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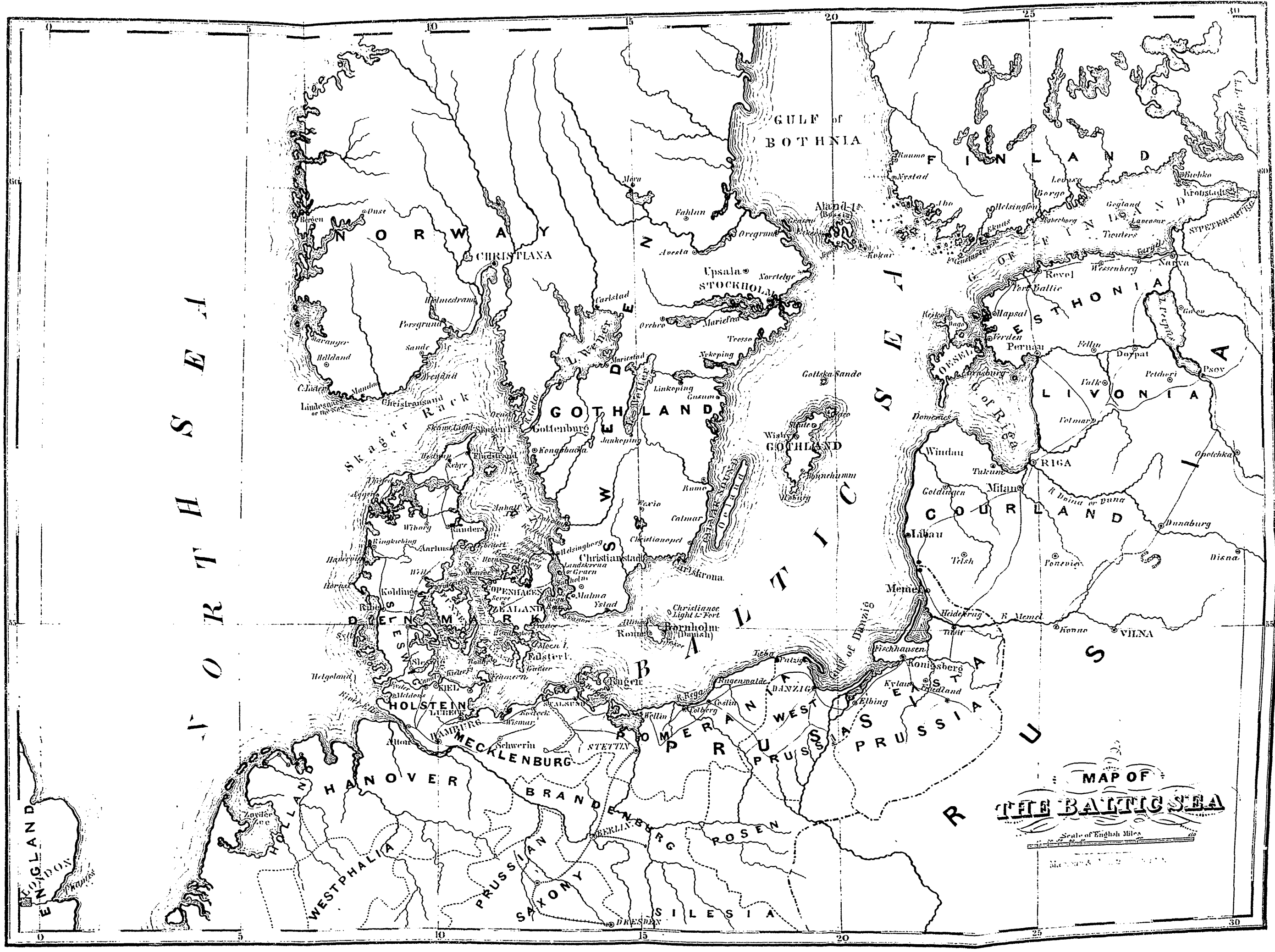
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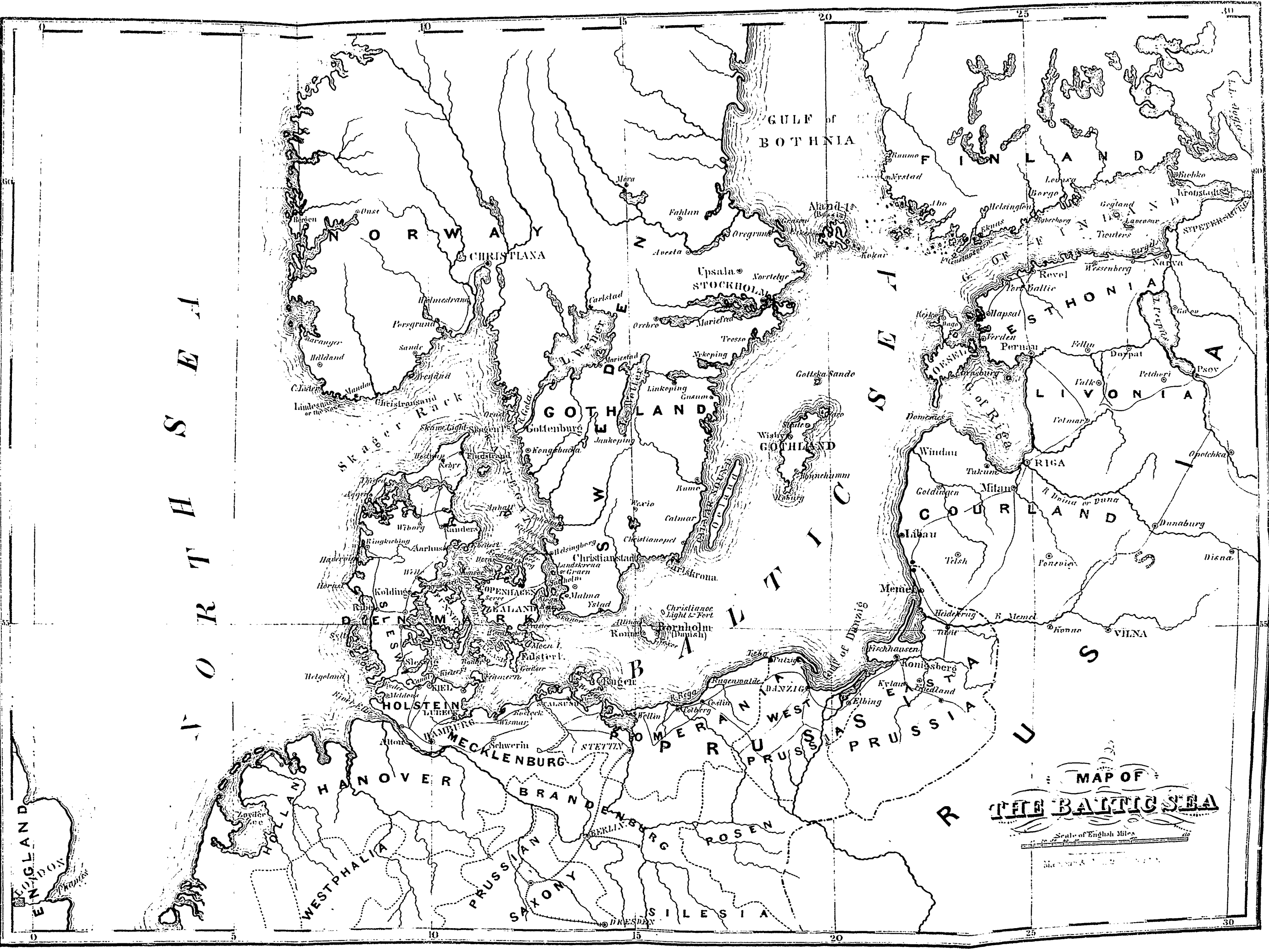
N O R T H S E A

MAP OF THE BALTIC SEA

Scale of English Miles

Map No. 112

ENGLAND  
ENGLAND



# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: MAY, 1854.—No. 5.

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

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

### CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL McClure's letter to the American Secretary at War will be found in our notes.\*

On the same morning on which the surprise of Fort Niagara was effected, General Ryall crossed over to Lewiston with about five hundred rank and file, and, almost without opposition, entered and fired it. The small villages of Youngstown, Manchester, and Tuscarora, as soon as the inhabitants had deserted them, shared the same fate as had been awarded to Newark.

The conflagration thus lighted up along the shores of the Niagara spread such terror that General McClure, not daring, or caring, to expose himself to the dangers which he had provoked, resigned the command of the regulars and militia, now assembling from all

parts, to Major General Hall, and on the morning of the 29th, that General occupied Buffalo with some two thousand troops.

On the morning of the 28th, the indefatigable Drummond was at Chippewa, and on the next day within two miles of Fort Erie, when he set about reconnoitering the enemy's position at Black Rock, with a view, to pursue, still further, his work of retaliation and annoyance. Accordingly, on the night of the 30th, Gen. Ryall, with five hundred and forty regulars, fifty volunteer militia, and one hundred and twenty Indians, crossed the Niagara, and landed without opposition about two miles from Black Rock. The events which then took place will be found in full detail in Gen. Ryall's letter:—

*From Major General Ryall to Lieutenant General Drummond.*

Niagara frontier, near Fort Erie,

January 1st, 1814.

SIR,—I have the honor to report to you, that agreeably to the instructions contained in your letter of the 29th ult, and your general order of that day, to pass the river

\* *From brigadier-general McClure to the American secretary of war.*

Head-quarters, Buffalo,

Dec. 22d, 1813.

SIR,—I regret to be under the necessity of announcing to you the mortifying intelligence of the loss of Fort-Niagara. On the morning of the 19th instant, about four o'clock, the enemy crossed the river at the Five mile Meadows in great force, consisting of regulars and Indians, who made their way undiscovered to the garrison, which from the most correct information I can collect, was completely surprised. Our men were nearly all asleep in their tents; the enemy rush-

ed in, and commenced a most horrible slaughter. Such as escaped the fury of the first contest, retired to the old mess-house, where they kept up a destructive fire upon the enemy until a want of ammunition compelled them to surrender. Although our force was very inferior, and comparatively small indeed, I am induced to think that the disaster is not attributable to any want of troops, but to gross neglect in the commanding officer of the fort, captain Leonard, in not preparing, being ready, and looking out for the expected attack.

We have not been able to ascertain correctly the number of killed and wounded. About 20 regu-

Niagara, for the purpose of attacking the enemy's force, collected at Black Rock and Buffalo; and carrying into execution the other objects, therein mentioned, I crossed the river in the following night, with four companies of the King's Regiment, and the light company of the 89th, under Lieutenant Colonel Ogilvie; two hundred and fifty men of the 41st regiment, and the grenadiers of the 100th, under Major Friend; together with about fifty militia volunteers and a body of Indian warriors. The troops completed their landing about twelve o'clock, nearly two miles below Black Rock; the light infantry of the 89th being in advance, surprised and captured the greater part of a piquet of the enemy, and secured the bridge over the Conguichity Creek, the boards of which had been loosened, and were ready to be carried off had there been time given for it. I immediately established the 41st and 100th grenadiers in position beyond the bridge, for the purpose of perfectly securing its passage: the enemy made some attempts during the night upon this advanced position, but were repulsed with loss.

At daybreak I moved forward, the King's Regiment and light company of the 89th leading, the 41st and grenadiers of the 100th being in reserve. The enemy had by this time opened a very heavy fire of cannon and

musketry on the Royal Scots, under Lieut. Colonel Gordon, who were destined to land above Black Rock, for the purpose of turning his position, while he should be attacked in front by the troops who landed below; several of the boats having grounded, I am sorry to say this regiment suffered some loss, and was not able to effect its landing in sufficient time to fully accomplish the object intended, though covered by the whole of our field guns, under Captain Bridge, which were placed on the opposite bank of the river.

The King's and 89th, having in the meantime gained the town, commenced a very spirited attack upon the enemy, who were in great force, and very strongly posted. The reserve having arrived on the ground, the whole were shortly engaged. The enemy maintained his position with very considerable obstinacy for some time; but such was the spirited and determined advance of our troops, that he was at length compelled to give way, was driven through his batteries, in which were a twenty-four-pounder, three twelve-pounders, and one nine-pounder, and pursued to the town of Buffalo, about two miles distant; he here shewed a large body of infantry and cavalry, and attempted to oppose our advance by the fire of a field piece, posted on the height, which commanded the road; but

lars have escaped out of the fort, some badly wounded. Lieutenant Beck, 24th regiment is killed, and it is said three others.

You will perceive sir, by the enclosed general orders, that I apprehended an attack, and made the necessary arrangements to meet it; but have reason to believe, from information received by those who have made their escape, that the commandant did not in any respect comply with those orders.

On the same morning a detachment of militia, under major general Bennett, stationed at Lewistown Heights, was attacked by a party of savages; but the major and his little corps, by making a desperate charge, effected their retreat, after being surrounded by several hundreds, with the loss of six or eight, who doubtless were killed; among whom were two sons of captain Jones, Indian interpreter. The villages of Youngstown, Lewistown, Manchester, and the Indian Tuscarora village, were reduced to ashes, and the inoffensive inhabitants who could not escape, were, without regard to age or sex, inhumanly butchered, by savages headed by British officers, painted. A British officer who was taken prisoner, avowed that many small children were murdered by the Indians.

Major Mallory, who was stationed at Schlosser,

with about 40 Canadian volunteers, advanced to Lewistown Heights, and compelled the advanced guard of the enemy to fall back to the foot of the mountain. The major is a meritorious officer; he fought the enemy two days, and contested every inch of ground to the Tanawanty Creek. In these actions lieutenant Lowe, 23d regiment of the United States army, and eight of the Canadian volunteers, were killed. I had myself, three days previous to the attack on the Niagara, left with a view of providinz for the defence of this place, Black Rock, and the other villages on this frontier.

I came here with the troops, and have called out the militia of Genessee, Niagara, and Chatauqua countries, *en masse*

This place was then thought to be in imminent danger, as well as the shipping, but I have no doubt is perfectly secure. Volunteers are coming in great numbers; they are, however, a species of troops that cannot be expected to continue in the service for a long time. In a few days 1000 detached militia, lately drafted, will be on.

I have the honour to be, &c.

G. M'CLURE,

Brig.-gen. com.

Hon. J. Armstrong, sec. at war."



finding this ineffectual, he fled in all directions, and betaking himself to the woods, further pursuit was useless. He left behind him one six-pounder brass field piece, and one iron eighteen and one iron six-pounder, which fell into our hands. I then proceeded to execute the ulterior object of the expedition, and detached Captain Robinson, of the King's, with two companies, to destroy two schooners and a sloop, (part of the enemy's late squadron,) that were on shore a little below the town, with the stores they had on board, which he effectually completed. The town itself, (the inhabitants having previously left it,) and the whole of the public stores, containing considerable quantities of cloathing, spirits, and flour, which I had not the means of conveying away, were then set on fire, and totally consumed; as was also the village of Black Rock, on the evening it was evacuated. In obedience to your further instructions, I have directed Lieutenant Colonel Gordon to move down the river to Fort Niagara, with a party of the 19th light dragoons, under Major Lisle, a detachment of the Royal Scots, and the 89th light company, and destroy the remaining cover of the enemy upon his frontier, which he has reported to have been effectually done. From every account I have been able to collect, the enemy's force opposed to us was not less than from two thousand to two thousand five hundred men; their loss in killed and wounded, I should imagine from three to four hundred; but from the nature of the country, being mostly covered with wood, it is difficult to ascertain it precisely; the same reason will account for our not having been able to make a greater number of prisoners than one hundred and thirty.

I have great satisfaction in stating to you the good conduct of the whole of the regular troops and volunteer militia; but I must particularly mention the steadiness and bravery of the King's Regiment, and 89th light infantry. They were most gallantly led to the attack by Lieutenant Colonel Ogilvie, of the King's, who, I am sorry to say, received a severe wound, which will for a time deprive the service of a very brave and intelligent officer. After Lieutenant Colonel Ogilvie was wounded, the command of the regiment devolved on Captain Robinson, who, by a very judicious movement to his right, with the three bat-

alion companies, made a considerable impression on the left of the enemy's position. I have every reason to be satisfied with Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, in the command of the Royal Scots, and have much to regret, that the accidental grounding of his boats deprived me of the full benefit of his services; and I have also to mention my approbation of the conduct of Major Friend, commanding the 41st, as well as that of Captain Fawcett, of the 100th grenadiers, who was unfortunately wounded. Captain Barden, of the 89th, and Captain Brunter, of the king's light infantry companies, conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner. Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, in this, as well as on other occasions, is entitled to my highest commendations, for his zeal and activity as superintendent of the Indian department; and I am happy to add, that, through his exertions, and that of his officers, no act of cruelty, as far as I could learn, was committed by the Indians towards any of their prisoners. I cannot close this report without mentioning, in terms of the warmest praise, the good conduct of my aide-de-camp, Captain Holland, from whom I received the most able assistance throughout the whole of these operations. Nor can I omit mentioning my obligations to you for acceding to the request of your aide-de-camp, Captain Jervoise, to accompany me. He was extremely active and zealous, and rendered me very essential service. I enclose a return of the killed, wounded, and missing, and of the ordnance captured at Black Rock and Buffalo.

P. RYALL,

Major General.

Lieutenant General Drummond, commanding the forces, Upper Canada.

The return enclosed by General Ryall showed a loss of thirty-  
Return of killed and wounded in attack on Fort Niagara. one killed, seventy-two wounded, besides nine missing. The American loss it is impossible to arrive at, as all the information afforded by General Hall's letter is "many valuable lives were lost." General Hall's letter is short, but; short as it is, it serves as an additional proof how determined the writers of bulletins were, that American troops should never be supposed to succumb, except to superior forces.

We will give first General Hall's letter, and, as a commentary on it, Remarks on General Hall's letter. Gen. Armstrong's remarks will fully answer our purpose.

"I have only time to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th inst., and to add, that this frontier is wholly desolate. The British crossed over, supported by a strong party of Indians, a little before day this morning, near Black Rock; *they were met by the militia under my command with spirit; but were overpowered* by the numbers and discipline of the enemy, the militia gave way, and fled on every side; every attempt to rally them proved ineffectual.

The enemy's purpose was obtained, and the flourishing village of Buffalo was laid in ruins. The Niagara frontier now lies open and naked to our enemies. Your judgment will direct you what is most proper in this emergency. I am exhausted with fatigue, and must defer particulars till to-morrow. Many valuable lives are lost."

Such is General Hall's letter, now for Armstrong. After describing the fall of Fort Niagara, but here we must pause for a moment to examine into the truth of Armstrong's assertions respecting the fall of Fort Niagara

The General observes, "Murray's movement, in a view strictly Armstrong on the capture of Port Niagara. military, was well conducted and merits applause, but the use subsequently made by that officer of his adversary's crime, or of his own good fortune, cannot fail to degrade him both as a man and a soldier; since, "what has been gained in either character, and has been gained without loss or resistance, should be held without bloodshed." Yet of the sleeping, unarmed, and unresisting garrison of Fort Niagara, sixty-five men were killed and fourteen, wounded. More than two-thirds of whom were hospital patients.

Here is a direct charge which is substantiated by no other American writer, Ingersol excepted. No allusion to such a circumstance will be found in McClure's despatch, except the passage "the enemy rushed in and commenced a most horrible slaughter." Let us examine the circumstances. McClure was anxious to make the best excuse he could for himself, and has shown that he was very

ready to place all the blame on Captain Leonard for not being ready and prepared for the attack; still, he says not one word as to the massacre of hospital patients implied by General Armstrong. Is it probable that he would have let slip so favourable an opportunity of arresting enquiry into the fall of the fort, had so outrageous an act been committed. It would have been the best mode possible of exciting national indignation, and, under cover of the clamour, the question as to capability in the defence of the post would have been forgotten.

What do other American writers say on the subject? Dr. Smith, to whom we have, on more than one occasion, referred, and with whose animus the reader must by this time be pretty well acquainted, merely states that, in the month of January Fort Niagara was surprised and captured. Mr. Thomson is more particular, and after the usual introduction of "Indian warriors" states amongst the enumeration of horrors, that "*the women of the garrison were stripped of their clothing, and many of them killed.*" This statement is bad, and false enough to prove most conclusively that the writer was anxious to make a case out against the British. Is it likely then, we ask, that the slaughter of unarmed hospital patients, had such really occurred, would have been passed over in silence by this malevolent and inventive writer.

This assertion of General Armstrong's may fairly be classed, for meanness and falsehoods with that of General McClure, respecting "British officers painted like Indians." Where General McClure obtained this information we are at a loss. It is not to be found in any American writer, with the exception of Mr. O'Connor, and bears so distinctly the stamp of having been fabricated by a man, who was frightened out of his wits, that it is scarcely necessary to enter further into the matter.

We have said enough on the subject to show that General Armstrong has here, without due deliberation or attention, stated what a very short enquiry would have convinced him to be untrue. We will, then, return to Hall's letter. Armstrong says, "*the success of this part of the enterprise (the capture of Fort Niagara) being ascertained, Ryall proceeded to execute what remained of the plan; and it must be admitted with little more of*

*opposition from any quarter than if the justice of the proceeding, both as to character and extent, had been unquestionable.* Beginning with the villages and intermediate houses on the bank of the river, all were sacked and burned from Youngstown to Buffalo, both included; and so universal was the panic produced by the invasion, that had it not been stayed by *the voluntary retreat of the enemy*, a large portion of the frontier would in a few days more have been left without a single inhabitant; so true it is, that FEAR BETRAYS, LIKE TREASON.

The italics in the above quotation are ours, the last portion in capitals, is Armstrong's own; and the whole extract is a pretty convincing proof that in his estimation, fear of the enemy had rather more to do with the retreat of the Americans, than the overwhelming numbers of the British invaders.

With a few extracts from Ingersol, we will close, the sketch of operations on the Niagara frontier.

"Both sides of the Niagara, says Ingersol" had been from April to December distracted by the disgraceful hostilities of border warfare, in which the Americans were the aggressors, and doomed to be the greatest sufferers. Western New York was, before the year ended, desolated by British reaction, transcending American aggression, which we cannot deny provoked, however severe, that retaliation."

This admission, coming from a writer who so readily endorses the unfounded assertion of Armstrong, may be taken as very fair testimony as to which party was the first to violate the recognized rules of warfare.

Ingersol is very severe on the conduct of the American militia, along the Niagara frontier. "Our loss of character was greater than that of life and property. General Cass ascertained that the troops reported to have done the devastation, were but six hundred and fifty men, regulars, militia, and Indians—the latter helpless for taking a fort except by surprise, the militia not much more to be feared; so that our nearly four hundred regulars in the fort had been easily conquered by an equal, perhaps less number; to oppose whom, we had between twenty-five hundred and three thousand militia, all, except very few of them, behaving, said General Cass, in the most cowardly manner.

With such a condemnation, from one of their own writers, on their conduct, we find it hard to understand how, at the present day, the productions of such writers as Thomson, Smith and O'Connor, are tolerated by enquiring or impartial readers, who desire to ascertain the real amount of glory due to America.

No one regretted more deeply than Sir George Prevost, the Proclamation of Sir George Prevost, the savage mode of warfare which the Americans, by their departure from the customary usages of warfare, had compelled him to sanction, and so soon as something like a just punishment had been inflicted on them, he issued the following proclamation, in which will be found, commented on with considerable precision and ability, the progress of the war on the part of the enemy:—

"By his Excellency Lieut. General Sir George Prevost, Baronet, commander of his Majesty's forces in North America, &c., &c., &c. "To the inhabitants of his Majesty's provinces in North America.

#### "A PROCLAMATION.

"The complete success which has attended his Majesty's arms on the Niagara Frontier, having placed in our possession the whole of the enemy's posts on that line, it became a matter of imperative duty to retaliate on America, the miseries which the unfortunate inhabitants of Newark had been made to suffer from the evacuation of Fort George.

The villages of Lewiston, Black Rock, and Buffalo have accordingly been burned.

"At the same time the commander of the forces sincerely deprecates this mode of warfare, he trusts that it will be sufficient to call the attention of every candid and impartial person amongst ourselves and the enemy, to the circumstances from which it has arisen, to satisfy them that this departure from the established usages of war, has originated with America herself, and that to her alone, are justly chargeable, all the awful and unhappy consequences which have hitherto flowed, and are likely to result, from it.

"It is not necessary to advert to the conduct of the troops employed on the American coast, in conjunction with his Majesty's squadron, under Admiral Sir John B. Warren, since, as they were neither within the command, nor subject to the control of his excel-

lency, their acts cannot be ascribed to him, even if they wanted that justification which the circumstances that occasioned them so amply afford.

"It will be sufficient for the present purpose, and in order to mark the character of the war, as carried on upon the frontiers of these provinces, to trace the line of conduct observed by his excellency, and the troops under his command, since the commencement of hostilities, and to contrast it with that of the enemy.

"The first invasion of Upper Canada took place in July, 1812, when the American forces under brigadier general Hull, crossed over and took possession of Sandwich, where they began to manifest a disposition so different from that of a magnanimous enemy, and which they have since invariably displayed, in marking out, as objects of their peculiar resentment, the loyal subjects of his Majesty, and in dooming their property to plunder and conflagration.

"Various instances of this kind occurred, both at Sandwich and in its neighborhood, at the very period when his Majesty's standard was waving upon the fort of Michilimackinac, and affording protection to the persons and property of those who had submitted to it:— Within a few weeks afterwards, the British flag was also hoisted on the fortress of Detroit, which, together with the whole of the Michigan territory, had surrendered to his Majesty's arms.

"Had not his excellency been actuated by sentiments far different from those which had influenced the American government, and the persons employed by it, in the wanton acts of destruction of private property, committed during their short occupation of a part of Upper Canada, his excellency could not but have availed himself of the opportunity which the undisturbed possession of the whole of the Michigan territory, afforded him of amply retaliating for the devastating system which had been pursued at Sandwich and on the Thames.

"But strictly in conformity to the views and disposition of his own government, and to that liberal and magnanimous policy which it had dictated, he chose rather to forbear an imitation of the enemy's example, in the hope, that such forbearance would be duly appreciated by the government of the United States,

and would produce a return to more civilised usages of war.

"The persons and property, therefore, of the inhabitants of the Michigan territory, were respected, and remained unmolested.

"In the winter of the following year, when the success which attended the gallant enterprise against Ogdensburgh had placed that populous and flourishing village in our possession, the generosity of this British character was again conspicuous, in the scrupulous preservation of every article which could be considered as private property, such public buildings only being destroyed as were used for the accommodation of troops and for public stores.

"The destruction of the defences of Ogdensburgh, and the dispersion of the enemy's force in that neighbourhood, laid open the whole of their frontier on the St. Lawrence, to the incursions of his Majesty's troops, and Hamilton, as well as the numerous settlements on the banks of the river, might, at any hour, had such been the disposition of his Majesty's government, or of those acting under it, been plundered and laid waste.

"During the course of the following summer, by the fortunate result of the enterprise against Plattsburgh, that town was for several hours in the complete possession of our troops, there not being any force in the neighborhood which could attempt a resistance.—Yet even there, under circumstances of strong temptation, and when the recent example of the enemy in the wanton destruction at York, of private property, and buildings not used for military purposes, must have been fresh in the recollection of the forces employed on that occasion, and would have justified a retaliation on their part, their forbearance was strongly manifested, and the directions his excellency had given to the commander of that expedition, so scrupulously obeyed, that scarcely can another instance be shewn in which, during a state of war, and under similar circumstances, an enemy, so completely under the power and at the mercy of their adversaries, had so little cause of complaint.

"During the course of the same summer, forts Schlosser and Black Rock, were surprised and taken by a part of the forces under the command of Major General Do Rottenburg,

on the Niagara frontier, at both of which places personal property was respected, and the public buildings were alone destroyed.

"It was certainly matter of just and reasonable expectation, that the humane and liberal course of conduct pursued by his Excellency on these different occasions, would have had its due weight with the American government, and would have led it to have abstained, in the further prosecution of the war, from any acts of wantonness or violence, which could only tend unnecessarily to add to its ordinary calamities, and to bring down upon their own unoffending citizens a retaliation, which, though distant, they must have known would await and certainly follow such conduct.

"Undeterred, however, by his Excellency's example of moderation, or by any of the consequences to be apprehended from the adoption of such barbarous measures, the American forces at Fort George, acting, there is every reason to believe, under the orders, or with the approbation of their government, for some time previous to their evacuation of that fortress, under various pretences, burned and destroyed the farm houses and buildings of many of the respectable and peaceable inhabitants of that neighborhood. But the full measure of this species of barbarity remained to be completed at a season when all its horrors might be more fully and keenly felt, by those who were to become the wretched victims of it.

"It will hardly be credited by those who shall hereafter read it in the page of history, that in the enlightened era of the nineteenth century, and in the inclemency of a Canadian winter, the troops of a nation calling itself civilized and christian, had wantonly, and without the shadow of a pretext, forced four hundred helpless women and children to quit their dwellings, and be the mournful spectators of the conflagration and total destruction of all that belonged to them.

"Yet such was the fate of Newark on the 10th of December, a day which the inhabitants of Upper Canada can never forget, and the recollection of which cannot but nerve their arms when again opposed to their vindictive foe. On the night of that day, the American troops under Brigadier General McClure, being about to evacuate Fort George, which they could no longer retain, by an act

of inhumanity disgraceful to themselves and to the nation to which they belong, set fire to upwards of 150 houses, composing the beautiful village of Newark, and burned them to the ground, leaving without covering or shelter, those 'innocent, unfortunate, distressed inhabitants,' whom that officer, by his proclamation, had previously engaged to protect.

"His Excellency would have ill consulted the honor of his country, and the justice due to His Majesty's injured and insulted subjects, had he permitted an act of such needless cruelty to pass unpunished, or had he failed to visit, whenever the opportunity arrived, upon the inhabitants of the neighboring American frontier, the calamities thus inflicted upon those of our own.

"The opportunity has occurred, and a full measure of retaliation has taken place, such as it is hoped will teach the enemy to respect, in future, the laws of war, and recal him to a sense of what is due to himself as well as to us.

"In the further prosecution of the contest to which so extraordinary a character has been given, his Excellency must be guided by the course of conduct which the enemy shall hereafter pursue. Lamenting as his Excellency does, the necessity imposed upon him of retaliating upon the subjects of America the miseries inflicted on the inhabitants of Newark, it is not his intention to pursue further a system of warfare so revolting to his own feelings, and so little congenial to the British character, unless the future measures of the enemy should compel him again to resort to it.

"To those possessions of the enemy along the whole line of frontier which have hitherto remained undisturbed, and which are now within his Excellency's reach, and at the mercy of the troops under his command, his Excellency has determined to extend the same forbearance and the same freedom from rapine and plunder, which they have hitherto experienced; and from this determination the future conduct of the American government shall alone induce his Excellency to depart.

"The inhabitants of these provinces will, in the mean time, be prepared to resist, with firmness and with courage, whatever attempts

the resentment of the enemy, arising from their disgrace and their merited sufferings, may lead them to make, well assured that they will be powerfully assisted at all points by the troops under his Excellency's command, and that prompt and signal vengeance will be taken for every fresh departure by the enemy, from that system of warfare, which ought alone to subsist between enlightened and civilized nations.

"Given under my hand and seal at arms at Quebec, this 12th day of January, 1814.

"GEORGE PREVOST.

"By His Excellency's command,

E. B. BRENTON."

We must now change the scene and trans-

Occurrences in Chesapeake Bay, and its tributary rivers.

port the reader from the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence and Niagara to the Chesapeake.

Along these shores thirty years of uninterrupted peace had effected wonders, and towns had rapidly sprung up, raised into prosperity by the facilities for commerce afforded by this magnificent estuary and its tributary streams. These towns and villages were then, as now\* wholly unprepared to offer any resistance to an armed force, the arrival of the British fleet, therefore, under Admiral Warren, towards the latter end of March, 1803, in their comparatively defenceless waters, spread an undefined but half fearful impression.

American writers have not scrupled to characterize the proceedings of Admiral Warren, or rather of his second in command, Sir George Cockburn, as a series of mauling attacks, comparable only to those of the Buccaneers two centuries before; a little consideration will, however, show that the writers preferring these charges, have lost sight of Hull and Smyth's proclamations, on their invasion of Canada. These manifestoes, or rather denunciations, the reader doubtless remembers the import of, and it is therefore needless to refer again to them, or to quote a second time their vapourings or threats. That these threats were not carried into execution was owing

not to the conciliatory spirit of the invaders, but simply to the fact that, ere the ink was dry on the proclamations, the invaders were either prisoners, or had retreated ingloriously to their own territories; we have besides, abundant proof from the behaviour of the American soldiery, when in occupation of the Niagara district, what would have been their line of conduct to the inhabitants of these sections of country, had they encountered any opposition, and if the inhabitants along the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, suffered from some of the inevitable evils of warfare, the cause must be sought for from two sources.

As we have, on more than one occasion, shown, from Washington and Baltimore issued the most mendacious and inflated accounts of the exploits of both American naval and land expeditions. The Government organs on no occasion suffered the truth to transpire in case of defeat, and when victory had been achieved, the conquest was magnified to such a degree as to inspire a feeling of invincibility. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that every farmer or blacksmith imagined, that in case of attack, there was but the necessity to offer a show of resistance, and that the Britishers would run away. To this cause then which led them to tempt, and even provoke, attacks was in the first place attributable some of the severities enforced in this quarter.

A second reason is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that sailors, whatever their discipline on board, are very apt to indulge in a little more license than their red-coated brethren. The expeditions along the shores of the Chesapeake necessarily comprehended many blue-jackets, and many of the complaints made by the inhabitants must, we fear, be ascribed to Jack Tar's thoughtlessness. It must, at the same time, be observed that every trifle has been magnified and distorted by American writers. If a sailor or soldier, straggling from his party, and relieved from the watchful and supervising eye of his commander, robbed a hen roost, or made free with a sucking pig, it was immediately magnified into wholesale wanton destruction of property and the tale, in all probability, received so rich a colouring that the unfortunate offender would be at a loss to know again his own exploit.

In our account of the proceedings in this quarter, we will simply confine ourselves to

\*NOTE.—We say *as now*, for to any one conversant with the subject, it must be evident that the defences near Point Comfort, called Ripraption or Rip Raps, are wholly inadequate to the purpose, and would prove but an insufficient means for the protection of the Chesapeake.

laying before the reader the official documents bearing upon the several expeditions, making on each any comments necessary, and giving, if possible, at the same time the American version of each. We shall also endeavour to show that the attacks made by the British, and represented as marauding expeditions, were actually attacks on positions which the Americans had hastily fortified with the intention of annoyance.

The first exploit effected was the cutting out of four armed schooners, lying at the mouth of the Rappahanock river, by an expedition of five boats under the command of Captain Polkinghorne, of the *St. Domingo*. This exploit was very gallantly executed, and James in his *Naval occurrences*, (page 367,) gives a full account of it,—we will, however, pass on to more important enterprises. The first of these was an expedition, undertaken a few days after, to destroy a depôt of military stores, the foundries, and public works at a place called French Town, a considerable distance up the river Elk.\* Admiral Cockburn's letter to Admiral Warren will, however, give this occurrence in detail:—

His Majesty's sloop *Fantome* in the Elk River,  
20th April, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honor to acquaint you, that, having yesterday gained information of the depôt of flour (alluded to in your note to me of the 23rd inst.) being with some military and other stores, situated at a place called French-Town, a considerable distance up the river Elk, I caused his Majesty's brigs, *Fantome*, and *Mohawk*, and the *Dolphin*, *Racer*, and *Highflyer* tenders, to be moored, yesterday evening, as far within the entrance of this river as could be prudently effected after dark; and at eleven o'clock last night, the detachment of marines now in the advanced squadron, consisting of about 150 men, under captains *Wybourn* and *Carter*, of that corps, with five artillery men, under first-lieutenant *Robertson* of the artillery, (who eagerly volunteered his valuable assistance on this occasion,) proceeded in the boats of the squadron, the whole being under the immediate direction of lieutenant *G. A. Westphall*, first of the *Marlborough*, to take and destroy the afore-

said stores: the *Highflyer* tender, under the command of lieutenant *T. Lewis*, being directed to follow, for the support and protection of the boats, as far and as closely as he might find it practicable.

Being ignorant of the way, the boats were unfortunately led up the *Bohemia* River, instead of keeping in the *Elk*; and, it being daylight before this error was rectified, they did not reach the destined place till between 8 and 9 o'clock this morning, which occasioned the enemy to have full warning of their approach, and gave him time to collect his force, and make his arrangements for the defence of his stores and town; for the security of which, a 6 gun battery had lately been erected, and from whence a heavy fire was opened upon our boats the moment they approached within its reach; but the launches, with their carronades, under the orders of lieutenant *Nicholas Alexander*, first of the *Dragon*, pulling resolutely up to the work, keeping up at the same time a constant and well-directed fire on it; and the marines being in the act of disembarking on the right, the Americans judged it prudent to quit their battery, and to retreat precipitately into the country, abandoning to their fate *French-Town* and its depôts of stores; the whole of the latter, therefore, consisting of much flour, a large quantity of army-clothing, of saddles, bridles, and other equipments for cavalry, &c. &c., together with various articles of merchandize, were immediately set fire to, and entirely consumed, as were five vessels lying near the place; and the guns of the battery being too heavy to bring away, were disabled as effectually as possible by Lieutenant *Robertson* and his artillery-men; after which, my orders being completely fulfilled, the boats returned down the river without molestation; and I am happy to add, that one seaman of the *Maidstone*, wounded in the arm by a grape-shot, is the only casualty we have sustained.

To lieutenant *G. A. Westphall*, who has so gallantly conducted, and so ably executed, this service, my highest encomiums and best acknowledgements are due; and I trust, sir, you will deem him to have also thereby merited your favourable consideration and notice. It is likewise my pleasing duty to acquaint you, that he speaks in the highest terms of

In our next we promise a Map of this locality, so that the reader may trace the proceedings.

every officer and man employed with him on this occasion; but particularly of the very great assistance he derived from lieutenant Robertson, of the artillery; lieutenant Alexander, of the Dragons; lieutenant Lewis, of the Highflyer; and Captains Wybourn and Carter of the royal marines.

I have now anchored the above mentioned brigs and tenders near a farm, on the right bank of this river, where there appears to be a considerable quantity of cattle, which I intend embarking for the use of the fleet under your command; and if I meet with no resistance or impediment in so doing, I shall give the owner bills on the victualling-office for the fair value of whatsoever is so taken; but should resistance be made, I shall consider them as a prize of war, which I trust will meet your approbation; and I purpose taking on board a further supply for the fleet to-morrow, on similar terms, from Specucie Island, which lies a little below Havre-de-Grace, and which I have been informed is also well stocked.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. COCKBURN, Rear-admiral.

To the right hon. admiral Sir J. B. Warren, bart. K. B., &c.

Although the strictest orders were issued by the Rear Admiral, to land without molestation to the unopposing inhabitants, and although these orders were enforced with the greatest severity, still we find our old friends, the writers of the *History of the War and Sketches of the War*, ready as ever to malign and misstate. The author of the *History of the United States*, however, outdoes them both, and shines conspicuous in his task of distortive misrepresentation. So totally careless of truth is he as to represent public stores as belonging to merchants of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and this in direct opposition to Gen. Wilkinson's statement, who distinctly says:—

“By the defective arrangements of the war department, he [Rear Admiral Cockburn] succeeded in destroying the military equipments and munitions found there; of which, I apprehend, the public never received any correct account.\*

The same system of false colouring, will be found to pervade these writers works whenever the occurrences on the Chesapeake are

in question. The National vanity received here its sorest wound, and Americans were here first taught the proper value of their militia.

The defeats along the lake shores, and the various repulses, had been all so glossed over, that the idea of militia not being equal to the most disciplined soldiery, was never entertained. When, therefore, the fact was forced on them, a bitterness of feeling was engendered, which, like an unwholesome tumour, found vent, in the discharge of the most violent matter.

A second expedition was soon forced upon the commanding officer, by the absurd temerity of the inhabitants of Havre de Grace.—The rule laid down by the British Admiral was, that all supplies should be paid for, at full market price, but that all such supplies must be forthcoming, that is without serious inconvenience to parties supplying, but that, should resistance be offered, the village or town would then be considered as a fortified place, and the male inhabitants as soldiers, the one to be destroyed, the other with their property to be captured or destroyed.

The inhabitants of French Town had experienced the benefit of this arrangement, and taking no part in the contest, remained unmolested. The inhabitants of Havre de Grace, not so prudent, received a severe lesson.—

Descent on Havre de Grace. The British Admiral, deeming it necessary, to draw his supplies from a place called Specucie Island, where cattle and provisions were abundant, was obliged to pass in sight of Havre de Grace, a village on the west side of the Susquchanna, a short distance above the confluence of that river with the Chesapeake. The inhabitants of this place, possessed, very probably, to a great extent, an idea of their valor, and qualifications for becoming soldiers, and had consequently erected a six gun battery, and, as if to attract particular attention, had mounted a large American Ensign.—Most probably, however, neither, the Ensign nor the battery would have attracted attention had the erectors thereof, remained quiet, but instead of this a fire was opened upon the British ships, although they were far beyond the range of the guns. This provocation the Admiral determined to resent, he consequently determined to make the town of Havre de

\*Wilkinson's mem. Vol. I. Page 732.



Grace and the battery the objects of his next attack.

Full details of the reasons for, and objects of the attack, will be found in Admiral Cockburn's second letter which follows :

“ His Majesty's ship Maidstone,  
Tuesday night, 3d May, 1813, at anchor  
off Turkey Point.

“ SIR,—I have the honor to inform you, that whilst anchoring the brigs and tenders off Specucie Island, agreeably to my intentions notified to you in my official report of the 29th ultimo, No. 10, I observed guns fired, and American colours hoisted, at a battery lately erected at Havre de Grace, at the entrance of Susquehanna River. This, of course, immediately gave to the place an importance which I had not before attached to it, and I therefore determined on attacking it after the completion of our operations at the island ; consequently, having sounded in the direction towards it, and found that the shallowness of the water would only admit of its being approached by boats, I directed their assembling under Lieutenant Westphall, (first of the Marlborough,) last night at 12 o'clock, alongside the Fantome : when our detachments of marines, consisting of about 150 men, (as before,) under Captains Wybourn and Carter, with a small party of artillerymen, under Lieutenant Robinson, of the artillery, embarked in them ; and the whole, being under the immediate direction of Captain Lawrence, of the Fantome, (who, with much zeal and readiness, took upon himself, at my request, the conducting of this service,) proceeded toward Havre de Grace, to take up, under cover of the night, the necessary position for commencing the attack at the dawn of day. The Dolphin and Highflyer tenders, commanded by Lieutenants Hutchinson and Lewis, followed for the support of the boats, but the shoalness of the water prevented their getting within six miles of the place. Captain Lawrence, however, having got up with the boats, and having very ably and judiciously placed them during the dark, a warm fire was opened on the place at daylight from our launches and rocket-boats, which was smartly returned from the battery for a short time ; but the launches constantly closing with it, and their fire rather increasing than decreasing, that from the battery soon began to slacken ; and Captain Lawrence observing

this, very judiciously directed the landing of the marines on the left ; which movement, added to the hot fire they were under, induced the Americans to commence withdrawing from the battery, to take shelter in the town.

“ Lieut. G. A. Westphall, who had taken his station in the rocket-boat close to the battery, therefore now judging the moment to be favourable, pulled directly up under the work, and landing with his boat's crew, got immediate possession of it, turned their own guns on them, and thereby soon caused them to retreat, with their whole force, to the farthest extremity of the town, whither, (the marines having by this time landed,) they were pursued closely ; and no longer feeling themselves equal to an open and manly resistance, they commenced a teasing and irritating fire from behind the houses, walls, trees, &c. : from which, I am sorry to say, my gallant first-lieutenant received a shot through his hand whilst leading the pursuing party ; he, however, continued to head the advance, with which he soon succeeded in dislodging the whole of the enemy from their lurking places, and driving them for shelter to the neighboring woods ; and whilst performing which service, he had the satisfaction to overtake, and with his remaining hand to make prisoner and bring in a captain of their militia. We also took an ensign and some armed individuals ; but the rest of the force, which had been opposed to us, having penetrated into the woods, I did not judge it prudent to allow of their being further followed with our small numbers ; therefore, after setting fire to some of the houses, to cause the proprietors, (who had deserted them, and formed part of the militia who had fled to the woods,) to understand, and feel, what they were liable to bring upon themselves, by building batteries, and acting towards us with so much useless rancour, I embarked in the boats the guns from the battery, and having also taken and destroyed about 180 stand of small arms, I detached a small division of boats up the Susquehanna, to take and destroy whatever they might meet with in it, and proceeded myself with the remaining boats under Captain Lawrence, in search of a cannon foundry, which I had gained intelligence of, whilst on shore at Havre de Grace, as being situated about three or four miles to the northward, where we

found it accordingly; and getting possession of it without difficulty, commenced instantly its destruction, and that of the guns and other materials we found there, to complete which occupied us during the remainder of the day, as there were several buildings, and much complicated heavy machinery, attached to it; it was known by the name of Cecil, or Principic foundry, and was one of the most valuable works of the kind in America; the destruction of it, therefore, at this moment, will, I trust, prove of much national importance.

In the margin\* I have stated the ordnance taken and disabled by our small division this day, during the whole of which we have been on shore in the centre of the enemy's country, and on his highroad between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The boats which I sent up the Susquehanna, returned after destroying five vessels on it, and a large store of flour; when everything being completed to my utmost wishes, the whole division re-embarked and returned to the ships, where we arrived at 10 o'clock, after having been 22 hours in constant exertion, without nourishment of any kind; and I have much pleasure in being able to add, that excepting Lieutenant Westphal's wound, we have not suffered any casualty whatever.

The judicious dispositions made by Captain Lawrence, of the Fantome during the preceding night, and the able manner in which he conducted the attack of Havre in the morning, added to the gallantry, zeal, and attention, shewn by him during this whole day, must justly entitle him to my highest encomiums and acknowledgements, and will, I trust, ensure to him your approbation; and I have the pleasure to add, that he speaks in the most favourable manner of the good conduct of all the officers and men employed in the boats under his immediate orders, particularly of Lieutenants Alexander and Reed, of the Dragon and Fantome, who each commanded a division; of Lieutenant G. A. Westphal,

whose exemplary and gallant conduct it has been necessary for me already to notice in detailing to you the operations of the day. I shall only now add that, from a thorough knowledge of his merits, (he having served many years with me as first lieutenant,) I always, on similar occasions, expected much from him, but this day he even outstripped those expectations; and though in considerable pain from his wound, he insisted on continuing to assist me to the last moment with his able exertions. I therefore, sir, cannot but entertain a confident hope that his services of to-day, and the wound he has received, added to what he so successfully executed at Frenchtown, (as detailed in my letter to you of the 29th ultimo,) will obtain for him your favourable consideration and notice, and that of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. I should be wanting in justice did I not also mention to you, particularly, the able assistance afforded me by Lieutenant Robertson, of the artillery, who is ever a volunteer where service is to be performed, and always foremost in performing such service, being equally conspicuous for his gallantry and ability; and he also obliged me by superintending the destruction of the ordnance taken at the foundry. To Captains Wybourn and Carter, who commanded the marines, and shewed much skill in the management of them, every praise is likewise due, as are my acknowledgements to Lieutenant Lewis, of the Highflyer, who not being able to bring his vessel near enough to render assistance, came himself with his usual active zeal to offer his personal services. And it is my pleasing duty to have to report to you, in addition, that all the other officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the cheerful and zealous discharge of their duty, and I have, therefore, the satisfaction of recommending their general good conduct, on this occasion, to your notice accordingly.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. COCKBURN, Rear-Adm.

To the Right Hon. Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, Bart. and K.B., &c.

The descent of the British on Havre de Grace has more than any other event of the war afforded an opportunity for exaggeration and misrepresentation—each particular dealer in these articles has, however, happily for the truth, contrived so to tell his story as to con-

\* Taken from the battery at Havre de Grace—6 guns, 12 and 6-pounders.

Disabled, in battery for protection of foundry—5 guns, 24 pounders.

Disabled, ready for sending away from foundry—28 guns, 32-pounders.

Disabled, in boring-house and foundry—8 guns and 4 carronades of different calibres.

Total—51 guns, and 130 stand of small arms.

tradict his neighbour, and we are thus enabled to refute, most convincingly, the random and malevolent statements put forth. The North American Review states, that for three weeks the inhabitants of Havre de Grace had been making preparations, and that the militia of the district had been called out. An extract from this review will show that the demonstration of the Havre de Gracians was not the unpremeditated movement of men hastily summoned together for mutual defence, but was a preconcerted arrangement.

"The militia, amounting to about two hundred and fifty, were kept to their arms all night; patrols were stationed in every place where they could possibly be of any service; and the volunteers were at their guns, with a general determination to give the enemy a warm reception." We make this quotation to show, not that these men were wrong in taking up arms for the preservation of their hearths and homes, but to prove that any severities on the part of the British, were not exercised upon unoffending or defenceless inhabitants, but actually formed part and parcel of the miseries always attendant on a state of warfare. Another object gained by the quotation is to convict the writers of the "Sketches of the War," "History of the War," and "History of the United States" of wilful distortion of the truth. One of these writers states that they "attacked, plundered, and burnt the neat and flourishing *but unprotected* village of Havre de Grace; for which outrage *no provocation had* been given, nor could excuse be assigned." Admiral Cockburn's letter, and the remarks in the Review, show whether the village or town was either unprepared for, or unexpected of, an attack. This last extract will therefore suffice as a sample of the other accounts.

But this system of mis-statement was not confined to journalists or historians, Mr. Munroe in his official communication to Sir Alexander Cochrane, in the teeth of the fact that six pieces of cannon and one hundred and thirty stand of arms had been captured, persists in describing the inhabitants as unarmed. One writer a Mr. O'Connor in his zeal to prove at once the bravery of the defenders, and the deliberate atrocity of the assailants—first descants upon the vigorous preparations made, and the resolute defence,

and then winds up by declaring that "it is not easy to assign any cause, other than the caprice of its projector, for this violent attack on an *unoffending and defenceless* village. No reason of a public nature could have induced it. No public property was deposited there, nor were any of its inhabitants engaged in *aiding* the prosecution of the war."

It would be idle and unnecessary after these quotations to add anything more on this subject, and we shall accordingly pass on to the next instance of atrocity perpetrated by the British. We will just call attention to one point more connected with this affair, which is, that but one American writer thought the loss of forty-five pieces of cannon, chiefly thirty-two's and twenty-four pounders, of sufficient consequence to give it a place in his history.

The third expedition undertaken for the purpose of capturing or destroying public property, set out on the night of the 5th May. The destination of this expedition was to the villages of Georgetown and Fredericktown, situated on the opposite banks of the river Sassafraz, and nearly facing each other. The official letter will, however, furnish the most correct details.

H. M. S. Maidstone, off the Sassafraz river,  
May 6th, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honour to acquaint you, that understanding Georgetown and Fredericktown, situated up the Sassafraz river, were places of some trade and importance, and the Sassafraz being the only river or place of shelter for vessels at this upper extremity of the Chesapeake, which I had not examined and cleared, I directed, last night, the assembling the boats alongside the Mohawk, from whence with the marines, as before, under captains Wybourn and Carter, with my friend lieutenant Robertson, of the artillery, and his small party, they proceeded up this river, being placed by me for this operation, under the immediate directions of captain Byng of the Mohawk.

I intended that they should arrive before the above mentioned towns by dawn of day, but in this I was frustrated by the intricacy of the river, our total want of local knowledge in it, the darkness of the night, and the great distance the towns lay up it; it, therefore, unavoidably became late in the morning

before we approached them, when, having intercepted a small boat with two inhabitants, I directed captain Byng to halt our boats about two miles below the town, and I sent forward the two Americans in their boat to warn their countrymen against acting in the same rash manner the people of Havre-de-Grace had done; assuring them if they did, that their towns would inevitably meet with a similar fate; but, on the contrary, if they did not attempt resistance, no injury should be done to them or their towns; that vessels and public property only would be seized; that the strictest discipline would be maintained; and that, whatever provisions or other property of individuals I might require for the use of the squadron, should be instantly paid for in its fullest value. After having allowed sufficient time for this message to be digested, and their resolution taken thereon, I directed the boats to advance, and I am sorry to say, I soon found the more unwise alternative was adopted; for on our reaching within about a mile of the town, between two projecting elevated points of the river, a most heavy fire of musketry was opened on us from about 400 men, divided and entrenched on the two opposite banks, aided by one long gun. The launches and rocket-boats smartly returned this fire with good effect, and with the other boats and the marines I pushed ashore immediately above the enemy's position, thereby ensuring the capture of the towns or the bringing him to a decided action. He determined, however, not to risk the latter; for the moment he discerned we had gained the shore, and that the marines had fixed their bayonets, he fled with his whole force to the woods, and was neither seen nor heard of afterwards, though several were sent out to ascertain whether he had taken up any new position, or what had become of him. I gave him, however, the mortification of seeing, from wherever he had hid himself, that I was keeping my word with respect to the towns, which (excepting the houses of those who had continued peaceably in them, and had taken no part in the attack made on us) were forthwith destroyed, as were four vessels laying in the river, and some stores of sugar, of lumber, of leather, and of other merchandize. I then directed the re-embarkation of our small force, and we pro-

ceeded down the river again, to a town I had observed, situated in a branch of it, about half way up, and here I had the satisfaction to find, that what had passed at Havre, Georgetown, and Fredericktown, had its effect, and led these people to understand, that they had more to hope for from our generosity, than from erecting batteries, and opposing us by means within their power; the inhabitants of this place having met me at landing, to say that they had not permitted either guns or militia to be stationed there, and that whilst there I should not meet with any opposition whatever. I therefore landed with the officers and a small guard only, and having ascertained that there was no public property of any kind, or warlike stores, and having allowed of such articles as we stood in need of being embarked in the boats on payment to the owner of their full value, I again re-embarked, leaving the people of this place well pleased with the wisdom of their determination on their mode of receiving us. I also had a deputation from Charlestown, in the north-east river to assure me that that place is considered by them at your mercy, and that neither guns nor militia-men shall be suffered there; and as I am assured that all the places in the upper part of the Chesapeake have adopted similar resolutions, and that there is now neither public property, vessels, or warlike stores remaining in this neighbourhood, I propose returning to you with the light squadron to-morrow morning.

