantiate this whole narrative by the testimony of those who are immediately interested.

Spiritual Intimation of Death.—Mr. Zaccheus Goldsmith, of Southold, L.I. (now deceased), was one day engaged, with another man, chopping wood within a few rods of the shore of Long Island Sound. There was a bluff between them and the water which prevented them from seeing the latter unless they first ascended the eminence. While engaged in their work they both distinctly heard, in the direction of the water, the sound of oars, as if a person were approaching the shore in a boat. Anon they heard the sound of a human voice, and a moment after they as distinctly heard the boat strike the shore. These sounds being equally distinct to both of them, they both stepped to the top of the bluff to ascertain who was approaching, one observing at the same time that the Yankees from Connecticut were probably about making them a visit. From their elevated position on the bluff they could see the Sound shore for miles either way, and not a boat nor a human being was anywhere to be seen! They were unable to conceive how the strange sounds so distinctly heard could have originated, or why they should have occurred. Mr. Goldsmith afterward ascertained that his father had that day ventured alone in a boat upon the Sound, a few miles east of that place, and was subsequently found drowned, clinging to one of the oars, while the boat had drifted ashore. He regarded the perternatural sounds heard by him and his companion as a monition of the death of his father. We have this narration from a highly intelligent member of Mr. Goldsmith's family.

Another Premonitary Vision and Wraith.—Mr. Miller, whose curious account of the apparition of his distant wife at the hour of her death we give in a separate paragraph, also relates to us the following:—He says that while lying, one night, in his berth aboard of a vessel at anchor, he heard the sound of footsteps upon the deck. Knowing that the sounds could not proceed from any of the crew, who were either in their berths or absent on shore, he arose to ascertain who was there. On ascending to the deck he distinctly saw his brother, whom he knew to be absent at sea, standing before him with an oiled dress on, such as he had never seen him wear before, and with a gun lashed across his back. He at first thought that his brother had, in proper person, come aboard of the vessel, but on speaking to him he was surprised to receive no answer. He turned his face to one side for some purpose, and when he looked for his brother again he was not to be seen! *Eight days* from that time the vessel with which his brother had sailed was cast away, and all on board perished, and when the body of the brother was subsequently found, it was clothed in the oiled dress with a gun lashed across the back, exactly as the visionist had seen him

The father of my informant (Rev. Thomas Miller, of Southold, L. I.,) told me that on the very night when his son was cast away, his voice was distinctly heard and recognized under the window at home, calling to his mother! Facts of the kind, so numerous *and so well authenticated, certainly throw* some light upon the laws of spiritual existence, and give some distinct intimations as to the soul's estate at the moment of its departure from the physical tenement.

A Wraith.—Mr. Miller, the son of the Rev. Thomas Miller, of Southold, L. I., relates to us that a few years ago, while at sea, be*tween the Azores Islands and the island of* St. Helena, he one day, after having been in conversation with some of the passengers, on religious subjects, suddenly fell into a trance and saw his wife stand before him, with a smiling countenance, gazing upon him. After looking upon him for some time she floated

over the side of the vessel and disappeared. He then returned to outer consciousness and found his companions chafing his body, thinking that he had fainted, or had been in a fit. Mr. Miller had not previously been a believer in monitions of this kind, but he told his companions of his vision, and remarked that his wife, whom he had left at home, was dead, and that he should never see her again in this world. The precise hour and moment of this occurrence was noted, and when he arrived at home he ascertained that at that very moment his wife was "struck with death," and that at that moment she had been writing some verses to him respecting her expected departure!

POWERFUL LIFTINGS WITHOUT CONTACT.—Mr. Joseph H. Goldsmith, of Southold, L. I., an esteemed personal friend of the writer, and for whose veracity we can most authoritively vouch, informs us that he and several of his personal friends, among whom was a Spirit-medium, recently surrounded a small table and held the points of their fingers several inches above it, while no one was touching it, when the table rose in the air and remained suspended apparently on nothingness while he counted one hundred and thirty-three, and then it fell to the floor. A girl about thirteen years of age was then placed upon the table and the experiment again tried. Their fingers were placed over the table, without contact, as before, when table, girl, and all rose and remained suspended some fifteen or twenty seconds, and then gently descended. As in similar cases, the force which suspended the table purported to be Spirit-agency, making use, for that purpose, of the ethereal emanations of the medium and the circle.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.—Dr. Doddridge had been spending the evening with his friend Dr. Watts. The conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme, and both came to the conclusion (rather a remarkable one for theologians of that day to arrive at,) that it could not be they were to sing to all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection. As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon his pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying. He saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave his body: but how could it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, how could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that his soul *had* left his body. He himself stood beside the bed looking at his own corpse, as if it was an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept around the mortal covering, but could not see *him*.

While he was reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how, but presently he found himself floating over London, as if pillowed on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him, the multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs.

"Ah!" thought the emancipated spirit, "how worse than foolish appears this foolish scramble! For what do they toil, and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens.

"How is it that I am borne through the air?" thought he. He looked, and saw a large purple wing, and then he knew that he was carried by an angel.

"Whither are we going?" said he.

"To heaven," was the reply.

He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight and gently placed him on the steps.

"I thought you were taking me to heaven," said he to the spirit.

"This is heaven," replied his angel.

"This! Assuredly this temple is of rare beauty, but I could imagine just such built on earth."

"Nevertheless, it is heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the tem-

ple. A table stood in the centre, on which was a golden vase filled with sparkling wine.

"Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase, "for all who would know spiritual things, must first drink of spiritual wine."

Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood behind him, smiling most benignly. The spirit instantly dropped on his knees and bowed down his head before him. The holy hands of the Purest were folded over him in blessing, and his voice said,—

"You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the mean time, *observe well the wonders of this temple.*"

The sound ceased. The spirit remained awhile in silence. When he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean, but the angel had departed also—the soul stood alone in its own unvailed presence!

"Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple?" thought he.

He looked slowly around. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls, in most marvelous beauty, stood the whole of his spiritual life. Every doubt, and every clear perception, every conflict and every victory were there before him! and though forgotten for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite; thus had he slept peacefully in a green valley, by the side of running brooks, and such had been his visions from the mountain tops. He knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul, but now for the first time was the vail removed.

To those who think on spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too deeply and beautifully significant ever to be forgotten.

"We shape ourselves the joy and fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear.

THE RIVALS.

A TRUE STORY OF TEXAS BORDER LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

My word for it, reader, I should never have ventured to construct a professed romance out of incidents so wild and strange as those of this narration. It is only with the hope that you will accept in good faith the assurance given in the same spirit, that these things *really did occur* while I was in the country, and most of them within my personal knowledge, that I venture to relate them at all. Remember, the scene is laid in a frontier county of Texas, and if you have even a remote conception of the history of that republic, and the general character of its social elements, you will be prepared for a good deal. But, though you might even have visited its cities and older settlements, you would still find it difficult to realize all that is true of frontier life, unless by extended travel and experience your faith should be fortified. When you can have to say, as I can, "what mine eyes have seen and ears heard," on that ground alone you will be "fit audience, though few," to receive as matters of course, relations which would doubtless, for the moment, shock others as monstrous in improbability, if not impossibility. The man of high civilization will find great difficulty in understanding how such a deed as I am about to relate, requiring months to consummate, would have been carried through in the open face of law and the local authorities; but the man who knows this frontier will tell him that the rifle and bowie knife are all the law and local authority recognized. Witness the answer President Houston gave when application was first made to him for his interposition with the civil force to quell the bloody "Regulator Wars" which afterwards sprang up in this very same county—"Fight it out among yourselves, and be d—d to you!" A speech entirely characteristic of the man and the country, as it then was! It was in the earlier stages of the organization of this same "Regulator" association that our story commences.

Shelby county, lying in Western Texas, on the border of the "Red Lands," was rather thinly settled in the latter part of '39. What population it had was generally

the very worst caste of border life. The bad and desperate men who had been driven over our frontier formed a rallying ground and head-quarters here—seemingly with the determination to hold the county good against the intrusion of all honest persons, and as a sort of "Alsatia" of the West, for the protection of outlaws and villains of every grade. And indeed to such an extent had this proscription been carried that it had become notoriously as much as a man's life or conscience was worth who settled among them with any worthy purpose in view; for he must either fall into their confederacy—leave, or die! This was perfectly understood; and the objects of this confederacy may be readily appreciated when it is known that every now and then a party of men would sally out from this settlement, painted and equipped like Comanchees, with the view of carrying off the horses, plundering or murdering some marked man of a neighbouring county; then, returning with great speed, they would re-brand their plunder, resume their accustomed appearance, and defy pursuit or investigation. Not only did they band together for their operations in this way, but a single man would carry off a fine horse or commit a murder with the most open audacity, and if he only succeeded in escaping here, was publicly protected. I do not mean to have it understood that the whole population at this time were men of such stamp avowedly.

There were some few whose wealth to a degree protected them in the observances of a more seemly life, though they were compelled to at least wink at the doings of their more ruffianly and more numerous neighbours; while there was yet another but not large class of sturdy, straightforward emigrants, who, attracted solely by the beauty of the country, had come into it, settled themselves down wherever they took a fancy—with characteristic recklessness neither caring nor enquiring who were their neighbours, but trusting in their own stout arms and hearts to keep a footing. Of course all such were very soon engaged in desperate feuds with the horse thieves and plunderers around them; and, as they were not yet strong enough to make head efficiently, were one after another finally ousted or shot. It was to exterminate this honest class that the more lawless and brutal of the other associated themselves and assumed the name of "Regulators." They numbered from eight to twelve, and, under the organization of rangers, commanded by a beastly wretch named Hinch, they professed to undertake the task of *purifying* the county limits of all bad and suspicious characters; or, in other words, of all men who dared refused to be as vile as they were, or, if they were, who chose to act independently of them and their schemes. This precious brotherhood soon became the scourge of all that reigon. Whenever an individual was unfortunate enough to make himself obnoxious to them, whether by a successful villany, the proceeds of which he refused to share with them, or by the hateful contrast of the propriety of his course, he was forthwith surrounded—threatened—had his stock driven off or killed wantonly—and, if these annoyances and hints were not sufficient to drive him away, they would publicly warn him to leave the county in a certain number of days under the penalty of being scourged or shot. The common pretext for this was the accusation of having committed some crime, which they themselves had perpetrated with a view of furnishing a charge to bring against him. Their hate was entirely ruthless, and never stopped short of accomplishing its purposes; and in many a bloody fray and cruel outrage had the question of their supremacy been mooted, until at last there were but few left to dispute with them, and they tyrannised at will.

Among these few was Jack Long, as he was called, who neither recognised nor denied their power, and indeed never troubled himself about them one way or the other.

He kept himself to himself, hunted incessantly, and nobody knew much about him. Jack had come of a "wild turkey breed," as the western term is for a roving family; and, though still a young man, had pushed on ahead of the settlement of two territories, and had at last followed the game towards the south, and finding it abundant in Shelby county had stopped here, just as he would have stopped at the foot of the Rocky

Mountains, had it been necessary to pursue it so far. He had never been in the habit of asking leave of any power where he should settle, and of course scarcely thought of the necessity of doing so now, but quietly set to work—built himself a nice log-cabin, as far off from everybody as he could get. And the first thing that was known of him, he had his pretty young wife and two little ones snugly stowed away in it, and was slaying the deer and the bears right and left.

The honest brotherhood had made several attempts at feeling Jack's pulse and ascertaining his availability, but he had always seemed so impassively good-natured, and put them off so pleasantly, that they could find no ground for either disturbing or quarrelling with him. What was more, he was physically rather an ugly-looking "customer," with his six feet four inches of brawn and bone; though the inclination just discoverable in his figure, to corpulency, together with a broad, full, good-humoured face, gave an air of sluggishness to his energies, and an expression of easy simplicity to his temper, which offered neither invitation to gratuituous insult nor provocation to dislike. He was the very impersonation of inoffensive, loyal honesty, slumbering on its conscious strength, and these men, without exactly knowing why, felt some little disinclination to waking him. He had evidently never been roused to a knowledge of himself, and others felt just as uncertain what that knowledge might bring forth as he did, and were *not specially zealous of the honour of* having it first tested upon their own persons. So that Jack Long might have been left for many a day in quiet, even in this formidable neighbourhood, to cultivate his passion for markmanship, at the expense of the dumb, wild things around him, but for an unfortunate display he was accidentally induced to make of it.

Happening to fall short of ammunition, he went one day to "the store" for a fresh supply. This cabin, together with the blacksmith's shop and one or two other huts, constituted the "county town," and, as powder and liquor were only to be obtained there, it was the central resort of the Regulators. Jack found them all collected for a great shooting match, in preparation for which they were getting drunk as fast as possible to steady their nerves. Hinch, the Regulator captain had always been the hero of such occasions, for in addition to being a first-rate shot, it was known that it would be a dangerous exertion of skill for any man to to beat him,—for he was a furious and vindictive bully, and would not fail to make a personal affair of it with any one who should mortify his vanity by carrying off the prize from him. In addition, the band of scoundrels he commanded was entirely at his service in any extreme, so that they made fearful odds for a single man to contend with.

Everybody else in the county was aware of this state of things but Jack Long, and he either didn't know or didn't care. After they had fired several rounds, he went lounging listlessly into the crowd which had gathered around the target, exclaiming in admiration over the last brilliant shot of Hinch, which was triumphantly the best. The bully was as usual blustering vehemently, taunting every one around him, and when he saw Jack looking very cooly at the famous shot with no grain of that deferential admiration in his expression which was demanded, he snatched up the board, and, thrusting it insultingly close to his face, roared out—

"Here! you Jack Long Shanks—look at that. Take a good look! Can you beat it?" Jack drew back with a quiet laugh, and said good humouredly—

"Psha! You don't brag of such shootin' as that do you?"

"Brag on it! I'd like to see such a moon-eyed chap as you beat it!"

"I don't know as I'd be very proud to beat such bunglin' work as that."

"You don't! don't you!" yelled the fellow, now fairly in a rage at Jack's coolness. "You'll try it, won't you? You must try it! You shall try it, by ——! We'll see what sort of a swell you are!"

"Oh, well!" said Jack, interrupting him as he was proceeding to rave for quantity. "Just set up your board, if you want to see

me put a ball through every hole you can make!"

Perfectly astounded at this rash bearding of the lion—for it was difficult to tell whether contempt or simplicity dictated Jack's manner—the men set up the board, while he walked back to the stand, and, carelessly swinging his heavy rifle from his shoulder, fired seemingly as quick as thought. "It's a trick of mine," said he moving towards the mark, as he lowered his gun; "I caught it from shootin' varmints in the eyes; —always takes 'em there. It's a notion I've got, it's my gun." They all ran eagerly to the target, and sure enough his ball, which was larger, than Hinch's, had passed through the same hole, widening it!

"He's a humbug! It's all accident! He can't do that again!" shouted the ruffian, turning pale till his lips looked blue, as the board was held up, "I'll bet the ears of a buffalo calf aganist his that he can't do it again!"

"If you mean by that to bet your own ears against mine, I'll take you up!" said Jack, laughing, while the men could not resist joining him. Hinch glared around him with a fierce chaffed look, before which those who knew him best quailed, and with compressed lips silently loaded his gun. A new target was put up, at which, after long and careful aim, he fired. The shot was a fine one. The edge of the ball had just broken the centre. Jack, after looking at it, quietly remarked—

"Plumbing out the centre is my fashion; I'll show you a kink or two, Captain Hinch, about the clear thing in shootin.' Give us another board there, boys!"

Another was set up, and, after throwing out his gun on the level, in the same rapid careless style as before, he fired; and, when the eager crowd around the target announced that he had driven the centre cross clear out, he turned upon his heel, and, with a pleasant nod to Hinch, started to walk off. The ruffian shouted hoarsely after him—

"I thought you were a d—d coward! You've made two good shots by accident, and now you sneak off to brag that you've beat me. Come back, sir? You can't shoot before a muzzle half as true!"

Jack walked on without noticing this mortal insult and challenge, while Hinch laughed tauntingly long and loud—jeering him with exulting bitterness, as long as he could make himself heard, as a "flash in the pan,"—"a dunghill cock, who had spread his white feather," while the men, who had been surprised into a profound respect for Long, and were now still more astonished at what they considered his "backing out," joined clamorously in hooting his retreat.

The fools! They made a fatal mistake in supposing he left the insult unresented from any fear for himself. Jack Long had a young and very pretty wife at home, and his love for her was stronger than his resentment for his own indignity. His passions were slow, and had never been fully roused —none of them at least but his love, and that presented her instantly, forlorn and deserted, with her little ones, in this wild country, should he throw away his life with such desparate odds; and, seeing the turn the affair was likely to take, he had prudently determined to get away before it had gone too far. But had any of those men seen the spasm of agony which shivered across his massive features, as these gibing voices rang upon his ears in insult which no proud free hunter might endure, they would have taken the hint to beware of chafing the silently foaming boar any longer.

This was an ill-starred day for Jack, though; from this time troubles began to thicken about him. The even tenor of his simple happy life was destroyed, and indignity and outrage followed each other fast Hinch never forgave the unlucky skill which had robbed him of his proudest boast, that of being the best marksman on the frontier; and he swore, in base vindictive hate, to dog him to the death, or make him leave the country. Soon after this a valuable horse belonging to a rich and powerful planter disappeared. He was one of those men who had compromised with the Regulators, paying so much black mail for exemption from their depredations, and protection against others of the same stamp: and he now applied to Hinch for the recovery of his horse, and the punishment of the thief. This Hinch, under

their contract, was bound to do, and promised to accomplish forthwith. He and some of his men went off on the trail of the missing horse, and, returning next day, announced that they had followed it with all their skill through a great many windings, evidently intended to throw off pursuit, and had at last traced it to Jack Long's picket fence, and there could be no doubt but he was the thief! The planter knew nothing of Jack, but that he was a new comer, and demanded that he should be forced to give up the horse, and punished to the extremity of the frontier code.

But this was not Hinch's policy yet awhile. He knew the proofs were not strong enough to make the charge plausible even before a Lynch Court, of which he himself was both the prosecutor, judge, and executioner. His object was to first get up a hue and cry against Long, and, under cover of a general excitement, accomplish his devilish purposes without question or mock trial even. So that, after a great deal of manœuvre, for eight or ten days, during which time the charge against Long was industriously circulated by his myrmidons, so as to attract general attention and expectation, as to the result of his investigations, he proclaimed far and wide that he had found the horse at last, hid in a timber bottom near Long's! This, of course, seemed strong confirmation of his guilt, and, though the mob were most of them horse thieves, to all intents, yet it was an unpardonable crime for any one to practise professionally among themselves; so that Long was loudly denounced and threatened on every side, and ordered to leave the country forthwith.

These proceedings Jack by no means comprehended, or felt disposed to be moved by; but he gave them to understand that he meant to remain where he was, until it entirely suited his convenience to go, and that if his time and theirs did not happen to agree, they might make the most of it. And Jack was such an unpromising snagging-looking somebody, and his reputation, which had now spread everywhere, of possessing such consummate skill with the rifle, that he thought it a condescension to shoot anywhere else but in the eyes, was so formidable, that no individual felt disposed to push the matter to a personal collision. He might, still, therefore, have been left in quiet, but Hinch had unfortunately taken up the impression, from Jack's conduct in the shooting-match affair, that he must be a coward, and if this were true, then all his skill amounted to but little, and, like any other bloody wolfish brute, he followed him up the more eagerly for this very reason, which would have disarmed a generous foe. Besides, Jack had given fresh and weightier matter of offence, in that he had refused to obey, and defied his authority as Regulator. The very being of that authority seemed to require now that a wholesome example should be made of him, for the awing of all refractory persons hereafter. The wretch, who was cunning as ferocious, and had sworn in his inmost heart to ruin and disgrace Long, from the moment of that triumph, now availed himself remorselessly of all his influence, and knowledge of the society around him, to accomplish it. Several horses now disappeared, and robberies of other kinds, perpetrated with singular dexterity, followed in quick succession. All these things he managed, through the clamours of his scoundrelly troops, to have laid, directly or indirectly, to Jack's door.

But in the popular estimation they counted as nothing in fixing the charge of dangerous malice upon poor Long, in comparison with one other incident. About this time not only Hinch himself, but every other person who had made himself conspicuous, by insisting upon Jack's guilt, and the necessity of punishing him summarily, began to lose, every day or two, valuable stock, which was wantonly shot down sometimes in sight of their houses; and it soon began to be remarked that every animal lost in this way *had been shot in the eye!* This was instantly associated, of course, with Jack's well known and curious predilection for that mark in hunting, and a perfect storm of indignation followed. A meeting was at once convened at "the store," of which the planter was the chairman; and at it, by a unanimous vote, a resolution was passed, condemning Jack Long to be whipped and driven out of the country, and Hinch, with his Regulators,

appointed to carry it into effect! He could hardly contain himself for joy; for now, whatever extreme his pitiless malignity might choose to indulge itself in, he had no fear of after-claps or questioning. The meeting had been a mere form at any rate. But these "formalities" are all powerful everywhere; and unsettled and elementary as was the condition of society here, this ruffian leader of ruffians felt the necessity of acting under their sanction, though he himself had dictated it. He would and could have consummated his purposes without it; but the faint life of conscience within him—by a logic peculiar to itself—felt relieved of the grievous responsibility of such a crime, in the sense of participating with so many others. Many a man has gone to the devil in a crowd who would have been horrified at undertaking the journey alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO ——.

The Arctic Spirit is abroad,
In every field and lane;
His foot is on the mountain tarn,
His crest is on the pane.

I see his track along the wolds,
In ribbed and waving lines;
And with a wild and wayward breath,
He breathes upon the pines.

Beware! beware! the wind is cold.
The *Larch* is stiff and sere;
The Arctic Spirit is abroad,
His foot is on the *mere*.

Then wherefore seek the widow'd Larch,
And wherefore seek the mere?
Oh, wait till Spring, with joyous hand,
Has strewed her daisies here;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The rose and eglatere.

Ah! is thine all too-loving heart,
So watchful of its prize,
That it must dread the earnest gaze
Of our too earnest eyes?

Beware! beware! the wind is bleak,
Yet has a voice to woo
The rose that lives upon her cheek,
And won the heart from you.

Oh, what is life without an aim?
Or stars without the night?
The fairest maiden without shame?
Or diamonds without light?
And what's a cottage without flowers,
And balmy air, and hidden bowers?

Then wherefore seek the widow'd Larch,
And wherefore seek the mere?
Oh, wait till Spring, with joyous hand,
Has spread her daisies here,
The crocus and the daffodil,
The rose and eglatere.

Toronto, Dec. 21st, 1854.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CELEBRITIES. No. II.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

John Wilson alias Christopher North, and John Gibson Lockhart two of the most distinguished journalists of the current century, have been gathered to the tombs of their fathers during the year 1854. Intimately associated at the commencement of their literary career as the leading founders of *Blackwoods Magazine*, they have not long been divided by death. The flowers of last spring—those flowers which the author of the *Isle of Palms* had often so sweetly sung—bloomed upon the fresh made grave of their bard; and the winds of the present winter howled their primary dirge over the tomb of the eloquent interpreter of old Spain's chivalric authology!

Glasgow was the native city of the subject of the present pen and ink sketch, where he was born in 1792. His father, Dr. John Lockhart was for many years minister of the College Kirk, and though not boasting of brilliant abilities was much esteemed for amiability of disposition, and genuine, though unobtrusive piety. In his latter years the old gentleman became noted for extreme absence of mind. The writer of these lines once observed him walking along the street, a considerable distance from home, without a hat, and betraying as little unconcern as if he had been merely promenading his study! Frequently, also, was the worthy senior in the habit of addressing pilgrims with the request that they would have the goodness to inform him, "where Doctor Lockhart lived!"

The future editor of the *Quarterly Review* received the first instalment of his College

education in the University of Glasgow, where he enjoyed the benefits of the prelections of Young, perhaps the most accomplished Grecian Scotland ever produced,—of Miller, whose work on the "Distinctions of Rank" has assumed the status of a classic,—and of Jardine, second not even to the Archbishop of Dublin as an expositor of the theory and practice of Logic.

Having completed the usual curriculum of study in this seminary Lockhart succeeded in obtaining a Bursery in Baliol College Oxford of the annual value of £200. After thoroughly mastering the languages of Homer and Virgil (to which he added a knowledge of the more important European tongues) he graduated in succession as B.A., M.A. and D.C.L. The latter degree he took with a view to becoming a practitioner in the English Ecclesiastical Courts.

This resolution our author never carried into effect. After making a tour of the Continent he returned to his native country, and became a member of the Scottish bar.

Nature, however, had never fashioned Lockhart to be a lawyer. The bead-roll of the causes which he pleaded, might have been recited by an asthmatic man without drawing breath; and, as the Ettrick Shepherd remarked, "his wig and gown were as little soiled when he threw them off, as when he first coft them!"

The opening number of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*—perhaps the most popular serial which had appeared since the days of the *Spectator*—was published in April, 1817, and Lockhart speedily became one of its most prominent contributors. He was what might be termed a man of all work, who "could turn his hand almost to anything." So rapid was his composition that he used to profess his ability to write an entire number of the Magazine in one week!

In 1819 Mr. Lockhart's first book was given to the world, under the title of *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. It purports to be written by Dr. Peter Morris of Pensharpe Hall, Aberystwith, a literary pilgrim to the "land o' cakes." The work is replete with life-like and caustic sketches of men and manners in North Britain, and is little, if at all, inferior to the descriptive portions of Humphrey Clinker. When it is considered that the lucubrations of the Welsh medico embrace such names as Henry Mackenzie, Professor Wilson, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, and James Hogg, it is somewhat strange that it should have been out of print for nearly a quarter of a century. If any enterprising bibliopole would present the world with a new edition, properly annotated, he could not fail to be well rewarded for his pains.

At an early period, our author attracted the attention and secured the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, who was ever a hearty and active patronizer of genius. Having become a frequent visitor at Abbotsford, the young barrister won the affections of the "magician's" eldest daughter, Sophia Charlotte, and in 1820 he led her to the altar.

As it is not our intention to write a biography, we shall merely state in reference to Mr. Lockhart's domestic history, that his union was productive of three children—two sons and one daughter. The eldest, born in 1821, was the "Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.," of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, who died in 1831, after giving tokens of much amiability of disposition. Walter Scott, the second son, turned out a useless sottish creature, and was laid in a premature grave a few years ago. Miss Lockhart is married to a Mr. Hope, with whom she resides at Abbotsford, and his son has obtained royal permission to assume the surname of Scott, as the direct lineal successor of his illustrious relative.

As a specimen of Lockhart's metrical contributions to *Ebony*, we present our readers with the following quaint and graphic ballad. Captain Paton, (or, as the name was pronounced, Patoon) was a well-known denizen of Glasgow during the first quarter of the present century. He has been described to us as a fine, tall, soldier-looking old gentleman, who, as the verses state, had fought at Minden and Dettingen. Generally speaking, the Captain's countenance presented a grave and somewhat pensive expression, engendered, it is said, by the recollection of a duel, in which he had the misfortune to kill his opponent. We have been informed by an octogenarian who was inti-

mately acquainted with the veteran, that nothing could be more accurate or true to nature than Lockhart's pen and ink sketch. The brochure purports to be written by "James Scott, Esq.," who figures in the earlier *Noctes Ambrosianæ* as the "Odontist." This personage was an illiterate dentist of Glasgow, into whose mouth the "mad wags" of *Blackwood* used to put a host of witty sayings, much to the delectation of the quack —for he was little better. In process of time the fellow came to persuade himself that he really had uttered the *spruch sprechings*, and composed the racy chants which where put forth in his name, and frequently, when called upon at parties, sung the subjoined stave, as the *bona fide* bantling of his muse:—

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.
BY JAMES SCOTT, ESQ.

1.

Touch once more a sober measure, | and let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good fellows, | that, alack a day, is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows, | and a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket | in sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

2.

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches, | were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour, | or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking | round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the Cambric fine, | they were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we shall never see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

3.

His hair was curled in order, | at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart | that about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupeé | that some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue | that did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

4.

And whenever we foregathered, he took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from his side pocket.
And on Burdett or Bonaparte, he would make a remark or so,
And then along the planestones like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

5.

In dirty days he picked well | his footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck | on the shoes of Captain Paton;
And on entering the Coffee-room | about *two*, all men did know,
They would see him with his Courier | in the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

6.

Now and then upon a Sunday, | he invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton chop | which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsey, and a bottle of Bourdeaux,
Which between me and the captain passed so nimbly to and fro.
Oh! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo!

7.

Or, if a bowl was mentioned, the Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West-port, and a stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine stuff, as they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property in Trinidad did grow.
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton no mo!

8.

And then all the time he would discourse | so sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of the last sermon | he had heard from Dr. Porteous,
Or some little bit of scandal | about Mrs. so and so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard | the *con* but not the *pro*.
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

9.

Or when the candles were brought forth, and the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories about Minden field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major, and despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water, on the soft grass below.
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

10.

But at last the Captain sickened | and grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the Coffee-room | from which now he stayed away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wee Kirk | made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence | of our venerable beau.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

11.

And in spite of all that Cleghorn | and Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms, | that Death was in his view;
So the Captain made his test'ment, and submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Rams-horn-kirk—'tis the way we all must go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

12.

Join all in chorus, jolly boys, and let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows, that, alack a day, is dead!
For this prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket in sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Lockhart's first and most perfect prose fiction, entitled *Valerius, a Roman story*, was published in 1821. The scene is laid in the "eternal city" during the reign of the Emperor Trajan, and the heroine is a young Christian lady, who, persecuted for her faith, contrives to escape to England just on the eve of martyrdom. Of all modern classical romances, *Valerius* is entitled to the precedence, not merely from the exquisite skill with which the plot is constructed, but on account of the air of reality which pervades the dialogue and descriptions. The author makes us as familiar with the toga of seventeen centuries ago, as we are with the philibeg of the present day. There is as much flesh and blood in the honest centurion, and his buxom flame, the widow, as in Shakspeare's "Fat Knight" and Dame Quickly, whilst at the same time the classic aroma is religiously preserved. If we may credit the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, not more than three weeks were devoted to the production of this literary gem, almost flawless as it is!

Valerius was followed in 1822 by *Some Passages of the Life of Mr. Adam Blair*, minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle. This is a powerfully written novel, but painful, if not revolting in its leading incident. It narrates the backsliding of a Presbyterian parochial minister, his deep repentance, degradation from his sacred functions, and subsequent restoration thereto.

The following extract will convey at once an idea of the plot of *Adam Blair*, and of the author's prose style. It requires no prologue:

"It was morning. There came wafted from afar off the echo of a bell tolling slowly, every note of which seemed to pause upon the surface of the smooth waters over which it was borne. The remote solemn music summoned Christian worshippers from many a lonely glen, and many a boat glided swiftly at its signal from the neighbouring creeks and bays. To one only, of all that listened, those holy sounds, floating gently over the deep, sent no message of peace and gladness. The muffled knell, that announces to the felon the hour of his mortal doom, fell never with a more thrilling sweep of horror than did the simple melody of that Sabbath-bell upon Blair's shrinking ear.—The pulse of human agony was never stirred with a deeper throb.

"He clad himself hastily, and without casting more than one hurried glance upon the sleeping partner of his guilt, walked out of the house, and followed, with trembling step, the path which winds up the face of the wooded hill immediately behind it. He turned back when he had reached the rocky summit, looked down once more for a moment upon the shining loch and its magnificent shores, and then rushed with the speed of a maniac into the gloomy and deep glen which seeks beyond. When he stopped, he threw his eyes round him, and saw nothing but a narrow circuit of heathy and stony desolation; and in the centre of the barren amphitheatre a small dark mountain tarn, the waveless waters of which reflected nothing but the surrounding gloom—and that so truly, that he stood almost on the margin ere he had discovered that there was any thing but heath below him.

"This melancholy tarn, formed where three hills descend into the bosom of the earth together, is of such depth that no plummet could ever sound it, and it shelves from the very brink sheer down into this unfathomable blackness. The sea-mew rests her weary wing there, when driven by the fierce tempest from the breast of ocean; the wild-deer, that has escaped from the hunters of some distant forest, pants in security on the untrodden heath beside it; the eagle, sailing far over-head, casts a passing shadow upon its surface; the stars visit it with their gleams—long before any human eye can distinguish their presence in the heavens from the brow of the neighbouring mountain. But no living thing was near, when Adam Blair took

his seat upon one of the great shapeless fragments of stone that here and there gird the heath, and lean their bare masses over those dismal waters—and though the bright sky of noontide hung far above in its beauty, the black mirror below him reflected nothing of its azure.