I am sorry to say the hot fire we were under this morning cost us five men wounded one only, however, severely; and I have much satisfaction in being able to bear testimony to you of the zeal, gallantry, and good conduct of the different officers and men serving in this division. To Captain Byng, of the Mohawk, who conducted the various arrangements on this occasion, with equal skill and bravery, every possible praise is most justly due, as well as to Captains Wybourn, Carter, Lieutenant Robertson, of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Lewis, of the Highflyer; Lieutenant Alexander, of the Dragon, the senior officer under Captain Byng, in command of the boats, deserves also that I should particularly notice him to you for his steadiness, correctness, and the great ability with which he always executes whatever service is entrusted

to him; and I must beg permission of seizing this opportunity of stating to you how much I have been indebted to Captain Burdett, of this ship, who was good enough to receive me on board the Maidstone, when I found it impracticable to advance higher in the Marlborough, and has invariably accompanied me on every occasion whilst directing these various operations, and rendered me always the most able, prompt, and efficacious assistance.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. COCKBURN, Rear-Ad.

To the Right Hon. Sir J. B. Warren, Baronet,  
K. B. &c.

Whatever severities were used towards the inhabitants of these villages, the chastisement was merited. The British had evinced the desire to respect private property, and had even sent on two of their own countrymen to apprise the villagers of their disposition. The Americans returned a submissive message, alleging that they were without the means of defence, whilst they were preparing a warm reception for their visitors. In short they laid a trap for the British, in which they were themselves caught, inasmuch as they lost their property, which would otherwise have been respected. This was so clearly established that even American writers have been able to make very little of it, and they have, accordingly, contented themselves with general charges of British cruelty and so forth.

One end was gained by the example made of Havre de Grace and the two villages, as deputations praying for mercy began now to be sent to the British commander from the other places in the neighbourhood of the Chesapeakes. This disposition on the part of the inhabitants has been construed into "treachery" by the author of "the War," and most unjustly so. The British were in force, the militia who should have opposed them were too few in number and generally too undisciplined, if not lacking in courage, to offer any effectual resistance. What then remained for the poor people but to make the best terms possible, so as to avert the fate which had overtaken three places already mentioned. Still more unfair is it to call the British unprincipled marauders, as on no occasion was any severity observed except

when by making resistance the town or village fell under the category of "places taken by\*storm."

The great object of the attacks made by such journals as the "National Advocate," "Democratic Press," and others of the same stamp, was to lower the character of British troops and of Britain, in the estimation of Europe, and, at the same time, by the recital of these outrages to influence the feelings of western patriots. James, who was in a situation to ascertain the truth declares that "American citizens of the first consequence in Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington, when they have gone on board the British Chesapeake squadron, as they frequently did, with flags, to obtain passports, or ask other favours, and these inflammatory paragraphs were shown to them, never failed to declare with apparent shame, that they had been penned without the slightest regard to truth; but merely to instigate their ferocious countrymen in the Western States to rally round the American standard." Fortunately the task of disproving all these charges is easy, as the North American Review bears the following testimony to the behaviour of the invaders.

"They, (the British,)" says the Review, were always desirous of making a fair purchase, and of paying the full value of what they received; and it is no more than justice to the enemy to state that, in many instances, money was left behind, in a conspicuous place, to the full amount of what had been taken away.\*

One very material difference may be observed between the proclamations we have seen issued by General Hull, on the first invasion of Canada, and Sir George Cockburn's addresses to the Americans. The first, invited the Canadians to turn traitors, threatening them, in case of non-compliance, with all the horrors of war, the English Admiral merely asked them for their own sakes not to oppose a superior force.

The next object of importance was the cutting out of the American Schooner Surveyor, by the boats of the *Nacissus*. This was a very spirited thing on both sides, and so impressed was Lieutenant Orierie with the gal-

\*North American Review, vol. 5. V. P. 168,

lantr, of the American Commander, Captain Travis, that he returned him his sword with the following letter:—

From Lieutenant CHERIE to Captain TRAVIS.

His Maj.-sty's ship Narcissus, June 13th, 1813.

SIR,—Your gallant and desperate attempt to defend your vessel against more than double your number, on the night of the 12th instant, excited such admiration on the part of your opponents, as I have seldom witnessed, and induces me to return you the sword you had nobly used, in testimony of mine. Our poor fellows have severely suffered, occasioned chiefly, if not solely, by the precaution you had taken to prevent surprise; in short, I am at a loss which to admire most, the previous engagement on board the Surveyor, or the determined manner by which her deck was disputed, inch by inch.

I am, Sir, with much respect, &c.

JOHN CHERIE.

Captain S. Travis, U. S. Cutter, Surveyor.

Towards the middle of June, the Naval Attack on Junon by Commander at Norfolk, flotilla. Com. Cassin deemed it advisable to attempt the destruction or capture of the Junon, forty-six gun frigate, then anchored in Hampton Roads, and from which boat expeditions had been dispatched to destroy the shipping in James' River.

An attack was made on the 20th by the American flotilla,\* armed with some thirty

\*From Commodore Cassin to the American Secretary of the Navy.

Navy Yard, Gosport, June 21, 1813.

SIR,—On Saturday, at 11 P. M., Captain Tarbell moved with the flotilla under his command consisting of 15 gun-boats, in two divisions, Lieutenant John M. Gardner, 1st division, and Lieutenant Robert Henley, the 2nd, manned from the frigate, and 50 musketeers, ordered from Craney Island by General Taylor, and proceeded down the River; but adverse winds and squalls prevented his approaching the enemy until Sunday morning at four, when the flotilla commenced a heavy galling fire on a frigate, at about three quarters of a mile distance, lying well up the roads, two other frigates lying in sight. At half past four, a breeze sprung up from E.N.E. which enabled the two frigates to get under way—one a razeed or very heavy ship, and the other a frigate—and to come nearer into action. The boats in consequence of their approach, hauled off, though keeping up a well directed fire on the razeed and the other ship, which gave us several broadsides. The frigate first engaged, supposed to be the

guns, and manned with about five hundred men. The Junon was becalmed and as the flotilla did not venture within reach of her carronades, the action was confined to a distant cannonade. It, however, lasted a sufficiently long time to warrant Commodore Cassin's writing the letter which we have given in our notes. One statement of the doughty Commodore is particularly ridiculous, viz., that the Junon was almost reduced to a sinking state, the fact being that she received two shots only in her hull, and had but one man killed.

Junon, was certainly severely handled—had the calm continued one half hour, that frigate must have fallen into our hands, or been destroyed. She must have slipped her mooring so as to drop nearer the razeed, who had all sail set, coming up to her with the other frigate. The action continued one hour and a half with three ships. Shortly after the action, the razeed got alongside of the ship, and had her upon a deep career in a little time, with a number of boats and stages round her. I am satisfied considerable damage was done to her, for she was silenced some time, until the razeed opened her fire, when she commenced. Our loss is very trifling. Mr. Allison, master's mate, on board 139, was killed early in the action, by an 18 pound ball, which passed through him and lodged in the mast. No. 154 had a shot between wind and water. No. 67 had her franklin shot away, and several of them had some of their sweeps and stanchions shot away—but two men slightly injured from the sweeps. On the flood tide several ships of the line and frigates came into the roads, and we did expect an attack last night. There are now in the roads 13 ships of the line and frigates, one brig and several tenders.

I cannot say too much for the officers and crews on this occasion; for every man appeared to go into action with much cheerfulness, apparently anxious to do his duty and resolved to conquer. I had a better opportunity of discovering their actions than any one else, being in my boat the whole of the action.

I have the honor to be, &c.

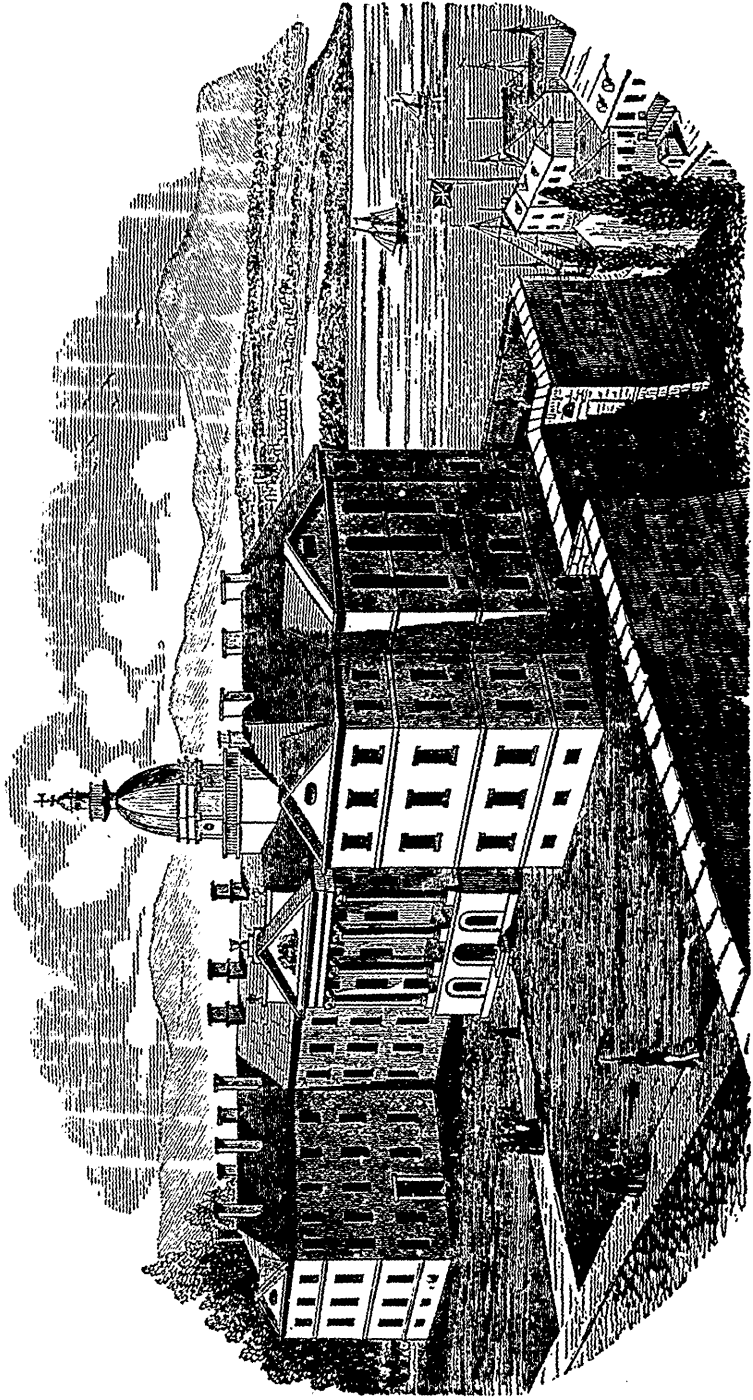
JOHN CASSIN.

Hon. W. Jones, &c.

#### IS KNOWLEDGE POWER?

Not always; at least the converse of the proposition does not always hold good, as the following epigram shows. It is supposed to be addressed anonymously by a school-boy to his master, an ignorant pedagogue, notorious for flogging.

"Knowledge is power," so saith Lord Bacon, But you're a proof he was mistaken; For though you were brought up at college, You're destitute of wit or KNOWLEDGE, Though by your floggings every hour You prove you have tremendous POWER.



THE LATE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, AT QUEBEC.

## THOUGHTS FOR MAY.

Lo the winter is past—

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.—*Song of Solomon* ii. 11, 12.

THIS, the fifth month of the year, is supposed to owe its name to Romulus, by whom it was called *Maius*, as a mark of respect to the senators and elders (*Majores*) of Rome. This month was selected by our Saxon ancestors for folk-motes, or conventions of the people, to be held after seed time, for the election of the wits, or wise men of the *Wittenagemote* or Parliament. In order to make the place of meeting more conspicuous, a pole was erected on the common green, consecrated to *Hersha*, the goddess of peace and fertility, and it was commanded that no quarrels should be maintained during this festival. After the Norman conquest the Pagan festival of *Whittentide* lapsed into the Christian holiday of *Whitsuntide*, and the *May Pole*, from forming a portion of a Pagan ceremonial, became a mark to signify the coming of the joyous time of which the month of May is supposed to be the herald. We say joyous, for although many of the festive scenes, with which our forefathers were wont to hail this month have passed away, still evidence of the boundless benevolence of the Deity are so thickly showered upon us, as to make this, in truth, a glad some time and worthy of all the attributes with which poets have loved to invest it.

## MAY-DAY.

Weave garlands of the primrose, and the tender violet blue,  
 Polyanthus, and the hawthorn blossom gay;  
 Weave garlands of the king-cup bright, all glistening with dew,  
 And all to welcome in the morn, the merry morn of May.  
 And see already drest,  
 To grace the rustic feast,  
 The Maypole, with its rainbow streamers gay:  
 The tribute offering meet,  
 Of village maidens sweet,  
 To Love and Beauty dedicate, and May, dear May!

Weave garlands of each token flower, and join the festive throng,  
 The revelry, and sportive train assembled round her shrine;  
 And with many a rural rite, and in far-sounding song,  
 Go, celebrate her mysteries divine:  
 And tell of roseate bowers,  
 And of lightly-speeding hours;  
 And of Nature, in her loveliest, arrayed:

Of carol sweet of birds,  
 Of rejoicing flocks and herds;  
 And of nymphs that love the fountain bright, or  
 wmo the woodland shade.

Weave garlands, brightest garlands, for the merry morn of May,

And go mingle where her votaries are found;  
 The joyous peasant group, in their holiday array,  
 The morrice lightly dancing blythe, the lofty column round:

And for the stricken heart,  
 That in pleasure has no part,  
 Ah, weave, yet weave a garland meet, of flowers,  
 sweet flowers!

And whisper of the rose,  
 That nor blight nor ruin knows;  
 And the glorious sun that sparkles fair on Salem's  
 royal towers.

During this month the plants, which, at the latter end of April, only began to pierce the soil and coyly peep out, are now shooting out into full leaf, and, towards the latter end of the month, even expands into blossom.

Then flowers, with which the earth becomes carpeted during May, afford a means of simple enjoyment, and a source of the most innocent gratification to the senses; and the full blown maturity of the latter end of the month renders apparent the purposes of the previous season, demonstrating how everything has been guided and controlled by a wise Beneficence.

The characteristic of this month is flowers, and accordingly we find that amongst the Greeks, the advent of the season was always a cause of exultation. The same feeling is also to be found amongst the Hebrews—"Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us."

Howitt, in his book of the Seasons, when speaking of the fondness of the Hebrews for flowers, observes—"Amongst that solemn and poetical people they were commonly regarded as the favorite symbols of the beauty and fragility of life." By them man was compared to the flower of the field: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," are beautiful illustrations of the imagery which these beautiful creations of an all-good and wise God supplied his chosen people.

Howitt is very eloquent on the subject of flowers, and he truly remarks that, of all the poetry drawn from them, none is so beautiful, none so sublime, none so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made, as that of *Christi*.

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they



toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"The sentiment built upon this," continues Howitt, "entire dependence on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ;" but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these radiant creations of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert "where no man is; in the wilderness where there is no man;" sending rain, "to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."

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## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

### No. XXIII.

#### A NIGHT WITH THE HAGGIS CLUB.

THE day which succeeded my arrival at Ramsay Lodge I spent in exploring the curiosities of Edinburgh, under the pilotage of Mr. Duncan Dirlton.

[Here Peter Powhead occupies some two hundred closely written folio pages detailing the results of his "expiscations," as he expresses it. All this we are necessitated to leave out, partly for want of space, and partly because the bulk of the information which it conveys would be stale as "pipers' news" to a plethoric percentage of our patrons. The "Waverly Novels" have rendered Scotland in general, and its capital in particular, classic ground to the civilized world; and educated cosmopolites are as familiar with "Arthur's Seat" and "Holyrood House" as they are with the "Parthenon," and the "Leaning Tower of Pisa."—Ed. A. A. M.]

After we had gone through the recruitment of a good dinner, my host proposed that we should wind up the day by paying a visit to an association designated the "Haggis Club," of which he was a member.

This convivial denomination—Mr. Dirlton certiorated me—had been of very ancient standing; and its records contained the names of some of the most distinguished and eccentric characters who had been connected with Edinburgh during the currency of more than a century. A few of the older members—my friend continued—were still extant, and regularly attended the meetings of the social brotherhood. These seniors when properly "tapped," were wont to yield copious

draughts of information touching the men and manners of bygone generations; and Duncan (as he assured me) standing well in their good graces, he questioned not his ability to make them open out after a fructifying fashion.

The prospect of such a symposium had as exhilarating an affect upon me, as the sight of a new fashioned gown has upon the gadding daughters of Eve; and when eight o'clock had sounded from the tower of St. Giles', I gladly accompanied Mr. Dirlton to the place of meeting. "I suppose I'll be in bed before you come back,"—observed the lady of the mansion as we took our departure—"but if you should want a mouthful to eat with your *night caps*, I'll leave out a couple of partans along with the drinkables!" For this hospitable providence Mrs. Dirlton received from her liege lord a commendatory osculation, which made Ramsay lodge vocal from the coal hole to the garrets thereof, and amidst a volley of "Hoot! fie for shames!" from the blushing assignee, we commenced our pilgrimage.

Having proceeded for some distance down the High Street, my Palinurus guided me into a dark and narrow entry, which he called the "Flesh Market Close." Dismal and gloomy was the aspect of that steep and rugged viaduct, and no stranger could have predicated that it led to anything save the dens of poverty and crime. Without hesitation, however, did the writer to the Signet descend into the profundities of this civic gully, merely giving me the caution to mind my feet and head.

Having escaped all dangers, we found ourselves at the door of a hostel, and ascending a flight of stairs were ushered by a Highland waiter into the room appropriated to the sederunts of the "Haggis Club."

It was a long, low-roofed chamber furnished with chairs and tables of a peculiarly antique fashion, and the oaken walls were hung round with a series of engravings evidently executed by one artist.

To these prints Mr. Dirlton specially directed my attention, and as none of the company had yet arrived he proceeded to give me some account of them, and their author.

John Kay had been like myself, brought up to the honourable and ancient profession of hair-cutting and shaving. After duly serving his apprenticeship he was admitted a member of the worshipful Society of Barber-surgeons, a corporation which was once much more esteemed than it is in these degenerate latter days.

Kay continued to ply the scissors and razor till the year 1785, when the success of some etchings

which he published induced him to drop his old profession, and follow the fine arts for a subsistence.

From the above-mentioned period down to the year 1817, John Kay might be said to have been the caricature historian of his native city. With a keen appreciation of the ludicrous and *outré*, he combined a wonderful facility of committing his thoughts to copper, and very frequently the public were laughing at the representation of some droll occurrence which had taken place, only two or three days before.

Scarcely a person of any notoriety who figured in the Scottish capital for the space of nearly half a century—scarcely a local incident of any comic force, escaped the notice of this North British Hogarth. All are there—magistrates, professors, clergymen, beggars, lawyers, debauchees, quacks, ladies, bailies, hangmen, and idiots.

I may refer to a few of the sketches of Kay, which adorned the hall of the Haggis Club, and the history of which Mr. Dirlton obligingly gave me.

One day a print was exhibited in the artist's window entitled—"Petticoat government, or the grey mare the better horse." Kay having understood that a gentleman, who was obnoxious to a similar imputation, had made himself prominently merry at the parties represented, resolved to teach him that the tenant of a glass-house should not cast stones. Accordingly the laugher was in his turn edified by the appearance of "Campbell of Sonachon laughing at the print of petticoat government!"

Mr. Hamilton Bell, a well known writer to the Signet, wagered that he would carry a publican's call-boy on his back from Edinburgh to Musselborough, and won his wager. This was cakes and ale to the Barber-surgeon, who in a short time produced an engraving of Bell, with the boy on his back, accompanied by a surgeon named Roe, who acted as umpire—encountering a group of Musselborough fish women, with their creels. So enraged was the lawyer at this "counterfeit presentment" of his achievement, that he lodged a complaint against Kay, who accordingly was brought up before the Sheriff for examination. Having proved that Bell actually did carry the stripling to Musselborough, the artist was immediately liberated, and all the satisfaction which the irate prosecutor got was the issue of a second engraving representing the examination of his tormentor. The Sheriff and clerk are depicted as sitting coolly at table, with Kay standing before them; and Bell and his umpire figure in the background in an ecstasy of impotent rage.

One of the sketches, which mainly arrested my notice, was called "The Sleepy Congregation."—Its scene is laid in the "Tolbooth Church" as it was in the days when Dominic Sampson was intrusted to the curatorship of Miles McFinn to guide him in his search after a place of worship congenial to his peculiar theological views. Dr. Webster, a Presbyterian divine of some mark was the incumbent of the Kirk in question at the time when the print of which I am speaking appeared. His congregation was known by the appellation of the "Tolboth Whigs" as being supposed to make the nearest approach in practice and doctrine to the followers of those pillars of the Covenant Cargill and Cameron. Kay does not attempt to caricature Dr. Webster, whose virtues protected him from such a fate, but nothing can be conceived more intensely ridiculous than the congregation! It is composed of all the denizens of Edinburgh who were signally notorious for their habitual neglect of public worship. Some are sunk in repose, others are looking up with a serio-comic expression, in which drowsiness seems struggling with astonishment and bewilderment, at finding themselves in such an unwonted and incongruous place?

Pointing out the figure of a strange looking personage, holding a stick with the similitude of a face carved upon the head thereof, Mr. Dirlton certiorated me that it represented a character somewhat notorious in his day.

James Robertson of Kincairig, or as he was generally called "the daft Highland Laird," had been implicated in the unfortunate "rising" of 1745. He was imprisoned by the victorious Hanoverian party, but was soon released from confinement, his mental imbecility being self-apparent. On his discharge he passed the remainder of his life in Edinburgh, subsisting upon a small annuity allowed him by his relatives, "which enabled him [in the words of a biographer] to maintain the character of a deranged gentleman, with some degree of respectability."

For a long season the Laird's leading aspiration was to get himself executed for his adherence to the Stuart cause. Such a consummation he hungered and thirsted after, as the most enviable fate which could fall to the lot of mortal man.—The government of that day, however, could not be moved to gratify the chivalrous, though somewhat irregular ambition of honest Robertson, and as he could not succeed in mounting a scaffold, he determined, as the next best thing to become the tenant of a jail. Having contrived to run into debt with his landlady, he so frightened her by threats of never paying her, that she was

moved to incarcerate her lodger. When the fact of the would-be traitor's imprisonment became known, his friends lost no time in liquidating the score for which he was confined, but when the turnkey intimated that he was at liberty to choose another domicile, he point blank refused to budge an inch. "It had cost him a sair fecht," he said, "to get into the *"heart o' Mid Lothian, and Deil tak' him if he would leave it in sic a hurry!"*

In this predicament the prison authorities were forced to resort to stratagem, in order to get quit of their ludicrously obtrusive guest. One morning two soldiers of the Town Guard entered the Laird's cell, and told him that they were commissioned to convey him to the High Court of Justiciary, where the Judges were assembled in order to try him for the crime of high treason.—With all the alacrity of a bridegroom summoned to lead his fair one to the altar, the devoted Robertson sallied forth in custody of his escort.—Alas! his hopes of obtaining the crown of political martyrdom, were doomed to be bitterly quenched! No sooner had he reached the door of the jail, than he was pushed out with an emphasis which precipitated him into the centre of the causeway, and his beloved bastille was closed against him forever!

Abandoning the Utopian dream of getting himself hanged, the Laird betook himself to the solacement of carving in wood, for which, as it would appear, he had a natural aptitude. Being of a philanthropic disposition, he manufactured large quantities of "tee-totums," and such-like juvenile toys, which he freely dispensed to the rising generation, by a numerous train of whom he was usually followed when he made his appearance in public. Robertson's cherished occupation, however, was carving likenesses of his favourites, and caricatures of parties he deemed his enemies, which he stuck on the top of his cane, and exhibited to the public as he walked along. These effigies had generally a sufficient resemblance to the originals to enable them to be recognised without much difficulty. When any one seemed at a loss to make out the portrait of the day, the Laird used to hold it close to his eye, and exclaim, "Div ye no ken—ye doited, blin' gowk?"

It was of the Laird of Kineraigie that a story was originally told which has been often repeated, without his being named as the hero thereof.

Though as an uncompromising Jacobite, he belonged to the Scottish Episcopal Church, James occasionally found his way into a "crap-logged conventicle," as he uniformly designated every non-prelatic place of worship. One sultry Sun-

day afternoon, he wandered into the Secession meeting-house in Nicholson street, of which the learned Adam Gib was pastor, and enthroned himself in one of the front seats of the gallery. Overcome by the heat of the weather, an unusually large per centage of the congregation made a temporary emigration into the land of Nod, and so great did the defection at length become, that the preacher deemed it necessary to take special notice thereof. Arousing the slumberers by some energetic blows upon the boards of the pulpit Bible, the irate theologian expatiated upon the backsliding of which the delinquents had been guilty. "Is it not," he said in conclusion; "Is it not a black and a blistering shame, that you have all been snoring for the last ten minutes, with the exception of that poor idiot?" Nettled at this somewhat pointed reference to himself, the Laird started up, and brandishing his cane, exclaimed with an oath, "If I hadna' been a puir idiot, I wud hae been snoring wi' the laive!"

In the same picture which contains the likeness of Mr. Robertson, Kay has introduced a brace of other personages, viz., Doctors Glen and Graham.

The latter was a notorious charlatan, who made himself conspicuous by a novel method of treating the various ills to which human flesh is heir. His system consisted in burying his patients up to the chin in earth which he called, giving them "a suck of their mother." To demonstrate his faith in the remedy which he preached, Graham was in the habit of "planting" himself in a public garden, and whilst in that position lecturing for several consecutive hours to a select audience of disciples and admirers.

Dr. Glen was an Edinburgh medico, more renowned for his avarice than professional skill. When at the age of seventy, he felt inclined to become a benedict, and paid his addresses to a young maiden who had not parted company with her "teens." The damsel, as might have been anticipated, was not over-eager to grant the suit of her antiquated swain, and only consented to make him happy on his stipulating to provide her with a carriage. The Doctor religiously kept his word, but kept it somewhat too literally to the letter. When the knot was tied he presented his better-half with a chariot, according to paction, but no solicitation could persuade him to add horses. The quadrupeds were "not in the bond," and consequently never were forthcoming.

It so happened that the Doctor being troubled with sore eyes, put himself under the care of Graham, who had the chance to effect a cure. Glen

being at a loss how to remunerate his professional brother for his services, consulted some of the junior members of the faculty as to the most genteel way of doing so. The waggish sons of Galenus advised him to invite the "earth physician" and a few of his own friends to dinner at a fashionable tavern, and then and there offer him a purse of thirty guineas. This donative, they assured him, Graham would, as a matter of course, decline to accept, and thus he would gain all the credit of doing a handsome thing at little cost. Glen followed their counsel, but to his measureless astonishment and chagrin, Graham, when tendered the purse coolly pocketed the same as a matter of course. In the engraving to which I am referring, the Laird with a sardonic chuckle takes off his bonnet and holds up a carved head of Graham as he passes Glen, who looks most pertinaciously in another direction, clenching his fist all the while.

Before leaving Laird Robertson I may mention a smart saying of his which was narrated to me by Mr. Dirlton.

The Hon. Henry Erskine one day as he was entering the Parliament House, where the Scottish Supreme Law Courts are held, chanced to fall in with Kincaigie who like "poor Peter Peebles" was a great frequenter of that litigious locality. Erskine, who was well acquainted with the original, inquired how he was. "Oo, no that ill," was the response—"but I hae a sma' favour to ask you, this braw saft morning, Just tak' in Justice wi you, (pointing to one of the statues over the old porch of the Parliament House,) She has lang been standing on the outside, Harry, and it wad be a treat for her to see the inside, like other strangers!"

By this time a goodly number of the brethren of the Haggis Club had developed themselves, and to all of them I was introduced by my friend in due form. With comparatively few exceptions, they pertained to the old school, and consequently their reminiscences had mainly reference to men and things which had become matter of history and tradition. Many of them had been clerks to judges and lawyers who had long ceased to figure upon this mundane stage, and some of their notices of these worthies struck me as being worthy of preservation.

From Mr. Cuthbert Keelevine, in particular, I gleaned one or two sappy and appetizing items.

Mr. Keelevine had attained the age of eighty years, and yet was still as "straight as a rush," to use a common saying. Being a Tory to the back-bone (that wishy-washy non-descript called *Conservatism*, had not then been kilted!) he

scorned to give way to the degeneracies of modern costume, and sported his hair powder and tie as he had been wont to do half a century before. The rest of his outfit was of corresponding antiquity, and altogether he had hugely the flavour of a venerable family-portrait which, becoming animated, had stepped forth from its canvas, in order to see how the world did wag!

Observing that my attention was taken up by the pictorial adornments of the club room, Mr. Keelevine observed, "Ay Mr. Powhead, mony o' the personages that pair Kay drew, and like him now under the mools, were weel known to me, when this auld coat was new!

"There—for instance—is Hugo Arnot, the Advocate, and historian of Edinburgh, just drawn to the very life! The exact man is before you! There he was as a stuffed eel, which made Erskine remark when he once met him eating a dried spelding—(Hugo was unco' fond o' speldings!) 'I am glad to see you, looking so like your meat!'

"With all his oddities and eccentricities Arnot was the very soul o' honour and integrity, and would nae mair think o' taking a dirty cause in hand, than he would of picking a pocket. Indeed there is but scanty difference between the twa things!

"On one occasion a case was submitted to his consideration which was very far removed from the confines o' equity and fair dealing. When the client had told his story Hugo looked at him with a grave and stern countenance and asked, 'Pray sir, what do you take me to be?' Why! answered the intending litigant—"I understand you to be a lawyer!" The wrathful advocate opened the door of his consulting chamber, and pointing to the stair exclaimed, 'I thought sir, you took me for a scoundrel!'"

Directing my notice to another figure in the same sketch Mr. Cuthbert continued: "You see here an excellent likeness o' Henry Home, Lord Kames one o' the greatest masters o' jurisprudence that ever adorned the Scottish Bench. Like the majority o' his judicial and forensic brethren, he possessed a strong unction o' originality, tinged wi' what the milk sops o' the present day would characterise as *coarseness*.

"Brawly do I mind the manner in which he took leave o' his fellow-judges, and professional friends, when retiring frae the station which he had adorned sae lang. Wi' a power and pathos which brought tears into the eyes o' a' that heard him, he dwelt upon his advanced years, his declining faculties, and the momentous appearance which he was sae soon to mak before the

tribunal o' the Almighty. Ye wad hae thought that it was some grand auld Roman that was rolling out the magnificent and classic sentences. Having concluded his address, which was listened to in breathless silence; the abdicating judge retired and divested himself o' the silken robe which he was never mair to wear. Before finally leaving the Parliamtent House, however, he could not resist once again taking a look at the scene where he had spent sae mony happy hours. Opening the door which communicated with the Bench, occupied by his quondam associates who still sat absorbed in the solemnity o' the occasion, he glanced at the mournful group and exclaimed in his broad, ringing Scotch dialect—"Fare ye a' weel ye——!" Puir Kames! he was dead and buried within ten days frae that date."

Just as Mr. Keelevine had concluded the above recital, one of the younger members took his departure, observing, by way of excuse for fitting so prematurely that he was engaged to be present at an evening party in the New Town.

This intimation was received with a shaking of heads by the Seniors, several of whom scrupled not to declare that the idea of going to a ladies gathering when it was close upon the "chap" of eleven, was preposterous in the extreme.

"It was widely different in my younger days"—observed one of the convocation who had been introduced to me as McSkriech of Skire, a Fife-shire Laird, rendered a trifle misanthropical by the gout in his senectitude—"It was different entirely whin I was in the habit of mixing in fashionable society! At orra times, I grant, a wheen young birkies, who took a pride in suffering the maut to get aboon the meal, used to keep up their jinks frae sunset to cock crow, but the womenkind seldom transgressed cannie *elders hours*! Mony a tea party, for instance, have I attended when a Laddie, given by the mother of the late Sir William Forbes, the great banker. Lady Forbes, I need hardly say, had the best blood of Scotland in her veins, being a member of the ancient Monimusk family, and moved in the very first circles. She inhabited a small house in For-ester's Wynd, consisting of a single floor, and which I will be bound to say would be considered vulgar by the tailors and pawnbrokers of this up-setting generation! Her routes, as they were termed, generally assembled at five o'clock in the afternoon, and by nine, or may be half an hour later, the longest tarrying of the guests had taken their departure. Of course young, wha's-his-name, that has just left us would turn up his nose at such hours, as being pestilently ungentle, but ae thing is clear beyond dubitation that

baith purse and body were the better in consequence. Nerves and consumptions were then far frae being such aristocratic ailments as they have now become, and the number of bankruptcies likewise proportionably small."

A hearty amen was epilogued to this commendation of primitive times, by the sympathetic Cuthbert Keelevine, who craved permission from the Club to read certain verses by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, bearing upon the matter in hand. They formed part of a kind of town eclogue in which a farmer who knew Edinburgh in a past age, is supposed to commune regarding its modern changes with a city acquaintance. Thus they ran!

"Hech! what a change hae we now in this town.

A'now are braw lads, the lassies a' glancin';  
Folk maun be dizzy gaun aye in this roun',  
For deil a hae't's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

"Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller poch,  
When ilka bit laddie maun hae his bit staigie;  
But I kent the day when there was na' a Jock,  
But trotted about upon honest shank's naigie.

"Little was stoun then and less gaed to waste,  
Barely a moollin for mice or for rattens;  
The thrifty gude wife to the fleshmarket paced,  
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

"Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal  
Though coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a' cantrin':  
Right airo we were tell't by the housemaid or chiel,  
Sir, an ye please, here's yer lass and a lantern'.

"The town may be cloutit and pieced till it meets,  
A' neebors benorth and besouth without haltin'  
Brigs may be biggit ower lums and ower streets,  
The Nor-Loch itsel' heap'd as high as the Calton.

"But whar is true friendship and whar will you see  
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?  
Tak gray hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,  
And think on the seenteen-hundred and fifty!"

At the close of this lyrical homily the landlord and his napkin-bearing tail entered for the purpose of laying the table for the supper. A description of this banquet, and the commencing which gave zest to the same will be forthcoming anon.

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EYES.

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"Oculi sunt in amore duces."

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Here's to *dark* eyes—pearls of jet,  
Midst their drooping borders set—  
Piercing, speaking, without breath—  
Language only mute in death—  
Beaming pity, kindness, rest,  
Comfort to the troubled breast—  
Tales and trystings, ditties, book,  
Oh! what worlds in black eyes look!  
Sparkling—flashing in disdain,  
Spurning, crushing—ah! the pain—  
Drink the *dark-eyed* maid—'tis she,  
Lives and moves, *all* poetry.

Sky-born beauty! *eye* of blue,  
Star-lit radiance flits in you—  
Soft and mellow in thy flash  
Laughing 'neath the trellis' lash,  
Realms beyond contemptuous hate—  
Firm, unflinching—mild, yet great,  
Truth flows ever in thy beams,  
Calm as grass fring'd crystal streams.

Trustful, melting *hazel* eyes,  
Source of romaunt, love and sighs—  
Guitars, gages, vows and verses,  
Moonlights, duels, blessings, curses,  
*Hazel* ever has been *witching*—  
Coy, reluctant, wooing, winning.

Here's a health, a bubbling glassie  
To the modest *grey-oid'd* lassie  
Never fired by treach'rous wiles,  
Thine are uncoquettish smiles.  
Ah! can cottage glow more bright  
Than illumed by *grey eye's* light?  
Curl your ascent—home, hearth-smoke—  
Through the maples, o'er the oak!

Cross-eyes—tender—eyes which roll.  
Lovely all—they tell the soul.

PIERRE.

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Meeting an old schoolfellow on one of ANGELICA'S "cleaning" days, and rashly inviting him to take pot-luck with you.—*Note.* The tax in this case consists in a pacificatory trip to SISLEY'S the next morning.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT POSITION  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

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THE influence of the tone of mind of the better educated portion of the community in directing public opinion is well known to every student of history, and consequently to all enlightened governments; the foresight of statesmen has ever been directed to the protection of science and literature, it being well known that in the reciprocating support of these, they have the strongest guarantee of the stability of the government itself. This arises less from the fact that scholars as a class are necessarily shrewd politicians, or even sagacious observers, than from their acquired habits of study and analysis which give them great advantages over any other portion of the community. Hence they are less liable to be led away by sudden impulse, look more to ultimate consequences, are more free from the benumbing influence of party, and have a higher standard of political morality than those who without such training and preparation are brought into public life. In a word, while in despotic governments they form the advanced guard of the defenders of the liberties of the people, in free governments they have always a conservative tendency, arising more or less in each case from the patriotism and love of country excited by the development of young and generous minds, illuminated by the light of history.

That the want of some Colonial institution, in which the higher branches of a sound and liberal education could be obtained, would soon be felt in this prosperous country, was early perceived by those who had the chief influence in the management of the affairs of the colony, and how-much-soever individuals may differ in their estimate of the means taken to supply such a want, no lover of his country can deny the wisdom and patriotism of the effort. While our population was composed principally of emigrants, and the great natural wealth and resources of the land were as yet undeveloped, Canada might well be dependent on the mother country for legislators, divines, lawyers, physicians and teachers of public schools. But now, when the greater portion of the population is native, when comparative affluence has succeeded the struggle for existence, and when the future gives promise of a high and glorious destiny, it well behoves every Canadian to look around and see if we have not among ourselves the material to fill the highest offices of honor, trust and emolument in our native land. That we have such the bar affords a striking example, but who can doubt

that the time is at hand when native preeminence in all the learned professions will not be the exception but the rule. Of all means to attain such a desideratum, the maintenance of an institution of high standard in the faculties of arts, law and medicine, seems to be the most direct, and to be the most deserving of the guardian care of the government of the country.

Especially should the immunities and privileges of the members of such an institution be jealously guarded and made the rewards of superior attainments. Thus protected have Oxford and Cambridge in England flourished for centuries, supplying, with men of enlarged views, acute minds and cultivated intellect, the legislature, the bar, and the pulpit. Under a like liberal and enlightened policy, the elms of New Haven and Hartford in the adjoining States, at each succeeding anniversary, overshadow as well the octogenarian as the sophomore of sixteen, united by a common love and veneration for their Alma Mater.

Compared with these, what a tale is that of our Canadian University! Endowed with regal munificence, how little has it been allowed to accomplish! In its short period of active existence, what changes has it not witnessed! Each succeeding session has been marked by a new statute, by a new chapter of vicissitude. First Kings College is transformed into the University of Toronto, and then the fair proportions of a University are dwarfed into the present high-school, and to render the ruin complete, the site and grounds beautified by years of care, are ruthlessly confiscated. The allowance of a valuation for the grounds renders it no less a confiscation. No monied value can atone for the loss of stability in the institution and what guarantee is there that the same proceeding may not be repeated with regard to any site which hereafter may be decided upon? The taking the management of the funds from the University, when in such a flourishing condition, and transferring it back into the hands of the government, if not for the private ends of those in power, rather points to such a contingency. Reasons will never be wanting to give for change, when the interests or whims of an unscrupulous ministry are to be served. To be successful every institution must have a character of permanency, be rooted in the affections, and interwoven with the pleasant associations, of its members. This was well effected by the original charter, by which the masters and scholars were an integral part of the corporation, and the graduates of the degree of Master of Arts and of any degree in Law and Medicine,

had a vote in convocation, passed graces for admission to degrees, and elected their officers.— Thus wherever through the length and breadth of the Province, the alumni of the University might settle down, they still felt an interest in their Alma Mater, and cherished among themselves an *esprit de corps*.

Doubtless, they would under a proper constitution have proved, [as suggested in the *North British Review* for February last] had they been permitted to exert their proper influence, a check to the selfish views of professors, and a means of infusing vigor and freshness into the government of the institution.

Mr. Baldwin, however, in his Bill of 1849, probably considering their numbers as yet too small, and imitating the constitutions of the University of Oxford, introduced a new governing body called the Senate, which, however, was after the year 1860, to be entirely composed of the graduates of the University. This was the most unfortunate feature in his Bill, and although evidently framed with considerable care, the professorial influence was far too great, and a general levelling or equalization of the salaries was the consequence. Besides, subjects of dispute were continually arising as to the intention of the Bill, and with regard to the respective powers of the Senate and the House of Convocation. The introduction by Mr. Baldwin's successors in office of persons absolutely disqualified by the provisions of the Bill for the office of Senators, and who were generally the representatives of the different religious sects, led to the worst results. The Senate Chamber became a scene of personal attack and recrimination, and of the most sordid and grasping efforts on the part of those who had been loudest in their reprehension of the former government of the University; to share, now they had the opportunity, in the spoils of the endowment. In removing this incubus on the fair prospects of the institution, the Bill of last session is commendable. But what necessity for such a sweeping measure? the appointment of persons properly qualified was all that was required to work the desired change. Why such indecent haste in bringing in and passing the measure? No previous warning was given, no change was sought by the country, none solicited by the University itself. The sole reason seems to have been to place the endowment in the hands of the government, and to gratify the selfish views of the enemies of the professors of the faculties of Law and Medicine.

The proposed adoption of these very discarded faculties into Cambridge and Oxford showed the

necessity of keeping them here, but in this as in other respects, Canada exhibits the disheartening example of a retrograde movement in the cause of social and political progress. The preamble of the Bill sets forth that an institution like the University of London would suit the wants of the country, and then, to carry out the appositeness of the example, does away with the Medical School, the distinctive and peculiar feature of the said University, which has besides the faculties of Divinity and Law. Was the originator of the Bill not aware of the agitation of the members of this very University of London for a House of Convocation, and that they were about obtaining their just demands? If so, it was convenient to forget it, and the fact that an institution in England never had a right, was given as a reason that a similar body in Canada should be deprived of privileges secured to them by charter, and of which they had the actual use and enjoyment. The few immunities of the graduates were extinguished, the rights of the Convocation treated with silent contempt, and the only part of the corporation completely free from government control, coolly snuffed out. This, as an act of injustice and tyranny was infamous, but the abolition of the faculties of Medicine and Law stamped the act with the character of the greatest fatuity.

If, as has been, with some show of reason, alleged, private feeling and rivalry were the causes, it is gratifying to know that the results thus far have not yielded the expected advantages. The dispersed medical students have either gone to Trinity College, the Universities of Great Britain, or, worse than all, great numbers have swelled the Medical Schools of Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, whence they will return with anything but a feeling of patriotism or respect for our political institutions, and, with reason, when they find corporate and vested rights respected in a republic and set at naught in a dependency of England.

The Law Students had, fortunately, the lectures of Trinity College to fall back upon, and that institution now occupies the proud position of being the only true University in this Province! Although its means are now limited they will doubtless be augmented by private munificence, and the gratitude and affection of its members will in time secure it a proper position. This will be cheerfully done; while the Graduates of King's College will either swell their ranks or submit in silent indignation until a more propitious time relieves them from the wrongs and indignities heaped upon them. How the members of the

Legislature could lend themselves to such a measure as the Bill of last Session, will be a wonder for future generations. The motives of the originators were so transparent, the ill effects so manifest, the reasons given so groundless, that the slightest consideration ought to have arrested its passage. But the apathy of the country seems to have been made an excuse to their consciences, and the consequences are now before us. That this apathy of the people is not imaginary was proved by the fact, that when in 1850 scholarships were granted by the Board of Endowment, one to each County in Western Canada that would make an equal appropriation, not a single Municipal Council responded to the call. Even in the matter of public school teachers, by supplying men of a high degree of efficiency, these scholarships would have been of inestimable benefit, and instead of the four talented graduates at Hamilton, Brantford, Simcoe, and Bond Head, there might have been forty at the head of the different Grammar Schools of the Province, elevating the standard of our national education.

In all this the people have themselves to blame, and the effects will hereafter be felt when the remedy has, probably, passed from them. Did they appreciate the benefits of native learning and science they would take care that their sons should enjoy those advantages which Providence has placed within their reach. But they appear well content that their children should toil and sow, become hewers of wood and drawers of water, and suffer designing adventurers and factious demagogues to reap the fruits of their labor and industry. They remain well satisfied that the character of the most prominent men in power should be a by-word and a scoff, and that the evil thus developed at the head of the body politic, should be diffused throughout the community, until political honesty become a tradition, and successful knavery be regarded as the acme of perfection.

The present Reform Bill in England, giving representatives to the University of London and those of Scotland, and the suffrage to each graduate of every University in the United Kingdom, — a feature acceptable to all parties, shows the estimation in which attainment in learning is held there. Oxford and Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, had already their representatives, without taking into account the numbers of their alumni returned at each election for the boroughs, but this was not considered a reason why a class entitled by the highest of qualifications, a liberal education, should be denied the suffrage.

Time was, when the University of King's Col-



lege at Toronto had hopes held out to it, and that by Lord Sydenham, that in course of time it should be represented in the Lower House, but the Bill of last session gave no echo to the spirit of the father of Reform in Canada, and had nothing in common with the spirit of Reform in England.

Vain were the efforts of the University to avert the proposed change! The Senate appointed by the Government, and therefore favorable to them, protested—the Professors memorialized and sent deputations—the Convocation petitioned the Governor General and both Houses of the Legislature—the fiat had gone forth and members were found ready and willing to carry out, under the name of duty to party, the corrupt designs of the originators of the Bill, heedless of the consequences to the country, or to its noblest literary institution. It is to be hoped that future legislation may remedy some of the crying evils complained of and that among the new members, arising from an increased representation, may be found independence and honesty enough to repel wrong and tyranny wherever attempted.

There are many other matters to be treated of in the consideration of this subject: far more than can be compressed within the limits of this brief paper. Perhaps these few remarks may induce others to take up the subject and place it in a proper light before the public, or haply these lines may meet the eye of some of those who have the power to apply a remedy, in whom, should they awaken a spirit of enquiry and cause serious thoughts on a subject of such paramount importance—the writer, A GRADUATE OF KING'S COLLEGE, will be amply rewarded.

### THE EASTERN WAR.

HAVING in our last number presented our readers with a graphic picture from the North British Review, exhibiting in truthful colours the chief actors in the Eastern Tragedy, displaying in the foreground the real origin and bearing of the Plot, and portraying the attitude assumed by the Western Powers, we redirect our eyes to the scene now rendered still more illuminated and exciting by the publication of the secret correspondence unfolding the treacherous designs of Russia, and to our own Declaration of War, which flings down the Gauntlet from a hand pure, unstained, and strengthened by the brave and undivided heart of a Mighty Empire.

Already have our hosts gone forth in their floating Towers, their enthusiasm sweetening the prospect of conflict, and shutting out the idea of a homeward return until they inflict upon their

enemy a merited chastisement; and we may apply to them the words of Homeric Song, exulting in the feeling which animated the Greeks before Troy.

There is now before the world indubitable evidence of an attempted conspiracy by the Czar against Turkey—of the *settlement* of the dispute respecting the Holy places, and the grateful acknowledgment by Russia of our friendly offices in the matter,—of the subsequent treachery of the Menzikoff mission to Constantinople demanding the Sultan's consent within a week to a Russian Protectorate or rather sovereignty over more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of Turkey in Europe,—of the strenuous efforts made by the Western Powers to secure Peace on terms adopted by them and assented to by the Porte,—and of Muscovite mendacity, established by dates, showing the impossibility of the occupation of the Danubian Provinces as resulting from the movement of the allied fleets to Besika Bay. The effect of all these developments has been most favourable to the British ministry in gaining them an unanimity of support unequalled in our history. We find even the veteran economist Joseph Hume declaring in the house of commons that "he was prepared to support to the fullest extent the measures of the government in the impending struggle" and that "as to the estimates he was happy to find they were so moderate." While mentioning this last point, we take the occasion to give the Vote taken as follow.

Amount voted.	Increase over last Estimates.
Army £6,287,486.....	£ 262,470
Navy £7,487,948.....	£1,202,456
Ordnance £3,845,878.....	£ 792,311

The income tax has been cheerfully increased, impressment has not been resorted to. Recruits and volunteers, crowd to our standard, non-commissioned officers belonging to regiments not ordered on service even rendering themselves to be reduced to the ranks, in corps going against the enemy, and the utmost respect is to be observed towards neutral property.

Before taking leave of the primary features of the war, we shall briefly notice the ground taken by many, and we confess ourselves strongly allied to their view, that the peace of Europe would have remained undisturbed, had the Czar been notified in terse English that Great Britain would regard his occupation of the Principalities as a *casus belli*, and act accordingly. Such a course would indubitably have prevented the Russian passage of the Pruth, and we ground our opinion upon the traditional sinuosities of Muscovite diplomacy, which would have yielded for the time

but sought its object by other and stealthier means. In enunciating however, this opinion, we must nevertheless do justice to the position and motives of our ministry. Viewing them, then, as the custodiers of a people avaricious of blood and treasure, penetrated with a just appreciation of the blessings of peace represented by a press which until lately, denounced in its highest places the patriotism of the Turks, as infidel audacity, seeing them daily assailed until the last moment in the House of Commons by the Cobden school of politicians, we cannot but feel that the issue would have been perilous not only to themselves, but to the harmony of the Empire, had the Czar persisted against them. Delay has disclosed his designs, enabled our merchants to withdraw capital stated to have amounted to £11,000,000 sterling, at the period in question, secured a firm ally in France and probably in other countries, changed the tone of most influential journals, and of members of Parliament, and roused the inhabitants of the British Isles as it were to a man. The *People* in fact have declared War, and, as a last and perhaps the weightiest argument, having rushed to the strife, will not allow themselves to be withdrawn from it, until the future peace of Europe be secured. We advance shoulder to shoulder on behalf of a power, whose conduct has enobled her in the eyes of mankind, on behalf of civilization against barbarism, of truth against the Father of Lies or in the words of Lord Palmerston against a Potentate who has "exhausted every modification of untruth, beginning in equivocation, and ending in the assurance of a positive fact," and upon whose blackened brow the stigma "*Punica Fides*" has been branded. We go to aid the Ottoman Empire and to influence her as we have hitherto done for her best interests according to *her own* action, not to force upon her measures to be carried at the points of our bayonets. We claim not a protectorate according to the Russian vocabulary.

It will have been observed that a tripartite treaty has been concluded by the Porte, with France and England; its articles are said to be the following. 1st. England and France will support Turkey by force of arms until the independence of the subjects of the Sultan's dominions be secured. 2nd. Peace shall not be concluded by the Porte without the consent of her allies. 3rd. The Turkish territory shall be evacuated by the allies after the War. 4th. The Treaty to remain open to include other Powers. 5th. Turkey guarantees perfect equality civil and religious to all her subjects.

The Nations of Europe are stated to possess the following Forces.

## ARMY.

Russian	.. 1,006,000 including 412,000 <i>Irregulars</i> .
Turkey	.. 600,000 do. 150,000 do.
English	. 162,000
French	.. 730,000 including 228,000 <i>Reserves</i> .
Austrian	.. 600,000 includes <i>Reserves</i> , &c.
Prussian	.. 614,000 do.
Danish	... 32,751
Swedish and Norwegian	, 34,060.

## NAVY.

English	..... 468 vessels 500,000 tons.
French	..... 120 do.
Russian	..... 45 ships of the line & 30 frigates.
Turkish	..... 31 mounting 2286 guns.
Austrian	.... 27 do. 540 do.
Danish	..... 37 do. 970 do.
Swedish & Nor.	60 do. 400 do.

We do not exaggerate the state of feeling amongst ourselves when we say that the successive incidents of a quarrel thus forced upon Europe have been watched by us from the first with absorbing interest—so much so indeed that we have been as it were spectators of, and actors in them.—We regard with horror and disgust the buccaneer, Nicholas Romanoff, and resent his insulting proposal that we should abet him in strangling "a sick man" and sharing his goods. With Omer Pacha we are on the most intimate terms.—The Sultan is our amiable young friend, and the Turks most excellent fellows and better Christians than their so-called neighbors of Russia—but somewhat hasty perhaps in murmuring against their government for carrying to an extreme limit, as they conceived, the principle of "Peace on Earth" "Good will towards men."—We have inspected their positions, especially those of Varna, Schumla, Rustchouk, Widdin and Kalafat—fought beside them at Citate and Oltenitza—and narrowly escaped the carnage at Sinope by swimming ashore. With respect to our countrymen at home we have voted with them, Lords and Commons, in their unanimous answers to the Royal Messages announcing our hostile attitude against Russia.—We were aboard the "*Fairy*," and shared the royal emotions at witnessing the stupendous spectacle afforded by the sailing of our magnificent Baltic fleet. With stern pride we regarded the successors, both ships and men, of the fleets which have guarded our native seas since the conquests of Alfred, our first great admiral culminated in British supremacy under the immortal Nelson, and we thought we could trace in the lineaments of our gallant tars

the brave blood which coursed through those centuries of dauntless sires. The name of Napier we know must adorn the list of our Naval Penates, but at present he is our familiar friend, and we have no other title for him than Charlie, for "Charlie is our darling."

What words can describe the affecting scenes presented by the more protracted departures of our noble regiments. With dimmed eye and throbbing heart have we watched their embarkation, our very souls thrilling to the stirring but saddening strains of their martial music, now exulting in "The British Grenadiers," now discoursing of "the Girls we've left behind us," again bidding us think of "Garryowen," and reminding us at last of "Auld Langsyne." Then came those dreadful rendings of family ties and wedded hearts, severed perhaps never to beat together again, and mists obscured our vision and wet our cheeks, and we joined the struggling crowd to join in the farewell, while still do our pulses flutter from the grasp of many a brave hand. Woe betide thee, Czar Nicholas—it were better for thee to clasp those honest hands as a friend, than be prostrated by them as an enemy—why curse thine head with the young blood of those bright-eyed and joyous youths—with the gore of their comrades, sterner with service, and with the destruction of thine hapless serfs.—Go, thou despiser of the Mahomedan, and take a lesson in the vanity of earthly ambition from the illustrious Saladin, the greatest of the Saracens, the magnanimous warrior, the sagacious monarch—"Behold in this winding sheet," proclaimed the dying king, "all that remains of his possessions to the great Saladin, the conqueror of the East." Go learn a share of christian charity from that hero's last bequest, which dispensed alms to the poor and needy without regard to Christian, Jew or follower of Mahomet. Thus may thy greedy hands be stayed from spoliation, and a spark of Heavenly fire be struck from thy cold and flinty heart.

From those sad scenes and reflections, we pass to newer incidents. As these come teeming upon us we share the general feeling, whether of exultation, doubt, or impatience. Our latest intelligence speaks of disasters to our friends and success gained by the Russian.—Let it not be supposed, however, that a sudden irruption by large bodies of an enemy, succeeding against small and weakly fortified garrisons, is any sure indication of permanent success.

The late move made by the Russians across the Danube into the upper Debraska reveals, to our view, weakness rather than strength. Foiled in

their attempt upon Servia, by the resolute attitude of the Turkish left at Widdin and Kalafat, their present object would, at first sight, suggest an endeavor to disconnect and weaken Omer Pacha's centre, and thereby facilitate an advance from Bucharest upon Rustchouk, Turtukai or Silistria; but it strikes us that they are chiefly solicitous to cover their most vulnerable point, which clearly lies in their line of communication with Bessarabia and Moldavia. From the distance to be travelled, the state of the roads, and the wretched condition of their commissariat, their reinforcements and supplies must come tardily to their assistance, while Omer Pacha is not likely to subject himself to be attacked in detail with weakened forces,—he would, indeed, be well pleased to see an advance attempted from the Debraska upon Varna and Schumla, for it would enable him at the same time to defend his position on the Danube, and spare sufficient numbers of men to inflict a severe blow upon his enemies, isolated as they would find themselves, and cut off from supplies, which in 1829 were furnished by sea from Odessa. The chief difficulty in the way of the Turkish commander is to be found in the irritable impatience of his troops, who are eager for action, and never better pleased than when indulged in that humour, as at Oltenitza. Hitherto he has acted chiefly on the plan pursued by Wellington, when he withdrew behind the lines of Torres Vedras, leaving the army of Massena to become attenuated before him. The Russians have, heretofore, lost more than they have gained—wounds, dysenteries and fevers have already done their work upon systems supported by black bread, and reduced by fatigue, and the marshy malaria of the swamps near the mouths of the Danube, and not calculated to improve the condition of the present occupants, or to thin their hospitals. Recurring to the difficulties of furnishing supplies inland, we would direct the attention of those who have formed exaggerated views of the Russian Power, to the fact, that Napoleon himself, after the most gigantic efforts, was disappointed to the extent of two-thirds of his commissariat, and actually entered, Russia, after vexatious delays, with *one-third* of the supplies he had reckoned upon.

It is not, however, our design or intention to underrate either the bravery or numbers of our enemies on the the line of the Danube—the latter we have seen rated at 120,000—and know that they have suffered considerable diminution from various casualties; but supposing them to have been reinforced, we may admit of their being enabled to act with 150,000 men,—of their courage we do not entertain a doubt, for it is fresh

in our memory that at Borodino the Russian serf indifferently armed and clad in his sheepskins displayed the devotion and steadiness of the veteran beside whom he fought, but this again reminds us of the difficulty of assembling a large army, even from the hordes of Muscovy, from the fact that at that very battle and after having retreated upon their best defences in front of Moscow, they could muster only 120,000 men to meet their invaders.

Thus we have the Russian force on the Danube in a doubtful, if not precarious, condition, while Omer Pacha is about to reap the reward of his patience and masterly inactivity, by the active co-operation of his Anglo-Franco allies, whose advance he will probably be enabled to greet with his main points of defence unbroken, and with troops firm in their organization and impatient to meet the enemy. And this brings in view the probable action of the French and British forces.

In the first place, then, we notice a statement of an English journal, that it is the intention of the Anglo-Franco forces to form an Army of Reserve, for the protection of Constantinople. Now, we think it must be apparent to all persons of ordinary intelligence, that our leaders in the bloody game about to be played will not commence by showing their cards or proclaiming to the enemy the details of their intended strategy; we therefore proceed to speculate upon the course likely to be taken, with the map before us and aided by such premonitory evidence as lies at our disposal. We have already viewed the position of Omer Pacha on the line of the Danube, where we suppose him to be capable of effective action with 30,000 men, in addition to reserves at Varna, Schumla and Sophia. The Turkish regulars may altogether be rated at 200,000, and their Rediff or reserve at the same number. This latter force is formed of those who have retired from service, on the completion of their term of enrolment for five years, and is subject to being periodically called out. It may, therefore, be regarded as an efficient arm, and in fact constitutes a second army; and we doubt not that it will receive the utmost assistance from the allies in perfecting its organization.

But are we really expected to believe that we are going to Turkey to play at holiday soldiering, and to doze in the rear while our friends, in the front, run the risk of being beaten and lost to us,—we cannot think so, nor do we consider it desirable or likely, that Frenchmen and Englishmen should be left idling together, lest their discussion might turn upon Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris—the relative merits of Napoleon

and Wellington—of the prisoner of St. Helena, and Sir Hudson Lowe. These, we conceive, are subjects they would be more likely to bring before their debating societies, than the glorious deeds of their respective ancestors when ranged side by side under Philip and Richard, against the Saracen, or, than their later rivalry two hundred years ago, when leaving their trenches before Dunkirk, they fought under Turenne and Reynolds, the battle of the Danes, and routed the army of Spain. Let us confront the Russian with the allied French and English, and we combine the chivalry of the two nations in cordial emulation—leave them to a state of inaction and the usual pestiferous results must follow.

We have left the Turks favoured with excellent positions, in good heart, and well supplied, and we rely upon Omer Pacha to harrass, if not impede the advance of the enemy, should he have the hardihood to make the attempt. In the mean time we hasten to strengthen his right and to co-operate with him in overlapping the Russians by launching the allied armies against them from Varna, and (should the posture of affairs at all permit of it) from the mouth of the Danube.—The result is obvious—the enemy must either risk a battle under overwhelming difficulties, or he must fall back upon his line of communication with Bessarabia and Moldavia—we strike boldly upon that line, intersect it by beating down any opposing force, and by raking Kilia, Ismail, Galatz, and Fokhani, and we combine with this movement a supporting fleet, while at the same time we may distract the attention of our adversaries, by blockading Sebastopol, whose distance from the Danube cannot exceed 200 miles: and who will dispute the reasonable certainty of success?—With less than 30,000 British Troops we won at Waterloo! and the memorials of St. Sebastian, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos and Acre, are before us!—who, then, will deny that we shall carry our object with such soldiers as the French and English, numbering 100,000 and aided by the brave armaments of the Ottoman Empire.

That some such movement as we have thus indicated is in contemplation we have additional grounds for believing, from the quietude of Omer Pacha, and the protracted anchorage of the fleets at Besika's Bay; and, notwithstanding the direction reported to have been taken by the latter towards Varna, we feel assured, that their seeming lethargy, which has provoked so much impatience, may be attributed to instructions to await the arrival and aid in the transport of our Troops to the theatre of War. And they should remain for them so long, at least, as the inaction

of the Russian ships in the Euxine, might permit such delay.

Having broken the Russian line of communication with Moldavia and Bessarabia, we soon enjoy the fruits of the movement. The advanced force under Omer Pacha will be secured,—the Russians remaining in Wallachia become literally entrapped,—a vast moral influence will be produced among the Molda-Wallachians who have already in many instances risen against the cruel oppressions of their invaders. By placing arms in the hands of these provincialists, we shall be enabled to convert them into useful allies, and with them and the Turks we may effectively garrison the captured fortresses. The Crimea, inhabited by a Tartar race will fall as a corollary to this our first success—and our position in Asia will be freed from anxiety.

We have thus intimated what we conceive to be the course most likely to be taken for the distraction and defeat of the Russian forces on the western and northern shores of the Euxine, and we now direct a glance towards the Baltic where our adversary will find his utmost resources necessary for the preservation of his fleets, his forts, and of St. Petersburg itself. The last we consider to be mainly vulnerable through Finland, a country stated to be fretting against domination;—nor does this seem improbable, for it must be remembered that the Russian tenure of that possession only dates from 1809, and consequently that there must be numbers of men still living who remember their subjugation, and scowl upon their conquerors. The Oesel and Aland\* Islands will perhaps be the first positions to be taken, but we must look for great sacrifices before the destruction or occupation of such defences as those of Revel, Cronstadt, or Helsingfors can be effected. Of this theatre, however, we take leave with the full conviction that the conduct of our affairs could not be in safer or sterner hands than those of Napier—and in doing so we should feel more at ease, could we reckon upon his being favoured with a meeting at sea by the Russian fleet, although it is said to include in its array no less than twenty-eight sail of the line. Judging however, from the care which has been taken by the Czar to increase the dangers of the Baltic navigation, it would seem to be the design to limit himself to the defence of his positions, when his ships will be in a state of comparative safety. And here we consign ourselves to a firm faith, and the exercise of a patience which will not be abused.

\*Aland has already been evacuated.

## A GIGANTIC CALIFORNIAN EVERGREEN TREE—THE WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA.

UNDER this imposing title the *Gardeners' Chronicle* notices a new tree discovered by Mr. Wm. Lobb, well known as the collector of the Messrs. Veitch. This is probably the most magnificent tree of the Californian forests; and the fact of its being discovered, named, and introduced into England before we have heard a word of it in this country, shows how far we are behind England in botanical and arboricultural enterprise. Long ago our government should have sent competent collectors to explore the vast forest of California and Oregon, and bring their treasures to the light of day. Had they done so, this gigantic evergreen might have been known under an American instead of an English name. As it is, however, we rejoice to hear of its introduction. We copy the following account of it from the *Gardeners' Chronicle* :—

“When the unfortunate Douglas was last in California, he wrote thus in a letter to Sir William Hooker, of a coniferous tree inhabiting that country: ‘But the great beauty of Californian vegetation is a species of *Taxodium*, which gives the mountains a most peculiar, I was almost going to say awful appearance—something which plainly tells us we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree 270 feet long and 32 feet round at three feet above the ground. Some few I saw upwards of 300 feet high, but none in which the thickness was greater than those which I have instanced.’ What was that tree? No seeds or specimens ever reached Europe, although it appears that he possessed both.

“The late professor Endlicher referred Douglas’ plant to *Sequoia*, calling it *gigantea*, and framing his distinctive character upon the representation of a supposed *Taxodium sempervirens*, figured in Hooker’s “*Icones*,” p. 379, from Douglas’ last collections. But that plate, although with neither flowers nor fruit, represents beyond all question a branchlet of *Abies bracteata*. It is therefore evident that no materials exist for determining what Douglas really meant by his “*Taxodium*,” which may or may not have belonged to that genus, or, as Endlicher conjectured, to *Sequoia*. But species in natural history cannot be founded upon conjecture.

“The other day we received from Mr. Veitch branches and cones of a most remarkable coniferous tree from California, seeds and a living specimen of which had just been brought him by

his excellent collector, Mr. W. Lobb, who, we are happy to say, has returned loaded with fine things. Of that tree Mr. Lobb has furnished the following account:—

“This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head waters of the Stanislaus and San Antonio rivers, in lat. 38° N., long. 120° 10' W., at an elevation of 5000 feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from 250 feet to 320 feet in height and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequoia (Taxodium) sempervirens*, some are solitary, some are in pairs, while some, and not infrequently, stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, of 29 feet 2 inches, at five feet from the ground; at eighteen feet from the ground it was 14 feet 6 inches through; at one hundred feet from the ground, 14 feet; and at two hundred feet from the ground, 5 feet 5 inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon brown, and from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendant, and resembling a Cypress or Juniper. The leaves are pale grass green; those of the young trees are spreading with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about two and a half inches long, and two inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid, from the sap-wood to the centre; and judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at 3000 years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish color, like Redwood or *Taxodium sempervirens*. Of this vegetable monster, twenty-one feet of the bark, from the lower part of the trunk, have been put in the natural form in San Francisco for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for forty persons. On one occasion one hundred and forty children were admitted without inconvenience. An exact representation of this tree, drawn on the spot, is now in the hands of the lithographers, and will be published in a few days.

“What a tree is this!—of what portentous aspect and almost fabulous antiquity! They say that the specimen felled at the junction of the Stanislaus and San Antonio was above 3000 years old; that is to say, it must have been a little plant when Samson was slaying the Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen, or Æneas car-

rying off good *pater* Anchises upon his filial shoulders. And this may well be true, if it does not grow above two inches in diameter in twenty years, which we believe to be the fact.

“At all events, we have obtained the plant. The seed received by Messrs. Veitch has all the appearance of vitality; and since the tree is hardy and evergreen, it is a prodigious acquisition. But what is its name to be!

“Are the plants of Lobb and Douglas identical? Possibly no doubt; for Douglas reached lat. 38 deg. 45 min. N., and therefore was within the geographical range of Lobb's discovery. But it is quite as possible that he meant some other tree, also of gigantic dimensions; and it is hardly to be imagined that so experienced a traveller would have mistaken a tree with the foliage of a Cypress and the cones of a Pine for a *Taxodium*, and still less for the species of *sempervirens*. Besides the slenderness of the specimens he saw, is greatly at variance with the colossal proportions of the plant before us. That, at all events, the latter cannot be regarded as a *Sequoia* we have explained in another column; and we think that no one will differ from us in feeling that the most appropriate name to be proposed for the most gigantic tree which has been revealed to us by modern discovery is that of the greatest of modern heroes. Wellington stands as high above his contemporaries as the Californian tree above all the surrounding foresters. Let it then bear henceforward the name of *Wellingtonia Gigantea*. Emperors and kings and princes have their plants and we must not forget to place in the highest rank among them our own great warrior.

Never allow your face to express what your pocket feels. The more the latter is pinched, the more the former should smile. The Spartan youth would not allow any one to see a wolf gnawing his vitals. So with you, if you cannot keep the wolf out of your interior, at all events do not let the world know it.

The most expensive article you can wear is a coat out of elbows. It is extraordinary the number of odd things you never dreamt of that you will be called upon to pay in consequence of that coat!

UNPLEASANT.—Knowing Hibernians, of cucumbrian coolness, who borrow your money, drink your best wine, smoke your best cigars, lame your favourite hunter, and make fun of you to your wife.

The most economical dinner is when you invite a creditor to dine with you; but be sure you dine at Richmond, or Greenwich, or the Clarendon. Be sure the dinner is the best.

What is friendship? Too frequently the wooden handle to a bill!

## JONATHAN AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Miss Smith, may I have the pleasure of taking a bath with you, or of bathing you? is an invitation which one often hears at this place from a gentleman to a lady, just as at a ball the invitation is to a quadrille or a waltz, and I have never heard the invitation refused. Very various are the scenes which on all sides present themselves in the bathing republic. Here a young, handsome couple, in elegant bathing attire, go dancing out into the wild waves, holding each other by the hand, and, full of joy and courage of life, ready to meet anything,—the great world's sea and all its billows! There again is an elderly couple in gray garments, holding each other steadily by the two hands, and popping up and down in the waves, just as people dip candles, with solemn aspects, and merely observant to keep their footing, and doing all for the benefit of health. Here is a young smiling mother bearing before her her little beautiful boy, a naked cupid, not a year old, who laughs and claps his hands for joy as the wild waves dash over him. Just by is a fat grandmother with a life preserver round her body, and half sitting on the sands, in evident fear of being drowned for all that, and when the waves come rolling onward, catching hold of some of her leaping and laughing great children and grand-children who dance around her. Here a graceful young girl, who now, for the first time, bathes in the sea, flies before the waves into the arms of father or mother in whose embrace it may dash over her; there is a group of wild young women holding each other by the hand, dancing around and screaming aloud every time a wave dashes over their heads; and there in front of them is a yet wilder swarm of young men, who dive and plunge about like fishes, much to the amazement of the porpoises (as I presume,) who, here and there, pop their huge heads out of the billows, but which again disappear as a couple of large dogs rush forward through the water towards them in hope of a good prize.

## IMITATIVE POWERS OF THE CHINESE.

It is generally supposed that the Chinese will not learn anything: but no people are more ready to learn if it is likely to be attended with advantage. They have lately been taught to make glass, and turn out bronze argand lamps and globes, emblazoned with the London maker's name all complete; and actually export these lamps to Batavia. They like putting an English name on their commodities, and are as free with the word "patent" as any manufacturer in Germany. They excel in the manufacture of locks,

particularly padlocks. One of my friends gave an order to a tradesman to varnish a box, furnished with a Chubb's lock, of which he had two keys, and one of these he sent with the box, retaining the other himself. When the box came back, he found that his key would not turn the lock, though the one he had given to the tradesman acted very well. Thinking some trick had been played, he accused the man of having changed the lock; and, after some evasion, he acknowledged the fact, stating that, on examination, he had found it such an excellent one, that he took it off and kept it, making another exactly like it, with maker's name, and everything complete, except that the original key would not open it. Their mechanical contrivances generally have some defect of this kind. They have never made a watch that will keep time.

## CHARACTER OF GOLDSMITH.

Who, of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change; as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building air-castles for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage of necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could ever harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the village, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however, busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

## ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

## CHAPTER V.

THOUGH Mr. Abbott dare not venture to deny that Mahometanism was the main cause of Egyptian ignorance, without a word of censure, in a tone of something very like applause, which he would openly bestow if he only dared to do so, he tells us what is as patent and undeniable as the visible sun at noon-day, that, far from intending to abolish the imposture of Mahometanism, to substitute the truly ennobling and elevating truths of Christianity, the selfish and Godless Corsican was prepared to disavow even his merely nominal Christianity, and openly, and in all due form, to become a Mahometan. To every man of common sense and of right principle, it must be painfully evident that Mr. Abbott is prepared to make use of any sophistry, of any chance, however clumsy or however unprincipled, for the sake of setting Napoleon in the most favorable, and Britain in the most unfavorable, light before his agape and credulous readers.— Nothing short of a fixed determination to do so, could possibly induce a writer of any attainments, to talk to us about Napoleon's cheerful endurance of toil, fatigue, and privation, in the prosecution of his designs, knowing as even Mr. Abbott must know, that it is plain to the meanest capacities, that toil, fatigue, and privation, are the first and most indispensable elements of action, or in execution of unprincipled and ruthless scheming. Yet in representing Napoleon as enduring toil, fatigue, and privation, for the sake of elevating, ennobling, and enriching lethargic nations, Mr. Abbott shows us at once how utterly destitute he is of candor, and of either the love or the practice of truthfulness, and how utterly destitute he must needs deem his readers to be even of the lowest and commonest powers of intuitive discernment, to say nothing about analysis and logical deduction. But Mr. Abbott goes farther still; he impudently charges all Napoleon's practical failure and terrible losses not to his own blunders, but to Britain. Yes! this unscrupulous writer, when compelled to confess that, notwithstanding all the frightful crimes and

cruelties of which Napoleon had been guilty, he was defeated by a comparative handful of Turks, led and aided by actually a mere handful of British seamen, and their gallant and accomplished officer Sir Sydney Smith; coolly tells us that the whole is to be charged against the injustice and the cruelty of the allies. If, argues, Mr. Abbott, Napoleon had conquered at Acre, all success must needs have attended him in his onward progress; and of course the "lofty ambition" of the Corsican would have been crowned with full success; he and his brigands would have marched triumphantly from the Nile to the Ganges, ennobling their enemies by butchering them in pitched battles, or shooting them down, as prisoners of war, elevating women by insults, rousing lethargic nations to enterprise and industry by burning their towns and laying waste their fields, and teaching them thrift by leaving them not a piastre either to spend or to save. But that inopportune Nelson, and that impertinently daring and skilful Sir Sydney Smith, spoiled all these glorious prospects, and defeated all those benevolent projects. Napoleon was, in plain terms, disgracefully defeated at Acre; and Mr. Abbott thus touchingly romances there aent. "The Druses and other tribes hostile to the Porte, were in a state of great dismay when they learned that the French were retiring. They knew that they must encounter terrible vengeance at the hands of Achmet the butcher. The victory of the allies riveted upon them anew their chains, and a wail which would have caused the ear of Christendom to tingle, ascended from terrified villages, as fathers, and mothers, and children cowered beneath the storm of vengeance which fell upon them from the hand of the merciless Turk. But England was too far away for the shrieks to be heard in her pious dwellings."

It would puzzle that proverbially astute personage a Philadelphia lawyer to decide whether this passage should more powerfully excite indignation or merit contempt. What does Mr. Abbott mean by his sneers at "pious" England? the British sovereign, his ministers, and his gallant chieftains, military or naval, had not renounced Christianity, or recognised the creed of the impostor Mahomet? Was it England who sent an expedition into Egypt? Agonized and despairing shrieks,



no doubt were heard, from Acre to Jaffa; but those shrieks were caused solely by the ambition of Napoleon. Britain and her allies were utterly innocent of all the vile atrocities of which Egypt was the scene. And Mr. Abbott, though unprincipled enough to charge those atrocities upon Britain, is so utterly destitute of even a plausible argument in support of his assertions, that even he, wholly unrestrained as he proves himself to be by any moral considerations, does not venture to attempt to argue the case.

Of the various murderous actions in which Napoleon fiercely and perseveringly, but vainly, endeavored to obtain a permanent footing in Egypt, or to make a decided progress towards the Turkish conquest which his vanity had represented to him as so certain and even so facile, we have neither space nor inclination to speak in any detail. We have shown that Napoleon, though nominally the general of the Directory of France, really and deliberately entered Egypt as an adventurer seeking wealth and despotic power on his own account, and without one real care or thought about that *disenthralled* France which Britain and her allies wished to enthrall again by enthroning a discarded and hated king, and that his conduct in Egypt, like his subsequent conduct in Russia, fully showed that vanity, greed, and an ambition cruel as it was boundless, occasionally obtained so complete a predominance over his better judgment and clearer perceptions, that he was as pitifully short-sighted and overweening in self-confidence as the meanest drummer boy in his army could have shown himself.

In certain of his battles, but especially in the final and terrible one, in which, within sight of Aboukir Bay, he captured Mustapha Pacha and utterly routed that brave though unsuccessful general's army, on the 26th of July, 1799, Napoleon was undoubtedly splendidly triumphant, but his success was, as to the realization of the designs with which he had entered Egypt, as utterly worthless as that slight specimen of an engagement in which, for a lady's amusement "he had, some years previously, caused his own men and the Austrians to cut each other's throats.

The French were victorious over Mustapha Pacha, and that gallant man was their prisoner, —but though Napoleon called Egypt a French

province, and created an Egyptian Chamber of Commerce, the whole coast was so strictly blockaded that not so much as a fishing boat could sail into or out of port, and he knew that he and his army were just so many prisoners in a strange land, without means to march upon Turkey or to return to France, and with exceedingly small prospect of making their newly acquired colony a very desirable abode as regarded health or safety. Even Mr. Abbott is compelled to confess that the situation was anything rather than a pleasant one; though he is utterly silent as to any slight touch of remorse of conscience felt by the heroic Corsican, on the score of the frightful sacrifice of life through which he had purchased the rather doubtful triumph of becoming the master of a colony which he could neither occupy to advantage, nor quit eastward with hope, or westward with safety.

Scott, in his dry way, sums up the results of Napoleon's murders and marches by saying that, victor as he was over Mustapha Pacha, "the situation of Napoleon no longer permitted him those brilliant and immense prospects in which his imagination loved to luxuriate. *The march upon Constantinople was now an impossibility, that to India an empty dream.*" Abbott is less pithily than Sir Walter Scott; but he is more jaunty, more sunnily prolix, and quite inimitable in the dogged drollery with which he shows that the Napoleonic dilemma was, after all, no more of a dilemma than a hero should be placed in, and obviously only a rather round-about road to despotic power further west. Having given a very glowing account of the battle of Aboukir, in which Mustapha Pacha was defeated and taken prisoner—having given this account, in terms which read very like an extract from some historical almanac, Abbott proceeds thus:—

"Egypt was now quiet;" Abbott saith, "not a foe remained to be encountered. No immediate attack from any quarter was to be feared. Nothing remained to be done but to carry on the routine of the infant colony. These duties, required no especial genius, and could be very creditably performed by any respectable governor."

Even we cannot withhold our applause from the workmanlike manner in which Mr. Abbott thus attempts a vindication of his hero. The

cool and easy dexterity with which he prepares to justify Napoleon's dastardly abandonment of the army entrusted to him by the Directory, and sneaking away from Egypt with less than half a score of followers, including all his best subordinates, (with the exception of Kleber and Menou,) and leaving the remains of his force to extricate themselves as best they might, is, at the least admirable.

"It was, however, but a barren victory which Napoleon had obtained at such an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. It was in vain for the isolated army, cut off, by the destruction of their navy, from all intercourse with Europe, to think of the invasion of India." [Very vain, indeed!] "Egypt was of no possible avail, with the Mediterranean crowded with English, Russian, and Turkish cruisers. For the same reason it was impossible for the army to leave those shores and return to France. Thus the victorious French in the midst of all their triumphs, found that they had built up for themselves prison walls, from which, though they could repel their enemies, there was no escape. The sovereignty of Egypt alone, was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon. Destiny, he thought, deciding against an empire in the East, was only guiding him back to an empire in the West."

Mr. Abbott has here given us food for meditation. The French had, according to him, "caught a tartar." We should rather say, that it was Napoleon, the far-sighted and infallible, who had caught that same Tartar, and this too with an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. Truly, that was a barren victory, (although Mr. Abbott says so,) and so the sovereignty of Egypt was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon! Mr. Abbott has by this time discovered that Napoleon did possess boundless ambition. He forsook his troops and ingloriously fled, guided by that destiny which denied him an empire in the East, only to guide him back to an empire in the West. Mr. Abbott almost admits here that it was *not* quite in pure and unadulterated patriotism that Napoleon, well served by Josephine and his other relatives and spies in Paris, hastened away from his wretchedly ill situated army in Egypt, that army which he had placed in a position which even Abbott describes as so

unenviable, and in which it had been placed solely in consequence of overweening vanity and ambition. We should be inclined to believe that Mr. Abbott must have found himself, at this particular stage of his History, almost in as unenviable a situation as Napoleon, when, like the stiff-necked children of Israel, he was left by the destruction of his fleet, literally in a house of bondage. His difficulty, however, did not last as the following extract shows:—

"For months, now, Napoleon had received no certain intelligence respecting Europe. Sir Sydney Smith, either in the exercise of a gentlemanly courtesy, or enjoying a malicious pleasure in communicating to his victor tidings of disaster upon disaster falling upon France, sent to him a file of newspapers full of the most humiliating intelligence. The hostile fleet, leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men buried in the sands or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared. Napoleon spent the whole night, with most intense interest examining these papers. He learned that France was in an indescribable state of confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was disregarded and despised; that plots and counter-plots, conspiracies and assassinations filled the land. He learned, to his astonishment, that France was again involved in war with monarchical Europe; that the Austrians had invaded Italy anew, and driven the French over the Alps; and that the banded armies of the European kings were crowding upon the frontiers of the distracted Republic. "Ah!" he exclaimed to Bourienne, "my forebodings have not deceived me. The fools have lost Italy. All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately and, if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

How ingenious is this paragraph. France, the beloved France, was now the one great, the one only object of Napoleon's anxious love—when to play Pacha in the East was an evident impossibility! Mr. Abbott, however, does not carry his hero quite so handsomely out of Egypt as, from our experience of his unscrupulous devotedness as eulogist we had anticipated that he would. There is no lack of bombast, there is not merely an abundance,

but a superabundance, of unwarranted assertion, and of that sort of comment which offends the moral sense by its injustice, not unmingled with impiety, and revolts taste by its clumsy absurdity. With his practice in such performances, he really might have given us, at the least, a more plausible and less assailable account of his hero's flight from Egypt and return to France.

That Napoleon had been for ten months without any certain intelligence as to affairs in Europe we neither do nor can believe.—Espionage, to say nothing about plotting, was too inherent in and ineradicable from the nature of Napoleon to allow us, even if we were left to mere conjecture, to believe that, during so long a space of time, he, well knowing the amiable predilection of his dear France, for one at least monthly emeute and quarterly tinkering up of the last new Constitution, would allow Josephine, and his relatives, to be thus idle. Moreover, as Mr. Abbott (who has not merely read Scott attentively but reprinted him very unceremoniously), must well know, we are not in this case left to mere conjecture; Scott, with his usual accuracy and pains-taking, having pretty strong ground, has told us, that Napoleon prior to the receipt of the papers in question, had acquired the intelligence which he pretended, that he for the first time received from the papers forwarded to him by Sir Sydney Smith. It may be, that those papers really were forwarded to him by the gallant British sailor; but we confess that, though Mr. Abbott suggests two motives of a very opposite kind which he thinks might have induced the gallant British sailor to forward those papers; we see great difficulty in believing that either the one motive or the other would have actuated the chivalric and high minded Sir Sydney to such a step, in such a conjuncture. Gentlemanly courtesy was, no doubt, part and parcel of the nature of that hero of whom Britain is so justly proud; but the officers, whether naval or military, of the British crown, are not very prone to exchanging courtesies with men who had so tarnished the name of humanity by their ruthless deeds. In fact Sir Sydney Smith, with his high and fine sense of honour, necessarily must, and evidently did, consider Napoleon as little better than a brigand.—Again, Mr. Abbott judging other men, we

presume, by *self knowledge*, suggests that, if not in gentlemanly courtesy, which he is evidently unwilling to concede, still, in malice, Sir Sydney might have sent these papers.—That Sir Sydney would have shot down or cut down Napoleon the renegade, if he had ventured his precious person in the breach at Acre, or that he would have given him short shrift and a swift run up to the yard arm, had he captured him at sea, we think most probable, but the petty, the paltry, the ineffably small spitefulness, which Napoleon would readily have practised, and which his pseudo-biographer would have rapturously applauded, was altogether beneath the high spirit, altogether inconceivable by the virile and glowing mind of the British hero. We confess, then, that we altogether doubt that Sir Sydney sent the papers to Napoleon at all, whether in the courteous or in the malicious spirit which Mr. Abbott seems to think equally likely to have actuated him. That Napoleon told Bourienne that he owed the pleasant perusal of those papers to Sir Sydney Smith we do not doubt; but there are too many proofs before us of Napoleon's readiness to make falsehood serve his turn when truth could not do so, to allow of our looking upon anything that he said to Bourienne upon that subject, as being any the more likely to be true because he said it. *Ne crede, presertim si jurat*, is a maxim especially applicable to all the sayings of the great Idol of Mr. Abbott's, not altogether disinterested worship; for he was never either more positive, more particular, or more emphatic, in what he said had been done, or sworn should be done, than when what, he thus said or swore, was utterly false, and required only the lapse of a brief space of time to prove it so. We are fully of opinion that however, or from whomsoever Napoleon got these papers, they gave him no iota of information which he had not previously received, clandestinely, from his wife; nay more, we no less firmly believe that he knew from that source what the newspapers could not tell him, to wit, that his relations had, during the whole period of his long absence from France, been busily engaged in plotting and agitating in both Paris and the provinces to keep his name before the public as the only man who could save France, and to bring about such a state of things as would render

it easy for him to step into power whenever he should abandon his cut-throats of the Egyptian expedition and suddenly return to Paris, as they doubtless anticipated that he sooner or later would. While Bourienne fancied that Napoleon said, "Ah! my forebodings have not deceived me!" he in fact, said, in the Napoleonic, a language which honest men both before Bourienne and since, have found it difficult to translate with any great accuracy: "Ah, Josephine and the rest have been neither idle nor untrue; these papers tell me nearly all they have written to me, and report to me as done, and done with true Italian craft, too, all that they promised I vowed that they would do! That dear Josephine! as good as a whole Heaven! humph! if she had but fewer years and more economy?"

And here let us ask how even Mr. Abbott, when speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, in relation to Napoleon, can call Napoleon his victor!—his Victor! True it is that Napoleon defeated the Turks under Mustapha Pacha at Aboukir, equally true it is that Sir Sydney had given that officer the benefit of his great skill, so far as advice, as to the position of the Turkish forces went, and equally true it is that, seeing the day lost to the Turks, Sir Sydney resumed his proper place on his favourite element.—But Napoleon was not *his* victor; nay, both Napoleon and his biographer concur in proving that Sir Sydney Smith was Napoleon's victor; that had Sir Sydney Smith not baffled and beaten back the French at Acre; and "had not Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without difficulty;" and then—(according to Abbott) "the imagination is bewildered in contemplating the result which might have ensued."

Again, with what an unction, with what an, as it were, lip licking glee, Mr. Abbott proceeds to tell us that, when Sir Sydney had sent to Napoleon those papers "the hostile fleet leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men buried in the sands, or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared."

Mr. Abbott, instead of calculating honestly and laying before his readers the enormous sacrifice of life in Egypt, indulges in the following rhapsody, which we think the reader will find as pertinent to the subject as most of that gentleman's digressions.

"To the pure spirits of a happier world, in the sacred companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have proved a spectacle worthy of a Pandemonium. And yet, the human heart is so wicked that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and heroism. We are indeed a fallen race."

Let no man doubt the correctness with which Mr. Abbott tells us of the "strange pleasure" and the "wickedness of the human heart."

"He best can paint them, who has felt them most," and Mr. Abbott, in addition to any occasional glance he may have bestowed upon his own heart, has had the advantage of reading all that Napoleon so unblushingly exhibits of *his* heart—the most selfish, and one of the most cruel, that ever pulsed. We did not exactly need an Abbott to tell us that we are a fallen race; but assuredly no one is more fully warranted in stating that fact, as from personal experience, or more fully qualified to exemplify his statement by his own peculiar style of writing, than Mr. Abbott.

But let us proceed to learn what Napoleon pretended to learn from the papers which had been sent to him by Sir Sydney Smith.

"He learned that France was in an indescribable state of confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was despised and disregarded, that plots, and counter plots, conspiracies, and assassinations were rife in the land."

How long back from this passage is it that Abbott told us that France was disenthralled, and Napoleon's sanguinary doings in Egypt were especially justified by the fact, Britain and her allies wickedly endeavouring to *re-enthral* France, and to force upon her unwilling re-acceptance a discarded and hateful King. Chesterfield, himself, had no greater dislike than we have to the Sancho Panzarism of perpetual proverbial quotation; yet we really must remind you of, and refer you to, an ancient and venerable proverb which pointed out a class of people which stands in especial need of the blessing of a good memory. What! Positively as Mr. Abbott has assured us, that France at this time was en-

amoured of her new government, and wildly indignant and deeply grieved at the mere idea of having forced back upon her that non-existent personage, her "discarded and hated King." What! France, all this time, was *not disenfranchised*; but, on the contrary, was plotting, counterplotting, conspiring and assassinating, in detestation of the measures of "the imbecile government of the Directory!" How are we to reconcile these conflicting statements? Simply enough, and with great facility. When Mr. Abbott said that France was *disenfranchised*, it was his cue and his desire, to justify Napoleon's doings in Egypt; now, it has become equally his desire and his necessity to show some plausible cause for Napoleon quitting the army which he had so cruelly made at once the dupes and victims of his ambition, and departing from Egypt stealthily, and under shelter of the darkness of the night; and  *presto!* at a moment's notice, and without one qualm of conscience, he re-enthralled France in an enthrallment so utterly unendurable as to be feared exceedingly of plots, counterplots, conspiracies and assassinations, to the filling of the land!

Mr. Abbott tells us that Napoleon exclaimed to Bourienne:

"The fools have lost Italy; all the fruits of our victories have disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately, and if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

Mr. Abbott would, no doubt, in his mild and especially candid way, suggest to us that Napoleon could have no interest in deceiving Bourienne, and that, consequently, his having told the same tale to Bourienne that Mr. Abbott tells to the world, furnishes precisely, the corroborative evidence which we have called upon him to produce. We must, however, reluctantly contradict Mr. Abbott, even upon that point. Napoleon *had* an interest in deceiving even Bourienne; an interest springing out of the sorest and most intense vanity that ever disgraced a man, and this was the fear of being truly represented to the world, and we are borne out in the assertion by all Napoleon's subsequent acts. He feared lest the intelligence of his real reasons for leaving Egypt should be fathomed and displayed.

Having given his credulous readers to understand that Napoleon did not desert his army in Egypt from any apprehension of ruin should the troops of the Sultan fall upon him in full force, Mr. Abbott appropriately closes his account thereof with a string of rhodomontade sentences, a few of which we shall quote. "It was"—says he—"a signal peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon that his decisions appeared to be instinctive rather than deliberative." Has Mr. Abbott never seen the admirable instinct of self preservation unmixed with the baser matter of cool deliberation exemplified by persons far less notorious than our Hero when placed in circumstances of imminent peril. Precisely of that sort doubtless, was the "instinctive decision" of Napoleon in his sudden and stealthy departure from the land of the Pharaohs. Again—"with rapidity of the lightning's flash, his mind contemplated all the considerations upon each side of a question and instantaneously came to the result. These judgments, apparently so hasty, combined all the wisdom which others obtain by the slow and painful process of weeks of deliberation and uncertainty." We have always been taught to consider "contemplation" a mental process of a more slow and deliberative character than the passage of a streak of lightning, and must therefore demur to the force of our author's simile. In sober truth, however, it required no great effort of genius to decide even without "the painful deliberation of weeks," that being as he was between the Turk and the deep sea, it could not but be favourable to his longevity to take himself both speedily and stealthily from a vicinity so perilous. Again—"It was Napoleon's custom never to hesitate between this plan and that plan, but instantaneously and without the slightest misgivings to decide upon that very course to which the most slow and mature deliberation would have guided him." We respectfully suggest that had Mr. Abbott bestowed a little more of the mature deliberation which he seems to hold in such small estimation, he would probably have qualified his rapturous approval of Napoleon's custom of making decision without deliberation. In the present case his "lightning flash" decisions was probably the "better part of valour" inasmuch as

"He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day;  
But he who is in battle slain,  
Will never live to fight again."

Mr. Abbott would display less than his usual amount of partizanship, were he to leave his readers to imagine that in the matter of "instinctive decisions," Napoleon merely displayed the vulgar instinct of getting speedily out of the way of danger, and accordingly he follows up the statement of the alleged fact of Napoleon's instinctive genius deciding on keeping the safety of Paris with the following most fulsome passage. "This instinctive promptness of correct decision was one great secret of his mighty power. It pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant. The promptness of his decision was only equalled by the energy of his execution. He therefore accomplished in hours that which would have engrossed the energies of other minds for days."

Whether in the insertion of an adjective or in the bold assertion of an incorrect statement, our author shows himself to possess an unenviable facility. That Napoleon decided with promptness may be true—but on what grounds Mr. Abbott ventures to assert that his decisions were "correct" we are at a loss to determine. Does the result of this very invasion of Egypt prove the "correctness" of his "prompt decisions." What was the result—to his character—of his prompt butchery of the victims who fell among the sand hills to the north-east of Jaffa? or of the Duc D'Enghien in the Castle ditch of Vincennes? of his divorce of the "beloved" Josephine and marriage of Maria Louisa of Austria? or of his invasion of Russia? Yet Mr. Abbott coolly inserts that significant word "correct" evidently relying on the carelessness of his readers for the success of the imposture.

Mr. Abbott draws liberally, indeed, on the credulity of his readers, and seems to forget that among arguments there is one called the "argumentum ad absurdum" when he gravely assures them that "it," that is "Napoleon's instinctive promptness of correct decision pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant." The name of these subjects is truly "legion;" but that Napoleon should be equally at home, for instance, on the most abstruse mathematical

problem,—the best method of snaring hares,—the art of making a bad book,—the best method of divorcing a beloved wife,—the art of cooking wild ducks, or any other of the ten thousand subjects which daily occupy human attention, is a fact left by able historians for Mr. Abbott to discover.

We have already shown strong reasons for believing that Napoleon did not decide "on the moment," but had made up his mind for a clear run many days, probably weeks, before Sir Sydney Smith is said to have sent him the papers, but whether decided upon from their contents or not, observe with what delicacy Mr. Abbott narrates the details of that treacherous and dastardly evasion. "One morning Napoleon announced his intention of going down the Nile to spend a few days in exploring the Delta, he took with him a small retinue, and striking across the Desert proceeded with the utmost celerity to Alexandria, where they arrived on the 22nd August. Concealed by the shades of the evening of the same day, he left the town with eight selected companions and escorted by a few of his faithful Guards, silently and rapidly they rode to a solitary part of the Bay, the party wondering what his movements could mean. Here they discerned dimly in the distance two frigates riding at anchor, and some fishing boats near the shore, waiting to receive them. Then Napoleon announced to his companions that their destination was France. The joy of the company was inconceivable." Little doubt of that! and we venture to assert that not one of them was more so than the Corsican himself, who was thus on the point of safely escaping from Egypt, and obviously indifferent whether Kleber, Menou and his followers could find means to imitate his sublime example or were doomed to lay down their heroic bones to whiten on the Desert sands. In this matter Mr. Abbott seems singularly careless as to the moral aspects of the conduct of his hero, which was marked by unblushing falsehood and heartless selfishness, but on which he does not utter even one passing remark of censure!

"The horses," proceeds Mr. Abbott, "were left on the beach to find their way to Alexandria. The victorious fugitives crowded into the boats and were rowed out in the dim and silent night to the frigates; the sails were immediately spread, and before the light of

morning dawned the low and sandy outline of the Egyptian shore had disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea." In what sense can Mr. Abbott call the shabby deserter of his army and his fellow fugitives—victorious? Not certainly over Sir Sydney Smith—he had baffled and beaten them at Acre; not over the obstacles that opposed their progress to Constantinople, for they were steering seaward with anxious hearts; not over the Sultan, for they were rapidly placing a few hundred leagues of blue sea between themselves and the Turkish scimitars. Victorious fugitives, forsooth! With as much propriety might he write in honor of victorious highwaymen and triumphant forgers. The evasion of Napoleon from Egypt being thus slurred over in utter contempt of moral principle we are left by our author to imagine the voyage of the illustrious fugitive and the names of the persons whom he took with him on that occasion: we, however, having no motive to actuate us either in suppressing the truth or in stating falsehood, volunteer to supply a few of them: they were Berthier, Murat, Lannes, Marmont, Dessaix, Bessieres, in a word, the whole of the best generals to whom, in after years, nine-tenths of that success was due which, by the negligence of some and the partiality of other historians, has been wholly ascribed to Napoleon. Thus taking with him the chosen few who might be most serviceable in furthering his selfish schemes in France, and so depriving the army of the men best qualified, in the absence of his own brilliant talents and readiness in devising expedients, to extricate it from the forlorn and perilous situation in which he had left it, we ask the intelligent reader if we are not warranted in expressing more than a doubt as to the motive which induced Mr. Abbott to use the general term "eight persons," instead of going into particulars calculated to lead even superficial readers to evidence so conclusive? We look in vain for any abatement of Mr. Abbott's excessive laudations of his hero, even when the circumstances of the case and the interest of truth so obviously demand it. Napoleon might have commissioned one or more of his generals or scientific men to bear to France his demands for supplies and reinforcements, which he could not doubt would be supplied—and we believe he would have adopted this course if he had

had the care of his army more, and his own selfish ends less, at heart. We have already pointed out the important difference between the generous magnanimity of such a writer as Scott and the unscrupulousness of Abbott, but we regret to state that—plagiarism apart—one British writer, William Hazlitt the elder, has the unenviable distinction of being most unscrupulous in defending the very worst acts of Napoleon—on this writer Abbott seems to have drawn very liberally.

Our author proceeds—"The expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises that human ambition ever conceived: the return to France combines still more, if possible, of the elements of the moral sublime." We appeal to our readers if this is not one of the most shameless and absurd assertions which Mr. Abbott has ventured to make. Apart from the obvious intention of bolstering up his client at all hazards its wild extravagance is really ludicrous. We can hardly imagine how such an outburst of the mock heroic could be penned except in irony, as a touch, at once delicate and keen, of that undeserved praise which is so truly said to be satire in disguise. But when he tells us that Napoleon's return to France "combined still more, if possible, the elements of the moral sublime" we scarcely know which is the more deserving of indignation, the recklessness of the assertion—or the insult which it is to every well regulated mind. We are again treated to some high sounding phrases about the "triumphant success" of Napoleon's plans *if* the disastrous destruction of the French fleet had not interfered. In this very "*if*" our author points at once to the condemnation of his hero, as it proves that "his instinctive promptness of correct decision" in commencing an atrocious enterprise did not prevent his entirely overlooking a contingency which his great military capacity should have clearly foreseen and amply provided against.

Mr. Abbott next proceeds to favor us with his own reasons for approving of Napoleon's return to France, which are in clear and direct opposition to all he had previously written about the propriety of the Egyptian expedition as a blow at England for her unjust attack upon *disenthralled* France.

Contemplate for a moment, "the moral aspects of this undertaking. A nation of thirty

millions of people, had been for ten years agitated by the most terrible convulsions. There is no atrocity which the human tongue can name, which had not desolated the doomed land. Every passion which can degrade the heart of fallen man, had swept with simoom blast over the cities and the villages of France."—"Constitution after constitution had risen like mushrooms in a night, and had perished like mushrooms in a day." "France had passed from Monarchy, not to a healthy Republicanism, but to Jacobinism, to the reign of the mob." Such had been essentially the state of France for nearly ten years. The great mass of the people were exhausted with suffering, and longed for repose. The land was filled with plots and counter-plots. But there was no man of sufficient prominence to carry with him the action. The government was despised and disregarded. France was in a state of chaotic ruin.

Will even the most lenient, after having duly compared this statement with Mr. Abbott's previous remarks about the *disenthralled* state of France, and tyrannous injustice with which Britain and her allies interfered with the amiable doings of that prosperous and enviable nation, accuse us of being too harsh in our strictures upon a writer so self-contradictory? The cool justification here put forth of the flight from Egypt, is only equalled by that with which Abbott so artfully tells us that:

"Many voices, here and there, began to inquire, where is Buonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt? He alone can save us," and adds: This world-wide renown turned the eyes of the nation to him as their only hope."

Will any sane man believe that Abbott doubts but that the "many voices here and there" of which he speaks in such apparent innocence and freedom were the voices of his "beloved Josephine" and his Corsican relatives, male and female, as heard in the gay assemblies, which never were more crowded than at that period of the great suffering and deep degradation of Infidel "France in a state of chaotic ruin? If by his expression of "here and there" he means that voices were heard repeating those words elsewhere it must have been the voices of spies and agitators employed by Josephine. To us the whole thing seems

so clear that we wonder an eulogist so zealous as Mr. Abbott did not see the propriety of leaving this part of his article unwritten, as calculated not to serve the cause of his hero, but, on the contrary, to excite a shrewd suspicion of the real origin of the "many voices" which thus spoke of Napoleon as the only man who could serve and save them. Is it not a well established fact that such intrigues had been constantly carried on by Josephine and his friends during Napoleon's bloody and dishonorable sojourn in Egypt; and that his evasion therefrom, and sudden appearance in France, his intrigues previous to and his treason and usurpation on the 18th Brumaire, had all been planned, even to the minutest particulars, probably long previous to his considering the pear ripe enough to warrant him in hazarding his whole future upon a single cast.

Mr. Abbott continues "under these circumstances Napoleon, then a young man but twenty-nine years of age and who, but three years before, had been unknown to fame or to fortune, resolved to return to France, to overthrow the miserable government by which the country was disgraced, to subdue anarchy at home and aggression from abroad, and to rescue thirty millions of people from ruin.—The enterprize was undeniably magnificent in its grandeur, and noble in its object." We wish our author were less precipitate and positive in applying that epithet *undeniably* to a variety of assumptions quite unwarranted by evidence. In what respect was this enterprize "undeniably magnificent in its grandeur and noble in its object? With what propriety can he say so, after having emphatically assured us that under that government, which it now suits him to call despised and disregarded, France was "unenthralled," and ruled as it had chosen to be ruled, and that it was flagrantly unjust on the part of Britain and her allies to make war upon it? Does he believe that honest men change their convictions as easily as libellers change their allegations?—Even admitting that he speaks truly of the Directorial government and that all his previous statements were incorrect, does he not see the dilemma which immediately presents itself, upon one or the other horn of which he must be impaled. If the usurping government was incapable of ruling with any other result than that of reducing France to a state



of chaotic ruin, the British and their allies had all the right to interfere with it which could be given by that government's vileness, by sympathy with the wrongfully exiled Bourbons, by a strong sense of duty alike towards God and towards man, and by that first law of nature, self-preservation? But, if it were so wrong for the British to interfere, by what process of reasoning can Mr. Abbott show that Napoleon was right in doing that which he condemns in them? As to subduing anarchy, we do not doubt Napoleon's disposition to do so, but to speak of the object of his enterprise being the saving of thirty millions from ruin is pure nonsense, and is in direct opposition to all Napoleon's antecedents. No degradation inflicted by the anarchical and imbecile government of the Directory was half so ruinous to the masses of these "thirty millions" as that Imperial tyranny, with its impoverishing wars and its murderous conscriptions.—Far from having aught of magnificence or of grandeur in it, this expedition was as selfish and as treasonable as the scheme of any conspirator from the "magnificent" enterprise of Cataline down to that of Thistlewood. Had the wretched conspirators against the British government of whom we have just made mention, been successful in their bloody and traitorous designs, we doubt not that their exploits would have found an eloquent chronicler in Mr. Abbott. Napoleon's command of the Egyptian army was derived from the authority and was dependent upon the pleasure of the Directory. If therefore Mr. Abbott can see 'Moral Sublimity' in his basely deserting the one with a view to support the authority of the other, we confess that we do not envy his code of morals.

Save me from my friends is a trite saying, and one very applicable to the extract we are about to give from Mr. Abbott. We should have expected that he would, in his anxiety to place his Hero in the most creditable light before the world, have attempted to paint Napoleon as at least bestowing one regretful thought on the critical position of the army he had abandoned, but no!—such common place would not serve Mr Abbott's purpose, who, instead, gives us the following:—

"Napoleon had formed a very low estimate of human nature, and consequently made great allowance for the infirmities incident to

his vanity. Bourienne reports him as saying "Friendship is but a name. I love no one; no, not even my brothers. Joseph perhaps a little. And if I do love him, it is from habit and because he is my elder. Duroc! Ah! Yes; I love him, too. But why? His character pleases me. He is cold, reserved, and resolute and I really believe that he never shed a tear. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. We must leave sensibility to the women. It is their business. Men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or with government. I am not amiable. No I am not amiable. I never have been. But I am just."

Any one taking up Abbott's life of Napoleon, at this particular passage, without a previous knowledge of the writer's aim, would be tempted to believe that he was actuated by the desire to exhibit his Hero to the world in a very ridiculous light. To him who had just read the account of his Egyptian expedition, it would appear still more extraordinary that, instead of ascribing to Napoleon some regretful thoughts as to the fate of the troops he was abandoning, he should allow his hero to indulge in the twaddle we have transcribed—and which so far from bearing the Napoleonic stamp, smacks more of the lack-a-daisical tone of some small imitator of Lord Byron.

Having made his hero give his sentiments on friendship, Mr. Abbott in the tone of an oracle bestowing some large treasure of new knowledge upon the world, makes Napoleon add as all sufficient proof of the non-existence of friendship. "I love no one; no, not even my brothers." Who, looking impartially and scrutinisingly upon the whole of that bad hearted man's life, needs to be told that he loved no one? But is the whole world to be judged incapable of Friendship, because one exception to the general tenderness and fidelity of the human heart was to be found in that man who in selfishness, and in ambition, was a complete and wonderful exception to our common humanity? That he should be destitute of power to feel one of the sweetest and noblest affections of our nature is by no means marvellous; on the contrary it would have been marvellous, indeed if he could regard any one, of the human race, in any

other light than as calculated to advance or to oppose his sovereign will and pleasure.

When Mr. Abbott made Napoleon exclaim, in speaking on friendship,—

“As to myself, I well know that I have not a true friend,” he proved nothing more than just that he was a heartless ingrate who did not deserve to have a true friend, though he had in the course of his bad career very many true friends, whose chief faults were their too blind, too devoted, too unscrupulous, and too inflexible attachments to a man whose instincts like those of the beasts of prey, combined unsocial sullenness and indifference to loss of life.

“No” says Napoleon, in his maudlin mood “no I am not amiable, I never was, but I am just.” It is, if we err not, that keenest of modern Satirist, that Juvenal in French prose, the Duc de Laroche-foucault, who says that when men want to blind the world and at once conceal a great vice and get credit for a great virtue which they do not possess, they commonly charge themselves with some foible which *they* do not deem one, though they use the world’s language in calling it one. This is precisely the aim of Napoleon in the passage which we have just quoted. Despising amiability, and well knowing that all who had ever heard of him well knew that he could no more justly lay claim to that quality than a grizzly Bear could, he disclaims amiability, that his candour on that point may mislead us into admitting that he was just. *He* whose whole life was one long tissue of injustice; more consistent than mortal man ever before or since had the opportunity to scourge the world with during so many years of impunity and impenitence! Napoleon had no greater desire to be just than he had to be amiable; but to be thought just was not so unimportant even to him, and therefore, it is that we find him at this crisis so ostentatiously telling what every one who knew any thing about him well knew already, to wit, that he was not amiable and never had been, hoping thereby to find acceptance for his assertion, of what, assuredly, no one would otherwise have dreamed of, to wit, that he was just. When we remember Napoleon’s well known vanity, we are almost, however tempted to believe that probably he was as nearly sincere as so essentially false a man

could be, when as a corollary from his own felt hardness of heart, he inferred that all the rest of the world were really as hard hearted as he, and that consequently, Friendship was merely a name. To him, it doubtless was such, and one of the few unexaggerated passages in Mr. Abbott well illustrates the intense selfishness and cold calculation that formed part and parcel of Napoleon.