"Blair sat there gazing upon the pool, with his arms folded on his breast, until the multitude of his agonizing thoughts had totally perplexed the clearness both of his mind and of his vision. Once and again he strove to frame his lips to prayer, but the syllables stuck in his throat, and he gasped for breath, as if a great weight had been squeezing in his bosom. At last, he knelt with his forehead low down in his hands upon the stone, and struggled inwardly till every limb of him shook and quivered; but still no drop of tears would gush from his throbbing eye-lids, no Christian ejaculation would force itself through his dry lips. He felt as if he were wrapt in some black and burning cloud, which would not let in one ray upon his misery of thirst and scorching, and became at last utterly bewildered with a crowd of the most horrible phantasies. Black loathsome creatures seemed to sit close beside him on either hand, polluting the breath ere it reached his nostrils, scowling upon him with faces of devilish glee, pawing upon his head with hot talons, fanning his temples with wiry pinions, which stirred the air, but lent it no coolness. Wide glaring eyes fastened upon him, and held him fixed as their prey.—At one moment it seemed to him as if the church-yard of Cross-Meikle were the scene of his torments. He saw the tomb of his father, with filthy things crawling up and down upon the face of the marble; while he himself, lying prostrate upon the grave of his wife, heard the poisonous breath of fiends whistling in his ear above her dust. He saw his living friend; old Maxwell was there, with haughty, angry eyes. Little Sarah stood close by him, pale and motionless; farther off, the whole of his congregation were crowded together about the door of the church, and he heard scornful curses muttered.—These vanished, and he felt, with a sort of sense of relief in the midst of his despair, as if he were once more alone with the ill-favoured attendants to whom he knew himself to be abandoned. He gazed back again with sullen dead eyes upon their gleaming countenances of wrath and joy distorted and intermingled together. He frowned upon them, as if daring them to do their worst. They screamed aloud with harsh horrid voices—pounced upon him—lifted him up into the air, and then flung him down again, as if in sport, and he their plaything. He strove to utter the name of his Maker, but ere he could open his mouth, the holy name itself passed away from his recollection, and they stopped near and nearer to him, and peered into his eyes with looks of triumph, as if they had read his thoughts, and knew he was baffled from within—without their working.

"In his agony, he shook the stone beneath him, and it heaved on its crumbling foundation. A spasm of natural terror made him spring to his feet, and he leaped backwards upon the heath. The big gray stone, its motion accelerated by the action of his leap, loosened itself the next moment, and tumbled headlong into the dreary waters over which it had toppled perhaps for centuries. Down it went with one heavy plunge; for the car that followed it instinctively strove in vain to catch its meeting with the bottom of the tarn. Ring after ring circled and glistened wider and wider on the face of the black mere, and all was again black, motionless, silent as before.

"Adam Blair devoured with his eyes the heavings of the water until they were no more, and then stretching forth his hand above his head, cried out, with a voice of piercing horror, 'My God, my God, hast thou deserted me utterly! Why leaped I back from the trembling rock? Why is that saved once more, which is useless, worthless, miserable, lost, lost for ever! God, God, look down in compassion!—my misery is greater than I can bear!'

"He was in the very act of springing—the next moment would have been his last, when he was seized firmly from behind, and the voice of Charlotte thrilled in his ears.—'Stop, rash man! what dost thou? Wilt thou slay thyself—Look back, faint heart! Look back on me! Art thou alone miserable?'

"Blair turned round and met her wild eyes;—'Lost woman,' said he, shaking himself from her grasp, 'what dost thou? What brings thee here? Wilt thou not leave me to myself—to my misery? It is all thou hast left me.'

"'Adam Blair, what hast thou left to me?'

"'To fly, woman, to repent—to weep,—perhaps, not to weep for ever. For thee there may be hope.'

"'For me! why not for thee!'

"'Torment me no farther. I preached to others—myself am an outcast. Once more leave me.—Farewell.'

"'Adam Blair, your hand burns; your fingers burn like a coal.'

"'My heart—my heart burns,' cried Adam, smiting his breast. A moment after, he covered his face with his hands, kneeled at Charlotte's feet, and wept audibly.

"'Go, go, I beseech ye; yet forgive me before you go—say that you forgive me, Charlotte, before we part for ever!'

"'*I* forgive? Is it for *me* to offer forgiveness? Oh, little do ye know my thoughts!'—and she knelt on the heath beside him,—and their tears mingled as they rolled down upon the ground.

"'My God!' said Blair, 'my God! bruise me no farther.—O Isabel, my Saint, my wounded Saint, my Isabel! Wife of my bosom! my only, my virgin love! look down in pity, if thy pure eyes behold me! Look down in pity, sweet Saint, upon frail, sinful dust and ashes! If angels weep, weep for me, my Isabel!"

"Charlotte sprung up, and dashing the tears from her eyes, said, 'Adam Blair, we part, and part for ever?—But I go not until you have promised—until you have sworn by the God who said, 'Thou shalt not kill,' that you will do yourself no harm. Selfish man! would you

heap sorrow on sorrow, till the heart breaks beneath its burden, with all its guilty blood unpurified within it? Speak—promise—swear, while you are on your knees before me,—and remember that God is present to hear you—even here in this wilderness——'

"'I swear,' he said, casting his eyes upwards, but without looking on Charlotte, 'I swear that I shall wait God's time. God grant it be not long! God shield me from presumptuous sin!'"

The diligent pen of Lockhart next produced *The Youth of Reginald Dalton*, a story delineating the vicissitudes of a young Oxford student, who against his better judgment is led into a course of extravagance and riotous living. Written with much elegance, and abounding in pathos and dramatic effect, it reads a potent moral lesson to all who may be obnoxious to the peculiar temptations of its hero.

We now come to the work upon which Lockhart's fame as a part is founded, and it is not too much to add that the foundation bids fair to be as lasting as the Anglo-Saxon tongue itself. Our readers will anticipate that we have reference to the translation of *Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic*, which were published collectively in 1823. Several of these lyrics had previously appeared, some in a series of papers contributed to *Blackwood*, under the title of *Horæ Hispanicæ*, and others in an edition of Don Quixote, put forth by John Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, in 1822.

Mary Russell Mitford justly observes, that to these ballads, "the art of the modern translator, has given the charm of the vigorous old poets." The truth of this dictum will be denied by none who can appreciate melodiousness of rythm, facility of versification, and the faculty of rendering from one language to another the essence of all that is thrilling in chivalry, melting in pathos, or burning in love.

To many—a majority perchance—of our readers, the following most graceful lyric must be familiar, but we need make no apology for again bringing it under their notice. Like the face of a fair maiden, it presents fresh beauties every time it is contemplated:—

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I can not, can not tell."
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter.
"The well is deep; far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça [illegible] them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say, when he comes back, alas! I can not tell.
"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me, I can not, can not tell!
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well:
Thus will he think:—and what to say, alas! I can not tell!
"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed.
He'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in:—and what to say, alas! I can not tell.
"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved, when he was here, to whisper of his flame;
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! Oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I can not tell!
"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well!"

The History of Matthew Wald, the last novel which Lockhart wrote, or at least published, made its appearance in 1824. Moderate as was the success of this production, it was quite equal to the deserts thereof. The fable is clumsily contrived—the interest though considerable by fits and starts, is constantly degenerating into a limper *hirple* as John Galt Dorically observed—and the hero, who gets up to the chin in a *mare magnum* of troubles, utterly fails to enlist our sympathies on his behalf.

But there is one episode in the narrative equal in power to anything which the author ever gave birth to. We allude to the murder of the Lanark carrier by the Cameronian cordwainer, which we are induced the more readily to extract as all the leading facts are strictly true. Though the tragedy was enacted more than sixty years ago, the remembrance of it is still preserved in the West of Scotland. We have met with several individuals who witnessed the execution of McEwan or rather McKean, and their accounts thereof fully harmonized with the statements of the novelist:—

"I lodged in the house of a poor shoemaker, by name John M'Ewan. He had no family but his wife, who, like himself, was considerably beyond the meridian of life. The couple were very poor, as their house, and every thing about their style of living, shewed; but a worthier couple, I should have had no difficulty in saying, were not to be found in the whole city. When I was sitting in my own little cell, busy with my books, late at night, I used to listen with reverence and delight to the psalm which the two old bodies sung, or rather, I should say, *croon'd* together, before they went to bed. Tune there was almost none; but the low articulate, quiet chaunt, had something so impressive and solemnizing about it, that I missed not melody. John himself was a hard-working man, and, like most of his trade, had acquired a stooping attitude, and a dark, saffron hue of complexion. His close-cut greasy black hair suited admirably a set of strong, massive, iron features. His brow was seamed with firm, broad-drawn wrinkles, and his large grey eyes seemed to gleam, when he deigned to uplift them, with the cold, haughty independence of virtuous poverty. John was a rigid Cameronian, indeed; and every thing about his manners spoke the world-despising pride of his sect. His wife was a quiet, good body, and seemed to live in perpetual adoration of her stern cobbler. I had the strictest confidence in their probity, and would no more have thought of locking my chest ere I went out, than if I had been under the roof of an apostle.

"One evening I came home, as usual, from my tutorial trudge, and entered the kitchen, where they commonly sat, to warm my hands at the fire, and get my candle lighted. Jean was by herself at the fireside, and I sat down beside her for a minute or two. I heard voices in the inner room, and easily recognized the hoarse grunt which John M'Ewan condescended, on rare occasions, to set forth as the representative of laughter. The old woman told me that the goodman had a friend from the country with him—a farmer, who had come from a distance to sell ewes at the market. Jean, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the acquaintance, enlarging upon the great substance and respectability of the stranger. I was chatting away with her, when we heard some noise from the spence as if a table or chair had fallen—but we thought nothing of this, and talked on. A minute after, John came from the room, and shutting the door behind him, said, 'I'm going out for a moment, Jean; Andrew's had ower muckle of the fleshers' whisky the day, and I'maun stap up the close to see after his beast for him.—Ye needna gang near him till I come back.'

"The cobbler said this, for anything that I could observe, in his usual manner; and, walking across the kitchen, went down stairs as he had said. But imagine, my friend, for I cannot describe the feelings with which, some five minutes perhaps after he had disappeared, I, chancing to throw my eyes downwards, perceived a dark flood creeping, firmly and broadly, inch by inch, across the sanded floor towards the place where I sat. The old woman had her stocking in her hand—I called to her without moving, for I was nailed to my chair—'See there! what is that?'

"'Andrew Bell has coupit our water-stoup,' said she, rising.

"I sprung forwards, and dipt my finger in the stream—'Blood, Jean, blood!'

"The old woman stooped over it, and touched it also; she instantly screamed out, 'Blood, ay, blood!' while I rushed on to the floor from below which it was oozing. I tried the handle, and found it was locked—and spurned it off its hinges with one kick of my foot. The instant the timber gave way, the black tide rolled out as if a dam had been breaking up, and I heard my feet plash in the abomination as I advanced. What a sight within! The man was lying all his length on the floor; his throat absolutely severed to the spine. The whole blood of the body had run out. The table, with a pewter pot or two, and a bottle upon it, stood close beside him, and two chairs, one half-tumbled down and supported against the other. I rushed instantly out of the house, and cried out, in a tone that brought the whole neighbourhood about me. They entered the house—Jean had disappeared—there was nothing in it but the corpse and the blood, which had already found its way to the outer staircase, making the whole floor one puddle. There was such a clamour of surprise and horror for a little while, that I scarcely heard one word that was said. A bell

in the neighbourhood had been set in motion—dozens, scores, hundreds of people were heard rushing from every direction towards the spot. A fury of execration and alarm pervaded the very breeze. In a word, I had absolutely lost all possession of myself, until I found myself grappled from behind, and saw a Town's-officer pointing the bloody knife towards me. A dozen voices were screaming, 'Tis a doctor's knife—this is the young doctor that nides in the house—this is the man.'

"Of course this restored me at once to my self-possession. I demanded a moment's silence, and said, 'It is my knife, and I lodge in the house; but John M'Ewan is the man that has murdered his friend."

"'John M'Ewan!' roared some one in a voice of ten-fold horror; 'our elder John M'Ewan, a murderer! Wretch! wretch! how dare ye blaspheme?'

"'Carry me to jail immediately,' said I, as soon as the storm subsided a little—'load me with all the chains in Glasgow, but don't neglect to pursue John M'Ewan.'

"I was instantly locked up in the room with the dead man, while the greater part of the crowd followed one of the officers. Another of them kept watch over me until one of the magistrates of the city arrived. This gentleman, finding that I had been the person who first gave the alarm, and that M'Ewan and his wife were both gone, had little difficulty, I could perceive, in doing me justice in his own mind. However, after he had given new orders for the pursuit, I told him that, as the people about were evidently unsatisfied of my innocence, the best and kindest thing he could do to me would be to place me forthwith within the walls of his prison; there I should be safe at all events, and I had no doubt, if proper exertions were made, the guilty man would not only be found, but found immediately. My person being searched, nothing suspicious, of course, was found upon it; and the good bailie soon had me conveyed, under a proper guard, to the place of security—where, you may suppose, I did not, after all, spend a very pleasant night. The jail is situated in the heart of the town, where the four principal streets meet; and the glare of hurrying lights, the roar of anxious voices, and the eternal tolling of the alarum bell—these all reached me through the bars of the cell, and, together with the horrors that I had really witnessed, were more than enough to keep me in no enviable condition.

"Jean was discovered, in the gray of the morning, crouching under one of the trees in the Green—and being led immediately before the magistrates, the poor trembling creature confirmed, by what she said, and by what she did not say, the terrible story which I told. Some other witnesses having also appeared, who spoke to the facts of Andrew Bell having received a large sum of money in M'Ewan's sight at the market, and been seen walking to the Vennel afterwards, arm in arm with him—the authorities of the place were perfectly satisfied, and I was set free, with many apologies for what I had suffered: but still no word of John M'Ewan.

"It was late in the day ere the first traces of him were found—and such a trace! An old woman had died that night in a cottage many miles from Glasgow—when she was almost *in articulo mortis*, a stranger entered the house, to ask a drink of water—an oldish dark man, evidently much fatigued with walking. This man, finding in what great affliction the family was—this man, after drinking a cup of water, knelt down by the bedside, and prayed—a long, an awful, a terrible prayer. The people thought he must be some travelling field-preacher. He took the Bible into his hands—opened it, as if he meant to read aloud—but shut the book abruptly, and took his leave. This man had been seen by these poor people to walk in the direction of the sea.

"They traced the same dark man to Irvine, and found that he had embarked on board of a vessel which was just getting under sail for Ireland. The officers immediately hired a small brig, and sailed also. A violent gale arose, and drove them for shelter to the Isle of Arran. They landed, the second night after they had left Irvine, on that bare and desolate shore—they landed, and beheld, the ship they were in pursuit of at the quay.

"The captain acknowledged at once that a man corresponding to their description, had been one of his passengers from Irvine—he had gone ashore but an hour ago.

"They searched—they found M'Ewan striding by himself close to the sea-beach, amidst the dashing spray—his Bible in his hand. The instant he saw them he said—'You need not tell me your errand—I am he you seek—I am John M'Ewan, that murdered Andrew Bell. I surrender myself your prisoner. God told me but this moment that ye would come and find me; for I opened his word, and the first text that my eye fell upon was *this*.' He seized the officer by the hand, and laid his finger upon the page—'See you there?' said he: 'Do you see the Lord's own blessed decree? '*Whoso sheddath man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*' And there,' he added, plucking a pocket-book from his bosom—'there, friends, is Andrew Bell's siller—ye'll find the haill o't there, an he not three half-crowns and a six-pence. Seven-and-thirty pounds was the sum for which I yielded up my soul to the temptation of the Prince of the Power of the Air—Seven-and-thirty pounds—Ah, my brethren! call me not an olive, until you see me gathered. I thought that I stood fast, and behold ye all how I am fallen!'

"I saw this singular fanatic tried. He would have pleaded guilty: but, for excellent reasons, the Crown Advocate wished the whole evidence to be led. John had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy in the very clothes he wore when he did the deed. The blood of that murdered man was still visible upon the sleeve of his blue coat. When any circumstance of peculiar atrocity was mentioned by a witness, he signified, by a solemn shake of his head, his

sense of its darkness and its conclusiveness; and when the Judge, in addressing him, enlarged upon the horror of his guilt, he, standing right before the bench, kept his eye fixed with calm earnestness on his Lordship's face, assenting now and then to the propriety of what he said, by exactly that sort of see-saw gesture which you may have seen escape now and then from the devout listener to a pathetic sermon or sacramental service. John, in a short speech of his own, expressed his sense of his guilt; but even then he borrowed the language of Scripture, styling himself 'a sinner, and the chief of sinners.' Never was such a specimen of that insane pride. The very agony of this man's humiliation had a spice of holy exultation in it; there was in the most penitent of his lugubrious glances still something that said, or seemed to say—'Abuse me—spurn me as you will—I loathe myself also; but this deed is Satan's.' Indeed, he always continued to speak quite gravely of his 'trespass,' his 'back-sliding,' his 'sore temptation!'

"I was present also with him during the final scene. His irons had been knocked off ere I entered the cell; and clothed as he was in a most respectable suit of black, and with that fixed and imperturbable solemnity of air and aspect, upon my conscience, I think it would have been a difficult matter for any stranger to pick out the murderer among the group of clergyman that surrounded him. In vain did these good men labour to knock away the absurd and impious props upon which the happy fanatic leaned himself. He heard what they said, and instantly said something still stronger himself—but only to shrink back again to his own fastness with redoubled confidence. 'He had *once* been right, and he could not be wrong; but he had been *permitted to make a sore stumble!*' This was his utmost concession.

"What a noble set of nerves had been thrown away here! He was led, sir, out of the dark, damp cellar, in which he had been chained for weeks, and brought at once into the open air. His first step into light was upon his scaffold!—and what a moment! In general, at least in Scotland, the crowd, assembled upon such occasions, receive the victim of the law with all the solemnity of profoundest silence; not unfrequently there is even something of the respectful, blended with compassion, on that myriad of faces. But here, sir, the moment M'Ewan appeared, he was saluted with one universal shout of horror—a huzza of mingled joy and triumph, and execration and laughter: cats, rats, every filth of the pillory, showered about the gibbet. I was close by his elbow at that terrific moment, and I laid my finger on his wrist. As I live, there was never a calmer pulse in this world—slow, full, strong; I feel the iron beat of it at this moment.

"There happened to be a slight drizzle of rain at the moment; observing which, he turned round and said to the Magistrates.—'Dinna come out—dinna come out, your honours, to weet yourselves. It's beginning to rain, and the lads are uncivil at ony rate, poor thoughtless creatures!'

"He took his leave of this angry mob in a speech which would not have disgraced a martyr, embracing the stake of glory,—and the noose was tied. I observed the brazen firmness of his limbs after his face was covered. He flung the handkerchief with an air of semi-benediction, and died without one apparent struggle."

The length to which this paper has extended precludes us from giving more than a passing glance at the biographies of Napoleon and Robert Burns, which Lockhart produced in 1828. They are both entitled to the commendation of *respectability*, but nothing more.

At the age of 34, the subject of this notice was elevated to the highest position which a literary man could attain in England. He was appointed editor of the *Quarterly Review*, then as still the most important serial in the British empire.

Regarding the manner in which he discharged the onerous duties which now devolved upon him, it may be sufficient to say that he did no discredit to the chair so long and so worthily occupied by William Gifford, one of the soundest critics and most nervous writers our country has produced. Possessing an extensive literary acquaintance, and having the advantage of the patronage of his illustrious father-in-law, he was enabled to enlist for the periodical whose destinies he guided, the choicest talent which the Tory section of the Republic of Letters could supply.

Sir Archibald Alison, in the continuation of his *History of Europe*, thus speaks of the *Quarterly* and its late editor:

"Supporting the principles of Conservatism in politics, of orthodoxy in religion, it has brought to the support of the altar and the throne a powerful phalanx of talent and an immense array of learning. Its present accomplished editor, Lockhart, who at a short interval succeeded Gifford in its direction, brought to his arduous task qualities which eminently fitted him for its duties. He is not political in his disposition, at least so far as engaging in the great strife of public questions is concerned. He is one of the light, not the heavy armed infantry, and prefers exchanging thrusts with a court-

rapier to wielding the massy club of Hercules."

On the decease of the immortal "Wizard of the North," the task of his biographer naturally fell to the lot of Lockhart as "literary executor." That task was performed with zeal, diligence, and fidelity, and was completed within two years.

Touching this performance, we may be pardoned for saying, that if it had been more condensed, additional interest would have been the result. After making every allowance for the pious unwillingness of a son-in-law to suppress anything bearing upon the character of a relative so illustrious, it must be conceded that Lockhart was not guiltless of the sin of book-making. A judicious course of pruning would render the work more deserving of Alison's panegyric, which declares that "next to Boswell's Life of Johnson, it will probably always be considered as the most interesting work of biography in the English language."

Lockhart, during several of the later years of his life, was afflicted with deafness, which had the effect of isolating him, in a great degree, from society. When he did appear in public, the above-mentioned infirmity gave him an appearance of coldness and reserve, which were by no means the natural characteristics of his character.

Towards the close of 1853, broken health constrained our author to resign his charge of the *Quarterly Review*, and seek for health in the south of Europe. In this search he was unsuccessful, and in the spring of last year he returned, and died at Abbotsford, under the roof of his only surviving daughter, Mrs. Hope, on Saturday, November the twenty-fifth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

THE ACTRESS'S LEGACY.

I have the scene before me now! It is years since it took place, and yet I can recall its minutest features. I have seldom, even within the walls of a London theatre, seen so brilliant an assemblage as that which, in the fashionable town of B—— had gathered to witness the debut of the young and lovely actress, Harriet Elliott. I remember not only the circle of fair faces in the boxes, the suffocating crowd in the pit, the noisy gods in the gallery, but the episodical circumstances of the beautiful girl in the centre box, who wept so bitterly for the feigned sorrows of the heroine of the night; and the bald-headed critic in the pit, with his golden headed cane and eye glass, and the boisterous sailor, who, more than half seas-over when he came in, was thrust out in the midst of a whirlwind of mingled execrations and sobs, elicited from him by the pathos of the mimic scene before him. And, above all, do I recal that lovely debutante, who came forward so timidly, and looked towards her audience with such an appealing, deprecating glance—then, gathering courage from the cheering reception she experienced, became at length so absorbed in her part, that her tears were real, and her impassioned earnestness unfeigned. The curtain fell amidst deafening plaudits, and the actress's triumphant success was acknowledged by all.

Beautiful Harriet Elliott! I know not in whose possession is the portrait of which I was the painter; the faint resemblance of her exceeding loveliness. It was easy to pourtray the white, spotless neck, the features, so delicate, yet so noble in their outline, the full, deep, speaking, blue eyes, the abundant waves of golden hair—the difficulty lay in the fluctuating expression of the countenance, the cheerful lights and shadows of thoughts, that flitted over it in the course of a single sitting. It was impossible to tell whether pathos or mirth was the predominant characteristic of her mind, so equally were they blended. In tragedy or comedy her success was the same. I have, in my long life, been acquainted with many of her profession, but I hav never known any one who seemed so completely fitted for it by nature as Harriet Elliot. During the few weeks that she remained at B——, I saw her very frequently, and was sorry to observe that after the first pleasant excitation, caused by her success, had subsided, Miss Elliott was subject to occasional fits of dejection. It would have been impertinent to attempt to fathom their cause, but from a few words spoken sometimes to herself, rather than to

me, I conjectured that she was of good family, that she had been strickly brought up, that Elliott was not her real name, and that she had most seriously disobliged her relatives, by yielding to her uncontrollable inclination for the stage. I fancied, too, that the realities of her position were beginning to be apparent to her, that her lofty mind and fresh feelings were already wounded and distressed, by persons and things with which she was forced into contact; but still, her intense love for her art, and her cravings after excitement, were gratified, and she said she was happy. As surely as I left her one day in a melancholy mood, did I find her on the next in high, even wild spirits; with smiles on her lips, gladness in her eyes, and eloquent mirth on her tongue.

I can truly say, I was sorry when her portrait was finished, and I could find no further excuse to plead for one sitting more. Similarity of taste, in many things, an equal love of the beautiful and romantic, and above all, the idea that some deep mystery hung over this enchanting creature, had made me feel deeply interested for her. She evidently saw and was grateful to me for that interest, and when we parted, our farewell was like that of old and tried friends.

She went to London, and I soon heard of her splendid successes on metropolitan boards; but circumstances kept me for some time in the country, and it happened that, when I returned to town, she was making the tour of the provincial theatres, so that years elapsed before I had an opportunity of seeing her again. During those years my interest in her had abated for many reasons. Rumours to her disadvantage, garnished with many mysterious dashes and asterisks, were current in the public prints—then came bolder assertions, and broader statements of facts. A common story of temptation yielded to, and character blasted for ever, had its common sequel—disagreement and desertion. I felt annoyed and mortified that I had been deceived in Miss Elliott. I felt some natural touches of sorrow on her own account, and then my kindly feelings towards her gradually died away, and I ceased to think of her with either interest or regret. In fact, I had almost forgotten her, when circumstances occurred to recal her to my memory, and rivet her there for ever.

It was eleven years since our parting at B——, before I again saw Harriet Elliott. I was at Paris, and she chanced to occupy apartments in the same hotel with myself. The renewal of our acquaintance was not of my seeking; indeed, for reasons founded on the circumstances I have before hinted at, I was somewhat annoyed at the receipt of a billet, requesting me, as an old friend and countryman, to favour her with a visit. "Though eleven years have elapsed since we met," said the note, "I cannot bring myself to consider or address you as a stranger. If you possess the same benevolent spirit as formerly, (and from what I know of you it is not likely you will have lost it,) you will not refuse to grant me this request, when I tell you that I am ill and unhappy, and that you can be of service to me." I could not be insensible to such an appeal, and though I felt awkward and uncomfortable in the prospect of an interview, I returned an answer, purporting that I would wait upon her that evening.

My presentiment that our meeting would be a painful one, was amply fulfilled. If it had not been for the peculiar sweet voice, which once heard was not easily forgotten, and the unchanged gracefulness of manner, for which she was remarkable, I should not, at first, have known Miss Elliott. She was very pale, and her fine form was reduced from its perfect symmetry to a pitiable thinness. Her rich tresses no longer flowed unrestrained, but were braided smoothly round her head, and evidently much decreased in luxuriance. Her dress, which formerly was adjusted so as to set off to the best advantage a remarkable beautiful bust, now consisted of a loose black silk wrapping gown, fastened closely at the throat, and utterly without ornament. Yet after the first few embarassed minutes had passed, during which I was mentally comparing the brilliant debutante of B——, with the wasted and pallid being before me, I could not help thinking that for the thoughtful and intellectual, her face now possessed a more powerful charm than in the days of its more

radiant loveliness. The lofty forehead, the full sweet blue eyes, the majestic outline of the face were still unimpared, and there was that dignified expression of unuttered sorrow pervading the countenance which is only produced by great mental suffering. Once or twice, indeed, during the evening, the colour deepened in her cheek, and the smile flashed round her lips as it was wont to do, and placed the actress before me for a moment in the full glow of her early beauty.

Our conversation at first was entirely of past times, and old recollections connected with B—— and its inhabitants. A cloud of deeper sadness stole over her face, as she contrasted her present lonely condition with the social pleasures of that long past time; for I should have mentioned that in the heyday of her provincial fame, Miss Elliott had been noticed and received as a guest by many of the most fashionable families in B——. I marvelled how she could bear to speak of the contrast, for I felt that she must remember that her own unfortunate imprudence had exiled her from similar society for life.

My old feeling, *that there was a mystery about her,* returned with redoubled force. I puzzled myself to think how, according to the intimation in her note of that morning, I could be of service to her. She was evidently in no need of pecuniary aid; indeed she spoke of having amassed sufficient property to supply all her wants. As I rose to take my leave, she rose also, and while the deepest crimson suffused her face, and as much of her slender throat as was visible, she begged me to remain a few moments.

"There is a subject on which I must speak to you Mr. Ashley," said she; "and I have delayed it until the last, because I dread to touch, even in my own mind, on the bitter griefs with which it it connected. *I am dying*—do not start! I know and feel it at every moment, in every fibre of my frame. It is not that which moves me; but there are those still living who believe—oh, I cannot tell you *half* the bitter things that are written against me in the hearts of those who once loved me, and which you may be the agent to lessen if you cannot quite efface them. Sinful I have been, very sinful, but not wilfully so. There is one deep event against me, and yet it was love for *her*, deep, dear love that did it. Oh, Amy, Amy! my sweet sister—surely her blood is on my head."

A violent and hysterical fit of weeping succeeded these exclamations. I found that to attempt to soothe her at present was impossible; and I judged that it was better to let her sorrow have its way. The paroxysm passed, she dashed the tears from her eyes, and spoke more calmly.

"I must make my request while I have opportunity; I have told you I am dying—will you be my executor? I tell you before hand you will have no pleasant task, but I can rely on you more than any one, and if you deny me I shall go to my grave with a load of obloquy on my memory which none may brighten or palliate—will you grant my prayer?"

It may be supposed that my situation was far from an enviable one. My impression was that affliction had disordered the poor lady's intellect, yet I knew not how to refuse. Besides if my conjecture were well founded I felt that opposition would be a likely means of increasing her malady. I consented therefore, and her gratitude seemed unbounded. We parted as it proved, never to meet again. During the three succeeding days she was too unwell, or too unwilling to renew our painful interview, to receive me; and on the fourth morning I left Paris, having first conveyed to her an address in London, which would be sure to find me.

Some months afterwards I received a letter from the master of the ——— hotel at Dover, stating that Miss Elliott had arrived there the preceding day, intending to proceed to town, but that she had become suddenly worse, and finding herself so, had begged I might be informed of her condition. I lost no time in setting out to her, but before I reached Dover the curtain had fallen for ever on her sorrows and her sufferings I found her will directed to me as her executor. It was a strange document, principally full of directions respecting her funeral which was to be as private as possible in some country church-yard—her grave was to be covered with simple sod, and no stone was to be placed on or near it. Part of her pre-

perty was to endow an alms-house for superannuated actresses; and one thousand pounds were to be devoted to erecting a monument to the memory of her "beloved sister Amy, who lies buried in L—— church." Five hundred pounds was bequeathed me, as her dear friend, Edmond Ashley, whose sympathy in her early joy and after sorrow seemed to her to be more real than any other persons. Besides this, I was to have her manuscripts, which were rather numerous, consisting of letters, poetry, and essays of her own composing. Especial reference was made to one parcel of them, containing a memoir of herself. She wished me to read it, and transmit a copy of it to her brothers, "that they may learn to pity while they blame, and look on the motives as well as the actions of their most unhappy sister." The document was signed, not Harriet Elliott, but Harriet L——, a name which startled me, for I knew it to be borne by an ancient and honourable family in the county of H——.

The tasks thus imposed on me I religiously performed, and the subjoined memoir is given in the actress's own words, with the omission of some few passages relating solely to affairs which could be of no general interest. The story is certainly a singular one, and I have thought it worthy of publication as a new chapter in the strange book of human life:—

I am the eldest sister of the present representative of the L—— family, whose estates are situated in the fair county of H—— My childhood was passed in a venerable mansion, magnificent alike in its architecture and its furniture. My earliest recollections are connected with stately apartments, where the rich, but somewhat sombre decorations, accorded well with the massive style of the building; with long matted corridors, where the dim light stole through narrow windows of rich painted glass; with silent orderly domestics, who glided through the vast apartments like shadows.

My father's ancestors received their estate from Oliver Cromwell, as the reward of services performed in behalf of the Commonwealth. The Hall had formerly been the dwelling of some jovial Cavalier, but from the first residence of the L—— family within its precincts, the sounds of mirth and jollity had been banished as something criminal. The grave and saturnine spirit of Richard L——, the founder of our race, appeared to have descended as an heir loom from parent to son; and my father seemed to resolve that it should not be undisplayed by him. Indeed he was, if possible, sterner in his temper, and narrower in his views, than his predecessors; and the more so, that his children, especially myself, showed signs of a lighter and gayer disposition than he was inclined to approve of. Am I wrong in attributing many of my after miseries to the "rude will" to which I was subject in my early years?

My mother was the daughter of a noble family, a woman possessed of great beauty and extraordinary sweetness of disposition; but her very gentleness was a misfortune for children circumstanced as we were. She saw that we had free, glad, happy natures; she saw that we required careful and kindly training, that stern commands and harsh reproofs, had an evil influence on our minds. But she was delicate in health, and somewhat indolent in her temper, and ever accustomed to yield implicit obedience to her husband's will; she allowed us to be overtasked, and kept in a state of almost slavish subjection: while she contented herself with passive regrets and unavailing wishes.

I have said I was the eldest of the family. Three brothers followed next, and then one bright creature of my own sex. Amy! my sister Amy! would to God *thou* hadst never been born!

But of her I have not yet to speak, let me put off the evil hour as long as I may, and recount some of the incidents of my own girlhood.

I said my paternal dwelling was a noble one, and I said truly. It was situated in one of the loveliest districts of our lovely country, and commanded the admiration of all who beheld it. The mansion was sheltered on three sides by fine woods of oak, the broad close shaven lawn sloped gently down in front to the side of a fine river, whose wavelless stream flowed silently on, a gliding sheet of silver.

I remember an *escapade* in which my eldest brother and myself were partners, which deserves particular mention.

It had been a fine autumn day, and we had planned, or rather I had proposed, that we should, if possible, steal away into the park, to enjoy a ramble amidst its copses, and a treat of the nuts and blackberries with which we knew they abounded. But the evening was almost down before we could execute our scheme; and shall I ever forget the light, swift steps, with which we flew through the oak wood and over the bridge; and the shout of mutual congratulation in which we indulged, when we found ourselves fairly out of sight and hearing of the house. We thought nothing about the punishment which might follow, the present delight was enough for us. We filled our little baskets with nuts and blackberries, we plunged through the briers, and scrambled among the bushes, with an utter disregard of our garments or our skins; and were only stopped in our career of mirth by a sudden conviction of the lateness of the hour, announced by the rapidly fading light and the falling of the dew.

What was our consternation on reaching the bridge, to find the gate, which we had not remembered was always fastened at night, already locked against us! In extreme perplexity we ran to the other, and found that also fast. We could not climb over them, for they were defended along the top with sharp iron spikes, and the distance to the house was so great, that, if we had dared to call aloud, no one could have heard us. We were exceedingly terrified, for, brought up as we had been, our situation was of course an unusual one, and the night was fast closing in. The woods rested in impenetrable looking masses against the cold grey sky. The old dark mansion was only distinguishable on account of a few lights in the lower windows; and the river lying broad and bright before us, seemed to be the only object to which light yet clung in all the broad, shadowy landscape.

There was no resource left us but to cross the park and getting into the high-road to make the best of our way round to the back of the premises. Away we went, too much frightened to communicate to each other the apprehensions that were pressing on our minds. How different the scenery looked to what it was in the cheerful sunshine! Then every long dell, and fantastically shaped tree, seemed full of beauty and delight; now, we perpetually started, as shapes, indistinctly seen in the gloom, gave rise to a thousand nameless terrors. I am not naturally timid, but I remember well that night's progress through the park was one long paroxysm of deadly fear. I durst not speak to Wilfred, who was as full of nervous agony as myself, and we fled on as if some frightful demon were pursuing us. At last we reached the nearest gate, which lay more than a mile from the bridges, and finding it likewise fast, we clambered over it, and landed safely in the road. In half an hour more we reached the large folding doors which shut in that part of the demesne in which the stable were placed, and there we stood trembling, without sufficient courage to demand admission. However, I ventured to give the bell a gentle pull, which scarcely elicited a tinkle, but that was sufficient to set all the dogs of the establishment in a chorus of barking and yelping. A servant appeared, and we were conducted up the back stairs to our apartments, where our attendant, grumbling at having had to wait for us, sent us *sans ceremonie* to our beds. Morning came, we dressed and breakfasted as usual: nobody said a word to us on our last night's adventure, but we felt there was something ominous in the silence. Our usual lessons were given us and performed, and we began to hope that no notice was to be taken of the affair, when we were summoned to attend my father in the breakfast room. Very reluctantly we obeyed, and found him sitting with a newspaper in his hand, stiff, grave, and cold, as usual. He did not deign any reply to our respectful salutations, but came at once to the matter in hand.

"I am sorry," he said, "that in one day two of my children should have ventured to disobey me. I can easily believe that the evil councils of the elder influenced the younger, but this is no excuse. I shall on this occasion inflict no punishment beyond that which your own fears have already

given you; but, I desire you both to take notice of two things; whoever again breaks the bounds which I require to be kept, shall be severely chastised, and whoever again remains outside my gates after the hour of shutting them is past, without my permission for doing so, shall never re-enter them while I live."

There was a stern deliberation in my father's manner that convinced us he was perfectly in earnest. We were awed by the terrible importance which he seemed to attach to our childish frolic, and we retired downcast and silent from his presence.

That adventure made a deep impression on me at the time, and the after circumstances of my life compel me to recall it vividly to my mind.

There was one source of amusement within my reach which was not *tabooed*, and which I was permitted to indulge in at all leisure times. The immense library was open to me with all its treasures, "immortal as the minds that gave them birth." Had my father been aware of the contents of many of the books which I had there an opportunity of reading, I imagine my access to that enchanted region would have been less easy; but his own studies were confined to a few dozen volumes of history, science, and controversial divinity; and he seldom deigned to look into the huge packages of new publications which reached us quarterly from London. His bookseller there had general orders to forward every new work of any interest, for our ancestors had purchased and preserved all the books of their several times that were worth preserving; and my father did not wish to transmit the series to his successors in an incomplete state. But to him they were of little use, and he never examined their contents, except especially recommended to do so by some friend whose judgment he valued because it accorded with his own. He converted the breakfast room into a study and seldom came into the library, so that I looked upon the latter as in some degree my own apartment. It was a long narrow room, the walls crowded with book cases, quaintly decorated with carvings in oak and ebony. It was lit by tall narrow Gothic windows, and besides its books contained a cabinet filled with coins, shells, stuffed birds, and other curiosities; a pair of fine globes, a few choice paintings, and some strange looking chairs and tables. It was less handsomely furnished than any other room in the house, and yet to me it was the most attractive. I had caused some green-house plants to be placed in the windows, brought thither my working materials, and drawing instruments, and hung my pet canary's cage from the roof. The great drawback to my hours of enjoyment within its precincts was, that I had no one to whom I could say "how delightful," for I am not naturally a solitary, but a most social being. My infant sister was too young, and my brothers kept too closely to their studies for much companionship with them. But I have some bright visions still of happy winter afternoons, when a rare half holiday was granted to the younger ones, and we five gathered in the library with a wood fire blazing in the wide chimney, and a crimson velvet screen drawn up behind us to shut out the vastness of the apartment. And those three brothers drew closer and closer to me, and little Amy, as she sat on my knee, with her innocent arm round my neck, would fix her clear eyes wonderingly on my face, all, all breathless with interest, as I told, in glowing language, and with exaggerated marvels, some tale of fairy or goblin which I had gathered from the volumes around us. How delighted was I as they hung on my words! How proud I felt of the power to command that mute attention, to fix their whole senses by my eloquence! Surely the seeds of my future destiny were sowing even then.

My mother died, calmly and peacefully as she had lived. Her constitution had been always delicate, and for the last twelve-months of her life she had been slowly and painlessly wasting away. We sorrowed, as children needs must sorrow who lose a kind and gentle parent; but not with the wild affliction and sense of irreparable loss, which might have been ours had she taken a more active part in our behalf; or admitted us more deeply into her confidence and sympathy. She was kind to us as far as she was allowed to be so, and we never heard a harsh

or peevish expression from her beautiful lips, but she was utterly under my father's control in all things; and her death was more like the taking away of a fair and fragrant flower, than the uprooting of a noble and sheltering tree.

[Shortly after the death of her good but feeble mother, she was taken by her father to London, where she passed some weeks with Lady M——, a fashionable aunt, by whom she was gratified with a visit to Drury Lane theatre.]

And to the theatre we went—the place that had never been named in my home without shuddering, of virtuous horror. How shall I describe the new existence that opened for me upon that evening! How shall I tell the new feelings that swept over my heart, the new powers that seemed to awaken within me! The glorious language of Shakspere was familiar to my thoughts, but here I saw his creations embodied, his dreams placed palpably before my eyes. From the moment the performance began—I forgot my own identity—I was irresistibly borne away in the current of events that seemed passing before me, and my burst of anguished weeping at the catastrophe was so violent, that Lady M—— hurried me away, ashamed even while she was amused at that display of feeling. There was no sleep for me that night, I was far too much excited to yield to its influence. How I envied the great actress whose power over my passions had been so entire! How earnestly I longed to exercise a similar sway over a hushed and listening crowd of my fellow beings.

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We returned to the country, and a darker shadow of discontent came over my mind as I trod the stately chambers again, or sat in the large library of L—— Hall. I now seized every opportunity of reading newspapers, in which I had formerly taken no interest, but only one column attracted me, and that was headed "Theatrical Intelligence." The name of the actress who had so delighted me appeared again and again, connected with the highest enconiums, and not unfrequently associated with the names of the noblest and fairest in the land, who admitted her to their most select assemblies. Oh! how much higher a destiny than mine did hers appear—how enviable her position—how glorious her fame.

A plan suggested itself to my mind, so daring, that, at first, I hardly ventured to think of it; and yet, in spite of myself, it would arise in my thoughts until I learned to cherish and dwell upon it as a favourite idea. It seemed to promise much—deliverance from the paternal rule that had long since grown a heavy thaldom, the gratification of my own strong inclinations, fame, and a place amongst the great and the gay. In my ignorance of the world I never once thought of the difference of rank between myself and the gifted lady, whom I was resolved to make my model. I did not reflect, that while to *her* it was honourable that high talents and unblemished character, should have raised her in the scale of society, to me, who might claim a similar place there as my birthright, a connection with the theatre *must* be degrading. I calculated nothing for my youth and inexperience, for the dangers to which I might be exposed, the sorrow I should bring upon my friends, the possible failure that might await me. In my fervent ignorance my imagination overleaped all these things, and I saw myself arrived at once at the goal of success and honour.

The disorder in my eye had been entirely removed by the skilful treatment it received in London, and I looked in the mirror, for the first time with a conscious thrill of delight; for I felt that my personal attractions were not inferior to hers who had excited my emulation. My brothers were under the care of a tutor who was a first rate elocutionist, for my father was ambitious that one or other of his sons should adorn the senate. My request to share their lessons was readily complied with, and my vanity was elated by the compliments which were bestowed on my rapid improvement. Scenes from Shakspeare were frequently selected as exercises, and a casual remark of our instructor "that I should have made a splendid actress," flattered me exceedingly. I was impatient for the time when I should be able to emancipate myself from my joyless prison, for such my home now appeared to

me, and escaping into the free air, soar at once towards fame and fortune.

I made no confidante, for I had a lurking feeling that even my aunt, Lady M——, would oppose so bold a scheme; and determined that its discovery and my success should be simultaneous. I had a handsome allowance for clothes and pocket money, and from this, in due time, I saved a sufficient sum, as I supposed, to support me, until my genius should obtain its share of substantial rewards. I contrived to get a few indispensable articles of dress conveyed to the next town, and very early one summer morning I found myself on the high road, with fifty pounds and a few jewels in my possession, and the wide world "all before me where to choose." The London coach coming up I got into it, inquired for my bundle of clothes at the first stopping place, where under a feigned name, I had directed it to be left till called for, and presently was rolling away towards the metropolis, a wilful outcast from the home of my childhood. Some natural regrets arose in my heart, but my independent spirit had chosen its course too boldly to allow me to indulge them, and away I went, without the remotest idea of the weight of my offence, or the bitterness of its after effects.

There was only one passenger in the coach—a middle-aged man, of benevolent aspect, and remarkably pleasing address. The tears which found their way in spite of my efforts to repress them, as I caught the last glimpse of the moving woods that surrounded L—— Hall, afforded him an opportunity of expressing regret that so young a person should have cause for sorrow. Seeing that my emotion was increased by his observation he thus continued—

"Excuse me, young lady, for saying so much, for I cannot help thinking there is something peculiar in your situation. It is not very common for females so youthful and so beautiful to be waiting alone in the high road, at five in the morning, for the chance of being picked up by a stage coach. I am sure your are respectable, and I confess you have interested me. I mean no impertinence; but if the motive of your journey be no great secret, perhaps you would not object to mention it."

Had I known more of the world I should, in all likelihood, have withheld such information from an entire stranger: but in this instance my simplicity did me good service, and, with small persuasion, I confided to him my history, merely withholding my name. He shook his head when I concluded.

"London! my poor lassie," said he. "*You* to appear on a London stage! Have you any letters to the managers—any friends at court—any introductions, in fact?"

I confessed I was unprovided with any.

"And are you doing all this without the sanction of your friends? I cannot help plainly telling you that you are very silly and very wrong. Take the advice of an old stager—of one who has trodden the boards these thirty years, and with tolerable success too. Go back from the next town we stop at; make your peace with your friends; and be thankful you are prevented from going on in the road to ruin. Believe me you had better spend your life in stitching wristbands, at three-pence a-day, than venture your health, peace and happiness in the atmosphere of a London theatrical life."

In one moment I felt inclined to take my new friend's advice, and return home, for his words had opened to my mind new and terrible glimpses of things which had never before intruded on my golden visions. Then the recollections of my father's stern and inflexible temper, and the tenfold suffering that would be my portion, even if he did received me back to his protection, rose before me in such dark array, that I felt I could never encounter the alternative—that my only course was to proceed.

It would occupy too much time to enter into a detailed account of the remainder of my journey. We reached London the following morning: and my kind friend, for such he afterwards proved, did not leave me till he had conducted me to a decent lodging. Very narrow and dingy it looked, indeed, after the splendour of L—— Park; but I comforted myself that my residence there would be short, as I need only remain till I had time to find a pleasanter one. I had no idea of the value of money, and looked on my little fund as inexhaustible. The next morning my travelling companion,

Mr. B——, called, accompanied by his wife, a very pleasing and lady-like woman. After a little conversation he produced a newspaper, containing an account of my elopement. It was evident that my destination or object in quitting my home were not guessed; and the concluding paragraph stated that, though my friends were greatly distressed at my disappearance, my father had forbidden any steps being taken towards my recovery.

"But not doubting your willingness to return, and your father's to receive you by this time," said Mr. B——, "I have taken upon me to write to him myself, assuring him of your safety, representing your *escapade* as a piece of childish folly, and requesting to know his pleasure concerning you."

I was angry and alarmed at this interference. I began to fear that I might possibly be recalled. I shrunk from the thought of such an event more than ever; and I assured Mr. B—— that I had neither wish nor intention to return to my friends. He blamed me much—told me my conduct was equally foolish and wicked, and we parted on no very good terms.

A few days passed over in mingled hope and fear, during which I saw nothing of Mr. and Mrs. B——. At the end of the week, however, they called, and without alluding to the unpleasantness of our last meeting, spoke kindly and affectionately to me. At last Mr. B—— said that he was now willing to aver that I knew my father better than he supposed I did, for that he had received a letter from him that morning, which he must say he could not have supposed a parent would indite; and, so saying he produced it. It was written in my father's stiffest hand, and sealed with his largest seal. It was short, stern and decisive. "Miss L—— had pleased herself," it said, "and in so doing had rejected his authority for ever. She might remember he had told her, years since, that whoever permitted his gates to be closed on them for one night, should never with his leave re-enter them. He disowned her, as she had forsaken him, and should no longer regard her as a daughter. Her clothes and books should be forwarded for her to Mr. B——'s care." It was strange that I should have felt astonished on reading this letter. I *thought* I expected it—I fancied that I was prepared for it; but now that my conjectures were realized, I was filled with conflicting feelings. There was something inexpressibly dreadful, in this open sundering of old ties and claims. It seemed as if the earth had broken up around me, and left me the solitary occupant of a point, with a precipice on every side. I had anticipated my father's conduct, but not my own feelings on the occasion. I began already to repent of my folly; and with bitter tears observed that I did so. But repentance came too late, and my hopes and aspirations revived when I heard the very favourable opinions expressed by the B——'s of my dramatic talents. They advised, however, that I should not in the first instance hazard an appearance in London, but make my *debut* in some country theatre, where I could with more freedom make a trial of my powers. I was also advised to assume the name of Elliott, and under this *alias* I was introduced to the public. You, my dear and kind friend, were present on that occasion, and you know its triumphant results. Alas! that I should have lived to regret my popularity!

How shall I fill up the darker and sudden shades in this picture of my life? How shall I tell of the feverish excitement, the passion, the madness which followed my London engagement? I was pre-eminently successful, and was at once exalted to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, petted, flattered, followed. My real name and rank were never suspected, for the story of the runaway Miss L—— was forgotten in the fashionable world, and Lady M——, who might by chance have seen me, and discovered my secret, was absent, on the continent. The patronage of the B——'s was a sufficient warrant for the respectability of my character: and I was received and made much of in those charmed circles, which pride themselves on their exclusiveness. In short I was the fashion—fetes were given in my honour, and head dresses were called after my name, countesses courted my acquaintance, and earls bowed down before me. Nay, believe it or not; but I solemnly declare

that more than one coronet was laid at my feet, and that one of the wealthiest commoners in England would have fain made me the sharer of his fortunes. But I refused them all; refused to leave my life of toil, and its precarious brilliancy, and take my proud place amongst the matronage of the land, because I loved another, and that other how unworthy!

Captain Hereford was the only son of a baronet, far advanced in years, and possessed of immense wealth. But it was not the mere prospect of his succession to an honourable title, and large estates that weighed with me in my preference for him—preference! It is a cold word. Had he been the poorest and lowliest born amongst those who sought my love, I feel assured he would still have been the object of the intense soul-engrossing passion that took possession of my heart. Impetuous and impatient of restraint as I was by nature, I knew no measure in my feelings towards him, and his love seemed to equal (it could not *exceed*) my own. But unlike the others whose hearts had been subdued by my attractions he wooed me secretly; and yielding to his entreaties, I consented that our engagement should remain concealed until circumstances should permit him to claim me openly. Unsatisfied, however, with my promise to be his, and his alone, he at length prevailed on me to consent to a private marriage. His visits to me were remarked and commented upon; my friend Mrs. B. remonstrated with me; but feeling my true position, and bound by a solemn vow not to reveal it, I replied in a manner that grieved or offended her, and the oldest and kindest of my theatrical friends abandoned me to my fate, as one whose blemished reputation would not permit them to hold further intercourse with her. Desolate, and unhappy as I felt, it was no hard task for Captain Hereford to induce me to remove to his lodgings, and thus break the last link between myself and the virtuous of my own sex. But all this was dust in the balance compared with the blessedness of being continually with Hereford, of feeling that whatever cloud, might, for the present, overshadow my fame, the day would soon come when it would pass away; of believing that we were united beyond the power of man to separate us. I cared not for the slights of former friends, for the exultation of rivals and enemies: *my world* was beside me; the being of my choice, the husband of my heart. He heaped upon me jewels and splendid dresses, and all the toys and baubles that are supposed to be precious in the eyes of woman. To me their chiefest value was, that they were *his* gifts; my only pleasure in displaying them was because it was his will that I should do so. Yes; for the six months, during which, calumny and malice were wreaking their bitterest rage upon me, with but one being to love, and he the one for whose sake my name was blackened and my conduct reviled; for that six months I was so intensely happy that I question if the fairest and proudest bride in the land, courted by all, and surrounded with admiring friends and approving relatives, could have matched her happiness with mine.

Mine is a wretched history. I sicken even now to recal the events that followed that delirious dream of joys. First came unfounded jealousy *or its appearance*, then mutual reproaches and upbraidings laid the foundations of a violent quarrel, which terminated in the desertion of Hereford; for such it proved, though he professed to proceed on business to the continent. Still I knew not the extent of my misery; still I believed myself his wedded wife; but I forbore to proclaim the truth; for I could not endure the thought of injuring him. And I hoped that when the necessity for secresy ceased to exist, and I was permitted to acknowledge myself his wife, we should meet again and yet be happy. Weeks and months passed by, and I heard nothing of Hereford; and still no change took place in my circumstances. I lived in the strictest seclusion, for I determined that *he* should have no cause of complaint against me, and I conducted myself with a propriety which astonished every one, and which my peculiar case rendered it extremely difficult for me to observe. I was at first persecuted with letters containing offers to which I can only allude, but sufficiently tempting to one in my supposed situation. The first of these I rejected

indignantly, the rest I treated with silent contempt.—Though Hereford had forsaken me, he had not left me without such a provision as added to the fruit of my own exertions, was more than sufficient for my every want. Life seemed stripped of its fairy hues and ecstatic bliss; yet I sorrowed not as one who has no hope; for I trusted that time might yet restore my name, fame, and much, if not all, the happiness that I had lost. I was calm and hopeful, for I knew not the extent of my desolation.

I was startled from this inactivity of feeling by the news of my father's death. He had left an immense property behind him, independent of the family estates, and this I understood was divided between his two younger sons and his only surviving daughter Amy. So I was told the will was worded, and he must have thought *me* dead, or wished that the world should think so.

I was seized with a feverish desire to revisit my old home. My father had vowed I should re-enter it no more; but it was his no longer, and I resolved, that come what might, I would see it again. "But *they shall not know me*," I *thought* in the bitterness of my heart; "at present I could only bring distress and disgrace upon them. Nevertheless I will look on my birth-place; and the day may yet come when I shall return there proudly with a vindicated fame, and a joyous heart."

Seven years had passed since I left that well-known mansion: and now I stood within sight of it again, so disguised by a deep mourning dress, and so altered by anxiety and sorrow, that there was little chance of my being recognised. I stood amidst the trees, of which every bough was familiar to me; I opened the wicket that I had unlatched with such a trembling hand seven years before; there was the green path where my elastic step had scarcely marked the dew on the morning of my flight; and my life ever since that morning seemed a dream. A sudden conviction of the reality of the past darted over my mind. Surely I had only just stolen out through the library window to muse under the old oaks, the oaks that looked as if not a leaf had fallen since I left them. I sat down and wept such a flood of bitter, burning tears as surely never can burst from the heart more than once in a life time!

I was startled by the light touch of a hand on my shoulder: I looked up and beheld a form and face, the very image of what mine had been seven years before. I was puzzled about my own identity; I felt for a moment as if reason were forsaking me. But a sweet soothing voice spoke gently to me, and inquired what ailed me, and why I wept so sadly. I murmured that I was a stranger, an unhappy stranger, and that overcome by fatigue and sorrow, I had sat down to rest, and I prayed pardon for my intrusion. Oh, how I longed in that hour to fall on her neck and make myself known like the exiled patriarch of old; for I felt that lovely being was my only sister Amy. But I forbore; I remembered my resolution, and I resisted the entreaties of that dear sister, that I would come into the house and rest, and take refreshment. I *did* suppress the words of love and agony that were rising to my lips, I bade my throbbing heart be still, and bowing deeply I withdrew from her presence without daring to look back upon her.

The next day I was again in London, and the following upon a bed of sickness, from which I did not arise for weeks. Reason had totally deserted me, and I raved of L—— Hall and my beautiful sister incessantly. I recovered very slowly. I left town and took up my temporary abode in a quiet village on the southern coast. Health and strength gradually returned; and I was enabled to amuse myself by reading and working alternately. One day I chanced to take up a newspaper which accidentally came in my way; and the very first paragraph that met my eyes made my heart stand still, and filled me with unutterable consternation. It stated that "the gallant and accomplished Captain Hereford, only son of Sir Charles Hereford, of Hereford House, was shortly to lead to the altar Miss L——, the only daughter of the late George L——, Esq., of L—— Park. The agony, the measureless horror that rushed over my mind I cannot describe. I looked at the date of the paper; it was more than a fortnight old; what if the in-

telligence had come too late! One thing alone seemed clear to me: an effort must be made for my sister's preservation. In an hour I was on the road to L——.

There was sounds of rejoicing and signs of festivity in my native village, as my carriage with its foaming horses rattled through the narrow straggling street. There were flags displayed from the windows, and groups of people in their holiday apparel were thronging to the green, where was stationed a band of music. But I paused not to inquire the meaning of these indications. I ordered the postilion to drive on to L—— Park; as we entered the grounds I saw that the road to the house was thronged with carriages. I sprang from the chaise in desperation, rushed past the crowd and up the steps, and confronted Hereford in the very act of bearing away his bride from the farewell embraces of her friends. "Stay, stay," I cried, wildly; "Amy, my sister, Amy! I am his wife, his own wife, he cannot deny it, he cannot marry another." I could utter no more, but sank insensible at their feet.

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And this was my doing! From the window of my chamber on the day after my consciousness returned, I saw the long, mournful procession and the white plumed hearse that bore to the tomb of our forefathers, her who had been so lovely and beloved, who but for me and my early follies and later rashness might have been still living, a happy wife, and who might by God's blessing, have been made in time, the honoured instrument to win a sinner from the error of his ways. It was I who had staid for ever the beatings of that happy heart, who had quenched the light in those smiling eyes. Well, she was at rest. She never knew the witherings of slow, wasting anguish, the gradual dispersing of her dream of bliss. Her sorrow was heavy; but it was brief; I, her sister, had broken her heart, and wherefore? To prove myself in truth the vile being that the world had called me; to find that I had no legal right to the name of wife; that I had been deceived, and cheated, and betrayed. The marriage that had been imposed on my ignorance was an illegal one; I was not even believed when I asserted that I had been fully persuaded of its validity; and I found myself stripped of my last hope and consolation, and rejected and disowned on every side.

Once more I left the home of my childhood, an outcast and a wanderer. I chose the continent as a residence; for there I had less chance of encountering those who had known me in former days than in my own country. But my strength is rapidly failing, and I know that my release is drawing nigh. To-night I rest at Calais, to morrow I shall return to England, for I feel that it will be a consolation to think that my ashes shall sleep amongst English dust. To you, kind friend, I consign this record of my sorrows and sins. I attempt no excuse, I plead but little palliation; and yet I trust to be gently judged by those who read these pages. I have sinned heavily, and I have suffered sorely. Its just and right that it should be so!

KING RENE AND THE TROUBADOUR.

Every reader of history knows that King Rene was fonder of music and poetry than of the arts of war and politics. In the early part of his reign, before he had become utterly helpless and contemptible by his neglect of affairs of state, His Majesty, whilst listening to the musical voice of his daughter Margaret, was informed by an officer of his court that a wandering minstrel desired access to his Royal presence, in order that he might exhibit his skill in the joyous science. King Rene, at all times too much interested in love and music, rejoiced that another novelty would regale his ears with some romantic ditty of chivalry and love: he commanded that the wanderer should be welcomed, and his wants provided for, and that in the evening he should be permitted to exercise his skill in the presence of the Royal musician and his court. The Kings commands were obeyed, and the stanger was hospitably attended to by the officers of the Royal household.

Evening came, and King Rene took his seat in his hall, with his daughter by his side: Margaret was not more than seventeen yet her appearance exhibited more marks of

thought than is common to females of that tender age. The fact was there was a dormant spirit of ambition in the lady which only wanted bringing out. The frivolities of her father's court were as distasteful to her as her own indifference to his favourite pursuits was to the King. She would occasionally, to please the King, exhibit her own skill, which was by no means small, in his favorite pursuits; but she delighted more in listening to the histories of actual war and politics, than to the stories of wandering knights and faithful damsels, which were the joy of her father's heart. The minstrel entered the hall, and was brought to the footstool of the King. He was a fairhaired youth of twenty, with light blue eyes, and a mild expression of countenance. To King Rene's inquiries he answered that he was of England, and that, attracted by the fame of the sovereign before whom he stood, he had wandered thus far in the hope of obtaining the highest reward to which a minstrel could aspire—the approbation of King Rene.

The King bade him exhibit his skill in his profession, and promised favour and promotion if he proved worthy. The youthful wanderer obeyed, and sung one of those interminable ditties, to us moderns unknown, and which, if attempted, would not be listened to; but, at the time of which we speak, nothing was more common than for the lovers of music to listen with patience to a lay of eight hours!

King Rene was delighted with the youth's performance, and, for a wonder, his youthful daughter exhibited the same pleasure. The theme of his song was that a youthful King, disdaining to marry as mere policy or chance directed, wandered from his native kingdom, through various realms, to seek a wife such as his youthful fancy had pictured: how he had at length found a Princess of such rare and excellent beauty, that his heart was captivated—how, in the capacity of minstrel, this wandering King had wooed and won the daughter of the King of France.

The English minstrel was taken into high favour by King Rene; he remained for weeks at his castle, and during that time, had gained favor in the eyes of Rene's household by his disinterestedness;—the King's profuse gifts to himself he destributed amongst his officers.

One evening the King was seated in his hall, expecting the appearance of his favorite, but he appeared not! The King was in terror lest some harm had befallen the young Englishman. The castle was searched: at last a chamberlain returned in breathless haste, and communicated something to the King, who immediately arose and accompanied the Chamberlain to the gardens of the Palace. In a bower was found the minstrel fast asleep; on a seat by his side was the Princess Margaret, anxiously watching him. King Rene was romantic, but not quite such a fool as to rejoice that a daughter of his should love a wandering minstrel. He awoke the youth, and bitterly reproached his daughter with her unworthy attachment. The youth remained silent for awhile, at last he spoke, and, in the most dignified manner, requested an audience of the King in private. There was something so noble in the youth's manner that he complied.

Reader, the wandering minstrel was Henry of England! And the romance of their love may account for the intensity of devotion with which the high souled Margaret regarded her Royal and unfortunate husband, notwithstanding his weakness and follies.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

There is music on the mountain,
There is music in the lea—
In the rippling of the fountain,
And the humming of the bee—
In the wind which rushes wildly
Over forest, plain, and hill,
And the air which wafteth mildly
When the rushing winds are still.

In the lightning's vivid flashes,
When it rends the cloud in twain;
And the deaf'ning thunder's crashes
Bear a grand and solemn strain;
In the wave which wildly dashes
On the ocean's rocky shore,
And the spray which softly splashes
From the seamen' bending oar.

There is music in the midnight,
When all are hushed in sleep,
And angels pure and bright
Their vigils o'er us keep.
There is music pure and holy
In the tender chords of love,
Which bring the meek and lowly
In communion with above.

THE FOUNTAIN AND THE SPARK.

There was once a fair young Fountain in the garden of Ahmed, Khalif of Bagdad. It was the most beautiful Fountain in all Arabia—so slender—so graceful—so spirited—so happy. His glance was enough to thrill every little heart in the whole garden. The Robin would sit on the nearest branch for hours and sing to him her sweetest song. The Lark no longer went up to warble to the sun. The Gold-fish, in the basin at his feet, would daily display their richest colours before him; and even attempt to leap up to embrace him; the violets and roses and honey-suckles would vie in wafting to him their most delicious perfumes. Even the old Owl, from whom one would have thought every tender passion had long since fled, would come out from her corner, and cry tu whit! tu whoo! the whole livelong night. There was a pretty young Sycamore too, that chanced to stand, not twelve paces off, whose good fortune the rose and the honey-suckle envied so much, incurably stricken; of her, however, the Fountain had taken a dislike, equally incurable. And why, do you suppose? She was so excessively bold. She would stare at him for days together. And once to the shame of her sex, she actually bent over and kissed him! She said when the spiteful willow on the other side charged her with it, that Zephyr had put her up to it. But every one noticed the quibble, and though they knew Zephyr to be a mischievous young scape-grace, yet none would think less of the offence, but blamed the forward beauty for being so easily moved.

Several seasons passed, and no very important changes took place. The Fountain still danced—the Robin still sang—the Lark still warbled—and the rose and the honey-suckles still wafted their fragrance. The little gold-fish, even, had not wearied in their devotion. But though the Fountain smiled on all, he loved none. And yet indeed, although his step had never faltered, there were those who said that the gay Fountain, who had so long received without emotion the smiles of the fairest and best born in the garden, was at length hopelessly in love! It was the Owl who first whispered it in confidence to the Magpie; and the Magpie thought it a pity to keep so delicate a morceau of scandal all to herself; and so she whispered it to the Robin, and the Lark, and a score of others, but to all in confidence. What a sensation thrilled every little heart when this became known, and that the Owl had said so; for the Owl was Pythos and Delphos to the fair people of this domain. Each and every maiden in the whole garden whether bird, bush, fish or flower, thought that she herself was the object of the Fountain's new born passion. How divinely the birds sang, on that eventful morning! How pleasantly and wooingly the trees nodded their branches! How many times did not those devoted gold-fish leap high from the water in their transports, until even Rainbow the little twin sister of the Fountain grew jealous, and chided her brother, and looked up through her tears reproachfully at the sun.

But the truth was at length known. And who found it out? Of course the Owl. And who told it? Of course the Magpie. And who was the beloved of the Fountain? It was neither Robin, nor Lark, nor Gold-fish, nor Violet, nor Rose, nor Honey-suckle, but an innocent unconscious little Spark—a Spark from the chimney of Ahmed's Palace. One night, (so said the Owl—but no one ever knew how she found it out) one night as the Fountain was dancing and singing softly to himself, and thinking, no doubt, how pleasant and fine it was to have so many admirers and not care a song about any, a little Spark, attracted perhaps by the flashing of the Fountain, perhaps by his music, perhaps by mere love of adventure came sailing down slowly towards him. "Oho!" murmured the beau, "a new conquest I suppose." And nearer and nearer floated the spark, till it seemed to be coming into the very arms of the Fountain. The Fountain was enraptured with joy. He leaped higher than ever. The moon flooded him with splendour. Suddenly when he thought that the next instant would see the beautiful creature in his embrace, she turned gracefully aside and was soon lost among the leaves.

Aha! sir Fountain—but we will not mock him. How a few short seconds has changed his dream. He beheld her approach with the feelings of a gallant, but when he saw the ease and grace with which she avoided him—her beauty, her peerless beauty, as she floated from his sight—Oh! what would he not have given to have been the unloved and mischief-making Zephyr—to have followed her and told his love. A long time he watched for her return; but in vain. Night after night passed away, and no spark came. Night after night passed away, and he would watch the high chimney tops, and altho' he saw many as brilliant, yet none like the first. The Fountain was really in love. Alas, sir Fountain!

And the Fountain danced, his flatterers said, more gayly than ever. He sang, too, but not as before—more softly, more sweetly, as lovers always sing.

"This season will determine the fate of the Fountain," thus whispered the Owl—thus echoed the Magpie. And so it did. One night as the lover was watching and sighing as usual, he saw a Spark separate itself from her companions and steer her course downwards towards him, with what joy he recognised the long lost one! How he leapt! How he flashed! How would he have flown to meet her mid-air, were he not held fast by irrevocable laws.

And slowly and surely the spark descended. He dreaded no repetition of her former conduct. He knew that his dream was about being fulfilled.

And slowly and surely the Spark descended. She was now within a few paces of him. All was wild and delirious joy. Nearer sailed the Spark, nearer still—a moment she beheld herself mirrored in his heart—a moment—it is her last!

The poor Fountain would not survive her. He sprang once high into the air, and then sank forever.

Thus whispered the Owl—thus echoed the Magpie.

Toronto, 1854.

A man subscribes himself "yours obediently" when he is prepared to knock you down, and "yours truly," when in adverse circumstances you appeal to him, and he casts you to the winds.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANG.

Oh! to me the auld Scotch *sang*,
I the braid Scottish tongue,
The sang my father loved to hear,
The same my mither sung;
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee,
An' I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet
The auld Scotch sang to me.