“Though” there was no haughtiness in Napoleon’s demeanor he habitually dwelt in a region of elevation above all his officers.—Their talk was of cards, and wine, and pretty women. Napoleon’s thoughts were of Empire, of renown, of moulding the destinies of nations. They regarded him not as a companion but as a master whose wishes they loved to anticipate, for he would surely guide them to wealth, and fame and fortune. He contemplated them not as equals and confiding friends, but as efficient and valuable instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. Murat was to Napoleon as a body often thousand horsemen, ever ready for a resistless charge; Lannes was a phalanx of Infantry, bristling with bayonets, which neither artillery nor cavalry could batter or break down.—Augereau was an armed column of invincible troops, black, dense, massy, impetuous, resistless, moving with gigantic tread; wherever the finger of the conqueror pointed. These were but the members of Napoleon’s body, the limbs obedient to the mighty soul that swayed them. They were not the companions of his thoughts, they were only the servants of his will. The number to be found with-whom the soul of Napoleon could dwell in sympathetic friendship was few—very few.

Our readers, of course, remember how often and with what maudlin sentimentalism Mr. Abbott has extolled the generosity, the disinterestedness and the tenderness of Napoleon; and yet what a perfect, though unlovely, picture has he here given us of the utter selfishness which was the motive of every thought, word and deed of this gifted but bad man.—That there was no haughtiness in Napoleon’s demeanor is ridiculously untrue; and Mr. Abbott himself has supplied more than one very graphic and impressive proof that he *was* haughty, or, to speak more plainly, that he was sullen in his demeanor not only towards his officers generally, but even to those

whose early companionship with him, when he and they were school-boys at Brienne, or boy subalterns in the Royal army of France would have caused any other man but himself to relax somewhat for the memory of "auld lang syne."

Had we space to spare for parallel columns of contradictions of Abbott by Abbott, we would present our readers with a sheet of matter far more amusing than most of that which fills the volumes of D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Our readers know how very hard he has hitherto laboured to show that Napoleon and France were all for peace and quietness, and really desirous of avoiding war, looking upon Europe, but more especially upon Britain, as being no less cruel than unjust for balking the peaceable thirty millions of French in their sincere and anxious endeavors to remain at peace with all mankind. No sooner has Mr. Abbott impressed his readers with the conviction that Napoleon really desired peace, and that his return had been prompted by a sincere wish to serve his adopted country, than, forgetful of the arguments he had just employed, he sets about preparing the reader for the change forced upon his hero by the peculiar position in which he found his beloved France placed.

Napoleon now (*i. e.* after his reconciliation with the pure, beloved, and economical Josephine) "with a stronger heart turned to the accomplishment of his designs to rescue France from anarchy. He was fully conscious of his own ability to govern the nation. He knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power. He was confident of their cordial co-operation in any plans he might adopt. Still it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five directors from their thrones and to get the control of the Council of Ancients and of the Five Hundred. Never was a difficult achievement more adroitly and proudly accomplished."

Of Napoleon's consciousness of his own ability to govern the nation we do not for a moment feel a doubt. To govern despotically he needed only power; nature had superabundantly gifted him with all the requisite despotism of will; and as, in his vocabulary, the nation meant a land of submissive slaves,

populous enough to supply him with armies and industrious enough to supply him with money, munitions of war and provisions, it needed very considerably less vanity than he possessed to assure him that, if he could but get the requisite dictatorial power, no matter by what pretences or under what title, he could govern the nation, very entirely to his own satisfaction, at the very least. But here ends, almost as soon as it has commenced, our agreement with Abbott. How does he make it out that Napoleon "well knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power. To our Anglo-American dullness this seems to be anything but clear, especially as we are not informed how Napoleon knew this so well! Was the information gathered from the secret correspondence carried on between him and Josephine while he was in Egypt? from the companions of his voyage, from the frigate's crew? while travelling from Frejus to Paris post haste? or during a residence in Paris of only a very few days, which days were spent in an almost complete retirement? So far from agreeing with Abbott as to the general wish on the part of the French people, we have before us the proof that when Napoleon landed in France, no one excepting himself and his own clique wished him to "grasp the reins of power," and that, if we set aside the very natural jealousy of the government, from its official knowledge of Napoleon's real character, no one, when Napoleon first landed in France from Egypt even suspected him of the insolent and unpri-  
vileged ambition of which he shortly afterwards gave such striking and decisive proofs.

Mr. Abbott, who formerly talked so loudly and so largely about the *disenthralled* state of France at the time when Napoleon was in Egypt, and who has since, in order to justify the conduct of Napoleon in deserting his post, represented the Directory as "a despised and disregarded government, whose absurd measures had filled the land with plots and counterplots and assassinations," now contradicts himself once more and tells us, that, confident as he felt of the almost unanimous assent of the people to his seizure of the reins of power, "still it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five Directors from their thrones, and to get the control of the council of the Ancients and the Five Hundred."

Why we ask was this enterprise so difficult? How does this alleged difficulty square with "the despised and disregarded," and almost universally unpopular government, and the almost unconscious leaning in favor of Napoleon on the part of the people at large? We confess ourselves unable to reconcile discrepancies so glaring as these. Let us, however, examine another contradiction or two, on the part of the Anti-British Mr. Abbott; "Moreau and Bernadotte were the two rival generals from whom Napoleon had the most to fear.—Two days after his arrival in Paris, Napoleon said to Bourienne, "I believe that I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. He prefers military to political power. We shall gain him by the promise of a command. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He does not like me, and I am certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture anything. Besides, this fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But after all we have just arrived." Our readers will observe that Abbott himself states that this was said to Bourienne by Napoleon *two days* after he arrived in Paris. How then was this man we again ask to have obtained his knowledge, (of which Abbott dares on his own authority elsewhere to speak) of the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should "grasp the reins of power?"

It must be borne in mind that Abbott's only attempt at even applausable justification of Napoleon's treason against the Directory was founded upon the assumption that Napoleon acted not merely upon his own ambitious designs and desires, but upon his knowledge of the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should seize upon that power for which he was so eager. We again ask where is the proof of that wish on the part of the people? Even if it existed, *how, from whom, when, and where*, was it authentically or reliably made known to Napoleon. We confess we do not understand how Abbott could allow his hero when he had been only two days in Paris? to talk not merely of seizing upon the power he desired, but of bribing one of his probable opponents with a command. We are mistaken if this be not satisfactory evidence that Napoleon's subsequent acts

were unsanctioned at the outset save by his own ambition, and the intrigues of his needy, and greedy relatives, and that it was only by mingled fraud and force, that the people were made acquainted with his ambitious designs, in the first place. And yet, after telling us that when Napoleon had been but two days in Paris, when it was both morally and physically impossible that he, living in extreme retirement could receive any reliable evidence of the alleged "almost unanimous" adhesion of the people, and that he had had the audacity to utter such unmistakably treasonable language as that which we have marked for Italics in the above extract, Abbott has the still greater assurance to add, in the very first line of the next paragraph to that extract:

"Napoleon formed no conspiracy."

The force of partizanship can surely go no farther than this, the reader in his innocence will probably say; we reply to the reader, be but patient, and he who so boldly tells you that Napoleon formed no conspiracy, shall presently show you that he was conspiring all the time, and shall give you the details of his conspiracy!

"He confided to no one his designs. And yet, in his own solitary mind, he studied the state of affairs, and he matured his plans. Siéyes was the only one whose talents and influence Napoleon feared. The Abbé also looked with apprehension upon his formidable rival. They stood aloof and eyed each other. Meeting at a dinner party, each was too proud to make advances. Yet each thought only of the other. Mutually exasperated, they separated without having spoken. 'Did you see that insolent little fellow?' said Siéyes, 'he would not even condescend to notice a member of the Government who, if they had done right, would have caused him to be shot.' 'What on earth,' said Napoleon, 'could have induced them to put that priest in the Directory? He is sold to Prussia. Unless you take care he will deliver you up to that power.'"

But half a page back we are told that Napoleon had formed no conspiracy—yet already we find Abbott talking about the non-conspiring hero "in his own solitary mind," relying entirely upon his own capacious resources, studying the state of affairs, and maturing his plans. To what does Mr. Abbott wish his readers to believe that the *plans* of

Napoleon had reference? In his delicate distinction between proofs of innate cruelty and acts of the most cold-blooded and frightfully cruel description, we have seen full proof of Mr. Abbott's skill in equivocating and refining when he desires to delude his readers, and it is pretty clear that though he uses the delicate phrase "maturing his plans," Mr. Abbott really means that his hero was maturing his *treasonable conspiracy*.

The Abbe Siéyes, of whom Abbott speaks in the above extract, is the same of whose "pigeon-holes full of Constitutions," adapted to all tastes and all circumstances, Edmund Burke made such admirable sport in that ornate and stately merriment of which he was so eminently and unapproachably the master. But, although Siéyes was terribly full; of crotchets, and was grievously troubled with "an itching palm," and with a yearning for a political eminence for which he was qualified neither by natural ability nor by acquired powers, he was by no means the extremely absurd and weak person some writers seem to consider him; and his remark on Napoleon, which we have just quoted, clearly shows that he was a tolerably accurate judge of human nature, and that he already had taken pretty correct measure both of the designs and the proceedings of Napoleon; and had Siéyes or any one of the Directors acted upon the accurate view thus taken, the treasonable conspiracy might at that early period have been crushed with the most perfect ease. For what, in fact, was Napoleon at that moment? A Deserter, in the fullest sense of the word, plotting treason, and plotting with such audacity that, cunning and false as he was, his treason was obvious to Siéyes, to one of the sovereign Directors whose orders he had disobeyed by leaving Egypt, and against whose sovereign power he was treasonably plotting, or, as Mr. Abbott would call it, "planning," from the very moment of his landing at Frejus. Had any one of the Directory, Siéyes for instance, possessed only a tithe of the Corsican's eager energy and unscrupulousness, Napoleon would have received a domiciliary visit, have been hurried away, like his subsequent victim the gallant young Duc D'Enghien, and been shot and buried in a ditch, with as little of either ceremony or commiseration as would be bestowed upon any other deserter.

There is yet another very noticeable point in the above extract from Abbott, and a very valuable one, as showing, in connection with Napoleon's subsequent conduct, the utter recklessness of that bad Despot as to the political as well as moral impurity of those whom he saw that he could make useful to his own selfish purposes. How scornfully he marvels at such a man as Siéyes being a member of the Directory! With what malignant zeal he charges the Abbé with having sold himself to Prussia and with designing to deliver France over to that power! And this, too, be it remembered, in a city in which to be charged thus and to have one's severed head shown to the ruffian mob and then tossed in what that ruffian mob facetiously termed the "meat basket," were, with but few exceptions, cause and effect as inseparable as heat from fire! And yet this Abbé, this alleged Prussian tool, and traitor to France, was very shortly afterwards Napoleon's trusty and very dear tool, and Napoleon's colleague in the Consulate! This being notorious, who but an Abbott would have ventured to represent Napoleon as either an honest man, or as that sort of ruler against whom Great Britain should not have rallied the appalled European powers under her own fearless and proud leadership.

By way, no doubt, of proving the truth of his bold assertion, that "Napoleon formed no conspiracies," Abbott tells us that, dining at the house of one of the Directors, Napoleon was introduced to Moreau, and that "conscious of his own superiority and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, he made the first advances, and, with great courtesy, expressed the earnest desire he felt to make his acquaintance." Will Mr. Abbott tell us *in what it was* that Napoleon was solicitous to gain the co-operation of Moreau? If Napoleon was *not* conspiring, how was it that he acted as our historian next proceeds to say that he did act? He relates some rather pompous, but no less insignificant, talk on the part of Napoleon, and then says: "Napoleon by those fascinations of mind and manner which enabled him to win over whom he would, soon gained an ascendancy over Moreau. And when, two days after, in token of his regard, he sent him a beautiful poinard, ~~sent~~

with diamonds, worth two thousand dollars, the work was accomplished, and Moreau was ready to do his bidding." *What* work was accomplished? In *what* was Moreau ready to do his bidding? Although he has made so positive a statement, that "Napoleon formed no conspiracies," Mr. Abbott actually seems to take a pleasure in showing his utter contempt for the memory of his readers or for their common sense, by furnishing, in detail, elaborately, and in phraseology which defies mistake or doubt, proofs almost numberless that he did form conspiracies.

That Napoleon was obviously tampering with Moreau for some purpose of his own, Mr. Abbott tells us in so many words; will he then deny that Napoleon's purpose was the usurpation of sovereign power? If he deny this, will he point out what other purpose Napoleon had in view, or whether he felt the secret and irresistible prompting of the destiny which in denying him an empire in the East only seemed to be conducting him to one in the West?

Abbott goes on to say: "Napoleon gave a small, and very select dinner. Gohier was invited. The conversation turned upon the turquoises used by the Orientals to clasp their turbans. Napoleon, rising from the table, took from a private drawer two very beautiful brooches set with those jewels. One he gave to Gohier, the other to his tried friend Dessaix. 'It is a little toy,' said he, 'which we republicans may give and receive without impropriety.' The Director, flattered by the delicacy of the compliment, and yet not repulsed by anything assuming the grossness of a bribe, yielded his heart's homage to Napoleon."

The precise value of the heart's homage which can be purchased by a delicate compliment in the shape of a turquoise brooch we need not stay to enquire; but before we quit this passage of Abbott, we must invite attention to the fact that this Napoleon, represented as being so pure in pecuniary matters, and whom Abbott here represents as giving away valuable jewels, and also a poinard set with diamonds of the value of two thousand dollars, was only a very few years previously a really penniless man, possessed of no legitimately acquired means, had set up housekeeping, had to meet the great expenses entailed upon him by a notoriously extravagant wife, and yet

could give away, or rather could expend in quasi corrupt practices, large sums, so as to make to a comparative stranger presents at so extravagant a rate. How did he obtain the means of being thus lavish in order to get a general ready to do his bidding; and to cause a director to yield him his whole heart's homage? If Mr. Abbott will strike a balance between Napoleon's legitimate income on the one hand, and his inevitable expenses on the other, we rather imagine he will be puzzled how to account for his Idol's great command of means, consistently with that pecuniary purity and disinterestedness or which the Idolator desires us to give credit to the Idol. Barras, it is true, was the very dear friend of Josephine both before and after her marriage, but though Barras was a huge speculator, he was a no less untiring spendthrift, and though he may have had excellent reasons for helping the still handsome Creole, it is incredible that even his help could have, so early, made the, so lately penniless, Corsican rich enough to give, as a mere bagatelle, a poinard, which, but five years before, his annual income, beyond his barest maintenance, would not have purchased had that increase been multiplied by two.

As though determined that nothing which, in his recklessness as a partizan, he affirms in favour of Napoleon shall be without decisive contradiction from his own pen, Abbott says:—"Do you really, said Napoleon to Gohier in his interview, 'do you really advocate a general peace? The Republic should never make but partial accommodations. *It should always contrive to have some war on hand to keep alive the military spirit.*" And yet, elsewhere, we are told as emphatically as though he really believed it, that Napoleon sought for peace, and that France under him was forced into war by the Kings of Europe, urged by that implacably unjust Britain.

Again: Abbott goes on to say that Napoleon gave Lefebvre a beautiful Turkish scimitar, and exhorted him not to allow the Republic to perish in the hands of Lawyers. The scimitar was as effectual with the general as the Brooch had been with Gohier; it caused him to yield his whole heart's homage, and to express it after a very decided fashion, for as he received the scimitar he said—"Yes! let us throw the Lawyers into the river!" A summary style, that, of saving the Republic

lie! And again: "Napoleon soon had an interview with Bernadotte. He confessed, said Napoleon to Bourienne, that he thought us all lost. He spoke of external enemies, and *internal* enemies, and at that word he looked steadily in my face. I also gave him a glance. But patience: the pear will soon be ripe." We should have liked Mr. Abbott to tell us *what* pear it was that was so soon to be ripe.

"In this interview," adds Abbott, "Napoleon inveighed against the violence and lawlessness of the Jacobin club. 'Your own brothers,' Barnadotte replied, 'were the founders of that club. And yet you reproach me with favouring its principles. It is to the instructor of some one, *I know not who*, that we are to ascribe the agitation which now prevails.'"

It really is difficult to understand how Mr. Abbott can write thus suicidally. Not an anecdote does he give that does not belie some one or other of his own sweeping assertions in favour of Napoleon. Bernadotte assuredly did not tell the whole truth when he said that he knew not whose instructions caused the agitation; he well knew that the arch-traitor and intending usurper was Napoleon Buonaparte. Pity, aye and shame no less than pity, that Bernadotte did not on the instant take counsel with Seyès, and nip the Napoleonic treason in the bud, even had they executed him as pitilessly as he murdered thousands of better and less dangerous men.

In spite of Mr. Abbott's unscrupulous assertion that "Napoleon formed no conspiracies," it is, we think impossible for any unprejudiced reader to entertain any shadow of doubt that Bernadotte was perfectly right in attributing the agitations of France at this period to the intrigues of the Corsican clique. Even while Napoleon was absent in Egypt, his brothers had been busy in plotting and agitating with a view to preparing the public not merely to sanction or to suffer, but to aid his usurpation. The "many voices here and there" that Abbott so artfully mentions as having called for the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt to save France, were simply the voices of the Corsicans and their hirelings, re echoed by willing or deluded tools.

We need scarcely remind our readers that a main point at issue between Abbott and ourselves is, in fact, the state in which the Reign of Terror and its butcheries left France.

Abbott maintained that they left France "disenthralled," being under the government of its own choice, and only perilled or injured by the injustice, and the tyrannous cruelty, of Britain and her allies, who sought to force back upon France a discarded and hated king. See on referring back to the pages in which we discussed the point at length; and that our statement was fully justified. To this assumption we demurred, and our readers could not fail to perceive the justice of our opposition, when they found that Abbott, having justified Napoleon's doings in Egypt on the plea that they were both caused and justified by the ill treatment experienced by *disenthralled* France at the hands of Britain and her allies, no sooner found it necessary to justify Napoleon's abandonment of Egypt and treasonable usurpation in France, than he represented France as being enthralled so hopelessly that nothing but the genius of Napoleon could save her.

We well knew that France was not for one moment disenthralled, from the moment when Louis XVI. became a captive in the hands of the traitors who at length murdered him, to that when Louis XVIII. was replaced upon the throne by Britain and her allies to the great relief of every man in France, excepting that only too numerous party who, in the various ranks of marshals, dukes, police spies and cut throats in uniform who found themselves deprived of their virtuous occupations and virtuous gains by the restoration of the legitimate monarch and of social order. We said so, and we maintained that Britain and her allies did but their duty, Godward and manward, in endeavoring, during the worst days of the Revolution, to do that which they at length succeeded in doing when they sent the Emperor to repent his mis-spent life at St. Helena, scolding like an angry fishwoman and moralizing like Mendez Pinto or Beaumarchais' inimitable Figaro.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—It is rumoured that all the oysters on the English coast, following the example of other natives in HER MAJESTY'S dominions, intend, for the future, adding the moustache to the beard they have been hitherto in the habit only of wearing.

ALWAYS IN A STATE OF FERMENT.—The most revolutionary article is bread, for, on the least rumour of an outbreak, it is invariably the first thing to rise.

## MIRANDA: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

## CHAPTER I.

It was the evening of the 1st of March, 1789, and darkness had already veiled the face of nature; heavy clouds rolled their huge and unwieldy masses along the turgid sky, amid faint and dull flashes of far-off lightning, when a man on foot, a bundle on his shoulder, and wearing a rude costume—that of the working-classes of society—broad rimmed felt hat, blue cotton frock, dark trousers, and heavy boots—stopped before the auberge of the *Dernier Sou*.

This inn, situated on the roadside, about a dozen miles from Paris, was of mean appearance, but large in its premises, for over the door was written, in almost legible characters, with nearly correct orthography—

“*Ici on loge a pied est a chevale.*”

The traveller, whose back was turned to Paris, paused ere he entered to listen for sounds from within, and as if satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he prepared to pass the threshold, when another wayfarer presented himself.

This was a young man of better appearance than the other, though not a member of the upper classes. He wore, it is true, a sword, but his dress left it in doubt whether he were a simple citizen, or a student aiming at one of the learned professions. There was a careless mixture of both in his costume, but he, too, had a stick and a bundle. Like the artisan, he paused, looked up, and then followed the other into the auberge.

It was a large room which they entered, with a huge fireplace, a few tables and chairs, and a sideboard, on which were displayed bottles and glasses of varied shape, size, and contents. Near this table stood a woman, and by her side a man, apparently in active and earnest conversation—active, because both were lively—earnest, because the subject-matter was not of the slightest importance.

Of small stature, with a loose brown coat, a red cap, and huge boots, which had evidently seen service on salt water, this man, whose head was very much on one side, as if he were always in the act of listening, cast an uneasy and uncertain glance upon the pair as they entered. His eye rested an instant on the younger traveller, but nothing there seemed to him to require further notice; when, however, he caught sight of the other, he turned pale, and for a minute his whole form, and the very sinking of his knees, betrayed an abject sense of fear. Without noticing the scrutiny, or the alarm which succeeded it, the object of so much terror asked for some bread, wine, and a *sauvresse a l'ail*. He then seated himself at a table, and placed his bundle on the ground.

“And what shall I serve for you, Monsieur?” said the woman, addressing the young man.

“Have you materials for an omelette?” he replied, in a voice which made both men look up and examine his appearance, so richly musical were its tones, falling as it were with a metallic ring on the ear.

Of middle size, with long dark hair, pale and oval face, eyebrows pencilled like a woman's, a forehead high and smooth, a straight nose, and a mouth which seemed made to utter none but gentle things; there was a fire flashing from his eye, however, which belied this gentleness. He was evidently one of those who could be mild or stern as the occasion required.

“Monsieur shall have one in ten minutes,” replied the hostess with a smile, for on her woman's heart his good looks were not lost, and away she hastened to perform her promise.

Meanwhile the man with the wry neck and the other traveller had been eyeing each other with some little curiosity and anxiety. At length the former, whose first terror was now passed, but who was still uneasy at the pertinacious glances which the stranger, after once catching a glimpse, seemed to throw upon him, made an effort and spoke, though his tongue with difficulty performed its office.

“You seem to know me?” he said in a thick voice, which appeared to make itself heard by a struggling effort, and came rather from the ear which rested on his left shoulder, than from his throat.

“Oh, no!” cried the other, turning pale, and as if fascinated by the speaker's look, “not at all.”

“Excuse the liberty; I thought you did; but as I was mistaken, let us drink to our better acquaintance, *sotte animale* he who swills alone,” and taking up glass and bottle, he came and seated himself opposite to the stranger.

“You honor me vastly,” muttered the other, who looked as if he only wanted courage to refuse; he was, in fact, though not a man easily daunted, in a state of the most intense agony of mind.

“But now I know *you*,” whispered the wry neck, bending across the table, and looking full in his companion's face, upon which he lavished a most malicious wink—the other's alarm having acted on him as a cordial; “I ought too.”

“Really!” faltered the little man, whose face was livid; his eyes rolled uneasily in their sockets, as if about to burst their bounds, and he trembled violently.

“You look uncomfortable,” continued the man with the wry neck, still speaking confidentially; “have you the choleric?”

“No, no!” replied the other, “I am perfectly at my ease,” the big drops of perspiration coursing at the same time down his cheeks



"Well, I should think it strange if you were not. You are no chicken, but are as brave as a dragon. True, a'int it?"

"Ye—e—e—s," said the unfortunate, with a ghastly grin, his throat swelling as with a choking sensation.

"You have done too many deeds of note to be suspected," repeated his merciless tormentor.

"Deeds of note," replied the other mechanically.

"Ah! there was the affair Latour," continued the wry neck.

"Ye—es," replied the man, peering cautiously round, as if in search of something with which to defend himself against the questioner.

"Ah! ah! you are modest, you wont unbosom yourself, but secrecy is of no use. I knew you, Maitre Duchesne," said the other, half maliciously, half in disgust.

"Hush, by all the saints, but who are you?" replied Duchesne, looking, despite himself, at the other's feet.

"Oh! I am Jean Torticolis," continued the other, pointing to his wry neck by a jerk of his thumb.

"Is that your only name?" inquired Duchesne curiously, but somewhat reassured.

"I have no other," replied Torticolis, somewhat sadly, "no name no existence."

"Ah!" exclaimed Duchesne, again becoming uneasy, "and why?"

"Because I have a wry neck, and I am called Torticolis," answered the other roodily, his whole frame not only sombre, but terror-struck.

"But you have always been thus deformed, thus twisted?" continued Duchesne.

"Not always," said Jean, glaring almost savagely at the other.

"Since when then?" faltered Duchesne.

"Since the 1st day of March, 1784," replied Jean, striking his fist upon the table.

Duchesne turned pale again, moved his chair a little from his companion, and, strong man though he was, appeared ready to faint.

"You are then?" he again faltered.

"I was—Paul Ledru," replied Torticolis, fixing his eyes hard upon the other, "but he is dead, the law has said it; and I am now as I just told you, Jean Torticolis—Maitre Duchesne."

"Mordieu!" cried Duchesne, drinking off a draught of wine, and drawing at the same time a long breath, "this is too much. None of your *coq a l'anès* for me. You Paul Ledru! Why, I saw him dead—ah! dead, as my great-grandfather, if I ever had any."

"So you thought," said the other, half savagely, his face awfully distorted as he recollected the horrors of that day, "so you thought, *Monsieur le Bourreau de Paris*. But it was I said the first of March, 1784, and the execution of the assassins of the Count le

Bague gave you work. When it came to my turn you were drunk. You hanged me, but you did it badly. Science, not from humanity, but love of experiment, restored me, and the name of Torticolis is all that remains to remind me of your good intentions."

"Bah!" said Duchesne, with a grin, for he was now quite recovered, "this is too bad, to have one's subjects meet one in this way five years after death. Faugh! you smell of La Grève."

"You don't approve of it," grinned Jean, "but I do; there we differ."

"We do professionally," said Maitre Duchesne, "but come now, shake hands and bear no malice; and as you are the first of my *pratiques* whom I meet *after*, just tell me what it is like; novel sensation, eh?"

"Brigand," exclaimed Jean, furiously, "dont speak of it, breathe not the question—it kills me."

"If Monsieur be delicate on the point, I will not press him," said the *Bourreau*, deprecatingly.

"You had better not, if you wish peace," continued the other, wildly.

"Agreed," said Maitre Duchesne. "So the doctor—I sold you to him for twenty livres—took the liberty to bring you back. So much the better. I did my duty, he did his."

"You were both very attentive, I must confess," said Jean, grimly; "but let us drop the subject. On what duty are you now bound?" he continued, as if the other matter was not pleasing to him.

"Duty, Mordieu!" cried the other, savagely, "none. It's all up with me; no more business. The *Etats Generaux* are convoked."

"Ah! but I am not strong on politics," said Jean. "Excuse me, therefore, if I inquire how this will affect you?"

"I am told, one of the first intentions of this meeting is to abolish death."

"Altogether!" inquired Torticolis, with a *naïveté* which was, however, but assumed, to conceal his natural cunning.

"No *farceur*, but by hanging," replied Duchesne, with a sigh.

"I wish they had passed it six years ago," said Jean, moodily.

"Do you? You are very hard," exclaimed the *Bourreau*, with a sneer.

"Yes; I should then have a straight neck, and not be called Torticolis, because my wife was handsome and a noble saw it!"

"By the way, what is become of Madame Ledru?" said the other, affectionately,

"She is dead," replied the wry neck.

"And the young Count?"

"Lives; but there is time for revenge. My wounded honor, my legal death, because I chastised a scoundrel, and her decease, all call on me. Trust me, I bide my time. But whither are you bound?"

"For my village; I have saved a few hun-

dred *livres*, and now for Picardy, where I hope to spend my old age in peace."

"You are wrong," said the young man, who had just commenced his *omelette*.

"Why, Monsieur?" inquired Duchesne, turning round sharply.

"Because there will be more work for you than ever, though not of the same kind," replied the youth, a strange and wild fire shining in his speaking eyes.

"More work than ever," cried Duchesne, incredulously.

"Man," said the other, with considerable excitement of manner, "we are on the threshold of wondrous days; great things are about to happen; all men should be ready, for all men are interested. Who knows," he murmured to himself, "my republic may turn out other than a dream."

"You said," observed Duchesne.

"Return to Paris—it is the place for men," replied the young man, and then, as if recollecting the horrible vocation of him he spoke to, a burning blush overspread his cheeks, and he resumed the consumption of his half-forgotten meal.

"You are going to Paris," said Jean Torticolis, meekly, his little grey eyes fixed piercingly on the youth.

"I am," coldly said the other.

"You are a deputy to the States-General, perhaps," continued the man with the wry neck.

"Perhaps," replied the other with a smile, not unmingled with a little pride, for so inherent is the love of power and station, that the poorest republican, even despite himself, cannot withstand the feeling which it generates.

"At all events," insisted the other, "as you say great things are to happen, you may, perhaps, advise us when the time comes;"

"If it be in my power," said the young man, quietly.

"Where shall we find Monsieur?"

"Oh! if you want me, on asking *Rue Grenelle St. Honoré, No. 20; au Troisième* for Charles Clement, you will find me."

"Good, I thank you, Monsieur," said Jean, drawing forth a greasy pocket-book, and with difficulty making note of the address and name.

"I shall face about," cried Duchesne, awaking from a reverie, and then addressing Jean in a whisper, "The youth has set me thinking. Who knows what may happen? *Tonnerre*, but Paris is, after all, the place for a man to get an honest living."

"Did I know where to perch," said Jean, in reply, "I might join you."

"Until you settle," replied Duchesne, with a grin, "I will give you a berth, and not the first neither."

"Bah! no more of that; where do you quarter?"

"If my room be not let, I have a sky par-

lor; it is rather high, on the sixth storey, but there is a good view of the tiles."

"What part?"

"Rue Grenelle."

"St. Honoré?"

"Yes."

"What number?"

"No. 20."

"Bah!"

"Why?"

"Why, that's where *he* lives," pointing with his thumb to the young man.

"You don't mean it?"

"Didn't you hear him say so just now," continued Jean Torticolis.

"No, but this is lucky, we shall know where to find him, *en cas*."

"Exactly; but I should like to know what he means by great events," mused Torticolis, addressing himself rather than his companion.

"Why, wine at two sous a bottle, bread at one sou a pound, meat the same, what else could he mean?" said Duchesne.

"Thunder, that would be great," continued Jean, pleased but not convinced, "one might live without working."

"Not exactly," said Duchesne, who for the first time in his life, perhaps began to think, "but one might work a little less like animals."

"You might punish the insolence of a few nobles," whispered Jean, as if half afraid of the enormity of his proposition, "that would suit me."

"Impossible," said Duchesne, alarmed, "they are too powerful."

"They are very few," mused Torticolis.

"My God," exclaimed Duchesne, "that never struck me before."

"And we are many," continued the wry neck, caressing his chin.

"Who, we?"

"THE PEOPLE."

"Ah, yes! the people," laughed Duchesne, "what good are they against musketeers, Swiss, chevaliers, cannon?"

"But, Duchesne," said Jean, gravely, "a million ants might kill an elephant; besides, this is not the first time I think of this."

"Just now you said you knew nothing of politics," continued Duchesne, gaily.

"I didn't know your sentiments, my dear Duchesne; but I hope to see the people something in future."

"One might come to that," replied Duchesne, "who knows; the States-General are convoked, and they talk of the *Tiers-Etat* having the upper hand."

And thus, as thousands of others were doing, without premeditation, ignorant of the consequences of their own thoughts, unaware of their own mighty power, these two men went on conversing—preparing themselves for the great events of the French revolution.

When from a charming hill-side, bespangled with flowers, and rich in jewelled drops, spark-

ling in the sun, the traveller beholds bubbling forth the tender rivulet, he little thinks it the cradle of a mighty river, which, afar off, sweeps everything before it, irresistible, grand, sublime, and to affront which is madness. So the movement in France. Gentle, polite, still at first, commencing in the discussion of certain trivial forms, it was to end only when monarch, church, aristocracy, all that vainly strove to stay its career, were crushed. It began in sunshine, it ended in a thunder-storm but thunder-storms proverbially cleanse and purify the atmosphere.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE STORM.

An hour passed, during which time Charles Clement luxuriated in the study of a well-thumbed pamphlet—one of those leaves which, scattered as by the wind, and pregnant with seed, sowed everywhere the germs of the terrible future—his eye kindling as he read, and his whole mien revealing the emotion which agitated him. Ardent, sanguine, full of the the spirit of youth, burning with shame and sorrow beneath the cumbrous tyranny which everywhere assailed the people—all who were unenobled—the discussions of the day, the writings of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Rousseau—spirits that saw the evils of the times without discovering their own errors—had infused into his mind, aided by his classics, a theory of polity, before which the feeble, enervated, and tottering monarchy of France would then have trembled, could it have believed it widely diffused. Charles Clement was an enthusiastic and ardent republican, dreaming of a state of things where the happiness of the people would be the first and only consideration of government, and dreaming, too, that democracy was to come forth in all its strength, quietly, calmly, and amid the joyous but peaceful acclamations of grateful millions.

Charles Clement, while wrapped in his ardent visions—such as are ever those of talent and virtue, forgot the fierce passions, the brutal ignorance, the unbridled thoughts, the canker-worm of corruption, the rotten fabric of the State, the seeds of poverty, misery, and death, all plentifully sown by ages of debauchery, profligacy, and misgovernment, on the part of the kings and aristocracy of France; but concealed beneath the surface, hid by the spangled splendor of courtiers and court, veiled by the silks and satins of haughty dames, smothered beneath orient pearls, jewels, and gold; its cries stifled amid the resounding of great names, the glare of rank, and the laugh, the song, and the festival—but still smouldering—in places bursting forth and preparing to flood all bounds, to visit with awful retribution the authors of so much evil—was coming that terrible thing called public opinion.

But republicanism in France was but the splendid dream of a few noble though erring spirits, who mistook hatred of oppression, and impatience of suffering for love of liberty, and enthusiastic reception of it for fitness to enjoy it. They forgot that the despotic monarchy had not only impoverished, but corrupted the people, who were brutal, superstitious, ignorant, impulsive, incapable of reasoning, and that they must infallibly become anarchical, disbelieving, and not knowing what liberty really was, degenerate into license. A people passes not from slavery to freedom at a stroke without losing all self-control. A republic, being the perfection of human government,\* requires for its maintenance—and then magnificent, indeed, would be its career—that the monarchy upon whose ruins it is erected should have given the people a foretaste of freedom—that they should have exercised, without knowing it, most of the functions of democracy—that trusting in a religion which is cherished because heart and head go hand in hand with faith, they should not blindly follow mere ceremonies and symbols they do not understand—that they be educated sufficiently to understand the full difference between liberty and license—that they knew enough to distinguish between patriots and spouting quacks. The republic must come, too, gradually, but as the culminating stroke of a long line of reforms; in a word, they must have dwelt long beneath a constitutional government, be an industrial thinking people, not a passionate and military nation—have lived in the nineteenth, not the eighteenth century—.

Who looks on France, however, before the revolution, who inquires profoundly into the natural causes of its excesses, will own that the awful tempest was necessary, for the blood of the nation had stagnated, and the heart would soon have ceased to beat. The remedy was terrible, but with all its horrors less terrible than the evil.

Meanwhile Duchesne and Torticolis, between whom a strange link had created a kind of fraternity, had spent their time in discussing over their bottle and glass the hopes which the few words of the ardent youth had awakened in their bosoms.

"Peste," said Duchesne, continuing his remarks, "if he were right, and the people were about to become something."

"It is time," replied Torticolis, gravely, for this his first political discussion seemed to weigh upon his mind.

"I rather think it is. The nobles have skinned us long enough. Their turn now. I wonder if their hides are really so much softer," said the *Bourreau*-ready-made disciple of the reign of terror.

\* We do not for an instant identify ourselves with this sentiment.—ED. A. A. MAG.

"*Fichtre*, you go quick," said the other, more cautiously, "our masters won't give way without a struggle."

"You are right," observed Duchesne, "therefore, 'quiet' is the word, and let us wait what turns up. Be sure somebody will be *sappeurs*."

"Agreed, comrade, and now enough of history, it's dry talk," said Torticolis, pledging the other in a bumper.

"Enough—for the present."

And, unknown to himself, Charles Clement had secured for the revolution two blind and devoted adherents, but such as served to ruin the hopes of its wisest advocates.

"But allow me to observe, M. Duchesne, that the weather is somewhat dark; I expect we shall have a storm."

"Two and two make four," said the *Bourreau*, "and thick clouds bring rain. Madame Martin, we shall sleep here to-night."

"Very good," said the dame, complacently, "there is a double-bedded room at your service."

"And for me?" inquired Charles Clement, raising his head from the pamphlet over which he had been musing.

"I have had a fire lit in No. 1," replied Madame Martin, with a smile and curtsy.

"See what it is to be young and have good looks," whispered Duchesne, with a meaning wink; "I shouldn't wonder if she sent him away without asking for his bill."

"*Sapristi!*" replied Torticolis, laughing, it is the way of the world."

Meanwhile the weather had in reality set in with violence. The growling of thunder was heard in the distance, gradually becoming more distinct, while the wind shook the not very firm timbers of the *Dernier Sou*, making the travellers draw with additional pleasure round the fire, which Madame Martin had recently refreshed by the addition of several huge logs. Gradually, as the day quite faded, and no light illumined the room save the fitful flame of the fire, Clement closed his book, and, being in a dreamy humor, kept his eye fixed upon the blaze, while his ears drank in, with singular satisfaction, the sound of the storm without.

"It rolls on apace," he muttered, as the heavy booming of the thunder was heard overhead, and, like it, will roll the arger of the people; much noise, much tumult, to leave the air all the more fresh and pleasant."

But Clement forgot, in applying his comparison, the devastating fire, which, previous to the termination of the storm, often does terrible deeds.

"It strikes me," said Torticolis, suddenly rising, "that I hear voices without."

"The wind," replied Duchesne, who was quietly loading a pipe, his *ultima thule* of happiness.

"Did you ever hear the wind say '*Sacre!*'"

continued Torticolis, somewhat contemptuously.

"Not exactly," answered Duchesne, raising a burning stick, and applying it methodically to the bowl of his pipe.

"Then don't contradict me," observed Torticolis, "and allow me to observe, without denial, that a voice just now said '*Sacre!*'"

At the same time, the loud clashing of a postillion's whip, the rumbling of wheels, and the sound of horses' feet, were heard above the roar of the storm, which now came down in pitiless showers of rain.

"Travellers," said Madame Martin, advancing with alacrity to meet them.

Reaching the door, and throwing it wide open, the worthy landlady of the *Dernier Sou* peered forth into the darkness.

"Holy mother! a *chaise de poste!* Pierre! Pierre!" she cried in a loud and shrill tone.

"Hola! he!" replied a rough voice from the stable.

"Come round and attend to the carriage."

A vehicle, and one, too, of no small pretensions, to judge from its unwieldy though handsome form, with four horses and numerous outriders, had, in fact, halted before the little inn, while several men-servants descending from their horses, hastened, some to open the door of the carriage, while others advanced to the entrance of the auberge.

"Woman," said one of these, insolently apostrophising the worthy Madame Martin, "my master, to avoid the storm, has decided to honor your *cabaret* with his presence. Make way for the Duke de Revilliere."

The various parties occupying the interior of the inn started, while each experienced sensations peculiar to their individual characters.

Madame Martin, true to the money-bag, like all faithful innkeepers—no longer the accomplices but the principles in acts of extortion—without noticing the too common impertinence of the servant, was overwhelmed with delight at the honor which fell upon her house, though a pang went to her heart as she remembered that her only decent room was engaged by the handsome young stranger.

The two men, Torticolis and Duchesne, were equally solicitous about their apartment, which they had little doubt would be summarily taken possession of by the lacqueys.

Charles Clement smiled. He, the republican aspirant, had possession of No. 1, and the Duke de Ravilliere was no doubt about to dispute it with him. Another sentiment evidently actuated him, as a blush passed rapidly across his intelligent face.

Meanwhile Madame Martin and Pierre busied themselves in hunting up and lighting several lamps, which, with the blaze of the fire, made the old room look more cheerful and sunny. Charles retreated into a dull corner of the apartment, to be as far apart from

the new company as possible, and was nearly concealed by the curtains of the good landlady's bed, while Duchesne and Torticolis, their valiant resolutions and resolves made against the whole race of nobles vanishing for the nonce, like morning dew, rose, respectfully awaiting the entrance of the aristocrats.

Preceded by servants holding hastily-lit torches, and having on each side a young lady, the Duke walked with stately step, neither casting look to the right nor the left, and proceeded to dry his damp and spotted clothes by the now sparkling fire, in which he was imitated by his fair companions.

Tall, slim, and even gaunt, the Duke somewhat resembled, in his plumed hat, his powdered wig, his short mantle and long braided waistcoat, with loose green coat, a diamond-bilted sword, and other courtly appendages, a skeleton dressed up in mockery of death, so thin were his cheeks, so shrivelled, dry, and yellow was his skin.

Presenting a marked contrast, not only with the aged nobleman, but one with the other, the two ladies formed a bright relief to the aspect, stern, proud, and cadaverous, of the courtier.

The one slight, delicate, and frail, the other of equal height, but fuller and more womanly proportions, without being a month older; the one pale, with a complexion of dazzling fairness, the other with a rich tint of summer skies on her scarcely less white complexion; the one with light graceful hair, worn powdered, in the fashion of the day, the other with a mass of heavy dark ringlets, falling as nature gave them on her shoulders: the one with liquid blue eyes, soft, tender, and fawn like, the other with dark and speaking orbs, that spoke of passion, energy, and fire; the one with a delicate but somewhat low forehead, the other with a lofty, almost massive brow, all intellect; the one with a mouth made but to speak sweet things and give soft kisses, the other with beautifully shaped lips, but on which sat determination and power; the waist of the former was thin, that of the latter disdained all artificial restraint, and exhibited the natural graces of form which woman generally does her best to mar.

Charles Clement had caught all these shades of difference at a glance, though his eyes, after the first impulse, rested, by virtue of the spirit of antagonism inherent in our nature, on the fair girl who little resembled himself, it could be seen at once, either in appearance or character. His attention was, however, only given to their native graces, omitting all search for the details of their costume, which he noticed not, in which particular, therefore, we shall follow his example.

"G. main," said the Duke, addressing his principal servant, after a brief pause, "can one dine here?"

"No, monseigneur," replied the lacquey,

positively without waiting for the landlady's remarks.

"Monsieur le Duc, I beg pardon," exclaimed the irate cabaretière.

"Germain, tell this good woman to speak when she is spoken to. We cannot dine, I suppose—then we must fast."

"Faith I hope not," said the dark-eyed beauty, laughing, "for the air and motion has given me an appetite."

"Countess," replied the Duke gallantly, "were you a man, I should remark that your observation was vulgar."

"But, as I am a woman," gaily continued the Countess, "it is truth."

"Monsieur," said the valet, respectfully, "forgets that the lunch is yet untouched."

The Duke recollected it perfectly well, but did not choose to know anything of which his servants could more properly remind him. In those days inns were so ill-served that noble and wealthy travellers were constantly in the habit of taking all necessary articles with them.

"Then serve the lunch," replied the nobleman, solemnly.

"In the meantime, if Martin has a chamber, we will adjust our wet garment," observed the Countess, with a sweet smile.

"Madame," exclaimed the woman, in much confusion, and with a profound reverence, "I have but one room, and that——"

"Is perfectly at the service of these ladies, to whom I with pleasure cede my claim," said Charles, rising, and standing uncovered before the two ladies.

"We are much obliged," answered the Countess, surveying with some little surprise, and even confusion, the handsome youth who thus suddenly stood before them.

"For what?" exclaimed the Duke haughtily.

"For Monsieur's courtesy," said the Countess, turning, with steady mien, towards the nobleman.

"The courtesy of a *roturier*," sneered the Duke, with that characteristic disregard for the people's feelings which paved the way for so much bitter revenge.

"Monsieur," exclaimed Charles, coldly, "you forget the times are changed, and that a bourgeois is no longer a slave."

"This to me!" cried the Duke, reddening, while the painful conviction forced itself upon him that the words breathed truth.

"Yes, to you, Monsieur le Duc de Ravilliere, Marquis de Pontois," replied Charles; "I mean nothing impolite, but to remind you that we are no longer serfs."

"This comes of teaching the people; those vile pamphleteers are ruining the state," muttered the Duke; by pamphleteers the Duke meant Montesquieu, Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau.

Meanwhile the Countess and her fair companion, who had slightly colored on the ap-

proach of Charles, whose manly, handsome form, and enthusiastic character, were no strangers to Adele de Ravilliere, retired, followed by their maid.

"Monsieur le Duc will perhaps allow me to observe," said Charles, modestly, "that there are others who have tended that way besides the philosophers."

"Whom, pray?" replied the Duke, sarcastically, or rather with that profound impertinence which the ignorant rich sometimes assume towards the poor.

"The profligate, reckless, and ignorant men who have pretended of late to rule the state, to say nothing of the women."

"Young man," exclaimed the Peer, astounded and piqued—he remembered his own humble court to the seductive Dubarry—"this is rank treason!"

"You will hear much more," said Charles, "from the *Tiers-Etat*."

"Bah!" said the Duke, carelessly, "they may talk; all they will say will end in smoke. But have I not seen you before?"

"I believe my face is not strange to your family," replied Charles, bitterly. His mother had been a Ravilliere, who had married for love into a legal family, and died of a broken heart in consequence of the persecution of her relations.

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed the Duke, vainly striving, however, to tax his memory.

"I am Charles Clement, son of Jacques Clement, counsellor, who married your sister," replied the young man, moodily, the memory of his dead mother's wrongs rising before him, and shedding withered thoughts upon his path.

"Hum!" said the Duke, dryly, "but I have not seen you since you were a child."

"You mistake, Monsieur le Duc; ten years back—I was then a lad of fifteen—I saved your daughter's life when thrown into the *Somme*," replied Charles, as dryly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Duke, his better feelings at once prevailing, "and you never came forward to claim my thanks and gratitude."

"I knew you, Monsieur, for one of my mother's brothers, and, therefore, one of her persecutors," replied Charles Clement, coldly.

"Charles Clement," said the nobleman, taking his hand, "you wrong me. Perhaps I might have been, who knows, had the opportunity occurred. But I was away with the army, and only heard of the matter a year after my sister's death. She was my playmate, too, in early days, and I am glad to meet her child."

"My Lord Duke," replied Charles, warmly, "this is to me an unexpected delight."

"You have the face of a Ravilliere," said the Duke, musing sadly, as he thought what he would have given for such a son, "and, were you noble by your father's side, might aspire to great things."

"Monsieur le Duc," exclaimed Charles, "you are mistaken. A time is coming when the factitious advantages of rank and birth will no longer have weight, and when merit, talent, energy, will be as ready a road to preferment."

"I believe," said the nobleman, sinking his voice, led away, he knew not why, by the charm of the other's voice, and forgetting awhile his stately pride; "I believe the state of the country to be more serious than the nobles suppose; but the change you contemplate is an idle dream. A pretty state of things, truly, when a *gentilhomme* shall be no better than a *roturier*."

"And yet, my uncle," interposed Charles, quietly, "both are but men."

"Oh!" said the Duke, with an involuntary sneer, "you are one of the disciples of equality. But let us not discuss politics, lest we quarrel. You are going to Paris?"

"I am," replied Charles.

"With what object?"

"To watch events. I have a small income, derived from my late father, and hope that circumstances may arise favorable to the pursuit of my profession."

"You will find a friend in your uncle," said the Duke, sadly; "I have but one child left, with whom my name ends. Except yourself I have not a relative, save one distant one, and in these days a young head may be useful. Whenever you are at leisure you are welcome at the Hotel Ravilliere."

"Thank you, my uncle," exclaimed Charles, blushing crimson, while his heart's blood came and went with rapidity, "I shall avail myself of the privilege."

Meanwhile the busy valets, using the apartment as if it had been their master's property, had spread, on a white and snowy table-cloth, with plates of porcelain, silver forks, and other articles of luxury, a cold collation, which made the eyes of the two men glisten, and excited many admiring and envious whispers.

"I do not think we have such very great reason to complain, Duke," said the Countess, returning, accompanied by Adele; "indeed, to have escaped the pelting storm is alone a luxury."

"Put another *couvert*, Germain," cried the Duke, resuming his stately tone.

The ladies exchanged glances, and then looked with no little surprise on the aged nobleman.

"Adele," he continued, "you have, doubtless, not forgotten your fall from your pony into the *Somme*?"

"Oh no!" said she, her cheeks crimsoning, and her lovely eyes slightly moistened, "nor my brave cousin who rescued me."

"Humph!" remarked de Ravilliere, dryly, but not angrily, "so you recognise him."

"Monsieur Clement and I have met once

since," said Adele, recovering herself, "about ten days ago in the forest."

"Oh!" continued the Duke, "But allow me, at all events, to introduce to you," addressing the Countess, "my nephew, Charles Clement."

"Here, too," exclaimed the Countess, laughing, "you are too late—I was with Adele on the occasion referred to."

"Oh!" again said the old man, "but, nephew, know my noble and lovely ward, the Countess Miranda de Casal Monté."

Charles bowed, and on the invitation of the Duke, seated himself on one side of the table, with his uncle opposite, while the ladies sat to his right and left. The meal commenced. The conversation was serious, but not sad. Charles, at the request of the Duke, spoke of his early life, of his orphan state, of his arduous studies in Paris for the legal profession, of his many courageous struggles against adversity, and those difficulties which encumber—though in the end they aid—the progress of the man who has to make his way in the world by the power of industry, talent, and learning.

"M. Charles," said Miranda, after listening with attention to his eloquent but somewhat bitter relation, in which his habitual sense of wrong and injury inflicted on his class burst forth—"M le Duc has promised you his support and countenance; you will therefore scarcely want any other, but if my less weighty influence be of any use at any time, command it."

"Madame," replied Charles gravely, the kind, gentle, but protective tone, touching him to the quick, "your offers, along with those of my uncle, are generous and tempting, but I am one of those who must fail or owe all to themselves.

"Then fail you will," said the Countess half ironically, "for owe your success to some one you must, whether that some one be your friends or the public."

"I would owe my success, Madame la Comtesse," continued Charles, "to my own exertions; I would know that my pen or my voice—and if these fail me, my hands—have made me whatever I am, to become, and not to feel that I am rich or powerful or great, because rich and powerful and great people have taken me by the hand."

"But, Charles," observed the Duke, gazing at him curiously, "to your own relations you cannot object owing something."

"When I am the enemy of the class to which they belong," replied the young man enthusiastically, "however much I can love and respect them, I can owe them nothing."

The Countess Miranda raised her dark eyes with astonishment on the youth; Adele curled her pretty lips with a slightly scornful air; while the old Duke who apart from his courtier education had much good sense, replied

calmly—"Confound not the class with its abuses," he said, "if indeed such exist. That some disorders have taken place I grant, because certain men have looked rather to keeping their places and making money than of being upright ministers—a common failing with men in power—but I cannot descry in what the nobles are generally to blame."

"My Lord," replied Charles warmly, "the present generation of the aristocracy are not wholly to be condemned; to the vices and immorality of the last reign we owe much of present misery—so true is it the wickedness of those in high places is gall and wormwood to the people. But the nobles are to blame in preserving their antique privileges, the barbarism of feudalism; in not bearing their fair share of taxation; they are to blame, because, having no eyes, they do not see the signs of the times; they are to blame, in contending mainly, in the face of increasing enlightenment, against the truth which is heard trumpet-tongued in the garret and work-shop—in insidious hope and elating the bosom—that the people are something in the nation, and should enjoy rights as well as perform duties."

"And are such the feelings," inquired the Duke, "of many besides yourself?"

"My Lord Duke," exclaimed the young man, "they are the cherished sentiments of thousands of Frenchmen, who hail the States General but as the prelude to a constitution and representation of the people, as in England."

"But in England—for I have travelled there—representation is generally but a name."

"Monsieur de Ravillere," said Charles, "they have the shadow, and the substance will follow. We have neither shadow nor substance."

"Ma foi!" exclaimed the Duke, "if these sentiments are rife, we may have a hard tussle for our privileges. But, young man, we have the army, we have the rich, the noble with us, and all power in our hands, and must prevail."

"And we have public opinion, justice, and the people," replied the young man, quietly.

"These are new words," mused the Duke; "but go on, nephew, I am rather glad to hear you speak; I shall learn something of which few of my class have any idea."

And Charles Clement, whose keen eye and thoughtful mind had watched the progress of events, and who had pondered deeply on the probable consequences of the popular and universal ferment; upon the effect produced by the wide diffusion of political information; who knew—he, the law student, who had lived among the people—the excitable character of the Paris mob; who was well aware that thousands of men were hoping for liberty, and would risk fortune and life to win it, sketched, with almost prophetic power, much

which was to come. His picture was dim; he dealt necessarily in generalities; his ideas of change fell far short of the reality; but his warnings were accompanied by so much that was cogent in reasoning, and were attuned with so much eloquence and animation, that his auditors were variously moved.

Vague sensations of alarm made the Duke shudder, for he saw that his old age, which he had so fondly hoped would have ended in peace, was likely to be a stormy one, and more and more he clung to the support which, in this time of popular tribulation, he might look for in a young and active relation.

Adela, though much struck by the words of the young man, was much more so by his manner, and the sparkling animation depicted in his eyes, which had become deeply imprinted on her heart.

Miranda listened coldly and critically, and not a trace of emotion of any kind was visible on her handsome, nay, beautiful countenance.

The ladies, the storm not abating in the least, retired shortly after the conclusion of the dinner to the room so gallantly ceded to them by Charles Clement, in order to repose from the fatigues of the day. The Duke, too, determined to lie down on a bed made with the cushions of the carriage, and other materials which the servants produced, in the double-bedded room intended by Madame Martin for Torticolis and Duchesne, but which now was ceded to the aged nobleman and our hero.