Yes, sing the auld, the gude auld *sang*,
Auld Scotia's gentle pride,
O' the wimpling burn and the sunny brae,
An' the cozy ingle side:
Sang o' the broom and heather,
Sang o' the trysting tree,
The lev'rock's lilt, an' the grown's blink—
The auld Scotch song for me.

Yes, sing on the auld Scotch *sangs*,
The blithesome and the sad;
They make me smile when I am wae,
And greet when I am glad.
My heart goes back to auld Scotland,
A' saut tears dim my e'e,
But the Scotch loups in at my veins,
As ye sing thae songs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld *sangs*,
For every ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow i' the past,
Where memory love to dwell.
Though hair win gray, an' limbs win auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sang to me.

Toronto.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE FORTUNE.

I am one of a caste not apt to stick at trifles. Brought up to hard labour from my earliest years, placed between the shafts of the plough the moment I was thought capable of directing them, taught to consider good work and stern honesty the *ne plus ultra* of man's obedience, my readers will no doubt be inclined to draw the conclusion, in conjunction with myself, that I was not a man formed to stick at trifles.

Although of a robust and athletic make, yet I do not lack my allotted portion of the handsome. Possessed of a good face, a very delectable nose, and a sparkling, bright, hazel eye, rather inclined to be neat and dressy on a Sunday or a holiday, I was in some shape considered, at one time, the toast of the village. The lassies round about all loved and looked up to me; at least so thought I, and I accordingly grew very proud of myself. Like all other tight young fellows, I have my love story, and "what for no?" as Meg Dods says.

I was just eighteen when Cupid shot his dart

to effect, and the object of my attachment was a year younger, but that was all on the right side; but then, she was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and I hadn't a penny but what my hands were yet to work for.—"Oh the deuce take the money!" thought I; though when it comes in cannily, it is always acceptable. My mistress, then, was one—how shall I describe her?—where tip my pen with inspiration, to finish off such a paragon? well, let me try it—but where shall I begin? The brow?—well then—the brow was open—pure as alabaster, shaded by soft ringlets of nut-brown hair—nut-brown hair! what am I after? nut-brown hair! what a fool! Well, I see now I am no hand at such fine work, and how could I expect to succeed? should I not first have tried my hand on some common-place maiden, and, step by step, reached Nature's masterpiece? Ah, that would have been the way, but how can I relish painting such when perfection is ever before me? No, it will never do, so I will retire from the contest.

Like all young lovers, of course, I formed many romantic schemes, beat my brains for fiery verses, though I could never happen to fall on any that would please, and I depended upon my eloquence alone for carrying the day. Margaret used to meet me at the back of her father's stable, in the gray twilight of the evening, and we had always a very pleasant walk of it down the burn side; but as both our parents were always on the look out after stragglers, we had to be very chary of our motions, and sharp about what we had to say. Her father, when the first tidings of our attachment reached his ears, behaved like a man who had clean forgot himself. He danced for very rage, swore, and said "that he would sooner see Margaret married to a brute than a red-haired beggarly ploughman." He was wrong there though—thanks to Heaven—I am not red haired. He aimed at seeing her the lady of the Haugh, but his pride got a fall.

A young spruce fellow, whom any one might discern to have been brought up in the army, from his holding his shoulders back like a soldier, and looking very high, came to our village, and taking a very respectable lodging, gave himself out as a gentleman of property. Of course, all the lasses, on the day following his arrival, were flying about in all directions, rigged out in their best, with their large bonnets and ribands fluttering, to meet the gentleman with the fortune. O what a day that was till they had all seen him!—nothing was ever like it, and as my father very facetiously remarked at the time, "had it been a gude preacher or a Bible meeting, they wouldna been so blythe in the turning out."

Well, at the short run, the gentleman with the fortune, when he had gone over all their faces, felt himself satisfied with none but Margaret's, and in that quarter he accordingly attempted to insinuate himself. This was easily accomplished. The old father was quite proud of the lover; Miss Margaret was nothing loth; and so all went on well. Poor William Jones was forgotten. I cannot say but I felt a twinge of regret at the circumstance, and that I may have shed a tear at the moment; but I o'ermastered my feelings; I did not lack pride, and I bit my lip to enforce the old saying, that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out o't."

All went on well; nothing was talked of but Margaret and the gentleman with the fortune, and they soon began to fix a day for the marriage. Oh! how the old boy chuckled over his good fortune!—how he disdained even to regard me with a look!—how he prided himself on having secured for his daughter such a wealthy suitor! "Yes—yes," said I to myself, "it is all very good, but remember—oft a good beginning has a bad end, my old boy."

All the preparations for the happy consummation of the nuptials were going on merrily. Margaret's head, poor thing, was quite turned with the thought of it, and nothing would go down with her but long conversations about lace gowns, and how this and that shaped cap would suit her countenance. "It is all very well," thought I, "if nothing mars it." I cannot say but what I felt a sad presentiment that I was just about to lose her for ever and aye; but Heaven, the just avenger of true love, turned the scale.

It so happened, that the son of an old widow woman in the village, a poor weather-beaten fellow who had seen a vast deal of hard service, returned from the wars, leaving a precious limb behind. He was hobbling with his wooden leg across the street the afternoon following his arrival, with a few of his old cronies, to give them a long history of the many hard-won battles he had fought, and to tell how the Frenchmen—poor fellows—stood it out. He had heard, of course, a long account of the gentleman with

the fortune, for he was all the talk, and doubtless, like other people, longed to have a peep at him.

His curiosity was soon satisfied; for, just as he was turning the corner to pop in at the back door whom should he meet coming out, but the gentleman, plump in the face! "Bless me!" exclaimed the old soldier, with a sudden look of recognition—"Tom Williams, how are you?" "What is it, sirrah?" was the surly reply. "Come, come, Tom—this is but firing blank cartridge—how are you? how are you?" seizing his hand. "I know nothing of you, fellow—hold off! let me pass!" said he, making a bold push forward, and bolting out. "Well," says John Porteous, the old soldier, turning round to his companions, "That is a rare one—bless me, the fellow that carried a firelock cheek by jowl with me for three years! it beats cock-fighting that, sure enough! Ay, and that is your gentleman with the fortune is it? Take care you do not find him too much for you—all these fine clothes did not come a good way, that's certain: Tom Williams! well, I could not have believed it." The tale soon spread; the gentleman disappeared the next morning, leaving only a dirty hankerchief in an old leathern trunk, in payment of board and lodgings for six weeks.

Where was Margaret's rich suitor now?—Well, it was my turn to hold up my head, and look shy, and I played the neglected swain to a T. I saw that she would fain make it up with me, and that her father was now a little tamed; but I held up my head, and looked as if I would have nothing to do with them. This kind of trifling, however, I saw would not pay; so I crept once more into confidence cautiously, and as if I did not court their friendship.

In a few weeks, however, all was forgotten. The gentleman with the fortune had disappeared, and I was the accepted lover. The marriage preparations, that had been going on to complete the happiness of my rival, served for mine: and Margaret and I found ourselves snugly set down in a little comfortable cottage, nothing the worse for the pretty respectable mite which she added to my small stock of the ready.

On a still summer evening, about eight years afterwards, when the story of our courtship had grown rather stale and uninteresting, as the children were playing, building houses with shells at the cottage door, one of them came running in to tell his mammy "that a man wi' a red coat and a lang feather in his hat was coming in." The bairn had barely told his little tale, before the object which had awakened his curiosity hobbled into the cottage. It was a poor soldier, spent with a long day's journey, sorely crippled and covered with dust, faint and weak, begging a little refreshment. My wife was sitting by the fire, with an infant on her knee, and rising, she bade the soldier seat himself. He gazed on her face narrowly, and his cheek grew pale—he had recognised her. "You will know me, perhaps?" said he faintly. She looked at him closely—"It cannot be!" at length she faltered out—"It cannot be!" "Alas! it is the wreck of Tom Williams—he that deceived you so foully; but you will doubtless now pity him whom once, perhaps, you hated for his perfidy. I am all that constituted the gentleman with the fortune. It may seem strange to you how I chose to re-visit this part of the country, but it lay in my way to my native village, whither I am bound, to lay my bones with my kindred: and, relying on the alteration that time and hard service had wrought in me, I could not pass without visiting the village where I attempted to play the rogue, although it was to my cost, for I left my heart behind me."

The soldier repaid us for the hospitality we showed him by recounting the days of battle and bloodshed he had passed through. He had a comfortable billet of it for the night, and his scrip well filled for his day's journey, and my wife's blessing at parting. There was Christian forgiveness for you! And it was now my part to show how far kindness would go. I accompanied him a long way on his homeward road, and exacted a sincere promise that, should he ever feel inclined to hobble back this way, he would not neglect to look in upon us and partake of what was going on. Thus I parted with him who had once been my deadly rival—who had threatened to overthrow all my fair prospects in life—thus I parted with Tom Williams, the gentleman with the fortune!

SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

Concluded from Vol. V. page 552.

The English had not failed to exact from us an oath of allegiance to their King; but in spite of this species of forced obligation, which they did not conceive themselves bound to obey, the

inhabitants joined our flying camps whenever they found an opportunity.

Our own people made no less havoc in our fields than the enemy, for they laid hands on everything that came in their way. We were considerable losers, in consequence, at a seigniory which belonged to our order distant about six leagues above Quebec. The officer in command there carried off all the cattle on the farm, of which there were a great number, and all the grain from the mills, to feed his troops; the commissary has never given any account therefor, and yet in spite of this loss, we were obliged to support more than three hundred wounded, who were quartered on us since the battle of the 13th.

Our King's magazines, which had fallen into the hands of the English, furnished us no more, and we were, consequently, compelled to have recourse to the enemy, who allowed us meat and clothes. But what nourishment was this for the poor wounded? We had neither wine nor other refreshments to give them; and having long ago exhausted our own supplies, we had nought remaining save our good wishes, which, however, could not satisfy hungry men. Our officers represented to the English Governor that they were not accustomed to be treated in this manner, when in the pay of the King of France, and His Excellency, nettled at the reproach, threw the blame on us, and insisted on having a memorandum of what was required for their sustenance, which he afterwards made us pay for handsomely. We had hoped that the Court of France, more just, would have reimbursed us amply for all the expenses we were put to at this critical juncture. The ardent desire of being restored to our rights, and re-conquering our country caused us to second to the utmost of our ability, the idea thereof which was still cherished.

Since there were in our Hospital numbers of the wounded of the garrison of Quebec, and of the battle which had occurred to prevent its capture, entreated us, when they found themselves sufficiently recovered, to allow them to escape, in order to rejoin the army, which we did with the greatest pleasure, furnishing them at our own expense with food and clothes to enable them to do so, a circumstance which drew down on us most severe reproaches and menaces from the enemy, who threatened us with starvation

Our establishment being still full of invalids, the Vicar-General, who watched closely after our interests, sent a great number of almoners, who could not fail to be a great expense to us, by reason of the dearness and scarcity of provisions. He ordered them, with M. de Rigouville, Canon of the Chapter of Quebec, and Almoner of our establishment, a priest of distinguished merit and virtue, to administer the sacrament to the sick, and to watch night and day near the dying. There were all the inhabitants of the suburbs to be confessed and assisted, but what caused the most infinite annoyance to the Vicar-General, was, his inability to renew our seclusion. There were then more than 200 English, who occupied our saloons and dormitories, and as many more French in the halls and infirmaries, whilst for ourselves there remained only one small apartment. There when all assembled together, thought was our only remedy; all communication being interdicted, we were ignorant of what was passing in the upper country, though our enemy, better informed than ourselves, announced to us every day the arrival of our army. The precautions taken, and the fortifications erected in Quebec, backed by a numerous garrison, made us doubtful of success. On our side were false prophets, and women who besieged and captured the town by assault on paper, without mortar or cannon.—Nothing more was required to reanimate those who only demanded battle.

As soon as the season was sufficiently advanced, our Generals, doubting nothing of the valour of their soldiers, took the field; though ill-furnished with supplies, and still less so with artillery fitted for a siege, yet they had no hopes of success until the arrival of the promised succours from France, which would have attended our endeavours if any of our vessels had arrived in the port of Quebec when the enemy cannonaded our walls. Although the fleet should have arrived, our army marched and arrived near Quebec on the 26th April. The 27th was occupied in transporting the few cannon which had been brought from Montreal. An artillery man, desirous of mounting the hill, slipped on the ice, and fell directly in front of the house which the Governor occupied. The abrupt appearance of this envoy extraordinary, alarmed the sentinels, who immediately gave the alarm. The Governor gave orders that he should be succoured, and had him brought before himself to be examined. The poor wretch was in such a fright at the danger he had escaped, that he was unable to collect his thoughts sufficient for dissimulation, but frankly admitted that he was

one of the artillerymen of the army, then only two leagues from Quebec, that in assisting to hoist one of the guns to the top of the hill, he had slipped on the ice, and made his appearance there in spite of himself. Up to that moment the march of the army had been an entire secret. At the moment the detection of this secret appeared to us a bad augury, and to be directed by a power that ought not to be opposed. The Governor, thus warned, lost not a moment in recalling a strong garrison stationed about a league from Quebec, to oppose our forces, he brought up guns and blew up the church of Ste Foye, which served as a retreat for his troop. After that, he called a council of war, and was almost alone in advising a sally from the town, to possess themselves of an advantageous position, there to erect batteries and to await firmly the coming of our army. His proposition was not over palatable to a great number, but was, nevertheless, executed, as he intended.

Our army, ignorant of the providential information which their enemies had received, continued its march. The nights of the 27th and 28th were frightful. Heaven itself seemed in arms against us. Thunder and lightning, so uncommon at this season in this country, announced the storm our friends were about to be exposed to. The torrents of rain, and melting snows rendered the roads impracticable, and prevented the army from maintaining anything like order in the march, so that M. de Bourglamarque, second in command of the land forces, found himself in the presence of his enemies at the head of his first battalions, without even having time to range them in order. The enemy's artillery played on them as soon as they were within range, and destroyed a great number. M. de Bourglamarque was wounded and compelled to retire. The strength of the army was yet more than half a league from the spot where the first attack commenced. Our marines and militia, better acquainted with the roads, arrived in time to support a regiment which was being cut to pieces rather than retire. The combat then became furious and most bloody. As the English had not failed to choose the most advantageous ground, they were all right, but our army not expecting to find an army ranged in battle array awaiting their arrival, was compelled to halt, and being unable to deploy into line, from the nature of the ground, the first column had to bear the brunt of the battle. The encounter commenced but a short distance from Quebec, on an eminence opposite our house. There was not a cannon or musket shot which did not ring through our ears. Judge of our situation. The interests of the nation, the welfare of our friends, who were among the combatants, engrossed our thoughts. It was a state of suffering not to be described. Monseigneur, our Grand Vicar (to-day our bishop) who suffered no less than we did, exhorted us to sustain this grief with resignation and submission to the will of God. After that, he shut himself up in the Church overwhelmed with the most lively apprehensions, and there, like Aaron, the High Priest, he bowed himself at the foot of the altar, and like the incense of old, his prayers mounted to the throne of the Most High, and besought with all confidence the God of mercy to arrest the strife, and spare the flock confided to him. When the battle was at its height, he arose, full of hope, to visit the field of battle, in spite of our not unreasonable opposition, for he ran fearful risks. His reasons were, he said, that there were not a sufficient number of almoners to assist the dying, whom he believed to be very numerous.

M. de Rigouville, our almoner, was anxious to accompany him, for his inquietude concerning his only brother and many of his friends, who were in the army, was great. They had the delight of seeing the enemy turn to fly after a struggle of two hours. The valour and intrepidity of the French and Canadians drove the enemy from their advantageous position, back even to the guns of the town. Our friends remained masters of the field of battle, and of all their artillery, besides capturing a host of prisoners. The enemy, enclosed in the town, and not daring to appear, we might fairly sing pæans of victory, for it was honorably won, though it cost us many bitter tears.

M. de Levi, on approaching Quebec, had assembled his council, and it was then deliberated whether our house should not be destroyed for fear of the enemy taking possession of it. but God had pity on us and them, and opened their eyes to see that it would be a greater benefit to let it remain. The French commander wrote, warning us to dismiss all those who were there in our care, or had taken refuge with us, regarding us only in the light of persons capable of succouring the wounded of the siege, he was about to undertake, and whom he already recommended to our care. We hastened to answer that we had commenced emptying

our house, but could not be rid of 200 sick English whom it was out of our power to discharge, and that for the rest we were always ready to second his intentions, and to render every service in our power.

After the victory, he sent an officer with a guard of Frenchmen, without however, ridding us of the English, and we were obliged to find them lodging. This was merely the prelude of what was about to take place. Another pen than mine must paint the horrors that transpired during the twenty-four hours ensuing.—To see the wounded carried in, to hear the cries of the dying, and witness the grief of the the mourners, needed an almost superhuman strength to support. After having dressed more than 500 beds, which had been procured from the king's magazines, there yet remained some to find places for. Our granges and stables were filled with these unhappy wretches, and we could scarcely have found time to attend to more. There were in our infirmaries 72 officers, of whom 33 died. Amputated limbs were strewn about everywhere. To cap the climax of our misfortunes our supply of linen failed, and we were obliged to give up our sheets and chemises. Not that the precaution of bringing a good supply from Montreal had been omitted. but the vessel which contained the medical stores had been captured after a gallant defence, by the English, who were on the look out for it.

We were differently situated after this battle from what we were after the first, there were no hospitalieres from Quebec to aid and comfort us. The English had taken possession of their house and the Ursulines, as well as many private ones, to lodge their wounded, which were even in greater number than ours. There remained yet with us a score of officers, who had been unable to leave with them, and whom we were compelled to take charge besides which many of their officers had been sent to lodge with us.

Reverend Mothers, since this narrative has been compiled only of events which passed under our own notice, and to give you the consolation of knowing that we sustained with courage, and fulfilled with devotion the duties of our holy calling. I therefore, do not intend detailing the entire subjection of the country, which I could only do imperfectly from the information of others. I will only state that the greater part of our Canadians have died sooner than yield, and that the few troops who remained, lacking both ammunition and provisions, only yielded to save the women and children from the last of all dreadful evils which awaits besieged towns, viz., hunger.

Alas! most reverend Mothers, it is most unfortunate for us that France was unable to send us even a few vessels freighted with food and ammunition. We should have still been under her dominion. She loses an immense country, and faithful and attached subjects; a loss which cannot be too much regretted, as well on account of religion, as of the different system of laws to which we must submit. We flattered ourselves, vainly, however, that peace would restore us our rights and that God would would have mercy on his children, and only humble us for a time, yet his wrath still lasts.

UNCLE PHILIP'S LAST VOYAGE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS THAT OCCURRED IN THE YEAR 1824 ON THE EASTERN COAST OF SUFFOLK.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL,

Authoress of the "Female Emigrant's Guide," &c.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

"Richard, did you ever give the lads an account of our first voyage and shipwreck?" said Mr. Warren, knocking the ashes from his half-burned cigar, and addressing his brother, a middle-aged seaman, whose sun-burned complexion told of years passed beneath the influence of foreign suns. "I think not, brother," was Captain Warren's brief reply; and closing the volume he held on his knee, he drew the comfortably fur-lined chair in which he was seated yet closer into the fire-side circle—a movement which caused Richard, Arthur, and George Warren to exchange glances of infinite satisfaction.

"Hush, Emma, you must not talk, nor laugh, nor make a noise now," whispered Richard, the eldest of the little group that surrounded the evening hearth, pressing his finger on his lip to enjoin silence from a lovely little prating girl, four years old. "Uncle is going to tell us such a nice story." Emma, smiling through her long flaxen ringlets, promised obedience, then stealing a half jealous glance towards her sister Anne, who occupied the post of distinction on papa's knee, she pleaded half resentfully her right to the other knee. The petition was

granted, and Emma, throwing her white arm caressingly about the neck of her fond father, pressed her blooming face against the cheek that turned to meet its pressure with paternal tenderness; and now all was so still you might have heard the tingling of every cinder as it fell from the grate, or the low breathing of the baby, who lay hushed in sweet repose upon its mother's bosom. After a pause of some minutes, Captain Warren thus began:—

"You are aware, my dear children, that your grandmother was left a widow very early in life, your grandfather dying when your father and myself scarcely exceeded the age of five and six years. This sad and sudden event plunged our poor mother into great distress; at the age of two-and-twenty she found herself a destitute widow, burdened with two young children, with no visible means of providing for their subsistence. Shortly after my father's death, your grandmother gathered together the small remnant of her property, and retired to a neat little dwelling, situated on the outskirts of a healthy enclosure, distant about two miles from a populous fishing town on the eastern coast of Suffolk, and within half a mile of the sea-beach. This little dwelling was the property of an only brother, who was captain and part-owner of a small trading vessel on the coast, who kindly permitted us to live in the cottage rent-free, only taking up his abode with us at such times as his vessel was in port. He was a good-tempered, careless sort of man, acting at all times from impulse rather than from reflection. Nevertheless, Uncle Philip was a kind man in his way, always ready to contribute to our enjoyment and comfort, and we hailed the season of his visiting the cottage as one of unrestrained indulgence. It was to no purpose our poor mother reproved us when Uncle Philip was at home. He laughed at all our pranks, and justified all our little acts of disobedience, as faults which reason and time would cure. Thus encouraged, your father and I often took advantage of our uncle's presence to follow our own wilful ways, indifferent to the grief our disobedient conduct occasioned to the heart of our tenderly affectionate mother.

"One favourite amusement—and it was a forbidden one—was going down to the great pond on the heath to sail our fleet, as we termed a collection of little boats, which it was our evening employment to carve out of small pieces of wood. The depth of the pond made my mother very uneasy lest accident should befall us while carelessly playing on its slippery banks, and it was her daily warning 'not to go near it.' I regret to say, that whenever we could elude her vigilant eye, we were sure to take the path to this scene of forbidden pleasure. I well remember the violent quarrel that took place between Uncle Philip and my mother on this subject. She had detected us sailing our boats on the pond; we had sadly soiled our clothes, and she very justly resolved to punish us for our disobedience. At this crisis my uncle interfered, excusing our fault by saying we had only been showing our predilection for a sea-life betimes. 'As to the lads, sister,' he added in his blunt way, 'they are brave lads, and when old enough shall go to sea in my ship, and I will make fine fellows of them.' 'Ah! Philip, brother Philip,' said my mother, hastily interrupting him, 'when did you ever see the blessing of God fall on undutiful children? How can you expect to see the boys prosper in the world if you encourage them in acts of open and wilful disobedience against their only parent, their poor widowed mother?' As she said these words her eyes filled with tears, for she thought upon her desolate state of widowhood, and turned sadly away. Uncle Philip said nothing, but he looked hurt, and was silent and thoughtful the rest of the day.

"It was some months after this conversation had taken place, that one afternoon in the latter end of October, your grandmother sent your father and me out with a large basket to gather mushrooms on the heath. Having wearied ourselves with searching for the mushrooms to little purpose, we sat down on a mossy knoll, beneath the shelter of two great holly bushes, which formed a favourite retreat at all seasons of the year, whether as a covert from the summer sun or chilling autumnal and winter blast. Here, warmly nestled among the dry fern and moss, we sat enjoying the pleasant scene before us, watching the flights of silvery-winged seafowl, that flitted above our heads, or dropped one by one on the quiet waters of the broad sheet of salt water between the beach and the sea.

"Your father and I were too young at the time to feel much regret at leaving the home of our infancy; to us the wide heath, beset with yellow furze and tufts of yellow broom, and gay with purple blossoms and blue harebells; the expansive waters of the German Ocean, with its yellow sands, and white sails, and flights of snowy seafowl, were prospects more delightful than any that the narrow streets and confined

alleys of the smoky town we had quitted could afford. The bright beams of the spring and summer sun were felt more warmly, and shone more clearly than when they fell on slanting roofs and dull brick walls; and surely we deemed the free range of the pretty little garden laid out so neatly in front of the cottage door, with the wide sunny heath beyond, a happy exchange from the necessary confinement of the town.

"Never, to my mind, did the prospect from the heath look more cheering than it appeared to our partial eyes, as we reclined in listless indolence beneath our favourite holly trees on the afternoon in question. The ocean, which reflected on its tranquil bosom the deep blue azure of the sky, was studded with white sails, rendered yet whiter as the swelling canvas caught the full beams of the noonday sun; at a short distance were seen the herring boats, so near the shore that you might distinctly hear, at intervals, the clear, shrill whistle, or snatches of old sea songs, with which the fisherman cheered his spirits while spreading out his nets on the surface of the calm waters. The low warbling of the larks, as they rose from the brown heath, and sung and soared upwards into the blue ethers; the broad sunshine on the opposite hills: the old grey tower of the village church, whose gilded vane looked like some brilliant day-star, as it sparkled and shone against the deep blue sky: the hollow gurgling of the retiring tide, as it rushed through its narrow stony channel to restore its superfluous waters of the brook to its parent ocean—were sights and sounds that were delightful to our senses as we reclined on the velvet slope; and often, when, in after years, while watching at midnight alone on the restless deep, when the heavy roll of the sea, the creaking of the cordage, and the hoarse moaning of the wind among the sails have been the only sounds that have fallen on my listening ears—the heaving surf below and the gray-clouded sky above, the only objects on which to rest my eyes—I have thought on that scene of peaceful loveliness, have pictured every feature of it over and over again in my mind's eye, and have wept even as I did on the sunset of that eventful day, when I thought that I might behold it again no more.

"We had not sat long enjoying ourselves beneath the holly clump," continued Captain Warren, assuming a more cheerful tone, "when your father pointed out my attention to a vessel at anchor in the bay. 'That looks very much like the William and Mary (that was the name of our uncle's brig). I wonder Richard,' he added, 'whether uncle can see us?' I proposed attracting his attention by hoisting up a flag, or, in other words, tying one of our pocket handkerchiefs to a long stick, and waving it from the brow of the hill. In a few minutes after the elevation of our flag, a boat was lowered from the ship's side. We perceived her steering full towards the beach in a parallel line with the almost perpendicular path that wound up the steep cliff's side. 'It is uncle's boat!' we both cried in a breath, as with a shout of glee we ran down to the beach to see her come ashore. Our loud huzzas were answered by the familiar 'Yes, ho!' of Uncle Philip, as the keel of the little bark grated on the shingle.

"'Well, my boys,' he said, 'I have just run ashore for five minutes to shake hands with you, and say good bye, before the vessel sails for Newcastle. I caught sight of your little bit of a signal-flag from the hill,' he added, 'and somehow I thought I would not leave the bay without just giving you a hail;' then after a moment's pause, he said, 'now, my lads, if you have a mind for a bit of a row, why, as you have never been on the sea, and it's a promise of long standing, I do not mind, as I have an hour's leisure, if I take you a little trip.'

"This was an opportunity we had long desired, and Uncle Philip's offer was joyfully accepted by your father and me. Arthur was already seated in the boat, and I was preparing to follow, when my uncle called, in his sea phrase, 'Avast a bit there; you Richard Warren step home, and ask your mother's leave to take a sail with your Uncle Phil, or maybe we shall got into hot water for going without orders from the commander-in-chief; and, harkee, my lad, do not be gone five minutes.'

'Away I started as swift as a frightened hare, up the steep cliff side, and away over the heath in a direct line for the cottage door. Panting breathless, I presented myself before my mother, who, without listening to my passionate entreaties, gave a positive denial to my petition, asking me, somewhat angrily, what was the reason that I had not brought home the mushrooms, bidding me instantly begone and fetch them home, accompanying her speech at the same time with rather a sharp blow on the shoulder. With a dogged look and sullen step I turned slowly towards the beach, my lips swelling and my brow clouding, as I went with ill-suppressed resentment and disappointment; but when my eye again caught sight of the little

boat, rocking on the edge of the smooth water, my uncle at the helm, and your father seated at the head of the boat, full of joyful expectation, suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that I could conceal my mother's refusal to our request without being suspected of falsehood. I even said to myself, 'I am sure she would have let us go this beautiful afternoon, if she had not been in a hurry for the mushrooms;' but then, to go in direct opposition to her commands would be an act of disobedience. I slackened my pace; but while I paused to deliberate, my Uncle Philip's shrill whistle urged me to quicken my steps, and the eager question of 'May we go?' from my brother decided me, and in an unlucky moment I replied, 'Yes, yes, we may go!' and giving my hand to Powell, the sailor who occupied the rower's bench, leaped into the boat, and in another minute was seated beside your father.

"A single stroke of the oars set us free from the shore, and away we went over the smooth waters as swift as a bird through the air.

"Nothing could surpass the delight we felt as we bounded so gallantly over the waters. We coasted along the shore for the space of an hour or so, enjoying the pleasant prospect the land afforded; but when Uncle Philip proposed landing us on the beach, we entreated him, in the most vehement manner, to take us on board the brig; for some minutes my uncle stood firm in his refusal, but, overcome at length by our persuasive arguments, he bade Powell pull us off into the deep water. An hour's rowing brought us alongside the William and Mary; and in another minute Arthur and I stood on the deck full of wonder at everything we saw, The compass, the rudder, the capstan, the boom, each sail and rope by turns attracted our attention; we would know the names and uses of everything we saw.

"Now it happened that during my uncle's absence, the mate and lad whom he had left in the vessel had neglected to execute some order, or had executed it amiss. My uncle, though a good-humoured man on shore, was very hasty and very strict on board ship, and he gave way to a violent fit of anger, swearing at the mate and the boy most dreadfully, insomuch that Arthur and I were frightened, and retreated to the little cabin below.

"In his passion, which lasted a long time, I suppose our poor uncle quite forgot he had his nephews on board, and we, terrified by his angry blustering voice and the hoarse answers of the sailors, dared not venture into his presence, till the gradual decline of daylight, and the deepening gloom around us made us think of home and feel some uneasiness at our distance from it. We now began to perceive an unusual motion in the vessel, and heard the waves dashing against her sides; the ship was fast receding from the shore and pursuing her northward passage; it was evident our uncle had forgotten us. Urged by feelings of anxiety which we could no longer control, we crept up the companion stairs to the deck, and ventured to look round, in the hope of catching the eye of our friend, the tar, but he was aloft in the rigging, while Uncle Philip was pacing the deck in a very ill humour, his eye fixed on the shrouds, and too deeply engaged in scolding the men who were aloft to notice us. 'Richard, what shall we do?' whispered your father, 'what will mother say at our long absence?' These words dyed my cheek with crimson, and the thought of my disobedience and falsehood rushed to my mind. I dared not even confess to my brother the part I had acted, but stood like a guilty wretch, with my eyes bent on the deck and unable to utter a word. The thought of seeing my mother was dreadful to me, after the fault I had been guilty of; yet every moment I stayed on board ship increased my uneasiness. I knew not what to do; and full of melancholy anticipations, I retreated to the side of the vessel, casting my eyes anxiously towards the receding shore. The sun was already fast sinking behind a bank of dense vapoury clouds, through which his last ray streamed in long lines of stormy brightness. The calm blue sky had become white and hazy; there was a heavy swell on the sea, which was at times crested with white breakers, especially towards that part of the coast which is occupied for several miles in front of the shore by a dangerous sand reef. The sudden gusts of the rising wind which now blew full on shore, whistling and moaning through the rigging, and the scream of the seafowl as they passed us in their landward flight, filled my mind with uneasy forebodings. I would have given the world, had its riches been at my command, to have been quietly seated beside my poor mother's cottage fire. Meantime your father had ventured to approach his uncle, and watching a favourable opportunity, asked him when he thought of putting us ashore. The sound of his nephew's voice seemed to recall Uncle Philip to himself; he had, it seems, totally forgotten us. Regarding

Arthur with a mingled expression of vexation and uneasiness, he turned to Powell to consider what was best to be done. 'Sir,' said Powell, 'the lads must stay on board ship. We have lost the tide, there is a heavy sea coming on, and it would be dark night before we could make the land, and that at the risk of upsetting the boat among the breakers. It is out of the question attempting it. We were already many miles out at sea."

"My uncle was now in a thorough ill humour with himself, with us, and the whole ship's crew. Finding, however, it was of no use fretting, he agreed, in case he should fall in with a vessel homeward bound, in the course of the night or the next morning to put us on board. The thought of my poor mother and the night of anxious watching she would experience, made my heart sink within me. Your father felt the uncomfortable sensation of sea-sickness, and became too ill to remain on deck; my uncle very kindly carried him below, and laying him in a spare berth in his cabin, left me to watch beside him; the rolling of the vessel, the noise of the waves, and the creaking and rattling of the sails and cordage made my head ache, and so completely bewildered my brain, that in a few minutes I fell fast asleep on the cabin floor. I remember nothing that happened, till my uncle came into the cabin next morning, and told us there had been a heavy gale of wind during the night, and that it still continued blowing very hard; he gave us some breakfast, bidding us keep below, as there was a heavy sea, and the rain was falling in torrents; he looked pale and anxious, observing, 'I would have given a great deal, boys, could I have put you safe ashore last night.' He was evidently greatly cast down and vexed, though he strove all he could to hide it from us.

"I think that this was the most comfortless day I ever experienced: the ship rolled so that we could not keep our feet; if we ventured to move across the cabin floor we were thrown down by the sudden shocks of the vessel. Uncle Philip and the sailors only visited us for a few minutes at a time, to give us food and cheer our spirits; but there was a hurried and anxious expression in their faces which did not escape our notice. Towards evening the rain abated, but with the stormy sunset the wind rose, and by degrees increased to a furious hurricane. The seamen put up the dead lights early in the afternoon, to prevent the waves breaking the cabin windows, and lit a lamp to supply the place of the excluded daylight.

"Your father continued much distressed by the motion of the vessel; for my own part I suffered only from a painful consciousness of my own unworthy conduct, which wrung many bitter tears from my eyes while watching beside his restless bed. I had sat for some hours on the side of the berth, when I suddenly felt a strong desire to look out upon the face of the tempest-tossed deep. With some difficulty I climbed the ladder, and looked round me, but felt an awful sensation when I beheld old Ocean in his majesty. Far as the eye could reach, the sea was covered with foaming billows, which came tumbling and chasing each other in quick succession, threatening each moment to engulph us; the mingled roaring of the winds and waters deafened me and appalled my young heart, and I withdrew again to the cabin. About ten o'clock my uncle came down below; he looked weary and as pale as ashes; he ate a morsel of biscuit, and drank some wine, of which he gave us a small portion. I asked if he was not coming to lie down for an hour or two; he shook his head, his eyes were full of tears; he bade me get into my berth and go to sleep; 'be sure,' he added, 'my boy, do not forget to say your prayers, and commend yourself to the care of Almighty God.'

"He sat down for a minute or two on his store-chest near the table, and his lips moved as in prayer. 'This will be a fearful night,' he said at length, raising his head from his hands, 'but the Lord's will be done!' While he was yet speaking, a dreadful crash was heard on deck; it was followed by a cry that smote terror through our hearts; my poor uncle hurried upon deck—we never saw him more—there was a roaring rushing sound above our heads as of the sweeping of a flood of waters. 'Richard,' said your father, starting up in the berth, 'the ship is going down! my mother! my dear, dear mother!' His words wrung my heart to agony, and casting myself into his bosom, in a voice hardly audible through grief and terror, I confessed my fault, beseeching him to forgive me for having been the means of bringing him into this fearful peril, and to pray to God to pardon my sin. And here I must observe that though, but for me, your dear father had been enjoying the comforts of home and a fond mother's tender care, yet during all that season of terror and distress, he never breathed one single word

of complaint or reproach against me. Young as I then was, for I had not completed my eleventh year, I was deeply touched by this proof of his brotherly love and forbearance. I never forgot it, and I never will." As he said this, Captain Warren extended his hand towards his brother; there was silent but eloquent affection in the warm pressure with which Arthur Warren returned the grasp of fraternal love—it told more than a thousand words the feelings of his heart.

"That awful night," continued Captain Warren, "we passed in alternate watching and prayer; at times we strained our ears to listen for the sound of Uncle Philip's voice, or the hoarse bawling of the seamen on the shrouds, which had been heard at intervals during the early part of the night, but all was silent, save the roaring of the waves and the thundering of the blast. We were in fact, the only creatures left alive in that devoted ship!

"As soon as the first gleam of daylight was visible in our cabin, we ascended the ladder; but what an awful scene of desolation met our eyes! The ship lay a complete hulk upon the waters; *her masts gone, her rudder unshipped,* every part of her rigging rent away! the waters had swept her decks, as it might be said, with the besom of destruction, bearing in their resistless fury everything that had opposed their force!

"How, my dear children, shall I describe to you the terror of your poor father and myself, when we found ourselves alone in that desolated vessel, which lay tossing among the billows, a mere sport, as it were, on that vast expanse of water, exposed to all the horrors of the unabated tempest!

"*It was to no purpose we raised our voices* and called aloud, in accents of wild despair, the names of those who lay, unconscious of our grief many fathoms deep below the surging tide.

"We strained our eyes through the streaming tears that dimmed them, in the hope of descrying some friendly sail, but no ship was in sight, and our vessel continued to drive before the merciless fury of the gale.

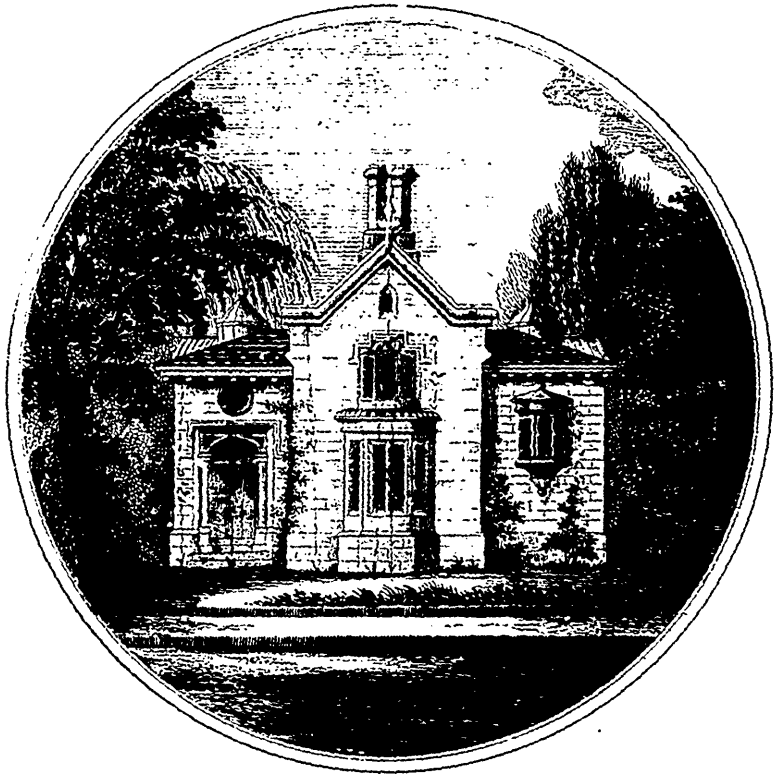
"Forty years have I sailed the salt seas; I have voyaged from India to either pole, and many storms and fearful sights have I witnessed, I have been becalmed for weeks on these dismally still waters, when not a breath of Heaven's blessed wind has blown to cool the sultry air; I have seen the last morsel of food distributed among our famished crew; I have been surrounded by a world of waters, yet panting for one fresh drop to moisten my parched and blackened lips—but surely the horrors of that fearful hour have never been surpassed! it was a fearful contrast when compared with our mother's quiet home on the heath, where, in conscious security, we listened to the howling of the distant storm, and thought not of its terrors.

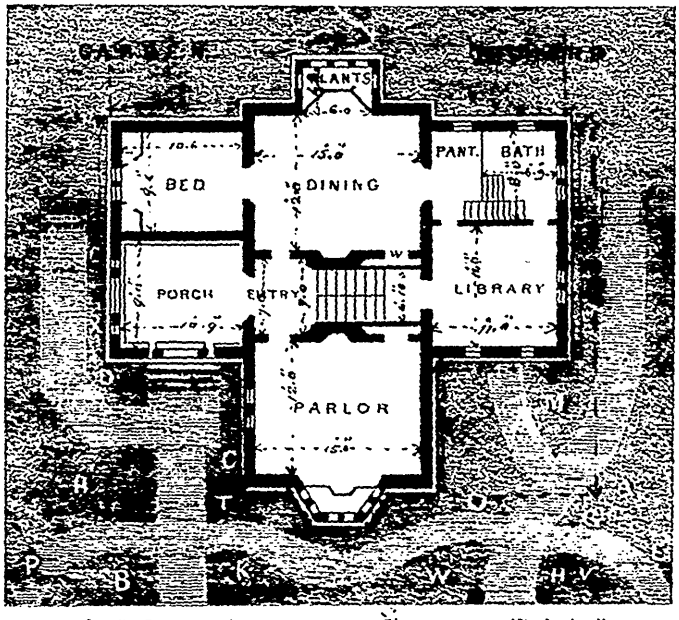
"From contemplating so desolate a scene we were driven by the pouring of the rain, which began to fall in torrents; and we retreated to our solitary cabin, where we passed the remainder of the day. There we sat all that lonely day on the cabin floor, our hands clasped together, our eyes mournfully fixed on each other's face, or raised in hopeless sorrow to the stream of dim grey light that came to us from the aperture above. We were aware that we possessed neither knowledge nor power (nor the means, even if we had possessed the two former requisites) of guiding our shattered vessel into safety: we knew that if the wreck drove upon any sunken reef or went ashore, we must inevitably perish; and surely we had utterly fainted if the *Lord had not* been *on our side,* whose mighty hand sustained us. He, whose power alone could stay the wind and waves, when we seemed abandoned to certain destruction, delivered us out of our peril.

"Often, during that melancholy day, did your father and I kneel down and lift up our voices in prayer to the Almighty to preserve us; and when weary with watching and weeping, we laid ourselves down to sleep. Thus wore away the longest day I ever remember to have passed.

"The morning rose brilliantly; the wind had sunk to perfect stillness; the thunder of the waves was exchanged for a low murmuring ripple, which scarcely moved our vessel, as she lay a mere log upon the surface of the calm waters. The sun had risen gloriously when your father and I went upon deck. It was with a cry of transport that we noticed a vessel bearing towards us; presently a boat was lowered from her sides, and shortly afterwards her crew stood upon our deck, and then we felt that our deliverance was sure, and throwing our arms about each other, we wept and sobbed for joy; the heart of the roughest seaman was moved, and every eye overflowed with tears of sympathy when they learned *the sad tale we had to tell.*

"The captain of the schooner received us on board his ship with almost fatherly kindness. After a little consultation with his men, he re-





KIRRI COTTAGE.

solved to take the vessel in tow, and bring her into Yarmouth harbour, to which port he was bound. On our arrival in Yarmouth, he kindly took us to his own home, despatched a messenger to our mother to acquaint her with all the particulars of our voyage, and invited her to his own house, that he might have the pleasure of restoring us safely to her once more.

"At sight of her beloved children, all feelings of anger and sorrow were alike forgotten in thankfulness and joy for our restoration, and while her eyes overflowed with tears, she lifted up her voice in grateful acknowledgments to that gracious Being, who, in His goodness, had preserved her children from the perils of the mighty deep.

"And now, my dear children, let those things teach you never, under any temptation, to conceal the truth or to disobey your parents, and to be thankful to God for all His mercies."

The children with one voice thanked their uncle for his tale. "And now, Alice, my little maid," said Mr. Warren, "place the round table, and give your uncle his cup of tea."

THE STORM.

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

Dark billows heave against the angry west,
Where murdered daylight struggles in his blood,
With one dim sun-shaft quivering in his breast,
Lat pins him down upon the gloomy flood.

The sullen winds their mighty wings unfurl,
And hastening clouds a hurried phalanx form;
Till sudden darkness seems at last to hurl
The globe from out the pathway of the storm.

Down! down it comes!—as when the angels fell,
Blacker and swifter still, in all its ire,
Striking the ocean into such a hell
As beggars the red majesty of fire.

All nature seems to miss her rocky feet;
Pale cities, fleets, and tottering hills give way;
And palsied man creeps from some dark retreat,
To see if all be o'er,—or it be day.

Port Credit, 17th Jany., 1855.

KIRRI COTTAGE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

This cottage, which is given in a late number ibed by that magazine. The grounds in front are filled with trees and shrubs, a catalogue of which is given,* in order that the same might be arranged upon an enlarged surface with increased effect.

THE HOUSE.—A walk flagged with Sangerties stone, leads through the shrubbery to a porch of entry, open upon two sides, trimmed with Gothic columns, under a pointed arch of four centres, with trefoil spandrels, splayed jambs, and hood mold. The principal floor is elevated four feet above the street. Front door—pointed head, six panelled; three glazed with stained glass; opens into a small lobby, connecting a front parlour with the dining room; bedroom on the left; closets, with pantry, on the right, with bath-room adjoining. Front parlor—with bay window, commanding the street, and one side window looking east. A closet connects with the basement stairs.

Basement.—The rear portion is entirely out of the ground, so that the kitchen, under the dining room and side store-rooms, are light and dry. The cellars are in front, and the station for a furnace would be under the right wing.

The second story contains two rooms over the parlor and dining room respectively. The chimney flues are brought together over an arch and rise in one stack. Our view represents this stack, topped out with insulated shafts of brick or terra-cotta, linked together at top and bottom, and they may be ornamented upon their surface.

The parlour ceiling has the joisting and plank, supporting the deafening, chamfered and planed to show, instead of plastering. The walls are painted fawn-color, in oil, and the doors are imitation of black walnut.

The dining-room ceiling is plastered and painted a lilac tint, with kalsomine, and the walls are papered, a light figure upon a darker (chocolate) ground, Doors imitation of mahogany.

* See illustration. Explanation—A. Austrian or Black and White Pine. B. Bocconia and Althea. C. Chinese Evergreen Honeysuckle. D. Tecoma grandiflora. E. Exmouth Elm. G. Ginko of Japan. H. Hemlock. K. Kentucky Coffee-tree: Gymnocladus. M. English Field Maple. O. Osage Orange. P. Pawlonia Imperialis: Keri or Kirri of Japan, from whence the cottage takes its name. T. Tree Peony and Mezerion. V. Vines and Creepers. W. Ringlet Willow. X. Chinese Tristaria. H. V. Himalaya Viburnum, Magnolias, Tulip Tree, Willows, White and Black Spruce, Balsam Fir, Chinese and American Arbor Vitæ, Mountain Ash, Silver Leaf, Abele, Carolina Syringa, Tree Honeysuckle, African and Double Altheus, Strawberry Tree, Hercules Club, &c. Of annuals or greenhouse-plants, the cottage is decorated by the Cobia Scandens, Leptosphernum, Maurandyas, Salvias, &c. To which may be added the following hardy plants—Aristolochia, Periploca, Fumatory Vine, Mahonia Holly, Japan Quince, Scotch Perpetual Rose, Cypress, Larch, &c.

The hall and stairway are painted grey stone color, in oil: the steps oiled and varnished to bring out the grain.

The porch is fresco-painted, and coursed off in imitation of freestone.

The room above the dining-room has the rafters, purlins, and plate dressed to show to the peak. The intervals between the timbers are lined with canvass, and papered, white figure on a blue ground. Four of the rafters descend to the floor, forming alcoves.

The room above the parlour rises, also, into the roof, but is plastered between the beams and painted in oil.

MEN OF LETTERS AMONG THE ROMANS.

Many persons are apt to imagine that the man of letters is a product of modern times.—The invention of printing, and the impulse thereby given to general education, having contributed to enlarge to so great an extent the number of readers, it is presumed that a new class of writers have risen up to provide for the wants thus newly created. But in looking back through the literary history of past ages, we are surprised to find how ardently men devoted themselves to literary pursuits in times far less favoured than our own, and when, if we except their innate fondness for such employment, they could have had, comparatively speaking, little inducement to take up with so unremunerative an occupation. We make no reference here to those original minds which have occasionally appeared to reveal to us to what a transcendent height the faculties of the human mind may be developed. Our allusion is to the steady plodders in this difficult highway; to the men of application, and research, and hard industry; to those who occupy themselves in compilation and reproduction; who, delighting in the toil, make it their business to search out all accessible knowledge, and give the results of that toil to their contemporaries, that many may be made wise by the labours of one.

Among the Romans, as soon as the period of their early poverty was past, and wealth had secured to some portion of the people leisure to cultivate literary and artistic pursuits, men were found devoting themselves to such labours with astonishing diligence. Of these, one Terentius Varro, a Roman gentlemen, to adopt the modern phrase, of independent fortune, acquired great eminence, both for the variety and extent of his acquirements and his almost incredible fertility as an author. Four hundred and ninety works at least, we are well assured, he could boast of as being all of his own composing, and these embraced every variety of subject. History, antiquities, grammar, geography, philosophy, biography, agriculture, nay, even poetry, *too*, this versatile writer attempted; and all with some, if not with equal success. The enormous mass of information which these works contained was the wonder of his own and of succeeding ages. Varro read so much, said one of the early Fathers, that it is matter of astonishment how he could have found time to write; and yet he wrote so much, that it is difficult to believe any one can find time to read all that this one author has written. We have had in more recent times instances of great fertility in authorship; but they have been principally in the line of fiction. A series of works all demanding such prodigious antecedent study, and all testifying to the extreme accuracy, as well as extent of their author's learning, is a *phenomenon* which has no parallel even in these times of literary industry.

With what pride must the gray-haired old man, as his years drew to their close, have paced his silent study, filled with the expressive witnesses of a life of self-denying zeal. Every volume there could recal to his mind some instance of self-sacrifice, of triumph over bodily *infirmity*, of *resolute determination* to achieve some praiseworthy undertaking. And they too, were the performances by which he had earned the honoured title of the most learned of the Romans. *The exultation, however, must have* been dashed with sorrow, if as some authors tell us, the completion of every work is like bidding adieu to a well-loved and intimate friend. *However that may be, the retrospect must,* at least, have been accompanied with a pleasing picture of busy seclusion, and of years of uninterrupted quiet. Not so, for Varro's lot had fallen in troubled times. *He flourished in the* century preceding our era, when his country was distracted with civil wars—when its people and institutions were all in the turmoil of those convulsions which *terminated in the supremacy* of the Cæsars. Every man of note was in a manner compelled to take part with one or other of the contending factions, and our author found *himself upon the losing side. But, not*withstanding failure and defeat, he remained faithful to the party whose cause he had espoused, until the decisive successes of Cæsar

and the death of his own leader, made all further resistance an act of madness.

In those times that broad distinction which now exists between the naval and military services was unknown; and men passed from one to the other according to the exigencies of the occasion. Varro, before serving in Pompey's army, had seen active service as an officer in the Roman navy; and as these were times of continual war, one would imagine this active and anxious kind of life could have been little conducive to the successful prosecution of severe study. And yet the example of such a man shows what men can do, under the most discouraging circumstances, by steady and resolute application. After the battle of Pharsalia, which made Cæsar master of Rome, Varro, who was then verging towards the seventieth year of his age submitted to the conqueror, and was received with every expression of favour.—Cæsar at once employed him, as the fittest man in the Empire, to superintend the formation of a great library, which he designed for public use. This reconciliation, however, was too late to prevent the plunder and destruction of one of his country seats by the partizans of Antony, Cæsar's colleague; and the loss of a valuable collection of books, on this cruel occasion was to him irreparable.

Old age was creeping upon him, so he retired to some estates he possessed in the neighbourhood of Naples, and while all around was in a tempest of commotion, he shut himself up with his books, and lived, apparently secure, amidst universal insecurity, This lasted a few years, until the murder of Cæsar in the senate-house, and the formation of the second Triumvirate, filled him with alarm. His name along with that of his friend Cicero, the great Roman orator, was found among the list of the proscribed; and he had now no resource left but to abandon everything and fly for his life. More fortunate than his illustrious friend, he succeeded in concealing himself until the first outburst of this new storm had spent itself; and, having secured the protection of Augustus, he was enabled at length to return to his former privacy, and to spend the remainder of his life in tranquility.—Though deprived of most of his books, he laboured on to the last with all the indefatigible zeal of his youth, and closed his industrious and troubled life in peace in the year 28 B.C., and in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

One only of his works has descended to our time, a treatise upon agriculture, written late in life, after its author had attained his eightieth year; and which is the most important ancient work upon that subject extant. Of the contents of another work we have some means of judging, as upon it St. Augustine partly founded one of the most laboured of his compositions, his treatise upon the City of God. A few fragments of some other of Varro's productions have come down to us, over which an adventurous scholar will occasionally puzzle himself, by way of relaxation from his more regular studies; but all the rest have long ago faded into a hopeless oblivion.

Let us pass on to the next century. Our attention is arrested by another instance of enthusiastic devotion to literature. Undiverted by the toils of the Camp, or the labours of the bar, the pertinacious Pliny devoted himself, night and day, to study and composition; and at last fell a martyr to his insatiable thirst for information. There were two men of this name, an uncle and a nephew, both famous for their literary accomplishments: it is to the former of the two to whom reference is at present made, Pliny the elder was born of a family which held estates in the neighbourhood of Como. When young he went to Rome to avail himself of the greater facilities for improvement to be found in the metropolis, and also to push his fortune. He soon obtained rank in the army, and served in the German wars. He commenced his literary career in the camp, studying and writing in the intervals of his military duties. After a few years' service, he returned with his commander to Rome, and there he began to study for the bar. He practised the law for some years, though without any very decided success, indulging, perhaps too freely, his taste for general literature; and during the reign of Nero he prudently lived in the strictest retirement.—Towards the close of that emperor's reign, however, he accepted a political appointment in Spain; but on the accession of Vespasian, whom Pliny had become acquainted with during his services in Germany, he returned to Rome and was received among the number of that emperor's intimate friends. His last appointment was that of Admiral of the Fleet; and it was while holding this commission that the occurrence took place which occasioned his death.—This was the memorable eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which overwhelmed both Herculaneum and Pompeii. Pliny was sitting, as usual, busy

over his books, when he was informed that a cloud of extraordinary size and shape was seen towering over the distant mountain. His curiosity was excited; and providing himself with writing materials, he immediately ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and hastened to a close inspection of the phenomenon. As he rowed up to the spot, the sailors in the retreating vessels urged him to return, as the falling cinders and the increasing tempestousness of the sea rendered all nearer approach dangerous. But Pliny pushed on the shore, and directed his steps to the villa of a friend situated near the coast. He found the household in alarm, preparing to quit their abode; but the philosopher re-assured them, and after making further observations, he partook heartily of some refreshment. The danger now grew momentarily more imminent; cinders were falling thick in the court-yard of the house, threatening soon to bar all egress. The party tied pillows upon their heads as a protection against the showers of hot ashes, and issued out towards the sea-shore. The waves were too boisterous to allow of embarkation, and Pliny stretched himself upon a sail, which was spread for him upon the ground. The rapid approach of a body of sulphurous flame urged all to a speedy flight. Pliny was raised up by his attendants, but he instantly dropped down again, dead from suffocation; and his body was afterwards found there, lying without any sign of external injury. The only work of this author which we possess is his "Natural History," a huge encyclopædia, containing information on almost every conceivable subject, and which has been translated into every European language. This vast work was written, and the materials for it collected, during the hours he could snatch from his multifarious public employments, Besides his published works, this industrious compiler bequeathed to his nephew at his death a manuscript common-place book, which had grown to the appalling extent of 160 volumes.

These instances will suffice to show with what assiduity, even amid the hurry und distraction of public engagements men could devote themselves in those times to literary pursuits.—There was no large reading public then to stimulate and reward their labours; but to them the labour itself was its own recompense and encouragement. A genuine love of learning is increased by the very means taken to satisfy it; and what better reward could they have desired than that tranquility of mind and superiority to all mundane allurements, which such pursuits, prosecuted in such a spirit, invariably tend to produce?

THE FOREST HUT.

A TALE OF LA VENDEE.

BY E. C. J.

Britany is one of those out of the way spots of the earth that few hear of, and fewer care to visit; and yet, strange to say, it affords matter of greater interest than many of the beaten continental paths frequented by our travel-loving countrymen; for what can be more extraordinary than the history of its people? clinging tenaciously to their old language, customs, traditions, and masters; unchanging for centuries, whilst all Europe has been progressing around them. To Englishmen these circumstances should be fraught with twofold interest, when they remember that the Bretons are of the same origin as themselves; that whilst, in point of fact, they are governed as French subjects, still they retain, even at this distance of time, much in their character peculiar to ourselves. The strange history of their remote province shows that its inhabitants have never cordially amalgamated with the people to whom they were united three hundred and fifty-nine years ago.

This light sketch being necessary to make what follows understood, we will at once conduct our readers to the Forest Rennes, situated at a considerable distance from the capital of that name—whilst we endeavour to describe some of the strange scenes enacted there during a bright sunny afternoon late in the summer of 183—.

Much of the forest consisted of thick stunted brushwood (cut down at distant intervals for fuel); whilst large and stately trees marked the outlines of the roads traversing the depths of the wood. On a spot where four of these paths met, stood a group who had evidently travelled far, and by the vexation stamped upon their countenances, seemingly bent upon no pleasurable errand. The party alluded to consisted of six *gens d'armes*, dressed from head to foot in the striking uniform peculiar to that body. Their horses were jaded and travel-worn, whilst their riders were bespattered with mud, apparently no less fatigued than the sorry cattle they bestrode. Notwithstanding this, they were evi-

dently picked men, well fitted for the dangerous service for which they had been chosen.

Arriving in parties of two and two, from opposite directions, they reached the given place of rendezvous in silence. After a pause, a gay-looking fellow exclaimed—

"This will never do!—It is enough to kill any man with vexation and fatigue—to toil on, day after day, tracking those men to their very haunts; within an inch of grasping them, when they elude us, as if by witchcraft; where not these obstinate peasantry in league to a man against us, we should have captured every Carlist in the country long ago! I lose all patience. Those stupid clowns pretending not to understand questions in plain French! But tell me, Guichard, why you never address them in *Bas Breton*—you speak it easily, do you not?"

This was addressed to one somewhat superior in rank, and apparently the leader of the party.

"Because by so doing I should awaken greater caution and suspicion; whereas, when silent, they may imagine that we do not understand what they communicate to each other; thus I may obtain information they would never willingly give—for they would sooner die than betray one another."

These words produced a powerful effect upon his hearers; every man's brow became dark and thoughtful—even the first speaker—a passionate, kind-hearted fellow—replied in a very different tone from that which he had used of late.

"You may well say so!—I feel half ashamed of the work we are about. Are we not hunting down these brave royalists like wild beasts, because they refuse to submit to the new order of things, convinced that their old master (or rather the young Henri) is the rightful heir to the throne? Desperate as their cause seems to be, I respect them; they are our fellow-countrymen. I hate the office of leading them to prison. How those faithful Bretons must detest us all!"

"Hush, hush," replied the *chef*, "do not give way to such treasonable thoughts! Remember we are servants of the state, having no choice; bound to do what we are ordered. Moreover, we live in times when the less a man utters his opinions the better. We have sworn to abide by the charter. Would you break your oath? Away, comrades, we must move on."

He ceased, and the attention of all was suddenly attracted by the sound of voices, singing in chorus, faintly rising upon the breeze. In another instant the party had dismounted, and fastening their horses to the trees, made their way as noiselessly as possible through the thick brushwood, in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

At length they halted, exchanging rapid signs with each other; they had reached a large open space, covered with bright green sward; although as yet effectually screened from observation behind the thick foliage, through which they observed what was passing about a hundred paces before them. There sat a group that Salvator Rosa might have chosen for a study; strange, indeed, even to eyes so accustomed to wild scenes.

Large, long pits, perforated at equal distances in the ground, met their view; some filled with smouldering wood, others with glaring charcoal whilst here and there, reclining in various attitudes, were men listening in rapt attention to a young man singing a martial Breton air, with striking emphasis, each verse being taken up in full chorus; the latter had first attracted the *gens d'armes* towards the singers, all of whom appeared to be charcoal-burners; their strongly-marked features were rendered doubly striking by the inky hue acquired in their calling; their loose garbs were coarse but picturesque; and the bright lurid light cast upon their countenances from the deep furnaces beneath, gave them an almost unearthly appearance. A long line of small horses, laden with bags containing charcoal ready for the market, had just left the spot; and the bells attached to the leader chimed in with the woodland song.

As the animated singer ceased, Guichard advanced to his side, whilst his comrades, obeying a sign from the latter, surrounded the party; none of whom, however, evinced any alarm or inclination to fly. A visible change certainly had come over the countenances of the dusky assemblage; those very faces that had been lit up by enthusiasm an instant before, became dark, dogged, and gloomy. They looked upon the *gens d'armes* in cold disdain, as if already prepared for their unexpected intrusion. Guichard, who had narrowly watched them, from his hiding place, without finding the person he sought, turned at once to the singer.

"You sing well, young man; but choose a strange subject for your song!—Yours may prove a dangerous trade, if continued. I know you not; but what if you are the very *Chouan** I am ordered to seek; however, thank your stars that you are not already marked on the list:—there is one hiding in this very forest whom we are determined to find, and a word from either of you will ensure gold and favour; speak, then, without fear."

They all gazed upon the speaker with looks of stupified indifference, as if they neither cared for nor understood the purport of his speech. The singer's lip curved slightly at its close, it might be in disdain; but as Guichard ceased speaking, he looked up in assumed stupidity, expressing, by signs and broken French, that he did not comprehend him.

Whilst this was going on, one of the charcoal-burners addressed an old man near him in the Breton language, in a suppressed voice—glancing his eyes towards a low hut, partly hidden by trees, distant about a quarter of a mile. His words were:—

"Shall we warn him now?"

The old man turned his back toward Guichard, pressing his fore-finger across his lips in token of silence; seemingly stupid and silent as before; yet a close observer might remark that the questioned had vexed him.

Low as were these words, and slight the action, Guichard had perceived them both. Without another word of inquiry, he drew his men off in the direction of the hut, proceeded at a rapid pace.

The poor Bretons eyed each other in dismay; the young singer, in a whisper rebuked the incautious speaker thus:—

"Heaven preserve him! whatif through your folly Monsieur le Comte is lost?" As he spoke he laid himself flat upon the turf; then rising his head sufficiently to see the retreating party, he uttered the shrill piercing cry of the *Chouans*.

Within that low woodland hut (composed of loose plants alone, and apparently scarcely wind and weather tight), another scene was enacting.

A young man was sitting beside a smouldering wood fire, his face half concealed between his hands, whilst tears were fast trickling through his fingers. A band of crape bound a military cap besides him—the rest of his dress was composed of various colours and materials, ill adapted to each other; over all, he wore a large loose coat, made of goat skin, such as *those in use amongst the peasantry; but, in* spite of this incongruous costume, he bore the peculiar stamp of nobility that strikes the eye at once. Such was Count Raoul de Léon, the person of whom the *gens d'armes* were then in pursuit. Young, and the last scion of a noble family, he had more than once bled, and devoted the greater part of the property he had inherited, to the cause he deemed the rightful one. A deep sabre cut, scarcely healed, disfigured his cheek, and added to the paleness of his countenance.

At the other end of the room stood a girl, of about thirteen years of age, busily engaged in scooping out small blocks of wood. She was making wooden shoes, or *sabots;* but, in spite of her employment, now and then turning a thoughtful and sad look towards her companion. She sometimes stopped in her work, in order to take a survey, through the half-open door, of what was passing without. Her form had not yet reached its full stature—her face could not be termed beautiful; but she possessed a pair of large dark blue eyes that sparkled with intelligence when raised to those she addressed; so that, once seen, the little rustic was not easily forgotten.

Jeanne Ploernel was the only child of an old soldier of the Empire; who, on returning to his native place, had married a daughter of one of the charcoal-burners. Three years after Jeanne's birth her mother died, leaving her to the sole care of the sorrowing widower. By him had she been brought up in this lonely forest hut. From early childhood she had, through choice, assisted her father in his calling of sabot maker, and had soon become very expert; and probably the constant movement of the arms required in scooping out the blocks, served to promote her growth and vigour.

When started by the thrilling cry of warning before alluded to, the young girl instantly sprang to the side of her companion, who had also risen in alarm—exclaiming in a trembling voice:—

"Count Raoul, the *gens d'armes* are near. I see them coming through the trees. You cannot fly now—they would see you—what shall we do?—Oh! that I could save you!"

* *Chouan;* literally screech-owl. This name was given to the Vendeans from their using the cry of that bird for a signal; the most watchful were frequently deceived by it, so perfect was the imitation.

Suddenly a ray of hope seemed to lighten her eyes, for, laying her hand upon the young man's arm, she added:—

"See! see! that pile of shavings behind my work table—there is a small excavation in the earth beside it, in which blocks of wood are kept. Quick! quick! I can hide you there. Delay not a moment, or you are lost!"

Raoul at once obeyed her directions; they hastily removed the blocks that half-filled the hole, and into it he crept, lying flat on the ground. His knees and feet were, however, uncovered; but, with the speed of lightning, Jeanne piled up the shavings lying around her, thus forming them into a small heap against the wall, so as to screen the young man entirely from view. This done, she resumed her two-handled scoops; and after drawing a long breath, as if to resume her composure, she continued her work as though nothing had interrupted her. Soon the heavy tramp of the *gens d'armes'* feet were heard. They entered the hut, upon which she looked up with well-feigned surprise; and went on with her occupation without speaking; throwing the shavings she made, in so doing, on the heap beside her.

Guichard and his companions at once concluded that he whom they sought had fled, more particularly as the doors on both sides of the dwelling were open. They, however, commenced a hasty search of the low room adjoining that in which Jeanne was employed, but seeing no place in which a man might be concealed, they were about to give up the useless search. Guichard, however, as he proceeded towards the door, addressed a short question or two to the young girl.

She looked towards him, not with assumed stupidity, but calm indifference, at the same time shaking her head, and deigning no reply—her cheek was flushed, and her eye sparkled brightly.

One of the most forward of the *gens d'armes* was standing close beside her; he had been eyeing her attentively, and laughingly exclaimed:

"I will see if I cannot make you speak, you pretty provoking piece of dumb show!"

The next moment his arms were round her, and a hearty kiss was imprinted upon her blushing cheek.

The spirited girl quickly disengaged herself from his rude grasp; and, drawing herself up to her full height, she raised her vigorous arm, and dealt such a slap on the face of the astonished aggressor as resounded through the hut: nor was this all, for he lost his balance from the unexpected shock—and grasping at the first object within reach, he laid his hand upon the sharp-edged instrument that Jeanne had been using; thus of necessity inflicting a wound, fortunately not serious.