"Charles," said the Duke, soon after the two young women had retired, "perhaps you are not aware that I owe you 120,000 livres?"

"Monsieur le Duc," replied Charles Clement, startled, "I told you I could accept nothing." "My friend," said the Duke, smiling sadly, "you would not surely refuse to accept a mother's gift?"

"A mother's gift!" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, my nephew, for eighteen years my sister's portion has been accumulating in my hands; the arrears amount to 120,000 livres, while the principal is a farm near Paris, of which my *homme d'affaires* will hand you the title-deeds in due form, with the amount which he has in his hands of the twenty year's accumulation."

"But, my uncle," said Charles, hesitating.

"M. Charles," exclaimed the Duke, gravely, "through culpable negligence on my part, and the fact that, pardon me, I had forgotten your very existence, this money has not been previously paid you, but yours it is, and M. Grignon will show you the necessary documents to prove this."

"I am deeply grateful, Monsieur le Duke, and can refuse nothing which was my mother's."

"It is then settled; good night, nephew,"—and in a few moments more the nobleman was asleep, leaving the young man to ponder on the events of the day.

## THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

Throw more logs upon the fire!

We have need of a cheerful light,  
And close round the hearth to gather,  
For the wind has risen to-night.

With the mournful sound of its wailing  
It has checked the children's glee,  
And it calls with a louder clamour  
Than the clamour of the sea.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

Let us listen to what it is saying,

Let us hearken to where it has been;  
For it tells, in its terrible crying,  
The fearful sights it has seen.

It clatters loud at the casements.

Round the house it hurries on,  
And shrieks with redoubled fury,  
When we say "The blast is gone!"

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been on the field of battle,

Where the dying and wounded lie;  
And it brings the last groan they uttered,  
And the ravenous vulture's cry.

It has been where the icebergs were meeting,  
And closed with a fearful crash;  
On the shore were no footsteps wandered,  
It has heard the waters dash.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been in the desolate ocean,

When the lightning struck the mast;  
It has heard the cry of the drowning,  
Who sank as it hurried past;

The words of despair and anguish,

That were heard by no living ear,  
The gun that no signal answered;  
It brings them all to us here.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been on the lonely moorland,

Where the treacherous snow-drift lies,  
Where the traveller, spent and weary,  
Gasp'd fainter, and fainter cries;

It has heard the bay of the bloodhounds,  
On the track of the hunted slave,  
The lash and the curse of the master,  
And the groan that the captive gave.

Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has swept through the gloomy forest,

Where the sledge was urged to its speed,  
Where the howling wolves were rushing  
On the track of the panting steed.



Where the pool was black and lonely,  
It caught up a splash and a cry—  
Only the bleak sky heard it,  
And the wind as it hurried by.  
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Then throw more logs on the fire,  
Since the air is bleak and cold,  
And the children are drawing nigher,  
For the tales that the wind has told.  
So closer and closer gather  
Round the red and crackling light;  
And rejoice (while the wind is blowing)  
We are safe and warm to-night!  
Hark to the voice of the wind!

### THE UNKNOWN.

—“to conceal  
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught—  
Passion, or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal—  
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought.  
Is a stern task of soul”

In one of the most beautiful and picturesque counties of the principality of Wales, and on one of that chain of mountains which nature seems to have intended as a defensive barrier between ancient Cambria and England, there is situated a romantic village, whose houses are built at intervals up the side of the eminence, and are crowned and overlooked by the remains of a fortress on its summit, that was once powerful and commanding. The time, however, is gone by which beheld its grandeur, since, from being the stronghold of feudal power and oppression, it has been successively the scene of knightly and chivalrous prowess, of lady love, and minstrel lore, down to the polish and splendour of recent times. The same illustrious family continued to be its possessors and inmates from the period of its erection until the present generation, who, at the call of fashion, removed to a more commodious and modern mansion in the plains it overlooks, and left the ancient seat of their ancestors, to become the residence of their dependents.

The beauty of the surrounding country occasions many tourists to visit this otherwise secluded village; and the ancient fortress occasionally becomes the abode of such of the lovers of nature as are not satisfied with a temporary view of the charms she exhibits. In its antique and gloomy chambers the summer day's wanderer finds a pleasing contrast to the gorgeous brightness of all external objects, he may gaze from the dim Gothic windows upon a scene of almost Italian loveliness, he may turn towards the interior of the chamber, and the grim and time-faded pictures that still remain upon the walls, the dark panels, and heavy doors, and wide fireplaces that mark its antiquity, may serve to

recall to his memory much that he may have heard of the prowess of ancient times. How much do the least romantic, and most creditable of the old chronicles impress one with an idea of the lawless state of mankind in the darker ages! What stories they relate of rapine and fraud—of ambition in the state—of force in arms—of stratagem, combined with force, in love—yet not unmingled with traits of grandeur of soul, that, like gleams of light in a stormy day, seem the more brilliant from the darkness by which they are surrounded!

It is now some years since a young traveller, who had a mind capable of feeling the full force of historic truth and philosophic reasoning, came from Cambridge to spend the summer vacation amid the stillness and the beauty of nature. Of the learning of the schools he had enough, and, perhaps, to spare, since he drank of the cup of knowledge with a thirst that seemed insatiable,—the deeper he quaffed, the greater was his desire; and he became thoughtful and abstracted beyond his years. He seemed to have that fire and motion of the soul which,

—“but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest, a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him that bears, to all that ever bore.”

His father, who was entirely of an opposite character, and who had, in his early days, suffered something from his friendship with one of his son's temperament, was anxious to overcome this restlessness in the youth; he, therefore sent him on an excursion into Wales, hoping that the natural beauties he would there behold might wean him from his too closely followed inquiries into philosophic truth.

At the period of his arrival at the ancient fortress, it happened to have for a tenant an old and sorrowful man, one whose grey hairs, and furrowed brow, and “lack-lustre eye,” gave evidence of a long and wearisome existence. He was of such a retiring deportment—so taciturn and repelling—and there was such an expression of suspicion in the quick inquiring glance which he sometimes directed from beneath his overhanging brow, that the young man felt unwilling to break in upon the seclusion of one so much older than himself, and who evidently shunned and disliked society. Yet there was something about him which excited an almost painful interest in the breast of his observer. He was old, helpless and solitary. He had either outlived all the objects of affection and friendship once dear to his bosom, or he had outlived their remembrance of him; in either case he was rather to be pitied than condemned.

It was the custom of the young student to sit in his chamber at the hour of twilight, and to watch the stars as they appeared, one by one, in the calm ether—shedding, from their golden urns, a radiance more tender and de-

lightful than that of day. At such periods he was wont to apostrophize them as the bright and changeless things that had kept, untired, their silent vigils from the first night of creation—as objects, if not as worlds, removed from our crime-tainted and care loaded atmosphere, and peopled “with beings bright as their own beams.

From such meditations he was frequently recalled by the light that shone from the chamber of the Unknown, and which, as it was situated in an opposite angle of the old fortress, he could easily overlook. Regularly, at the same hour of the night, the stranger lit his lamp; and as the student watched its flickering light, he bethought him of the olden time when that room might have been “the bower” of some courtly and lovely dame; and when such a light, beaming from its lofty window, would have been construed into a love lighted beacon, to guide home her lover, or her lord. Sometimes he was filled with curiosity to ascertain the nocturnal employments of the Unknown, for employed he undoubtedly was, and it must be something, thought the student, remarkably interesting, that should call forth such unusual assiduity, in one who seemed to have nothing worth living for. Yet, in spite of his pertinacious observance, nothing could the student discover but that the Unknown, after lighting his lamp, drew from its depository a casket or desk, then placing himself between the window and the table, he continued, for hours, to contemplate its contents. Thus, shut out from the truth, the student resorted to fiction, and there was nothing, however wild, that his heated and speculative imagination did not present to him—he fancied him an astronomer, calculating the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; from an astronomer he converted him, by a ready process, into an astrologer, and thence into a magician. From a practitioner of magic and the black arts, the student, who was well versed in the histories of the middle ages and all their legends, transmuted the Unknown into an alchemist, busied him in the search of the *elixir vite*—pursued him with imaginary persecutions—gifted him with boundless wealth, and then (as the strange association of ideas will sometimes lead us into absurdities) the Unknown degenerated into a maker of counterfeit coin.

Awaking, with a start, from such reveries as these, the student could scarcely forbear laughing at his own speculations; and, after indulging in them, he frequently retired to rest, and renewed in his dreams the wanderings of the mind. One day, during which he had observed that the Unknown seemed unusually retiring and melancholy, he suffered himself to be so absorbed in such meditations that his overcharged and weary spirit refused to part with the images he had presented to it, even after the body had sank to repose.

He dreamed that he sat in the chamber of the Unknown, with the mysterious desk open before him; that he stretched out his hand to reach a roll of parchment that it contained, but, ere he could grasp it, it closed with a tremendous noise, and he suddenly awoke. There was, indeed, a loud knocking at the door of his apartment; the Unknown was ill, and desired his presence.

The student hastily threw on his clothes, and proceeded to the apartment whose secrets he had so much wished to penetrate. The curtains were closed round the bed of the Unknown; his visitor put them aside, and gazed with surprise on the altered countenance of the dying man. He was now speechless; so rapid was the progress of his disease; his teeth were clenched; his lips were severed and pale; his eyes were glazed; *death* was legibly written upon every feature. He shook his head as he distinguished the student; as a last effort he held out his hand, and the young man received from him a small key; nature could do no more; he laid his head back upon his pillow, and the student saw that he was alone with the dead.

It is an awful thing “to be alone with the dead;” with the body of one whose spirit has that moment escaped from us; and, as we gaze on the mute remains of humanity, every feeling and passion, however turbulent, is hushed, benumbed, to silence. Is it that we are unconsciously impressed with the sense of the presence of an invisible and disencumbered spirit, that yet hovers around its late tenement, watching our deportment, prying into our thoughts, estimating the sincerity of our regrets? or do we know ourselves to be standing in the court of death, before the very altar upon which an offering has been recently made to Him, where we ourselves shall one day come? or is it a sense of loss, of deprivation, a snatching away of something incalculably valuable that thus affects us? It may be one or all these feelings that subdues, for a time, in the chamber of the dead, the lamentations of the relative and the friend; that suspends the speculations of the moralist, that stills the clamours of the interested, the inquiries of the curious; it was some such feeling that obliterated from the mind of the student, as he gazed on the remains of the Unknown, his recent desire to scan into his history.

But on the morrow, when it became necessary to make arrangements for the funeral, the student unlocked the desk, of which he had received the key. It contained a sum of money, folded in a paper, on which was inscribed, “For my funeral expenses.” In a secret drawer was deposited a miniature of a female of dazzling beauty, and several closely written sheets of paper addressed to “The finder.” The student, therefore, scrupled not to examine their contents.

## THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE UNKNOWN.

Stranger! whoever thou art into whose hands this record of my existence may chance to fall, pause ere thou openest its pages, and recal to thy mind such scenes of thine own life as may best assure thee that frailty is the companion of man; since, if no humiliating sense of thine own errors teach thee to look with compassion on mine, thou wilt do well to shut the book, and resign it into the hands of a more merciful judge. There was a time when I ranked high among my fellow men. I was esteemed for my virtues, and admired for my talents. I looked forward to a life of honor, and a death of renown. Alas, to what have I been degraded!

I do not remember my father; he died on the day of my birth; an ill omen of the fate of his posthumous son. I was the first and the only child of my mother, who was freed, by the death of her husband, from the most insupportable species of domestic tyranny; and from the earliest hour of consciousness, I remember myself to have been the sole idol of her heart. I formed no wish, however wild—I had no desire, however extravagant, that she did not seek to gratify; and my temper, naturally irritable and violent, was made worse by this ill-timed indulgence! Her fortune was limited, and, as the masters she employed to conduct my education flattered her with the belief that I possessed extraordinary talents, she resolved that I should embrace a profession by which I might at once acquire both emolument and renown.

From domestic tuition I passed to Eton, and thence I was entered as a student at the courts of law in the metropolis.

I will pass over my probationary years, a great portion of which I idled away at the retired mansion of my mother, and merely state that I was honorably called to the bar in the thirtieth year of my age; and that I began my career with a full determination to commit no action that might bring disgrace upon myself, or discredit upon my profession; but such resolutions are more easily made than adhered to. Time had somewhat subdued my youthful volatility, but I was still rash, headstrong, and impetuous; outwardly, and where my interests or my character required it, I could be calm and temperate; I was able to repress before strangers those quick and virulent resentments which burst forth in the domestic hour with a violence that made my mother shrink, and my servants tremble, but which, when once exhausted, left in my mind no seeds of malice or enmity. Even in despite of these paroxysms my attendants loved me; my mother bowed to their fury in silence, she felt that she should have curbed them in my youth; and one, who was neither relative nor servitor, wept until her tears disarmed me.

She was the companion, the ward of my mother, if so might a portionless orphan be

denominated. She was the child of an old and faithful friend, and, on the death of her last parent, my mother offered her an asylum under her roof. Emma Gordon gladly availed herself of the protection of such a woman, and became domesticated at our cottage. She was meek, unoffending, and affectionate, without energy, mediocre in intellect, insipid in her manners, and doll-like in her appearance. She was brought up in the strictest exercise of all religious and moral duties. Everything wrong, whether it was a petty departure from decorum, or an atrocious murder, came under her idea of things that were "improper," and I often ridiculed, with merciless severity, this indiscriminating mode of censure. I was the object on which such affections as she possessed were wholly lavished; but I could not be said to love her in return. The passive preference, the soulless tenderness, of such a woman, could not call forth the impetuous, deep, and glowing love that I was capable of feeling for a more energetic and intellectual female, one with whom I could fully have interchanged every thought, every feeling, every sentiment, who would have had one heart, one mind, one soul with myself, who would have been to me, and I to her, as an oracle of wisdom, of happiness, of life.

Perhaps I was wrong to indulge my mother in the belief that I loved her ward; but I knew that my parent had set her heart upon the marriage, and I had no intention of disappointing her. I had then seen no woman that answered to my own secret ideal of personal and mental charms. Emma, by long habitude, was so well acquainted with the custom of self-indulgence, of indolence, and of luxury, which I yielded to at home, that she was partly necessary to my comfort; to marry her would be to secure a skilful nurse, a careful housekeeper, a judicious manager of my domestic affairs, and a patient minister to my capricious whims. For amusement or for advice, I would seek elsewhere.

I did not, in these calculations, consider any one but myself; I never gave a thought to futurity, of the children I might have, or the qualities they might inherit. Like the admonition of the ancient sage, when I asked myself what was the object of my cares, I could only couch my answer in the thrice reiterated and odious monosyllable, self, self, self. I did not, as her sex required, even leave it to Emma to appoint the day of our marriage, but, having signified to my mother and to her the period of my return, I required them to have everything in readiness for the ceremony. I then departed to pursue my professional avocations.

At home I was a slave to myself, and a tyrant to those around me; in the world I was wholly different: at least my selfishness assumed a nobler character—was more indirectly gratified. I had applied, with a wis-

dom inconsistent with my character, to the profession I had embraced; I had a well-grounded knowledge of the law, I studied the graces of elocution, and, by an honorable and manly mode of proceeding, I procured myself the esteem of all who knew me. I had a prepossessing appearance, my figure was tall and graceful; and, in pleading the cause of my clients, I took care that my diction should be as correct and classical as my voice was full and harmonious. In justice to my own character, I must add, that many of my faults arose from my injudicious education; my errors were offered to me by indulgence; my virtues were the fruits of a vigorous mind and a clear judgment, that sometimes were powerful enough to burst through the trammels of early habit.

During my residence at Eton, I formed an intimacy with a young gentleman of good fortune and family, whose name was Lewis. Our friendship had, at first, the usual fate of school-intimacies—we were thrown into different situations in life, and saw nothing of each other for some years. In time, however, I became known as an advocate of some eminence, and I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Lewis, who came to my chambers to consult with me relative to a lawsuit, in which he was individually concerned. A lady, with whom he was on the point of marriage, found that her fortune was unjustly detained from her by her guardian, there seemed to be little doubt that the cause, if well conducted, would be determined in her favor. I undertook to plead for her, and anxiously awaited the day of trial.

Lewis had described her to me as possessed of the greatest beauty and the highest accomplishments; I was full of enthusiasm in the cause of grace, friendship, and love; I went beyond myself in eloquence, and came off triumphant.

In a few days I was introduced to Augusta Waldwin—the praises of her lover were cold in comparison to her deserts; and from that hour I burnt with an uncontrollable desire to call her mine. She was of the first order of fine forms; but her natural charms were as nothing compared to the finished elegance of her manners, the grace of her motion, the eloquence of her language, the witchery of her eye. She could not perform the smallest action of her life without charming the beholder; if she was silent, the enraptured admiration mutely gazed upon her; if she spoke, every sense, even reason herself, bowed before her power. Years have passed over me since I first beheld her, and the fire of life now burns feebly in my bosom; but, though I have drained the bitter cup of life to its very dregs, the remembrance of what Augusta then was has sweetened the most poisonous drop of that nauseous draught. But she has passed from the earth, and neither child

nor kindred perpetuates her beauty or her name.

It was not, as I now think, perfectly prudent in my friend to introduce me to such a paragon of loveliness; yet he could not suppose that I should so far transgress the rules of honor as to break through my engagements with Emma Gordon, or endeavor to prevail on Augusta to become my wife. I had not myself any determination to act so basely—I did not premeditate to rob my friend of his treasure; but I was to blame in not flying from her presence the moment I became conscious of her power. I should not have staid to listen to her voice, or to gaze upon her eyes; or have endeavored, as I constantly did, to assure myself that, in everything, her sentiments were like mine. I began to encourage a hope that she preferred me to Lewis—that she admired me for my aspirations after distinction; and her smile of approbation became the chief reward of my nightly studies and my daily toil.

She was perfectly different from all women that I had seen before; my mother, though well-bred and lady-like in her deportment, was of the old school, somewhat stately in her ideas of etiquette, cold and reserved in her politeness. Emma, educated on the same principle, and naturally placid and passionless, became positively inane; and such females as I had elsewhere conversed with, were either modifications of the same species, or ran into the opposite extreme of levity, and appeared impertinent and trifling. Neither was I singular in my opinion of Augusta's superiority—no one could withstand the magic of her charms—as little could they describe the power they bowed to. It was unseen, indefinite, indescribable; but, like the Promethean fire, it was subtle and ethereal, and it communicated intelligence to everything it glanced upon. The more I compared her with my affianced bride, the more strongly was I urged to break through my engagements; I was in a fever of contending passions—food and rest were alike hateful to me—I was incapable of reasoning with myself—I could not apply for advice to my friend; he, of all men, it behoved to keep in ignorance of my frenzy. The same motive estranged me from my mother; and I sought a refuge from reflection in the inebriating bowl.

There are states of mental abstraction, and of deep and engrossing passion, which seem so effectually to counteract the power of wine on the animal spirits, that men under their influence can scarcely become intoxicated. Such was my case; and I frequently arose from the table perfectly master of my faculties, but under strong excitement, and in a mood to do aught that opportunity might dare me to do. On one of these occasions I caught up my hat, and pursued my way to the house of Augusta. Unfortunately, for I knew it not, Lewis was

in the country, superintending the improvement of his residence previously to his nuptials, and the servant ushered me into the drawing-room. Augusta was alone, reclining on a couch placed in a window, whose balcony was filled with flowers. The sultriness of the day had left her spiritless and languid; her eyes had little of their usual vivacity, and after the interchange of common civilities, we relapsed into silence.

Why should I thus harrow up my long-buried emotions to gratify the curiosity of one to whom I am as nothing? why should I thus tear the veil from my own frailties? why repeat the sophisms by which, on this eventful night, I won Augusta from my friend, and procured my own ruin? Let it suffice, that the following day she became my bride.

In the first paroxysm, for it deserves no other name, of my happiness, I refused to think of Emma Gordon, of my mother, or of Lewis. I had Augusta—she was *mine*, mine only; how, it mattered not; my ambition and my self-love, the prevailing sins of my nature, were equally gratified by the possession of such a woman, so surpassing in beauty, in accomplishments, in intellect. All bliss that I had known before seemed poor and tasteless compared with this, and I revelled in the fullness of delight. A letter from Lewis at length reached me; it was a partial sedative to my heated imagination; it was indignant, scornful, severe: it demanded from me the satisfaction that one gentleman owes to another. I was flushed with wine when I answered it. I replied, "that I was too happy in the society of the lady who had done me the honor to prefer me to him, to risk my life against one who had no wish to lose his own; that, if he was insupportably weary of himself, there were ways enough to terminate existence without my aid." The result of this insolent boast was, that he branded me to the world as a villain and a coward.

It had long been a maxim with me, that, in the opinion of the world, the success of an enterprise will prove a justification for him that undertakes it; and that of two men who should, with the same means, motives, and ability, enter on the same pursuit, the one proving successful, and the other not, the fortunate one would be deemed prudent in his speculations, the other the reverse. I therefore flattered myself that a little raillery from my friends upon my hasty marriage would be the only consequence of my dishonorable conduct; I was far from anticipating the universal scorn that awaited me. It seemed, when I appeared among my former intimates, that I had a kind of moral leprosy—every one shrunk from holding the least communication with me; both as a private and as a public character my reputation was gone. I was too proud to attempt to regain it; and I retired, with Augusta, to spend the remainder of my life in

a secluded residence which she possessed in the north of England, and where, in the second year of our union, I became the delighted father of a lovely boy. His appearance, by awakening in us the feelings of pleasure that had of late been dormant, effectually preserved us from matrimonial *ennui*; for since I had neither fame to seek nor fortune to win, I felt "o'ercast with sorrow and supineness." Augusta was of too lofty a spirit to sit down quietly and be the butt of my ill-humour, as Emma Gordon had been; she had always received homage, but had never paid any; and whenever my tickle and irritable temper seemed to intrude upon the quietness and comfort of the house, she withdrew to her own room, nor appeared again until I was perfectly master of myself. After the birth of Augustus, she reasoned with me on the impropriety of indulging my ill-humor on trivial occasions; and so forcibly pointed out to me the bad effects which my example would have upon the child, that I resolved to reform. I can, indeed, safely affirm, that I scrupulously guarded myself from betraying before my son the weakness of my character; I was unwearied in my attention to his welfare, and, as he grew in years, I was his instructor, his companion, and his friend. He was a noble youth; he had much of the beauty and the unspeakable grace of his mother; he had no mean or sordid feeling in his composition; he was proud, spirited, and aspiring; he had the capacity for doing great actions—and I felt renewed in him those hopes of renown for my family that were for ever blasted in myself. He had attained his sixteenth year, and it was necessary that he should now become acquainted with society; he was of an age to be ushered into life, but most assuredly I could not be his protector. I resolved, however, before I committed him to the care of another, from whom he might learn the story of my dishonor, to communicate it to him myself; and I chose for the time of my history the hour of our evening walk.

The mansion in which I had so long resided was situated near the edge of an extensive common; and, at the time of our marriage, it was unsheltered by a single tree. To vary my employments, as well as to increase the value of my property, I had planted innumerable forest trees at the extremity of my grounds, varying them, as the plantation approached the house, with flowering shrubs of every description. I was delighted with the flourishing appearance of my growing forest, and I contemplated, with a delight unusually devoid of selfishness, the hour when my child's children might ramble beneath its shade and bless the memory of his grandsire. But of this felicity did my own evil passions also disappoint me.

I intended, with regard to my son, to communicate to him, without disguise, the whole

facts relative to my marriage with his mother; and I hoped that nature would so plead for me in his bosom, that I should sink but very little in his esteem. I also resolved that he should be the mediator between me and my mother, who was still alive, surrounded, as I heard, by the children of Lewis and Emma Gordon, whose marriage had not been delayed very long after mine. I felt jealous that the grandmother of a boy like mine should lavish her regards upon those who were not of her kindred, particularly as Augusta had no relative in the world to whose care we might commend our treasure. I hoped everything from the prepossessing manners and appearance of Augustus. I even believed that Lewis would forget his resentment against me, and become the protector of my son.

With such hopes as these I walked gaily forth, and conversed with Augustus upon indifferent topics until I had wound up my feelings to relate to him my secret. I found it a task more difficult than I had expected; I veiled my interest in it under a feigned name; I courted his comments upon my conduct—for I was anxious to discover whether the lessons of virtue and honor that I had so carefully taught him would form the rule of his own life, and of his judgment upon others; or whether he would palliate falsehood and countenance dishonor. He acted as I expected he would do: he denounced me as a wretch unworthy of the happiness that fell to my share; condemning, with the fiery ardor of unsophisticated youth, my double perfidy, my ingratitude, and my cowardice. What an inconsistent being is man! I had labored for years to make my son what he was; yet I was angry with him because he did not disapprove me; and I hated him for his vehement adherence to those principles which I had taught him to prize. How could I now submit to say to him—"I am the man whose conduct you have condemned?" How enlure the contemptuous pity, or the ill-repressed resentment of this boy, who was the judge of his father's actions? Yet this, too, I had brought upon myself; I had, at my own pleasure, unlocked the treasure-house of memory; I had taken from her stores the delicious recollections of Augusta, such as she was when I became enamoured of her beauty. I had revelled again in the happiness of the early days of my marriage; but I was not to rest here; I could not forget the subsequent detestation and contempt I had been called upon to endure; I was maddened by the stings of self-reproach, and, with a frightful vehemence of manner, I revealed to my son that I was the man whose conduct he so severely reprehended.

I know not whether he was sorry to discover that his father was not so perfect as he had imagined; or whether he was ashamed to have so severely criticised the offences of

one so near to him; certain it is that he was silent and embarrassed, and answered not the reproaches I savagely poured upon him. In the rudest and most impassioned language I denounced him and all mankind. I was a very madman.

He took my hand, probably as an attempt at pacification; I struck him passionately from me; he fell; his right temple came violently in contact with a projecting branch of a fallen tree; a groan escaped him; it was the last sound he ever uttered!

Gracious Heavens! if through the countless ages of eternity I am doomed to retain, unimpaired, the recollection of that moment, how shall I endure the undying torment? It is true that I was not deliberately his executioner, but he was a victim to my violent and uncontrollable temper, and thus was the measure of my crimes completed. "Augustus, my son!" the woods re-echoed my cries of desperation and anguish; on *his* ear they fell unnoticed and unheard. I sat beside him on the ground, holding his cold hand in mine, and insensible of the approaching darkness; I was utterly unable to resolve with myself how I should act; how to unfold to the mother the fate of her son. She, perhaps, might acquit me of intentional murder, but would the world also? I dared not encounter its judgment on this point, and I determined to conceal the body of Augustus, and to repair, as early as possible, to the continent of Europe.

I hid my victim in the underwood, and returned home to Augusta. She immediately inquired for her son, and I told her the story I had constructed for the purpose. I said that we had met, in our walk, with some of his friends, who were setting out on an excursive tour through England (so far I spoke the truth), and that they had prevailed on me to suffer him to accompany them. She was displeased that he had departed without saying adieu, and with so little preparation for such an unusual journey; I was afraid that she would embarrass me by further inquiries, and; pleading fatigue, I retired to my dressing-room, whence I could descend, by a private staircase, into the garden. I waited, in an agony of impatience, until I believed that the servants were at rest. I then descended to the garden, and, procuring there a laborer's spade, I pursued my way to the wood. I drew the body of Augustus from its hiding-place. I took it in my arms, and, staggering beneath its weight, I passed out of the wood on to the moor, by which it was skirted. Having fixed upon a place that seemed, from the nature of the soil, to offer facilities for digging his grave, I laid him on the earth and proceeded to perform my unholy office. From the hour of sunset the air had been sultry and oppressive; and at midnight the thunder storm began. At first, the flashes of lightning were few and transient, and their attendant peals were

heard but at a distance; by degrees, they became more vivid, and frequent and forked, and their light outshone that of day. The heavens seemed to be torn asunder by them—the earth shook beneath the thunder-peal—and the rain literally poured down upon me as I stood, bareheaded, by the grave I had prepared, the cold dew wrung from me by toil and terror standing thickly upon my brow!

Amid this conflict of the elements I laid my first-born, my only son, in his last resting place; but I delayed to cover him with the turf I had taken up. I was alone, in the midst of a barren heath, resting on my spade by the side of a grave, whose murdered inmate was my own child, the last heir of two ancient and noble families. Within a few hours he had been full of life—vigorous, happy, talented, and brave. Now, he was like the clod he rested upon! What had availed to him the generous humanity of his nature? His acquirements were as nothing—his genius and his learning had not preserved him from the fate of the meanest kind. And what was I? Stupefied, yet sensible amid my stupor that I was insuperably wretched. I bowed not to the raging of the storm—it suited well with the temper of my soul. I even folded my arms upon my bosom, and awaited the flash of lightning that should show me again the features of Augustus, ghastly and livid beyond expression in that awful glare. He was dead! yet I uttered no complaint; I did not rave, nor supplicate, nor pray. The requiem over my boy was the pealing of the thunder. I was myself in the place of priest, and mourner, and herald, and mute; and his tomb—wherefore should he have one to perpetuate the ignominy of his sire?

At length I covered for ever the face of Augustus. I pressed the clod upon his breast. Yes! I even trampled upon it to prevent it being perceived that it had been removed. I noted the spot where I had laid that fair head in the dust, and returned precipitately home.

In the course of a few days I affected to receive a letter from Augustus, stating that he had accompanied his friends to Paris, and requesting us to meet him there. I persuaded Augusta that we should find pleasure in such a journey, and, having made hasty arrangements for discharging my servants and disposing of my estate, we set off for the continent.

We arrived in Paris, and Augusta demanded her son. For some time I parried her inquiries; but she became so anxious, so earnest about him, that I was compelled to impart to her the secret of his fate. She did not betray me—that I expected of her—but she shrunk from me with unconcealed abhorrence. She hated me, as she herself said, less for the passion which had so unfortunately proved fatal to Augustus, than for my selfish perfidy and deceit, in concealing from her, at the time, so

melancholy an event. "Alas! my son," burst from her lips, "thy midnight burial was unconsecrated by thy mother's tears—that consolation might, at least, have been afforded to me."

She did not long survive her exile, for such, in reality, it was; and her last moments were embittered by the knowledge that the body of Augustus had been discovered and recognized, and that common report assigned her husband as his murderer. The sudden disappearance of Augustus, and my subsequent precipitate removal from the estate on which I had so long resided, gave a coloring to the suspicion. I felt that I could never again revisit his grave.

Augusta was interred among strangers, and I became a solitary wanderer on the face of the earth. Like another Cain, I seemed to bear about with me the curse of the Eternal. Whoever looked upon me hated me. Spring and summer, autumn and winter, passed over me unnoticed and unenjoyed. I became old in sorrow, yet mine was not a grief to kill.

Now, however, unless my existence be supernaturally prolonged, I cannot be far from its termination; and grateful shall I feel myself for permission to escape from a world that has been to me one scene of sorrow and remorse. Thou who hast perused this narrative, learn from it that it is easy to depart from probity and honor, and that the downward path of error, once entered upon, leads rapidly to the commission of the most atrocious crimes—no man having the power to say to his unbridled passions, "thus far, but no farther, shall ye go."

The student closed the manuscript of the Unknown; he returned to his apartment, and looked intently on the features of the dead. They betrayed, even in the composure and rigidity of death, many traces of passion and of consuming sorrow; but one might have presumed to say, from only viewing the remains of that once noble countenance, "This man was a murderer." The student laid the head of the stranger in the grave; he then returned home, and related to his family the adventure which had befallen him. His father recognized in the Unknown the false friend of his youth; the student discovered himself to be the son of Lewis and Emma Gordon, and he rejoiced that the well governed temper and right principles of his father ensured happiness to his family instead of destruction. With an education more limited, and with talents far less splendid than those which had fallen to the possession of the Unknown, Lewis had conducted himself honorably through life. He had found, in the society of the quiet and unpretending Emma, a pleasure that he might have missed with the brilliant Augusta. As a son to the mother of the Unknown, as a husband, and as a father, he fulfilled the minut-

est duties of existence; and, at the very verge of life, when he became so singularly acquainted with the fate of his once valued friend, he drew from it a lesson that served to impress upon the mind of his too imaginative son, this truth (elsewhere expressed by a man eminent for talent and virtue), "that all is vanity which is not honest; and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety."

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THE FOUNTAIN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight,—  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like  
When the winds blow.

Into the starlight  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy by midnight,  
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never awcary.

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward,  
Motion thy rest.

Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element.

Glorious fountain!  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!

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THE WORST OF BORES.

Who has not at some time of life been more or less subjected to that bore of all bores, that nightmare, that worst of incubi, an idle man in or about the house all day? To those who know but little of the nuisance, I say, happy are ye; to those who are blissfully ignorant of it, happier

still; but the wretched woman who has by some strange infatuation united her lot to that of a man having nothing to do, and less to think about, has my most deep and sincere compassion.

My friend Mrs. Gedder is the wife of a retired naval officer. Why in the world his family selected that profession for him in his youth, I have always been at a loss to imagine; for never had any one less of the jolly tar or more of the fidget in his composition. Nothing is so trifling as to be below his notice, or of too small consequence to be worthy of a long debate or prosy discussion. If on a visit at his house, the first person you encounter on descending of a morning, is always Mr. Gedder. He is occupied in what he calls making a good fire, with which laudable end in view he sits, tongs in hand, inserting small scraps of coal into every available aperture of the bars, varying this process in a pleasing manner by every five minutes seizing the poker and stirring them all out again before they have had the slightest chance of becoming ignited.

"Good morning, Miss Smith," he exclaims, with a dig of the poker; "there's nothing so cheering as a good fire, I think; don't you think so? Servants never do make a good fire unless it happens to be a very warm morning," dig goes the poker again, and little is left in the grate save ashes and smoke. "Ah, here comes the kettle. Now, Mary, does it *boil*? You know how particular I am that it should *boil*. Here, here, set it on the fire and let me see for myself." Mary places her bright copper kettle on the smoky mass with a rueful countenance. "There now," says Mr. Gedder, "I thought it did not boil; ts-ts-ts, my dear (to his wife who enters,) you must speak to Mary, you really *must*; the kettle does not boil this morning."

"My dear Charles how can you expect such a thing of it? It would freeze as soon on that fire."

"It is a very good fire, Eliza, allow me to say though, had I not myself attended to it, it would have been out, depend upon it."

During the whole of breakfast you are regaled with the same subject, intermingled with remarks relative to Margaret's teeth not being properly brushed, Jane's shoulders growing daily more elevated, and little Alfred's hair never lying smooth—it having, in fact, an obstinate tendency to curl.

After breakfast Mrs. Gedder and I are severely cross-questioned as to what we intend doing all day; we cannot exactly say—should not like to commit ourselves for a whole day. After much useless talk, the matter is brought within the compass of an hour. Well, we are going to work. "Then Mr. G. will read the paper," behind which he forthwith ensconces himself.—Think not, however, he is absorbed in the news,—far from it; he has but, as it were, snugly established himself in a sort of watch-box, and is lying in wait ready at any moment to pounce upon and worry whatever topic you may choose for conversation, or rally forth and make war on that most unfortunate fire, despite his wife's entreaties to let it alone and allow it to burn up. You speak of your work; he comes to examine, find fault, or approve, as the case may be. You discuss a pattern; he must see it, and give an opinion, or suggest an improvement. You talk of



dress,—you wish one made, and ask advice of Mrs. Gedder; but receive it gratis from Mr. G. He wishes to know what is for his dinner; his wife evades the question; he persists, and on hearing, knocks off your favorite dish (macaroni and cheese) as “unwholesome; a thing the children may not eat, and therefore ought not to see;” which leads to an animated debate as to whether it is not better to inculcate self-denial by allowing children to see what they may not have. You are to initiate Mrs. Gedder into the mysteries of some peculiarly excellent cakes that require unheard-of skill in the compounding; for which purpose you retire to the store-room, tuck up sleeves, and are soon immersed in sweets. Thither also, adjourns Mr. Gedder, to see what you are doing; and the questions he asks of “why do you do this;” and “why you don’t do that;” which “he should think a much better plan,” mingled with exclamations of “now really that is an extraordinary combination;” “will it be nice?” &c., nearly drive you out of your wits; while you feel a horrid temptation to lay hands on a flower-bag you perceive hard by, and dust it well about his ears.

Having, in the teeth of his interference, put the finishing stroke to your cookery, you hint at a walk. Mr. Gedder says *he* was thinking of going out; whereupon you suddenly discover you have slight cold, and had better take care of yourself, perhaps, hoping for a good fire and pleasant *tête-à-tête* with your friend when her spouse is gone.

You wait and wait. He has risen, and is gazing from the window, drumming *Oh Susannah* on the frame. It happens to be your name, and you heartily wish he would go to Alabama, feeling he need be under no apprehension of your shedding tears at his departure. You draw forth your watch, and remark casually that it is twelve o’clock; you did not think it had been so late (a terrible fib by-the-by, for you both hoped and believed it was at least an hour later).

“Twelve is it?—then he must go;” and he walks towards the door, but returns; for it is one of the characteristics of his class to be always the *going* man. It takes us long to get one of them fairly off the premises as to get a large vessel under weigh. He has discovered a hole in his glove, the size of a pin’s head; it must be repaired; and you cheerfully offer your services, thinking thereby to facilitate his departure. Having accomplished your task, you feel delighted to see him put on the gloves, and make once more for the door.

Do not allow your spirits to attain too high a level; he has turned the handle, but at that moment is attracted by some one passing the window; retraces his steps to make out who it is, and another five minutes is gone in conjecturing whether it can be Smith out again,—to which is appended a history of Smith’s accident, and consequent long confinement to the house.

“One struggle more,” and you believe yourself free. He has left the room. Be not deceived; he has but got as far as the hat-stand and comes back, bearing his hat and great-coat, which he informs you he purposes putting on by the fire. And oh! the interminable time it requires to do so! The coat is examined; you have the

history of when, where, and of whom, it was purchased; every morsel of anything like dust is deliberately stroked off. The hat is polished again and again, until you tremble for the nap, and yourself indulging in a calculation as to how much per annum Mr. Gedder’s hats may stand him in at that rate.

At length his toilette is completed, and this time he actually reaches the front door. He is not gone, however; back he comes (you long to kick him out,) to inform his wife the lock wants oil, and there are some finger-marks on the paint. His next attempt takes him to the garden-gate. Is it possible? Yes; here he is again; there are heavy clouds he tells you; he dreads rain, and must have an umbrella; he just puts his head in to give you this information, and it is all you can do to restrain yourself from rushing at him, seizing him by the shoulders, putting him outside his own door, and turning the key upon him! You sit for ten minutes after he has disappeared, expecting a fresh return; trying to calm yourself and be resigned should such be the case. At the end of a quarter of an hour you breathe freely, and then have such a charming chat with Mrs. Gedder, you almost forget she is no longer Eliza Dibb, and that there is a miserable man called Gedder in existence.

You are not long allowed to enjoy this delusion; too soon arrives the hour for dinner, and with it punctually, Mr. Gedder. It is a problem to you how it happens that he comes so true to time when you consider what was the manner of his departure. He has been to call on Mr. Gregg; the next time you see Mr. Gregg, you solve your problem by ingeniously drawing from him, that when Mr. Gedder makes a call, he begins to go at the end of about ten minutes, which allows plenty of time for the usual number of abortive sallies.

The dinner is a series of fidgets. Margaret eats too little; she cannot be well. “My dear that child is evidently out of health; I wonder you do not perceive it; mothers ought to be the first to observe any symptom of disorder in their children.” Margaret is an unusually robust strong girl, and is teased into fancying herself an invalid, and eats little on principle, as being more interesting. Next he falls upon poor Guss, who is making up for his sister’s want of appetite by the display of a double portion. He is denounced as a “glutton—a perfect glutton,—his papa is ashamed of him;” Nor does Jane escape; she despatches her food too quickly, and uses too much salt. Mrs. Gedder makes a facetious proposal that the children shall have all their food weighed, and a certain time allotted to each mouthful.

The desert is partaken of, accompanied by an advice to the Governess on the mode of instructing her pupils,—how *he* should proceed were *he* the teacher; and you involuntarily wish he would take to that or any other employment that would allow him less time for admonishing and investigating.

He generally takes a nap in his chair after dinner, though he would repudiate the accusation with scorn; he would not, therefore, lie down, and do it comfortably for the world, but sits nodding with a pamphlet before him, every now and then amusing himself by a complicated snore, or

an extra jerk of his head backwards, that bids fair to dislocate his neck. At such intervals he always exclaims,—"Eh—what? What is that your saying,—I did not hear,—I grow a little deaf,"—and insists on a recapitulation of your gossip.

His slumbers over, he walks about the room, creating by his rapid movements a breeze that would turn a mill, and chills you through, though he never ceases (in his figurative language) to "mend," the fire. The tea urn takes the place of the kettle at breakfast; and he harasses his wife to be sure it boils, until she suggests he "should "put his finger in and try."

She has infinite patience, and treats all his worrying in a pleasant, joking way, that is a marvel to me. I grow so irritated by even a few days of the constant friction.

Should we be going to a place of public amusement in the evening, he deliberates, "shall he order the carriage at a quarter to eight,—or at eight precisely,—or at a quarter past eight; and discusses the *pros* and *cons* of those respective epochs of time as if the fate of nations depended on his choosing the most propitious moment.

The knotty point decided, you withdraw to dress, and you may calculate on at least half a dozen raps at your door, to know "if you are ready, for the carriage is to be here directly "

When "ready," your "wraps" are inspected. "You have too little on your head—you will take cold. There—he will draw your shawl over your head." Your feelings are damaged by the consciousness that in so doing he is crushing to death your beautiful wax camellis, and completely "making a mess," of your back hair. In the carriage a heavy railway rug is carefully adjusted over your knees in spite of all remonstrance, and the agony you endure for your elegant flounced tarlatan, during that drive, is not to be conceived.

Emerged from your "wraps," you feel intensely untidy;—wondering more than ever how your friend submits so calmly. It is some time before a suitable locality is discovered for you to cast anchor in. The first beach tried is dirty—a move is made to a second, which is discovered to be in a draft;—a third change takes you out of sight of the orchestra. At length you are marshalled to a bench without a back—a thing you hate; but nevertheless you positively decline moving again.

During the performance, he is always seeing, fancying he sees, somebody he knows, and being near-sighted himself, distracts your attention from what you are enjoying, by directing it towards the apparition of Mrs. Brown or Mr. Taylor.

When you have returned home, Mr. Gedder disappears, you fondly hope—to bed. You and Mrs. G. get your feet on the fender, and your tongues on the subject of that evening's amusement and many other such enjoyed together in former days. Just when you have become deeply interested in the history of an old school-fellow who eloped with an officer, and has since been quite lost to your view, comes Mr. Gedder to put out the gas—extinguish the fire, lock the closet, and spirit away his wife. He has looked under all the beds,—examined all the fastenings, and bid you good night with the assurance that

all is quite safe. You enter your bedroom with a wearied sigh; and as you put out your light, thank your stars that your blessed husband is so thoroughly engrossed by business he hardly has time for his meals, and never sits above an hour at a time in the house except on Sundays.

#### THE EATING AND DRINKING CAPABILITIES OF THE METROPOLIS.

LONDON boasts of innumerable *lions* to astonish and delight a provincial: Panoramas, and Wax-works, and Jugglers, and immeasurably before these, some which are altogether unique. One such is the phenomenon an early morning presents. From the canonical eight o'clock breakfast to within an hour of mid-day, every avenue to town pours in a flood of broadcloth. For an hour or two they have been turbid with corduroy, leather aprons, and fustian, precursors of the bright stream to set in. Numberless tributaries, whose sources are miles away, drain the romantic districts of Hampstead and Highgate; the rural retreats of Clapham; the verdant dales of Kensington; the sandy roads of Bow. Along the undulatory City Road, and 'from over the water,' along the great western thoroughfare, and the Essex Channel, come a north, a south, an east, a west floodtide, commingling and making the whirlpool of business round the 'golden heart' of the City. Before ladyfolks are abroad, or business re-acts towards the suburbs, every inlet is surging with well-dressed gentlemen. All, all go on towards one centre, resistless like to a magnetic pole, or hurried as the rapids, they hasten to the strife of the floods. According to the invariable wont of City employes, every one has staid at home just five minutes beyond his time, and has to scamper now, to get his name 'above the line.'

It is an extraordinary and an interesting sight, which one often stops to smile at and admire, even though he daily join the stream. The spirit of sanitary reform has driven every one out of London at night. The iron-roads in the morning pour back again a current to swell the troubled vortex. Omnibuses, also, freighted to repletion outside and in, teem along, 'setting the stones on fire,' as the French say, in their haste to dis-embogue; a pleasant company, though ungladdened by a lady's smile. The passengers live a little out of town, for the sake of a walk, and *ride* out and in 'every day,' to save themselves the trouble.

A stranger would speculate very curiously upon the stowage of those thousands; for sure the City walls can hardly hold them? What can they find to do? And, not least, how can such a host, away from home be provisioned from day to day? The regular victualling of Babylon the Great is one of its most wonderful, yet least remarked upon features. It needs a siege such as King Frost laid round about its ramparts lately, to make the denizens of its bricks and smoke think at all of where their food comes from. When a coverlet of snow hides the vegetation of the thousand and one kitchen-gardens which form the margiu of the metropolis, and ice-floes on Father Thames dam out foreign supplies of food, the

whole commissariat department for two and a half millions of people is disarranged. Famine prices set in, as many a London 'goody' knows from late experience in coals, and candles, and bread. The huge heavy-laden wains, piled up parallelpipedonically (to use something emphatic) with cabbages, turnip bunches, or carrots, and whose wheels rumble in the streets before the lamps are out, leave the heavy citizen for the nonce in beatific peace to snore by the side of his spouse.

The accommodations for eating and drinking, as well as the comestibles, are as varied as the occupations of the day-denizens of London. The magnates imbibe turtle and port for luncheon, at the great taverns, and return home to a late dinner, digestive pills, and dyspepsia. With these we have nought to do. They form a minority, of which the units are in all conscience huge enough, but which collectively make only a feeble impression on the mountains of bread and montecules of beef *done* in the city every day. The mountains truly, may we aver, when the London consumption of wheat for the last year was 1,600,000 quarters. The mimic rapids of old port which speed down, but few know where, leave more palpable evidence of things that were, but are not, by ebb-tide in the cellar. A joke is afloat on this element, that the port of London is better represented than ever hitherto, inasmuch as one of the estimable representatives has quaffed more of the luscious blood than any man within the jurisdiction of my Lord Mayor.

Folks only who have got 'a plum' can do so 'extensively,' whose work consists in coming to town from habit; chatting for an hour or two with visitors and guests; imagining they have done a great deal of indispensable duty, and then exclaiming, as we heard the good old Lombard-street banker a week ago to his son, 'Well, I think I shall go home now.'—'Good-by,' said son to sire; 'you think you've done a hard day's work, no doubt.'

Hundreds who have not reached the glorious climax of 'a plum' have to work right hard, and get so engrossed in business, that the matter of sustenance dare not interfere and annoy them till City hours are past:—men waiting to realise enough to keep house upon, and not seeing the insidious trailing of grey hairs among their youthful black shocks before they begin the experiment: fair and famished they fill the 'European' and the 'Cock,' and the quiet retirements of Walbrook; if the former, they shrink back an interminable distance from the distraction of the street. Money-making men are they. Would you not exchange five, or six, or seven o'clock with them, you who are received with the glad some eye of a young wife and the lively prattle of a little Eva, who are ensconced in your cosy, old arm-chair every day after work, but don't make money so fast, and scarcely know the comfort of noiseless *garçons*, who flit by, take an order, and evaporate?

From the great, heavy, splendid, substantial men and dining paraphernalia, we may pass through a thousand intermediate styles of feeding, down to the 'two-and-a-half-plate' of leg-o'-beef abominations. Useful in its way, but Heaven forefend an experience of the delicacy! The currents of cord and fustian flow irregularly into

these places; but the broadcloth—each unit of above suspicion of a sandwich, or even the smell of one—glide by, sniffing the breeze, with an: 'Ah, it is very true, that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!'

Taste has not been cultivated in the patrons of A-la-mode at twopence a-plate, as with the precisely-brushed exquisite:—'It is the seasonin' as does it,' the pie-man very truly says. 'It is all the same thing; when cherries is out then pappies is in.' A-la mode and leg-of-beef, so they be peppered well, bring out a gustative smack as hearty as an alderman's after turtle. 'A working-man's dinner—soup, meat, and potatoes—is advertised by the immortal 'Worrell,' at all his shops, for threepence; and many prefer it to the steak, pint, and pipe at the tap. At such a rate, clean knives and forks are fastidities; they cut as well dirty as clean; and if the spoon or the yellow delf water-jug has a little of a predecessor's property upon it, so much the more for the lucky discoverer.

A motley company patronises the place. There is an aristocracy in every condition of life. The costermonger's relict, who cried, 'Think I'd 'soshate with them; them's low people!' was a gentle scion of nature's noblesse. At the 'leg-o'-beef' house, an upper seat, a private room, an 'up-stairs,' is retained for such, at half-penny a dish more for soup, and no 'half plates' of potatoes. Go into the room:—Hungry, threadbare clerks frequent it, grown lank and poor some of them, others growing so; pretty-well-to-do labourers, who could not demean themselves to sit with common people, join the society. The workmen seem to like and thrive upon their fare, and contrast with their lathlike companions in black. This rusty suit, who looks into his basin, and shrinks as though some one would catch him, has only lately found out how to dine cheap. His shadowy visage tells us that he has known what it is to be hungry. Better days were once his; and it is clear that the road downwards from good dinners to the knowledge of dinners cheap, led through a space of no dinners at all. He will grow callous by and by, but will never reach the happy assurance of the striping at the same table, who is going through corresponding metamorphoses upwards. Evidently the bestrooped and bepatched aspirant to dignity, who so audaciously demands 'half-slice o' plum' after his soup, has given the worthy washerwoman, his mother, a world of trouble since he doffed his charity 'brecks.' He has lately mounted on the stool, as scrub to a junior clerk of a Pettifogger. If nine shillings a-week does not make him, in his mind's eye, grasp the baton of Lord Chancellor, it does at any rate, open a view more consonant with his genius—the swagger and presumption of a vulgar and ignorant quilldriver.

Savory as is the compound of steam from greens and potatoes, and exhalations from soups, puddings, and dishwater, let us valorously resist the temptation to stay. Steer clear of the waiters, half-washed like their plates, and scan the company as you traverse the shop. Irish Mike is here, and Jack the dustman, and better than all, in one box, a sweep. A round hundred are enjoying 'the good the gods provide,' and will come again to-morrow.

When we meet our young friend on 'Change of an afternoon, it usually leads to eating. The other day he clapped us on the shoulder, as an accompaniment to his refined greeting of 'Well, old fellow, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you.'

'What, Charley, is it you?'

'My lord, the same, and your good servant ever. Have you been to the Exhibition?'

'Most indisputably, my jocular friend.'

'What, the Great Exhibition?'

'The Great Exhibition.'

'In Hyde Park?'

'In Hyde Park.'

'Of 1851?'

'Of 1851.'

'Prince Albert's Exhibition?'

'Prince Albert's Exhibition.'

Ay, ay, Charley, you are too late; we know it is the *fast* greeting of to-day.

'A wonderful place, wasn't it?'

'It was a wonderful place, Charley.'

'What a wonderful thing steam is, isn't it?'

'Yes, indeed, Charley.'

'And heterodoxy?'

'And heterodoxy.'

'And man?'

'And man.'

'Anu woman?'

'The most wonderful enigma of all, Charley.'

This hasn't much to do with eating and drinking, but it is on the track, as you will see; and, at any rate, it introduces you to Charley, our friend, and shows you what a strange fellow he is, though not stranger than his comrades on 'Change. His next remark is,

'I'm just going to *do* a bit of lunch. Come too?'

'With all my heart. Where go?'

'I know a *crib* where they give you a bit of chicken and a glass of sherry.'

This stage of chat leads us to one of those complete little nooks in the tortuous vicinage of 'Change Alley, or Pope's Head Court, where we can take a hasty snack. It is ended in five minutes; for there is a panic in Capel Court, and Charley must watch the market. Prices, or 'prizes,' as the 'stags,' and 'bulls,' and 'bears' (ominously of blanks) will insist upon pronouncing it, are 'going up' and 'falling' at a rate that makes a greater din and clamour than usual even at the Stock Exchange. Charley is not the only friend of the lunch mart. It would tire us to count all who put in an appearance there, for the same brief space, in the course of the busy day. Statistics we have had of chicken demolition, which ought to make the ruthless devourers chicken-hearted to read. Leadenhall disposed of 1,270,000 last year and as many geese and ducks. It would be a number with quite an array of ciphers after it, to tell how many passed over the lunch counter. Everything is done in these corners to tempt a customer twice. Glass sparkles like crystal; diaper like snow; the plate like mirrors; the knives as the patent cleaning machine only can make them. An admission of our friend Charley's would be to some a draw back—'I never ask them how much it is; but I know they always take enough.'

While on the topic of lunch, we dare not omit allusion to a new feature of late years, to subscribe this desirable snack. We hint at the Alton Ale-

houses, whose canvas advertisements announce, 'Ale and Sandwich for fourpence;' and, at the same time, form the blind, and sole decoration of the window. The proprietors of the Alton Brewery are landlords of these London stores, and put their own tenants in to sell ale on commission, with leave to get what profit they may on pork pies, bread and cheese, sandwiches, sausage rolls, and other vendible delicacies. That they are a flourishing speculation, one may feel pretty assured by the continual addition to their number, as also by the thronged rooms and bar whenever one peeps in. The principle on which they are conducted is good, and naturally finds favor. All articles are cheap, and at a fixed price; and, what is most in favor of all, 'Fees to waiters are abolished!' Every rider in an omnibus or a second-class railway carriage knows that 'Mann' of Aldermanbury insists upon being the original reformer of the fee system, for he uses the matter as a claim to patronage. Dining-rooms are gradually getting to understand how little their patrons like the levy of a benevolence in these free-trade days; and, since the Alton luncheons have made the reform popular, many of them follow in the same wake.

Catering, of course, is not confined to lunches. The bulk of City employées dine in town. Many of the large houses keep a seat for those 'out of the house' at the table of those 'in the house'—every one being boarded, though only unhappy novitiates in the craft are compulsorily lodged. Who ever saw a City butcher other than rotund and sleek? Ask him, and he will confess that it is attributable in no little measure to the capabilities of these said dinner-tables. If not the best proportion, yet the goodliest prices; of 225,000 cattle and 1,820,000 sheep, London consumption last year, went to these houses. A butcher's bill on one of the regal merchants is a good maintenance; generally, indeed, too much with which to favor one, and divided among several tradesmen.

Chop-houses combine luncheon and dinner. The gallantry of the patrons have given courage to some buxom proprietresses to assume their Christian names, and let their houses revel in the pleasant appellations of 'Martha's,' or 'Louisa's,' or 'Charlotte's,' or 'Sarah's' Chop-house. Whether 'Dolly's' be an affectionate diminutive, we are not sure.

Most diners-out are acquainted with the characteristic houses. A splendid fish ordinary may be joined at Simpson's, Billingsgate, or what was Simpson's a month or two ago, and few who assume to be connoisseurs have not visited it at least once. The Post Office clerks on pay-day, after cashing their Bank of England cheques, drop in at the Cock in Threadneedle Street, where, they will maintain, the finest basin of soup is to be had in London. The flock of clerks used to be looked for to the day as confidently as the coming of migratory birds. But irregularity has shown itself. Modern postal business has filed every vacuum in the time routine of the office.

Farther along from the 'Old Lady' of Threadneedle Street, is another place, famous for the abundance heaped upon every dish. Tier upon tier of rooms, up to the roof of the house, is packed as if by contract, every day at feeding-time, with hungry visitants.

Almost adjoining this is a place emulative of Bellamy's Kitchen at the House of Commons. A steak or beef-skirt, reeking from the gridiron, charms many an epicure in the course of the day.

The 'three-course houses' come in due order of enumeration. Government officials, on the west side of Temple Bar, know them better than City people. A favorable type is the Strand Hotel, where a good dinner, consisting of soup, fish, flesh, with vegetables at discretion, and bread and cheese afterwards, is given for a shilling. Open from one o'clock mid-day till eight at night, it suits the convenience of a very numerous and lengthy line of guests.

Now we are in the West, we might look in at some of the Restaurants. Frenchmen congregate near the parks: lovers of promenade, they get the best approximation to their own Tuileries and Champs Elysées. The moustachod gentry affect the style of their country, and, as nearly as possible, imitate the inimitable dinners of Paris. For two francs, or two and a half, you may get a first-rate dinner in France, or for a franc and a half more you may dine *à la carte*, or at the *table d'hôte* of your hotel. In London you may get a dinner cheaper, but *such* a dinner you couldn't get at any price.

We have, however, to do particularly with the City. 'His Lordship's Larder,' in Cheapside, aims at French style, and takes well, to judge from the constant succession of patrons all day long. The waiters are quite French in attention and noiselessness. Springy as a felt-shod ghost walking on india-rubber, they stand before you directly you think of a dish, and vanish to execute your order. A clerk, too, after French ideas—except that it is a man, not a woman—receives payment instead of *garçon*, and trusts to your honor to make out an accurate verbal bill for yourself.

Some folks have an unlimited capacity at a dinner-table. Such very sagaciously choose the substantial 'ordinary,' rather than a bill-of-fare dinner, where every dish is an extra. Ordinaries abound in London. Almost every tavern boasts of one, ranging from a shilling to half-a-crown a head; in some cases including wine—an announcement always seeming to us equivalent to 'avoid the place.' Even the dubious praise of 'the rarest vintage,' with which the allurement is decorated, makes us no less cynical; truly of a vintage very rare—a concoction only to be met with at a cheap dinner-table.

The Commercial Boarding-houses keep an open table in many parts of the City: supplying generally, with a thoroughly good and cheap dinner, not merely the sojourners at the house, but their friends, and any wayfarers who may please to drop in. These are amongst the quietest methods of renovation with City men. A few of the most respectable of such establishments have their yearly circle of tenants, and a nearly uniform daily company. The regularity of procedure is not often broken in upon by a strange face. A social party rather than a public dinner thus taken place every day. Such tables seem to be indigenous to Basinghall Street and its vicinity. The same faces recur, and the same topics:—business, politics, the departure and arrivals from and to the house, according to season. Quiet,

orderly people these, with whom we have spent more than one sensible hour.

We have dwelt upon the methods of provisioning London by day only where they present anything characteristic or peculiar. Regular eating-houses, whose windows tempt appetite with floured legs-of-lamb, and calves'head choking with a huge lemon, require no particular notice: they are the same in every large town. Not merely are they useful, but indispensable in a busy emporium like London, where the quarter of an hour's leisure for a 'consummation' cannot be counted upon by many till it comes of itself, or is snatched in the course of the day.

Last upon our list, but first in our sympathy, are the Coffee-rooms. Constitutionally staid, we love their comparative quiet, and, more frequently than not, when we go to town, we save ourselves the vexation of thinking of a dinner-hour at home, by dropping into a snug corner long since recognised as our own. The cosy way in which we sit there would raise the envy of Addison himself, little as a modern coffee-house compares with the smoking receptacle of his day.

It is the pleasant conceit of a metropolitan, when his purse lacks a sou, and his card-rack a billet, to affect the table of the mythic magnate Duke Humphrey. Dining with the nobleman is a Barmecide banquet, where a joke usurps the place of turtle. Jedidiah Jones's explorations in town, after 'Hick's Hall,' and the 'Standard in Cornhill,' and 'St. Giles's Pound,' were never more bootless than have been ours in search of the duke's open house.

Coffee-houses have revolutionised London, and, unlike revolutions in general, have made society all the better. Single gentlemen such as we, who luxuriate in a limited suite of apartments of a suburban villa, have reason to bless old Pasqua for his invention. What can we do with a dinner at home *au complet*? It is a week's expedition to get round a loin or a leg. A solitary chop is our last resource, to escape from which we would e'en run off to the Diggins.

Let us introduce you to our own coffee-rooms in special. Assuredly, since Pasqua the Greek opened the first in Lombard Street, there has not been one where everything is so nice, clean, quiet, and comfortable. You will say so if you go there: nor can you well mistake the place for, towards the close of the day we shall be there working up our 'notes,' and ready to greet you. It is a sober-looking place, as befits the important purpose to which it is dedicated. Its walls are not hung with glittering mirrors, nor its roof upheld with massive columns of glass, like the cafés of the Boulevards. Compared with them—whose splendor would make one imagine eating and drinking to be pleasures of life, instead of sheer duty to an inexorable old dame—ours is dingy. Consistent with the gravity of our countrymen, and the idiosyncrasies of coffee-room architects, it is divided into boxes, each separating half-dozens of apparently very precious or very ferocious animals.

Englishmen are getting a little more gregarious than they were. Facility of locomotion has brought them into contact with countries where Restraint and Stiffness feel less at home. Our church has lately shown this. A year or two

ago we couldn't peep over our pew; now we have a pleasant sight of the congregation. The same influence has been at work with our coffee-room, where, in lieu of hiding a man all but his periwig, a goodly part of his eyes, nose, and mouth are now displayed. By and by we shall get down to his shoulders, and in the end, when we begin to surmise that other folks are likely enough as good as ourselves, we shall raze the wooden walls, and associate. Why dinner in public should not be cheerfuled with the smiles of pleasant faces, though it still were heresy to speak, puzzles us as much as why a coffee-room dinner is so preternaturally glum, long-faced, solemn, and silent. It were a commendable crusade to start, which constitutional diffidence interdicts on our part, to establish cheerfulness as a concomitant of an English dinner.

It takes a long time to make acquaintance, even at a regular ordinary; at coffee-rooms it would be the work of years. With peculiarly amiable sociability, every Englishman shrinks quite into himself and his 'Times.' Yet we could tell, from our point of observation, a good deal that would surprise our general friends of their private life and character:—knowledge with which they, in blissful unconsciousness, have made us acquainted.

An intelligent gentleman at our side is a familiar friend. He has been a visitor as long almost as we; yet, all the same for that, it is only for a week or two that we have been on conversational terms. The oddest event brought about what our box at the coffee-rooms never would have done. According to custom, we evacuated our position at home, when the dog-days were over, to enjoy a little laziness—the most serene of nature's bounties. By a concatenation of events, we were musing over the little square garden-grave of Marshal Ney, in Père la Chaise, and transfusing our own with the requiem of sighs which his guardian mourners, the four lofty poplars piercing the angles of his resting-place, breathe continually over him as they sway with the wind. Bringing our thoughts to earth, a glance encountered ours—surely not unknown. Instinctively our hat rose, and the suggestion dared to make itself heard, after a moment's English silence, that the rencontre was not the first. Our friend went through a similar process of thought, and acquiesced: but how? when? why? where? Could it be at our coffee-rooms, in—but you know where—where we had sat at the same table, day after day, for a year or two, without speaking? Such suggestion was a flicker of light, which at last quite flared up, and a sudden thought struck us—'we would swear eternal friendship'; in this matter breaking through the good old English custom, which made the two students who met on the top of Mont Blanc part without speaking, because, though they sat on the same form at the Oxford lecture-room hundreds of times, they had never been introduced. We talk now.

Our maid deserves a little chapter quite to herself; and indeed we can talk of other folks while speaking of her. She is a light and pretty representative of her class: a representative painted by a poet, who depicts his copies, not as they actually are, but as they ought to be. An intel-

ligence more than common, as well as a neatness and modesty of demeanour, bespeak her superior to her position; while, on the other hand, her genius—for you shall in the end acknowledge she has genius—makes her duties dovetail into so nice and compact a piece as would grieve us to see broken. Look at her now from our own corner; neither she nor her visitors know

'A cheil's amang them takin' notes.'

So quiet, so attentive, so polite, so smiling, you would think she knew nothing; never felt tired; and was always cheerful as a sunbeam. Yet she has a history by heart of all her regular customers, and is busy working out, Who can the stranger be that has taken a seat the last few days? His name will soon be on the list she keeps adding to, like a boy's string of 'liveries, shankies, and sinkies.' Tired? she has been at work since seven o'clock this morning, and, except the half-hour which she snatched to make up some little things for her tiny nephews and nieces she has not rested at all; nor will she rest till ten at night. As for the sunbeam, she sees one on Sunday alone to copy cheerfulness from. Just big enough is she to beguile a pleasant smile from everybody, and just little enough never to be in anybody's way. Her little frame intertwines like a graceful saurian through the company of visitors, without incommoding one. She learns to understand their wants, and sometimes saves a perambulation of the room by giving an immediate order. But, as she says, 'it is only with some she can do so; for if she did not ask beforehand, many gentlemen would send her back, though she knows very well what they will have.' Pardon us good Mary, you would have told us all about it, would you not, even though you knew we should print it? No; really the gentle interest we have taken in your welfare has been real; and we have felt sorry for your swollen face and toothache; and did mean our kind toned inquiries after your health.

Our visitors are all of a quiet cast. Half a dozen quilts in a box together, just let out of the counting-house for half an hour, comprise our fastest visitors. Even they, to whom the maid has gone, are not boisterous, though full of fun.

Whether we systematise our company by their reading, by their manners, or by their appearance, we get the same divisions. Our incipient princes of London trade read novels, smile when they give orders, and dress as near dandyism as the 'governor' will bear. Sometimes a few quite fast drop in. They don't read at all, but laugh and talk immoderately about the theatres and cider cellars, and are very precisely brushed indeed. Chivalry is 'the thing' in this class. But chivalry arising out of a belief in their own irresistible graces, and the universal frailty of the fair. Their gallantry is indirect insult in a coffee-room. The position of the handmaid gives them an occasional claim to whisper a poor joke, just loud enough to make the modest girl blush. We regard it as a special duty to be kind, and polite and affable to her, were it but to mollify some of the disagreeablenesses of her office; and we suspect it brings its reward, and tells on the number of plums in our tart. Well it is that her temper keeps unrippled. One would scarcely think that the equable face she carries only hides the work-

ings of a heart as sensitive to rudeness as the collodion to light.

Quiet, elderly folks compose the next class, whose reading is the 'Times.' They are City men, past the follies of adolescence, and may be seen regularly as the clock strikes putting on their glasses to peep at the funds and the markets. They have time, too, for a 'leader,' which forms the basis of their politics till the next day's reading. The originality of their ideas is very striking, to any one who by chance has read the paper beforehand. Dressed soberly, and conversational to the extent of a 'good morning, sir,' it is they who give character to the house. When evening comes, these go home to their families; the dandies go to the casino, and the first class play chess and draughts in their own box.

Our particular friends, when they fill the corner we invariably claim, form another grouping, distinct in pursuit and character. It is a casualty their coming in, except 'Magazine-day,' when we luxuriate for an afternoon over the monthlies, and have a delicious *tete-a-tete* literary gossip and criticism. Evidently we are a learned coterie, thinks the maid, though she can't make us out. She looks out for this 'periodical' mirth with our friends, as naturally as for our own individual silence on other days.

You shall allow the maid has genius, we promised you. How else is it that she tells from the look of a customer what he wants? One just now came in; she was located in her own sanctum, and merely looked up, when the order for tea and a tea cake, with water-cresses, issued from her lips. A gentleman followed, whose physiognomy at once indicated that he wanted a 'chop.' It would test the cleverest of you to do it as cleverly.

We imagine that, though we can claim few acquaintances at our coffee-rooms, we are not altogether unknown. At any rate our seat is recognised; and seemingly, the fancy we have that dinner isn't satisfactory in any other. Frequently we have met the silent acknowledgement of our right, by one relinquishing the position on our appearance. They know not—though they now shall—how much beyond our 'thank'ee they oblige.

Our little *ancilla* very quickly became acquainted with all our peculiarities, and humours them to a gratifying degree. 'Yes, if you please,' was our invariable answer to whatever she asked of us. She soon knew how little we liked bother, and frequently brings us dinner throughout on her own responsibility. That is just as we like it.

Vanity—was it not a Ciceroian failing?—tempts us to think that we are somewhat of a favourite: certainly we are much favoured. On our arrival we usually find the 'Times' placed ready, and the 'weeklies' piled up for us on their proper days. 'H. W.' and 'Chambers,' 'Leisure Hour,' and 'Eliza Cook,' make us a repast attractive enough to send the 'lamb and pease' or 'raspberry tart' into temporary oblivion. Even our less ambitious 'Family Herald' we enjoy as *entremet*: and on 'Review-days' and 'Magazine-days' we have quite a Guildhall feast.

Mary is not so carefully attentive to every one. She has her little revenges upon an offender, though the victim is unconscious. One who with

an air of authority demands all the papers in turn, and gets passionate, and stalks about when they don't come, is her special aversion. Somehow people 'will keep the paper more than ten minutes,' if he bespeak it. Any one who bellows his commission from one end of the room to the other gets into her bad books at once, and is sure to find the paper he asks for—engaged.

It pleases her now and then to play with our own peculiarities, as far as she imagines she may safely venture. 'Will you take tart, sir?'—'Yes, if you please,' has been given as a matter of course. In a few moments after its removal the little plague, in apparent forgetfulness, has inveigled us into another 'Yes, if you please,' for the self-same thing. On one occasion, and we believe at the instigation of a malicious friend, she actually caused us to demolish two dinners in succession.

We have already referred to the inquisitive spirit of our handmaiden. It shows itself in a variety of ways. If, as the chance has been, she has occasion to speak of a past occurrence, she mentions visitors by name. 'The day when Mr. Dyer and Mr. Thresher sat at your table, sir; but who Mr. Dyer and Mr. Thresher are, she also knows of us two. Or she will allude to a gentleman, our casual companion, 'the printer,' she confidently adds, and is astonished when we assure her that her information about his profession doesn't help us at all. She was right, notwithstanding, as we confirmed her, when by accident we found out what our friend was. But, as we argued with her, and argue with you, if the knowledge of these little things ever become necessary to friendship, they will make themselves known in good time, and need not our prying eyes in advance.

A gilded glass announcement on the walls tells people that our coffee-rooms are closed on Sunday. It wasn't always so: and the change is one for the best. London coffee-houses generally are to be commended for Sunday-closing. We must not inquire the reason too deeply, or perhaps the inference would be, that London goes out of town. Let us give coffee-house-keepers the benefit of a doubt, and believe that better motives influence them.

Worthier people than our own host and hostess do not live. More honest and upright could not be found. The domestics have to thank them for their Sunday rest. We have learned from Mary herself, that her daily duties are ended with family prayer, over which she has more than once wickedly fallen asleep. After so many hours of business it is not to be wondered at, nevertheless we gravely reprehend her, and hope she will not transgress again.

The coffee-room library we can't tell you much about. Our experience goes only as far as the catalogue. The owner doesn't speak highly of his own property. If about to sell, he might do otherwise. Were we compelled to confess, we should say that for 'Blood' and 'Love' the stock was unequalled, and suits the class of readers; but for intelligent people to sit over a single one of them, would be to compromise their character.

The little picture of our own coffee-room gives an idea of a class exceedingly numerous in Lon-

don. We have no doubt coffee-houses tell upon the character of London population, and by their numbers tend usefully to balance the blandishments of the tavern. They deserve every encouragement: we have promoted their interest in the present paper by writing so long, that readers who have been adventurous enough to get to this point must have grown hungry, and need their aid.

#### LAMENT FOR THE RED HUNTER.

Pity the hunter who traversed the wild,  
And call'd the wide forest his own;  
'Mid nature's wild scenes her own native child,  
To the teachings of science unknown.

The bounding red-deer of the deep forest shade,  
He slew for his own forest fare,  
And drank when he thirsted from waters that  
made—  
A music he loved to share.

And when in the hours held sacred to thought,  
And dreams like reality grew;  
In the depth of a warm adoration he sought,—  
To commune with the great Manitou.

The Spirit of good in the far distant ground;  
Where the shades of the warriors rest,  
Where unknown to fatigue with his faithful hound,  
He may join in the chase he loves best.

Pity for him for his hunting ground,  
A home for the stranger is made;  
And his forefathers bones in their own sacred  
mound,  
Are profaned by the plough and the spade.

The pride of his native forest is shorn,—  
And the wild deer are driven afar;  
Alas! for the hunter doomed sadly to mourn—  
The twilight of destiny's star.

NOTE.—The sad fate of the Aborigines of North America driven from their hunting grounds, and from the spots held sacred by religious rites, and also as the graves of their forefathers, must excite emotions of pity in the bosom of every one who knows what they now are, and reflects on what they have been.

G. W.

#### THE EARLY DAYS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

##### CHAPTER I.

AT the close of the year 1643, on the 20th of November, a young, sweet voice, was suddenly heard from amidst the crowd thronging the coach-office at Havre, inquiring if there was a place to Niort.

"Yes there is," replied a man from behind the office grating. "What is the fare?" was the next question, in the Creole accent. "Six crowns," said the official. "Here they are," and at the same time a little hand, whose small, white, slender fingers, peeped forth from a black silk mitten, laid upon the counter the six crowns. "What name shall I put down?" demanded the man as he took the money. After a moment's hesitation the little voice replied, "Mademoiselle Françoise." "Françoise!" repeated the man behind the grating, as he prepared to write it down.

"I said Mademoiselle," replied she who bore the name of Françoise, in so haughty a tone, that every one in the office, men, women, and children, turned to look at the speaker.

It was a little girl of about eight years old, taller than is usual at that age, and slight, like all children who grow too quickly; she was very pale, which rendered her exquisite fairness still more striking, while rich masses of chestnut hair fell in profusion on her neck. Her eyes were black, admirably set, and at times flashing brightly when she was either addressed rudely, or jostled by the crowd; but when in a state of repose, they wore an expression of timid gentleness, full of interest and charm. The appearance of the little girl was neat and elegant, like that of a child belonging to the higher classes of society; a dress of puce silk, a mantilla trimmed with lace, set off her pretty figure; whilst her whole air, perhaps a little too proud, and her ease of manner, induced the beholder to look behind her in search of the lacqueys that she was doubtless accustomed to command; and it was matter of surprise when it was found that the young creature was quite unattended and alone.

An aged woman, whose appearance betokened her the housekeeper of some noble family, gazed at her for some moments with the fixed attention of one who is endeavoring to recall some remembrance; and having apparently succeeded, she approached the little girl. "Have you no other name than Françoise?" inquired she.

The little Creole answered by a gesture of astonishment, and one of those haughty glances, a flash of which her eyes retained for some moments. "Are you going to Niort, madame," demanded she, without deigning any reply to the question of the housekeeper.

"I am going further, mademoiselle," replied the woman, constrained by the haughty deportment of the little personage to accord her the title, which certainly everything about her seemed to prove belonged to her. "But I intend to stop there for a short time. If you are travelling alone, and I can be of any use to you—"

"A poor little girl of my age has always need of protection; and you will be good enough, madame—"

"I shall be most happy, mademoiselle," replied Madame Germain—that was the name given in her passport—so much the more, as I myself have just been bringing a little girl of your age to my mother-in-law, who resides in this town; for certainly I should not be the one to leave my child to go about alone in the public roads."

"Madame," interrupted the little Françoise, warmly, her face flashing and her eyes filling



with tears. "Do not blame my father or mother; they gave me in charge to a Creole lady, who was returning to France; and is it their fault that this lady died on the passage? Oh, how my poor mamma would grieve if she knew her little Françoise was obliged to disembark all alone from the great ship, and go alone to Niort. Oh! say nothing bad of my father and mother, they are both so good and both love me so much. It was their love for me that made them consent to send me away from them. They were not rich there; besides, my education could not be finished in America, so they have sent me to France. I am going to Niort."

"To whom there?" demanded Madame Germain, quickly, who had not taken her eyes for an instant off the little Creole.

"I have my instructions, madame," replied Françoise. "The lady who died gave them to me in writing. She had more sense than I have, and knew better what ought to be done. As for me, I only know one thing, and that is, that at my age I ought to obey, and so I obey."

"You can at least tell your father's name," exclaimed at once nearly every one in the office, who, whilst the little Creole had been speaking, had gradually approached her. She gazed earnestly at each of the persons who had addressed her; but doubtless, not perceiving in any of the curious, indifferent faces around, that nameless something which invites confidence, she merely replied, "You do not know him, so it would be useless to tell you."

"But you will tell me, who am going to take you under my care till we reach Niort, will you not?" said Marguerite Germain, in a low voice, kindly pressing the hand of Françoise. "Perhaps so, madame; listen awhile when I know you better."

This extreme prudence at so tender an age astonished every one, and fixed every eye upon the child, who alone, in a public office, surrounded by strangers, behaved with as much propriety and steadiness as if in the presence of her mother; and united to the shrinking modesty of her sex that self-possession which commanded respect in her rather equivocal circumstances. At this moment the coachman mounted the box, summoned the passengers, who took their places in a wide carriage, where, thanks to the good offices of Madame Germain, Françoise was already seated.

As the coach drove off, Françoise drew a little paper from her pocket, folded square, and with the word "adieu" written upon it. She unfolded it, and read to herself,—"I feel, my dear child, the approach of death; as I can now no otherwise care for you, I write these few lines, which I could ask you always to carry about with you, to direct your conduct, now that I am no longer with you. Read and follow the advice of one who was for so short a time to fill the place of your mother."

"On your arrival at Niort go at once to the coach-office for Niort, take your place there, and pay for it; but do not give any but your christian name, nor the name of the relation to whom you are going. You could not explain to every one that might see the name written upon a public sheet, by what accident a member of a

family such as yours should have been travelling alone."

All else she had to say might have been imparted by word of mouth, or perhaps at that instant death had for ever paralyzed the hand which penned, and chilled the anxious heart that dictated the friendly counsel.

## CHAPTER II.

After a journey of three days, which was considered very quick travelling at a time when rail-roads were as yet unknown, the carriage which had conveyed Françoise arrived at Niort, and we must do Madame Germain the justice to say, she was most assiduously kind to the little Creole. Perhaps there was a little of officiousness in this forwardness to oblige. Certain it is, that whether from natural disposition, from want of education, or from a motive which we do not as yet pretend to define, she was on this occasion most inquisitive, prying, and meddling. Françoise found the greatest difficulty in evading the attempts made to surprise her into a disclosure of her name and destination. Sometimes it was a conjecture as to the rank held by the father of the little Creole; at other times, a guess as to the house to which she was going; to all of which the young traveller observed the most complete silence. As soon as the coach stopped, Françoise, who was among the first to alight, looked about for a porter, and giving him a parcel to hold, took a letter from her bag and began to read over the address, in order to tell it to the man, who was awaiting her orders. As she was about to whisper it to him, she was anticipated by Madame Germain, who read over her shoulder—

"The Baroness de Neullant! I know that lady right well. I will show you the way. There, take my parcel too," said she to the porter. "I am going the same road. Come." Françoise had only to make the best of a bad matter, so she followed Madame Germain. They walked together in silence for a long time, till having turned into a large street, so deserted that the grass grew in tufts through the pavement, as is so often the case in a provincial town, Margaret stopped, and said to her young companion—

"There it is at the end, the last hotel to the right; knock long and loudly—the servant is deaf."

Then taking Françoise's parcel from the porter, and giving it to her, she went off, taking the man with her, and leaving the poor little stranger in the middle of a deserted street.

But the solitude, far from alarming Françoise, only tended to re-assure her. It was broad day—it was noon, and happy in thought that her journey was over, and that she would soon have a protector, and be no longer obliged to conceal her name and country, she walked straight to the door of the hotel, and knocked boldly. But though she knocked again and again, the door did not open, and the total silence that reigned in the interior of the hotel, added to all the shutters of the windows being closed, made the little traveller think that every one must be dead, and at the idea, a cold shiver ran through her frame.

"If you were to knock till to-morrow morning, and longer than that, too, they will not open a bit the more for you," said a hawk of vegetables,

who was just then passing. "The owners are in the country, and the only servant that is usually left has taken advantage of their absence to pay a visit to his native place."

How grateful was this information to the poor child, who feared that the guardian to whose care she was consigned was dead.

"Can you tell me, my good woman," said she, "where is Madame de Neuillant's country-house?"

"Not very far from this, my little madam; and if your legs are but as quick as your eyes, two short hours will take you there. You must get out of this street, and take the first turning to the right, then the fourth to the left, then go on till you come to a great square, then turn again to the left, then to the right; then—but I had better show you the way, for I doubt if you could find it."

"You give me new life," said the little girl, wiping away the drops with which terror had moistened her brow.

On they went together, till, on reaching the open country, the woman said, "You can now find the way by yourself; you have only to go straight on; if you walk pretty fast and do not loiter on the way you will be there in less than two hours. When you come to an iron railing and a grove of acacias, you are at your journey's end." And she then left the little traveller to go on her way alone.

Françoise had good legs and good courage,—she went on briskly for about two hours, but her small weak limbs did not permit of her taking very long steps, so that at the end of that time she had not made much way.

The sight of the long straight road still extending so far before her, and the sun so low in the horizon, with the feeling of hunger such as it is only felt by the very young, drew a deep sigh from her; alas! it was easy to perceive that she was accustomed to careful tendence, to a loving eye upon her, and loving arms around her. The idea of stopping to procure some refreshment never occurred to her,—she thought of but one thing, and that was, to reach her journey's end.

At last she perceived in the distance the iron railing; the very sight of it revived her, and caused her to redouble her speed: she almost forgot her fatigue.

"Where is the château of the Baroness de Neuillant?" said she, to the first person she met.

It was a poor little girl, about her own age, but scantily clad, and weeping.

"I am just come away from it; I can stay no longer there, the lady is too cross. I was beaten yesterday for having let some hens be stolen; to-day two turkeys have been taken, and I am running away before it is found out. I will go home, my mother never beats me,—never."

"Poor little thing!" said Françoise, slipping a piece of money into the hand of the little poultry-girl. "Pray do not go till you show me the château."

"It is not very difficult to find it; you can see it from this," replied the little peasant, console. at the sight of the silver which was now shining in her brown sunburnt hand. "Do you see that great iron railing, by the side of which there is a little gate, with cocks and hens and turkeys in front of it?"

"The cocks and hens of which you are in charge, I suppose," said Françoise.

"The very same!" answered the girl.

"I am not surprised at their being stolen, if you leave them thus by themselves."

"Oh, at our age we must have a bit of play."

"Does that gate lead into the château?" demanded Françoise.

"It leads into the farm-yard," replied the little peasant. "From the farm-yard you go through a grove of acacias, which leads to the offices and then—"

"Oh, once there, I shall know what to do. Thank you, my child."

At that moment the little Creole perceived a pretty white hen that a dog was worrying, and had actually under his paws. She drove away the dog, and picked up the hen; and perceiving she was not hurt, but merely frightened, she caressed her, and, warming her in her little hands, she advanced towards the farm-yard.

"Poor little thing!" said she, as she kissed the hen; "you are a little one, timid and weak as I am; but do not be afraid, I will protect you, as those who are older than I will protect me."

Thus speaking as she went along, the little traveller amused herself by driving home the inmates of the poultry-yard, who were only waiting for the door to be opened for them; and having then gently laid her white hen on the branch of a tree, where she saw the rest of the hens picking, she passed on through a little gate, opening on the acacia-grove; but hardly had she advanced a few steps in the direction of the château, when a well-known voice, proceeding from the other side of the trees, riveted her to the spot.

It was the voice of Madame Germain—Madame Germain, whom she had told that she was going to the Baroness de Neuillant, who knew where she was, as she had come herself, and yet had not told her, or rather had led her wrong, by bringing her to the empty hotel in the deserted street. All these thoughts flashed rapidly through the little head of Françoise, and she trembled, she knew not why.

Though the overshadowing trees rendered the darkness of the evening still greater, she made an effort to see the person who was with Madame Germain. By the richness of her attire and the authoritative tone in which she addressed her companion, who remained standing whilst she was seated, Françoise guessed she must be the Baroness de Neuillant. With all the impetuosity of her age and natural disposition, she would have sprung towards her, exclaiming, "Here I am!" when some words that reached her ear suddenly checked the impulse.

#### CHAPTER III.

The baroness, with a moody and abstracted air, was listening to these words from Madame Germain:—"This child is born for misfortune, madame. 'Fair birth, fair life,' says the proverb; and 'Born unlucky, unlucky for the whole life,' say I; and I will go even further than that, madame—the unlucky bring ill-luck to those that harbor them. Now how was this little D'Aubigné born? In a prison at Niort, where her father was detained for debt, on the 27th of November, in the year 1635—it will be eight years in three

days more. I think I have her poor mother before me—Jeanne de Cardillac, of such a good family at Bordeaux, with hardly sufficient to cover her poor child, and though that poor child had the honor of having as sponsors the Count Francois de la Rochefoucault and your daughter, the Countess Jeanne de Badeau, that has not broken the spell. Her infancy was passed in prison. From the prison at Niort she went to the Chateau Trompette at Bordeaux, and from thence she set out to America. On the passage she fell ill, and every one believing her to be dead, she was about to be thrown into the sea, when her mother asked to be allowed a last embrace. In this embrace she thought she perceived a slight breath of life in her daughter—so slight, indeed, that none but a mother could have perceived it; and the little one was saved. But it appears that Monsieur Constant d'Aubigné has not conducted his affairs in the new world a bit better than in the old, by his sending you his daughter to bring up."

"And how did you recognize her, Margaret?" demanded the baroness with the air of one awaking out of a long dream.

"I have already had the honor of telling it twice to you, madame, but you have not, I believe, done me the honor of listening. You, doubtless, recollect, madame, a visit which you paid, about four years ago, to your brother M. d'Aubigné, at the Chateau Trompette, while he was detained there. You may remember a little scene which took place between the daughter of the porter of the chateau and Mademoiselle Francoise, then about four years old. The gaoler's daughter had just been paid some money, and mademoiselle was admiring the silver pieces. 'You would like very much to have some like this, but you are too poor,' said the little girl to her. 'That is true,' said your niece; 'but I am a lady, and you are not.'

"Well, madame, it was by hearing in the office at Havre a little girl rebuke the clerk for calling her plain Francoise, and doing it with the air which belongs to your brother, and which you, too, have, madame, that I recognized the blood of the D'Aubigné family. It was on this account, merely, because she was your niece, madame, that I took care of her on the way; but once arrived at Niort, I wished to warn you, madam, lest the child might come upon you like a thunder-clap, and I took the liberty of conducting her to your hotel, where, I suppose, she is knocking still. What determination have you come to, madame?" demanded Margaret, after a few moments' silence, the baroness having relapsed into her reverie.

"And what is there to decide upon?" said the baroness, in a peevish and impatient tone. "She is my brother's daughter and my niece, so I cannot leave her in the street; but it would have been much better for him to have kept her at home than to lay such a charge upon me."

A gasping cry and a heavy fall attracted the attention of the baroness. She rose, and looking in the direction of the sound, uttered an exclamation of alarm on seeing a child stretched insensible on the ground.

"It is she, madame," said Margaret, approaching. "It is the little traveller—it is Mademoiselle d'Aubigné."

When the young creature recovered her consciousness, she found herself in the middle of a well-lighted apartment. She recognized Madame Germain in the person who was busied about her, and in the tall stiff lady who was coldly looking on, the mistress of the acacia-grove, the Baroness de Neuillant.

"My aunt!" said the poor child, endeavoring to rise, and salute the baroness.

"Since you are better now, mademoiselle," returned her aunt, coldly waving her hand, "you may go with Madame Germain, and she will give you anything you may want."

"Oh, my poor mother," exclaimed the little one, as she sorrowfully followed Madame Germain. "If you only knew the reception that awaited your child!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

Francoise was put to sleep in a very pretty little room. The next day, on rising, a milliner came to take her measure for some dresses; the shoemaker brought shoes; the hairdresser came to force her beautiful hair from its own natural curl. Breakfast was brought to her, but when she asked to see her aunt, the reply was that she was engaged.

"Fine dresses, nice shoes, everything but carresses," said she, as she paced the long and formal avenue. "Oh, how much better to be with mamma, where I had but little, but still I had carresses."

In her walk she approached the poultry-yard. Mechanically she opened the door, a pretty little hen flew to meet her, and saluted her with a joyful cackle. It was the little white hen which she had rescued from the dog. She recognized it by the feathers of the wings being ruffled. "Come," said she, taking it up, "you are lonely here, without a mother like me. Without any one to love you, and that is like me too. Well, I will love you, and you shall love me, and neither of us need be lonely any more. Come, my pretty white hen, you must love me deeply, I entreat of you, that is a good little hen." Such was the first introduction of the little Francoise to her aunt, who had received her as one whom it would be disgraceful to turn away, but whose arrival was otherwise a matter of perfect indifference. The poor child felt deeply her aunt's cold and utter neglect, and wept over it in secret. She had none but her poor hen to whom she could pour out her touching regrets, so touching, that had they been heard, some one must have had pity on her. But who were there to hear? No one listened to her—no one cared enough about her even to listen to her. The poor child finding in the yard the only beings who seemed to have any feeling for her—the only beings who welcomed her approach, spent the greater part of the day there; and the servants ended by abandoning to her the care of this part of the establishment.

"I began by reigning in a poultry-yard," said she, a little later, when ruling all France.

The mind of a child exposed to misfortune, is like fruit unprotected by friendly foliage from the burning heat of the sun—it ripens before its time. Sad thoughts and sorrowful reflections had, with Francoise, taken the place of the thoughtless gaiety of childhood.

"What a sullen, unsocial little thing!" was often said by those who visited the baroness. Alas! they ought rather to have said unhappy and proud, for the child already possessed all the pride that misfortune so often gives to the character.

Two years passed away in this manner, when Mons. d'Aubigné being dead, his widow returned to France, and Françoise was restored to her love and caresses; but Madame d'Aubigné, unable to support her children, was obliged to solicit from Government some situation for her son, older by some years than Françoise, and to place the latter at the Convent of the Ursulines, the necessary expense being paid by Madame de Vilette, another sister of Madame d'Aubigné's. But this extraordinary child would not consent to remain there long, having one day been told incautiously, that her mother lived by the labour of her hands. "I, too, know how to work," said she to Madame d'Aubigné. "Two will earn more than one. If you will take me with you, dearest mother, I can defy misfortune." When she thus spoke, she was about twelve. Madame d'Aubigné could not resist so touching and natural an appeal. She brought her daughter to Paris, where they both took up their abode in the very highest garret of a house in the Rue St. Honoré. M. d'Aubigné, her son, just then obtained an appointment as one of the pages of Louis XIV.

In the whole house, where the garret was, nothing was spoken of but the generous devotion of a young girl of fourteen, who, giving up all the pleasures of her age, spent her life in sewing and embroidering; and, not content with laboring all day, devoted to it, besides, a part of the night; and they knew her, they said, to be of noble family. And when towards evening, accompanied by her mother, she descended the staircase, to take home her day's work, all drew aside to let her pass. It was not her growing beauty, or her countenance so charming and so dignified, that thus won upon them, but it was the touching paleness of her features and the timid modesty with which she returned their salutations.

But one day, it was a coffin that came down that staircase. Madame d'Aubigné was dead, and for some days the door of the garret remained as closely shut as though the living orphan were also dead. The old portress was the first who ventured to knock at the door; it was quickly opened to her by Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, dressed in black, and with face so white, so pale, that it seemed as though her life too were in her mother's grave.

"Can I do anything for you, mademoiselle?" This was all the worthy woman could say, struck with the deep though calm sorrow of the lovely face.

A tear slowly trickled down the cheek of the orphan. "I have nothing to remunerate you for your services," said she, simply.

"Oh, mademoiselle need not trouble herself about that," replied the woman. "Mademoiselle is good and sensible, and will one day be rich. A little work, more or less, will not kill me—a little time given to her who gave all hers to her mother."

Françoise, burying her face in her handkerchief, wept long and silently, and the two felt

that they understood each other, and never was more assiduous service rendered than by the good old woman.

But the family pride of her aunt did that for poor Françoise which affection would not have prompted. One morning, three months after the death of her mother, a carriage drew up with great parade before the gate of the obscure alley which led to the rude staircase, which the orphan had never descended since the death of her mother. A lady, tall, richly dressed, and of a cold and haughty demeanor, alighted from it. She inquired for Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, and carefully guarding her fine silk dress from contact with the wall or stairs, and having asked to be shown the room, requested she might be allowed to enter alone.

The lady, on seeing the only door out of fifteen or sixteen that boasted the luxury of a mat, guessed it led to her niece's room, and knocking, was immediately admitted. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné never received any visits; the portress was the only person who ever broke in upon her loneliness; and she, believing the knock to be hers, opened the door without any inquiry, but on seeing a lady, started back with surprise.

"Madame de Neuillant!" exclaimed she.

"I am come to take you to my own house," replied she, in a tone as cold and indifferent as ever. "I am just come from Niort, and only yesterday learned the death of your mother, and your situation. You are my brother's daughter, you cannot live alone; my hotel is open to you; you must come with me."

Françoise gazed upon her aunt with a kind of painful gratitude. Oh! why was she not as ready to open her arms and her heart to her as her house!

Madame de Neuillant was one of those narrow-minded persons who forget that there are wants of the heart as well as of the body to be met—wounds of the heart to be healed—forget that there is a mission of mercy to the mind imposed upon us, not only by the precept, "Weep with those that weep," but commended by the example of Him, who, even when in the might of His miraculous power, He was about to turn the widow's tears of sorrow for her only son into tears of joy, yet could not, even for the instant, see that sorrow unmoved, but stopped to soothe her with the words of tender compassion, "Weep not." Françoise had already too sad opportunity of estimating her aunt's sensibility. She knew that with her she should want neither food nor raiment, but that which could minister to the affections, which could warm the heart—kind words and soft caresses. Alas! who would give her these? The young creature recoiled from the dreary prospect before her, and at length giving way, she sobbed as if her heart would break. However, there was no alternative, nor was there time to hesitate; she must not keep Madame de Neuillant waiting on a straw chair in a cold room with tiled floor, and making a strong effort to command herself, she hastily put up all that belonged to her in a little parcel, and lifting up her heart in silent prayer, as she looked for the last time around the narrow chamber, where for the last two years she had lived with her fond mother, poor but happy, fully satisfied with the dinner of herbs where love

was," she turned to her aunt, saying, with a coldness nearly approaching to her own, "I am ready for you, madame." As she passed the porter's lodge, "I have but little to offer you," said she, holding out her little parcel to her kind humble friend, "but it is all that I have. Take it, I am yet mistress of it; take it, for to-morrow, nay, even in an hour, I shall have nothing of my own, not even myself."

Then, pressing in both her pretty hands those of the worthy woman from whom she had received so much kindness, she hastened after her aunt, and was quickly seated in the carriage, which immediately took the way to Niort.

#### CHAPTER V.

Everything turned out just as Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had foreseen; her days passed slowly and sorrowfully away, alone in a house where a word of love never came to revive the young spirit, bent down and withered by the chill blast of misfortune. She shuddered as she thought of the many years that must thus pass before she should grow old and rejoice her mother in heaven. A circumstance, apparently most trivial, changed the entire destiny of the young girl.

Madame de Neullant went every year to Paris, and made a point of never missing Scarron's soirées. He was a comic author, an old infirm bachelor, but so cheerful, so agreeable, so witty, that he drew around him the best society of Paris. Madame de Sevigné, Mademoiselle de Scuderi, the Coulanges, the d'Albrets, the Saint Livremonts—in fact, we may say all that were distinguished either in the court or the city. One day, as if for the first time waking to the perception that her niece was grown both tall and beautiful, Madame de Neullant suddenly took it into her head that she should accompany her.

The young girl's heart thrilled as if with the presentiment of some great danger, and it was trembling she went to make her toilet. It was two years since Fraçoise had returned to her aunt's. At that time her wardrobe had been fully supplied, but had not since then been renewed, and Mademoiselle d'Aubigné who, from fourteen to sixteen, had grown amazingly, found, when she went to choose a dress, that the skirts and waists were much too short. What was to be done? There was no time to remedy the mishap, even if she had the means at command. François consoled herself with the thought that her utter insignificance would efficiently screen her from any notice in such a circle. She dressed herself therefore without any great anxiety as to her toilet, and soon seated in her aunt's carriage, she was rolling on to the house of M. de Scarron, and certainly thinking more of what she was to see than of exhibiting her own little person, accustomed as she had hitherto been to little notice being taken of her. They enter: the lights, the movement, the splendid dresses, the brilliant yet easy tone of conversation, touching upon every subject without exhausting any—all this confused Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, nay, actually bewildered her so, that for the first few moments she scarcely knew what was passing around her. But when, these first few moments over, she ventured to raise her eyes and look around she was terrified on perceiving all eyes directed to one part of the

room, to the very spot where she stood leaning on the back of her aunt's chair. She might have believed Madame de Neullant was the object of all this attention, but there was an expression of surprise in the gaze of curiosity, which made the young girl almost instinctively feel that it was not her aunt but she herself who thus attracted their notice. Was there anything about her particularly odd or strange? Suddenly it flashed across her mind that it must be her dress, with its short waist and narrow skirts and its two-year old fashion. Gladly would she have sunk into the ground to avoid the gaze which, even with downcast eyes, she knew was fixed upon her, and which made her cheeks burn and her heart beat, but refuge she found none; and at length her confusion became so great, her blushes so painful, that she covered her face, in a paroxysm of tears. But how she was mistaken! What had thus drawn upon her every eye was not her short dress, nor her costume, a little *pas-é*; it was rather her modest beauty—a beauty enhanced by her own perfect unconsciousness of it. It was rather that timid embarrassment, that shrinking bashfulness, which is such a charm in early youth. Even her tears, which stamped her as artless as she was beautiful, seemed but a grace the more.

Scarron, surprised at this emotion, inquired who the pretty young girl was who shed tears because she was looked at. He was told that it was Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; that she was poor, and not very happy with her aunt. He was delighted with the cause of the tears he had seen her shed, and he felt an irresistible desire to rescue the young creature from a life that scarcely deserved the name, to which this poor hot-house plant could never be inured. He offered his name and hand.

The short dress thus became the prelude to the elevation of Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; for as Madame Scarron, she found herself in a circle capable of appreciating her, and in which she might display all her rich stores of mind and all the charms of her conversation. She was so full of anecdote, and related so agreeably, that one day, at a great dinner given in her own house, a servant whispered to her, "A story, madam; there is a roast wanting to-day."

And no one perceived the absence of the dish. Good, gentle, and pious, Madame Scarron soothed the last hours of her husband, who died blessing her, leaving her a widow and poor at twenty-six years of age. Her poverty being no secret, Madame de Richelieu offered her apartments in her hotel; but her natural independence of character would not allow of her accepting them; she preferred having again recourse to her needle, which, as she was a clever workwoman, furnished her with at least the necessaries of life.

The widow of Scarron affords another proof that true talent can never remain wholly concealed. She was sought for in her humble asylum to bring up the children of Louis XIV., who, as some little recompense for her assiduous cares, settled upon her the Chateau de Maintenon, and the right to assume the title of countess, by which he himself was the first to salute her.

The monarch knew how to appreciate the treasures of knowledge and the depth of tender feelings possessed by this charming woman. When he became a widower, not being able openly to

offer the title of Queen, or to share the throne of France with the widow of Scarron, he married her privately. She was then just entering her forty-third year.

Madame de Maintenon founded St. Cyr, that admirable institution for young girls, to which she retired on the death of the king, which took place the 1st of September, 1705, and where she remained happy and beloved to the close of her life. She died calmly and peacefully at the age of eighty-three, on the 17th of April, 1719.

Madame de Maintenon was one of the greatest examples of the vicissitudes of human life. Twice was she reduced to support herself by the labour of her hands; and she owed her elevation to her talents and her virtues.

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### MY FOLLY.

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I was an only child, and lost my parents in early youth. My principal guardian was a neighboring squire—a friend of the family—a ‘good sort of man,’ who never did any harm and who was much too indolent to do any good. He thought that he would be perfectly fulfilling his duty if he turned me off his hands when I arrived at the age of twenty-one, sound in wind and limb, and with the same amount of rental to receive as I had on the day when my father died. During my pupilage, I shaped my own course pretty nearly as I liked. From the public school I went to Cambridge, and was entered as a fellow commoner; but having no need of a profession to support me, I only remained there two or three terms, and did not wait long enough to take any degree. It struck me that the modern languages and modern politics would be more serviceable in after life than a superabundant knowledge of Latin, Greek, and the differential calculus. The conversations which I often had in our Combination-room with those fellows of our college who had travelled on the continent, confirmed me in the idea.—I threw aside my tasseled cap, and my gold-laced gown, communicated the project to my guardian, who consented to it because it gave him no trouble, arranged the mode of receiving my allowance, and soon was steaming across the channel to France.

After an excursive trip of discovery, I determined to settle for a year or two in one of the northern departments, in a town which possessed a good public library, and the means of easy communication with England. The neighborhood also furnished capital fishing and shooting, besides other out-door pleasures to which I had been accustomed at home. I engaged a French master, studied with respectable assiduity, and had the satisfaction of discovering, at the end of a month or two, that I was leading a rational, independent and economical life.

From the very first week of my residing abroad, I always retained one Cambridge hab-

it; which was, to make long walks succeed the morning's book-work; nor were they always companionless. Amongst other French acquaintances, I had contracted an intimacy with a Dr. Lemaire, a young medical man, who had lately established himself in the town, and who was fast rising into good practice. He spoke no English, and could only comprehend a few words of that language; which was all the more fortunate for my improvement. He was well read, full of unhackneyed information; several years' service in Algeria had rendered him singularly free from prejudice. We got on exceedingly well together without exactly knowing why or wherefore.

One bright Monday afternoon at the end of June, he called to say that he was going to visit a patient in the marshes close by; would I like to accompany him? I gladly consented. We were soon outside the walls of the town. A discussion respecting the merits of Richard's *Mœurs Arabes* beguiled our way along the footpath through the rising cornfields and the blossoming beans; a debate on the beauties of Nodier's novels led us down from the arable upland, by a grass-grown road, flanked on each side by broad ditches, wherein floated snowy lilies and shining patches of dark green foliage. For indescribable beauty, and multitude both of animal, vegetable, and insect life, you must betake yourself in early summer to the wide spread marsh. There bloom the loveliest and the most fragile flowers—there glance the most brightly-gilded flies—there dart the resplendent reptile and the silvery fish. The song of birds amongst the reeds soon interrupted our literary gossip. Butterflies diverted our thoughts, and made us feel like a couple of child-*en*. The air was perfumed by the scent of mint crushed beneath our tread. We crossed two or three wooden bridges; then a single rough-hewed beam; were obliged to walk carefully, in Indian file, over black boggy ground, which trembled beneath us, and only made passable by a slight stratum of sticks and straw thrown over its surface.

“We are going,” said my companion, “to a place which is called the English Folly. It once belonged to a compatriot of yours, who seems to have made use of it as a country box for fishing and wild-duck shooting. My patient, old Father Boisson, whom I guess to be past hope, somehow obtained possession of it, and it now will fall to the inheritance of his only child André, the son. Here we are, We have only to cross this narrow plank, which serves as a drawbridge entrance. You will come too? The people will like to see you.”

“No,” I replied; “I will amuse myself till you have finished your visit, with watching the proceedings of those workmen yonder.” He disappeared behind the corner of the

cottage, which was larger and more substantially built than any of those near to it, tho' erected exactly on the same plan; namely, a wooden framework filled up with clay, standing on a low basement of bricks, the whole habitable portion being on the ground-floor, with a granary or miscellaneous store-house, in the tile-covered roof. It stood on an isolated square patch of ground, at least an acre in extent, on the side nearest to the ditch which my friend had crossed by the plank.—The other sides of the Island Folly were washed by a deep lake, or hole, of several acres, which had been entirely excavated in the process of raising turf. The surface, at its further corner, was studded with some half-dozen wooden ducks, fixed on stakes that were driven into the bottom of the pond.—Amongst these, at certain seasons, living call-ducks are fastened by the leg. Thus tethered, they quack so loud to their freer comrades, that on calm evenings the sound is audible a long way off. The wild-fowl, alighting on the lake to ascertain the cause of the hubbub, are then shot at with a mighty gun by the sportsman, who is concealed in a rude hut on the shore, partly excavated in the earth, and partly covered with branches and reeds, to represent, in the eyes of the birds an accidental heap of drift-wood and rubbish. For many winters past, the Boissons, father and son, had derived a good little income from their hut and their call-ducks, besides the weekly produce in spring, of eel-traps, pike-lines, teach-baskets, and perch-nets.

The workmen whose task I went to inspect, had seen me arrive with Dr. Lemaire; they therefore received me with civility; otherwise my presence, in all probability, would have been repulsed with bluntness. A man—it was Boisson, the son, himself—and, apparently, two stout lads and a younger boy were busily employed in making or moulding turf for fuel. Most turf is simply cut from its natural bed, and left to dry, no other preparation being necessary; but here, a large quantity is fished up in iron scoops, in a semi-liquid and puddley state, from the bottom of the holes, and thrown like a heap of mud on the opposite bank. André Boisson stood spade in hand by the side of the mud-heap at the water's edge, while his young assistants in turn held out to him, with both hands, a flat iron tray, or mould, into which he put a shovel-full of the black paste; the foremost lad, on receiving the precious gift, ran quickly towards the spot where I was standing; and, turning the mould upside down, deposited its contents on a patch of short grass, in the shape of a jet coloured cake. The next did the same; and so on, one after the other, till the plot of grass was covered with well-shaped bricks of turf to dry. They wore but slight clothing, and were all dressed alike in a shirt, and a coarse cloth coat and breeches, with

their legs and arms naked from the knees and elbows. The youngest boy came last, with his tray of dark custard, and I was vexed to see so delicate and prepossessing a youth employed in such grimy and unsightly labour. I spoke to him. He answered with propriety, and with a less broad *patois* than is prevalent in the district. Amongst other questions, I asked him which were the best holes for pike and eels, and in what bed of reeds I should be most likely to shoot a bittern or two. He readily answered that if I would come on Monday afternoon, of fete day, he would not be so busy as at present, and he would ask his uncle to let him show me the favourite haunt of the birds, and would also take me to the pond where still remained uncaught the monster eel which had towed a boat after it the last time it was hooked, till it broke away and dived into the depths of unfathomable mud. I was soon taken with the grace and spirit of my informant. Both Boisson himself and the two elder lads, as they trotted backwards and forwards with their moulds of turf, grinned in such a strange and meaning way whilst I was chatting with their junior companion, that I looked hard to discover the reason, and was surprised and displeased at being obliged to conclude beyond doubt that the couple of turf-making lads, by their shape and movements, were neither more nor less than women specially dressed for this kind of work. The labourers, in fact, were André Boisson's daughters. The boy seemed to read my thoughts in my countenance, for he blushed deeply, cast his eyes on the ground, and was silent.

All further awkwardness on my part was suddenly cut short by the voices of Lemaire and Son Boisson's wife, shouting to me from the Folly to enter the house. My friend's tone and gestures told me plainly that it would be considered as an affront if I refused to do so. Boisson junior (who could not be less than fifty years of age, with a careworn, under-fed, aguish countenance) suspended his turf-shoveling, and said that he would go with me too, and hear what the doctor thought of his father. We crossed the trembling plank, and entered the house.

A large square day-room received us. It had a substantial pavement of solid stone, instead of the usual floor of beaten clay. A fire, composed of flax-rubbish and turf, was burning brightly on the hearth, to boil the supper soup in its iron pot. From the upper part of the broad mantelpiece hung a curtain of gay chintz; and beyond the inner boundary of this a straw-bottomed arm-chair was placed for me, as the seat of honour. The greater part of one side of the room was filled with shelves, on which were ranged for show, never for use, from generation to generation, except on some most extraordinary fete, a number of coarse, gaudy-patterned plates and

dishes, with salad-bowls and coffee-basins intermixed. Besides these, ornament there was none; for the cooking utensils were neither sufficiently numerous nor brightly kept to answer their frequent purpose of decoration, nor were the dairy vessels, a tub of drinkable water, a ducking gun, and three or four nets. The prevailing character of the place was studied meanness and artificial poverty. They had money no doubt somewhere in the house; but every pains was taken to remove all suspicion of its existence. I sat a few moments, and said a few words for form's sake, when Lemaire proposed that we should visit the sick man.