A burst of laughter greeted him from his amused comrades, and in the midst of their jeering he was glad to beat a hasty retreat from the hut. Probably this little adventure had caused them entirely to overloook the suspicious-looking heap of shavings; Jeanne had the unspeakable delight of seeing them retire, but not without hearing Guichard say to the delinquent,—

"Serve you right for your pains, idiot! How could you molest that poor girl? But on, on, he cannot be far off. Look, the sun is setting, and we must not linger here after dark."

Some hours later, a third person had been added to the party in the hut; this was Jeanne's father. The latter was seated beside Raoul, near a blazing fire, seemingly fearless of interruption, they conversed together in earnest tones. The young girl was employed in baking galettes, or wheaten cakes, on a girdle iron; a dishful of peeled boiled chesnuts, steeped in fresh milk, stood on a table together with flasks of cider, ready for their simple supper. If Jeanne had taken no part in the conference, her speaking eyes bore evidence that she was deeply alive to the purport of the same. Her father spoke.

"Monsieur le Comte, you asked my advice; I say again, your party has not a shadow of hope—they are utterly ruined and powerless. I see but one chance of saving you; fly from your country this very night; seek a home elsewhere. You are young, time will soften the sorrow that now bows you down; it would be the height of folly to reject the means of escape provided for you."

"Bertrand, I have been long hiding like a fox near the abode of my fathers. Yes, was not my widowed mother dying, and I was obliged to leave her? Later, although her only child, I durst not venture to lay her head in the grave! My rightful master is an exile; whilst I have scarcely enough left of what was once mine to exist upon. Tell me what I have now worth living for?"

"But your enemies will not take your life;

far worse than that, they will imprison you, perhaps without hope of release. Think of the horror of this, and remember that it is your father's old follower that warns you. Are you not, moreover, affianced to your wealthy cousin, the lady Blanche? Her father has not committed himself, and might probably obtain your pardon when this affair has blown over; later you may all meet again."

The young man replied with greater energy, "Marry my cousin now? never! Am I not a beggar, compared to what I was when our relations decided upon the match? They will easily find another suitor. Blanche cannot love me, for we have never once met since we were children; she is still in a convent. If I fly from this, my beloved native land, it will probably be to return no more. I shall seek my fortunes in America. Bertrand, I owe you much already; finish your good work, and go with me; you have no tie to bind you here. Your own savings, and what property I have remaining, will provide for us all."

Bertrand regarded his daughter; she was *looking up in anxious expectation.*

"Well, what means that look, my child? Speak: what say you to this?"

"Oh! father, do let us go, for then I need dread those horrid men no longer, Monsieur Raoul and yourself would both be safe!"

This speech settled the point, and the old soldier agreed to join his young companion, as soon as the latter had reached Jersey in safety; and then proceed with him to Canada.

Bertrand had warned Count Raoul from the first against joining the brave but ill-directed friends of the Royalist party, when they raised their standard in La Vendèe. All will probably remember the result of a war begun with chivalrous enthusiasm, but without foresight, or the support of the nation at large. Ill-digested plans were worse executed, and thus the brave Carlist party risked their all to serve no end. They had trusted that the French people would turn and join them; that the latter would return again to their old masters; but the event proved that the hopes of the banished family were utterly vain. Individual bravery was of no avail: the party were dispersed and scattered, whilst the courageous but imprudent Duchesse de Berri had to deplore the folly that had thrown away the little interest her son still possessed in the land she had so fondly hoped to see him govern.

The plan of escape prepared for Raoul was somewhat singular, and worthy of mention. A light cart was taken off its wheels, and brought at midnight to the door of the hut: a thick layer of hay was spread at the bottom; the young man after bidding adieu to his humble but faithful friends, lay down at full length upon this, whilst a pile of sabots were lightly heaped upon him, completely filling the cart, yet placed so as to admit air. As soon as this operation had been carefully completed, several of the charcoal burners (before-mentioned) lifted the carriage on their shoulders, whilst an equal number walked beside them, so as to relieve the first of their burthen at stated intervals. Thus they noiselessly and rapidly marched on, till they had reached the high road skirting the forest, when they replaced the machine upon its wheels, harnessing a stout horse thereto, when the warm-hearted peasants saw the precious contents depart for a neighbouring fair, after having securely seated Jeanne as driver on the edge of the vehicle. Next morning the young girl and her charge were many leagues on their *perilous way. Prosperity this time attended* the efforts of the devoted Bretons, for at the expiration of two days the fugitive found himself sailing in safety from the land where he had suffered so deeply, but to which his heart clung with the fondness felt by every noble being for his own *Fatherland.*

Seven years had elapsed; and within that space the fortunes of the trio, once domesticated in the Breton forest hut, had strangly altered. They proceeded, as agreed upon, to the New World; choosing the western extremity of Upper Canada, or rather where that colony stretches into the far west, as their future home. Raoul purchased a tract of land in the bush for their operations. Luckily for the party, they had been inured to privations and labour, or the first years of clearing and locating might have discouraged them from persevering; but the old soldier, who in campaigning had travelled far and wide, was of incalculable use in this new district. They all laboured at first, assisted only by an Irish man and women, as regular servants or helpers; later, others were required: and at the end of the period first stated, they found themselves in possession of a substantial log-house, comfortable, but not luxurious, with well-cultivated land, producing more than a sufficient supply for all. Added to this a saw-

mill, belonging to, and directed by, the veteran, and proving a very profitable concern. Thus did the emigrants look with thankfulness to the bright prospect before them.

Our young friend Jeanne, in growing up to womanhood, had become altogether an altered being; she had, wisely, never relinquished active employment, but the tone of her life and occupations had undergone a marked change. Constant intercourse with Raoul, together with reading under his guidance and instruction, had served to open her naturally intelligent mind. Not only was she pretty, but the very life and ornament of that log-house; secure of pleasing, the good unsophisticated Bretonne delighted to surround both her father and Raoul with every comfort that affection could devise. With all this, however, she still looked upon the Count as a superior being, whom misfortune alone had reduced to comparative equality with themselves, whilst in reality his birth placed him at a great distance.

Such was the state of things when, one afternoon, Raoul entered their common sitting-room with the contented happy look that well-directed employment, and a heart at ease with itself are wont to give. On crossing the threshold, he paused to observe those within; when a flush, seemingly not of pleasure, overspread his manly countenance.

Jeanne was seated at an open French window; some plain work resting on her lap; whilst her face was upturned, as she listened to a young man of prepossessing appearance, who was leaning against the outside of the casement. Her countenence betokened no emotion; but that of the speaker betrayed that he looked upon the fair girl with anything but indifference. He addressed her in French, but his accent was not that of a fellow countryman; in fact, he was an American, located at no great distance from them. Similarity of pursuits had at first drawn Raoul and Mr. Vernon together; but latterly his visits had increased in frequency. On the very afternoon alluded to, he had returned from visiting a relation settled on the shores of the Georgian Bay; and his first act had been to seek his friends, whilst some beautiful martin-sable skins that he laid before Jeanne proved that he had not been unmindful of her in his absence.

She received his offering with these words—

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Vernon; but pray do take back those furs; you really all spoil me; I no not wish to accept a present of such value."

His reply, to the effect that nothing could be too costly or too good for her, was overheard by M. Raoul, who cut it short by walking up to the window.

Jeanne's cheek coloured slightly as she recognized his step: Mr Vernon directly turned away; and making a hurried excuse, departed: stated that he would call again on the morrow.

Raoul gazed upon his retreating figure thoughtfully; then upon the young girl, who had renewed her work. At length he said:—

"Jeanne, has it ever occurred to you *why* Mr. Vernon's visits have become so frequent of late? The words I have just heard him utter seem to explain it."

His companion returned no answer, but her colour rose again; her companion continued, in a graver tone—

"Am I to understand, by your silence, that you accept the suit of this rich stranger? are you then going to leave us, Jeanne!"

"Oh! no, no, M. Raoul; I am too happy here! I never thought of such a thing,—nor has Mr. Vernon ever asked it."

"That may be; but you must feel that he loves you; although perhaps not so well as one, who has dwelt with you for years, in joy and sorrow. Jeanne, do you understand what I would wish to say?"

The young girl raised her beautiful eyes in evident astonishment; but the look that met her own caused them to drop instantly again—she became deadly pale as she answered:—

"Me! Monsieur le Comte? Impossible! It cannot be!"

"And why impossible, Jeanne? Do you think you could not love me enough to become my wife?"

This was asked with increased emotion.

His companion almost breathlessly replied:—

"Oh, this is folly, M. Raoul; you a nobleman, and I a simple peasant girl! Later you would repent of such a *mesalliance*, and my father never would consent to it."

Raoul drew closer to the agitated girl, as he continued:—

"What are such distinctions to me now? This is to be my future home, and I know your value there: I feel that a heart like yours is worth more than I have to offer. But can I not then hope to gain your love?—Oh, Jeanne! do not reject me lightly!"

Whatever the young girl's answer might have been, it is inaudible to all but to him who so eagerly listened for it; yet the look of happiness that then lit up his face, did not seem to betoken a denial.

Later, as Raoul quitted the maiden to seek her father, he turned towards her with a smiling inquiry.

"Will you still persist in calling me *Monsieur* Raoul, now?"

"Oh! no, no!" laughingly replied his companion.

Mr. Vernon probably soon guessed the real state of things, as he discontinued his visits, shortly removing to a distant part of the country.

The old soldier, as Jeanne expected, strongly opposed Raoul's wishes; but at length he gave way. Nor do we think either party ever had reason to regret this alliance. No! a glance round the hearth of that log-house, in the far west, would soon convince our readers that pure happiness is to be found in spots where luxury has never penetrated; and where man cheerfully labours with his own hands, enjoying the blessed prospect that his children shall inherit the land his industry has enriched for them.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

APPENDIX.

A.

From Captain Stewart to the American Secretary of the Navy.

U. S. frigate Constitution, May, 1815.

SIR,—On 20th February last, the island of Maderia bearing about W.S.W. distant 60 leagues, we fell in with H. B. M. two ships of war, the Cayne and Levant, and brought them to action about 6 o'clock in the evening; both of which, after a spirited engagement of 40 minutes, surrended to the ship under my command.

Considering the advantage derived by the enemy, from a divided and more active force, as also their superiority in the weight and number of guns, I deem the speedy and decisive result of this action the strongest assurance which can be given the government, that all under my command did their duty, and gallantly supported the reputation of American seamen.

Inclosed you will receive the minutes of the action, and a list of the killed and wounded on board this ship. Also inclosed you will receive for your information, a statement of the actual force of the enemy, and the number killed and wounded on board their ships, as near as could be ascertained.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CHARLES STEWART.

Hon. B. W. Crowninshield, Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

B.

American Minutes of the Chase of the U. S. frigate Constitution, by an English squadron of three ships, from out the harbour of Port Praya, Island of St. Jago.

Commences with fresh breezes and thick foggy weather. At 5 minutes past 12, discovered a large ship through the fog, standing in Port Praya. At 8 minutes past 12, discovered two other large ships a-stern of her, also standing in for the port. From their general appearance, supposed them to be one of the enemy's squadrons; and, from the little respect hitherto paid by them to neutral waters, I deemed it most prudent to put to sea. The signal was made to the Cayne and Levant to get under weigh. At 12, after meridian, with our top-sails set, we cut our cable, and got under way, (when the Portuguese opened a fire on us from several of their batteries on shore,) the prize-ships following our motions, and stood out of the harbour of Port Praya, close under East Point, passing the enemy's squadron about gun-shot to windward of them: crossed our top-gallant yards and set foresail, mainsail, spanker, flying-gib and top-gallant sails. The enemy, seeing us under way, tacked ship, and made all sail in chase of us, As far as we could judge of their rates, from the thickness of the weather, supposed them two ships of the line, and one frigate. At half-past meridian cut away the boats towing a-stern, first cutter, and gig. At 1 P. M. found our sailing about equal with the ships on our lee-quarter, but the frigate luffing up, gaining our wake, and rather dropping a-stern of us; finding the Cayne dropping a-stern, and to-leeward, and the frigate gaining on her fast, I found it impossible to save her if she continued on the same course, without having the Constitution brought to action by their whole force. I made the signal, at 10 minutes past 1 P. M. to her to tack ship, which was complied with. This manœuvre, I conceived would detach one of the enemy's ships in pursuit of her; while, at the same time, from her position, she would be enabled to reach the anchorage at Port Praya, before the detached ships could come up with her; but if they did not tack after her, it would afford her an opportunity to double their rear, and make her escape before the wind. They all continued in full chase of the Levant and this ship, the ship on our lee-quarter firing, by divisions, broadsides, her shot falling short of us. At 3 P. M. by our having dropped the Levant considerably, her situation became (from the position

of the enemy's frigate) similar to the Cayne. It became necessary to separate also from the Levant, or risk this ship being brought to action to cover her. I made the signal, at 5 min. past 3, for her to back which she complied with. At 12 minutes past 3 the whole of the enemy's squadron tacked in pursuit of the Levant and gave up the pursuit of this ship. This sacrifice of the Levant became necessary, for the preservation of the Constitution. Sailing-master Hixon, Midshipman Varnum, a boatswain's mate, and 12 men, were absent on duty in the fifth cutter, to bring the cartel-brig under our stern.

C

EXTRACT FROM PIQUE'S LOG-BOOK.

H.	K.	F.	Courses.	Wind.	Remarks, &c. H.M.S. Pique, Feb. 23, 1814.
1 2 &c.					At noon observed several strangers, one apparently a man-of-war in chase.

Courses.	Distance.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Bearings at noon.
N. 84 W.	142 M.	18.1 N.	67. 22	Mona Islands N. 73 W. 19 m.

1	3		N. W. ½ W.	E. S. E.	P.M. Light airs—braced the yards by, to allow the chase to come up.—At 4, light airs.—At 4.30, observed chase take in her main-stay-sail.—At 4.50 observed her take in royal, top-gallant, lower, and top-mast, studding-sails.—Hauled to the wind on larboard tack, and made all sail to close her; hoisted an ensign. Stranger shorted sail, in 1st reef top-sails, hoisted American colours, and hauled her wind on opposite tack: appeared to be a large frigate, having 16 ports of a-side. Cleared for action; stranger S.E. by S. 3 miles.—At 5 Island of *Zachee* N. by E. 12 or 13 miles:—cloudy, lost sight of stranger:—10 in 1st reefs:—12 squally.
2	2	2			
3	1	4			
4 5 6	ship's head from N.W to N.				
7	9		N. W.	E. N. E.	
8	9	6			
0	9	4	N. ½ E.		
10	9		N.		
11	10	4			
12		2	N. ½ E.		

D.

From Lieutenant Boyce to the Secretary of the East India company's marine-board.

SIR, I beg leave to acquaint you, for the information of the board, that the wounds received by me on the 30th June last, in a short but smart action with an American sloop of war, off Anjier, in the straits of Sunda, have hitherto prevented my transmitting an official report of the circumstances attending that melancholy affair.

I am happy to state, that my health is now tolerably re-established; and I think myself particularly fortunate, considering the nature of my wounds, that the honour of addressing you on this subject has been reserved for my pen, although, no doubt, public rumor has, ere this, put you in possession of most of the facts which I now do myself the honor to state, and request that you will do me the favor to submit them to the honorable board.

On the 30th June last, being off Anjier, in the straits of Sunda, on my passage to Bengal, in charge of public despatches from the Java government, about 4 P.M. a strange sail hove in sight, standing with a fair wind to the north-eastward; and, as the honorable company's cruiser Nautilus, under my command, was working to the south-westward, the two vessels approached each other rapidly; and, when the stranger was distant about three miles, I observed that she had British colors hoisted, and knowing that universal peace had been restored to Great Britain, I dispatched a boat in charge of my master, Mr. Bartlett, to obtain intelligence, which reached the stranger nearly at the same time as the master-attendant's from the shore; and I observed, with my spying-glass, that the officers had no sooner got up to the ship's side than the crews were forcibly taken out, and both boats made fast a-stern. I prepared for action, and the stranger at once opened her tier of ports, and bore down towards us. To prevent her crossing our hawse I tacked, then shortened sail, hove to, and soon afterwards hailed the stranger, "What ship is that?" To which I received no reply, until repeated four times, and then merely "Holloo!" About this period the English blue ensign was hauled down, and American colours hoisted. I then asked, "Am I to consider you in the light of a friend or an enemy?" The reply was,

"An enemy." I then informed the American captain that peace had been ratified between Great Britain and the United States of America; also, that I had the proclamation on board, and hoped that a due consideration of this would induce him to spare bloodshed. I was then commanded, in a very loud and peremptory manner, to "haul down my colours," which was immediately repeated still louder, and with the addition of "instantly;" to which I replied, "I shall do no such thing." The American then opened his fire on us, by which two men were killed at the gun near me, and I received a grape-shot, in a slanting direction, through the right cheek of my posteriors. A short but brisk action ensued, and observing some casualties, my first lieutenant, Mr. Robert Mayston, and several others, wounded, and being myself disabled by a 32-pound shot which shattered my right knee-joint, and splintered my thighbone; also considering the great disparity of force, I deemed it my duty, although I must confess that it was with no small degree of reluctance, to strike the British colours to the American. Her first lieutenant, about dusk, took possession of us. She proved to be the U. S. sloop of war Peacock, Captain Warrington, carrying twenty 32-pound carronades, and two long 18-pounders. Her crew is said to consist of 220 men.

Both vessels anchored for the night about six miles off Anjier, and in the morning I was permitted to be taken on shore, as well as the rest of the wounded in compliance with my request to that effect.

About 2 P. M. on the day following the action, the honorable company's cruiser Nautilus was restored, and Captain Warrington addressed a letter to Mr. Macgregor, master-attendant at Anjier, stating, that in consequence of the information received from him, and *the several different sources* from which he had heard that a peace had been concluded between the United States and Great Britain, he felt himself bound to desist from hostilities, and regretted that his *reasonable demand* had not been complied with by the commander of Nautilus brig the preceding afternoon.

On the 4th of July the Nautilus sailed for Batavia, where she arrived the day following, and was sent from thence to Rembang, on the coast of Java, in the temporary charge of acting lieutenant Barnes, (who was ordered on board from the honorable company's cruiser Malabar, by Captain Hepburn,) to receive such repairs as the damages she had sustained required. In the mean time I remained, on account of my wounds, on shore at Anjier, where I was most handsomely received and accommodated by the by the kindness of Colonel Yule, resident, and attended by Mr. Hervy Thompson, surgeon of the district. On the 14th of July it was deemed necessary to amputate my right leg. I submitted to the operation, and it was accordingly taken off above the knee. On the 20th following I was removed to the residence of Colonel Yule, at Ceram, and there I remained, experiencing every mark of hospitality, and the most unlimited attention, until the return of the Nautilus from Rembang; at which period finding my health tolerably restored, I rejoined her on the 23d instant.

I beg leave to subjoin a list of the killed and wounded on board the honorable company's cruiser Nautilus, on the 30th of last June; and, in having to lament the loss of so many, I regret that a fairer opportunity for their exertions was not afforded them, and myself, with a vessel of more equal force.

What loss the American may have sustained I am not able to say. If report is to be relied on, they had four or five men wounded, and their bow-gun dismounted.

The damage the Nautilus received in the action was considerable both to her hull and rigging. The bends on the starboard-side, (the side engaged,) were shivered from aft to the fore-chains, and the bulwark, from the chess-tree aft, much torn. The launch and cutter were both perforated with shot, the lower *mast and tiller slightly wounded with grape*, and the boom-main-sail shot through in many places. Two guns were disabled by the enemy's shot, and the sheet-anchor completely so, by the loss of its iron stock, ring, and fluke. Four 32-pound shot, that were found lodged, have been picked out of her: one was under the counter, very nearly level with the water. A great number of small-arms and gunner's stores were thrown overboard by the Americans on their taking possession, to clear the deck. The packets, I am happy to say, remained on board without being touched, but almost every thing below was ransacked.

It now only remains for me to do that justice to the conduct of the officers and crew of the Nautilus, on the 30th of last June, which they so well deserve, by declaring my admiration of their firmness, and thus publicly expressing my satisfaction with their conduct throughout.

The two seapoys and native servant, with amputated limbs, have, I understand, recovered, and been sent by Captain William Eatwell, of the honorable company's cruiser Benares, to Calcutta, in the honorable company's cruiser Antelope. Lieutenant Maystone's wound was once healed, but has broken out afresh; he is however now, I am happy to say, again on the recovery.* My own cure has been greatly impeded by two unfortunate fistulas, in my stump, which have caused me to suffer much. The rest of the wounded are all well.

Evidence of Mr. Macgregor.

Question. Did you communicate to the officers of the enemy's ship, before the action between her and the honorable company's cruiser Nautilus took place, that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, and ratified by both parties? *Answer.* I did: I communicated to the first lieutenant.

* The wound subsequently mortified, and he died December 3rd, 1815.

on his informing me that I was a prisoner of war; but I scarce said it, when the captain came forward and ordered me to be taken below. I communicated the above also to the purser of the ship, in the ward-room.—*Q.* What time had you been on board before the commencement of the said action? *A.* Rather more than a quarter of an hour.—*Q.* Has any reply been made by any of the officers of the American sloop of war on your communication? *A.* Yes.—*Q.* By whom? *A.* The purser. —*Q.* What was the reply? *A.* *I do not know how we can avoid a little brush;*—and the purser ordered me to go out of the way into the side-cabin."

From Captain Warrington to the American Secretary of the Navy.

U. S. ship Peacock, Nov. 11, 1815.

"As it is probable you will hereafter see or hear some other account of a rencontre which took place between the Peacock and the East India company's brig Nautilus, on the 30th of June last, in the straits of Sunda, I take the liberty of making known to you the particulars.

In the afternoon of that day, when a-breast of Anjier, as we closed with this brig, which appeared evidently a vessel of war, and completely prepared for action, her commander hailed, and asked, if I knew there was a peace. I replied in the negative, directing him, at the same time, to haul his colours down, if it were the case, in token of it; adding that, if he did not, I should fire into her. This being refused one of the forward guns were fired at her, which was immediately returned by a broadside from the brig; our broadside was then discharged, and his colours were struck, after having six lascars killed, and seven or eight wounded. As we had not the most distant idea of peace, and this vessel was but a short distance from the fort of Anjier, I considered his assertion, coupled with his arrangement for action, a finesse on his part, to amuse us, till he could place himself under the protection of the fort. A few minutes before coming in contact with the brig, two boats, containing the master-attendant at Anjier, and an officer of the army, came on board, and as we were in momentary expectation of firing, they were, with their men, passed below. I concluded that they had been misled by the British colours, under which we had passed up the straits. No question, in consequence, were put to them; and they, very improperly, omitted mentioning that peace existed. The next day, after receiving such intelligence as they had to communicate on the subject, (part of which was official,) I gave up the vessel, first stopping her shot-holes, and putting the rigging in order.

I am aware that I may be to blame for ceasing hostilities without more authentic evidence that peace had been concluded; but, I trust, when our distance from home, with the little chance we had of receiving such evidence, are taken into consideration, I shall not be thought to have decided prematurely.

TREATY OF PEACE.

His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, desirous of terminating the war which has so unhappily subsisted between the two countries, and of restoring, upon principles of perfect reciprocity, peace, friendship, and good understanding between them, have, for that purpose, appointed their respective plenipotentiaries, that is to say: his Britannic Majesty, on his part, has appointed the right honorable James, Lord Gambier, late admiral of the white, now admiral of the red squadron of his Majesty's fleet, Henry Goulbourn, Esq., member of the Imperial parliament, and under secretary of state, and William Adams, Esq. doctor of civil laws:—and the president of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the senate thereof, has appointed John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin, citizens of the United States, who, after a reciprocal communication of their respective full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:

Art. I.—There shall be a firm and universal peace between his Britannic Majesty and the United States, and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns, and people, of every degree, without exception of places or persons. All hostilities, both by sea and land, shall cease as soon as this treaty has been ratified by both parties, as hereinafter mentioned. All territories, places, and possessions whatsoever, taken from either party by the other, during the war, or which may be taken after the signing of this treaty, excepting only the islands hereinafter mentioned, shall be restored without delay, and without causing any destruction, or carrying away any of the artillery or other public property originally captured in the said forts or places, and which shall remain therein, upon the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty, or any slaves, or other private property, and all archives, records, deeds, and papers, either of a public nature, or belonging to private persons, which, in the course of the war, may have fallen into the hands of the officers of either party, shall be, as far as may be practicable, forthwith restored and delivered to the proper authorities and persons to whom they respectively belong. Such of the islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy as are claimed by both parties, shall remain in the possession of the party in whose occupation they may be at the time of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, until the decision respecting the title to the said islands shall have been made in conformity with the fourth article of this treaty. No disposition made by this treaty, as to such possessions of the islands and territories claimed by both parties, shall, in any manner whatever, be constructed to affect the right of either.

Art. II.—Immediately after the ratification of this treaty by both parties, as hereinafter mentioned orders shall be sent to the armies, squadrons, officers, subjects, and citizens of the two powers to cease from all hostilities: and to

prevent all causes of complaint which might arise on account of the prizes which may be taken at sea after the ratifications of this treaty, it is reciprocally agreed, that all vessels and effects which may be taken after the space of twelve days from the said ratifications, upon all parts of the coast of North America, from the latitude of twenty-three degrees north, to the latitude of fifty degrees north, as far eastward in the Atlantic Ocean as the thirty-sixth degree of west longitude from the meridian of Greenwich, shall be restored on each side: that the time shall be thirty days in all other parts of the Atlantic ocean, north of the equinoxial line or equator, and the same time for the British and Irish channels, for the gulf of Mexico, and all parts of the West Indies: forty days for the North Seas, for the Baltic, and for all parts of the Mediterranean. Sixty days for the Atlantic ocean south of the equator as far as the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope: ninety days for every part of the world south of the equator: and one hundred and twenty days for all other parts of the world, without exception.

Art. III.—All prisoners of war taken on either side, as well by land as sea, shall be restored as soon as practicable after the ratification of this treaty, as hereinafter mentioned, on their paying the debts which they may have contracted during their captivity. The two contracting parties respectively engage to discharge, in specie, the advances which may have been made by the other, for the sustenance and maintenance of such prisoners.

Art. IV.—Whereas it was stipulated by the second article in the treaty of peace of one thousand seven hundred and eighty three, between his Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, that the boundary of the United States should comprehend all islands within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States, and lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundries between Nova-Scotia, on the one part, and East Florida on the other, shall respectively touch the bay of Fundy, and the Atlantic ocean, excepting such islands as now are, or heretofore have been within the limits of Nova-Scotia: and whereas the several islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy, which is part of the bay of Fundy, and the island of Grand Menan, in the said bay of Fundy, are claimed by the United States as being comprehended within their aforesaid boundaries, which said islands are claimed as belonging to his Britannic majesty, as having been at the time of, and previous to, the aforesaid treaty of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, within the limits of the province of Nova Scotia: in order, therefore, finally to decide upon these claims, it is agreed that they shall be referred to two commissioners, to be appointed in the following manner· viz. One commissioner shall be appointed by his Britannic majesty, and one by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the senate thereof, and the said two commissioners so appointed shall be sworn impartially to examine and decide upon the said claims, according to such evidence as shall be laid before them, on the part of his Britannic Majesty and of the United States respectively. The said commissioners shall meet at St. Andrews, in the province of New Brunswick, and shall have power to adjourn to such other place or places as they shall think fit. The said commissioners shall, by a declaration or report under their hands and seals, decide to which of the two contracting parties the several islands aforesaid do respectively belong, in conformity with the true intent of the said treaty of peace of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. And if the said commissioners shall agree in their decision, both parties shall consider such decision as final and conclusive. It is further agreed, that in the event of two commissioners differing upon all or any of the matters so referred to them, or in the event of both or either of the said commissioners refusing or declining, or wilfully omitting, to act as such, they shall make, jointly or separately, a report or reports as well to the government of his Britannic Majesty, as to that of the United States, stating in detail the points of which they differ, and the grounds upon which their respective opinions have been formed, or the grounds upon which they, or either of them, have so refused, declined, or omitted to act. And his Britannic Majesty, and the government of the United States, hereby agree to refer the report or reports of the said commissioners, to some friendly sovereign or state, to be then named for that purpose, and who shall be requested to decide on the differences which may be stated in the said report or reports, or upon the report of one commissioner, together with the grounds upon which the other commissioner shall have refused, declined, or omitted to act, as the case may be. And if the commissioner so refusing, declining, or omitting to act, shall also wilfully omit to state the grounds upon which he has so done, in such manner that the said statement may be referred to such friendly sovereign or state, together with the report of such other commissioner, then such sovereign or state shall decide exparte upon the said report alone. And his Britannic Majesty and the government of the United States engage to consider the decision of some friendly sovereign or state to be final and conclusive, on all the matters so referred.

Art. V.—Whereas neither that point of the high lands lying due north from the source of the river St. Croix, and designated in the former treaty of peace between the two powers as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, nor the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, has yet been ascertained; and whereas that part of the boundary line between the dominion of the two powers which extends from the source of the river St. Croix directly north to the above mentioned north-west angle of Nova Scotia, thence along the said high lands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean, to the north-westernmost

head of Connecticut river, thence down along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude: thence by a line due west on said latitude until it strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraguy, has not yet been surveyed: it is agreed, that for these several purposes, two commissioners shall be appointed, sworn, and authorized, to act exactly in the manner directed with respect to those mentioned in the next preceding article, unless otherwise specified in the present article. The said commissioners shall meet at St. Andrews, in the province of New Brunswick, and shall have power to adjourn to such other place or places as they shall think fit. The said commissioners shall have power to ascertain and determine the points above mentioned, in conformity with the provisions of the said treaty of peace of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, and shall cause the boundary aforesaid, from the source of the river St. Croix, to the river Iroquois or Cataraguy, to be surveyed and marked according to the said provisions. The said commissioners shall make a map of the said boundary, and annex it to a declaration under their hands and seals, certifying it to be the true map of the said boundary, and particularizing the latitude and longitude of the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, of the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, and of such other points of the said boundary as they may deem proper. And both parties agree to consider such map and declaration as finally and conclusively fixing the said boundary. And in the event of the said two commissioners differing or both, or either of them, refusing or declining, or wilfully omitting to act, such reports, declarations, or statements, shall be made by them, or either of them, and such reference to a friendly sovereign or state, shall be made, in all respects as in the latter part of the fourth article is contained, and in as full a manner as if the same was herein repeated.

Art, VI.—Whereas by the former treaty of peace, that portion of the boundary of the United States from the point where the forty-fifth degree of north latitude strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraguy to the lake Superior, was declared to be "along the middle of said river into lake Ontario, through the middle of said lake until it strikes the communication by water between that lake and lake Erie, thence along the middle of said communication into lake Erie, through the middle of said lake until it arrives at the water communication into the lake Huron, thence through the middle of said lake to the water communication between that lake and lake Superior," And whereas doubts have arisen what was the middle of said river, lakes, and water communications, and whether certain islands lying in the same were within the dominions of his Britannic Majesty or of the United States: in order, therefore, finally to decide these doubts, they shall be referred to two commissioners, to be appointed, sworn, and authorized to act exactly in the manner directed with respect to those mentioned in the next preceding article, unless otherwise specified in this present article. The said commissioners shall meet, in the first instance at Albany, in the state of New York, and shall have power to adjourn to such other place or places as they shall think fit. The said commissioners shall, by a report or declaration, under their hands and seals, designate the boundary through the said rivers, lakes, or water communications, and decide to which of the two contracting parties the several islands lying within the said river, lakes, and water communications, do respectively belong, in conformity with the true intent of the said treaty of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. And both parties agree to consider such designation and decision as final and conclusive. And in the event of the said two commissioners differing, or both, or either of them, refusing, declining, or wilfully omitting to act, such reports, declarations, or statements, shall be made by them, or either of them; and such reference to a friendly sovereign or state shall be made in all respects as in the latter part of the fourth article is contained, and in as full a manner as if the same was herein repeated.

Art. VII—It is further agreed that the said two last mentioned commissioners, after they shall have executed the duties assigned to them in the preceding article, shall be, and they are hereby authorized, upon their oaths, impartially to fix and determine, according to the true intent of the said treaty of peace of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, that part of the boundary between the dominions of the two powers, which extends from the water communication between lake Huron and lake Superior, to the most north-western point of the lake of the Woods, to decide so which of the two parties the several islands lying in the lakes, water communications and rivers, forming the said boundary, do respectively belong, in conformity with the true intent of the said treaty of peace of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three; and to cause such parts of the said boundary, as require it, to be surveyed and marked. The said commissioners shall, by a report or declaration under their hands and seals, designate the boundary line aforesaid, state their decisions on the points thus referred to them, and particularize the latitude and longitude of the most north-western point of the lake of the Woods, and of such other parts of the said boundary, as they may deem proper. And both parties agree to consider such designation and decision as final and conclusive. And, in the event of the said two commissioners differing, or both, either of them, refusing, declining, or wilfully omitting to act, such reports, declarations, or statement shall be made by them, or either of them, and such reference to a friendly sovereign or state, shall be made in all respects, as in the latter part of the fourth article is contained, and in as full a manner as if the same was herein repeated.

Art. VIII.—The several boards of two commissioners mentioned in the four preceding articles, shall respectively have power to appoint a secretary, and to employ such surveyors

or other persons as they shall judge necessary. Duplicates of all their respective reports, declarations, statements, and decisions, and of their accounts, and of the journal of their proceedings, shall be delivered by them to the agents of his Britannic Majesty, and to the agents of the United States, who may be respectively appointed and authorized to manage the business on behalf of their respective governments. The said commissioners shall be respectively paid in such manner as shall be agreed between the two contracting parties, such agreement being to be settled at the time of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty; and all other expenses attending said commissioners shall be defrayed equally by the parties. And, in case of death, sickness, resignation, or necessary absence, the place of every such commissioner respectively shall be supplied in the same manner as such commissioner was first appointed, and the new commissioner shall take the same oath or affirmation, and do the same duties. It is further agreed between the two contracting parties, that in case any of the islands mentioned in any of the preceding articles, which were in the possession of one of the parties prior to the commencement of the present war between the countries, should, by the decision of any of the boards of commissioners aforesaid, or of the sovereign or state so referred to, as in the four next preceding articles contained, fall within the dominions of the other party, all grants of lands made previous to the commencement of the war, by the party having had such possession, shall be as valid as if such island or islands had, by such decision or decisions, been adjudged to be within the dominions of the party having such possession.

Art. IX.—The United States of America engage to put an end, immediately after the ratification of the present treaty, to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians, with whom they may be at war at the time of such ratification; and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations, respectively, all the possessions, rights, and privileges, which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in one thousand eight hundred and eleven, previous to such hostilities: Provided always, that such tribes or nations shall agree to desist from all hostilities against the United States of America, their citizens and subjects, upon the ratification of the present treaty being notified to such tribes or nations, and shall so desist accordingly. And his Britannic Majesty engages, on his part, to put an end immediately after the ratification of the present treaty, to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians with whom he may be at war at the time of such ratification, and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations respectively, all the possessions, rights, and privileges, which they may have enjoyed, or been entitled to, in one thousand eight hundred and eleven, previous to such hostilities: Provided always, that such tribes or nations shall agree to desist from all hostilities against his Britannic Majesty, and his subjects, upon the ratification of the present treaty being notified to such tribes or nations, and shall so desist accordingly.

Art. X.—Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principle of humanity and justice, and whereas both his Britannic Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavours to accomplish so desirable an object.

Art. XI.—This treaty, when the same shall have been ratified on both sides, without alteration by either of the contracting parties and the ratifications mutually exchanged, shall be binding on both parties and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Washington, in the space of four months from this day, or sooner, if practicable.

In faith whereof, we the respective plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty, and have thereunto affixed our seals.

Done, in triplicate, at Ghent, the twenty-fourth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen.

GAMBIER,
HENRY GOULBOURN,
WILLIAM ADAMS,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
J. A. BAYARD.
H. CLAY,
JONATHAN RUSSELL,
ALBERT GALLATIN.

Now, therefore to the end of the said treaty of peace and amity may be observed with good faith, on the part of the United States, I, James Madison, President as aforesaid, have caused the premises to be made public: and I do hereby enjoin all persons bearing office, civil or military, within the United States, and all others, citizen or inhabitants thereof, or being within the same, faithfully to observe and fulfil the said treaty, and every clause and article thereof.

In testimony whereof I have caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the City of Washington, this eighteenth day of February, in the year of our Lordone thousand eight hundred and fifteen, and of the sovereignty and independence of the United States the thirty-ninth.

JAMES MADISON.

By the president,
JAMES MONROE.

Total British and American Cruisers captured or destroyed, excluding those re-captured, during the War:—

	Vessels.	Guns.	Complements.	Tons.
British....	30	530	2751	10275
American.	64	660	2994	14848

List of British and American national cruisers, captured at sea, which the opposite party succeeded in getting into port.

BRITISH.				AMERICAN.			
Ships' names.	Guns.	Comp.	Tons.	Ships' Names.	Guns.	Comp.	Tons.
Macedonian,	49	292	1081	President,	58	477	1533
Cyane,	33	171	539	Chesapeake.	49	391	1135
Alert,	20	86	393	Essex,	46	265	867
Epervier, B.	18	117	382	Frolic,	22	171	539
Dominica, Sc.	15	77	217	Argus,	20	125	315
Boxer, B.	14	66	179	Wasp,	18	130*	434
St. Lawrence, Sc.	13	51	240	Rattlesnake, B.	16	131	305
Highflyer, Sc.	5	39	209	Syren, B.	16	137	350
Ballahou, Sc.	4	20	74	Nautilus, B.	14	106	213
				Viper, B.	12	93	148
				Jas. Maddison, Sc.	10	65	114
				Gun-boat,	9	45	112
				Surveyor, Sc.	6	25	100
				Nine gun-boats,	34	267	549
No. 9. Total,	171	919	3314	No 22. Total,	330	2430	6714

* Number of prisoners received.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXXII.

[*The usual trio.*]

LAIRD.—I say, Crabtree, hae ye heard onything frae or anent THE PURSER, since his departure for bonnie auld Scotland?

MAJOR.—It was only yesterday that I received a missive from the gent. He has got swimmingly on with his business, but says that he will reserve the particulars till his return.

DOCTOR.—When does friend Lynch expect to set foot once more on the soil of this Canada?

MAJOR.—If all bowls roll propitiously, his legs will be under the table at which we are seated, at our next conference. He has promised frequently to assist at our re-unions, his bettered circumstances putting it in his power so to do.

LAIRD.—I dar' say the lad will be an acquisition, particularly as he can appreciate the virtues o' tobacco. It is to be hoped, however, that he will learn to use shorter and less uncommon words, than what he commonly sports in his log-book. Sic bluttering spates o' mixtie-maxtie, crankous, glib-gabbet vocables never issued frae the raucle tongue o' man!

DOCTOR.—By Jupiter and his old woman Juno, if that be not Satan reproving sin, then I am a soused gurnet!

LAIRD.—What's that you're saying aboot Maister Gurnett? Tak' tent that he does na' souse you into the stane jug, some o' thae cauld mornings!

MAJOR.—Bonnie Braes, have ye any desire that Miss Grizelda should learn who is the happy youth destined to lead her to the matrimonial altar?

LAIRD.—May be ay, and may be yes, as John Heelandman said! What makes ye speer?

MAJOR.—On looking over my calendar, I find that the 21st of this current month of January is St. Agnes' day.

LAIRD.—Like enough. What has that to do wi' Grizy and her joes, I should like to ken?

MAJOR.—Poor Robin, in his Almanack for 1734, thus metrically prelecteth:—

> "Saint Agnes Day comes by and by.
> When pretty maids to fast do try,
> Their sweethearts in their dreams to see;
> Or know who shall their husbands be."

And once more, rare Ben Jonson refers to the season in the following terms:—

"And on sweet St. Anna's night
Please you with the promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

LAIRD.—I am a great believer in a' matters o' divination, and make a point to burn nits, and poo a stock on Halloween. Will ye hae the goodness to tell me what course Grizy should follow in order to get the desired information?

MAJOR.—Old Aubrey in his Miscellanies gives this recipe. "Upon St. Agnes's Night, you take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, saying a paternoster, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him or her you shall marry."

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your paternosters!—If Grizy was heard repeating sic' a thing, she would be promoted to the cutty stool, before the world was a week aulder!

MAJOR.—Most humbly do I beg the orthodox Grizelda's pardon! I had forgotten that she was a "lady of the Covenant." There is another direction for consulting the Fates, to which the most stringent Kirk Session would take no exception. The work which I read from is "captioned" — *Mother Bunch's Closet Newly Broke Open.* "This Saint Agnes," quoth madame Bunch, "had a good favour for young men and maids, and will bring unto their bed side, at night, their sweethearts, if they follow this rule as I shall declare unto thee. Upon this day thou must be sure to keep a true fast, for thou must not eat or drink all that day nor at night; and thou must be sure at night, when thou goest to bed, to put on a clean shift, and the best thou hast the better thou mayest speed; and thou must have clean cloaths on thy head, for St. Agnes does love to see clean cloaths when she comes; and when thou liest down on thy back as straight as thou canst, and both thy hands are laid under thy head, then say:—

Now, good St. Agnes, play thy part.
And send to me my own sweetheart,
And shew me such a happy bliss,
This night of him to have a kiss.

And then be sure to fall asleep as soon as thou canst, and before thou awakest out of thy first sleep thou shalt see him come and stand before thee, and thou shalt see by his habit what tradesman he is. But be sure thou declarest not thy dream to any body in ten days, and by that time thou mayest come to see thy dream come to pass."

DOCTOR.—Our fair friend will have small difficulty in complying with the requirements laid down by the venerable Bunch.

LAIRD.—The only kittle point about it, is the fasting. Grizy's appeteete is as keen as a razor, and I muckle fear that if she gangs to her bed wi' a toom stomach, de'il a wink will she be able to sleep.

DOCTOR.—Let her read some homily divided into sixteen heads, with a corresponding tail of practical applications, and I will go bail for her somnolence! Here is a sermon book upon the table. Put it in your pocket for the maiden's special benefit and behoof.

LAIRD.—Let's read the title page, *Humanity in the City. By the Rev. E. H. Chapin.* Weel, I'll tak' it oot to the bairn wi' mony thanks.

MAJOR.—Hold hard, Laird! If you think that Mr. Chapin's discourses will have the effect of consigning Grizelda to the arms of the poppy-crowned God, you are pestilently off your eggs.

LAIRD.—What do you mean?

MAJOR.—I mean that they are very rousing productions, and much more readable than many novels. The preacher, or author, discards the monotonous conventional style of sermonizing, and adopts the language of every day life, when speaking to every day men, upon every day topics.

LAIRD.—And he is no sae far wrang, provided, always, that he does na' degenerate into undue familiarity. To my apprehension there is nathing sae revolting as to see a mountebank wi a black coat and a white choker turning the poopit into a Merry Andrew's stage, and making the congregation grin and keckle at his misplaced jocosities.

DOCTOR.—Not so thinks the Rev. H. W. Beecher, brother to Mrs. Uncle Tom Stowe. That gent recently declared that he liked, now and then, to behold a smile upon the mugs of his flock.

LAIRD.—If I was that chap's ruling elder I would mak' him laugh on the wrang side o' his mouth, wi' a white sheet about his graceless shoothers!

DOCTOR.—The Wards are all *progressionists*, and are not to be restrained by old world rules of decorum.

LAIRD.—But touching Mr. Chapin's discourses, let us hear what the honest man has to say for himsel'.

MAJOR.—The following passage from his primary sermon, may serve as a key to the series.

The street through which you walk every day; with whose sights and sounds you have been familiar, perhaps, all your lives; is it all so common-place that it yields you no deep lessons,—deep and fresh, it may be, if you would only look around with discerning eyes? Engaged with your own special interests, and busy with monotonous details, you may not heed it; and yet there is something finer than the grandest poetry, even in the mere spectacle of these multitudinous billows of life, rolling down the long, broad, avenue. It is an inspiring lyric, this inexhaustible procession, in the misty perspective ever lost, ever renewed, sweeping onward between its architectural banks to the music of innumerable wheels; the rainbow colours, the silks, the velvets, the jewels, the tatters, the plumes, the faces—no two alike—shooting out from unknown depths, and passing away for ever—perpetually sweeping onward in the fresh air of morning, under the glare of noon, under the fading, flickering light, until the shadow climbs the tallest spire, and night comes with revelations and mysteries of its own.

And yet this changeful tide of activity is no mere lyric. It is an epic, rather, unfolding in its progress the contrasts, the conflicts, the heroisms, the failures,—in one word, the great and solemn issues of human life. And a few comprehensive lessons from that "Wisdom which uttereth her voice in the streets," may prove a fitting introduction, from which we can pass to consider more specific conditions of humanity in the city.

LAIRD.—I dinna' think that any body would be inclined to snooze under sic preachin' as that, except that he had taken the better part o' a haggis to breakfast, the kirk, moreover being crowded to suffocation, and the thermometer standing at ninety-sax and a bittock in the shade!

MAJOR.—There are some fine things in this next excerpt.

Childhood and Children! is there any heart so sheathed in worldliness, or benumbed by sorrow, or hardened in its very nature, as to feel no gentle thrill responding to these terms? Surely, in some way these little ones have "touched the finer issues" of our being, and given us an unconscious benediction. Some of you are Mothers, and have acquired the holiest laws of duty, the sweetest solicitudes, the noblest inspirations, in the orbit of a child's life. And, however wide the circle of its wandering, you have held it still, by some tether of the heart, bound to the centre of a fathomless and unforgetting love. Some of you are Fathers, and in the opening promise of your sons have built fresh plans and enjoyed young hopes, and even in the decline of life have walked its morning paths anew. Many of us have felt our first great sorrow, and the breaking up of the spiritual deep within us, by the couch of a dead child. Clasping the little lifeless hand, we have comprehended, as never before, the *reality* of death, and through the gloom covering all the world about us, have caught sudden glimpses of the immortal field. And all of us, I trust, are thankful that God has not created merely men and women, crimped into artificial patterns, with selfish speculation in their eyes, with sadness and weariness and trouble about many things carving the wrinkles and stealing away the bloom; but pours in upon us a fresh stream of being that overflows our rigid conventionalism with the buoyancy of nature, plays into this dusty and angular life like the jets of a fountain, like floods of sunshine, upsets our miserable dignity, meets us with a love that contains no deceit, a frankness that rebukes our quibbling compliments, nourishes the poetry of the soul, and perpetually descending from the threshold of the Infinite, keeps open an arch-way of mystery and heaven.

And now, just consider what a child *is*—this being thus fresh from the unknown realm, tender, plastic, dependent; a bud enfolding the boundless possibilities of humanity, and growing rank, running to waste, or opening in beauty, as you turn, neglect, or support it—just consider what a child is; and he must be far gone in indifference or depravity, who does not recognize the specific duty growing out of a general obligation which is forced upon us by the intrinsic claims of that child's nature. If we were appealed to by nothing else but its drooping reliance and natural wants, there would be enough to draw our attention to every phase of childhood that comes within our sphere.

But our purpose this evening calls us away from these brighter images of childhood, to consider those who are surrounded with the most savage aspects and the worst influences of the world. And, beside the absolute duty which is imposed upon us by their natural position, I observe that the Children of the Poor create an appeal to *prudential* considerations. They form a large proportion of those groups known in every city as "The *Dangerous* Classes." For they will be developed somehow. If they receive not that attention which is demanded by their position; if they are left to darkness and neglect; still, it is no mere mass of negative existence that they constitute. There is vitality there and positive strength, in those lanes and cellars, put forth for evil if not drawn towards the good. We must not confound ignorance with torpor of spirit or bluntness of understanding. One of the most remarkable characteristics of vagrant children is a keen, precocious intellect. A boy of seven in the streets of a city is more developed in this respect than one of fourteen in the country—a developement, of course, which is easily accounted for by the antagonisms with which the child has had to contend, and the devices which have been inspired by the sheer pressure of want. He has been pitched into the sea of events to sink or swim, and those sharpened faculties are the tentacles put forth by an effort of nature in order to secure a hold of life. And there is something very sad and very fear-

ful in this precocity. The vagrant boy has known nothing of the stages of childhood, conducting with beautiful simplicity from one timid step to another, and gradually forming it for the realities of the world. But the neglected infant has wilted into the premature man, with his old cunning look, blending so fantastically, so mournfully, with the unformed features of youth. Knowing the world on its worst side—knowing its hostility, its knavery, its foulness, its heartless materialism—knowing it as the man does not know it who has only breathed the country air, and looked upon the open face of nature. Is it not very sad, my friends, that the vagrant boy *should* know so much; and without one hour of romance, one step of childish innocence and imagination, should have gone clear through "the world" which so many boast that they understand—the knave's world, the libertine's world, the world of the skeptical, scoffing, Ishmaelitish spirit? And yet he has so little *real* knowledge—there is such a cloud of ignorance and moral stupor resting upon his brain and heart! So much of him is merely animal, foxy, wolfish, and this sharpened intellect only a faculty, an instinct, a preternatural organ pushed out to gain subsistence with. It is a terribly anomaly, and yet, I say, it is none the less an active power, and shows us that, however neglected, the child of the abject poor is *not* dormant or undeveloped. In the first place, very likely, it has developed itself into a dogged atheism—a sulky unbelief. The brain of the vagrant boy is active with speculation as well as with practice—he has some theory of this life in which he lives, and, as might be expected, a theory woven with the tissues of his own experience; woven with the shadows and the lurid lights of his lot. A gentleman passing one day through the streets of Edinburgh, saw a boy, who lived by selling fire-wood, standing with a heavy load upon his back, looking at a number of boys amusing themselves in a play-ground. "Sometimes," says the writer, "he laughed aloud, at other times he looked sad and sorrowful. Stepping up to him I said—'Well, my boy, you seem to enjoy the fun very much; but why don't you lay down your load of sticks?' * * * * 'I wan't thinking about the burden—I wan't thinking about the sticks, sir.' 'And may I ask what you were thinking about?' 'Oh, I was just thinking about what the good missionary said the other day. You know, sir, I don't go to church, for I have no clothes; but one of the missionaries comes every week to our stair, and holds a meeting. He was preaching to us last week, and among other things he said—"Although there are rich folks and poor folks in this world, yet we are all brothers." Now, sir, just look at these lads—every one of them has fine jackets, fine caps, with warm shoes and stockings, but I have none;—So I was just thinking if those were my brothers, it dosen't look like it, sir—it dosen't look like it. See, sir, they are all flying kites, while I am flying in rags—they are running about at kick-ball and cricket; but I must climb the long, long stairs, with a heavy load, and an empty stomach, whilst my back is like to break. It dosen't look like it, sir—it dosen't look it.'" Or, take the following instance, which I extract from the Records of one of the Benevolent Societies of our own city: "Can you read or write? said the visitor to a poor boy. Marty hung his head. I repeated the question two or three times before he answered, and the tears dropped on his hands, as he *said, despairingly, and* I thought it defiantly,—No sir, I can't read nor write neither. God don't want me to read sir. Indeed, so it looks likely. Didn't He take away my father since before I can remember him? And haven't I been working all the time to fetch in something to eat, and for the fire, and for clothes? I went out to pick coal when I could take a basket in my arms—and I have had no chance for school since.'" Now this is fallacious and dangerous reasoning, my friends; nevertheless it *is* reasoning, and shows that the mind of the poor boy is *not* inactive as to the problems of life.

LAIRD.—Catch me ever again hounding the dowg upon a ragged laddie, detected in the act o' making free wi' my grosets and plooms! I might hae done far waur, if placed in his peculiar circumstances!

DOCTOR.—I was much touched by an account in a recent number of the New York Post, of a "doll celebration," amongst the hospital children at Randall's Island. Having preserved the document I shall read it with the permission of this "Honourable House."

LAIRD.—The ayes have it! Carry on!

DOCTOR.—After some preliminary matter regarding the benevolent ladies by whom the gifts were prepared, the *Post* goes on to say:—

"Next came the presentation of the dolls to the sick children in the hospital. It was a sad sight to see them sitting around the room or in the beds, propped by pillows, all bearing marks of unmistakable disease, with piteous and hopeless features. Some of them, though less than six years old, looked like forty, careworn and indifferent to life. Yet their eyes brightened up when the dolls were shown, and they were soon made glad by the possession of a prize. The boys were as eager to get a doll as the girls, excepting some of the older ones, who chose books. They examined, hugged and kissed them, laughed and held them up to admire, and to assure themselves of the gift. One poor child, who lay at the point of death with congestion of the brain, seemed to recover by an effort a momentary consciousness, and pressed the doll to her lips, while a smile lit up her pale and death-like face. 'Good doll' she said, and again kissed it. 'Those are among the last words she will speak,' observed the doctor.

"It was worth all the labour and expense of the whole affair to think and to see that the

last moments of that one child were lit up by a gleam of conscious pleasure.

"The ladies passed on from room to room. Not one child was neglected. A solitary little boy, perhaps three years old, handed back the doll, and with the gravity of an old man persisted in receiving neither that or a book, was the only case that appeared impervious to sympathy. Among those who were most delighted with the gift was a blind boy of four years old.

"Then to the quarantine nursery. Here are received and kept all new-comers, until it is certain they have no contagious disease; they are then passed into the schools. There are now 94 children, mostly girls, in this house. Without exception they appeared in good health, were active, and many of them ruddy and strong. They fairly danced for joy at the sight of the dolls. But there were some sad faces seen, as it became doubtful whether there were enough to go round. Finally the last one was made happy, and all were in smiles.

Lastly to the idiots. Here was every form of imbecility, and some cases not fit for description. Most of them, however, were pleased with the dolls, and manifested strong gratitude. 'Biddy,' who is the musical genius of the department, sang 'Highland Mary,' and other pieces. 'I sing,' she said, 'because it puts them in a good humor. They don't carry on when I sing.' There are twenty-nine of these unfortunate creatures."

LAIRD.—Blessings on thae kind-hearted ledaies! Wha' can calculate the humanizing effects o' their donations, which doubtless cost but a few pounds!

DOCTOR.—Who indeed! We are too apt to regard pauper children as just so much live stock, and to deem that our duty is amply discharged when we have coarsely fed, and coarsely clad them! Let us bear in mind that the feelings and affections must be nurtured and educated as well as the body and the mere intellect, if we would hope for general results. Well does Dr. Whittlesey, the chief physician of the above hospital, remark in reference to the doll distribution:—

"This may appear to some as an unimportant affair, agreeable enough for the moment, and hardly worth the trouble; but I assure you that it affords lasting happiness to these poor children. I have seen them comparing dolls and examining each other's with great interest. They soothe one another, and are brought into a more social and sympathetic state. You cannot over estimate the good that flows from such a kindness. It lasts the whole year."

LAIRD.—I'll ca' at Mrs. Bansley's the morn, and buy a score o' dolls and tumbling Tams, to distribute amang the puir weans o' oor village! My freen' Geo. B. Wyllie will doubtless compliment me wi' some fag ends o' silk and satin to mak' duds for the images; and Grizy will readily shape them into frocks, and polka's, and vezees and cutty sarks and what not!

DOCTOR.—Here is a dollar towards your undertaking.

MAJOR.—And pray accept a similar offering from your humble servant.

LAIRD.—Mony thanks! Oh sake, oor clachan will be swarmin' wi' dolls, and blythe, if no' overly clean faces! There's a sair want o' tape, in that quarter o' Her Majesty's Colonial empire!

MAJOR.—If you wish a couple of hour's pleasant though not exciting reading, I commend this volume to your devoirs.

DOCTOR.—To what *nomen* doth it respond?

MAJOR.—It is entitled *Way Down East; or Portraitures of Yankee Life; By Seba Smith, the original Major Jack Downing.*

DOCTOR.—I have read certain clever sketches from the pen of that gentleman in some periodicals of the continguous republic.

MAJOR.—Very likely. Several of the items of the work under notice I have met with before. I like Mr. Smith for the quiet manner in which he tells his stories. He never becomes purple in the face with straining after *effects*, and brings about his upshots without having recourse to red or blue fire.

DOCTOR.—Then he is no *Lamp-lighter*?

MAJOR.—Very far from it! Life he paints as he finds it, with much of the simple artistic power of our own dearly beloved Mary Russell Mitford.

DOCTOR.—What! Is he able to walk in Mary's slippers?

MAJOR.—No! I should like to know who is! Still there are many points of resemblance between the two. For instance, *Jerry Guttridge* might almost have been a residenter in *Our Village.*

LAIRD.—And wha was Jerry Guttridge when he was at hame?

MAJOR.—A useless, idle, loafing vagabond, who permitted his wife and children to starve in order that he might enjoy the *otium* of doing nothing. One of his neighbours, Mr. Frier, offers him employment, but the friendly proposition is rejected with scorn and insult. So hereupon the aforesaid Frier after having bestowed a hearty meal upon the neglected family proceeds to have a serious talk with the spouse of the delinquent. The author shall go on with the tale:—

Mr. Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs. Guttridge. He told her the neighbors could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work he didn't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs. Guttridge began to cry, She said "she did n't know what they should do; she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow Mr. Guttridge did n't seem to love work. She believed it was n't his natur' to work."

"Well, Mrs. Guttridge, do you believe the Scriptures?" said Mr. Frier, solemnly.

"I'm sure I do," said Mrs. Guttridge; "I believe all there is in the Bible."

"And don't you know," said Mr. Frier, "the Bible says, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat.'"

"I know there's something in the Bible like that," said Mrs. Guttridge, with a very serious look.

"Then do you think it is right," said Mr. Frier, "when your neighbors send you in a basket of provisions, do you think it right that Mr. Guttridge, who won't work and 'arn a mouthful himself, should sit down and eat more than all the rest of you, and pick out the best part of it, too?"

"Well, I don't suppose it's right," said Mrs. Guttridge, thoughtfully; "but somehow Mr. Guttridge is so hearty, it seems as if he would faint away, if he didn't have more than the rest of us to eat."

"Well, are you willing to go on in this way?" continued Mr. Frier, "in open violation of the Scriptures, and keep yourself and children every day in danger of starving?"

"What can I do, Mr. Frier?" said Mrs. Guttridge, bursting into a flood of tears; I've talked, and it's no use: Mr. Guttridge won't work; it don't seem to be in him. Maybe if you should talk to him, Mr. Frier, he might do better."

"No, that would be no use," said Mr. Frier. "When I was over here before, you see how he took it, jest because I spoke to him about going over to the shop, when he ought to be to work, to get something for his family to eat. You see how mad he was, and how provoking he talked to me. It's no use for me to say anything to him; but I think, Mrs. Guttridge, if somebody should complain to the Grand Jury about him, the Court would make him go to work. And if you are willing for it, I think I should feel it my duty to go and complain of him."

"Well, I don't know but it would be best," said Mrs. Guttridge, "and if you think it would make him go to work, I'm willing you should. When will the Court sit?"

"To-morrow," said Mr. Frier; and I'll give up all other business, and go and attend to it?"

"But what will the Court *do* to him, Mr. Frier?" asked Mrs. Guttridge.

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Frier, "but I expect they'll punish him; and I know they 'd make him go to work."

"Punish him!" exclaimed Mrs. Guttridge, with a troubled air. "Seems to me I don't want to have him punished. But do you think, Mr. Frier, they will hurt him any?"

"Well, I think it's likely," said Mr. Frier, "they will hurt him some; but you must remember, Mrs. Guttridge, it is better once to smart than always ache. Remember, too you 'll be out of provisions again to-morrow. Your neighbors can't support your family all the time; and if your husband don't go to work, you'll be starving again."

"Oh dear—well, I don't know!" said Mrs. Guttridge, with tears in her eyes. "You may do jest as you think best about it, Mr. Frier; that is, if you don't think they'll hurt him."

Mr. Frier returned home; but the afternoon was so far spent that he was able to get in only one ton of his hay, leaving the other three tons out, to take chance of the weather. He and his wife spent the evening in discussing what course was best to pursue with regard to the complaint against Mr. Guttridge; but notwithstanding his wife was decidedly in favor of his going the next morning and entering the complaint, since Mrs. Guttridge had consented, yet Mr. Frier was undecided. He did not like to do it; Mr. Guttridge was a neighbor, and it was an unpleasant business. But when he arose the next morning, looked out, and beheld his three tons of hay drenched with a heavy rain, and a prospect of a continued storm, he was not long in making up his mind.

"Here," said he, "I spent a good part of the day, yesterday, in looking after Guttridge's family, to keep them from starving; and now, by this means, I've nigh about as good as lost three tons of hay. I don't think it's my duty to put up with it any longer."

Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Frier was out, spattering along in the mud and rain, with his old great-coat thrown over his shoulders, the sleeves flapping loosely down by his side, and his drooping hat twisted awry, wending his way to Court to appear before the Grand Jury.

"Well, Mr. Frier, what do *you* want?" asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

"I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the Grand Jury," replied Mr. Frier, taking off his hat, and shaking the rain from it.

"Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?" said the foreman. "I didn't think he had life enough to do anything worth complaining of to the Grand Jury."

It's because he *has n't* got life enough to do anything," said Mr. Frier, "that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr. Foreman, he's a lazy, idle fellow, and won't work, nor provide nothin' for his family to eat; and they've been half starving this long time; and the neighbors have had to keep sending in something all the time, to keep 'em alive."

"But," said the foreman, "Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr. Frier; has anybody ever talked to him about it in a neighborly way and advised him to do differently? And may

be he has no chance to work where he could get anything for it."

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Frier, "that he's been talked to a great deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to him victuals enough to last his family 'most a week, but I couldn't get him to, and he went off to the grog-shop to see some jockeys swop horses. And when I told him, calmly, I did n't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old, miserable, dirty, meddling vagabond, and a scoundrel, and a scapegallows, and an infernal small piece of a man!"

"Abominable!" exclaimed one of the jury; "who ever heard of such outrageous conduct?"

"What a vile, blasphemous wretch!" exclaimed another; "I shouldn't a wondered if he'd a fell dead on the spot."

The foreman asked Mr. Frier, if Jerry had "used them very words,

"Exactly them words, every one of 'em," said Mr. Frier.

"Well," said the foreman, "then there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if anybody in this world ever did."

Accordingly the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the Court to answer to the charge preferred against him. Mr. Sally Guttridge and Mr. Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honorable Court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him to hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the District of Maine, now sitting at Soco, in the words following, viz;—

"We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family; and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness."

"Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Jerry, "and here's my wife can tell you the same any day. Sally have n't I always provided for my family?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Guttridge, "I don't know but you have as well as"——

"Stop, stop!" said the Judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness; "stop, Mrs. Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn."'

The Court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon, he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to come forward, and hold up their right hands. Mr. Frier advanced, with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs. Guttridge lingered a little behind; but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, towards the Court, and exhibited her care-worn features, which though, sunburned, were pale and sickly, the Judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs. Guttridge, was called to stand.

"Now, Mrs. Guttridge," said the Judge, "you are not obliged to testify against your husband any more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The Court will ask you questions touching the case, and you may answer them or not, as you think best. And, in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?"

"Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time," said Mrs. Guttridge, trembling, but I don't know Mr. Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get, a good deal of the time."

"Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?"

"Why, as to that," replied the witness, "Mr. Guttridge don't work much, but I don't know as he can help it; it does n't seem to be in his natur' to work. Somehow, he don't seem to be made like other folks; for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time; the natur' don't seem to be in him."

"Well, well," said the Judge, casting a dignified and judical glance of the culprit, who stood with his mouth wide open, and eyes fixed on the Court with an intentness that showed he began to take some interest in the matter; "well, well, perhaps the Court will be able to *put* the natur' in him."

Mrs. Guttridge was directed to stop aside, and Mr. Nat. Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point; clear and conclusive. But as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it Suffice it to say, that when he was called upon to repeat the reproachful language which Jerry had bestowed upon the witness, there was much shuddering, and an awful rolling of eyes, throughout the court room. Even the prisoner's face kindled almost up to a blaze, and thick dorps of sweat were seen to start from his forehead. The Judge, to be sure, retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair, said it was not necessary to question the witness any further: the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The Court, out of delicacy toward the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the Court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the Court, with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows:—

"Jerry Guttridge! you have been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproach-

ful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness. The Court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes, with the cat-o'-nine-tales, upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith, by the constables, at the whipping-post in the yard adjoining the court-house"

Jerry dropped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colors, sometimes red, and sometime shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the Court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms around the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promised better fashions if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the Court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court-house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The Judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails and laid the blows heavily across the naked back of the victim. Nearly every blow brought blood, and as they successively fell Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well-nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments, with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the Court, or even to bid any one good-by, he straightened for home as fast as he could go.

Mrs. Guttridge met him at the door, with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied, for dinner; for Mrs. Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr. Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something" that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence; his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for several years; for, instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever, passed the haying field Mr. Nat. Frier might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterward the passer-by might have seen him every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort, outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits, and little Bobby became a fat, hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years after Mrs. Guttridge was heard to say that, "somehow, ever since that 'ere trial, Mr. Guttridge's natur' seemed to be entirely changed."

LAIRD.—I wish that we had sic a wise like law in Canada! There are at least a dozen o' Guttridges within rifle shot o' Bonnie Braes, wha's backs should be made intimate wi' the taws!

DOCTOR.—By the way, Crabtree, speaking of taws, do you not merit a taste of the same for having neglected to review Mrs. Traill's *Female Emigrant Guide*?

MAJOR.—Apparently I am without excuse in that matter, but the ungarmented truth is, I entrusted the job to our erratic amicus *The Purser*, and you know how he has been situated of late. However, better late than never. I shall tackle the work *quam primum*.

LAIRD.—Ye may spare yo'.rsel' the fash, auld foggie! The buik needs nane o' your reviewing or puffing! It is selling by the thousand, and the printers and binders can hardly keep pace wi' the demand. And sma' wonder! Ilka housewife reads it for information, and her bairns for diversion. Never ca' me a true prophet if before twa years hae expired, it is na' to be met wi' as commonly in the mansions and shanties o' the Upper Province as the Pilgrim's Progress.

MAJOR.—And the *Anglo-American Magazine!*

LAIRD.—You just took the word oot o' my mouth!

DOCTOR.—I had a letter from Mrs. Traill, the other day, in which she enclosed me the following pretty little lyric:—

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S SONG.

She turns her wheel wi busy hand
But her thoughts are far away
'Mid the bounie braes o' her native land,
While she sings this simple lay.

I think upon the heathery hills
I ay hae lov'd sae dearly,
I think upon the wimpling burn
That wandered by sae clearly.

The little gowans tipped wi dew
That 'mang the grass shone brightly;
The harebell waving in the breeze
That bowed its head sae lightly.

The lavrock singing in the cloud
Wi' note sae blythe and cheery,
That made my heart forget its load
O' grief and care sae serie.

I think upon the moss grown grave
O' those sae dear to me
Wha' slumber in the auld kirk yard—
My bonnie bairnies three.