His room, also on the ground floor, contained three beds, all naked and curtainless. One of these three assembled beds belonged to André and his wife; another to their two daughters; on the third, the furthest from the door, the dying old man was stretched on his back, with flushed face, glassy eyes, and other symptoms of approaching dissolution. His mind and speech remained still unaffected. He seemed pleased at my visit, until he was told that I was an Englishman, when he turned his face to the wall and muttered to himself. Soon he abruptly addressed Dr. Lemaire, and said,—

"I do not feel so ill as I did; I am a little better; but I suppose it will do no harm if I send for the curé. I think I should like to speak to the curé."

"Oh yes; let the curé come as soon as you like. We shall see how you are going on to-morrow."

"Shall I call at your house for a prescription, this evening," asked André.

"Come to-morrow morning," answered Lemaire in an undertone, "and let me know how matters proceed. But—" and a significant shrug of the shoulders was the only phrase which finished the sentence. The doctor felt his patient's pulse, bade him good bye, and promised to see him soon.

"I really think," said Lemaire to André, as we left the house, "that some of you had better tell the curé. I would call myself on our way home, but I am going round another way to see old Louis Lefebvre, who is nearly as ill as your father."

Next day, Lemaire told me that Boisson the father had died early that morning; and that through some blunder on André's part, the curé had arrived at the Folly too late to confess the sick man, having paid his visit to Lefebvre first, considering that he stood in the most urgent need of his services. On the Thursday following, in accordance with the French habit of early interment after decease, Boisson was laid in the ground in the parish cemetery; a bed was vacant in the dormitory of the Folly, and André remained its undisputed heir.

I had no reason to believe that this family

bereavement would be so keenly felt by the survivors as to oblige me to relinquish my appointment with the young marsh guide the Monday following, and I was right. Soon after descending from the upland, I perceived André himself coming to meet me along the grassy, ditch-bounded marsh road. He seemed to be smothering a secret complacency beneath a decent seriousness of behaviour; but he told me, with a smirk and a twinkle of the eye, that Catherine had informed him of my request that she should conduct me through the intricacies of the marsh.

Catherine! Who, then, was Catherine? Who, but the fair-haired boy whom I had seen turf-moulding. It seemed rather an odd adventure, but what more could I desire? So to the Folly we went, without further explanation. On the way, my companion made no allusion to his father's death, nor to his own consequent independence; but I was soon afterwards informed that he had caused masses to be said for the repose of his deceased parent's soul, though neither his wife nor himself ever went to confession, and but very rarely to mass.

At our approach, Catherine stepped forward, tripping over the foot-bridge with a blush and a smile. But what a change in her appearance! Instead of a shame-faced creature, so wretchedly disguised as even to conceal its sex, I had before me a bright-looking maiden, some seventeen years of age, walking upright in conscious neatness. As I attentively scrutinised her piquant costume, my looks, I have no doubt, undisguisedly expressed my agreeable surprise.

In a few minutes we were out of sight. My conductress led me on boldly through the intricate paths and ditches of the marsh. We entered André's flat-bottomed boat, which she had purposely cleansed with her own hands. She punted me hither and thither, from pond to creek, from thicket of reeds to bed of lilies, refusing, like a true lady of the lake, all help. I was thus taught all the "likely" spots both for rod, hook, net, and gun; and though under Catherine's guidance I never did catch the monster eel, who had been sometimes felt but never seen; I nevertheless often brought home such full fish-baskets and such heavy game bags as gained me considerable renown amongst my acquaintances.

During these repeated excursions over the water and through the meadows, it may be supposed that an intimacy sprung up between us. Each time I felt more and more attracted by the young and uninstructed being, who was not, however, deficient in a peasant-girl's quick-wittedness. She confided her story to me, as far as she knew it. André always styled her his niece, and told her that both her parents had died while she was an infant. She scarcely knew why, but she did not believe the former statement. The Boissons



never treated her harshly, but often very strangely, and not like a relation. Sometimes even she could not help thinking that André was planning some mischief against her, but his wife always seemed to interfere in her favour. In her dreams, she said, she was so often visited by unknown faces and sounds, which had no connection with her present life, that it frequently seemed impossible that those strange voices and countenances should not have some real and existing original. Sometimes she asked me to speak English to her, that she might hear the sound of my native tongue; but after listening attentively for awhile, she shook her head, observing with a sort of disappointment, that she did not understand a syllable of what I said. Then she added that there were two foreign words which often whispered themselves into her ears, especially when she first awoke at day-break; and those words were "darling" and "baby." How could she have learned them?

It may seem strange that a girl of seventeen should thus fulfil the combined office of game-keeper, boatman, fisherman, and guide; but country women in France engage in so many unusual employments, that one soon learns to be astonished at nothing in that line. I have known women to act as mowers, harvest men, grooms, stone-breakers on the roads, porters, railway gate-keepers, and post-men. Had I taken a country house, and engaged Catherine, at monthly wages, to spread manure and dig in the garden, the arrangement would only have been considered by the neighbours as an every day affair and a matter of course. I might have gone on thus for six months together, fishing and boating in Catherine's company, without their making any stronger remark than it probably was a lucky chance for the girl. But André did not allow things to go on smoothly so long as that.

One evening, when I took my leave, loaded with as much of the produce of a good day's sport as I cared to carry, André followed me; and, in his cool, half-insolent way, gave me to understand that I must make up my mind one way or the other; and that Catherine's protracted attendance on me interrupted the regular work at the Folly. Why did I not take her entirely to myself? He knew that I could well afford it. The doctor had told him several times that I was a young English landed proprietor. What was the use of Catherine's stopping here, when I could keep her with me wherever I went, as long as I liked? In short, the burden of his stammering and yet decided address was, that Catherine might be my property as a chattel and a slave, and that the further she were removed from the Folly, the better he would be satisfied.

The increasing twilight partly veiled the scarlet hue which suffused my cheeks and forehead, as he went on. I did not reply a

syllable till he had quite finished; but my blood boiled in every artery, harsh-sounding words were at the tip of my tongue, and I felt an irresistible impulse to kick him. He ended his proposition; but I still remained silent. He then looked keenly at me with one of his cunning eyes half-shut. I smothered my indignation as well as I could, and summoned all the dissimulation of which I was capable; for I felt full well that if I reproached him as his baseness deserved, he would perhaps look upon me as a hypocrite, certainly as a fool, and moreover that there would be an end at once to any transaction with me, probably to be followed by a worse with somebody else. I therefore merely answered, hardly daring to let my voice be heard beyond my lips, that I was a little taken by surprise; that he was not far from the truth in believing that I had taken a warm interest in Catherine; but that I could not give him an immediate explanation of what I would do. If he would wait until to-morrow, I would give him a decision. He expressed himself quite satisfied with this, and certain that he would see me at the Folly next morning. He then began to whistle a tune, as if a heavy weight was removed from his mind, or as if he had concluded an excellent bargain, and most politely wished me good night;—to which friendly benediction when I tried to reply, the words stuck fast in my throat. I was obliged to bow instead, and hastily turn my back.

That night cost me a sore struggle. Was I in love? Yes, helplessly, and with an obscure French girl.

After hours of restless agitation, I came to what I believed to be the right solution of the difficulty. A general plan presented itself to my mind, the details of which I had no doubt I could accomplish; and I fell fast asleep cherishing the plan; waking refreshed late the following morning. My scheme, on reconsidering it, appeared more feasible and promising than ever.

I hired a carriage to take me as far into the marshes in the direction of André's house, as the road allowed. I found André, his wife, and Catherine, at the Folly; the two daughters were out to work. André had strung up his courage with a dram—I smelt it; his wife was agitated; Catherine was pale. She had been partly told the purport of our last night's conversation. Without further preliminary, I mentioned that her uncle wished me to take charge of her future prospects; I would do so, if she consented to place herself in my care. I then paused, and said no more.

A strong and searching gaze at my countenance preceded her reply. It was short and decided. She would trust herself entirely to me. André's wife breathed deeply as though relieved, and muttered, "That is far better than sending her to Paris." He himself was about to drink to our healths, but I cut the

interview short. The woman manifested a penitential self-reproaching affection; Boisson seemed hardly to think it worth his while concealing his uppermost wish that we should be gone. I gave my hand to Catherine, which she firmly grasped; and permitted me to lead her to the carriage. On the way to the town, I explained to her my plans, to which she listened with surprise, assent, and gratitude. At my apartment were waiting some women, by my orders, who relieved her of her peasant's dress, and replaced it by a complete costume more befitting my own position in life. When permitted to see her after the metamorphosis, I was charmed with her appearance. That innate ease which belongs more or less to all French women was conspicuous in her. We hastily partook of some refreshments, and resumed our journey.

After a few hours' pleasant ride, we reached a noted seaport town, in which there are several well-conducted ladies' schools. We drove at once to Madame Guilbert's establishment, of which I had heard satisfactory accounts, and I introduced Catherine to the mistress as a young French Protestant lady, a connection of my own, whose education had been greatly neglected, but whom it was now desirable to improve as fast as possible, as well as to instruct in English. I said I had selected her school in preference to any other, partly on account of the number of English girls there. A new pupil is ever welcome. The references I gave as to myself removed all open hesitation on the lady's part, and a half-year's payment in advance as parlour boarder settled any latent scruples that might remain. I gave Madame Guilbert money on account, for dress, and told her to write to me for more, immediately that that was expended. I then took my leave, with the understanding that I would pay a short morning visit to her pupil at least once every month. Our parting thus was hard; but we both knew it to be wise and needful. Madame had too often witnessed the separation of parents and children, of brethren and sisters to pay much attention at such a time to tears and earnest promises of affectionate remembrance.

I returned home. At first, there was a little gossip in the town, in consequence of the milliner, the bonnet-maker, and the woman who furnished the ready-made linen, mentioning the transformation which had taken place at my apartment; but my friend Lemaire, to whom I confided all my past proceedings and my future projects, called me a "brave," and soon "pooh-pooh'd" all scandal down. A few silly marsh girls, for a few short days, envied Catherine's "good fortune;" but in another few days her departure was forgotten.

I duly paid my promised visits to Catherine. Her mind became developed rapidly.— I never saw her except in the mistress's pres-

ence, but sometimes I contrived a half-day's excursion, in which Madame Guilbert and one or two of the governesses and elder pupils were invited to join, and thus prolonged the duration of our meetings.

Catherine was delighted at the pleasure with which I listened to her broken English, and worked hard and effectually in the intervals of my visits to read and write my native language. Now and then Lemaire and his wife accompanied me; they did it purposely, not from curiosity, but kindly to throw a further protection over the poor girl who seemed to be, as she actually was, alone in the world except for me.

Time passed, and I came of age. Catherine, now a beautiful, well-mannered, intelligent young woman, still remained under the charge of Madame Guilbert, to whom she had become warmly attached. My guardian was relieved from all further responsibility on my account; and a short visit to England decided me to prolong my residence abroad for a few years more. My paternal estate, not too ample, would, under competent management, greatly increase in rental and value. By still economising, I should insure a larger revenue when I might, perhaps, have greater call for it. I therefore entrusted everything at home into the hands of a lawyer of well-earned reputation, whose father had been the confidential adviser of mine.

To avoid refitting and furnishing our old, empty, tumble-down mansion, which would be a useless expense because of merely temporary convenience, and also to defer testing the temper of our country squires (about whose reputation of Catherine, on account of her humble birth, I had some apprehensions), I quietly begged Madame Guilbert to accompany Catherine across the Channel, and Lemaire and his wife to follow on an appointed day afterwards. I met them at Dover; proceeded at once to a pleasant watering-place situated at no great distance to the west; and three weeks after touching the white cliffs of Albion, Catherine Boisson, for we could give her no other surname, became lawfully as well as happily my own.

On the afternoon of our wedding-day, Lemaire and his wife, and Madame Guilbert took leave of Catherine and myself, and we were left alone. I had requested them to acquaint the Boissons with the altered position of their so-styled niece. After lingering a few days on the English coast, we returned to the continent, for the purpose of making an extensive tour. We proceeded to Brussels; and, after visiting Waterloo, went up the Rhine, to make a stay of several weeks at Munich.

In that city of the arts we worked hard together, like a couple of emulous fellow-students, at our German, at picture and statue studying, and at music. Catherine fully ap-

preciated the value of artistic accomplishments; and though she had become acquainted with them too late in life ever to be proficient, she felt what was due both to me and to herself too well not to endeavour to be able to judge and speak of them without hesitation or ignorance. Her English, too, was not forgotten. I made it a point to converse with her principally in my native tongue. We crossed the Tyrol into Italy, and I had the delight of witnessing her emotions of wonder and admiration at first beholding an Alpine mountain. We leisurely proceeded southwards and arranged to spend the winter at Rome.

Soon after our arrival, my banker there, Torlonia, invited us to one of those crowded evening parties which he occasionally gave at his magnificent palace, in the way of business to the numerous foreigners resident in Rome. For Catherine it was a sort of "coming out." I was charmed by the way in which she stood the test of an introduction to a large fashionable multitude. She was greatly admired; and by good luck some of my English neighbors were there, to whom I took good care to present my wife. Next day we received a succession of calls; and I was afterwards told that these good people were vastly surprised that instead of marrying a French beggar girl, as they had been told I had done, they found a ladylike person, whom they would have taken to be an English gentlewoman, if her foreign accent had not betrayed her. Many took her to be of Dutch extraction, especially when they discovered that she was able to reply to questions in German; and my expressed desire to enter the diplomatic service was not at all considered as an unreasonable piece of ambition, which was in the least impeded by my having such a wife. All these opportunities of social and educational improvement (for we were never idle), were of great advantage to Catherine. She felt it; and her gratitude increased, if that were possible, the strength of the affection she had hitherto borne me.

Was I not happy? Four months passed away delightfully. Spring was advancing, and I feared the heats of an Italian summer for Catherine, whose state of health now began to fill me with a combination of hopes and fears. We therefore took a fortnight's peep at Naples and its environs, and then travelled by easy stages to the north. We saw Genoa, Milan, the Simplon, and Geneva; and, by the end of June had arrived at Paris, with some intention of residing there; but Catherine preferred to be within reach of her good motherly friend Madame Guilbert and Doctor Lemaire.

Nothing was easier than to gratify her wish. There would be no compulsion to see more than we chose of the Boisson family. After an agreeable journey we were installed in my

old familiar apartment in the very town where I had met with the incidents which had so influentially shaped my course of life. Our friends received us with open arms.

For myself, I felt once more at home.—Catherine dared no longer to venture to undertake fatiguing walks, so I again resorted to the companionship of my old friend Lemaire.

"Did you ever see chloroform administered?" he asked. "Because, if not, you can see your old acquaintance, André Boisson—who came to market here a week ago, and, as usual, got three-quarters drunk—under its influence. In returning home to the Folly, he fell into a ditch and dislocated his thigh. I have tried once to reduce it, by the help of chloroform, but only succeeded imperfectly. I dared not do any more for fear of killing him; not that I should deeply regret the demise of such a worthy, but I do not wish chloroform to suffer the discredit of causing his death; I shall make a second and last attempt this afternoon. I fear he is a sad old villain, with more to answer for than we suspect."

"What makes you think so?"

"You are aware," said Lemaire—we were now crossing the fields—"that I usually make use both of ether and chloroform. I begin by causing the patient to inhale the vapour of ether, and then finish with chloroform."

"Have you already treated André in this way?"

"Yes the result was very droll. The effects upon different individuals vary much, according to constitution and mental power. The ether at first produces an intoxication which excites the patient to the highest degree. He laughs; his mind is filled with all sorts of pleasant images; his bodily sensations are indescribably delightful; he unbosoms himself of his inmost secrets. However in the great majority of cases, the emotions which the patient experiences are of an agreeable character."

"A medical man, then, who otherises," I observed, "had need be a prudent and confidential person."

"He had indeed. Ether has been employed to discover secrets."

"In what way is André affected by it?" I asked.

"I have rarely seen a patient give way to such an excess of hilarity. The talkative phase lasted thrice as long with him as with most other men. In such cases as soon as the subject begins to chatter and prate, I begin to shout and bawl as loud as I can, in order to distract the attention of those who are present and hide any chance indiscretion.—What does it matter to me—as a medical man—who has committed, or dreams he has committed, murder, adultery, or theft? I am not there to hear their confessions and to give them absolution. My business is to cure

their bodily ills. But André boasted of having become rich in such a strange and dishonest way, that I could not help listening, though I believe I prevented others from hearing him. I had great difficulty in stopping his tongue and in getting him to fall off in the insensible state.' Here the doctor suddenly stopped to beckon towards us two gendarmes, who were passing; "their strong arms," he remarked, "will help me to get the thigh-bone properly into its socket."

The men, on being applied to, obligingly consented to lend their aid, if required, during the operation, and we all walked to the Folly in company. The woman Boisson started when she saw me enter with Lemaire, and turned deadly pale and trembled when the two gendarmes followed us. The doctor explained the reason of the reinforcement, and she appeared re-assured. Two powerful labouring men were already there. They accompanied Lemaire into the room where the patient was,—the same in which his father had died. In about ten minutes, Lemaire half-opened the door, and said,

"Messieurs, you may come in now. You, Madame Boisson, had better remain where you are."

He shut the door again, and whispered to me: "This time he's in a lugubrious fit. He fancies he is going to the devil headlong. It will be a long job."

We found the sick man lying on his back on a thick wool mattress, in the middle of the floor, holding a white pocket handkerchief with both his hands over his face, and weeping bitterly.

"Oh! my God," he cried, they will not send for the curé to confess me, and my soul will remain in flames for ever! They will not say masses for me, after I am dead, as I made them do for my father, when I caused him to die without absolution, by telling the curé to go to Lefebvre first. But,—it would have ruined us all if the curé had not arrived too late; because—"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Lemaire into his ear. "Don't talk such nonsense, but go to sleep as fast as you can. Do you feel that?"

"Yes, yes; you are pricking my leg with a pin. The pain is sharp; but it is nothing,—nothing compared to the tortures I shall feel in purgatory. Oh, this Folly! It has cost me dear; it has cost me my soul."

"Have done! have done!" exclaimed Lemaire impatiently. "Do you feel anything now?"

"You prick me again. If Catherine had lived to be the Englishman's mistress I would save my soul at last by telling them to dig in the floor of my hut;—yes, even if we were all to die of starvation. I would tell them where to find the plate, the parchments, and the letters; God would pardon me, and so, perhaps, would they. But alas, alas! Poor

Catherine Reynolds, the little English baby—"

"I must put a stop to this," said Lemaire, "or we shall do nothing to the thigh."

He poured more chloroform from his bottle upon the handkerchief which covered André's face. The babble ceased; no symptom of consciousness was displayed when his leg was pricked with a pin; the handkerchief was thrown aside, and the patient lay motionless at last in a flushed but heavy slumber.

"Now, Messieurs," said Lemaire briskly, "give me your aid, if you please. We must make the best use of our time we can."

How four strong men pulled and tugged at the limbs of an apparently dead body, as if they meant to dismember it; how Lemaire guided their efforts, working till the perspiration streamed over his face, I need not tell. One thing, at least, was clear to me—that the doctor was right in excluding the wife from such a scene. At last we heard something like the sound of a bilboquet ball when it drops into its cup.

"That's it!" shouted Lemaire in triumph. "We have done it; you may let go now."

He blew into André's nostrils and mouth. The torpid man came to his senses more rapidly than might have been expected. On being asked whether he had felt any pain, he replied that he had not, but that his dreams this time were not so pleasant as before. Lemaire told him that his thigh bone was in its socket again, and that they might now lift him into bed and keep him quiet; but that for the future he had better take good care how he got drunk and fell into ditches. The doctor was then about to take his leave, but I stepped forward and presented myself.

"André," I said, "I will forgive you all the injuries you have done to Catherine if you will assist me in ascertaining who are Catherine's real parents, and in obtaining her rights, whatever they may be. I am now going, with these two gendarmes and Dr. Lemaire, to search the floor of your shooting-hut. Do not attempt to deceive me; I now know all.

"My shooting-hut! There is nothing there."

"There is," I said firmly.

"Spare me, Monsieur," he faintly gasped, clasping his hands and holding them out in sign of entreaty. And then, in a still feebler voice, he added, "You do right to go there."

André's wife, who had overheard this scene, tottered into the room to supplicate my forbearance. We did go, and made her go with us. A boat carried us, armed with a spade and pickaxe, to the hut on the islet in the further corner of the pond. There we soon disinterred a strong oak box, from which the lock had been forced years ago, containing plate, money, jewels, and documents relating to a family of the name of Reynolds. We made a *procès verbal* on the spot, and as soon

as I returned home to Catherine, I wrote an account of the whole transaction to my solicitor in England.

He immediately replied, inclosing in his letter an advertisement cut out of a London newspaper, inquiring after the next kin of William Henry Reynolds, who lately died in Australia. It was stated that the deceased had formerly lived in France, and left a female infant there under the charge of a family of the name of Boisson; but in what department, or whereabouts, was not known at present. That any information would be thankfully received, and liberally rewarded, if forwarded either to the advertisers, or to the office of Messrs. Galignani, in Paris.

Eventually, we proved Catherine's history to be this. She was born at the Folly, of English parents of gentle birth, who were its proprietors. Her mother was feeble in health, and André's wife became wet nurse to the child. Urgent affairs called Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds to England for a visit, which was intended to be temporary; and they left the child, and various articles of property, under the supposed faithful guardianship of Boisson the father. But the wife sickened and died in London; and her husband, a weak character, left to himself, formed a passionate attachment for a woman, who persuaded him to go with her to Australia, deserting his helpless infant daughter.

When the Boissons found that month after month elapsed, and Catherine's parents did not return, they began to believe that both were dead, and formed the project of appropriating the Folly and its appurtenances to themselves, and of bringing up the infant as a peasant's child, in ignorance of her real birth. The house, the pond, and the little patch of land, were the sole temptation to the commission of the crime. Whether from avarice, prudence, or a remaining spark of honesty, the Boissons had not taken to their own use any of the property we found concealed in the shooting hut.

At the end of many years of difficulty in Australia, during which he often had not the means and never the courage to return to England, Catherine's father died. When he felt his last hour approaching, he tried to write a letter home; his strength failed him before he could finish more than a fraction of what he intended to say. Imperfect as it was, it reached his legal representatives, and afforded the clue of which mine had availed himself. Catherine, through the sudden death of a paternal uncle, was the undisputed heiress to an estate in Cumberland, of larger area, though less profitable in rental, than mine in the south of England was.

After a consideration of all the circumstances, we determined to let André and his wife remain in the Folly as long as they lived, taking care that it should revert to Cath-

erine at their death. To each of their two daughters, who were guiltless and ignorant of the injustice, and who had never behaved unkindly to my wife, we gave a portion sufficient to procure them, as soon as it was known, the choice of a husband suited to their station. The old folks did not survive our pardon long. André again indulged in drunken habits, and again dislocated his thigh. This time Lemaire could do him no good. He died from the consequences. The woman, left alone, fretted and pined, caught a fever, and soon followed him to the grave. I then requested my friend Lemaire to take possession of the Folly for me; and we now and then visit it, in thankfulness and humility, both of us remembering the happiness we owe to having perseveringly pursued a right course, when our conscience told us that we *were* acting rightly.

### THE INFANT'S DREAM.

The following appeared in the *London Sentinel*, June, 1830, and is here republished on account of its great beauty and touching pathos:—

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,  
And sing me the holy strain  
That soothed me last, as you fondly prest  
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;  
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last  
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,  
And weep as you then did weep  
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,  
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;  
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,  
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,  
While slumbering on thy knee,  
And I lived in a land where forms divine  
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine;  
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,  
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,  
And we rested as under a bough;  
Then near me a butterfly flouted in pride  
And I chased it away through the forest wide  
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,  
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,  
And I wept aloud for thee;  
But a white robed maiden appeared in the air,  
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,  
And she kissed me softly, ere I was aware,  
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she guild'd, mamma,  
And she led me far away;  
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb;  
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom;  
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,  
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,  
And lovely cherubs bright!  
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,  
And wondering around me I gazed and gazed;  
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed  
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,  
Of white-wing'd babes to me;  
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,  
And they marvelled to meet with an earthborn  
child;  
And they gloried that I from the earth was exil'd,  
Saying, "Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,  
With cherub and seraphim fair;  
And I saw, as I roamed the regions of peace,  
The spirits which came from the world of distress  
And there was joy no tongue can express,  
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,  
Lay dead a short time ago;  
Oh! you gazed on the sad but lovely wreck,  
With a flood of woe you could not check;  
And your heart was so sore you wished it would  
break,  
But it loved and you still sobb'd on!

But oh! had you been with me, mamma,  
In the realms of unknown care,  
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,  
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave  
when she died;  
For shining with the blest, and adorned like a  
bride,  
Sweet sister Jane was there!

Do you mind of that silly old man, mamma,  
Who came late to our door,  
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,  
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud;  
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,  
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a night of woe, mamma,  
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,  
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,  
While the rain dripped down from his thin grey  
hair;  
And fast as the big tear of speechless care,  
Ran down his glazing eye—

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,  
Flash'd through each trembling eye,  
As he told how he went to the baron's strong  
hold,  
Saying, "Oh! let me in, for the night is cold;"  
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep on the wold,  
For we shield no beggars here."

Well, he was in glory too, mamma,  
As happy as the blest can be;  
For he needed no alms in the mansion of light,  
For he sat with the patriarchs clothed in white;  
And there was not a seraph had a crown more  
bright,  
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,  
And dream as I dream'd before;  
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my  
rest,  
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a  
guest;  
And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of  
the blest  
Can love this world no more.

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### A BALL-ROOM ADVENTURE.

BY CAPTAIN L.—S. C. H.

WHEN I was quartered in Dublin, during the summer of 1841, I received an invitation to a ball given by the officers of the 4th regiment of infantry, at a small county town, some hundred miles from the metropolis. The 4th was formerly my own regiment. I entered it a jolly ensign, and had such a pleasant time of it there among my brother officers, a first rate set of fellows, that nothing but a most favourable exchange to a cavalry corps, as a means of returning from abroad, would have induced me to leave it. Ten years had passed since those merry days, and most of my old companions were gone from the regiment: some, like myself, had exchanged—others had quitted the service altogether, and one or two had been removed by death; but among the few remaining was my great friend and crony, Fitz-George, from whom I received the invitation to this ball, and to see whom was my chief inducement for accepting it. The "grilling" season in Phoenix Park was just at its height, and I could therefore obtain only three days' leave of absence; but railroads now so completely annihilate time and distance, that I did not give a second thought to what might otherwise have proved a great nuisance. The railway to Cork was then in progress; it was finished however, beyond the little station where I had to stop, and whence I was to take a car, nearly twenty miles further to P—, my final destination.

I left Dublin on the morning appointed, my spirits enlivened by that most delightful feeling—the anticipation of meeting a friend after a long separation. I don't mind confessing at once that I travelled second-class—I always do in summer, not so much for the sake of economy, as amusement and comfort. On this occasion I can remember that I had with me the usual style of travelling companions in Ireland: a woman, in a dark-blue cloak, nursing a little child on her lap; next to her, an old lady, intent on cramming the latter with cakes and fruit, to the entire satisfaction of itself and mother; two Catholic priests, in their collarless, buttoned-up coats and unstarched white cravats, with tongues for each other alone, but eyes and ears for all the rest of the passengers, more especially for some merry blue-eyed girls, who were quizzing a young man—a full-blown specimen of “the gent,”—most unmercifully. My own opposite neighbor was a rather handsome, ladylike woman having a boy about seven years old with her. He soon informed me they were going to Limerick to join “papa,” an officer in a regiment there, which immediately afforded us an opening for a little military and other gossip, to beguile the tediousness of the journey.

On arriving at the little station where I alighted, the difficulty was not, as I had expected, to find a car for the purpose of conveying me to P——, but to be allowed to make choice of one, from nearly a dozen, awaiting the arrival of the train. The drivers surrounded me at once: each assuring me that he was “the boy” to drive a “raal jintlemin,” and that all the horses, except his own, were “sorra bastes, bad luck to ‘em!” Nor do I know how long this contention might have lasted, had not one “boy,” more cunning than the rest, seized upon my valise and carpet-bag, and carried them off to his car, whereupon I rushed through my other persecutors after my property, and jumping into the car, we rattled off before they had recovered from their surprise. My journey was very tedious; and the clocks had struck seven ere we entered the barrack-gate at P——. Upon enquiring for Captain Fitz-George, I was informed that all the officers of the —rd, had just gone over to the mess of the other regiment quartered there, owing of course, to their own mess room being prepared for the ball. In another minute I had driven across the square, to the door pointed out to me, and sending in my name to Fitz-George, he was shaking me warmly by the hand, apparently the same good-hearted, rattling fellow, as when we were subs together. He immediately ordered his servant to go with the carman to put my “traps” in his room, at the same time giving directions that every thing necessary to remove the dust of the journey from myself and clothes might be brought to me in

the ante-room, adding that he had reserved a place for me by his side at the mess-table, to which one of the servants would show me. Accordingly, after performing my hurried toilet, I found myself seated comfortably beside him, enjoying a capital dinner; and, to my mind, few things are more enjoyable than dining at a well conducted mess. The profusion of lights, plate, china, and glass on the table, with the glittering uniforms around it, combine to give a splendour to the scene, no less than the tone of goodfellowship and courtesy to strangers prevailing there, to throw a charm over it, even in the eyes of some who, like myself, are by no means novices in such matters. It is the fashion now, I am aware, among military men, to cry this feeling down, and many who have not been half as long as myself in the service, profess to consider their mess a decided “bore.” I can only say that I pity their want of taste, and differ from them *in toto*. I have always enjoyed a dinner at mess, and never more so than when heartily welcomed to the table of the —th, at P——, after my long journey. Nevertheless, as soon as the cloth was removed, Fitz-George and I beat a retreat to his room, where, over a bottle of claret and a cigar, we had an hour's chat about old times and old friends; and so completely did we talk ourselves into imagining we were jolly ensigns again, that we totally forgot the occasion which had brought us together, till reminded of it by the sound of wheels, announcing the arrival of the first carriage bringing guests to the ball. Fitz-George jumped up from his easy chair, and buttoning his coat,—the small white bow on which declared him to be one of the stewards,—he fastened his sash and taking his gloves, was off in a minute, merely stopping to tell me that he would send his servant to assist in getting out my “loggers,” and return for me himself, in half an hour, to go to the ball-room. For some minutes after he left me I sat musing over all I had heard from him of our former companions, and it must be confessed, wishing the ball at “Old Nick,” for interrupting our pleasant *tete-à-tete*; but there was no help for it: the servant came, and dressing for “the festive scene” was the order of the evening. I was put into a little better humour by Fitz-George, on his return, with all the privilege of old acquaintanceship, admiring my waistcoat; and when we entered the ball-room, as the first quadrille was just forming, I submitted with a good grace to be introduced to a partner! Oh! that partner. She was a small, fair girl, dressed in blue, and at first answered—“Yes, sir; no, sir,” to all my efforts at conversation, half-frightened, I suppose, by my moustache; for when she became more familiar with that, or with me, she chatted away about the people in the neighbourhood, all strangers to me, till I wished her

reduced to monosyllables again, and inwardly rejoiced when the quadrille was over. I lost no time, as may be imagined, in consigning her to the care of her "mamma," who was easily discovered from having three more daughters of the same pattern clustered round her: and I then strolled into the card-room, where I remained some time, highly amused in watching an old lady playing a rubber, with the most persecuting ill-luck I ever saw. When I returned to the ball-room they were dancing a polka; and I stood looking on, the whole scene appeared suddenly changed to me. And what could effect this? Simply the sight of a beautiful face, which flashed upon me like lightning. I waited eagerly for a second view of it; when an opening in the crowd showed me not only the same face, but also a form belonging to it, of corresponding beauty. A few words will describe the object of my admiration. She seemed to be about the middle height, and in complexion was a clear brunette; which, with the rose-like colour on her cheeks, shed a glow over her countenance, reminding me of Titian's or Murillo's portraits. Her figure was slender, but perfectly well-rounded; not an angle could be detected, although no one would think of applying that odious word "stout" to her: and what is so rarely met with, her head was admirably set on her finely-formed shoulders. She had splendid dark brown hair; and that alone would have distinguished her from the young ladies of the present day, who have so universally adopted the fashion of banded hair, whether it suits them or not, while hers fell in long, heavy ringlets on each side of her oval face. Her eyebrows, of the same colour, were beautifully defined, but I was most enhanced with her large dark eyes, so bright, and yet so soft, that I felt assured a look from them would instantly have persuaded me to any extravagance. In a word, enchanted I fairly was, for her style of beauty suited my taste exactly; and, in spite of the mortification which she innocently inflicted upon me afterwards, I freely own that I have never beheld a woman, before or since, whom I admired so much. She was dancing with a tall, moustached man, towards whom I conceived an aversion, quite as instantaneous as my admiration for his fair partner; setting him down at once as a rival, I watched him with rising jealousy. I was roused by Fitz-George stopping from dancing near me, and exclaiming, as he came quite close to me "Why, Leslie, man, what are you dreaming off? and why are you not dancing?" I answered his questions in the true Irish way, by asking another. "By heavens! Fitz-George, do tell me, who is that beautiful girl?" "Beautiful girl!" he repeated; "shew me; where? for I don't see one: nice-looking girls there are enough, and my partner is one of the best; but as to her beauty, that is another thing."

"You must be blind, Fitz," I replied; "I mean the young lady in the white dress and scarlet wreath, dancing with that tall man." "That," cried he, laughing, "beautiful girl, eh? why that's—but stay, I'll introduce you when this polka is over, for I see my partner is already impatient at my absence;" and off he started with her, leaving me full of surprise at his laughter. But I soon forgot this in the thought of the promised introduction, and in watching "my beauty" and her partner. They were standing near me, evidently talking about her bouquet, for he pointed to a moss-rose-bud in the centre of it; but if he asked for it, she certainly refused him, that was some comfort; though he had no reason to care, lucky fellow he caused me quite envy enough directly afterwards, by putting his arm round her waist, and resuming the dance. How gracefully and easily she moved! so unlike that bobbing up and down which often makes the polka so ridiculous. But never was there such a long, tedious polka as that one, I am very sure! the band and dancers appeared to be alike untireable. Now and then a prolonged chord would give me hope it must be the final one, but off they went again, as lively as ever: and when at length the last note did sound, I fully expected to be once more deceived in like manner. But no, it really was over, and I followed the greater part of the dancers into the card-room, keeping my eye on Fitz-George, lest he should forget his promise. I had, however, no reason to fear that: like a good fellow, as he always was, he placed his partner on a sofa, and telling her to keep the other seat there vacant for him, put his arm through mine for the purpose of giving me the promised introduction. I have generally self-possession, not to say assurance, enough, but on this occasion I felt as nervous and foolish as a boy wearing a coat for the first time (probably from having been kept in a wrought-up state of expectation); and when we reached the spot where the young lady was standing, I had arrived at such a pitch of confusion, that all I heard was, an indistinct sound of my own name, and something like that of "Miss Desborough," or "Besborough." I mustered words enough to request the pleasure of dancing with her. She answered, that she was engaged for the next quadrille, and as many polkas, waltzes, and galops as would be danced; but she should be happy to give me the quadrille after the next; and with that I was obliged to be satisfied. I tried to continue the conversation; but, with my self-possession all my usual flow of small talk had likewise deserted me, and I was on the point of leaving her to be again engrossed by my moustached rival, when an elderly officer, in the uniform of the—rd, approached, and saying to her, "You must be tired, Edith," he drew her arm familiarly through his, and she walked away with him,



merely bestowing a slight bow on myself and a smile on her late partner, who also sauntered off in another direction. As I stood looking after them, the mystery of Fitz-George's laugh was suddenly explained to me, for I recognized in the officer, Major Desborough of the—rd; and the young lady must be his daughter. Now, familiarity with her beauty had undoubtedly rendered it far less striking to Fitz-George than myself, and I was too old a soldier not to know the light in which the wives and daughters of military men are usually regarded by officers in the same regiment. Let them be ever so lady-like or attractive, they are sure to be treated with indifference, and the least attention paid to them is too often considered as another of the "bores" belonging to the profession. Most men in the army think it necessary to dislike military ladies; and I am ashamed to say that I so far participated in these opinions as to be somewhat irritated at the discovery I had made. To shake off this little irritation, and to while away the half-hour before I could dance with Miss Desborough, I determined to seek the supper-room, where, ensconced in an out-of-the-way corner, I amused myself playing with some chicken and lobster salad; doing, at the same time, more serious work in the champagne line, glass after glass of which I drank with two or three jovial officers of the—rd, who were seated near me. I did this chiefly to restore my self-confidence, in which I succeeded most completely; for when I descended to the ball-room. I was in a state of intense satisfaction with myself and all around me. A waltz was just over; and on consulting the "*carte des danses*," I found that my quadrille followed, so I proceeded forthwith in search of my promised partner. I soon discovered her; and my lately restored happy frame of mind was in some danger of being disturbed, at seeing that she had again been dancing with my rival, as I chose to consider the tall man; "but it is my turn now," I thought, and boldly went up to them, carrying her off from him in triumph. With what a thrill of pleasure did I feel her hand lightly resting on my arm; and after securing a *vis-à-vis*, we had time for a little conversation while awaiting the formation of the quadrille. I found talking with her then the easiest matter in the world. She had plenty, though not too much to say, and I was resolved on making myself agreeable. I judged, in five minutes, by her perfect ease and self-possession, that this ball was far from being her first; but I did not admire her the less for that, as I have somewhat the same taste as Byron professed, in preferring the more mature grace of three or four-and-twenty to the "bread-and-butter" innocence of eighteen. During the quadrille I purposely turned the conversation on flowers; and noticing her bouquet, I asked for the moss rose-bud which

I had secretly set my heart upon obtaining. She gave it to me without any hesitation, to my infinite pleasure, although a little coquetish denouncing at first would certainly have enhanced the value of the gift. But I was in no humour to find fault; and after the dance was over we sat down on a sofa, my admiration towards her increasing every moment; and what did not please me least, was her total avoidance of all regimental talk. I do not think we once mentioned the—rd, or anything belonging to it; the nearest approach was, that she told me her father had a great objection to her going abroad, unless it were to Canada; which led to our conversing some time about that country, the only scene of my short foreign service. At length, on seeing Major Desborough approaching I was so completely fascinated as well as bewildered, between the champagne I had drunk and the idea of losing her, that I abruptly expressed a warm hope of seeing her again before I left P—; adding a pretty plain declaration of the admiration with which she had inspired me. I shall never forget her look of astonishment; but she had no time for a word in reply. I only heard, "Come, Edith, my dear, we must go home now;" and scarcely returning my farewell bow at resigning her, she was gone. I stood for a few minutes where she left me, conscious of having made a fool of myself; and then I went to the entrance-door, just as she was leaving it, with the hood of the prettiest little scarlet cloak imaginable, drawn over her head; and besides Major Desborough, the moustached man was going away with her. "Confound the fellow," thought I; "she must be engaged to him!" But how thoroughly I was mistaken I learnt too soon.

Just as I turned away Fitz-George touched me on the shoulder, saying, "I have been looking for you, Leslie; nearly all the people are gone, only a few ensigns and choice spirits are keeping up the ball. I am deuced tired, so we may as well go to my room for another quiet cigar;" to which I readily assented. When our cigars were in full play, I remained silently stretched on the sofa, listening to his revelations about his partners, till he suddenly mentioned the subject of all my ruminations, just as I was considering how best to introduce it myself. "Well, Leslie," he said, "you don't tell me what you thought of your 'beautiful girl' after all. I saw you dancing with her." "Why, without exception," I answered, "Miss Desborough is——" "Miss!" he interrupted; "Mrs. Desborough, you mean, old fellow." "Impossible!" I exclaimed, quite taken aback; "she cannot be married!" "Not only married," was his reply, laughing heartily at my blunder and astonishment; "but she must at least be eight-and-twenty, though you'll say she looks younger." Surprise kept me silent, while he continued; "I can tell

you all about her, for I knew her before she was our major's wife. We come from the same good old county in England, and when she first 'came out,'—don't they call it?—she had as many admirers as any Helen or Penelope. I remember being in love with her myself three whole days and nights during my first leave of absence (by the way, Leslie, don't you recollect how delighted we were then, and how we rushed home to say good-by to all friends, on being ordered out to join the service companies in Canada?); but I soon forgot the young lady in the bustle of going abroad, especially as I never did think much of gipsy beauties, generally speaking. Afterwards she was engaged, they said, to some man of good family,—I forget his name,—but he was as poor as a rat, and she had no money, so his relations interfered to break it off; and within the last two years she married Desborough; a fine old fellow he is too; and there's the veritable history of your 'beautiful girl' for you." "But he is so much older than she is; it was as easy to take her for his daughter, as to confuse the sound of 'Mrs.' into 'Miss Desborough,' was all I could say in my own defence. "And that tall moustached man always with her, pray who is he?" was the question that suddenly occurred to me. "A brother-in-law," answered Fitz-George; "married to his or her sister, I don't know which. He is paying them a visit; and being just returned from the continent, he seemed to prefer dancing with his handsome sister-in-law to any one, as she waltzes so well—too quiet, though," he added, apparently determined not to allow a brother officer's wife, merely because she was so, too much merit on any point.

My feelings during this conversation can scarcely be imagined; for my mind had been so entirely engrossed by the fear of a rival in the brother-in-law, that the idea of a husband never entered my head; and I did not like to confess, even to Fitz-George, the extent of my folly. There was nothing for it but to feign amusement at my blunder, and to ask him to tell Mrs. Desborough of it the first time he should see her. Fortunately for me, this happened to be, by accident, a few hours afterwards; and it was some alleviation to learn, that with true woman's tact she had guessed the truth, and most certainly had neither informed her husband of it, nor yet thought fit to be herself offended where no offence was meant,—strong proofs, I thought, that her good sense equalled her other attractions.

Accompanied by Fitz-George, I returned to Dublin the following day, where my feelings of mortification were speedily softened down; but it is unnecessary to say more of myself. I will only add, that while undoubtedly there is some foundation for the foregoing tale, the scene where it took place, the minor incidents,

and names of those concerned, are so altered, that the actors themselves would not recognise it.

I have related it, not alone for the sake of whatever little amusement it may afford, but also as a warning to ball goers, not to allow their imaginations full play about any "beautiful girl" they chance to meet, before ascertaining whether beneath her left-hand glove there may not be a plain gold ring encircling her finger; and thus they would avoid committing the same awkward *contresens* as I did in my "ball-room adventure."

### THE FIRST PICTURE.

TOWARDS the middle of the fifteenth century there lived in an obscure quarter of the little town of Correggio a poor family of good morals and unblemished reputation, but whose very existence was known to but few of the inhabitants. The head of the family had by his occupation as a pedlar for a long time supported his wife and their two children, Stella and Antonio; but at length sickness and infirmity kept him confined to his bed. Maria Allegri, placed between a dying husband and two young creatures asking for bread, prayed fervently to God to give her strength to supply each day's necessities, and to sustain her to the end. Every moment that she could spare from attending on her husband was spent at work, whenever she was so fortunate as to obtain any. As she excelled in the art of making artificial flowers, the ladies of Correggio often employed her in decorating their head-dresses, or in manufacturing those fictitious nosegays which, in the middle of winter, recall by their fair forms and glowing tints the beauty and brightness of spring. During several months she was enabled by strict economy to meet the household expenses; but at length her health began to fail; scanty food, uneasiness of mind, and sleepless nights, began to produce their natural effect; and one evening poor Maria could not refrain from weeping at the thought that but a few *scudi* remained in her purse, and that when they were gone she would probably have recourse to public charity. Her husband from his bed heard her sobbing, and raising his head with a painful effort, he said:

"What is the matter?"

"I do not feel very well," replied Maria; "but do not be uneasy, it will not signify."

"It will not signify!" repeated Allegri. "Thou deceivest me. Know'st thou not whence thy sickness comes?"

"From a little fatigue," said Maria, steadying her voice; "a day or two of rest, and I shall be cured."

"A day or two of rest!" exclaimed Allegri, examining attentively his wife's countenance; "will that suffice to remove the fearful paleness from thy cheeks, to restore brightness to thine eyes, and colour to thy white lips? Poor wife! thou art more sick than thou carest to acknowledge; thou sufferest perhaps more than I do, and yet I can do nothing for thee."

Bending over him, Maria tenderly pressed his hand, and said very gently:

"Calm thyself, husband; hast thou not, during twenty years, supported me, thy wife? Now it is my turn—labour for me, rest for thee; thou hast well earned it."

"Yes," said the sick man, letting his eyes wander round the room; "my life is well nigh ended, and I must leave thee to struggle alone in the world. It would be right and natural to confide thee to our son; but how can I reckon on him? Hitherto he has repaid my tenderness with ingratitude and disobedience. What does he for his sister? What does he for thee?"

"He is so young."

"So young! At the age of fifteen I supported my father; at twenty I was the stay of the whole family; but old age has come on me, and with it poverty. In death I shall not have the consolation of feeling that I leave thee happy. Antonio is a bad son."

A young girl approached the bed, and pressed Allegri's hand affectionately.

"Is it thou Stella, my child? The sight of thee is balm to my heart. Alas!" he continued, turning to his wife, "Stella is young; she will have longer to suffer than we shall."

The young girl left the room, trying to conceal her tears. Her father said:

"Wife, hast thou any news of her betrothed?"

"All is broken off," replied Maria. "Lucio's father is inexorable; our poverty has frightened him, and he refuses his consent. He requires that his son's wife should have a complete outfit, and a fortune of at least fifty ducats."

Back fell Allegri's head, heavy and burning, on the pillow.

A long mournful silence ensued. The old man's eyes were closed, and he seemed to slumber. After some minutes, when he was fast asleep, a boy of about fifteen, whose soft bright eyes were wet with tears, came and placed himself near Maria, putting his forehead towards her lips. She embraced him tenderly, saying "Antonio!"

"Mother," said the boy in a low but firm tone,

"I heard it all. My father is right; I am a bad son. You have done everything for me, and I have done nothing for you. I will begin to work every day, and to bring you whatever I earn. How glad I am that I happened to hear what my father said, otherwise I might have gone on in idleness, and he would have ceased to love me."

"Ah, no, Antonio; how could a father cease to love his son?"

"Mother you are my best friend, and I confess to you what I should fear to tell my father. You know that I am sometimes afraid of him."

"Yes, he is very good."

"Oh, yes; but he forbids me to draw, and he breaks my pencils. Only three days since he tore up that beautiful Madonna which I had taken such pleasure in copying from the picture in the church. My poor Madonna! I loved it so much!"

"Thy father is sick and unhappy, my child; thou shouldst endeavour not to annoy him, and above all never doubt his affection for thee."

"I was very near losing it, though; but tomorrow, please God, I will try to win it back. Good night, mother." Maria embraced her son, and called Stella.

Soon afterwards all the household reposed, except Antonio; he, for the first time, awakened

from the happy thoughtlessness of childhood, began to enter into the heavy cares of his relations, "A bad son!" The words rang in his ear, and ere he betook himself to rest, he fervently resolved to merit ere long a far different designation. At daybreak he arose, softly kissed the brows of his sleeping parents and sister, and left the following note on the table:—

"Do not be uneasy at my absence: I go to deserve my father's forgiveness. Let Stella take courage; perhaps the obstacles to her marriage with Lucio may soon be removed."

Cautiously opening the door, he knelt on the threshold and addressed a fervent prayer to God for protection; then casting a last look on the humble roof which had sheltered his passed-away childhood, he walked on, taking the first road he met. Two hours afterwards he reached Modena.

#### CHAPTER II.

On passing through the gates of the city, Antonio felt himself bewildered by the unwonted noise and crowd and bustle in which he found himself. He had not learned any trade: many times his father had placed him as an apprentice, but he never applied steadily to any occupation. It was not that Antonio was idle, in the worst sense of the word; but an irresistible aversion existed in his mind against every species of manual labour, whilst an equally powerful attraction drew him towards the contemplation and the imitation of nature. With a pencil in his hand, Antonio forgot whatever task had been intrusted to him, and even the hours for sleep and food. This, therefore, was the cause of his father's continual reprimands, which the boy was accustomed to consider cruel and unjust; until he understood how grinding poverty had entered their dwelling, and how wrong it was in a son not to exert himself to the utmost for his suffering parents. Then he set out without much calculating consequences, without any fixed plan in his head, but firmly resolved to seize the first opening that might offer for work of any kind.

Meantime he wandered through the streets, and the day was passing hopelessly on. Suddenly he stopped. At one corner of the ducal palace stood a statue of the Madonna, with downcast eyes, and bearing a branch in her right hand. The figure exactly resembled that from which Antonio had taken the hapless copy so pitilessly torn by his father. Filled with joy, and forgetful of his hunger and of his destitute condition, he seated himself on one of the marble steps of the palace, and opening a portfolio which he carried under his arm, and which constituted the whole of his possessions, he drew from it a pencil and a sheet of paper considerably soiled and rumpled. Heedless of the crowd passing to and fro, the boy set himself to work with enthusiastic diligence; and during more than an hour never once looked round. At length a distinguished-looking and richly-dressed gentleman paused and bent over him, inspecting his work; yet Antonio did not move.

"Do you belong to Modena, my child?" asked the stranger, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"No, signor; I come from Correggio," replied Antonio, blushing.

"Who is your teacher?"

"I have never had one."

"When did you come here?"

"Only this morning."

"What means of living have you?"

At this question, reminding him of the cause of his journey, Antonio started, and then answered with emotion: "Alas! signor, I came hither with the hope of finding employment, for my parents are in want."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Anything I am ordered," replied the boy, humbly; "I will go of messages, carry burdens, do anything that will enable me to assist my mother."

The stranger thought for a moment, and then said: "What is your name?"

"Antonio Allegri."

"Come with me; I will give you an employment which I am certain you will like. You shall live in my house. Are you willing?"

Filled with gratitude, Antonio thankfully accepted the offer; yet he could not help casting a wistful glance at his unfinished Madonna.

"Come on," said the stranger; "Instead of that crumpled paper, you shall have canvas, and in place of a pencil a brush. As for models, I will furnish you with many as good as that statue."

Without replying, Antonio followed his protector. After passing through several streets, they stopped at the door of a handsome house; the signor knocked, and they were speedily admitted. They entered the dining-room where a plentiful repast was prepared, to which Antonio and his kind master did ample justice. Afterwards the latter led the boy into a large hall, whose walls were hung with upwards of forty pictures, richly framed. In the centre stood a lofty easel, supporting a square of canvas of gigantic dimensions. On the tables and chairs were scattered palettes, brushes, colours, all the paraphernalia, in short, of a painting-room. Antonio's eyes sparkled, and his heart beat fast at the sight.

"Here you will pass your days," said his master. "You will begin by seeing me paint, and then you will paint yourself. Many a great artist has begun life by grinding colours and washing palettes; besides, you will earn a livelihood."

Antonio spent two hours in examining the pictures with minute attention. Signor Pescaro (that was the name of the signor) dilated at great length on the beauties and perfections of the paintings, which was not very modest, seeing that he himself was their author.

At nightfall Pescaro led Antonio into the small room which he was to occupy, and wishing him good night, left him alone. Then the boy began gratefully to review the events of the day. Bending down, he thanked God for his great goodness towards him, and prayed for blessings on the head of his benefactor. Yet one painful thought lingered in his breast, a thought which he tried to banish, as the height of ingratitude, and which yet would return. At the very moment that his benefactor was loading him with kindness, he could not help feeling that the magnificent pictures of Signor Pescaro were detestable.

### CHAPTER III.

This needs explanation. Signor Pescaro was a

kind and beneficent man, and also possessed of a most execrable taste for painting. At that epoch, when Fame proclaimed so loudly the glorious names of Giotto, Cimabue, Buonaratti, and Rafaele, it became a very general fashion amongst the nobility and men of wealth to affect a taste for art.

These amateurs were fond to believe that gold, study, and a considerable amount of self-sufficiency would atone for the absence of genius and inspiration; and the circle of courtiers, whom their gay entertainments and sumptuous repasts drew around them like satellites round a planet, contributed not a little to confirm them in the illusion born of pride and of self-love. Signor Pescaro was one of those would-be amateur artists, destined never to produce anything beyond a series of daubs, fitted at best to decorate sign-posts.

Yet was Antonio enabled to conceal his just judgment within the deepest recesses of his mind, and that without uttering an untruth, or being guilty of the slightest hypocrisy. His master never asked him to pronounce an opinion, but complacently praised his own works, so that the boy had only to hold his peace, and endeavour, with the full strength of his honest and grateful heart, to admire pictures which he yet felt to be utterly bad. During more than a year Antonio discharged with untiring zeal the functions of a painter's boy. Pescaro paid him his wages regularly, and he never failed to transmit the whole amount to Correggio. From time to time his sister Stella used to write him an account of the family. The aid he sent was received as manna sent from heaven. His father, whose health was partially restored, now resumed some of his ancient cheerfulness, and praised and blessed his son. As to Maria, her mind was stronger than her body, and she made many efforts to suppress and conceal the evidences of her failing health. Antonio took fresh courage; and one day, emboldened by the kindness of Pescaro, he ventured to ask for a square of canvas on which to recommence the "Virgin with the Branch" which he had sketched in pencilling at the corner of the ducal palace. His master smiled, and reminded him that as yet he scarcely knew how to hold a brush, much less could he hope to accomplish so difficult an undertaking. But the boy continued to entreat so earnestly, that the signor, various perhaps also to see what so inexperienced a hand could accomplish, consented to his wishes.