An' I would gie a mint o' gowd—
If gowd were mine to gie—
To wander through that auld kirk yard
Thae bairns' wee graves to see.

She ceased her sang—the briny tears
Fell frae her glistening ee—
For her heart throbbed fast as she thought upon
Those graves ayont the sea.

LAIRD.—Vera bonnie! Mrs. Traill, considering that she's an Englisher, has got a correct inkling o' the essence o' Scottish sang. Her bit stave is worth a' score o' the maudlin' abominations misca'd Caledonian Ballads, that ye see in the wunnocks o' Nordheimer, and Harkness, and Paige, bearing on their title pages figures o' Heelandmen wi' silken kilts, making love to Jennies sporting spangled slippers! If I were the Grand Turk for a day, Mahoun throttle me but I wud burn the entire lot at the common place o' execution!

DOCTOR.—By the bye, Major, Mr. Whitefield, who is at present engaged in illustrating our Canadian Cities, took me by the button the other day, and, leading me into Maclear & Co.'s lithographic office, showed me a beautiful view of Quebec, drawn on stone, and just ready for printing. Indeed I saw a proof, and can safely aver that it is equal to any of the views that have yet appeared published in the United States.

MAJOR.—What! Is Whitefield having a view of Quebec done in Canada, and are our Canadian cities to be illustrated *in* Canada?

DOCTOR.—It is even as I tell you, though Quebec is the first that has been entrusted to Canadian lithographers.

MAJOR.—Then I hope and trust that it may not be the last. The cities of Kingston and Ottawa have yet to appear, and I think that it would materially increase their sale were they published here. Canadians would value them doubly, as they would doubly illustrate their country.

LAIRD.—Success to the artist! But, Major, ye never mentioned his view o' Toronto, that I see hanging up in your study.

MAJOR.—No! I owe Mr. Whitefield an apology for not doing so, but anything I might say now would be lost, as its merits are so widely known. Toronto was never better illustrated than in that view, and I question much if an equal picture can be obtained from any other point.

DOCTOR.—Whitefield showed me a view of Toronto taken from the Lake about two miles from the island, and for a small sketch it was remarkably accurate, though, of course, it did not give any idea of the city.

MAJOR.—I should hardly think so at that distance. However, I wish Mr. Whitefield success both here and in England, to which place he proposes going to this summer, to exhibit his Canadian sketches, of which he has already at least two thousand done in tint, forming a most beautiful and valuable collection.

DOCTOR.—I think it would be worth his while to give us Canadians a peep at his collection before he goes. When next I see him I shall mention the matter to him.

MAJOR.—He should by all means exhibit them here first. I verily believe that half the Canadians do not know in what sort of a country the other half live. Mr. Whitefield must enlighten us.

DOCTOR.—Bless me, Laird, what has come over you? You look as if something serious was the matter!

LAIRD.—I fear that I am ganging to hae a fit o' the ague. Last week I got my hoofs wat in the Mullet Creek, in consequence o' the ice breaking, and I hae never been right sin' syne.

MAJOR.—We were talking, lately about St. Agnes' Eve. William Hone has preserved a charm for the cure of the ague, which is reported to be efficacious if intoned on that epoch, by the oldest female in the family,

LAIRD.—Indeed!

MAJOR'—It thus runs:—

"Tremble and go!
First day shiver and burn
Tremble and quake!
Second day shiver and burn
Tremble and die!
Third day never return."

LAIRD.—I say, Sangrado, div ye think that rhyme will drive awa' my complaint?

DOCTOR.—Very probably, if used in conjunction with this prescription, which you can get made up at the Medical Hall of your village!

MAJOR.—Ha! ha! Laird. You had better try the prescription first; if that fails, try th rhyme. However, we must now give way to the Horticulturist and Mrs. Grundy.

FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.

"THE SUMMER DROUTH." HOW TO RENDER IT HARMLESS.

After the long period of dry weather, with which we have latterly been visited during summer, how sad and disheartening is the appearance of gardens in general. In May and June, every plant and shrub and vegetable grows vigorously and gives prodigious promise of good things to come—but then—July appears, no rain falls for a period of from four to eight weeks, and the whole scene changes. Growth is arrested, the flowers fall, the plants wilt—the fruits upon the trees become stationary; and dismayed, and disgusted too often, we feel that there is no remedy. But is it so? Is there no easy and cheap and therefore practicable mode of overcoming or neutralizing the disastrous effects of these parching and exhausting periods? There is. Experience, the sternest and most reliable of all instructors, has taught us, that there is within the reach of most people who delight in the cultivation of the earth a method by which they may in a good degree secure their trees and plants flowers and vegetables an unchecked growth. Nor is it a method at all new—it has been urged, and argued again and again, without however having been generally adopted. It is neither more nor less than having a good *depth* of soil. The depth should be not less than two feet, better three or four. In Britain where the solar influences do not begin to pierce the earth, so deep as they do here, gardens are often dug to the depth of four feet. If desirable *there*, how much more here! But in a soil *two* feet deep vegetation will rarely suffer even here from dry weather. And this necessity of deepening and stirring the soil has been urged till all are familiar with it, still it is rarely practised, and for this reason people do not feel or cannot imagine that it will effect what it is often said to do. So great is our summer heat, and of so long continuance that could we but secure sufficient moisture for the plants, the increase would equal even tropical productions in vigour, as is evident from what is attained in cold graperies where a constant moistness is kept on the leaves and roots. Now there are situations where water in abundance is at hand, and where by the aid of cheap and simple structures, moved wholly by wind, it may be thrown over all the garden at pleasure. To those who are so fortunately placed we earnestly commend the use of these machines, for well we know that they would be most surprised and gratified by the unceasing vigour and vastly increased productive powers of fruit-tree and vegetable. But to the *many* who have not copious streams or deep bays or lakes at hand, nor unfailing springs nor wells we say, trench or subsoil with spade or plough not less than two feet deep, and even you may rejoice though the showers fall not, and no kindly clouds soften old Sol's rays.

It is not often denied or doubted that clay soils stand in great need of being thus dealt with. Their strong tendency to baking like brick in a long dry time is too evident, but it is both doubted and denied that it would be beneficial to land of an opposite texture. Sandy land, it is said, is already too porous, and loosening the subsoil will but increase the evil. This was the doctrine of all the agricultural writers, we ever read so we assented to its truth—and consequently every season had the mortification of seeing the garden burnt up, and our efforts nearly fruitless. He now however feel sure of another and different result in future, for accidentally we have discovered that in a sandy soil, with a loose gravelly substratum, trenching will serve as effectually as in heavy soils. And for the benefit of those whose garden soil is like our own we will describe the accident or experiment, call it which

they may. As we have said our soil is nearly a pure sand very suitable for Grapes; and having a greater fancy for this beautiful fruit than for a crop of corn, we determined to plant largely. Accordingly we had three trenches dug two feet deep, two wide and one hundred feet long, Having the previous autumn obtained a large quantity of black mold from the swamp, and in the winter-time as many dead animal carcases as were within reach, consisting of one prize bull, two cows, and two horses, we thus used them. The latter carcasses being quartered were thrown at intervals into the trench—upon them was placed a layer of the gravel—then one of mold—followed by another of gravel and so on till the trench was filled. We then obtained a number of fine vines from Mr. Leslie of Toronto, consisting of 25 Isabellas —25 Black Cluster, and 25 Clinton Grapes—and planted them four feet apart in the row—the rows being eight feet apart. A cedar stake eight feet long driven at each vine completed the work. And now for the result. Some of these vines grew two and three feet above the poles: none of them showed the least symptom of being affected by the long drought of last summer: and in the autumn we gathered from many of them one and two beautiful bunches each of fully ripe Grapes. Had these same vines been planted in soil only one spade deep, many would surely have died, and all would probably have made a very feeble growth. As it was they commenced growing vigorously, and the roots had descended to a depth at which moisture was always found before the dry weather commenced—and when it came it could not injure them. The experiment seems so conclusive that we intend gradually to trench our whole garden, and feel encouraged to believe that from dry weather we shall not again have serious reason for mourning and lamentation. If it be necessary to strengthen the force of this experiment, read the following statement from the late Mr. Downing, most unquestionable authority in matters Horticultural. He says, "whatever the soil of a garden our experience has taught us that it should be *deep*, it is impossible that the steady and uniform moisture at the roots, indispensable to the continuous growth of many crops, during the summer months, can be maintained in a soil which is only *spade* deep. Hence we would *trench or subsoil plough* all kitchen-gardens, (taking care first that they are well drained) whether sandy or clayey in texture. We know that many persons, judging from theory rather than practice, cannot see the value of deepening soils already too porous. But we have seen its advantages strongly marked in more than one instance, and therefore recommend it with confidence. It is only necessary to examine light soils, trenched and untrenched to be convinced of this. The roots in the former penetrate and gather nourishment from twice the cubic area that they do in the latter; and they are not half so easily affected by the atmospheric changes of temperature.

BONES—AND BONE DUST.

Enough of manure, a farmer, unless he keep a very heavy stock cannot yearly make for his farm, especially if it be large. Many fields consequently suffer greatly from the absence of necessary nourishing ingredients, which through a course of years have been abstracted from the soil. But there are excellent substitutes for barn yard dung in many cases; and few of them will be found more efficacious than bones ground to powder. Scatter in early spring two bushels of bone dust intermixed with four of dry hard-wood ashes on each acre of old pasture ground, and it will effect a reviviscence of dead grasses, and a healthy growth of the few that are alive, astonishing only to the *un*knowing ones. If a pasture field so manured, be fed off by milch cows it will be found that the milk both in quantity and richness, is greater than from other and even good pastures. Our farmers in general little know the worth of the bones they throw annually away, or they would save them—for it requires but little trouble—nor can they dream of the worth to them of the ashes they sell, or they would not grudge them to their lands. We saw a farmer a short time since sell his good ashes for four-pence per bushel when it is *very probable* that they are worth to him three-shillings and nine-pence.

THE RASPBERRY.

There are few persons who are not fond of this fruit—and some, (though we are not of the number) prefer it even to the Strawberry. Freshly gathered from the bush it is considered cooling, refreshing and healthful. That it is a general favourite with Canadians must be allowed, or why do multitudes sally forth to collect it. Troops of blushing maidens, and blooming matrons we see in the fields and at the woodside, in abundant seasons, undeterred by scratched hands, torn garments, and the sultry heats of July and August. And we

have often thought that the sweat and labour, and the tattered dresses, must be a sad set-off against the contents of their baskets. And we have wondered too that Farmers, (who so grudge a day or two's labour in the garden) do not see that as a matter of profit and loss, not less than of convenience, it would be better to cultivate the fruit near home than to send their wives and daughters at a season when their time is *so* valuable a long and fatiguing tramp in search of them. There is no difficulty in its cultivation, nor would the extent of land necessary be worth mentioning. Three or four square rods, containing some two hundred plants would suffice for a family. Then also, the cultivated kinds are so superior in size if not also in flavour—and when produced in the garden close by one's own door, could be picked early in the morning, in a few minutes by the tiny fingers unfit for other labour: affording them at once a pleasing and a profitable occupation. There are several varieties, of which we would recommend the following—The Red Antwerp, and the Yellow—the Franconia and the Falstoff. Plant them in rows three feet apart—and three or four feet from row to row, in rich, deep, sandy loamy soil. The shoots of the previous year bear the present—and new ones are annually produced to bear the year following. Those that have born die, and should in the autumn be cut out. We have found that they do best in rather a shaded place, and if damp (not wet) all the better. The rows might be planted wide enough for the cultivator to work between them. Leached ashes is excellent for them. While writing upon this subject we would suggest to our enterprising nurserymen and amateurs, the raising of new kinds from our excellent native sorts. We have seen, and gathered, and eaten, large and most delicious raspberries from the wild stocks growing by the roadside as we journeyed upon a recent occasion from Lake Simcoe to Penetanguishene. The seed could be obtained easily and the result would surely remunerate. A fruit used so extensively as this is—for the dessert, for making syrup, wines, jams, and jellies is worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received from *us*. Its merit is also very much enhanced by its being a product so very natural to our clime and soil: as to be spontaneous almost everywhere. We have repeatedly seen virgin lands, that have been but once ploughed and then laid down to grass, throw up the shoots of the wild raspberry in the greatest abundance—amd where not broused by cattle, in a short time thickly covered.

DAMP HOUSES.

There is an almost universal complaint in the spring of the year, by persons occupying brick and stone houses, that their houses sweat so abundantly as to cause great injury and inconvenience. A true knowledge of the *cause* and the nature of the evil, however, will enable us to remedy the evil. The universal impression is, that the damp and moisture which have been accumulating in the walls, flow out upon their surface on the first mild days of spring. This view, however, is erroneous, and leads to false conclusions as to the healthiness or unhealthiness of certain houses. The truth is that the walls, during the winter months, have become frozen, or in other words have accumulated a large amount of cold; on the first genial days of spring, the warm air, laden with an additional quantity of moisture, (for the capacity of the air for moisture increases according to its temperature,) comes in contact with the cold walls and deposits a portion of its mosture upon the walls. The cold walls diminish the temperature of the warm and heavily-laden atmosphere which comes in contact with them, thus rendering it incapable of holding in solution its previous volume of water, which consequently is deposited upon the walls.

To prove and illustrate this position, I need only to refer to an occurrance with which all are acquainted. Fill with *cold* water a glass or silver or other pitcher, incapable of the transmission of water, and place in a room on a warm day, and you will instantly see the outer surface covered with drops and streams of water. Here the water cools the vessel, and the vessel lowers the temperature of the air brought in contact with it, necessarily causing a deposition of the surplus moisture. In the case of both the walls and the vessels, this operation goes on with like results until these materials attain the same temperature as the circumjacent atmosphere.

How then shall we remedy the difficulty? Simply by keeping our houses closed during this period as much as possible; thus preventing the admission of the external air, overburthened with moisture, until the walls have become warmed by more genial atmosphere, to the same temperature as the air itself. In proof of this position, you have but to examine any room or cupboard or closet, into which the external air has not been admitted during one of these *giving* periods of spring. We seldom have more than one of these periods of sweating in the year, unless a hard freezing supervenes to cause a subsequent accumulation of frost in the walls. By this simple remedy may your paper be kept uninjured and adhesive to the walls—the furniture from undue expansion, and paint and varnish from injury.

From this view of the case, you will of course perceive that the amount of moisture settling

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Maclear & Cº Lith. Toronto.

on the walls, is no index of the dampness of the house, and consequently of its unhealthiness. From this misconception, brick and stone houses have been condemned as being too wet; but with a knowledge of the true source or cause of moisture upon the walls; during the first few warm spring days, I cannot, after long experience, discover that they are any colder or damper than other material. In order however to render the temperature of my house as equal as possible, and to cut off the access of any moisture from rain or other causes from the outside, I have built a house with hollow walls, thus interposing a space of four inches of atmospheric air between the interior and exterior walls, the air being a complete non-conductor of heat or moisture. This interposed air should be entirely isolated. In addition, however, it is good economy, on the score of preservation of the materials as well as of health, to paint the house on the exterior, giving it a waterproof coat, and to extend the roof some two or three feet beyond the side and end walls in order to intercept the rain which would otherwise be blown into the walls.

SINGULAR FREAKS OF NATURE.

A gentleman in this country presented us with two Apples, taken, he says from the same limb of the same tree, which had never been grafted or budded, one a russet like *Pomme gris*, and the other a large green apple. We of course set this down as a mistake. But, what was our surprise, on receiving a letter from a gentleman in Jamaca, L. I., (whom we visited during the time of holding the State Fair, and who showed us, among other things, a large patch of Beets, from which he offered to supply us,) containing the following announcement: "On examining my Beets I found that some of them had turned to Sweet Potatoes, and therefore send you along a barrel, which I hope you will receive in good order!"

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

No. 1—Is a dress of Maria Louisa blue silk, crossed with horizontal stripes of black, and of a very heavy quality. The skirt is full and long, descending almost in a semitrain. The corsage is cut open in front, and loops over the low chemisette with bands of black velvet, hung at the lower edges with rows of pendant blue buttons. The basquine is round, and sits out from the figure with considerable fulness. The sleeves are gathered in at the arm-holes in plaits, and descend below the elbow in an enormous puff, finished with a velvet band, and the fringe of velvet buttons; a face of broad Brussels point descends over the arm with great fulness. The head.dress is a small Maria Stewart cap of white lace, trimmed with blue and white ribbon.

No. 2—Is a deep corn-coloured cashmere, trimmed with two flounces set into the skirt almost plain, and enriched with a palm-leaf border of a rich cashmere pattern. The corsage is close in front, and a heart-shaped trimming formed of double rows of scolloped cashmere pass from the bodice over both shoulders; the scollops are edged with narrow fringe of various colours, like the pattern on the flounces. The basquine is divided into a sort of shell pattern, each shell forming a long deep scollop, edged with other tiny scollops, each finished by a button. The sleeves are double, forming two full puffs on the shoulders and heading, falling in two deep scolloped ruffles over the arms. The bonnet is white silk, trimmed with corn-colour.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

At the present season, when the juvenile members of families return from school for the holiday vacation, a few hints on juvenile costume may be found useful in the preparation for future outfits. We therefore offer the following:—

The prettiest boy's dresses are those suitable to be worn between the ages of two and seven. The paletot is a favourite garment for boys of the ages here mentioned. Several elegant little paletots are composed of black, dark blue, or green velvet, and trimmed with narrow bands of fur. They descend to the knees, have wide sleeves with revers at the ends, and the front, from the waist to the throat, is ornamented by three brandebourgs in passementerie. A paletot of this description may be worn with a white, grey, or black beaver hat, having a broad brim, and ornamented with a long feather of the same colour. The feather should be twisted round the crown, and drooping on one side. The hat is fastened by a string of black velvet, which passes under the chin, and is fixed on one side by a small gilt or steel buckle. The trousers, which are often composed of velvet of the same tone of colour as the paletot, descend to the top of the gaiters, which are usually grey, and buttoned on one side. A row of silk braid of the same tint as the trousers is placed on each of the seams. For costumes of this style, the most suitable collar is a small one composed of a plaiting of batiste, edged with narrow Valenciennes. The under-sleeves should be of batiste, finished at the ends by a plaiting of Valenciennes, and forming *revers*, or turned-up cuffs. For very young children, trousers of batiste are usually preferred to those of a heavier material; but they should be worn over flannel. The batiste trousers may be simply hemmed at the edge and the hem surmounted by a row of needlework. We have seen some paletots of dark-blue velvet made with a cape trimmed with fringe. Above the fringe is one wide row or three narrow rows of braid of a paler tint of blue than the paletot, and striped with black. The paletot may be edged round with the same braid which ornaments the cape. Paletots of the kind just mentioned are suitable for boys from two to

four years of age. They are made to reach down to the top of the gaiters, the latter being of black velvet. Cloaks of the Talma form are in favour for very young boys. Some consist of black velvet, ornamented with embroidery in silk; others are composed of grey, blue and black cloth, and are edged round with embroidery either in black silk or in silk of the same colour as the cloak.

In the costume of little girls all the elegances of female costume is presented in miniature. As an instance of this, we may mention a carriage-dress prepared for a little girl of four or five years of age. The dress is composed of pink cachmere, and is trimmed with seven narrow flounces, scalloped and edged with white silk. Within each scallop a rose-bud is embroidered in white silk. To this dress is added a pelisse, or loose jacket, of pink satin lined with white silk, and trimmed with a rouleau of swansdown. The bonnet is composed of white plush, and is ornamented with a white ostrich feather streaked with pink; the inside trimming consists of a cordon of small roses. Pale-grey kid gloves and boots of grey cachmere complete the costume. The dress just described may serve as a model for others of a plainer kind, the degree of elegance imparted to it depending on the material employed and on the style of trimming. If, for example, the dress be made of alapaca, merino, or poplin, the flounces may be ornamented with braid, narrow fringe, or bands of plush; the plush being either plain and of the same tint as the dress, or figured with a pattern in different colours. The paletot or Talma worn by little girls, is frequently made of the same material as the dress. Many little costumes, consisting of a dress and paletot of black velvet, have both garments trimmed with a band of black, pink, or blue plush. A very pretty walking costume is composed of a dress of pale slate-colour poplin, having five flounces edged with a band of blue plush, spotted with black, and set on in a wave. A Talma of the same poplin is trimmed with three rows of plush, and is finished at the edge by a row of fringe of three colours combined, viz: grey, blue and black. The bonnet is of dark blue velvet, trimmed with a black feather: in the inside are carnations in black and pink. Another consists of a dress of dark-green merino, trimmed with rows of black velvet placed horizontally in the Bayadere manner. A cloak of black velvet, trimmed with minever. Grey beaver bonnet, trimmed in the inside with a cordon or rouleau of curled feather, the colour being pink. Muff of the same fur as that employed in trimming the cloak; and green achmere boots.

Among the new ball-dresses prepared for Christmas parties there is one composed of white crape, with three flounces, each edged by a minature wreath of roses with foliage. On the front of the jupe are placed four bouquets, consisting of lilies, roses, migonette, and forget-me-not. The corsage is trimmed with two frills edged with small roses, and with boquets of flowers like those on the skirt. The sleeves are formed of bouillons of tulle intermingled with boquets of flowers.

A mourning dress, suited for evening costume, has been made of black moire-antique, covered by three skirts of black tulle bouillonne, and profusely sprigged with jet. On one side the three skirts of tulle are raised each by a bunch of grapes formed of black velvet and gold beads. The corsage, in folds, is ornamented with two bunches of grapes similar to those on the skirt; one being placed in the centre of the bosom, and the other at the point in front of the waist. On each shoulder is placed a bunch of grapes. In the hair are worn an ornamental comb, bunches of grapes in gold and black velvet, with black velvet foliage, and, on each side, a black feather spangled with gold.

The new dresses of the season are being made even fuller than heretofore, and the skirts are expanded so as to display the ample flow of drapery.

We have seen some Opera cloaks of Parisian make, composed of white plush, and ornamented with coloured bands disposed either horizontally or perpendicularly. These cloaks are of the Burnous form, and have hoods lined with silk or satin of the same colour as the stripes or bands on the body of the cloak. They are edged round by a deep row of chenille fringe, and the two points in front are each finished by a tassel in chenille. One of the prettiest is bordered with bands of blue moire edged with gold. The fringe and tassels are of blue chenille intermingled with gold. Another, entirely white, is composed of plush, and lined with satin. Round the border is placed a wide ribbon of white moire. Three long tassels of white floss silk droop from the throat. The hood, which is lined with white satin, is trimmed only with a band of plush run in the inside.

NOSEGAYS.

Flowers should not be cut during sunshine, or kept exposed to the solar influence, neither should they be collected in large bundles and tied tightly together, as this invariably hastens their decay. When in the room where they are to remain, the ends of the stalks should be cut clean across with a very sharp knife (never with scissors), by which means the tubes, through which they draw the water, are left open, so that the water ascends freely, which it will not do if the tubes of the stems are bruised or lacerated. An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of such flowers, and they are all equally well adapted for the purpose, so that the stalks are inserted in pure water. This water ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the farthest, and a thin slice should be cleanly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will revive the flowers.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

C. K. H.—There is no rule to compel you to apprise a Queen of danger by saying "check."

V. W.—We never heard of such a rule.

F. W. S.—In the solution you refer to, the direction means that White will mate either with one or other of the Kts, according to Black's defence, that is, if the Black Rook moves from the royal rank, the Kt mates at Q Kt 8th; and if it remain there, the other Kt mates at K 5th.

A. M. S.—Thanks for your problem. We use it in the present number.

Solutions to Problem 14 by J. B., G. W. D., Kingston, W. C. C., Argy, and A. M. S., are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Amy, W. C. C., A. M. S., Tyro, and J. B., are correct.

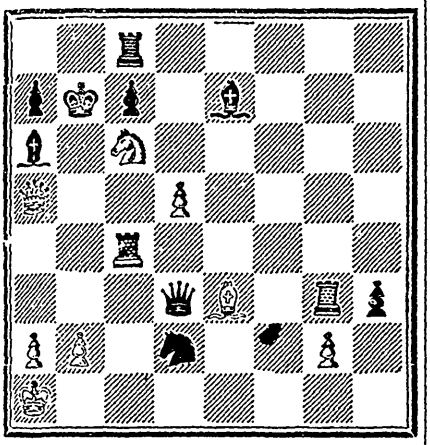
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XIV.

White.	*Black.*
1. Kt to K 5th.	P to K Kt 5th.
2. P to K B 4th.	Anything.
3. Kt mates.	

PROBLEM No. XV.

By A. M. S., Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and draw the game.

ENIGMAS.

No. 43. By W. H. C.

WHITE.—K at his B 5th; R at Q B 8th; B at K Kt 5th; Kt at Q Kt 3d; P at K R 2d.

BLACK.—K at Q 4th; Ps at K R 4th & Q 3d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 44. By J. A. Christie.

WHITE.—K at Q B 5th; R at K B 8th; B at K B 7th; Kt at Q 7th; P at K Kt 4th.

BLACK.—K at his 5th; B at K B 5th; Ps at K 6th and 7th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 45. By H. B. B.

WHITE.—K at his Kt 7th; B at K Kt 3d; Kts at K Kt 8th and K B 6th; P at K R 2d.

BLACK.—K at K B 4th; Ps at K R 6th, K Kt 3d, and K 3d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 46. From the Hundert Schachkunstspiele.

WHITE.—K at Q sq; Q at Q R sq; Rs at Q 5th and Q B 7th; Bs at Q 6th and Q Kt 3d; Kt at K R 3d; Ps at K R 2d, K 7th, & Q R 4th.

BLACK.—K at K R 2d; Q at K Kt 7th; Rs at K R sq and Q B sq; B at K 6th; Kts at K Kt 3d and 5th; Ps at K R 5th and Q Kt 3d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MR. HARRWITZ AND MR. CLARKE.

(The former playing without seeing the board.)

White (Mr. H).	*Black* (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th.	P to Q B 4th.
2. P to K B 4th.	P to K 3d.
3. P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
4. K Kt to B 3d.	B to Kt 5th (ch).
5. B to Q 2d.	B to Q B 4th.
6. P to Q Kt 4th.	B to Q Kt 3d.
7. B to Q B sq.	P to Q 4th.
8. P to K 5th.	P to K B 3d.
9. K B to Q 3d.	K Kt to R 3d.
10. Castles.	Kt to K B 4th.
11. B takes Kt.	P takes B.
12. P to Q R 4th.	P to Q R 3d.
13. P to Q R 5th.	B to Q R 2d.
14. Kt takes Q P.	Q Kt to B 3d.
15. P to Q B 3d.	P takes K P.
16. P takes P.	Kt takes K P.
17. K to R sq (*a*).	Castles.
18. B to K B 4th.	Kt to K Kt 5th.
19. P to K R 3d.	Q to K R 5th.
20. Q to K B 3d.	K R to Q sq.
21. Q Kt to Q 2d.	P to K Kt 3d.
22. B to Q B 7th (*b*).	R to Q 2d.
23. B to K Kt 3d.	Q to R 4th.
24. Q R to K sq.	P to Q Kt 4th.
25. R to K 6th (*c*).	B takes Kt.
26. P takes B.	B to Q Kt 2d.
27. Kt to Q Kt 3d.	Q R to K B sq.
28. B to K B 4th.	K R to K B 2d.
29. B to Q 6th.	K R to B 3d.
30. K R to K sq.	R takes R.
31. R takes R.	R to Q B sq.
32. Kt to Q B 5th.	B to Q R sq.
33. Q to K 2d.	Kt to K B 3d.
34. Q to K 5th.	B to Q B 3d (*d*)
35. R takes Kt.	R to K sq.
36. Kt to K 6th.	P to K Kt 4th.

And White mated in two more moves.

Notes.

(*a*) With the chess-board before him, Mr. Harrwitz would here have played R to K sq.

(*b*) When one takes into account the difficulty of foreseeing consequences, where a player has no chess-board to

assist him, many parts of this game will be admitted to be remarkably well played by White.

(c) R to K 8th (ch), followed by Q to K 2d, would have given Mr. Clarke a good deal of trouble.

(d) This appears to be suicidal: but, in truth, Black had no resource. If he played the Kt away again to K or Kt 5th mate would have been inevitable in three more moves.

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MESSRS. HARRWITZ AND PERIGAL.

White (Mr. P.).	*Black* (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3. P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
4. Kt takes P.	K B to Q B 4th.
5. P to Q B 3d.	K Kt to B 3d.
6. Q B to K Kt 5th.	P to K R 3d.
7. Kt takes Kt.	Q Kt P takes Kt.
8. B takes Kt.	Q takes B.
9. Q to Q B 2d.	Castles.
10. K B to Q 3d.	P to Q 4th.
11. Castles.	Q to K R 5th.
12. Q Kt to Q 2d.	Q B to K Kt 5th.
13. Q R to K sq.	Q R to Q sq.
14. P to K 5th.	P to K B 4th.
15. Kt to Q Kt 3d.	B to Q Kt 3d.
16. Kt to Q 4th.	P to K B 5th.
17. P to K B 3d.	P to Q B 4th.
18. K B (ch).	K to R sq.
19. Kt to B 6th.	Q R to K sq.
20. P takes B.	R to K 3d.
21. B to K B 5th.	R takes Kt.
22. P to K 6th.	Q R to Q 3d.
23. P to K 7th.	K R to K sq.
24. B to K Kt 6th.	R takes P.
25. Q to K B 5th.	P to Q B 5th (dis ch).
26. K to R sq.	R to Q sq.
27. R takes R.	Q takes R.
28. Q takes K B P.	K to Kt sq.
29. P to K Kt 5th.	R to K B sq (*a*).
30. Q takes R (ch).	Q takes Q.
31. B to R 7th (ch).	K takes B.
32. R takes Q.	P takes P.
33. R to B 5th.	P to Q B 3d.
34. R takes P.	B to B 2d.
35. R to Kt 4th.	P to K Kt 3d.
36. K to Kt sq.	K to Kt 2d.
37. P to K R 3d.	K to B 3d,
38. K to B 2d.	K to B 4th.
39. K to his 3d.	P to Q R 4th.
40. K to Q 2d.	P to Q R 5th.
41. R to R 4th.	B checks.
42. K to B 2d.	P to Q B 4th.
43. R to R 8th.	P to Q 5th.
44. R to Q R 8th.	P to Q 6th (ch).
45. K to Q sq.	K to his 5th.
46. R takes P.	K to Q 4th.
47. R to R 6th.	P to K Kt 4th.
48. R to K Kt 6th.	K to K 5th.
49. P to Q R 4th, and wins.	

Note.

(*a*) This was a blunder which would have merited castigation in a sixth-rate player. We think, however, the position was in favour of White, who played some parts of the game very cleverly.

CHESS IN INDIA.

The following game was lately played, by correspondence, between a Native and an English Amateur:—

White. (English Amateur)	*Black.* (Native.)
1. P to Q 4th.	P to Q 4th.
2. Q B to K B 4th.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3. P to Q B 3d.	P to K 3d.
4. P to K 3d.	Q B to Q 2d.
5. K Kt to B 3d.	K Kt to B 3d.
6. K Kt to K 5th.	K B to Q 3d.
7. K B to Q Kt 5th.	Kt takes Kt.
8. Q P takes Kt.	B takes B.
9. P to Q R 4th.	Q B to his 3d.
10. Q P takes B.	P takes P.
11. Castles.	P to K R 3d.
12. Q Kt to Q 2d.	Castles.
13. P to Q B 4th.	Q to K 2d.
14. K R to K sq.	P to K 4th.
15. Q B to K Kt 3d.	P takes P (*a*).
16. Kt takes P.	Q R to Q sq.
17. Q R to B sq.	Q to K 3d.
18. Q Kt to Q 2d.	Kt to K 5th.
19. Kt takes Kt.	B takes Kt.
20. P to K B 3d.	B to Q B 3d.
21. P to Q Kt 4th.	P to Q R 3d.
22. Q R to Q B 3d.	P to Q 4th.
23. Q R to Q B 5th.	P to K B 3d (*b*).
24. P to Q Kt 5th.	P takes P.
25. P takes P.	B to K sq.
26. Q to her 3d.	B to K B 2d.
27. P to K B 4th.	K R to K sq.
28. P to K B 5th.	Q to her Kt 3d.
29. K R to Q B sq.	P to Q 5th (*c*).
30. P to K 4th.	Q R to his sq.
31. Q R to B 2d.	Q to her 3d.
32. B to K sq.	Q R to his 6th.
33. Q R to B 3d.	R takes R.
34. R takes R.	R to Q sq.
35. R to Q B sq.	R to Q R sq (*d*)
36. B to Q 2d.	R to Q R 6th.
37. Q to K 2d.	P to Q 6th.
38. Q to K Kt 4th.	Q to her 5th (ch).
39. K to R sq.	R to Q R 8th.
40. B takes K R P.	R takes R (ch).
41. B takes R.	P to Q 7th.
42. Q to Q sq.	P tks B (becoming a Q).
43. Q takes Q.	Q takes K P.
44. P to Q Kt 6th.	Q takes K B P.
45. P to K R 3d.	B to Q 4th.

And White resigned.

Notes.

(*a*) Black has now got rid of his doubled Pawn, and, with a clear centre Pawn more than White, has a decided advantage.

(*b*) To preserve the K P, when his Q P is advanced.

(*c*) This "past" Pawn must win the honors of the fight.

(*d*) The Indian fully appreciates the importance of gaining possession of the vacant files.