"We will both paint the same subject," added he, "but without consulting each other, or showing either picture until both are completed. I will draw a curtain across the room; you shall have one side and I the other, and we shall see which of us shall succeed the best."

This plan was carried into effect. Every evening when they met, Pescaro questioned the boy in a tone meant to be kindly, but which, notwithstanding, betrayed a tincture of irony.

"Well, how does the *chef-d'œuvre* go on?" was his usual demand.

Poor Antonio had too little pride to feel hurt at his patron's pleasantry.

"Wait, signor," he used to say; "wait a little while, and I promise to submit my work to your experienced judgment."

At length the moment came. One day the master and the pupil met, saying, each of his own performance, "It is completed!"

Just as they were returning to the painting-room in order to compare the two pictures, a servant came to inform Antonio that a young girl, who wished to see him was waiting in the hall.

"Go," said Pescara; "I will proceed to the painting-room, and you can join me there."

Struck with a joyful presentiment, Antonio reached the bottom of the wide staircase in three bounds. At the sight of the young girl who awaited him, he uttered a cry of delight, which was quickly stifled in a long and tender embrace. It was his sister Stella.

When the first rapturous meeting was over, Antonio was startled at his sister's appearance. Stella's face was thin and pale; her eyes, once so bright, were dim and red from weeping: over her whole person was an expression of subdued grief.

"What has happened?" asked her brother.

"Our father is dying," replied Stella, in a broken voice, "and we have no longer the means of procuring for him either nourishment or medicine."

"Our father dying!" repeated Antonio wildly. "Oh! I must go—I must see him, and ask his forgiveness!"

"He has forgiven thee long since, as thou didst well deserve," said Stella.

"Thanks dear sister; but thou hast told me nothing of our mother."

"Excessive toil has worn out her eyes,—she is nearly blind; but she bears all her misfortunes with the resignation of a saint."

"And thyself, sister?—thou hast had thy share of suffering—thy marriage with Lucio——"

"I try not to think of the future," interrupted Stella, with great difficulty suppressing her tears; "poor creatures like us must be content to suffer."

"Don't despair," cried Antonio, seized by a sudden thought: "wait for me here; I will soon return." And remounting the staircase as rapidly as he had descended, he rushed into the painting-room.

Signor Pescara was there, seated before two easels which he had drawn side by side, and on which were placed two paintings of the same size, and portraying the same subject. Here, however, all resemblance ended. The least practised eye could easily discern by the wide diversity of touch and colouring, that they were the work of two very different hands—of two totally distinct orders of intellect. Pescara, determined, doubtless, to pronounce an impartial verdict, stood up, sat down, advanced, retreated, looked at the two paintings sideways, and frontways, and every way; trying all possible effects of light and shade in modifying their appearance. Absorbed in this minute examination, he did not perceive Antonio's entrance. The latter, on his part, was too full of his mission to be aware that he was disturbing the signor's critical labours, and running up to him he exclaimed,—*"Signor Pescara, have pity on me!"*

"What do you mean?" was the astonished answer.

"I already owe you much," said Antonio, in a fervent voice—"more than I can ever repay; yet I ask you to do more for me. I have a father dying, a mother nearly blind, a beautiful sister, likely to be left a poor distressed orphan. Give me, signor, the means of relieving their necessities, and my whole life shall be devoted to your service. From this day my time, my labours, my talents, if I have any, shall be wholly yours. You will have but to speak, and I will obey;—but have pity, Signor Pescara: save my parents and my sister!"

"I will do what you ask," replied his master, kindly taking his hand; "but be it far from me to accept in return the costly sacrifice you offer. No, I have discovered in you the germ of precocious talent; and talent, that it may arrive at maturity, has need of air, and sun, and freedom. Return to Correggio; I will purchase your first picture, and in this purse you will find its price—200 ducats."

Antonio's joy and gratitude were too great for utterance; yet he ardently renewed his promises of devotion to his patron, and then hastened to rejoin his sister.

"Stella!" he cried, "Stella, we are saved! Let us go." And holding each other by the hand, the brother and sister took the road that led from Modena to the little town of Correggio.

#### CHAPTER IV.

They arrived in time: their old father yet lived. Maria, to whom her son consigned his treasure, wished before her husband died, to comfort him with the assurance of her daughter's happiness. She visited Lucio's father; and the old man's avaricious scruples vanished at the sight of the purse filled with shining ducats. On the spot he gave his consent to the marriage; and thus—thanks to Antonio, Stella married him whom she loved. As to old Allegri, joy finished the work commenced by grief: he died blessing his son.

Antonio's beloved mother still remained with him, but not long. Blind, and bowed down with premature old age, she gradually sank into the grave. One evening, when her son came in, he found her lying on her bed, in the posture of calm, deep sleep. He bent over her, and touched her forehead with his lips: the icy coldness told him that he was an orphan.

Stella was no longer his. Lucio had determined to settle in Florence, and she, of course, must accompany her husband. Then Antonio felt himself alone, and his thoughts naturally reverting to his benefactor, he returned to Modena. At their first meeting, Pescara received his *protege* affectionately; the second interview was colder, and on Antonio's third visit, the signor refused to see him. The youth never understood the secret of Pescara's conduct. His noble heart could not imagine, in the being whom his gratitude had well nigh deified, the existence of a base and mean feeling of jealousy. Such, however, was the solution of this sad enigma. The superiority of Antonio's "Madonna," which Pescara was forced to perceive, had first weakened, and finally extinguished the interest of which he had given so many generous proofs. The boy, however unconsciously, had humiliated him in the tenderest point—his vanity as a painter. It was

an offence which an envious painter seldom forgives.

Antonio was never permitted to look again at his first picture. But many years afterwards, when, on the death of Signor Pescaro, his paintings were sold, amateurs remarked amongst them one of infinitely superior merit, whose glowing softness of touch announced another and a better hand. It was "The Virgin with the Branch."

Allegri was but forty years old when he died and the latter years of his life were far from prosperous. He was humble, forgiving, and benevolent, yet his sole earthly reward was found in the

comfort of a quiet conscience, and the peaceful enjoyment of his wondrous art. If, however, no palm-wreath shaded his living brow, Time has awarded him the crown of immortality! In our day, three hundred years after his death, his name is uttered with those of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Giulio Romano, and others of that lofty brotherhood. Time also has changed his name, and knows him by that of the little town whence one summer morning he wandered forth a friendless boy. He is no longer Antonio Allegri, but Correggio, and by that glorious name will be known to remote generations.

## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

S E D E R U N T X X I I I .

(*Laird, Major, and Doctor.*)

LAIRD.—Div ye mind Colin Colston, the young Toronto Doctor, that used sometimes to come oot to Bonnie Braes for a weeks shooting and fishing?

MAJOR.—Brawly!—to use your own dour vernacular! I have lost sight of him, however, for the last twelvemonth, or so.

LAIRD.—An auld auntie o' his, wi' mair guineas that she could count up in a couple o' hours, wrote to Colin, that if he would come hame, and leave wi' her in Ayrshire, she would mak' him heir o' a' her means and estate.

DOCTOR.—Was the dame very ancient?

LAIRD.—She will never see her eighty-second birth-day again.

DOCTOR.—And, of course, the disciple of Esculapius jumped at the proposal.

LAIRD.—As a cock at a grosert. Indeed, pur chiel, it was Hobson's choice wi' him. His patients were scanty as plums in a work-house pudding, that's baked by contract, and the tailors, hatters, and shoemakers o' Toronto had for some time been trying to convince him, that they couldna' afford to keep up his outward tabernacle for naething.

MAJOR.—So Colin sloped.

LAIRD.—Ye hae said it, Crabtree. For the better part o' a year he has been a denizen o' the far-famed village o' Pitmidden, and gangs twice every Sabbath-day to the Kirk, and sometimes three times, when there's an orra sermon, wi' his respected relative.

DOCTOR.—And how does Mr. Colston like the Land of Cakes after his prolonged sojourn in our timber-teeming region?

LAIRD.—No' weel. He sairly misses oor clear bracing atmosphere, and the free and easy mode o' life which we enjoy. Indeed he writes me, in

the letter which I haud in my hand, that sae soon as he has laid Miss Priscilla Colston in the Kirk-yard o' Pitmidden, he will pitch his tent ance mair in oor borders.

MAJOR.—I believe that is the conclusion to which nine out of ten of the Canadians who visit the Mother Country come to. They feel like fish out of water, or like a scolding widow with no husband's hair to comb.

DOCTOR.—You said that you have recently received a letter from friend Colston, does he communicate any news of things in general, or of the war in particular?

LAIRD.—Deil a scrap. Colin had ay a scanner at politics. Besides in the oot o' the way Patmos where he is located, the Czar might eat the Sultan without saut, and he be never a bit the wiser.

DOCTOR.—What then *does* the fellow write about? I see that he has autographed sundry sheets of Bath post.

LAIRD.—Oo he just indoctrinates me wi' the nature o' the locality in which he is abiding. As there are nae secrets in his epistle I shall read ye a page or twa.

DOCTOR.—*Perge agrarius.*

LAIRD.—Hebrew again, ye incorrigible auld sinner! I've a guid mind to fauld up the letter and pit it in my pouch, for your impudence!

DOCTOR.—*Parce precor!*—I mean ten thousand pardons.

MAJOR.—Go on an' you love me. I, at least, have sported no Sanscrit.

LAIRD.—Weel, haud your tongues! After describing Pitmidden, and the river on which it is situated (which I may mention is the Firth o' Clyde) he gangs on to say:

"All along the banks of this river, from where it first spreads out as an arm of the sea, have watering places sprung up with marvellous rapidity, being fostered by the growing prosperity of

a great commercial city near the head of its tideway, whose merchants build or take houses in them for themselves and families during the summer months; and this town for it can hardly be called a village now, has advanced as fast as any other of them.

The island on which it stands and another smaller one below, were once united into a parish, and were consequently under the charge of a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland. He was an extremely eccentric character, and many curious stories are related of him, one of which, for though it is well known in this neighborhood, i. may not be equally so on the other side of the water, I may as well give here:—It is said that it was his custom in the prayer which in the Presbyterian form of worship follows the sermon, after having supplicated all manner of blessings for the parish under his charge, to pray that the same or like benefits might be poured down as abundantly upon the *adjacent* islands of Great Britain and Ireland. The smaller island is very bleak and rocky, and the only dwellings upon it are a farmhouse on the one side, and a lighthouse on the other, close to the main channel of the river. An old castle stands near the farmhouse close to the water, and is said to have been besieged and taken by Cromwell.

There is a story connected with the building of it, which is, perhaps, rather improbable, but if true is very wonderful. It is stated that this castle was built by one of two brothers, the other one also building a castle on the mainland, but that they labored under some difficulty in proceeding with their work, having only one hammer between them for the dressing of their stones. They got over it, it appears, by throwing the hammer across the water to each other when they respectively required it, which, as the distance is, and I suppose was then, about three miles, was a feat that would throw all the exploits of the modern-hammer putters quite into the shade.

Previously to the erection of the present lighthouse, a tower, which though in rather a ruinous condition, is still standing, was built on the highest part of the island, and coals were burnt on the top of it to serve as a beacon and warning to the mariner. The black mark caused by the fire is yet to be seen on the stones at the summit of the tower. The stair is rather unsafe, but it is well worth braving the perils of the ascent for the view which is obtained when that is accomplished.

On the west side of the island, overhanging some steep rocks, is a small burying-ground, in which are two or three mouldering tombstones almost covered with moss and grass. Underneath, as the half-obliterated inscriptions record, sleep the bodies of a clergyman and two of his children, who died on that island some seventy years ago. For some reason or other the father was obliged it is said to reside on this lonely spot, and his six daughters died in their youth during his life. This place, though out of the way of excursion parties, and its existence even known but to a few, is perhaps the most interesting thing connected with the island, particularly when seen from the sea in sailing under the rocks.

On the lower part of the shoulder of the hill behind my dwelling, stands an old castle, which

once belonged to the family of that Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded for his share in the rising of 1716, and it was built tradition says, as a jointure house for one of the Scottish Princesses. The roof, of course, has long disappeared, and the only floor remaining is the one on the top of the vaults, which being arched over with stone has prevented its decaying. The stair, which is spiral, ascends at one corner of the tower, and is quite perfect with the exception of one step at the top, but it only requires a slight spring to get over this difficulty. Ladies, though, feel a little nervous at this point, but that is of course a great delight to any gentleman who may accompany them as he then has the pleasure of handing them across the dangerous spot.\* This old building is celebrated for the view which it affords from its battlements, and for a story which is quite remarkable—it is the only legend I have heard connected with the castle—of a cow who having taken it into her head to walk up the stair, and to find her way to the battlement, astonished everybody by gazing down upon them. However difficult it may have been for her to make the ascent, it was still more so to get down again, and as her owner did not wish to lose her, ropes were procured and tied round her body, by means of which she was lowered in safety to the ground, and I daresay she never again attempted the feat of walking up stairs as long as she lived.

Passing through the village, which lies in a hollow below this castle, a road along the seashore takes you after a walk of about two miles, to where that castle which was built by one of the gentlemen who figure in the story of the hammer, is situated. It is perched almost on the very verge of the sea and is not quite so ruinous as the one last mentioned, part being fitted up and used as a stable. This castle was a royal one, and I have been told that there is a proclamation still extant signed by King Robert the Bruce, and dated from its halls. It also served as a halting place or stage in the journey, for the escort accompanying the bodies of the Scottish Monarchs when they were carried to the royal cemetery at Icolmkill in the island of Iona one of the Hebrides. Beside the castle, with its muzzle pointing seaward, is an old iron gun, which was fished up some years ago, out of the sea, and which appears to have belonged to a vessel of the Spanish Armada that was wrecked at or near that spot during the storm which completed the destruction of that armament. There are two other castles in the parish, and I think I could manage to say something about them also, but that might be considered tiresome, and therefore I refrain.

The Danes, under King Haco, as is recorded in history, invaded Scotland when one of the Malcolms sat upon the throne, and were defeated by him after a succession of sanguinary combats that lasted for several days. The fighting took place along the coast to the north of this parish and seems to have raged also within its borders, for not a great many years ago a person digging or ploughing on a farm opposite the watering place I have spoken of, turned up a large silver ornament, which was found when examined, to be a

\*Provided the fair damsel does not exceed twelve stone in weight.—P. D.

brooch with a pin affixed to it, and supposed to have been used to fasten a plaid or scarf upon the breast of some valiant warrior in a fight some where near. It was forwarded to an Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh, a member of whom discovered some Runic characters upon it, and succeeded in deciphering them; the result of which seemed to establish that it had been worn by some Norse or Danish Sea King, and that his lady love had presented it to him when setting off to the wars; the last time, alas! that she beheld him. I have seen an account of the brooch printed in the transactions of this antiquarian society, and I was told the other day, that a learned gentleman, whose name I at this moment forget,\* lately appointed to a professorship in a Canadian University has noticed it in an antiquarian work of his published not very long ago. Besides this, I have seen the brooch itself, as it is in the possession of the gentleman on whose property it was found and who kindly shows it on application, to any of his visitors. It is beautifully bright, and the characters on it are quite distinct and sharp. It is about three inches in diameter, very massive, and resembles those Irish brooches, drawings of which have appeared occasionally in the Illustrated London News. And now it is time for me to draw to a conclusion. It has afforded me some little pleasure to record this imperfect description of things around, what, as far as I can foresee, may be my permanent home, but I only wish I could transport myself along with this paper to that land where I have spent so many happy years of my life. I still cherish the idea of realizing this wish and hope to have it in my power to revisit the other side of the Atlantic at no very distant day.

I am, yours obediently,

H. C. H.

**MAJOR.**—How thin are the ranks of our British poets becoming? Now that Talfourd has passed away, it would be hard to muster up a trio of birds of mark, left to make vocal the Mother Country.

**LAIRD.**—Things are no' quite so bad as ye would hae them to be. There's Rodgers still to the fore—and Jeems Montgomery and Barry Corwall; and—and—Heck, sirs, but my memory is getting as useless as a slogy riddle. It keeps in a' that's trashy, and loses everything worth preserving.

**MAJOR.**—In the present instance you are blaming yourself without sufficient cause. The most vigorous memory would be somewhat hard pushed to continue the catalogue which you commenced.

**DOCTOR.**—You forget Alexander Smith.

**MAJOR.**—I do not forget him, Sangrado, but as yet he is only a bud of Parnassus. Alexander may turn out to be a mere flash in the pan.

**DOCTOR.**—Returning to Talfourd, what a noble

creation is his "*Ion*," That drama always suggests to me the idea of a faultless Grecian statue inspired with vitality, and endowed with flesh and blood.

**LAIRD.**—Preserve us a' the day, but that would be a queer idol!

**MAJOR.**—Nothing in Justice Talfourd's most useful, and thrice amiable life became him more than leaving it. There was something solemnly graceful in the earthly judge being called before God's tribunal, at the very moment when he was discharging the functions of his office.

**DOCTOR.**—Yes, and how well deserving of remembrance and serious cogitation, the words which were dropping from the lips of the poet-lawyer, at the moment when Death dried up the spring of his eloquence.

**LAIRD.**—Man, let's hear them.

**DOCTOR.**—After observing that crime has increased almost in proportion to the state of prosperity, with which the criminals have been surrounded, he proceeded to say:

"This consideration should awaken all our minds, and especially the minds of gentlemen connected with those districts, to see in what direction to search for a remedy for so great an evil. It is untrue to say that the state of education—that is, such education as can be furnished by the Sunday schools, and other schools in these districts—is below the general average; then we must search among some other causes for the peculiar aspect of crime presented in these cases. I cannot help myself thinking it may be in no small degree attributable to that separation between class and class, which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all more or less, in our respective spheres, in some degree responsible, and which is more complete in these districts than in agricultural districts, where the resident gentry are enabled to shed around them the blessings resulting from the exercise of benevolence, and the influence and example of active kindness. I am afraid we all of us keep too much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think, perhaps, we fulfil our duty when we perform our contract with them—when we pay them their wages, and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings—when we curb our temper and use no violent expressions towards them. But how painful is the thought that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much acquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling, arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, gracious admonitions and kind enquiries, which often, more than any book education, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, refinement

\* H. C. H. apparently alludes to Professor Hincks of Toronto University a scholar of eminent ability and learning.



and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. And if I were to be asked what is the great want of English society—to mingle class with class—I would say, in one word, the want is the want of sympathy.”

LAIRD.—There spoke the philosopher and philanthropist! Od', I'll try in the time to come to show mair sympathy towards my ploughman, Bauldie Stott. However, it will be but casting pearls before swine, I fear, seeing that Bauldie is as thrawn and impracticable as a bowly stick o' pine, pock-marked wi' knots! If the sowans are na' made to his mind, he'll sit glunchin' and gloomin' the hail blessed nicht, as it he had gotten a clink on the nose!

DOCTOR.—I notice the Sixth Part of little Lord John's "Memoirs of Thomas Moore," lying before you, Crabtree. What is your opinion thereabout?

MAJOR.—It is readable, but replete with the nauseating *flunkeyism*, which taints the former portions of the work. In almost every page you find the poet "booin'—and booin'—and booin'" to some titled personage, and getting half crazy with exultation because Lord Noodle or the Duke of Doodle asks after the health of his old woman!

LAIRD.—Heeh, sirs! what a humbling view o' puir human nature. To think o' ane o' Nature's noblemen thus disgracing his *caste*, and becoming the adorer o' a wheen golden calves! It is heathenism of the maist unpardonable and skunkish description!

MAJOR.—The best portion of the Part under notice is a description of a visit which Thomas made to Abbotsford in 1825. We are presented with some refreshing glimpses of the Great Magician in the simple and kindly sanctitude of his dwelling. Mix a tumbler of *To Kalon* for me, will you, Laird, and I shall read you in requital a few passages.

LAIRD.—Rax me the bottle, Doctor! On wi' ye, Culpepper, like a hound after a hare.

DOCTOR.—Lend me your ears, then:—

"A very stormy day. Sir W. impatient to take me out to walk, though the ladies said we should be sure of a ducking. At last a tolerably fair moment came, and we started; he would not take a great coat. Had explained to me after breakfast, the drawings in the breakfast room, done by an amateur at Edinburgh, W. Sharpe, and alluding to traditions of the Scotts of Harden, Sir Walter's ancestors. The subject of one of them was the circumstance of a young man of the family being taken prisoner in an incursion on the grounds of a neighboring chief, who gave him his choice, whether he should be hanged or marry his daughter "muckle-mou'd Meg." The sketch represents the young man as hesitating; a priest advising him to the marriage, and pointing to the gallows on a distant hill, while Meg herself is stretching her wide mouth in joyful anticipation

of a decision in her favor. The other sketch is founded on the old custom of giving a hint to the guests that the last of the beeves had been devoured, by serving up nothing but a pair of spurs under one of the covers; the dismay of the party at the uncovering of the dish, is cleverly expressed. Our walk was to the cottage of W. Laidlaw, his bailiff, a man who had been reduced from better circumstances, and of whom Scott spoke with much respect as a person every way estimable. His intention was, he said, to ask him to walk down and dine with us to-day. The cottage and the mistress of it very homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing the quiet self-possession of a man of good sense. The storm grew violent, and we sat some time. Scott said he could enumerate thirty places famous in Scottish song, that could be pointed out from a hill in his neighborhood: Yarrow, Ettrick, Gala Water, Bush aboon Traquair, Selkirk ("Up with the souters of Selkirk"), the bonny Cowden Knowes, &c., &c. Mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had once wept in speaking to him of Waterloo, saying that "the next dreadful thing to a battle lost was a battle won." Company to dinner, Sir Adam Ferguson, (an old school-fellow and friend of Scott,) his lady, and Col. Ferguson. DREW OUT SIR ADAM (as he had promised me he would) to tell some of his military stories, which were very amusing. Talked of amateurs in battles; the Duke of Richmond at Waterloo, &c., &c.; the little regard that is had of them. A story of one who had volunteered with a friend of his to the bombardment of Copenhagen, and after a severe cannonade, when a sergeant of marines came to report the loss, he said (after mentioning Jack This and Tom That, who had been killed), "Oh, please your honour, I forgot to say that the volunteer gentleman has had his head shot off." Scott mentioned as a curious circumstance that, at the same moment, the Duke of Wellington should have been living in one of Buonaparte's palaces, and Buonaparte in the Duke's old lodgings at St. Helena; had heard the Duke say laughingly to some one who asked what commands he had to St. Helena, "Only tell Bony that I hope he finds my old lodging at Longwood as comfortable as I find his in the Champs Elysées." Mentioned the story upon which the Scotch song of "Dainty Davie," was founded. Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least, while they were once drinking together; a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said the only two men, who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fireplace, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place. It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honors and prosperity to him before whom it appeared, but Lord

Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, as if believing in it implicitly. Told of the Provost of Edinburgh showing the curiosities of that city to the Persian ambassador; impatience of the latter, and the stammering hesitation of the former. "Many pillar, wood pillar? stone pillar, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba," stammered the Provost. "Ah, you not know, var well. Many book here: write book? print book, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well." A few days after, on seeing the Provost pass his lodgings, throw up the window and cried, "Ah, how you do?" "Ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well;" and shut down the window. Account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson as given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw (said Smith) this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was the ————" Good this, between two sages. Boswell's father indignant at his son's attaching himself (as he said) to "a Dominic, who kippit a schule, and ca'd it an academy." Some doubts, after dinner, whether we should have any singing, it being Sunday. Miss Scott seemed to think the rule might be infringed in my case; but Scott settled the matter more decorously, by asking the Fergusons to come again to dinner next day, and to bring the Missus Ferguson."

MAJOR.—I see, Bonnie Braes, that you have been investing some capital in novels!

LAIRD.—Oo ay! Women noo a-days, would as soon want their orations o' scandal broth, meaning, ye ken, their green tea, as lack a periodical supply o' romance!

DOCTOR.—Quare nou?—beg your pardon—what for no?

LAIRD.—What for no? If ye had to gang as often as I have to gang, wi' undarned stockings, and buttonless shirts, ye wadna' speer sic a senseless question!

GIrzy has ow'r mony afflicted damsels o' Dream Land, to sympathese wi', to alloo her to look after prosaic materialism o' that description!

DOCTOR.—Why then do you continue to administer fuel to such an irregular fire?

LAIRD.—What the Deil can a pair body do? If I didna' bring out a yellow or brick complexioned pamphlet every noo and then, Girzy would tak the pet, and do something desperate—rin awa' wi' a quack doctor, for instance! Na! na!—the remedy, I trow, would be waur than the disease, bad as that is!

MAJOR.—What literary stimulants have you entered for the thrice-virtuous Grizelda on this occasion?

LAIRD.—First and foremost here is "The Lover upon Trial." By Elizabeth M. Stuart.

DOCTOR.—Wersh and tasteless as a boiled snail without pepper and salt! Elizabeth has as little of a story to tell as had the knife-grinder of Canning! Your sister will yawn herself into a lockjaw before she has read a dozen pages.

LAIRD.—Hech Sirs! there's a hard earned quarter o' a dollar gane to the dowgs! The next on my list is "*Margaret or Prejudice at Home and its Victims, an autobiography.*"

MAJOR.—Which is a pear from a widdy different tree. Though containing many startling, and I as think untenable assertions, touching the condition of practical Christianity in England and France, it likewise presents us with much that is unquestionably true.

LAIRD.—But is it appeteezing as a story! What's the main point?

MAJOR.—Remarkably so! I had not for many a day met with any thing more absorbing! Small chance will you have of getting a stocking leak stopped so long as Girzy is engaged in confabulating with Margaret.

LAIRD.—Here, however, are the twa tid bits o' the lot—at least in my humble opinion!

DOCTOR.—One at a time, if you please, most excellent agriculturalist!

LAIRD.—Sae be it. This ane is a braw new story by Alexander Dumas, intitled "Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples."

DOCTOR.—Sorry am I to put you out of conceit with your purchase, but the aforesaid "Fisherman," is a regular bite!

LAIRD.—Dive ye mean to tell that the name o' Dumas on the cover thereof is a forgery?

DOCTOR.—By no means, but even Dumas is capable of engendering a rickety bantling. In point of fact he has written himself out, and would require to lie fallow for a season.

LAIRD.—Just like some o' my over-farmed parks!

DOCTOR.—Even so! What is your fourth adventure in the bibliopolic line?

LAIRD.—Ane that I am sure will weel repay the twa shillings and sax pence wared upon it. At least ane o' your Toronto Daily newspapers said the other week that it was equal to the creations o' Scott and Bulwer—and, if ony thing, a thocht superior.

MAJOR.—Such laudat'on is pestilently suspicious! It is strongly indicative of the stick-at-nothing, unprincipled puff! Pray to what *women* does your bargain answer.

LAIRD.—Taking it for granted that *women* means name, it is designated "*The Secretary, or Circumstantial Evidence.*"

MAJOR.—Thrice unfortunate Thane of Bonnie

Braes! Your last speculation is the most marrowless and sapless of the whole hypothec!

DOCTOR.—You never said a truer word Crabtree! Being confined for a brace of hours to the parlour of a country Inn, lately, I was constrained, for lack of better nutriment, to solace myself with "The Secretary"—and a more undecanted cento of trash it was never my misfortune to peruse!

MAJOR.—The writer does not possess a single spark of fancy or imagination. He unwinds his transparent plot with all the matter-of-fact stolidity of a farmer scalding the bristles off a pig, or our friend Richard Brown, dispensing a gross of steel pens to one of his clients!

LAIRD.—Catch me ever putting trust in a newspaper criticism again! But may be after a' the thing may turn out to be for the best! Wha kens but that the coarse common provided for puir Girzy's sustentation, may have the blessed effect o' stumming her into a mair nutritious line o' reading? Just on the same principle that hairs are weaned by rubbing the maternal nipple wi' bitter aloes, may my sister, honest woman, be reformed by the perusal o' "The Secretary," and the lave o' my thriftless stories!

DOCTOR.—At least let us hope for the best!

LAIRD.—Sae far as I am concerned, the March number o' the "Art-Journal," abundantly consoles me for the misadventures aforesaid. There is a balmy fragrance about Landseer's picture o' "Peace," which might hae wiled a smile o' pleasure frae Peter Pindar's Pilgrim, when hirpling along wi' his pea-blistered trotters!

MAJOR.—Were you at the Philharmonic Concert last night Doctor?

DOCTOR.—I was, and very much pleased I was with it, some of the singing was really very good, and the Instrumental department was exceedingly effective.

LAIRD.—What did they gie ye?

DOCTOR.—With every inclination on my part to do full justice to the Society, you must excuse me entering at present into particulars. I gave out a selected tale too many, and the consequence is that our statement must be of the shortest. Major, I regret very much that I have been forced to leave out, for want of room, Mr. Clarke's pretty song. The same thing shall not again happen, however, Laird you may have just one page for Facts, and I shall reserve for Mrs. Grundy not more than half that space—and now Gentlemen to work.

#### HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

The winter over a great portion of the country has been very changeable, and on the whole

what may be called severe upon trees and plants ranked as tender; yet up to this time we are not aware that fruit-buds have suffered seriously, but the most trying periods for these are coming.

Mistakes are often made in uncovering trees and plants too early—subjecting them to cold, biting winds, and the blighting influence of warm days and cold, frosty nights. We advise a *slight* covering to remain until the weather be soft and genial.

Pruning should be completed as soon as possible, so as to be out of the way before transplanting and general garden work comes along.

A sure foundation for successful gardening during the coming season, is to be well prepared to execute every operation promptly in its season. Seizing the very first opportunity for planting, and taking time to do it well, is a certain means of success.

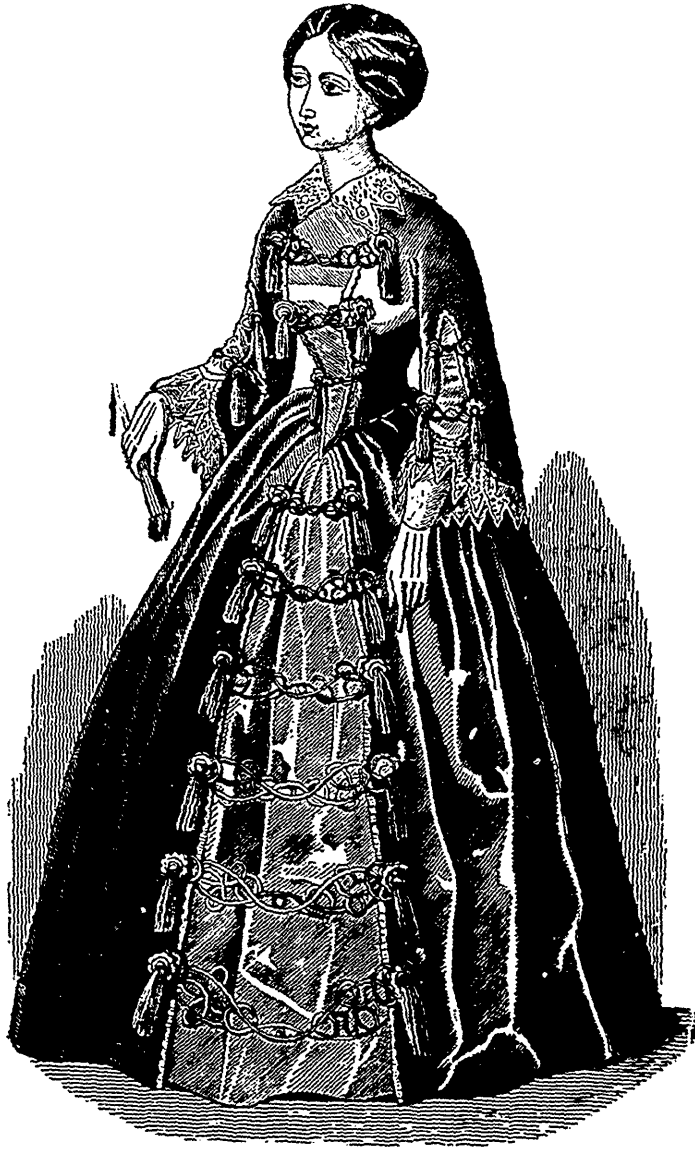
Roses, flowering shrubs, &c., should be pruned and dressed. Many people suppose that Rose bushes and shrubs when well established may be left to themselves; and the consequence is they become bushy and twiggy, the growth is feeble and the flowers indifferent. They need frequent prunings, and top dressings of good rich compost about their roots, to give them vigorous growth, luxuriant foliage, and a profusion and perfection of bloom. In pruning both shrubs and Roses, it should not be forgotten that some produce their blossoms on young wood, and some on wood of last year. In the latter case a sufficient quantity of flowering wood must be left, cutting out the older parts.

#### NATIONAL CONSUMPTION OF CROPS.

It seems absolutely astonishing to any one not acquainted with the tenacity with which the English hold fast to the habit of beer drinking, that the enormous consumption of grain in this worse than useless beverage, should not engage more attention. We have not now at hand the statistics showing the amount of this consumption; but when we reflect on the millions of laborers that daily use large quantities of beer with their meals and otherwise, year in and year out, it becomes self-evident that the amount consumed in the manufacture of this drink, must far exceed the present deficiency in the wheat crops of the British kingdom—a manufacture which, as chemical analysis has shown, nearly destroys all the nutriment of the grain, and, converting it to a mere stimulant, increases the strength of the labourer about as much as a whip increases the strength of a feeble horse.

Independently of the mere consumption of grain, so great is the injurious results produced by this practice, that many have attributed the degradation of a portion of the English laborers, to the British aristocratic system. We are sorry to see that one of our own countrymen,—the editor of the Michigan Farmer,—has fallen into this mistake, and written a book called the "Mud Cabin," unwisely attacking the most liberal government in Europe, as the cause of this degradation, and almost the only one where knowledge is generally diffused among all classes so far as they choose to acquire it, and where a man may say his soul is his own, without endangering his liberty or his head. The editor of the Ohio

Paris Fashions for May.



Cultivator who has spent many years at different periods in England, assures us he is satisfied that this debasement and ignorance is to be mainly attributed to the beer soaking system.

#### POSTS HEAVING BY FROST.

I have observed in clayey soils that are so heavy and tenacious as to prevent the water from draining off, the frost has more power on fence posts, by drawing them out of the ground. Is there no remedy against the frost, by placing some substance round the post, such as coarse sand, gravel, coal, ashes, or tanner's bark?

Placing gravel or coarse sand around the post would obviate the evil, if it were not that the clay about these substances holds water like a tub, and keeps them filled, so that in freezing the difficulty is not removed. If an underdrain were cut directly under the fence, or close at its side, the moisture from the sand and gravel-packing would of course be immediately carried off, and the remedy prove efficient. Tan would effect ready drainage into the ditch, but would not hold a post firmly. Such a drain would pay for itself by its improvement of the adjacent land, besides its beneficial use to the fence. Where this remedy cannot be properly applied, and indeed in all cases whatever, a most effectual help in preventing the upheaval of posts, is to bore a two-inch auger hole near the bottom, and into this drive a pin of durable wood, so that it may project several inches each way, at right angles to the post, and when the earth is rammed about it, will hold the post firmly in the ground, and prevent its rising by frost.

#### VARIATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A great number of evening dresses are now in course of preparation. One of those already completed is composed of blue satin, trimmed nearly to the height of the knees with a bouillonne of blue gauze, interspersed with small roses without leaves. Above the bouillonne are two deep flounces of Brussels lace, the upper one as high as the waist. The two flounces, which form a kind of tunic, are gathered up at each side by a long spray of roses. The corsage is pointed in front of the waist, and the sleeves are trimmed with flowers and lace corresponding with these on the skirt.

A dress of light-blue moire antique has been made with three flounces of Honiton lace, lined with tounces of blue crape. The skirt is ornamented on each side by sprays of convolvulus made of blue crape, and mounted in combination with moss and small silver flowers.

Flowers similar to those which ornament the dress are to be worn in hair.

An Opera cloak, destined for the same lady who has ordered the dress just described, consists of scarlet gros-de-Tours trimmed with gold ribbon.

Several new dresses of embroidered organdy and tulle have just made their appearance. These dresses are suited to the out door fetes of summer, and to *petites soirées*, or if trimmed with flowers and ribbon, they are adapted for ball costume. Some dresses of organdy are beautifully embroidered in coloured silk. One of these dresses has two jupes, each edged with a wreath of heart ease. The upper jupe, the corsage, and sleeves, are sprigged over with heartsease in de-

tached flowers. Other dresses of the same kind are figured with wheatears embroidered in yellow silk. One, having a double jupe, is sprigged with roses. At the edge of the jupes is embroidered a wreath, consisting of detached roses, united by cordons of foliage. Lastly and no less pretty, is a tarlatan dress, ornamented with bouquets of fleurs-de-lys; the flower embroidered in white silk, and the foliage in green of different tints.

Many bonnets produced within the last week are composed of French chip, velvet, and blonde, combined in various ways. Others are composed of straw and velvet, the color of the velvet being lilac, green, or blue. They are mostly trimmed with white leathers shaded in the colour of the velvet. The inside trimming is composed of velvet flowers, with feather foliage and blonde intermingled. Several bonnets which have appeared within these last few days are formed of bouillonnés of blond or tulle, the bouillonnés being separated by bands of fancy straw. This fancy straw may be described as a kind of guipure or straw embroidery, and forms a beautifully light and rich ornament for bonnets. We have seen a bonnet of the description just alluded to trimmed with a single yellow rose, placed on one side, the under trimming consisting of loops of narrow saffron-colour ribbon, rose-buds and bouillonnés of blonde.

Dress of green *glacé* silk: the skirt opens in front on a breadth of white silk and is trimmed with three narrow *ruches* on each side, the opening crossed by bands of silk forming diamonds. The body opens to the waist, and is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves of the pagoda form, slit up on the top of the arm, the edges finished by narrow *ruches*: large bouillon on sleeves with deep lace ruffle. Bonnet of *paille d'Italie* trimmed with dark rose colour; cap of blond trimmed with dark roses and tufts of narrow ribbon.

Velvet *Caraco* bodies are assuming a decided predominance for out of doors costume: we are not surprised at this, considering the opportunity it gives for displaying the grace and beauty of the form.

It is a most singular coincidence at the present time that the *spirit* of Fashion seems to be selecting all the beauties of costume which prevailed about the commencement of the last war: the tight and slashed sleeves, the close fitting bodies the hair turned back from the forehead, the small cap with lappets, and in materials, thick rich *Moire antiques* and *Brocades*. We should not be surprised at still greater development of this style, or of seeing Ladies dressed in the style of sixty years ago.

Skirts of dresses for the promenade, when worn with velvet *caraco* bodies, will be extremely full and without flounces; Irish poplin and *Moire Antique* will be the favorite materials for this style of costume. Jacket bodies are still in favour for morning dresses. Of the various styles of sleeves; those of the pagoda form are mostly worn open more or less on the front of the arm.

Mantles will be worn made in satin, *taffetas*, and other thin silks; lace continues in favour for trimming satins; the thinner silks have frills of the same, the edges stamped.

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

G. A.—Always avoid playing a piece to a square where it impedes or confines the movement of another. In the position sent, your move was a bad one, inasmuch as your Bishop is now completely locked up.

CAROLUS.—1. Of course a King and Rook against a King can force checkmate. 2. You can have two or more Queens on the board at the same time.

GAEL, Hamilton.—See note to Solution.

BETTY MARTIN.—If Black on third move played K to Q 4th, as you have it in your Solution, White could mate next move.

Solutions to Problem 5, by E. S., of Hamilton, an Amateur of Guelph, J. H. R., and Esse are correct; all others are wrong.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Cloverfield, E.S., of Hamilton, J. H. R., Pawn, and Amy are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. V.

WHITE.

BLACK.

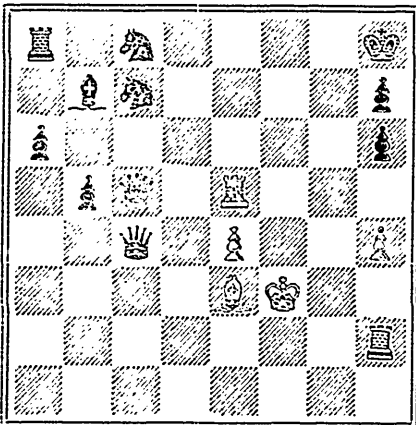
- |   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| 1 Kt to Q R 6th.                            | Kt to Q 2nd (ch) |
| 2 P takes Kt.                               | R takes Kt (ch)  |
| 3 P tks. R becomes Kt(a)Q to K B 5th (best) |                  |
| 4 Q to R 5 (ch)                             | Anything.        |
| 5 Q mates.                                  |                  |

(a) If P becomes a Queen, mate cannot be effected in two moves if Black play B to K 2nd.

PROBLEM NO. VI.

By J. B. C., of Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 23. By the Editor.\*

WHITE.—K at his Kt 4th; Q at her Kt 4th; B at Q R 4th; Ps at K R 4th, K B 4th and Q B 4th.

BLACK.—K at his 5th; P at Q 5th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

\* Published originally in the "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," Enig. 511.

No. 24. From the "Berlin Schachzeitung."

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 4th; Q at her B 7th; R at K 8; B at K Kt sq; Kt at Q 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q R 3rd; Q at K R 2nd; Rs at K Kt 7th and Q 7th; B at K Kt 4th, Ps at K B 2nd, Q B 5th, and Q R 5th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 25. From Staunton's "Chess Player's Chronicle."

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 4th; R at Q Kt 6th; B at Q B 5th; Ps at K Kt 4th, K B 3rd and Q Kt 2nd.

BLACK.—K at his 4th; P at K B 5th.

White to play and mate in five moves.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

This contest has since we last wrote been brought to a close, and the reader will find in the present number four out of the five games played in the concluding division. We subjoin the complete score of the several matches contested in the Tourney.

FIRST SERIES.

(In this and the next division, each match consisted of the best of five games.)

	Games won.	Games drawn.
Dr. Beaumont	3	
Mr. Maddison	1	
Hon. W. Cayley	3	
Mr. F. Cayley	1	
Mr. Leith	1	
Mr. Ransom	3	
Mr. Palmer	3	
Mr. Helliwell	1	

SECOND SERIES.

Mr. Palmer	3	
Mr. Ransom	1	1
Hon. W. Cayley	1	
Dr. Beaumont	3	

THIRD SERIES.

(This, the final match, consisted of the best of seven games.)

Mr. Palmer	4	1
Dr. Beaumont	0	1

The prize, a handsome set of ivory "Staunton Chessmen," was therefore gained by Mr. G. Palmer, the winner of a majority of games in each division. It is right to mention that the best player in Toronto (the President of the Toronto Chess Club) and one or two other strong players, were not in the lists. We regret that a second Tournament to which we alluded in our last as being likely to follow up that just terminated, and which was to have included all the best players here, will not now, in all probability, take place before next winter.

First Game between Messrs. Palmer and Beaumont.

(The *Kt's* Game of *Ruy Lopez*.)

WHITE (MR. P.)	BLACK (DR. B.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
3 K B to Q Kt 5th.	K B to Q B 4th.
4 P to Q B 3rd.	K Kt to B 3rd.
5 P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
6 P to K 5th.	K Kt to his 5th (a)
7 P takes P.	B to Q Kt 3rd.
8 Castles.	P to Q 3rd (b)
9 P to Q 5th.	P takes K P (c)
10 P takes Kt.	Castles.
11 Q takes Q.	R takes Q.
12 P takes Q Kt P (d)	R B takes P.
13 K B to K 2nd.	K R to K sq.
14 Q Kt to B 3rd.	Q R to Q sq.
15 P to K R 3rd.	Kt to K B 3rd.
16 Q B to K Kt 5th.	Q R to Q 3rd.
17 B takes Kt.	R takes B.
18 Q R to Q sq.	P to Q B 3rd.
19 Q Kt to K 4th.	Q R to K 3rd.
20 B to Q B 4th.	Q R to K 2nd.
21 K Kt to his 5th (e)	K B to Q B 2nd.
22 B takes K B P (ch)	Q R takes B.
23 Kt takes R.	K takes Kt.
24 R to Q 7th (ch)	R to K 2nd.
25 Kt to K Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd (f)
26 Kt takes K R P (ch)	K to his 2nd.
27 Kt to K Kt 5th (ch)	K to his sq.
28 R takes R (ch)	K takes R.
29 R to K sq.	P to Q B 4th.

And White finally won the game.

Notes.

- (a) Kt to K 5th is much better.
- (b) A strange oversight at the outset of a game.
- (c) He might also have taken the K B P, the variations consequent on which are full of interest; for suppose,
 

9	Kt takes K B P.
10 R takes Kt.	B takes R (ch)
11 K takes B.	P to Q B 3rd or (Δ)
12 B to Q R 4th.	P to Q Kt 4th.
13 P takes Kt.	P takes B.
14 B to K Kt 5th.	P to K B 3rd.
15 P takes P.	P takes P.
16 Q to her 4th.	
- And White has a much better game than Black.
 

(Δ.)	
11	P takes K P.
12 P takes Kt.	Q takes Q.
13 P takes P (dis. ch)	P to Q B 3rd.
14 P takes R becoming a Q.	

And White must evidently win.

(d) Injudicious, as it only serves to develop Black's game.

(e) Q Kt to Q 6th, first, looks stronger.

(f) If to B sq, White could obviously have taken the K B with his Rook.

Second Game between the same players.

(French Opening.)

BLACK (DR. B.)	WHITE (MR. P.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 3rd.
2 K B to Q B 4th (a)	P to Q B 4th (b)
3 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
4 P to Q B 3rd.	K Kt to K 2nd.
5 Castles.	K Kt to his 3rd.
6 P to Q 4th.	P to Q 4th.
7 B to Q Kt 5th (c)	P takes K P.
8 K Kt to his 5th.	P to K B 4th (d)
9 Q to K R 5th.	Q to K 2nd.
10 P takes Q B P.	B to Q 2nd. <
11 B takes Q Kt.	B takes B.
12 R to Q sq (e)	R to Q sq.
13 R takes R (ch)	K takes R.
14 P to Q Kt 4th.	Q to her 2nd.
15 Q Kt to R 3rd.	P to K R 3rd.
16 K Kt to R 3rd.	K to Q R sq (f)
17 B to K 3rd.	Kt to K 4th.
18 R to Q sq.	Kt to K B 6th (ch) (g)
19 Q takes Kt (h)	P takes Q.
20 R takes Q.	K takes R.
21 P to K Kt 3rd.	P to K Kt 4th.
22 K to B sq.	P to K Kt 5th.
23 Kc to K B 4th.	B to K Kt 2nd.
24 B to Q 2nd.	P to K R 4th.
25 P to K R 4th.	P takes P in passing.
26 Kt takes doubled P.	P to K R 5th.
27 P takes P.	R takes P.
28 K Kt to his sq.	R to his 8th.
29 Q Kt to Q B 2nd, and White gave checkmate in three moves.	

Notes.

- (a) When the second player answers the move 1. P to K 4th by advancing his K P one square only, the best reply on the part of the opening player is 2. P to Q 4th. We do not see much use in bringing out the K B as in the text.
- (b) The position is now one that arises in the Sicilian Opening.
- (c) We do not quite see the object of this.
- (d) Highly imprudent.
- (e) Anticipating White's intention to Castle on the Q side.
- (f) The Kt is twice left *en prise*, but dare not be taken.
- (g) The winning *coup*.
- (h) Better than taking with the P.

Third Game between the same players.

(*Ruy Lopez Kt's* Game.)

WHITE (MR. P.)	BLACK (DR. B.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
3 K B to Q Kt 5th.	K B to Q B 4th.
4 P to Q B 3rd.	K Kt to B 3rd.
5 P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
6 P to K 5th.	K Kt to Q 4th.
7 Castles.	P to K R 3rd.

- 8 P takes P. B to Q Kt 3rd.  
 9 Q B to K 3rd. Castles.  
 10 Q to Q B sq (a) Q Kt to K 2nd.  
 11 B takes K R P (b) P takes B.  
 12 Q takes K R P. P to K B 3rd.  
 13 K B to Q 3rd. R to K B 2nd.  
 14 K R to K sq. Q to K B sq.  
 15 Q to K R 5th. Q to K Kt 2nd.  
 16 R to K 4th. P to Q 3rd.  
 17 P to K 5th (c) Q B takes P.  
 18 R to his 4th (d) P to K B 4th (e)  
 19 K Kt to his 5th. R to K B 3rd.  
 20 Q Kt to Q 2nd. Q Kt to K Kt 3rd. (f)  
 21 Kt takes Q B. R takes Kt.  
 22 B takes K B P. R to K B 3rd.  
 23 B takes Q Kt. Kt to K B 5th.  
 24 Q to K R 7th (ch) (g) Q takes Q.  
 25 B takes Q (ch) K to Kt 2nd.  
 26 Kt to K B 3rd. Q R to K R sq (h)  
 27 Q R to K sq. Q R takes B.  
 28 Q R to K 7th (ch) K to B sq.  
 29 K R takes Q R. R to K Kt 3.  
 30 K R to K B 7th (ch) K to Kt sq.  
 31 R takes Kt.

And Black resigned.

*Notes.*

(a) With a double object—first, threatening to win at least a P if Black advance the Q P, and secondly, with a view to the capture of the K R P presently.

(b) Tempting, but not sound, and certainly imprudent in a match game.

(c) Hastily played. If he had taken the Q P, he would still have had an excellent game, notwithstanding his inferiority of force.

(d) If White takes the Q B, Black of course answers by 18. K Kt to K B 5th, attacking the Q, R and B, and threatening mate.

(e) The position is one of great difficulty, but the move in the text is certainly a dangerous one. B to Q R 4th seems to us the only safe move for Black.

(f) By this move he loses the game.

(g) The only way to preserve his advantage.

(h) By checking with his Kt at K 7th he might here have gained the K P, but the exchanging off two pieces would have been fatal to him.

*Fourth Game between the same players.*

(*King's defence in the K. B.'s Game.*)

- | BLACK (Dr. B.)     | WHITE (Mr. P.)  |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1 P to K 4th.      | P to K 4th.     |
| 2 K B to Q B 4th.  | K Kt to B 3rd.  |
| 3 P to Q 3rd.      | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 4 Q B to K 3rd.    | B to Q Kt 3rd.  |
| 5 K Kt to B 3rd.   | P to Q 3rd.     |
| 6 P to K R 3rd.    | Castles.        |
| 7 Q Kt to B 3rd.   | Q B to K 3rd.   |
| 8 B to Q Kt 3rd.   | B to Q R 4th.   |
| 9 K Kt to his 5th. | P to Q 4th. (a) |
| 10 Q B to Q 2nd.   | P to Q B 3rd.   |
| 11 Q to K B 3rd.   | Q Kt to R 3rd.  |
| 12 Q to K Kt 3rd.  | Q to her 3rd.   |

- |                         |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 13 Castles on Q side.   | P to Q 5th.               |
| 14 Q Kt to K 2nd.       | B takes Q B. (ch)         |
| 15 R takes B.           | Q Kt to Q B 4th.          |
| 16 K Kt to K B 3rd. (b) | B takes B.                |
| 17 Q B P takes B.       | K B to K sq.              |
| 18 Q Kt takes Q P.      | P to K Kt 3rd. (c)        |
| 19 Q Kt to K B 5th.     | Q to her B 2nd. (d)       |
| 20 K Kt to his 5th.     | Kt to K R 4th.            |
| 21 Q to K 3rd.          | Q Kt tk's doubled P. (ch) |
| 22 P takes Kt.          | P takes Kt.               |
| 23 P takes P.           | Q to her R 4th. (e)       |
| 24 Q to K B 3rd. (f)    | Kt to K B 3rd.            |
| 25 Q to K Kt 3rd. (g)   | K to B sq.                |
| 26 K to Q B 2nd.        | Q to Q B 4th. (e.)        |
| 27 K to Kt sq.          | P to K 5th.               |
| 28 P takes P.           | R takes P. (h)            |
| 29 Q to K B 3rd.        | R to K 4th.               |
| 30 K R to Q B sq.       | Q to Q R 4th.             |
| 31 Q to Q B 3rd. (k)    | Q takes Q.                |
| 32 P takes Q.           | R takes P.                |
| 33 P to K R 4.          | P to K R 3rd.             |
| 34 Kt to K B 3rd.       | Q R to K sq.              |
| 35 Q R to his 2nd.      | P to Q R 3rd.             |
| 36 K R to Q sq.         | Kt to Q 4th.              |
| 37 Q R to Q B 2nd.      | R to K 7th.               |
| 38 K to Q Kt 2nd. (l)   | R takes R. (ch)           |
| 39 K takes R.           | K to K Kt. 2.             |
| 40 P to Q B 4th.        | Kt to K B 5th.            |
| 41 R to K Kt sq.        |                           |

And by mutual consent, the game was abandoned as drawn. (m)

*Notes.*

(a) White regretted afterwards that he did not at this moment take off the Q Kt.

(b) Well played.

(c) He dare not play Q R to Q sq. with a view of presently recovering the P., as in that case Black must have gained an advantage by 19. Q Kt to K B 5th.

(d) His only safe move, we believe.

(e) Threatening, if an opportunity were allowed him of doing so with safety, to check at Q R 5th.

(f) If white now check, and capture the K R., Black then mates in five moves.

(g) Offering mate in two moves.

(h) Evidently recovering "the exchange" immediately, if Black take the R., and gaining the advanced P into the bargain.

(i) Very well played. This we believe to be the only move by which he can gain any equivalent for the loss of the K B P. as White is forced to exchange Queens before taking the P., and Black thus gets the doubled P off the Q Kt file. If white take the P at once, the game would result in favour of Black: c. g.

31 R takes P.  
 32 Kt takes K R P. (ch) K to Kt 2nd. (Not Kt takes Kt., on account of 33. Q to K R 5th. (ch) followed by Q R to K 2nd. ch.)

33 Kt takes Kt Q takes Q.  
 34 P takes Q. K takes Kt.

And Black ought to win.

(l) A remarkable oversight on the part of both players, since Black might here have simply taken the Kt with his K R., gaining it for a Pawn.

(m) The position is one of those in which the player first attempting to win, very frequently loses.